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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



ILLUSTRATED



BATTLES
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

And other Well-known Writers

VOL. III.

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH COLOURED PLATES AND NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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BATTLES OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA AND HIS
CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS 1864-5
BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

"As we go marching through Georgia."—*Refrain of Marching Song.*

THE famous march from Atlanta to the sea began on the morning of November 15th, 1864. Sherman left Atlanta in flames. His engineers had levelled to the ground the great terminus and machine-shops of the railroad, and had fired the wreck. The rebel arsenal was blown up, from which great quantities of live shells showered on the city, the heart of which was one great blaze.

His marching-out strength was close on 60,000 men all told, of whom 52,800 were infantry. Extraordinary measures had been taken to purge the army of non-combatants and men of defective physique, with the result that the whole force consisted of able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, inured to long marching, and, in Sherman's own words, "well equipped and provided, as far as human foresight could, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action." Ambulances accompanied it, for the universal haleness at the start could scarcely be expected to last during a march of some 300 miles; but few sick were expected, and the ambulances were intended chiefly for the needs of wounded men. The casualties, however, turned out singularly few. From Atlanta to Savannah they were but 567, inclusive of 245 wounded and 159 missing.

For the march Sherman divided his army into two wings, the right and the left, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Howard and Slocum, both comparatively young men, but educated and experienced officers fully competent for their important positions. Howard's—the right—wing was composed of the 15th and

17th Corps, the former of which had four and the latter three divisions; the left wing, Slocum's, consisted of the 14th and 20th Corps, each containing three divisions. Sherman had cut down his artillery to 65 guns, little more than a gun per thousand men, the usual proportion being three guns per thousand. He had no general train of supplies; each corps had its own ammunition and provision train. In case of danger the commander was to have his advanced and rear brigades unencumbered by vehicles. The orders provided that the army should "forage liberally on the country" during the march, each brigade commander to organise a sufficient foraging party under discreet officers to gather in supplies, so that the waggons should always contain at least ten days' provisions. Soldiers were forbidden to trespass, but, when halted, might supply themselves with vegetables and drive in live stock found in their vicinity. Where the army was unmolested, no destruction was to be permitted; against guerillas, "bushwhackers," or actively hostile inhabitants, relentless reprisals would be put in force. The army started with about twenty days' supplies, and there was on hand a good supply of beef-cattle to be driven along on the hoof.

Sherman and his staff, riding out from Atlanta in rear of the army, crossed the ground on which was fought the bloody battle of July 22nd, and could discern the cope of wood where McPherson had fallen. "Behind us," he wrote, "lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air and hanging like a pall over the wrecked city. Away off in the

distance was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun ; right before us the 14th Corps, marching steadily and rapidly with a cheery aspect, and a swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles between us and Richmond. A band struck up the anthem of ' John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on.' The men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!' chanted with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place. Then we turned our horses' heads to the east, Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became for us a thing of the past. An unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all hearts, even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out as I rode past, ' Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond ! ' " Sherman, however, kept his own counsel as to his objective : he had no purpose to march direct for Richmond, but always designed to reach the Atlantic coast first—at Savannah or Port Royal.

The troops of both wings made most of their advance along the railroad lines, which they utterly destroyed by bending the heated rails round the trunks of the nearest trees. All bridges and culverts were burned and wrecked. The negroes crowding round the general as he rode, begged for permission to follow the army to their freedom ; but they obeyed him when he told them that, although he could accept as pioneers a few of the young, active men, if they followed in swarms of young and old, feeble and helpless, the result would be to load the army down and cripple it in its great task. The message he gave spread, and Sherman believed its acceptance " saved us from the danger we would otherwise have incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress." A quaint familiarity existed between Sherman and his soldiers. During a halt a soldier passed the general with a ham on his musket, a jug of molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honeycomb into which he was succulently biting, when, catching Sherman's eye, he remarked in a careless undertone to his comrade, " Forage liberally on the country "—an apt quotation from the general orders. Sherman had to smile grimly before he could assume the frown with which he reproved the soldier for foraging irregularly.

The success of the foragers was a leading feature of this march. Each brigade sent out

daily a foraging party with an officer or two. The party would strike out right or left for some six miles, and then visit every plantation or farm within range. They would seize a wagon or a family carriage, and, having loaded it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, pigs, ducks, etc., would regain the route of march, usually in advance of their train ; when this came up, they would deliver to the brigade commissary the miscellaneous supplies they had collected. Those foragers were known during and long after the war as " Sherman's bummers." He himself owned that the " bummers " were unscrupulous rascals, and that they committed many acts of pillage and violence ; but his answer was that the old-world system of regular requisitioning was inapplicable to a region destitute of civil authorities, and that the methods of his " bummers " were simply indispensable to his success. The " bummers " had a grim humour of their own. In one foray a few chickens were captured. The lady of the house entreated that they should be spared her, asserting that the previous foraging party had consented to leave to her those few, the last of her stock. The " bummers " seemed moved by her piteous appeal, but looking at the chickens again were tempted, and with the stern observation, " The rebellion must be suppressed if it takes the last chicken in the Confederacy ! " bagged the remnant. Another story may be worth quotation. In the days before the war, planters kept bloodhounds for the pursuit of fugitive slaves. Sherman's orders were that all those bloodhounds should be killed. A " bummer " picked up a poodle and was carrying it off, when its mistress besought him to spare the animal. " Madam," answered the " bummer," " our orders are stringent to kill every bloodhound found." " But this is not a bloodhound, it is a poodle puppy," pleaded the lady. " Well, madam, we cannot tell what it may grow into if we leave it behind," sagely remarked the " bummer " as he carried off the dog.

One evening on the march, Lieutenant Snelling, who was a Southerner by birth although on the staff of a Northern commander, recognised in an old negro a favourite slave of his uncle, who lived about six miles away. A brother officer asked the old man what had become of his young master. Sambo only knew that he had gone off to the wars, and supposed him killed, as a matter of course. Presently the old man gradually recognised " Massa George," whereupon he fell on his knees and thanked God his young master was alive and with the

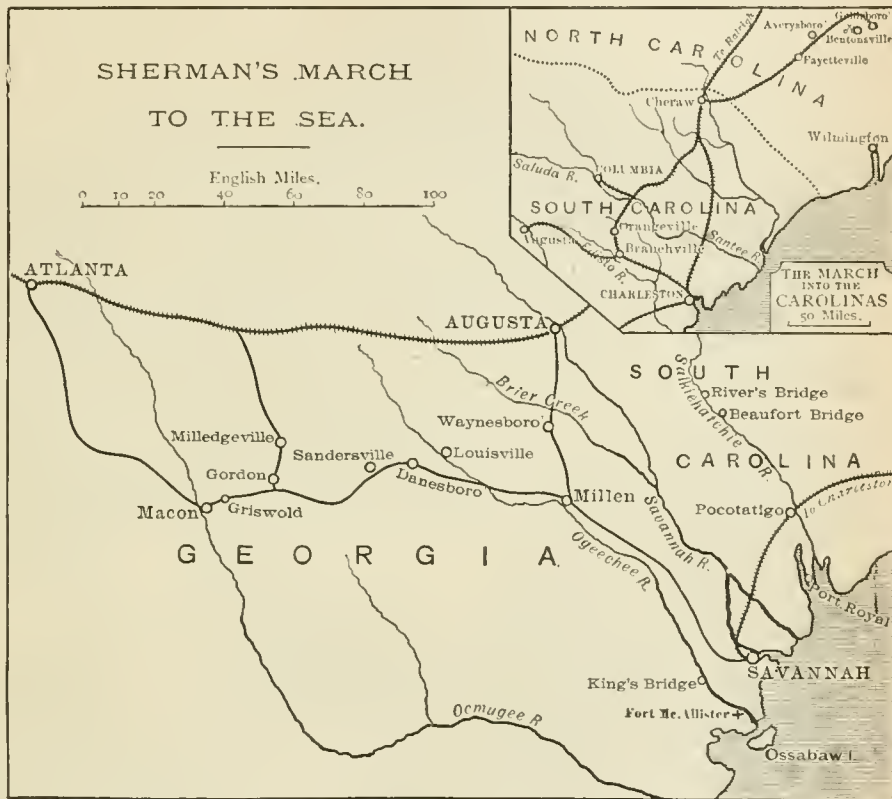
Yankees. Snelling obtained the general's permission to pay his uncle a visit. It appeared that the uncle was not by any means cordial when he found his nephew serving with the hated Northerners. Young Snelling endured his uncle's reproaches with great philosophy, and he came back, having without permission exchanged his own worn-out horse for a fresh one from his uncle's stable, explaining that had he not made free in this way a "bummer" would have been sure to get the horse.

On the 23rd of November the whole of the left wing, with which was Sherman, became united in Milledgeville, the State capital. Intelligence came in that the right wing was about twelve miles due south at Gordon. The first stage of the journey was, therefore, complete, and absolutely successful.

There had been some fighting about Macon. Kilpatrick with his cavalry had been scouting to the front, eastward of Macon, when some hostile cavalry came out against him. Kilpatrick drove that body back into the bridgehead on the Ocmugee, which was held by Confederate infantry. Kilpatrick charged the defences and got inside the work but could not hold it, and retired on his supports at Griswold, when Walcutt's infantry brigade took position across the road eastward of Macon. A rebel division sallied out on this force, but was driven back into Macon by Spencer repeating-rifles, with which Walcutt's brigade was armed.

The people of Milledgeville had remained at home, with the exception of the governor, state officers, and legislature, who had fled in the utmost disorder—some by rail, some in carriages,

and many on foot. Sherman took possession of the governor's mansion, which the previous occupant had stripped of everything except the public archives. Some of the officers of the Northern army gathered in the vacant Hall or Representatives, elected a Speaker, and constituted themselves the legislature of the State of Georgia. A proposition was made to repeal the ordinance of secession, which was carried *nem. con.* after a spiritedly debate. Orders were given



by Sherman for the total destruction of the arsenal and its contents, and of such public buildings as were capable of being utilised for hostile purposes. The right wing was on march toward Millen and Savannah by roads southward of the railroad, the track of which was continuously torn up and its iron destroyed. The left wing renewed the advance on the 24th, moving north of the railroad by Sandersville, Danesboro', and Louisville. Kilpatrick's cavalry had been brought to Milledgeville, and its commander had orders to press rapidly eastward to Millen, to rescue the Northern prisoners understood to be still confined there.

At Sandersville a brigade of rebel cavalry was

deployed before the town, only to be driven in and through it by the skirmishers of the 20th Corps. Sherman saw the rebel troopers firing stacks of fodder in the fields, and he told the leading citizens that if the enemy attempted to carry out the threat to burn the food, corn, and fodder along his route, he would execute relentless reprisals on the inhabitants. There was no more wanton destruction on the part of the

left wing was heading for Louisville, north of the railroad, Kilpatrick had hurried north-east towards Waynesboro', where he had some sharp fighting with the rebel cavalry division commanded by General Wheeler. After some skirmishing, the latter was driven through Waynesboro', and beyond Brier Creek in the direction of Augusta, Kilpatrick thus doing good service in keeping up the delusion that Sherman's



FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

rebels, for the people saw clearly that any such conduct would result in ruin to themselves.

From Sandersville the 17th Corps took up the work of destroying the railroad, the 15th moving eastward by roads further south. When the

main army was moving toward that important town.

On December 3rd, Sherman entered Miller with the 17th Corps. The Federal prisoners of war had been removed from the place. The

several corps were now all within a short radius of Millen, in good positions and in good condition. Two-thirds of the whole distance had been accomplished with trivial loss. The waggons were full, but towards the coast the country

rebel prisoners from the provost guard, supplied them with picks and spades, and made them march in close order along the road, to explode their own torpedoes or discover and dig them up. They begged hard for exemption, but



SAVANNAH FROM THE RIVER.

becomes sandy and barren, and supplies would become more scarce; so Sherman determined to push on to Savannah. He was aware that the Confederate general Hardee was between him and that city with some 10,000 men, a force incapable of being very mischievous. The fine railway station and other public buildings of Millen were destroyed, and on the 4th the march was resumed by the whole army direct on Savannah, by the four main roads. So seasoned was the force that the soldiers marched their fifteen miles day after day, as if the distance was nothing.

On the 8th, Sherman found the column turned off from the main road, and went forward to ascertain the cause. He found a group of men round a young officer whose foot had been blown to pieces by a torpedo planted in the road. This, as Sherman well said, was murder, not war. The rebels had deliberately planted a succession of 8-inch shells in the road, with friction matches to explode them when trodden on. Sherman immediately ordered up a squad of

Sherman, although not a cruel man, reiterated his order, and could hardly help laughing at the gingerly stepping of the rebel prisoners as they went forward in front of the Northern column.

On the 9th and 10th, the several corps reached the defences of Savannah, the 14th Corps touching with its left the Savannah river. To the right was first the 20th, then the 17th, and the 15th on the extreme right, thus almost completely investing the city, involving the unpleasantness, apparently, of another siege. On one of those days Sherman had a very narrow escape. He was in a cutting through which the railroad passed straight into Savannah. He could see about eight hundred yards away a rebel parapet and battery. The gunners were loading, and he warned his officers to scatter. Watching closely he saw the ball rise, and thought it wise to step aside; at the moment a negro was crossing the track very close to him. The ball, a 32lb.-shot, struck the ground, rose in its first ricochet, and caught the negro under

the right jaw, literally smashing his head into pulp. The cut was promptly deserted.

It was manifest that Savannah was well fortified and garrisoned, under the command of a competent officer, General W. J. Hardee; and Sherman resolved, in the first instance, to open communication with the Federal fleet, supposed to be waiting in Ossabaw Sound with mails, supplies, and clothing. Leaving orders with General Slocum to press the siege, he sent General Howard, with Hazen's division of the 15th Corps and a force of engineers, to King's Bridge, fourteen-and-a-half miles south-west of Savannah, with instructions to rebuild the bridge. That work was finished on the night of the 12th, and at sunrise of the 13th Hazen passed over, having orders from Sherman to march rapidly down the right bank of the Ogeechee, and without hesitation to carry Fort McAllister by storm. Sherman then rode ten miles down the left bank of the Ogeechee to a spot where there was a signal station, whence could be watched the lower river for any vessel of the blockading squadron, which daily sent a steamer up the Ogeechee as near to Fort McAllister as was safe.

Assurances by signal came from Hazen that he was making his preparations, and would soon assault. As the sun was going down, Sherman's impatience increased. There was still an hour till dusk, when a faint cloud of smoke betokened the approach of a steamboat. Soon the Union flag was visible, and attention was divided between the approaching steamer and the imminent assault of the fort. "Who are you?" was the question asked by signal from the steamer. "General Sherman," was the reply. The next question from the steamer was, "Is Fort McAllister taken?" "Not yet, but very soon," was the answer. At the very moment, Hazen's troops emerged from the encompassing woods, the lines dressed as on parade with the colours flying, the gallant force marching at a quick, steady pace. The fort was belching volleys from its big guns, the smoke of which soon enveloped Hazen's assaulting lines. There was a momentary cessation of fire; then the smoke drew away like a curtain, and the parapets were blue with the Northern soldiers, who fired their muskets in the air and shouted till the echoes rang. Fort McAllister was taken, and the news was telegraphed to the approaching gun-boat, which had been shut out by a point of timber from the thrilling spectacle.

An oyster skiff was chartered, a volunteer

crew undertook to pull the boat down to the fort, and Hazen was found at supper in the planter's house. After a hurried inspection of the fort, a yawl was found and manned; Sherman and Howard went aboard, and the craft was pulled down stream regardless of warnings as to torpedoes, for Sherman was determined to board the gunboat that night at whatever risk or cost, hungry as he was for news from the outer world. At length they were aboard of the *Dandelion* tender, and surrounded by half-a-dozen naval officers. The general learned that Admiral Dahlgren was on his flagship on Wassau Sound, that General Foster, commanding the department, was near by at Hilton Head, that several ships with stores for the army were lying in Tybee Roads and Port Royal Sound, and that Grant was still besieging Petersburg, things being little altered since the departure from Atlanta.

Sherman and Howard returned to the McAllister House, and lay down on the crowded floor to snatch some sleep. Sherman was summoned presently from slumber to take boat for the ship in which was General Foster, who was lame from an old Mexican wound. By-and-by Admiral Dahlgren was found, mails arrived and were distributed as soon as possible, rations were sent to the army, and Sherman, after having made his preparations, summoned General Hardee to surrender Savannah. Sherman's letter to him was not in accordance with the amenities of civilised warfare, and he must have repented such expressions as the following:—"Should I be forced to resort to assault, or to the slower and surer process of starvation, I will then feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures, and shall make little effort to restrain my army." Hardee replied like a gentleman. In a sentence he declined to surrender, and added—"I have hitherto conducted my military operations in strict accordance with the rules of civilised warfare, and I should deeply regret the adoption of any course on your part that might force me to deviate from them in future." Hardee's refusal reached Sherman on December 18th. Savannah was found evacuated on the morning of the 21st, and was immediately taken possession of. Hardee had carried away his field-artillery and blown up his ironclads and navy yard, but had left everything else, inclusive of an immense quantity of public and private property. With his entry to Savannah on 22nd December Sherman held to have terminated the "March to the Sea." He regarded that march simply as a "shift of

base"—as the transfer of an army from its work in the interior to a point on the coast whence it could achieve other important results. In other words, he considered the march to the sea as a means to an end, and not as an essential act of war. He himself expressed his measure of the relative importance of the march to the sea, and of that from Savannah northward, by placing the former at one and the latter at ten.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

General Grant, who was Sherman's superior officer, had suggested that the latter, having established a strong base of all arms on the coast about Savannah, should bring northward by sea the mass of his seasoned and triumphant army to join the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg; but to Sherman's satisfaction, Grant subsequently, with good judgment, modified his views in favour of the strategy put forward by his great subordinate. Sherman's plan of campaign was that of a commander who was a master of the art of war. Leaving an adequate garrison in Savannah, his project was to move northward with his army resupplied, cross the Savannah river, feign against Charleston and Augusta, striking between the two and heading straight for Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina, thence advancing through North Carolina to Raleigh or Weldon. His appearance at one or other of those points would, he anticipated, force Lee to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond; and to take to the open field, throwing himself rapidly between Grant's and Sherman's armies.

During the latter half of January, 1865, Sherman's troops, about 60,000 strong, organised precisely as during the march to the sea, had been gradually taking up advanced positions northward of Savannah. The whole vicinity was more or less amphibious, the low alluvial land cut up by an infinite number of salt-water sloughs and fresh-water creeks. The Savannah river had risen in flood, which swept away Sherman's pontoon-bridge at Savannah and came near drowning one of his divisions while on the march to Pocotatigo. On February 1st Sherman's army was at that place, near the head of Port Royal inlet; his left wing, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, was still at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river, twenty-five miles north of the city. In spite of obstructions, the general march began promptly on the day named. The right wing moved up the Salkiehatchie on its right bank, the river brimming full, and presenting

a most formidable obstacle. Through the swamps bounding the river proper the heads of columns marched in water up to their shoulders, until at River's Bridge and Beaufort Bridge respectively the 15th and 17th Corps forced their way across the river in face of the rebel brigade attempting to defend the passage. The Union loss was not severe, and the enemy at once abandoned the whole line of the Salkiehatchie.

On the 5th, Sherman was with the 15th Corps at Beaufort's Bridge, his left wing abreast, the cavalry ahead of him. The army was approaching the line of the Charleston and Augusta railroad about Midway station, and the general expected to encounter severe resistance, since the disruption of that line would sever the communications of the enemy between the sea-coast and interior points. On the 7th, in the midst of a rain storm, the railroad was gained at several points with scarcely any opposition, contrary to Sherman's expectation. A droll episode is recorded in regard to this seizure of the railroad. General Howard, with the 17th Corps marching straight on Midway, when about five miles distant began to deploy the leading division so as to be ready for battle. Sitting on his horse by the roadside while the deployment was in progress, he saw a man coming down the road as hard as he could gallop, whom as he approached the general recognised as one of his own "bummers," mounted on a white horse with a rope bridle and blanket for a saddle. As he came nearer he shouted, "Hurry up, general! come along, we have gotten the railroad!" "So," remarked General Howard, "while we generals were proceeding deliberately to get ready for a serious battle, a parcel of our foragers in search of plunder, had got ahead and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the rebel Government."

The Union army remained strung along this railroad till the 9th, working parties being detailed to tear up the rails, burn the ties, and twist the bars. Sherman was resolved on utterly wrecking fifty miles of a line of so great consequence, partly to prevent the possibility of its restoration, partly to utilise the time until General Slocum, who had been delayed at the Savannah river, should come up. Having sufficiently damaged the railroad and effected the junction of the entire army, the general march was resumed with Columbia as its objective, the right wing following the cross railroad from

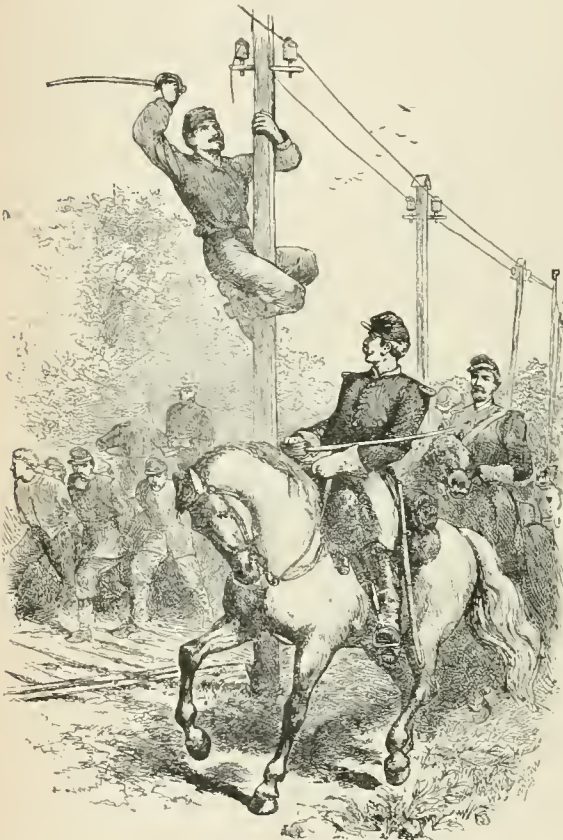
Branchville to the Santee river by way of Orangeville. Kilpatrick was sent with his cavalry to the westward, to demonstrate strongly against Aiken and thus to maintain the idea that Augusta was being threatened. But Sherman was resolute not to deviate either to the right or to the left. He would not even allow himself to be tempted to turn aside to inflict punishment on Charleston, the bitter and stubborn hotbed of rebellion. His aspiration was to

that the only troops in the capital were Wade Hamilton's cavalry along with General Beauregard, in a state of considerable confusion. During the night between the 16th and 17th a detachment had crossed the Saluda river close to Columbia, and next morning, while the bridge was being repaired, the Mayor of Columbia came out to surrender the city. A brigade was sent forward to occupy it, and General Sherman, with his staff and the general officers of the 15th Corps, entered Columbia just as Wade Hampton and General Beauregard rode away from it. The high wind was whirling about flakes of cotton from the burning cotton bales which were said to have been fired by the rebel cavalry before leaving the city that same morning. The railroad depôt and a large adjacent warehouse had been burnt to the ground, and piles of corn and meal in sacks were on fire. Sherman was quartered in the house of a fugitive citizen, where he was visited by a number of Northern people whom he had known in earlier days.

During the night great fires blazed in Columbia. Sherman ordered his troops to attempt to extinguish the flames, and they wrought hard; but the conflagrations nevertheless continued to increase. The high wind was spreading the flames beyond control, and the whole heavens became lurid. The air was full of sparks and of flying masses of cotton, shingles, etc., which the wind carried and started fresh fires. In the early morning the wind moderated and the fire was got under control; but the whole heart of the city, including several churches, the old State-house, and many other public and private buildings, was destroyed. One half at least of Columbia had been laid in ashes. Throughout the Confederacy it was believed, and the belief has not yet died out, that the burning

of Columbia was deliberately planned and executed by Sherman. He steadfastly denied this, and the finding of the subsequent mixed commission on American and British claims was to the effect that the destruction of Columbia did not result from the action of Sherman's army. He himself directly charged* the arson on Wade Hampton. During the two following days the railroads around Columbia were ruined, and the State arsenal with its contents was destroyed.

Columbia utterly ruined, Sherman's right wing marched northward to Winnsboro', where the left wing joined, and the advance was then to the north-east on Cheraw and onwards



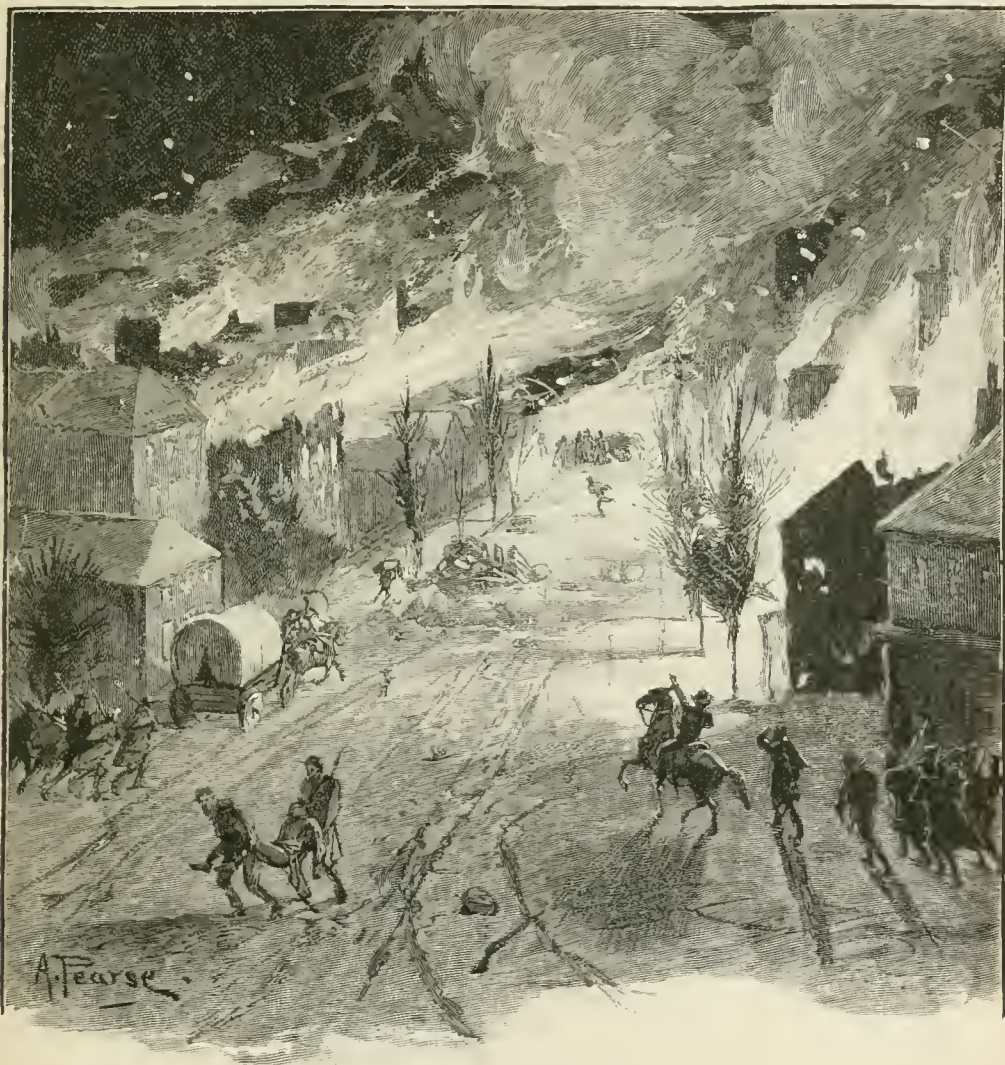
FEDERAL TROOPS DESTROYING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

reach Columbia before any part of Wood's Confederate force—the advance of which, commanded by General Dick Taylor, was reported to be already in Augusta—should precede him in the occupation of the former city.

On the 11th the army crossed the South Edisto, and the next day the 17th Corps reached Orangeville, where the Charleston-Columbia railroad was cut and destroyed up to the Santee river. The North Edisto was crossed by pontoon bridges, and all the columns were then headed for Columbia, where it was believed that there was a great concentration of rebel forces. Later on the march, it was ascertained

towards Fayetteville, in North Carolina, considerable delay being encountered in bridging the Catawba and other rivers. When halted in Cheraw, newspaper intelligence gave Sherman the information that his feint to the left on Charlotte had in no way misled his antagonists ;

Wade Hampton's cavalry, had barely escaped across Cape Fear river, burning the bridge which Sherman had hoped to preserve. Kilpatrick had experienced some curious vicissitudes a few days previously, when holding his cavalry strung out in line for the protection of



"THEY WROUGHT HARD, BUT THE CONFLAGRATIONS NEVERTHELESS CONTINUED TO INCREASE" (p. 8).

and he realised that he must prepare for the concentration in his front of a considerable force under General Jos. Johnston, who had been appointed to the supreme command of the Confederate forces in the Carolinas. Reaching Fayetteville on the 11th he found General Slocum in possession of that town, and all the rest of the army close at hand. He learned also that General Hardee, followed by

the left flank of the army. Wade Hampton had broken through this line, capturing Kilpatrick and Spencer, his brigade commander, in a house which they were occupying for a few hours, and he held possession for a while of the camp and artillery of the brigade. Kilpatrick, however, and most of his people, had escaped into a swamp, and having re-formed and returned, put Hampton and his men to flight in their turn ;

but the Confederate commander had carried off Kilpatrick's private horses and two hundred of his men as prisoners, whom he had displayed with great triumph in Fayetteville.

From Fayetteville Sherman was able to send to General Grant despatches reporting his progress and intentions; and he sent orders to General Schofield at Newbern and to General Terry at Wilmington, both places named being on the coast, to move with their effective forces straight for Goldsboro', where he expected to meet them by the 20th. On the 15th the

towards Goldsboro'. On the 18th, Sherman had joined the right wing, to be near Generals Schofield and Terry coming up from the coast towards Goldsboro'. He had heard some casual cannonading about Slocum's head of column, but did not regard it as serious until a messenger came in hot haste with the news that Slocum near Bentonsville had run up against Johnston's army, some 36,000 strong, considerably more than the whole of Slocum's command. Sherman sent orders to Slocum to fight on the defensive, pending his own arrival with reinforcements.



MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH.

whole army was across Cape Fear river on its march for Goldsboro'. On Sherman's extreme left were the 14th and 20th Corps with the cavalry acting in concert. Certain of being attacked on this flank, he ordered both wings to send their trains by interior roads, and each to hold four divisions ready for immediate action. Stubborn resistance was encountered from Hardee's troops of all arms, and on the 16th the Confederate commander was found in a strong position near Averysboro'. The divisions of Jackson and Ward deployed and pressed on, while a brigade made a wide circuit by the left; and the first line of the enemy was swept away, two hundred prisoners were taken, with three guns, and one hundred and eight dead Confederates were buried. Hardee withdrew and entrenched himself anew; but next morning he was gone, in full retreat towards Smithfield. In this Averysboro' combat the Federals lost twelve officers and sixty-five men killed, and four hundred and seventy-seven men wounded. The rebel wounded, numbering sixty-eight, were attended to by Sherman's surgeons, and then left in charge of a rebel officer and a few men.

From Averysboro' the left wing bent eastward

A division was hurried to Slocum's flank, and the whole of the right wing was directed on Bentonsville, whence came loud and strong the roar of battle. Johnston was not pugnacious; he stood on the defensive entrenched in the V formation. Sherman explains in his memoirs that he "did not feel disposed to invite a general battle, in ignorance of Johnston's strength"; and he simply held his troops close up to the Confederate trenches for two days. At length, on the afternoon of the 21st, General Mower could stand inaction no longer, and with his division he broke through the enemy's left flank and pushed on towards Bentonsville. Sherman arrested the gallant Mower's offensive, and recalled him; repenting later of his having done so instead of supporting Mower, with the result of bringing on a battle the issue of which must have been in his favour by reason of his vastly superior numbers. The truth probably was that now Sherman was so near the successful ending of his undertaking, he was not willing to run any risks. Be this as it may, on the morning of the 22nd, Johnston was in full retreat on Smithfield, and Sherman marched into Goldsboro'. His loss at Bentonsville was 23 officers and

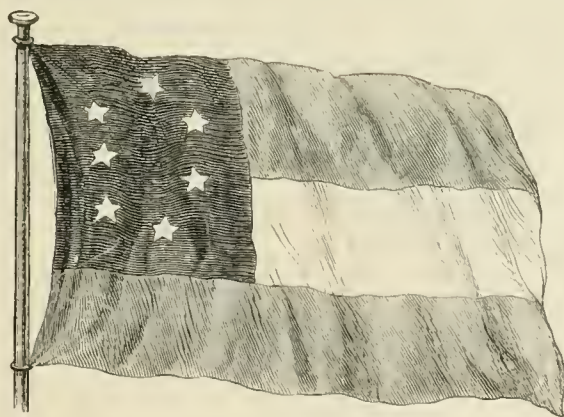
1,581 men killed, wounded, and missing. He had captured 1,287 prisoners. Johnston estimated his loss at 2,343 officers and men.

At Goldsboro' on the 22nd, Sherman found Terry with two divisions and Schofield with a whole corps, and the complete junction was then and there effected of all the army as originally designed.

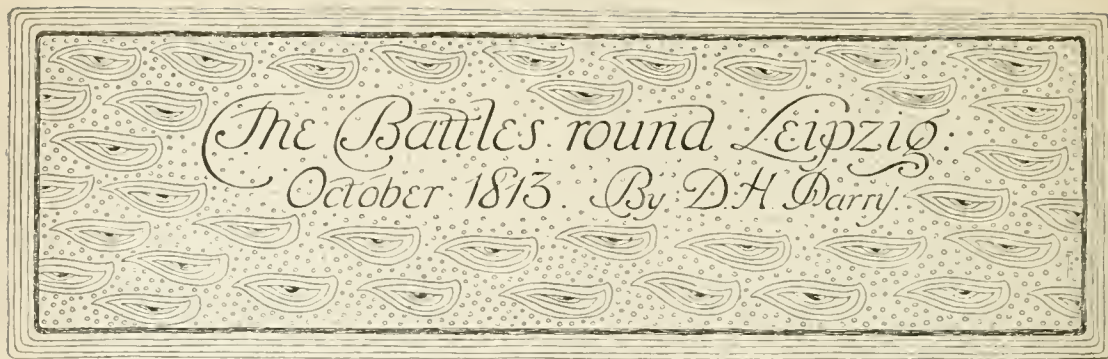
"Thus," wrote Sherman, with pardonable pride, "was concluded one of the longest and most important marches ever made by an organised army in a civilised country. The route traversed crossed five great navigable rivers. Three important cities, Columbia, Cheraw, and Fayetteville, had been captured and occupied; the evacuation of Charleston had been compelled, all the railroads of South Carolina had been utterly broken up, and a vast amount of supplies belonging to the enemy had been seized and used. The country traversed was for the most part in a state of nature, with innumerable swamps, the roads mere mud, nearly every mile of which had to be corderoed. Yet we had, in midwinter, accomplished the whole journey of 425 miles in fifty days, averaging ten miles per day; and had reached Goldsboro' with the

army in superb order, and the trains almost as fresh as when we had started from Atlanta."

Sherman was still at Goldsboro' with his army about him when the tidings reached him of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond on 6th April. On the 12th he was officially informed of Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court House, and the war was regarded as over. Events came quickly. On the 14th, General Johnston made proposals to Sherman for the suspension of active operations, pending the termination of the war. Sherman was on his way to meet Johnston when a cipher telegram was handed him announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. The terms arranged between the two commanders were not approved of by the authorities in Washington, and Grant was sent to Sherman's headquarters to intimate to that commander that he was to demand the surrender of Johnston's army on the terms accorded to General Lee. Johnston accepted those terms. The great Civil War was now at an end; the gallant struggle of the Confederacy was over and done with, and thenceforth there was no longer rebellion within the wide boundaries of the great American Republic.



THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.



THE well-worn old simile of the Phoenix rising from her ashes may be applied with truth to the French army on its return from Moscow; for, before its wounds were healed, almost before its actual losses could be counted, another mighty force was called into existence, and Napoleon, once more humming "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre," set forth from Paris to lead it to fresh glories and terrible defeat.

Lützen, Wurschen, Bautzen, Dresden, were victories dearly won at the expense of enormous slaughter; but Culm, Katzbach, and Gros Beeren came as heavy blows, and Napoleon's projects seemed threatened with tragic failure.

Whilst *his* men dwindled, and the German roads were thronged with his wounded Cuirassiers in wheelbarrows, or his troopers riding on lean cows, the allied armies, on the contrary, seemed to increase. Disaffection followed. The Saxons were deserting him *en masse*. Austria and Bavaria declared against him. As the enemy drew closer round him from all points, he hazarded everything on one cast of the die, chose a bad position, suffered a crushing reverse, and fled under circumstances of almost unparalleled horror.

Leipzig was at that time a small city girdled by a crumbling wall with four large and three smaller gates, a wet ditch where mulberry trees grew plentifully, and was separated from the extensive suburbs by a fine walk or boulevard planted with lindens which had grown to giant size.

It was a great centre of learning and commerce: Fichte, Goethe, and a host of famous men had studied or taught at its university; its three annual fairs were attended by booksellers from all parts of Europe; and before

Napoleon's Continental system crippled trade it had lucrative industries in gold and silver, leather, silk, wool, yarn, and Prussian blue.

Had you mounted to the summit of one of its many towers, as hundreds did during the events I am about to describe, you would have seen beneath you the narrow streets of the quaint city, and farther out the gardens, public and private, for which Leipzig was justly famed, with the villas of the wealthy merchants peeping out of groves and orchards.

Far as the eye could reach stretched a gently rolling plain, wooded here and there, in other places barren where the harvest had been gathered and the stubble fields were brown; the whole expanse dotted with villages innumerable, each with its pointed spire; the plain intersected by great highroads and winding byways.

West of the city lay a marshy tract, where the rivers Pleiss and Elster flowed sluggishly in narrow channels, and joined the Partha, which came round the northern side. This tract was a mass of tiny streams and dykes, crossed by a narrow causeway leading to Lindenau, and so to the road by Weissenfels, Erfurt, and Frankfurt to the Rhine.

From the Rhine Napoleon had allowed himself to be cut off, by staying at Dresden when every hour was of the utmost consequence. There seem to have come to him towards the close of his marvellous career strange attacks of indecision which no one has satisfactorily explained, and the lingering at Dresden while the allies had drawn nearer and nearer until they had him in a net, from which he escaped but with difficulty and at great sacrifices, was one of these.

At last his various corps were ordered on Magdeburg, and on the 7th October, at seven in the morning, the emperor himself left Dresden, and quitting the Leipzig road beyond Wurzen,

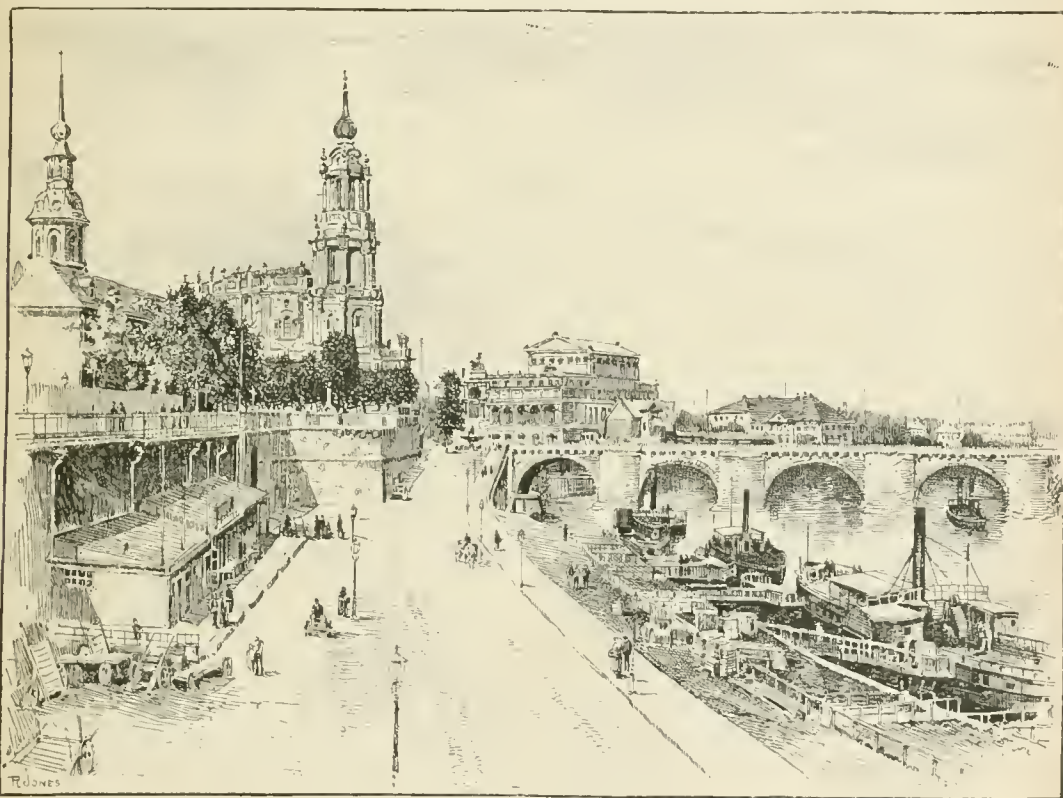
eventually reached the little moated castle of Düben on the 10th, where he stayed three days in further indecision, until he suddenly commanded a countermarch of his troops upon Leipzig, stopping himself to breakfast in a field by the roadside, at a point some fifteen miles from the city.

While there, the distant booming of cannon told him that Murat was engaged to the south of Leipzig, and at the same moment the King of Saxony came up with his Queen and a strong escort.

Napoleon had desired them to accompany him, and advancing to the carriage door, he reassured the frightened lady, who went on after a short halt with her unfortunate husband, destined to pay so dearly for his loyalty to the French cause.

The day was grey and lowering, and Murat had had several smart cavalry affairs near Borna, in one of which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning with a single trooper, he had been hotly pursued by Lieutenant De Lippe of the 1st Neumark Dragoons, who repeatedly shouted "Stop, King!" "Stop, King!" After a galloping fight the pursuer was killed by Murat's attendant, to whom Napoleon gave the Legion of Honour, and who rode the dead man's horse next day in his capacity of equerry to the King of Naples.

Meanwhile, the columns were tramping in and taking up their positions; outside the house of Herr Vetter at Reudnitz, a picturesque village two miles from Leipzig, a chasseur of the Guard with loaded carbine showed where Napoleon had fixed his quarters. Waggons,



DRESDEN.

It was the anniversary of Iéna, and by a strange coincidence Napoleon was using the identical copy of Petri's atlas which he had consulted for the campaign that had laid Prussia at his feet in two short weeks. Now the tables were turned, and Prussia was about to have a terrible revenge.

carriages, escort, and orderly officers thronged the streets; every hour witnessed the arrival of a grenadier regiment, a corps of tirailleurs, or a rumbling battery of guns, whose grey-coated drivers forced a passage through the crowd with almost as little ceremony as the emperor's suite itself. The citizens had experienced

a foretaste of French usage since Marmont's corps came among them at the beginning of the month, but that was going to prove as nothing to the misery of the next six days.

Early on the morning of the 15th, Murat clattered up to the door of the Quartier Général, and swinging off his horse went in to hold long counsel with his brother-in-law; after which, about noon, they both rode away into the stubble and the sheep pastures to reconnoitre around Lieberwolkwitz on a hill to the French left, and Wachau village with its orchard in a hollow, which formed the French centre five miles or so from the city, paying Poniatowski's corps a visit among the gardens of Dolitz, and finally returning to Lieberwolkwitz, where one of those dramatic Napoleonic ceremonies took place usual upon the presentation of the cherished Eagle to corps that had not previously possessed it.

Three regiments of light infantry clustered round their emperor, and, turning to one with the standard brandished in his hand, he exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Soldiers of the 26th Léger, I intrust you with the French Eagle: it will be your rallying point. You swear never to abandon it but with life; you swear never to suffer an insult to France; you swear to prefer death to dishonour: you swear!"

"We swear!" came the answer; "Vive l'Empereur!" And each regiment took the oath, and meant it.

The columns had filed down to their posts in the position chosen by Murat and sanctioned by Napoleon, and the line of battle stretched in a huge semicircle south of Leipzig, three miles and a half from end to end; Victor in the centre behind Wachau with the 2nd Corps; Prince Poniatowski on the right with the 8th, on the banks of the narrow Pleiss at Mark-Kleberg and Doetlitz; Lauriston on the left, on the hill of Lieberwolkwitz with the 5th Corps; while farther away still, beyond Lauriston, was gallant Macdonald, on the Dresden road, keeping a sharp look-out for Beningsen or the Hetman Platof.

In rear of Poniatowski were Marshal Auge-reau's men; between Poniatowski and Victor, the cavalry of Kellerman and Milhaud; between Victor and Lauriston the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg; and, finally, when they arrived, the Imperial Guard was stationed near the village of Probsteyda, behind Victor, and in front of the ruined windmill and tobacco

factory where Napoleon took his stand when the fighting had once begun.

To the west, across the causeway previously mentioned, General Bertrand held Lindenau with the 4th Corps, and covered the road to Erfurt destined to form the French line of retreat; Marshal Marmont, with the 6th Corps, lay round Lindenthal, and protected Leipzig to northward; while Ney and Reynier, with the 3rd and 7th Corps, were in full march from Eilenburg, either to support Marmont or operate to eastward of the city—in all, 182,000 men to sustain the advance and attack of more than 300,000—namely, the Allied Grand Army, or Army of Bohemia, 90,000; the Army of Silesia, under Blücher, 70,000; the Army of the North, commanded by Bernadotte, 72,000; and about 15,000 partisans, Cossacks, and light horse.

There had been heavy rains for several days preceding the 14th, the night of which was miserable; but the weather cleared on the 15th, and everything was quiet, except the continued march of troops and the loopholing of the Leipzig walls.

Suddenly, about eight in the evening, three brilliant white rockets rose into the starlit sky from the allies' headquarters at Pegau on the Elster, and these were answered a minute later by four red ones that trailed up beyond Halle—a signal which put the French on the *qui vive*.

That night Colonel Marbot, of the 23rd Chasseurs-à-cheval, lost an opportunity of changing the whole face of the campaign through no fault of his own, for, being in observation at the foot of a hill called the Kolmberg, or Swedish Redoubt, he saw several figures on the summit, outlined against the sky, and heard a conversation in French that made the blood tingle in his veins.

Stealthily drawing his regiment forward in the darkness, while the 24th crept round the other flank of the hill, a few minutes more would have sufficed to enclose the Kolmberg and capture the speakers, but one of his men accidentally fired his carbine. There was "mounting in hot haste." The figures vanished at full speed towards the allied position, and Marbot had a sharp brush with an escort of cavalry, learning afterwards, to his intense chagrin, that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were in the group that had escaped him!

Early in the foggy dawn of the 16th October Napoleon left his quarters, attended by his

orderly officers and the escort of the Guard, and riding on to the hill of Lieberwolkwitz again, he was joined by Murat, the pair gazing long through their glasses towards the enemy's lines, where, when the fog melted into the drizzle of a cold and gloomy day, they saw several columns forming for the attack.

Huge riding-cloaks were then the fashion, and as the cavalcade left the hill muffled to the ears three signal-guns crashed out about 9 o'clock, sending their balls over the heads of the staff into the Guard and the Cuirassiers beyond, doing some damage, and commencing what is known as the battle of Wachau.

Kleist, with a mixed force of Russians and Prussians, advanced on the French right wing in the marshes of the Pleiss and took the village of Mark-Kleberg; Wittgenstein, commanding two columns, also of Russians and Prussians, was partially successful in the Wachau hollow; and the Austrian general Klenau flung his men at the hill of Lieberwolkwitz, which Napoleon regarded as the key of his position.

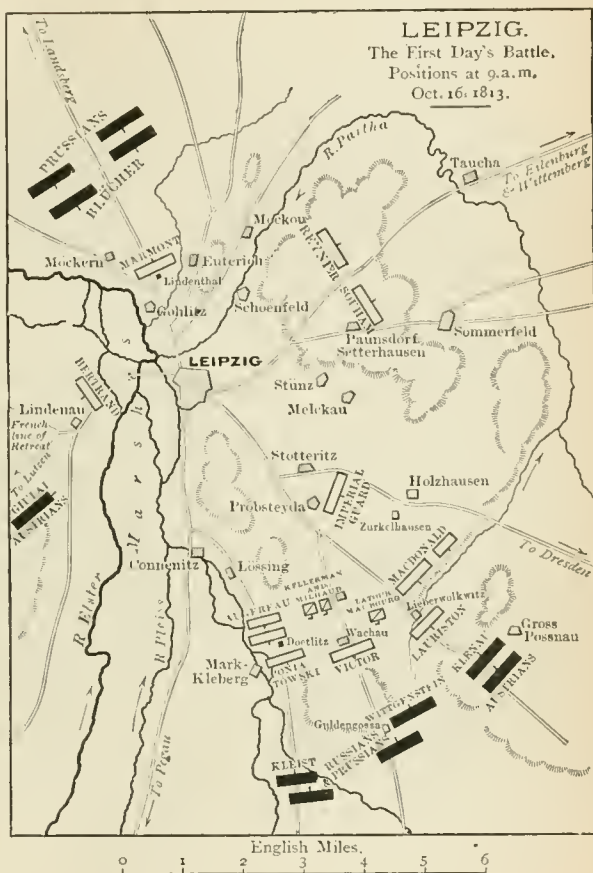
Ordering forward half the young Guard under Marshal Mortier, and sending for a part of Macdonald's corps, the emperor repulsed the Austrians with great loss, captured a portion of the wood of the university, and having separated Klenau from the rest of the allied army, turned his attention on his centre at Wachau, bringing up two divisions of the Guard under Oudinot to support Victor, placing his reserve artillery on the heights behind the village, and moving Milhaud's and Kellerman's cavalry to attack the Russian left.

All this while the most furious cannonade was in progress along the whole line, until, as one who was present has declared, "the earth literally trembled."

As the French horsemen gained the plain, affairs became serious for the allied centre, which was bayoneted out of Wachau by a superior force, and retired slowly, fighting all the way, leaving a thousand men dead in the stubble fields before it reached its reserves at the farm of Auenhayn; but, fortunately for Prince Eugène of Würtemberg, who commanded the retreating column, Nostitz arrived with a host of white-coated Austrian cavalry, which, after some dashing charges, drove Milhaud's

and Kellerman's back, and saved the allied centre from a similar separation on the left wing to that which had already happened on the right.

Still, the allies had gained nothing but the village of Mark-Kleberg. Six desperate attacks had been repulsed by the French; and at Napoleon's command the bells of Leipzig were rung during the afternoon to celebrate a victory and



a band played gaily in the market square, where the Saxon Grenadiers stood under arms for the protection of their king.

Away beyond the rivers at Lindenau, Bertrand had stood his ground against General Giulai while the great fight waged to the south; but north of Leipzig Marshal Marmont had been less fortunate at the battle of Möckern, where Blücher took 2,000 prisoners, three guns, and forty ship's-cannon, which Marmont could not remove for want of horses.

The marshal fought hard though, in spite of the odds of three to one against him; and although he had to retire at nightfall on to the

Halle suburb, he retained Gohlitz and Möckern as advanced posts, and kept possession of Euterich.

Ney had drawn up in Marmont's rear early in the morning; but hearing the cannonade at Lieberwolkwitz before Marmont was attacked, the Duc d'Elchingen marched off towards the firing until Blücher's guns recalled him, and he is said to have lost both combats in consequence.

Returning once more to the south, one little incident deserves to be recounted, which had happened when the Kolmberg was stormed.

Napoleon, seeing the necessity of a strong charge, turned to a regiment drawn up motionless spectators, and asked which it was.

"The 22nd Light, sire."

"Impossible!" he cried.

"The 22nd Light would never stand with its arms folded in presence of the enemy!"

Instantly the drums rolled the "pas de charge," the colours were waved, and, supported by Marbot's Chasseurs, they rushed forward. The sides of the Swedish redoubt became alive with blue figures and white cross belts, and the hill was taken under the eye of that leader who knew so well how to flatter the vanity of his followers, and who probably got more out of flesh and blood by a few artful sentences than any commander who ever existed, "charmed he never so wisely."

Between three o'clock and four, when the allied centre had been driven back, leaving its right exposed, Murat detected that weakness and prepared to swoop down with Latour-Maubourg's cavalry into the plain.

Alexander, whose station was behind the village of Gossa, tried to get his reserves up in time, but by some mischance they were jumbled together in some broken ground, leaving two regiments, the Lancers and Dragoons of the Guard, to face the rush of fifty squadrons, thundering down from the heights, the sun full on them as they came.

They were the 5th Cavalry Corps, with Murat,

Latour-Maubourg, and Pajol leading — five thousand horsemen, mostly dragoons, green coated, grey breeched, high booted; white cloaks rolled *en banderole* across the square *revers*, which showed scarlet and crimson and rose, and bright yellow and dull orange; brass helmets with the whisk of horsehair about them; bearskins of the *Compagnies d'élite* bedraggled with the rain: one of those furious waves that in the early days of the Empire were wont to annihilate everything in their course, and which now tore, heedless of a storm of cannon shot, capturing twenty-six guns in the twinkling of an eye, and hustling the Russian dragoons over a brook in their rear.

A few causeways crossed the rivulet and the ground was swampy; the cavalry were splashed with mud from crest to spur, and the horses hock-deep in many cases.

The Russian lancers fell back and formed to the left, without crossing the brook; and checked in the moment of victory by the marsh into which they had floundered, the French squadrons became confused and unmanageable.

Guns were brought to bear upon them; the hussars of the Russian

Guard charged in on their right rear, and they scrambled out in great disorder which degenerated into a panic and a hasty retreat, seeing which, the Emperor Alexander sent his personal escort of Cossacks under Count Orloff Denissof to take the mass on the other flank.

Back streamed the broken dragoons, nor did they halt until they reached their infantry, for they had been sent at the enemy without any supports into ground where a *voltigeur* would have hesitated.

Latour-Maubourg had his leg taken off at the thigh by a ball, and brave Pajol met with a terrible experience.

A shell entered the breast of his horse, burst inside, and flung the general many feet in the air, breaking his left arm and several ribs as he fell, to be rescued with great difficulty by his



NAPOLÉON I.

aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Biot, and some staff officers.

Murat had a narrow escape ; twenty-four of the guns were retaken by the Russians, and a grand opportunity was lost, while Gossa later in the day became the scene of a fierce encounter with the light troops of the Russian Guard, who forced the French to retire, and held that place as the allied right ; their centre being then at Auenhayn, their left at Mark-Kleberg.

fallen on both sides, but the allies could afford to lose them, and the French could not.

He was hard pressed by Blücher on the north ; to southward the enemy were being strongly reinforced, and a hideous stream of wounded crawled back to the city to show how severely the Grand Army had suffered.

The corn magazine, capable of holding 2,500 men, was crammed full to overflowing, the rest lay about the streets untended, and reflected the



THE ALLIED STAFF AT LEIPZIG.

At Connenitz, between Doetlitz and Leipzig. Count Meerfeldt had crossed the Pleiss unexpectedly, but Curial, with the Chasseurs-à-pied of the Guard, came upon him, routed his battalion, and being unhorsed and wounded, the Austrian general gave up his sword to Captain Pleineselve.

Darkness fell, and as the clocks chimed six the guns ceased firing, the rattle of small-arms died away, and the French remained practically in the same position, while the front of the allies had been considerably narrowed.

Nevertheless, Napoleon had gained no real advantage : it was of little consequence that he had maintained his ground. Many men had

greatest discredit on the ambulance arrangements, never adequate to the needs of any of those gory campaigns ; while out beyond the city a circle of fires and blazing villages showed where the armies bivouacked among the dead.

Sunday came, the 17th October, dark and stormy with gusts of rain ; and the allies, hearing that Beningsen and Collorodo would not be up before evening, postponed the attack until the following day. But Napoleon, finding that Wintzingerode, with the advance-guard of Bernadotte's army, had worked round to the east of Leipzig and appeared at Taucha on the Partha's banks, and that the net was closing tighter, spent the hours in anxious meditation,

and made fresh plans to concentrate his forces closer round the city.

He pitched his five blue and white-striped tents in a dry fish-pond near Probsteyda that night, with the Old Guard encamped about him, and waited in vain for a reply to his negotiations, having sent General Meerfeldt, on his parole, to the allied sovereigns with certain proposals.

"They are deceived in respect to me," he had said to that officer. "I demand nothing better than to repose myself in the shade of peace, and ensure the happiness of France, as I have ensured her glory"; but the sovereigns were no longer to be hoodwinked by specious words: with time had come experience.

Down a long vista of eighty years we can now look back calmly, if with wonder, at this stirring period; feeling almost a reverence for the little figure on the white horse, as we marvel at his mighty genius, and gaze with admiration at the faded flag he kissed at Fontainebleau, or the moth-eaten *chapeau* he wore at Eylau; but set the clock back, and picture how he looked in 1813.

Napoleon had become a public nuisance in Europe: no king was safe on his throne, no people within his reach knew at what hour the tap of the drum might not sound on the high-road and a locust scourge spread over their fields and homesteads.

During the night Napoleon knew no sleep; Nansouty and various generals were called up to be questioned, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the four lamps of the emperor's carriage flashed outside Ney's quarters at Reudnitz—the same that Napoleon had occupied on his arrival.

After an hour of close consultation the emperor left in the rain, and walking with Murat along the swollen dykes for half an hour, again sought his tent, much absorbed.

It is also said they rode along the causeway as far as the Kuhthurm, or Cow Tower, towards Lindenau, to give Bertrand instructions to occupy Weissenfels and keep the road clear.

An alteration in the French position had been effected in the night and early morning, and now Connenitz formed the right wing under Prince Poniatowski, raised to the dignity of marshal for his gallantry the day before.

Victor had fallen back to Probsteyda; Lauriston, between that village and Stötteritz, upon which latter place Macdonald had retired; General Reynier with a brigade of Saxons occupied Mockou, and also Paunsdorf, on the

Wurtzen-Dresden road; Ney was in force near Setterhausen, not far from Reudnitz, and at Schoenfeld on the Partha; while the northern suburbs of Leipzig were defended by Marmont as before. Thus, with Bertrand on the west, the city was completely surrounded, the position having one great fault, as Napoleon well knew—namely, in case of defeat all these scattered corps, miniature armies in themselves, would be forced to get away by the narrow causeway across the Pleiss and Elster.

South of Leipzig Murat was in command; east and north, Marshal Ney; the emperor himself remaining the greater part of the time on a hill behind Probsteyda, near the ruined windmill and tobacco factory, that gave him a panoramic view of the field, and round about which his guard was waiting.

By eight o'clock on the 18th, Napoleon was on the windmill hill, and a little later the allied troops were again descried on the march to attack him.

The weather had cleared and the sun was shining; the Prussians began to sing "Hail to thee in victory crowned," their bands joining in; and, from their quarters at the dismantled chateau of Rotha, some ten miles away, the Emperor Alexander and his suite rode into the plains at Glossa, joined by Frederick William of Prussia, who had slept at Borna, to witness the commencement of a conflict so fierce that it has been called the "Battle of the Giants" by some, and by others the "Battle of the Nations."

Three columns were in motion: 1st, Beningsen, with Bubna, Klenau, and the Prussians under Zeithen—35,000 in all, or thereabouts—was to advance by Holzhausen on Murat's left—helped, it was expected, by Bernadotte's army; 2nd, Barclay de Tolly, with Kleist's Prussians, Wittgenstein's men, and the Russian reserves—estimated at 45,000 in all—who was to aim for Wachau and the centre; and, 3rd, the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was to lead 25,000 Austrians down the marshy Pleiss against Dösen and Doetlitz, while Meerfeld's Corps, under General Lederer, went down the left bank of the same stream to renew the attempts against Connenitz which the Old Guard had baffled the day before.

At first the columns found little to oppose them: Beningsen cleared the French advanced posts out of Engelsdorf and stayed there, as Bernadotte was not yet in evidence; Zeithen carried Zurkelhausen with much spirit and took some guns, while Klenau drove Macdonald's

rearguard from Holzhausen village; but the near presence of Ney and the non-arrival of the Army of the North crippled the action of the 1st column for a time.

The 3rd column flung its white battalions on Dösen and Doetlitz, and had a hard fight among the bushes and garden walls.

Napoleon stayed for an hour on his right flank to watch the opening struggle; Hesse-Homburg was wounded, and Bianchi took command; Kellerman's Horse and old Augereau's men supported Poniatowski with some success, but the Austrians eventually took Connenitz, and there they stayed, unable to do more, and held in check by the firm front of brave Poniatowski, backed by Oudinot with some of the Guard.

All day they kept up an incessant skirmishing, and the brown batteries of Austrian artillery on the one side, and the blue batteries of the French on the other, continued to thunder and boom almost without intermission until darkness fell.

Somewhere about ten o'clock, or an hour after the battle began, Napoleon left the right flank and galloped away to Probsteyda, a circular village surrounded by villas and gardens, strongly occupied by Victor; and there he found the 2nd column of the enemy, which had passed through Wachau unmolested, preparing for the attack.

Probsteyda, and Stötteritz a mile off to the left, were the keys of the French centre, and massing Lauriston's men between the two, rather in the rear, with the bulk of the Imperial Guard on the windmill hill behind Probsteyda, Napoleon turned all his attention to that portion of the field, viewing the conflict from the ruined windmill itself.

A furious artillery duel began on both sides—a duel which was, perhaps, the most prominent feature of the Leipzig battles, for, from morn till eve the whole plain resounded with the roar of cannon, and the smoke of 1,600 pieces hung round the city, through which the watchers on the ramparts and steeples could catch hasty glimpses of surging cavalry or the progress of infantry columns rushing to engage.

Under cover of the guns three Prussian brigades flung themselves on Probsteyda, met by the fire of Victor's troops, who lined the walls and fired from the attics and windows.

Many forgotten scrimmages took place in alleys and pretty gardens; the hedges hid long lines of dead and dying who had fought with

desperation in attack and defence; the people in Leipzig questioned the wounded who staggered in through the gates, "How is it going?" and it was always the same reply, "Badly enough; the enemy is very strong!"

By two o'clock Prince Augustus and General Pirch had taken half the village, but reprisal was at hand, and the emperor descended at the head of his Guard and led it with loud shouts of victory down the hill, where the bearskins thronged into the streets and hurled the Prussians out again.

French horsemen in a dense body rode round the end of the village soon after, but Grand Duke Constantine—he of the lowering brow—moved his troopers forward with a strong support of foot and held them in check, while smoke and flames rolled over Probsteyda, and the horsemen did not charge. Shot and shell tore backwards and forwards, until it seemed little short of miraculous that men could live; battery after battery swept the plain: the officer riding with a vital order, the drummer beating to advance or retire, the surgeon dressing a limb in the shelter of a burning farmhouse—all were hit, death was in the very air itself; yet Murat, in sable-trimmed pelisse, galloped hither and thither unhurt, and the emperor himself tore heedlessly through his troops after his usual manner; his suite sometimes riding down an unlucky *fantassin* or two who did not get out of the way fast enough.

All day they fought at Connenitz, at Probsteyda, and round about Stötteritz, without making any headway on either side; but to north and east clouds were rolling up in spite of every effort of the heroic Ney to ward them off.

After hot skirmishing all morning on the banks of the Partha, Langeron's Russian corps crossed that river at Mockou; and about two o'clock Wintzingerode's cavalry passed it higher up and came into touch with Beningsen, whom we left waiting at Engelsdorf.

Ney accordingly concentrated his forces between Schoenfeld and Setterhausen to oppose the approach of the Army of the North, which began to appear at Taucha.

Reynier, who was under Ney, had been fighting hard for several hours with Bubna, and his difficulties were increased by the presence of the Hetman Platoff, with 6,000 roving Cossacks.

Poor Reynier was destined to meet with severe reverses on that day, and also to experience a novelty in warfare, for there trotted up about the same time a little body of horsemen

clad in smart blue jackets braided with yellow, with large semicircular crests of black bear-skin on their leather helmets. English horse

over from Mockou in the heat of action, and deliberately joined Bubna, leaving Reynier to his fate.



LEIPZIG: THE MARKET PLACE.

artillery they might have seemed from a distance but for the long bundles of what appeared to be lance-shafts which they carried in buckets by their sides.

English they were—Captain Bogue's troop of the Experimental Rocket Brigade attached to the Swedish army; and soon there came fiery serpents into Reynier's ranks, whizzing and burning and causing great disorder.

Bogue was killed by a ball in the head, and Lieutenant Strangways took command—the same man who, as General Strangways, said gently, "Will someone kindly lift me from my horse?" when a cannon shot tore off his leg at Inkerman in 1854.

Often enough those rockets went the wrong way, and caused consternation among the troop itself; but it is certain that they astonished the French tremendously, and not long after eleven Saxon battalions, three squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of guns stalked

The French Cuirassiers understanding too late what was happening, charged after them, but the traitorous artillery slewed round and fired on their late comrades, the rest of the Saxon brigade marching into bivouac a league behind the allies.

This serious defection caused Napoleon to send a strong force to Reynier's assistance; but all it could do was to rescue the remnant of that general's corps, and the desertion remains a standing disgrace to Saxon honour for all time.

Twice during the morning had Ney sent to Reudnitz for a fresh horse, and again for a third in the afternoon. Several times did Langeron assault Schoenfeld without success, but at last he took it; and Bülow carrying Paunsdorf later in the evening, Ney fell back on his quarters at Reudnitz, wounded by a ball in the shoulder, Sacken having pressed Marshal Marmont hotly in the suburbs of Leipzig itself, and Blücher

having been driven out of Reudnitz by Napoleon in person.

Darkness was approaching, and with it came the rain.

The guns continued after that, and, as on the previous night, a circle of conflagration once more surrounded the city, thirteen villages and farms being in a blaze, and a multitude of bivouacs glowing wherever the eye rested.

A fire was kindled by the ruined mill, and Napoleon dismounted beside it with a heavy heart.

It was 6 o'clock, and the result of the battle was practically against him, for, though his position had been retained, the carnage had been frightful, and the allies were in perfect touch with each other along his whole front

the night, for which he gave orders to Berthier, and then threw himself on a bench they had brought from a neighbouring cottage, and slept in the open air by the fire for a quarter of an hour with his arms folded, the staff standing round him silent and sorrowing.

Waking, he received a report from Generals Sorbier and Dulauloy, of the artillery, to the effect that since the actions began the French had expended no less than 250,000 cannon balls, and, including the reserve, there only remained 16,000 more, or enough for two hours' firing.

The Austrian return for the 16th and 18th is 56,000 from 320 guns alone. That of the whole allied army must have been something stupendous!

Order upon order did the baffled emperor



"NAPOLEON RODE AWAY WITH A SMALL SUITE THROUGH ST. PETER'S GATE" (A. 22).

from Connenitz to Schoenfeld. He was not in a condition to renew the combat next day, and there only remained a retreat under cover of

give, directing his troops to retreat by the causeway on Lindenau, which was still held by Bertrand; and somewhere about 8 o'clock

Napoleon rode away to Leipzig, where, finding the Thunberg crowded with wounded, he put up at the "Prussian Arms," or, as some have it, the "Hôtel de Prusse," in the horse-market, leaving his windmill at the same time that Excelmann's division startled for Lindenau, which they did not reach until 4 a.m.

The night was intensely and unusually dark. The plain was thronged with the retreating army, and so great was the confusion inside the city that whole corps had passed through before the inhabitants realised that the French were leaving them.

The baggage entered by four gates, and tried to get out through one, and that so narrow that a single carriage alone could pass it at a time. Farther on, again, the Cow Tower was only the same width, and nowhere was the road more than thirty feet from side to side, crossing three English miles of marshy meadows and five unfordable streams by small bridges until it reached Lindenau, where a larger bridge finally conveyed it to firm ground.

No sleep had Napoleon that night, nor indeed had anyone in Leipzig save those utterly worn out by the protracted struggle, for the city rang with tumult as the troops struggled through the narrow streets, often in single file where the way was blocked with waggons and guns. Mounted Grenadiers of the Old Guard, Cuirassiers muffled against the rain in white cloaks, conscripts crying from very weariness—all streaming onward, many under the windows of the hostelry itself where Napoleon, in his dressing gown and with head tied in a handkerchief, sometimes looked out on the defeated mob, which had no "Vive l'Empereur!" then.

For once the Grand Army—or, rather, its remnants—showed a provident spirit, making great efforts to guide large herds of lowing cattle through the press, in which they were not altogether successful, and only added to the confusion thereby, as we read that numbers of oxen were browsing quietly in the town ditch when the allies stormed the suburbs next day.

Officers had pleaded for the construction of other bridges over the Pleiss and the marshes, and one had been made, though by whom is not clear; but it broke down as the first battalion crossed it, and was not replaced, Berthier afterwards making his usual excuse, "The emperor had given no orders."

Napoleon's horse was waiting at 2 o'clock in the morning, but it was 9 ere he got into the saddle, and for half an hour before that the

enemy's cannon had been heard beyond the Grinma suburb.

To the house where the King of Saxony was staying the emperor rode at a quick pace, and for twenty minutes he was alone with his faithful ally and the distressed queen, the king ultimately attending him to the head of the staircase when he took his departure.

Apparently irresolute what course to pursue, he threaded the crowd with some difficulty, and finally dashed by St. Thomas's Church to the gate of St. Peter, where he paused in obvious indecision.

His proposal to the allies that he should evacuate the city, and declare all the Saxon troops neutral, on condition that he should be allowed to convey his artillery and baggage to a specified point, was insulting to the intelligence of those to whom he had addressed it, and the guns he heard thundering on several sides made fitting reply. Still, he seemed loth to go, and finally rode as far as the Civic School in the direction of his quarters.

There he came under fire, and is said to have had an interview with Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, and as brave a man as any in that brave age. So hotly had the prince been engaged in the various battles about Leipzig, that fifteen officers of his personal staff had been killed or wounded; he himself had been hit on the 14th and again on the 16th, and he was destined to receive two further wounds before the waters of the Elster closed over him for ever.

To him Napoleon entrusted the defence of the Borna suburb with a handful of 2,000 Polish troops, and Poniatowski's last words to the man who had made him a Marshal of France two days before were: "We are all ready to die for your Majesty!"

Lauriston, Macdonald, and Reynier likewise remained in Leipzig, and abandoning an idea he had entertained of firing the suburbs to check the enemy, Napoleon gave orders to protract the resistance from house to house, and rode away with a small suite through St. Peter's Gate, calm and inscrutable of face, but as eye-witnesses tell us, in a profuse perspiration.

"Place pour Sa Majesté!" secured no passage; the chaos of the Beresina was in progress, without the snow, though the Cossacks were close at hand; and compelled to leave the highway, the fugitive emperor plunged into a labyrinth of lanes, and had proceeded some distance *towards the enemy* before the mistake was discovered,

when, after questioning some natives closely as to whether any byway to Borna and Altenburg existed, and being answered in the negative, he at last rode through Richter's garden, and so gained the crowded causeway by the outer Ranstadt Gate.

After he had gone, the King of Saxony sent a flag of truce to the allied sovereigns, who occupied the same hill from which Napoleon had directed the battle of the 18th, entreating them to spare the city, the answer being "as far as possible," on the condition that no French should be harboured or concealed; General Toll, one of Alexander's aides-de-camp, riding back with the messenger to see the King himself.

Against the city on the south the three great divisions of the allied army began the attack in pretty much the same order as on the preceding days, the Austrians marching along the road from Connenitz, Barclay de Tolly on their right, Beningsen still farther to the right again; at last the Army of the North came into absolute action, and stormed the eastern suburbs, while Sacken's corps bombarded the city from the north across the Partha.

Poor Bernadotte has been abundantly reviled for taking part against the French; but it must be remembered that it was forced upon him, in the first instance, by Napoleon's arbitrary conduct, and that he gave strong proof of his reluctance to shed the blood of his own countrymen in arriving so late; for had he wished otherwise, the Army of the North could well have joined the rest of the allies several days before.

As a Marshal of France Bernadotte had won his spurs worthily, in spite of the jealousies of some of his comrades-in-arms and the dislike of Napoleon himself; when he had it in his power to be revenged against his old enemy, he refrained as long as honour allowed it to be possible, which cannot be said of some who owed more to the emperor than ever Bernadotte had done: that his character has stood the test of time Swedish annals show.

A nominal rear-guard of 6,000 men had been left in the city, but it is asserted by many present that there were quite 30,000 about the walls and suburbs, to say nothing of sick and wounded; for the remains of Reynier's corps were still in the place, with a host of others more or less disorganised, and under such leaders as Macdonald, Poniatowski, and Lauriston, the fiercest resistance was made, every

house being loopholed in some quarters, and barricades constructed of furniture and felled trees.

The attack was in full swing at eleven, and the fighting desperate; shot crashed in from the north and east, and a few shells dropped into the streets from the direction of Halle. The Pfaffendorf farm hospital was burnt, with most of the wounded, when the Jägers got there; but in spite of their overwhelming numbers, the allies only took the city inch by inch, and the final catastrophe was even then hastened by a terrible and unforeseen accident.

When Napoleon had traversed the causeway and crossed the Elster, he ordered General Dulauloy to have the bridge undermined, and then galloping on to Lindenau mounted to the first storey of a windmill, while his officers attempted to infuse some order into the fugitives by directing them to certain points where they would find their regiments.

Dulauloy entrusted Colonel Montfort of the Engineers to form *fougasses* beneath the bridge, which were to be fired instantly on the approach of the enemy; Montfort handed over the charge of the mines to a corporal and four sappers, and everything being ready, they listened to the uproar growing louder and louder in Leipzig, and watched the stream of retreating humanity which still poured towards them over the marshes.

The bulk of the Guard and the best part of the baggage had already passed through Lindenau; regiments, squadrons, batteries, and stragglers had been going by for many hours, and but for the crash of musketry in the distance, it seemed as though the crowd then on the causeway must be the last of the Grand Army to leave the city.

Sacken, Bülow, and Bernadotte's Swedes gained a foothold about the same time; the Young Guard stood at bay in the cemetery of Grimma, sallied out, were repulsed, and died almost to a man among the graves, fighting to the bitter end—neither the first time, nor the last, that French valour has showed itself at its best in "God's acre."

The Russians carried the outer Peter's Gate, and fell with tremendous violence on the rear-guard in Reichel's garden; the Baden Jägers bolted from the inner gate without firing a shot, and afterwards turned their weapons on the defeated French.

The wild burden of the "Sturm" march rang through the streets with loud huzzas and shouts

of "Long live Frederick William!" as the Prussians entered the Grimma Gate; the Halle suburb and the northern side of the city were in the enemy's hands, in spite of Reynier and his men; but still the French maintained an heroic resistance.

The houses of Leipzig were tall, with many landings, and some of those landings have their legends even now!

But while they were fighting with a fierceness that increased as they felt the superior weight of numbers was surely if slowly overpowering them, a loud explosion boomed in their rear towards the marshes and the causeway, and a whisper followed it: "We are cut off; the bridge has been destroyed!"

The whisper became a cry—a wave of panic followed it; the gallant bands left the streets and yards and gateways, and rushing to the head of the causeway, found the rumour true!

Under the walls of the city the Elster approached very close to the Pleiss, and ran roughly parallel with it until the two rivers joined; across the Pleiss and the first narrow strip of swamp the horrified rear-guard could pass, but no farther: a gulf yawned between them and the continuation of the causeway, isolating every soul in Leipzig from their more fortunate comrades at Lindenau.

Alarmed by the low shackles of Sacken's light infantry, who had got into the Rosenthal island close to the bridge, the corporal had fired his train and shattered the only means of escape. A panic followed, and the enemy were not slow to take advantage of the circumstance, which in a moment had transformed a resolute foe into a mob of frantic fugitives.

Napoleon sent the 23rd and 24th Chasseurs full trot towards Leipzig, where they rescued about 2,000 men, who managed to scramble through the Elster, among them Marshal MacDonald, who arrived stark-naked, and who was hastily rigged out and mounted by Colonel Marbot on his own led horse.

Lauriston, returned drowned in the bulletin was taken prisoner in full uniform, over which he had thrown an old drab great-coat; and, including those captured in the battles, 30,000 men, 22,000 sick and wounded, 250 guns, and upwards of 1,000 waggons fell into the hands of the allies.

Poniatowski's heroic end is well known. When everything was lost he drew his sabre, and with his left arm in a sling, for he had been wounded again during the morning, he exclaimed

to the little band of officers and mounted men that still surrounded him: "Gentlemen, it is better to fall with honour than to surrender!" and straightway dashed into a column that interposed between him and the river.

A bullet struck him, strangely enough, through the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of his gala uniform of the Polish Lancers, but he cleared the column, and leaped down the steep boarded banks into the Pleiss, where he lost his charger, and was helped out on the other side thoroughly exhausted.

Somebody gave him a trooper's horse, and on it he managed to cross the intervening marsh and plunge into the Elster, but the animal had no strength to mount the farther bank; the mud was deep, its hind legs became entangled, and falling backwards on to the weary man, steed and rider disappeared!

Five days after, a fisherman recovered the body, still wearing the diamond-studded epaulettes, and rings on many fingers, and it was embalmed and ultimately buried in the cathedral of Warsaw, a monument being erected on the banks of the Elster by M. Reichembach, the banker, from whose garden the unfortunate prince sprang into the river, the actual spot being now covered by a handsome quay.

Colonel Montfort and the corporal were tried by court-martial, the result of which has never been made public; but the report afterwards circulated that Napoleon had ordered the premature explosion to cover his own retreat is without foundation. Charles Lever has woven a pathetic romance round it, but all the evidence goes to prove that the corporal was alone answerable, and that no *blame* in reality attached to him, as his orders were explicit, and the enemy had appeared a few yards off when he fired the mines.

* * * * *

The exact moment when the allies came into possession of the city is difficult to discover: the bridge was blown up shortly after eleven. Cathcart says he rode in with the sovereigns about twelve, but other accounts from eye-witnesses say the entry was at half-past one. If the time is uncertain, however, the attendant circumstances are clear: Alexander and the King of Prussia marched into Leipzig at the head of a brilliant column of Guard cavalry, passed the Saxon monarch on the steps of his house without notice, and eventually took up their station in the great square, where they were joined by Bernadotte, Blücher, Beningsen,



"BUT STILL THE FRENCH MAINTAINED AN HEROIC RESISTANCE" (A. 2.)

Platoff, and later by Napoleon's father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria.

Every effort was made to prevent excesses: if the allies afterwards made loyal allegiance to Napoleon an excuse for robbing Frederick Augustus of an immense portion of his territory, they certainly took steps to ensure the safety of the citizens, and that is to their credit, whatever may be thought of their subsequent treatment of an unfortunate king whose memory is still revered in the land where he once held sway.

Leipzig had suffered terribly, and its inhabitants were starving.

At the Ränstadt Gate piles of corpses met the gaze, and the mill-dam was full of them; in Löhr's garden on the Göhlitz side, where dark groves once sheltered the nightingale, and Grecian statues stood among the greenery, the French gunners and artillery horses lay scattered about in death. In Richter's garden, through whose iron railings Napoleon had escaped, the

Cuirassiers had been engaged: their steel breast-plates littered the walks, and arms and feet protruded above the water.

Seventeen generals are said to have been taken, and among those slain on the 18th was General Frederichs, the handsomest man in the French army.

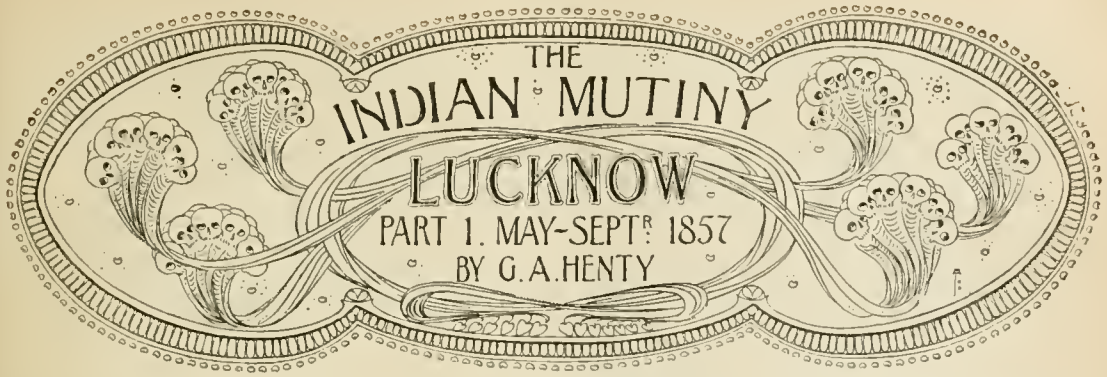
Pursuit abated a league from the city. The French retired to Markränstadt, nine miles off, and thence continued their way towards the Rhine, severely handling the Bavarians who tried to oppose them at Hanau.

A solemn Te Deum was sung in the great square at Leipzig, all the sovereigns and their officers attending. Alexander reviewed the Swedish force and the English rocket troop, and preparations were made to follow on the track of the Grand Army; a march which, in spite of the campaign of 1814, greatest of all Napoleon's efforts, may be said to have never stopped until the allies entered Paris and drove the emperor to Elba.



MARSHAL BERNADOTTE.

(From the painting by F. Gérard.)



THOUGH the siege of Delhi was of far greater importance, both political and military, yet most people, if asked to mention the most striking event in the Indian Mutiny, would undoubtedly name the defence of Lucknow. The incidents appeal more forcibly to the imagination, and the fact that the lives of numbers of women and children were at stake, as well as those of the male defenders of the position, excites a degree of sympathy far greater than that which can be aroused by purely military operations.

The outbreak of the mutiny in the Indian army found Lucknow ill prepared for such an event. The British force there consisted of three regiments of regular native infantry, two of Oudh irregular infantry, a regiment of native military police, a regiment of native regular cavalry, two or three of irregular cavalry, and three batteries of native artillery. To repress trouble should it arise, there was but the 32nd Regiment and a battery of European artillery.

At that time Lucknow was one of the largest towns in India, and the population was an exceedingly turbulent one. Before the annexation of Oudh, the state of that kingdom closely resembled that of England under the Plantagenets. The great landowners, like our own barons, dwelt in castles, defended by numerous guns, and maintained a strong force of armed retainers, by whose aid they waged war upon each other. Every village was surrounded by a stone wall for defence, not only against the neighbouring lords, but against other village communities. Thus, then, when a new state of things was introduced, and the zemindars were called upon to hand over their cannon and to disband their troops, a general feeling of discontent was caused. A large proportion of the guns were buried, and the disbanded soldiers, now without means of earning a livelihood,

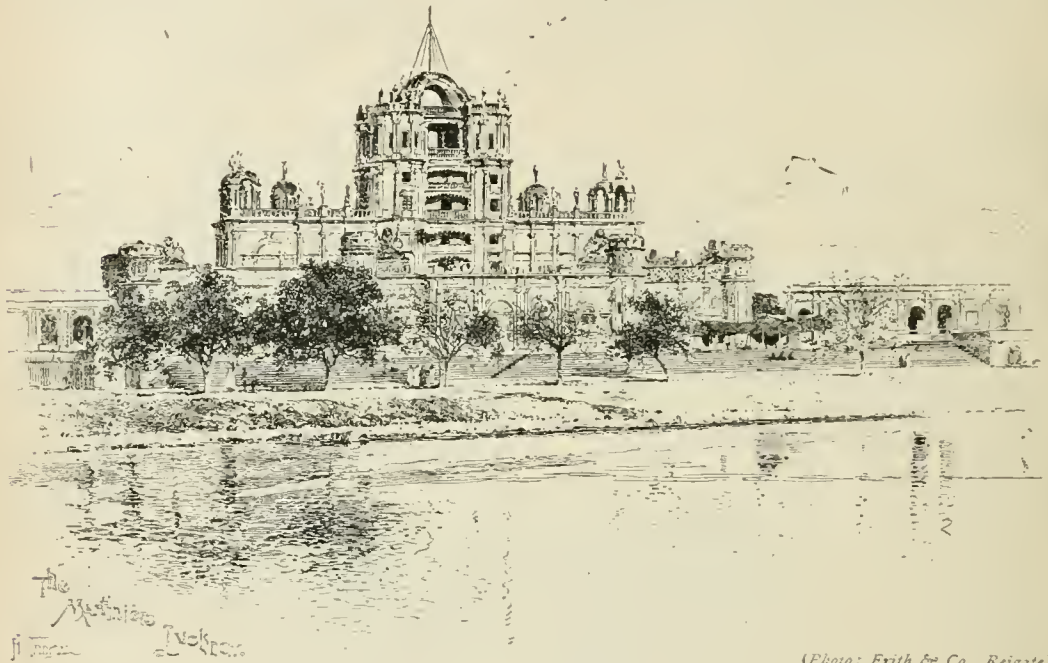
resorted to the great towns, where they were ripe for mischief should a chance present itself.

With a large population of this kind, with the fidelity of the native troops doubtful, and the certainty that the regiments which had mutinied in other parts of Oudh would make for the capital, the feeling was naturally one of great anxiety. Fortunately, in Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, the troops at Lucknow had a leader of tried ability, personally much respected by the natives, intimately acquainted with their customs and modes of thought, and possessed of firmness and determination. His first step at the commencement of the trouble was to concentrate the forces which were scattered about over a large area, so that the natives could, in case of a rising, do the least possible damage, while the white troops would be available for the defence of the residents, whose numbers were swollen by an influx from outlying stations, by many civilians, and by military officers whose troops had already broken out into mutiny.

In the beginning of May, the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused the cartridges, and mutinied; but, upon the 32nd Europeans and the artillery marching on to their parade-ground, the greater portion of them fled, and the rest were disarmed. On the 13th, news was received of the mutiny and massacre at Meerut. Up to that time the Treasury and the Residency were under the guard of native troops; but on the 16th a hundred and twenty men of the 32nd, with the women and sick, and four guns of the European battery, were marched into the Residency enclosure, and next morning the rest of the regiment was also called in. The movement was at once followed by the residents in the bungalows near their former encampment also coming into the Residency. This was a large and handsome mansion of

modern construction, standing on rising ground, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Near these were several buildings occupied by civil and military officials. The whole stood upon a sort of irregular plateau, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the surrounding ground, and when, later on, it became evident that there was a distinct danger that the place might be besieged,

by the fire from the financial buildings. At the north angle was a projecting work known as Innes's garrison. At the north-west angle stood the house of Mr. Gubbins, a Commissioner. His duties had taken him much among the natives, and several well-affected men came in and were received into his house, which was very large and strongly built, and they did good



THE MARTINIÈRE.

(Photo: Frith & Co., Reigate.)

the engineers began to fortify the position, and a low earth-bank was thrown up round the edge of the high ground, the earth being dug out from the inside so that men standing in the ditch so made could fire over.

Two batteries, one on the north, the other on the south side, were thrown up, and guns placed at various points on the bank. On the north-east the ground sloped down to the river Goomtee, and as the Residency grounds extended nearly to the water, this side was free from houses, and the guns of one of the batteries covered this face of the enclosure. On the other three sides, however, the native houses reached up to the defences, some of them closely abutting on the buildings within it. The main gateway into the enclosure was on the eastern side. It was flanked on one side by the Baily guard, while on the other stood the house of Dr. Fayer, and the face of the wall here was covered

service during the siege. On the western side stood a small square, where the Sikhs who remained faithful were quartered; next to this was the brigade mess, and adjoining it a house which throughout the siege was known as the Martinière. Here the boys, some sixty-five in number, of the Martinière College, with their masters, were quartered, the position of the college being too far away from the Residency to be defended. Next to them were the barracks of the 32nd. The largest of the buildings inside the enclosure was the Begum Kothie.

Things went on quietly until the 30th of May, when, without any previous notice, the 48th, the 13th, and the 71st Native Infantry rose. A few discharges of the guns soon sent them in headlong flight; Brigadier-General Handscomb, however, was killed, Lieutenant Grant, of the 71st, murdered by his men, and several other officers were badly wounded.

The mutineers were joined at once by a portion of the population of the town, and the bungalows outside the lines were all plundered and burned. The artillery followed the mutineers for some distance, and then returned, as the infantry were unable to keep up with them. When the three native regiments mutinied some 400 of the men had remained with their colours. These were in the course of the next few days joined by 700 or 800 others, who came back one by one.

Unfortunately, at this time Sir Henry Lawrence's health was giving way under the exertion and the great strain of responsibility, and he could not bring himself to carry out the advice of the leading military and civil officers, all of whom were in favour of the disarmament of these men, who constituted a constant source of

So long as the troops at Lucknow had remained faithful many of those in other parts of Oudh had kept quiet. Risings now took place at a number of points, notably at Seeta-poor, where, as at other spots, many whites were massacred. Some, however, succeeded in escaping, and made their way to Lucknow, after going through almost miraculous adventures.

For some time the efforts of the authorities at Lucknow were directed not only to the fortification of the Residency enclosure, but to that of the Muchee Bawn, an old fortress standing on rising ground nearly a mile from the Residency. It was much dilapidated, and although it might have been defended for a considerable time, would have crumbled under an artillery fire. It had been used as a great



OFFICERS OF NATIVE CAVALRY AT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY.

danger and anxiety, as at any moment they might break into mutiny again, and they had, therefore, to be incessantly watched by the Europeans. He considered that such a step would be to break finally with the natives, and that it would be better to run a certain risk than to show that all confidence in the sepoys was at an end.

storehouse, and there was at first some idea of moving the women and children there, and of making it the principal point of resistance. As, however, the mutiny extended all over Oudh, the news that most of the rebels were marching towards Lucknow, and the fact that there was no probability of aid from without for a long period, showed that the situation was

much more serious than it had at first been deemed, and that it would be wiser to concentrate the whole force at one point. Some of the stores were therefore moved from the outlying fort to the Residency, but Sir Henry Lawrence could not for the present bring himself to decide finally upon its evacuation.

On the 9th of June Sir Henry's health entirely gave way, the medical adviser stating that further application to business would endanger his life. A council was formed by his authority: of this Mr. Gubbins was the president; the other members were the judicial commissioner, Mr. Ommanney, Colonel Inglis, of the 32nd Regiment, Major Banks, and Major Anderson, chief Engineer officer. The first business to be considered by this Council was a letter brought from Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, saying that the mutineers there had been joined by Nana Sahib with his troops and guns, and urgently asking for aid. Fifty men of the 32nd Regiment had been sent off to Cawnpore in vehicles a fortnight before, and, painful as it was, it was felt that it was impossible to send further aid, as the whole of the whites were already on duty and were engaged in carrying out the works of defence and in watching the native troops. The same evening it was determined to get rid of the sepoy by offering to give them leave to return to their homes until November.

All with the exception of 350 at once accepted the offer, the greater portion of those who remained being Sikhs. Three days' rest enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to take up his work again. A corps of thirty men, belonging to a daring and adventurous tribe some thirty miles from Lucknow, was organised by Mr. Gubbins to act as messengers. These men rendered great service, passing backwards and forwards through the mutineers, carrying news and bringing back replies. On the 12th the military police, which furnished the jail guard and kept order in Lucknow, mutinied and marched off. They were pursued by seventy Sikh Horse and about fifty English volunteer cavalry, overtaken, and cut up. It was now that the greatest efforts were made to complete the fortifications. This was done partly with hired labour, but principally by the military and civilian officers who had been divided among the various houses in the enclosure, and by the natives who remained faithful. Some inner defences were now undertaken, behind which the garrison of the

outer line of houses could retreat should their position be carried.

Near the redan battery on the north and on the western face a number of native buildings were demolished, but many were left from want of time and means to level them; and during the siege the greatest loss of the defenders was inflicted by the musketry fire from the windows and roofs of these houses, to which almost every point within the enclosure was exposed. The wives of the soldiers were quartered in underground rooms beneath the Residency, and the rest of the buildings were completely filled with ladies and children. The Residency banqueting-hall was used as a hospital. At the post-office were the headquarters of the engineers and artillery; the large building known as the Begum Kotee was also filled with women and children.

During the month of June the whole of the irregular cavalry, except the Sikhs, deserted, and there was a general feeling of relief in the garrison at their departure. Their places were well supplied by some eighty pensioned sepoy, who came in at Sir Henry Lawrence's order from the outlying district, and who without exception behaved well throughout the siege. The civilian clerks, many of whom had never handled a gun, were trained in musketry, and fifty men of the 32nd were converted into artillerymen. Fortunately, two hundred native cannon were discovered in an old magazine and brought in.

On the 28th of June news came of the surrender of Cawnpore and the massacre of all the male prisoners, and on the following day word was brought in that a strong force of mutineers was advancing towards Lucknow, and that their advance-guard of 500 infantry and 100 cavalry were at Chinhut, within eight miles of the town. Sir Henry Lawrence started early next morning with 11 guns, 36 European volunteer cavalry and 80 Sikhs, 300 men of the 32nd, and 220 native infantry, the remains of the regiments that had mutinied. They started too late, and the heat of the sun soon became excessive. When within 1,400 yards of Chinhut the enemy's guns opened fire, and those of the little column replied. After half an hour's artillery duel two heavy masses of the enemy appeared on each flank; the field-pieces opened on them when within a distance of 400 yards, but without checking them. The cavalry were ordered to charge, and the little body of volunteers dashed boldly at the enemy and drove back a portion of their infantry; but only

two of the Sikhs went with them—the rest fled at once. From a village on an eminence the enemy's infantry opened so heavy a fire on the 32nd that Colonel Case fell badly wounded and two of his lieutenants mortally so, and the men retired to the road.

There was now great confusion. An elephant that drew one of the guns became frightened and ran off, the spare bullocks that had been brought out stampeded, and the gun was abandoned. The water-carriers had run away: the men, suffering from intense thirst, were so exhausted that they could scarce drag themselves along. The enemy pressed upon their retreat, and a body of mutineer cavalry took post on the ground in front of them. The volunteer cavalry charged them and cleared the way, and then returning, covered the retreat, frequently making charges on the pursuing enemy. At last the Residency was reached, but the loss had been severe indeed. Captain Stevens and Captain Maclean were killed, in addition to the three officers before named, and several others were wounded; three field-guns, an 8-inch howitzer, and almost all the ammunition-waggons were lost, and 122 European soldiers were killed and 44 wounded. The enemy's force was reckoned at about 5,500 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 12 guns.

This disaster shook the faith of the native regiments still in the cantonment, and all three of them at once mutinied.

The pursuit of the enemy was stopped at the bridges across the Goomtee by the guns of the redan battery and Muchee Bawn, but they at once began to shell both these positions. Numbers of mutineers forded the river, got guns across, and occupying the houses round the Residency enclosure, opened fire that evening upon it.

The panic in the Residency when the news of the disaster reached it, and the remains of the column returned, was great. The work-people at the batteries at once took flight, most of the native servants, clerks, and orderlies also deserted, and there was a general depression even among the garrison. It was at once seen that the heavy loss that had been sustained rendered it impossible to hold the Muchee Bawn as well as the Residency, and the garrison there were ordered by signal to evacuate the place, to blow up the magazines, and to return to the Residency. Fortunately, this was accomplished without loss, the troops making their way by a circuitous route through quiet streets, and reaching the Residency unobserved by the enemy,

to whom the first intimation of the movement was conveyed by the tremendous explosion of the magazines. The sudden abandonment of the unfinished works on the west and south faces of the position left these almost undefended, but Mr. Gubbins collected a number of natives, and by the promise of a cash payment seven or eight times higher than they were accustomed to receive, induced them to work at night at the bastion at the angle where his house stood.

For some five hours seventy or eighty men laboured incessantly under the guidance of some officers, and at last completed the work, which, as its fire swept the approaches to the north and west sides, was of vital importance to the success of the defence. The arrival of the garrison of the Muchee Bawn restored the spirits of the troops. The new arrivals were divided in parties of fifteen and twenty among the houses most exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

On the 2nd of June Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded. On the previous day a shell had burst in the room he occupied on the first floor of the Residency, which, from its exposed position, was the favourite mark of the mutineer artillery. He refused, however, to move from it, and the next morning he received his death wound there. On his death-bed he urged on the officers to be careful of their ammunition, the stock of which was by no means large, 250 barrels of powder and as many boxes of rifle ammunition having been lost at the Muchee Bawn. Of provisions there was a large store, for during the preceding months Sir Henry Lawrence had caused large quantities to be brought in from the surrounding country; and as no relief could for a long time be looked for, it was certain that the siege must be of many weeks—if not months—duration.

It was some little time after the siege began before matters settled down in the Residency, for the desertion of the servants, and still more that of the men who had been hired to attend upon the bullocks and horses, disarranged everything. The principal commissariat officer had been seriously injured at Chinhut, and almost all the clerks and subordinates had fled. The able-bodied men of the garrison were all employed in strengthening the defences. Thus there was no one to water or feed the animals, and they wandered all round the enclosure. Numbers were killed by the enemy's fire, and the labour of burying the dead animals increased the work of the garrison. Almost greater trouble was caused by the plague of flies. These, attracted

by the smell of blood, swarmed in countless hosts, blackening the ground, filling the houses, and preventing the men who had been working at night from obtaining sleep; rising in immense swarms whenever any one came near them, tainting the meat, and falling in numbers into every plate and cup.

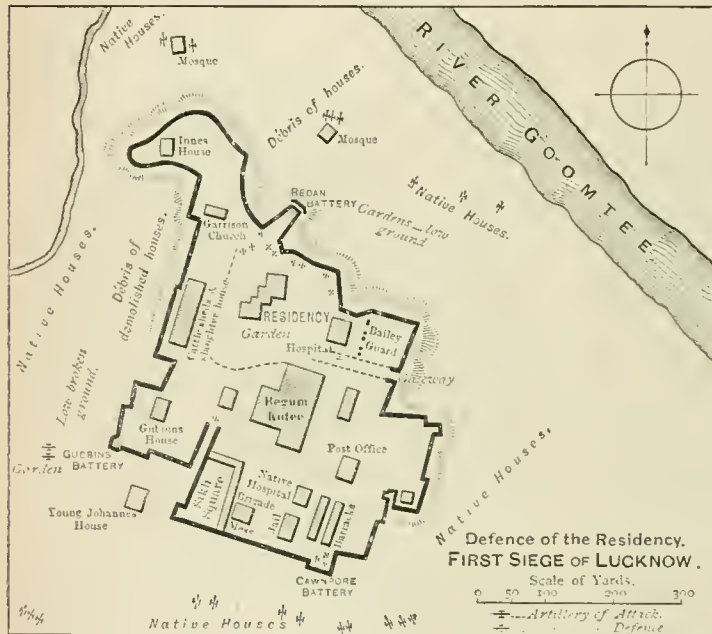
As soon as the commissariat reorganised their arrangements, rations were issued of beef or mutton, with flour, rice, or soup. The housework was performed by the ladies, the bakers had all deserted, and chupatties were the only food that such servants as remained were able

inside. This added to the safety of the inmates, but rendered the houses almost uninhabitable from the stifling heat.

At the banqueting-hall, which had been converted into a hospital, several casualties took place: patients were killed in the beds, ladies struck down while attending upon them, and the clergyman, Mr. Polehampton, was killed while carrying out his ministrations.

Early in the siege many other officers received their death wounds. Among those were Mr. Ommanney, the Judicial Commissioner, and Major Francis. On the 7th of July a sortie was made against a large building known as Johannes' house; from the roof of this the enclosure was overlooked, and a very fatal fire kept up. It was known to be full of mutineers, and the sortie was made to ascertain whether the enemy were driving mines under the works. The sally was completely successful: the mutineers fled without any attempt at resistance, but some twenty of them were killed.

Before the end of a week the enemy had planted batteries all round, and instructed as the gunners had been by European officers, their fire was very accurate, and they adopted every precaution to protect themselves. Earthworks were thrown up across all the thoroughfares exposed to our



to produce. Everyone recognised now how great a mistake had been made in postponing preparations for defence, and especially the most necessary one of destroying all houses within gunshot range. Had this been done, the casualties would have been comparatively small, and all could have moved freely about the enclosure. As it was, the whole area within the walls was open to the view of the mutineers on the roofs or at the upper windows, and anyone who ventured out during the hours of daylight was made a target of. Nor was there at first much greater safety inside the houses. Every window was used as a mark by one or more of the mutineers, and their shot penetrated everywhere, until the windows were all protected by thick planks nailed across them, and by sandbags

fire. In some places the guns were mounted on inclined planks, up which they were pushed to be fired, the recoil at once running them back out of view. Sometimes they were concealed behind the corners of houses, from which they were run out to fire, being pulled back into shelter by a drag-rope.

The garrison obtained some news of what was passing without through the Sikhs. Their comrades, who had deserted, were in the habit of making their way up the barricade in front of the Sikh square after dark, and exhorting them to follow their example and to aid in the general destruction of the whites. In some cases the appeals were successful; the occasional loss of a soldier was, however, counterbalanced by the information gained in these conversations of what was going on elsewhere, what fresh



"THE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY CHARGED THEM AND CLEARED THE WAY" (p. 31).

regiments of mutineers had entered the town, and what Talookdars had made common cause with them.

The work of the garrison was still excessive, although by this time the commissariat arrangements had been greatly improved; it was necessary to grind the wheat for food, to bury the cattle that had died, to carry the sick and wounded to the hospitals, to repair the damages inflicted by the enemy's guns, and to move cannon and mortars to new positions. The greater part of the horses had been turned out to shift for themselves beyond the lines, and these were all appropriated by the enemy. The privation most felt by the men was the absence of tobacco. While plenty of provisions had been collected, the store of tobacco had been neglected, and in a fortnight after the siege had begun it was no longer to be had, and the men greatly felt the loss of what, under the circumstances of almost continual work in a tainted atmosphere, was almost a necessity.

Day by day the enemy closed in. All the houses near were crowded with men, who kept up a galling musketry fire, while our artillery was for the most part silent, for the enemy were known to be short of shot for their cannon, and every round shot fired was picked up and returned. After a time they succeeded in manufacturing hammered shot, of which as many as five hundred were at various times collected by the besieged. The best rifle-shots of the garrison were constantly engaged in the endeavour to keep down the musketry fire of the enemy, aiming at the loopholes that they had made in the houses.

On the 14th of July the enemy made a rush forward, and occupied a building close to the lines, known as the Younger Johannes' house. This necessitated the erection of a strong palisade along a part of the defences on the west side.

On the 20th of July the mutineers made their first serious attack. At nine o'clock in the morning the look-out on the top of the Residency reported that large bodies of men could be seen moving in different directions, and the defenders at once mustered to repel an attack. It commenced by the explosion of a mine near to the redan battery: fortunately, the rebel engineers had not driven it in the right direction, and it failed to do any damage. Directly afterwards the enemy assaulted the position on all sides, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. The principal

attacks were against the redan battery and Innes' post at the extreme northern angle. Both assaults were repulsed with very heavy loss. Large forces pushed forward to the attack within twenty-five paces of the redan, but were unable to face the heavy fire from the guns and musketry of the defenders.

At Innes' post, which was unprovided with artillery, they came close up to the wall, and endeavoured to plant the scaling-ladders they had brought with them; but so hot a musketry fire was kept up, that after repeated efforts they were forced to retire. At all other points the attack was equally repulsed. The engagement lasted until four in the afternoon, but only five of the defenders were killed, while the enemy's loss amounted to hundreds.

The result greatly cheered the garrison, and they now felt confident of their power to repulse any attack that might be made. The enemy, however, were not discouraged, for on the following day they poured out from the Younger Johannes' house and adjacent buildings into the narrow lane that separated Gubbins' enclosure from the Sikh squares. Fortunately, there was a loophole commanding this lane, and here Mr. Gubbins posted himself with two double-barrelled rifles, which were loaded for him by a native servant as fast as discharged; and for two hours his fire prevented the natives from forcing their way through the weak defences by the side of the lane. At length a mortar was brought up and shells thrown into the crowd in the lane and beyond it, and as they fled a heavy fire was poured upon them from every roof which commanded the ground. Major Banks in aiding to repel this attack lost his life.

On the following night news reached the garrison, a native scout bringing in tidings of the capture of Cawnpore and the defeat of Nana Sahib. This was satisfactory in a double sense, as not only did it prove that the British were taking the offensive, but it relieved the garrison from the fear they had entertained that Nana Sahib would bring up his whole force and his guns to aid the besiegers. After the death of Major Banks the civil authority ceased to exist in the garrison; Brigadier Inglis, who was in military command, now exercising supreme authority, as martial law prevailed in the garrison. The native messenger started on his return as soon as he had delivered the message, and succeeded in re-entering the lines on the night of the 25th July with a letter from the quartermaster-general of General Havelock's force, saying that



THE SECOND RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, 1857.
(From the *Painting by Thomas J. Barker.*)



the troops were crossing the river and hoped to relieve the place in five or six days.

The news was most opportune: it raised the spirits of the garrison to the highest point, and was especially useful in cheering the natives, among whom desertions had become very frequent. After a day's rest the scout again went out, bearing despatches and plans of the defences and of the roads leading to them.

As the casualties caused by the fire from the houses close to the line on the west side were very heavy, a sortie was made by Brigadier Inglis through a hole dug in the wall, and some of the buildings burnt down. It was soon found that the enemy were driving a number of mines: the redan and Cawnpore batteries were threatened by these, but the gallery against the latter was driven so close to the surface that heavy rain caused it to fall in, and a shell thrown into the opening blew up the gallery. Three other mines threatened the brigade mess, the outer Sikh square, and the building known as Sago's house. Counter-shafts were sunk and mines driven to meet those of the enemy. A party broke into the gallery against the Sikh square, pursued the enemy along it, and blew up the house from which it had been driven. The mutineers now harassed the garrison greatly by throwing in shells, which had been brought them by a regiment of the Cawnpore mutineers.

Wet weather continued, but although the rain caused much discomfort to the defenders, it was beneficial to them, as it not only cooled the air, but washed away the accumulated dirt, while it filled the enemy's trenches on the lower ground and hindered their mining operations. Cholera, however, occasioned many heavy losses among the defenders, especially among the children, who, pent up in underground chambers without fresh air or suitable food, died in great numbers.

An anxious watch was kept up at the end of July, when the approach of Havelock's force was expected; but it was not until the night of the 6th of August a messenger arrived with the news that Havelock had fought two engagements with the enemy and had defeated them, but was halting until some reinforcements reached him. The monotony of the defence was varied by a few small sorties, by which some of the enemy's guns were spiked; but there were good mechanics among the mutineers, and the guns were soon rendered fit for service again.

The boys of the Martinière college rendered great service, the older lads aiding in the

defence, while the rest were made useful in domestic duties and as attendants in the hospital. The Residency was now in so bad a state that most of the troops who occupied it were divided among the various houses.

On the 10th of August the enemy made another general attack, exploding a mine from Johannes' house, destroying a great part of the defences in front of the Martinière, and bringing down part of the wall of the house. They lost, however, so much time before following up the advantage that reinforcements from the other buildings came up in time to receive them, and speedily drove them back.

Similar attacks were made at four other points, but were everywhere defeated. On the 15th the news came that Havelock had been obliged to fall back to Cawnpore, and on the 24th a letter from Havelock himself, saying that reinforcements might reach him in the course of twenty-five days, and that as soon as they did so he would push on without any delay.

The siege now became an underground battle. The operations were incessant: one day the enemy would fire a mine and make a breach in the defences; the next, one of the houses from which they annoyed us would be blown into the air; frequently our counter-mines were run into the enemy's galleries, when the sepoys always fled, and a barrel of powder speedily destroyed their work.

Day by day the buildings in the enclosure gradually crumbled, eaten away by the rain of fire. The Residency was pierced with round shot in every direction, and became so unsafe that it was necessary to remove all the stores placed here. Other houses were in no better plight, and the women and children had to be transferred from some of them to the underground rooms of the Begum Kotee.

In the second week of September the enemy's mining work was carried on more incessantly than ever. It was evident that they recognised that, weak as the garrison must be, it was able to resist all open assaults, and that the only hope of capturing the place that had for months defied so large a force, was by blowing up some important position. Scarce a day passed without a mine being detected by our watchers, but several were exploded, doing a good deal of damage. Fortunately, in each case the gallery had not been carried quite far enough, and though very heavy charges were used, they failed in their object. On the 14th, Captain Fulton, one of the most able and energetic officers of the garrison,

who had borne the principal share in the mining operations, was killed. On the 22nd of September the trusty native who had so frequently managed to make his way through the

matchlock men, crossed the river—some by the bridges and some by swimming, showing that a panic had spread through the town. The enemy besieging the Residency opened fire with every



"A FORCE OF HIGHLANDERS TURNED INTO THE MAIN STREET LEADING TO THE RESIDENCY."

enemy's lines, brought in a letter from General Outram, saying that the army had crossed the Ganges on the 10th, and would speedily relieve the place; and the next morning the sound of artillery was distinctly heard, and by the afternoon had approached to within five or six miles.

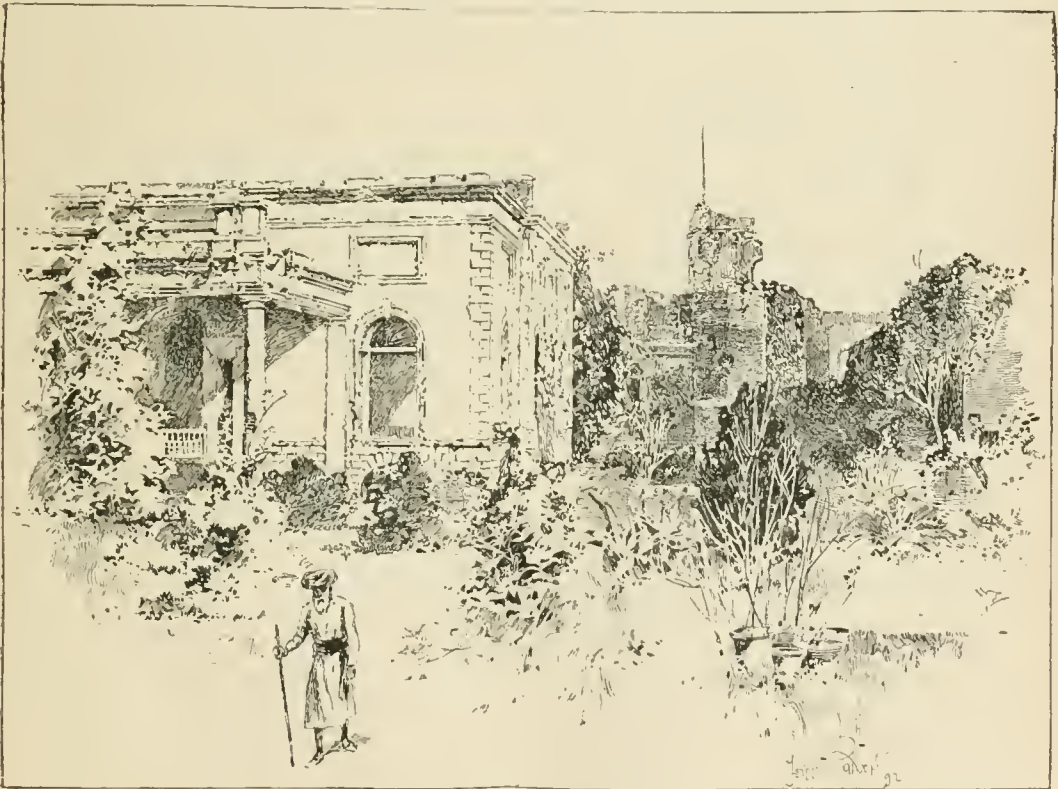
On the 25th the guns were heard early, and the sound became louder and louder. At half-past eleven numbers of the city people, carrying bundles of property, with many sepoys and

gun in their batteries, as if they would leave nothing for the relieving force to find standing. At 2 o'clock the smoke of the guns could be seen rising in the suburbs, and the rattle of musketry heard; while, from the look-out, European troops and officers could be made out crossing open spaces. At 5 heavy firing broke out in the street hard by, and two minutes later a force of Highlanders and Sikhs turned into the main street leading to the Residency. Headed

by General Outram, they ran forward at a rapid pace to the Bailey-Guard gate, and amid the wild cheers of the defenders made their way into the long-beleagured enclosure, and the first siege of Lucknow was at an end.

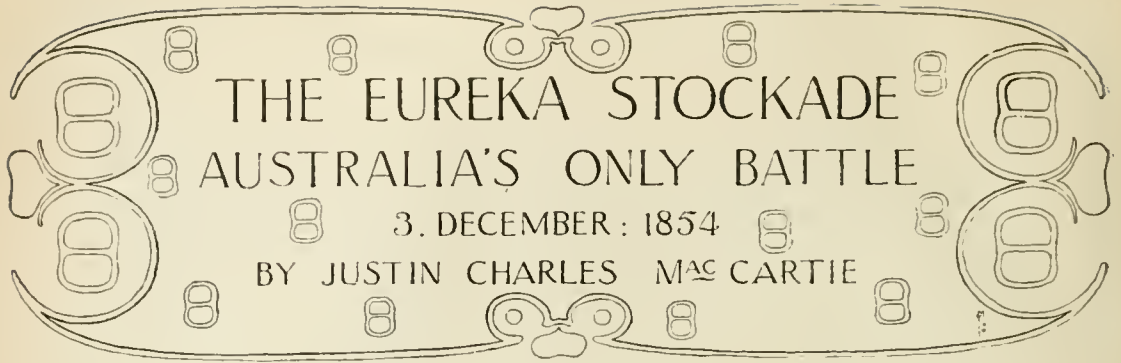
The garrison had indeed reason to be proud of their defence. They had had every difficulty, every trial save hunger and thirst, to encounter. The odds against them were enormous. Their defences were slight: it was the brave hearts rather than the earthworks that were the bulwarks impassable by the enemy. They had opposed to them men who had been drilled in our service, led by their native officers, well supplied with powder and ammunition, and able from the housetops to keep up an incessant fire that searched every niche and corner of the defences. The heat was terrible. Sickness raged in the crowded and underground rooms. The rains were heavy and incessant. The

garrison were deprived of all the comforts that are almost a necessity to Europeans, and especially to European children. They were deserted by their servants, and the few native troops who remained were a source of constant anxiety. Happily, however, though all luxuries disappeared very shortly after the siege began, there was no anxiety whatever as to food, for the supply of grain in the magazines would have been sufficient had the siege been prolonged for another six months. In addition to this, there were a number of wells in the enclosure which furnished an abundant supply of excellent water. Hunger and thirst were not among the foes with whom the garrison had to contend; but in point of endurance, of dauntless courage, and in the prolonged resistance of a weak position against enormous odds, the defence of Lucknow was one of the most gallant recorded in history.



RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY.

[Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate



THE EUREKA STOCKADE
 AUSTRALIA'S ONLY BATTLE
 3. DECEMBER: 1854
 BY JUSTIN CHARLES MAC CARTIE

THE history of Australia begins properly with the entrance of the "first fleet" into Botany Bay in January, 1788; and during the hundred and odd years which have passed since then it has been a record of peace, interrupted only by the brief outbreak which culminated in the fight at the Eureka Stockade in the Golden City of Ballarat. While, on the other side of the world, "events were thundering on events," while the scenes of the French Revolution were being enacted, while Jéna, Austerlitz, Trafalgar, and Waterloo were being fought, the few inhabitants of the southern continent were occupied only with struggles to subdue the wilderness, and occasional skirmishes with black fellows and bushrangers.

So it was on land; and even by "all the long wash of Australasian seas," the boom of cannon fired in anger has only once been heard, and that so long ago as 1804, when the British ship *Policy*, a whaler sailing under letters of marque, fought and captured the Dutch ship *Swift* off Sydney Heads, with 20,000 Spanish dollars which the Dutchman had on board, and towed her prize into Port Jackson, where she was condemned and sold. When, after nearly forty years of peace, Britain again took up arms, and in rapid succession engaged in the wars of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, not a ripple caused by these struggles disturbed the even flow of Australian life, and the great American Civil War also passed away with only one incident to connect it with Australia—namely, the visit of the ubiquitous Southern cruiser *Shenadoah* to Melbourne towards the end of the war. The Soudan War of 1885 brought forth the incident of the despatch of the "Soudan contingent" from New South Wales to the seat of war in Africa, but that was an *extra*-Australian affair purely. So matters have gone peacefully on to

the present day, and as the century is drawing to a close, it may reasonably be expected that the Eureka Stockade will remain Australia's only battle of the nineteenth century.

Some persons may think that it scarcely merits such a formidable title, and may regard the whole series of events of which it was the culmination, as mere diggers' disturbances; but a perusal of what follows will show that a tolerably serious condition of affairs was averted by the fight of Sunday, December 3rd, 1854.

In order to understand the events which led up to the conflict, it is necessary to know something of the history of the time. The colony of Victoria (then known as the Port Phillip District) was separated from New South Wales, and created a self-governing colony, by Imperial enactment on the 5th of August 1850. At this period the people of the colony, numbering some 75,000, were engaged almost entirely in pastoral pursuits, and the "squatters," or runholders, who were mainly drawn from the wealthy classes of England, had a preponderating influence in the affairs of the young country. When the colony was made self-governing, legislation was placed in the hands of a Governor and council, the latter consisting of thirty members, ten nominated by the Governor and twenty elected by the people; and had matters continued on the old pastoral lines, this system of government might possibly have answered for some years, though it would undoubtedly have had to be popularised as population increased. As it happened, however, a completely new and jarring condition of things arose very soon when, early in 1851, gold was discovered in the interior, and a tremendous influx of people, animated by totally different aims and ideas from those of the pastoral settlers, followed. The settlers looked askance at the gold-diggers, and it is well known that the squatters and

governing officials would willingly have kept secret the fact that the country was auriferous, and actually did so for several years. They feared that the people would be diverted from their regular employment, dreaded the influx of large numbers of adventurous men, hated to be disturbed in the occupation of the large areas of land they had acquired by the simple process of "squatting" on them, and generally disliked the idea of the existing state of things being interfered with.

In those days it was held that all minerals contained in the soil were the property of the Crown, and acting on this assumption the Government of New South Wales first, and that of Victoria subsequently, maintained that it had a right to take a toll of the earnings, or findings, of the gold-diggers, and a license fee of thirty shillings a month was imposed on each person who wished to seek for gold.

From the very first this license (or "Miner's Right," as it was called) was received with an ill grace by the diggers, and its imposition and the harsh manner in which it was enforced were the causes that led up to the Eureka conflict.

The license was in this form:—

No.	GOLD LICENSE.	185
	The bearer	
	having paid the Sum of One Pound Ten Shillings on account of the General Revenue of the Colony, I hereby License him to mine or dig for Gold, or exercise and carry on any other trade or calling on such Crown Lands within the Colony of Victoria as shall be assigned to him for these purposes by any one duly authorised in that behalf.	
	This License to be in force until or during the month of _____, and no longer.	
	[Signature: _____	Commissioner.

and then followed the regulations to be observed by the person digging for gold or otherwise employed at the goldfields.

The license was "not transferable," and was "to be produced whenever demanded by any Commissioner, Peace Officer, or any authorised person."

Further, it was issued from the nearest police camp or station, and *could only be used within half a mile of the police station from which it was issued*—a most senseless and irritating provision.

As the license had to be produced whenever demanded, the digger, who was perhaps working up to mid-leg in mud and water, had to keep the document in his pocket, and, of course, was

likely to lose it or have it destroyed by water, in which case he was liable to fine or imprisonment.

The agitation against the impost commenced very early.

Gold was discovered in Ballarat in August, 1851, and on the 10th of September a goldfields Commissioner named Doveton, accompanied by some troopers, arrived on the field, and a week or so later the issue of licenses commenced. The diggers immediately held a meeting, and sent a deputation to the Commissioner, asking that the impost be withdrawn. He received the men impatiently, and replied that he had nothing to do with the making of the law, but meant to administer it; for, said this polite officer, "if you don't pay the fee I'll — soon make you!"

In this spirit were all the remonstrances and excuses in connection with the license fee met by the early officials, and from the first it was collected with an unnecessary harshness and display of power, which gradually caused even the most peaceable and law-abiding diggers to become exasperated. "Digger-hunting" became a favourite amusement of the officials and police cadets, who were mostly "younger sons" of English and Irish wealthy families, or ex-officers of the Imperial army, and did not possess the slightest sympathy with the independent and democratic diggers. Scarcely a day passed that numbers of men were not arrested and conveyed to the "logs" (as the camp lock-up was called), and there fined because they had mislaid, or lost, or neglected to renew, their licenses. Letters which appeared in the *Geelong Advertiser* and other papers at that time bear testimony to the vexations the diggers were subjected to, and the harsh manner in which they were treated. One writer declared that men were chained to trees for a whole night because they had not paid the license fee. Very frequently men who were not diggers at all were arrested because they could not produce a license, and "Hullo, you sir," "I say, you fellow," were the common preliminary addresses of the officials to the hunted, who, however much they might disapprove of the impost, would, without doubt, have paid it with only a little natural grumbling had its collection been conducted in a gentler spirit.

In 1853 "digger-hunting" became more general, and the troopers constantly set out from their camp in pursuit of unlicensed diggers, who, from a spirit of opposition to the impost, were now becoming more numerous. On their side the diggers kept a sharp look-out, and at

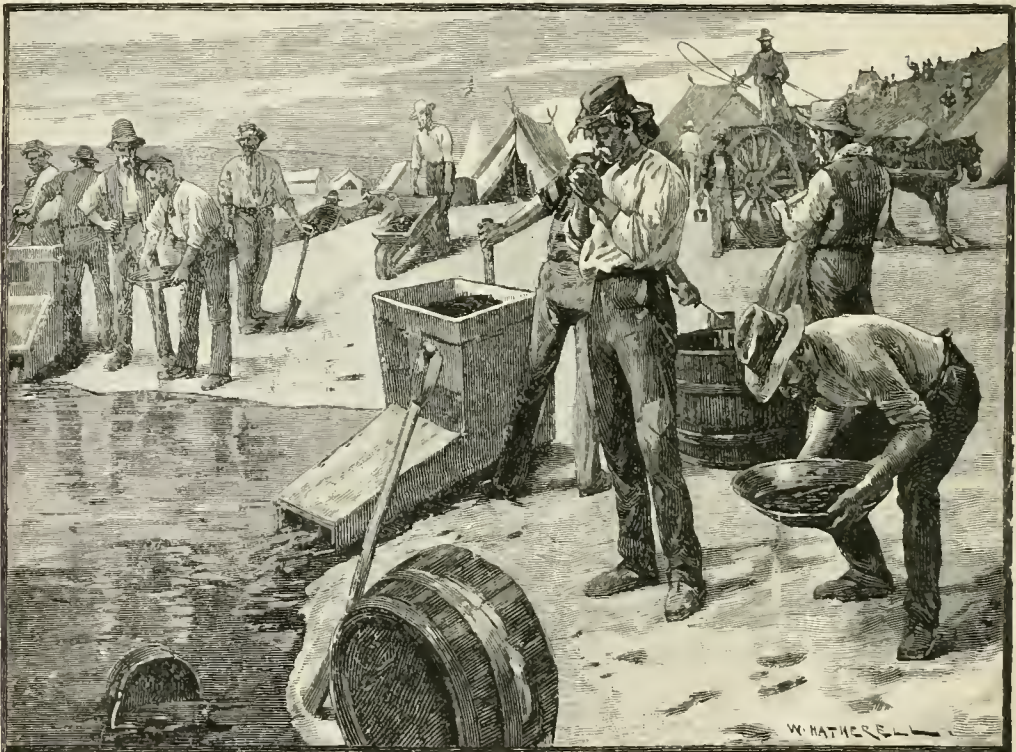
the cry of "Traps!" or "Joe, Joe!" a stampede would take place to the deep shafts, down which the unlicensed ones were lowered by their comrades, and lay secure in the bowels of the earth until the troopers had retired.

The latter did not, of course, venture down the holes when in uniform; but after a time they became skilful in the art of trapping diggers, and, disguising themselves, it is said, used to work up rows by "jumping claims," and then, when a crowd had gathered, a body of troops would swoop down on it and, effecting fifty or sixty arrests, would handcuff the men together like felons and march them off to the camp, where they would be fined or imprisoned at the pleasure of the Commissioner in charge.

An overwhelming mass of evidence goes, in fact, to show that digger-hunting was pushed to a point of exasperation that was bound to result in an outbreak of popular feeling sooner or later, especially when the fact is taken into

But the most cursory glance at the history of early Australia is sufficient to satisfy one that the military and official element greatly predominated, and there is abundant evidence to show that the British Government repeatedly ignored, or set aside, the acts of its officials and acceded to the wishes of the colonists. The British Government was, in fact, more liberal and progressive than its own officials, and to this fact may be attributed the peaceful settlement of many disputes. Had the two Governors of Victoria who were identified with the gold license disputes acted in a constitutional spirit, in accordance with later British ideas, the Eureka collision would never have taken place. They did not do so, however, but, being servants of the Crown, acted more arbitrarily than the Crown itself, and in a manner more in accord with military than civil methods.

Mr. Latrobe, the first Governor of Victoria, finding it difficult to carry on the government of



AT THE DIGGINGS.

account that the diggers were mostly men of exceptionally independent character, and numbered in their ranks many who were drawn from the highly-educated classes of Europe and America.

the country owing to gaol warders, policemen, and civil servants generally, giving up their posts and going to the diggings, took a step which further exasperated the diggers—that of raising the gold license fee to £3 per month. This he

did in the hope of deterring the people of the colony from taking to gold-digging *en masse*, and preventing his officials from deserting their posts. The measure did not, of course, have the desired effect, and the fee was again reduced to 30s. per month; but during the period that the increase was in force the payment of the impost was eluded more than ever, and in consequence fining and imprisonment became more frequent, and popular indignation waxed warmer.

A strong agitation against the gold license commenced in Bendigo in 1853, and soon spread to the other goldfields, and reform leagues were formed in various townships; but no other spirit was evoked in the Government by these proceedings than one of resistance.

Mr. Latrobe was succeeded as Governor by Sir Charles Hotham, who arrived in the colony on June 21st, 1854, and found himself at once in a position of extreme difficulty. All who knew him agree in stating that he was a man of the highest principle, and exhibited a rigid devotion to duty which led him to attempt tasks beyond his strength, and is thought to have brought on the illness which terminated his life on December 31st, 1855.

He was, however, unfortunately something of a despot, a rigid disciplinarian, a stickler for "subordination," and he totally misunderstood the character of the people in the goldfields, whom he imagined to be of a similar class to the sailors he had commanded in the Imperial navy, or to the hinds in his native county.

No sooner had he arrived than petitions poured in, asking for a repeal of the gold license, and for representation of the goldfields' population in the legislative council (it must not be forgotten that not a single member of



BALLARAT.

the council was returned by the diggers); and to these reasonable demands the Government replied in October, 1854, by *sending up orders that the searching for unlicensed diggers was to be prosecuted with more vigour than before*, and that the police were to devote at least two days a week to the business.

In consequence of these injudicious orders popular feeling began to run very high indeed in Ballarat. Armed resistance was freely talked of, and the more violent spirits began to collect arms. To-day there are persons living in Ballarat who remember the passionate fervour with which the Hibernian orator Timothy Hayes used to demand of his audiences: "Will ye fight for the cause, boys? Will ye die for the cause?" Here it may be remarked that when the time for fighting actually came, Mr. Hayes, forgetting to "die for the cause," tamely surrendered (though many of his countrymen

fought bravely), and was reproached for cowardice by his wife, who was, says the chronicler, "a much better soldier than Hayes."

At this juncture an accident hastened the crisis. A Scotch digger named Scobie was killed one night when knocking at the door of an hotel where he wanted "more drink," though he had already had more than was good for him. The landlord of the hotel—a ticket-of-leave man named Bentley—was said to have killed Scobie, whose persistent knocking annoyed him. The man was arrested, brought before a police magistrate named Dewes, and acquitted. The diggers—in particular those of Scottish extraction—demanded vengeance on Scobie's murderer, and asserted that the police magistrate was in Bentley's pay. Mass meetings were held, and the prosecution of Bentley was demanded. Tired of "the law's delays," the diggers at length, to the number of 8,000, marched to the hotel with the intention, it is said, of lynching Bentley; but he escaped on horseback, and galloped coatless and terrified to the police camp. Exasperated by his escape, the diggers smashed the windows of the hotel, and then set fire to it. In a very short time it was reduced to ashes. The police marched out, the Riot Act was read, and three men—McIntyre, Fletcher, and Westerby—were arrested and charged with incendiarism.

These men were said to be absolutely innocent of any connection with the fire, and their arrest caused great indignation. Fearing an outburst of popular feeling, the authorities removed them to Melbourne for trial, and they were sentenced to a few months' imprisonment. On learning this, the Ballarat Reform League sent two of its members—Kennedy and Black—to Melbourne to *demand* the release of the prisoners. The delegates reached Melbourne on November 25th, and were received by the Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, who was attended by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Foster, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Stawell.

The Governor refused to consider any "demand" (but promised future reforms), and the delegates returned fuming to Ballarat, deriding "moral force." Alarms of insurrection were now in the air, and troops were hastily despatched to Ballarat from Melbourne, while reinforcements of police, horse and foot, were marched in from other mining camps which had adopted a more pacific tone than the Golden City. On the evening of November 28th detachments of the 12th and 40th Regiments of British

infantry reached Ballarat from Melbourne, and as they passed through Warrenheip Gully, within a few hundred yards of the spot where the famous stockade was erected a few days later, they were attacked by an excited mob of diggers. Several soldiers were wounded, and a drummer-boy was shot in the leg while the baggage waggons were rifled in search of arms. This was an unprovoked attack, and was deprecated by the leaders of the popular party, who knew nothing of it. All that night the committee of the League sat in council, while their followers made night hideous by the discharge of firearms and the beating of extemporised drums, etc.; and the next day, November 29th, a monster meeting was held on Bakery Hill, at which 12,000 men assembled. A platform was erected, and on a pole was hoisted the insurgent flag—"The Southern Cross"—which was blue, with the four principal stars of the great Southern constellation worked on it in silver.

The tone of this meeting was violent in the extreme. "Moral force" was denounced as "humbug"; revolutionary resolutions were passed; it was decided that no more license fees should be paid. Fires were lighted and existing licenses were burned, amidst loud cheers and the discharge of pistols and guns by the excited diggers.

Spies in plenty attended the meeting; and, being quickly informed of what had taken place there, the officials despatched messengers to Melbourne praying for reinforcements, and the police camp was strongly fortified. As if to force on a conflict, next day—November 30th—the authorities ordered a "digger-hunt" in force, and at an early hour all the police and military in the camp issued out under the direction of two Commissioners, and, forming near the camp, advanced upon the diggings as if upon a strong hostile force, with skirmishers in front and cavalry guarding the wings. The diggers retired as the troops advanced, but, collecting at various points, they pelted the soldiers with stones and also fired a few shots at them. A few diggers were arrested, and the troops then withdrew to their camp. Instantly the Southern Cross flag flew out to the breeze on Bakery Hill, and thousands of diggers rushed forth, many of them armed and ripe for violent action. Peter Lalor—one of the leaders—called for volunteers, and over five hundred men swore fealty to "the cause," stretching out their right hands and saying: "We swear by the Southern Cross to stand

truly by each other, and fight to defend our rights and liberties." Names were then taken down and the men formed into squads for drill, which was continued to a late hour. The men then fell in two abreast and marched to the Eureka plateau, "Captain" Ross, of Toronto, heading the march with the Southern Cross flag, which he had taken down from the pole. The men were armed with guns, pistols, pikes, and all sorts of weapons, down to a pick and shovel.

The position on the Eureka was taken up because it commanded the Melbourne road, along which reinforcements of military for the camp were known to be advancing; and there was some idea of attacking these, though this would have been a formidable undertaking, as they consisted of 800 men of regular line regiments, a large party of sailors from H.M.S. *Electra*, with four field-pieces; the whole supported by a strong force of cavalry.

The erection of the stockade appears to have been commenced on December 1st. A square plot of ground about an acre in extent was hastily fenced with wooden slabs, which seem to have been supplemented by overturned carts and ropes. It was a place of little defensive strength, and is believed to have been formed more as a place for the insurgents to drill in than as a fortification. Inside the stockade were a few mining claims, and the place was dotted all over with the shallow holes of fossickers, and in these afterwards many men, who were using them as rifle pits, were killed.

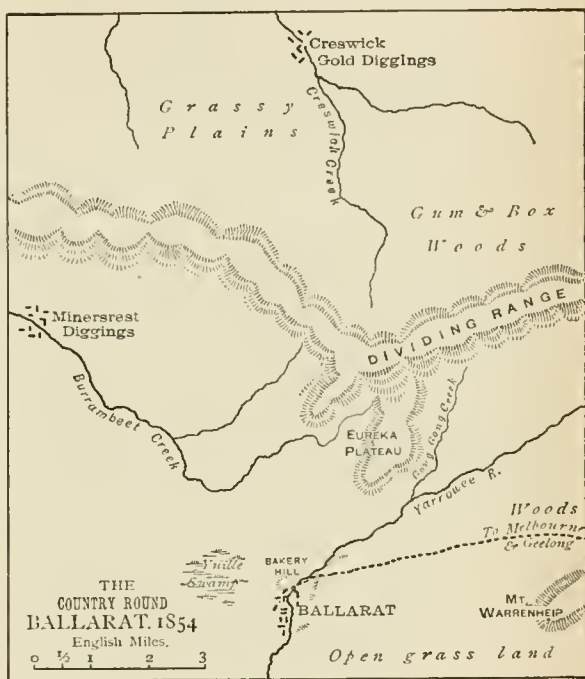
Tents were erected within the barrier, and there was also a blacksmith's shop, in which the forging of pikes or rough lances was vigorously carried on.

The authorities at this time, and subsequently, believed that Frederick Vern was the commander-in-chief of the diggers, but the man chosen to fill that position was Peter Lalor. Lalor, who was a civil engineer by profession, was a native of Queen's County, Ireland, an electorate in which county his father at one time represented in the English House of Commons. Young Lalor arrived in Melbourne in 1852, and went first to the Ovens goldfield, but was soon attracted by the richer fields in Ballarat, and moved to the place in which he was to play so prominent a part. He was at this time about twenty-five years of age and

was a good-looking, strongly-built man of about six feet in height.

He was seconded by a "Minister of War" named Alfred Black, and the proceedings of the insurgents (as they must now be called) from this time on shows that they (the leaders at all events) had no intention of fomenting a mere riot, but held ideas that went as far as revolution and a republican form of government.

This is the opinion of W. B. Withers and others most competent to judge, and the leading articles of the *Ballarat Times*, which supported



the diggers at that period, openly avow republican intentions, and rave in inflated language of an "Australian Congress." A manifesto, or declaration of independence, was prepared, but was probably never issued, as the fight at the stockade a few days later scattered all revolutionary ideas to the winds.

In order to make the rising general, messengers and letters were sent to the other mining towns, praying for assistance; but, as the event proved, none was forthcoming save in one case—that of Creswick, which sent a contingent of some hundreds of men, but even they bore no part in the subsequent fight.

During December 1st and 2nd, drilling went on vigorously, and parties were sent out in all directions to search for arms and ammunition, with which the diggers were very badly

supplied. Lalor issued "orders of war" for the seizing of arms, and though payment was promised in all cases, no refusal was taken, and storekeepers and others were forced to give up any gunpowder or weapons they happened to possess.

By the evening of Saturday, December 2nd, a fair supply of weapons had been brought into the stockade, and others (pikes) forged; and as hundred of men lay around the fires preparing arms, and cooking the meat, with which they were well supplied, the place presented something of the appearance of a military camp. While these events were progressing, the authorities in Melbourne were despatching reinforcements to the field, issuing proclamations warning all persons against breaking the peace, and offering rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders of the diggers.

Here is a reproduction of one of the Government notices:—

V.  R.
Colonial Secretary's Office,
Melbourne, 18th December, 1854.

£400

REWARD.

Whereas Two Persons of the Names of

LAWLOR AND BLACK,
LATE OF BALLAARAT,

Did on or about the 13th day of November last, at that place, use certain

TREASONABLE AND SEDITIOUS LANGUAGE,

And incite Men to take up Arms, with a view to make war against Our Sovereign Lady the Queen:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That a Reward of £200 will be paid to any person or persons giving such information as may lead to the Apprehension of either of the abovenamed parties.

DESCRIPTIONS.

LAWLOR.—Height 5 ft. 11 in., age 25 hair dark brown, whiskers dark brown and shaved under the side, no moustache, long face, rather good looking, and is a well-made man.

BLACK.—Height over 6 feet, straight figure, slight build, bright red hair wore in general rather long and brushed backwards, red and large whiskers, meeting under the chin, blue eyes, large thin nose, ruddy complexion, and rather small mouth.

By His Excellency's Command.

WILLIAM C. HAINES.

At Ballarat sentinels were placed at all points of the police camp, the women and children sent into the storehouse for safety, and all was got ready for an attack. But none was made, so the officer in command, Captain Thomas, learning of

the unprepared state of the diggers, determined to take the initiative and crush the rebellion in the bud, and to this end gave orders that the troops and police were to be in readiness to attack the Eureka Stockade at dawn on Sunday morning, December 3rd. The military leaders have been blamed for acting thus rapidly, but their duty was perfectly clear. With the imposition of the license fee which had so exasperated the diggers, or its collection, they had had nothing to do; but finding men in arms to oppose the constituted Government of the country, they had to treat these men as rebels, and suppress what was undoubtedly an insurrection.

In the stockade during Saturday and Saturday night, the diggers, though they had a password—"Vinegar Hill"—kept up but the loosest possible discipline, not dreaming of an attack; and all day and half the night outsiders passed in and out of the stockade, while large numbers of the "sworn in" men—including the Creswick contingent before-mentioned—went into the town in search of food and drink, and did not return before the fight. It is said that some, hearing a rumour of an attack by the military, deserted, and that others again, seeing the lax manner in which things were conducted, despaired of the enterprise and withdrew to their own tents and huts. Certain it is that when the blast of a military trumpet roused the sleepy defenders before daylight on the fateful morning, there were not 200 men in the stockade; but most of these, as the warning shot of a sentinel rang out and was followed by a scattered volley from those on guard, rushed to the breastwork and poured in a pretty regular fire on the line of red-coated men that could be seen approaching at a distance of 100 or 150 yards.

The attacking force, consisting of 270 military and police, replied to this fire with a volley by which five or six men were killed or wounded, and soon bullets were flying about in all directions. Orders were given to the insurgents to fire at the officers, and very soon Captain Wise, of the 40th Regiment, fell mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Paul, of the 12th, was seriously wounded.

Lalor, standing on top of a logged-up hole within the stockade, encouraged his men by word and gesture, but was presently shot in the left shoulder, and fell bleeding to the earth with a shattered arm. Almost at the same moment Ross was shot in the groin—a mortal wound; and Thonen, another insurgent leader, receiving a bullet in the mouth, fell choking with his own

blood and soon expired. An American officer of the insurgents, who had been shot in the thigh at the very outset, remained, hopping about and encouraging his men to resistance, as long as there was a chance of resisting. Vern made no stand, however, but fled from the eastward end of the stockade, and was followed by many others; but a number of pikemen still stood resolutely. With a loud cheer the military swarmed over, or

was made up of thirty men of the mounted 40th, under Lieutenants Hall and Jardyne; sixty-five men of the 12th Infantry Regiment, under Captain Queade and Lieutenant Paul; eighty-seven men of the 40th Regiment (infantry), under Captain Wise and Lieutenants Bowdler and Richards; seventy mounted police, under Inspectors Furnell and Langley and Lieutenant Cossack; and forty foot-police, under Sub-In-



“WITH A LOUD CHEER THE MILITARY SWARMED OVER THE STOCKADE.”

tore down, the stockade, and though pike met bayonet for a few minutes, the end was near. The insurgents were driven into the shallow holes, and into the tents and blacksmith's shop, and were quickly surrounded and made prisoners. The military and police are accused of bayoneting and shooting wounded and unarmed men, and of repeatedly thrusting their bayonets or swords into the bodies of those already slain; but this is, of course, denied by writers on the military side. Immediately after the assaulting force burst into the stockade a policeman named King climbed up the flagstaff and tore down the Southern Cross flag amidst the cheers of his comrades. The attacking force

spector Carter—or 176 foot and 100 mounted men in all. This force, when extended, was able to completely surround the stockade, which was too large for the diggers to defend effectively with their inadequate supply of arms. Just before the charge took place the fire of the defenders slackened from want of ammunition, and some of their weapons afterwards picked up were found to be loaded with quartz pebbles instead of bullets. The police and military bore testimony to the courage with which the defenders fought; and had all the enrolled men been present, the attack would in all probability have been repulsed, in which case other diggers would have joined the insurgents, the movement

extended to other towns, and a very serious state of things indeed might have arisen, as the executive could scarcely have placed even 2,000 men in the field at that time.

Having secured 125 prisoners, the military and police fired the tents within the stockade—wounded men are said to have been burnt to death therein—and then returned to the camp with their prisoners.

Of this melancholy march a correspondent of the *Geelong Advertiser* writes:—"I saw a number of diggers enclosed in a sort of hollow square; many of them were wounded, the blood dripping from them as they walked. Some were walking lame, pricked on by the bayonets of the soldiers bringing up the rear. The soldiers were much excited—the troopers (police) madly so, flourishing their swords and shouting out, 'We have waked up Joe!' and others replied, 'And sent Joe to sleep again!' The diggers' standard was carried in triumph to the camp, waved about in the air, then pitched from one to another, thrown down, and trampled on." This writer describes what he saw within the stockade: "I counted fifteen dead—one G—, a fine, well-educated man, and a great favourite. . . . They all lay in a small space, their faces upwards, looking like lead. Several of them were still heaving, and at every rise of their breasts the blood spouted out of their wounds or . . . just trickled away. . . . Some were bringing handkerchiefs, others bed furniture and matting, to cover up the faces. . . . A sight for a Sabbath morning I implore Heaven may never be seen again! Poor women crying for absent husbands, and children frightened into silence."

How many were actually killed in the fight it is difficult to determine, as accounts vary considerably. One military writer states that thirty-five were killed and many wounded on the side of the diggers, but most other accounts give a lesser number. Probably thirty killed and mortally wounded would be about correct, while probably another fifty or sixty received serious wounds. On the military side one captain

and four privates were killed, and one lieutenant and many privates wounded.

When they had secured their prisoners, the military returned with carts for the dead; and that afternoon those of the diggers whose friends did not claim them were thrust into rough coffins of half-inch weather-board and buried in one large grave in the public cemetery. The soldiers who fell in the fight were buried close by, and subsequently handsome monuments were erected over both graves. The site of the Eureka Stockade is now marked by a bluestone stage or platform surmounted by a stone monolith, and having a cannon at each angle. The monument is not (or was not when the writer inspected it a few years ago) either very beautiful or very suitable, and might easily be improved.



THE HON. PETER LALOR.

Peter Lalor, the leader of the insurgents, escaped. Three of his men managed to carry him out of the stockade and down the Eureka lead, where they concealed him in a pile of slabs, whence, when the military had retreated, he was extricated by some onlookers and his arm bound up with his own handkerchief, after which he was placed on Father Smythe's horse and carried away to a hut on the ranges, where he was attended to by friends till the night of the 4th December, when he was taken to Father Smythe's house, and his injured arm was amputated by Dr. Doyle. The story that his betrothed (whom he afterwards married) saw him standing, wounded and bleeding, before her in Geelong on the morning of the 3rd, is one that the Psychological Research Society might investigate.

With a reward of £200 offered for his apprehension, Lalor hid in various places, and at length was removed to Geelong, where he underwent several surgical operations. The Government now well knew where he was, but times had changed and he was not apprehended; and on the acquittal of the other Eureka prisoners on April 1st, 1855, he boldly appeared in public again. How he was chosen to represent Ballarat in the Legislative Council, and how he continued in political life to the day of his

death, is well known. He held the position of Postmaster-General in one Government and of Minister of Trade and Customs in another, and was for many years Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. On resigning the last-named position owing to ill-health, he was voted £4,000 by the Assembly for "distinguished services to the State." He died at the house of his son, Dr. Lalor, at Richmond, Melbourne, on February 9th, 1889, and his funeral was attended by vast numbers of people, including most of the members of both Houses of Legislature.

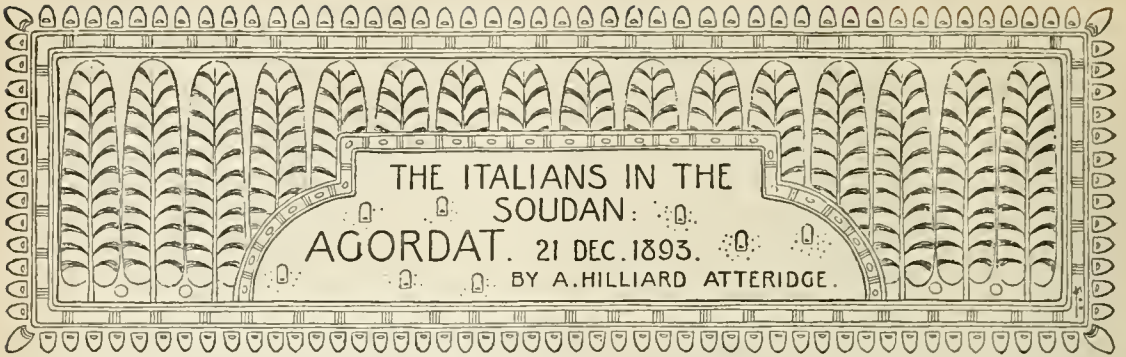
Though martial law was proclaimed on the day following the Eureka fight, public opinion was not with the Government. Large meetings were held in which their policy was condemned,

and the Eureka prisoners were to a man acquitted on April 1st, 1855. A commission of inquiry held to determine the causes of the outbreak declared that the diggers were forced into rebellion by bad laws, harshly enforced; the old Legislative Council was abolished by Imperial enactment, and a new Constitution providing for two Houses of Legislature, both elective, was created for Victoria; and ever since then the affairs of the colony have progressed peaceably.

Thus, though the Eureka Stockade was only a very little "battle," it had consequences more important than those which have followed many a furious struggle in which blood has flowed in rivers, and the red earth has borne testimony to the appalling ferocity of man.



MONUMENT MARKING THE SITE OF THE EUREKA STOCKADE.



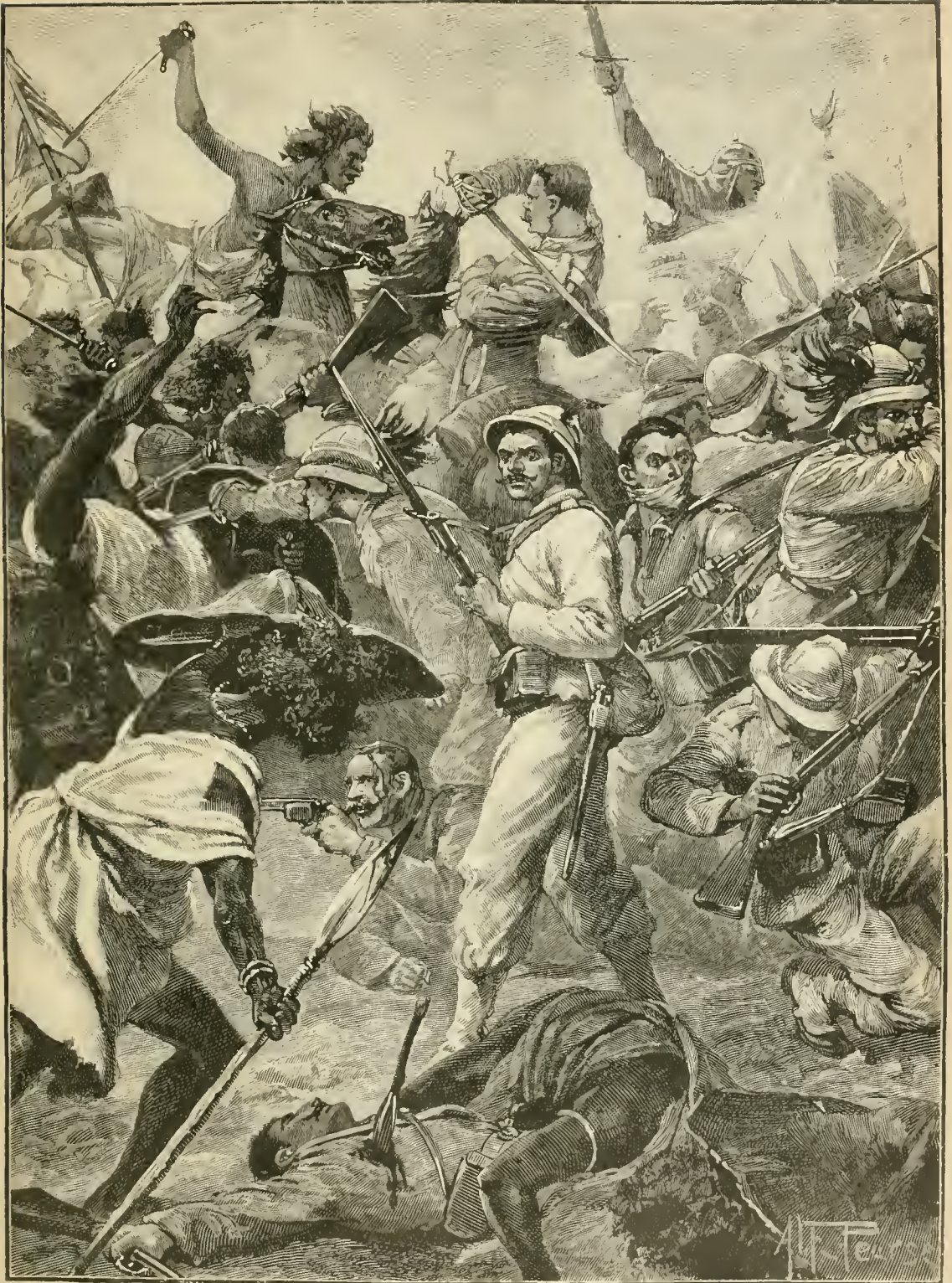
WE are all familiar with the spectacle of the self-made man who takes upon himself the *rôle* of landed proprietor, not because he has any special leaning towards country life, but because "it's the thing"—because it is expected of him.

In somewhat similar fashion, Italy had not been many years reckoned as one of the Great Powers when she began to look round for some foreign territory to annex. It would not be of any particular use to her, but it was "the thing" for Great Powers to have colonies and foreign possessions beyond the seas. It was hardly respectable to be without such luxuries. So, being forestalled by France in a plan for taking possession of Tunis, she cast about for something further afield; and while we were fighting Osman Digma and the Mahdists, and there was talk of an advance from Suakim to Berber, and Dongola for the re-conquest of Khartoum, an Italian expeditionary force passed through the canal and occupied Massowah, a little further south than our post at Suakim. At the same time the Italian Government informed us that if we made a move into the interior they would be glad to help.

The move into the interior has not come yet, though this was ten years ago. But, once having got a foothold at Massowah, the Italians have gone on building up their province on the Red Sea shore, adding to it a disputed protectorate over Abyssinia and a tract of half-desert land on the Indian Ocean. Altogether, they have secured in the scramble for Africa a "sphere of influence" which makes a very good show on the map, though, like most other nations that possess spheres of influence in the Dark Continent, they have not effectively occupied the greater part of it, and they have found their landholding a costly luxury, paid for with blood-

shed and much expenditure of hard cash, for which so far there is a scanty return.

Massowah stands on an island about a mile and a half in circumference, connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway nearly a mile long, another island halfway facilitating its construction. The place had, to begin with, the great advantage that, even if all the wild men of the Soudan attacked it, it was safe so long as there was a warship ready to sweep this causeway with her cannon and machine-guns. It was a good starting-point for conquests in north-eastern Africa. Southward, close at hand, rose the outer bulwarks of the Abyssinian table-land, to which narrow passes opening on the shore from Massowah to Zulla gave access. Westward, across the coast-hills and the desert, lay the old route to Kassala and the Upper Nile, busy with the passage of caravans in the days before the Mahdist revolt, but now closed by the armed raiders of the false prophet. In both directions the Italians have made steady progress during these ten years. Their vanguard now permanently hold Adigrat, well up the passes that lead into the heart of Abyssinia, and they have a garrison at Kassala. But this progress has not been made without hard fighting on both lines. Better able than a more northern race to bear the torrid heat of the Soudan summer, the Italians have shown that they are peculiarly well fitted for campaigning in these regions. They have, it is true, had their defeats—as at Dogali, where a handful of Bersaglieri holding an advanced post were cut to pieces by the overwhelming forces flung against them, but not till they had made a desperate defence and sold their lives dearly. But they have also had their victories over both the Soudanese and the Abyssinians, and they are especially proud of their victory at Agordat, on the way to Kassala, in 1893, because they claim that while the British



"A HANDFUL OF BERSAGLIERI HOLDING AN ADVANCED POST WERE CUT TO PIECES" (A. 43).

never ventured to fight the Mahdists except in square, they were able to meet and shatter the wild onset of the Soudanese in line. Without admitting that this is at all a fair statement of the case, we may grant that the fight at Agordat was a very gallant piece of work, and the story of it is well worth the telling; so I shall put it together mainly from the official despatches, supplementing them with details from other sources.

Keren, a town on the western slope of the coast range, had for some time been the advanced post of the Italians towards Kassala, when, in 1890, General Baratieri occupied Agordat, two days' journey further west towards Kassala, and at the point where the two chief routes from that city to Keren join. A fort was built at Agordat, overlooking the ravine of Khor Baka and commanding the junction of the roads. It thus became the chief outpost of the Italians towards the region held by the Mahdists, and would be the point against which any wave of invasion coming from the desert must break.

In the summer of 1893 the Mahdists had been very active. They kept on foot four armies—one at Dongola, the object of which was to threaten the frontier post held by the English and Egyptians on the Upper Nile; two other armies were operating southwards in Kordofan, towards the great lakes; while a fourth, with its headquarters at Gedaref, watched the Abyssinian and Italian frontiers. The army of Gedaref had been very quiet all the summer, and there had even been some trading along the road between Kassala and Keren. Sanguine colonists on the Italian side flattered themselves that things were settling down, and that there would soon be scope for some profitable business enterprise at Massowah. But it was only the lull before the storm.

The Emir Musaid Gaidum, who was one of the Mahdi's best fighting-men, commanded at Kassala. In all our battles in the Soudan we had found that the one great danger that had to be faced was the wild rush of Soudanese swordsmen and spearmen. The Mahdists made very little use of firearms beyond worrying our men in their bivouacs with a dropping fire through the night. But some of the chiefs had been so impressed by the fearful execution done by the rapid fire from the English infantry squares, that they were full of the idea of teaching their warriors new tactics, and getting them to rely more upon the rifle than upon cold steel. The Emir of Kassala was one of those who were most anxious to make this experiment. In his garrison he had 1,200 riflemen armed with Remington breechloaders taken

from the Egyptians, and about 300 more men armed with muzzle-loaders of various patterns. The army at Gedaref possessed about 8,000 Remingtons, and there were several battalions armed with them and partly drilled after the European fashion. Besides these riflemen there were large levies of horsemen and footmen armed with sword and spear, many of the mounted men wearing complete suits of armour, plate and chain-mail. In artillery the Mahdists were hopelessly weak. There were only two old cannon on the ruinous mud walls of Kassala, and at Gedaref there were a couple of light field-pieces. There is no doubt that if they had kept to their traditional tactics they would have been a much more formidable fighting force. But their leaders flattered themselves that they were now quite equal to European troops, and they took an early opportunity of testing their efficiency by making a raid on the borders of the Italian colony.

Early in December rumours reached the Italians that the Mahdists were preparing to move. Ahmed Ali, one of the Khalifa's most trusted chiefs, had come down from Khartoum to take command of the troops at Gedaref, and was calling all the tribesmen of the district to his standard. At first they did not pay much attention to these reports. Twelve months before, there had been a similar gathering; but the Mahdists had not ventured then to attack the frontiers, and it was conjectured that they might be really thinking of some enterprise against the Abyssinians. But the reports of coming trouble were so persistent that at last it was resolved to take some precautions. The garrison at the fort of Agordat was reinforced, and scouting parties were pushed forward towards Kassala and Gedaref. Spies were despatched to the Mahdist country. It was calculated that by these means the Italian commanders would have several days' notice of any serious advance of the Soudanese, and arrangements were made by which a considerable force could be rapidly assembled to meet them. General Arimondi, who had taken charge of the defence of the colony on this side, hoped that his plans would so work out that by the time the Mahdists had gathered in force at Kassala, which was five days' journey from Agordat, he would have camped near the fort two squadrons of cavalry, two batteries of mountain-guns, seven companies of infantry, and three of native irregulars—in all about 2,000 men. This was the force with which he hoped to stop and drive back upon the desert

10,000, or, it might be, 20,000 fanatic Soudanese and Arabs. Moreover, all the force assembled at Agordat would consist of native troops, led by Italian officers and sergeants. It was to be a triumph of European discipline and leadership over the half-savage fury of the men of the desert, the rank-and-file on both sides consisting of men of the same race, and the presence of some seventy European officers and non-commissioned officers sufficing to turn the scale against what otherwise would have been overwhelming numbers.

On Wednesday, the 13th of December, a spy came in from Kassala with the news that the Mahdist advance had been fixed for the previous day. The telegraph conveyed the warning to Massowah, and the orders already prepared for the defence of Agordat were issued. At the same time General Arimondi started from the coast to take personal command of the little army that was assembling at the fort. On the Friday news came over the wires from Agordat that the advanced scouts were in contact with the Mahdist vanguard. The invaders were said to be at least 12,000 strong. They were moving in two columns, each taking one of the two roads that met near the fort, and they had already covered half the distance between Kassala and Agordat.

But the march of the invaders was slow. In the early morning of Monday, the 18th, the scouts saw the watch-fires of the Soudanese vanguard burning dimly about Daura, some forty miles from Agordat. The scouts, native cavalry led by Italian officers, had orders to keep in touch with the Mahdists, but to avoid fighting. They were to fall back before them, harassing and delaying their advance when possible, and filling up the wells, so that the enemy would have to dig for water at every halting-place. Campaigning in the Soudan means, to a great extent, manœuvring and fighting for water; so this was the best means of retarding the march of the Soudanese and affording the garrison at Agordat time to make full preparations for giving them a warm reception.

On the Tuesday the onward march of Ahmed Ali's advanced guard had reached Kufit, a village at the junction of several valleys, twenty-three miles from the fort. The scouts had assembled at Shaglet village and wells, five miles from the enemy. Captain Carchidio, an enterprising officer who was in command, watched the Soudanese closely, waiting for an opportunity to cut in and make some prisoners, from whom he

hoped to gather precise information about the force in his front. The result was some smart skirmishing late in the afternoon, the dismounted troopers on the Italian side exchanging fire with the Mahdist outposts. Carchidio noticed that the enemy showed no disposition to charge, and also had the satisfaction of reporting that their riflemen were abominably bad shots.

Next morning the vanguard of the emir formed in battle array, and moved slowly forward against Shaglet. A few shots were fired, and a handful of the Italian troops, who would have been cut off and overwhelmed if they had ventured to dispute the possession of the place with the invaders, retired on the wild valley where the ravine of Khor Akbermanna joins the Khor Barka, the deep rock channel, dry in summer, traversed by a stream in winter, which marks the approach to Agordat. At the wells of Ashai another squadron came to their aid from the fort, for they had sent back word that they were being forced back rapidly by the enemy's advance. Near the wells the Italian officers made a stand. With carbine fire they beat off an attack of the Dervish cavalry, and it was only when masses of infantry, led by mounted chiefs, came pouring down the wild road along the ravine that they again fell back towards Agordat.

The way in which this small body of native troops trusted their European leaders, and under their guidance kept touch with the huge mass opposed to them, retiring slowly before it day after day, was proof enough that the troops at Agordat could be relied upon to behave with steadiness in the coming conflict. Arimondi considered that his small force of cavalry had done its part, and after the skirmish of El Ashai he ordered them to join him at Agordat, and sent forward in their place a couple of hundred infantry, under Captain Catalano, to form an outpost line across the valley and keep touch with the enemy.

Catalano had orders to try to make an attack on the Mahdists' camp after sunset, breaking in upon their lines suddenly with a view to securing a few prisoners. As yet none had been captured, and Arimondi wanted them in order to get more precise information than he possessed as to the numbers and plans of his opponents. Catalano went forward and reconnoitred the enemy's position, but he had to report that it was impossible to do anything. Ahmed Ali had camped all his force in one huge zeriba—that is, a temporary enclosure made by cutting down masses of thorny plants and making them into a kind

of hedge all round the camp. Behind this barrier the Mahdist sentries were ever on the alert. To surprise any prisoners was out of the question. The most Catalano could do was to keep the Dervish camp continually under observation, and towards midnight he saw and heard enough to make him feel fairly certain that Ahmed Ali was preparing to break up his bivouac and venture on a night march.

The zeriba was about five miles west of the fort, close to the edge of the Barka ravine, in

a hurried message to Agordat to say that the attack was coming before dawn. At the fort a heavy convoy of ammunition that was coming up from Keren was anxiously expected, and the question was whether the Mahdists or the camels would be the first to come in sight. At dawn there were no signs of the enemy, though the garrison was on the alert. Soon after the bright morning sunshine showed the convoy toiling along the caravan track on the north side of Khor Barka. At seven it was safe under the guns of the fort. At the same hour, though still out of sight, the Mahdist



"THEY BEAT OFF AN ATTACK OF THE DERVISH CAVALRY" (P. 51).

which the horses had been watered before sunset. At 1.30 a.m. on Thursday, the 21st, the Mahdists, leaving their camels under a guard in the camp, poured out in a solid column, with the cavalry in front, and Catalano fell back, sending

vanguard was coming down the north side of the Khor in the opposite direction. If it had moved a little more rapidly during the night it would have cut off the convoy.

It was not till nine o'clock that the Mahdists



MASSOWAH.

came in sight of the fort. Then their cavalry were seen riding out of some clumps of trees about 2,000 yards north of Agordat and near the village of Ad Omar. They came on slowly, the Italian cavalry retiring before them. When they caught sight of the fort, with the Italian tricolour flying over it, they came to a standstill, evidently waiting for their main body. It was afterwards ascertained that there was riding among them an old comrade of Gordon's, the Emir Faragalla, who commanded the fort of Omdurman for him during the first part of the siege of Khartoum, and had only surrendered to the Mahdi when he had no longer any provisions for his garrison. Faragalla had often travelled on the Kassala and Keren road, and he acted as the guide of the advance against Agordat.

The pause puzzled the garrison not a little. Towards eleven o'clock they got a hint of what was happening. Till then they had been sending and receiving messages by the telegraph line which ran by Keren to Massowah. But suddenly communication stopped. The Mahdists had pushed forward under the screen of their cavalry, occupied the junction of the two valleys of Khor Barka and Khor Kar Obel to the east of the fort, thus cutting it off from the direct road to Keren. At the junction of the two gulleys they came on the telegraph line, and promptly destroyed a considerable length of it. Having thus isolated the fort they proceeded to attack it. A long and broad column of infantry, some thousands strong and chiefly armed with rifles, came out from behind the village of Ad Omar, and, moving with a slow but steady pace, advanced towards the Barka ravine, east of the

fort. Till this moment there had only been a few rifle and carbine shots exchanged between the cavalry, but the fight was now to begin in earnest. A battery of four mountain-guns at the fort opened suddenly on the advancing column. The Italian officers had got the range correctly, the native gunners worked their guns smartly, and shell after shell burst fairly over the heads of the Soudanese. Yet on they came, their emirs and standard-bearers riding in the front of each battalion, many of them in glittering armour. As they neared the steep bank of the Khor they broke into a run; but it was a run forward. The long column slipped like a huge snake down one bank of the ravine and glided up the other, pushed through a belt of trees that lined its southern bank, and reappeared in a long line of battle behind the villages of Algeden and Saberdat, about a mile and a half from the fort.

So far not only had the Mahdists shown splendid pluck, but Ahmed Ali had displayed some tactical skill. He had boldly cut the Italians off from their base, and he was in a position from which a successful attack would be most disastrous to them. But he had made the mistake in crossing the Khor a little too near the fort. As his troops appeared behind the villages the shells began to drop faster among them. They fell back a little, and then halted again, sending parties of horsemen into the two villages to clear them of any supplies that might have been left there. But Ahmed Ali had no intention of trying to rush the fort. He knew better: his plan was to make the Italians come out and attack him in the open, in order to try

to drive him from their communication with Keren. If they failed, he would be able to surround and starve them out.

Arimondi had drawn up his troops along the ridge on which the fort stands, looking to the westward, the direction from which he expected the attack, and that also in which the position he held was easiest to defend. On the appearance of the Mahdists in his rear he changed his front, and now looked eastward. One company of about 200 men held the fort, together with one of the mountain-batteries. Another company held the ground between it and the Khor, ground covered with a thick growth of date palms. Two more companies were in reserve behind the fort. The irregulars and the cavalry were just south of it, where there is a drop in the line of the summit of the ridge. Where it rose again, the right of his line was formed by a battalion of infantry and another battery—2,181 men, with eight mountain-guns, formed his entire force. The Mahdists mustered 8,000 riflemen, 3,000 spearmen, and between 500 and 600 cavalry. But they had brought no cannon with them, and so had no means of replying to the long-ranging fire of the Italian mountain-batteries.

Noon came, and still the Mahdists quietly held their ground. Arimondi felt that he must act against them. What he feared most was that they would maintain themselves behind the villages till after sunset, and then rush his position in the dark. He therefore resolved to risk an attack upon them.

If he had followed the tactics adopted in our own battles in the Soudan he would have formed his men in a square, moved steadily against the Mahdist position, tempted them thus to try a headlong charge, and destroyed them with a rapid rifle-fire as they tried to close, following up the retreat of what was left of them with a cavalry charge. The chief interest of this fight at Agordat arises from the fact that Arimondi ventured to attack in line. The right wing, under Colonel Cortese, a battalion and a mountain-battery, moved upon the village of Algeden. Half a battalion from the left wing, under Major Fadda, advanced between Cortese's force and the Khor, prolonging his line and conforming to its movements. The rest of the force guarded the fort and acted as a reserve. At first the companies moved in little columns. At eight hundred yards from the enemy they deployed into line, but the front on which they moved was so extended

that, even when they had formed a single-rank firing-line, they had long intervals between the companies. The battery came into action on a swell of ground behind the right of the attack.

The first shots from the mountain-guns were fired at half-past twelve, the object aimed at being the village. At the same time rifle-fire began all along the Italian line. As soon as the Italian advance began there had been a loud booming of war-drums and a rattle of kettledrums all along the Mahdist line. It was the signal for them to form for battle; and instead of waiting for the attack they came forward to meet it. They had broken from line into four strong columns, each with a broad front. Their leaders rode before them, and in front of each column was a cluster of green banners. The beating of the drums, the shouts of the warriors, seemed to indicate that a wild rush like that of the Arabs in our own desert war was coming. But instead they marched forward with a long, swinging step, keeping their ranks, and as the chiefs fell back with the banners on the flanks of the columns the leading ranks opened a quick fire with their Remingtons, never stopping either to load or to fire. One column moved partly hidden among the date palms near the Khor, the three others marched straight for the Italian right. On they came wreathed in the smoke of their rifles, closing their ranks as their foremost warriors fell under the Italian fire, but never pausing for a moment. The long, thin line opposed to them could not have stood for a moment if they had once closed with it; and failing to stop them with their fire, the Italian infantry began to retire. On the right, Cortese tried to check the onset of the Soudanese by a counter-attack, but the respite thus gained was of the briefest. The infantry were driven back past the battery, and the Soudanese rushed upon the guns. The gunners fired to the last moment, finishing up with four rounds of case shot, the last round being fired at a range of something like fifty yards. Then they tried to get the guns on to the backs of the battery mules, in order to carry them off. But bullet, bayonet, and spear finished every mule in the battery, several of the gunners were killed, and finally the four guns had to be abandoned. This was at ten minutes to one—the battle having so far lasted a bare twenty minutes.

But be it said to the credit of the Italian officers and their native soldiers, there was nothing like a rout. Overweighted and forced back, the line never broke. In a watercourse to

the rear of their first position they halted, and their heavy volley-firing brought the Mahdists to a standstill for a while. Then the attack was renewed, and the line of the watercourse was abandoned; but as they crossed it the Mahdists came under the fire of the fort, and the reserve was pushed forward to help the first line of the defence. The cavalry rode down the slope towards the date-palms on the left, waiting for an opportunity to charge if no other means could be found to check the Dervish advance.

But they had suffered heavily in getting so far as the watercourse, and all the spirit of their first advance seemed to be gone. The massive columns had broken into a long, confused line of rifles and spears, and twice they tried in vain to make good their footing on the west side of the gully. If they had been supported by artillery, and if they had known better how to use their rifles, nothing could have stopped them. But they had no guns to reply to the shell-fire of the fort, and their own shooting was of the wildest. Musaid Gaidun, the Emir of Kassala, was struck down by a bullet; Faragalla,

the ex-Governor of Omduman, fell dangerously wounded. Ahmed Ali, mounted on a splendid horse and clad from head to foot in an ancient suit of chain-mail, was riding in the front of the attack, a group of standard-bearers around him, encouraging by word and example his Soudanese to push on against the infidel stronghold. A group like this was certain to draw fire. One of the guns of the fort loaded with case-shot was laid for it, and the chief dropped dead amongst his standard-bearers. He had been hit full in the face with the iron base of the case-shot, several of the bullets wounding those who rode beside him. Discouraged by the fall of their leaders and their own heavy losses the Soudanese began to fall back.

Now was the time for a counter-attack, and Arimondi seized it. Every available man was pushed forward against the retiring enemy. The cavalry charged the Dervish horsemen on the

left of the enemy's line, and then threatened to cut in upon their retreat to the villages. Behind them the rolling fire of the Italian infantry scattered death in their confused ranks. The guns of the outlying battery were recaptured and turned on the villages. By two o'clock the Soudanese had given up the fight and were in full retreat. They had left more than three hundred killed and wounded and some seventy banners on the battlefield. The thin line of the Italians had indeed given way before them, but it had held together, and it had resumed its advance the moment the onset of the Soudanese army was checked. What would have happened if the fort had not been



there to support Arimondi's retiring line is another question; and it is also by no means clear that the Italians would have held their ground if the Soudanese had not had so many rifles. There seems not to be the least doubt that the attack was made with much less speed and impetus than the usual Dervish charge, because the men were trying to keep up an effective fire while they marched. That fire did very little damage to the Italians, but it cost the Soudanese hundreds of their foremost warriors, because it delayed their advance and kept them the longer under the deadly fire of the well-trained infantry opposed to them.

The Soudanese had an abundance of ammunition. More than a hundred cartridges were found in the pouches of some of the killed on the battlefield; but their idea of fighting with the rifle was only to fire as rapidly as possible. They had not been taught the good rule to

"Fire low and fire slow;" so that even at point-blank ranges most of their bullets flew harmlessly over the heads of the line opposed to them. Considering how hotly they had been engaged the Italians lost very few men. Three officers and seven non-commissioned officers were killed, a non-commissioned officer and two officers being wounded. Of the rank-and-file (all of them natives), 104 were killed and 121 were wounded. Thus about one-tenth of the force actually engaged was *hors de combat*. But the Soudanese loss was more than one-fourth of their total force.

The cavalry horses were tired with the heavy work they had done in scouting during the days before the battle. The soldiers generally were exhausted with their efforts and with the great heat of the day. So although Arimondi tried to pursue in the hope of cutting the Dervish army off from its retreat on Kassala and inflicting further loss upon it, he was unable to prevent

the Soudanese from regaining the caravan track north of the Khor by which they had advanced. After the first five miles he lost touch of them. Some hundreds of stragglers were taken prisoners, and the cavalry picked up some more next day. But the defeated invaders were so demoralised that they never halted till they had reached Kassala. The attempt to fight the white man with his own weapons had proved an utter failure. And once more in this fight on the borderland of the Soudan the ascendancy of the European had been illustrated by the confidence with which a couple of thousand African troops had stood by their Italian officers, faced at their command an army outnumbering them sixfold, and under their guidance helped to hurl back the men of the desert in hopeless rout, although many of the warriors who thus suffered defeat had been victorious in two campaigns against native armies on the frontier of Abyssinia and in Kordofan.



"THE CHIEF DROPPED DEAD AMONGST HIS STANDARD BEARERS" (p. 55).



IF the electric telegraph had existed in 1805, or railways, or if there had even been roads in the great European Peninsula along which a mounted courier could make decent pace, the battle off the shoals of Cape Trafalgar might very well never have been fought, or at least have been considerably modified in its details and results. It is an historical fact that when on the 19th of October M. de Villeneuve put out from Cadiz in command of the Franco-Spanish fleet, which was fated to be so crushingly beaten, a recall from his great master, Napoleon, was hastening down the Peninsula as fast as horsemen could carry it. Admiral Rosily was to be promoted to the chief command, and the man he superseded was to return forthwith to Paris and answer a catalogue of grave charges.

De Villeneuve's chief sin was want of success, and under the first Napoleon no graver charge could have been framed against him. On the 23rd July of the same year he had fought an action with Sir Robert Calder, the commander of the blockading squadron off Ferrol, in which neither side, according to the sentiment of the time, covered itself with credit. The British with the smaller force captured two ships, and inflicted more loss than they received; but the indignant howls of his country forced the admiral to demand a court-martial, which, as it turned out, heavily censured him. They said he ought to have done far more.

The incident shows how the British prestige, bought at St. Vincent, Aboukir Bay, and countless other actions, was appreciated both in these Islands and by our then enemies on the Continent; and, in fact, Napoleon himself, though the last man to admit such a thing until it was forced upon him, forbade his sea commanders to accept action unless they had a strong surplus of force following their flag. But presuming that the allied fleet could annihilate any squadron

which the British could put on the seas to meet them, he sent De Villeneuve definite instructions as to what he wanted to be done. They were to force the Straits of Gibraltar, land troops on the Neapolitan coast, sweep the Mediterranean of all British cruisers and commerce, and enter the port of Toulon to re-victual and re-fit. And it was on this errand that—anticipating his recall—Admiral de Villeneuve led out of the harbour of Cadiz the fleet of French and Spanish battleships under his supreme command.

That day was the 19th of October, 1805; but the wind drew light, and it was not till the 20th that the entire combined fleet got into the long Atlantic swell, and showed to a pair of British reconnoitring frigates no less than thirty-three sail of the line—battleships of two, three, and in one case four gundecks—besides attendant smaller craft.

The two frigates, the *Euryalus* and the *Sirius*, had a shot or so pitched at them occasionally when they pried too close; but they contrived to hang on the skirts of the allies, and to glean news which kept the bunting on a constant dance up and down from their trucks. De Villeneuve took the frigates for scouts, and scouts they were; but he did not know that they were telegraphing detailed news of his movements to the British Mediterranean fleet under the most skilful seaman of all time—Horatio, Viscount Nelson.

The Island warships lay hove-to out of sight beyond the curve of ocean, riding laboriously over the swells, with copper glancing green and gold in the sunlight. They had waited for this moment for many a weary windy month.

Looked at from the light of our after-knowledge, they were clumsy, leewardly, ungainly hulks, with square, ponderous, wake-drawing sterns, and bows like the breasts of an apple; with narrow yards which had to be reinforced by studding-sail booms before a decent spread of cloth could be shown; with massive hempen

rigging, and many a piece of uncouth gear and fitting whereof the very name is lost to us in this year of grace. They had single topsails and single topgallant sails, and each carried under her rearing bowsprit a spritsail with round holes in the leaches, set on a swaying spritsail yard.

Their bellying sides towered above the sea like great black walls, as though to make the largest possible mark for hostile shot; and in these walls were doors, as many as a hundred to a ship, which could lift and show a grinning cannon-mouth framed in its proper porthole.

Their manning was typical of the time. There was the marine, a pipe-clayed, pig-tailed soldier, with garments about as suited to ship-board as an archbishop's would be. The fore-mast hand, though nine times out of ten the scouring of a press-gang from a crimp's house in some unlucky seaport town, was usually a seaman by education and a fighting-man by instinct; and at his best the primest exponent of his two trades which the world has ever seen. He was a tough handful, the Jack of 1805, and he required an iron discipline to keep him under full command—and he got it. It was a rare day when some six or eight of him did not appear spreadeagled on the gratings which were rigged in the gangways, to receive three or four dozen caresses of the "cat," laid with zeal upon the bare back.

His officers, too, were not what we should call refined and educated men nowadays. But they were skilful in both branches of their profession; because, without consummate seamanship, the leewardly, slow-sailing craft of that day would not keep afloat; and in an era when the ocean breeze always smacked of battle, whoso was not an excellent fighting-man was quickly weeded from the ranks by captivity or death.

It is as well to understand these matters clearly, and then one can better appreciate that supreme outcome of the time, the British Vice-Admiral in command, who put the capstone on his glory by the sea-fight which averted the invasion of England and made the fate of the world what it is.

The fleet lay pitching clumsily over the dull green Atlantic swells, the wooden routine going on unchangeably as it had run for years before—watches, quarters, drill, meals, hammock; and then the same might be expected to follow over again. But of a sudden a change began to take place. The scene was brightened with patches of gaudy bunting. From every mast-truck in

succession there broke out strings of flags, which the signalmen, book in hand, translated into words. Phrase by phrase they read out the signals, and the officers tingled with expectancy.

"The French and Spaniards are out at last; they outnumber us in ships and guns and men: we are on the eve of the greatest sea-fight in history."

The news hummed round the fleet, forward and aft; but there was neither hustle nor scene. Lord Nelson's instruction to his captains had gone round days before, and they were such a masterpiece of tactics that there was nothing to add to them. They mapped out the plan of battle with all distinctness, but they did not cramp the enterprise of the inferiors. Knowing from his infinite experience that in the thick of action circumstances might well occur which called for individual judgment, the leader ended his charge thus: "In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do very wrong if he place his ship alongside of an enemy."

The men, too, after the custom of the day, did not indulge in any morbid thought of possible death or maiming.

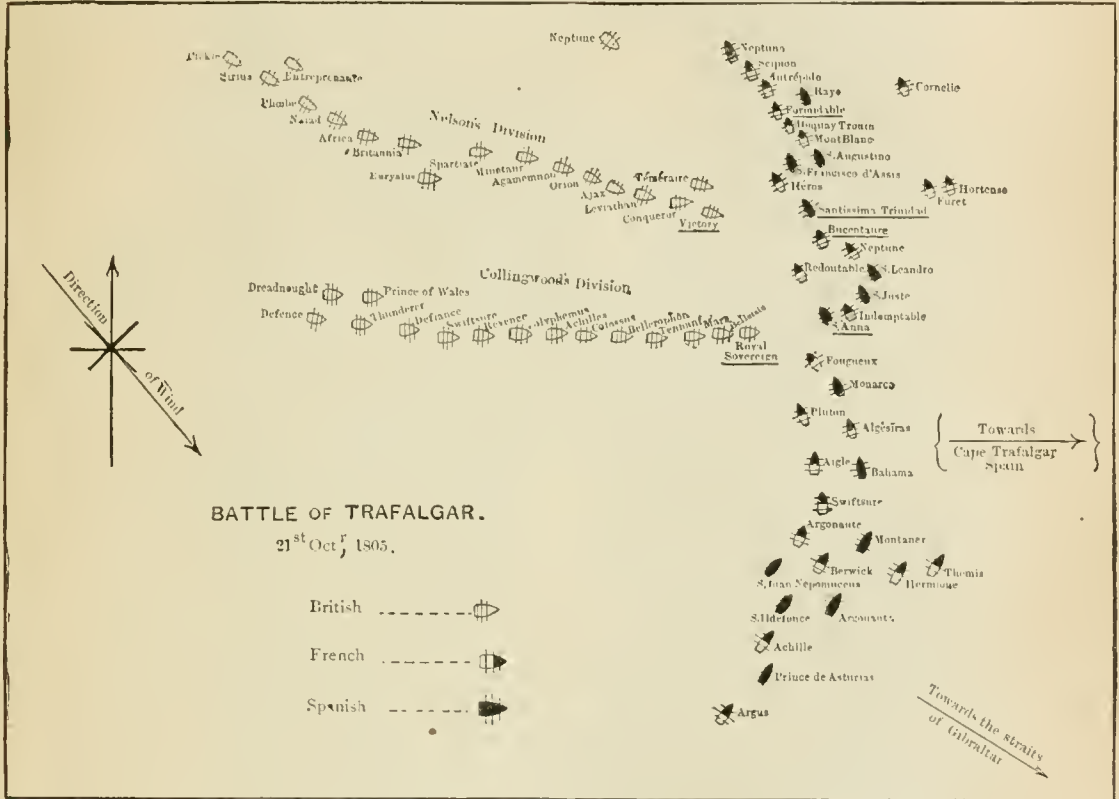
"They were as merry at the thought of this sanguinary fight as a mob of schoolboys set loose for an unexpected holiday, and their conversation was concerning the prize-money they would take, and the jinks and jaunts they would have ashore when they put in to port to refit."

But there was more waiting yet before the battle began to burn in grim red life. The breezes were fitful, and the allies full of clumsy caution. It was not till the 21st that the fleets came together, and the British were able to force an action.

At 8.30 of that historical morning, De Ville-neuve made the signal for his ships to form in close order on the port tack, thereby to bring Cadiz on his lee bow, and facilitate, if necessary, his escape into that port. The order was obeyed clumsily, and what with unskilful seamanship, light breeze, and heavy groundswell, the resulting formation was crudely crescent-shaped, the ships clustering in knots and bunches, with great green gaps of tenantless water between them. And to this thirty-three sail of the line bore down on them in two columns from the windward twenty-seven British war-ships under every stitch of canvas that they could show, yet making a bare three knots with the catspaws that played over the swells.

The English commander-in-chief had hoisted his flag on his old 100-gun ship *Victory*, and in her led the van of the weather column. He was a little, slight, one-armed man, blind of one eye, and most shabbily dressed. The seams of his uniform frock coat were threadbare, the fabric white with sea salt, the gold lace tarnished to black, flattened rags. Amongst the folds of the left breast were four frayed, lack-lustre stars, dull caricatures of what had once been brilliant decorations. He was a most slatternly admiral.

ours. But what he said went home to the hearts of that rough, fighting crew, and a bubble of cheers rippled against his heels throughout all his progress along those narrow 'tween decks. They knew what a fight was, and they knew what a fight that little, shabby man would give them. The joy of battle was as meat and drink to them, and they licked their lips and made their noises of glee, like dogs held back on a chain. Their one wish was for close action. Amongst the officers on the quarter-deck a



There might be little of Lord Nelson remaining, but of what there was, the quality was excellent. His solitary eye was as bright as a bird's. His brain was the most perfect sea-brain that ever schemed a tactic. In a ship's company where all were active, none were more active than he. As his vessel lunged over the Atlantic swells, nearing the enemy, he visited all the different decks, overseeing everything himself, and addressing the men at their quarters, and cautioning them not to fire a single shot without being certain that it would find a suitable resting-place.

He spoke in the rough sea-argot of his day, which differs from the more refined speech of

different topic was being discussed. They were men without a single thought for their own lives, but their reverence for Lord Nelson was idolatrous, and their fears for him heavy. It seemed to them that on his safety alone depended the success of the day; and as things were going, they knew that it must soon be desperately imperilled.

The *Victory*, both as van-ship of a column, and as bearing at her fore the flag of the commander-in-chief, would inevitably draw down upon herself all the concentrated force of the enemy's first fire, and the slaughter on her decks would be murderously heavy.

It was an awkward task to put this to the

admiral, a man notoriously careless of his own personal safety ; but when he returned from his tour of inspection, his anxious officers clustered round him, and one of them spoke the wishes of all.

Would he not allow the *Téméraire*, then close astern, to slip past him, and as van-ship take off the brunt of the first fire ?

"There, Hardy," he said, as he came back to the quarterdeck, "let the 'Temeraires' open the ball if they can—which they most assuredly can't. I think there's nothing more to be done now, is there, till we open fire? Oh, yes; stay a minute, though. I suppose I must give the fleet something as a final fillip. Let me



LORD COLLINGWOOD.

(From an Engraving by Charles Turner.)

Nelson laughed, and turned to Hardy, his flag-captain.

"Oh, yes," he said; "let her go ahead if she can."

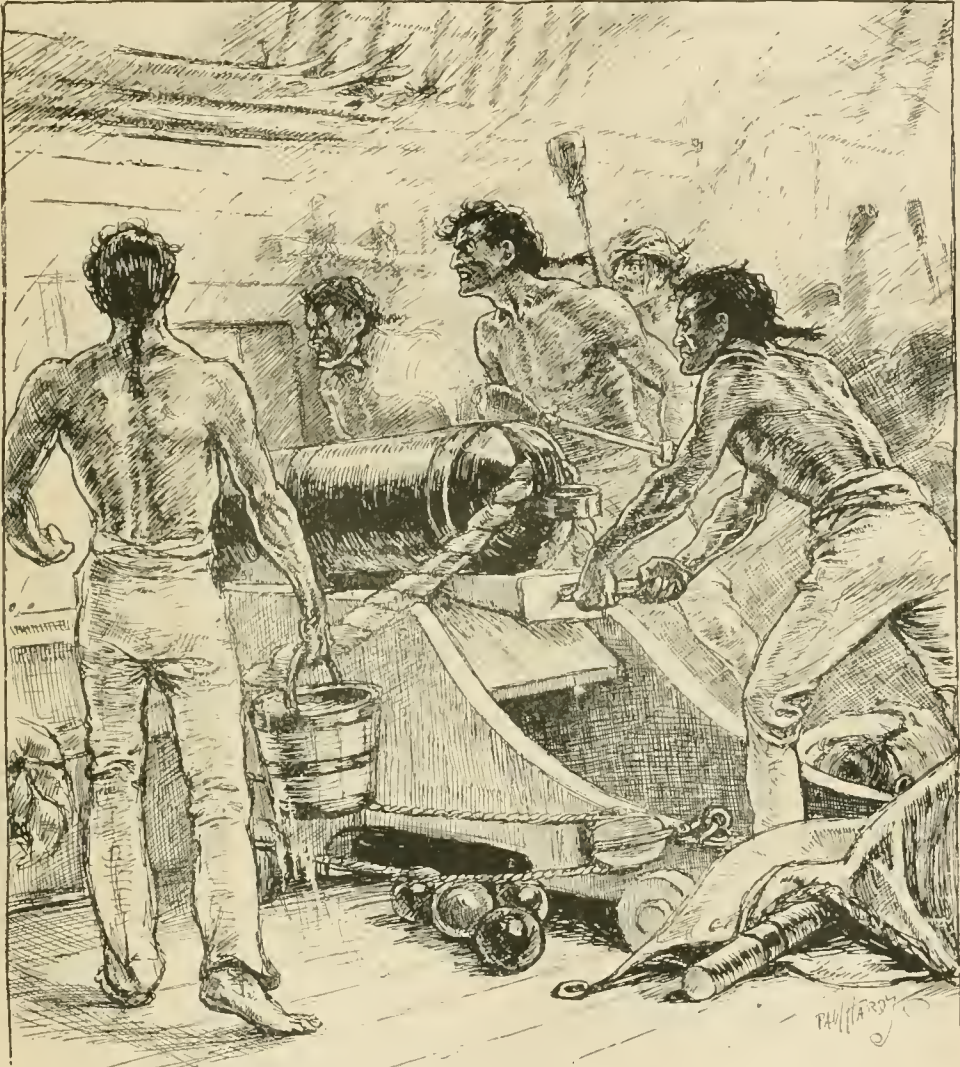
Captain Hardy faced the taffrail, and hailed the *Téméraire*. His chief, still laughing, ran forward along the decks to the officers in command of the sail-trimmers, giving eager orders—a pull at a brace here, at a sheet there. The *Téméraire* might race him into action, but he would take care that the *Victory* should be first engaged.

see. How would this do—'Nelson expects that every man will do his duty'?"

Captain Hardy suggested that "England expects" would be better, and on Nelson rapturously consenting, the message went up flag by flag, and broke out in a dazzle of colour at the *Victory's* mizzen topgallant masthead. A hundred telescopes read the bunting, and when the message was translated to the British crews, their wild, exultant cheers spread out over the ocean's swell like the rattle of musketry.

Only one other signal was made, and that was belayed fast to the *Victory's* main truck and stayed there till it was shot away. It read: "Engage the enemy more closely." But it did not incite any special enthusiasm. It was Nelson's customary order on going into action,

It was just before noon that the French *Fougueux* opened fire upon Vice-Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, and, as though it had been a signal, the two admirals' flags broke out at their fore-mastheads, and the ships of both fleets hoisted their ensigns. The wind was very light,



"THE 'ROYAL SOVEREIGNS' STUCK TO THEIR GUNS, AND FOUGHT THEM LIKE FIENDS" (p. 62).

and was taken entirely as a matter of course. The Island seamen of that day were never chary of coming to hand-grips when they got the chance. They had entire confidence in pike and cutlass and club-butted pistol when wielded by their own lusty selves, and a superb contempt for the physical powers of Don and Frenchman, both of which matters were very serviceable to their success.

the sea oil-smoth, with a great ground-swell setting in from the westward. A glaring sun from out a cobalt sky blazed down on the freshly-painted flanks of the French and Spanish ships, and for a moment the fluttering national flags lit the scene with brilliant splashes of red and blue and white and gold. Then the grey powder-smoke filled the air in thicker volumes, and the flags and the ships themselves

disappeared in its mist, and only the lurid crimson flashes of the guns shone out to tell that the fight had begun from every battery that had drawn into range.

To the first salute of iron and lead the *Royal Sovereign* made no response in kind. She held grimly on in silence, with her sail-trimmers working as though they were at a peace review; but when she drew astern of the great three-decker *Santa Anna*, the gun-captains of the port batteries drew the lanyards as their pieces bore. The guns were double-shotted, and so great was the precision of their murderous, raking fire that no less than fourteen of the Spaniard's guns were disabled and four hundred of her crew either killed or wounded.

At the same time, in passing, she let fly her starboard broadside into the *Fougueux* in the endeavour to pay her the somewhat similar compliment of raking her from forward aft; but, owing to the distance and the smoke, that discharge did but comparatively little damage.

"Ah!" said Collingwood to his flag-captain; "they've got off this time, but we'll give them gruel later on. By Jove, Rotheram, this is a sweet place, isn't it? What would Nelson give to be here just now?"

"And," says James in his history, "by a singular coincidence Lord Nelson, the moment he saw his friend in his enviable position, exclaimed, 'See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!'"

Having in this way played the overture to the great opera which was to follow, Admiral Collingwood put his helm a-starboard, and ranged so close alongside the *Santa Anna* that their guns were nearly muzzle to muzzle. The cannonade between the two three-deckers was something terrific, but the *Royal Sovereign* soon had more than one opponent battering at her. The *Fougueux* bore up and raked her astern; ahead the *San Leandro* wore and raked her in the other direction; whilst upon the Island ship's starboard bow and quarter were the *San Juste* and *Indomptable*, completing the ring of fire.

Under such a murderous attack, any other crew might well have been driven below; but the "Royal Sovereigns" stuck to their guns, and, stripped to the waist, fought them like fiends. So incessant was the fire that they frequently saw the cannon-shot clash against one another in mid-air; and, moreover, they could congratulate themselves that the ships which ringed them in quite as often hit friend as foe.

Aware at length of this injury which they were receiving from their own fire, and observing that four more British ships were already looming through the battle mist as they bore down to the support of their leader, the four two-deckers, one by one, drew off to attend to other affairs, and the *Royal Sovereign* took up position upon her big opponent's lee bow. The British *Belleisle* threw in a broadside as she passed to the thick of the fight beyond, and then Admiral Collingwood had the Spanish admiral all to himself. Though mounting 112 guns to her opponent's 100, the *Santa Anna's* crew were beginning to learn that in the practical fighting of these guns there were other men who could beat them. Splinters flew, men were cut in half by the raking shot, and spars fell clattering down from aloft, and still the fire kept up. At the end of seventy minutes the *Santa Anna's* masts were all over the side, and still her officers would not surrender; and it was not till 2.15 p.m. that she finally struck and was taken in possession.

The *Royal Sovereign* herself was in little better plight. Her mizzenmast she had already lost, and no sooner did she drive down a little ahead of the prize, to put herself somewhat to rights, than her mainmast went over the starboard side, tearing off two of the lower deck ports in its crashing fall. With foremast shot through in ten places, and rigging in bights and streamers, the victor was almost in as unmanageable a plight as the Spanish three-decker which she had so gallantly fought and captured.

But meanwhile, the hottest centre of the action was elsewhere. Lord Nelson had, time past, in a two-decker, shown with point how little he feared coming in contact with a Spanish first-rater, and the *Santissima Trinidad*—the towering four-decker towards which he first steered—had already known what it was to dread and flee from him. But though on Trafalgar day he directed his course first towards this old opponent, it was not with the intention of attacking her. A Spanish rear-admiral was but poor game when a French vice-admiral commanded the allied fleet, and it was Pierre Charles Jean Baptiste Sylvestre de Villeneuve whom he had marked out for his first quarry in that world-famous sea-fight.

The powder-mist was thickening down, and human eyes could not peer far through it. Although every glass on board the *Victory* was quivering the grey haze, not one could discover a ship with the French admiral's flag, and Nelson fumed with disappointment. The four-decker's

flag at the mizzen could be made out, and some signals were occasionally seen at the main of two or three other vessels; but no French ensign flew at the fore to denote an admiral's flagship. Often did the little chieftain himself, with his remaining eye, cast a puckered glance towards the Franco-Spanish line in search of that ship which he so lusted to fight and capture; and so lightly did he value personal risk that, though urged more than once on the subject, he would not suffer the hammocks to be stowed one inch higher than usual, preferring rather to risk the pelting of grape and musketry than have his view in any way obstructed.

At last the *Bucentaure* fired a shot at the *Victory*, which then, with studding-sails set on both sides, was making scarcely a knot-and-a-half through the water. The shot fell short, but others followed, and others, until at last one plunged through the belly of a sail.

A minute or so of awful silence followed, and then, as if by signal from the French admiral, the eight weathermost vessels opened upon the *Victory* such a tornado of fire as had never before been borne by one single ship, and perhaps never will be again. The wind had died away to a mere breath, and she lifted over the swells with scarcely steerage-way on her. Not a gun could be brought to bear. Her mizzen-topmast was shot away, the wheel was smashed, and the ship had to be steered by the tiller in the gun-room. A double-headed shot killed outright eight marines on the poop and wounded some others. And meanwhile the admiral and his flag-captain continued their quarter-deck promenade as though dinner required digestion and a sea-battle was the last thing in the world to trouble their thoughts.

Presently a shot smashed through the launch as she lay on the booms, and, passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, bruised the left foot of the latter, tearing the buckle from his shoe. They both instantly stopped and looked inquiringly, each supposing the other to be wounded.

"Neither touched? Lucky!" said Nelson. "We're getting it now, aren't we? But this work is too warm to last long, Hardy. We'll give it 'em back directly, and then they'll see our lads know how to hand back punishment as well as take it. By Jove, aren't the crew behaving beautifully? I've been in one or two fights in my time, but I never saw such pluck as this ship's company is showing to-day."

"They're behaving splendidly," replied Hardy.

"And they'll be using themselves directly, please the Lord. But the enemy are closing up their line. Look! we can't get through without running one of them aboard."

"I can't help that," replied Nelson; "and I don't see it much matters which we tackle first. Take your choice. Go on board which you please."

By this time the *Victory* had a loss of fifty men in killed and wounded, her studding-sail booms were shot off like carrots at the iron, and her canvas was like fishing-nets; but now she began to pay back in kind what she had received. A fore-castle 68-pounder carronade, loaded with a round shot and 500 musket balls, was delivered through the *Bucentaure's* cabin-windows as an envoy of what was coming—to wit, a treble shotted broadside at fathom range. The effect of this terrible salute was to disable 400 men and 20 guns, and reduce the *Bucentaure* to a comparatively defenceless state. Then the British ship went on and engaged the *Neptune* and the *Redoubtable*.

The *Neptune*, not liking the look of things, kept her distance; so Hardy ported his helm and laid the *Victory* alongside the *Redoubtable*, where she was soon pinned by the interfouling of their gear. The French, when they saw collision inevitable, shut their lower-deck ports and fired from them no more; but whilst the ships' black flanks ground against one another to the liftings of the swell, the British fought their guns like men possessed, and dashed water after the shots lest their hoped-for prize should catch fire before she was taken.

But the *Redoubtable* had by no means surrendered yet. The fire from her upper decks continued, and a still more destructive fire poured down from the brass swivels mounted in her tops. It was a ball from one of these last which has rendered the battle off Trafalgar shoals doubly memorable down through history.

As they had been doing all through the engagement, Lord Nelson and his flag-captain were continuing their parade up and down the centre of the poop-deck. With his usual disregard for personal comfort when the claims of the service came in, Nelson had caused his cabin skylight to be removed when he hoisted his flag on the *Victory*, and the gap filled in with planking. This gave an uninterrupted passage-way between the two lines of guns. They had arrived within one pace of the regular turning spot at the cabin ladder-way, when the admiral suddenly faced about. Hardy turned also, and saw his chief in the act of falling.

"You're never hit?" he cried.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"Oh! I hope not."

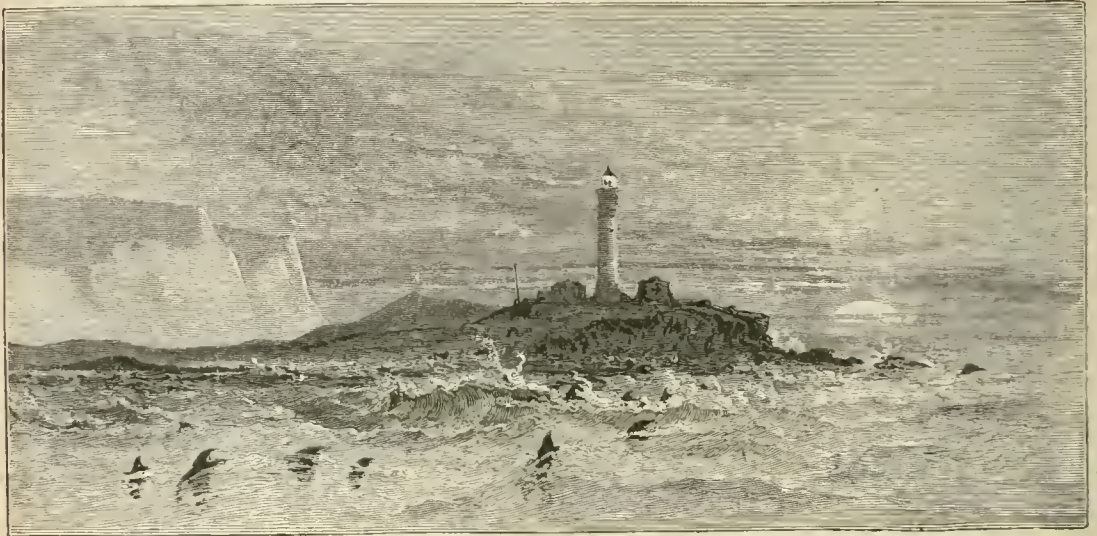
"Yes," replied the admiral quietly, "my backbone is shot through."

And that, indeed, was very near the truth.

But admiral or powder-boy, in action the treatment is much the same. A marine and two seamen took the wounded man below, and the fight went on without a check. The fire from the *Redoubtable's* tops as well as from her second-deck guns, which were pointed upwards, proved terribly destructive, and nearly

outside the combat by repelling that gallant assault.

It was the *Redoubtable's* final effort. For some time before she had been engaging the *Téméraire* on her port side, and now the British ship, getting athwart her bows, lashed her bowsprit to his gangway and raked her till she surrendered. She had only her foremast left standing, and out of a crew of 643 had 300 killed and 222 wounded, including nearly every one of her officers. But of the ships on the losing side that day, the *Redoubtable* fought the best fight of all.



CAPE TRAFALGAR.

the whole of the men and officers on the *Victory's* upper deck fell killed or wounded.

The French were not slow to perceive their chance. The bellying curve of the two ships prevented their stepping from bulwark to bulwark, but they lowered their mainyard for a bridge, and across that streamed over to the assault.

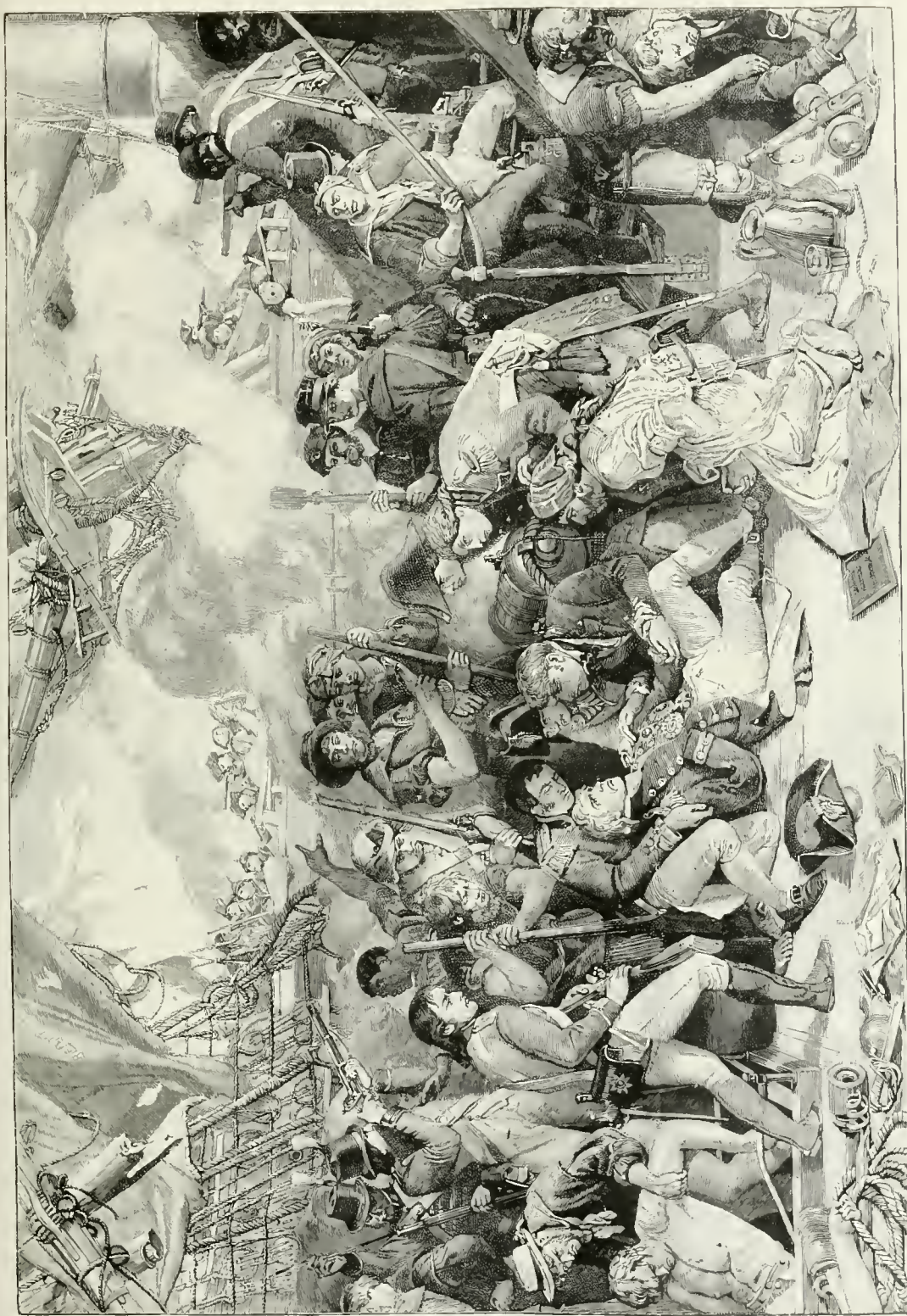
"Boarders repel boarders!"

The cry was yelled through the 'tween decks by furious panting officers, and the half-naked men, filthy with gunpowder and blood, streamed up the hatchways in answer. With axe and pike, pistol and cutlass, rammer and tearing fingers, they made their onset; and though the French fought like wolves to retain a footing, the Islanders ravened at them like bulldogs so long as one remained alive upon their sacred deck planks.

Another thirty of the *Victory's* crew were put

The *Téméraire* herself had meanwhile been getting badly mauled in the rigging, and as her gaff had been shot away, her ensign had fluttered to the deck. Observing this, the French *Fougueux*, then for the moment disengaged, and with 680 men still unhurt, fancied she saw a good opportunity for taking a prize, and bore down upon her. The *Téméraire* was quite prepared. Whilst Hervey, her captain, devoted his attention to the *Redoubtable* to port, Kennedy, his first lieutenant, assembled a portion of the crew to starboard, and manned the starboard batteries. They delivered their fire at 100 yards. Crippled and confused, the *Fougueux* ran foul of the British ship and was lashed there, and then Kennedy, accompanied by two midshipmen and a couple of dozen of seamen and marines, boarded her in the port main rigging.

A madder, more reckless piece of work was, perhaps, not done in all that desperate day. The



THE DEATH OF NELSON.
(By D. MacIise, R.A. By permission of the Art Union of London.)



Frenchman had quite 500 men left sound and scatheless; and yet that handful of "Temeraires," by sheer dash and insane valour, drove these before them with the bare steel, slaying many, and forcing the rest overboard or down the hatchways; so that in ten minutes the great French two-decker was entirely their own.

To look back now at the *Belleisle*. After throwing in, whilst passing, a broadside to the *Royal Sovereign's* antagonist, the *Santa Anna*, this British 74 sustained for the next twenty minutes a tremendous fire from half a dozen different ships. Her rigging was terribly cut up, and she lost sixty men. Then, whilst the wreck of her mizzenmast masked her after guns, the French *Achille* engaged her with comparative impunity, whilst the *Aigle* gave it her on the starboard side, and other ships fired into her as they passed. Later, the French *Neptune* came up, and shooting away her remaining masts by the board reduced her to a helpless hulk. It seemed as though she had to choose between strike or sink.

Her hull was almost knocked to pieces; guns were unshipped, and lay on a pulp of torn carriages and men; ports, port-timbers, channels, chain-plates, anchors, boats, spars, were all reduced to splintered wood and twisted iron; but she fired with the few guns she could use, and when the *Swiftsure* came up to her rescue she hoisted a Union Jack on a pike, and sent up a thin cheer from amongst the tangled wreckage. Her loss in men was fearfully severe; but though she was totally unmanageable, her gun-crews stood by their weapons and fired at any enemy that came within range to the very end of the action.

In the meanwhile other ships which had been left behind by failure of the wind came up into the hot *mêlée*, and began by finishing off what

others had begun. The English *Neptune* poured a broadside into the *Bucentaure*, Nelson's first antagonist, and knocked away the main and mizzen masts. The *Leviathan* gave her another dose at thirty yards, smashing her stern into matchwood, and the *Conqueror* soon afterwards did the same, bringing down her one remaining stick, and with it her flag. A marine officer and five men went off in a boat to take possession, and he found that Nelson had guessed right: the *Bucentaure* was indeed the ship of the allies' commander-in-chief.

De Villeneuve and his two captains offered their swords to the marine, but he, thinking it more properly belonged to his captain to disarm officers of their rank, declined the honour of receiving them. Having secured the magazine and put the key in his pocket, and placed one of his men as sentry at each cabin door, the marine clapped the admiral and captains in his boat, and with his three remaining hands pulled away. The *Conqueror*, however, had proceeded elsewhere in chase, but at length the boat-load was picked up



SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY.
(From the Picture by R. Evans.)

by the *Mars*, her sister ship. Lieutenant Henmah, however, the acting commander of the *Mars*, had no nice scruples about illustrious prisoners. He curtly ordered De Villeneuve and his friends below, and went on fighting.

The *Leviathan* meanwhile, meeting with the Spanish 74 *San Augustino*, had another set-to at a hundred-yards range. The Spaniard attempted a raking fire, but by sheer seamanship the British two-decker avoided this and poured one in herself at pistol range. Down went like a falling tree the *San Augustino's* mizzenmast, and with it her colours; and then to make certain that she should strike in fact, as she had done in accident, the *Leviathan* laid her on board. A smart and well-directed fire cleared the upper decks, and then the British third

lieutenant and a party of seamen and marines followed it up and took her without further opposition.

Scarcely had the *Leviathan* lashed this prize to herself than the *Intrépide*, a fresh ship from the allied fleet, came surging up; and after raking the *Leviathan* ahead, ranged up along her starboard side and prepared for close action. Here, however, she got more than she wanted, for the *Africa*, another late-comer of the Island fleet, dropped in to share her fire and return it with compound interest. The *Africa*, which was only a 64-gun ship, got a tremendous mauling, but she half knocked her big antagonist into her primitive staves, put two hundred of her crew *hors de combat*, and in the end forced her to strike.

Thus, one after another, of the nineteen ships composing the rear of the allies, eleven had been captured and one burnt, while seven quitted the line and ran to leeward. The burnt ship was the French 74 *Achille*, which, in passing encounters with other craft, had lost her mizzenmast, main-topmast, and foreyard, and was also on fire in her foretop. Her fire-engine had been wrecked by a gunshot, and as the flames could not be extinguished, the only alternative was to cut away the mast in its entirety, so that it might fall clear of the ship. The crew were about to do this when a furious broadside from the *Prince* cut the mast in two about its centre, and the wreck with its spouting flames fell directly upon the boats in the waist. These soon caught fire also, and the blaze bit into the wooden fabric of the ship itself and crept hungrily down to the decks below.

The *Prince*, seeing what had befallen her antagonist, ceased fire and hove-to, and then, with the *Swiftsure*, hoisted out all the boats left that would float, to save the *Achille's* crew. It was a dangerous service, because the guns of the blazing ship fired of their own accord when the fire reached them, and the *Swiftsure's* boats had three men killed by the shot. That the *Achille* had already suffered heavy loss may be judged from the fact that her senior surviving officer was a midshipman. He, however—poor fellow!—perished with most of his crew when the ship exploded. But to his credit be it said that the *Achille* went down with her colours flying, an untaken ship.

And now let us return for a minute and look at the British commander-in-chief. Though conscious of having been smitten by his death-wound, and being in the most excruciating agony

of body, his thoughts were still for the fleet's success rather than for himself. As the three bearers were carrying him down the steep ladders to the lower deck, he observed that at least a dozen men were trying to control the jumpings of the tiller, by which the *Victory* had been steered since her wheel was shot away. He sharply bade one of those with him to get relieving tackles rigged without delay; and then another thought struck him. At any moment any of the men who were fighting the guns might recognise him; might pass the word along; and the crew, on hearing that the chief whom they so worshipped had fallen, would be damped and disheartened. In another man this might have been egotism—in Nelson it was a just recognition of the facts; and when with his one remaining hand he spread a handkerchief over his face, so that the features might not be recognised, he proved how truly he had at heart the interests of the day.

The scene in the cockpit to which the dying man was carried was a thing which we can, happily, never reproduce again in real life nowa days. Picture a small wooden den, alive with the writhings of the wounded, and cumbered with dismembered limbs; the warm, sour air thick with dust and powder-smoke; foul cockroaches shambling along the beams, and frightened rats scuttling behind the ceiling. And in the thick of it all, by the light of three miserable "purser's dips" in dull horn-windowed lanterns, which barely made darkness visible with their smoky yellow gleam, were the surgeon and his mates sweating, swearing, slashing, all splashed with horrid red, "turning out Greenwich pensioners" (as the phrase ran then) of every poor wretch who came alive into their hands. There was little conservative surgery in 1805. If a limb was wounded, off it came. There was no reducing a fracture; and—there were no anæsthetics. The surgeon was like the times, rough-and-ready; and whilst he plied saw and amputating-knife, his lusty mates pinned down the shrieking victim like an ox in the shambles.

The admiral received all the attention this poor place could give. He was laid on a spread-out hammock bed, which rested on the deck planks, stripped of his clothes, and examined by Beatty, the surgeon. The diagnosis was only too certain: there was not a vestige of hope; and his life would be hours of anguish and torment till death gave him lasting ease.

The deck beams above him buckled and creaked to the working of the guns; the deck

planks on which he rested swung to the kick of furious broadsides ; and the din of the fight drowned the moanings of the maimed around him. Between the maddening spasms of torture, the battle's outcome was his sole thought during that terrible lingering in the gateway of Death. Again and again he sent anxious messages to his flag-captain, but it was not till more than an hour after the admiral had received his wound that Captain Hardy could find a moment's respite from his duties in order to visit the cockpit.

They shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said—

"Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my lord. We have got twelve or fourteen of the enemies' ships in our possession. But five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down on the *Victory*. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy?"

"No, my lord. There is small fear of that."

"Well, I am a dead man, Hardy, but I am glad of what you say. Oh, whip them now you've got 'em; whip them as they've never been whipped before."

Another fifty minutes passed before the flag-captain could come below again, but this time he was able to report that the number of captures was fourteen or fifteen.

"That's better," replied the dying man, "though I bargained for twenty. And now, anchor, Hardy—anchor."

"I suppose, my lord, that Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs?"

"Not while I live," said Nelson, raising himself on his elbow and then falling back. "No; I command here—yet. No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy."

"Then shall *we* make the signal, my lord?"

"Yes," said Nelson, "for, if I live, I'll anchor." There was a silence for a minute, broken only by the dull booming of guns, and then, in a faint voice, "I say, Hardy," whispered the admiral.

"Yes."

"Don't have my poor carcase hove overboard. Get what's left of me sent to England, if you can manage it. Good-bye, Hardy. I've done my duty, and I thank God for it."

The flag-captain could not speak. He squeezed his chieftain's hand, and left the cockpit; and ten minutes later Horatio, Viscount Nelson, stepped in rank with the world's greatest warriors who are dead.

The news was taken to the *Royal Sovereign*, and Vice-Admiral Collingwood assumed the command. Hardy carried it himself, and at the same time delivered Lord Nelson's dying request that both the fleet and prizes should come to an anchor as soon as practicable. An on-shore gale was imminent, the shoals of Cape Trafalgar were under their lee, and scarcely a ship was left fully rigged. Many, indeed, were entirely dismasted, and in tow either of the frigates or of their less-mailed fellows. But, bosom friends though they had always been, Nelson and Collingwood were diametrically opposed in their plans of proceeding. "What!" the new admiral exclaimed when he heard the message, "anchor the fleet? Why, it is the last thing I should have thought of."

The fleet was not anchored, and the British ships and their prizes were ordered to stand out to sea. But the rising gale moaned round them as though singing a dirge for the dead, and the power of the elements was more than a match for the most superb seamanship on all the oceans. Out of eighteen prizes captured, four were retaken by the allied ships, which swooped down on their worn-out prize crews; some were driven ashore and wrecked; some foundered at sea with all hands; one was scuttled; and of the total only four were brought safely to the British naval station in Gibraltar Bay.

There have been other actions between French and British ships since 1805, but never one of any magnitude. The sea power of France and her ally was broken for good, and with it was made the first real move towards the overthrow of Napoleon. The victory was due to the prestige and genius of one man, and he died in the moment of his triumph. His death has been regretted, but who shall say that he could have gained any worldly advantage by remaining on? He died at the zenith of his fame, and he could not have added to it, because no great battle had afterwards to be fought. Had he survived, he would have had a triumphal entry into London, with honours and riches showered on him. And after that? Would his old age have been without reproach? It is open to doubt.

As it befell, he was accorded a magnificent national funeral, a niche in Westminster Abbey,

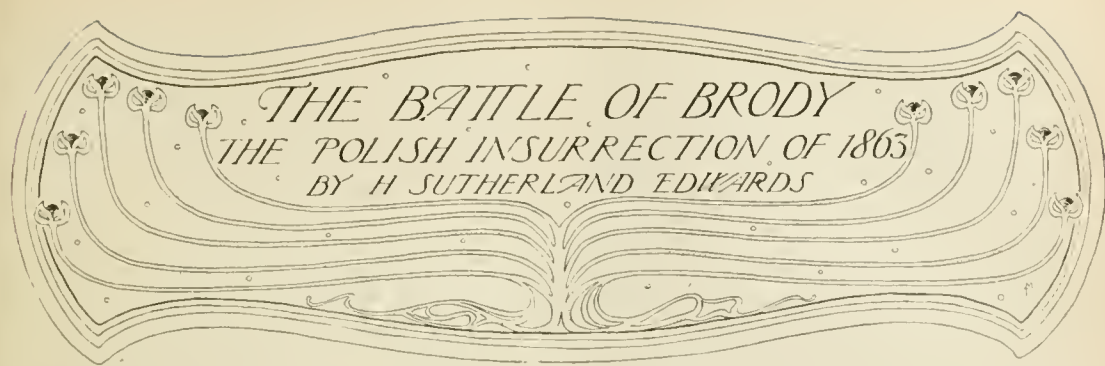
and statues all over the Islands whose safety he so gallantly preserved. His failings are forgotten ; his name is a household word—*sans peur, sans reproche*.

How different a fate was that of the man who fought against him ! De Villeneuve lay a

prisoner in England till 1806, and then obtained his freedom. On his journey to Paris he stopped at Rennes to learn how the Emperor would receive him. On the morning of April 22nd he was found dead in bed, with six knife-wounds in his heart.



NELSON IN THE COCKPIT OF THE VICTORY.
(From the Picture by A. W. Davis.)



THE BATTLE OF BRODY
THE POLISH INSURRECTION OF 1863
 BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

IN England, where fortunately we have known nothing of rebellion for the last 200 years, popular risings are always attributed to tyrannical government on the part of the rulers. The Polish insurrection, however, of 1863 was due in the first instance to laxity on the part of the rulers. During the Crimean War, when the Russians had Turkey, France, England, Sardinia, and virtually Austria to contend with, the Poles did not move a hand against the Government, severe as it had always been, of the Emperor Nicholas. Alexander II., on the other hand, who ruled over Russia and over Poland when the insurrection of 1863 broke out, was a particularly mild sovereign, and though he had introduced no organic reforms into Poland, nevertheless ruled the country with moderation. The use of the Polish language in the Government offices and in the schools, without being formally permitted, was openly tolerated. Several useful institutions—some of them, such as the Agricultural Society, of a national and patriotic character—had been founded without the least opposition on the part of the Government. No recruits had been taken for the army since the peace of 1856; and meanwhile the country, without being rendered happy, was growing prosperous and rich. The number of troops maintained in Poland was exceptionally small, and under the new reign there had been no examples of political persecution.

Things were far less quiet in Russia proper, where the emancipation of the serfs had suggested to the landed proprietors that they also ought to be liberated; that they ought to be allowed some voice in the government of the country instead of being treated as the subjects of a pure despotism. Numbers of intelligent but scarcely well-informed men among the Poles looked upon the emancipation of the serfs in Russia as the removal of the keystone on which the whole political edifice rested. They saw at

the same time that Italy had been set free by the Emperor of the French, and conceived a hope—not unsupported at the Tuileries—that what Napoleon III. had done for the Italians he would next do for the Poles. Russia in her disorganised condition would not (they said to themselves) be able to make any formidable resistance to the legions sent against her by the conqueror of Magenta and of Solferino. France, moreover, could without difficulty secure the support of Austria; and the makers of political programmes had already arranged that Austria should give up Galicia towards the formation of a new and enlarged kingdom of Poland, receiving in return for her lost territory the so-called Danubian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, now known collectively as Roumania. This audacious proposition fills one at the present moment with astonishment; but the prosperous future of the two great Hospodarates, soon to be united in one principality and ultimately to be raised to the position of an independent kingdom, could not then be foreseen. France and Austria, in any intervention they might undertake on behalf of Poland, could, it was thought, count on some measure of support from England—what is called moral support, if nothing more.

Several Polish anniversaries were celebrated by patriotic demonstrations; and these manifestations of national spirit and the spirit of independence assumed at last so serious a character that the Russians forbade them, but without bringing them to an end. At last there was a collision between unresisting, unarmed Polish patriots and Russian troops. There were several victims, and the dead bodies of those who had fallen were exhibited and their photographs circulated among the indignant population of Warsaw. These tragic scenes were repeated. Meanwhile numerous arrests had been made, and soon the prisons of Warsaw were full. Troops,

moreover, had been telegraphed for, and the feeble garrison was quickly reinforced.

While repressing public manifestations the Government—on the recommendation of the Marquis Wielopolski, a genuine patriot but a hard, unsympathetic man, who was most unpopular with his fellow-countrymen—introduced reforms of considerable importance, which, however, were received not only without gratitude but with ridicule by the Poles, who regarded these concessions as the outcome merely of fear. The Emperor sent his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, to Warsaw in the character of viceroy. But the extreme party—the party of action—were opposed to all attempts at reconciliation. The Grand Duke and his Minister, the before-mentioned Marquis, were both attacked by assassins, and all possibility of quelling the agitation, which had now become formidable, seemed at an end. Wielopolski's reforms were, however, persisted in. They consisted, briefly, in the exclusion from Poland of all but Polish officials; of the institution of municipal councils and of a university at which richly-salaried chairs were offered to professors from Poland and other Slavonic countries; and, finally, of a regular system of recruitment in lieu of the arbitrary conscription or proscription which had been practised under the Emperor Nicholas.

But before introducing the new system of recruitment, Wielopolski thought it absolutely necessary to get rid of the most irreconcilable enemies of Russia by means of the old one. He knew from the reports of his agents that arms had been secretly introduced into Warsaw, and that a rising was to take place on the night of the 15th of February. He resolved to anticipate this movement, which would be fatal to all his plans for the good of his country, by seizing as recruits, and carrying off to the army, some 2,000 of the most determined of the would-be insurgents. The attempt made on the night of the 14th to execute the conscription in the old proscription style was itself the signal for the rising. The Russians, the Poles of the moderate and so-called aristocratic party, and generally those who knew nothing of the insurrectionary project, thought the next morning that the danger had passed.

But in the evening the Central National Committee—soon to become a government in itself—held a secret meeting, at which it was decided to order a general rising for the 22nd. Couriers were sent out in every direction; and

in spite of the great number of persons engaged in preparing the outbreak, the secret was so well kept that on the night of the 22nd it took place simultaneously in all parts of the country. At Warsaw the soldiers were to have been surprised in the guard-houses and the barracks, and with the arms taken from them the citadel was to have been attacked. This plan of action was attended with success when tried on a small scale in some of the little country towns. But it was impossible in Warsaw, where in and about the city were some 50,000 troops. The party of action thought with regret of the time, nearly two years before, when they had first proposed to commence the insurrection, and when the Warsaw garrison numbered only 5,000.

The insurrection of 1863 was once described by a Pole as a "patriotic eruption." It broke out over the face of the whole country, and it was difficult to allay; otherwise its symptoms were not very terrible. The Russians always maintained that the movement was not spontaneous, but that it was started and maintained by the "cosmopolitan revolution," with its Polish, Hungarian, and Italian adherents. Revolutionists of all nations did, in fact, join the insurgent bands, but it was the Poles themselves who formed them. Bands of insurgents from 300 or 400 to 3,000 or 4,000 strong soon showed themselves in all parts of Russian Poland, in the so-called kingdom of Poland as formed in 1815, in Lithuania, and in the Polono-Ruthenian provinces of Volhynia, Podolia, and Kiev. In estimating the forces at the disposal of the Polish National Government it would be a mistake to count those insurgents only who at any time were actually in the field. Everyone who joined a detachment organised by the National Junta became a soldier of the Polish National Army, and had to obey orders, not only as long as his detachment remained in the field (generally only a few hours after its first collision with the enemy), but as long as the insurrection lasted. If the band to which he belonged was driven in, he had to report himself to headquarters, and so hold himself in readiness to start again for the frontier at the shortest notice. I say "for the frontier," because it was usually within easy reach of the Austrian or Prussian frontier that the engagements between the Polish insurgents and the Russian troops took place. When a detachment of insurgents sought refuge in the Polish province of Posen, its members were usually arrested by the Prussian authorities. The

officials, however, in Galicia were better disposed towards the insurgent Poles; or perhaps they wished to give a strong hint to Russia as to what they could do against her, should they ever feel called upon to furnish aid to a Polish insurrection.

The Polish Junta had organised a service of spies and executioners called National Gendarmes. It was their duty to terrify the spies on the Russian side, and to teach patriotism to Polish peasants by hanging them if they declined to join the insurrection. The Junta also employed a body of commissioners for collecting taxes and giving and receiving information of various kinds. The war-tax amounted to 10 per cent. on clear income, and was, or ought to have been, paid by everyone except the peasants, who were not allowed to pay anything to anybody, and who were so petted by both Governments that they would have been quite spoilt had they not already been beyond the possibility of spoiling. The Russians tried to make the Polish peasant fight against his ancestral master, while the Poles tried to make him fight against the Russian Government. After taking what he could get from both sides, the Polish peasant remained quietly at home, as a rule, doing no work, paying no rent, and enjoying himself after his own fashion. In no instance, however, could the Polish peasant be persuaded to do battle for the Russians; whereas in certain districts and on particular estates he really fought well for his own people.

As an example of the way in which Polish insurgent expeditions were organised in 1863, I may give an account of the rise and fall of one of the most important sent from Galicia across the frontier into Russian territory. It was necessary from time to time to send forth an expedition against the Russians, if only to convince the foreign Powers that the Polish insurrection was not dead; in which case all idea of intervening on behalf of the Poles would have fallen to the ground.

The preparations made for the seven or eight hours' fighting which took place before the town of Brody and the village of Radzievilov, had occupied the Polish National Junta about four months. Some of the insurgents who were to take part in the expedition had experienced considerable trouble in getting to Cracow, and they found it still more difficult to continue their journey to Lemberg, while the general advance from Lemberg to Brody on the Russo-Volhynian frontier was made on a system of zigzag approaches, almost after the model of siege operations.

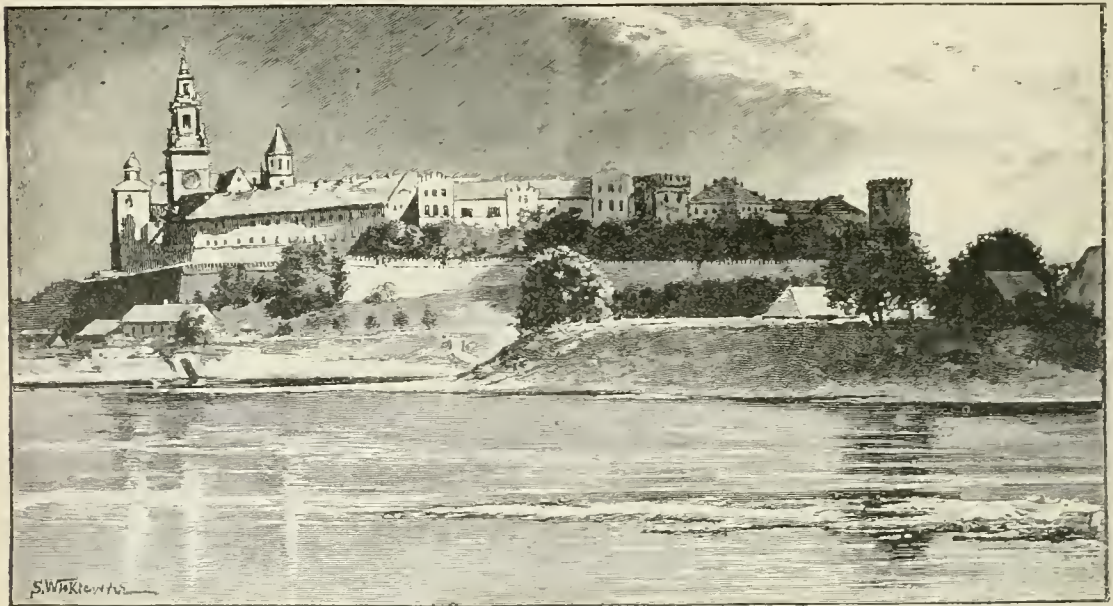
Lemberg was so full of insurgents that a circus was opened for their special benefit, when scenes from Mazeppa were performed for the instruction and amusement of men who were themselves bound for the Ukraine, but who never, I may add, had the smallest chance of getting there. Every country house between Lemberg and Brody, for many miles on each side of the main road, served as a halting-place; and many proprietors had from twenty to a hundred insurgents staying in and about their houses and grounds for periods varying from three days to two months. It was not from any want of kindness on the part of their entertainers that soldiers of the National Army in concealment were sometimes put to sleep in trees. If the words "domiciliary visit" were whispered in the morning or afternoon, everyone was on the look-out for the police in the evening; and as soon as they made their appearance on the one side, the object of their search disappeared on the other. If, when the household retired to rest, the "domiciliary visit" or "revision" had not yet taken place, there was nothing left for the insurgents but to take to the wood by which every manor-house in Eastern Galicia is surrounded.

The scheme for invading Volhynia from Galicia was, in some respects, well conceived. Wysocki, with 1,200 men, was to have marched upon Radzievilov in front, while Horodycki and Minniewski, each with 650, attacked it on the right and left. A day or two afterwards Wiszniewski was to have entered Volhynia farther north than Minniewski, and close to the right bank of the river Bug, while Rozycki, one of the best leaders who had yet appeared, was to have penetrated into the same province farther south than Horodycki, and near the frontier of Podolia. Finally, another officer was to have taken a detachment of cavalry into Podolia itself; and thus from Podolia to Lublin, and along the whole line of the Galician-Volhynian frontier, the Russians would have been attacked; and though some of the detachments were sure to be destroyed, it was thought certain that others would succeed in advancing far into the interior of Volhynia, and that once there, they would either gain the active support of the peasants, or at least show themselves strong enough to ensure their respect and, to a certain extent, their assistance. The chief appointed to direct the combined movement was General Wysocki, formerly commander of the Polish Legion in Hungary, and the title given to him by the National Junta was General Commanding in

the Province of Lublin and the Ruthenian Provinces.

On the day fixed for the commencement of this important movement, in which, had all

received and entertained strangers on the understanding that they belonged to the Vollynian expedition, but without having any positive proof of the fact. Even Austrian officials were



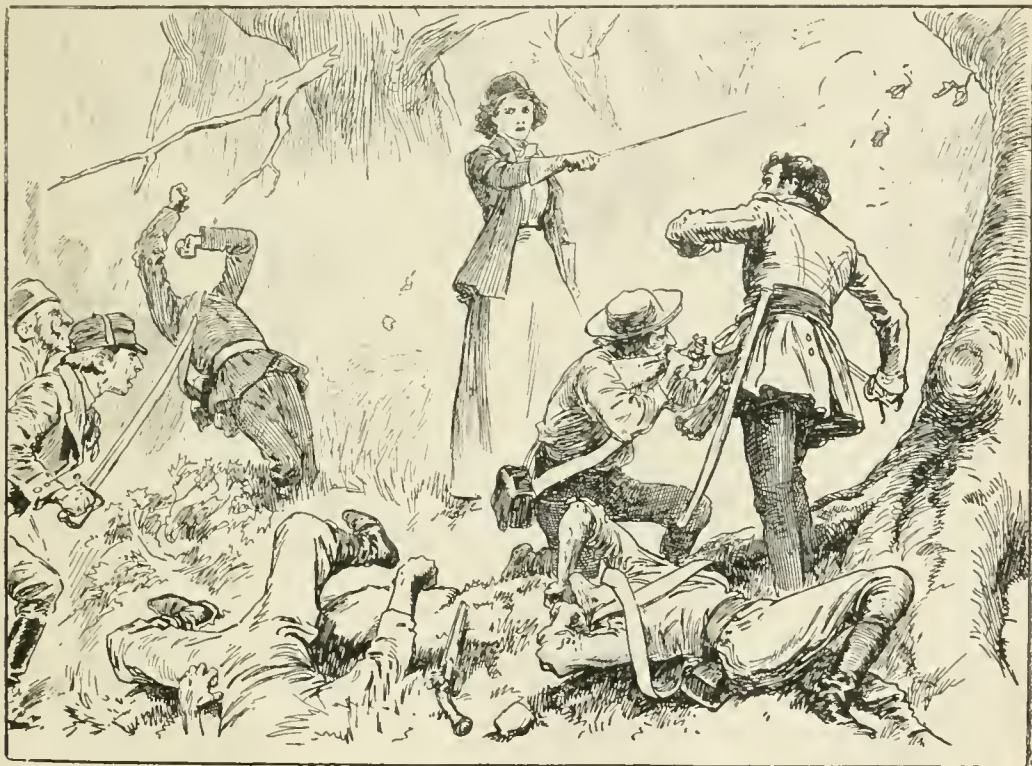
THE CASTLE, CRACOW.

gone well, some 4,000 men would have been engaged, it was found that only two detachments—those of General Wysocki and Colonel Horodycki, his immediate supporter on the right—were ready to start. This unreadiness could be attributed to no want of foresight on the part of the commissaries of the expedition. Arms had been purchased and confiscated, purchased and confiscated again, for three times the number of men composing the expedition; and although many of these men were arrested and imprisoned, it turned out at the last moment that there were more insurgents than there were arms for them to carry. Fresh seizures of rifles, bayonets, and revolvers were made on the Sunday night and early Monday morning; and on Monday afternoon, when the Wysocki and Horodycki detachments were summoned to the wood, it was found impossible to equip for the field more than 1,500 of the former and 450 of the latter. Insurgents were staying in the houses of the rich as well as of the poor, and were treated with a sort of paternal affection everywhere. Indeed, the kindness and hospitality shown to all classes and conditions of men who called themselves insurgents was, if anything, carried to excess; for many persons

in some places touched by this general confidence, and when ordered to institute a "revision," would give a hint beforehand that at such an hour their arrival might be expected. Then the men would go into the woods, the horses would be taken out of the stables and sent into the fields, while the saddles and bridles were buried in the garden. I have seen packets of saddles and boxes of arms left at a house without any notification as to where they came from or whither they were to be sent. In such cases the man who took them in put them in a place of safety, and a day or two afterwards would receive a line of writing, or more generally a message by word of mouth, telling him to forward them to some house a few miles nearer the frontier. If the whole country, with the exception of the ignorant peasantry, had not formed one general association for promoting the interests of Poland, this unbounded trust from Pole to Pole would soon have led to the speedy exposure and frustration of all the national schemes. As it was, they were carried out to a certain point, and never once broke down from any bad faith, or from want of faith, on the part of those called upon to assist in executing them.

The insurgents were from many different lands, but chiefly from the kingdom of Poland and from Galicia. There were a few Hungarians, a few Poles, a Frenchman who had taken part in every kind of insurrection, except an insurrection of Poles, and who told me that he had joined the expedition simply because "this page was wanting to his life." There was a Polish doctor too, himself a revolutionary *dilettante* whom I had met in previous Polish expeditions, and who interested me from the fact of his carrying not only a rifle but also a case of surgical instruments. First he shot his foe, and then, if life was not extinct, extracted the bullet from the wound, and did his best to cure him. There were two young ladies, moreover—one of them attired in a tunic and knickerbockers, the other in a grey military uniform. The latter of the two got wounded in the battle. She was shot in the ankle, and when

who had emigrated, that is to say, into Poland at the close of the insurrection of 1830, and who since then had been living in Paris or in London. "The young men here are admirable," they said; "sacrificing themselves for a cause which is a very desperate one if they are never to be assisted from abroad. As for us, it does not matter. We are old fellows, and would rather die in Poland than anywhere else; and then we have not led the sort of life which attaches men to this world." One, an old soldier of the Polish army of 1830, told me that he had been for thirteen years working at a desk in an insurance office, and that he was not sorry to get a little fresh air and an opportunity of riding on horseback. Another, an officer of the same army, had been keeping a shop, and was making humorous speculations as to how in his absence the business would be carried on. A third saw his native



"AMONG THE INSURGENTS WAS A YOUNG LADY."

I visited her in hospital, she showed me the bullet that had lamed her, and assured me that she would at the earliest opportunity send it back to its rightful possessors. A certain number of the insurgents were middle-aged men who belonged to what was called the "emigration"—

land for the first time, and was saying what nice people the Poles were.

Among the insurgents belonging to Wysocki's corps was a young lady, described by an eyewitness as "so timid, and so afraid of being looked upon as a wonder, that she kept herself

almost in perpetual seclusion," but so brave that on the day of battle she insisted upon being placed in the first line, and greatly distinguished herself in the action fought in the immediate neighbourhood of Brody.

Brody is the last town in Eastern Galicia as one approaches the Russo-Polish province of Volhynia, and the object of the expedition sent from Eastern Galicia into Volhynia was to raise the Volhynian peasantry. They are not of the same religion as the Poles, and they do not seem to have preserved any grateful recollections of the days when Poland was free but the peasantry in Poland enslaved. An endeavour to conciliate them had, however, been made by presenting them with so-called "golden charters," which conveyed to them in fee-simple the ownership of the land which they held, on certain conditions, as of rent-paying or payments in redemption, from the manorial proprietor.

A day or two before the entry into Volhynia I received a message at a country house where I was staying, warning me not to be unprepared if the next morning someone called for me in a carriage in order to drive me into the middle of a neighbouring wood, where I should meet some friends who would enable me to accompany Wysocki's so-called army on its march towards Radzivilov, the first village in the Russo-Polish province of Volhynia. The person expected came at the appointed time, mentioned my name, and then, instead of taking me to the heart of the forest, drove me through a beautiful woodland country to the house of a neighbouring proprietor, where, besides the host, I found one of the chief promoters of the expedition, and two of the principal officers of the corps commanded by Horodycki, one of Wysocki's lieutenants. One of the officers took out a map of the country about to be entered (it was a photographic print from the private map of the Russian staff), and pointed out to me the place of assembly in the forest, the spot at which the frontier had to be crossed, and the road by which it was intended to advance upon Radzivilov. Discussions on the interminable Polish question, together with pistol-shooting, fencing, and other warlike amusements, filled up the time until dinner, after which the officers went singly to visit our first place of encampment, and came back with the alarming news that an Austrian patrol had been seen hovering about the spot where most of the arms lay buried. In the evening a "revision" or "domiciliary visit" was announced. The house was cleared of insurgents,

and two very suspicious-looking cases were placed where the police were likely to find them. One was empty; the other was labelled "Vin de Bordeaux," and contained wine. All through the night messengers were continually arriving, and the first news in the morning was that the arms had been seized, that the labour of three months had been lost, and that the expedition could not start. Ultimately it was discovered that about a hundred rifles had been taken, but that there were still nearly three hundred in a place of comparative safety. The question arose as to whether it would be advisable to postpone the departure of the expedition until more arms could be procured, but it was soon decided not to risk, by further delay, the seizure of the whole stock.

At last, early on Monday afternoon, we got into a cart, built without springs for the same sort of reason for which Highlanders are said not to wear trousers, and went into the wood. Turning from the high- into a cross-road, from the cross-road into a lane, and from the lane into a private path, we came, after many windings, to a little glade, where the long grass had been crushed and flattened as if by a roller. The former presence of human beings in this sequestered spot was indicated by an old boot, which Hoby would have disavowed, and a cask containing gin—from which, as it was not yet empty, it was presumed that the insurgents could not be far distant. They were so well concealed, however, that although we had good guides (including one of the forest-keepers of the estate), it was not easy to find them. At last we burst upon a band of brothers, who were engaged in the difficult and, to them, evidently novel occupation of trying on boots. The boot so contemptuously abandoned in the first halting-place had apparently been the only one among some thirty men. The major was answering questions on all sorts of subjects from boots upwards, and was at the same time superintending a distribution of pistols, which, being larger than any pistols ever seen before or afterwards out of a pantomime, looked very terrible, and produced (as they were intended to do) a fine and healthy effect on the Ruthenian village population.

The peasants looked a good deal scared as the insurgents marched through the fields, but were soon reassured, or pretended to be, when a few words were spoken to them in kindness. Of attacking or molesting the insurgents in any way there was, of course, no thought, more particularly as the half-detachment, consisting of

200 men, looked in the moonlight, as it straggled along in double file, like a much larger force, and was pronounced by impartial spectators to be at least 1,000 strong. Two peasants, however, were overheard whispering that they had a great mind to go off and tell the Austrians. They were arrested, asked if they wanted to be hanged, and replying in the negative, were told how to avoid that fate so far as it was likely to be inflicted upon them by their Polish compatriots.

They were then put into a cart and driven along after the detachment, and were not liberated until everything had been made ready for crossing the frontier.

We marched during nearly all the first night, passing from the moonlight into the darkness of the dense woods, where nothing but glow-worms, and here and there in the insurgent column the light of a cigar, could be seen, and then again into the moonlight; until at last we came to a river or mountain stream (running down from the Carpathians), and sat down by the side of the waters and supped. It was generally believed to be one of the best suppers they had ever had (of many poor fellows it was the last); and the breakfast, to which a select number were invited, was also much admired, especially some tea-soup made in a saucepan and served out in saucepan-lids, wine-glasses, and wooden ladles.

During the halt, of which advantage was taken to eat our hurried breakfast, Horodycki, the commander of the detachment, joined us, bringing with him 200 infantry, and from forty to fifty cavalry. The rifles, bayonets, and scythes were now disinterred, or pulled out of their hiding-places in the brushwood; and I found that this particular batch had all been concealed at about twenty paces distance from the public road running through the middle of the wood. The Austrians had not found them, because they had been hidden where the Austrians would be sure not to look for them.

As the insurgents moved away from the cottage where they had halted for tea, a plain and shrill-voiced woman came out and complained that her husband had deserted her in order to go and fight the Russians. It was impossible not to understand that he had chosen

the lesser of two evils. The poor man who preferred his country to his wife and death to his home was in the cavalry, and now galloped to the front and was soon out of sight and, it may be hoped, out of hearing. The great majority of the insurgents, however—especially those in the infantry—could have had nothing to leave: they were men of the vagabond type, the dregs of the Polish towns, who had taken service in the Polish National Army because they were ready to turn their hands to any odd job, especially an exciting one, that might present itself.

The cavalry, on the other hand, was chiefly



composed of sons of landed proprietors, large and small; though, with very few exceptions, the sons of the great Polish landowners did not find their way to the insurrection at all. When the family of some great Polish aristocrat was represented among the insurgents, it was usually in the person of some scapegrace scion of the house; so that if by some strange accident the national movement were attended by success (as through foreign intervention), the members of the great family might be able to say: "We also were there, or at least one of us."

The cavalry, with its well-born riders and well-bred steeds, was of very little use, except for the service of the camp and now and then for distant reconnoitring; and it was scarcely ever employed in action. Some of the new-comers, especially among the cavalry, were quite disheartened at the idea of having for comrades such riff-raff as the infantry for the most part

consisted of. An officer, noticing this, said to some of the well-to-do insurgents who had just arrived: "You have come to the camp under the impression that you would find everyone here as good as yourselves; I wish such were the case. But we must do our best, and we

meanwhile it was for the Poles to hasten it. He had never expected any intervention before the spring, and meanwhile the Poles must make such efforts and prove themselves so strong that neither France nor England would refuse them a helping hand. More than this would not be



POLISH PEASANTS.

shall make soldiers of them all when we get on the other side of the frontier."

As for the officers, they were all men who had seen plenty of service in foreign armies, and who had in many cases taken part in expeditions during the insurrection actually going on. Horodycki, already mentioned as commanding one of Wysocki's detachments, dignified by the name of "brigade," had distinguished himself in the Hungarian War of 1848-49 by defending at the head of a battalion of the Polish Legion the bridge and passage of the canal at Temesvar against an overpowering force while the Hungarian army was effecting its retreat. Major Horodycki lost half his battalion, but he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay. He was a simple, straightforward man, a good deal sterner than the majority of Poles, and apparently not much given to seeing visions. He did not believe in any immediate intervention on the behalf of Poland, but felt sure that sooner or later it would come, and that

necessary. Horodycki did not seem to share the opinion of some of his countrymen as to the goodwill of the peasants towards the insurrection; at least, he turned some of the Ruthenian peasants out of the camp who had come there with the gifts of fresh butter, sheep's milk, cheese, and potted cream. He feared them *et dona ferentes*, and said, when he was asked whether their offering was not a good sign, "They are with us now we are here; they will be with our enemies when we are gone. I know them, and have sent them away." A Ruthenian priest and his wife brought something more valuable than butter and cheese. They brought their nephew. This was a proof of sympathy which could not be misunderstood, and the young man was accepted with thanks, and at the proper moment sent across the frontier. Several ladies, too, visited the camp, and so inundated the place with strawberries-and-cream that Horodycki, fearing, no doubt, that discipline would be relaxed, and the forest of Nakwasha converted

into a Capua, gave orders that no more women should be suffered to approach.

The second officer of Horodycki's detachment—the major commanding the infantry—was Synkiewicz, son of the historian and novelist of that name, and captain in the Italian army. Synkiewicz, without knowing his country from personal observation, had formed a romantic picture of it in his imagination, and he said that he found the Poles what he had always imagined them to be. Some of them do indeed come up to any ideal which their warmest admirers may have formed of them; and these were the men with whom Synkiewicz habitually associated. It might in other circumstances have been inspiring, but to those who knew the truth was saddening, to see the delight with which this officer looked forward to the hour fixed for entering Volhynia; for it was certain that he

the men, they were not prepossessing in appearance, but would know how to fight. As to numbers, if 500 men (of which his battalion consisted) were really determined to cut their way through an opposing force, they could do it, however large that force might be. This officer wore a Garibaldian costume, fearing that if he appeared in the uniform of the Italian regular army, and got taken prisoner, representations might be made to the Italian War Ministry, and his promotion stopped or his commission cancelled. He was told that the Russians would be sure to pick him off; but he replied that he wished to be conspicuous for the sake of his men, and that the Russians, if they aimed directly at him, would be sure not to hit him. He did them an injustice; for half an hour afterwards they sent a bullet through his long chestnut-coloured beard, just as he was



"AS THE REAR-GUARD LEFT THE WOOD IT WAS FIRED UPON BY A PARTY OF COSSACKS" (p. 78).

must die there or come back disheartened. He would not allow that anything was wrong with his detachment. If anyone said that the arms were a little clumsy, he replied that the greatest battles of modern times had been gained with arms not nearly so good. As to

endeavouring at the head of his battalion to dislodge them from Radzievilov.

The first half of Synkiewicz's detachment, consisting of an advance-guard of cavalry and two companies of infantry, had already been taken across the frontier by Captain

Tchorszewski, an officer who had served with Horodycki in Hungary, and who was attached to the British headquarters during the Crimean War. Captain Jagninski, another of Horodycki's companions in Hungary, took charge of the second half, and was accompanied by Synkiewicz and Horodycki, chief of the miniature "brigade." The rear-guard of cavalry was under the direction of a Polish officer late of the Russian army. The night, which had been beautiful, like the first night of the march, until about ten o'clock, suddenly darkened just as the detachment began to cross the frontier; and the rear-guard passed into Volhynia in the midst of thunder, lightning, and such torrents of rain that, after the lapse of a minute, the dense wood afforded no protection whatever against it. The last man to leave was a Hungarian servant, who had brought nothing into the camp but an old horse with a piece of rope tied round his nose, and who galloped out on a magnificent charger, splendidly equipped, and brandishing a long sabre.

As the rear-guard left the wood it was fired upon by a party of Cossacks, and at the same time a messenger reached us from the Galician side with the news that the Austrians at Podkamin (a town about six miles distant) had found out the position of the camp. General Wysocki, marching from the other side of Brody, was to have joined Horodycki and taken the chief command of the combined detachments in front of Radzievilov at daybreak. But Horodycki arrived at the place of meeting before his time, and attacked the Russians without waiting for Wysocki, who, as a matter of fact, did not arrive until long after his time.

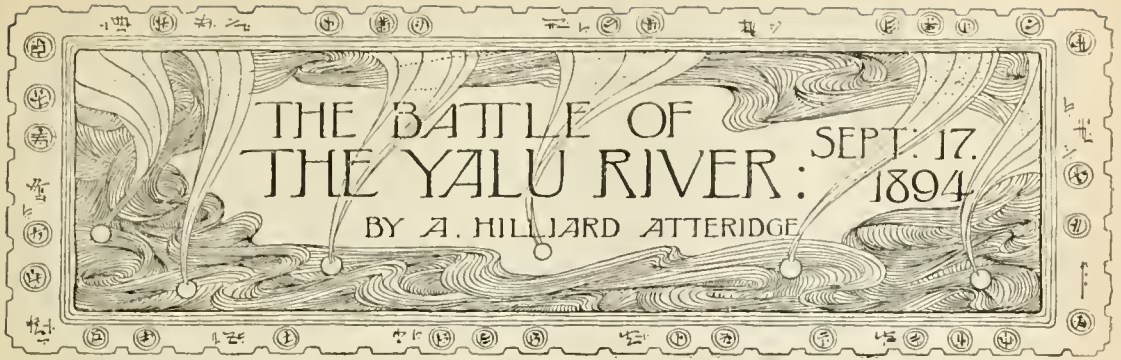
On entering the town of Radzievilov, Horodycki at once engaged some 800 Russians who were drawn up in the market-place. Horodycki had now but 300 men under his command. Of the 450 or 500 infantrymen in the wood, some forty or fifty of the most ill-conditioned had bolted on finding themselves in the presence of the Cossacks, who, as before mentioned, fired into the detachment as it was crossing the frontier. Synkiewicz sent away about an equal number as unfit for the desperate work before them. The rear-guard had been dispersed on crossing the frontier, and the rest of Horodycki's cavalry could not be employed. Nearly all the officers

of Horodycki's detachment were killed or wounded. Horodycki, who throughout the two days' campaign had suffered terribly from acute headache, and wore around his head a bandage constantly moistened, was cured of his complaint by a Russian bullet before he had been many minutes inside Radzievilov. Jagninski and Tchorszewski were also killed. Synkiewicz had to take refuge in a large pond or lake, where he remained for eight hours, while the peasants who had been pursuing him stood on the banks armed with scythes ready to murder him if he ventured to return to dry land. He swam unnoticed to a little island of mud, and there remained concealed amongst rushes and weeds, until he at last thought of taking off his Italian hat and sending it floating along the water. Then the peasants thought their intended victim was drowned, and went home to dinner.

When, after the dispersion and partial destruction of Horodycki's detachment, Wysocki's larger corps entered upon the scene, it took up its position in a wood near Radzievilov and sent out companies which fired tranquilly at their assailants from a cornfield not far distant. Of these companies some showed but little fight, while others behaved with much heroism. The officers in either case got killed. Glisczinski, one of the bravest of the brave, employed on Wysocki's staff, was actively employed in bringing up and placing the companies until, after having had two horses shot under him, he was struck down by almost the last bullet that was fired. Domogalski, chief of Wysocki's staff, was mortally wounded, and carried back to Brody to die.

The Battle of Brody, then, was for the Polish insurgents a total and lamentable failure. Instead of making the attack with the combination of several detachments, numbering altogether 4,500 men, they began their brief campaign with only two detachments, which attacked separately and were separately routed. This was the last military operation on anything like an important scale that the directors of the Polish insurrection of 1863 tried to carry out. It was more a political demonstration than a serious military undertaking, and even in the former character it was ineffective. There was never the least chance of the Poles being helped from abroad, unless they first showed that they were really capable of helping themselves.





WHEN on August 1st, 1894, the Mikado's Government formally declared war against the Chinese Empire, the first impression in Europe undoubtedly was that Japan might win some successes at the outset, but would sooner or later be crushed by the mere numbers of the Chinese. But there were a few longer-sighted critics of the coming war, who pointed out that its result would depend not on the mere numbers that might ultimately be brought into the field on both sides, but on the question of the command of the sea in the first few months of the struggle. But on this point, also, the opinion of experts was more favourable to China than Japan; for the Chinese possessed at least two ironclads which were superior to anything in the Japanese navy, the heaviest ships of which were indeed only partly armoured cruisers. Both navies had had the advantage of European teaching in drill, tactics, and seamanship. It was supposed that, everything else being equal, the possession of even a few powerful ironclads would turn the scale in favour of China.

At the outset the Chinese had been unfortunate upon the sea. Fighting had begun before the actual declaration of war, the Japanese squadron of cruisers on the Korean coast having, on the 25th of July, without any warning, attacked and roughly handled the Chinese cruiser *Kwang Yih*, which escaped capture only by a precipitate flight. Later in the same day the *Naniwa Kan*, one of the Japanese cruisers, sank the Chinese transport *Kowshing*, though she was flying the British flag, and commanded by British officers. Admiral Ting, an ex-cavalry officer, who commanded the northern Chinese fleet, declared that he would take the first opportunity to avenge what was regarded in China as the treacherous attack on the two Chinese vessels. He proposed to his Govern-

ment that he should at once take his fleet to Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, where the Japanese were known to be disembarking troops; and he promised that if he once got there he would destroy both the covering fleet and the transports. Such a success would have decided the war against Japan, for the invasion of Corea and Manchuria depended on the Japanese fleet being able to convoy the transports, and secure the safe landing of the troops in the first instance, and of the supplies and reinforcements they might subsequently need. But the Tsung-li-yamen at Peking was not so confident as the admiral in the power of the fleet; and, forgetting that if it was not strong enough to attack it would hardly be strong enough to keep the Japanese at bay, it ordered Ting to act on the defensive, and not to cruise beyond the narrow seas between Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. This was adopting a weak plan of campaign to begin with, for all naval history goes to prove that the best defence is in a vigorous offensive.

The Chinese admiral had at his disposal the following ships, making in all a formidable force:—

Ships.	Tons.	Guns.			Notes.
		Heavy Guns.	Quick Firing.	Machine Guns.	
Yang Wei	1,350	6	...	7	8-inch armour belt; 5 inches on barbette.
Ping Yuen	2,850	3	...	8	
Chao Yung	1,350	6	...	7	18 knots speed.
Ching Yuen	2,300	5	...	16	
Kwang Ping	1,030	...	3	8	} 9½-inch armour belt; 8 inches on barbette. } 14-inch armour belt. } 12-inch ditto on turret. } Each carrying four 12-inch guns.
King Yuen	2,850	4	...	8	
Lai Yuen	2,850	4	...	8	
Chen Yuen	7,430	6	...	12	
Ting Yuen	7,430	6	...	12	18 knots speed.
Chi Yuen	2,300	5	...	16	
Kwang Chia	1,300	7	...	8	6-inch armour on barbette.
Tsi Yuen	2,355	3	...	10	
The ships are placed in the order in which they fought at the Yalu, beginning on the right.		55	3	120	[No armour carried by ships unless noted in this column, which also notes heaviest guns and highest speeds in fleet.]

On board the flagship he had with him the German artillery officer Von Hanneken, whose official position was that of inspector of the Chinese coast defences. On board the *Chen-Yuen*, the other big ironclad, was Commander McGiffen, formerly of the United States navy. He was nominally the second in command of the ship, a Chinese officer being the titular captain of the vessel, but McGiffen was practically in charge. Some of the engineers and gunnery officers were Europeans or Americans, and all the native Chinese officers had received at least some training from European officers. The men were well drilled, and the ships were in good condition. The weak points of the fleet were the comparatively slow speed of all the ships and the deficiency of ammunition for the heavy guns—a defect only revealed by the battle.

The most careful preparations had been made in every other department. On the two ironclads coal bags were piled in a bulwark eight to ten feet thick round the barbettes to furnish additional defence, but the steel shields which had been fitted round some of the big guns were removed. The experience of the *Kwang Yih's* brief action with the Japanese cruisers had shown that these thin shields did more harm than good. They were just strong enough to burst shells that otherwise would have flown harmlessly over the heads of the gunners. The boats were also removed, with the exception of one in each ship. It was felt that they would be knocked to pieces early in the battle, and in any case no quarter was expected in case of disaster, so that the boats were not likely to be of much use. Orders were given that the decks were to be thoroughly drenched with the fire-hose before going into action, and they were also strewn with sand to prevent slipping. It would have been well if at the same time the Chinese commanders had got

rid of the lacquered woodwork that ornamented the bows of several of their ships. It proved to be highly inflammable, and was the source of much trouble during the battle.

The Chinese guns were mostly heavy Krupps and Armstrongs. They had a few machine-guns, but only three of the new quick-firers. It was known that the Japanese fleet consisted chiefly of swift modern cruisers, protected chiefly by the armoured and curved deck just below the water-line, and armed with a few heavy armour-piercing guns and a large number of quick-firers, each capable of sending out a stream of heavy shells at the rate of four or five to the minute. But Admiral Ting and his European and American colleagues were nevertheless confident that if they could once come to close quarters with the Japanese, the steady fire of the Chinese guns would destroy and sink their more lightly-protected enemies.



ADMIRAL HO.

the Japanese fleet was not far off, and that he would fall in with it, and have an opportunity of seeing what his big guns could do to make good the promises he had made to his Government. He was not only confident of success, but in a savagely truculent mood, as witness the following order which he signalled to the fleet as soon as it was well out to sea:—

“If the enemy shows the white flag, or hoists the Chinese ensign, give no quarter, but continue firing till he is sunk.”

Later in the day he signalled:

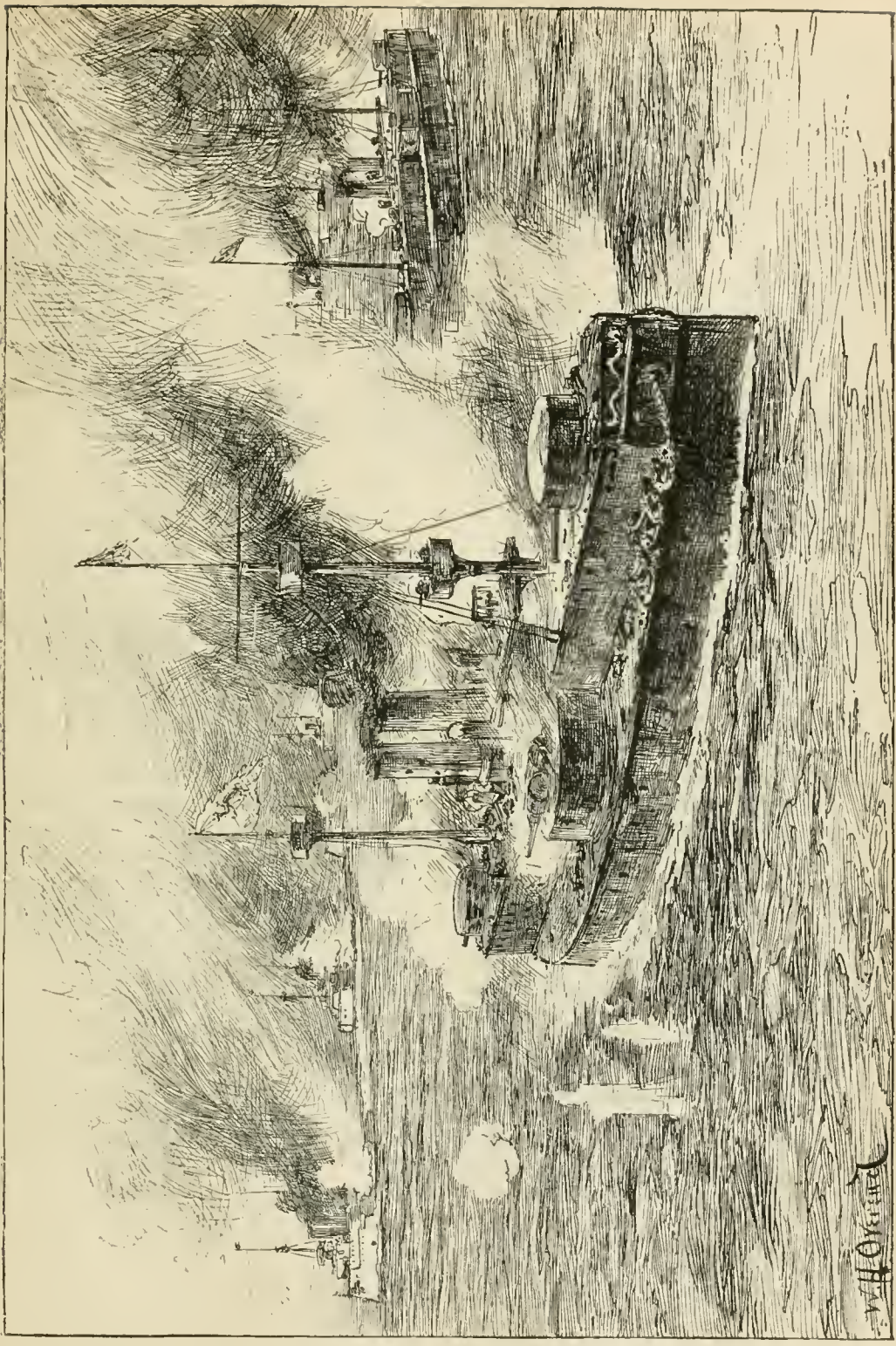
“Let each officer and man do his best for his country to-morrow. I expect to congratulate you on a victory over the enemy to-morrow afternoon.”

But to-morrow afternoon came, and brought

Yoshino.

Fuku hiéon. Akisushim t. Kaniwa Kat.

Chiyooh. H. Lafate.



W. H. FORBES

Ting-Yuen (Flag).

THE BATTLE OF THE VALU.

Chen-Yueth.

no sight of the enemy. Before the end of the week Ting was back at Port Arthur, having gained nothing by his cruise but some exercise for his officers and men. Meanwhile, the Japanese fleet was protecting the disembarkation of the invading army in Corea; but it found time in the interval between two of these descents to reconnoitre Wei-hai-wei, exchanging a few shots at long range with the seaward forts. The orders sent to Admiral Ting by his Government had practically given Admiral Ito and the Japanese fleet the command of the sea at the most critical period of the war.

August passed without the Chinese fleet doing anything but lie at anchor in its fortified harbours, or cruise peacefully in waters into which the Japanese had as yet no reason to venture. Ting was indignant at the inglorious part assigned to him, and eager for an opportunity of showing how little foundation there was for the rumours which attributed the inaction of his squadron to his own want of courage and enterprise. Meanwhile, the Japanese armies were steadily overrunning Corea. The second week of September brought news of the advance on Pin-yang, and then the chief anxiety of the Chinese Government was to rapidly reinforce the army that was being assembled to dispute the passage of the Yalu River, the stream which forms the boundary between Corea and Manchuria. Admiral Ting was directed to act as convoy to the transports engaged in this work.

On Saturday, September the 15th, his fleet, consisting of 11 warships, 4 gunboats, and 6 torpedo boats, assembled at Ta-lien-wan Bay, near Port Arthur, and was there joined by 6 transports, which had on board some 4,500 troops, with 80 guns. The day was spent in completing the cargoes of the transports and coaling the fleet, and, shortly after midnight, the whole fleet of warships and transports put out to sea. On the Sunday afternoon the warships anchored just outside the mouth of the Yalu River, while the transports, escorted by some of the lighter vessels, went up the river to disembark the troops and guns near the southern end of the Chinese entrenchments.

On that same day, Sunday, September 16th, Ito, the Japanese admiral, had been engaged in precisely the same task as his Chinese rival, the place where the Japanese disembarked under cover of his fleet being nearly a hundred miles to the southward down the coast, and the troops being destined to take part in the advance

against the line of the Yalu River. On the Sunday afternoon, the troops having all been landed, Ito put out to sea. The following was the force under his command:—

	Ships.	Tons.	Guns.			Notes.
			Heavy Guns.	Quick Firers.	Machine Guns.	
Van Squadron.	Yoshino ...	4,150	...	44	...	23 knots. Swiftest ship in either fleet.
	Takachico ...	3,650	8	...	12	Sister ships. Speed, 18 knots.
	Naniwa Kan ...	3,650	8	...	12	
	Akitsushima ...	3,150	1	12	10	One long 13-inch gun.
	Matsushima* ...	4,277	12	16	6	12-inch armour on battery.
Main Squadron.	Itsukushima ...	4,277	12	16	6	One long 13-inch gun (French) on each ship.
	Has date ...	4,277	12	16	15	4½-inch armour belt.
	Chiyoda ...	2,450	...	24	13	
	Fuso ...	3,718	6	...	8	4½-inch armour belt.
	Hiyei ...	2,200	9	[No armour on any ship unless noted in this column, which also notes the heaviest guns and the highest speeds in the fleet.]
Saikio ...	600	...	†	...		
Akagi ...	615	1	4	6		
			69	132	88	

* Flag ship.

† Quick-firers only.

The ships were divided into two squadrons: the van squadron consisting of the cruisers *Yoshino*, *Naniwa Kan*, *Takachico*, and *Akitsushima*; and the main squadron, formed of the flagship *Matsushima*, her sister ship the *Ikitsushima*, and the *Hasidate*, *Fuso*, *Chiyoda*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi*, and the armed transport *Saikio*.

The swiftest ship in the fleet was the *Yoshino*, a splendid cruiser, launched in 1892 at Elswick, with a speed of twenty-three knots, and an armament of 44 Armstrong quick-firers. Her four heaviest guns, 6-inch Armstrongs, were supposed to be capable of piercing ten inches of armour, and only two of the Chinese ships carried anything thicker than this. When all her guns were in action she could discharge nearly 4,000 pounds weight of shells every minute. The quick-firing gun is a weapon that is so mounted as to be swung about and levelled at the mark almost as easily as a rifle. The breech opens easily, and shell and cartridge are slipped in together, in a brass case. Then a single movement closes and locks the breech, and the marksman who does the aiming fires it by touching a trigger, all the recoil being taken up by the mountings, and the gun coming back smartly into position the moment after the discharge. The Japanese fleet bristled with these formidable weapons.

The *Akagi* and the *Saikio* were the only ships in the Japanese fleet that were entirely without protection, either in the shape of belts and partial side armour, or the curved armoured deck below the water-line. They were all

superior in speed to the Chinese; though no other ship was so fast as the *Yoshino*. Finally, as the event proved, they had the great advantage of being abundantly supplied with ammunition for their guns.

With this formidable fleet Ito steamed slowly to the north-westward during Sunday night. Early on Monday morning he was off the island of Hai-yun-tao. He had heard that Ting had been using the harbour inside the island as a rendezvous for the fleet, and his lookouts searched the channel and the bay with their telescopes; but there were only a few fishing-boats in sight, and at seven a.m. the fleet began steaming north-eastward. It was a fine autumn morning. The sun shone brightly, and there was only just enough of a breeze to ripple the surface of the water. It must have been a grand sight to have seen the long line of warships cleaving their way through the blue waters, all bright with white paint, the chrysanthemum of Japan shining like a golden shield on every bow, and the same emblem flying in red and white from every masthead. Some miles away to port rose the rocky coast and the blue hills of Manchuria, with many an island, and here and there a little bay with its fishing villages. On the other side, the waters of the wide Korean Gulf stretched to an unbroken horizon. Towards eleven o'clock the hills at the head of the gulf were rising ahead. Ito had in his leading ship, the *Yoshino*, a cruiser that would have made a splendid scout. In any European navy she would have been steaming some miles ahead of her colleagues with, perhaps, another quick ship between her and the fleet to pass on her signals. But Ito seems to have done no scouting, but to have kept his ships in single line ahead, with a small interval between the van and the main squadron. At half-past eleven smoke was seen far away on the starboard bow, the bearing being east-north-east. It appeared to come from a number of steamers in line, on the horizon. The course was altered and the speed increased. Ito believed that he had the Chinese fleet in front of him. And he was right. The smoke was that of Ting's ironclads and cruisers anchored in line, with steam up, outside the mouth of the Yalu.

On Monday morning the Chinese crews had been exercised at their guns, and a little before noon, while the cooks were busy getting dinner ready, the lookout men at several of the mast-heads began to call out that they saw the smoke of a large fleet away on the horizon to the

south-west. Admiral Ting was as eager for the fight as his opponents. At once he signalled to his fleet to weigh anchor, and a few minutes later ran up the signal to clear for action.

The same signal was made by Admiral Ito half-an-hour later, as his ships came in sight of the Chinese line of battle. The actual moment was five minutes past noon, but it was not until three-quarters of an hour later that the fleets had closed sufficiently near for the actual fight to begin at long range. This three-quarters of an hour was a time of anxious, eager expectation for both Chinese and Japanese. Commander McGiffen of the *Chen Yuen* has given a striking description of the scene when "the deadly space" between the two fleets was narrowing, and all were watching for the flash and smoke of the first gun:—"The twenty-two ships," he says, "trim and fresh-looking in their paint and their bright new bunting, and gay with fluttering signal-flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found difficulty in realising that they were not there simply for a friendly meeting. But, looking closer on the *Chen Yuen*, one could see beneath this gaiety much that was sinister. Dark-skinned men, with queues tightly coiled round their heads, and with arms bared to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill or be killed. Sand was sprinkled along the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures, and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship, were men at the shell whips and ammunition hoists and in the torpedo room. Here and there a man lay flat on the deck, with a charge of powder—fifty pounds or more—in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring in a shell through the side. Once the battle had begun they were all right; but at first the strain was intense. The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sub-lieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called, the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam

pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that, in case of fire, no time need be lost. '6,000 metres!'—'5,800!'—'600!'—'500!'—'5400!'. The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette, opened the ball."

The shot fell a little ahead of the *Yoshino*, throwing up a tall column of white water.

and *Chen Yuen*. Their first effect was to deluge the decks, barbettes, and bridges of the two ironclads with the geysers of water flung up by their impact with the waves. In a few minutes every man on deck was soaked to the skin. One by one the other ships along the Japanese line opened fire, and then, as the range still diminished, the Chinese machine-guns, Hotchkisses and Nordenfelts, added their sharp, growling reports to the deeper chorus of the heavier guns.

And now the fire began to tell on both sides. A 12-inch shell from one of the large Chinese ironclads had burst fairly on the deck of one of the cruisers in the Japanese van. The shells of the Japanese quick-firers were bursting over the decks of the Chinese ships, cutting away fittings, killing and wounding men, and already kindling fires in the woodwork. The armoured barbettes and central citadels of the *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen* were especially the mark of the Japanese fire. The din of the striking and bursting projectiles was like a continual thunder, but the armour held its own. Theoretically, the Japanese guns ought to have pierced it again and again, but the actual results were confined to a number of deep dents and grooves in the massive plates. But through the unarmoured structures the shells crashed like pebbles through glass, the only effect of the metal wall being to burst the shell as it went through, filling the space within with flying fragments of steel and volumes of poisonous smoke.

For every shot from the Chinese guns there were a dozen from the Japanese. Ito's vanguard having reached the extreme right of the Chinese line, now turned to starboard, so as to come round on the other side of it. The Chinese ships were under easy steam, advancing in line at the rate of about six knots an hour; but those on the flanks did not keep their stations well, and were a little astern of the centre, hence the report at first spread that Admiral Ting had fought with his ships in a crescent. As the vanguard squadron of the Japanese came round the Chinese right and opened fire on the sterns of the ships, the main squadron was engaging their bow guns, the right wing, the weakest part of the Chinese line, being thus taken between two fires. Following the van, the main squadron, led by the *Matsushima*, now swept round the right of Ting's line, and the position of the two fleets was reversed, the Japanese being between the Chinese and the river mouth for a few moments.

It was now that a gallant act was performed



Admiral Ito, in his official report, notes that this first shot was fired at ten minutes to one. The range, as noted on the *Chen Yuen*, was 5,200 yards, or a little over three and a half miles. The heavy barbette and bow guns of the *Chen Yuen* and other ships now joined in, but still the Japanese van squadron came on without replying. For five minutes the firing was all on the side of the Chinese. The space between the Japanese van and the hostile line had diminished to 3,000 yards—a little under two miles. The *Yoshino*, the leading ship, was heading for the centre of the Chinese line, but obliquely, so as to pass diagonally along the front of the Chinese right wing. At five minutes to one her powerful forward battery of quick-firers opened on the Chinese, sending out a storm of shells, most of which fell in the water just ahead of the *Ting*

by the captain of the *Hiyei*, the weakest and smallest of the Japanese ships. She was the last ship in the long line, and had fallen so far astern that her captain felt that to attempt to get round the Chinese right would be to run the risk of being cut off from his colleagues and rammed. He took a bold course to rejoin. Turning full on to the centre of the Chinese line, his little ship rushed down the narrow lane of water between the two ironclads *Ting* and *Chen Yuen*, receiving fire from both, and losing several men. But he came safely out through the storm of fire, and resumed his place with the main squadron.

But now came the first signs of disaster for the Chinese. The first shots had hardly been fired when the ship on the extreme left of *Ting's* line—the *Tsi Yuen*—dropped out of her station, and was seen to be making off in the direction of Port Arthur. One of the Japanese main squadron sent a shot from her longbow-gun after the fugitive. It struck and dismantled her stern chaser. This was the only shot that struck the *Tsi Yuen*, although her captain

tried to make out that he had been for a long time in the thick of the action. He was brought before a court-martial, and paid for his cowardice with his life.

The *Kwang Chia*, the next ship in the line, followed the evil example of the *Tsi Yuen*. Untouched by the Japanese fire, she steamed away for Ta-lien-wan Bay, and was wrecked the same evening on a reef at its entrance. The two ships on the extreme right of the Chinese—the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*—had a more honourable fate, but were almost as quickly put *hors de combat*. Both were built on the same principle. They had a 10-inch gun mounted in

a barbette ahead and astern, the barbettes being connected by passages running along each side of a central deck structure. On top of this were mounted machine-guns, and outside passages were wooden cabins, oil-painted and varnished. The Japanese shells set the cabins and side passages on fire. It became impossible either to bring up ammunition for the heavy guns in the barbettes, or to work the machine-guns



"THE SHELL BURST AMONG HER BOW GUNS" (p. 87).

overhead. The two hapless cruisers, each a mass of flame and black smoke, were headed for the shore. The *Saikio* pursued them, but was scared off by two gunboats and the Chinese torpedo boats coming to the rescue from the mouth of the Yalu River. But the result of all this was that of the ten ships that had formed the Chinese line at the beginning of the battle only six remained—the *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen* lying close together, the *Chi Yuen* a little to their left, and the *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping* on their right.

But the Japanese were not unscathed. The *Hiyei* was so badly damaged that she drew out

of the fight. The *Akagi* had her mast shot away, its fall killing her captain, Commander Sakamoto; and her two officers next in rank, Lieutenants Sasaki and Sato, were severely wounded. She had to haul out of action for a while to clear her decks. The armed transport *Saikō* had soon after to drop out of line with her funnel riddled and her steam pipes damaged.

Had the Chinese been as well provided with ammunition as the Japanese, they might have done still better; but soon after the battle began it was found that they were short of shell for the big guns. Most of the projectiles used by the Chinese were only what are known as armour-piercing projectiles, or long solid shot. These could not either set the fittings of the Japanese ships on fire, or scatter death and confusion among the crews, like the heavy shells. Before long in most of the Chinese ships the gunners were all but fighting among themselves for the few shells that were available, but all the while the fiery storm from the Japanese quick-firers did not slacken for a moment. For the most part, the Chinese faced it like heroes. There were cowards here and there. They are to be found in most battles. Thus early in the fight Commander McGiffen, going below to see what was wrong with the revolving gear of one of the barbette guns, felt himself pushed back from the recess under the barrette, and heard the voice of his navigating lieutenant saying to him, "You can't hide here. There are too many of us here already"; and he saw a group of frightened men cowering in the recess. But above, in the barrette, the men were standing to their guns under a deadly fire. The gunnery lieutenant, Tsao Kai, was wounded, and passed down; but his younger brother—a mere boy—who had come on board for a holiday, stayed above in the barrette helping the men, and, wonderful to say, was the only one in the place who escaped without a wound. The captain of one of the guns had his head swept off by a shell as he took the lanyard to fire. One of his men caught the headless corpse, swung it out of the way, took the lanyard, glanced along the sights, and fired with hardly a moment's delay. Grandeur still was the courage of the engineers of the ill-fated *Lai Yuen*. The deck of the ship took fire. When it was extinguished, hours after the battle, the iron girders on which it was laid were all bent and twisted. But down below, in the engine-room, the engineers stuck to their posts. With

hardly any light, with most of the ventilators blocked or cut off, and with the heat up to two hundred degrees, they obeyed the orders sent down by the tube from the conning-tower, which remained intact. They were fearfully scorched and burned; some were blinded; all were in the doctor's hands, and some died. But, nevertheless, down in the depths of the burning ship they did their duty just as if all were going on well.

Fire had so far been the chief enemy of the Chinese ships. But one of the few ships left on the right of the line met with a more terrible fate. The *Chi Yuen* was a handy little cruiser, and her captain, Tang, a plucky Chinese officer, daringly but imprudently tried to measure her strength with that of the far more powerful ships of the Japanese van squadron. She had received several shells as she closed with them, when, suddenly hit in the water-line by a heavy projectile, she heeled over, and then plunged, bow foremost, in the sea, both her screws whizzing in the air as she went down. Seven only of her crew were picked up clinging to wreckage. Her English chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, went down with her. Captain Tang tried to float on an oar, but was drowned by a big dog of his swimming after him and putting its forefeet on his shoulders.

The battle had now lasted far into the afternoon. Five only of Ting's original line of battle were left—the two heavy ironclads and three smaller ships. The van squadron came up on one side of the two ironclads, and the main squadron on the other, and poured in a concentrated fire, some of the Japanese ships firing their broadsides simultaneously by electricity, after training the guns, so that all bore upon a single point. Exposed to this storm of fire, the two Chinese ships lost heavily in killed and wounded; but their armour, and with it the vital parts of each ship, remained intact. Signals and signal halyards had been long since shot away, and all the signalmen killed or wounded; but the two ships conformed to each other's movements, and made a splendid fight of it. Admiral Ting had been insensible for some hours at the outset of the battle. He had stood too close to one of his own big guns on a platform above its muzzle, and had been stunned by the upward and backward concussion of the air; but he had recovered consciousness, and, though wounded by a burst shell, was bravely commanding his ship. Von Hanneken was also wounded in one of the barbettes. The ship was on fire

forward, but the hose kept the flames under. The *Chen Yuen* was almost in the same plight. Her commander, McGiffen, had had several narrow escapes. When at last the lacquered woodwork on her fore-castle caught fire, and the men declined to go forward and put it out unless an officer went with them, he led the party. He was stooping down to move something on the fore-castle, when a shot passed between his arms and legs, wounding both his wrists. At the same time he was struck down by an explosion near him. When he recovered from the shock he found himself in a terrible position. He was lying wounded on the fore-castle, and full in front of him he saw the muzzle of one of the heavy barbette guns come sweeping round, rise, and then sink a little, as the gunners trained it on a Japanese ship, never noticing that he lay just below the line of fire. It was in vain to try to attract their attention. In another minute he would have been caught in the fiery blast. With a great effort he rolled himself over the edge of the fore-castle, dropping on to some rubbish on the main deck, and hearing the roar of the gun as he fell.

A few shells were found in the *Chen Yuen's* magazine about this time, and one of these was used with deadly effect, showing what the Chinese might have done if they had been better supplied with such missiles. Admiral Ito, in his report, fixes the time at 3.26, and says that the shell which did such damage came from the *Ting Yuen*; but it seems certain that he is mistaken, and that it was her sister ship that fired it. Aimed at the *Matsushima*, Ito's flag-ship, it burst among her bow guns. The long 12-inch gun, mounted in the bow, was put out of gear; a smaller gun was blown from its mountings and thrown overboard; between forty and fifty men and officers strewed the deck killed and wounded; and the ship was set on fire. She drew out of the line, Ito transferring his flag to the *Hasidate*. It was with the utmost difficulty that the fire was first kept from the magazines and then put out. And all this damage was done by a single 12-inch shell. It seems, however, that there were a number of cartridges piled behind the big bow gun, and the destruction was partly due to these being fired by the exploding Chinese shell. Commander McGiffen asserts that the shell killed and wounded nearly a hundred Japanese; but this is an exaggeration. The total loss on board the *Matsushima*, from first to last, was 107 officers and men, and it is more likely that

the Japanese account is true, which makes forty the butcher's bill for this successful shot. It says something for Ito's courage that his ship lost more men than any other in his fleet. But the strange chances of war are illustrated by the fact that the *Chiyoda*, which was close to the *Matsushima* throughout the battle, had not a single officer or man killed or wounded.

The battle now resolved itself into a close cannonade of the two ironclads by the main body of the Japanese fleet, whilst the rest of the ships kept up a desultory fight with the three other Chinese ships and the gunboats. The torpedo boats seem to have done nothing. Commander McGiffen says that their engines had been worn out, and their fittings shaken to pieces, by their being recklessly used as ordinary steam launches in the weeks before the battle. The torpedoes fired from the tubes of the battleships were few in number, and all missed their mark, one, at least, going harmlessly under a ship at which it was fired at a range of only fifty yards. The Japanese used no torpedoes. It is even said that, by a mistake, they sailed without a supply of these weapons. Nor was the ram used anywhere. Once or twice a Chinese ship tried to run down a Japanese, but the swifter and handier vessels of Ito's squadron easily avoided all such attacks. The Yalu fight was from first to last an artillery battle.

And the end of it came somewhat unexpectedly. The *Chen Yuen* and the *Ting Yuen* were both running short of ammunition. The latter had been hit more than four hundred times without her armour being pierced, and the former, at least as often. One of the *Chen Yuen's* heavy guns had its mountings damaged, but otherwise she was yet serviceable. Still, she had been severely battered, had lost a great part of her crew, and her slow fire must have told the Japanese that she was economising her ammunition, which was now all solid shot. But about half-past five Ito signalled to his fleet to retire. The two Chinese ironclads followed them for a couple of miles, sending an occasional shot after them; then the Japanese main squadron suddenly circled round as if to renew the action, and, towards six o'clock, there was a brisk exchange of fire at long range. When Ito again ceased fire, the *Chen Yuen* had just three projectiles left for her heavy guns. If he had kept on for a few minutes longer the two Chinese ships would have been at his mercy.

The van squadron, which had sunk with its fire the burning *Ting Yuen*, followed the main

squadron at a long interval. The ironclads could not have prevented it from sinking every one of the disabled Chinese ships if it had remained on the scene of the battle.

As the sun went down over the land to the westward, the remains of the Chinese fleet had assembled, and was slowly steaming for Port Arthur. The two ironclads led the way. Then came the *Lai Yuen*, with her deck still on fire in places, and the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, all with decks strewed with dead, and magazines empty. Far astern the flames from the abandoned *Chao Yung* marked the scene of the battle. Even after darkness set in the Japanese cruisers were seen for some time moving on a parallel course to the eastward, their white sides reflecting the moonlight. Towards midnight they disappeared. In the morning, when the Chinese fleet approached Port Arthur, no hostile flag was in sight.

Ito's retirement has never yet been fully explained. In his report to the Mikado he wrote:—"About 5.30 p.m., seeing that the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen* had been joined by other ships, and that my van squadron was separated by a great distance from my main force, and considering that sunset was approaching, I discontinued the action, and recalled my main squadron by signal. As the enemy's vessels proceeded on a southerly course, I assumed that they were making for Wei-hai-wei; and having reassembled the fleet, I steamed upon what I supposed to be a parallel course to that of the foe, with the intention of renewing the engagement in the morning, for I deemed that a night action might be disadvantageous, owing to the possibility of the ships becoming separated in the darkness, and to the fact that the enemy had torpedo boats in company. I lost sight, however, of the Chinese, and at daylight saw no signs of the foe."

The explanation is but a lame one. The "other ships" that joined the Chinese ironclads can only have been the gunboats from the river mouth. If Ito had held on doggedly for what was left of daylight, and used his electric search-lights to supplement the moonlight when darkness came on, he might have completed the destruction of the Chinese fleet. It looks very much as if the real reason was that both he and his officers and men were tired out with the exertion of a five-hours' battle, and unfavourably impressed by the desperate resistance that had been made by the two ironclads.

It is easy to understand how it was that at first both sides claimed the victory. As subsequent events amply proved, it was a clear gain for the Japanese, who, without losing a single ship, destroyed half the enemy's force, and so demoralised what was left of it, that no further effort was made by the Chinese to keep the seas, their ships being thenceforth only used for harbour defence. The Japanese appear to have understated the damage done to their ships, at first refusing to admit that any of them were seriously injured. If the official list of the killed and wounded issued by the Japanese Government some two months later is correct, a naval action is far from being as sanguinary an affair for the victors as it was in Nelson's days.

According to this narrative statement, while the *Matsushima* had the heavy loss of 2 officers killed and 3 wounded, and 33 men killed and 71 wounded, and the *Hiei* lost 56 officers and men, no other ship had any serious losses. Thus the *Itsukushima* is said to have had an officer wounded, and 30 men killed and wounded; the *Husidate*, 2 killed and 10 wounded; the *Fuso*, 14; the *Yoshino*, which led the van division, only 11; the *Saikio*, the same number; the *Akagi*, 28; the *Akitsushima*, 15; the *Takachico*, an officer and 2 men wounded; the *Naniwa Kan*, 1 man wounded; and the *Chiyoda*, not a single man or officer touched. This is a surprising result. The total loss is stated at—

		Killed.	Wounded.	Totals.
Officers	10	16	26
Men	80	188	268
		90	204	294

There is no precise record of the Chinese loss, but it must have far exceeded these moderate figures.

As for the lesson to be learned from the battle, before the details were known in England it was supposed that it went to prove that lightly-armoured cruisers with quick-firing guns were more than a match for battleships. But the Yalu fight had no such moral. The *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen* cannot be compared in either defensive power or gun power with modern European battleships, such as those which form the chief feature in the English and French Mediterranean fleets; yet even these inferior battleships were able to defy the attempts of the Japanese cruisers to crush them. There was a moment when the two Chinese ironclads successfully stood against eight Japanese cruisers. Had the Chinese had

plenty of heavy shells, they would no doubt have dealt their opponents not one, but many such blows as that which nearly wrecked the *Matsushima*, and put her out of action for a while. It was the peculation and corruption in the Chinese admiralty, so far as supplies were concerned, which enabled the Japanese cruisers

other inflammable material in the deck fittings and superstructures of battleships. This has led to a good deal of minor changes in the designs of European ships. But the fact remains that the battle of the Yalu hardly represents what a fight between two European navies would be like. Probably in such a battle,



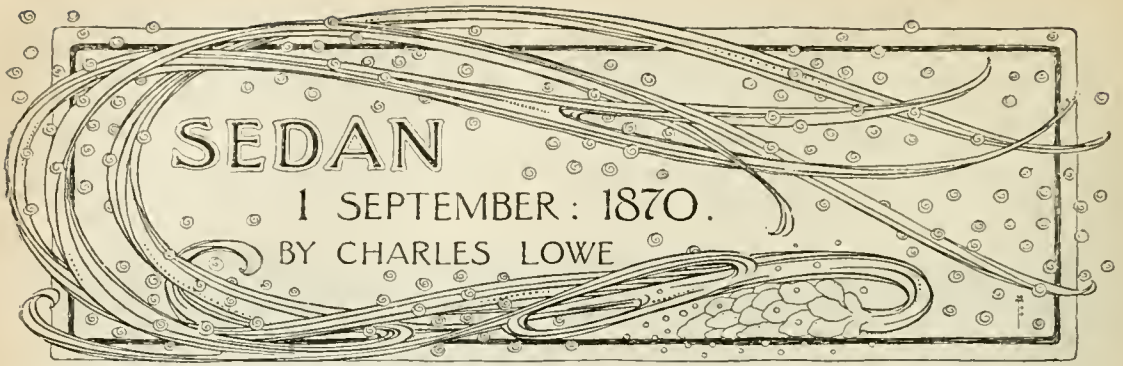
"WHEN HE RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A TERRIBLE POSITION" (p. 87).

to make such a good fight against the Chinese battleships. If a couple of our ships of the admiral class had been in the place of the two *Yucns*, the result of the experiment would have been very different. The Yalu fight showed what the cruiser could do, but, if anything, it proved more clearly than ever the value of the battleship.

On a point of detail, it afforded a valuable lesson—namely, the danger of woodwork and

though the gun would be the chief weapon, the torpedo and even the ram would count for something.

Of the tales told of strange injuries received during the fight one is worth noting. An officer of the *Chen Yuen* put his hand on an iron plate where a shot had just scored it, in order to see the result. Half the skin came off, and his hand was horribly burned; for, as the result of the blow, the plate was in a glowing heat.



WAR between France and Germany had been declared on 19th July, 1870; and as early as August 2nd—so swiftly had been accomplished the work of mobilising the hosts of the Fatherland as the “Watch on the Rhine”—King William of Prussia, now in his seventieth year, took command of the united German armies at Mayence.

These armies were three in number—the First, on the right, consisting of 60,000 men, commanded by General Steinmetz; the Second, in the centre, 194,000 strong, under the “Red Prince” (Frederick Charles); and the Third, on the left, 130,000, led by the Crown Prince of Prussia. An additional 100,000 men, still at the disposal of any of these three hosts, brought up the German field-army to a figure of 484,000.

Altogether, Germany now had under arms no fewer than 1,183,389 men, with 250,373 horses! Many of these, however, had to remain behind in the Fatherland itself to man the fortresses and maintain communication with the front; while others belonged to the category of supplementary troops, or reserves, held ready to supply the gaps made in the fighting field-army of nearly half a million men, as above.

The corresponding field array of the French was considerably inferior in point of numbers (336,500), equipment, organisation, and discipline—in all respects, in fact, save that of the chassepôt rifle, which was decidedly superior to the German needle-gun. The French, too, had a large number of mitrailleuses, or machine-guns, which ground out the bullets at what they deemed would be a terribly murderous rate. But these instruments of wholesale massacre did not, in the end, come up to the French expectation of them; while, on the other hand, the Prussian field-artillery proved itself to be far superior in all respects to that of the French.

Finally, the Germans had a plan; the French had none. Profound forethought was stamped on everything the Germans did; but, on the other hand, it was stamped on scarcely one single act of their enemies. The Germans had at their head a man of design, while the corresponding director of the French was only a “Man of Destiny.”

The first serious battle was fought on the 4th August at Wissemburg, when the Crown Prince fell upon the French and smote them hip and thigh, following up this victory, on the 6th, at Wörth, when he again assaulted and tumbled back the overweening hosts of MacMahon in hideous ruin, partly on Strasburg, partly on Chalons. On this same day Steinmetz, on the right, carried the Spicheren Heights with terrific carnage, and all but annihilated Frossard's Corps. It was now the turn of the “Red Prince,” in the centre, to strike in; and this he did on the 16th, with glorious success, at Mars-la-Tour, when, against fivefold odds, he hung on to Marshal Bazaine's army and thwarted it in its attempt to escape from Metz. Two days later, the 18th, on very nearly the same ground, there was fought the bloodiest battle of all the war, that of Gravelotte-St. Privat—which resulted in the hurling back of Bazaine into Metz, there to be cooped up and beleaguered by Prince Frederick Charles and forced to capitulate within a couple of months.

Moltke's immediate object was now to dispose of MacMahon, who had retired on Chalons—thence either to fall back on Paris, or march by a circuitous route to the relief of Bazaine. Which course he meant to adopt the German leaders did not as yet know, though it was of life-and-death importance that they should find out with the least possible delay. Meanwhile the Crown Prince of Prussia with the Third Army continued his pursuit of MacMahon, as if

towards Chalons ; and with him co-operated the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of a Fourth Army (of the Meuse), which had now been created out of such of the "Red Prince's" forces (First and Second Armies) as were not required for the investment of Metz.

For several days the pursuing Germans continued their rapid march to the west, but on the 25th, word reached Moltke, the real directing head of the campaign, that MacMahon in hot haste had evacuated the camp at Chalons, and marched to the north-west on Rheims, with the apparent intention of doubling back on Metz. Meanwhile, until his intention should become unmistakably plain, the German leaders did no more than give a right half-front direction to the enormous host of about 200,000 men which, on an irregular frontage of nearly fifty miles, was sweeping forward to the west, Pariswards.

For three more days this altered movement was continued, and then "Right-half-wheel!" again resounded all along the enormous line, there being now executed by the German armies one of the grandest feats of strategical combination that had ever been performed. The German cavalry had already done wonders of scouting, but it was believed that Moltke's knowledge of the altered movements of MacMahon was now mainly derived from Paris telegrams to a London newspaper, which were promptly re-communicated, by way of Berlin, to the German headquarters—a proof of how the revelations of the war-correspondent—whom Lord Wolseley once denounced as the "curse of modern armies"—may sometimes affect the whole course of a campaign.

Not long was it now before the heads of the German columns were within striking distance of MacMahon, who was hastening eastward to cross the Meuse in the direction of Metz ; but his movement became ever more flurried in proportion to the swiftness wherewith the Germans deployed their armies on a frontage parallel to his flank line of march. Alternately obeying his own military instincts and the political orders from Paris, MacMahon dodged and doubled in the basin of the Meuse like a breathless and bewildered hare. On the 30th August an action at Beaumont proved to the French the utter hopelessness of their attempting to pursue their Metz-ward march. As the battle of Mars-la-Tour had compelled Bazaine to relinquish his plan of reaching Verdun and to fight for his life with his back to Metz, so the

victory of Beaumont proved to MacMahon that his only resource left was to abandon the attempt to reach the virgin fortress on the Moselle, and concentrate his demoralised and rabble army around the frontier stronghold of Sedan.

As Sedan had been the birthplace of one of the greatest of French marshals, Turenne, who had unrighteously seized Strasburg and the left bank of the Rhine for France, and been the scourge of Germany, it was peculiarly fitting that it should now become the scene of the battle which was to restore Alsace-Lorraine to the Fatherland, and destroy the Continental supremacy of the Gauls.

Standing on the right bank of the Meuse, in a projecting angle between Luxemburg and Belgian territory, the fortified old town of Sedan is surrounded by meadows, gardens, cultivated fields, ravines, and wet-ditches ; while the citadel, or castle, rises on a cliff-like eminence to the south-west of the place. Away in the distance towards the Belgian frontier stretch the Ardennes—that verdant forest of Arden in which Touchstone jested and Orlando loved, but which was now to become the scene of a great tragedy—of one of the most crushing disasters that ever befell a mighty nation.

In retiring on Sedan, MacMahon had not intended to offer battle there, but simply to give his troops a short rest, of which they stood so much in need, and provide them with food and ammunition. These troops were worn out with their efforts by day and night and by continuous rain ; while their apparently aimless marching to and fro had undermined their confidence in their leaders, and a series of defeats had shaken their own self-trust. Thousands of fugitives, crying for bread, crowded round the waggons as they made their way to the little fortress which had thus so suddenly become the goal of a vast army.

On the 31st of August, after making all his strategic preparations, and taking a general survey of the situation, Moltke quietly remarked with a chuckle : "The trap is now closed, and the mouse is in it." That night headquarters were at Vendresse, a townlet about fourteen miles to the south of Sedan ; and early on the morning of the 1st of September, King William and his brilliant suite of generals, princes, and foreign officers were up and away to the hill-slope of Fresnois, which commands a view of the town and valley of Sedan as a box on the grand

tiers of an opera does that of the stage. Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon—the king's mighty men of wisdom and of valour—were also in his

on pontoons, advanced to attack the village of Bazeilles, a suburb of Sedan outside the fortifications on the south-east. The Bavarians had already shelled this suburb on the previous evening so severely that pillars of flame and smoke shot up into the air during the night. In no other battle of the war was such fighting ferocity shown as in this hand-to-hand struggle for Bazeilles. For the Bavarians were met with such a stubborn resistance on the part of the French marine infantry posted there, that they were twice compelled to abandon their hold on that place by vehement counter-assaults.

The inhabitants of the village, too—women as well as men—joined in its defence by firing out of the houses and cellars on the Bavarians as they pressed onward, and by perpetrating most revolting barbarities on the wounded Germans left behind when their comrades had repeatedly to retreat. The Bavarians, on their part, were so dreadfully embittered and enraged by these things that they gave no quarter, acting with relentless rigour towards all the inhabitants found with arms in their hands or caught in the act of inflicting cruelties on the wounded.

The struggle for the village became one of mutual annihilation. House by house and street by street had to be stormed and taken by the Bavarians, and the only way of ejecting the enemy from some of these massively built and strongly garrisoned buildings was by employing pioneers to breach the walls in the rear or from the side streets and throw in lighted torches. Notwithstanding all the desperate bravery of



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY.

Majesty's suite. "Why," remarked a Prussian soldier on seeing this brilliant assemblage take up its position on the brow of the hill and produce its field-glasses, "why, all this is just the same as at our autumn manœuvres!"

The morning had broken in a thick fog, under cover of which the Germans had marched up to their various positions, some of the columns having moved off at midnight; and by the time King William had taken his stand on the Fresnois height, a little to the east of where his son, the Crown Prince, had similarly posted himself in order to direct the movements of the Third Army, the hot September sun had raised the curtain of the mist and disclosed the progress which had already been made by the stupendous battle drama.



STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS PRIOR TO SEDAN.

This had been opened by the Bavarians, under Von der Tann, who, crossing the Meuse

the Bavarians, the battle fluctuated for nearly six hours in the streets of Bazeilles, fresh troops,

or freshly rallied ones, being constantly thrown by both sides into the seething fight. It was not till about 10 a.m. that the Bavarians had acquired full possession of the village itself—now reduced to mere heaps of smoking ruins; but as the combat died away in the streets it

the infuriated Highlanders of Sir Colin Campbell. But it must be remembered that in all three cases the blood of the assailants had been roused to almost tiger-heat by barbarous provocation from the other side.

Simultaneously with the sanguinary struggle



GERMAN UNIFORMS, 1870.

was continued with equal desperation in the adjacent gardens on the north, where the French made a fresh stand, defending their ground with the most admirable valour.

Bazeilles was certainly the scene of some of the most shocking atrocities which had been perpetrated by European soldiers since the siege and sack of Badajoz by the victorious troops of Wellington, and the storming of Lucknow by

for Bazeilles, the battle had also been developing at other points. Advancing on the right of the Bavarians the Crown Prince of Saxony—afterwards King Albert—pushed forward towards Givonne with intent to complete the environment of the French on this side. In order to facilitate their marching, the Saxon soldiers had been ordered to lay aside their knapsacks, and by great efforts they succeeded in reaching their

appointed section of the ring of investment early in the day, taking the enemy completely by surprise, and hurling them back in confusion both at La Moncelle and Daigny. At the latter place the French, soon after 7 a.m., made two offensive sallies with their renowned Zouaves and dreaded Turcos belonging to the 1st Corps, but were beaten back by a crushing artillery and needle-gun fire.

For some time the scales of battle hung uncertain on this portion of the field, but reinforcements coming up to the Saxons, the latter made an impetuous push across the valley, capturing three guns and three mitrailleuses from the French after half an hour's street-fighting in the village (Daigny), which was now finally wrested from the enemy. Soon after this the Saxon right was rendered secure by the advance of the Prussian Guards, under Prince August of Würtemberg, who had made a wide detour to reach their objective, Givonne. A considerable body of French cavalry and numerous trains were seen by the Guards on the opposite side of the valley. These offered the corps artillery of the Guards an immediate target for its fire; and scarcely had the first shells fallen among the French columns when the entire mass scattered in all directions in the greatest confusion, leaving everywhere traces of a complete panic. The cavalry of the Guard was sent by a detour to the right, to bar the road to Belgium, and also establish touch with the Crown Prince's (Third) army, which had been pushed round on the German left.

At Givonne the Guards, at a great loss, stormed and captured seven guns and three mitrailleuses, whose gunners were all killed or made prisoners. Beaten out of Daigny and Givonne, the French hereabouts fled in a disorderly crowd into the woods, or fell back upon the centre, which they incommoded and discouraged by their precipitate appearance on a part of the field where they were not wanted. Shortly after, the junction between the Prussian Guards and the Crown Prince was accomplished, and the ring was now complete. Successes equal to those at Daigny and Givonne were obtained by the Germans in other directions, and the French centre began to recede, though the contest was still prolonged with desperate tenacity, the French fiercely disputing every hill-slope and point of vantage, and inflicting as well as sustaining tremendous losses.

Meanwhile the French right had been hotly engaged. A railway bridge which crosses the

Meuse near Le Dancourt had been broken down by MacMahon, but in the early morning the Crown Prince had thrown some of his troops across the river on pontoons, and was thus enabled to plant his batteries on the crest of a hill which overlooks Floing and the surrounding country. The French, suddenly attacked in the rear, were more than astonished at the position in which they now found themselves; but fronting up towards their assailants with all their available strength, they maintained a prolonged resistance. Their musketry fire was poured in with such deadliness and determination that it was heard even above the deeper notes of the mitrailleuse, now playing with terrible effect on the Germans. General Sheridan said he had never heard so well-sustained and long-continued a small-arm fire.

By noon, however, the Prussian battery on the slope above the broken bridge over the Meuse, above La Vilette, had silenced two French batteries near Floing, and now the enemy were compelled to retire from the position. About half-past twelve large numbers of retreating French were seen on the hill between Floing and Sedan, their ranks shelled by a Prussian battery in front of St. Menges. The Germans now advanced and seized Floing in the valley, holding it against all attempts to dislodge them; but it still remained for them to scale the heights beyond, from the entrenched slopes and vineyards of which they were exposed to a murderous fire. Here the French had all the advantages of position, and the Germans could make but little headway in spite of their repeated efforts, so that at this point the battle came to something like a standstill for nearly an hour and a half, the time being consumed in assaults and counter-assaults.

At last, on receiving reinforcements, which brought up their strength in this portion of the field to seventeen battalions, the Germans once more advanced to the attack, and the French saw that something desperate must be done if their position was to be saved. Hitherto the French cavalry had done little or nothing, but now was their chance. Emerging from the Bois de la Garenne at the head of the 4th Reserve Cavalry Division, consisting of four Scots-Grey-looking regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique and two regiments of Lancers, General Marguerite prepared to charge down upon the Germans. But he himself was severely wounded before his imposing mass of picturesque horsemen had fairly got in motion, and then the command

devolved on General Gallifet, one of the bravest and most brilliant cavalry officers in all France—in all Europe.

Placing himself at the head of his magnificent array of horsemen, Gallifet now launched them against the seventeen battalions of the Germans. Thundering down the slope, the shining squadrons broke through the line of skirmishers,

Supported by Bonnemain's division of four Cuirassier regiments, "these attacks," wrote Moltke, "were repeated by the French again and again, and the murderous turmoil lasted for half an hour, with steadily diminishing success for the French. The infantry volleys fired at short range strewed the whole field with dead and wounded. Many fell into the



scattering them like chaff. But then, in the further pursuit of their stormful career, they were received by the deployed battalions in front and flank with such a murderous fire of musketry, supplemented by hurricanes of grape-shot from the batteries, as made them reel and roll to the ground—man and horse—in struggling, convulsive heaps. Nowhere throughout the war was the terrible pageantry of battle so picturesquely displayed as now on these sacrificial slopes of Sedan, when the finest and fairest chivalry of France was broken and shivered by bullet and bayonet as a furious wave is shattered into spray by an opposing rock.

quarries or over the steep precipices, a few may have escaped by swimming the Meuse, and scarcely more than half of these brave troops were left to return to the protection of the fortress."

The scene was well described by an eyewitness, Mr. Archibald Forbes:—"At a gallop through the ragged intervals in the confused masses of the infantry came dashing the Chasseurs d'Afrique. The squadrons halted, fronted, and then wheeled into line, at a pace and with a regularity which would have done them credit in the Champ de Mars, and did them double credit executed as was the evolution under a

warm fire. That fire, as one could tell by the dying away of the smoke-jets, ceased all of a sudden, as if the trumpets which rang out the 'Charge!' for the Chasseurs had sounded also the 'Cease firing!' for the German artillery and infantry. Not a needle-gun gave fire as the splendid horsemen crashed down the gentle slope with the velocity of an avalanche.

"I have seen not a few cavalry charges, but I never saw a finer one, whether from a spectator's or an adjutant's point of view, than this one of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It was destined to a sudden arrestment, and that without the ceremony of the trumpets sounding the 'Halt.' The horsemen and the footmen might have seen the colour of each others' moustaches (to use Havellock's favourite phrase), when along the line or the latter there flashed out a sudden, simultaneous streak of fire. Like thunder-claps sounding over the din of a hurricane, rose the measured crash of the battery guns, and the cloud of white smoke drifted away towards the Chasseurs, enveloping them for the moment from one's sight. When it blew away, there was visible a line of bright uniforms and grey horses struggling prostrate among the potato drills, or lying still in death. Only a handful of all the gallant show of five minutes before were galloping backward up the slope, leaving tokens at intervals of their progress as they retreated. So thorough a destruction by what may be called a single volley probably the oldest soldier now alive never witnessed."

The French had played their last card. They had endeavoured to give the tide of battle a favourable turn by sacrificing their cavalry, but in vain. The Germans now stormed and captured the heights of Floing and Cazal, and from this time the battle became little more than a mere *battue*. The French were thoroughly disheartened, and rapidly becoming an undisciplined rabble. Hundreds and thousands of them allowed themselves to be taken prisoners;

ammunition-waggons were exploding in their midst, while the German artillery were ever contracting their murderous fire, and walls of bayonets closed every issue. The fugitive troopers, rushing about in search of cover, increased the frightful confusion which began to prevail throughout the circumscribed space in which the French army had been cooped up.

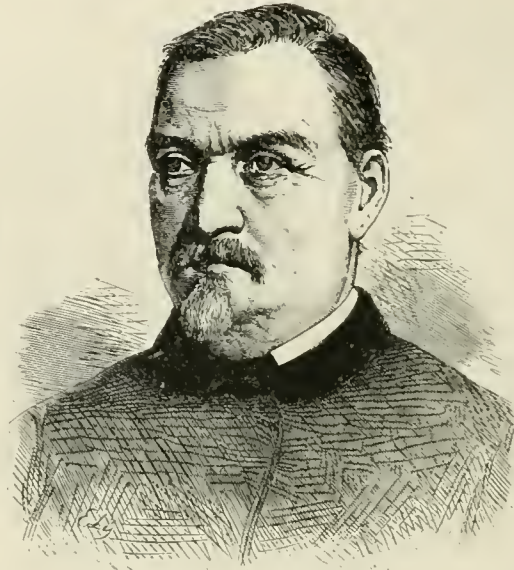
Still, from the German point of view, a decisive blow was imperative, so that the results of the mighty battle might be secured without a doubt. With this in view, the Prussian Guards and the Saxons from the Givonne quarter were launched

against the Bois de la Garenne, which had become the last refuge of the battered and broken French; and these were soon driven back from every point, with the loss of many guns and prisoners—back on the fortress of Sedan in wild turmoil and disorganised flight.

It is to the inside of this fortress that the scene must now change, in order that we may pick up and follow what may be called the personal thread of the great battle-drama, of which we have but given the leading episodes. For it is only at

this point that the battle-drama began to enter its most interesting, because most surprising phase.

Marshal MacMahon, the French commander-in-chief, had been in the saddle as early as 5 a.m. When riding along the high ground above La Moncelle he was severely wounded in the thigh by the fragment of a shell, and then he nominated Ducrot his successor in command. By 8 o'clock the latter was exercising this command, in virtue of which he had ordered a retreat westward to Mézières; but presently he was superseded by General de Wimpffen, who had but just arrived from Algeria, and who hastened to countermand the retreat on Mézières in favour of an attempt to break out in the opposite direction towards Carignan. This chaos of commanders and confusion of plans proved fatal to the distracted French, who now began to see that there was no hope for them.



GENERAL DE WIMPFEN.



"THUNDERING DOWN THE SLOPE, THE SQUADRONS BROKE THROUGH THE LINE OF SKIRMISHERS" (A. 95)

When riding out in the direction of the hardest fighting, Napoleon had met the wounded Marshal being brought in on a stretcher. The unfortunate Emperor mooned about the field for hours under fire, but he had no influence whatever on the conduct of the battle. He had already almost ceased to be Emperor in the eyes of his generals, and even of his soldiers. De Wimpffen sent a letter begging his imperial master "to place himself in the midst of his troops, who could be relied on to force a passage through the German lines;" but to this exhortation his Majesty vouchsafed no reply.

Eventually he returned into the town and, already showing the white feather, gave orders for the hoisting of the white flag. Up flew this white flag as a request to the Germans to suspend their infernal fire; but this signal of distress had not long fluttered aloft when it was indignantly cut down by General Faure, chief-of-staff to the wounded MacMahon, acting on his own responsibility alone. For some time longer the useless slaughter went on, and then Napoleon, who had meanwhile taken refuge in the *sous-préfecture*, made another attempt to sue for mercy.

"Why does this useless struggle go on?" he said to Lebrun, who entered the presence of his Majesty shortly before 3 p.m. "An hour ago and more I bade the white flag be displayed in order to sue for an armistice."

Lebrun explained that, in addition to the flying of the white flag, there were other formalities to be observed in such a case—the signing of a letter by the commander-in-chief, and the sending of it by an officer accompanied by a trumpeter and a flag of truce.

These things being seen to, Lebrun now repaired to where Wimpffen was rallying some troops for an assault on the Germans in Balan, near Bazeilles; and on seeing Lebrun approach with all his paraphernalia for a parley, the angry commander-in-chief shouted: "No capitulation! Drop that rag! I mean to fight on!" and forthwith he started for Balan, carrying Lebrun with him into the fray.

Meanwhile Ducrot, who had been fighting hard about the Bois de la Garenne, in the desperate attempt to retard the contraction of the German circle of fire and steel, resolved about this time to pass through Sedan and join in Wimpffen's proposed attempt to cut a way out towards Carignan. What he saw in the interior of the town may be described almost in his own words.

The streets, the open places, the gates, were blocked up by waggons, guns, and the *impedimenta* and *débris* of a routed army. Bands of soldiers without arms, without packs, were rushing about, throwing themselves into the churches or breaking into private houses. Many unfortunate men were trampled under foot. The few soldiers who still preserved a remnant of energy seemed to be expending it in accusations and curses. "We have been betrayed," they cried; "we have been sold by traitors and cowards."

Nothing could be done with such men, and Ducrot, desisting from his intention to join De Wimpffen, hastened to seek out the Emperor.

The air was all on fire; shells fell on roofs, and struck masses of masonry, which crashed down on the pavements. "I cannot understand," said the Emperor, "why the enemy continues his fire. I have ordered the white flag to be hoisted. I hope to obtain an interview with the King of Prussia, and may succeed in getting advantageous terms for the army."

While the Emperor and Ducrot were thus conversing, the German cannonade increased in deadly violence. Fires burst out; women, children, and wounded were destroyed, and the air was filled with shrieks, curses, and groans. The *sous-préfecture* itself was struck; shells were exploding every minute in the garden and courtyard.

"It is absolutely necessary to stop this firing," at last exclaimed the Emperor, in a state of pallid perturbation. "Here, write this: 'The flag of truce having been displayed, negotiations are about to be opened with the enemy. The firing must cease all along the line.' Now sign it!"

"Oh, no, sire," replied Ducrot; "I cannot sign. By what right could I do so? General Wimpffen is in chief command."

"Yes," rejoined the Emperor; "but I know not where General Wimpffen is to be found. Someone must sign!"

"Let his chief-of-staff do so," suggested Ducrot; "or General Douay."

"Yes," said the Emperor; "let the chief-of-staff sign the order."

But what became of this order is not exactly known. All that is known is, that the brave Wimpffen scorned even to open the Emperor's letter, calling upon his Majesty instead to come and help in cutting a way out; that the Emperor did not respond to this appeal; that

Wimpffen, failing in his gallant attempt on Balan for want of proper support, then retired on Sedan, and indignantly sent in his resignation to the Emperor; that then, in the presence of his Majesty, there was a scene of violent altercation between Wimpffen and Ducrot, in the course of which it was believed that blows were actually exchanged; and that finally Napoleon brought Wimpffen to understand that, having commanded during the battle, it was his duty not to desert his post in circumstances so critical.

Let the scene now again shift to the hill-top of Fresnois, where King William and his suite were viewing, as from the dress-circle of a theatre, the course of the awful battle-drama in the town and valley below. The first white flag run up by order of Napoleon had not been noticed by the Germans, and thinking thus that the French meant to fight it out to the bitter end, the King, between 4 and 5 p.m., ordered the whole available artillery to concentrate a crushing fire on Sedan, crowded as it was with fugitives and troops, so as to bring the enemy to their senses as soon as possible, no matter by what amount of carnage, while at the same time, under cover of this cannonade, a Bavarian force prepared to storm the Torcy Gate.

The batteries opened fire with fearful effect, and in a short time Sedan seemed to be in flames. This was the cannonade which had burst out during the Emperor's conversation with Ducrot, making his Majesty once more give orders for the hoisting of the white flag; and no sooner was it at length seen flying from the citadel than the German fire at once ceased, when the King despatched Colonel Bronsart von Schellendorff, of his staff, to ride down into Sedan under a flag of truce and summon the garrison to surrender.

Penetrating into the town, and asking for the commander-in-chief, this officer, to his utter astonishment, was led into the presence of Napoleon!

For the Germans had not yet the faintest idea that the Emperor was in Sedan. Just as Colonel Bronsart was starting off, General Sheridan, of the United States Army, who was attached to the royal headquarters, remarked to Bismarck that Napoleon himself would likely be one of the prizes. "Oh, no," replied the Iron Chancellor, "the old fox is too cunning to be caught in such a trap; he has doubtless slipped off to Paris."

What, then, was the surprise of all when

Colonel Bronsart galloped back to the hill-slope of Fresnois with the astounding news that the Emperor himself was in the fortress, and would himself at once communicate direct with the King!

This Colonel Bronsart was a man of French extraction, being descended (like so many in Prussia) from one of those Huguenot families who had been driven into exile by the cruel despotism of Louis XIV. And now—strange Nemesis of history—to the lineal representative of a victim of this tyranny was given the satisfaction of demanding, on behalf of his royal Prussian master, the sword of the historical successor in French despotism to Louis XIV.

The effect on the field of battle, as the fact of a surrender became obvious to the troops, was most extraordinary. The opening of one of the gates of Sedan to permit the exit of the officer bearing the flag of truce gave the first impression of an approaching capitulation. This gradually gained strength until it acquired all the force of actual knowledge, and ringing cheers ran along the whole German line of battle. Shakoes, helmets, bayonets, and sabres were raised high in the air, and the vast army swayed to and fro in the excitement of an unequalled triumph. Even the dying shared in the general enthusiasm. One huge Prussian, who had been lying with his hand to his side in mortal agony, suddenly rose to his feet as he comprehended the meaning of the cries, uttered a loud "Hurrah!" waved his hands on high, and then, as the blood rushed from his wound, fell dead across a Frenchman.

On Bronsart returning to the King with his momentous message, murmured cries of "*Der Kaiser ist da!*" ran through the brilliant gathering, and then there was a moment of dumfounded silence.

"This is, indeed, a great success," then said the King to his retinue. "And I thank thee" (turning to the Crown Prince) "that thou hast helped to achieve it."

With that the King gave his hand to his son, who kissed it; then to Moltke, who kissed it also. Lastly, he gave his hand to the Chancellor, and talked with him for some time alone.

Presently several other horsemen—some escorting-troopers—were seen ascending the hill. The chief of them was General Reille, the bearer of Napoleon's flag of truce.

Dismounting about ten paces from the King, Reille, who wore no sword and carried a cane in his hand, approached his Majesty with most

humble reverence, and presented him with a sealed letter.

All stepped back from the King, who, after saying, "But I demand, as the first condition, that the army lay down their arms," broke the seal and read—

"MONSIEUR, MY BROTHER.—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty's good brother,

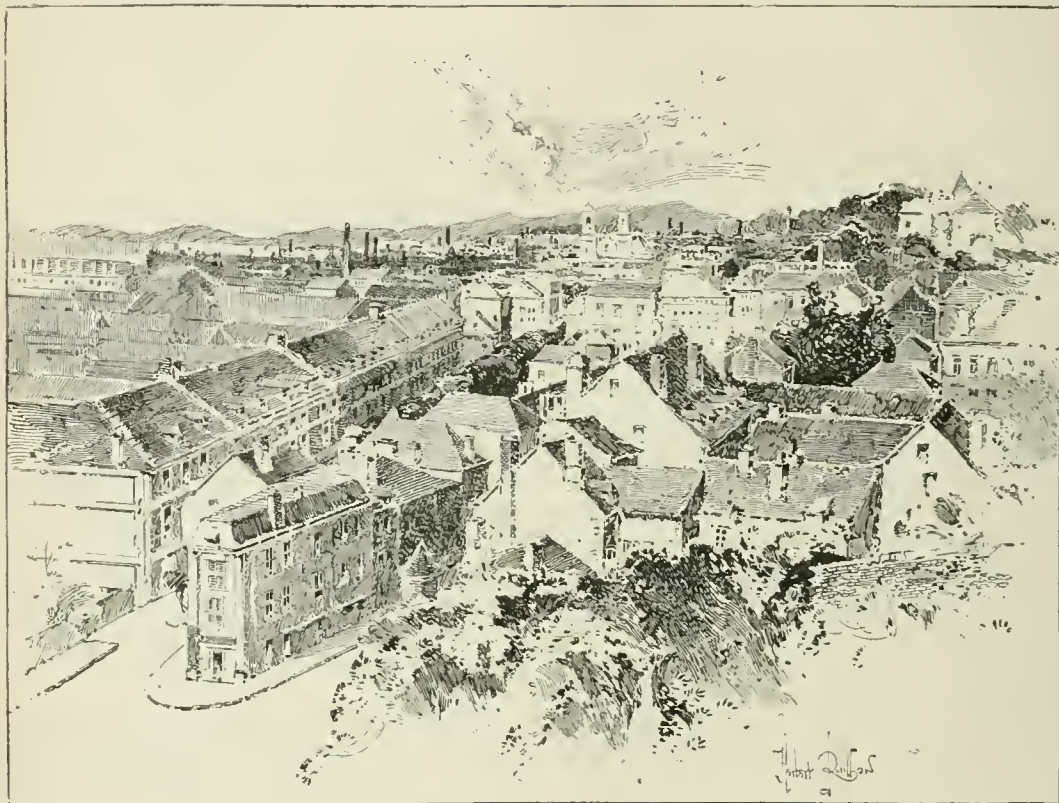
"NAPOLEON.

"SEDAN, 1st September."

In a few minutes it was ready, and his Majesty wrote it out sitting on a rush-bottomed chair, while another was held up to him by way of desk:—

"MONSIEUR, MY BROTHER,—Whilst regretting the circumstances in which we meet, I accept your Majesty's sword, and beg you to appoint one of your officers, provided with full powers, to treat for the capitulation of the army which has fought so bravely under your command. On my part I have nominated General Von Moltke for this purpose. I am your Majesty's good brother, WILLIAM.

"Before SEDAN, 1st September, 1870."



SEDAN.

[Photo, D. Stévenin, Sedan.

Certainly it seemed that the Emperor might have tried very much harder than he had done to die in the midst of his troops, but his own heart was his best judge in this respect."

On reading this imperial letter, the King, as well he might, was deeply moved. His first impulse, as was his pious wont, was to offer thanks to God; and then, turning to the silent and gazing group behind him, he told them the contents of the imperial captive's letter.

The Crown Prince with Moltke and others talked a little with General Reille, whilst the King conferred with his Chancellor, who then commissioned Count Hatzfeldt to draft an answer to the Emperor's missive.

While the King was writing this answer, Bismarck held a conversation with General Reille, who represented to the Chancellor that hard conditions ought not to be imposed on an army which had fought so well.

"I shrugged my shoulders," said Bismarck.

Reille rejoined that, before accepting such conditions, they would blow themselves up sky-high with the fortress.

"Do it, if you like; *faites sauter*," replied Bismarck; and the King's reply was now handed to the envoy of the captured Emperor.

The twilight was beginning to deepen when General Reille rode back to Sedan, but his way was lighted by the lurid gleam of the

conflagrations in and around the fortress which crimsoned the evening sky. And swift as the upshooting flames of shell-struck magazine, flew all around the circling German lines the great and glorious tidings that the Emperor with his army were prisoners of war!

loud and clear through the ethereal summer night, the deeply pious strains of "Now thank we all our God;" and then the curtain of darkness fell on one of the most tragic and momentous spectacles ever witnessed by this age of dramatic change and wonders.



MEETING OF WILLIAM AND NAPOLEON.

In marching and in fighting, the troops had performed prodigies of exertion and of valour, but their fatigues were for the time forgotten in the fierce intoxication of victory; and when the stars began to twinkle overhead, and the hill-tops around Sedan to glow with flickering watch-fires, up then arose from more than a hundred thousand grateful German throats,

"Before going to sleep," wrote Mr. Archibald Forbes—the prince, if not the father, of war-correspondents—"I took a walk round the half-obliterated ramparts which surround the once fortified town of Donchery. The scene was very fine. The whole horizon was lurid with the reflection of fire. All along the valley of the Meuse, on either side, were the

bivouacs of the German host. Two hundred thousand men lay here around their King. On the horizon glowed the flames of the burning villages, the flicker occasionally reflecting itself on a link of the placid Meuse. Over all the quiet moon waded through a sky cumbered with wind-clouds. What were the Germans doing on this their night of triumph? Celebrating their victory by wassail and riot? No. There arose from every camp one unanimous chorus of song, but not the song of ribaldry. Verily they are a great race these Germans—a masterful, fighting, praying people; surely in many respects not unlike the men whom Cromwell led. The chant that filled the night air was Luther's hymn, the glorious—

'Nun danket alle Gott.'

the 'Old Hundredth' of Germany. To hear this great martial orchestra singing this noble hymn under such circumstances was alone worth a journey to Sedan, with all its vicissitudes and difficulties."

Of the 200,000 men whom the Germans had marched up towards Sedan, only about 120,000 had taken actual part in the battle; and of these their glorious victory had entailed a loss of 460 officers and 8,500 men in killed and wounded. The French, on the other hand, had to lament the terrible loss of 17,000 killed and wounded, and 24,000 prisoners taken on the field (including 3,000 who had fled over into Belgium and been disarmed). On the part of the Germans, the Bavarians and the men of Posen had been the heaviest sufferers.

On the night of the battle King William returned to Vendresse, "being greeted," as he himself wrote, "on the road by the loud hurrahs of the advancing troops, who were singing the national hymn," and extemporising illuminations in honour of their stupendous victory; while Bismarck, with Moltke, Blumenthal, and several other staff-officers, remained behind at the village of Donchery—a mile or two from Sedan—to treat for the capitulation of the French army.

For this purpose an armistice had been concluded till four o'clock next morning. The chief French negotiators were Generals de Wimpffen and Castelnau—the former for the army, the latter for the Emperor.

Both pleaded very hard for a mitigation of Moltke's brief but comprehensive condition—unconditional surrender of Sedan and all within it. But the German strategist was as hard and

unbending as adamant; and when De Wimpffen, with the burning shame of a patriot and the grief of a brave soldier convulsing his heart, talked of resuming the conflict rather than submit to such humiliating terms, Moltke merely pointed to the 500 guns that were now encircling Sedan on its ring of heights, and at the same time invited Wimpffen to send one of his officers to make a thorough inspection of the German position, so as to convince himself of the utter hopelessness of renewed resistance.

The negotiations lasted for several hours, and it was past midnight when the broken-hearted De Wimpffen and his colleagues returned to Sedan, having meanwhile achieved no other result than the prolongation of the armistice from 4 to 9 a.m. on the 2nd September, at which hour to the minute, said Moltke, the fortress would become the target of half a thousand guns unless his terms were accepted.

On returning to Sedan about 1 a.m., De Wimpffen at once went to the Emperor to make a report on the sad state of affairs, and beg his Majesty to exert his personal influence to obtain more favourable terms for the army. For this purpose Napoleon readily undertook to go to the German headquarters at 5 a.m.

Soon after he had driven out of the fortress, Wimpffen called a council of war, consisting of all the commanding generals, and put the question whether further resistance was possible. It was answered in the despairing negative by all the thirty-two generals present, save only two, Pellé and Carré de Bellemare; while even these two in the end acquiesced in the absolute necessity of accepting Moltke's terms: on its being shown them that another attempt to break through the investing lines would only lead to useless slaughter. For in the course of the night the Germans had further tightened their iron grip on the fortress, and thickened the girdle of their guns. No; there was clearly nothing left for the poor, demoralised French but to yield to the inevitable, and their only chance lay in the hope that the Emperor himself would be able to procure some mollification of their terrible fate.

But the hope proved a vain one. Driving forth with several high officers from the fortress about 5 a.m., the Emperor, who was wearing white kid gloves and smoking his everlasting cigarette, sent on General Reille to Donchery in search of Bismarck; and the latter, "unwashed and unbreakfasted," was soon galloping towards Sedan to learn the wishes of his fallen Majesty.

He had not ridden far when he encountered the Emperor, sitting in an open carriage, apparently a hired one, in which were also three officers of high rank, and as many on horseback. Bismarck had his revolver in his belt, and on the Emperor catching sight of this he gave a start; but the Chancellor, saluting and dismounting, approached the Emperor with as much courtesy as if he had been at the Tuileries, and begged to know his Majesty's commands.

Napoleon replied that he wanted to see the King, but Bismarck explained that this was impossible, his Majesty being quartered fourteen miles away. Had not the King, then, appointed any place for him, the Emperor, to go to?

Bismarck knew not, but meanwhile his own quarters were at his Majesty's disposal. The Emperor accepted the offer, and began to drive slowly towards Donchery, but, hesitating on account of the possible crowd, stopped at a solitary cottage, that of a poor weaver, a few hundred paces from the Meuse bridge, and asked if he could remain there.

"I requested my cousin," said Bismarck, "to inspect the house, and he reported that, though free from wounded, it was mean and dirty. '*N'importe,*' said Napoleon, and with him I ascended a rickety, narrow staircase. In a small, one-windowed room, with a deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs, we sat alone for about an hour—a great contrast to our last meeting in the Tuileries in 1867," the year of the Paris Exhibition. "Our conversation was a difficult thing, wanting, as I did, to avoid touching on topics which could not but painfully affect the man whom God's mighty hand had cast down."

Whenever Napoleon led this conversation, as he was for ever doing, to the terribly hard terms of the capitulation, Bismarck met him with the assurance that this was a purely military question, and quite beyond his province. Moltke was the man to speak to about such things.

In the meantime efforts had been made to find better accommodation for the Emperor, and this was at last discovered in the Château Bellevue, a little further up the Meuse. Leaving Napoleon in the weaver's cottage, Bismarck hurried back to his quarters on the market-place at Donchery to array himself in his full uniform, and then, as he said, "I conducted his Majesty to Bellevue, with a squadron of Cuirassiers as escort."

At the conference which now began, the Emperor wished to have the King present, from whom he expected softness and magnanimity;

but his Majesty was told that his wish in this respect could not possibly be gratified until after the capitulation had been signed.

Oh! if he could but see and plead with the King—was the anguished Emperor's constant thought; but the King took very good care, or his counsellors for him, that he should not expose himself to any personal appeal for pity until the German army had safely garnered all its splendid harvest of victory.

Meanwhile De Wimpffen had come out of Sedan with the despairing decision of the council of war, and the determination to accept Moltke's inexorable terms. But even Moltke, the least sentimental and emotional of men, could not help feeling a genuine throb of pity for the very hard fate of De Wimpffen—a man of German origin, as his name implied—on whom it thus fell to sign away the existence of an army, of which he had not been four-and-twenty hours in supreme command. Napoleon, the crowned cutthroat of the *coup d'état*, the sawdust "Man of Destiny," the intriguer, the selfish adventurer, the author of the meddling policy which had involved his country in this unparalleled calamity—this "Napoleon the Little" had richly deserved his fate. But as for De Wimpffen—no wonder that *his* misfortune even touched the adamant heart of his German co-signatory to the capitulation.

After his interview with Napoleon, Bismarck rode to Chéhery (on the road to Vendresse), in the hope of meeting the King and informing him how things stood. On the way he was met by Moltke, who had the text of the capitulation as approved by his Majesty; and on their return to Bellevue it was signed without opposition.

By this unparalleled capitulation 83,000 men were surrendered as prisoners of war in addition to the fortress of Sedan with its 138 pieces of artillery, 420 field-guns, including 70 mitrailleuses, 6,000 horses fit for service, 66,000 stand of arms, 1,000 baggage and other waggons, an enormous quantity of military stores, and three standards. Among the prisoners yielded up were the Emperor and one of his field-marshal (MacMahon), 40 generals, and 2,825 various other officers, all of whom, by the special mercy of King William, were offered release on parole, though only 500 of them took advantage of this condition, the others being sent to Germany. By the catastrophe of Sedan, the French had lost—in killed, wounded, and prisoners—no fewer than 124,000 men at one fell swoop!

With the capitulation sealed and signed,

Bismarck and Moltke now hastened back to the King, whom they found on the heights above Donchery about noon. His Majesty ordered the important document to be read aloud to his numerous and brilliant suite, which included several German princes.

Now that an appeal *ad misericordiam* had been put out of the Emperor's power, the King, accompanied by the Crown Prince, rode

Cassel (once, strange to say, the residence of his uncle, King Jerome of Westphalia), King William, accompanied by Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, and the rest of his paladins, started on a ride through all the positions occupied by the German armies round Sedan. For five long hours, over hill and dale, from battery to battalion, and from corps to corps, through all the various tribes of the Fatherland in arms,



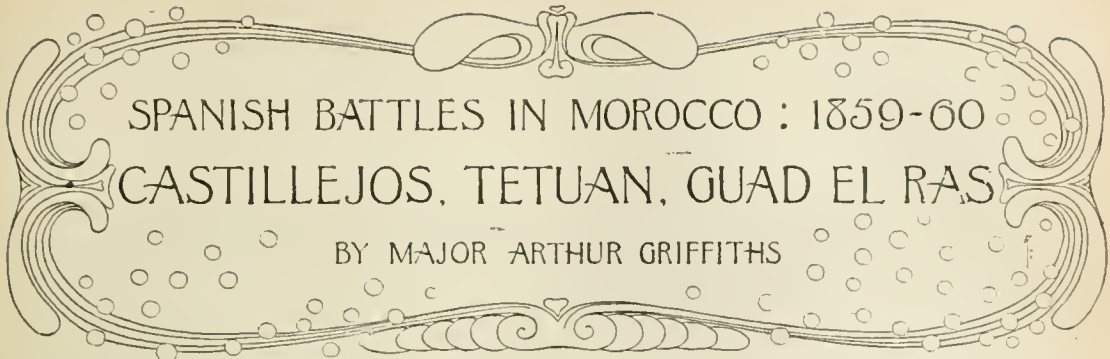
"KING WILLIAM STARTED ON A RIDE THROUGH ALL THE POSITIONS OCCUPIED BY THE GERMAN ARMIES."

down to the château of Bellevue to meet the fallen monarch. "At one o'clock," wrote his Majesty to Queen Augusta, "I and Fritz set out, accompanied by an escort of cavalry belonging to the staff. I dismounted at the château, and the Emperor came out to meet me. The visit lasted for a quarter of an hour. We were both deeply moved. I cannot describe what I felt at the interview, having seen Napoleon only three years ago at the height of his power."

And now, while the crushed and broken-hearted Emperor was left to spend his last day on the soil of France prior to his departure for the place of his detention at Wilhelmshöhe, near

rode the brilliant cavalcade, greeted with triumphant music and frantic cheering wherever it went. "I cannot describe," wrote the King, "the reception given me by the troops, nor my meeting with the Guards, who have been decimated. I was deeply affected by so many proofs of love and devotion."

No wonder the Germans very nearly went mad with joy. For no victory had ever been like this crowning masterpiece of Moltke's genius—so colossal, so complete, so momentous in its political results—which converted the French Empire into a Republic and the Germanic Confederation into an Empire.



SPANISH BATTLES IN MOROCCO : 1859-60
CASTILLEJOS, TETUAN, GUAD EL RAS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THE hero of the Spanish war with Morocco in 1859-60 was General Prim, the celebrated marshal who was afterwards known through Europe as a king-maker and politician. But he was before all a soldier, and a gallant one, ever ready to seek the foremost place in danger and venture his life upon occasion. The most marked trait in his character was his cool, calm courage; for although he could take the lead and head an attack like any subaltern, with all the fire and intrepidity of youth, it was done on profound calculation, as the best means of inspiring an enterprising, determined spirit. In one of the many sharply-contested combats in this African war he found himself with infantry alone, exposed to the attack of a considerable force of Moorish cavalry. The Spaniards in this war were weak in cavalry, the Moors, on the other hand, strong. In the present instance their horsemen were quick to discover a weak spot in the enemy's line. This was where Prim was posted, with only infantry to withstand the charge. He was nothing daunted. "Men!" he shouted, with that brief, stirring oratory for which he was famous in the field—"Men! here are cavalry coming down on us, and we have none to send against them. We will meet them and charge them with the bayonets. Form squares and let the music play!" So in solid masses, with bands and colours in their midst, the Spanish infantry marched to attack the attackers, and with such a resolute mien that the Moorish cavalry turned tail and would not wait to receive them.

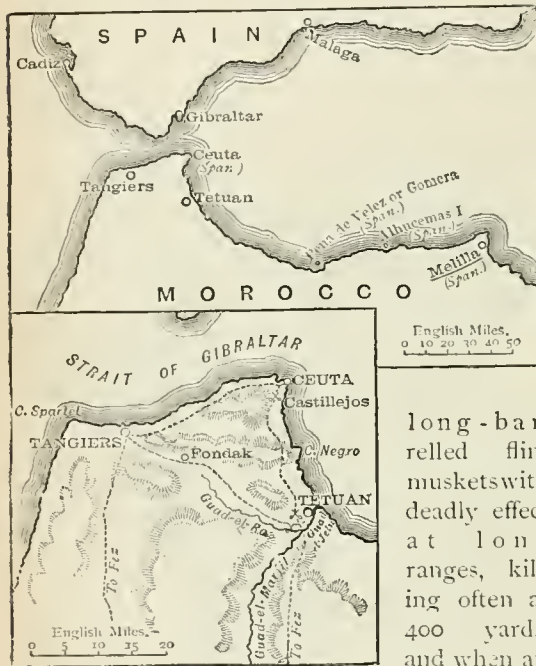
Prim's had been an adventurous career. He began life as a private soldier, a volunteer in a Catalonian regiment at the time of the first Carlist war. Gaining almost immediately an officer's commission, he won rank after rank so rapidly that he was a colonel at twenty-five. The very

next year (1840) he threw himself into the troubled sea of Spanish politics, was concerned in a military rising, took the losing side, and was compelled to fly to France. Three years later he returned and headed a small revolution of his own, which succeeded in overthrowing Espartero and gave Prim a title as count and the rank of major-general. Once more he joined the wrong side and suffered for his mistake; he was charged with participation in an attempt to assassinate the Spanish Prime Minister, and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress for six years. When pardoned he travelled much in England and Italy; he went to the Crimean war as the representative of Spain, then settled in Paris, and was there leading a life of inglorious ease when the war broke out between Spain and Morocco. A born soldier, he could not bear to be left out of such stirring business; he at once sought active employment, and was appointed to the command of the Spanish reserve.

This war was the result of perpetual disagreements between the two countries. Spain was a little stimulated to it, perhaps, by her desire to extend her African possessions. She held, and still holds, a number of fortified posts on the Mediterranean shores of Morocco—Ceuta, Melilla, Alhucemas, and others. These settlements were so often harassed and attacked by the turbulent mountain-tribes that Spain indignantly demanded reparation. The Moors gave way at first; then Spain claimed more territory, which was also granted; but as one side yielded the other grew more exacting, and finally the two nations quarrelled over the lands that were to be ceded outside Ceuta. Spain at once declared war, and prepared to advance into Morocco.

It was the late autumn—a season not quite propitious to military operations. Although the summers are hot in North Africa, the winters are very inclement; heavy storms of wind and much

rain might be expected. Then the country was rugged and inhospitable—a network of hills sloping down from the Atlas mountains and intersected by rushing streams, “without roads, without population, without resources of any kind.” All supplies would have to be landed on the coast and carried up with the columns, or follow as convoys under strong escort. The enemy to be encountered might be semi-barbaric, with no great knowledge of modern warfare, but they had their own peculiar and often effective tactics—clinging close to cover and using their



long-barrelled flint muskets with deadly effect at long ranges, killing often at 400 yards, and when attacking using

them as clubs. These Moors were mostly fine stalwart men some six feet in height, very dirty, wretchedly clad in a white *nank*—a sort of loose, long tunic with a white hood. They were lightly equipped, active and swift of foot, knowing their mountainous country by heart, and being above all fanatics by religion—Mohammedans, the direct descendants or warlike ancestors, firmly believing, as they did, that the joys of Paradise awaited all who were slain in conflict with the infidel, they were likely to prove formidable foes. “Their stature, their wild and ferocious yells,” says a writer who made this campaign, “might have been expected to have an intimidating effect upon troops the majority of whom are mere recruits.” How bravely the Spanish troops faced and encountered them will presently be told.

At that time the Spaniards were but little practised in war, had had but little experience of real campaigning. Although vexed continually with civil and fratricidal contests, Spain had not met a foreign foe since the old days of the Peninsular War. But she had a well-organised, compact army, made up of good materials. The Spanish soldier is willing, hardy, patient under trials and discomfort. He can march admirably—farther and faster, it is said, than the troops of any other European nation. In their light rope-soled sandals the Spanish infantry move always at a great pace, very much like the Bersaglieri or riflemen of Italy. But in the early days of this Moorish war they failed rather in field manœuvres; they did not encounter the Moors on the best plan; they were prone to rush out and engage in small skirmishes instead of awaiting attack, when their sturdy valour would have told most effectually. Again, they were bad marksmen; good shooting was not taught or encouraged in those days, and in the coming fights the Moors suffered more from artillery than infantry fire. It was, indeed, the artillery arm that did the greatest execution in the war; the Spanish cavalry was never very fortunate, and the infantry depended mainly on their bayonets, which, however, they used with excellent effect whenever they crossed weapons with the enemy, and that was often, as we shall see.

The sudden declaration of war found Spain unprepared to take the field; and as the Moors were at home on their own ground the first honours of the campaign fell to them. They quickly assembled in great numbers, and threatened Ceuta, the Spanish prison fortress, which was to be the base of operations. A line of redoubts was hastily thrown up across the isthmus—the neck of the narrow and rocky peninsula on which Ceuta stands. This brought out at once one of the many high qualities of the Spanish soldiers—their skill in manual labour. An immense amount of work fell upon them from first to last in clearing ground, road-making, felling trees, throwing up earthworks; and their readiness, industry, and goodwill in these irksome but deeply important duties gained them high praise. In the earliest phases of the conflict it was hardly possible at first to move across the many obstacles presented by the ground immediately around Ceuta. Within a fortnight the whole surface was transformed; the brushwood was cut down, good communication established between the redoubts, and it was no longer possible for the enemy to creep up to them unperceived.

Meanwhile, in the teeth of great difficulties, of hasty and, therefore, incomplete organisation, of the inevitable use of sea transport to ferry everything—men, horses, guns, food, material of every description—across from Spain, within a month a couple of army corps, each some 10,000 strong, and the reserve, another 5,000, had been disembarked at Ceuta, and had fallen into the defensive line. A third army corps was waiting conveyance at Malaga, but its movement was greatly impeded by tempestuous weather. These three corps were commanded as follows:—the first by General Echague, the second by General Zabala, the third (still at Malaga) by General Ros de Olano, and the reserve by General Prim. The whole expeditionary army was under Marshal O'Donnell, another of the great soldier-politicians who in turn took such a prominent part in the government of Spain. O'Donnell, at this particular juncture, occupied the curious but authoritative position of Prime Minister, War Minister, and Commander-in-Chief of the army in the field. The possession of this supreme power no doubt helped him in the conduct of the campaign. It urged him, too, to the highest efforts; he knew he must achieve victory, for the first reverse would undoubtedly have been followed by his political disgrace and downfall.

November passed in desultory warfare along the line of entrenchments, during which the Spaniards held their own—no more. December, in its early days, saw no change; indeed, the situation grew somewhat worse, for the weather was always atrocious, and the rain fell incessantly, converting the ground into a quagmire, and putting the troops to the utmost discomfort. They had no protection but the small *tentes d'abri*, of the French pattern—each for three men, and each only a few feet high—and through them the wind whistled and the water poured most uncomfortably. Such shelter was no better than lying in the open; the men sickened by hundreds, while cholera, that fell scourge, descended upon the camp and committed terrible havoc. All this time, too, there were constant skirmishes and combats of a more or less sanguinary character outside the fortifications. The Moors came on continually with great demonstrations, drawing the Spaniards beyond their entrenchments to fight at a disadvantage, and with no other result than a useless waste of life.

At last, as the year ended, Marshal O'Donnell felt himself strong enough to assume the offensive. The whole expeditionary force had now landed

at Ceuta; there were troops enough to hold the redoubts covering the fortress-base, and yet to leave the main body free to march inland. Tetuan, the nearest Moorish city—if it deserved so grand a title—was the first point at which O'Donnell aimed; it was thought to be fortified and strongly held, and, although not by any means the capital of Morocco—it must be remembered that the principal object of an invader was to seize the enemy's capital—still, the fall of Tetuan would be a very substantial gain and an undoubted proof of Spanish prowess. The road to Tetuan was fairly open, moreover, due account being taken of the enemy that interposed; it followed the line of the eastern coast, and the Spanish ships of war and transports could accompany the march, giving aid if needs were to the land forces by disembarking seamen and supplies.

The order to march was issued on the eve of New Year's Day, and was hailed with delight by the Spanish troops. They were sick of Ceuta and its monotonous trench duty; they hoped to leave its narrow limits and breathe a fresher, higher air.

The advance was entrusted to General Prim, with the reserve division; an unusual proceeding, as the reserve generally follows in the rear. But Prim's fearless spirit, his indomitable energy and pluck, were so well known that he was naturally selected to lead the van. Zabala, with the second corps, supported Prim. The immediate head of the advance consisted of engineers, covered by cavalry and artillery, whose duty was to bridge the streams that came in the way.

Prim's command was on the move at daylight, their tents having been struck in the dark. By eight a.m. they were in collision with the enemy. The Moors, having seen the direction of the Spanish march, pointing as it was towards Tetuan, lost no time in assembling in strength to oppose it. They were soon seen in great numbers on a ridge in front, menacing an attack on Prim; but they gave way before his firm and resolute advance, and fell back, yielding position after position, until the hills seemed cleared of them. Prim now found himself in an open valley, hemmed in with heights, and studded with the ruins of two small white houses or "castles"—*castillejos*, as the Spaniards call them, which gave the name to the action now close at hand.

Here the enemy turned to make a fresh stand. A mountain-battery had galloped up to the front boldly, and might be supposed to have pushed on too far. The Moors were disposed

to attack it, and came on brandishing their long guns, and shouting, "Dogs! Christian dogs!" till a burst of grape shot dispersed them. Then two Spanish squadrons charged. This charge,

would not face them. The epithet was unhappily misconstrued and taken to apply to the Spanish horsemen. The cavalry commander, stung to the quick, immediately strove to disprove the calumny, and gave the word to charge.

Away galloped the hussars into the very thick of the enemy, and tumbled in upon them in considerable strength on a plateau where their camp was pitched. But here, in this narrow and enclosed space, so unfavourable to the movement of horsemen, the Moors opened a fierce fire, and took them at a disadvantage. The hussars fought bravely against misfortune, but were presently compelled to retreat, after performing many acts of individual heroism. One of the most notable was that of the corporal, Pedro Mur, who, in the last stage of the struggle, when his comrades were already retreating, resolved to capture a standard he saw waving in the centre of a small group of Moors. With this rash idea he turned, left the ranks, rode back alone and at full speed, charging sword in hand at the standard-bearer. He bore down every one opposed to him, smote



CEUTA AND ITS SEA-GATE.

like that much more famous and more disastrous charge at Balaclava, seems to have originated also in a mistake. A French officer, who was acting as aide-de-camp to General Prim, brought them instructions to move out freely whenever they got the chance, adding, as he afterwards declared, that the Moors were "cowards" and

the Moor with the colour, killed him, seized the colour, and galloped away, unhurt, but splashed from head to foot with his enemies' blood.

Prim, it was said, should have been contented with the ground gained. But this unsuccessful charge led him to wish to renew the attack, and make a further advance. He was prudent enough

to first seek further support, which O'Donnell refused, saying he would come himself to judge of the necessity, adding that Prim had gone too far already. It would be wiser, he added, to stand fast and entrench on the ground held.

All doubts as to the proper course to pursue

the latter being to cut off the Spanish retreat. The fight which followed was as fierce as it was momentous. The fire raged furiously; the smoke was so thick that the general's aides galloping to and fro were in touch of the enemy's line, yet unseen; the noise so deafening that it drowned



GENERAL PRIM.

(From the picture by Henri Regnault.)

were solved by the enemy. The Moors had been receiving reinforcements, both horse and foot, and, about one p.m., were in such strength that they were emboldened to try a fresh onslaught. Prim's force, a mere handful of four weak battalions, further reduced by the day's casualties, had been on the move since daylight, without tasting food. The men had lain down to rest and were in some danger. The Moors attacked both in front and on the flank, the direction of

the bugle calls. Prim was as usual cool, self-reliant, and quite undismayed; he gave his orders quietly, although always in the thickest part of the fight, often on foot, wearing two brilliant stars on his breast, and waving his gold-headed general's cane. His example was splendid; his excellent dispositions were well calculated to make the best use of his scanty forces, for the ground he occupied was too extensive for his numbers.



A MOORISH HORSEMAN.

At the most critical moment help came in the shape of two fresh battalions, sent by O'Donnell, from the second corps, and that general himself, followed by all his staff, came galloping up like a small troop of cavalry, as though to take part in the fight. Prim had already utilised his new troops. He directed the men to lay aside their knapsacks, then, placing himself at the head of a battalion, and holding the other in support, he resolved to make a counter-attack. But first he seized one of the regimental colours, and, waving it on high, cried:—

“Soldiers! The time has come to die for the honour of our country. There is no honour in the man who will not give up his life when it is required of him.”

With these words he rushed on impetuously, caring little, it seemed, whether he was followed or not. Now his horse was badly wounded and staggered, but it recovered, and, as if imitating the noble impulse of its rider, galloped on. The Spaniards, fired by Prim's example, followed unhesitatingly, and with such energy that the enemy was at length forced to give way.

Prim afterwards gave his account of the episode in a letter to a friend:—

“At this supreme moment I snatched up a colour; I spoke a few words with heartfelt emphasis. I called upon the remnant of my braves, and we rushed at the enemy. They were so close to us that the bayonet was the only weapon we could use. It is impossible to describe what followed. Moors and Spaniards mixed inextricably—bayonets crossing scimitars! But my men pressed on with loud cries of ‘*Viva la Reina! viva España!*’ And for the last time

that day we conquered again. The Moors fled, and our flag waved over a position we had carried three separate times.” O'Donnell officially reported that “the enemy, having been reinforced, incessantly attacked General Prim's position about three p.m. with great desperation. But Prim, with his usual serene courage, went out to meet them. A hand-to-hand, body-to-body combat ensued, from which our battalions emerged eventually triumphant.”

The immediate result of the battle of Castillejos was the opening up of the valley and of the road to Tetuan, still some five-and-twenty miles distant. The enemy had withdrawn almost entirely, and a reconnoissance was pushed on to within a few miles of the city without being disturbed by them. But O'Donnell wisely sought to make good his position, and he halted while the necessary work of levelling ground was carried on to facilitate the bringing up supplies, much hampered hitherto and impeded by the return of tempestuous weather. A more enterprising enemy might have done much damage during this delay, and afterwards when the advance was resumed, for the Spanish troops had to cross much rough country and thread many dangerous defiles. But the movement forward was steadily continued, with occasional combats—that across the heights of Cape Negro alone being of a serious character—until, upon the 17th January, the army reached and encamped upon the banks of the River Guad el Jelu, in full view of Tetuan, which glistened “snow-white on the rising ground at the extremity of the valley.”

O'Donnell was now well placed for the attack of that city. His forces were well concentrated; the rear had come up with his main body, the guns also, notwithstanding the difficulties of the road and his baggage. The ships lay off the mouth of the river above-mentioned, and carried reinforcements, a fresh division ready to be disembarked when required. Still, he was circumspect; and feeling that he might be obliged to undertake a long siege, he set to work to strengthen himself by building redoubts, and collect his battering-train. The transport of the guns was hard work. As an artillery officer described it, “When we leave the sand, we ascend the mountain; when we quit the mountain, we sink into the marsh.”

A fortnight or more had elapsed before these preparations were completed, and in the interval the Moors had gathered fresh strength for the defence of Tetuan. Their numbers rose to 35,000 or 40,000 men. A brother of the

Emperor was in command, and around him was a portion of the famous black Moorish mounted guard. The whole of these troops occupied an entrenched camp covering the town—a camp carefully fortified with high substantial earth-works, along the front of which lay a swampy marsh. There was water or muddy ground protecting one flank (the right), and on the other (the left) the defences rested on rising ground, with brushwood, which gave good cover to the Moorish marksmen. This position was strongly held by a garrison of nearly 30,000 men. It was armed with many batteries of guns, but the Moorish artillerymen were unskilled, and made but poor practice. Experts who saw this camp after the fight declared that, if manned by European troops, it would have proved almost impregnable.

The Spanish general soon realised that he must first crack this nut before he could get at the kernel—Tetuan. The 4th February was the day fixed for the attack.

There were two main lines of advance, right and left, and beyond the right an extension or flanking movement. The left attack was entrusted to General Prim, who was now in command of the 2nd Corps. He formed his troops in two lines, the first consisting of two brigades in echelon of battalions—one battalion behind the other, but stretching out beyond, so that the whole made a long line—with two brigades in column supporting. Between the two lines were the artillery.

The left attack consisted of the 3rd Corps, under General Ros de Olano, and it was formed in the same order as the right.

On the extreme right General Rios, with the division that had lately landed, was to circle round the left of the encampment continually threatening that flank.

The morning of the 4th dawned thick with fog; the night had been cold with severe frost. When, about 8 a.m., the mists lifted, the surrounding mountains were seen covered to their base with snow. The advance of the two attacks was made simultaneously, and both corps fell quickly into the dispositions already described. They moved steadily forward, notwithstanding the difficulties of the marshy ground undeterred by the enemy's guns,

which opened fire as soon as the Spaniards came in sight. The Spanish batteries did not attempt to reply until well within range, and then did great execution. One shell set fire to the principal Moorish magazine, which exploded, scattering death and confusion within the lines.

The worst ground the assailants found was close up under the entrenchments. Here, too, the Moorish artillery, firing grape at very short range, did great execution. Prim's men were now a good deal harassed, too, by the sharpshooters in the wood. But as they neared the works the signal was given to charge, and all went forward gallantly with loud shouts and "*¡Viva!*" Of course, Prim led. On the eve of the fight he had said to some friends, "Happy the man who first enters the breach to-morrow." Now he showed that he meant what he said; for he rode straight into a battery through an embrasure (gun opening), followed by four of his staff, and cut down with his sword the two first Moors who attempted to bar his passage. When Prim's men saw their general disappear inside the works, they dashed after him, cheering; and the enemy, astounded at the daring of the five mounted assailants, gave way entirely at the charge of the rest of the column.

Prim had made good his entrance about the centre of the line of works; next him, on the right, a brother of General O'Donnell's got in with his division. On the left the 3rd Corps made good progress, but were much impeded by a morass, and, while caught there, suffered much from the enemy's fire. The left division of this left attack, however, penetrated, and the men



A MOORISH HORSEMAN.

having thrown off their knapsacks, which greatly encumbered their movements, raced forward, bayoneting the Moors wherever they found them. On the far right, meanwhile, one of Prim's divisions, lending a hand to General Rios, had driven the Moors up into the hills.

The struggle was ended. It had been costly and gallantly fought on both sides. The Spaniards had borne a heavy fire with cool endurance, and had shown great dash when the time came to charge. The Moors, for their part, had made a tenacious resistance. The artillerymen especially had stuck to their guns to the very last, although altogether overmastered. The cavalry on neither side did much.

Three days afterwards Tetuan — at the urgent request of many of the inhabitants — was occupied by the Spanish troops. The Moors had gone; there was not a sign of their soldiers in or near the place. On the 9th February General Prim made a reconnaissance forward in the direction of Tangier, but met no enemy. Hostilities were suspended. The only gossip was of overtures for peace. Spain had been entirely and rapidly successful; the Moors, dispersed and disheartened, were hardly expected to show fight again in the field. This impression was fully supported by the appearance of envoys in the Spanish camp, asking conditions, and negotiations began. These, as it afterwards appeared, were intended only to gain time. The Moors had not as yet abandoned hope. The resources of the empire could hardly be exhausted, even though they had lost one important town, and had been twice defeated in the field. They had still a vast territory behind and crowds of wild

warriors to rally round their flag. Moreover, the terms demanded by the Spaniards were so intolerable that a proud people might well try another battle or two before yielding.

These peace negotiations dragged on for more than a month. Through the rest of the month of February, and all through the early days of March, the envoys came and went, and there were many references to Madrid and Fez. This delay was all to the advantage of the Moors, who employed it to bring up fresh and unbeaten troops, and in the collection of forage and supplies, which operations were greatly aided by the now fine dry weather. Presently it was borne in on Marshal O'Donnell, who had just been created Duke of Tetuan in reward for his victories, that he might have to do his work over again, and undertake another campaign, for the news came that the enemy had collected in great strength upon the road to Tangier. This seaport town was to have been the next goal of the



A MOORISH SOLDIER.

invaders, should the war continue, and now the road which was hilly and easily held would be probably barred. Accordingly, on the 23rd March O'Donnell abruptly broke off negotiations, and decided to appeal once more to the sword. On that day, leaving a small garrison in Tetuan, he marched out with the rest of the army, meaning to attack the enemy wherever he might find them. The troops carried six days' rations, and were in number about 25,000 men.

The order of march was as follows:—At the head were two brigades of the 1st Corps, that which had first landed at Ceuta, and had borne the brunt of the earliest fighting. The head-quarter staff immediately followed; then came

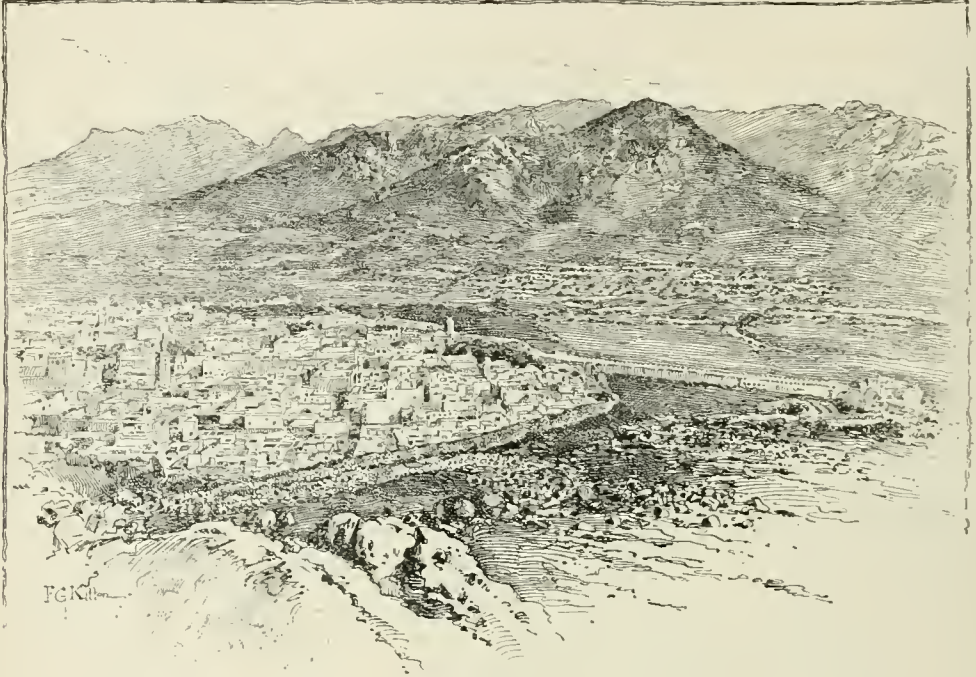


"MOORS AND SPANIARDS MIXED INEXTRICABLY" (A. 110).

the 2nd Corps, under Prim; the 3rd Corps was in support. All these moved in the comparatively low ground, the valley formed by a river which constantly changed its name, and which at Tetuan is known as the Guad el Jelu or Martin, and yet four miles higher up is called the Guad el Ras. It is a long, rather narrow valley stretching east and west, and bordered on either side by commanding heights, especially on the northern. O'Donnell saw the necessity of occupying the latter, and for this

off the advancing Spaniards from Tetuan. It was, however, met and checked by Rios, although the latter, finding the country very difficult, had had to make a wider detour, circling round to his right; and it was feared for a moment that the Moors might get in between him and the main body.

By 3 p.m., however, General Rios was reaching down and in touch with the nearest Spanish troops—those of the 1st Corps. By this time, too, the Moors had drawn off, retreating across



TETUAN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Consul White, Tangier.)

purpose directed General Rios, with a division of the reserve, to crown them with a movement continually outflanking and protecting the right of the main advance along the valley.

The fighting began within two or three miles of Tetuan. A series of low hills crossed the valley, partly covered with brushwood, dotted with villages, and offering good defensive positions. These the Moors occupied one after the other, held stubbornly for a time, then yielded up to the determined attack of the Spaniards. The Moors were counting much on the movement of their left wing—12,000 strong—which had been sent along the heights on their left, those by which Rios was marching, and this left wing was intended to first outflank, then cut

the river Guad el Ras, and had re-formed there in a very strong position opposite the Spanish left. Prim was in command here. Dashing and indomitable as ever, he at once resolved to attack. The Moors held a village on the lower slopes beyond the river, and resisted obstinately. They contested the ground, inch by inch, losing it, regaining it, losing it again. Prim had, however, occupied a wood on one flank, and under cover of the trees made fresh dispositions, before which the Moors yielded, and the village was taken. The Moors fell back, however, upon a second village higher up, and much more difficult of access. Here they again turned, again issued forth, charging Prim's people on both flanks, but without success. They were

compelled to retire sullenly, reluctantly. On no previous occasion had the Moors fought with such unhesitating courage. They were mostly new men, drawn from the wildest, most remote part of Morocco, and they had not as yet experienced the Spanish artillery fire or faced the Spanish bayonet. In the course of this fierce contest there were several instances in which bodies of Moorish infantry had boldly charged whole Spanish battalions. In one case "a mere handful of men rushed fearlessly upon the Spanish line, dying upon the bayonets, but not until some of them had actually penetrated the battalion." Wherever there was a position favourable to their irregular method of fighting the Moors stubbornly defended it, and were only driven out at the point of the bayonet. We are reminded of the reckless, indomitable courage of the Ghazis of our own Afghan wars.

Prim, having captured the two villages, moved steadily and irresistibly forward, and the movement was taken up by the whole line, until at last they were in sight of the Moorish encampment. In a twinkling the tents were struck, and the enemy, without baggage or impedimenta, had cleared off the ground. It was now about half-past four. The last shots had been fired,

and the Spaniards were in occupation of the last stronghold of the Moors. This was at a point some six miles from Fondak, a great semi-barbaric caravanserai — the half-way house — between Tetuan and Tangier, and situated at the far end of a long defile which the Spanish would have to force the following day.

But there was to be no more fighting. Next day the Moors again tried negotiation. Envoys from Muley Abbas, the Emperor's brother, came in to the Spanish headquarters, and asked for an interview with Marshal O'Donnell. The Spanish commander-in-chief was not disposed to see them. He would have no more beating about the bush, he said. Either the enemy must make full submission at once, or he would press on to Tangier. "I halt here to-day"—this was his ultimatum—"to send my wounded into Tetuan, and bring up more ammunition. The day after, I march forward. At 4.30 a.m. my men will breakfast, and all will be ready. But I will wait here till 6 a.m., if your prince chooses to come in by that time." It so fell out, and the following morning Muley Abbas appeared. The conditions, which included an indemnity of four millions sterling and the surrender of a large slice of territory was settled, and the war was over.



MOORISH TYPES.



AFTER the battle of Trafalgar England had complete command of the seas, and, rightly or wrongly, her Government had adopted the policy of striking at the European Powers which were actually in arms as her enemies, or whose interests were opposed to her own, by expeditions against their distant colonies and dependencies. The power of her navy could thus be thoroughly utilised, and her army, though used in comparatively small fractions, was generally, by its quality and discipline, able to act with success against any forces which it was likely to meet. Communication with different parts of the globe then demanded such long periods of time, and was at best so very uncertain, that naval and military commanders acted frequently on a general policy which had been imparted to them rather than on specific instructions which had to be exactly carried out.

When, therefore, in June, 1806, Buenos Ayres was seized by a small force of 1,700 men under Brigadier-General Beresford and Commodore Sir Home Popham, it is very doubtful how far that enterprise was directly authorised by the king's ministers, though from documents published at Sir Home Popham's subsequent trial it may be understood that it was countenanced both by Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville. Be that as it may, Brigadier-General Beresford found himself holding this new conquest with a wholly insufficient force in the midst of a numerous hostile population, and without any strong place of arms to which he could retire if menaced by an organised attack. Aware of his precarious position, General Beresford sent an urgent appeal to the Cape for reinforcements, pending the arrival of a sufficient army from England to make good the possession of one of the greatest and most valuable Spanish provinces in South America. Even from the Cape, however, no assistance could be expected

for nearly four months, and a force from England could not land before double that time had elapsed.

The American-Spaniards were not long in discovering how feasible it was for a well-conducted insurrection to overpower the invaders, and, under the command of General Liniers, a Frenchman by birth, they attacked General Beresford so vigorously that after severe fighting, in which the English losses amounted to 250 men, killed and wounded, his little army was obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. The captives included the whole of the 71st Regiment of infantry, 150 of the St. Helena corps, besides a few dragoons and artillery. The navy had been able to render little or no assistance, and Sir Home Popham was under the necessity of falling back to his cruising ground at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The expected reinforcements from the Cape arrived about the middle of October, consisting of two squadrons of the 20th Light Dragoons, a company of artillery, the 38th and 47th Regiments of infantry, and a company of the 54th. This armament sailed up to Monte Video, hoping, by a combined attack of the land and sea forces, to get possession of that town; but this was found impracticable, and it was deemed advisable to await the additional reinforcements from England before any great operation should be undertaken. As an immediate base of operations, however, the town of Maldonado at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata was seized and occupied, and here supplies could be easily procured, and a convenient harbour for shipping was available.

The news of the capture of Buenos Ayres had excited much triumph in England, and reinforcements for General Beresford had been at once prepared. It was not till October, 1806, however, that these could be despatched, and

they did not arrive at the Rio de la Plata till January, 1807. They were placed under the command of Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and comprised the 17th Light Dragoons, the 40th and 87th Regiments of infantry, three companies of the newly-raised Rifle Corps, and some artillery. As we have seen, they were too late to save General Beresford from crushing defeat and captivity, but they found the Cape troops at Maldonado in the best condition, and fit for immediate service. These Sir Samuel Auchmuty at once embarked, and, at the head of a now formidable armament, sailed to the attack of Monte Video. Rear-Admiral Stirling, who had superseded Sir Home Popham in the naval command, protected the movement of the transports with his ships of war. A landing was effected about eight miles from Monte Video, and a brilliant action was fought with the Spaniards outside the town, in which the English were completely victorious. This action was remarkable as being the first occasion on which the Rifle Corps—afterwards the 95th, and now the Rifle Brigade—were actively employed. Their markedly gallant conduct then was an earnest of the long roll of distinguished services which the famous corps has since performed in all quarters of the world, wherever the honour of England has had to be maintained. After defeating the Spaniards in the open field Sir Samuel Auchmuty established batteries against the citadel and defences of the town, and landed heavy ship ordnance from the fleet wherewith to arm them, for no siege-train formed part of the equipment sent from England. From these batteries fire was opened, and continued for thirteen days, when a practicable breach was made. The town was summoned, and, as no reply was returned, the orders were given to storm. The defence of the Spaniards was tenacious, and their fire destructive and well-maintained; but, though they lost heavily, the columns of assault were everywhere successful in driving the enemy before them with the bayonet, and the place was taken.

After Sir Samuel Auchmuty had sailed from England, but before intelligence was received

that Buenos Ayres had been retaken by the Spaniards, it was hoped by the Ministry that an expedition to the west of South America might meet with the same success as it was yet believed had attended British arms on the east coast. With a view to this object a force of 4,200 men was sent out in October, 1806, under command of Brigadier-General Robert Craufurd (afterwards the renowned leader of the Light Division in the Peninsula), accompanied by a naval squadron under Admiral Murray. The expedition was to be directed to the capture of the seaports, and the reduction of the province of Chili; and the course to be sailed, whether to the eastward by New South Wales, or to the westward by Cape Horn, was left to the discretion of Admiral Murray. It was hoped that, if Chili could be reduced,



MARSHAL BERESFORD.

(From the Picture by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.)

General Craufurd might communicate with Buenos Ayres, and that a complete chain of posts might be established across South America, which would then be opened up to

English trade. When the news of General Beresford's disaster arrived, however, a swift sloop of war was sent after General Craufurd, with orders that he was to give up the attack on Chili, and to proceed to the Rio de la Plata, there to join the army of Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Craufurd was overtaken at the Cape, and, sailing at once, he arrived off Monte Video on the 14th June. The various corps under his command were two squadrons of 6th Dragoon Guards, the 5th, 36th, 45th, and 88th Regiments of infantry, five companies of the Rifle Corps, and two companies of artillery.

In view of the concentration of troops at the Rio de la Plata, it was determined to send out from England an officer of high rank to take command; and in an evil hour Lieutenant-General John White Locke was selected, who arrived at Monte Video on the 10th May with Major-General Gower as second in command, and bringing with him the 9th Light Dragoons, the 80th Regiment of Infantry, a detachment of artillery, and a number of recruits for the regiments already on the station. The total of the British force which in the middle of June was available for offensive operations amounted to more than 11,000 men, but the greater part of the cavalry and artillery were unprovided with horses. Most of the dragoons had to act as infantry, and the requirements of the guns were very insufficiently met.

Monte Video, on the north side of the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata, is nearly 150 miles from Buenos Ayres, which lies higher up the river on the south side; and in order to move the troops which were to undertake the attack of the latter town no vessels drawing above thirteen feet of water could be employed; but, as a strong garrison had to be left to secure the base of operations, it was possible, by doubling the number of men which each ship could properly carry, to find accommodation on board for all the rest of General White Locke's army. The embarkation was proceeded with rapidly, and the troops were brigaded in the following order:—The Light Brigade, under General Craufurd, included the Rifle Corps and a battalion formed of nine light companies from the various regiments; Sir Samuel Auchmuty commanded the 5th, 38th, and 87th; General Lumley commanded the 36th, 88th, and four dismounted squadrons of the 17th Light Dragoons; and Colonel Mahon commanded the 40th, 45th, two dismounted squadrons of the Carabiniers, and four dismounted squadrons of the 9th Light

Dragoons. There were also two companies of Royal Artillery. Twenty-eight guns of various calibres were embarked with an ammunition column for the conveyance of artillery and small-arm ammunition. Cavalry, acting as such, was hardly represented, only about a hundred of the 17th Light Dragoons being supplied with horses.

The first division of transports was able to get under weigh on the 17th June, but it was not till the 25th that a suitable place could be found for disembarkation. Below Buenos Ayres there extended for many miles along the bank of the estuary a broad morass, and it was necessary to select a landing-place from which a passage through this morass existed. Such a place was found at Ensenada, about thirty-two miles from Buenos Ayres, and here the landing was commenced at daylight on the 28th. General Craufurd's brigade was the first to gain the shore, followed by Sir Samuel Auchmuty's brigade, and the fiery Craufurd at once pushed forward through the morass to secure a position on firm ground. The Spaniards offered no opposition to the English troops, and under a capable commander the army might with ease have been formed and prepared for further operations. But from the outset neglect and incompetence were apparent, and neutralised at every turn the high qualities of the troops and the ability and courage of the subordinate generals. In regard to the supply of food to the army, the gravest errors were made. Rations for immediate use should, of course, have been carried by the brigades as they landed; and it had been intended that each man should have three days' food in his havresack, but no definite order had been given on the subject. Few had any provision made for them, and in default of instructions it was expected that the commissaries would meet all wants on shore. Reliance was placed also for the subsequent supply of meat on the herds of cattle which the country nourished, but it was forgotten that these half-wild animals could not easily be caught, and that they could only be brought to the butcher by men skilled in the use of the American lasso. No such men were attached to the various columns, which, with ample supply of meat constantly in view, were thus for the most part condemned to want.

The disembarkation was completed on the 28th, but none of the troops left the shore on that day, except the brigades of Craufurd and Auchmuty. The general forward movement

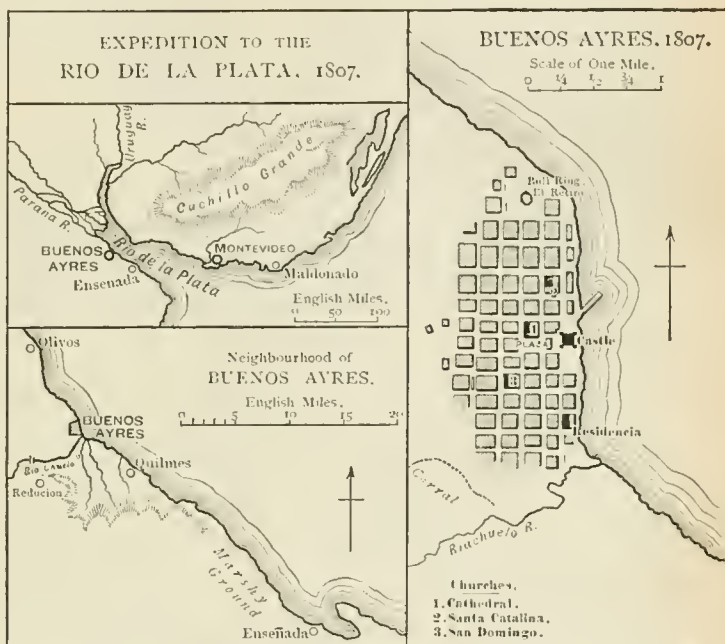
began on the 29th, and there was considerable trouble in passing the morass, some of the troops having to march for three miles up to their knees in mud and water. The artillery also were much delayed, only four field-pieces being dragged through the morass by the strenuous exertions of seamen and soldiers. Of the remaining guns only eight were subsequently brought to the front; the others were either destroyed, or left at Ensenada for want of means of movement.

The 30th June and 1st July were days of unrelieved toil and effort. The country was cut up by streams and swampy spots, and if opposition had been offered, it would have been much aided by these features; but no enemy was seen, except some detached bands of horsemen which hovered round, ready to cut off any fatigued straggler from the English columns. Craufurd still led the way, followed by Lumley's brigade, while the main body, with General Whitelocke, brought up the rear. Some of the men suffered terribly under the broiling sun, as, having been cooped up on board ship for months, they were in no condition for marching, and, ill-supplied with food from the uncertain sources which chance threw in their way, their strength was still further reduced by hunger.

So general was the fatigue that on the afternoon of the 1st the men were ordered to throw away their blankets, as it was intended to push on that day to the village of Reducion. It was considered likely that there the enemy would hold the strong position, and would have to be driven from it by force. This village—about seven miles from Buenos Ayres—was, however, occupied easily, and the advanced brigades pushed through it to some high ground two miles further. Here their eyes were gladdened by the view of the city which they had come so far to attack, and which they hoped would ere long reward them amply for all their toils and privations. General Whitelocke, with the remainder of the army, occupied Reducion, and the night was passed without serious annoyance

from the enemy, though the troops suffered greatly from exposure to a prolonged thunder-storm with heavy rain.

Between Reducion and Buenos Ayres, and about two miles from the former place, flows the Chuelo, a river which is fordable at few spots, and in the month of July, after the usual rains of the season, a very formidable military obstacle. Across it there was, in 1807, only one bridge, and from the English outposts could be seen the bivouac fires of a strong force evidently guarding this passage. Information was

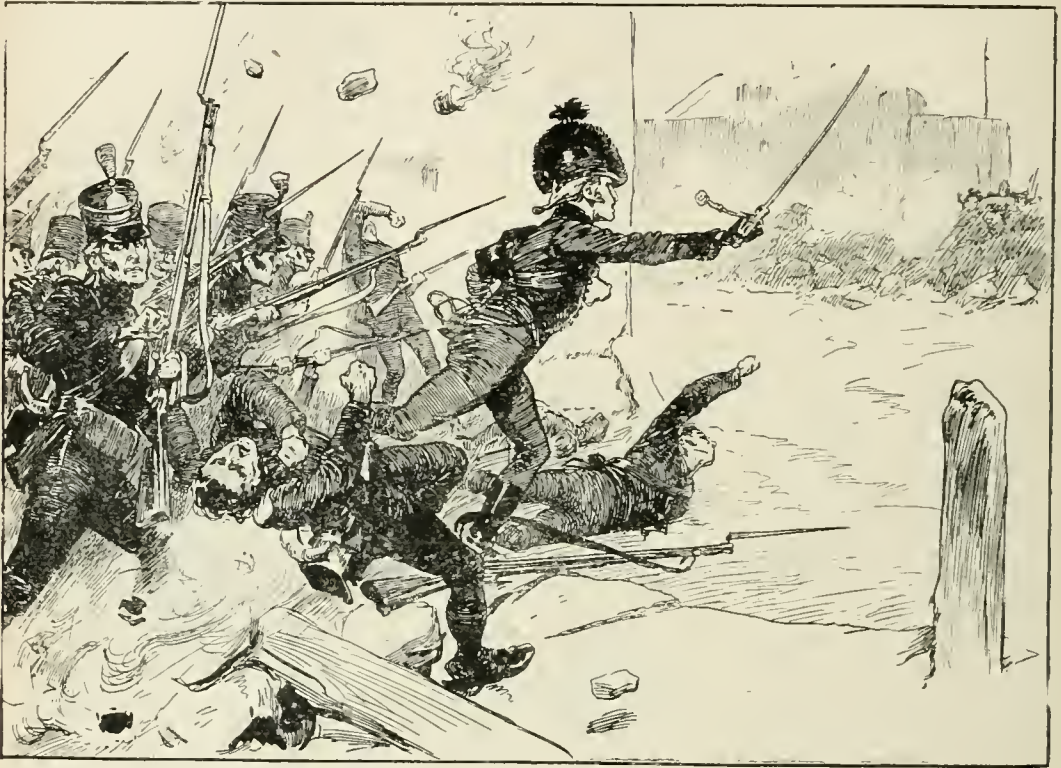


also received that the Spaniards had there constructed strong and well-armed batteries, and had concentrated a large number of men, in the expectation that the invaders would have no choice but to attack them. General Whitelocke appears to have had no very definite plan of action in his mind, and we may gather that, rather from a reluctance to engage in the assault of a strong position than from a well-studied strategical scheme, he resolved to seek for a ford said to exist farther up the river, instead of forcing his way by the direct route across the bridge.

At sunrise on the 2nd July the English force was under arms. Craufurd's and Lumley's brigades took the advance, as before, under the command of General Gower, to be followed by the main body of the army under General

Whitelocke. Ascending the course of the Chuelo in search of a ford concerning which vague information had been received, reliance had to be placed in guides of doubtful trust-

Lumley's brigade followed. As the men were now formed in close proximity to the yet unseen enemy, with a formidable obstacle in their rear making retreat difficult, if not impossible.



"HAND-GRENADES, STINK-BALLS, BRICKBATS, AND OTHER MISSILES WERE HURLED FROM ABOVE" (p. 123).

worthiness, and there was uncertainty as to the objects of the march and the time it might be expected to require. Early in the day about 500 of the enemy's cavalry appeared, barring the road to the head of the column; but threatened in flank by the Rifles, and having received two or three rounds from the field-pieces, these quickly gave way, and were no more seen. It was not till half-past three in the afternoon that, following a scarcely distinguishable track which led to the river's bank, General Craufurd arrived at the sought-for ford, which even when found seemed to demand no ordinary hardihood to attempt its passage. At this place—the Passa Chico—the Chuelo ran thirty yards wide and four feet deep. Fortunately, the current was not rapid, and the bottom was a firm gravel. Craufurd's men, led by their impetuous general, plunged in, and, carrying the ammunition-waggon of the field-pieces shoulder high, safely effected the crossing.

anxious eyes were directed over the extensive plain that had been passed, in the expectation of seeing the main body of the army following in support under General Whitelocke. Great was the wonder, bitter the disappointment, when no distant cloud of dust, no flash of steel, showed the appearance of the troops which should have been now closing on the advanced brigades. General Whitelocke had failed to preserve the communication with Lumley and Craufurd, and when the first serious encounter with the enemy was impending, either through incompetence or a more disgraceful motive, held himself aloof from the clash of arms.

About three-quarters of a mile from the ford which had just been crossed rose a long ridge of rising ground, and towards that ridge a strong column of the enemy could be seen moving as if with the intention of taking up a position of defence. The soldier's eye of Craufurd detected

the danger which would result to the English from this movement if it was carried out, and he resolved to forestall it. General Gower gave him permission to act as he thought best, and promised to support him with Lumley's brigade. The light troops sprang forward, and the heights were quickly occupied without opposition. The enemy, confused and staggered by Craufurd's rapidity and dash, were obliged to forego their intention, and to seek another position still nearer to Buenos Ayres. The ground now became extremely intricate, covered with peach orchards and high fences; and the advanced parties of Rifles, threading their way through these obstacles, exchanged shots with the enemy's picquets, who were quickly driven in.

General Gower sent an order to Craufurd to halt; but, having his foe at last within striking distance, and confident in his judgment of the situation, that daring chief was not to be stopped on the threshold of success. Still he urged on the Light Brigade till the enclosures were passed, and the great open space of the Coral was reached, the slaughtering-place or abattoir

movement of the English had fallen back, the column was halted for a breathing-space, and the generals with the staff-officers pushed along the broad road leading towards the city. Suddenly from cover on the other side of the Coral burst forth a discharge of grape and round shot. The Spanish position was developed, and it was evident that the foe were here in strength, though their numbers were still hidden. There was a moment of surprise, almost of recoil, among the English, and General Gower made a suggestion to Craufurd about turning the enemy's flank. But this was no moment for a fine display of tactics, no occasion for well-regulated manœuvre. Craufurd interpreted General Gower's words by the light of his own bold spirit, and he ordered a general direct charge. Undeterred by their ignorance of the strength before them, shaking off the fatigue of a long and toilsome march, the gallant Rifles and light battalion responded gladly to the call, and, cheering as they advanced, swept forward in irresistible assault. The South American Spaniards were not the men to meet the stern



BUENOS AYRES.

of the town. Lumley's brigade had now been far outstripped, but General Gower himself joined Craufurd. Not a Spaniard was to be seen. The advanced parties which had covered the forward

line of levelled bayonets, and everywhere gave way in panic-struck flight, leaving in the hands of the victors twelve pieces of artillery, with which their position had been armed. The Light

Brigade followed hard in pursuit, and, firing no shot, smote the rearmost with the *arme blanche* alone. No halt was made till the outskirts of Buenos Ayres were reached, and at the very entrance to the streets Craufurd re-formed his men, who, flushed and excited with their prompt success, had fallen into some natural disorder.

Then was the time when Buenos Ayres should have fallen. A resolute advance at the heels of its disheartened and flying defenders would, it is very certain, have crushed every attempt at opposition, and the morning of the 3rd July ought to have seen the English flag again floating proudly over the town. If General Whitelocke, with the main body of his army, had followed closely the advanced brigades, and had now been at hand, no other blow need have been struck, no other shot fired: If even General Gower had shared in a small degree the military insight and boiling courage of General Craufurd, and had boldly entered the streets with Lumley's brigade and Craufurd's light troops, the result would have been almost equally certain. But Whitelocke was still far distant, and, despite Craufurd's strongly-expressed opinion and readiness to crown the work so well commenced, General Gower resolved to do no more for the time. The advanced brigades were withdrawn to the Coral, and only picquets were left to mark the points where the tide of pursuit had been stayed, and whence the Rifles and light battalion, much against their will, had been ordered to fall back.

As the English soldiers lay upon their arms, the bivouac that night was wretched in the extreme. Overpowered with fatigue and hunger—for they had had no food for more than twelve hours—without fire or shelter, and drenched with tropical rains, believing, moreover, that if it had not been for the shortcomings of their generals they would even then be in Buenos Ayres, their cheerfulness was sustained by the hope that the entry into the town was only delayed till it could be effected by daylight on the following morning. But already the only gleam of success that was to shine upon the army in South America had died away, and nothing but disaster was left for the future.

Hopes were still entertained that General Whitelocke, with the main body of the army, must be near at hand, and would soon join the advanced brigades, and reconnoitring parties were sent out to try to establish communication with him. It was not, however, till the afternoon of the 3rd that—too late to profit by

the discouragement which existed among the Spaniards on the evening of the 2nd—he made his appearance. He had not followed where the brigades of Craufurd and Lumley had led across the Chuelo by the *Passa Chico*; but, making a long detour of thirty miles, he had passed the river much higher up its course, and now brought in his men wearied with unnecessary toil, and, still worse, showing signs of discontent and loss of confidence.

In the morning of the 3rd General Gower sent a staff-officer into the town under a flag of truce, summoning General Liniers, commanding the Spanish forces, to surrender the place. But the panic of the previous evening had passed away and the answer returned was, "We possess sufficient strength and courage to defend our town." Closely following this answer came an attack in force upon the English picquets, who were obliged to give way until they were supported; and after a desultory action lasting nearly two hours, in which both sides suffered some loss, the Spaniards again retired into the town.

Though General Whitelocke had now his army concentrated, though every hour added to the confidence of the enemy, and though delay seriously impaired the power of his own troops, both by the material losses which it involved and by the discouragement which it inevitably brought, the English general appears to have been in a painful state of indecision or irresolution. No plan of action was undertaken, and the Spaniards were able at will to insult and press upon the picquets, acting under cover of outlying houses, and to inflict losses for which adequate retaliation was difficult, if not impossible. Like the 3rd of July, the 4th was also allowed to pass in inaction, and it was not till the 5th that any forward movement was made.

The town of Buenos Ayres was, in 1807, about two miles in length by one in breadth. Its streets were rectangular, and the greater part of the houses were lofty, well-built, with roofs surrounded by parapets about four feet high. In the centre of the town was the castle, a small and feeble work, and near it was the great square, La Plaza. The principal buildings were, at the west end, El Retiro, the amphitheatre for bull-fights, and, at the east end of the town, an extensive building called *Residencia*, originally intended to be a royal hospital, and the church and monastery of St. Domingo. As has been told, the Spaniards on the night of the 2nd July were in a state of the utmost terror and confusion,

prepared, if the English troops marched in, to receive them as conquerors. But the delays of Generals Whitelocke and Gower gave them time to re-collect themselves. General Liniers exerted himself energetically to restore their courage, and, well seconded by his officers and by the clergy, whose aid he had invoked, he changed the spirit of the population from a weak and pusillanimous despair to a stern and patriotic determination to defend their town to the last. Active measures for defence were taken. Trenches were cut in the principal streets, cannon were placed in position, the slaves were armed, and even the women were inspired to assist in the coming struggle by throwing grenades from the housetops on hostile troops which might march below. The total number of defenders consisted of about 9,000 regulars, militia, and volunteer corps, all in some state of discipline, and about 6,000 men, formed in irregular companies, who had taken up arms for the occasion.

It has been told that the 3rd and 4th of July were allowed to slip away without any forward action being taken by General Whitelocke. On the afternoon of the 4th, however, orders were issued for a general assault upon Buenos Ayres on the following morning. The available force was now, owing to losses and to the number of troops on various detachments, under 8,000 strong. No definite tactical plan appears to have been formed. Objective points were indeed indicated to the commanders of columns, but the mutual relation which these points, if gained, were to bear to each other for assistance and support was entirely overlooked. No arrangements were made for communication between the various portions of the force employed, or for receiving or asking for orders from the commander-in-chief. Above all, no lines of retreat were decided on in case resistance should be met too powerful to be overcome, and no reserve was kept conveniently at hand to support a success or neutralise a repulse. For the assault of a large town, held by a force of fair troops in addition to a numerous armed and fanatical population, the small army of attackers was divided into eight feeble columns, which were to enter the streets at different widely-separated points, without reasonably full instructions as to the general plan of the commander-in-chief, without cohesion as parts of one military body, and, except for a few entrenching tools, without any means of forcing the obstacles which might have been expected to

be met with. On the morning of Sunday, the 5th July, the troops were under arms at four o'clock, and they hoped, at least, that they should have been let loose upon their task while darkness in some degree veiled their advance; but the sun was rising ere the signal was given to commence the attack, and the columns were put in motion.

Space does not permit that a detailed account should be given of the operations of each column. All did not encounter an equal amount of resistance, but everywhere the resistance was of the same character. Heavy fire was maintained from the roofs of the houses. Hand-grenades, stink-balls, brickbats, and other missiles were hurled from above on the English soldiers as they advanced. Breastworks, made of hide bags filled with earth, and deep ditches cut across the streets gave cover to the defence, while artillery opened a deadly discharge of grape at close range. Ever as the points were reached on which they had been directed the columns found themselves surrounded. The men through whom they had forced their way had again closed in, and they were circled by a ring of fire. On the left of the attack Sir Samuel Auchmuty, with the 87th and 38th, had bored his way, though with heavy loss, to El Retiro, and there established himself, taking a number of prisoners and three field-pieces, nor was the enemy able again to dislodge him. The 5th Infantry also penetrated to the convent of St. Catalina. The 36th made their way in the face of determined opposition as far as the beach of the Rio de la Plata, and their movement was signalled by the gallant conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Byrne, who, with fifty men, charged and took two guns, driving their defenders, 300 strong, before him. Part of the regiment then managed to join Auchmuty, and the remainder, finding no tenable position in which to establish themselves, were obliged to retire. The 88th, acting in two wings under Lieutenant-Colonel Duff and Major Vandeleur, suffered almost more heavily than any other portion of the army. They fought with the brilliant courage which has always marked the "Connaught Rangers"; but exposed, outnumbered, with no hope of assistance, and having lost 17 officers and 220 rank-and-file, they were obliged to surrender at discretion.

The greatest disaster, the most overwhelming loss, was, however, suffered at the right centre. Here was the fiery Craufurd with the Light Brigade, which had already shown such undaunted determination, such a formidable warrior

spirit. It was formed in two columns, of which the right was commanded by Craufurd himself and the left by Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, afterwards Sir Dennis Pack, the famous hero of the Peninsula. Craufurd had been ordered to make his way through the town to the Rio de la Plata, and to occupy any high buildings as near as possible to La Plaza. Two three-pounder field-pieces accompanied his brigade, and, though the victims of continuous musketry fire from the housetops, and the flanking discharge of artillery from their left front, they reached the great church of St. Domingo. By this time, besides the many losses in the main body of Craufurd's column, the officer commanding and the greater portion of the advanced guard had been laid low. It was essential to secure some cover from the withering storm of bullets, some post of vantage which might possibly be made good against the enemy, and serve as a base from which further operations might be undertaken, if the rest of the army had closed upon the city with the success which was hoped for. The door of the St. Domingo church was battered in and the building occupied. Unfortunately, its roof was sloping, and afforded no secure military position, as did the flat roofs of the surrounding houses, from which the Spaniards were still able to pour in a destructive and unceasing fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, with the Grenadier company of the 45th, now joined Craufurd, and till twelve o'clock in the day there was no reason to believe that the rest of the army had not been also successful in establishing themselves close to the enemy's main position. At that hour, however, a Spanish officer with a flag of truce approached. Craufurd thought that he had come from General Liniers with an offer to capitulate. Bitter was his disappointment when the Spaniard informed him that the 88th had been taken prisoners, and summoned him to surrender. Craufurd could not believe that he had been abandoned by General Whitelocke, and still thought that if he could not be supported, at least some attempt would be made to communicate with him. He feared to compromise the whole situation of the army, and returned a peremptory refusal to General Linier's summons. As time wore on, however, it became more and more apparent that no succour was to be hoped for, and he resolved to take the first opportunity of withdrawing from the town. If a large number of the enemy could be engaged in the streets, Craufurd thought that the fire from the houses would be neutralised, as the

Spaniards would be afraid of hitting their own friends. A considerable column of the enemy was now entering the street on the west side of the church, apparently intending to seize one of the English field-pieces which had been left outside the building. The Rifles were ordered to form up ready for a sally, and while they were doing so the enemy's column was gallantly attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Guard with the Grenadiers of the 45th, and by a small party of light infantry under Major Trotter. The column gave way, but the fire from the surrounding houses was so severe that Major Trotter and about forty of the attackers were killed or wounded in two or three minutes. It was evidently impossible to retire, and there was nothing for it but to continue the defence of the church, hoping against hope for some favourable turn of events.

At half-past three there could be no longer any doubt that the attack on Buenos Ayres had failed. His men were falling fast, the enemy were bringing heavy guns into position to batter the church, and Craufurd felt that further sacrifice of life could not be of any advantage. Repugnant to his brave spirit as was the duty, he surrendered himself, with the shattered remnants of his brigade, as prisoners of war at four o'clock.

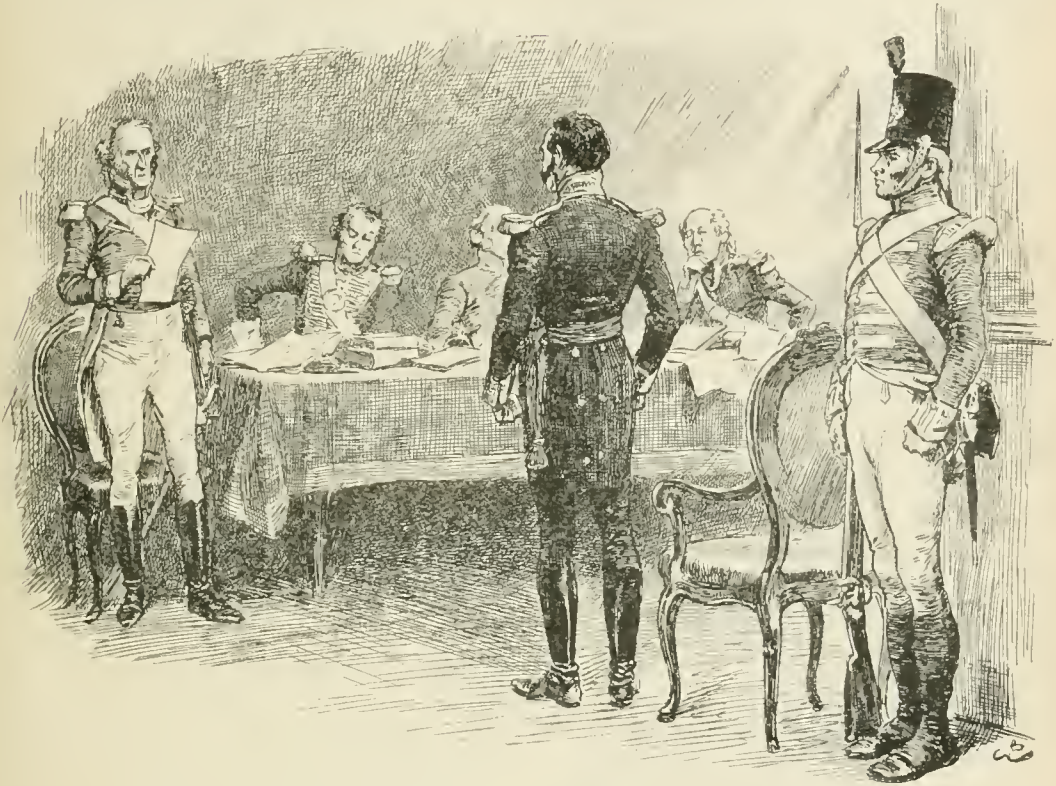
It only remains to tell how it fared with the right of the English attack on Buenos Ayres. The 45th Regiment, on the extreme right, under Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, obtained possession of Residencia, after meeting with some opposition from a body of Spaniards stationed with some artillery in an open space. The guns were soon abandoned, however, and, there being no resistance from the neighbouring houses, the extensive building was crowned with the colours of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Guard then, as has been seen, joined General Craufurd with his Grenadiers, and shared the fate of the Light Brigade. Major Nicholls was left in command at Residencia, and, though the Spaniards made repeated attempts to recover the building, he maintained his post by skilful defence and occasional sallies, in one of which he took four pieces of cannon. Between the 45th and the Light Brigade, the Carabiniers entered the town and penetrated some distance, but they were unable to overcome the resistance which they encountered and were forced to retire after severe loss, Captain Burrell being among the killed and Colonel Kington severely wounded.

The result of the disastrous 5th July was that the English army lost above 70 officers and 1,000

men, killed or badly wounded, and 120 officers and 1,500 men were taken prisoners. Abandoned by their chief—who took no active part in the day's operations, who gave no command, who had shown no forethought, and who failed to afford either counsel or example—the subordinate leaders and the men of the various columns had fought with a bravery and discipline worthy of the best traditions of the English army. If disgrace and shame there was, at least their

in such terms, that he did not think they were to be relied upon for further effort under his command.

General Whitelocke put the seal to the story of his ineptitude and disgrace by making a treaty with the Spanish leaders, giving up all the advantages which had previously been gained on the Rio de la Plata, and engaging to withdraw from and deliver up the town and fortress of Monte Video. He only stipulated for an unimpeded



"GENERAL WHITELOCKE WAS TRIED BY COURT-MARTIAL."

honour was untainted, their valour had shown itself to be unquestionable. But, though General Whitelocke's army failed not in doing its best to accomplish a task given to them in a manner which rendered it impossible of fulfilment, they would not have been men if they had not felt acutely and expressed emphatically their mortification and disgust at the way in which they had been commanded. Craufurd himself publicly called Whitelocke a traitor, and even told his men to shoot him dead if he was seen in the battle; and Sir Samuel Auchmuty afterwards said that the soldiers of his column had so greatly lost confidence, and were speaking of their general

retreat and embarkation, and that all the prisoners of war should be restored. In January, 1808, General Whitelocke was tried by court-martial at Chelsea Hospital, and was sentenced "to be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever."

So keen and widespread was the national and military feeling of indignation at the way in which the South American campaign had been conducted that, for long after that period, the common toast in canteens and public-houses was, "Success to *grey hairs*, but bad luck to *white locks*!"



THE
SECOND SIKH WAR
1848 1849
ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE issue of the first Sikh war (1845-46) had placed the vast territory of the Punjaub at the mercy of the British Government, and Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General of the period, might have incorporated it in the dominions of the East India Company. But he decided to avoid the last resource of annexation, and the Treaty of Lahore accorded a nominally independent sovereignty to the boy Prince Dhulip Singh. Henry Lawrence was in residence at Lahore as the British representative in the Punjaub, and the Sikh army was being reorganised and limited to a certain specific strength. Within a few months the Prime Minister, Lall Singh, was deposed, and by an arrangement settled in December, 1846, a council of regency composed of eight leading Sikh chiefs was appointed to act under the control and guidance of the British Resident, who was to exercise unlimited influence in all matters of internal administration and external policy. This arrangement was to continue for eight years, until the young Maharajah Dhulip Singh should reach his majority. The treaty conferred on the Resident unprecedented powers, and Major Henry Lawrence, an officer of the Company's artillery, became in effect the successor of Runjeet Singh.

This settlement had a specious aspect of some measure of permanency. It might have lasted longer if the state of his health had permitted Henry Lawrence to remain at his post, but it was unsound at the core; for a valiant and turbulent race does not bow the knee submissively after a single disastrous campaign on its frontier. When in January, 1848, Henry Lawrence sailed on sick furlough from Calcutta to England in company with the retiring Governor-General, he left the Punjaub, to all appearance, in a state of unruffled peacefulness. At Lahore, Peshawur, Attock, Bunnoo, Hazara, British

officers were quietly drilling Sikh and Pathan regiments, giving lessons in good government to great Sikh officials and sirdars, enforcing a rough-and-ready justice among rude tribes accustomed to obey no master whom they could not personally revere. Henry Lawrence's successor was Sir Frederick Currie, an able official, but scarcely the man to rule the Punjaub, for he was a civilian, and the position required the experience and military knowledge of a soldier.

The deceptive quietude of the Punjaub was soon to be broken. When Currie arrived at Lahore, he found Moolraj, the governor of Mooltan, who had come to offer the resignation of his position for reasons which were chiefly personal. His resignation was accepted, a new governor being appointed in his place, who set out for Mooltan accompanied by Mr. Vans Agnew, of the Bengal Civil Service, and his assistant, Lieutenant Anderson, of the Bombay army. Moolraj travelled with the escort of the new governor, to whom, on arrival at Mooltan, he formally surrendered the fort. After the ceremony Agnew and Anderson started for their camp, Moolraj riding with the two English gentlemen. At the gate of the fortress Agnew was suddenly attacked, speared through the side, and slashed by sword-cuts. At the same moment Anderson was cut down and desperately wounded. Moolraj galloped off, leaving the Englishmen to their fate. Two days later they were brutally slaughtered, their bodies cut to pieces, and their heads contumeliously thrown at the feet of Moolraj. On the morning after the assassination Moolraj placed himself at the head of the insurrection, by issuing a proclamation calling on the Sikh nation to rise and make common cause against the "Feringhees."

Tidings of the outrage and rising at Mooltan reached Lahore on April 24th. It was emphatically a time for prompt action, if an outbreak

was to be crushed which else might become a general revolt throughout the Punjaub. Sir Henry Lawrence would have marched the Lahore brigade on Mooltan without a moment's hesitation. Lord Hardinge would have ordered up troops and siege-train from Ferozepore and Bukkur, and would have invested Mooltan before Moolraj could have prepared for a long defence. True, marches could not have been made in the hot season without casualties ; but, in the masterful words of Marshman, "our empire in India had been acquired and maintained, not by fair-weather campaigns, but by taking the field on every emergency and at any season." Currie, to do him justice, did order a brigade to march on Mooltan, in the belief that the place would not maintain a defence when a British force should approach it ; but eventually, in great measure because of the arguments advanced by Sir Colin Campbell, who was not always enterprising, the movement from Lahore to Mooltan was countermanded ; and the commander-in-chief, Lord Gough, with the concurrence of Lord Dalhousie, the new Governor-General, intimated his resolve to postpone military operations until the cold weather, when he would take the field in person.

Meanwhile a casual subaltern, for whom swift marches and hard fighting in hot weather had no terrors, struck in valiantly on his own responsibility. Gathering in the wild trans-Indus district of Bunnoo some 1,500 men with a couple of guns, Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes marched towards Mooltan. Colonel Cortlandt, with 2,000 Pathans and six guns, hastened to join him ; and on May 20th the united force defeated Moolraj's army, 6,000 strong. The loyal Nawab of Bhawalpore sent a strong force of his warlike Daudputras across the Sutlej to join hands with Edwardes and Cortlandt ; and the junction had just been accomplished on the field of Kinairi, some twenty miles from Mooltan, when the allies were attacked by Moolraj with a force of about equal magnitude. After half a day's hard fighting the enemy fled in confusion. Edwardes and Cortlandt moved up nearer Mooltan, their force now amounting to about 15,000, and there was a moment when Moolraj seemed willing to surrender if his life were spared. But he rallied his nerves, and on July 1st he had some 12,000 men, with eleven guns, drawn out for battle on the plain of Sudusain, not far from Mooltan, face to face with Edwardes, Cortlandt, the Sheikh Imamuddin, and the brave young Lake. After a mutual cannonade of several

hours, the dashing charge made by one of Cortlandt's regiments led by a gallant young Irish volunteer named Quin, settled the question against Moolraj, who rode hard at the head of his fugitive troops to find shelter in his fortress. "Now," wrote Edwardes to the Resident, "is the time to strike. I have got to the end of my tether. If you will only send a few regular regiments, with a few siege-guns and a mortar battery, we could close Moolraj's account in a fortnight, and obviate the necessity of assembling 50,000 men in October."

In tardy answer to this appeal, in the end of July a force of 7,000 men with a siege-train was ordered to converge on Mooltan from Lahore and Ferozepore, under the divisional command of General Whish. But, meanwhile, Currie had empowered the Lahore Durbar to despatch to Mooltan a Sikh force under Shere Singh. It was notorious that commander and troops were alike thoroughly disaffected ; and Shere Singh actually had orders to halt fifty miles short of Mooltan, and was only allowed to join Edwardes after the victory of July 1st. By the end of August, Whish's field-force was before Mooltan, but the siege-guns were not in position until a fortnight later. Moolraj held out resolutely ; and active and bloody approaches were carried on for a week, when Shere Singh and his contingent suddenly passed over to the enemy. After this defection Whish held it impracticable to continue the siege, and he retired to a position in the vicinity pending the arrival of reinforcements from the Bombay side. The siege was re-opened late in December ; the city was stormed after a hard fight ; and, finally, on January 22nd, 1849, Moolraj surrendered at discretion. It must be said of him that he had made a stubborn and gallant defence.

By the end of September, 1848, the local outbreak was fast swelling into a national revolt. The flame of rebellion was spreading over the Land of the Five Rivers ; and by the end of October only a few brave English officers were still holding together the last shreds of British influence in the Punjaub outside of Lahore and the camp of General Whish. Moolraj and Shere Singh had quarrelled ; and in the beginning of October the latter sirdar left Mooltan and marched northward in the direction of Lahore, his original force of 5,000 men strengthened at every step by the warriors of the old Khalsa army, who flocked eagerly to his standard. After threatening Lahore he moved westward to effect a junction with the Bunnoo insurgents,

who had mutinied and murdered their officers; and he finally took up a position on both sides of the river at Ramnuggur, his main body cantoned on the right bank of the river.

Lord Dalhousie had realised from the collapse of the siege of Mooltan that he had before him a serious campaign in the Punjaub. He promptly ordered the assemblage of a large force at Ferozepore, and the movement from Bombay of a smaller body to act against Mooltan. He

infantry regiments, taking command of the advanced force with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. At length Lord Gough himself took the field, crossing the Ravee on the 19th at the head of his main body. His strength was respectable. Apart from the division before Mooltan and the garrison of Lahore, he had available for field-service four British and eleven native infantry regiments. He was exceptionally strong in cavalry, with three fine European



THE SURRENDER OF MOOLRAJ.

accepted without reserve the challenge flung at him from the collective Punjaub. "Unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation has called for war; and on my word, sirs, war they shall have, and with a vengeance!" were his stirring words at the farewell dinner given him by the officers of Barrackpore. By the end of September regiments were advancing from Meerut, Umballa, Sabatoo, and Jullunder towards the Sutlej or the Ravee. Before October was done the leading brigades of the army of the Punjaub had marched past Lahore across the Ravee towards the rendezvous at Shahdara. Cureton's cavalry brigade and Godby's infantry brigade were already there, and on November 12th Colin Campbell joined Cureton with two native

regiments, five of native light cavalry, and five corps of irregular horse; and his powerful artillery consisted of sixty horse- and field-guns, eight howitzers, and ten 18-pounders.

Lord Gough was by no means a strategical genius, but he was a fighting soldier. He had served under Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo with great distinction, but recklessness was one of his leading attributes. He was always eager for the fray, and the sort of fighting he most delighted in was what, in his Irish accent, he called the "could steel." The enemy, he was informed, were still about Ramnuggur, their outpost on the left bank of the Chenab; and Gough became at once in a blaze of eagerness to drive them across the river. Before daybreak of the 22nd he was on the march with

the whole of Cureton's fine cavalry, Campbell's infantry division, two field-batteries and as many troops of horse artillery; the fiery old chief riding at the head of the force. Some skirmishing occurred about the village and fort of Ramnuggur; but the Sikh detachments were already retreating across the river when the British guns opened on them a rapid and telling fire. Bent on pressing the fugitives, Lane and Warner galloped their six-pounders over the deep sand which formed a wide border to the now attenuated stream. As they fired at the runaways crowding across the ford, answering shots began to reach them from the heavier Sikh ordnance placed in battery on the further bank. By-and-by the Sikh fire became so hot that the withdrawal of the British pieces became imperative; but when the order to limber up was given, one of Lane's guns and two ammunition waggons were found to be stuck fast in the deep sand.

The order to spike and abandon the gun was unwillingly obeyed, since there seemed no alternative; and Gough disapproved of Colin Campbell's sensible suggestion that the piece should be protected until it could be withdrawn under nightfall, by placing infantry to cover it in a ravine immediately in its rear. As the gunners of the lost piece and the rest of the guns retired, Ouvry's squadron of the famous 3rd Light Dragoons drew off the enemy's attention by a daring charge into a mass of Sikhs posted near an island, within easy cover of their own guns. The enemy lost no time in sending the whole of his cavalry across the river to take possession of the stranded gun, under cover of his overwhelming artillery fire. Our cavalry was recklessly sent forward to cope with the superior hostile Horse—a folly committed, according to Campbell, under the personal superintendence of the fiery commander-in-chief. William Havelock, the gallant colonel of the 14th Light Dragoons and the brother of the more famous Henry, sought and obtained permission to cross swords with the insolent Sikh horsemen. His ardent troopers thundered behind their leader, nobly seconded by their swarthy comrades of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. In a few minutes the Sikh Horse were broken and scattered by the headlong onset of an officer famed for his daring in the wars of the Peninsula. Had Havelock halted after this achievement all would have been well; but the approach of another body of Sikh horsemen tempted him to his destruction, and that

of many of his gallant troopers. Waving his sword and shouting to his men to follow him, Havelock dashed on through the heavy sands, further yet into the mud and water, where horses floundered and men were helpless under a cruel grape and matchlock fire, supported by the keen tulwars of the Sikh light horsemen. They, indeed, were finally borne back to the river, and under cover of their own batteries; but this much of gain was dearly purchased by the loss of 90 men and 140 horses killed or wounded. Havelock himself, after a hand-to-hand combat, fell covered with wounds by the water's edge. Several other officers were killed or wounded. But the heaviest loss of that sad day was the death of the gallant Cureton, the adjutant-general of the army, who fell dead when riding forward to stay Havelock's effort to charge yet again. Renowned for brave deeds in many an action against French, Afghans, Mahrattas, and Sikhs; beloved alike by officers and men, Cureton fell close to that very regiment in which, a wild youth fleeing from his creditors, he had begun his soldiering by enlisting in it as a private trooper. His body, which Holmes, of the Irregulars, was badly wounded in trying to rescue, was buried at Ramnuggur with all the honours, in the same grave to which the corpse of Havelock was later consigned.

Lord Gough withdrew his troops beyond the reach of the Sikh batteries, and awaited the arrival of his guns and the remainder of his forces. He was well placed on the left bank of the Chenab, covering Lahore and the siege of Mooltan, and leaving Shere Singh undisturbed; while, had he preferred the offensive, a rapid stroke might have ended the business, for the Sikhs were eager enough for fighting. To gratify their desire he would have had to cross the river—to accomplish which by direct assault on the Sikh position on the opposite bank was impracticable. So Gough resolved to compel the enemy's withdrawal by a wide-turning movement with part of his force under Sir Joseph Thackwell. That officer's command consisted of Campbell's division, a cavalry brigade, and a powerful artillery—about 8,000 men. The force started on the early morning of December 1st, and after marching twenty-four miles up the left bank of the Chenab, crossed that river at noon of the 2nd. The following morning, after marching about fifteen miles down the right bank, Thackwell's command was close to the enemy in front of the village of Sadoolapore. Thackwell,

hearing of the approach of a reinforcement, rode away in search of it, refusing Campbell's request to deploy and take up a position. Campbell's reconnaissance convinced him that the enemy was near and in force; but in his own words, "My command was not in formation for troops liable to be attacked at any moment; but my orders were imperative not to deploy." As a measure of protection he occupied with an infantry company each of three villages in his front; but Thackwell on his return ordered their withdrawal, and the columns were deployed. Between the British line and the twenty pieces of cannon from which the Sikhs were heavily firing from the villages while they were threatening the British flanks with cavalry, was a smooth open space over which Thackwell desired to attack. Campbell suggested that, "as they were coming on so cockily, we should allow them to come out into the plain before we moved." The cannonade proceeded, and it seemed presently the moment for an advance; but Thackwell preferred caution, hoping, most likely, for a decisive victory on the morrow. But he was balked, since during the night the enemy withdrew toward the Jhelum, probably without having sustained serious loss; that of the British amounted to seventy men. Thackwell's turning operation had not been brilliant, and Sadoolapore was not an affair to be very proud of; but it brought about the relinquishment by the Sikhs of their position on the right bank of the Chenab, and this enabled the main British force to cross the river. By the 5th the mass of the army was at Heylah, about midway between Ramnuggur and Chillianwallah, but the commander-in-chief and headquarters did not cross the Chenab until December 18th.

If until then Lord Gough had been trammelled by superior authority, a few days later he was set free to act on his own judgment, the result of which permission was simply absolute inaction until January, 1849. On the 11th of that month he reviewed his troops at Lassourie, and next day he was encamped at Dinghee, whence the Sikh army had fallen back into the sheltering jungle, its right resting on Mung, its left and centre on the broken ground and strong entrenchments about the village and heights of Rassoul. That was a very strong defensive position, held by more than 30,000 brave men, with a battery of sixty guns—a position which only a daring commander would have ventured to assail with an army under 14,000 strong. Among the wiser officers

of Gough's staff were men who were anxious that the ground over which the enemy's position was to be approached should first be properly reconnoitred. Here is a significant passage in the memoirs of Sir Henry Durand:—"Whilst in the commander-in-chief's camp on the 11th the projected attack on the enemy's position was described to me by General Campbell. He had just been with the chief, who had spoken of attacking the Sikh position on the 13th. Campbell, seeing that his lordship had no intention of properly reconnoitring the position, was anxious on the subject, and we went into the tent of Tremenheere, the chief engineer, to discuss the matter. Campbell opened on the subject, announcing the intention to attack without any other reconnaissance than such as the moment might offer in debouching from the jungle. He advocated a second march from Dinghee, the force prepared to bivouac for the night, and that the 13th should be passed by the engineers in reconnoitring. Campbell wished Tremenheere to suggest this measure in a quiet way to Lord Gough; but he said that since the passage of the Chenab the chief was determined to take no advice, or brook any volunteered opinion, and he proposed that I should speak to John Gough (the commander-in-chief's nephew) to try to engage him to put it into Lord Gough's mind to adopt such a course." It is not certain that anything came of this improvised council of war, but there is no suggestion that up to the afternoon of the 13th, Lord Gough intended to defer the attack until the morning of the 14th.

As it was, early on the 13th the army was at length on march towards the enemy. The heavy guns moved along the road leading over the Rassoul ridge to the fords of the Jhelum beyond. Gilbert's division marched on their right, Campbell's on their left, with the cavalry and light artillery on their respective flanks. The original intention was that Gilbert's (the right) division, with the greater part of the field-guns, was to advance direct on Rassoul, while Campbell's division and the heavy guns should stand fast on the left, overthrow the left of the Sikhs, and cut them off from retiring along the high road towards the Jhelum. Their left thus turned, Gilbert and Campbell were to operate conjointly against the Sikh line, which it was hoped would be rolled back on Mung and driven to the southward. But when deserters brought in the intelligence that the enemy was forming behind the village of Chillianwallah, on the left front of the British

line of march, Gough quitted the Rassoul road, inclined to his left, and marched straight on Chillianwallah. An outpost on the mound of Chillianwallah was driven off, and from this elevated position was clearly visible the Sikh army drawn out in battle array. Its right centre, directly in front of Chillianwallah, was about two miles distant from that village, but less from the British line, which was being deployed about five hundred yards in its front. There was a gap nearly three-fourths of a mile wide between the right wing of the Sikh detachment under Utar Singh and the right flank of the main body under Shere Singh. The British line, when deployed, could do little more than oppose a front to Shere Singh's centre and right, which latter, however, it overlapped a little, so that part of Campbell's left brigade was opposite to a section of the gap between Shere Singh's right and Utar Singh's left. Between the hostile lines there intervened a belt of rather dense, low jungle—not forest, but a mixture of thorny mimosa, bushes, and wild caper.

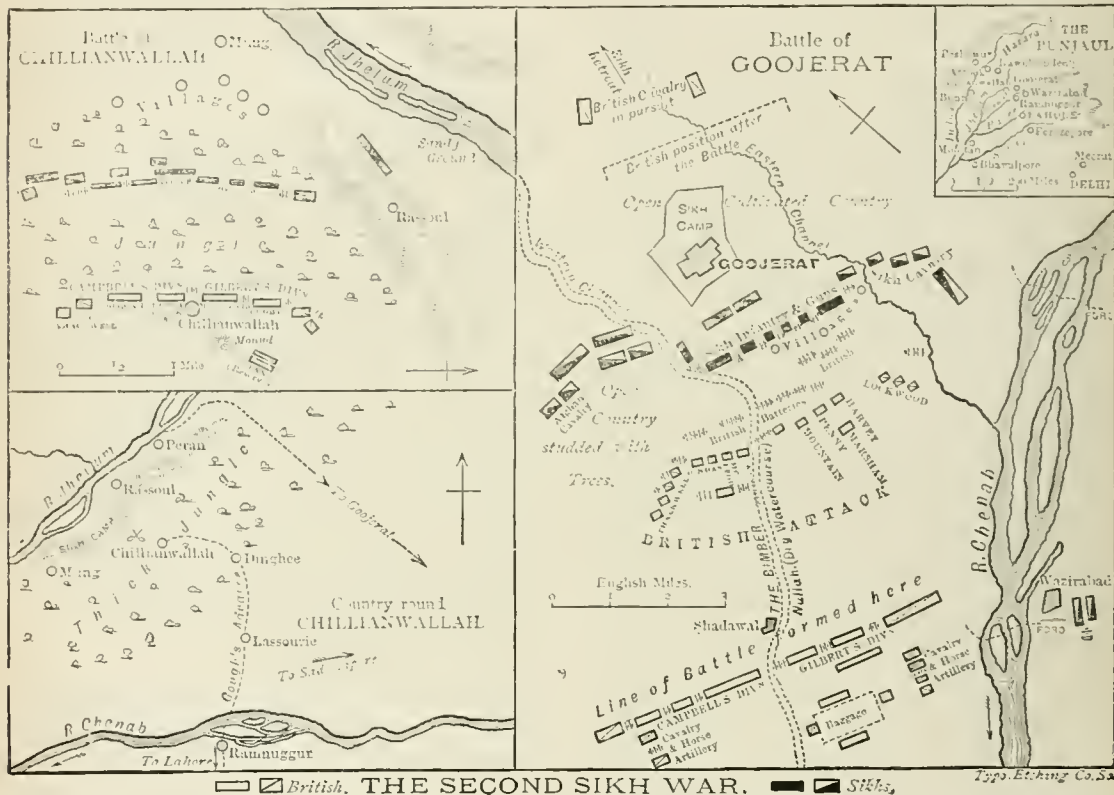
It was near two o'clock in the afternoon of a short winter day, and the troops had been under arms since daybreak. Lord Gough, therefore, had wisely determined to defer the action until the morrow, and the camping-ground was being marked out. But the Sikh leaders knew well how prone to kindle was the temperament of the gallant old British chief. They themselves were keen for fighting, and the British commander needed little provocation to reciprocate their mood when they gave him a challenge of a few cannon-shots. Late in the day though it was, he determined on immediate attack. The heavy guns were ordered up and opened fire; but the advance of the infantry soon obliged the fire of the guns to cease. The line pressed on eagerly, its formation somewhat impaired by the density of the jungle, and met in the teeth, as it pushed forward, by the artillery fire which the enemy poured on the advancing ranks. For a while nothing was to be heard but the roar of the Sikh cannonade; but presently the sharp rattle of the musketry fire told that the conflict had begun in earnest, and that the British infantry was closing on the hostile guns. Of the two British divisions Gilbert's had the right, Campbell's the left; the latter had been the first to receive the order to advance, and was the first to become engaged. Pennycuick commanded Campbell's right brigade, consisting of the 24th Queen's and the 25th and 45th Native Infantry regiments; Hoggan's, his left brigade,

was formed of the 61st Queen's and the 36th and 46th Sepoy regiments. In the interval between the two brigades moved a field-battery, and on the left of the division three guns of another. At some distance on Campbell's left were a cavalry brigade and three troops of horse artillery under Thackwell, charged to engage Utar Singh's detachment, and hinder that force from striking at Campbell in flank and in reverse. The nature of the ground prevented the divisional commander from superintending more than one brigade, and Campbell had arranged with Pennycuick that he himself should remain with the left brigade. Pennycuick's brigade experienced an adverse fate. During the advance its regiments suffered cruelly from the fire of eighteen guns directly in their front. The 24th, a fine and exceptionally strong regiment, carried the hostile batteries by storm, but encountered a deadly fire from the infantry masses on either flank of the Sikh guns. The regiment sustained dreadful losses. Pennycuick was killed; his gallant son, a mere lad, sprang forward sword in hand, and bestrode his father's body until he himself fell across it a corpse. Thirteen officers of the regiment were killed at the guns, nine were wounded; 203 men were killed and 266 wounded. The native regiments of the brigade failed to support the 24th, and musketry volleys from the Sikh infantry, followed by a rush of cavalry, completed the disorder and defeat of the ill-fated body. Already broken, it now fled, pursued with great havoc by the Sikh Horse almost to its original position at the beginning of the action.

Hoggan's brigade, the left of Campbell's division, had better fortune, thanks to Campbell's steady leading. The brigade approached the enemy posted on an open space on a slight rise. Four Sikh guns played upon it during the advance; a large body of cavalry stood directly in front of the 61st, and on the cavalry's left a large infantry mass in face of the 36th Native Infantry. Both the native regiments of the brigade gave way, but the 61st advanced in line firing steadily, a manœuvre constantly practised by Campbell, which put to flight the Sikh cavalry. The enemy pushed two guns to within twenty-five paces of the right flank of the 61st, and opened with grape. Campbell promptly wheeled to the right the two right companies of the 61st, and headed their charge on the two Sikh guns. Those were captured, and while the 61st was completing its new alignment to the right—an evolution by which

Sher Singh's right flank was effectually turned—the enemy advanced with two more guns strongly supported by infantry. Neither of the two native regiments of the brigade was up; but, wrote Campbell, "the confident bearing of the enemy and the close, steady fire of grape from their two guns made it necessary to advance, and to charge when we got within proper distance. I gave the successive commands to advance and to charge; heading the 61st immediately against the guns, and the successful

rounds in a hot duel with Utar Singh's cannon, which else would have been playing on Campbell's flank; and Unett's gallant troopers of the famed "3rd Light" crashed through Sikh infantry edging away to their left with intent to take Campbell in reverse. Thackwell did his valiant utmost until he and his command were called away to the endangered right, although he could not entirely hinder Utar Singh's people from molesting Campbell, for that commander had to endure a brief period when he found himself



British. THE SECOND SIKH WAR. Sikh.

result gave the greatest confidence to the gallant 61st." After the capture of the second two guns and the dispersal of the enemy, Campbell proceeded rolling up the enemy's line, and continued along the hostile position until he had taken thirteen guns, all of them won by the 61st at the point of the bayonet; finally meeting Mountain's brigade coming from the opposite direction.

Campbell had to fight hard for his success; which, indeed, he might not have obtained, if away on his left Thackwell had not been holding Utar Singh in check and impeding his efforts to harass Campbell's flank and rear. Brind's three troops of horse-artillery expended some 1,200

engaged simultaneously in front, flank, and rear; and the brigade was extricated from its entanglement only by his own alert skill, and by the indomitable staunchness of the noble 61st.

Meanwhile there had been on the right a great deal of hard fighting, accompanied with grave vicissitudes. Gilbert's right attack of infantry was opened by his left brigade—Mountain's. The 20th Queen's, advancing under a crushing fire, showed its native comrades the way into the Sikh entrenchments, routing the enemy and storming his batteries. But one of the native regiments of the brigade—the 36th Native Infantry—was shivered into fragments by repeated onsets of the Sikh cavalry. Its leader mortally wounded,

six officers killed, 316 men slain or wounded, both colours lost or captured, the wreck of the unfortunate regiment gradually rallied in rear of Gilbert's right brigade. The 30th Sepoys lost a colour, but maintained its ground alongside the 29th Queen's, two hundred of whom had gone down under the Sikh fire. Godby's brigade on the extreme right had been fighting under heavy odds. The 2nd Europeans swept forward through the jungle, with the 31st and 70th native

The cavalry brigade of the right came to sad grief. Its four fine regiments, led by an effete colonel who could scarcely mount his horse, got entangled in the brushwood and masked their own guns. While halted to restore cohesion, the old brigadier was wounded by a Sikh trooper. On a sudden some caitiff gave the word: "Three's about!"—from whose lips came the dastard cry was never ascertained. As the line went about, the pace quickened into a panic



CHARGE OF THE 3RD (KING'S OWN) LIGHT DRAGOONS, CHILLIANWALLAH.

(From the Picture by Henry Martens. By permission of Mr. A. Ackermann, Regent Street, W.)

regiments on their left. Before the levelled bayonets the Sikhs recoiled; but, suddenly surrounded on all sides by overwhelming numbers, the brigade was in imminent danger. The Sepoys formed squares, but the 2nd Europeans marched rear rank in front to grapple with their new assailants. After three hours' steady fighting Godby's soldiers had recovered their lost ground, had driven their opponents everywhere off the field, and had taken every hostile gun within their reach. And their losses were comparatively small; but for their steady front and the well-timed efforts of Dawes' gunners, it must have been much heavier.

gallop, the British troopers followed closely by a few hundred derisive Sikh horsemen. Crowded together in their headlong flight, the fugitive dragoons rode right through and over Christie's and Huish's batteries, disabling gunners, upsetting tumbrils, and carrying ruin and dismay far to the rear among the wounded and medical staff. Four guns fell into the hands of the enemy; Christie was cut down, with many of his gunners; young Cureton was borne to death in the hostile ranks; Ekins, of the staff, perished in a fruitless effort to rally the fugitives; and not till Lane's gunners had poured some rounds of grape into the pursuers, while a wing of the

9th Lancers once more confronted the enemy, were the Sikh horsemen daunted into a leisurely retreat.

In spite of the disasters which chequered it, the battle of Chillianwallah may be regarded as a technical victory for the British arms, since the enemy were compelled to quit the field, although they only retired into the strong position on the Rassoul heights, from which in the morning they had descended into the plain to fight. Some forty of their guns had fallen into our hands. Pursuit in the dark would have been useless and dangerous over such ground, even if Gough's soldiers had been less weary and famished than they were. The moral results of the action were dismal, and the cost of the barren struggle was a loss of 2,400 killed and wounded. At home the intelligence of this waste of blood excited feelings of alarm and indignation, and Sir Charles Napier was despatched at a few hours' notice to supersede Lord Gough in the position of commander-in-chief. Gough was proud of his costly victory. At first he would not hear of falling back ever so little for the sake of getting water and protecting his rear. "What, leave my wounded to be cut up? Never!" was his angry reply to Campbell's counsel in favour of a short retirement. But Campbell's arguments finally prevailed, and the troops fell back in the deepening darkness on Chillianwallah, carrying with them the greater proportion of their wounded.

Meanwhile, Gough's army lay passive in its encampment at Chillianwallah, within sight of the Sikh position at Rassoul, licking its wounds, and awaiting the surrender of Mooltan and the accession of strength it would receive in consequence of that event, and of the reinforcements which soon would be coming to it from Lahore and Ramnuggur. Lord Gough had succeeded in fighting the battle of Chillianwallah before old Chater Singh could join hands on the Jhelum with his son, Shere Singh; but a few days after the battle the old sirdar followed the bulk of his own troops into his son's camp. Shere Singh renewed the overtures which, two days after the action of Ramnuggur, he had made in vain. Now, as then, Lord Dalhousie declined to treat with "rebels" on belligerent terms. Chater Singh's British prisoners—George Laurence, Herbert, and Bowie, who had been sent on parole into Gough's camp—were bidden to answer the Sikh leaders that nothing short of unconditional surrender would be accepted by the governor-general. If any harm befell

their English captives, on their heads would the retribution lie.

The Sikh commander more than once gave the chief of the British army an opportunity to join issue in battle; but Gough, with tardy wisdom, resisted the offered temptation, and resolved to refrain from active hostilities until his reinforcements from Mooltan should reach him. On January 26th a grand salute from the heavy guns announced the welcome tidings of the fall of Mooltan. As soon as this event became known to Shere Singh, he began a series of movements towards his left, which Gough replied to by throwing up a redoubt armed with field-pieces beyond the right of his position. On February 11th the Sikh army formed order of battle before its lines, in direct challenge to the English force, but Gough restrained himself while he chafed. Next morning the Sikhs had departed "bag and baggage" from their position on the ridge of Rassoul. After a digression towards the Puran Pass on the 13th, the whole Sikh army marched unmolested round the British flank and rear towards the Chenab at Wazirabad, its chief, with sudden boldness, seeking to cross the river and sweep down on Lahore, while as yet the English should be wondering whither he had betaken himself. But on the 14th it became apparent that his actual objective was Goojerat. Gough, slowly following to within a march of that place, effected a junction at Koonjah with the Mooltan force on the 18th and 19th, and on the 20th advanced to Shadawal, where the Sikh encampment around the town of Goojerat was within sight from the British camp. The battlefield of February 21st was the wide plain to the south of Goojerat. Shere Singh's camp lay crescent-wise in front of the town, the right flank and part of its front extending from Morarea Tibba, where the Sikh cavalry was in force, along an easterly bend of the Bimber (the western) channel, a deep but dry nullah which wound down towards Shadawal, thence across the plain behind the three villages of Kulra, which were occupied by infantry, to its extreme left at the village of Malka Wallah, on the left bank of the eastern channel—a deep, narrow stream flowing into the Chenab.

It was a cool, bright winter morning when the British army advanced against this extended front in columns of brigade at deploying distance over a fair expanse of level country green with young corn. Gough was now in command of 23,000 men with ninety guns, of which

eighteen were heavy siege-pieces. The old chief, radiant with the assurance of battle and the prospect of victory, led his right and right centre against the centre of his enemy. The heavy guns, followed by two and a half brigades, moved over the plain in the immediate right of the Bimber channel. Next on the right marched Gilbert's two brigades—Mountain's and Penny's—flanked by the guns of Dawes and Fordyce. Further to the right moved Whish's division, with field-batteries on either flank. The extreme right was held by the cavalry brigades of Hearsay and Lockwood supported by Warner's troop of horse-artillery, Lane's and Kindleside's batteries under Colonel Brind following in second line. Apart on the left, beyond the western channel, were Campbell's division and Dundas's brigade of two fine British regiments, and still further on the extreme left was Thackwell's cavalry.

The Sikhs, ever ready with their artillery, opened the battle with that arm. After marching about two miles, "with the precision"—in the words of Gough—"of a parade movement," the British infantry halted and deployed into line, the skirmishers and light batteries went to the front, and the heavy pieces returned the fire from the Sikh batteries. Gough had at last been taught by hard experience that an artillery preparation should precede his favourite "could steel." While his infantry lay down in ordered line, the batteries went out to the front and began a magnificent and effective cannonade, which lasted for two hours, and utterly crushed the fire of the Sikh guns. The advantage in numbers and weight of metal lay with Lord Gough, and that advantage he would not be tempted to forego with most of the day still before him. The infantry line began its advance, but had more than once to lie down to avoid the hail of grape and round shot which fell thick among the batteries in front. The gunners suffered heavily; Fordyce's troop had to fall back twice for men, horses, and ammunition. The inevitable end drew nearer and nearer as the men and horses of the enemy went down amid shattered tumbrils and disabled guns under the crushing fire of Gough's siege-guns.

But the Sikhs fought on with the high courage of their race. The gunners were mostly expended, but the grand old Khalsa infantry and the staunch Bunnoo regiments showed still a gallant front. The Sikh cavalry hovered on either flank, eager to pass round into the British rear; but their efforts were thwarted by the fire

of Warner's guns and the counterstrokes of Hearsay's and Lockwood's Horse. One band of desperadoes did accomplish the turning movement, and made a bold and desperate dash on the spot where stood Gough alongside of the heavy guns; but a charge by the chief's escort cut the daring band to pieces.

During the cannonade the infantry, excepting the skirmishers, had not fired a shot. But at length the three Khalsa villages were stormed, after a desperate and prolonged resistance; and then the long majestic line swept on up the plain towards Goojerat. There was little bloodshed on the right of the Bimber channel, where marched Campbell and Dundas; but there was plenty of that skill which conserves human life. Campbell advanced with a strong line of skirmishers, the artillery in line with them. Having deployed, the division advanced as if at a review, the guns firing into the masses behind the nullah, who gradually sought shelter in its channel. Those he dislodged by artillery fire which enfiladed the nullah, which he had been ordered to storm; but he recognised that to do so must cause a needless sacrifice of life, and he passed his division across this formidable defence of the enemy's right wing without firing a shot or losing a man. "We had," wrote Campbell, "too much slaughter at Chillianwallah because due precaution had not been taken to prevent it by the employment of our magnificent artillery."

The discomfiture of the enemy was thorough—cavalry, infantry, and artillery fled from the field in utter confusion. The rout was too complete to allow of the reunion of formed bodies in any order. A body of Sikh Horse with a brigade of Afghan cavalry adventured a rash advance on Thackwell's flank. He hurled against them the Scinde Horse and the 9th Lancers, and a wild stampede resulted. The rest of the British cavalry struck in and rushed on, dispersing, riding over, and trampling down the Sikh infantry, capturing guns and waggons, and converting the discomfited enemy into a shapeless mass of fugitives. The pursuing troopers did not draw rein until they had ridden fifteen miles beyond Goojerat, by which time the army of Shere Singh was an utter wreck, deprived of its camp, its standards, and fifty-three of its cherished guns.

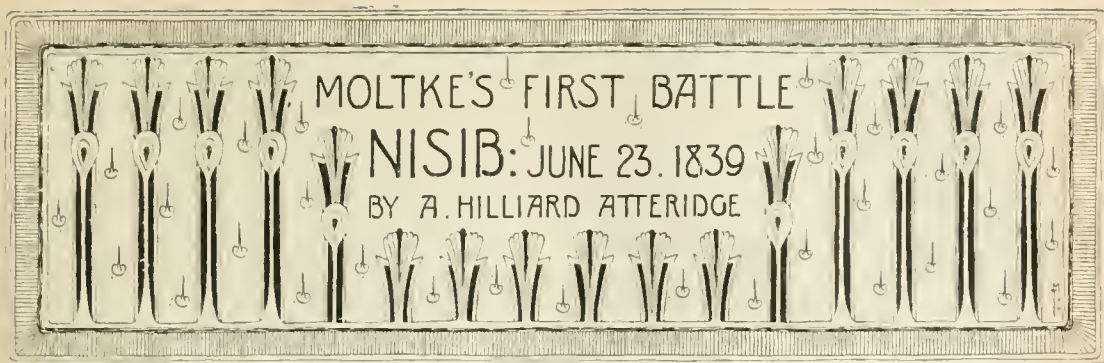
On the morning after the battle Sir Walter Gilbert, the "Flying General," started in pursuit of the broken Khalsa host, followed later by Brigadier-General Campbell. On the march

to Rawulpindee the latter passed the greater part of the Sikh army with its chiefs, who were laying down their arms. Campbell was moved by the fine attitude of the men of the Khalsa army. "There was," he wrote, "nothing cringing in the manner of these men in laying down their arms. They acknowledged themselves beaten, and they were starving—destitute alike of food and money. Each man as he laid down his arms received a rupee to enable him to support himself on his way to his home. The greater number of the old men especially,

when laying down their arms, made a deep reverence as they placed their swords on the heap, with the muttered words 'Runjeet Singh is dead to-day!'" "This," continues Campbell, "was said with deep feeling: they were undoubtedly a fine and brave people." The last Punjaub campaign ended with the battle of Goojerat; and now for many years past the Sikhs have been the most loyal, high-spirited, and valorous of the native soldiers who in India march and fight under the banner of the Empress-Queen.



THE TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.



NISIB is one of the half-forgotten battles of the nineteenth century. Most readers will wonder where and when it was fought. Yet it was an event which had far reaching consequences, and might easily have changed the face of the East and the after-current of the century's history. And it is further notable as Von Moltke's first battle, for it was on the borderlands of Syria and Kurdistan and under the Ottoman crescent that the great strategist had his first experience of actual warfare.

Up to the end of the first quarter of the present century the curious military organisation of the Janissaries had been practically master of the Ottoman empire. In 1826 Mahmoud II. destroyed these too formidable guardsmen, who till then had formed the main force of the Turkish armies, and substituted for them regular troops organised on European principles. To quote a lively French account of the new force, "it was organised on a European model, with Russian tunics, French drill-books, Belgian muskets, Turkish caps, Hungarian saddles, and English cavalry sabres, and instructors of all nations." One of these instructors was young Hellmuth Von Moltke, the future field-marshal of the new German empire.

Born at Lübeck in the first year of the century, the son of a German officer in the Danish service, Von Moltke was educated at the military school of Copenhagen, and received a commission in the Danish army. But in 1822 he transferred his allegiance to Prussia, and obtained a second lieutenant's commission in an infantry regiment then stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Next year he applied for and obtained admission to the staff college, and after three years of study returned to his regiment for a few months, and then for several years was employed only on staff duties, chiefly on military surveys in various

parts of Prussia. In 1834, when he had risen to the rank of captain on the general staff, he obtained leave to travel, and after spending a short time in Italy, made his way to Constantinople, where, with the consent of his own Government, he was officially attached to the staff of the newly-organised Turkish army. His first important work in these new surroundings was to make a survey of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to improve the defences of these two approaches to the capital of the Ottoman empire.

But he had come to the East in the hope of seeing active service, and though he had to wait awhile, he was not disappointed. The Sultan and his advisers recognised the thorough grasp of his profession possessed by the Prussian captain, and kept him employed at the headquarters of the army in the capital, when personally he would have preferred to be in the field. But at last the situation on the borders of the empire became so serious that Von Moltke was sent to the front to assist with his advice the Pashas who commanded in Asia.

For fate had declared against the Turkish armies. Since the destruction of the terrible Janissaries, the empire had lost province after province. Greece had been made into a kingdom; Servia, and what is now Roumania, were all but independent. The French were at Algiers. And finally an Albanian soldier named Mehemet Ali, who had gone to Egypt in 1799 as one of the servants of Khosref Pasha, had made himself master of the country, and had overrun with his armies Arabia, Syria, and Crete. The Ottoman Government had been glad to avert further conquests by recognising him as the tributary ruler of this widely extended dominion; but Mehemet persisted in maintaining in Syria an army which was a constant threat to Asia Minor, and even to

Constantinople. It was commanded by his son Ibrahim, a skilful and daring soldier; and not only was Mehemet encouraged by the French Government to dream of a march to the shores of the Bosphorus, but French officers had been sent to assist and advise Ibrahim, in case he ventured on this enterprise. The Sultan knew that it was only a question of time when Ibrahim's well-trained army would march across the Syrian border, and he had little confidence in the military skill of the pashas who commanded the armies he had gathered for the defence of his Asiatic provinces. It was under these circumstances that in March, 1838, Captain Von Moltke was ordered to proceed to the headquarters of the Turkish army of Anatolia, taking with him two other Prussian officers, his juniors in the service, who were to act under his directions.

Crossing the Black Sea, and making a rapid survey of several of the ports on its southern coast, Von Moltke and his companions finally disembarked at Samsun, and journeyed southwards by Amasia, Tokat, and Sivas, the point they were making for being the camp of Hafiz Pasha in the south of Kurdistan, on the upper course of the Euphrates. It was a long ride through a wild mountain country, with very primitive accommodation at the various halting-places. The crossing of the Anti-Taurus range was not the least difficult part of the journey. The lofty plateau was a desert of snow, the track across which was just marked by the traces left by a small caravan which had preceded the party. The descent on the southern side was through a series of precipitous gorges. At last the adventurous travellers reached the banks of the Euphrates at Kieban Maidan, only a few miles below the point where the two streams that form its head-waters, the Murad and the Phrat, coming down from the mountains of Kurdistan, unite in a rapid river about 120 feet across. Another day's journey brought them to the camp of Hafiz Pasha at Kharput.

Hafiz was a Circassian soldier of fortune, who had distinguished himself greatly by his dashing conduct in several campaigns against the rebels in Albania. He was fairly well educated, and sharp-witted enough to recognise that the three Prussians could be of the greatest use to him, in case the threatened war began upon the frontier. He gave them a hearty welcome, made Von Moltke a present of a splendid Arab charger, and asked his advice as to what was to be done to improve the motley force which he commanded. His army was made up of a few regular

battalions, an auxiliary force of local levies, some lumbering artillery served by half-trained gunners, and a mass of irregular cavalry. The task assigned to him was to reduce to submission and keep in order the Kurdish tribes of the neighbourhood, many of whose chiefs were either in open rebellion or notoriously disaffected, and he was at the same time to be ready to meet an invasion of the Syro-Egyptian army which Ibrahim Pasha had got together at Aleppo. Nearer to Constantinople there were two other Turkish armies in Asia Minor—one at Kesarieh, under Isset Pasha, and another at Koniah, the ancient Iconium, commanded by Hadji Ali. These were to stop the Egyptians, in case they got past Hafiz Pasha. Von Moltke, of course, knew that divided from each other by 400 miles of difficult country these three *corps d'armée* were exposed to the danger of being destroyed in detail, in case Ibrahim crossed the border. But he was only a captain on the staff, sent to assist Hafiz. The time was not yet come when he had authority to combine the movements of armies. Had it been otherwise, Von Moltke might have changed the fate of the Ottoman empire.

There were no trustworthy maps of the district, and as it seemed likely that, after all, the year would end without war being declared, Von Moltke proceeded to a survey of the Syrian frontier and the country round the head-waters of the Euphrates. Beyond the river he pushed on as far as Orfa, the ancient Edessa, spending more than one night in old castles of the Norman type, the work of the Crusaders. He nearly reached the source of the Tigris, and then voyaged down it to Mosul, and regained the Upper Euphrates by crossing the desert with a caravan. But before he reached the pasha's camp he met a column of troops on the march. There were six battalions, eight guns, and a hundred horse, and they were moving northwards under the command of Mehemet Pasha, one of Hafiz's officers, the object of the expedition being to bring to terms a Kurd chief who had hoisted the flag of rebellion on a castle in the hills. Moltke, hearing that all was quiet at headquarters, attached himself to the column.

The Kurd refused to surrender, and his castle was besieged. Von Moltke reconnoitred the place, planned the siege works, and superintended the batteries. The place soon capitulated, and the castle was blown up, for fear it should cost another expedition next year if it was left in a state of defence. It was Moltke's first siege.

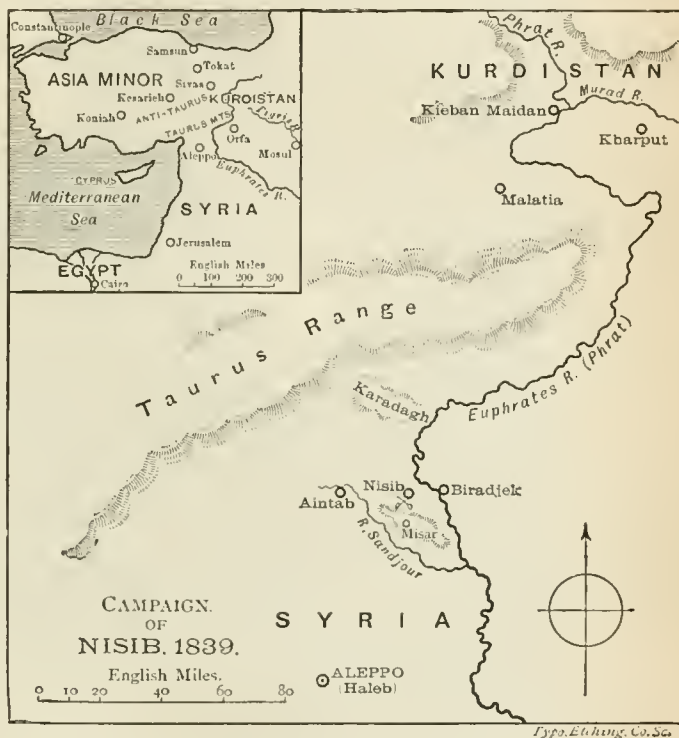
The capture of Paris, thirty-two years later, was to be the close of his active career of arms, as this was the beginning.

When he rejoined the headquarters of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish general had just received news from Aleppo that Ibrahim had been largely reinforced with Syrian, Arab, and Egyptian levies, and was evidently preparing for an attack on the Turkish positions in Asia Minor. Separated, as he was, from the armies of Isset and Hadji Ali by hundreds of miles, Hafiz knew that the protection of the frontier depended on himself alone, and resolved to move closer to the border of Syria in order to make it impossible for Ibrahim to slip past him and gain the road to Constantinople without a battle. Accordingly on April 1st, 1839, the camp at Malatia was broken up, and the Turks marched to the foot of the Taurus chain, encamping again near Samsat. Here there was a delay while Moltke and a couple of Turkish staff-officers went forward to reconnoitre the country in front and select a defensive position barring the advance of the army of Syria. On April 20th, after their return, the march was resumed and the Taurus range was passed, 2,000 men having been employed for a fortnight before in clearing the snow from the passes. The army marched in several columns, each moving by a different pass. Karakaik had been named as the point where they were to concentrate; but at the last

moment Hafiz sent word that they were to unite much nearer the frontier, at Biradjek. It would have been a bad thing for him if Ibrahim had come across the border-line while his columns were thus separated, but the Egyptian Pasha either was not ready to move, or, what is more likely, had no idea of the chance his Turkish opponent was giving him.

Moltke had selected the position at Biradjek. Close to the village of that name a low ridge ran across a bend of the Euphrates. The river covered both flanks, and the front between them was about two miles long. There was a gentle slope from the ridge of about 600 yards, with no shelter of any kind to protect an attacking force from the fire of the defenders. Behind the ridge, and between it and the river, there was a good camping

ground, and shelter for the reserves from artillery fire. The ridge was further strengthened by four earthwork redoubts, thrown up just below its crest. The position was thus a natural fortress, improved by field-works. Its chief defect was that it would not have been at all an easy matter to get much of the army away from it across the river once the ridge was stormed. But then Moltke, in choosing it, had made up his mind that the army of Hafiz Pasha could not be depended on to fight in the open against the



superior forces of the Egyptians, and if defeated in a pitched battle he did not expect that in any case much of it would hold together in the retreat. He therefore advised that it should hold the entrenched camp at Biradjek until it was reinforced. Ibrahim would not dare to march into Asia Minor, leaving the army of Hafiz in his rear with Syria at its mercy; and if he attempted to storm the long ridge and its redoubts by a frontal attack, all the chances were that he would be defeated with serious loss, and that he would be unable to attempt anything more that year.

The cavalry had been sent forward to Nisib, a village close to the Syrian frontier. One of their horses escaped, and a few troopers rode across the border-line to look for it. They were attacked

by the Egyptian cavalry, one of them killed, and the rest chased back to Nisib. This little incident upset all Von Moltke's plans, and changed the whole course of events in Syria; for Hafiz, when he heard of it, was indignant at what he described as an unpardonable outrage, and made up his mind to attack the Syrians and have his revenge, instead of remaining quietly camped behind his redoubts. Anxious to have the opinions of others to support his own, he called a council of war, and urged strongly that after what had happened nothing was left for them to do but to march against the Syrians. He had, he said, submitted the case to the mollahs, the Mohammedan doctors of the law, and they had replied that the act of the Egyptians fully justified an immediate declaration of war.

He asked Von Moltke what he thought, and the Prussian captain replied that the mollahs were no doubt excellent authorities on the question whether the war was just or not; but there was another question to be considered: Was it wise? And to answer this one had to know a great many things. What were the intentions of the Sultan's Government? What were the rival Great Powers of Europe going to do? What was exactly the enemy's strength, and on what resources of men and supplies could they depend to meet him? On several of these points he himself knew nothing, and the mollahs knew no more than he did. The responsibility of a choice rested on the pasha himself, and he ought to know whether or not his sovereign, the Sultan, wished him to precipitate hostilities. "But," concluded Von Moltke, "not having all the necessary information, I must decline to give an opinion."

Hafiz was disappointed. He had hoped for a

unanimous vote for war, and he was especially anxious to escape responsibility by having on his side the opinion of his Prussian military adviser. But Von Moltke wisely persisted in refusing to advise on any but strictly military questions. He would have nothing to do with politics. But the Circassian pasha was eager to avenge what he felt as a personal insult put upon him by the Egyptians, and at the same time he had per-

suaded himself that, whatever he might say openly, the Sultan wished for a war which might end in the reconquest of Syria, if not of Egypt. So he decided to fight.

Marching out of the Biradjek position, he massed his forces about the village of Nisib, sending his Kurdish irregular cavalry to raid across the frontier, and detaching a column of infantry and artillery to summon the Egyptian garrison that held the frontier town of Aintab to surrender. The Egyptians refused his first summons, but no sooner had a few shots been fired against the place than they not only surrendered, but offered to take service under the Turkish standards. They were not the first troops that



A TURKISH BEY.

Hafiz had recruited in the same way. Many of his Kurdish regiments were composed of mountaineers who had taken his pay the day after they had surrendered to his flying columns. But soldiers who transferred their allegiance so readily from one banner to another were not very reliable elements in an army.

Ibrahim and the Syro-Egyptian army had all this time been camped quietly near Aleppo. There were only a few detached posts and some irregular cavalry watching the frontier, which was thus open to the raids of Turks and Kurds. But Ibrahim was preparing to move, and by a curious coincidence, while the Prussian Von Moltke was advising his enemy, he himself had

for his chief military adviser an officer of the French army, Captain Beaufort d'Hautpoul, a son of one of the Great Napoleon's generals. In the first week of June he broke up his camp at Aleppo. Ten days later his Arabs were driving the Kurdish horsemen back upon Nisib. On the

mation, moved towards the Turkish left. Behind them came some guns and a brigade of infantry. The gunners, directed by Beaufort d'Hautpoul in person, unlimbered and opened fire at long range against the Turkish centre and left. The Turkish batteries replied. All the guns on both sides



"HURRYING TO THE SIDE OF HAFIZ, HE URGED HIM TO AT ONCE MAKE A SHARP ATTACK" (p. 142).

10th his vanguard cleared the pass of Misar, a defile in the hills to the south of Nisib, and next day his army bivouacked five miles in front of the Turkish position.

All that day and during a great part of the night the army of Hafiz was drawn up in battle array, expecting to be attacked. At nine o'clock on the 21st the Egyptians were at last seen to be advancing. Nine regiments of cavalry, Arab and Syrian horsemen in white burnouses, armed mostly with the lance and riding in a loose for-

were smooth-bores, most of the shot fell short, and there were very few casualties. The firing might have gone on all day without much effect. But suddenly, at a signal from the artillery position, the Egyptian cavalry fell back, the guns limbered up and retired, and the infantry followed them. The Turks flattered themselves that they had the best of the day, and that the Egyptians were afraid to come to close quarters. The fact was that it was only a reconnaissance carried out by the French officer, who wanted to

have a close look at the position of the Turks and to draw the fire of their artillery, in order to find out where their batteries were and what their guns could do.

All day Hafiz expected the attack to be renewed, and his troops were under arms. When night came they lay down where they had stood all day, with their weapons ready to their hands. At dawn on the 22nd it was seen that the Egyptian army was breaking up its camp and retiring towards Misar. Great was the joy at the Turkish headquarters, but it did not last long. The scouts who hung on the rear of the retiring Egyptians were suddenly driven back by a cavalry charge, and then it was seen that the columns of Ibrahim's army were no longer moving on Misar, but, after edging away somewhat to the eastward of their first direction, were advancing on a line that would carry them past the Turkish left, and if they were not checked would place them in position between Nisib and Biradjek, so as to cut off Hafiz from what was at once his line of supply if he remained at Nisib, and his line of retreat if he abandoned the place. Ibrahim, with his army formed in three columns, was making a bold manœuvre the success of which meant, not merely the defeat, but the destruction of the Turkish "army of Kurdistan."

Moltke saw the full gravity of the situation. Hurrying to the side of Hafiz, he pointed out to him that an army which tries to outflank another necessarily exposes its own flank during the manœuvre, and he urged him to at once make a sharp and well-sustained attack on the nearest of the three hostile columns. This would momentarily arrest the turning movement, and it might reasonably be hoped that the first column of the Egyptians would be seriously shaken, if not broken up, before the two others could come up to its assistance. But Hafiz did not like the idea of moving down with his whole army from the rising ground which he had held so long, and all that he did was to launch against the column a few squadrons of his irregular cavalry, who were driven back by a few volleys and a charge of the Arab Horse. Then, seeing that it was hopeless to try to induce Hafiz to take the offensive, and that the opportunity for it would soon be gone, Moltke proposed another plan. The enemy had not yet interposed between Nisib and Biradjek; the best thing to do would be to retreat at once to that strong position, await an attack there, and resume the offensive after the expected reinforcements had arrived.

But Hafiz, with his staff grouped round him, met the suggestion with an unexpected objection. To go back to Biradjek would be to run away in the presence of the Syrians and Arabs and their Egyptian pasha. He was not afraid of them. He would not disgrace himself by flight.

Then Von Moltke, appealing to his two Prussian colleagues in support of his opinion, replied that what he proposed was not a flight, but a strategic retreat, an operation of war that the greatest conquerors had at times made use of as a prelude to their victories. There was nothing disgraceful in it, or he would not have suggested it. It was now a simple question of gaining time, and keeping up their communications with Asia Minor. If they remained where they were, the chances were all against them; if they once regained the lines of Biradjek, everything was in their favour. There was a long discussion, on the one side Moltke and his colleagues urging instant retreat; on the other Hafiz, backed up by the mollahs, who declared that all the omens were in favour of fighting at Nisib, and also supported by many of his Turkish officers, who thought it more to their interest to side with the pasha than with the three "Franks" who had come to advise him. It ended in Hafiz Pasha declaring that nothing should induce him to abandon the position of Nisib; on which Moltke, worn out with fatigue, ill with a touch of fever, and discouraged at the stupid obstinacy of the Circassian pasha, went away to his tent, and tried to sleep through the day, declining all responsibility for what was being done.

What a contrast there is between Captain Von Moltke, stretched on his camp bed at Nisib in utter disgust at being unable to persuade a stupid pasha and his officers to extricate some 30,000 men from a false position in this campaign on the borders of Syria, and the same Moltke a few years later at the palace of Versailles, directing with all but absolute command the movements of nearly a million soldiers, with kings and princes waiting for his orders, and all Europe looking on in wonder at the brilliant strategy by which he was sealing the fate of France! But in the one instance he had to do with a pasha who would not listen to him, in the other with a soldier-king who had the insight to recognise and give free play to his marvellous genius for war.

All through that hot midsummer day the white cloaks and glittering lances of Ibrahim's

cavalry spread like the foam of an advancing tide wave along the plain between Nisib and the Euphrates. Behind them came the three columns of Syrian and Egyptian infantry, with their lumbering artillery dragged along partly by horses, partly by long teams of bullocks. Towards evening the columns closed upon each other, and upon the left rear of the Nisib position. Then they camped in battle array, and the long line of their watch fires told Hafiz that they had taken up a position from which they were ready to attack him in the morning.

Late that evening the pasha sent for Von Moltke. Seated on a carpet in his tent, Hafiz asked the captain to sit beside him, gave him coffee and a pipe, and then entreated him to do what he could to help him in the defence of the Nisib position. Von Moltke replied that he still thought that a huge mistake had been made in accepting battle in such a place; but, while declining all responsibility for the choice of the position, he would do what he could to make the best of it. For the next few hours he was busy by the light of torches and watch-fires drawing up the Turkish army, so as to meet the coming attack. All the troops, except a few cavalry scouts, were withdrawn from the plain. He chose a position on the high ground where the centre would be partly covered by a ravine. The right, which was nearest the Egyptians, was rapidly entrenched, and a battery of heavy guns were sent to strengthen the left. By 3 a.m. all were in position.

The long-expected battle began early on June 23rd. Ibrahim—or, rather, his French adviser, Beaufort d'Hautpoul—adopted a system of tactics which secured him an advantage from the very outset. He was strong in artillery, his guns being partly long field-pieces of Eastern design throwing solid round shot, partly French howitzers, short guns of comparatively large calibre, throwing shells. Keeping his infantry columns well out of range, he pushed forward all his artillery, escorted by his Arab and Syrian cavalry. The masses of horsemen to right and left and out of range, but within a short gallop in rear of the guns, made it a risky matter to try to rush them, even if Hafiz had had any other idea than doggedly clinging to the defensive. Thus protected, the Egyptian artillery began to throw shot and shell into the position on which the Turks were crowded together. The Turkish artillery, provided only with solid shot for long range, and grape for close quarters,

could do comparatively little damage to the enemy's batteries, and the Egyptian infantry was quite out of its reach. The artillery duel with which the battle began was thus a most unequal conflict.

Soon the bursting shells began to tell upon the Turks, many of the regiments that held the plateau of Nisib being composed of doubtful materials—such as the troops who had surrendered at Aintab and the Kurdish levies. Whole companies broke up as the shells burst over them, and at last a whole brigade on the left retired from the ground it was ordered to hold, in order to shelter on the reverse slope of the plateau. Some regiments of the reserve, seeing this movement in retreat, conformed to it, and it looked as if the whole line was beginning to give way. Moltke galloped to the left, and tried in vain to induce the brigade to resume its place in the front. Nothing he could say had the least influence on officers or men. They were in comparative safety, and they did not mean to march back again into the thick of the artillery fire. He gave up the hopeless task, and turning his horse, rode towards the centre.

As he approached it he saw a sight which might well dishearten him. Guns were straggling back one by one from the front, and, worse still, artillery drivers, who had cut the traces of their limbers, came galloping to the rear in flight, abandoning their guns. Several regiments had fallen on their knees in prayer—the prayer not of brave men asking help for coming battle, like the Scots who knelt at Bannockburn, but the frightened petition of men who had lost heart and head, and afraid to do anything for themselves, were begging for a miracle from Heaven. The Syro-Egyptian infantry massed in heavy columns, with their green banners waving in a long line in their front, were advancing, a forest of bayonets flashing in the sunlight, while their cavalry streamed out towards the flanks.

The crisis of the battle had come. On the left a brigade of Turkish regular cavalry, without having received any orders, rode forward to charge; but it had only reached the crest of the slope that led downwards towards the Egyptian right when a few shells, almost the last fired that day by Ibrahim's artillery, burst in their front ranks. Horses and men alike seemed to be panic-stricken. The mass of cavalry wheeled round and fled wildly to the rear, riding down and dispersing part of the Turkish reserves in their mad flight. Moltke was trying to keep the

centre steady. Hafiz rushed to the right, where the Turks were firing their muskets at the advancing Egyptians at a range which meant a mere waste of powder and ball. Seizing a standard, he put himself at the head of a battalion

it was headlong flight or abject surrender. Entire companies threw down their arms. Guns abandoned by their teams were captured in whole batteries. The mass of fugitives that streamed away over the back of the plateau



"THE MASS OF CAVALRY WHEELED ROUND AND FLED WILDLY TO THE REAR" (A. 143.)

and called on them to charge the approaching Egyptians. It looked as if he was seeking for death in the midst of what he now recognised as a hopeless disaster. The men refused to advance. On came the Egyptians. But hardly anywhere were they met by anything more than an irresolute, ill-aimed fire from men who were calculating how long they could safely stay without risking having to cross bayonets with the enemy. As the line of green standards with the bright steel behind them came up the slope, most of the Turks and Kurds ceased firing and ran. Here and there a handful, with levelled bayonets, stood back to back and sold their lives dearly. Some of the gunners stuck to their pieces to the last, and fired grape into the faces of the Egyptians; but for the most part

farred the worst, for with a fierce yell the Arab horsemen rode after them, and for miles the plain was strewn with the corpses of the wretches who died at the points of their long spears.

As the line broke, Von Moltke had the good fortune to be near his two Prussian comrades. Thanks to their horses, the three Europeans extricated themselves from the mass of fugitives, avoided the pursuit, and after a ride of nine hours under the blazing Syrian sun reached Aintab in the evening. Von Moltke had lost everything but the horse he rode and the clothes and arms he wore. He regretted most the loss of his journals and his surveys of Asia Minor and the Upper Euphrates, the result of many months of travel and exploration. But he was fortunate in

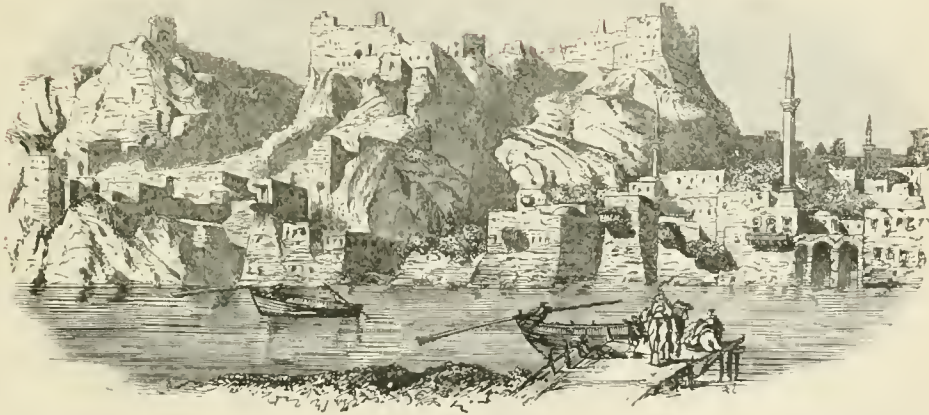
having escaped with life. The course of European history might have been changed if the good horse that carried him so well had stumbled in the wild rush to escape the Arab spears.

Ibrahim seemed astounded at the completeness of his own success. There was a panic throughout Asia Minor, many of the new Turkish levies disbanding on the news of Nisib. The Egyptians might have marched at once to the shores of the Bosphorus, but they hesitated to reap the fruits of their victory, and the intervention of England and Austria soon after forced them to give up all pretensions to rule in Western Asia.

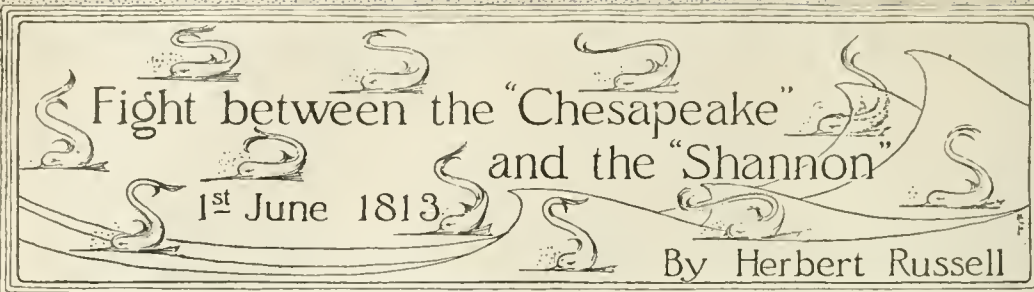
Travelling across Asia Minor, Moltke and his companions saw everywhere signs that nothing could be done to help the Turks to hold their own. He was therefore eager to get back to Europe, and on August 3rd, when he saw the sea from the hills above Samsun, he felt the

same joy with which the Greeks had greeted the same sight in their famous retreat from the Euphrates. Embarking at Samsun, he returned to Constantinople. His next experience of warfare was in the Prussian army.

By a curious turn of fate, he had among his opponents in his last campaign the same French officer who had so ably directed the Egyptian attack at Nisib. When the French Imperial army collapsed in 1870, and the new levies were being raised to meet the Prussian invasion, Beaufort d'Hautpoul, then living in retirement, offered his services to Gambetta, and was given the command of a division in Vinoy's army in the defence of Paris. The general took part in the great sortie that immediately preceded the surrender; and it so happened that as at Nisib, in far-off Syria, Von Moltke's first battle, so at Buzenval, under the walls of Paris, the last battle of the great Prussian strategist, Beaufort d'Hautpoul was among those who fought against him.



BIRADJEK.



Fight between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon"

1st June 1813

By Herbert Russell

THE whole volume of British naval history has no more glorious and inspiring page to offer than that which bears the record of the memorable conflict between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. It may lack the lurid splendour that throws Trafalgar out bright and strong in the story of nations; but one would hesitate to declare that it was not as proud an achievement in its way as Nelson's dying victory. One needs, indeed, to understand the philosophy of the maritime annals of that period to appreciate how much deeper than the actual defeat of the Yankee frigate went the moral effect of that ocean triumph. Our war with the Americans was an unpopular one from the very beginning. We had taken up arms against them, not in that spirit of hearty animosity which characterised the Napoleonic struggle, but in a half-reluctant manner, as though influenced by the feeling that no honour was to be gained by fighting the young colonies across the Atlantic. The lesson which our soldiers and sailors received very early in the conflict was a staggering revelation. John Bull soon realised that if he meant to cope with his antagonist, he must cease to treat him as a mere sparring infant; but gird his loins, tighten his belt, and go at him as a man to be reckoned with.

If the British Army chafed under the reverses it met with upon American soil, the British Navy was tenfold more chagrined by the humiliations put upon its flag on the high seas. Our sailors were flushed by the triumphs of long ocean campaigns. They had learnt to think of themselves as irresistible. Their domination of the deep had come at length to a habit of thought not for one moment to be questioned. When, therefore, news began to come in of the discomfiture of our ships by Yankee vessels, the effect was likely to prove correspondingly

demoralising. The higher the see-saw of pride soars, the greater the depression when the descent begins. Time has taught us to look back dispassionately upon that period of our naval history. We were not fighting the Spaniard, or the Frenchman, but our own flesh and blood. Now that the dwarf Prejudice has long been crushed under the heel of the giant Time, what true-born Englishman but must honour and admire the pluck of the unfledged Yankee bantam sparring up at its old mother with such effect that the little creature's victorious crowing resounded from the Land's End to Massachusetts?

The British sailor was burning with a desire to prove whether, man to man, he was not a match for the American. Unequal contests were no test. If a ten-gun brig were captured by a Yankee corvette of treble her size and weight of metal, the achievement could scarcely be held to prove Brother Jonathan the better man. Captain Broke, of the British frigate *Shannon*, sailed from Halifax, bound upon a cruise in Boston Bay, on the 21st of March, 1813, and he had but one end in mind: that of engaging an American frigate of his own calibre. So resolute was he in this desire that, according to James's "Naval History," he sacrificed no fewer than twenty-five prizes on his voyage down, in order not to weaken his complement by putting prize-crews on board.

On the 1st of June, the *Shannon* having been for some weeks hovering off the port of Boston, inside the shelter of which the eager British tars could desery the lofty spars of the famous American frigate *Chesapeake*, Captain Broke sent a direct challenge to Captain Lawrence to bring his vessel out and try the fortune of war. The letter in which this challenge was conveyed is one of the most manly, chivalrous, and gallant pieces of literature ever addressed by a British

officer to a foe. "As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea," it begins, "I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. The *Shannon* mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun, 18-pounders upon her main-deck, and 32-pound carronades upon her quarter-deck and fore-castle, and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys, and passengers who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. . . . I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here."

The armament and crew of the *Shannon* is stated in this letter. The *Chesapeake* was sixty tons larger, carried heavier guns, and seventy more men. Although Captain Lawrence landed four 32-pound carronades and one long 18-pounder at Boston, so as to reduce his broadside to the same numerical strength as that of the British frigate, the weight of his vessel's metal exceeded by one-tenth that of the *Shannon*. Therefore the advantage of superiority was considerably on the side of the American.

Captain Broke sent his memorable challenge by a Yankee prisoner, one Captain Slocum, whom he released along with his own boat on the condition that he should deliver the missive. The British frigate, with colours flying, then stood in close to Boston lighthouse, and there lay-to until it was seen whether Captain Lawrence would accept his opponent's invitation. The *Chesapeake* was plain to their view, moored in President Roads, with royal-yards crossed, and apparently in readiness to come out. It was a fine morning, with a light breeze blowing from the west and north, and the blue waters of Boston Bay were flashful with the high sunshine. The British officers had little doubt that the Yankee intended going to sea, for her

three topsails were hoisted: but would she come up to the scratch, or try and give them the slip? No, no; the thing was not to be thought of, after such illustrations of Yankee pluck as had already made the Stripes and Stars a flag to be honoured and dreaded. If the *Chesapeake* got under weigh, there was pretty sure to be a fight, and hearts beat high on board the *Shannon*, whilst speculation ran into wild desire.

At about half-past twelve, whilst the British men-of-war-men were below at dinner, Captain Broke, with a telescope slung over his shoulder, himself went to the masthead, and there beheld the *Chesapeake* fire a gun and almost simultaneously break into a cloud of canvas. He likewise perceived that Captain Slocum's boat had not yet reached the shore. Therefore Captain Lawrence had not received the challenge, but was coming out in response to the verbal invitations that the English commander had frequently sent to him. It was a brave sight to watch the stately American ship slipping nimbly through the smooth water of the Roads, heeling gently over to the breeze which filled her swelling sails, and surrounded by a great concourse of small boats coming out to watch the famous ocean duel from a safe distance. A few minutes later Captain Broke was again on deck, and the yards of the *Shannon* were swung, whilst the roll of the drum rattled fore and aft the vessel, summoning the hands to quarters.

It needs no very powerful effort of imagination to conjure up before the mind's eye the spectacle of Boston Bay as it appeared on the 1st of June, 1813. At one o'clock, the naval historian tells us, the *Chesapeake*, under all sail, rounded the Boston lighthouse. A right gallant show she must have made, with her long black hull slightly leaning to the impulse of her wide gleaming wings, her three ensigns streaming from various parts of the rigging, and a great white flag topping the fore-royal yard, and bearing a motto which must now sound strange to the Protectionist Yankee—"Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." For above a couple of leagues the two frigates held on in grim silence, standing directly out towards the open sea. The *Shannon* was repeatedly brought to the wind, in order to shiver her canvas, that the American might overhaul her. Meanwhile the *Chesapeake* was busy in reefing topsails, hauling up courses, taking in the lighter sails, and getting into war trim—like some veteran stripping ere he steps forth into the ring to try his prowess.

The *Chesapeake*, firing another gun, whose

sullen boom was intended as a note of defiance, came bearing down upon her enemy, watched with a thrill of pride from the land and the numerous boats hovering about out of cannon-shot. There could be no possible doubt in the minds of the spectators as to the issue of the contest. Flushed by a brief but marvellously triumphant record, the Yankees stood waiting with impatience to cheer their pet frigate—commanded by one of their most gallant officers—as she towed her prize in. On board of *her*, it is said, the Union Jack had been spread upon the table in the cabin for the English officers to dine off when they should be prisoners below.

At half-past five in the afternoon of that eventful day the action began, and before half-past six the pall-like clouds of smoke had settled away to leeward; the crimson dye gushing from the scuppers of both vessels had become diffused, and vanished upon the clear waves; the groans of the wounded were muffled down in the depths of the cockpit; and all was over. Never before, in all maritime annals, was such a sharp and decisive engagement; never, in the history of nations, was a more staggering issue than the result of the fight to the confident spectators who watched it from their native shore.

At the hour named—half past five—the two ships were close together, so close that the crews could distinguish one another quite plainly. Among those waiting and resolute crews—all speaking one tongue, and sharing, at heart, in the same sympathies—were doubtless many who had relations in common. It was blood fighting kindred blood, and the struggle was likely to prove the deadlier for this. Captain Broke, watching the Yankee frigate as a cat watches a mouse, perceived her intention to pass under the stern of his ship. Anticipating a soul-subduing raking as the *Chesapeake* brought her broadside to bear, the English commander gave the word for his men to lie flat down upon the deck. But the gallant Captain Lawrence held his fire, waiving the deadly opportunity that presented itself, and luffed his vessel up sharp within pistol-shot of the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. And then the tremendous fight began.

In reading the accounts of the conflict, one cannot fail to be struck with the rapid and complete demoralisation of the Yankees. That they could not have been wanting in courage, one may safely affirm; but they seem to have been "struck all of a heap." The battle speedily furnished the British sailor with his pet chance—the boarding-pike; and when once it came to

that, with anything like equality of numbers to contend against, there could never be any question as to what the issue must prove.

"The enemy," wrote Captain Broke, in his account of the engagement, "made a desperate but disorderly resistance. The firing continued at all the gangways and between the tops, but in two minutes' time the enemy was driven, sword in hand, from every post, the American flag was hauled down, and the proud old British Union floated triumphant over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below, and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action."

A lurid and life-long memory must the sight of that brief, but incredibly fierce, struggle between the two frigates have been to those who stood gazing at it from the land, or crouched, pale and startled, in their boats nearer at hand. The belligerents would be scarcely visible for the white, wool-like clouds which hovered over them, full of darting crimson tongues of flame. The very ocean must have been stagnated for a league around by the reverberating thunder booming over its surface. How was the fight going? None could tell for the first seven minutes. Then the pealing of the artillery ceased, the smoke rolled slowly away in great bodies of vapour, and the two vessels were seen locked abreast. Expectation and anxiety were at fever pitch. It was a hand-to-hand struggle now; the watching crowds knew that the cry of "Boarders, away!" had gone, and that upon the decks of one or the other of those vessels, dwarfed by distance to the dimensions of mere toys, a frightfully bloody conflict must be waging.

In very truth so it was. The *Chesapeake* had missed stays while endeavouring to fore-reach upon the British frigate, and before any further manœuvre could be executed on board of her she drove down stern first alongside the *Shannon*, her quarter grinding the latter vessel's side just forward of her starboard main chains. Captain Broke had intended delaying boarding until he reckoned that the guns of his ship had done more execution amongst a crew supposed to be at least one-fourth superior to his own in number; but when the Yankee collided with his ship he ran forward, and perceiving that the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck gunners were deserting their posts, he ordered the two frigates to be lashed side to side, the great guns to cease fire, and the main-deck and quarter-deck boarders



"ABOUT THIRTY OF THE CREW MADE A SMALL SHOW OF RESISTANCE" (A. 150)

to make a rush for it. The veteran boatswain of the *Shannon*, who was a survivor from Rodney's famous action, had his arm hacked off, and was mortally wounded by musketry, whilst securing the two ships together. The wild confusion, the clashing of steel, the savage cries and curses of men, the groaning and shrieking of the wounded, the whole uproar of that deadly conflict, must have formed a hideous nightmare-like memory to those who lived to look back upon it.

Captain Broke, followed by about twenty men, sprang from the *Shannon's* gangway-rail and gained the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen. In the gangways about thirty of the crew made a small show of resistance, but were driven helter-skelter towards the fore-castle, through the hatch of which they endeavoured to escape below, but in their eagerness prevented one another, and several actually jumped overboard into the sea. The Americans seemed to be completely bewildered by the turn the battle had taken. The *Shannon's* crew came pouring in, but they found almost a clear deck, fore and aft. Aloft the topmen were keeping up a destructive fire of musketry. But this was presently stopped by a midshipman named William Smith and his topmen, five in number. The exploit of this little band is one of the most gallant incidents of that truly gallant action. Smith, followed by his handful of sailors, deliberately crawled along the *Shannon's* fore-yard and gained the main-yard of the Yankee, with which the former spar was interlocked. Thence he reached the main-top, stormed it, and silenced the fire that was harassing our men.

Captain Broke had been wounded in the head by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and whilst a sailor named Mindham was binding a handkerchief round his brow, he paused and cried out: "There, sir!—there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours!" A melancholy

incident marked the hoisting of these flags. Lieutenant Watt, the first lieutenant of the *Shannon*, who had been wounded in boarding, raised himself upon his legs, and, calling for a British ensign, hauled down the Stripes and Stars and bent the flag on above it. But the signal-halliards being foul, the officer hoisted the colours so that the American flag was uppermost. Perceiving this, the *Shannon's* gunners immediately reopened fire, and killed their own first lieutenant and five of their comrades before they discovered their blunder. A straggling fire was kept up through the hatchways by the seamen who had been driven below. But it would not do. The *Chesapeake* had been captured in an incredibly brief struggle, and the resistance of a handful of men here and there was not likely to check the tide of victory. In a few moments the Americans surrendered, and the triumph was complete.

The old sea-story has been often told, and who would think of again repeating it were it not that any record of the battles of the century would be signally incomplete without it? The moral influence of that victory was prodigious in its invigorating effect upon our sailors. It seemed at once to restore to them all that prestige which they had been slowly losing since the first gun of the war was fired. Yet, for the Yankees, it was a duel which they can well afford to look back upon with pride. The fact of the death or disablement of one hundred and seventy of the *Chesapeake's* crew is sternly significant of the fierce, resolute manner in which they maintained the short, desperate struggle; whilst the memory of the manner in which the vessel came out to boldly meet the enemy cannot but be a proud recollection. Britain made much of her triumph; and if the Americans desire atonement that the laurels did not happen to fall to their lot, they should find it in remembering the words of Captain Broke's letter, which is the highest admission of splendid qualities that one foe ever made to another.





IN after years the Duke of Wellington told a friend that he looked upon Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo as his three best battles. "Salamanca," he went on to say, "relieved the whole South of Spain, changed all the prospects of the war, and was felt even in Russia"—where Napoleon was just then meeting his first great failure. Salamanca also showed Wellington at his best—it displayed the finest qualities of his generalship, his quick unerring eye, his prompt detection of his enemy's mistakes, his consummate skill in turning them to his own advantage. For it was the serious and unmistakable error made by Marshal Marmont, the French leader, that led to Wellington's victory. "He wished to cut me off," said the duke; "I saw that in attempting this he was spreading himself over more ground than he could defend; I resolved to attack him, and succeeded in my object very quickly. One of the French generals said I had beaten forty thousand men in forty minutes."

"*Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu,*" was his remark to the Spanish general of that name as he shut his telescope with stern contentment, and gave the orders that paved the way to victory.

Up to that moment, however, Wellington had been much disquieted. Matters had not gone well with him; he had been really out-manceuvred, out-generalled. Just when Marmont gave himself into his hands, he had been on the point of retreating, of escaping, indeed, while there was yet time. How Wellington felt that morning may be gathered from a story told at Strathfieldsaye years afterwards in the duke's presence by that very General Alava mentioned above. The duke had been too busy, so the story ran, probably too anxious, to think of breakfast on the morning of the battle. At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon, his

famishing staff seized the opportunity of laying out a sort of picnic lunch in the courtyard of the farmhouse. Wellington rode into the enclosure, but refused to dismount like the rest, declined to eat anything, and desired the others to make haste. At last someone persuaded him to take a bite of bread and the leg of a roast fowl, when, suddenly, on the arrival of an aide-de-camp with certain news, he threw away the leg over his shoulder and galloped out of the yard, calling upon the rest to follow him at once.

The news brought him was no doubt that of the French flank movement which so jeopardised them, and was the prelude to the battle. "I knew something serious was going to happen," was Alava's comment on this episode, "when anything so precious as the leg of a fowl was thrown away." Food was scarce in those campaigning days. The duke, it may be added, sat by while the story was being told with a quiet smile on his face, but saying nothing. He was thinking, no doubt, that the narration was pleasanter than the reality had been.

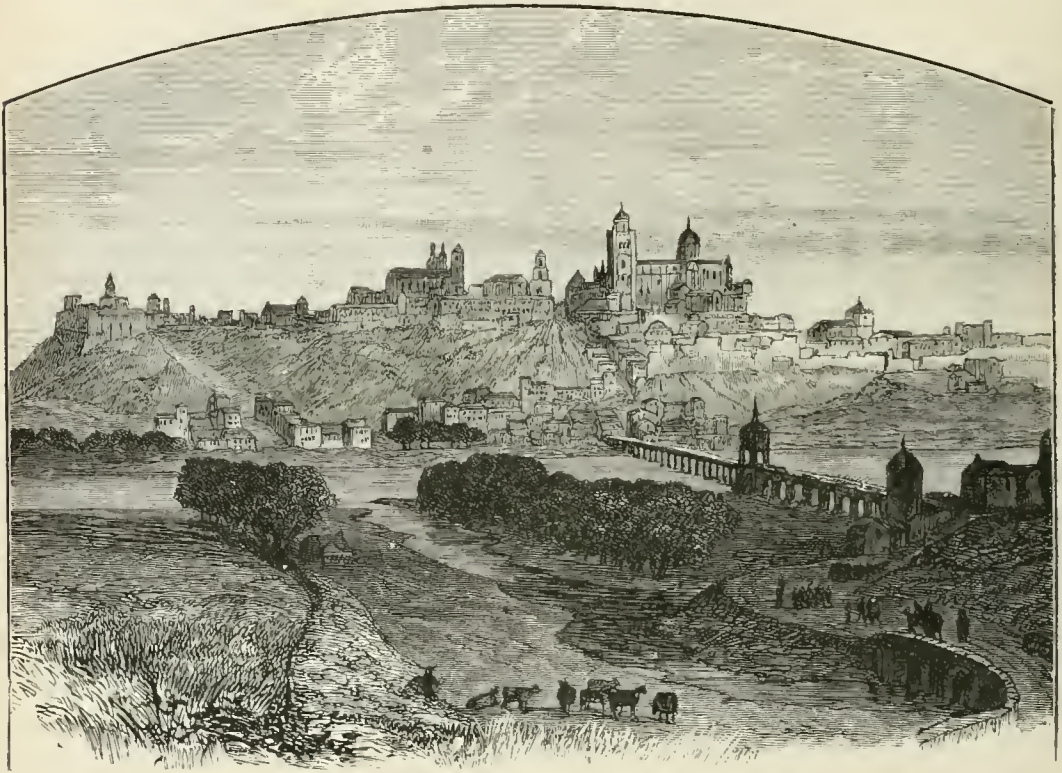
But a true appreciation of the actual battle can only be had by considering first the long and intricate operations which preceded it.

The position of the English and French forces in the Peninsula during the early summer of 1812 was briefly as follows:—

Wellington was still in Portugal, although he had captured the two strongholds of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz in Spain. These were to serve as advanced posts for his invasion of that country and the expulsion of the French, which, it must be remembered, was the main object of the Peninsular War. But there were 300,000 Frenchmen in Spain distributed nearly all over it, in five different armies. That immediately opposed to Wellington was under Marshal Marmont; it was said to be nominally 70,000 strong, and further reinforcements were expected from

France. Moreover, Marmont was in touch with three other armies, one to the north of him, one behind him at Madrid, a third to the South in Andalusia. Wellington had never more than 50,000, so it is obvious that while Marmont alone was quite equal to cope with him, he might be

Marmont, taking him promptly, and before his supports could join him. There was at this time much friction between the French generals, and this was likely still further to delay concentration. Everything depended, therefore, upon immediate action.



SALAMANCA.

courting overwhelmingly superior concentration. Again, Marmont's army was a fine fighting force in excellent condition, stronger in artillery, although inferior in cavalry; an army, moreover, composed entirely of Frenchmen, of men animated with one spirit, obeying one supreme leader, the great emperor himself.

Wellington, on the other hand, commanded a mixed force: it was made up of four different nationalities—British, German, and Portuguese. His cavalry was superior, the very flower of British horsemen, but he had fewer guns; his men were ill-found, pay was in arrears, for ready-money was desperately scarce through the niggardliness of the British Government, and the want of it, the real sinews of war, was severely felt in his matter of supplies—which had to be paid for, cash down. Still, Wellington was nothing daunted. He hoped to achieve some signal success if only he moved against

Wellington advanced upon the 13th June. On that day he crossed the Agueda, and moving on towards the Tormes, laid siege to Salamanca. This city was defended by several forts and held by a French garrison. Marmont retired before Wellington, then returned to relieve Salamanca; Wellington took it, and Marmont again retired. It was a sort of see-saw between the opposing generals. Wellington now pursued Marmont as far as the river Douro; Marmont crossed and stood firm on the farther bank. Then reinforcements joined the French, and Marmont once more advanced, determined to drive Wellington before him. He also was anxious to win a victory soon, because King Joseph was on his way from Madrid to supersede him. Moreover, he was a little disdainful of the English general's military capacity, which he had not yet tried in actual conflict.

It was now the month of July, and for the

first fortnight the two generals were like skillful chess players engaged in a closely contested game. Each tried to take advantage of the other and bring on a checkmate. Marmont had, if anything, the best of it. The very direction of his advance jeopardised the safety of the English army, and Wellington's only hope was in rapid retreat. The French now all but forestalled them at Salamanca, and it was a race between them for the river Tormes, behind which lay the English line of communications with Portugal and the rear. As the two armies hurried forward, the spectacle is described by eye-witnesses as almost unparalleled in war. "For there was seen," says Napier, the historian of the war, "the hostile columns of infantry at

between in a compact body as if to prevent a collision. At times the loud word of command to hasten the march was heard passing from the front to the rear, and now and then the rushing sound of bullets came sweeping over the column, whose violent pace was continuously accelerated." This neck-and-neck contest went on for ten miles, and in the most perfect order. The same strange manœuvre was repeated a couple of days later, and on a larger scale. In the end, Wellington reached Salamanca safely, but none too soon. The French had the command of the Tormes river, and still threatening the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, could still force the English to retire.

Fortune at this time seemed to frown on the



"WELLINGTON GALLOPED OUT OF THE YARD, CALLING UPON THE REST TO FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE" (p. 151).

only half musket-shot from each other (not a hundred yards!) marching impetuously towards a common goal, the officers on each side pointing forwards with their swords touching their hats and waving their hands in courtesy, while the German cavalry, huge men on huge horses, rode

English commander. He had had one chance of attacking Marmont, and had missed it. Now Marmont had the best of it, and could take him at a disadvantage if he persevered. Wellington realised that he must soon withdraw into Portugal, and he wrote to the Spanish general

Castañas to this effect: a letter which fell into Marmont's hands. It was said after the victory that this letter was a lure to draw Marmont on; but it was a *bonâ fide* despatch conveying Wellington's real intention: the retreat was all but ordered, and it was to have commenced on the very night that the battle of Salamanca was fought and won. In the meantime, Marmont, too eager to snatch a victory, had committed his fatal mistake.

At daybreak, on the 22nd July, the day of the battle, the positions of the two opposing armies were as follows:—

The English were on both sides of the river Tormes; the bulk certainly on the left or southern shore, but one division, the third, was still on the right bank, as Wellington did not feel certain by which side Marmont would move. The left flank of the army rested about Santa Marta in the low ground; the right extended eastwards towards the village of Arapiles and the hills of that name.

The French at daylight were advancing into position; they had crossed the river by the fords at Huerta, some had occupied the heights opposite the English from Calvariza Aniba to Nuestra Señora de la Pena, and others aimed at Seiziz, two isolated hills close to the English right, thus clearly indicating Marmont's design of forcing on the battle.

The possession of these two last-named hills now became of vital consequence to both armies. They were called the Arapiles hills—sometimes los Dos Hermanitos, the “two little brothers”—and they stood steep and rugged, rising like two small fortresses straight out of the plain. Had the French gained them both, Wellington would have been obliged to throw back his right, and fight with his back against the river—always a hazardous proceeding. But once more there was a race between the opponents, and the result may be called a dead-heat. Both sent off light troops flying past to capture the hills, and each got the one nearest it. The twins were divided, and for the rest of the day one was known as the English Arapiles, or Hermanito, the other as the French.

This first small contest had an important bearing on coming events. It confirmed Wellington in his intention of retreating, but it obliged him to postpone his movement till after dark. For the French, in occupation of their Hermanito, could use it as a pivot around which to gather strongly and then swing a determined attack on Wellington's retrograding columns.

So menacing was their possession of this hill that Wellington was half disposed to attack and try to capture it. But he forebore, preferring to wait on events, and knowing something of Marmont's impetuous character, hoping still that the Frenchman might commit himself to a general attack on the English position.

This was precisely what happened. Marmont was seized with a sudden fear that the English were about to escape him. He saw great columns of dust rising from the Ciudad Rodrigo road, and rashly concluded that the enemy was already in full retreat. He was altogether wrong, as we shall see. The English were no doubt on the move, but not as yet to the rear. They were only taking up the new positions which Wellington found necessary since the French general had so unmistakably shown his wish to fight, and to fight upon the left bank of the river. These new dispositions amounted to a complete change of front. Till now the English line had faced north from the river at Santa Marta to the Arapiles hill; hereafter it faced south and east from Aldea Tejada on the right to the Arapiles village and hill, which became the left. This left was held by the fourth division; the sixth and seventh divisions were in a hollow compact behind and below the Arapiles hill; the third division was now definitely brought across the river, and being posted at Aldea Tejada, became the right of the line. It was the march of this last-named division, with its trains and commissariat waggons all pointing towards Ciudad Rodrigo, that betrayed Marmont and precipitated the battle to his own immediate defeat.

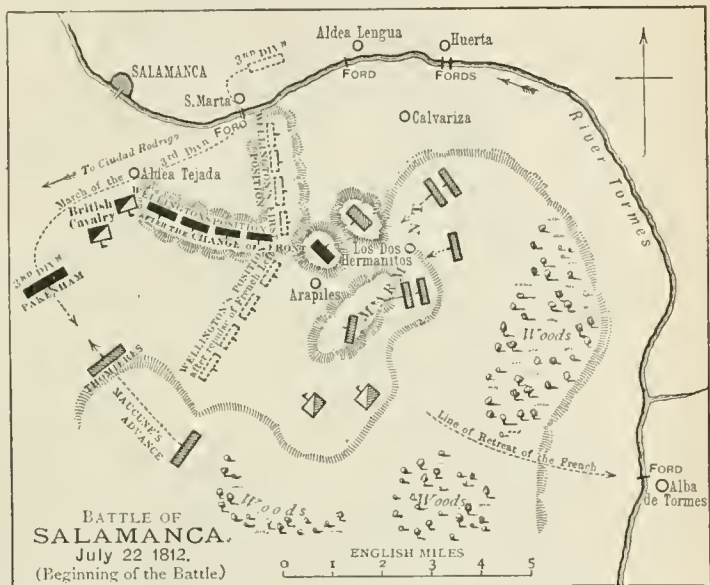
Inspired by this quite groundless fear, he suddenly directed General Maucune, with two divisions of infantry and fifty guns, supported by the light cavalry, to reach out and intercept the English in their supposed retreat. They were to menace the Ciudad Rodrigo road, while he himself, if the English showed fight, would fall upon them with all his remaining force at about the Arapiles village and hills. Maucune's movement was the fatal mistake. It was an error, a tactical error of the very worst kind. By this hasty and too adventurous march the French advance—their left—was entirely separated from their centre and their right; both the latter were still in the woods to the rear or crossing the river, and altogether disconnected with—entirely unable to support or act with—Maucune. Marmont had, in fact, as the duke put it, spread himself out too far. He was like a man who has lunged out in striking, and, unable to recover himself, is

exposed to a counterstroke from an opponent who has held himself compact and collected, ready to return a much more vigorous blow.

It must have been the report of Maucune's movement that was brought Wellington in the farmyard, and led to the sacrifice of the drumstick of a fowl. Napier says that the duke was resting when the news reached him; but whether he was throwing away an untasted lunch or sleeping, he certainly rode straight to the English Arapiles hill, and from that high vantage ground fully realised what Marmont had done. It was then, no doubt, he told Alava that it was all over with Marmont. For Wellington no sooner saw the situation than he grasped it with the full and complete appreciation that marks true genius in war. His orders were few and precise; their object was to fall upon Marmont's advance, and crush it before it could be reinforced. He formed his troops in three lines: the first consisted of his 4th and 5th divisions, with some Portuguese on their right, and beyond them the heavy cavalry; in the second line were the 6th and 7th divisions, with the light cavalry on their right; and in reserve the third line, made up of the 1st and 8th divisions, the rest of the Portuguese and more cavalry. The right of the second line was closed by the 3rd division, under General Pakenham, and to him was entrusted the honour of opening the ball. For as soon as the above-mentioned changes of position were completed, Pakenham was ordered to come up in four columns with twelve guns on his left or inner flank and cross the enemy's line of march. This meant "taking them in flank," as it is called, or at their weakest point. As soon as Pakenham attacked, the first line was also to advance and second his endeavour. Then, on the English left, which would thus become uncovered, an assault was to be made on the French Hermanito hill.

And here, at this the most critical juncture, on the very eve of joining issue with a determined enemy in a great and momentous struggle, Wellington gave a fresh proof of his iron nerve and strong character. Troops march slowly: three miles an hour is the average rate of in-

fantry. There must therefore be a considerable interval of time before the orders first issued could take effect; the French divisions on the march under Maucune had a couple of miles or more to cover, and would hardly get within vulnerable distance under an hour. Wellington was tired; he had been at full stretch, mentally and physically, since daybreak, and it was now past three in the afternoon. "I am going to take a little sleep," he said to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, his military secretary, and the most favoured and confidential member of his staff. "Watch with your glass. Do you see that copse where there is a gap in the hills? When



the French reach it call me: do you understand?" Then wrapping himself in his cloak, he lay down behind a bush and was soon sound asleep. Wellington had the faculty, like Napoleon and other great leaders, of sleeping at will, and he rose refreshed when Lord Fitzroy roused him presently with the information he needed. The time for action had arrived. Aides-de-camp and gallopers were despatched with last orders, while Wellington himself rode to the third division, where Pakenham was waiting impatiently for the signal to commence the fight.

What passed between the two generals (they were brothers-in-law) is historical. "Do you see those fellows on the hill, Pakenham?" said the duke, pointing to the French columns as they straggled along unconscious of the impending attack. "Throw your division into columns; at them directly and drive them to the

devil." Pakenham saluted, and then, as he passed on to the attack, stopped short to say, "Give me a hold of that conquering hand." His admiration for his chief was repaid by Wellington's warm approval, for as the 3rd division went forward in grand order, a perfectly arrayed military body, the duke, turning to his staff, observed: "Did you ever see a man who understands so clearly what he has to do?" "Lord Wellington was right," says one who was present. "The attack of the 3rd division was not only the most spirited, but the most perfect thing of its kind that modern times have witnessed."

Meanwhile, Marmont had fully realised his terrible error. The rapid movements of the English told him, too, that the mistake was patent to his enemy. He saw the country beneath him alive with their troops moving in combined and well-concerted strength, while his own army was scattered, and in the midst of a difficult and half-completed manœuvre. But still he had no knowledge of Pakenham's intended attack, for the third division was invisible, and he did not yet despair. He hoped he might yet reunite his army before the moment of collision; and with this object he despatched messengers in hot haste in all directions, one way to hurry up the centre and rear columns, the other to check Maucune in his overreaching advance. At the same time some of the troops in hand opened a fierce fire upon the central part of the battlefield, and others made a bold attack upon the Arapiles village and English hill of that name.

It was now, when hoping almost against hope, that Marmont caught sight of Pakenham and his division "shooting like a meteor across Maucune's path." Marmont, in utter dismay, was hastening to the spot most threatened, when he was severely wounded by a bursting shell, and had to be carried off the field. General Bonnet, who succeeded him, was also disabled before he could take any steps to restore the fight, and the

command devolved upon General Clausel, an excellent soldier, who, in Napier's words, was "of a capacity equal to the crisis." But much delay ensued, many conflicting orders were issued before the French troops again benefited by their commander-general's controlling hand.

It had fared badly with General Thomières, who led the first of Maucune's two divisions. Pakenham had come on, supported by cavalry and guns, and, while the artillery took the



MARSHAL MARMONT.
(From a Painting by Mureret.)

French in flank, the infantry formed line and charged furiously. The French guns at first essayed to answer, but were silenced and driven off the field; then the French formed a poor, disconnected line of battle upon two fronts, one to face Pakenham, the other opposed to the 5th division and the Portuguese. At this time, too, the 4th division had come into action, and had beaten back the attack made upon the Arapiles village and hill. Already within one short half-hour serious discomfiture had overtaken the French. It is true that General Clausel's own division, part of the centre, had come up through the wood, and had regained

touch with Maucune. The latter now rallied a little, and made a gallant stand along the southern and eastern hills, but his line was loose and broken, without much coherence or formation, while the westering sun shone full in the eyes of the soldiers, joining with the dense dust to half choke and blind and deprive them of the full power of defence.

sound of a charging multitude"; how the horsemen rode down the French infantry "with a terrible clamour and disturbance. Bewildered and blinded, they cast away their arms, and crowded through the intervals of the squadrons, stooping and crying out for quarter, while the dragoons, big men on big horses, rode onwards, smiting with their long, glittering swords in



"THE DRAGOONS RODE ONWARDS, SMITING WITH THEIR LONG, GLITTERING SWORDS."

Their complete overthrow was now near at hand, and it was accomplished by the masterly tactics of Wellington, who appeared as usual at the critical point at the critical time. Under his orders a great cavalry charge put the finishing touch to Maucune's discomfiture. This charge, made by Le Marchant's heavy and Anson's light cavalry brigades, was one of the most brilliant feats performed by British cavalry. Napier gives the story in Homeric language, telling how "a whirling cloud of dust moved swiftly forward, carrying within it the trampling

uncontrollable power." Le Marchant was killed, but others were there to lead his cavalry on. Pakenham, with his infantry, followed close, and, after a bitter struggle, which laid many low, the French were completely defeated. Guns and standards were captured and 2,000 prisoners: "the divisions under Maucune no longer existed as a military body." These were the memorable forty minutes which sufficed to conquer the French left. At the end of this short space of time, the 3rd and 4th divisions, with D'Urban's fresh cavalry, formed an unbroken

line across the basin or plain, a mile in advance of where Pakenham had so nobly begun the fight.

But the victory had been gained in only one part of the field. The French in the centre still maintained the contest with stubborn courage. Clausel had rallied his forces with surprising energy, and, for this purpose, skilfully used those that were still fresh and unbroken. His whole line of defence was now connected and stretched from where Maucune had been so severely handled to the western side of the Arapiles, where General Foy was firing on the reserves. He held the divisions of Bonnet, Ferey, drawn nearer to him, those of Sarrut and Brennier and the whole of his cavalry together covering his line of retreat to Alba de Tormes, and they were all firm and full of fight. Upon these the shattered remnant of Maucune's corps re-formed, and the hopes of the French were now revived by two serious failures on the English side—Pack with his Portuguese had assaulted the French Hermanito, and gallantly ascended to a few feet from the summit, when he came unexpectedly upon the French reserves strongly posted among the rocks. Their attitude was so determined, their fire so fierce, that the Portuguese recoiled, and were driven down the hill defeated and with great slaughter. Another disaster at this moment overtook the 4th division, which, just when it had won with much toil the higher slopes of the southern heights, encountered a large body of French on the far side. The latter being fresh, charged the breathless and somewhat disordered assailants, and forced them to give way. The French here were quite victorious, and would have pursued but for the stout resistance of two English regiments drawn up in line below.

Clausel was not slow to follow up these successes. He now pressed the left flank and rear of the discomfited 4th division, his cavalry came up at a trot and charged, the English were outflanked, overmatched, and lost ground; so that the fight rolled back into the basin, where several of the English generals were struck down—Cole, Leith, and Beresford—and the French Horse, having free scope, did great execution. For a moment the issue seemed doubtful. This was the final crisis in the battle; victory was to be secured by the general who had the strongest reserves at hand.

Wellington was in this position, and his opportune presence, as usual when most wanted, decided the day. He had fortunately still dis-

engaged and untouched his 1st and 6th divisions, and part of his 5th. They were close to the centre, at the point most menaced, and ready to second their leader's prompt initiative. The 6th division now came up charging with great vehemence, but meeting a sturdy resistance and a murderous fire. But, undeterred by severe losses, they held bravely on, and presently regained the southern heights. The tide of battle again turned, and, although the French still showed a bold front, it was all to no purpose. Pakenham and the 3rd division constantly outflanked and hammered their left; the other divisions continued the frontal attack. Then the 1st division was employed to cut off the French right, under Foy, from the main body. But Clausel, who although wounded had not left the field, employed these unbroken troops, flanked by cavalry, to show a front while he drew off his shattered forces. General Foy bravely and skilfully withstood the last charges of the now conquering English. He had to face the light division and a part of the 4th, with the 6th and the Spaniards in reserve. Maucune also, to whom fresh troops had been entrusted, "maintained a noble battle," holding his own for a time against the ever-impetuous Pakenham. Behind the shelter thus unhesitatingly afforded, and greatly aided by the darkness, for night had now fallen, the beaten French retreated across the Tormes by the ford at Alba de Tormes, and by a happy accident escaped utter disaster.

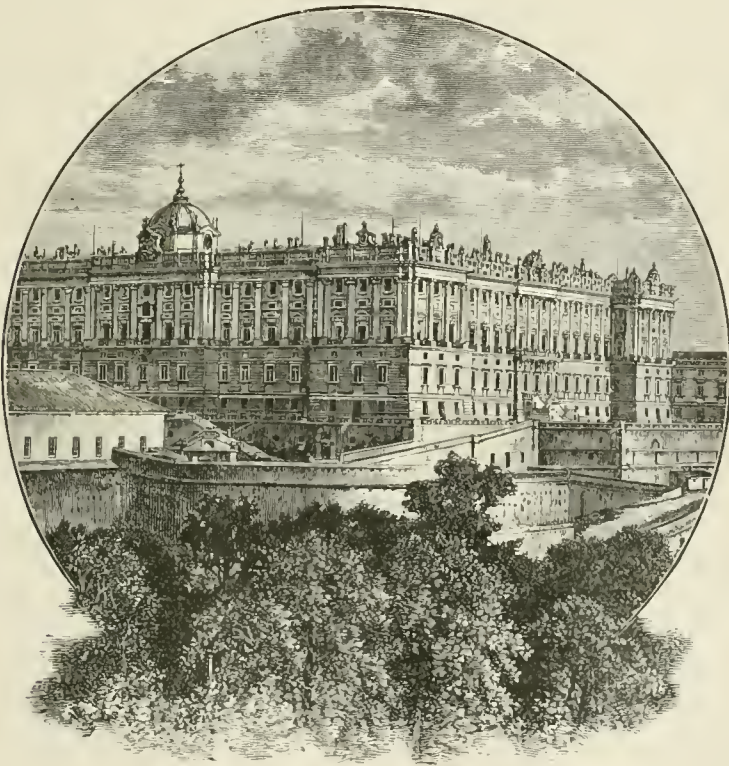
Wellington to the last thought the Castle of Alba was held by the Spaniards. But he had been deceived wilfully; the Spanish general, Carlos d'España, had not only withdrawn the garrison, but he had made no mention of the fact. Accordingly Wellington was in complete ignorance of the fact that Marmont had re-occupied it the previous day. So the English general, thinking retreat by Alba barred, had turned all his attention to the only remaining ford, that of Huerta, where he counted upon finding the entire French army huddled together in dire confusion. But, while he strengthened his left wing to intercept their retreat by Huerta, the French drew off unmolested by Alba, and when the fact was discovered it was too late and too dark to continue the pursuit.

But for this bitter disappointment the whole French army would have been compelled to lay down its arms. As it was, Wellington captured 11 guns, 2 eagles, and 7,000 prisoners. Other results, direct and indirect, followed from this great victory. One of the first was the occupation

of the capital of Madrid, which King Joseph immediately left to join and strengthen the defeated and retreating Clausel. Of the indirect results the greatest was the clearance of Southern Spain, for Soult was now obliged to abandon Andalusia, and, moving round by a circuitous route through the south-east, to regain touch with the road from France.

Wellington's reputation, already high, was greatly enhanced by this brilliant feat of arms. It was his magnificent generalship that secured the victory. Not a fault was to be found with his conduct; from first to last, from the moment he caught his enemy tripping through all the

changing fortunes of the hard-fought day, until he smote him hip and thigh, true genius was displayed. "I saw him late in the evening of that great day," says Napier, "when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was worn; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he defeated greater generals than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

(Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.)



A SOVEREIGN of the House of Savoy is reported to have said that Italy was like an artichoke, which must be devoured leaf by leaf; and the saying became a fact in 1859 and 1860, when Lombardy, Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, the greater part of the Papal States, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies (a very tough leaf this last, which took some time to digest), were one by one absorbed by the little kingdom of Piedmont. After a short interval of rest, the province of Venetia was added to the others in 1866, and to carry out the comparison and devour the last leaf of the artichoke, there remained but to annex Rome. This was not an easy task, for that city and the provinces which had been left to the Pope after the campaign of Castelfidardo were garrisoned by the soldiers of Napoleon III., who seemed resolved to maintain the independence of the Holy See; but a Convention was signed on September 15th, 1864, by which the emperor agreed to withdraw his troops within two years, while the Italian Government undertook not to invade the Papal territory, and to hinder, even by force, any attack upon that territory coming from without. Some diplomatic correspondence, however, ensued between the two Governments, which left no doubt that if an insurrection were to take place in Rome, Italy would be free to act, and that an attempt might probably be made to bring about that insurrection.

The last French soldiers embarked at Civit  Vecchia on December 11th, 1866, and to replace them every Catholic nation in Europe, but more especially France, Belgium, and Holland, furnished its contingent of volunteers representing all classes of society, from the noble whose ancestors had fought in the Crusades to the workman and the peasant; and on October 1st, 1867, the Papal army reckoned nearly 13,000 men. Of

these, 2,083 were gendarmes; 878 artillerymen; 975 chasseurs; 1,595 infantry of the line; 442 dragoons, and 625 *squadriglieri*, or armed mountaineers. All these were Papal subjects. The foreigners were 2,237 Zouaves, about two-thirds Dutch and Belgians, the rest French or other nationalities, 1,233 Swiss Carabiniers, and 1,096 French soldiers, who formed the *L gion d'Antibes*. (Ireland did not send a contingent as in the previous campaign, but was represented in the Zouaves by Captain d'Arcy and Captain Delahoyd, who had served in the battalion of St. Patrick in 1860; by Surgeon-Major O'Flynn, who, in the same year, had taken part in the defence of Spoleto under Major O'Reilly; and by several recruits who hastened to enlist under the Papal standard when the Garibaldian invasion began.) The effective force, however, available for fighting did not amount to more than 8,000 men; but their excellent discipline and organisation and, still more, the spirit which animated them, compensated for their deficiency in numbers.

Garibaldi spent the summer of 1867 enrolling volunteers in all parts of Italy for an expedition against Rome, without meeting with much opposition from the Italian Government. They amounted to 30,000 men, and the general's plan was to invade the Papal territory in three divisions. The right wing, under Colonel Acerbi, was to advance from Orvieto towards Viterbo; the centre, under Menotti Garibaldi, from Terni towards Monte Rotondo and Tivoli; the left wing, under Nicotera, from the south towards Velletri. If the Papal troops were dispersed over the country to oppose these bands, Rome would be free to rebel, and if they remained on the defensive in Rome, the three divisions would unite and attack the Eternal City. The Prime Minister, Ratazzi, feigned to be unaware of these warlike preparations; but at last, fearing an



THE ZOUAVES TOOK ONE OF THE BARRICADES BY A DASHING BAYONET CHARGE" (A. 162).

armed intervention on the part of France, he ordered Garibaldi to be arrested at Sinalunga, near Arezzo, on September 23rd, and taken to the fortress of Alessandria, whence a few days later he was brought back to Caprera and set free, though several cruisers apparently maintained a blockade round the island. The enlistment of volunteers still went on; and, before the chiefs were ready to begin the campaign, several small bands crossed the frontier at various points, without orders, on September 28th and the following days, but they were everywhere broken up and repulsed by patrols of Papal troops, though one band of 300 men had a shortlived success at Acquapendente, where it overcame the little garrison of twenty-seven gendarmes.

The first serious encounter was at Bagnorea, a village to the north of Viterbo, strongly situated on a hill surrounded by deep ravines and accessible only at one point by a bridge. It was occupied on October 1st by a body of Garibaldians, who seized the funds of the municipality and plundered the churches. The remnants of the bands defeated elsewhere rallied round them, bringing their numbers up to 500, and, to strengthen their position, they fortified the convent of San Francesco situated outside the walls, raised barricades on the roads leading to the gate, and loopholed the adjacent houses. Colonel Azzanesi, who commanded the garrison of Viterbo, sent a detachment of 45 soldiers of the line, 20 Zouaves, and 4 gendarmes to make a reconnaissance; they made instead an attack, and, though the Zouaves took one of the barricades by a dashing bayonet charge, the detachment was repulsed with loss when it came under the hail of bullets from the houses. Two days later, however, Colonel Azzanesi marched against the town with two companies of Zouaves under Captain le Gonidec, four companies of the line under Captain Zanetti, a few dragoons, and two guns—in all 460 men. The Garibaldian advanced posts situated on the rocky heights in front of the town were obstinately defended, but were stormed one after another; the doors of the convent were smashed in and its defenders bayoneted or disarmed, the two barricades were taken, and the Garibaldians driven back into the town. A few cannon-shots soon overcame their resistance, and they fled in disorder through the ravines where the cavalry could not follow them, while the citizens flung open their gates and welcomed their liberators. This victory cost the Papal troops only six men wounded; the loss of the enemy was 90 killed and wounded.

In spite of this defeat the incursions of volunteers did not cease, for the Italian Government granted them free tickets over the railways, allowed them to take the arms of the National Guards, and the troops placed along the frontier to arrest them let them pass. Fighting took place, therefore, every day in many localities, and the most brilliant of these combats is that which occurred on October 13th at Monte Libretti.

This is a walled village, about ten miles to the north of Monte Rotondo, built round an old feudal castle on the summit of a steep and isolated hill, at the foot of which is a street commanded by the castle and leading up to the gate. It was known that Menotti Garibaldi was advancing towards it with a numerous band, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette ordered three detachments to march from different points to intercept him. One of these columns coming from Palombara had already been sent in another direction, and did not receive the counter-order in time; another, from Monte Maggiore, came to the point of junction too soon, and, after waiting for a long while, withdrew. The third column from Monte Rotondo, composed of 90 Zouaves under Lieutenant Guillemin, on arriving near Monte Libretti at six in the evening, met the Garibaldian advanced posts, attacked them at once, and drove them back. The lieutenant then sent one section of his men, under Sub-Lieutenant de Quélen, to turn the enemy's position, and at the head of the other dashed through the narrow street, under a heavy fire from the castle and the houses, till he reached the open space before the gate, which was filled with Garibaldians. Here he fell with a bullet through the brain; Sergeant-Major Bach, a Bavarian, took the command, and a furious hand-to-hand fight ensued, in spite of the inequality in numbers. Major Fazzari, a Garibaldian leader, was wounded and made prisoner; Corporal Alfred Collingridge, of London, surrounded by six Garibaldians, fought desperately till he was mortally wounded; and Peter Yong, a tall and athletic Dutchman, killed sixteen Garibaldians with the butt-end of his rifle, then dropped breathless with fatigue and was immediately bayoneted. The fight had lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the second column came up and drove the Garibaldians into the town, the gate of which they could not completely close. It was now nearly dark; the Zouaves made three attempts to storm the gate, but as they passed through the narrow opening they were met

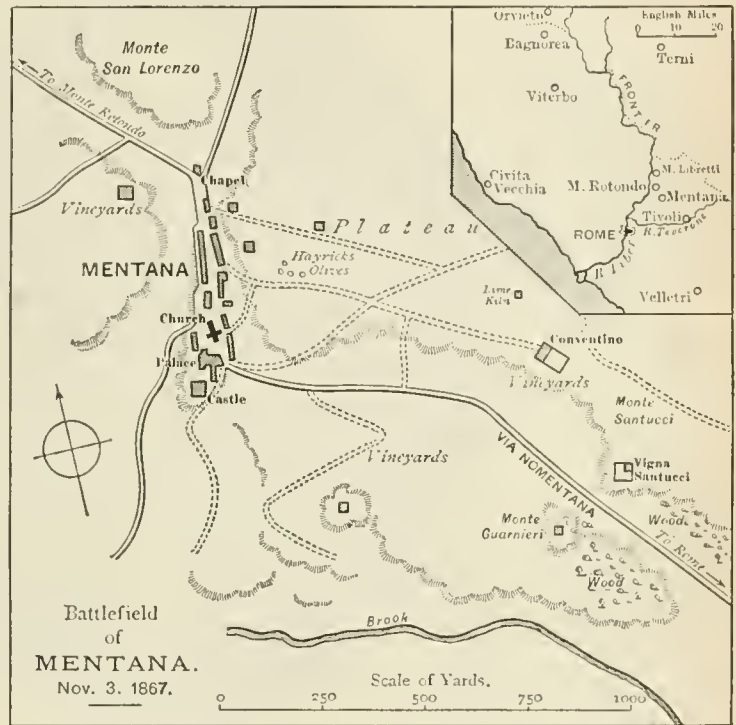
with a hail of bullets from all sides; de Quélen fell pierced with nine wounds, and his men were at last driven back, but the Garibaldians, who, as it has since been ascertained, were nearly 1,200, did not pursue them. The Zouaves had lost 17 dead and 18 wounded; Sergeant de la Bégassière took the command of the survivors and retreated to Monte Maggiore, but Sergeant-Major Bach, who with a few Zouaves had become separated from the rest in the darkness, took refuge in a house near the gate, and exchanged shots with the Garibaldians as long as there was moonlight. At four next morning he, too, retreated to Monte Maggiore, and Menotti Garibaldi, believing that this handful of Zouaves were the vanguard of a large body of troops, withdrew in the opposite direction to Nerola.

Lieutenant-Colonel de Charrette was ordered to dislodge him from this strong position—a village situated on a high hill with a strongly-built castle on which only artillery could have any effect; and he left Monte Rotondo on the 17th with one gun and about 900 men belonging to the Zouaves, the Légion d'Antibes and the Swiss Rifles. On their approach the next day, Menotti Garibaldi withdrew to Montorio Romano, leaving a detachment to defend the castle, which capitulated after little more than an hour's firing.

In the meantime Garibaldian emissaries were actively engaged in preparing an insurrection in Rome, and the Government was no less energetic in taking precautions against it. The city was declared to be in a state of siege; most of the gates were closed and barricaded, outside the others earthworks armed with guns were thrown up, artillery was placed in position on the Aventine, the ditches of the Castle of St. Angelo were filled with water, and the guards were strengthened. The writer was then in the *dépôt* of the Zouaves in the Monastery of St. Callisto, where a few hundred recruits of all nations were being initiated into the mysteries of drill, and as almost all the troops were in campaign, a large share of guard-mounting and patrolling fell to

our lot. It was a service which entailed but little of the fatigue or danger, and none of the excitement, of actual warfare; but we were in constant expectation of an attack, and to be ready for any emergency the two companies which formed the *dépôt* remained under arms in front of the barracks every night from sunset till past midnight, while advanced posts and sentinels were placed in the neighbouring streets to guard against a surprise.

The insurrection, in which not many Romans



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took part, began on the evening of October 22nd. The Serristori barracks, not far from St. Peter's, were blown up: the greater part of the men quartered there were luckily absent at the time, but thirty-seven Zouaves, eighteen of whom were Italians, were buried beneath the ruins. At the same time an attack was made on the Capitol and repulsed by the Swiss Carabiniers; and the guard-house at the gate of St. Paul's was surprised and taken by a band of Garibaldians in order to facilitate the entry of a convoy of arms, which had been hidden in a neighbouring vineyard; but the arms had already been seized by the police, and the Garibaldians were soon dispersed. Other attacks were made on the gas-works and the military hospital, but without

success, and before midnight all was again quiet in Rome. The next day a body of seventy-six Garibaldians, all picked men, led by the two brothers Cairoli, who had hoped to enter Rome with another convoy of arms and take the command of the insurgents, but had failed to arrive in time, was discovered by a patrol, lurking in the grounds of a villa outside the walls, and after a short skirmish in which the Garibaldians fought desperately, the survivors of the band fled back to the frontier.

Just before these events took place, Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, passed over to the mainland, and arrived in Florence on October 20th; Rattazzi took no steps to arrest him till he was out of his reach, and he crossed the frontier at Correse. He immediately ordered all the bands in the neighbourhood to join him, and on the 23rd he was at the head of at least 10,000 men. A large proportion of these were drawn from the populace of the great cities of Italy, and were

attracted mainly by the hope of plunder; but there were also many soldiers and officers of the regular army, and many veterans who had fought under Garibaldi in former campaigns: their arms, drill, and organisation were, as a rule, good; but they were, for the most part, shabbily dressed, and very few of them wore the traditional red shirt.

The road to Rome lay through Monte Rotondo, a small town situated on a height. About one-third of its circuit is defended by a wall in which are three gates, the rest is closed by the walls of the houses which stand on the brow of the steep hill. Near the centre is the

palace of the Prince of Piombino—a massive building of three storeys with a tall tower. The garrison, commanded by Captain Costes, of the Antibes Legion, was composed of two companies of the legion, one of Swiss Carabiniers, a few gendarmes, dragoons, and artillerymen—in all, 323 men with two guns.

Early on the morning of the 25th, three Garibaldian columns were seen marching towards the town and taking up their positions round it; they were under the command of Menotti Garibaldi, his father with the reserves being in the rear. At six, two strong detachments advanced to assault the gates, but they were received with such a heavy fire that after three hours' fighting they fell back discouraged. Garibaldi then took the command: he rallied his men and again surrounded the town, which was assailed at every point; attack followed attack throughout the day, but without success; the Garibaldians were everywhere re-

pulsed, and after eight hours' fighting, their fire gradually slackened and at last ceased.

Garibaldi had not expected this obstinate resistance, and he was furious at having lost a day during which he might, by a forced march, have surprised Rome; the arrival of reinforcements determined him to renew the assault that night, and a waggon laden with faggots and petroleum was pushed up against one of the gates, under a heavy fire, and lighted. The gate was soon a sheet of flame, but while it was burning, the besieged raised barricades in the streets leading from it, and when the Garibaldians entered the town, it was only after two hours of desperate



POPE PIUS IX.

(Photo, Pierre Petit, Paris.)

fighting that the Papal troops, wearied and outnumbered, were driven back into the castle. There they held out for some time till the Garibaldians began to undermine the walls, when they capitulated, after a defence of twenty-seven hours, which, as Garibaldi confessed, had cost him over 500 killed and wounded.

The outlying detachments of the Papal army in garrison in the provinces were immediately recalled to guard Rome against a sudden attack,

necessity of distributing clothes and shoes to his men delayed his departure till eleven, and his vanguard had got only a short distance beyond Mentana when it met the Papal troops.

A large number of Garibaldians had deserted during the retreat from Rome, and the losses at Monte Rotondo had been heavy; but reinforcements had come up during the attack on that town, and, according to the most trustworthy estimates, Garibaldi had still, at



"THEY MADE SOME PRISONERS" (p. 167).

and hold it until the arrival of the French troops, which the emperor, after much hesitation and many counter orders, had at last despatched. They landed at Civita Vecchia on the 29th, marched into Rome on the 30th, and Garibaldi, whose troops had advanced as far as the bridges over the Teverone, about three miles from Rome, and exchanged shots with the Papal outposts, retreated to Monte Rotondo. He intended at first to make a stand there, but considering that Tivoli, equally distant from Rome, was a much stronger position—with a river in front, and a mountainous country, suitable for guerilla warfare, in the rear—he gave orders to march upon that town at daybreak on November 3rd. The

least, 10,000 soldiers when he accepted battle at Mentana.

The column which left Rome that morning under the command of General Kanzler, was composed of 2,913 men of the Papal army, under General de Courten, 1,500 of whom were Zouaves, and a little more than 2,000 of the French soldiers just arrived, under General de Polhès—making in all about 5,000 men with ten guns.

The troops were under arms at one on the morning of the 3rd, but it was four o'clock when they marched out of the Porta Pia, the Papal forces leading and the French following at some distance. It was a dark and rainy morning,

and the soldiers in heavy marching order and carrying two days' rations in addition to their usual burdens, advanced slowly over the muddy road. After crossing the Ponte Nomentano, about four miles from Rome, Major de Troussures was sent with three companies of Zouaves by a road to the left, to gain the valley of the Tiber and march on a line parallel to that followed by the main body, to threaten the right flank of the Garibaldians. The remainder of the column went on till it reached the farm of Capobianco, half-way to Mentana, where it halted to let the men get some food and dry their clothes. By this time the rain had ceased, and, as after an hour's rest they again formed their ranks to continue their march, the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky.

On leaving Capobianco, the road ascends for some distance, crosses a broad tableland, and then winds rising and falling as it passes over the lower slopes of several hills covered with brushwood. It was half-past twelve when the dragoons who preceded the column came upon the Garibaldian outposts commanded by Colonel Missori, occupying a strong position in the woods on each side of the road. They fired their carbines and returned at full gallop to give the alarm. The first company of Zouaves, under Captain d'Albiousse, and the second, under Captain Thomalé, were immediately extended in skirmishing order to the left and right, the third company, under Captain Alain de Charette, and the fourth, under Captain le Gonidec, following as supports. The woods were soon cleared of Garibaldians, and the heights scaled; but a Genoese battalion, commanded by Captain Stallo, and another from Leghorn, led by Captain Meyer, held the tableland to the right of the road, and their heavy fire checked the advance of the Zouaves till their line was strengthened by the companies of Captain de Moncuit and Captain de Veaux; and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette, hastening up with the company of Captain Lefebvre, led a furious bayonet-charge, which swept the Garibaldians before it. It was in vain that they tried to rally and re-form behind trees or farmhouses; they were driven from one place of refuge after another, and a long line of killed and wounded marked the track of the Zouaves as they drove the shattered battalions back upon the Santucci vineyard.

This strong position—a walled enclosure which had been loopholed, as well as the large farmhouse standing on a height within it—was held

by the battalion of Major Ciotti: it commands the approach to Mentana from the east across the tableland above that village, while the approaches from the front and from the west can be swept by a plunging fire from the Castle of Mentana. The approach to the vineyard was protected by a cross-fire from Monte Guarnieri, a wooded height on the opposite side of the road; this had to be carried first, and it was taken by Captain Alain de Charette, whose company climbed the steep slopes and drove the Garibaldian sharpshooters from their shelter among the trees.

A piece of artillery, commanded by Count Bernardini, then opened fire on the Santucci vineyard, while Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette attacked it in front with some companies of Zouaves, supported on their right by five companies of Swiss Carabiniers. The walls of the enclosure were soon scaled, and the Garibaldians driven back into the farmhouse, where they made a stubborn resistance till the doors were broken in, when they laid down their arms. In this attack Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette's horse was killed under him, and Captain de Veaux fell, struck by a bullet which drove down into his heart the cross he had won at Castelfidardo.

The Papal troops had been equally successful on the left of the high road, where they had driven the Garibaldians from the woods and come out on the open slopes which descend towards Mentana, from which they could pour a heavy fire on the crowd of fugitives hastening from all directions towards the village. It was then two o'clock; there was a cessation of the fight for a few minutes to pick up and carry away the wounded, and General Kanzler, who had established his headquarters at the Santucci vineyard, prepared to attack Mentana.

The Castle of Mentana, a feudal fortress of the Borghese family, stands upon a rock with precipitous sides advancing from the high road into a deep valley; it was held, along with the adjacent Borghese palace, the village, and the barricade erected at its entrance, by four battalions of Garibaldians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Frigyesi, a Hungarian; the height above the village, where there was a large farm with stacks of hay and corn, was occupied by six battalions, commanded by Colonel Elia and Major Valzania; Major Cantoni, with three battalions, was stationed to the left of the village on the road leading to Monte Rotondo, and the two guns which had been taken at the siege of that town

were drawn up on Monte San Lorenzo, a little to the rear.

General Kanzler placed three guns, two of which belonged to the French, on Monte Guarneri, another on the high road, and two more in the Santucci vineyard, to counteract the fire of the Castle and of the Garibaldian artillery; the Zouaves advanced from the vineyard in skirmishing order and drove the Garibaldians from a building called the Conventino, beyond which the ground gradually rises towards the height which commands Mentana, where Elia's battalions were posted having their flanks protected by the fire from the Castle and the adjacent houses. Five companies of Swiss Carabiniers advanced in line with the Zouaves. On arriving in sight of the position held by the Garibaldians, the Zouaves, instead of waiting till the fire of the artillery had thrown the ranks of the enemy into disorder, broke away madly from their officers, and charged. Heedless of the voice of their colonel or of the sound of the bugles, they pressed on, driving the Garibaldians from every hedge or clump of trees which they sought to defend, and flung them back into the houses. There the charge was stopped by a hail of bullets from the loopholed walls, but the Zouaves held their ground, sheltered by the haystacks, from behind which they returned the fire of the Garibaldians. A desperate sortie of the enemy dislodged them, but three companies, led by Major de Lambilly, came to their relief; they regained their positions, and at this spot, which was alternately lost and retaken, the greatest amount of slaughter took place; and the struggle lasted till nightfall.

The front attack having been thus stopped, Garibaldi sent two strong columns to turn the flanks of the Papal army. One of these, of three battalions, marched from the northern end of the village, and nearly succeeded in surrounding and cutting off two companies of Swiss Carabiniers on our right. They retired slowly in good order, firing as they went, until being reinforced by two more Swiss companies, and two of the Légion d'Antibes, they dashed forward, broke up the Garibaldian column and pursued it as far as the road to Monte Rotondo.

The other column, which marched from the south of the village, was not more successful—it was repulsed by three companies of the Légion d'Antibes, who followed it as far as the entrance of the village, where they took a house and made some prisoners, but had to retire in presence of superior numbers.

Just then the detachment under Major de Troussures was seen advancing in the direction of the road to Monte Rotondo. Garibaldi at once perceived that the day was lost, and his line of retreat nearly intercepted, he hastened to provide for his safety and left Mentana, while his staff-officers still continued to defend the village.

They immediately collected all the men still able to fight, to make a last desperate effort to envelope the wings of the Papal army; and when General Kanzler, who had sent forward all his reserves, saw two strong columns of companies issuing in good order from Mentana, he requested General de Polhès, whose infantry had hitherto taken no part in the combat, to bring forward his troops. A French battalion and three companies of Chasseurs, under Colonel Fremont, marched at once on the Garibaldian left, deployed into line, and for the first time the "Chassepot" was brought into action. The fight ceased for a moment over all the field of battle, as the soldiers on both sides paused to listen to that deadly fire, rapid and ceaseless as the rolling of a drum, before which the hostile battalions disbanded and fled back into Mentana or Monte Rotondo, in spite of all the efforts of Menotti Garibaldi and his officers to rally them. The column on the right wing met with the same fate: attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier with a French battalion and the Zouaves of Major de Troussures, it broke and dispersed in various directions.

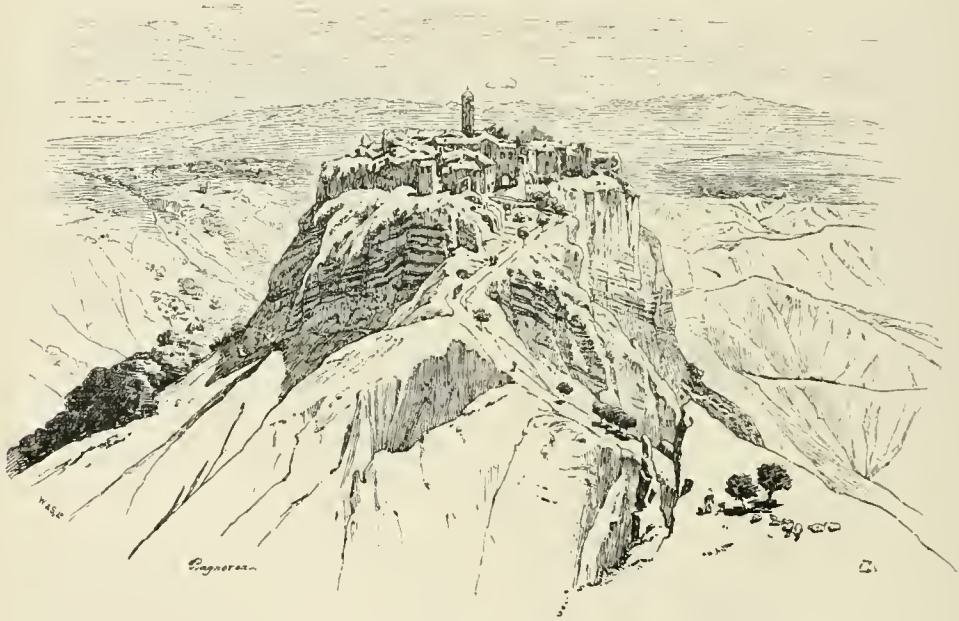
Mentana was now completely surrounded, and it was decided to take it by assault. General de Polhès led a French regiment and a battalion of Chasseurs to storm the barricade at the entrance of the village, while the Zouaves attacked a neighbouring house.

It was just then, at the end of the fight, that Julian Watts-Russell, an English Zouave, and one of the youngest soldiers in the Papal army, fell, close to the village; his comrades succeeded in taking the house, but the French column, crushed by the heavy fire from the barricade, the houses and the Castle, retreated after losing heavily.

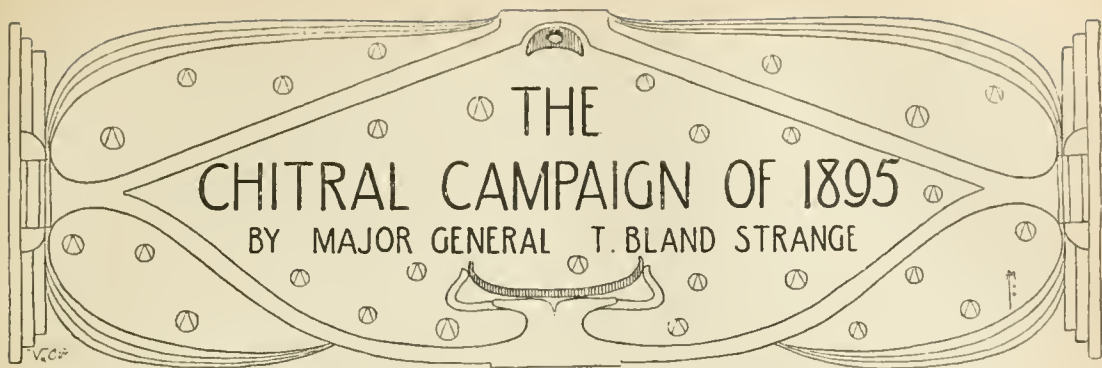
Night had fallen, and it would have been impossible to continue the struggle; the troops lit their watch-fires round the village, throwing out strong advanced posts and sentinels, and held themselves in readiness against a surprise. The next morning at dawn, Major Fauchon, with a French battalion, entered Mentana, when some hundreds of Garibaldians laid down their

arms. Seven hundred others in the Castle capitulated, and were allowed to cross the frontier without arms. They had left 600 dead and 500 wounded on the field ; while the loss of the Pontifical troops was 30 killed and 114 wounded, and of the French, 2 killed and 36 wounded. Garibaldi continued his retreat as far as Correse on the evening of the battle, and crossed the

frontier the next day with 5,000 men ; while 900 others, under Colonel Salomone, escaped into the Abruzzi. The other Garibaldian bands, under Acerbi and Nicotera, which had occupied the provinces of Velletri and Viterbo, and the Italian troops which had followed them, gradually withdrew without offering any resistance, and thus ended the campaign.



BAGNOREA.



“ The sea-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay.”

FROM the day the keels of the Norse rovers grated on the shores of Britain, her destiny was maritime power.

The long galleys changed to trading ships, and with trade came military occupation, until commercial empire became a necessity to the crowded millions on the little islands of a northern sea.

We strove for an outlet in a new world. Wolfe's battle on the plains of Abraham above Quebec gave us Canada, which a French king's mistress consoled her royal lover, Louis XIV., by calling “*Quelques arpents de neige en Amerique*”; and then we lost the fairest half of the western continent—our thirteen colonies, now the United States of America—by attempting to tax them without their consent.

Having lost the West we turned to the East, and again ousting France by the victories of Clive, the India merchant company began a new chapter in the history of the East, from whose earliest pages we know that the hordes of Central Asia have time and again descended from the roof of the world to the conquest of Hindostan, until Akbar fixed the house of Timour upon the throne of Delhi, and stopped the tide of invasion from the North.

The battle of Plassy, by raising a rival power that became paramount, shook the throne of the Emperor of India, who subsequently became our puppet-king of Delhi. A century after Plassy the last scion of that Mongol dynasty met his well-deserved fate at the hands of an English leader of irregular horse at the fall of Delhi in 1857, the year of the great Mutiny. Hodson, by capturing the King of Delhi and slaying his murderous sons, who had caused the massacre of English women and children, became the empress-maker of Queen Victoria, the outposts

of whose legions now face those of the great white Czar—the crest of the wave of Central Asian invasion, which our occupation of India has dammed back for more than a century.

It is no light task that we have set ourselves, thus to stem the natural overflow of the Tartar hordes that have ever surged over the ancient civilisations of Hindostan.

Unwittingly, nigh half a century ago, while yet the Muscovite was a thousand leagues away, we had planted our standards at Chitral, what time we shattered the Sikh (Kalsa) army, which threatened the invasion of India, and assumed the administration of the Punjab and the whole territory of Runjeet Singh (1848).

Kashmir was part of the Sikh kingdom under a viceroy, Golab Singh. To him we left the beautiful valley, or rather sold it for a trifling sum (which was never paid), guaranteeing protection and assuming suzerainty. The Valley of Chitral is a dependency of Kashmir, and one of the gateways of India, behind which the Muscovite already stands.

Nizam-ul-mulk, Methar of Chitral, was murdered by his brother, Amir-ul-mulk, in January, 1895, in the usual mountain fashion, with probably the usual outside instigation, as he was favourable to our influence.

Dr. Robertson, the representative of the Indian Government, accepted the *de facto* ruler as best he could.

Umra Khan, the bold and intriguing ruler of Bajour, invaded Chitral, not without pledge of outside support if he were successful. He offered the Metharship to Sher Afzul, apparently meaning to keep it himself. The Government of India gave him notice to quit by April 1st, 1895. The answer was an attack by his ally, Sher Afzul, on Captain Ross, and sixty Sikhs,

escorting ammunition to Dr. Robertson at Chitral.

Ross and his men died fighting; fourteen only, under the wounded subaltern, Lieutenant Jones, fought their way back to Puni; later, Lieutenants Edwards and Fowler, with a still smaller force, attempting the same task of conveying ammunition to Chitral, were attacked by overwhelming numbers.

Fighting desperately and with some loss, they gained the shelter of the village of Reshun, bringing in all their wounded, ammunition, and rations.

From the 7th to the 13th they doggedly defended the place, loopholing the walls and piling the ammunition boxes into breastworks on the flat roofs.

The men had short rations and but little water, which they drew from a stream hard by, making sorties, in one of which, on the night of the 10th, Lieutenant Fowler and twenty men surprised about fifty of the enemy who had incautiously lit fires behind their sungars: the glare exposed them, while the attack got within ten yards without discovery and bayoneted about twenty; the rest fled.

During the sortie, a counter attack was made on Lieutenant Edwards and his men in the village; it was repulsed.

After this taste of sepoy steel, the enemy were not quite so intrusive, and the little garrison were able to get water, repair their defences, and attend to the wounded (among whom was Lieutenant Fowler).

Edwards, improvising splints and bandages, utilised his carbolic tooth-powder to put on open wounds.

Not a murmur escaped the lips of the patient sepoys, who burnt the bodies of their six slain comrades, and grimly went on doing their duty, engaged in watching and desultory fighting day and night.

On the 13th a white flag was shown by the enemy, who ceased firing and asked parley.

Mahommed Isa Khan* said he had come from Dr. Robertson at Chitral with orders to stop all fighting pending the recognition of Sher Afzul as Methar.

An armistice was concluded—the besieged to be unmolested, the Bhisties allowed to get water, and supplies of food sent in to the garrison.

Mahommed Isa proposed a game of polo, and

invited the British officers, who, with British hardihood, accepted. They were treacherously seized, and the surprised garrison killed, except Jemidar Lal Khan and eleven sepoys, who, with their officers, were carried as prisoners to Sher Afzul, and subsequently delivered to Umra Khan, who wanted the English officers as a trump card in the game he was playing with General Low. He treated the officers well, and released the Mohammedan soldiers and the Hindus who accepted Islam; those of our Hindu or Sikh sepoys who refused conversion perished by the sword. By this capture sixty-eight boxes of ammunition fell into the hands of the enemy, who were already fairly well supplied with rifles and ammunition from Afghanistan.

That inadequately-protected supplies of ammunition were ordered up to Chitral by Dr. Robertson was not the act of the military authorities.

Their mobilisation of 15,000 men was perfectly planned, and carried out with a swiftness and secrecy possible only to a Government unharassed by the questions of party politicians.

The despatch of the expedition was decided on early in March; the plan of campaign prepared in the Intelligence Office by the middle of that month; none of the officers chosen to command were warned until well on in March: General Low himself had been granted leave for a trip to Kashmir—his baggage and camp equipage, which had already started, had to be recalled. The commissariat and transport officers only got orders for the front fourteen days before the force crossed the frontier.

The press got the news on the 18th of March. On the 1st of April 15,000 men of all arms crossed the frontier. In Europe soldiers with their supplies can be carried by rail to within a few miles of the fighting line. The march of a European army in India must be seen to be understood. Perhaps no Indian army ever marched with less impedimenta: Low's army marched almost as it stood, without tents or baggage, which followed after the first fights had opened the route; yet vast supplies of food and forage had to be pushed through pathless mountains producing little but brave and hardy foes, and there were as many camp-followers as fighting-men.

The transport required was—camels, 9,668; bullocks, 7,320; mules, 5,148; donkeys, 4,070; ponies, 3,536. The camel transport is always a source of difficulty in mountain countries, but has often to be used *faute de mieux*; fortunately, General Low, himself an Indian cavalry officer,

* Isa is the Mohammedan form of Jesus.

had experience in organising transport for General Roberts in Afghanistan.

The details of the force were—Commanding-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Low.

1st Brigade: General Kinloch—Royal Rifles, Bedfordshire Regiment, 15th Sikhs, 37th Dogras, Field Hospital.

2nd Brigade: General Waterfield—Gordon Highlanders, Scottish Borderers, 4th Sikhs, Guides' Infantry, Field Hospital.

3rd Brigade: General Gatacre—Seaforth Highlanders, The Buffs, 25th Punjabis, 4th Gurkhas, Field Hospital.

Divisional Troops—Guide Cavalry, 11th Bengal Lancers, 13th Bengal Infantry, 23rd Pioneers, Royal Artillery mountain-batteries, Nos. 3, 8, 2 (Dera-jhat), Bengal Sappers, Nos. 1, 4, 6 companies Engineer Field Park, Field and Veterinary Hospital. Lines of communication: General Hammond—East Lancashire Regiment, 20th and 30th Punjabis, Hospital.

In the press appeared forebodings. The bones of this expedition, like those of the first ill-starred one to Cabul, were also to whiten the passes. The desperate valour of the hillmen, starvation, Afghan guile,

and Russian intrigue were to smite us. But the good organisation and reticent generalship of Low, the dash of Kelly, the dogged defence by Robertson, and the steady courage of our troops, falsified pessimist prophecy.

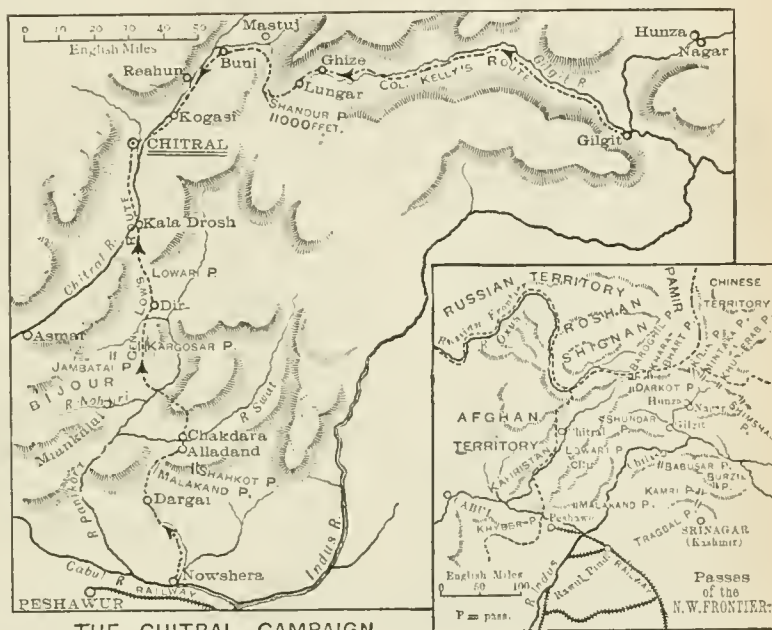
Ascertaining that both the Malakand and Shahkot passes were occupied by the enemy—the latter most numerously—General Low issued false orders for a simultaneous attack on both passes, his intention being to concentrate the three brigades at Dargai, before the Malakand, on April 2nd. General Kinloch was left in the belief that his brigade was to force the Shahkot Pass, and the cavalry under Colonel Scott were sent with sealed orders, to be opened at the foot of the pass. These orders were to countermarch the same night.

The feint was successful, and the defenders of

the Shahkot remained at their posts, while the Malakand was forced, and did not oppose General Low till the 4th of April, when they were checked by Kinloch's brigade at Khar-kotal.

A deluge of rain delayed the transport animals, and was trying to men *en bivouac*. Nevertheless, the leading brigade marched briskly to the attack on the morning of the 3rd. The Guide cavalry felt the way, and the mountain-guns shelled the sungars along the higher crests.

The enemy's position was mostly on the left of the pass. Their banners betrayed the sungars (breastworks of loose stone), piled along the faces



THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

and on the crests of the hills—the lowest on a precipitous hill, 3,000 feet above the valley.

After a brief artillery fire, the 4th Sikhs and Guides were ordered to climb the hills on the left, carry the sungars, work along the crests, and turn the flank. As soon as they came within range, the hillmen opened fire, to which the attack could not adequately answer, as it took the men all they knew to climb. Those defenders who had not firearms rolled an avalanche of rocks on the assailants; they, being in open order, could avoid them, though not the rifle fire.

The defenders seem to have marked the ranges and picked out the officers, distinguished from their men by wearing helmets instead of turbans.

Major Tonnochy, Captain Buchanan, Lieu-

tenant Harman, and three native officers were wounded before two-thirds of the ascent had been got over. Lieutenant Ommaney, of the Guides, was also wounded.

The tribesmen stuck to their defences until rushed by the bayonet.

It took nearly four hours to carry the crest of the position. The Sikhs and Guides had been nineteen hours under arms. In addition to the British and native officers mentioned, four sepoy were killed and eleven wounded.

before the crest was reached a small party of the Gordons, under a non-commissioned officer, crept up a watercourse and dropped into a sungar, from which a party of Swatis were enfilading the Borderers. The tribesmen could hardly handle their tulwars before the bayonet silently did its work—not always with impunity, for a gallant Gordon and a huge Pathan were found locked in a last embrace.

If Britons take their pleasures sadly, they do their fighting with a dash of comedy.



"THE GUNS CAME INTO ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY ON THE HIGH RIDGE" (p. 175).

In the meantime the Scottish Borderers and the Gordon Highlanders worked up the centre of the pass. The mountain-guns, having been brought up a hill directly under the Malakand peak, shelled the main defences and the village on the summit. After half-an-hour of artillery fire, General Low gave the order for the main assault by infantry. The Borderers took the centre, the Gordons the right, the Maxims going up as far as practicable with the fighting line.

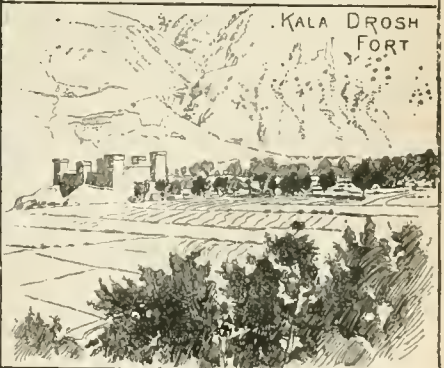
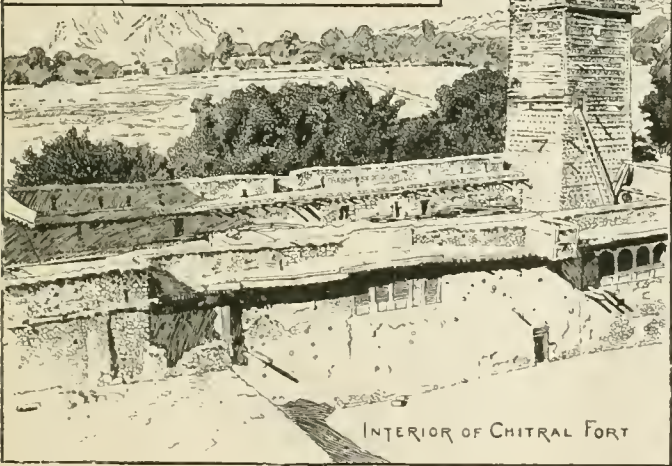
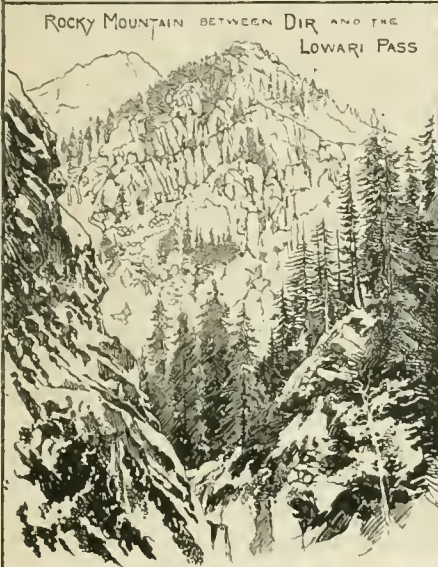
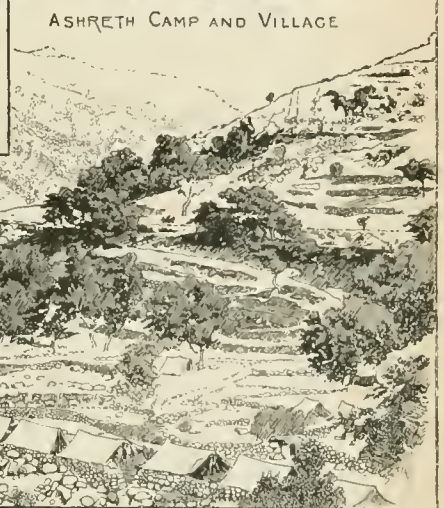
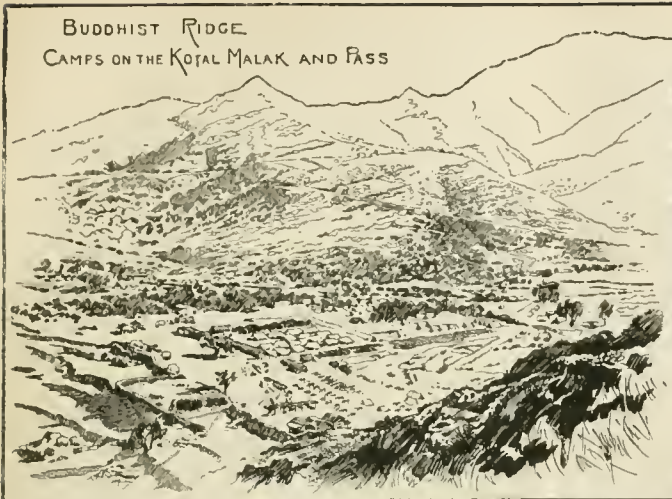
The ascent was steep and tortuous. It was afternoon before the assailants were up to the defences. The Borderers and Gordons bore the brunt of the fighting, and suffered most.

Though the hillmen defended step by step, they rarely waited for the Scottish bayonet; but

Half-way up the steep of Malakand panted a ponderous sergeant, breathless and drenched with sweat. A bullet splashed the mud in his face. Looking up, he shook his fist at the sungar and shouted, "Ye blank brutes, if ye was on the flat I'd eat yer!" In the strife of battle men laughed.

The last climb was precipitous; the men hauled each other up. Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordons, was the first to top the ridge. The enemy rushed at him. He shot two with his revolver, and shouted to his men below. As they could not at once reach him, he was fortunately able to get down, until a fuller rush could be made.

This officer had his shoulder-strap carried



VIEWS IN THE CHITRAL COUNTRY.

away by a bullet, which first passed through the brain of his corporal.

General Low, seeing the difficulties of the main attack, sent Kinloch's infantry up the hill in support—King's Royal Rifles on the left, Bedfords and Dogras on the right.

The 15th Sikhs only were held in reserve. By 2 p.m. the pass was carried and the village in flames. The fighting was severe on the summit, and from the wooded plateau the defenders had to be dislodged by the bayonet.

The Gordons and Borderers, now mixed, collected outside the village to rest and get breath, while the Bedfords, who were in good order, passed through the fighting line, and, with the Dogras in hot pursuit, drove the enemy across the ridge behind Malakand into the Swat valley beyond Khara, where Colonel Patterson allowed his wearied Bedfords to bivouac.

The commissariat was far on the other side of the pass, but in the deserted village men found native food—rice, flour, sugar, calves, and goats—so the force fared sumptuously and slept peacefully, for no mountaineers were near save the dying and the dead.

The Sikhs and Guides occupied the corresponding crest on the left, the Dogras on the right.

Meanwhile, the mountain gunners and their mules began to scramble up the pass, followed by the mule transport of the 1st Brigade. The baggage of the 2nd Brigade being on camels, could not be got up until a pathway had been made for the unwieldy brutes. Late in the evening an order was flagged to the summit of the pass for the 2nd Brigade to come down to their rations. The descending stream of soldiers and the baggage of the 1st Brigade struggling up made a block in the pass.

Night fell, the unencumbered soldiers got down, but the transport mules had to be unpacked, and some doolies with their suffering load of wounded waited for the day. Officers who carried tins of Bovril in their haversacks gave them up for the wounded men, smoked a pipe for supper, and lay down under the universal sky blanket.

Our casualties were eight officers and sixty-one men. The strength of the enemy was estimated at 12,000, their killed at 500. Their wounded must have been many.

The little pathways down to the Swat valley were streaked with blood, showing where the wounded had been carried or dragged themselves along.

The pencil diameter of the Lee-Metford bullet will drill a hole even through a bone without bringing down or always stopping the rush of a man of a fighting religion.*

What the hillmen said they feared was "not the child-rifle, but the devil guns, which killed half-a-dozen men with one shot (shell), which burst and threw up splinters, as deadly as the shots themselves."

An ancient, unused road, said to have been of Buddhist construction, was discovered, and soon made passable for the clumsy camel.

The indefatigable sapper had already made it fit for wheel traffic.

Lionel James, war correspondent with the force, thinks the original engineers were soldiers rather than priests. Alexander of Macedon entered India *via* the Malakand, we are told; and if the army of Alexander the Greek, why not a Russian Alexander?

Unlike the Greek, the Russian consolidates his conquests slowly, but surely.

The Greek soldier has left more than his impress on roads, for many of the tribes about the mountain gates of India are of a Greek type, especially the women: they are fair and tall, absolutely different from the squat Tartar figures and hideous featureless faces of the Ladakis on our north-eastern frontier.

Modern Buddhist roads with their long lines of prayer-graven stones lead straight across the hills, and are unfit for load-carrying animals; the Buddhist pilgrim carries nothing but personal filth and his hand praying-machine.†

But we must pass from Buddhist priests and the soldiers of either Alexander to those of Victoria.

On the morning of the 4th the Bedfords and Dogras returned from their swoop into the valley of the Swat, and rejoined their brigade on the summit of the Malakand. The whole brigade was ordered to march on Khar. The Bedfords gave the advanced guard going down the ancient pathway, followed by the mountain-guns, the K.O. Rifles, and the baggage. The

* The Maxim must stop man or horse if it has the range, for the rapidity of fire is so great that four or five bullets will strike a man before he can fall. The Martini-Henri calibre Maxim has a large bullet, but the smoke of black powder draws fire. Smokeless Maxims would be invaluable for the defence of frontier posts where the ranges can be marked and ammunition stored.

† A little revolving copper cylinder in which are written prayers: each revolution counts for a whole book of prayer, and the pilgrim twirls out his prayers as he walks leisurely along

Dogras and 15th Sikhs, taking another path, debouched upon the plain about the same time, passing a village they had burnt the evening before.

The party of sappers, road-making in the advance, reported the enemy in force on a low ridge to the right front, and ascending in great strength a high rocky ridge which ran parallel to the road.

The Bedfords seized the mouth of the defile through which the road ran, two companies on each flank; another of Bedfords and one of K.O. Rifles ascended a spur on the right.

The guns came into action against the enemy on the high ridge. The Dogras advanced across the plain, supported by the Sikhs, and attacked the low ridge to the right front, driving the enemy over it, and beyond. They got under the fire of the heights, and were repeatedly assailed by rushes of the hillmen, but they stood their ground. Major Cunningham advanced his guns, and the ring shell began to find the enemy.

Captain Cambridge's two companies of Bedfords met the sudden onset of a large body of tribesmen with magazine fire at short range, which they could not stand. Most of the brave fellows succeeded in regaining cover, though few could have escaped unwounded.

Here is the account given to a war correspondent by a wounded Swati:—

"We fought hard, because the mullahs urged us to defeat the Kaffirs before the devil-guns could be brought over the pass, and they told us, to give us heart, that the guns could not be brought over the pass for days; but it was false, for presently we heard the deep boom of these guns, and from them there was no safety and no cover. But the mullahs urged us on, and so about 300 of us determined to rush the guns, for they alone made us cowards.

"But we met many Kaffirs (infidels) on the side of the hill, whom we had not seen, for they fired without making smoke and we were so close to them that we could not escape being wounded.

"But their fire killed few, though it was very rapid, and many of us, who had escaped into the nullah, believed we were unwounded until we found blood on our clothes.

"We were all more or less wounded. I got this (pointing to his thigh), but only a few were badly hurt.

"This did not stop us fighting.

"But the Kaffirs stood still, and we could not

make it out. They made no attempt to drive us from our position.

"Then our mullahs said, 'They are afraid; the day is ours.'

"So a great party came down from the hill into the plain, for we were full of the belief that the Kaffirs were afraid.

"Suddenly there was a shout, and the Kaffir horsemen were upon us.

"Now we know nothing of horsemen, and we never believed they could come up the Malakand with big horses.

"With one accord we fled—some to the hills, others to Badkhel, and others into the nullahs.

"The horsemen killed a few; but for the softness of the ground they would have killed many.

"It was night, and the mullahs said, 'The river is rising; let us go to the other side; then they will never pass.'

"Some said, 'Let us attack them to-night,' but we were beaten; we had about 200 dead on that ridge.

"We feared the horses and the guns, and we went to Tanna that night. . . .

"We of Swat lost heart when we saw the smoke of Khar ascending to the sky.

"Most men had lied! My wound was sore, but I was able to walk; it was only a little stiff, as it had not bled much."

The Kaffir horsemen of the narrator were a tired party of the Guides' cavalry under Adams and Baldwin: they had marched right through from Dargai, over the Malakand, that morning without even watering or feeding. Adams formed them behind a khotal held by the Dogras, and charged home through soft cornfields almost knee-deep.

The hillmen, who had faced magazine-rifle fire, would not face horsemen with that queen of *armes blanches* the lance! They mostly took it in the back; some faced about, squatted, and sliced at the legs of horse or rider; Lieutenant Baldwin, four sowars, and six horses were wounded.

Major Cunningham's guns gave the sungars a last benefit: the shooting was good, and the last fire of the day had a demoralising effect.

The brigade bivouacked where it stood.

The force opposed to us was a fanatic gathering, probably 6,000, composed of the remnant of the Malakand defenders, those of the Shahkot pass left out of the first engagement, and men from the Bonar and Bijour countries.

Their losses were more than at Malakand, the

guns doing most of the damage, getting shell into the masses on several occasions.

Our loss was slight—men killed, two ; officers wounded, three ; and men wounded, fifteen ; horses killed and wounded, eight.

General Low's headquarters with 2nd Brigade (excepting Gordons and Gurkhas, holding the Malakand) reached Khara on the 5th. No serious resistance was met until the Swat river was reached.

On the 6th the brigades again changed places, the second being ordered to the front. The mules were being used for supplies only ; when available for general transport, they were sent on to 2nd Brigade instead of back to 1st Brigade.

The bare and precipitous hills of Swat contrast with the fertile valleys, long green stretches of waving corn in spring, due to the moisture from the watershed above, and alluvial soil washed down by floods.

Trees are scarce—mostly mulberry, walnut, apricot. The climate in spring is delightful, but summer is hot in the valleys. Our troops will doubtless be cantoned on the heights, where they will be far healthier than being poisoned in Peshawar.

The valleys of Swat, Bijour, and Chitral resemble each other : the people handsome and intelligent—the men brave but volatile, the women gracious and full of charm.

The Hunza-Nagar valleys, at the foot of the eastern passes, are barren, the people more Tartar-like and less intelligent.

On the 6th of April the 2nd Brigade encamped opposite the crossing of the Swat river, north of the village of Alladand.

Reconnaissance showed that the gatherings we had fought on the 3rd and 4th had retired up the Swat valley, without entirely dispersing.

Where the Swat river has five beds—reported fordable, but swift—were two villages, Chakdara and Adamderai, on wooded knolls.

They were occupied by the enemy, swarming in from the north-east, making a strong position

to defend the ford. On the right, about 2,000 yards, rises a knoll, and beyond a ridge of hills parallel with the river, completely commanding the passage. There were no corresponding positions on our bank.

Two companies of sappers under Major Alymer were sent down to commence bridging at day-break ; they were fired upon from the opposite bank, and unable to work.

The Maxim of the K.O.S.B. and No. 8 Mountain Battery, R.A., were brought down ; the ground the latter had to cross was boggy. By the time they got into action it was found the enemy were in greater force than was

thought probable at this point. As the strength of the enemy developed, regiment after regiment was sent into action—4th, 15th, Sikhs, and Borderers. The firing became general all down the river, and the guns, having got the range, were doing good work against the sungars on the ridge.

The 11th Bengal Lancers and Guides, under Colonel Scott, were ordered to find a ford. Among the enemy were noticed some of Umra Khan's cavalry. It was a

difficult task to ford the Swat, through fire and water, for the torrent swept over the holsters. Lieutenant Sarel's horse shied at the splash of a bullet, lost its footing, and was swept away ; the rider saved himself by gripping the lance held out by a sowar. Shual Singh, of Captain Wright's squadron, was the first man across. The ground on the other side was broken and marshy ; the enemy, already flying, had a long start, but before they got into the high ground the lancers were among them, inflicting severe loss, until stony ground and heavy going made further pursuit impossible. Of the tribesmen, but few stood to bay, knelt down, and shot their man before the lance could reach them. Five sought shelter in some bushes over a dry well, and pulled the first sowar, horse and all, into the well with them. His comrades dismounted and prodded that well. The sowars



GENERAL LOW.

were merciless—not that the tribesmen were less so; for a wounded Swati, finding a worse wounded lancer, chopped him up. One must have seen a charge of native lancers, and heard the exultant shout of the trooper as he transfixes his foe as accurately as he would a tent-peg, to realise the innate ferocity of man.

Shortly after the cavalry had crossed, the

wounded; the Sikhs two sepoy's drowned, two lancers were killed, and several wounded. The sappers had a few casualties. The enemy had assembled 4,500 to oppose the passage, and their losses were considerable. If the tribes had stood to their defences, the cavalry must have suffered severely, but positions impossible to cavalry attack were abandoned. The 3rd Brigade passed



THE PASSAGE OF THE SWAT.

Scottish Borderers, linked arm-in-arm like their ante-types of the "Island of the Scots," had also forded the Swat higher up, opposite the small Fort Ramorah, which they carried under cover of the Dera Jhât mountain-guns. The Sikhs crossed in like fashion lower down, and occupied the villages of Chakdara and Adam Dhara.

Such feats of infantry-fording are only possible with the modern brass cartridge and breech-loaders; in the old days of paper cartridges, musket and pouch had to be held above water.

Our casualties at the passage of the Swat were few. The Borderers had one man killed and two

the Malakand on the 8th. To feed the troops on the north side of the pass, General Low had been obliged to utilise, during the 4th, 5th, and 6th, all the mules of the force, as these were the only animals that could cross the pass; and it was not till the 8th, when camels had been streaming across for two days with supplies, that it was possible to equip the 2nd and 3rd Brigades with transport, tents, baggage, and twenty days' supplies. The 2nd Brigade were entirely across the Swat by the evening of the 8th, and headquarters next day, the 3rd Brigade encamping on the opposite bank at Alladand. On the

10th the 2nd Brigade marched to Gambat, crossing Katgola pass, over which Umra Khan's horsemen had disappeared from the pursuit of Wright's tired squadron.

The 3rd Brigade passed the Swat, now bridged. General Kinlock's Brigade was left to guard the Swat valley and communications. On the 11th General Low and 2nd Brigade reached the Panjkora river at Sado ferry. Owing to the difficulty of the "Shago Kas" defile, the baggage did not get into camp till very late that night, being fired into *en route* by the hillmen who still hung on our flanks and rear. The advanced guard of cavalry, Guide infantry, and 4th Sikhs had arrived at Sado on the 10th. Cavalry forded the river, and reconnoitred up the Bijour valley; they found Umra Khan's forts still held, and that evening, owing to the river rising, the cavalry had considerable difficulty in recrossing. The Panjkora bridge was commenced by Major Alymer and sappers. It was built on raft piers from logs lying on the banks.

On the evening of the 12th, foot-men could cross. There being every hope that the remainder of the brigade and their baggage could cross the following day, Colonel Battye and his Guides passed over to cover the bridge and form a *tête-de-pont* at the apex of a re-entering angle of the right bank. The post had a level space of some hundred yards in its front, and was commanded by high ground on the left bank. Before daybreak on the 13th the river rose suddenly, swollen with melted snow.

The tribesmen had set adrift huge logs, which bore down upon the bridge and swept it away. A suspension bridge was then commenced at a suitable site about two miles lower down. The cables were twisted strands of telegraph-wire, but this was work requiring three or four days. A new road also had to be cut on the opposite bank to the mouth of the Bijour valley. This could only be done by holding the right bank. On the 13th the Guides were ordered to march down the right bank and punish certain villages, from which men had been persistently firing on the transport. The route intended for the Guides to follow was in view of the left bank, and could be covered by fire from our side. By some misunderstanding, never now to be explained, Colonel Battye led his Guides up the Ushiri river into Bijour.

When the helio flashed the news that overpowering masses of the enemy were bearing down on the separated parties of the Guides engaged in burning the walled villages, the

2nd Brigade was ordered out to cover the retirement. The Sikhs hearing that their sister corps, the Guides, were in a tight place, broke into a shout, got under arms, and five minutes after the long-drawn notes of the assembly had died away were marched off, followed by Captain Peebles and his Maxim, the Borderers, and the Gordons. The range south-west of the camp was climbed, and the brigade lined its western face. On the summit of the corresponding ridge, across the river, the Guides were engaged out of range of support. They were hard pressed, for the enemy saw the bridge was carried away. A delayed helio message was even now received by Colonel Battye to carry out the order of the previous evening. It was immediately countermanded by an order to retire on the camp. Then Colonel Battye obeyed, and retired deliberately as a good soldier should. His party was divided into three; the right retired last, covering the others, and Colonel Battye remained with it. The left party found an easy descent, and were not pressed by the enemy, who threw themselves fiercely on the two remaining columns, in spite of the artillery fire which had now begun to touch. The right and centre retired slowly, covering each other with flank fire, until the centre party had to climb round a precipitous spur, losing sight of Colonel Battye, who held on until assured of their safety by seeing them below. Meanwhile Lieutenant Codrington with the left, seeing the right had ceased to retire, again began to ascend in support of his chief, while Lieutenant Lockhart with the centre took up a position to cover the retirement of both when they would have to cross the open. The tribesmen, swarming above Colonel Battye, poured a heavy and continuous fire upon his little party, which must have been annihilated but that the hillmen fired high, under the excitement of close quarters, as all soldiers will, in spite of the lessons of all campaigns since the introduction of fire-arms.* That the Guides behaved splendidly goes without saying—always. Their severest trial was just when they reached the open plain, and the fire across the river could not support them on account of the nearness of friend and foe.

At this critical moment Colonel Battye fell. The Afridi Company, without orders, fixed bayonets and turned savagely upon the foe to avenge the man they loved like a father—Mera Bap! (as the sepoy calls his colonel). They

* The Germans keep their bayonets fixed, which has a tendency to keep down fire.

rolled back the enemy to the very foot of the hill, which they began to re-ascend to their inevitable destruction. The officers could be seen here and there to seize an infuriated sepoy by the coat collar and hurl him back into the ranks. Sullenly the Guides obeyed, carrying their dying colonel, the last of four brothers who have died on fields of honour.

The dogged resistance of the Guides and the covering fire of the 2nd Brigade had hardly stayed the enemy. At nightfall 2,000 men lay in wait in the cornfields for the signal to rush the camp of the isolated—but still stout-hearted—Guides, who had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, and marched and fought the long day through. But, said a Pathan prisoner, "Suddenly the night was turned into day, and then again and again our courage forsook us. The devil guns were firing the stars at us."

That same evening a company of the 4th Sikhs and Peebles with his Maxim managed to cross on mussack rafts to the support of the Guides.†

During the night the enemy fired stray shots, but only wounded a couple of sepoys. At day-break their fire was more accurate and killed the gallant Captain Peebles and wounded a Devon man with the Maxim.

The enemy retired, and the Guides and Sikhs took up a forward position. The party that attacked the Guides was about 4,000 strong; by their own account they lost 500. Our loss was only two officers and three men killed, and twenty-two wounded.

On the 13th, Umra Khan sued for terms, sending in his prisoner, Lieutenant Edwards, and Fowler, three days later.

The rains were incessant, and the rivers continued to rise; it seemed likely that the bridge over the Swat, in General Low's rear, and the suspension bridge over the Panjkora, would both be swept away.

The two remaining mussack rafts (one had been overturned, and two unserviceable from bullet holes) were not sufficient to cross supplies.

The Guides and Sikhs were ordered to pack ammunition and baggage in their entrenchment

* Star shell were fired across the river by the artillery. But star shell are to be discontinued in our service, and parachute light balls are seen only in our military museums.

† Mussacks are skins of animals used as water-bags. When inflated with air they support a raft, being very buoyant and suitable for crossing mountain torrents. Impact with a rock does not injure them as it would a more solid support or pontoon, but crossing under fire is risky as a single bullet-hole lets out the air.

and hold themselves in readiness to re-cross by the suspension bridge before what there was of it was swept away, for the flood threatened the piers, and was rapidly rising to the roadway, but the river falling on the 16th, they were ordered to stand fast.

On the 17th, General Low crossed with the 3rd and 2nd Brigades. They had been preceded by a squadron of the Guides under Colonel Blood, who found the enemy advancing from the village of Miankalai. The enemy occupied the hills on the south and two villages to the west. The 4th Gurkhas were directed up the southern hills, to move along them to the west; the Seaforth Highlanders on the slopes below, and the 25th Punjabees in support. The Buffs occupied the hills to the north with the Dera-jhat battery in action on a knoll in the centre. While the infantry cleared the hills, the lancers advanced up the centre of the valley, but they got no chance to charge, the ground being broken.

The enemy did not show the bold front of previous days, but retired as the infantry advanced, and though the guns were pushed forward about 1,000 yards, the loss of the enemy was trifling. Our casualties were four Gurkhas and a Highlander, four troopers and twelve horses wounded.

On the 18th, General Low, with the 2nd and 3rd Brigades, marched on Mundia, Umra Khan's home, a stone fort with four flanking towers, the interior a village intersected by lanes, the principal buildings being the mosque and Umra Khan's harem. The place was abandoned and empty save for a couple of ancient cannon, the toilet articles of native ladies, some rag-dolls, and a letter from an enterprising Bombay firm offering to supply Umra Khan with the newest weapons and ammunition at the lowest rates.

But Umra Khan had been fairly supplied from several sources, and had gone to his Afghan friends at Asmar, at the date of General Low's visit.

On the same evening General Gatacre, with the Buffs, Gurkhas, half a mountain-battery, two Maxims, a half-company of sappers, and twenty days' supplies, was pushed on to Barwa, *en route* for Dir and Chitral.

On the 20th, the remainder of the brigade, Seaforths and Punjabees, were brought on by General Low to the foot of the Janbatai. Having news that the Chitral garrison were reduced to great straits, Gatacre was ordered to

push on with 500 men, supported by the Sea-forths.

The following day news came that Sheer Afzul



COLONEL BATTYE.

(Photo, J. Burke & Co., Kintuck Marce.)

had abandoned the siege, and was a prisoner in the hands of our ally the Khan of Dir.

When the relief of Chitral by Colonel Kelly's column was known, orders were sent to Gatacre not to press his men. His advanced troops were at Dir. The Lowari pass, 10,400 feet, was knee-deep in softening snow, and could only be crossed by a battalion at a time. Umra Khan had crossed with several thousand men in January when the snow was hard. Though our men suffered, they endured cheerily.

There is a good deal of "bogey" talk about our men funking the mountain-passes and the snows: they do not in the least, but enjoy the change from the sultry plains.

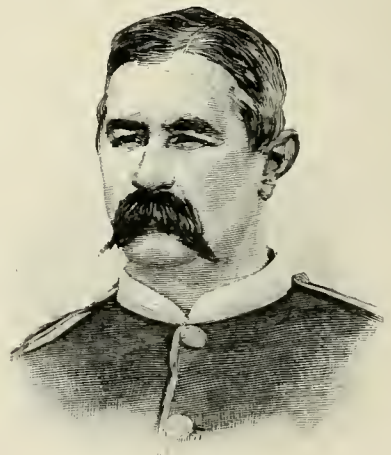
A man of the Buffs (the old London City Regiment) smacking his arms after the fashion of a cabby, said to his pal, "Well, I likes this—it reminds me more of the Old Country than anything I saw since I left."

They rivalled the mountain Gurkhas, tobogganing on nothing, down the steep snow slopes of the abrupt descent; and a sporting Madras Drabie unpacked his mule and tobogganed down astride on a rum cask, disappearing in a whirl of snow rather faster than he liked.

General Low's steady advance, securing his communications as he marched, and his five decisive defeats of the enemy, drove Umra Khan across the border, and Sheer Afzul to despair, thus rendering possible the relief of Chitral by Kelly's gallant little column.

Adjectives only weaken the bald chronicle of Chitral defence as told by Dr. Robertson.

The fort of Chitral on the river (to which there is a covered water-way) is about eighty feet square, with towers at the angles; the walls, eight feet thick, are stone filled into square wooden crates. It is naturally commanded from every side, and the indefatigable enemy built sungars, giving them a protected command. About fifty yards from the fort was a stone wall enclosing the mosque and stables, solid stone buildings, which had to be destroyed by the garrison, as they were not numerous enough to hold them. March 1st, the garrison consisted of 370 fighting-men, 90 Sikhs, the remainder Kashmir Imperial Service Rifles; Captain Campbell commanded the whole. When he was wounded the command devolved upon Captain Townshend. The other European officers were Captain Baird and Lieutenant Harley, Dr. Robertson, British Agent, Lieutenant Gurdon, his assistant, and Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch. On 3rd March came news of the approach of Sheer Afzul and a large force. A reconnoissance was made toward Drosh, Captain Baird led the advance, the British Agent and Captain Gurdon accompanied the force; they were repulsed from a fortified village, and in retiring, their flanks were overlapped. Campbell was shot through the knee, but mounted his horse and remained. The two Imperial Service Kashmir officers, General Baj Singh and Major Bhikran Singh, were shot dead, one on each side of Captain Townshend, who drew off the party



COLONEL KELLY.

and reached the fort, covered by the Sikhs. Dr. Robertson's native writer, carrying orders, received eighteen tulwar wounds, and is alive



"LIEUTENANT HARLEY, AT THE HEAD OF FORTY SIKHS AND SIXTY KASHMIRIS, RUSHED THE HOUSE OVER THE MOUTH OF THE MINE" (P. 182).

to write still. Captain Baird, mortally wounded, was brought in by Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch and thirteen Gurkhas, who had been cut off; they were nearly all wounded, but fought their way back through enclosures, with the body of the dying officer, who was carried by Whitechurch. Our loss was 22 killed and 36 wounded out of 150 engaged. In the fort were stored seventy days' half-rations, 350 rounds of Martini, and 240 Snider per man.

The enemy tried every means, beginning with Afghan wile, offering Dr. Robertson and party a safe conduct to Mastuj, while arrangements were made for their destruction *en route*. They made the fiercest assaults and carried on incessant fire. Day and night the garrison watched, fought, and toiled, building traverses and prados with any available material, and screens of tents and carpets. Boots were utilised as fire buckets. On the 25th the enemy set fire to the water-tower; they were repulsed and the fire extinguished. On the 14th they again assailed the waterway, and failed; Dr. Robertson was wounded in the shoulder, and other casualties occurred. On the 16th a letter was sent in from Edwards, and a truce granted with the hope of obtaining his release; it was futile, for, on the 17th, it was discovered that the enemy had run a mine to within a few feet of the walls; the playing of native bagpipes and tom-toms had prevented the sound of mining from being heard. Lieutenant Harley, at the head of 40 Sikhs and 60 Kashmiris, rushed the house over the mouth of the mine. The order was, "No firing; bayonet only." Three powder-bags were carried, the garden gate was quietly thrown open at four p.m., and the party rushed out and bayoneted 35 of the enemy; the powder-bags were placed, the fuses lit, the assailants barely escaped being blown up with the defenders, the turban of the last retiring sepoy caught fire from the explosion, which laid open the whole mine like a ditch to the foot of the tower. We lost 8 killed, 13 wounded; the enemy about 60. Their wounded went up with the fiery blast; their souls to the Paradise of fighting-men; their charred remnants fell back into the crater of the exploded mine.

The garrison now sunk counter-mines to continue the fight under the earth, as well as upon it.

The siege lasted forty-six days; one fifth of the garrison were killed or wounded. On the night of 18th, Sher Afzul and his retainers fled.

Our ally the Khan of Dir was advancing in one direction, Colonel Kelly in another, and Low's force getting near.

On the 20th April Colonel Kelly's column marched into Chitral. They left Gilgit in two parties on 23rd and 24th March. First party, 200 Pioneers, with addition of two mountain-guns, under Lieutenant Stewart, R.A., who joined *en route*, also Lieutenant Oldham, R.E., with 40 Kashmir sappers and 100 Hunzanagur levies: Lieutenant Gough with 60 Kashmir troops. It had snowed for five days, and Kelly waited at Ghize for the second party. On April 1st the whole attempted the Shundar Pass, 11,000 feet.

Eight miles from Ghize the mules sank above the girths in snow, and Colonel Kelly returned to Ghize with half the Pioneers, leaving Captain Borradaile at Taru with the rest, ten days' supplies, and all the coolies.

On the 3rd, Borradaile pushed on with his command, guns and carriages in pieces, partly on sleighs, partly on the backs of coolies, to the foot of the pass, where they slept in the snow, having no tents. Next morning they made a track through the pass to Langar, reaching it in the evening; there they entrenched themselves. The following day they brought the guns through—killing work for men at that altitude, where the rarefied air makes breathing difficult, and brings a taste of blood into the mouth. Thirty men were struck with snow-blindness, 26 frostbitten in the first party alone. They carried 15 lb. kit, eighty rounds a man, and wore poshteens (sheepskin coats).* On April 5th Colonel Kelly, with 50 levies, started after Borradaile, who had advanced towards Gasht. The people of Langar had been taken by surprise, and made salaam. On the 7th there was a halt to collect transport. Rig-Ackbar arrived

* We are slow to apply the military experience to be gained in various parts of our empire. Lieutenant de LotLinière, R.E., an officer from the Canadian Military College, for some years roadmaking in the passes about Gilgit, asked the Government to import snow-shoes sufficient to instruct his men, and invaluable to keep open the passes when the snow is soft. Englishmen acquire the use of snow-shoes in a few days, and why not sepoys? The requisition for snow-shoes probably puzzled and never got beyond the Baboos of the Indian Finance Department. The rigid doolie, with its curtains (an incomparable litter in the plains), is unsuitable for mountain warfare. A dandy or net hammock, as recommended by Major Carter in his paper on mountain warfare, is more suitable. But during the long peace from Waterloo to the Crimea we forgot more than we seem to have learned since, for many a brave fellow was carried from a Peninsular battlefield in his silk net sash. But the military tailor has long since swept away the rational adornments of the British army to substitute expensive futilities.

with 50 levies. The Yasin people were friendly, and gave assistance. April 8th, Colonel Kelly's advance was led by Humayan, the Prime Minister of Hunza, whose levies skirmished to perfection. These are the people we conquered about two years ago. The old story: conquer the Asiatic and take him into your service, or accept the alternative of fighting him for ever.

April 9th, the levies under Lieutenant Beynon turned the enemy's right. The main body advanced down the valley of the river. The guns opened on the sungars; a few shells drove out the defenders, who suffered in their flight from the rifles of the Pioneers. But they only retired to a second line of sungars.

Again the guns opened with a like result; we had only five casualties. Same day the force marched to within two miles of Mastuj, which Lieutenant Moberly had held for eighteen days with 46 Sikhs and 250 Kashmir troops against Mahomed Isa with 1,500 men. Moberly had previously rescued Lieutenant Jones and his 14 sepoy from Puni, after the destruction of Captain Ross and his party. The enemy were strongly posted about a mile north of Langar. On the 13th, Colonel Kelly, with all available men, the guns now carried on country ponies, attacked Nisagol. Similar turning tactics (in some instances, lowering ladders with ropes down cliffs) compelled the astonished enemy to abandon apparently impregnable positions. On the 14th, Drasun was occupied after a difficult march of twenty miles. On the 15th, snow storms had turned to pelting rain.

On the 17th, at Barnas, the river, 4 feet deep with snow-water, had to be forded. On the 18th the food supply was reduced to two and a half days. Foraging parties secured another day's supply. On the 19th the force reached Kogasi without opposition, and found the enemy had abandoned the siege of Chitral.

By his flank march Colonel Kelly baffled the enemy, who had expected him by the same route on which Captain Ross had been destroyed. Sher Afzul, with 700 Chitralis, hemmed into the snows by the Khan of Dir, surrendered. He was sent prisoner to General Low's camp on the 27th, protesting that he had always been our friend. He wore a Russian military great-coat, with the buttons of the Czar's army. His coat, like his policy, was reversible.

General Low humanely released the 700 Chitralis, and sent them to their villages. Sher Afzul he sent to India, probably to be pensioned.

Ten thousand rounds of rifle ammunition were

found buried in the Fort of Dir. The natives say it was sent from the north (about a month before the campaign opened) by the Ameer of Kabul. It was thought that a further amount was sold out of our own magazines, but contradicted on official inquiry.

With the flight of Umra Khan and the surrender of Sher Afzul active operation ceased, excepting the occasional stalking of an incautious British sentry, and the curiously treacherous attack on Lieutenant Robertson while surveying, by the man given him as a guide by the Khan of Dir.

Lieutenant Robertson, with the usual British confidence, had given his sword to the guide to carry. The man had been a follower of Umra Khan, and carried a double-barrelled sporting rifle of his own. Suddenly he fired both barrels at the lieutenant, who was riding in front; one bullet grazed the pony's ear. Robertson jumped off, drew his revolver, and fired at the man, who was coming at him with his own sword—wounded, but did not drop him. The revolver jammed, and the Englishman was cut over the head, but he closed with his assailant and got him down. Seeing two more men making for him with drawn tulwars, he made a dash for his Gurkha escort, only a few hundred yards behind. His assailant fled, but was subsequently captured by the Khan of Dir, tried, and shot. The incident, like a hundred others, is typical of the ineradicable treachery of the Afghan character.

The Imperial Government, in accordance with that of India, have decided to occupy Chitral with a few native troops and a native mountain-battery.

A glance at the accompanying map shows the situation, and that the last swoop of the Russian eagle brings the frontier within fifty miles of Chitral.

Lake Victoria, named after the Empress of India, is henceforth in the territory of the Czar, whose conquests, so far as England is concerned, are always those of peace.

The Russians will not knock their heads against our fortified lines of Quetta, to reach which they must have gained the Afghan, and after taking or masking which they would have a desert march of some 200 miles before reaching populous India.

They can turn our defences through the fertile valleys of Kashmir and its dependencies, which afford pleasant resting-places, assembly grounds, and bases for further operations.

The passes of the Hindoo Koosh, as marked

on Captain Younghusband's map, may be divided into two groups—an eastern group which leads down into the Hunza-Nagar assembly grounds, and a western group which leads down to the Chitral assembly grounds, thence direct to Peshawar, without entering Afghanistan proper.

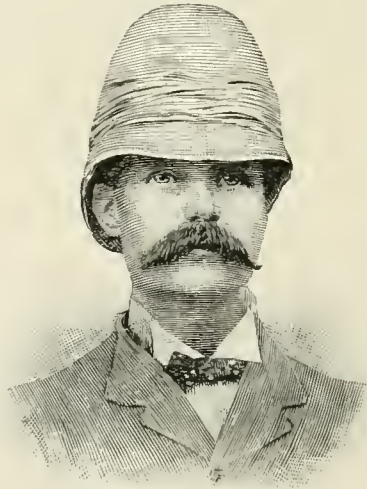
The eastern group—Kilik, Mintaka, Khunjerab—are very difficult passes, down which only small detachments could come; moreover, a wedge of Chinese territory is supposed to control (whatever that may be worth) their northern inlets. The western group—Baroghil, Darkot, and Khara-Bhart—are much more practicable, and a fairly large force could march by them and be concentrated in Chitral.

It is true we have ceded the intervening territory of Wakhan to the Ameer of Kabul. Hitherto a buffer State has only afforded a pretext to the strong and unscrupulous to punish a foray or the theft of a flock of goats, by the annexation of territory. We must have a definite boundary, the crossing of which by either party is a *casus belli*.

To consolidate our frontier is a mere question of mule roads, which the hillmen would gladly make under our supervision.

One great cause of dislike to our occupation is the compulsory coolie transport enforced by the Kashmir Government to carry supplies to our posts. Even the sahib's beer has to be carried on men's shoulders. It is true the forced labour is paid, but the more warlike tribesmen would rather fight us than carry our burdens.

That we should not improve our communications for fear our enemies might use them is not the argument of a sane person, else Europe would be destitute of railways. The Roman made his road and entrenched his *castra* as he advanced: we let a political agent reside in the heart of a native village, without escort, whereas a strategically-selected post, a Maxim gun, with a large supply of ammunition and a small garrison, and a good road to it, would prevent the perpetual expense of punitive expeditions, whose only result is hatred of us and our wobbly ways.



SURGEON-MAJOR ROBERTSON.



THE disastrous Russian campaign of 1812 had shown that the great Napoleon was not invincible, that his combinations were not always superior to the influences which sway human affairs, and that he could no longer calculate on the assistance in arms of conquered countries which had been forced to give him unwilling allegiance. The "Grand Army" had ceased to exist. Famine, the slaughter of many battlefields, and, above all, the horrors of the winter retreat had destroyed it. A few scattered remnants, principally gathered from those *corps d'armée* which had been the last to enter upon the fatal campaign and had not undergone all its trials, were retreating through Prussia, under the command of the devoted and chivalrous Eugène de Beauharnais, who had taken up the burden after it had been suddenly relinquished by Murat in his anxiety to return to his kingdom of Naples, and his selfish desire to be relieved from a task in which there was much difficulty and little glory.

The spirit of the superior officers in the army of France was now no longer what it had been in previous years. In spite of the adventurous career which they led, many of them had married and established homes, and, though they still were on occasions capable of the most brilliant actions and the noblest self-devotion, they were no longer the hard and fiery warriors who thought little of the past and recked not of the future, who entered lightly on the most arduous enterprises, who carried all their property with them into the field, having no interests beyond the fires of their bivouacs. But the great emperor was himself still indomitable, his energy unabated, his capacity as stupendous as ever. Undismayed by the terrible blows dealt by fortune, he had set himself to work to repair the losses of the past, to provide for the

necessities of the future, and astonished Europe saw fresh armies spring into existence at his bidding, and the power of France in his hands still loom great and unconquered. He arrived in Paris from Russia on the 18th December, 1812, and the moment he was again at the centre of the vast system which he had created, he had made it vibrate to his war cry from end to end. From Rome to Brest, from Perpignan to Hamburg, the whole empire rose in arms at once; while he, master of the wide extent, with consummate knowledge of every detail in its organism, was able to direct all its resources with a judgment so clear, with a hand so firm, and with calculation so unerring, that in three months the *matériel* and *personnel* of an army of 300,000 men had been created, enrolled, and organised; and this enormous mass of soldiers, clothed, armed and equipped, was set in motion, and was about to find itself concentrated within reach of the enemy, ready for battle. Of all the administrative feats performed by Napoleon during his reign this was one of the most marvellous. Infantry, artillery, a proportion of cavalry, supplies, ammunition, transport, all were provided, and, both in forming these masses and in the smallest details of their equipment and organisation, nothing was neglected, nothing forgotten. It is said that at any moment of the day or night, whatever had been his pre-occupation, the emperor was able to tell the numbers, composition, and actual value of each of the numberless detachments of all arms which he had put in motion in every part of his empire, the quality of their clothing and armament, the number of stages in the line of march of each, and the day, even the hour, when each should arrive at its destination.

It has been said that Prince Eugène was retreating slowly through Prussia. He was pressed upon, but not hurried, in his still defiant

march, by the overwhelming numbers of the following Russian army. For three months he had been able to dispute the possession of Poland, Saxony, and Prussia. At last his retreat, bringing his feeble force within reach of support, came to an end at Magdeburg. On his right and left, however, his enemy still poured forward their legions. They crossed the Elbe—Hamburg was passed by them. They occupied Dresden and Leipsic, and the empire of France itself was threatened. Prussia, so long cowed by Napoleon and forced to furnish a contingent to his armies, had roused herself in national revolt against his iron domination, and had declared war against him, putting into the field 95,000 men, and with them the veteran Blücher, who within the next three years was destined to reap so great a harvest of glory. But the onward movement of the enemies of France was now no longer to have before it only the *débris* of the hosts which had retreated from Russia, but its way was barred by the newly-raised army under the immediate command of the greatest warrior of the time. Napoleon had left Paris on the 15th April, and, rushing to the centre of the long line now held by his lieutenants, he was prepared to carry out his strategic scheme of surprising and turning the Russo-Prussian right, and thus rolling up and hurling back the forces of the allies who had dared to think that his power had been irretrievably shattered.

On the west of Leipsic lies the great plain in the centre of which is Lutzen. Here was the scene of the last and most famous of the victories gained by Gustavus Adolphus. Here the great Swedish monarch fell, and here his tomb marked the spot of his glorious death, the limit set by fate to his Protestant championship. To this plain as a gathering place had been directed the masses of troops with which Napoleon intended to operate as his field army. Hither came, under the command of the renowned generals of France, the numerous columns which had been formed in so many different countries—from the east of Europe, from the centre of Spain, from Italy, from the north, west and south of the threatened empire, all concentrated and fell into line with the utmost precision, with the most perfect unity of purpose.

On the night of the 1st of May, Napoleon was at Lutzen. Already, at Weissenfels, the young conscripts who filled the ranks had had their first encounter with the enemy, and, led by the heroic Marshal Ney, had borne themselves with the steadiness and valour of old soldiers. So

brilliant had been their conduct, so decisive the success which they had obtained, that they filled their leaders with pride and confidence. The army of France seemed about to enter upon a fresh career of triumph. But there fell one dark cloud upon the success which had so far been achieved. Marshal Bessières, Duke of Istria, one of the emperor's oldest and most devoted adherents, who commanded the cavalry of the guard, was suddenly struck down by a stray cannon shot while reconnoitring not far from his master's side. As his body was borne from the field wrapped in a cloak, the fate of his old comrade painfully impressed Napoleon, who said, "Death is coming very close to us all."

On the 2nd May the emperor rose at three o'clock in the morning to give his orders and dictate his correspondence. The reports of spies, more explicit than any which he had yet received, led him to believe that the united Russo-Prussian army was moving from Leipsic, sheltered by the Elster, towards Zwenkau and Pegau. It seemed that they had not realised that the French were directly in their front, and that their commander, Wittgenstein, was looking for his enemy nearer to the southward mountains. Cavalry was the one arm which Napoleon had been unable to extemporise in sufficient numbers, and, in default of the more perfect knowledge to be gained by widely scouting squadrons, he made his arrangements for a forward movement with a prudence and caution which would enable him to retrieve an error if unhappily he should make one. He was only four leagues from Leipsic, and he resolved to push boldly on and to secure the passage of the Elster at that town. If he could carry out his plan, he believed that he would be on the flank of the enemy and cut their line of communications, after which he could give battle with every advantage in his favour. Prince Eugène was ordered to lead the advance with the corps of Lauriston and Marshal Macdonald, supported by the cavalry division of Latour-Maubourg and a strong reserve of artillery. Lauriston was to seize Leipsic, and Macdonald was to move on Zwenkau, at which point it was probable that the advanced troops of the enemy would be encountered. The emperor himself, with his guard, would follow in support of Prince Eugène. Meantime, in case, as was possible, the enemy should throw themselves against the French right, Marshal Ney was to establish himself with his *corps d'armée* in the neighbourhood of Lutzen; and a group of five villages was

pointed out to him as a strong defensive position which would form a pivot for all the operations of the French army. There remained the corps of Marmont, Bertrand, and Oudinot, which were still more distant from Leipsic. They were ordered to move forward and to form on the right of Ney if the enemy made an attack on that marshal's position. If no such attack was attempted, the whole was to press on to the passages of the Elster between Zwenkau and Pegau.

The whole French army was in motion. Prince Eugène's columns were on the march towards Leipsic and the Elster. The Old and Young Guard were following in the same direction. Ney's corps was taking up a defensive position in the villages south of Lutzen. Marmont, Bertrand, and Oudinot were all pressing forward to take part in the great struggle which was evidently imminent, though its exact locality was still uncertain. At ten o'clock the emperor himself mounted, and, followed by the crowd of war-worn leaders of men who formed his staff, galloped towards Leipsic. As he passed alongside the masses of his soldiers that were toiling over the plain, repeated cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" greeted his appearance. Nothing in the history of the time is more striking than the manner in which military ardour and veneration for the person of their emperor mastered the conscripts as soon as they found themselves in the ranks of the army; with what enthusiasm they followed the man, who had been the author of so many wars in which the blood of Frenchmen had been poured out like water, the man who had come to be detested by their countrymen for the sacrifices which he demanded, and who had only lately torn themselves from their peaceful homes to fight his battles.

As the Imperial cavalcade approached Leipsic the attack on the town by Maison's division of Lauriston's corps was being vigorously carried out. Great were the natural obstacles and stern the defence which the French had to encounter. The town was covered by a wide belt of marshy and wooded land, traversed by several arms of the Elster, and the only passage across this belt was by a road following a long series of bridges. General Kleist, who commanded the garrison, had filled the clumps of wood with light infantry, and had covered the entrance to the bridges by a strong battery of artillery, supported by heavy Prussian columns. The gallant Maison, having driven in the enemy's light troops and brought up some artillery and infantry to reply to the

Prussian fire, detached a battalion, which, fording one of the branches of the Elster, threatened Kleist's flank. He then formed a column of attack, and, placing himself at its head, carried the first bridge with a bayonet charge. The Prussians stood their ground stubbornly, but were swept away by the fierce rush, and Napoleon saw his soldiers entering Leipsic pell-mell with their flying foe. The town was at his mercy, and the first portion of his plan of operations was apparently carried out with complete success.

It was eleven o'clock. Napoleon no longer thought there was any fighting to be done, except in his immediate front. There he believed that he had found the main force of the enemy which he wished to crush, and there he had struck a first successful blow. Suddenly the roar of many pieces of artillery struck his ear, resounding from his right rear apparently in the direction of the villages which he had left to the guardianship of Ney's corps. As we have seen, the chance of an attack on his flank had been foreseen and provided for, and he was neither surprised nor disconcerted. After listening for a few moments to the cannonade, which, increasing in volume, became more and more terrible, he said calmly, "While we have been trying to outflank them, they have been turning us. However, there is no harm done, and they will find us everywhere prepared to meet them."

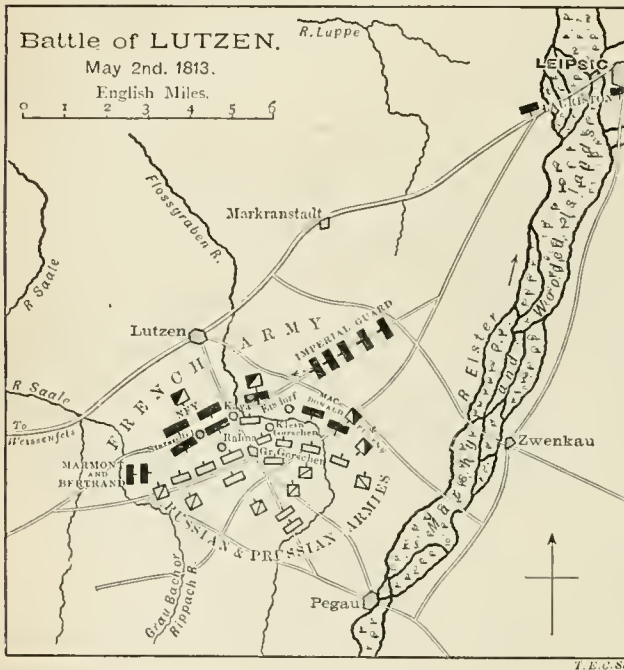
Marshal Ney had accompanied him to Leipsic. Him he sent back at once, at a gallop, to rejoin his corps, impressing upon him that he must hold his position like a rock, which he should be well able to do, as he had 48,000 men at his disposal, and he would after a time receive the support of other troops on his right, on his left, and in rear. Then, with the composure of a mind prepared for any emergency, he issued orders for all his advanced troops to reverse their order of march, the most delicate of operations to execute with precision, especially in the case where enormous masses have to be handled. Lauriston was ordered to maintain his hold on Leipsic with one division, while the other two divisions of his corps were to move towards the left of Ney's position. Macdonald's corps was to fall back from Zwenkau also towards the left of Ney. Prince Eugène, with his reserve artillery and the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg, was to support Macdonald. So much for the strengthening of Ney's left. On his right, Marmont, who was now on the march north of Lutzen, was ordered to hurry into position; while Bertrand, still distant, was to connect

with Marmont and make every effort to appear on the enemy's left and rear. Finally, as a support to the centre of the new battle-line, the whole of the Guard was to retrace its steps and form behind the group of villages held by Ney. No conscripts were these, but a mass of 18,000 war-hardened old soldiers who could be relied upon to maintain the prestige of French arms under any circumstances. His orders given, and having seen the wide and complicated manœuvre well commenced, the emperor betook himself to the point where Ney's corps was sustaining the

movements of the French army, and had detected Napoleon's scheme of attacking Leipsic. They had conceived the apparently very feasible plan of falling on the flank of the long-drawn-out French columns as they passed over the great Lutzen plain. Knowing their immense superiority in cavalry, they considered that they would easily break up a newly-raised infantry which had with it hardly enough squadrons to perform ordinary scouting duties. If they could succeed in penetrating the French line of march, they considered that Napoleon must inevitably

suffer a shattering disaster. It was therefore arranged that, on the night of the 1st May, the Russo-Prussian forces should cross the Elster at Zwenkau and Pegau, and should be directed on the group of villages south of Lutzen, the very villages near which the French emperor had placed Ney's corps. Excellent as their plan was, however, it failed in one of the data on which it was founded. It was supposed that no great force would oppose them in the villages, as only a few bivouac fires, such as those of ordinary outposts, had been seen in their neighbourhood, and, till the crash of battle came, it was unknown that five strong divisions were lying hidden behind them, formed and ready for action.

Let us examine the position held by Marshal Ney, on the maintenance of which in French hands depended the chance of victory for the French army. Flowing northward through the plain towards Lutzen are two streams—the



first onset of the allied army, and where long hours must be passed in strenuous resistance before the much-needed succours could make themselves felt.

The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were present with the allied armies, which had entered on the campaign under the command of the veteran Kutusof. Kutusof was dead, however, though this was not publicly made known for fear of the influence the fact might have on the superstitious minds of the Russian soldiery. It was given out that he was absent, and the supreme command was placed in the hands of Count Wittgenstein, who had as chief of the staff General Diebitch, afterwards so well known in the Turkish war of 1828. The allied generals, well served in reconnaissance by their numerous cavalry, were aware of all the

movements of the French army, and had detected Napoleon's scheme of attacking Leipsic. They had conceived the apparently very feasible plan of falling on the flank of the long-drawn-out French columns as they passed over the great Lutzen plain. Knowing their immense superiority in cavalry, they considered that they would easily break up a newly-raised infantry which had with it hardly enough squadrons to perform ordinary scouting duties. If they could succeed in penetrating the French line of march, they considered that Napoleon must inevitably suffer a shattering disaster. It was therefore arranged that, on the night of the 1st May, the Russo-Prussian forces should cross the Elster at Zwenkau and Pegau, and should be directed on the group of villages south of Lutzen, the very villages near which the French emperor had placed Ney's corps. Excellent as their plan was, however, it failed in one of the data on which it was founded. It was supposed that no great force would oppose them in the villages, as only a few bivouac fires, such as those of ordinary outposts, had been seen in their neighbourhood, and, till the crash of battle came, it was unknown that five strong divisions were lying hidden behind them, formed and ready for action.

The allied forces which were about to pour themselves on this position were 24,000 men, under Count Wittgenstein in person and General d'York, who had commanded the Prussian contingent of Napoleon's army in the advance against Russia, and had been the first to

desert the emperor when misfortune overtook him. After crossing the Elster, these leaders joined Blücher, who had with him 25,000 men. In support were 18,000 of reserves, and the Russian Imperial Guard. Some 12,000 or 13,000

The Russo-Prussian army rested its right flank on the Flossgraben and its left on the ravine through which the Rippach flows, and, as it deployed its long, dense columns, the Emperor Alexander and the King Frederick William rode



"HE THEN FORMED A COLUMN OF ATTACK" (p. 187).

cavalry, under Wintzingerode, had covered the movement of the infantry and artillery, and were now prepared to complete the success which seemed to await the decisive action of the combined army. Besides these, another corps of 12,000 men, under Miloradovich, was operating farther to the south, and might be expected to come into line in time for the coming battle.

through its ranks, encouraging their soldiers and receiving their enthusiastic acclamations. The two monarchs then placed themselves on an eminence commanding the battle-field, from which they could watch the fortunes of the day.

Of Ney's corps the most advanced division was that of General Souham, a man who had grown grey in war, imposing in appearance by his great stature, cool, determined, and of

undaunted courage. The division was formed near Gross-Gorschen. Not till about ten o'clock was there any sign of the approaching storm, but at that hour the advanced sentries could see the long blue lines near the Flossgraben, which the old soldiers in the ranks recognised as regiments of the enemy, deploying from column of march. On the other side, near the Rippach, the glint of the sun on brass and steel showed the presence of the dragoons and cuirassiers of the Russian Imperial Guard, while the black clouds that wheeled and hovered near and far were the pulks of Cossacks, whose name even then was one of dread to Western Europe. To the young soldiers of France who had not been three months under arms, it seemed that all was lost, and that it would be impossible for them to hold their ground against such odds till help came.

The fiery Blücher, though bearing the weight of seventy years, commanded the first line of the attack on the French with all the vigour and impetuosity of youth, with all the patriotic enthusiasm which animated the soldiers of Germany. Covered by the fire of twenty-four guns and supported on the left near Starsiedel by the Russian cavalry, his leading division advanced; but Souham stood fast with his men formed in squares, for, young as they were, they could not have been trusted in a looser formation. The French artillery, inferior in numbers, replied to the Prussian fire, but was unable to subdue the torrents of grape that tore through the French ranks, and whose every discharge was followed by the ominous order from Souham and his officers, "Close your ranks," as gaps were made in the serried masses. The conscripts fought like veterans, and, when the Prussian infantry charged with loud cries of "*Vaterland! Vaterland!*" repulsed them once and again, but, decimated by the ruthless artillery fire, threatened on their right by powerful squadrons, they gave way and fell back from Gross-Gorschen to Rahna and Klein-Gorschen. The cavalry, which had menaced them, thought to convert the retreat into a rout and swept down from Starsiedel; but General Girard's division, supported by the divisions of Generals Marchand, Ricard, and Brenier, received the hostile squadrons with so steady and deadly a fire that they drew rein and retired. The divisions of Souham and Girard then occupied Klein-Gorschen and Rahna, and for the time checked the further advance of the Prussian infantry.

Rallied in their new position, the brigades of

Souham regained all their original steadiness, and, with Girard's division formed on their right, were again prepared for vigorous resistance. The watercourses, enclosures, and ponds, which were the main features of the villages, became important means of defence, and the long-experienced generals of the French army knew well how to make the most of the advantages they offered. The general situation was changed, moreover, and fresh confidence put into the young soldiers by the arrival of Marshal Marmont, who, with his arm in a sling from a recent wound, débouched near Starsiedel with the divisions of Generals Campans and Bonnet. These two divisions were at once formed in a series of squares, and occupied all the ground between Girard's right and Starsiedel. Campans's division was composed entirely of marines, who had been drafted from their service afloat and the seaport garrisons to swell the ranks of the field-army; and nobly did these men maintain the maritime honour of France in one of her mightiest conflicts ashore. As they came under the terrible fire of the Prussian batteries, they bore themselves proudly and unflinchingly, giving back no step of ground and securing the right of the army with soldierly persistence. When the allied sovereigns and Blücher saw the new and firm attitude of their enemy, it became evident to them that the French had not been so much surprised as they had hoped would be the case, and that it would be no easy task to carry the villages now so strongly held. But Blücher, undaunted by any obstacles and recognising that victory could alone be gained by forcing the French centre, left their flanks to be neutralised by the allied cavalry, and hurled himself at the head of fresh troops—Ziethen's division, supported on right and left by two of d'York's divisions—against Klein-Gorschen and Rahna.

Furious was this second assault, and the battle became a series of independent struggles between detached bodies, in the defence and attack of each incident of the scene which offered a post of vantage. In houses, gardens, enclosures, across watercourses, from tree to tree in the groves, the stalwart Germans and the French recruits fought it out hand to hand. There was no time to load, and the issue was to be decided with the bayonet. Backwards and forwards the combatants swayed, but, bravely as they struggled, boys could not stand against men. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried by Blücher and his sturdy followers, and the

débris of the two divisions which had defended the villages fell back towards Kaya and Starsiedel. *Débris* they were indeed. When the roll was called, scarce a third of each company replied "Present." The centre of the French line was rudely shaken, but still Souham and Girard were able again to re-form under cover of Kaya, held by Brenier and Ricard, and Starsiedel, where Campans's marines and Bonnet's division still stood immovable and defiant.

It seemed as though the impassioned vehemence of Blücher, the patriotic ardour and courage of the soldiers who followed him, were destined to success in driving the great wedge of attack into the heart of the French army; but at this moment a new and tremendous force, though it was only the magnetic personality of one man, appeared in the field against them. Marshal Ney, whom we have seen with Napoleon near Leipsic, now arrived at a gallop to assume the command of the army corps, which had hitherto been battling without him. The presence of the hero of countless battlefields, the victor of Elehingen, the great Prince de la Moskowa, the noblest of the rear-guard in the dread retreat over the frozen steppes of Russia, was like a draught of strong wine to the men who were staggering under their enemy's fierce attack. The very aspect of the marshal's face, whose every feature told of uncompromising energy, the vivid lightning of his eye, the rudely-cut upturned nose, the massive dominant jaw, inspired confidence, and the athletic, powerful frame seemed a tower of strength which no force could overthrow.

Ney at once grasped his *corps d'armée* in his strong hand. Marchand's division he detached across the Flossgraben towards the hamlet of Eisdorf to threaten the enemy's right and to effect a junction with Macdonald, whose arrival on the field could not now be long delayed. He himself, at the head of the divisions of Brenier and Ricard, pressed forward to retake the villages which had been abandoned. But the Prussians had already left the villages behind them, and the line of French bayonets crashed into Blücher's men at the foot of the eminence on which Kaya stands. If the Prussians fought to restore the dignity of their country, so long ground beneath the heel of Napoleon, the French generals, officers, and men fought with equal desperation to maintain the glory of their loved France and reassert her predominance in Europe. But nothing could resist the leadership of Ney. Death passed him by on every hand, and, while others fell on his right and left,

he seemed invulnerable. Forward he pressed and ever forward till at last the bloodstained ruins of Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were again in the possession of Brenier and Ricard, the relics of Souham's and Girard's divisions following hard on their forward track; and, despite every effort of Blücher, the Prussians were hurled back upon Gross-Gorschen.

The French supports began to close at last on the scene of conflict. Macdonald and Prince Eugène were following the east bank of the Flossgraben and approaching Eisdorf, the Guard was hurrying towards the north of Kaya, and though the head of Bertrand's columns was not yet in sight, his early arrival might be counted upon. Napoleon himself rode on to the field of one of the bloodiest engagements in modern war. The personal presence of the greatest general of the time was allowed by his adversaries to be worth at least ten thousand men; and his soldiers, believing that where he was defeat could not be, hailed his appearance as a presage of victory. Still the determination of Blücher and his resources were not exhausted, though division after division had crumbled to pieces in his hands, while they sacrificed themselves in following where he led. The Prussian Royal Guard and reserves had not yet been engaged, and Blücher called upon them in turn to conquer or die. On his right he sent two battalions across the Flossgraben to check the head of Macdonald's advancing columns. On his left he launched the cavalry of the Royal Guard against Marmont's squares, and in the centre he placed himself at the head of the tall Pomeranian Grenadiers to attempt a last attack on the position which had so long defied him. Again Frenchman and German closed in the shock of deadly strife. Against the furious charges of Prussian cavalry, supported by Wintzingerode's squadrons, Marmont's squares remained unbroken, like iron citadels, vomiting fire from their living walls. No check could be given on the right to Macdonald and Prince Eugène, but in the centre the four divisions of Ney's corps, already rudely handled and battle-weary, gave way before Blücher. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried for the second time. The German leader was severely wounded in the assault, but, refusing to quit the field, the old warrior gave his men no breathing-space and pressed up the slope towards Kaya. Even there the French could not again rally in time, and the last village, the key of the position, was at last wrested from them.

The French centre was pierced, and, if the Russian army had at once followed in support of the conquering Prussians, the day would have been lost to Napoleon. But the movements of allies always lack unison, and the opportunity which had been gained by the determined gallantry of Blücher was lost by the inactivity of the Russian commanders. Napoleon's cool glance marked that the Prussian Guard, though for the time successful, was shaken by its advance, and that no fresh troops were behind them. Riding into the midst of the shattered bands of conscripts and exclaiming, "Young

fell upon the Prussians, who had so lately driven them back. The divisions of Souham and Grenier also rallied in their attenuated ranks under the mastery of Ney's adamant energy, and again plunged into the fight. Welcome sound to French ears, the roar of guns was heard on their left flank. It was Macdonald, who at last was making his presence felt on the other side of the Flossgraben. Far away on their right deep columns were deploying into fighting formation, relieving the pressure on Marmont's corps. Bertrand had arrived, and from both flanks the allies were exposed to a cross



COSSACK OUTPOST.

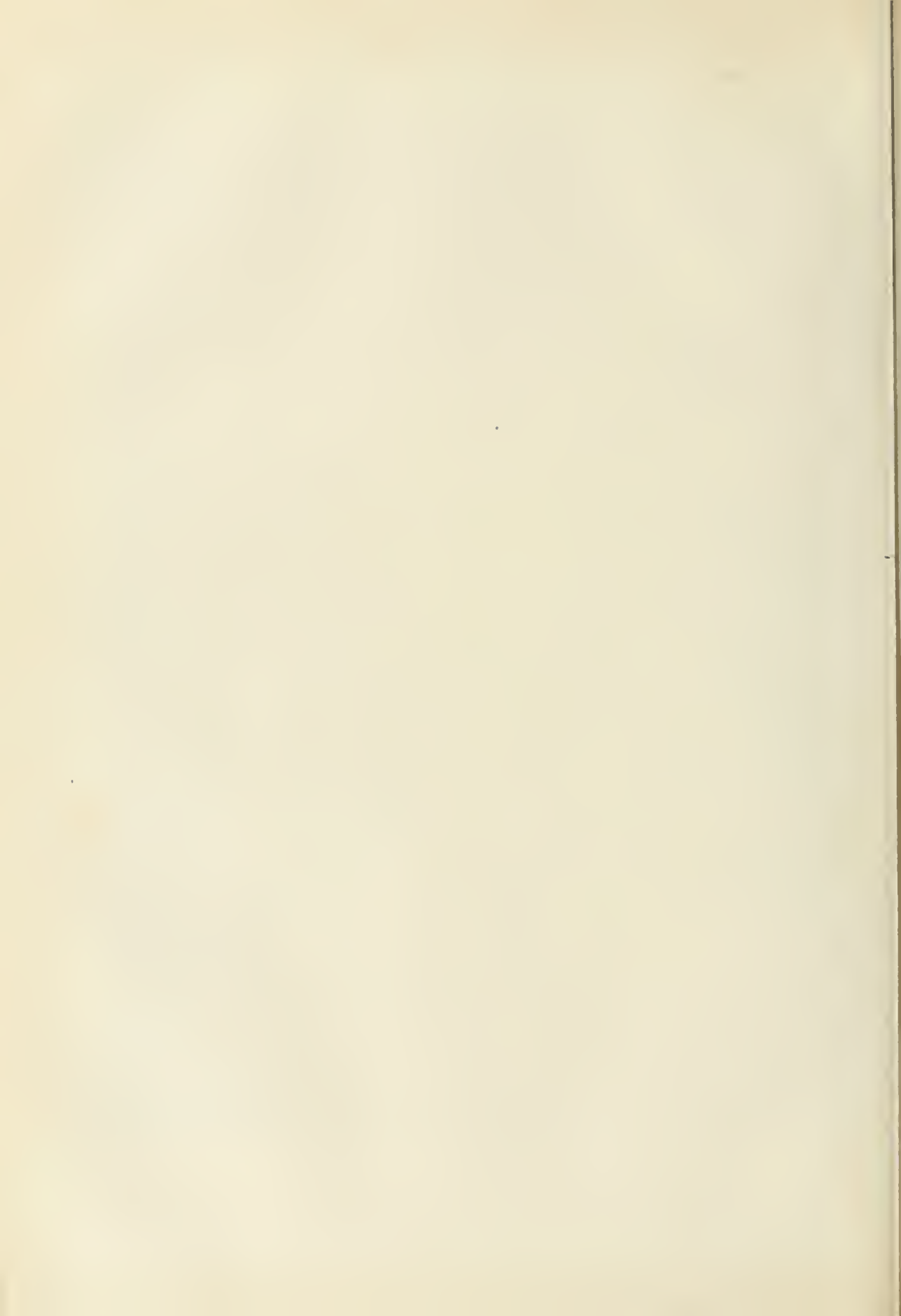
men, I have counted on you to save the empire, and are you flying?" he succeeded in restoring some order. Ricard's division had suffered less than the others, and was still in battle formation. To its head he sent Count Lobau, one of his most trusted generals, bidding him lead it again into the fight. It was a last despairing effort. The emperor had no longer under his hand the eighty squadrons, led by the brilliant Murat, which, in similar circumstances, he had been able to launch at his foe at Eylau and Borodino. These had perished in the Russian snows. He was obliged to trust his fate to battalions of half-drilled, weakly, inexperienced boys, already shaken by heavy loss and worn out by fatigue. And the boys failed him not. Inflamed by the warrior spirit of their country, they responded gallantly to the appeals of their emperor and the leadership of Count Lobau. With the bayonet they

fire. Over a front of two leagues the carnage raged. Even the oldest of the warriors present had never seen an issue so bitterly contested, none that had demanded such a tribute of death.

The last charge of Ney's corps carried all before it. The Prussian Guard reeled back, and Kaya, the key of the position, was lost to Blücher. A vast crescent of fire was now in front of the allied army, but still, if the centre of that crescent could be cut through, its horns could be held of comparatively little consequence. They must fall back if their connection was destroyed. Although 40,000 men had been expended by Blücher, there still remained the corps of Wittgenstein untouched, the corps of d'York, which had suffered little, and the infantry of the Russian Imperial Guard. It was six o'clock in the evening, and the effort must be made at once or not at all. Wittgenstein



Napoleon rallying the Conscripts at Lutzen.



decided to make it, and led the fresh troops over the ground where lay the piles of French and German dead and wounded which marked where the tide of success had ebbed and flowed. Masses of cavalry supported the movement, and, under Wintzingerode, neutralised the French right. Macdonald's infantry had not yet been able to come into action, and the allied advance was, for a time, unchecked. But what is that long line of bearskins crowning the height stretching from Starsiedel to Kaya? what are those six steady masses in the rear? what is that huge battery whirling into action? It is the infantry and artillery of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, which has at last arrived. Sixteen battalions of the Young Guard are in columns of attack, under Dumoutier, supported by six battalions of the Old Guard. Druot is putting eighty guns into action. No one can conceive the paralyzing effect upon a foe of the appearance of the invincible French Guard. Trained by twenty years of war—survivors of all the campaigns from the revolutionary times till the great successes of the empire—their eagles have always looked on victory, and, in fair field, they have never yet met their superiors. They have just arrived from Leipsic, and have been marshalled under Napoleon's own eye. Now their stately advance pauses to give Druot time to pour a shower of grape and cannon-balls on Wittgenstein and d'York, and now again they move forward with levelled bayonets and set,

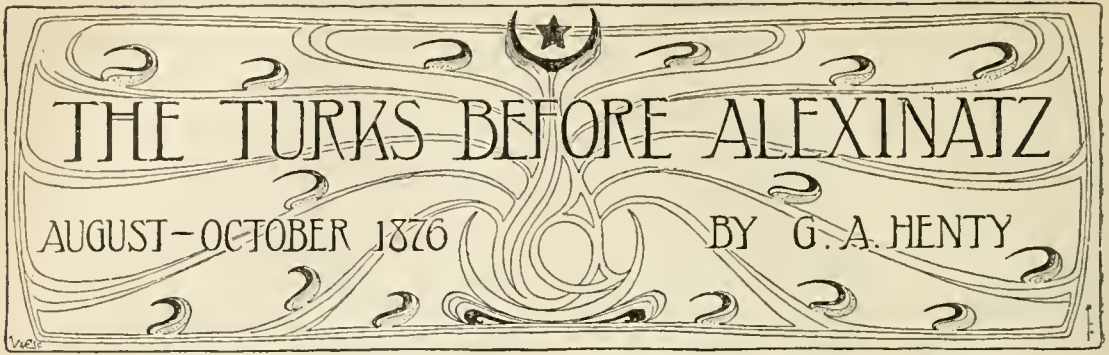
determined faces. Vain is now the bravery of Wittgenstein and d'York, vain the hopes of Alexander and Frederick William. Shattered by the combined artillery and infantry fire, their troops stand still, waver, recoil.

The steady squares on the French right throw back the cavalry of Wintzingerode, the serried columns in the centre, flanked by Druot's artillery and Macdonald's infantry which is now in line, press against the Russian battalions, and now the whole allied army must retreat, having permanently gained no foot of ground, no single military advantage during the long day of undaunted effort and patriotic devotion.

But though victory, after hovering doubtful over the combatants, at last rested with Napoleon, though his young army had proved its spirit equal to that of its predecessors which had marched resistless over Europe, no trophies of success could be gathered, no crowds of prisoners swelled the triumph as in the days of bygone conquests. The grand cavalry of the past had disappeared never to be replaced. The pursuit, which alone could have so much demoralised the allies as to render them incapable of future action, was impossible. The Russo-Prussian army retired unmolested, slowly, sullenly, defeated but not finally overmastered, again to gather strength and cohesion. Great and undoubted as was his victory at Lutzen, it was but the prelude to the succession of shocks, which left the edifice of Napoleon's Empire in crumbling ruins.



MARSHAL MACDONALD.



IN the year 1876 there had been some serious troubles in Bulgaria. Opinions differed, and always will differ, as to their origin; it may be taken as certain, however, that a partial insurrection broke out on the part of the Christian population of a small district, the movement having been got up and fomented by outside agitators. Many of the Moslem inhabitants were murdered, and in revenge the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, or irregulars, perpetrated massacres on a much larger scale. These, greatly magnified and exaggerated, created much excitement throughout Europe and aroused a widespread feeling of indignation against Turkey. For a time it seemed that Russia was about to take the opportunity of striking a final blow at her old enemy, but not being fully prepared, her agents incited Servia to declare war against Turkey, although she had no grievance whatever against her neighbour. Large numbers of Russian officers and soldiers, for the most part in civilian dress, made their way to Servia and were throughout the war the backbone of the Servian force.

The Turks, expecting that the first step on the part of the enemy would be the invasion of the district of Widdin, lying upon the Danube, which was completely open to such an attack, collected a force under Osman Pasha for the defence of that district, while another and larger force was assembled at Nisch, near the southern frontier of Servia. After one or two minor skirmishes, in which the Servians were worsted, Osman Pasha took up his position near the river Tinok. The country around Widdin, a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, was for the most part fertile, and showed every sign of prosperity and comfort. In spite of the fact that large numbers of Turkish irregulars had joined Osman Pasha's force, women and girls were working fearlessly in the fields. Herds of

cattle grazed peacefully, and the whole aspect of the population showed how utterly unfounded were the reports so industriously spread by the Servian and Russian agents of rapine and murder.

At Adlieh, a large and busy Bulgarian village, some four-and-twenty miles from Widdin, life went on as usual, although the Turkish army was encamped a few miles distant, and parties of men frequently came over to make purchases. No amount of inquiry could elicit a single fact in support of the tales of Turkish atrocity, and indeed the inhabitants scouted the idea that they had any cause of complaint whatever. The consuls and vice-consuls of the various Christian Powers, they said, were so vigilant that no Turkish pasha, however powerful, would venture to extort money, still less to allow violence to be offered to the Christians. They might perhaps grind down their co-religionists, who had no one to take their part; but as for the Christians they had no complaint whatever to make, and the writer can state positively that during the whole of the time he was in Turkey, the story he heard at Adlieh was everywhere repeated, and that he never heard a single tale of ill-treatment from the Christians, or any expressions of discontent with Turkish rule. Indeed, the appearance of the country spoke for itself, and in point of material comfort the condition of the peasantry was at least equal to that of any English agricultural population.

In July the harvest was going on, men and women, and sometimes women without men, were at work reaping the corn with small sickles, while women and girls were busy in the tobacco and maize fields hoeing and earthing-up the plants—and this within sound of the guns of the combatants. Masses of yellow and white camomile, blue and yellow cornflowers, white convolvulus, and madder, rose campion, yellow rockets, blue larkspurs, yellow moss dragons, and

borage and bluish-white hollyhocks, covered the tracks of uncultivated ground. Herds of cattle, sheep and goats, and a great many horses, fed untended, and a prettier and more peaceful scene could scarcely be imagined. Near Adlieh the undulated ground rose into hills, and thence on to the Timok low ranges of undulations succeeded each other. In the neighbourhood of the village was a brigade of Turkish regulars, under Fazli Pasha, and a still larger number of irregulars, all under canvas, not one of them being quartered in the village.

Hostilities began in earnest on July 20th; the Servians crossed the river in two columns and moved in the direction of Adlieh, passing the flank of Osman Pasha's forces at Izvor. Osman faced his troops round and engaged the Servians, while Fazli moved out with his brigade and fell upon their flank. For some time the Servian infantry fought fairly, but when two squadrons of Circassian horsemen charged down upon them they were seized with a panic; two battalions threw away their arms and fled wildly, and the rest at once gave way before the advance of the Turks and retreated to the village of Zaichar, where they had already thrown up some earthworks. Zaichar stood on steeply-rising ground with the Timok winding round its foot; and as so far Osman had received no orders to cross the Timok, there was for a time a pause in hostilities, broken only by a musketry fire across the river by the skirmishers. The fortnight that followed, however, greatly strengthened the Turks. At the outbreak of hostilities the Servians had already placed under arms about 120,000 men. Against these the Turks were for a time able to oppose only from 15,000 to 18,000 men at Nisch, while Osman had but some 5,000 troops at Widden.

Had the Servians possessed the slightest amount of energy or military skill they could have placed 30,000 men to hold the Turks at Nisch in check, have poured 80,000 across the Timok into Bulgaria, and have marched almost unopposed across the country to Varna, capturing Widdin and Rustchuk on their way. It is probable, however, that the fact that this success would have disclosed to all Europe the utter falsity of the pretext Serbia had made for declaring war against Turkey—namely, that the latter had collected a great army with the intention of invading her—had something to do with the inactivity displayed. The complete defeat of the division that had

encountered the Turks at Izvor had also, no doubt, a cooling effect upon Servian enthusiasm. They had lost in that battle some 2,000 men and five cannons, and the fugitives reported that Osman Pasha had at least 25,000 men; whereas, in fact, including Fazli's brigade, he had only some 8,000 men engaged. In another direction the Servians had attempted an advance: 6,000 men crossed the frontier and took up their post at Palanka, thereby interposing between Sofia and Nisch, but were attacked and defeated with a loss, as acknowledged by themselves, of considerably over 2,000. Other raids had been made, but these partook rather of the character of brigandage than of regular warfare.

On the 1st of August the Turkish army at Nisch advanced up the valley towards Alexinat; but Osman's force, which was now considerably increased in strength, remained inactive, to their great disgust. Their contempt for the Servians was now supreme, for six battalions of the latter that had crossed the river had been utterly routed by a single Turkish battalion, and there was a confident feeling among officers and men that if Osman received orders to do so they were perfectly capable of marching unaided to Belgrade, even if the whole Servian army barred the way. On the 7th of August some two hundred Circassians, four battalions of infantry, and three guns, marched some four miles up the Timok and there crossed, the Circassians galloping on ahead. Presently they came to a village occupied by a considerable number of Servian troops; these fired their muskets and fled, but numbers were cut down by the wild horsemen, who pushed on until close to Zaichar itself. The Servian batteries, some eight or ten in number, opened fire. Osman's guns replied, and a vigorous cannonade was kept up for half an hour. A larger force of Circassians now crossed the river, and being strengthened by two squadrons of regular Turkish cavalry, crossing this time by a ford in front of Zaichar, enter the place without opposition, the entire Servian force having retired as soon as the first Circassians had shown themselves.

The Circassians at once scattered over the country round to plunder, and soon returned with great numbers of cattle, sheep, and goats, the greater proportion of which were at once sent off under small escorts to their distant villages. The Turkish officers and the men of the regular army were full of indignation at this wholesale plunder. The Circassians,

indeed, were, throughout the campaign, responsible for the greater portion of the deeds charged to the discredit of the Turks. They had been brought over and settled in Bulgaria at the time of the conquest of Circassia by the Russians. They retained all their primitive savagery, were wholly undisciplined, and fought solely for plunder. As irregular cavalry they were extremely useful; absolutely fearless of danger, they would start in little parties of twenty or so and traverse the enemy's country, utterly disregarding the stringent orders of the Turkish generals against plundering, ill-treatment of the natives, or firing houses. Smoke from burning villages marked their path, and they would return loaded with plunder. Nothing could escape their keen vision, and as the eyes of the army they were invaluable.

The Turkish soldier, on the other hand, is obedient to orders, wholly adverse to violence, patient in hardship, easy and good-tempered to an extent unequalled by the soldier of any other army in Europe; and throughout the war the writer never witnessed a single Turkish soldier engaged in plundering. Surprise was freely expressed among the Turkish officers that

Osman Pasha, who was a strict and strong commander, did not punish the Circassians for their disobedience of orders, but had he done so it is certain that the whole of these troops would at once have ridden away to their villages, and the influence of their compatriots at Constantinople would have been amply sufficient to have caused the Turkish general to be recalled in disgrace.

The next morning Zaichar was occupied. It was a pretty place covering a considerable extent of ground, for the houses, with the exception of those in two or three of the principal streets, stood in orchards. On the 13th of August, Fazli Pasha received an order to take twelve battalions of infantry, a squadron

of cavalry and two batteries, and to march through Servia and join the army of Ayoub Pasha before Alexinatz, towards which place it was crawling along by slow stages.

The march led through a remarkably pretty country, and was wholly unopposed: the villages were deserted, the whole population having apparently fled as soon as the news came that the Turks were advancing from Zaichar. The transport was miserably insufficient, and the

only food taken forward was hard baked bread, and the supply of this was very insufficient for the needs of the force. The Turks eked out their scanty rations by gathering heads of maize and roasting them in the ashes of the fires. Occasionally they obtained a supply of grapes from the vineyards, but these were but exceptional feasts, and for the most part they subsisted entirely upon this stone-like bread and water. Only one place larger than a village was passed. When the troops entered it, it was already in flames, the work of the plundering Circassians, who had attached themselves to the column, and who were raiding the whole country around. The last two days' march led across very heavy

country, where a few hundred resolute men could have made a long stand, but resolute men were scarce in Servia and the force marched on in high spirits, notwithstanding scanty rations and long marches. At last the division encamped—or rather bivouacked, for they had no tents—on a sort of plateau a few hundred yards across, rising from a plain and dominated by several eminences within easy shot.

In front was a valley, beyond which rose a steep wooded hill, and from the camp one of the forts erected to protect Alexinatz from attacks by a force advancing east could be seen. Ayoub Pasha had not yet arrived in the valley on the other side of Alexinatz, but was still two days' march away. The position, had the Servians



A CIRCASSIAN.

possessed any vigour, would have been a perilous one, as the great bulk of the Servian army lay within four miles of us, and there was plenty of time for them to have thrown themselves upon Fazli's force before Ayoub could

prevent any attack upon the main body. He had skirmishes with the enemy, whom he found holding several positions on the face of the hill.

After their flank was secured, the main division marched forward. All went well until they



A BASHI-BAZOUK.

have arrived to his assistance. Fazli had no idea of awaiting an attack; and, leaving his baggage carts at the spot he had decided to occupy, he started at once to reconnoitre the forts on the hill behind Alexinatz, and, if he saw an opportunity, to make a dash at them. Emin Bey, with a regiment of foot, went on in advance, passing through a large and very thick bush, his mission being to clear the heights and to

reached an almost impenetrable forest which covered the last two miles to be traversed. Here progress was made very slowly, and the leading battalion arrived alone at the edge of a clear space, some five hundred yards across, which served as a glacis to the fort. They at once attacked and drove off a body of Servians posted there. An order was sent to them to prepare a place for the artillery to throw up a

parapet and clear the approaches. The battalion, which was known as that of Silistria, had a friendly rivalry with another battalion as to which would be first engaged, and seized the first chance offering itself. The men thought then that this was the opportunity—there was the fort and there was their enemy; the natural conclusion was, let us go and take it. The men at once requested leave of their major to go on and attack the fort. The major entered into the spirit of the thing, and, placing himself at the head of the battalion, advanced alone and unsupported with the reckless feeling of an Irishman entering a scrimmage of whose merits he neither knows nor cares anything.

Advancing in open order, they found themselves under a very heavy cross-fire from the fort and from batteries supporting it, while a rolling fire of musketry broke out from trenches round the work. The Turks were to some extent sheltered from the musketry fire by the fact that the ground rose in steps, but the shell burst among and around them thick and fast. They kept on, however, until they reached a depression within fifty yards of the fort, and here they took shelter, being so close under its guns that these could not be depressed sufficiently to play upon them; and from here they kept up a continuous fire against the Servians in the trenches. The battalion was but half-way across the glacis when Ahmet Pasha, who commanded the brigade, arrived at the edge of the wood with two more battalions; he pushed forward one on each side of the ridge so as to support as much as possible the Silistria battalion by keeping up a heavy musketry fire upon the fort, while that battalion was ordered by bugle to retreat.

Presently a man made his way back to say that they could not retreat without being altogether destroyed, but that if they had another two battalions with them, they could take the fort. Fazli Pasha himself had now come up, and with immense difficulty brought a battery of artillery to the edge of the wood and opened fire on the fort. But all the Servian guns that could be brought to bear opened up upon the battery, with such effect that it suffered very heavily and could not have maintained its position had not night been at hand. Two more battalions were now pushed forward, and their fire enabled the Silistria battalion to hold its position until nightfall, when it made its way back, having lost in killed and wounded nearly two hundred men. The supporting battalions

and the artillery also suffered heavily. The position of the division that night was a painful one: the forest was so thick that even in the daytime it was difficult to make one's way through the trees, and at night the darkness was absolute.

The force was therefore obliged to remain where they were when darkness fell until morning; then seeing a large force advancing from Alexinatz, Fazli marched back to the spot where he had left his waggons. This position protected the flank of Ahmet Pasha's army, which the next day came up the valley of the Morava. On the following day a very strong force of Servians, who had come out by a circuitous route from Alexinatz, advanced in four or five columns to attack Fazli in his isolated position. A breastwork had been thrown up round the knoll, and in a short time six batteries opened fire upon it from different points, while the Servian infantry advanced in skirmishing order supported by a strong column. Fazli did not wait for attack, but launched his infantry to meet them, while his artillery engaged the Servian battery. The fight, however, was never very serious: the Servians would not stand the Turkish advance, though willing to maintain themselves on broken ground and to keep up their fire until the Turks got into movement; and the day closed without any decisive result. The next day the Servians were reinforced by five or six battalions and some more artillery, and the shell fell thick and fast into the camp. The loss, however, of the Turks was much less than might have been expected, for the soil was deep and the shell sunk so far into it before exploding that but few men were killed. Several times the Servians crept up close, under shelter of the brushwood, but each time the Turks dashed out and drove them back. Reinforced by fresh battalions, the Servians again and again attempted to storm the position, but never succeeded in reaching the breastwork. The fighting lasted from eleven in the morning until seven at night, when the Turks took the offensive in earnest and drove the Servians in disorder far away into the hills. On the same day the Servians attacked the division of Assiz Pasha, which formed the connecting link between Fazli and the division of Hassan Pasha down in the valley: but in each case they were repulsed with heavy loss.

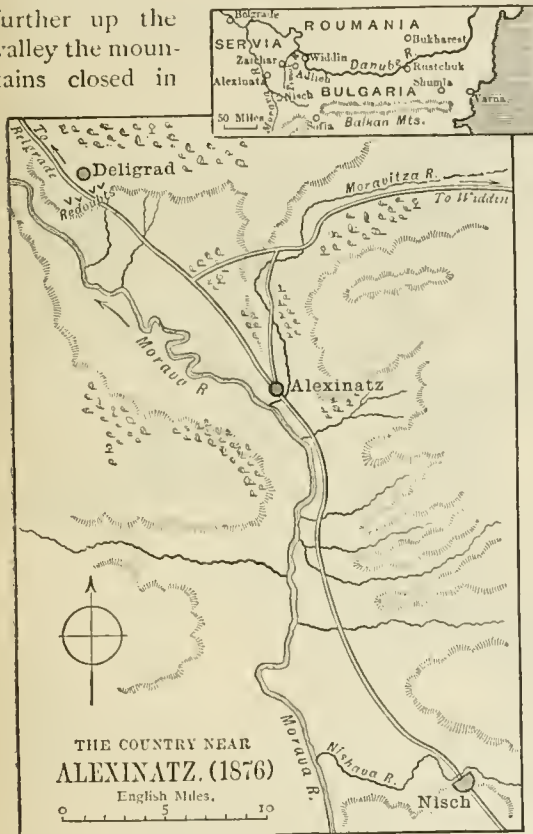
Two days later Fazli Pasha descended into the valley of the Morava, crossed the river on two trestle bridges, and then ascended the hill facing Alexinatz—the Servians, disheartened

by their defeats, making no attempt to interfere with the movement. Alexinatz stood on the slopes of the opposite hill: it was a place of no importance, and was simply a large village round which fortifications were erected for the defence of the valley of the Morava. The capture of the hills facing the place opened that valley to the Turks, but at the same time they could scarcely move forward and leave the Servian army gathered round Alexinatz in their rear. Ten miles further up the valley the mountains closed in

were all captured, and they were driven across the river. The Turkish loss was 400, that of the Servians three times that amount. For a week nothing was done, and the position of the Turks deteriorated, as the Servians, now threatened in no other direction, were able to concentrate their whole force to oppose them; and fully a hundred thousand were gathered within a short distance of Alexinatz. The Turkish general was an utterly incapable man and wholly unable to come to any decision whatever; indeed, a more perverse, feeble, and obstinate old man was never in command of an army. A sudden rush would have certainly resulted in the capture of Alexinatz, although the position was an exceedingly strong one. The fortifications were at first formidable, and had been immensely strengthened during the last fortnight.

The Turks had consequently become rather the besieged than the besiegers. Bands of Servians frequently moved along the hills on their side of the river, coming down into the valley and cutting the Turkish communications with Nisch; and several times considerable forces advanced from Alexinatz as if to attack in earnest. They never pushed these home, however. The most serious one was made on the Turkish rear by some 20,000 men, who, covered by a heavy fire from twenty-eight guns, pushed up nearly to the Turkish trenches. The musketry, however, brought them to a standstill, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers, they began to fall back. As soon as they did so six battalions of Turks advanced against them, The Servians retreated rapidly until they reached a wood, where they made a stand. After wasting a good deal of powder the Turks again advanced, drove the enemy through the wood down into a valley and up into another wood, where they were largely reinforced and made a fresh stand. The Turks, however, were not to be denied, and pushed the enemy far up the hillside fully two miles beyond the farthest point to which their advance had previously extended. The Servian loss was over 1,500 men; indeed some estimated it at fully double that amount.

There had now been some fourteen engagements, more or less serious, and in every one the Servians had been defeated with ridiculous ease; and the Turks were of opinion that they were fully a match for them at the odds of one to three. They gained nothing, however, by their successes, being altogether paralysed by the incapacity of their general, and the delay was the more provoking inasmuch as it was known



on either side of the river, and here a number of very formidable redoubts had been erected by the Servians under the direction of their Russian officers.

Two days later the Turks attacked the Servians, who in strong force occupied the hill higher up the valley. Their position was covered by the fire of seven redoubts, and for some time the fight was simply an artillery duel.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the infantry advanced. The Servians held their positions with some obstinacy, but gradually fell back at the Turkish advance. At last, however, the Turks went forward in earnest, and the Servians very speedily broke into flight; their redoubts

that the European Powers were exerting great pressure upon Turkey and endeavouring to put a stop to hostilities, which, if continued, were certain to attain much more serious dimensions. The Turkish soldier knew nothing of this. His view of the matter was that he had an army of men whom he absolutely despised in front of him. He had been called out by a most wanton attack by these men. He had been taken from

the matter been left to the generals of divisions, there would not have been a delay of more than twenty-four hours before Alexinatz; and before the European Powers had had time to think of remonstrating, the Turks would have been in possession of the Servian capital. The bitterness of feeling on their part was not directed against the Servians, but against the Russians, who were the real authors of the war and who used



"RUSSIAN OFFICERS COULD BE SEEN THRASHING THE MEN WITH THE FLATS OF THEIR SWORDS."

his family and his home, and as he considered himself in a position to thrash the enemy to his heart's content, to march to their capital, and to dictate any terms the Porte might choose, he failed to comprehend what seemed to him the mysterious delay in operations. The feelings of the soldiers were more than shared by the officers, and the commander-in-chief, Kerim Pasha, and Ahmet, the general of the army, shared between them the blame of the delay.

Both were indeed utterly unfit for their position—Kerim was not only old, but so fat as to be almost incapable of walking a dozen yards. Ahmet was incapable, intensely lazy and irresolute, but at the same time obstinate. Had

Servia as a catspaw. As later on in Bulgaria the Russians came to be hated by the Bulgarians with a passion that had never been excited by the Turks, so in Servia the overbearing behaviour of the Russian officers was already rendering them intensely unpopular. Their principal offence, however, was that they endeavoured to force the Servians to do what they most objected to—namely, to fight.

In many of the encounters the Russian officers could be seen thrashing the men with the flats of their swords and driving them before them like sheep. They themselves showed extraordinary gallantry, exposing themselves with absolute recklessness under the heaviest fire, in the hope of animating their men. To

them the disappointment had been bitter, thousands of Russian soldiers had gone down to Servia in the full belief that the braggadocio of the Servians meant something, and that the whole of Bulgaria was ready to rise against what they had been told was the horrible tyranny of the Turks, and their disappointment was naturally extreme.

Day by day skirmishing and occasionally severe fighting went on, but beyond the loss of life caused, nothing came of it. In spite of their hardy nature and excellent constitution, the ranks of the Turks had been thinned by maladies brought on by the insanitary state of their camps, by tainted water, and bad and insufficient food; and undoubtedly a serious outbreak would have taken place had the army been kept much longer on the same ground. But, unknown to the Turks before Alexinatz, the efforts of the Powers to put a stop to a state of things that was certain ere long to bring Russia into the field, were approaching success. Russia was arming, and would, it was certain, ere long be ready to take the field in support of the situation she had created and which had so disappointed her expectations.

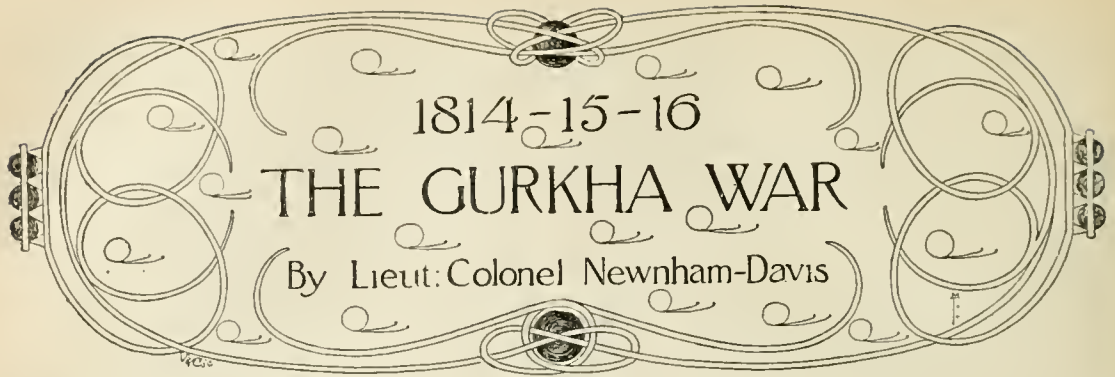
In every town Slavonic committees had been formed for sending volunteers to Servia. The feeling of hatred to the Turks had been industriously fanned, and in view of the absolute failure of the attempt to overthrow the Turkish

power in Bulgaria, the feeling had grown to a point when even the Russian Government could scarcely have submitted to a failure of the hopes it had excited. Thus, then, palpable as was the hardship that Turkey should abstain from punishing the insolent little State that had so wantonly attacked her, and had put her to so great an expense, it was evident that a continuance of the war would involve her in a life-and-death struggle with Russia, and she therefore acceded to the urgent advice of the other Powers and consented to an armistice, the news of which came like a thunderbolt upon the army before Alexinatz.

Never was there a case in which a country was so defrauded of the fruits of victory. Turkey lost all the advantages obtained by her troops; time was given for Russia to prepare for the war upon which she was bent, and the moderation of Turkey was rewarded by an invasion as costly and wanton as that of Servia had been. Servia herself, regardless of the fact that she had been spared by Turkey, had time to reorganise her forces and join Russia against the Power that had spared her; while Europe, which had arrested the arms of Turkey, raised no voice on her behalf when she suffered for having listened to its advice. The treaty that followed the armistice may be considered as a monument of unfairness and of the success attending calumny and misrepresentation.



VIEW IN WIDDIN.



1814-15-16
THE GURKHA WAR
 By Lieut. Colonel Newnham-Davis

THE thunders of the cannon of Waterloo were in the ears of Englishmen when Ochterlony beat to their knees the pluckiest soldiers in Asia. In the supreme excitements of Napoleon's struggle and overthrow and the great game of "grab" that followed afterwards at Paris, men had scarcely time or patience to follow the fortunes of the armies which on the north-eastern frontier of India, in one of the most difficult countries in the world, faced by the bravest hill-warriors who ever crossed steel with us, and dogged by the deadly Terai fever, won a great stretch of country for India and changed the fiercest of enemies into the staunchest of friends.

Whenever and wherever in our Asiatic wars the stress has been greatest, whenever the bugles have shrilled for some desperate charge, side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the British soldiers rejoicing in the joy of battle, the little Gurkhas have charged with our men.

On the eastern shoulder of India the long line of the Himalayan snows—those peaks that are giants amongst the mountains of the world—thrust up their white towers and pinnacles to the sky; and from this great barrier ridge after ridge of smaller mountains dip to the dhuns—fertile valleys that lie between the Himalayan foot-hills and an outer barrier of hill, known as the Sandstone range to the south and the Suwaliks further north. Between this outer barrier, through the ravines of which come tearing down the mountain-rivers, and the broad sun-kissed plains of India lies the slope of the Terai, a great grass jungle where it touches the plains—the finest tiger-preserve in the world—and, towards the line of hills, a forest of great trees, where the trunks are so close to each other that the foliage closes overhead and the glades are as dim as the aisle of a great cathedral; where the foot of the traveller sinks deep into the cushion

of decaying leaves; where the song of a bird is never heard. It is a silent forest, a dread place where in the hot months a fever almost as deadly as a cobra's bite claims as a victim any one who sleeps in its shade.

From where the Sarda foams round its rocks, rushing from the snows to join the mighty Gogra, to Darjeeling, the British hill-station that looks across the deep valley to the great peak of Kinchinjunga, towering in mid-air, is now the kingdom of Nipal—terai and dhun and mountain; but when the British bayonets clashed with the Gurkha kukris the conquering Nipalese generals had won a broader stretch and held the mountain land as far north as the Sutlej.

Nipal is the hermit kingdom of the world. The great ones of the European world who travel in India in the cold weather are asked as the guests of the king of Nipal to shoot tigers in the terai, and at Khatmandu, the capital, a British Resident, like a caged bird, is held in his walks and rides to the limits of the valley; but, excepting the Resident and his suite and occasional visitors to the capital, who are allowed to journey by one path only, no white man passes that first barrier of sandstone hills.

But every year in the spring the little Gurkhas, the Nipalese hillmen—jovial little fellows, broad-chested and big-limbed, short in stature, with Tartar eyes, noses like pug-dogs, and great good-natured gashes for mouths—flock down to enlist in our regiments. Brave as lions, vain as peacocks, faithful as dogs, with few prejudices in peace and none in war, the Gurkhas are the special friends and companions of our men. The stately Sikh throws away his food if a white man's shadow falls on it, and between Mohammedan and Christian is always the bar of religion; but on a campaign the Gurkha eats his food with as few formalities as Tommy Atkins, drinks his rum, and is good company at the camp fire.

When Captain Younghusband, travelling on the Pamirs with an escort of Gurkhas, met the giant Russian explorer, Gromchevski, the native officer of the little men asked leave to speak to Younghusband. "Tell him," he said, pointing to the big Russian, "that though we are small men, all the rest of the regiment are taller than he is." When, after the assault of Bhurtpore, where the Gurkhas raced with the grenadiers of the 50th for the breach, the British soldiers praised them for their bravery, they returned the compliment by the following characteristic remark:—"The English are as brave as lions; they are splendid sepoys and *very nearly* equal to us."

Those are examples of the vanity of the little men. The mutiny, the Ambeyla campaign, every frontier expedition, have proved their loyalty and gallantry, and when Lord Roberts, the hero of Cabul, had to choose "supporters" for his arms, he placed on one side a private of the Highlanders, on the other a Gurkha sepoy.

But if we are brothers and friends now with the Nipalese, it was not until after a tremendous bout of fisticuffs that we became so, and so well did the Gurkhas hold their own that they very nearly brought down on us all the great disaffected princes of India.

The Nipalese highlanders, the men of the Gurkha kingdom, a nation of conquerors, looked down from their hills on to the Indian plains, and, conscious of their own strength, longed to try their mettle against the army of India. The cause for a war was soon found. There were some lowlands in dispute. We established police posts to protect our rights, and the Gurkhas came down and murdered our officials and policemen. Lord Hastings, the Governor-General, declared war in the autumn of 1814, the beginning of the cold season.

Both sides knew exactly what was coming, and both were prepared.

In the sea of razor-backed hills and single peaks, west of what is now the summer capital of India—Simla—Umar Sing, the best general of Nipal, had his troops. It was the northernmost portion of the Nipalese kingdom, a country of great grassy slopes of a marvellous steepness with rocks breaking through the grass and here and there broad patches of treacherous shale, with on the sheltered slopes stretches of forest, and, where the streams race down the hill-side and tumble in cascades over the rocks, strips of undergrowth like an English copse.

A strangely mixed array Umar Sing had under him, long-nosed Brahmins as well as the pug-nosed little Gurungs and Magars, men in scarlet coats of the cut of those of our infantry and turbans, men in their loose native garb with the little lop-sided cap that is characteristic of Nipal, but all armed with firelocks which put them nearly on an equality with our troops, and with that deadliest of weapons the kukri, the blade of which looks like a crooked laurel-leaf, all fighting on familiar ground, all intensely patriotic.

Opposite to him, with six thousand men

—all natives, except the artillery—was General Ochterlony, the man of the campaign.

"Ould Maloney," as the Irish soldiers used to call him—"Loniata," as the natives jumbled his name—had behind him in his career the bad dream of Carnatic prisons, had been most desperately wounded, had in a memorable siege thrust back Holkar from the walls of Delhi, and, now seeing further with his one eye, so the men said, than any other general in India, cautious when generalship and not the mettle of his troops had to win the day, splendidly audacious when rashness was necessary and he had tried troops under him, "Ould Maloney," with his sepoys of the plains, was going to try conclusions with the best fighting hillmen of the East.



LORD HASTINGS.

Further south, facing the hills where the lightest-hearted of the Anglo-Indian world now dance and flirt at Missouri, was Gillespie, as daring a man as ever wore the British scarlet, with her Majesty's 53rd, some dismounted dragoons, some artillery, and 2,500 native infantry. Bulbudhur Sing, Umar's best lieutenant, was in the hills with 600 men waiting for the hot-headed soldier who, single-handed, had galloped a few years before to help the besieged residents of Vellore.

Further south again, facing the passes which lead to the richest towns and most productive country of Central Nipal, was Major-General

range, the Suwaliks, pushed through the valley beyond, the Dehra Dun, and occupied the little town of Dehra at the foot of the first slopes of the Himalayas.

On a hill thrown out from the higher slope, some five miles from Dehra, was a stone fort. It was of the simplest type, four stout stone walls, loopholed, with here and there towers to give flanking fire. It stood some 600 feet above the ground that sloped up to the first rise of the hills and commanded the path up which Gillespie intended to take his men into the higher mountains.



“THE GREAT PEAK OF KINCHINJUNGA TOWERING IN MID-AIR” (p. 202).

John Sullivan Wood with her Majesty's 17th and 3,000 natives; and further south still, threatening the passes which lead to the capital—Khatmandu—was Major-General Marley with a force of 8,000 sepoy, stiffened by her Majesty's 24th.

Ochterlony and Gillespie were to open the ball, and Wood and Marley were to thrust their forces through the passes later on.

Gillespie, with characteristic hot-headedness, was going to be first in the race. Lord Hastings had warned the handsome devil-may-care soldier against knocking his head against fortifications when there were Gurkhas behind them; but Gillespie believed in dash, and the Indian army was used to victory, so he disregarded the Governor-General's little lecture, and made his rush forward. He seized a pass in the first

Bulbudhur Sing with his 600 men waited here for Gillespie's advance, strengthening the primitive fort by outside stockades.

Gillespie was only too anxious to try conclusions with the Gurkhas and their leader; so, after reconnoitring the position, he made his scheme for an attack on the last day of October. Four columns were to make the attack on the little fort, which was first to be battered by field-pieces to prepare for the assault.

The field-pieces were carried up in the darkness by elephants to a little table-land which commanded the fort and was within range, the four attacking columns, each with a company of the 53rd to lead, were in position, and as soon after 10 o'clock as the guns had done their work, a signal given by gun-fire was to set all four columns racing up the hill at once.

Gillespie, impatient and hot-headed, stood by the guns, and watched the shot striking the thick stone walls and making no impression. The little brown faces of the enemy looked through the embrasures and laughed at him; some of them danced on the tops of the walls. The general grew angry, angry at the futile cannonade and the mocking enemy. His men

into the shelters of dry grass under which the Gurkha garrison slept. The grass took light, and the pioneers to save themselves dropped the ladders. A flaming hillside, a hail of lead, no ladders, the assailants had no chance, and the first column and the second, which had begun its advance, slid back down the slippery hillside to shelter leaving many red-coats lying on the slope.



"THEY SLID BACK DOWN THE SLIPPERY HILLSIDE TO SHELTER."

lying all round, close against the lower slopes, had scaling-ladders, then let them use them! And so, an hour before the time fixed, the gun-signal for an attack was given. Only one of the waiting columns heard the signal and acted on it, though another followed later. Up the steep grass slope went the company of the 53rd that led, slipping and scrambling, the pioneers who carried the scaling-ladders tugging desperately at the heavy weights. A hail of lead came from the loopholes that had framed the little grinning faces, and by mischance the pioneers stumbled

The general's blood was up. Three more companies of the 53rd had come up, and a battery of the Bengal Horse Artillery. He ordered a second assault and determined to lead it in person.

In the rear face of the fort there was a little door, and Gillespie intended to be the first man in through that. The 53rd put their backs to the work and hauled up two of the galloper-guns by drag-ropes on to the ridge at the back of the fort, a light stockade that barred the way was hacked at and kicked and shaken till it gave

way, and the two guns were brought close to the door. The general, with some dismounted dragoons about him and the 53rd crowding behind, went with the guns, while the other columns again started up the slopes.

The light guns fired a couple of rounds at the stoutly-barred door and did not shake it, and from the walls and loopholes came a blaze of fire in response. The general fell shot dead, the bullets ploughed into the closely-packed mass, and when the attack had definitely failed, as it did, the British carried out of action 4 officers and 20 men killed, and 15 officers and 213 men wounded.

First blood to the Gurkhas.

Meanwhile, Ochterlony was making his way into the hills, but with all requisite caution.

Passing without difficulty the outer range of hills, which here are small and have many gaps in the chain, he encamped at Plassea, facing the Himalayan foot-hills. The mountain country into which he had to win his way is a series of broken ridges running north-north-west, and each ridge forms a strong position.

On the outermost ridge was the fort of Nalagur—a stout stone fort with towers for flanking fire, and its outpost, the little square fort of Taraghur. The slope of this outside ridge was covered with bamboos and thorny shrubs, and the only paths up were along the stony beds of dried-up torrents.

Behind the first ridge was the Ramghur ridge, crowned with stone forts, and behind that again towered the Malaun heights.

A corps of reserve of the light companies of the different battalions, and the 3rd Native Infantry, under Colonel Thompson, cut off the communication between the fort and the outpost, and Ochterlony occupying all the surrounding heights got his guns with infinite difficulty into position, and battered away at the stone walls of the fort. The Gurkhas had only jingals—throwing balls of three or four ounces—to reply with; and Chumra Rana, who was in command, came to the conclusion that resistance was hopeless, and surrendered with a hundred of his men, the rest of the garrison having slipped away by night to join Umar Sing.

A night march anticipated any resistance that might have been offered on the way, and on the 8th of November Ochterlony faced the centre of the Ramghur position.

The fort of Ramghur was the right of the Gurkha position, their left rested on a fortified peak called Rotka Tiba.

Ochterlony moved on to the Gurkha left flank, but sent his battering-train, with one battalion, to keep the Gurkhas employed at Ramghur.

Then came the second reverse that Ochterlony's troops sustained during the campaign.

The battery before Ramghur shelled a stockade, which defended the road, without effect, and Lawtie, the field-engineer, took a hundred sepoy under a British officer to reconnoitre the ground before he brought his guns nearer. The sepoys dislodged the Gurkhas from a small breastwork they found in their advance. "Thus far," to quote an eye-witness of the affair, "had the spirit of the officers actuated their men. But when the enemy, getting reinforced, came back with superior numbers to retake their post, the sepoys could not be prevented from wasting their ammunition by keeping up a useless fire as their opponents were approaching. The upper layer of their cartridges being at last expended, some voices called out for a retreat, alleging as a reason that they would not have time to turn the boxes. The place appeared tenable with the bayonet; the Gurkhas, however, were now at hand, and arguments, threats, entreaties, proved equally vain to avert the disaster which ensued. Our men broke in confusion and turned their backs: the enemy, plunging among the fugitives, cut to pieces all whom their swords could reach."

But worse news still was to reach Ochterlony from the column which Colonel Mawbey, of the 53rd, now commanded in the place of the dead Gillespie. Bulbudhur and his Gurkhas still held to the fort and heavy guns had been sent for from Delhi. When they arrived the fort was bombarded. On the 27th of November a practicable breach was made, and on the 28th the two flank companies and one battalion company of the 53rd and the grenadiers of the native corps, under Major Ingleby, tried to storm it. Lieutenant Harrison and some men of the 53rd got into the breach, but penetrated no further, and the storming column withdrew with 4 officers, 15 Europeans, and 18 natives killed, and 7 officers, 215 Europeans, and 221 natives wounded.

It was said that the men of the 53rd were discontented, and that, though they mounted the breach, they would go no further; and later on, as a sequel to this most misfortunate day, some duels were fought between the officers of the two battalions of the 53rd.

The fort was afterwards beleaguered and its water supply was cut off, when Bulbudhur Sing,

refusing to surrender, cut his way through the cordon surrounding him, and left the fort, with a ghastly garrison of dead and desperately wounded, to Mawbey and his men.

Ochterlony knew the mettle of his enemy and how skilful a strategist he had to meet in Umar Sing, and he played the game of war with the greatest caution, drew away Umar Sing's allies from him, made roads, reduced outlying forts, cut the Gurkha lines of communication, and intercepted their supplies. Umar Sing, as each position became untenable, retreated to another, and at last took his stand on the Malaun ridge.

It was April now, and if the campaign was to close successfully, Ochterlony had to gain a decisive victory, for the other three columns had fared badly.

Major-General Martindell had been appointed to the command of the force which had received such a check from Bulbudhur Sing and his gallant six hundred. Runjoor Sing, the Gurkha general, a son of Umar Sing, opposed to him had, following Umar Sing's tactics, fallen back upon a strong position at Jytuk, striking hard at our forces whenever he got a chance; and Martindell was irresolutely investing him there. Further south and east again Major-General John Sullivan Wood had advanced through the forest towards Butwal, where, on the jungle-covered sandstone range, a fort and some shelter-trenches guarded the first pass on the road to the towns of Central Nipal.

Through the dense silent forest the advance-guard of men of the light company of the 17th, on elephants, made their way, and the column followed as best it could. When the men of the advance-guard were close upon the far edge of the forest, fire was opened upon them from a breastwork, the mahouts could not control the frightened elephants, and they rushed back crashing through the forest. It was difficult in the dense dark forest to tell friends from foes, for the Nipalese were wearing red coats like our men, and for a little all was confusion; but Captain William Croker with his company drove the enemy up a rocky, wooded spur which ran down from the hills on the right of the breastwork, killing Sooraj Thappa, one of their leaders, and the enemy were streaming away from the breastwork, when the 17th, pushing on eagerly, were intensely disappointed to hear the "retire" sound.

General John Sullivan Wood judged the hill behind Butwal too strong a position to attack, and with the light company covering their

retirement, the disappointed troops withdrew.

Later in the cold weather General J. S. Wood made another reconnoissance to Butwal, but without penetrating the hills.

Further south and east again, where the passes lead from the plains to the capital, Khatmandu, Major-General Marley had two advanced detachments at Summumpur and Persa surrounded and overpowered, and Major-General George Wood, who succeeded him in command, judged the season too late to attempt any important operations.

A gleam of encouragement came from Kumaon, where Colonel Gardner with some Rohilla levies and Colonel Jasper Nicolis, who was afterwards to be commander-in-chief in India, won success after success, and finally captured Almora, the chief fort in those parts.

The success or non-success of the campaign lay then with Ochterlony, who was now at close quarters with Umar Sing, the best of all the Gurkha generals, who had under him as his chief lieutenant Bucti Thappa, whose deeds are sung to this day throughout Nipal as the bravest of the brave.

The Malaun position, where Umar Sing waited for Ochterlony, is a range of bare hills with peaks at intervals. The citadel of Malaun guarded the Gurkha left, the fort of Soorujghur their right, and the peaks between were held as stockaded posts—all but two, the peak of Ryla towards the enemy's left and the peak of Deothul almost under the guns of Malaun.

Ochterlony, who throughout the campaign had been consistently cautious, knew now that the time had come to risk everything.

During the night of the 14th April, Lawtree, the field-engineer, stole up to the Ryla peak, and, seizing it without difficulty, set about stockading it with the few men he had with him.

At daybreak on the 15th five columns were sent out. Three moved on Ryla, two under Colonel Thompson marched on Deothul and seized those positions without difficulty, for the attention of the Gurkhas was distracted by an attack on their stockades below the citadel of Malaun, an attack which cost us many lives—amongst them that of a gallant officer, Captain Showers, who in single combat, in view of the two forces, killed his opponent, a Gurkha leader, before he was himself shot—but answered its purpose well.

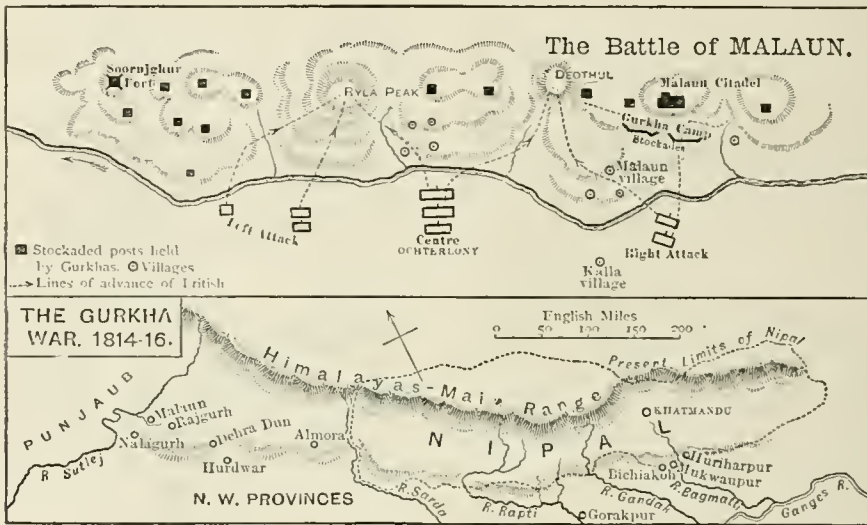
There was desultory fighting about Deothul all through the day, but our men held their own

and busied themselves erecting stockades. Two field-pieces were sent up to Colonel Thompson, and through the night shots were exchanged with the Gurkhas, while the men finished their work at the stockade, which became a strong work with embrasures for the guns.

During the night Bucti Thappa slipped away from the fortified position he held between the peaks in possession of the British, and joined Umar Sing at Malaun. Both the Gurkha leaders knew that, unless Deothul was recaptured, the game was up. An attack was planned for next morning, and Bucti, who was to lead it, swore a solemn oath in the durbar-hall, before all the higher officers of the Gurkha force, to conquer

Though it was a forlorn hope, Bucti Thappa gathered some men together, and for a fourth time tried to charge up that desperate hill on the slopes of which lay dead the flower of the Gurkha army, and Thompson, knowing that the victory was gained, led out his men to meet him.

The battle was decisive. They counted 500 of the Gurkha dead, and our men had some 300 killed and wounded. Our two guns suffered terribly, and at the end of the day Lieutenant Cartwright, with the only unwounded man of the gun detachments, served one gun, while Lieutenant Armstrong, of the Pioneers, and Lieutenant Hutchinson, of the Engineers, worked the other.



or remain dead on the field. He warned his wives to prepare for the funeral pile, gave his son over to the protection of Umar Sing, and then went down to take command of the 2,000 Gurkhas, who in the darkness were forming in a semicircle at the base of the Deothul hill.

Colonel Thompson had inside his stockade two native battalions and two guns.

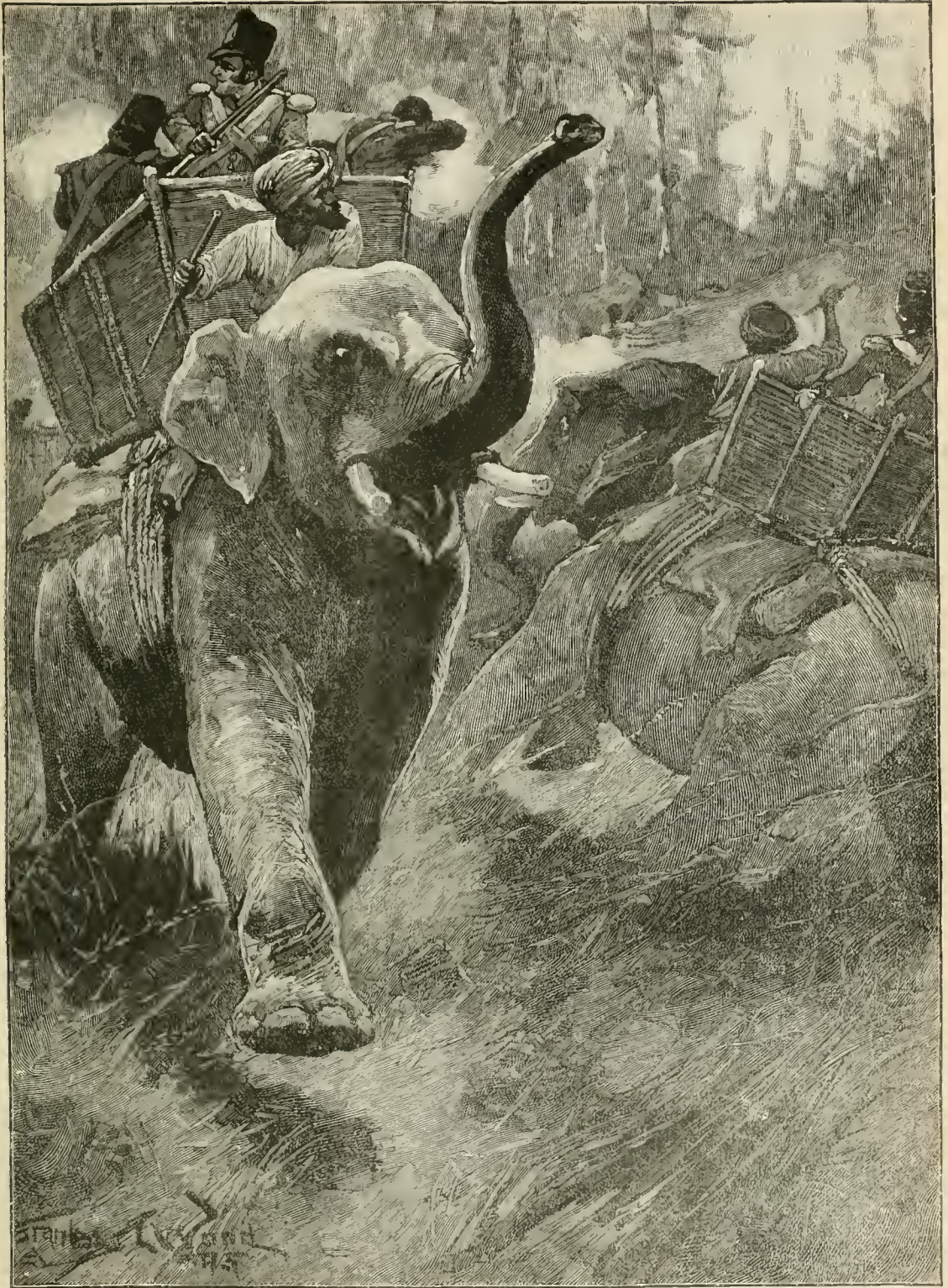
With daylight the great trumpets of the Gurkhas sounded, and the attack began. The hill blazed like a sheet of flame with the Gurkha musketry. The hillmen strove to get to close quarters, reserving their fire till they were within pistol shot; but grape and canister and musketry fire struck away the Gurkhas charging kukris in hand. No man turned, but the attacking force was swept out of existence. The trumpets sounded again, and a second body charged and went down like corn before the wind, and then a third.

When the last remnants of the attacking force were hurled down the hill, our men found the body of Bucti Thappa amongst the slain; and Thompson, honouring a noble enemy, had it wrapped in a shawl of honour and sent it to Umar Sing.

Next day a funeral pile was built in the valley between Deothul, where the victorious British stood to their arms, and Malaun, where what was left of the Gurkha army crowded round the grey walls of the fortress.

From the gate of the citadel a sad little party, headed by Brahmins, wound down the hillside. The smoke rose from the pyre, and, to accompany the Gurkha hero to paradise, two of his wives dared the fire with him and died on the funeral pile.

Umar Sing sulked. His men and his allies were deserting him day by day, but it was not until the walls of Malaun began to crumble



"THE FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS RUSHED BACK CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST" (p. 207).

under the fire from the British guns that he would consent to sign a convention, which gave to the British all the land between the Sutlej and the Sarda. Those of the Gurkhas in that part of the country who did not come over to us retreated across the latter river, and Umar Sing himself, with his son Runjoor, retired to Khatmandu.

The fierce old warrior, beaten and broken-hearted, gave to the Nipalese durbar his advice never to make peace with the Christians, and then retired to a temple he had built, and died soon after the Gurkha defeats of the next year ended the war.

* * * * *

Malaun, though three-quarters of the Englishmen who read of battles have never even heard its name, was second only to Plassy in asserting the dominancy of the European in India, for all the wolves were afoot thinking that the lion was very sick indeed; and, if Ochterlony had failed before that Himalayan ridge, we might have found ourselves in worse straits than even the mutiny brought us to.

* * * * *

Diplomacy failed where the sword had been successful. The Nipalese durbar haggled, chafed, and temporised; but old Umar Sing's advice was very much to the liking of the council presided over by the Prime Minister, and though the great nobles hoped to spin out the cold weather in negotiating, on one point they had thoroughly made up their minds—they would have no British Resident in Khatmandu.

Ochterlony had struck, in 1814-15, where the capital scarcely felt the blow; Lord Hastings determined that this time, in 1816, the blow should reach the heart of Nipal.

Without waiting for a formal declaration of war, Sir David Ochterlony was ordered to make his advance against the capital, and as he led his brigades through the terai he was met by the Gurkha emissary bringing down the declaration of war from Khatmandu.

It was now February, 1816. In a month the fever that haunts the terai would make a campaign impossible.

Sir David Ochterlony was a K.C.B.—a reward for his services in the last campaign. He had under him nearly 20,000 fighting-men; he had a reputation that he could not fall short of.

Beyond the deserted jungle and the dense, deadly forest, where he was assembling his force, there lay the labyrinth of hills of the sandstone range, jungle-covered, with long walls of

precipices facing towards the plains. The few passes that led through to the dhuns were all as difficult as Nature could make them, and all were stockaded. And towering above the lower range were the Himalayan foot-hills, which would give an army as much trouble and more than the first range.

He divided his force into four brigades. Colonel Kelly, with the first brigade of 4,000 men, all native infantry except his own regiment, her Majesty's 24th, was despatched to Ochterlony's right to force a passage by the gorge of the Bagmatti or some neighbouring pass; Colonel Nicholl was sent off to Ochterlony's left, with her Majesty's 66th and some 3,800 natives, to find his way up the valley of the Rapti—a small river that flows into the majestic Gandak; Sir David Ochterlony with the 3rd and 4th brigade, her Majesty's 87th, and seven-and-a-half native regiments, 8,000 men in all, appeared before the Bichiakoh pass, the direct road to the capital.

Other columns from Gorakpur and the newly-captured Almora were to keep the Gurkhas employed further north-west; but as they had no effect upon the war we need not trouble about their doings.

On the 10th of February, 1816, Sir David had his men safely through the dreaded forest of the terai and camped within sight of the first Gurkha stockade in the pass. On the 11th, Nicholl and Kelly began their marches; but for four days Ochterlony left his men in camp and did nothing. The hot-heads amongst the officers began to grumble and to ask to be allowed to try their luck against the stockades before them. But Sir David knew that the stockaded defences of the Bichiakoh were impregnable, and had called on his Intelligence Department to find him some path by which he could turn the position. Captain Pickersgill found him one. This very active officer in his search along the range met some smugglers of salt, and they, being heavily bribed, agreed to show him the path they used into Nipal—a path unknown to any Nipalese officials.

On the night of the 14th, as the men were preparing to turn in, a whisper went through the camp of the third brigade to fall in; and leaving all tents standing, and all provisions and baggage, at nine o'clock, just as the moon rose in a cloudless sky, the column—a long, dark snake—wound out of the camp northwards and into a dark gap in the hillside, the gorge of the Balu stream. First went the light company of

the 87th, and next Sir David, on foot like the rest, led the long column on its desperate enterprise.

It was a daring venture for so cautious a player of the game of war, for if the column had been discovered in the gorge by the Gurkhas not a man would have escaped.

The men moved in single file, scrambling as best they could over the rocks, sometimes high in the air, sometimes deep down in what seemed to be a pit. "Through five miles of this passage," says an historian of the war, "three thousand men moved with the silence of a funeral procession. The lofty banks being clothed with trees, their branches from opposite sides in some places intermingled above, in others the clear moonlight showed tremendous rocks at a great height, rising over the column in cliffs and precipices. The only sounds which interrupted the stillness were caused by the axes in removing some trees which had grown or fallen across the way."

When the grey of dawn came, those behind in the narrow watercourse could distinguish the "Light Bobs" scrambling up a final three hundred yards of hillside almost as steep as the side of a house, holding on to the shrubs and grass, being pulled up by the officers' sashes, which were unwound for the purpose.

The rest followed, and by seven in the morning the third brigade was on the ridge of the sandstone range, and the Bichiakoh pass was turned.

They marched five miles further to bivouac by a stream, and then came two bad days, while the pioneers made the path practicable for elephants, during which there was no food for the troops: for there had been a muddle, and the three days' provisions ordered had not been served out to them before starting.

The Irish boys of the 87th took it all right cheerfully: they cut down boughs of the trees and made shelters for the general and staff as well as themselves. Barefooted, cold, foodless, on constant harassing outpost work, these gallant fellows knew that they had won the first move in the game; and as the stern "Auld Maloney" came striding round the pickets the men, setting discipline for the moment at defiance, greeted him with an Irish yell of triumph.

* * * * *

The fourth brigade joined Sir David, marching up through the Bichiakoh pass, which the Gurkhas had deserted when they found that

Sir David was in rear of them, and as the hot-headed young officers who were so keen to attack passed the stockades, they were forced to admit that to assault them would have meant certain defeat. Colonel Kelly had crossed the first range without opposition, and was facing the fort of Huriharpur, where Runjoor Sing, General Martindell's old opponent, was in command. Colonel Nicholl, also unopposed, was marching up the valley of the Rapti. On the 27th February the third and fourth brigades marched through the tree-covered dhun to where the brick fort of Mukwanpur towered on a hill to the east—our right—and from this a long broken ridge, jungle-covered on the upper slopes but naked on the lower, led down to a fortified village on our left.

The slopes of the hill were strongly stockaded, and there was a force of Gurkhas in the village.

At breakfast time on the 28th two of the men of the 87th were brought up before the colonel of that corps for straying beyond the pickets. They had been for a walk, and, seeing none of the enemy about, had gone into the fortified village, where they found only an old woman.

"Fall in, the light company!" shouted the colonel, and the men ran to their arms. "Ould Maloney" was on the spot at once, and the gallant "Light Bobs"—the two culprits of the morning with them—went off for the village at the double, and the light company of the 25th Native Infantry were sent after them in support.

The village was deserted, as the men had said; and Pickersgill, taking Lieutenants Lee of the 87th and Turrell of the 20th Native Infantry, a volunteer, and some twenty men, began to reconnoitre the Mukwanpur hill. He posted two parties on the wooded ridge to cover his retreat, and went on with one or two men higher up the jungle-covered slope towards the fort.

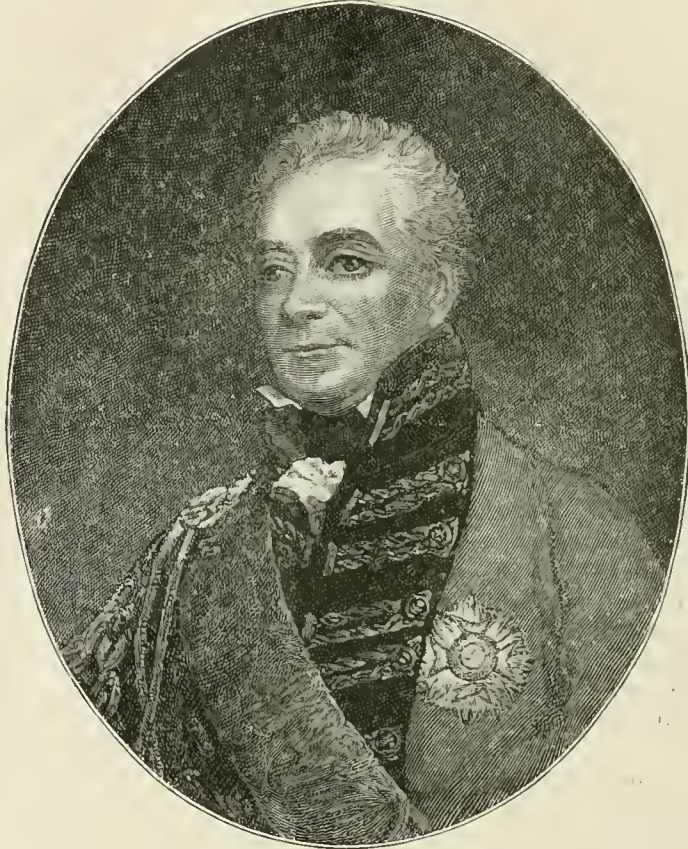
Meanwhile the Gurkhas in Mukwanpur had seen what had happened, and the original garrison of the fortified village was sent down to retake it. They swept away Pickersgill's two parties, driving them down the narrow footpath, killed Lee, and were only prevented from hacking to pieces the other officers by the splendid gallantry of Corporal Orr and Private Boyle, who, fighting coolly with the bayonet, held the rocky path as a rear-guard.

Sir David had thrown reinforcements into the village, and the 87th came up the hill to help their retiring comrades, and checked the advancing Gurkhas where a glen cut through the ridge.

In the stockades the great trumpets were blown, and down the hill, bringing some guns with them, streamed a shouting torrent of some two thousand Gurkhas. From the camp Sir David sent more men across to the village, till on our side we had one European and two

camp, was directing the fight, was killed by a ball. A lucky shot blew up the enemy's reserve ammunition, and the Gurkhas began to charge less resolutely.

The action had lasted since ten in the morning, and it was now near five. Sir David sent



SIR DAVID OCHTERLONY.
(From the Painting by A. W. Davis.)

native battalions before the village commanding the glen. From the camp the artillery pounded at the Gurkhas swarming down the ridge.

It was bayonet against kukri. Again and again the Gurkhas charged over the open slope up from the glen, and again and again those not swept away by bullets and shells perished on the bayonets of the 87th, who yelled, in answer to the Gurkha shouts, as they charged to meet the rush of the little, brown demons.

The Gurkha gunners, finding that they could not make any effect on our men before the village, turned their guns on the camp. The shot came hurtling through the tents, and Sir David's old servant, who stood inkstand in hand by his master, where the general, in front of the

the 8th Native Infantry to finish the fight before sunset. They deployed and with a shout swept up the hill, capturing the Nipalese guns and sending the beaten Gurkhas flying through the thickets, leaving their wounded and dead upon the ground.

It was a horrible sight that the setting sun went down upon. Ensign Shipp, of the 87th wrote of it:—"The dying and wounded lay in masses in the dells and the ravines below. In our own company we had, I think, eleven killed and twenty wounded, our total number being eighty only. As long as it was light, we could plainly see the last struggles of the dying. Some poor fellows could be seen raising their knees up to their chins and then flinging them

down with all their might. Some attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt. One poor fellow I saw get on his legs, put his hands to his bleeding head, then fall and roll down the hill to rise no more."

* * * * *

The fight at Mukwanpur broke the Gurkha power, and hard on the heels of the messenger who brought the news to Khatmandu came others telling that Kelly had routed Runjoor Sing, who had fled, leaving his picked guard, the Band of the Moon—the men with silver crescents on their turbans—defeated and disheartened, behind the walls of Huriharpur, and that Nicholl,

come safely through the Rapti valley, had joined Ochterlony.

On the 4th of March, 1816, in full durbar, at the general's camp in the valley of Mukwanpur, with the vakeels of all the great princes of India to witness, Chunda Seka, the Nipalese envoy, on his knees presented to Sir David Ochterlony a treaty which gave to the British everything that they claimed.

Here let us leave the stout old veteran at the moment of his supreme triumph. It is better to think of him as the brilliant commander of 1816 than as the politician of 1824, rebuked and superseded, and dying like his great antagonist, Umar Sing, of a broken heart.



THE PALACE OF THE KING OF NEPAUL.



ONE morning in Spain, in the ancient capital of Valladolid, Napoleon was holding a grand review. A Grenadier regiment of the Imperial Guard had paraded for his inspection in front of the grand old palace of Charles V. Napoleon passed slowly down the ranks, followed by a glittering staff; then, returning to the saluting point, he came upon a group of superior officers anxious to make their bow before their Imperial master.

Suddenly he halted before one of them, whom he addressed in a voice of thunder:

"Can it be possible that you dare to come into my presence?—that you can show yourself in public branded with infamy, with disgrace which affects every brave man in the army? And your right arm there—why does it not hang withered by your side? It was with that hand that you affixed the seals to the capitulation of Baylen!"

The wretched man who stood there speechless and abashed while he was thus cruelly apostrophised was General Legendre, who had been General Dupont's chief of the staff when that general surrendered to the Spaniards at Baylen on the 20th July, 1808.

Napoleon never forgot or forgave this capitulation. It is said that in after years he could never think of Baylen without a shudder—never speak of it without an outburst of the fiercest indignation. No one ventured to talk of it, even to mention the name, in his presence. Long after the occurrence it was kept a profound secret. When King Joseph, Napoleon's brother, was forced by it to retire from Madrid, the *Moniteur* explained the retrograde move by a far-fetched story: it was publicly announced that the French headquarters in Spain had moved "to a place where it would have the benefit of milder air and better water." This was Bayonne, within the French frontier.

That Napoleon should be shocked and humiliated by Baylen was not strange. It was the first *contretemps*—the first real misfortune—that had befallen the French arms since the star of the great Corsican had risen over France. The shame of it eclipsed in Napoleon's mind his most brilliant victories. The glory of Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz, and Jéna faded before the dishonour of Baylen. Nor was it the actual fact alone that a large force of French soldiers laid down their arms in a battle which was not yet fully decided; it was the consequences of the capitulation that give it such immense importance. "In its moral effects," says Napier, "the battle of Baylen was one of those events which, insignificant in themselves, cause great changes in the affairs of nations." Not in itself, for the fight was small, the forces engaged on either side comparatively few, the generalship indifferent; but Baylen was a new point of departure in the Napoleonic struggle. Till then the emperor had triumphed all along the line. His hold of Spain, although shaken by the tardy but fierce revolt of the Spaniards, was tightening. He had crushed the insurrection, north, east, and west; his brother's Court was established at Madrid. The English expeditionary force, which was to change the whole current of events, had not yet landed in the Peninsula; and it is more than probable that but for Baylen, Arthur Wellesley would never have become the Duke of Wellington.

To understand and fully appreciate the momentous issues that hung around this battle it is necessary to hark back to the beginning, when Napoleon's restless ambition led him to interfere in Spanish politics. The dissensions at the Court of Madrid gave him his opportunity; his troops poured across the Pyrenees, and, on the plea of replacing one detested king by another of the people's choice, he took possession of the country. The principal Spanish fortresses were

secured by treachery. One army corps occupied Catalonia, another old Castile; Junot crossed the entire Peninsula and entered Lisbon; Bessières, with movable columns, ranged the northern provinces and was ready to attack Galicia. A part—and not the least part—in the general plan was the invasion of Andalusia in the south, the conquest of which was of paramount importance. It was a rich province, amply endowed by Nature; in one of its principal cities—Seville—was a cannon foundry, and in another—Cadiz—a large arsenal, from which a great artillery train could be equipped. It was full of troops, mostly well-disciplined, veteran troops, probably the only serious opponents left to be encountered in Spain.

The movement against Andalusia was entrusted to General Dupont; and, as this officer was soon to become notorious through his misfortunes, some account of him should appear here. Dupont's failure and collapse are not easily explained. Napoleon, in his rage, condemned him as having shown "inconceivable incapacity. He seemed to do very well at the head of a division; he has done horribly as a chief." But, up to Baylen, Dupont was one of the coming men: it was confidently said of him when he started from Madrid that he would find his baton as a Marshal of France at Cadiz. He had already done good service, had earned many laurels in early years, and he was still in the prime of life. He had fought at Valmy and in the Argonne, when Dumouriez made such successful resistance to the Prussian invasion of France; he contributed largely to the victory of Marengo, which was one of the first foundations of Napoleon's fame. At that battle it was Dupont who, as chief staff-officer of the reserve, had rallied and sent forward a number of beaten troops. Again, in commanding the right wing of the army of Italy, he had seized Florence, had defeated 45,000 Austrians with 14,000 men, and had earned for himself the sobriquet of "the bold general" (*le général audacieux*). At Jéna he had given further proof of his right to the epithet by holding a bridge with five battalions against 22,000 of the enemy, supported by powerful artillery—a feat characterised as one of tremendous daring. "I would not have attempted it," said the great leader, "with less than 60,000 men." Once more, at Friedland, he showed great courage and determination, and was decorated with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour on the field.

Yet this was the man who later surrendered

at Baylen, who "stained the French flag," who was "guilty of cowardice" in this "horrible affair." Such are the vicissitudes of fortune that wait on all who follow the profession of war. It has been urged in Dupont's defence that at the time of the catastrophe he was suffering from illness, as indeed were many under his orders; and that he had been badly wounded was reason sufficient to account for a temporary loss of head. Napoleon himself long afterwards, at St. Helena, admitted that Dupont had been more unfortunate than guilty, yet previous to the great final catastrophe it was plain that his fortitude was breaking down and that in his conduct he had lost all his old enterprise and audacity. A more serious complaint against him was that he thought more to preserve the plunder he had recently amassed than to fight through his foes. Dupont was no doubt largely tainted with the brigandage and love of "loot" which disgraced so many of Napoleon's greatest subordinates in the field, especially in Spain.

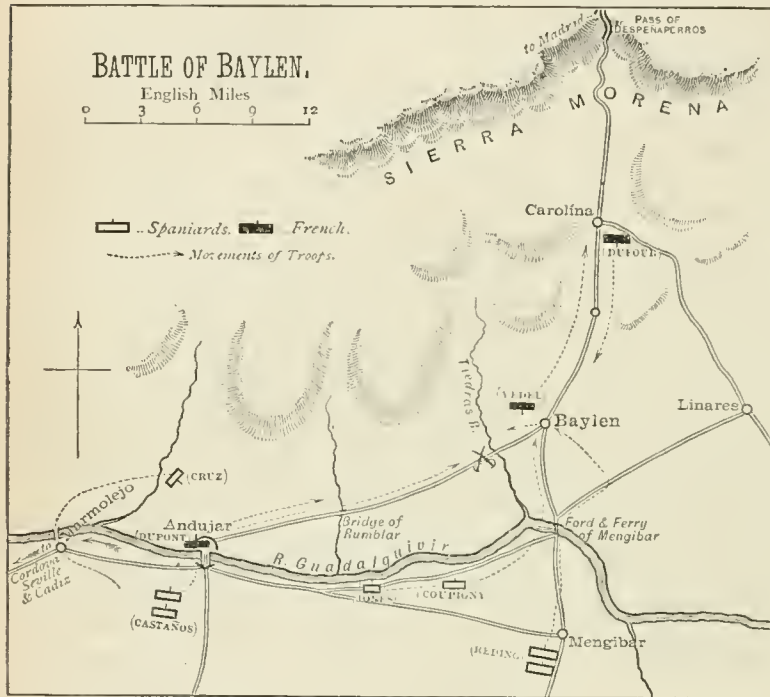
To return to the operations in Andalusia. Dupont left Madrid in the latter end of May, crossed the rugged mountains of the Sierra Morena by the great pass of Despeñaperros, and reached Andujar on the 2nd of June, 1808. He had with him an infantry division—Barbou's—Fresia's cavalry, some Swiss regiments, and a marine battalion of the Imperial Guard—in all about 24,000 combatants. On arrival at Andujar he first learnt that all Spain had risen, that war to the knife had been proclaimed against the French, and that all Andalusia was in arms. He knew that to reach Cadiz he must fight his way there; and, according to the best critics, he should now, in the face of this entirely new situation, have demanded fresh orders from Madrid, and meanwhile waited in a strong position of observation backed up by the hills. But he decided to push on at once to Cordova, which he summoned to surrender, stormed, carried at the point of the bayonet, and then proceeded to pillage. It was at Cordova that the treasure and valuables which were afterwards to prove such a fatal encumbrance were chiefly secured.

The loss of Cordova spread consternation in the neighbouring city of Seville, where a sort of provisional government for the south of Spain was established, and a general stampede very nearly followed. No serious resistance would have been offered Dupont if he had boldly continued his advance, and all Andalusia would probably have been easily won. But here his

weakness and vacillation first showed themselves. He sat still where he was and hurried back courier after courier to Madrid with despatches full of despondency and fear, earnestly imploring reinforcements. Many of these letters fell into the hands of the Spaniards and gave them heart of grace. All could not be quite lost if such was the situation

that he and his lieutenants were representatives of four different nationalities.

The Spaniards now prepared to take the offensive against Dupont, both by front attack on Cordova and by menacing his communications through the passes of the Sierra Morena. Their impatience to attack was forestalled by Dupont's frantic anxiety to retreat. Finding he could not regain the golden opportunity lost by his ten days' inactivity of Cordova, he exchanged the forward for a retrograde movement, and from that moment his troubles and embarrassments began.



of the French. Castaños, the captain-general of whom Napier writes as "the first Spaniard who united prudence with patriotism," was in command of the Spanish forces. Even he had despaired at first. Although he had gathered men together, including those of his own camp, at St. Roque, originally intended for the siege of Gibraltar, he had been so little sanguine that he had already embarked all his heavy artillery and stores. But as troops joined him, he began to hope that he might yet get the better of Dupont. His strength was first doubled, then quadrupled—all classes had taken up arms, high and low, rich and poor. In a few weeks an army of 39 battalions and 21 squadrons, with a well-formed and well-organised artillery, was collected about Seville. Castaños was supported by two capable officers: one a French *émigré*, Coupigny, the other a Swiss soldier of fortune named Reding. An Irish general called Felix Jones was also under the orders of Castaños, so

his sick in hospital, his doctors, couriers, and all non-combatants. One French officer, Colonel René, returning from a peaceful mission in Portugal, was taken prisoner, mutilated, placed alive between two planks, then his body was sawn in two. A timorous general (yet this was Dupont *l'audacieux!*), not strangely, was greatly affected by these terrors. His despatches, while magnifying his dangers, were filled with the most painful misgivings and the most piteous appeals.

So desperate did he conceive his situation that he wrote as follows to Madrid from Andujar—a letter which was intercepted, and which, no doubt, greatly increased the confidence of his enemy:—

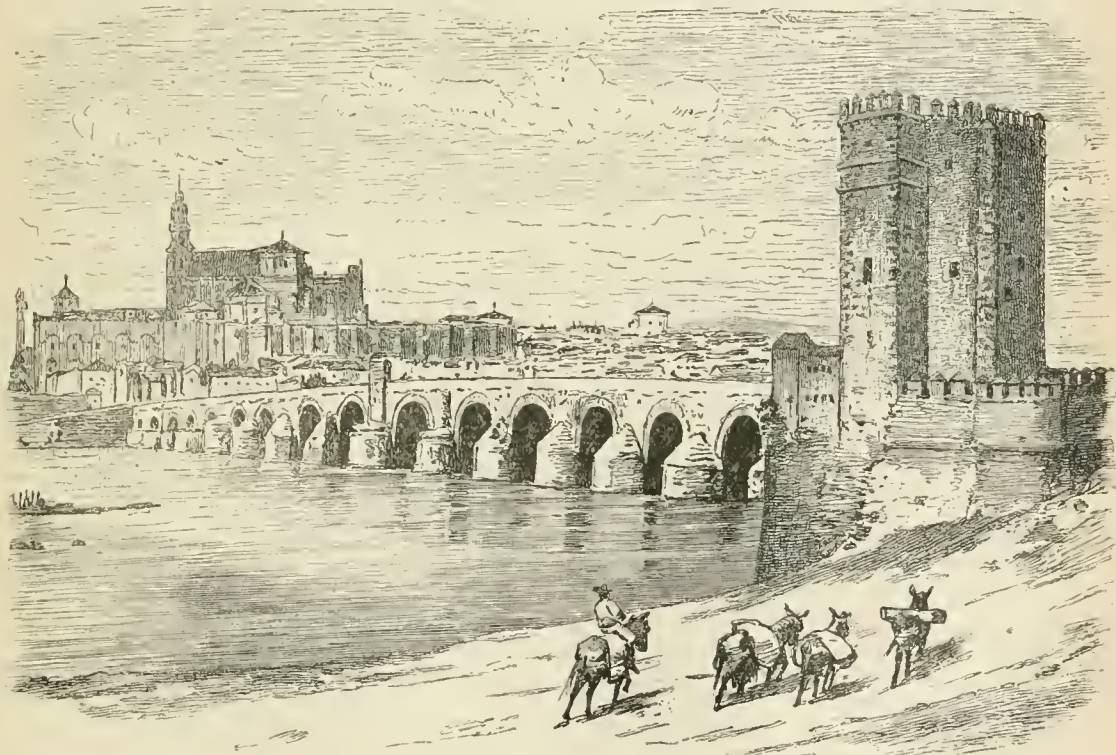
"We have not a moment to lose. We must immediately fall back from a position where we are unable to subsist. My men being always under arms have no time now as heretofore to reap the corn and bake their own bread. . . .

"For Heaven's sake hurry up reinforcements with all haste! What we imperatively require is the assistance of a firm and compact body of men, able to support me and to support each other. . . . Send me medicines with all speed, and linen for my wounded. The enemy for a whole month has intercepted all supplies both of food and ammunition."

Yielding to Dupont's repeated applications, General Savary, who was Joseph's military right hand at Madrid, had ordered Vedel's division to push through the pass of Despeñaperros; and that general, although harassed in his march by Spanish irregulars, got past safely and reached Baylen (soon to become historical) with some 14,000 men. Another general, Gobert, had also been sent in support by Savary, anticipating Napoleon's permission. Dupont was

This opinion was dictated at Bayonne on the 21st of July—the very day of Dupont's capitulation.

There was no vigorous initiative left in Dupont: a bold stroke might have got him out of his mess, but he remained inactive, clinging tenaciously to a vicious position. He had entrenched himself at Andujar on the far side of the river, fortifying the bridge against attack. He thought to cover the pass and his communications, but he was too far forward, and his defensive line was weak, easily to be turned on either flank. The river Guadalquivir was nearly dry, and fordable at many points; below him on the right was the bridge of Marmolejo; higher up, his left, his weakest flank, was assailable by the fords of Mengibar, and pressure along this line would make his whole position untenable. In



CORDOVA.

now strong enough to have resumed the offensive—Napoleon fully expected him to do so. The emperor could not believe him to be really in danger. Commenting upon the situation from a distance, he wrote: "Dupont, with 25,000 men, ought to accomplish great things. As a matter of fact, with only 21,000 the chances would be eighty per cent. in his favour."

fact, he was altogether in the wrong place. His excuse is that he held on to Andujar because Napoleon had approved of his halt there; but the emperor was not then in possession of the latest news, and he always hoped that Dupont would not remain idle. His safest course would be to fall back, concentrate at Baylen, strike the Spanish columns as they showed; and then, even

if defeated, his retreat through the mountain passes would have been secure.

At that time, no doubt, Dupont's army was weak and in wretched case; and this added greatly to his anxieties. The soldiers were mostly conscripts, young unfledged recruits, barely formed as soldiers, having hardly learnt discipline, ignorant even of their drill. They were half-starved, too, and suffered greatly in health. It was the height of the "dog days," the heat almost tropical; the supplies were very short; there was no wine, vinegar, or brandy; only half-rations were issued, often only quarter-rations of bread. The banks of the river were dangerously unhealthy, the "eternal home of malarious fever." Six hundred men went to hospital in less than a fortnight, and the rest lost all heart and strength. Dupont occupied a position too wide for his numbers. He himself was at Andujar, Vedel at Baylen, Gobert away back at Carolina, just as he had come through. Being besides continually harassed by guerillas threatening his communications, he was obliged to break up his force into fragments, and keep them constantly moving to and fro in large patrols along his whole front. This greatly increased the sufferings and hardships of the French troops, who, always marching to and fro, badly nourished and under intense heat, became greatly exhausted and fatigued.

The Spaniards so far had failed to realise the faulty dispositions of their opponent. Castaños, of his own accord, would not advance to attack; he did not even prepare to do so until he received positive orders to that effect from Seville. Then he slowly approached the Guadalquivir: even now, notwithstanding the strength of his very mixed force of regulars and irregulars, which numbered some 50,000, he was so little in earnest that he still talked of retreat. He could not see that Dupont, by holding to Andujar, was giving himself into his hands. No doubt what Castaños presently did was just as a skilful general would have acted; but it was more by luck than good management, the mere chance of the lie of the land than wise action following profound military forethought and science.

At last, in accordance with the definite decision of a council of war, the Spaniards began active operations on the 18th July. The plan arrived at was, as it happened, the best possible. Dupont's false position was his enemy's opportunity. The true system of attack was to encourage him to remain at Andujar by strong

feints in his front, while the real stress was laid on his left—his extreme left, far away where his line of retreat lay exposed. This, in effect, was what happened. On the 13th, General Reding advanced from Mengibar towards the ford of that name, and drove the French outposts across the Guadalquivir; next to him, on his left, came Coupigny, then Felix Jones. This movement was threatening enough, but, as it was not persisted in, Dupont seems to have neglected it, mistaking its dangerous intention. Moreover, Castaños now strengthened him in his unwise resolves to hold to the right, for the Spanish general began serious demonstrations against Andujar; he covered the heights opposite with a great multitude, and apparently "meant business." Dupont, terrified, stood fast, and only sent frantic appeals to Vedel for help. Then Castaños opened with his artillery against the Andujar bridge, and despatched a body of irregulars across the river at Marmolejo lower down with orders to manœuvre around Dupont's right rear.

Now Reding, pressing forward, forced a passage at the Mengibar ford. Dupont, hearing this, countermarched Vedel, who was approaching him, and directed him to protect Baylen, which was now exposed and within easy reach of Mengibar. Vedel, having made one useless march, was again to be of no service; for, Reding having crossed the direction of his march, indicated an intention to strike at Linares and the pass beyond. Accordingly Dufour, who commanded after Gobert's death, hurried off to Carolina, hoping to forestall Reding; and Vedel, equally anxious, quickly followed Dufour. Thus, these two French generals with their divisions were separated on the 17th July by five-and-twenty miles from their chief and comrade, Dupont, at Andujar. All this was enormously to Reding's advantage. He was joined on the 17th by Coupigny, and now the two together, 20,000 strong, seized Baylen. Here Reding, after throwing out a detachment towards Carolina, took up a position facing Andujar and the west.

In order to fully appreciate this most complicated state of affairs, it will be necessary to recapitulate the positions of the opponents. Dupont, with one-half of the French forces, was at Andujar, the extreme end of a front of forty-five miles; Vedel and Dufour were at the other end, quite cut off from him, about Carolina. Reding was in between the two ends, holding Baylen, the key of the position. Castaños was in strength

opposite Dupont, having thrown troops across the river to threaten Dupont's exposed right flank. Whether intentionally or not, it was clear that the Spaniards had quite outmanœuvred the French, and, if not absolutely masters of the situation, they had undoubtedly the best of it.

Dupont only learnt in the course of the 18th, and with the deepest dismay, that an enemy's force was established at Baylen, thus severing his communications and cutting him off from the rest of his army. He knew nothing of Reding's strength, but he saw that he must at all costs regain touch with Vedel and reopen his line of retreat. Possibly he now awoke to the grave military error he had committed in holding on to Andujar for so long. At any rate his preparations were made with great secrecy and in all haste: the move was an escape rather than a retreat, carried on in the depth of the night and with extreme precaution. The force, some 11,000 strong, was divided into two portions—half for the advanced-guard, half for the rear-guard—both protecting the precious train of 800 waggons, laden with plunder and sick, which, thus guarded, dragged along in the centre of the column. Dupont feared most for his rear, believing Castaños more formidable than Reding, and therefore the head was weaker than the tail of his force.

Castaños—negligent, dilatory, slow to move—had no inkling of Dupont's withdrawal for many hours after the Frenchman had started, and too late to interfere with his march. By daybreak, about 3 a.m., Dupont's advance reached a mountain torrent called the Tiedras, and got touch of Reding's outposts. By 4 a.m. the French, leaving a force at the bridge of Rumbiar to watch for Castaños behind, were engaged with the enemy in front. It was of the utmost importance to drive back Reding and get through before Castaños could come up; and to secure this Dupont should have attacked immediately with all his strength, eager only to get on. But he paused to make elaborate dispositions, thus wasting the precious hours, and only charged Reding with the puny efforts of small successive columns. Nevertheless, the French, fighting with their customary gallantry, gained ground at first and drove in the first line of defence; but in the second the Spaniards stood firm, and their artillery fire being heavier, overmastered the French guns. At 10 a.m., Reding made a counter attack, advancing with great energy, to be checked in turn by the brilliant charges of the French cavalry. Yet now the

Spanish reserves restored the fight, which, as the day grew on towards noon, manifestly slackened on the French side.

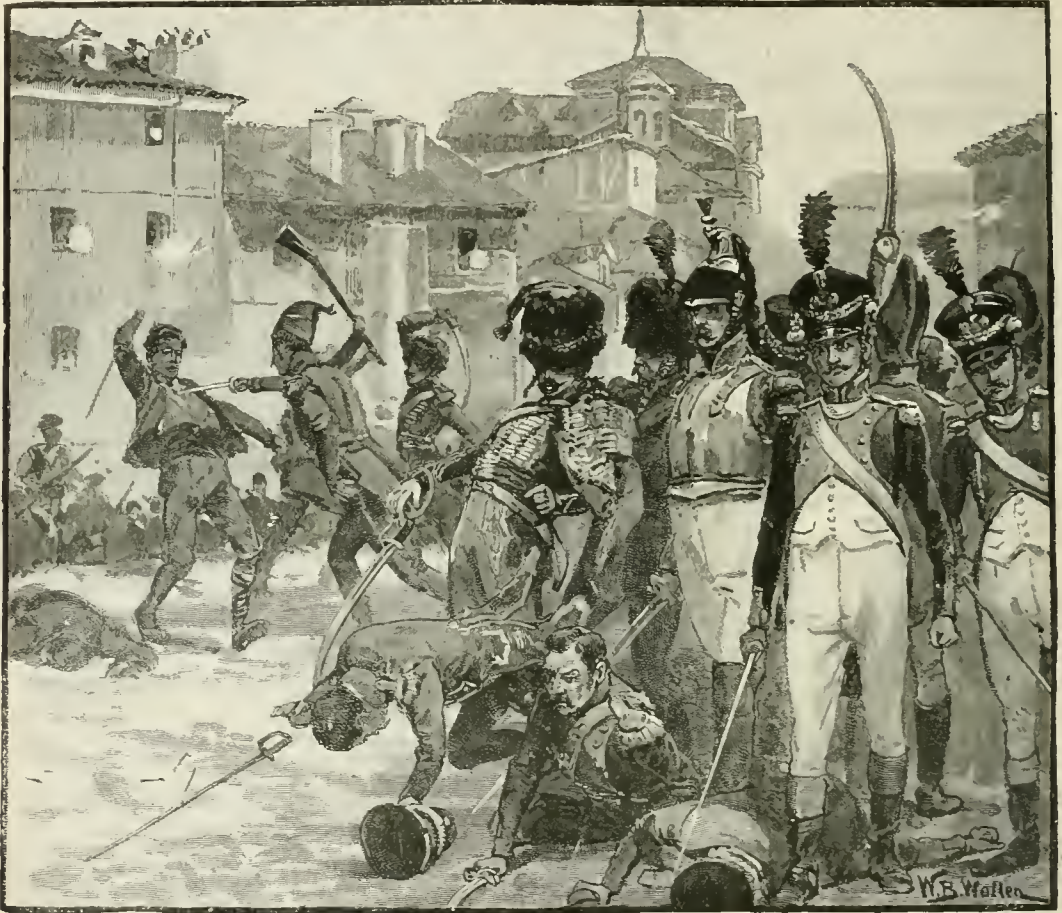
Dupont's men were horribly exhausted. They had been marching all night, fighting all the forenoon; they were covered with dust and exposed to a tropical sun; they were mad with thirst and there was no water to be had. Already 1,500 men had been struck down, the Swiss regiments in the French service had gone over to the Spaniards, large numbers of officers were wounded, Dupont himself included. At this time the French general declared he could not dispose of more than a couple of thousand men, although it was never properly explained why his forces had dwindled to so few. Thousands could never have fired a shot, and it was openly said afterwards that the care of the general's personal baggage, swollen with church plate and plunder, so fully occupied a great part of his whole force that it was never brought into action.

Now at this critical moment the guns of the pursuit were heard in the rear about the Rumbiar bridge. Castaños had come up at last, and the French were taken between two fires. Poor Dupont had no news of Vedel, and was in despair. He proposed a suspension of arms, which Reding willingly granted, because, as a matter of fact, he himself could hardly hold his own ground. Nevertheless, Vedel was really near at hand. He had been aroused by the distant sounds of battle, and had left Carolina that morning at 5 a.m., working, as a good soldier should, towards the noise of guns. Yet now, although time was of the utmost consequence, he tarried by the way and halted for several hours six miles short of Baylen to let his men breakfast and rest. He only resumed his march when the firing had ceased, to arrive on the ground after Dupont had asked for an armistice. Being ignorant of this, Vedel attacked Reding to good purpose, and captured 1,500 prisoners. Then an aide-de-camp from Dupont came and told him to desist, informing him that negotiations with the enemy were in progress.

Thus the battle was lost when on the point of being won. It would have been easy enough to reopen the strife, and with every prospect of success. Vedel clamoured for a joint attack on Reding, and was supported by his subordinates. Dupont would not consent, ordered Vedel to give up the prisoners he had taken and withdraw to Carolina. This did not please Castaños, who insisted that Vedel should also surrender, and

threatened in default to massacre all Dupont's force. Here was an opportunity of quashing the negotiations and resuming hostilities. Dupont and Vedel together, 18,000 French soldiers, were strong enough to give a good account of a raw Spanish army; and if Dupont was caught between Castaños and Reding, Reding was in equally

Negotiations recommenced, and now Castaños imposed harder terms. At first he would have permitted the French troops to return to Madrid, but at this moment a letter from General Savary, recalling Dupont to Madrid, fell into the Spanish general's hands. Castaños not strangely declined to carry out Savary's views, and insisted that the



"KEPT THEIR COWARDLY ASSAILANTS AT BAY SWORD IN HAND" (p. 221).

critical condition between Vedel and Dupont. It was an occasion when a bold stroke for freedom would probably have resulted in triumphant victory. Had Dupont been the man of Marengo, Jena, and Friedland he would have cut his way through his difficulties sword in hand. But he was completely broken down, and could only assemble a council of war, upon whom he threw the responsibility of decision. Heroic resolutions such as alone could have saved the French were not to be expected from a number of different opinions, and the council came to the conclusion that further resistance was hopeless.

whole French force — Dupont's, Vedel's, and Dufour's—should lay down their arms and surrender at discretion. Meanwhile, Vedel had again drawn off, but Castaños demanded his return, and that he should be included in the capitulation. Extraordinary as it will appear, Dupont sent Vedel peremptory orders to come back; and Vedel, although well out of danger, and at the head of a force armed and intact, actually returned. Nor was this all. A French officer with a Spanish escort scoured the country to pick up small parties and outlying French garrisons, and include them in the surrender.

“And,” as Napier says, “these unheard-of proceedings were quietly submitted to by men belonging to that army which for fifteen years had been the terror of Europe.” Twenty thousand French soldiers gave themselves up at one stroke of the pen to an enemy for whom they had had the greatest contempt. There is no more pregnant truth in military art than that the conduct of soldiers depends greatly upon the character of their immediate chief.

General Dupont undoubtedly failed when put to a supreme test. It was the first occasion on which he had been in independent command, and he was unequal to it and its peculiar difficulties. According to all accounts he was a man of lively imagination, apt to vary between the two extremes of enthusiasm and despondency. He is described as an affable, agreeable person, a good talker, with strong literary tastes, and, even when a general, he had competed for poetical prizes. His writings are full of fine rhetoric, but his military despatches were wanting in force and decision. Whatever his faults were, he expiated them to the full. On his return to France he, with the other generals concerned in the capitulation, were arraigned before a special commission and treated with the utmost rigour. Dupont himself was sentenced to be degraded from his rank; he was to give up all his medals and decorations, to forfeit the rank of count and

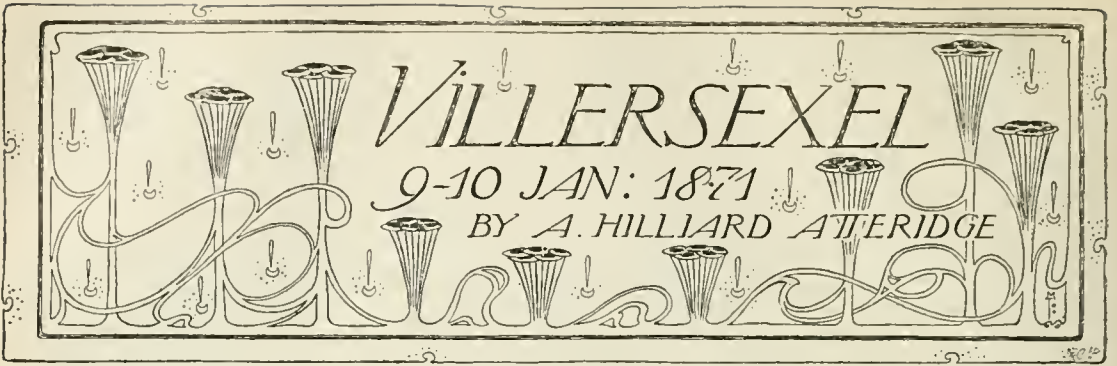
all money grants made him, and to be imprisoned indefinitely. He lingered on in a state prison until the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when the Bourbons, on return to power, released him, and he was at once made Minister of War. A special royal ordinance restored him to his rank and honours, and he occupied a prominent military position until his death in 1838.

It only remains to be said that this capitulation, “shameful in itself, was shamefully broken.” The French prisoners, on their march down to Cadiz, where, according to the treaty, they were to be embarked and sent home to France, were treated barbarously by their Spanish captors. Many were murdered in cold blood: eighty officers were massacred at Lebrija, but not before they had kept their cowardly assailants at bay sword in hand, to be shot down treacherously from houses around. All who survived to reach Cadiz were there cast into the convict hulks and subjected to horrible ill-treatment. The wretched remnant were afterwards transported to the desert island of Cabrera, where “they perished by lingering torments in such numbers that few remained alive at the termination of the war.”

Baylen is a dark spot in history, disgraceful to both sides engaged. Yet from it started the career of one of England's greatest generals, and it was the first serious blow that assailed the fabric of Napoleonic power.



A SPANISH CARICATURE ON THE CAPITULATION OF DUPONT.



THE New Year's day of 1871 was a dark one for France. Two whole armies were captives in Germany. The Prussian flag flew over Metz and Strasburg. Paris was besieged—held fast in a ring of iron through which it had proved impossible, so far, to break a way. The armies of the provinces, Faidherbe's in the north and Chanzy's on the Loire, for all their gallant efforts had suffered repeated defeats. Faidherbe had lost Amiens; Chanzy had been forced to abandon Orléans. And yet amid all this darkness there was just one gleam of hope; and, while most of the defenders of France fought only with the courage of despair, there were among her chiefs some who thought that even at the eleventh hour the tide of conquest might be turned back. Fired with this hope, they played a bold game, and nearly won. For a brief moment in the midst of defeat they had the joy of victory.

After the surrender of Strasburg the 14th German corps, under the command of General von Werder, which had captured the place, was ordered to complete the conquest of Alsace—on the one hand keeping in check the corps of *franc-tireurs* and volunteers, which, if they were allowed to make any progress in the Vosges, might endanger the communications of the main army with Germany; and, on the other, reducing one by one the minor fortresses of the east of France. A division of Baden troops, provided with a siege-train, was brought across the Rhine; and Werder, having secured Strasburg by the end of September, pushed forward by Epinal towards Dijon, while, protected by this movement, the Badeners had by the end of October reduced the little fortresses of Neuf-Brisach on the Rhine and Schlestadt on the Ill. During November Werder held Dijon, fighting a number of minor actions with the new French

levies under Garibaldi and Cremer; whilst the Badeners, reinforced from his army, began the siege of Belfort, the one place in Alsace over which the tricolour still flew.

Between the southern end of the main range of the Vosges and the first outlying ridges of the Jura there is a gap some miles wide, where the mountains sink down into low hills. Through the central valley of these hills the canal that joins the Rhine and Rhone makes its way. The gap is known to French geographers as the *trouée de Belfort*, taking its name from the fortress on its northern side, which closes it against an invader coming from the direction of the Rhine. Belfort has been a place of strength ever since it was acquired by France under Louis XIV. and fortified by Vauban. Perched on a spur of the Vosges, with its citadel surrounded by a triple girdle of works, it was practically impregnable in the days of the old short-range artillery. If attacked with modern guns, it could be brought under fire from several of the adjacent hilltops. Under the Second Empire some of these were crowned with outlying forts, but the system of defence was still very incomplete when the war of 1870 began. Colonel Denfert-Rochereau, a man of great resource and determination and a skilful engineer, was put in command of the place after the 4th of September by Gambetta, and he at once proceeded to fortify with earthwork redoubts a circle of positions round the town; working with such a will that, while on September 4th the circuit of the outworks was five miles, on November 3rd, when the Germans closed in upon the northern works, they had to occupy a line of investment nearly twelve miles long. With a garrison of 17,000 men, chiefly mobiles, national guards, and volunteers, Denfert-Rochereau doggedly defended every inch of ground; and it was not till November 25th that the Germans were

able to complete even the investment of the place. Till the end of the year they were still battering at his outworks, and the citadel and the town were untouched.

After the second battle of Orléans, on December 4th, the left of the Loire army under Chanzy had retired towards Vendôme along the right bank of the river, pursued by the Germans under Prince Frederick Charles. The right, composed of the 15th, 18th, and 20th *corps-d'armée*, had retreated by the left bank, then to the southward and eastward by Gien to the neighbourhood of Bourges, where General Bourbaki rallied and reorganised it. Ill-fed, incompletely equipped and badly uniformed, the troops had suffered terribly in the retreat to Bourges, but a few days' rest did wonders for them, and by the middle of December the army was again ready to take the field. Gambetta himself had come to Bourges to encourage the troops and co-operate with Bourbaki; and on the 19th the army began to move northward towards Paris, its object being to threaten the communications of Prince Frederick Charles with Versailles and so force him to slacken his pursuit of Chanzy.

On this same day M. de Serres, a young engineer, who had often acted as Gambetta's adviser, arrived at Bourges with a new plan which the Government at Bordeaux had already approved—a plan for sending Bourbaki's army to the east of France, where it was to raise the siege of Belfort, and, uniting with Garibaldi and Cremer's troops and the corps which was being formed by General de Bressolles at Lyons, it was to strike northwards at the German communications or make a raid across the Rhine into southern Germany. It was hoped that Bourbaki's forces could be rapidly conveyed by railway to the east; that Werder could be overwhelmed before he even realised that he had any serious force in his front; and that Belfort and Langres and the south of France could be made the basis for a new campaign, the first effect of which would be to force the Germans to stop their advance on the Loire and think more of guarding the communications by which they were supplied from Germany than of hunting down Chanzy or reducing Paris.

At first sight the plan looked a wild one, but it was sound, and it very nearly succeeded. It is difficult for most people to realise what are the conditions under which an army of some 800,000 men maintains itself in a hostile country in the depth of winter, carrying on at the same

time the siege of a great capital like Paris. It is true that some supplies could be obtained in France itself by purchase and requisition, but by December the resources of the districts occupied were nearly exhausted. The army before Paris, the armies that faced Faidherbe in the north and Chanzy in the west, had to be supplied in great part with the ordinary necessities of life from Germany itself. Ammunition for the Paris siege-guns, renewed supplies for the armies in the field, all this came by the lines of railway that stretched across eastern France through Champagne and Lorraine, guarded partly by detachments on the lines themselves and in the towns through which they passed, but chiefly protected by Werder's army preventing any stroke from the southward and Manteuffel holding back the levies of the north. Werder had at most 43,000 men at his disposal. He had had some difficulty in holding on at Dijon and at the same time maintaining before Belfort a sufficient force to press the siege. If 80,000 or 100,000 men, even of inferior quality to his own, could be suddenly thrown against him, he must go, and then the main German army would have to take swift and effectual means to stay the French advance in the east. Otherwise it would be cut off from Germany and starved. But the crisis in the east would coincide with renewed sorties from Paris, a renewed advance on the Loire and in the north; and it might well be that, under such pressure, the siege of Paris would be raised if only for the brief period necessary to refill its magazine, bring out a large number of the civil inhabitants, reinforce the provincial armies with some of Trochu's best troops, and so change the whole face of the situation.

As in the earlier project for raising the siege of Metz by the march of MacMahon's army to Montmédy, everything depended on rapid movement. Otherwise this bold stroke for the deliverance of Belfort and of France would end in another disaster like that of the previous enterprise. But in the first few hours there was certainly no loss of time. When de Serres submitted his plan to Gambetta, the dictator hesitated to approve it. The movement northwards towards Paris had begun that morning; he based great hopes on it, and this stroke at the German communications seemed too daring. He told de Serres he would leave the decision to Bourbaki himself, and the engineer hurried off to Baugy, north of Bourges, where he found Bourbaki had established his headquarters in

one of the houses of the village. By candle-light in the little room the engineer and the general bent over the map of the east of France, and discussed the plan. The conference was a brief one. Bourbaki thought the bold game could be successfully played, and gave de Serres a note in which he informed Gambetta that, as soon as he received an authorisation cancelling previous orders, he would put his army in movement for the east of France. The order came back by telegraph, and next morning the troops were being moved to the points where they were to entrain, and the southern railways were collecting engines and rolling stock about Bourges.

Gambetta expected great things of Bourbaki. He was one of the most popular soldiers of the Second Empire. He had a record of service extending over thirty-four years. He had fought in Africa, the Crimea, and Italy—everywhere with distinction. Englishmen should remember his name as that of the brigadier who brought up the two first French battalions to the help of our hard-pressed soldiers on the terrible morning of Inkerman. At the outbreak of the war

mission to Chislehurst, and, when he was refused permission to re-enter the fortress, he at once offered his sword to Gambetta, not that he was



GENERAL BOURBAKI.



GENERAL VON WERDER.

with Germany he was in command of the Imperial Guard. He had been brought out of Metz before the end of the siege on a mysterious

a Republican, but because all dynastic and party feelings disappeared in the general interest of the defence of France against the invader. But unfortunately, Bourbaki during this his last campaign seems to have been a different man from the fiery soldier of Algeria and the Crimea. On the battlefield, when he heard the cannon again, he showed something of his old vigour; but on the march and at the council-board he hesitated, changed his plans, and seemed to labour under a depressing feeling that as an old general of the Empire he could not rely upon those who now followed him to stand by him after a single check. "If it rains or snows too much," he wrote to a friend, "they will say it is my fault, and that I have betrayed them."

Though everything depended on speed, the railway transport of the troops to the eastern departments was terribly slow. All was confusion. Trains were blocked for hours on the line, while the men, huddled together in the carriages, shivered with cold, for the ground was deep with snow and all the streams were frozen. Only a single line was available for the greater part of the way from Bourges to Chalons-sur-Saône. The 24th corps from Lyons reached the same point by another line. It had originally been intended to move only two corps—the 18th (General Billot) and the 20th (General

Clinchant) from Bourges, leaving the 15th to hold in check the Prussian corps of observation under Zastrow, which had moved southwards from Versailles. But Bourbaki, though the resources of transport were already taxed to the utmost, insisted on the 15th being also placed at his disposal, and after some hesitation the Government granted his request. At last, in the first week of January, the four corps were concentrated between Besançon and Chalons-sur-

result was some skirmishing between the German scouting parties and Bourbaki's advanced troops. Three days later the German headquarters staff at Versailles telegraphed to Werder orders and information which showed that Moltke considered that a very serious danger was threatening the Germans in Eastern France. Werder was informed that he would be largely reinforced from the north, and that Manteuffel would presently take over the eastern command. Mean-



"THE GERMANS TOOK THE DEFENDERS OF THE BARRICADE IN REVERSE" (p. 227).

Saône—a movement which ought to have been completed before New Year's Day.

Werder had already found out that a considerable force was being accumulated in his front, and on December 20th he abandoned his advanced position at Dijon. One of the German regiments marched out of the town carrying its gaily-decorated Christmas tree on a cart, and as they passed along the street the soldiers threw some of the bonbons to the children. In order to be ready to oppose any attempt to relieve Belfort, Werder concentrated his forces between Vesoul and Villersexel in the valley of the Ognon. On January 4th he received orders to push reconnaissances to the southward, and the

while he was at any cost to keep Belfort blockaded; use the most severe measures of repression in case the population of the occupied departments attempted an insurrection; fall back before Bourbaki if he could not hold his ground, but even so take care not to lose touch of him. At the same time he was directed to be ready to block the southern passes of the Vosges, and to prepare to destroy the Basle and Mulhouse railway, so as to make a French *coup-de-main* on the upper Rhine more difficult. A hundred thousand Frenchmen were gathering round Besançon, and Werder was outnumbered nearly three to one.

Bourbaki had been hesitating as to whether

he should march direct on Vesoul in order to strike at the field-army under Werder, or move immediately to the relief of Belfort. On this same 7th of January he decided on the latter course. On the 8th he concentrated three of his corps about Montbozon in the Ognon valley—Billot on the left, Clinchant in the centre, Bressolles on the right. Two battalions and a squadron of cavalry were pushed forward to the little town of Villersexel, where there was a bridge across the river and an important junction of roads. The main body of the French was about eight miles south-west of the town. Eight miles north-west of the same point Werder had concentrated his army about Noroy-le-Bourg, intending next day to fall on the flank of the French, trusting to the superior quality of his troops to more than compensate for inferior numbers.

Early on the morning of the 9th the two armies were thus converging on Villersexel, which was held by the French advanced guard. The first division of Billot's corps (nine battalions and fourteen guns) was moving up the right bank of the Ognon, and had reached the village of Esprels at nine in the morning, when the cavalry scouts brought in news that the Germans were about a mile in front near the village of Marast. This was Von der Goltz's infantry division, forming Werder's right. Within half an hour the two divisions were in contact, and all day long the fight continued among the snowy woods between Marast and Esprels. The French, mostly young troops, stood their ground well, and resisted every effort of the Germans to break through or turn them. Once only, towards one o'clock, there was a temporary panic in the Bois des Brosses, which was held by chasseurs and *franc-tireurs*. The 34th Pomeranian infantry fought their way into the wood, and had captured half of it when they were driven out by a counter attack made by fresh troops, a brigade of linesmen and mobiles which was gallantly led to the charge by its brigadier, General Robert. On this part of the field the fighting ended with the short winter day, soon after four o'clock.

But in Villersexel itself and on the other side of the river the fight was a much more serious affair. In 1870 the town numbered about 1,500 inhabitants. It is built on the slope of a hill on the left bank of the Ognon. The main street runs from the Place Neuve (at the point where the Belfort road enters the town) to the stone bridge which crosses the river. Close to the

bridge several side streets run into the main street. On the west side of the town stood the splendid château of Grammont—a three-storied building, with two wings, ending in high-roofed pavilions. Beyond the château extended a wooded park, and at the western end of the park a large island divided the Ognon, and both branches were crossed by foot-bridges, that nearest the park being a small suspension bridge. On the evening of the 8th the town had been occupied by two battalions of the 20th corps (Clinchant), one being a battalion of Corsican mobiles and the other a battalion of mobiles of the Vosges. General Ségard commanded this advanced guard. He barricaded the stone bridge, loopholed the houses along the river, and put a company of the Corsicans into the château; but by a strange oversight he took no precautions to guard the foot-bridge at the end of the park.

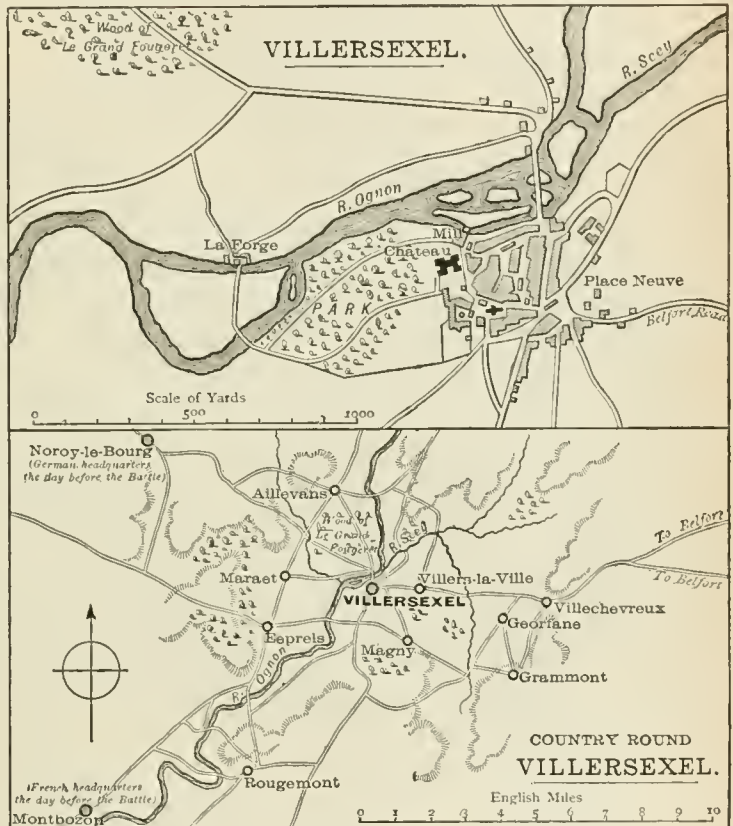
At nine on the morning of the 9th the sound of cannon was heard away to the left on the north bank of the river. It was the beginning of Von der Goltz's attack on Billot's first division. This put the little garrison of Villersexel on the alert, and soon they saw the head of a column issuing from the wood of Le Grand Fougeret, opposite the town. They opened fire from the houses and the barricade, and the Germans threw forward a line of skirmishers, while two batteries took up a position on the high ground beyond the wood, and began to throw shells into the streets and the park. Higher up the German engineers had bridged the river near Aillevans, and a division was crossing there, with orders to move down to the eastward of the town and stop the advance of the main body of the 20th corps, which was coming up in that direction. The Germans repeatedly advanced towards the long bridge as if they meant to rush it, but each time they fell back under the heavy fire from the houses. Along the banks of the river the rival firing lines exchanged volleys at close range. Twelve o'clock came, and the Germans had made no progress. But about this time a lieutenant, with half a company of the 25th Fusilier regiment working along the river bank, reached the hamlet of La Forge, and, to his surprise and delight, found an unguarded foot-bridge leading across to the big island in the Ognon. Cautiously reconnoitring the island, he came on the suspension bridge, giving free access to the park. He could hardly believe his good luck. Sending back word to his captain of what he had discovered, he hastened to secure a footing among

the trees of the park. The rest of the company, and after it the greater part of the battalion, stole across the bridge into the trees, and then the word was given to advance. The château was taken with a rush. Surprised by an attack from a quarter which they thought quite secure, some of the Corsicans were bayoneted, about a hundred were taken prisoners, the rest fled into the town. Pressing down through the streets, the Germans took the defenders of the barricade in reverse, and the bridge was captured. By one o'clock the Germans held the town. To the eastward the heads of their columns had reached Villers-la-Ville and the woods towards Magny.

Between one and two o'clock there was a lull in the fight on the south side of the Ognon. Then Bourbaki and Clinchant, the commander of the 20th corps, rode up by Magny and directed a general attack upon the positions held by the Germans. Two divisions moved against their left, while a third pushed forward to attempt the recapture of Villersexel. Further down the river, at Pont-sur-Ognon, a division of the 18th corps crossed to the south side of the stream to support its comrades of the 20th in their attack on Villersexel. It was commanded by Admiral Penhoat, a brave Breton sailor, who that day showed himself a good general. Between three and four o'clock Villers-la-Ville was captured. It was a strong position: the village, with a wood close beside it, stands at the crest of a long, gentle slope—a natural glacis, like that which made the attack of St. Privat so terrible for the Prussian Guard on August 18th. Now, covered as it was with deep snow, this long slope gave the garrison of the village a splendid field of fire. Nevertheless, Logerot's brigade of two battalions of the mobiles of the Jura moved steadily to the attack, a battalion deployed on each side of the road, the general on horseback between them, quietly signalling, now to one, now to the other, with his *képi*, escaping the balls that whistled

round him as it by a miracle. But, bravely as it was made, this front attack would probably have failed if it had not been combined with a turning movement against the left of the village by Polignac's brigade. Under this double attack the Germans gave way.

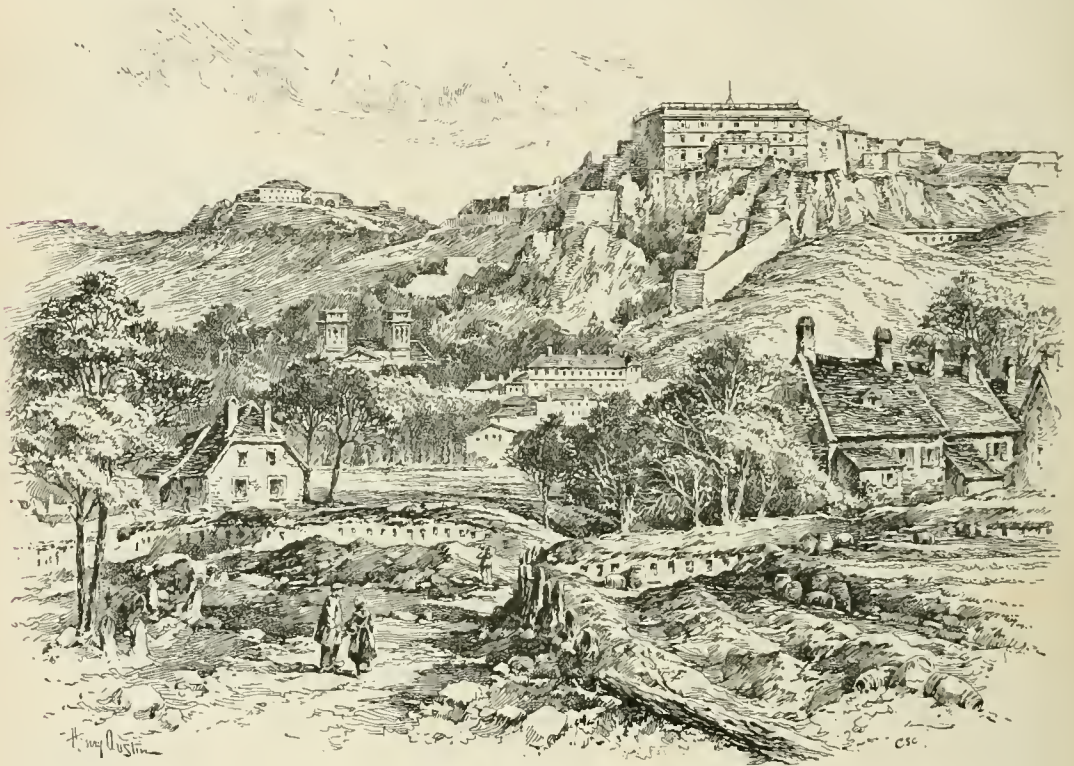
But they had a further reason for not making a prolonged or desperate defence of this part of the position. Werder was now aware that he had in his front on the south side of the river



the three divisions of Clinchant's corps and one of Billot's. True, all these troops were not actually engaged, but they could come into action very soon. Further east, the 24th corps, under de Bressolles, was marching by the villages of Grammont, Georfans, and Villechevreux—a movement which outflanked the whole German position. Bressolles, with a woeful lack of initiative, was marching quietly to the points assigned to him in the general order for the advance of the army on the 9th. He could hear the cannon thundering away to his left, but only four companies of one of his battalions marched towards the fight and took some part in it. Had

de Bressolles pushed boldly in behind Werder's left, the battle might have been, not a defeat, but a disaster for the Germans. Werder, used as he was to the German habit of each corps commander moving at once to the help of a comrade who was actually engaged in a battle, evidently expected some such movement on his left; and, seeing that the French were making a good fight of it, and that there were nowhere signs of that collapse of the new levies on which

in Africa and in Italy, was well up to the front. When the mobiles of the Pyrenees and the Vosges began to fall back under the heavy fire that met them as they advanced against the park, Bourbaki pushed through them, and, sword in hand, placed himself at their head. "*À moi, l'infanterie!*" he called out. "Stand by me. Have French soldiers forgotten how to charge?" And they rallied and dashed forward with the shout of "*Vive la France! Vive la République!*"



BELFORT.

he had counted, he sent an order between three and four o'clock to withdraw all the troops to the north bank of the river, except those actually holding Villersexel. His guns retired partly by the stone bridge in the town, but mostly by the temporary bridges at Aillevans.

Then the French attack came rolling on to the boundary walls of the park and the outlying houses of the town. A little after four the sun had set, and the attack on Villersexel began amid the gathering twilight of the winter evening. But the sky was clear, the stars began to come out, and the moon, near the full, shining on the snow gave light enough to continue the struggle. Bourbaki, flushed with something of the old eagerness which had made him famous

One of Clinchant's divisions was attacking the town. Admiral Penhoat's battalions won on their way with the bayonet into the park and attacked the château. The Germans set it on fire as they gave way. But the victors arrived in time to extinguish the flames and to rescue the French prisoners made earlier in the day.

It was after six o'clock, but the fight was not over yet. On the north bank the cannon were silent, but in the town, at the end of every street, Frenchmen and Germans were firing into each other at close quarters, or fighting hand-to-hand with the bayonet. Several houses were on fire, and the struggle was becoming a fierce one, in which there was very little thought of



AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF VILLERSEXEL.
(From the picture by *Alphonse de Neuville*.)

quarter. At one point, as the French pushed into the courtyard of a house held by the Germans, an officer appeared at one of the windows, and, raising his hand, said something. All that the French heard was the word "*prisonnier*"; but they concluded, perhaps incorrectly, that he was asking to be allowed to surrender with his garrison. The French captain ordered the "Cease fire," and entered the courtyard. The next moment he and several of his men fell under a volley from the windows. The whole may have been one of those unfortunate mistakes which occur in all wars. But the Frenchmen thought it was a piece of murderous treachery. Faggots soaked with tar were brought up, under a heavy fire; they were piled up against the door and walls of the house and ignited, and not a man of the German garrison came out of the house alive. It was Bazeilles on a smaller scale.

Nine German battalions held the town—Landwehr men from the eastern provinces, Poles, and Pomeranians—determined men, mostly about thirty years of age, coming of good fighting races, and veterans of the war of 1866. Outnumbered as they were, they made a dogged resistance. Towards seven o'clock four Landwehr battalions tried to retake the château. They actually got possession of the lower floor, but the French held out in the basement cellars and in the upper stories. There was a hard fight in corridors and on staircases—here with crossed bayonets, there with the rifle, firing through holes cut in floors and ceilings. The château at last took fire, and both parties had to abandon it. Colonel von Krane, who led the attack, narrowly escaped being cut off and burned to death. By the light of the blazing building the Germans were driven back into the streets of the town. At ten they broke into the park again, only to be once more repulsed. Gradually the fight became confined to the streets near the bridge, where both sides fought behind barricades rapidly improvised, by the French to secure the ground they had won, by the Germans to maintain themselves in the streets and the little square near the bridge end.

For three hours, from ten till after one, this desperate street-fight went on by the light of blazing houses. In narrow lanes, in courtyards, inside the houses, men fought hand-to-hand. It was one of the hottest fights in the whole war. Strangely enough, both sides seemed to think only of pushing new forces directly into the narrow space where the battle was raging—

the Germans by the stone bridge from the north bank, the French by the streets leading to the park. Neither party tried to push round beyond the town and enter it from other points; and outside the streets the troops not actually engaged listened to the din that rose from the little town, and watched the flames that shot up from the blazing château and the burning houses—flames in which many of the wounded were destroyed. One of the horrors of the fight was the smell of burning flesh in the crowded lanes.

It was between one and two in the morning of the 10th when the Germans at last let go their hold of the town and retired across the stone bridge. General Billot watched the fight from the ground he had held all day on the north side. The Marquis de Grammont stood beside him, in the light of the flames that still rose from the ruins of his home on the other side of the river. He offered the general to guide through the darkness a column which could fall on the rear of the Germans and cut off their retreat, but his proposal was rejected. It was felt at the moment that enough had been done. A victory had been won, and there was no disposition to run further risks in the hope of still greater results.

When the château was recaptured by the French about seven o'clock, M. de Serres, Gambetta's delegate, rode back to the point near Rougemont (more than five miles from Villers-*sexel*), to which the field-telegraph had been brought up, and thence, a little before 8 p.m., he telegraphed to the Government at Bordeaux:

"The battle ended at seven p.m. The night prevents us from estimating the importance of our victory. The general commanding-in-chief bivouacs in the centre of the battlefield, and the army has occupied all the positions assigned to it in the general orders for the march issued yesterday. Villers-*sexel*, the key of the position, was stormed to the cry of '*Vive la France!* *Vive la République!*'"

The Government telegraphed its congratulations to Bourbaki. He received them while the night battle was still going on. De Serres, in his eagerness to send the good news, had said that the battle ended at seven. It continued for something more than six hours after that.

The Prussian staff made a more serious mistake in its report. It declared that Werder had held his own "against the 18th and 20th corps and part of the 24th." But neither the 18th nor the 20th brought all its troops into action

(though doubtless their being near the field influenced the result); and as for the "part of the 24th," it amounted to only four companies. It is not easy to say how many troops were actually engaged in the fight from first to last. Probably Werder had about 20,000 men in and near Villersexel, on both sides of the river, of which about 12,000 were seriously engaged. Bourbaki had about 50,000 in the 18th and 20th corps, and 20,000 more in the 24th on his extreme right. But of these 20,000 not 500 were engaged, and of the 50,000 about half must have been in action at one time or another. In the fighting in the town and the park after sundown there were about 7,000 or 8,000 Germans against 9,000 French. Everywhere—except, perhaps, in Billot's fight against Von der Golz, where the opposing forces were about even—the advantage of numbers was on the side of the French; but they were mostly new levies, and they had to expel a veteran enemy from a very strong position. The mobiles and volunteers who fought their way through the streets of Villersexel were brave soldiers, and Bourbaki might well build high hopes upon this first battle in his campaign for the relief of Belfort.

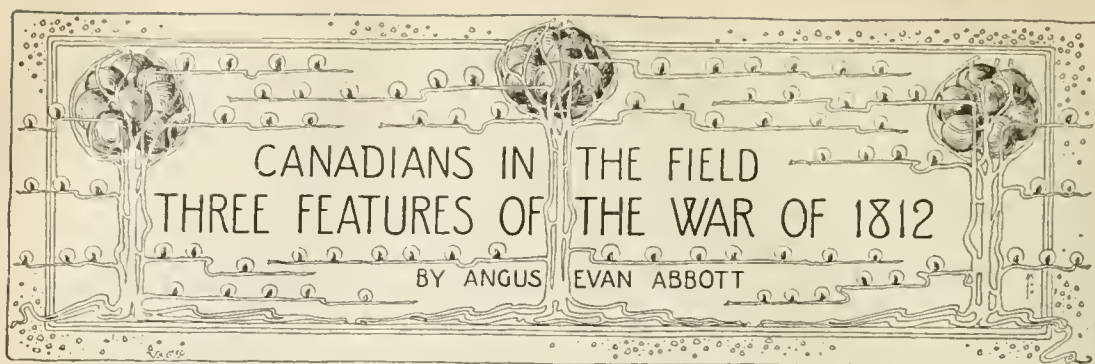
Considering how much street-fighting there was in the evening and night, the losses were not heavy. The Germans admitted a loss of

over six hundred men, the French about seven hundred. The Germans carried away some hundreds of French prisoners with them. Of the townspeople of Villersexel only one is known to have taken part in the fight, and he was a Polish refugee, Felix Romanowski, who had settled at Villersexel after fighting in the Polish insurrection of 1863. He shouldered a rifle on the morning of the 9th, and was unwounded at the end of the day. It is not unlikely that part of the time he was firing at his own fellow-countrymen of the Polish provinces of Prussia.

To win a battle is one thing; to reap the full fruits of victory is another. Time was all-important to Bourbaki if his enterprise was to have any chance of success. Yet, instead of pressing Werder with all his available forces next day, and driving him northwards away from the roads leading to Belfort, he lost precious hours and days in hesitation, only to find, when at last he resumed his advance, that the Germans, largely reinforced, were ready once more to throw themselves across his path. The victory of Villersexel was almost the last flicker of hope for France. Héricourt, Montbéliard, and Pontarlier witnessed the collapse of the daring plan, the execution of which had been so well begun in the hard fighting through the short winter day and the long night at Villersexel.



GAMBETTA.
(Photo, Carjat, Paris.)



MANY deeds of daring done during the War of 1812 are remembered in the history of North America. Indeed, the bitter struggle between the Americans and Canadians was rich in brilliant exploits, either side having to its credit a number of memorable events. The needless conflict, which began about nothing and ended in nothing, caused a great deal of bitterness to be harboured at the time in the hearts of both parties to the quarrel. But, fortunately, that bitterness has quite died away; and, although the two halves of the great continent occasionally do look a little black the one at the other, the difference is merely a family one, with small chance, indeed, of growing into anything more serious than a scowl.

The War of 1812 furnishes a rich field for the student of independent and disconnected fighting. It was more or less a guerilla war from start to finish. Small bands of soldiers did wonders. Battles were fought with such determination and bitterness that the killed and wounded were desperately out of proportion to the number of soldiers engaged. The troops of both sides were born riflemen, never wasting a shot and always shooting to kill. Many engagements took place in the woods, and the Indians, who served on the Canadian side, were as ever ruthless and cruel. There can be no gainsaying that America had good ground to complain of the red man's doings. On the other hand, the Canadians found themselves obliged to defend their homes against powerful armies of invasion. No help could be looked for from across the Atlantic, for the United Kingdom had to grapple with the greatest danger she ever encountered in all her history. During the years the War of 1812 was dragging its course, Britain got ready to meet Napoleon, met him, and fought the battle of Waterloo. Canada, meagrely popu-

lated, was thrown on her own resources. Against her she had a great Union, practically unlimited as to territory, money, and men. She therefore had to use every card in her hand, and one of the strongest cards was the Indian. Under Tecumseh and the younger Brant the red man fought with all his wonted cunning.

This article deals with the exploits of Laura Secord, the Glengarrys, and the great Shawnee chief Tecumseh. That these feats were all performed for the Canadians is in no way implying that the records of the United States army are barren in daring deeds successfully carried through. On most occasions the Americans fought with dash, and their greatest successes were made when matters looked blackest for them.

Laura Secord's name is revered by the Canadians in much the same way as is that of Grace Darling in England, or, still better illustration, for each was concerned in war, Jeanne d'Arc in the land of "dame and dance." Of her deed the verse-writers of Canada, and they are many, have, one may say without exception, spun their rhymes; and no history of the wonderful north-land would be acceptable to the Canadians did it fail to mention her name and chronicle her heroism. Tales have been told, dramas woven, songs sung to her honour; and as time goes on, her memory is surely destined to be kept green by the warm-hearted people of the great Dominion. For with heroic determination she pressed stoutly on through dark woods and across swollen streams to save the little army of Canadians from surprise and annihilation.

Mrs. Laura Secord was a daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, a United Empire Loyalist who removed from the United States to Canada after the war for independence and founded Ingersoll, now a flourishing town of some five thousand inhabitants. Laura married Mr. James Secord,

and at the outbreak of the War of 1812 the two were living in Queenston on the banks of the Niagara river. When news came to the Canadians that an army for invasion was being formed on the opposite bank, James Secord, like most Canadians able to bear arms, volunteered for the defence of his country. He ranked as captain when the first decisive battle, Queenston Heights, was fought. That he bore himself gallantly and fought with all his might there can be no disputing, for towards the end of the awful day his wife Laura, as she picked her way among the wounded and dead—while the war-whoops of the frenzied red men still rang from the cliffs where the invaders were clinging to

came into her possession, her husband was still a cripple, and she herself determined to risk all and make the long journey alone.

The battle of Queenston Heights—a decisive Canadian victory—cleared the Americans out of Canada, but in the spring of 1813 they obtained possession of a strip of territory along the Niagara river. Queenston and, of course, the Secord's home lay inside the territory occupied by the Americans, and James Secord and his faithful wife were cut off from all communication with the Canadian army. General Dearborn, leader of the American army, had secured a firm footing on Canadian soil. Once safely across the frontier, he attempted to drive his



"A BAND OF INDIANS POUNCED UPON HER" (p. 235).

the face of the rock, with above the savages and below the swirling river—she came upon her husband lying among the dead as one dead. The wife gathered the wounded volunteer into her arms, and made her way with as great speed as the burden would allow to their house. There she found that, although he had received two desperate wounds, he still breathed. All that winter she nursed and tended him, and when in June the secret of the invading army

army like a wedge into the interior of the country, but the Canadians fought fiercely. For them everything was at stake. Indeed, this war was carried on more like a war of extermination than a fair fight such as one would expect between two peoples speaking the same tongue. Devastation and rapine everywhere, neither side having a monopoly of the blame; villages, homesteads, crops were all given over to the flames, and the capital of each country was in turn

burnt. It was a cruel, heartless, revengeful war.

In his attempt to penetrate the country, Dearborn met for a time with success; but at length the Canadians managed to check him at two or three points, and forced him to retire to the Niagara again. This caused much dissatisfaction in the United States, for Dearborn's army was considered quite large enough for the enterprise, and the general found himself likely to be superseded in command should he not without loss of time pick up the evacuated territory and continue to advance instead of to retreat. Not only the people of the United States, but the soldiers themselves considered that there had been no cause for such a right-about-face, and were eager to get away from the river, on whose banks they seemed destined to linger. Retreating, the Americans were, to be sure, pressed closely by the Canadians, who, although scarcely strong enough to attack, hastened to take possession of all the strategical points in the country evacuated by General Dearborn. In doing this a body of the Canadians, commanded by FitzGibbon, a light-hearted Irishman who played an energetic and not altogether unhumorous part in the war, entrenched themselves at De Cou's house, a spot commanding a number of highways leading into the interior of Canada. Until FitzGibbon and his men were driven from their stronghold, Dearborn could not move. Once De Cou's house was stormed and burnt, a highway into the heart of Canada would be thrown open before the invaders. Dearborn planned to surprise FitzGibbon. For this purpose Colonel Boerstler was given command of 600 men, including fifty cavalry and two field-guns, and with the utmost secrecy, as he thought at the time, marched off through the hush for De Cou's.

As a reward for the valiant part he had played at the battle of Queenston Heights, James Secord had been granted by the Canadian Government a small tract of land, which lay some distance outside of the village of Queenston. On the farm he and his wife lived, himself crippled and sorely distressed; and to their house, on the evening of the 22nd of June, 1813, came two American officers, who demanded food. While awaiting for or partaking of this, they fell to discussing the situation and Dearborn's plans, and, most imprudently as it turned out, carried on their conversation in a tone of voice loud enough for Mrs. Secord, who was waiting on them at table, to overhear everything they said. Soldier's wife that she was, and patriotic Canadian

as well, she quickly guessed that some decisive move against her country's troops was meditated, and she paid careful but cautious attention to everything that passed between her two unbidden guests. When they had finished their meal and departed, Laura Secord repeated to her husband all that she had heard, and he agreed with her that an attempt to surprise the Canadians would certainly be made. If the surprise succeeded, the whole of western Canada must fall. That night the husband and wife discussed the pros and cons of the situation, and, the husband being unable to leave the house, the wife decided to make an attempt to steal through the American lines, and thread, by a circuitous route, twenty miles of bush to warn FitzGibbon of his great danger.

Laura Secord arose at dawn. She had planned every step of her journey and arranged the strategy by which she hoped to pass the vigilant pickets, whom the American general had thrown out at the skirt of the woods to prevent the accomplishment of just such enterprises as she had undertaken. Dressing herself only in a jacket and short flannel skirt and without shoes or stockings, she took her milking pail in one hand, her three-legged milking stool in the other, and set out to where her cow was lying, not yet having arisen from her night's sleep. As soon as she quitted the house, she beheld the pickets at their stations all alert with the vigilance of a coming crisis. She had not gone a rod from her house before the soldiers detected her, and, although they would know that, on a farm, woman's first duty is to milk the cow (it takes precedence over everything, the object being to allow the beast to eat her fill before the scorching heat of day and the swarms of flies drive her to take shelter under a tree), they still kept strict watch over her actions.

But to all outward appearances the good woman's only ambition was to get the milking over as soon as possible, for she walked straight to the cow and, causing her to arise, set down pail and stool, and commenced to milk. The beast had always been a quiet one, but this morning something was wrong. The soldiers, as they looked on, saw the animal kick over the pail and run a short distance towards the woods before being brought to a standstill by the entreaties of the farmer's wife. Again Mrs. Secord settled down to milk, and again the cow kicked over the pail and ran still nearer to the dark forest. One of the Americans, no doubt himself born and bred on a rich New England farm

where cows had often kicked and run, sauntered over and offered his assistance ; but Mrs. Secord expressed a determination to master the brute if she had to follow her about all day. Then she sat down and once more slyly pinched the astonished animal. In this way, by short and easy flights, and all under the observation of the unsuspecting and completely befooled pickets, the cow and the woman reached the edge of the wood, passed into the wood, far into the wood, and finally deep enough into the wood for the woman's purpose.

Mrs. Secord leaped to her feet. Flinging pail and stool aside, she darted into the deepest gloom, and as fast as her bare feet would carry her, and with nothing but a vague knowledge of the lay of the land and the way, made off to warn the Canadians and their faithful allies the Indians of approach of a foe.

Those who have never traversed a Canadian wood can have but a poor conception of the difficulties that are encountered even in a short walk. Laura Secord's journey was both a long and an anxious one. For half her distance she was in danger of coming upon American scouting parties and pickets (the Americans held the country for that distance around Queenston) ; and, besides this, many creeping animals lay in her path, animals that a woman with bare feet does not like to encounter. On her journey that day Laura Secord met with a thousand harassing impediments.

Underfoot the beech roots raised their gnarled and knotted backs through the soil ; fallen trees, their dead branches held up as if, like a drowning man, in appeal for help, lay at every angle to be scrambled over as best she could ; tangled clumps of briars and scrubby thorn, interwoven underbrush and rank grasses, and limbs of standing trees so low that she found it impossible to proceed upright. Again and again she was under the necessity of driving the rattlesnakes from her path by slashing at them with a goad which she carried for the purpose. (Those venomous reptiles were once to be found in great numbers in the peninsula formed by Lakes Ontario and Erie and the Niagara River, the scene of the brave Canadian's exploit, and in the month of June are very active.) But without pausing or paying more than momentary heed to the promptings to return to her home which must have on occasions surged upon her, she pressed on ; the soil, loosened by the long winter's frost, treacherous under her feet, the gloomy closeness of the woods causing the perspiration to run

from her brow ; down into deep gullies she passed and up their steep sides again, over rocks, through morasses and cold spring swamps, across rapid streams on the trunks of fallen trees, keeping an anxious look-out in front of her for signs of friend or foe.

Night falls early in the woods. Dimness in the clearing is blackness under the interlocked branches of the forest. Owls began to hoot from the tree-tops and to flit past her with the soft rustle of ghosts ; strange sounds awakened on the air ; warm, sweet, enervating smells oozed from the ground where lay the leaves of ages ; the whip-poor-will cried sharply and clear. The passage through the woods had been terribly trying to her, and during the last part of the journey she made but little progress. Her clothing was torn, her feet blistered and bleeding, and her strength all but left her. So it was that when, with whoop and spring, a band of Indians pounced upon her, she could not have been entirely unthankful that at length her long journey was ended for weal or woe. It happened that the Indians were allies of the Canadians ; and Laura Secord, woefully bedraggled, was carried before the commander, FitzGibbon. He heard her story, and had her carefully attended to, for she was in sore straits.

FitzGibbon and his Indian allies acted with promptitude and decision, and the result of Laura Secord's remarkable journey through the woods was the complete discomfort of the American army. FitzGibbon captured every man and officer.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he visited Mrs. Secord, then an old, old lady ; and a few days later she received a handsome present from the heir to the Throne of England.

THE GLENGARRIES AT OGDENSBURGH.

The storming of the old French fort Presentation at Ogdensburgh must be looked upon as one of the most curious and daring exploits of the War of 1812. The business was coolly planned, and carried out with irresistible dash. But then, what but valour and dash could be expected from men who had inherited the very spirit of self-reliant bravery from the same sources as they had inherited their sturdy frames and determined, if fiery, tempers ? Highlanders of the real fighting stock, heirs to the deeds of a long line of valiant warriors, many of them the direct descendants of those hot-headed mountain men who poured down from the hills to be scattered at Culloden, and who, for their failure

to win or to fall, were transported to the shore of the then savage continent, North America. The sons of those who had fought at Culloden again fought a hapless fight against Washington in his struggle for freedom, and when the war for independence ended they left their all in the United States and journeyed to Canada rather than live under any flag but the Union Jack. It was these men and their sons that stormed Ogdensburgh.

Anticipating the arrival of many United Empire Loyalists—as those were called who quitted the United States after the struggle for independence—the Government of Canada set aside a large tract of land along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. In the county of Glengarry these Highlanders made their houses, taking up farms, and by their industry soon turned that part into the garden spot of Canada. They beat their swords into ploughshares, and were as successful civilians as they had been brave soldiers.

To the settlement thus formed, about 1803 came a very welcome addition. When peace with France was patched up in the first years of this century, the authorities in England, believing that war had run its course for a time, disbanded a number of splendid regiments. Among these was a Highland regiment, Roman Catholics all; a regiment that had been raised for Continental service by the individual exertions of a priest, Alexander Macdonnell, of Glen Urquhart. He was a fighting clergyman, one of the old sort, who could with equal faith lead his flock in prayer or into battle. In the regimental marchings to and fro, Father Macdonnell went with his men as chaplain of the corps with true paternal love in his heart and true fighting fire there as well. The Treaty of Amiens signed and orders issued for the disbandment of this regiment, Father Macdonnell applied to the British Government to be allowed to take his men to Canada. Not only did he obtain the desired permission, but he was also given the means for transportation; and the men with their priest at the head marched in to the highland settlement of Glengarry, no doubt one and all welcomed to the land of the maple and beaver. Probably when they settled down upon the banks of the St. Lawrence to clear their farms for the plough, they dreamed that their fighting days were past for ever. If so, they were unfortunately mistaken.

The war broke out, Queenston Heights had been carried and retaken, and the harsh winter

of the northern zone of America came down and effectively put an end for a time to active hostilities. But long before this took place—in fact, at the first serious news from Washington—Father Macdonnell's fighting blood had stirred in him and the fiery cross was sent through the land. The Highlanders lay by their axes, donned their tartans, took down their broadswords from their places on the ceiling beams, and repaired to the rendezvous where Colonel George Macdonnell—"George the Red," as he was called, after the Highland manner of distinguishing one of a name from another by some personal peculiarity—was ready to drill the men and lead them afterwards. "George the Red" was a near relative of the priest's, and a fighting Highlander through and through. The men he gathered around him were called the Glengarry Fencibles, and during the war proved themselves sore stumbling-blocks to the ingenious and valiant Americans.

The Glengarries were given a great stretch of the St. Lawrence to guard, their headquarters being at Prescott, in Grenville County, Ontario. After their long schooling against the highly trained troops of France, it must have been a curious experience for these men to engage in the semi-guerilla fighting that took place in the War of 1812. On the American side of the river and directly opposite to Prescott is Ogdensburgh, a thriving place to this day. Between the Canadian and the American towns the St. Lawrence flows, at this point quite a mile and a quarter in width, a strait of beautiful waves in summer, but a mass of grinding ice-floes in early winter and early spring. In the depth of winter it presents a curious spectacle: a wind-swept plain, glittering in the sunlight and eerily white under the moon, broken into rugged furrows and dotted here and there by air-holes—breathing-places an acre or more in extent, from which ascend, when the temperature is very low, clouds of vapour as if from huge caldrons. The freezing over of the great rivers of America is a gradual process, the ice growing out from either bank until one clear night the ice-floes are jammed, their ragged edges are joined, their giddy whirlings cease, and the grinding roar is hushed. As the days pass the ice becomes so thick that it can bear any burden that man ever places upon it. Such was the river in the month of February, 1813.

At Ogdensburgh stood an old French fort, and in this fort a Captain Forsyth held command with five hundred American soldiers and a



"MUSKET BALLS BEGAN TO DROP IN THE RANKS, AND MEN LEAPED INTO THE AIR TO FALL FLAT UPON THE GLITTERING ICE" (p. 238).

proportionate number of artillery. Early in February, Forsyth, with a small company at his back, had crossed the river late one night on a foraging expedition. This audacious proceeding enraged the "Glengarries." Father Macdonnell and "George the Red" laid their heads together. The outcome was the order that Ogdensburgh must be stormed, and stormed without delay. The leader at once set about preparing for the action.

His plans were as simple as bold. A stretch of ice more than a mile wide, offering no shelter from shot or shell, lay between the Highlanders and their foe. From the walls of the fort eleven cannon looked over this ice-plain. But Macdonnell cared nothing for the strange footing, and hoped to reach the cannon before the cannon would have time to reach him. Morning after morning the red leader marched his men out upon the frozen surface of the river, and for hours at a time used the ice as a drill ground. To the Americans at Ogdensburgh, who at first watched every movement of their dangerous neighbours, it appeared as though Macdonnell was determined to keep his men in thorough training for the spring campaign. Not only did the Highlanders march and countermarch, but they hauled with them a couple of ugly-looking field-guns. Day by day they ventured farther out upon the ice in their practice, until the centre of the river was reached if not passed.

On the morning of the 22nd February the Highlanders as usual turned out upon the ice. Four hundred and eighty of them there were all told, and the everlasting two old field-pieces dragging behind them like the tail of a beaver. From the walls of the fort at Ogdensburgh the usual number of soldiers took their places to watch the drill. Captain Forsyth himself watched the spectacle for a time, but having seen enough of it, hastened to his breakfast. As he sat over his meal an officer came to him and said that he thought there was something suspicious about the looks of the Highlanders this morning. Forsyth thought otherwise, and went on with his breakfast. The junior officer, unfortunately for the Glengarry men, felt uneasy and sceptical, and resolved to keep a suspicious watch over the goings-on on the ice. Not many minutes passed before his shout from the walls of the fort caused the soldiers to spring to their arms. The Highland hosts had suddenly rent asunder, and two columns dashed straight for opposite sides of the fort.

"George the Red" himself headed the left

wing. His men held the ropes of the two field-guns. Foremost in the right wing ran Captain Jenkins, a Canadian born and bred. On they dashed for the fort, running as fast as legs would carry across a frozen river. But half a mile of ice is a long, long road to travel, and before the columns had progressed many hundreds of yards the first cannon-load of grape shot came sweeping across the field of ice to meet the oncoming columns. Another hundred yards forward and the musket balls began to drop in the ranks, and men leaped into the air to fall flat upon the glittering ice.

Macdonnell's men carried the guns. It was the leader's plan to plunge into Ogdensburgh, brush out of his way any opposition that might there be offered, and plant the artillery in a position to fire into the fort from the rear, in this way preparing a breach for Jenkins, who was to storm the fort at the opposite side. But Macdonnell had not counted on his movements being so quickly discovered, nor that he would encounter such obstacles when he approached the bank. His men reached the American shore, swept through the village with irresistible fury; but when they reached the chosen spot for planting the guns, the guns were not forthcoming. They had, it turned out, become buried in a great bank of snow and ice that skirted the marge of the river. It took a weary time to hoist them out of their helpless position, tumble them up the river bank, and plant them in a commanding position. Meanwhile the Americans, rare marksmen and cool fellows, did not let the minutes slip unprofitably by.

While Macdonnell's men were floundering in the snowdrift, poor Jenkins and his band were having a very bad time of it. No sooner had he started forward than seven cannon were pointed at him, and the grape played havoc with his men, momentarily throwing them into confusion. He himself had his left arm shattered by the very first shot from the fort, but calling bravely to his men they all sprang forward. However, they had not gone many yards before a second shot struck the leader, this time on the right arm, completely disabling that also. Notwithstanding his terrible wounds—his left arm had to be amputated and his right was never afterwards of any use to him, although it hung by his side—the gallant Canadian pressed stoutly forward to inspire his men, but at length fell exhausted on the ice from loss of blood. His men, however, never lost heart. Leaving their commander where he lay, they breasted the fire from

the fort, scrambled up the bank, formed in proper order, and charged over the breastworks, depending on their bayonets to carry the day. In the nick of time "George the Red" got his guns into position, and with a "Hurrah!" both wings made for the old French fort. Forsyth, seeing all lost, retired with those men who were able to follow him, escaping into the woods that surrounded the place. The Highlanders secured the fort, burnt four armed vessels that lay in the bay, carted a vast quantity of stores across the ice to Prescott, and having destroyed the fortification, retired to Canadian soil.

The Canadian loss in the gallant affair amounted to eight killed and fifty-two wounded, most of them struck down on the ice by the raking grape-shot.

TECUMSEH, WAR-CHIEF OF THE SHAWNEES.

A few tame buffaloes where once roamed countless thousands; a few patches of ragged forests where once waved a continent of forests; a few red men, tamed but not civilised, where once the smoke from many villages of wigwams and tepee curled through green branches and drifted into the blue sky. The triumph of the white man in North America has been won by the extermination of well-nigh everything indigenous to the continent. The very climate has changed. Europeans from Spain, France, Holland, and our own island kingdom set foot on American soil only to fly at the throat of all things un-European. Beasts, wild-flowers, forests—all have been dislodged; streams diverted, rivers bridged, railways set to crawl over the face of nature, land laid bare to the glaring sun, and a unique continent turned into a second Europe. But the most deplorable sacrifice to white man's convenience was the sacrifice of the forests and the Children of the Forests.

Some of the grandest figures in American history are Indians. Among these Pontiac and Tecumseh stand out in commanding proportions, and it is a strange coincidence that both of these mighty warriors, during the years in which their greatest deeds were done, had their wigwams pitched on the banks of the Detroit river. Pontiac, than whom no greater war-chief ever swung the tomahawk, personally directed the operations against Fort Detroit, then garrisoned by British soldiers, and conducted the greatest siege that is recorded in the history of the red man. Tecumseh, the next striking figure in Indian history, fought on the banks of the same stream side by side with the British, whom his

great forerunner had attempted to expel from American soil. As a striking figure of the War of 1812, this Tecumseh may be placed shoulder to shoulder with Sir Isaac Brock, hero of Queenston Heights, whom he knew and loved. Tecumseh was a born leader, eloquent in speech, lofty in principle, and brilliant in war. His death in the battle of the Thames caused a thrill of sorrow to pass through Canada, sorrow only less intense than that which moved the Canadians when they heard of the death of Brock on Queenston Heights.

Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, was born about 1770. His earliest recollections were of war, for his people, turbulent and fierce, found themselves in unending trouble with the Americans. He was twenty years old when General Harmer, commanding a large body of American troops, was sent to punish his tribe. The Shawnees met the Americans, and the cruel fight that resulted was altogether disastrous to the white men. They were forced to fight at great disadvantage, and finally had to take to heels to escape a general massacre. Next year General St. Clair undertook to avenge Harmer's defeat, and the end of this expedition was that the Americans were again almost annihilated. This, of course, could not last. The United States Government, two years later, fitted out a column, giving the command to General Wayne. Ample troops for the war were placed under the general's care, and Wayne most effectively administered the punishment which in the previous attempts had failed to be given. The Shawnees lost a greater part of their territory and a large number of their best warriors.

The disaster to his people had a curious effect on the mind of Tecumseh. At that time a young and no doubt unimportant buck, the defeat rankled in his heart without in any way cowing his independent nature. A great hatred for the Americans grew in his breast, and he formed a determination to overwhelm them in the west and drive them east of the Alleghanies. To do this he saw clearly that he must not begin by leading one tribe to war against the soldiers, but that all Indians on the continent must be formed into a confederacy and made to act in concert. It was a dream cherished by most of the great Indian chiefs, but none set about its accomplishment with clearer intelligence and sterner determination to surmount all obstacles than Tecumseh.

His resolve once formed, he without loss of time set out to preach the crusade among the

neighbouring tribes. His oratory, rich in the metaphor which the Indian loves and thrilling with martial fire, touched the hearts of the restless warriors; and when in 1804 Tecumseh's brother, the then chief of the tribe, proclaimed himself a prophet sent by the Great Spirit to lead the Children of the Forest back to their original ways of life and ancient heritage, and at the same time renounced the chieftainship in favour of Tecumseh, the young warrior found himself at the head of a splendid band of warriors, which his own and his brother's fame,

General Harrison's officers offered a chair to the chief, saying—

"Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat."

Tecumseh gazed into the sky before answering:

"My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. She gives me nourishment, and I will rest on her bosom."

Having spoken, he flung himself on the turf.

The interview was short and unsatisfactory. Tecumseh refused to relinquish his idea of form-



WHERE TECUMSEH STOOD AT BAY.

ringing through the land, was causing to be increased every day by ambitious spirits from friendly tribes. So threatening did the movement among the Indians appear to the United States that the President instructed General Harrison, himself President in after years, to see Tecumseh and learn his intentions.

This was the first meeting between Harrison and Tecumseh. They last came face to face in the swamp-lands of the valley of the Thames in Canada, and Tecumseh, fighting like a mountain-cat, fell riddled with buckshot.

This first meeting threw into relief the character of the Indian war-chief. Both Americans and red men arranged to meet unarmed. Tecumseh at the head of his warriors appeared at the appointed place punctually. One of

ing a confederacy, unless the President, on behalf of the United States, undertook to keep the white man within the boundaries already occupied by him.

Immediately after the interview the Shawnee chief set out to preach his favourite scheme to the Indians of the south. During his absence his tribe got into further trouble with the troops, and were again sorely cut up and defeated. Tecumseh returned home, gathered around him the warriors who had escaped destruction, and, the War of 1812 breaking out, he hastened with his band to Detroit, there to place himself at the disposal of the Canadians. From that day to the day of his death he led his braves with a judgment and brilliancy scarcely equalled in the annals of Indian warfare.

To Tecumseh and his warriors fell the distinction of striking the first telling blow in the War of 1812. An American army commanded by Hull had crossed to Canadian soil, expecting to easily subdue the western part of Canada. Hull's army depended on the west for supplies, and Tecumseh, knowing this, beset the road leading from Ohio, and ambushed a large

army behind the stockades of Detroit, leaving Tecumseh to return triumphantly to Amherstburgh. This was a characteristic beginning to a war for the most part fought in the bush.

Fresh from his victory over Van Horne, Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, met for the first and last time Brock, commander of the forces in British North America. It is recorded



"SPRANG OUT OF THE MORASS AND FLEW AT THE THROATS OF THE RENOWNED RIFLEMEN" (p. 243).

convoy under Van Horne. The Americans were taken by surprise, but held their ground bravely against Tecumseh and his warriors. A fierce fight followed, but the Indian chief had the advantage of position, and moreover his braves were used to fighting in the woods. Under green trees and among tangled underbrush, as in the marsh-lands, none could war so well as the Indian. After fighting the fight of despair, Van Horne's little army was scattered; most of the troops were killed and important despatches captured. At the news of this disaster Hull retired from Canada, and shut his

that the two took a great liking to one another. Brock certainly looked upon Tecumseh as a remarkable man, in whom all trust could be placed. Un-Indianlike, the Shawnee chief scorned liquor. He had been a heavy drinker in his youth, but seeing how liquor was carrying off his people he renounced its use. In victory he refused to plunder, and his valour was above suspicion. Brock and Tecumseh planned the storming of Fort Detroit, although the force they had for the purpose was far weaker than that under Hull, who held the fort. Tecumseh undertook the cutting-off of the fort from all

communication with the outside world, and with his thousand warriors completely surrounded Detroit, besetting every highway and path; and when Brock summoned Hull to surrender, Tecumseh drew in his circle of ferocious followers, and their war-whoops, ringing from the woods and re-echoing from the old stockade, hastened the American general's resolve to open the gates. From that day to the day of his death Tecumseh was looked upon by friend and foe alike as one of the great leaders in the war. The Canadians found him an invaluable ally, and the Americans a leader to be reckoned with. Few Indian chiefs ever had such responsibilities placed on their shoulders by the white man as had Tecumseh. It is scarcely too much to say that Brock looked to the Shawnee to hold the territory of Michigan and defend Western Canada from attack. Proctor, who commanded the few troops Brock could spare from his hard task at Niagara, no doubt held actual command, but Tecumseh was the fighting force. And right well he did his duty.

In January of 1813, Proctor and Tecumseh led out their small force and surprised a brigade of Harrison's army, killing close upon 400 men, and capturing Brigadier Winchester, three field-officers, nine captains, twenty subalterns, and more than 500 men. Considering the small armies in the field at this time, the number of killed was appalling. Unfortunately some Indians, losing control of themselves, commenced to massacre the wounded, and a number of unfortunate American soldiers were in this way done to death before the red men could be brought under control.

News of this action spread among the tribes of the forest and plain, and Tecumseh's band was swelled by volunteers from near and from afar—bucks anxious to see fighting or to avenge the blood of killed tribesmen. Proctor, elated with the success of his offensive operation, determined to pursue the forward policy, and with 1,000 regulars and militia, and 1,200 Indians, he in April laid siege to Fort Meigs. At this siege Tecumseh again distinguished himself by cleverly leading Colonel Dudley and 400 American troops into an ambush, with the result that half were slain and the remainder captured. Although Proctor found it impracticable to continue the siege, he managed during the operation to take 550 prisoners, and the slain of the American forces were estimated at about 500 men. After this General Harrison's army was strengthened to such proportions that

the small army of Canadians and Indians found it impossible to act on the offensive with any success, and when Commodore Perry in a gallant action swept the upper lakes of the British fleet, Proctor found himself compelled to evacuate Fort Detroit and retreat towards Niagara. Against this movement Tecumseh protested in one of the finest examples of Indian oratory that has been handed down to us from a time not so long passed, but passed for ever, when the Indian was still a great orator and a sturdy warrior. In the course of his speech he protested strongly against any retreat not preceded by a defeat. To quote a few sentences from his oratory:—

"Father, listen! our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with that arm. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run the other.

"Father, listen! the Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain and fight our enemy should they make their appearance.

"Father! you have got the arms which our Great Father sent for his red children. If you intend to retreat give them to us and you may go. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The Great Spirit willed, and Tecumseh left his bones on Canadian soil.

Proctor began his disastrous retreat on September 28th. The country through which his route lay is as peculiar in its way as any on the North American continent. Once upon a time this tract of land was covered by Lake St. Clair, but through the ages the water receded from the face of the earth, leaving a great alluvial plain of waving reeds and coarse grasses, the paradise of the wild duck. Through this the Canadians and Indians made their way, and, coming to the River Thames, set out along its northern bank through an open forest.

Closely following on their footsteps came General Harrison with 3,500 men, 1,500 of these Kentucky riflemen mounted on horses that understood the woods as well as any woodsman. Proctor found it impossible to make much progress owing to the terrible state of the ground; and Harrison, with his mounted men, soon caught him up.

On October the 5th the little band of regulars and Indians was forced to halt and prepare for battle. The position he secured was a favourable one. On his left the River Thames flowed, deep and treacherous. On his right, in the security of a swamp, lay Tecumseh and his warriors, delighted at the prospect of another meeting with their foe. The small force of regulars were deployed from river to swamp, and all was ready for the appearance of Harrison.

Tecumseh held a position that appealed to the Indian heart. A tangled mass of underbrush, long grass, and gnarled swamp-oak hid him from view; underfoot the soil shook like jelly and scarcely would bear the weight of a moccasin foot, being quite impossible to horse-men. In such a place the mighty warrior awaited in all confidence the time when he might spring whooping from his cover to fall upon the flank of the Americans. The last words he spoke to Proctor as he was about to retire to the fastness of the marsh-lands were, "Father, have a big heart!"

Notwithstanding the telling position he had secured, Proctor neither took ordinary precautions to escape surprise nor did he or his men display valour in the fight. At the first charge of the American horsemen, and before the Indians had an opportunity to begin the battle

according to the arrangements come to between Proctor and Tecumseh, the regulars broke and ran. In fact, many did not go to the trouble of attempting to escape, but threw their weapons on the ground and surrendered.

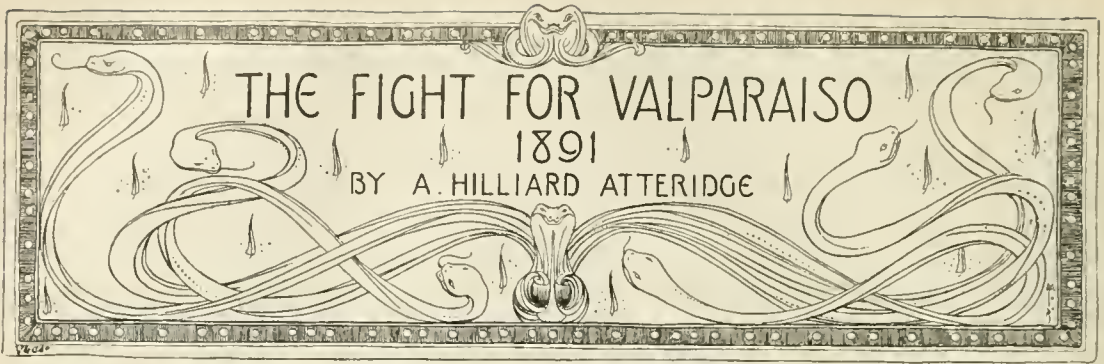
Tecumseh saw what happened, and his rage was great. He and his warriors might very well have withdrawn and saved themselves, for no army could hope to catch the red man in the woods; but instead of doing this he resolved to give battle, and at the head of his bucks sprang out of the morass and flew at the throats of the renowned riflemen. The Kentucky men, hunters and trappers every one of them, were familiar with Indian tactics, and used to fighting under trees. They met the Indian charge with great coolness, and although badly cut up, held their ground.

In the savage struggle that followed, the great Shawnee Tecumseh met instantaneous death, being riddled with buckshot. His death put a stop to all fighting. The Indians quickly melted away among the trees, leaving their chief dead on the banks of the muddy Thames.

Tecumseh's end was one after his own heart. Pontiac died from a tomahawk-blow delivered, it is said, in a drunken squabble; but Tecumseh died with tomahawk in hand, the heat of battle in his brain, and his face to the foe.



A COUNCIL OF WAR.



THE history of most of the South American republics, since their successful revolt against Spain in the first quarter of the century, has been diversified with frequent civil wars. Here the party that has been beaten at the elections tries to reverse the verdict of the polls by an appeal to arms; there a president develops into a dictator, and answers the protests of the local congress with rifle bullets. A playful exaggeration described the condition of a Spanish republic by saying that there was a revolution in the capital whenever it was too hot to work. But there is one South American State which is a notable exception to this condition of affairs. In Chili there was an abortive attempt at insurrection in 1851, but for nearly forty years from the day of its failure the country enjoyed internal tranquillity. It supported Peru in its resistance to Spain in the sixties. It carried on a successful war with the same sister republic at the end of the seventies, gaining thereby extension of territory and some reputation for hard fighting by sea and land. But this long period of internal peace and growing prosperity closed when in 1890 an ambitious president tried to usurp something like dictatorial power. Balmaceda was by all accounts an able man, and many of his ideas as to the lines on which the wealth of the country could be developed were excellent. But unfortunately he tried to make himself the arbitrary master of the State instead of its constitutional head, and towards the end of the year he brought matters to a crisis by throwing into prison some of the leading men of the majority in the Congress, which opposed his views.

On January 1st, 1891, the Congress, with the exception of his few personal adherents, formally declared that Balmaceda had violated the Constitution. Those leaders of the majority who

were still at liberty and many of their followers then went on board the fleet, which had through its officers promised to support the Constitution against the would-be dictator. The army, however, for the most part stood by Balmaceda, and the fleet steamed away to the northwards, and took possession of Iquique, which became the temporary capital of the provisional government, while Balmaceda was for the time supreme at Valparaiso and Santiago and throughout the south and centre of the Republic. Coquimbo marked the northern limit of his power, and for a time the rival claimants to the dominion of Chili were indeed at war, but unable to strike any effective blows at each other. The difficult nature of the country between Coquimbo and Iquique, the fact that the Congressists commanded the sea, and the fear that a large withdrawal of his forces from the south would lead to a rising against him, all combined to prevent Balmaceda from attempting to do more than stand on the defensive. The Congressists, on the other hand, though they bombarded Coronel and other points on the coast held by their rivals, had only a small untrained and badly armed land force at their disposal, and could therefore make no serious attempt to drive Balmaceda from the capital and the great port of Valparaiso. The dictator, through his agents in Europe and the United States, set to work to obtain a fleet, and the Congressists imported arms and rapidly levied an army in the north. It was a race between them to see which would first be ready for effective action. The dictator had nearly all the organised machinery of the regular government at his disposal, maintaining himself by something like a reign of terror in Valparaiso. The Congressists, though nominally rebels, were really preparing to defend law, order, and the constitution against their worst enemy.

Fortunately for Chili, the Congressists secured the help of a remarkable man to form, train, and direct their new levies. Emil Körner had learned the soldier's business in that excellent school the general staff of the Prussian army. He had seen war on a grand scale in France in 1870-71, and he had come out to Chili to act as a professor in the "Academy of War" or Staff College of the Republican army. Refusing to give his adherence to Balmaceda, he made his way to the headquarters of the insurgents at Iquique, and was at once appointed chief of the staff to General Del Canto, who commanded their land forces. For three months Colonel Körner worked night and day. He superintended the training of the recruits. He gave lectures and practical instruction to the officers. He drew up and had printed a little book

experiment. By the beginning of August the Congressist leaders decided that the time for action had come. Körner would perhaps have wished for a little longer time for preparation, but Balmaceda had purchased a powerful iron-clad and some other warships in Europe, and their arrival would deprive the Congressists of the great advantage of an unchallenged command of the sea, which indeed was the first element of success in their plan of campaign.

The Congressist or Constitutional army was less than 10,000 strong. There were three infantry brigades, varying in strength from 2,500 to 3,000 men, a couple of batteries of mountain-guns and a few field-pieces, six squadrons of cavalry, mustering in all less than 700 sabres, three companies of engineers, and a detachment of sailors from the fleet with six Hotchkiss



VALPARAISO.

with elaborate diagrams on the modern infantry attack. He imported some thousands of Männlicher repeating-rifles, and armed his best regiments with this terribly effective weapon. Finally he compiled and issued a series of maps of the country in which the army was to operate, and drew up a plan for the coming campaign. The Männlicher had never yet been used upon the battlefield, and the struggle for the possession of Valparaiso would therefore be, from the scientific soldier's point of view, an interesting

machine-guns. None of the infantry had had the Männlicher rifle in their hands for more than six weeks; some of them had only enlisted a fortnight ago. It was a daring enterprise to throw such a force as this on a hostile coast within a few miles of a great city held by a regular army at least 25,000 strong. Körner, in advising the attempt to be made, trusted partly to the effect that would be produced by the new rifles, partly to the notorious fact that the Balmacedist army was in part composed of recruits

enlisted by force, and old soldiers whose sympathies were not with the dictator, but who were terrorised into following his generals by the frequent military executions of those who showed the least hesitation in obeying orders, the least leaning towards the Constitutional cause.

The troops embarked at Iquique, Caldera, and Huasco in the second week of August. They were crowded on board of seven large steamers and three war-ships, these last being the ironclad *Almirante Cochrane* (named after the British admiral who did so much for South American freedom) and the cruisers *Esmeralda* and *O'Higgins*. The members of the provisional government were on board of the ironclad, together with General Canto, Colonel Körner, and the staff. All went well, and at noon on August 19th the fleet assembled at the appointed rendezvous at sea, sixty miles west of the port of Quintero, the destined landing-place. The orders were that the fleet was to approach Quintero under cover of the darkness of the next night. The steam launches of the war-ships were to go into the bay and drag it, to make sure that there were no torpedoes laid down. At dawn the vanguard battalion was to surprise the little town; the rest of the army was to disembark under the cover of the guns of the fleet; and, as soon as it was complete, it was to march southwards for Valparaiso, distant about fifteen miles. The men were to land carrying three days' provisions, and the infantry were to have 150 cartridges in their pouches, the small bore of the new rifle making it possible to carry this large supply of ammunition without overloading the men.

When the sun rose on Thursday, August 20th, it was found that instead of being off Quintero the fleet had, through miscalculating the drift of a current, been carried ten miles to the northward of the port, the mistake resulting in some loss of valuable time. The harbour was found to be clear of torpedoes, and the only garrison in the town was a few dragoons, who retreated southwards as soon as the boats of the vanguard put off from the side of the steamer. The dragoons tried to drive away with them a large flock of 3,000 sheep, but, on being pursued, they abandoned this valuable prize to the Congressists. The telegraph office was occupied, and the wires cut, but before their flight the Balmacedists had got off some long messages to Santiago and Valparaiso. It was a bad piece of negligence on the part of the invaders that they had not

landed small parties above and below the town to cut the wires in the dark.

The disembarkation at Quintero had been timed for 5.30 a.m., but the fleet did not reach the bay till seven, and it was not till half-past nine that the first boatload of troops were towed to the shore. At ten the vanguard began its march southwards towards the Aconcagua river, but it was not till twelve hours later that the last of the troops were ashore, and the march of the third brigade did not begin till midnight. The Aconcagua, which is fordable at several points, runs into the sea through a valley about half a mile wide, the parallel lines of heights on either side being from 450 to 600 feet high. Rumour said that the dictator's troops were concentrating on the southern heights to dispute the passage, and the scouts pushed on in advance by the Congressists confirmed this report. They found the enemy holding a position on the southern hills, with his left near the sea on the heights above the village of Concon Bajo, and his right about two and a half miles further inland. His force was estimated to be about 11,000 strong, with several batteries of cannon and machine-guns. It was certainly pushing daring to the verge of rashness to attack such a force in such a position, with inferior numbers and hardly any artillery. But General Canto and Colonel Körner decided that the risk of inaction would be still greater. It would dispirit the volunteers, it would add to the strength of the enemy's forces, and finally there was the danger of a break in the weather. Levied in the rainless districts of the north, the Congressist army was formed of men who could not be expected to carry on a campaign in wet weather without suffering serious losses by sickness, and being reduced to a state of depression that would not leave much inclination for fighting in the survivors. They were good soldiers, these volunteers of the Constitution; but, like the French duellist with the umbrella, though they did not mind being shot they had not bargained for catching cold.

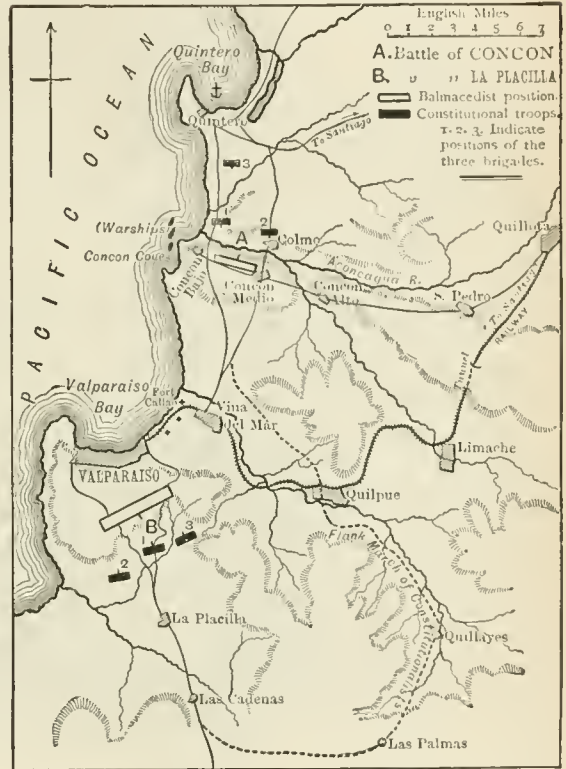
Soon after sunrise on Friday, the 21st, the Congressists began to throw shells from their mountain-guns across the valley into the Balmacedist lines. Their object was to make the dictator's batteries reveal their positions by opening in reply, and soon Körner's staff-officers were able to note, not only the points where the enemy's guns were, but also the positions into which he was moving his infantry battalions. While this desultory cannonade was echoing

along the valley, the fords of the Aconcagua were reconnoitred, and it was finally decided that Körner was to send across the first brigade by a ford, partly sheltered from the enemy's view and fire, near the village of Concon Bajo, and attack the Balmacedist left, while Canto, with the two other brigades, crossed higher up at Colmo and attacked their front. The fleet was to steam close in to the shore near Concon Cove and support the right attack with its long-ranging guns. It was the battle of the Alma all over again on a small scale. Like Gortschakoff, the Balmacedist generals, Barbosa and Alcérrec, did not oppose the actual landing, but disputed a river crossing lying between the invaders and their objective; and in the actual fight Körner's advance from Concon Bajo was exactly parallel to Bosquet's attack on the Russian left near the sea, while Canto's advance with the two other brigades represented the main frontal attack of the English and French armies.

The attack from Concon Bajo had the great advantage of the support of the fleet. Alcérrec saw that this would be so, and strongly urged Barbosa, who was his senior, to give battle at a point further from the coast; but his colleague had an utter contempt for the new levies of the Congressists. As he saw them advancing on the morning of the battle of Concon, he said, using a Chilean expression of contempt—"They are four cats. I shall sweep them back to their ships this very morning!"

A little after eleven the battle began in earnest. Signals from the shore told the fleet where to direct its fire, and the *Cochrane*, the *Esmeralda*, and the *O'Higgins* working their guns as safely as if they were at target practice, searched with their shell-fire every hollow in the hills near the coast where the dictator's reserves might be concentrated. At the same time a battery of mountain-guns opened from Concon Bajo on the small bodies of the enemy who were watching the ford, and a company of rifles advanced against them, and for the first time the rapid fire of the repeating-rifle was heard on a battlefield. Under this shower of bullets and shells the Balmacedists fell back, and the 1st brigade, in a long column of fours, plunged into the river at the ford. Before they advanced the men threw down their packs and cloaks, going into action with only their haversacks, water-bottles, rifles, and ammunition. The ford was nowhere more than waist deep, and as the column reached the opposite bank regiment after regiment extended into fighting formation. As the first line

reached the crest of the height a large flag was displayed, a signal to the ships to cease firing, for after this their shells would have been as dangerous to friends as to foes. All the high ground near the sea was clear of the enemy, but supported by a battery of artillery, the Balmacedists held the further edge of a ravine which ran across the hill, nearer to Concon Medio, and against this the attack of the first brigade was directed, while the cavalry crossed by the ford and, riding up the heights, protected its right,



which was threatened by a mass of Balmacedist lancers.

Meanwhile Canto had heard the firing towards the sea, and took this as a signal to begin his own attack at the ford of Colmo. Covered by the fire of a mountain-battery and the machine-guns landed from the fleet, the first battalions of the 2nd brigade forded the Aconcagua. The 3rd brigade was still far from the field, but messengers were despatched to hasten its march, and especially to urge the artillery to push on as rapidly as possible. The Colmo ford was not at all as good a place for crossing as the ford of Concon Bajo. The bottom was irregular, the current was strong, and the place was under fire from the Balmacedist position. Several men were

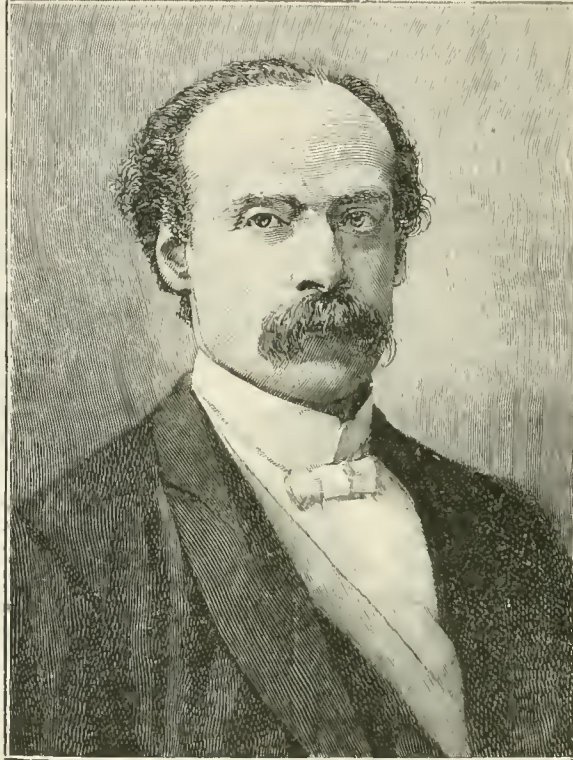
shot down in the water, and still more were swept away by the current, or missed the ford and were drowned. But nevertheless the Congressists pushed on; and once across, the very steepness of the river bank sheltered them as they formed for attack.

There was now a sharp infantry fight in progress at two points—on the Congressist right, where the 1st brigade was steadily forcing back the Balmacedists along the ridge, and between Colmo and Concon Medio, where Canto with the 2nd brigade was struggling for the possession of the long green hillside above the river. At both points the rapid fire of the new rifle told strongly in favour of the attack; but it had also its dangers and drawbacks, for the regiments first engaged, partly trained as they were, did not husband their cartridges, and though they had 150 to begin with, they were soon beginning to run short of ammunition. This was especially the case on the right. The Iquique regiment had got to within two hundred yards of the Balmacedist battery, and the gunners were firing case-shot. The guns were in imminent danger, when the fire of the attack all but ceased. Their ammunition was gone, and they would have had to fall back if at that moment the cavalry had not come to the rescue. The two squadrons that charged had not quite three hundred sabres, but they decided the fight on this part of the field. Sweeping round the flank of the infantry they dashed with a wild cheer in amongst the guns and captured the whole battery, the Iquique men coming on with their bayonets fixed the moment the rush of horsemen stopped the fire of the guns.

In the attack of the 2nd brigade cartridges

had run so short that the men searched the bodies of the dead and wounded for further supplies. Here it would have gone badly with the attack had not part of the 3rd brigade arrived, tired after their night march, but with their pouches well filled with cartridges. The Balmacedists had been gathering round Concon Medio for a counter attack, when in their front the sudden outburst of heavy volley firing from the newly-arrived battalions, and on the left the sight of their own troops retiring in confusion followed by Körner's 1st brigade, told them that the battle was lost. While the mass of the Balmacedist army retired towards Valparaiso, some 1,500 threw down their arms and were made prisoners. Others dispersed in various directions, and altogether Barbosa did not muster more than 3,000 men by evening out of the 11,000 that he had put in line of battle in the morning.

In the battle of Concon the victors lost 869 men, of whom 216 were killed, 531 wounded, and 122 returned as "missing." Of these



PRESIDENT JOSÉ BALMACEDA.

most were drowned, or shot and swept away by the river during the difficult passage of the Colmo ford. Of the Balmacedists 1,648 fell in the battle, of whom 833 were killed and 815 wounded. It will be noticed that the number of killed and wounded was nearly equal, those killed on the spot being slightly in the majority. No previous battle since firearms were invented showed any such result. This was largely the result of some of the Balmacedists having fought behind breastworks, where if a man was hit it was by a bullet through the head. On the other hand, comparatively few of the wounds inflicted by the Männlicher had fatal results after the battle. There were not many bullets to extract—most

of them had gone through, making a small clean wound with very little bleeding, and if no vital part was penetrated there was generally a rapid recovery. Most of the wounded were out of hospital by the end of September.

After the fight many of the prisoners took service with the Congressist army, and the guns captured by the cavalry proved a very welcome

and it was with the utmost difficulty that a moderate supply of shell and cartridges was put on the road for the captured positions. The troops bivouacked for the night on the ground they had won, and here there was another difficulty. Many of the men had eaten all their reserve rations on the march, others had thrown them away. Supplies had to be hunted up in



"THEY DASHED WITH A WILD CHEER IN AMONGST THE GUNS AND CAPTURED THE WHOLE BATTERY" (p. 248).

reinforcement to its artillery. If Canto and Körner could have followed up their victory by an immediate march on Valparaiso the war might have been ended next day; but this was out of the question, because most of the regiments had fired away so much ammunition that there were not ten cartridges per man left. The machine-guns and the mountain-batteries had also nearly exhausted their supplies. And it was not so easy to refill the empty pouches and limbers. The disembarkation of the baggage animals and the transport of the ammunition column had been going on slowly at Quintero,

the neighbourhood during the evening after the battle. Then, too, nearly all the infantry were without their cloaks and packs. They had thrown them down before they entered the fords. They shivered through the night for the want of them, and those who recovered them next day were fortunate. Some had to wait for them till the end of the campaign.

After the battle, the 1st brigade had pushed on to a point about ten miles from Valparaiso. It was not till noon on the 22nd that the ammunition supplies of the army were brought up to 120 cartridges per man. By this time it had

been ascertained that the strong position of Vina del Mar, north of Valparaiso, was entrenched and held in force by the Balmacedists. All night trains had been moving along the railway between Quilpue and Vina del Mar, bringing up troops from the direction of Santiago. In the afternoon firing broke out in the Balmacedist lines, and later on came the sound of regular volleys. The Congressist staff rightly guessed that there had been an unsuccessful attempt at mutiny in the enemy's camp, promptly followed by military executions. During these last days there was a reign of terror in the camp and in Valparaiso, and counting on the notorious disaffection of many of the dictator's troops, the Congressist leaders resolved to try the effect of a surprise attack on the Vina del Mar position at dawn on the 23rd.

But the Sunday morning saw the first failure of the Congressists. The troops destined for the attack did not reach their positions till the sun was already risen, and then surprise was out of the question. There were no signs of a revolt among the garrison of the lines, which had been further reinforced by rail during the night. When the artillery of the attack opened, it was answered by a still more powerful artillery in the lines, and on the left of the defence the heavy guns of Fort Callao co-operated in this cannonade. The fleet stood in towards the bay, and engaged the northern forts, but was unable to produce any effect upon them. By nine o'clock it was decided that a successful assault on the lines was out of the question; the fleet steamed out to sea, the infantry withdrew to their bivouacs of the night before, and the artillery retired with them. But Colonel Körner had already suggested, and Del Canto had accepted, a new plan for the capture of Valparaiso. The army was next day to march to Quilpue, cut the railway there, and then moving round to the south of Valparaiso, attack the city on the side where Balmaceda had no entrenched position ready for his army, and where the forts could not co-operate in the defence.

"The only road practicable," writes Colonel Körner in his official report, "was through Quilpue and the farms of Las Palmas and Las Cadenas. The practicability of this road depends entirely on the state of the weather: very good when it is dry, it becomes boggy after a little rain. A much more serious inconvenience was the distance which had to be traversed—rather more than twenty-eight miles. An army well trained in marching could do the distance with-

out difficulty in twelve hours; but the Constitutional army had not had time to become trained to this work. Besides, volunteers, always ready to fight, submit without difficulty to instruction in fighting, but by no means so readily to the more arduous training in forced marching, which is the only means by which one can, in time, form a 'marching army.' Accordingly, it was necessary to allow two days for this relatively short distance."

The actual time taken was even longer. Körner was anxious to mislead the enemy as to his intentions, and accordingly on the Monday the 1st brigade pretended to be preparing for an attack on Vina del Mar, while the other two marched on Quilpue. When they had seized the town, the 1st followed them. The railway was torn up and the tunnel of Limache blocked by sending a locomotive into it, blowing the engine up on the line, and wrecking a quantity of rolling stock on top of it. At Quilpue a committee of gentlemen had arranged to watch the station for the three previous days and nights, counting the carriages that passed through and estimating the number of soldiers they contained. They told the Congressist staff that Balmaceda must have concentrated about 14,000 troops, including some Indians. The Congressist force numbered now about 10,000 men.

Tuesday was a day of rest, and endeavours were made to lead the dictator to expect an attack along the railway line. At dawn on the Wednesday the march was resumed. Soon after it began a regiment of 300 hussars deserted from the dictator and joined the popular forces. The hot hours of the middle of the day were given to rest, and in the evening the march from Las Palmas to Las Cadenas was resumed, but little progress was made in the darkness: the ground to be traversed was cut up with streams, marshes, and woods; and at last the troops bivouacked without reaching the ground where the generals had hoped to attack the enemy soon after daybreak. The battle was therefore adjourned till the next day—Friday, the 28th.

The troops were concentrated on Thursday morning. In the afternoon a council of war was held in a farm-house, where Körner, a piece of chalk in his hand, explained, with the help of a rough diagram drawn upon the floor, what each was to do in the next day's fight. The enemy held a succession of ridges, steep-sided, and with narrow summits, which run out into the plain

near the village of La Placilla. Körner knew the ground well. As professor at the Staff School he had directed tactical exercises upon it, and he judged that if one extremity of the line were briskly attacked the enemy would find it difficult to move up supports from the rest of his position on account of the deep ravines that traversed it. The hill on the enemy's right approached by the La Placilla road was chosen for the point of attack.

The battle of La Placilla was short, sharp, and decisive. The artillery began to exchange fire about 7.30 a.m. on Friday. An hour later the 1st Congressist brigade, always to the front, moved up from La Placilla, with the 2nd to support it on the right, while the 3rd kept the rest of the Balmacedist line in play. The troops had been warned to husband their ammunition this time, and not to open fire till they were within 400 yards of the enemy, which is point-blank distance for the long-ranging Männlicher. So, silently and steadily, with a few skirmishers in front, the 1st brigade went up the hill, finding some difficulty in passing lines of deep pits and entanglements of barbed wire prepared for its reception by the enemy. At last it got within the prescribed range, and the volleys of the repeating-rifle rang out.

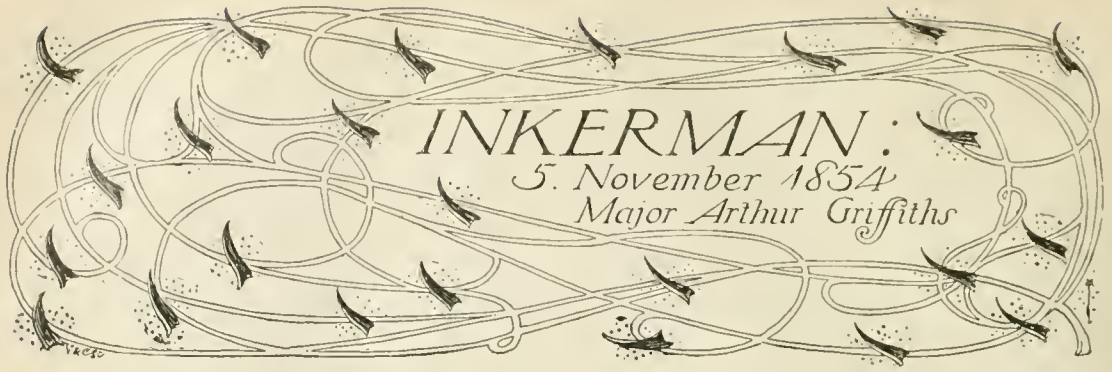
To its left, the 2nd brigade had made a bad mistake. Seeking for cover from the storm of fire that came down from the heights, its leaders had diverged from the true direction, and had got too far towards the sea, with the result that there fell upon the 1st the full weight of all the strength that Barbosa had massed on the height above Placilla. The gallant regiments of the brigade were giving way under this pressure, when again the Chilian horsemen turned the day in favour of the popular cause. Six squadrons, which had gained the heights in rear of the advancing infantry, charged the Balmacedist right. The enemy broke before the storm of horsemen, and this respite enabled the 1st brigade again to advance,

while the 2nd came up on its left, and the 3rd pressed forward on its right. The enemy gave way in all directions. The collapse of the right decided the fate of the whole line. Barbosa and Alcérreca fell while they tried to stem the rout—perhaps shot by their own men. A little after ten the fight was all over. Thousands surrendered where they stood; the rest were driven back into the streets of Valparaiso, where no further resistance was attempted, and where the Congressist troops, as they marched in with the stains of battle upon them, were hailed by cheering crowds as a rescuing army.

For all night long disbanded soldiers, released criminals, all the scum of the great city, had been burning, looting, and killing, Balmaceda having given the city up to pillage when he saw the impending collapse of his ill-gotten power. The foreign warships had landed armed parties to protect the European quarter on the high ground above the town. In the city below whole blocks of houses had been burned. No wonder that Canto's sturdy volunteers marched in to the sound of ever-repeated "*Vivas!*" for the Constitution and for the victors. Canto was the hero of the moment. Beside him rode, all unrecognised by the crowd, the studious German staff-officer who had organised the army of the Congress, and showed it the way to victory.

The fight had cost the victors much more loss than the battle of Concon. They had 485 killed and 1,124 wounded. Of the Balmacedists 941 had been killed and 2,422 wounded; the killed showing nothing like the same proportion to the wounded that had been the feature of the losses at Concon. Balmaceda had not shared the dangers of either fight. When the victors marched into Valparaiso most of his colleagues had taken refuge in the consulates and on board the foreign warships. He himself was crouching in the hiding-place in which some days later he was found dead, slain by his own hand.





INKERMAN has been rightly called the "Soldiers' Victory," but it might be still more justly styled "The British Soldiers' Battle." It was from first to last—from its unexpected opening at early dawn, through all its changing episodes in the hours before noon and until mid-day brought the crisis, through attack and counter-attack, offence and defence, onslaught and recoil—one of the finest feats of arms accomplished by British troops, one of the chiefest glories of our long and eventful military annals. It takes rank with Agincourt, Rorke's Drift, the defence of Lucknow; with Plassy, Meanee, Waterloo: equal to the best of these, overshadowing some, surpassing others; in its way unique—a bright and shining tribute to the warlike courage of a nation already laurel-crowned.

Many British battles have been won against great odds, under tremendous disadvantages; but none have better shown our inflexible, unconquerable tenacity than Inkerman. It was fighting for safety, too: our backs were to the wall; had we been defeated at Inkerman our army would have been swept into the sea: but these great issues were not fully realised by the rank-and-file. They knew they must win the day: that was their business, as it always is. But the fact that they were so near losing it made no great difference to them—all they thought of was to come to blows, to try conclusions with the enemy, to charge him, bayonet him, shoot him: always supremely indifferent to his vast numerical superiority, and quite undismayed by his courage.

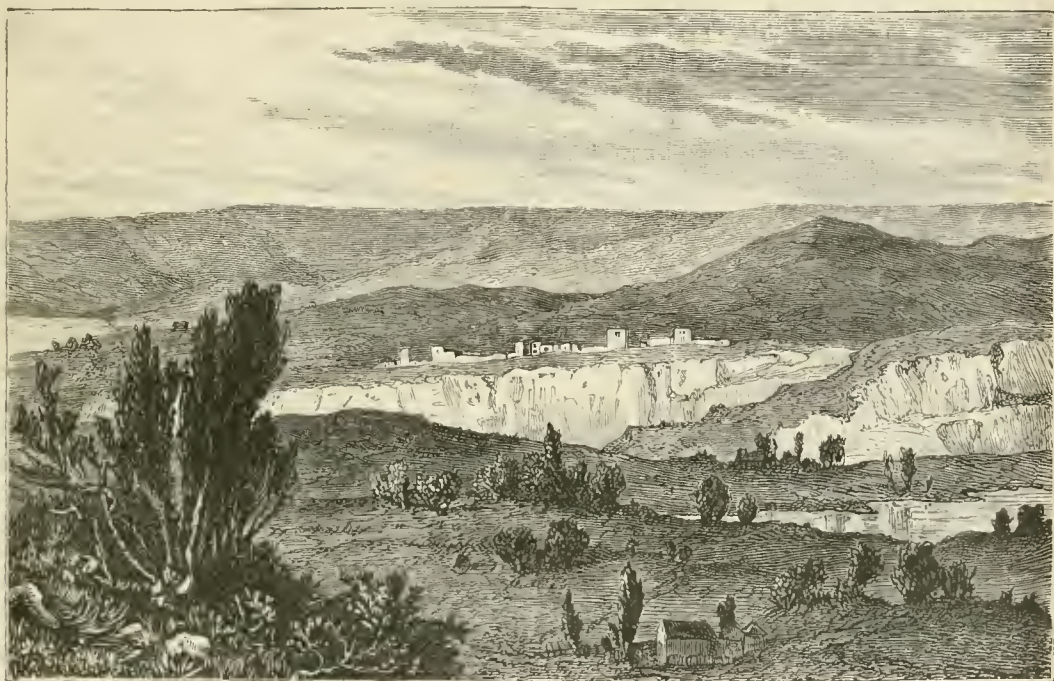
So it was that the strange spectacle was seen of a handful resisting thousands, of a weak company charging through battalion columns, of stalwart soldiers engaging a crowd of the enemy single-handed and putting them to rout. When ammunition ran short, as it often did in

the deadliest episodes, our men tore up great stones and hurled them at the foe; a few scores of gunners, when hard pressed, fought on with swords and rammers and sponges and sticks, even with fists—for the story of the Clitheroe bruiser who felled Russian after Russian with knock-down blows is perfectly true. Men so eager for the conflict found officers as willing to lead them; there was no hesitation, no waiting to re-form, to rejoin regiments; any broken body gathered round any commander, all were ready to stand fast and die, go forward and die, do anything but retire. "What shall I do?" asked Colonel Egerton, at the head of his bare 200, when pitted against unknown numbers. "Fire a volley and charge!" at once answered the brigadier; and his aide-de-camp, young Hugh Clifford, sprang to the front to be in with the first flight. General Pennefather, at the end of five hours' fighting, when he had lost more than half his small force, did not abate his confidence one jot: if Lord Raglan now would only give him a few more men, he said, he would finish the battle out of hand and "lick the enemy to the devil." Waterloo was "hard pounding," as Wellington quietly remarked afterwards, but it was nothing to Inkerman.

The battle of Inkerman was brought about by the restored confidence that great and overwhelming reinforcements gave the Russian generals inside Sebastopol. After the successful landing, the victory of the Alma, the unimpeded flank march to the south side of the still incomplete fortress, the allied English and French had achieved no fresh triumphs. Prudence had overruled the daring but not quite unwarranted counsels to go straight in against Sebastopol; an immediate attack was deemed too dangerous, the golden opportunity passed, and it became necessary to sit down before the stronghold and reduce it by the slow processes

of a siege. The allies were thus planted in a corner of the Crimea, committed to the highland or upland of the Chersonese, as it was called, the only ground they could possibly occupy when attacking Sebastopol from the south side—ground that no one would have selected had choice been unfettered, for it was rugged, inhospitable, very extensive, and above all exposed on one flank right round, almost to the very rear. Balaclava, the British base of supply, at a distance of six miles from the front, lay open to attack by an enterprising enemy, and almost the whole length of road which connected it with the British camp. How fully the Russians realised this, how nearly they overbore the weak resistance offered by the Turks who defended this vulnerable point, how nobly a

Prince Mentschikoff, who commanded the Russian forces in and about Sebastopol, exultantly foresaw the complete annihilation of the allies. He believed that they were at the end of their tether. In his reports to St. Petersburg he declared that the enemy never dared now to venture out of his lines, his guns were silent, his infantry paralysed, his cavalry did not exist. The Russians, on the other hand, were once more enormously in the ascendant: troops had been pouring into Sebastopol continuously all through the month of October; a whole army corps had arrived from Odessa; two other divisions were close at hand on the 2nd November, and by the 4th, the eve of the battle of Inkerman, the total of the land forces assembled in and around the fortress must have been quite



THE VALLEY OF INKERMAN.

handful of British cavalry spent itself in beating back disaster, has been told in the story of Balaclava. That glorious battle, gained at such terrible cost, was only the prelude, however, to another more tremendous effort; for the Russians, although foiled in this first attempt, felt strong enough and bold enough for a second. They were encouraged to fresh endeavours by their own gathered numbers and the knowledge that their enemies were growing daily more and more unequal to the transcendent task before them.

120,000 men. This total was just double that of the allies, including the Turks, available for all purposes, including the siege of a great fortress, which alone might claim the whole efforts of the army. No wonder, then, that Mentschikoff was full of confidence, that he counted upon an easy triumph, nothing less than sweeping the allies off the upland into the sea. "The enemy," he wrote, "cannot effect his retreat without exposing himself to immense losses. Nothing can save him from a complete disaster. Future times, I am confident, will preserve the remembrance

of the exemplary chastisement inflicted upon the presumption of the allies." Two of the Czar's sons were hurried post-haste to the Crimea to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops and witness their splendid triumph.

Some inkling of the impending disaster—prematurely so called, as was soon to be proved—crept out and gave general uneasiness even at a distance from the theatre of war. Friends in Russia warned friends in England to anticipate terrible news. The great effort approaching was prepared under the direction of the Czar himself, and was of a nature and extent to deal an overwhelming blow. In the Crimea itself vague intelligence reached the allied commanders that a terrible struggle was near at hand. Reports of the reinforcements arriving, of the stir and activity within the fortress, the repair of roads, the mending of bridges, all the indications that are plain as print to the experienced military intelligence, warned Lord Raglan and General Canrobert to be on the look-out for another momentous battle, for which, in truth, they were but badly prepared.

Some idea of the disproportion between the armies about to come into collision will rightly be given here, so that we realise at once how overmatched were the allies, how marvellous therefore was their prolonged resistance and eventual triumph on that now historic 5th November, the Inkerman Sunday which in British annals has eclipsed that other anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. It has been said above that the Russian forces totalled 120,000 in all. Of these rather more than half, or 70,000 men, were actually present in the field. All took part in the action, but some only as covering forces or engaged in feints: these numbered some 30,000; the remainder, just 40,000, composed the attacking columns, and fought the battle of Inkerman. The whole allied strength that day upon the upland of the Chersonese was 65,000, but barely a quarter of these numbers could be or, as a matter of fact, were used in the coming action. From first to last the total French and English forces on the ground were just 15,083—half of each, but more exactly 7,464 English and 8,210 French—and of the latter 3,570 were actually engaged. There is no mistake or exaggeration in these figures, which are based on official returns on both sides. It must, moreover, be carefully borne in mind that only a proportion, and a small proportion, of these 15,000 were on hand in the early stages of the fight. For hours the brunt of the battle fell

upon the 2nd division, which was barely 3,000, although opposed to 40,000, and the reinforcements came to them in dribblets slowly and affording but meagre assistance and relief. It is from the extraordinary tenacity shown by our soldiers in their prolonged and indomitable resistance against such tremendous odds that such great glory was achieved at Inkerman.

The allied weakness, of which Lord Raglan was fully aware, was caused by the stress laid upon their forces by the siege operations and the need for protecting their communications. The troops, taking them from west to east and so to the south and rear, covered a front which was twenty miles long. Before Sebastopol the French were on the left, the English on the right; but General Canrobert, always anxious for the rear of his position, kept a large force on the heights above the Tchernaya valley, and the English perforce garrisoned and defended Balaclava. Hence on the right flank of the British front, round about Inkerman as it came to be called (although the real site of old Inkerman is on the opposite side of the Tchernaya river), the defence was greatly impoverished, being limited in the first instance to a few weak battalions of the 2nd division. Its immediate support—none too close—was a brigade of the Light Division under General Codrington on the Victoria Ridge adjoining, but on the other side of a wide rough ravine; behind, and three-quarters of a mile off, was the brigade of Guards, twice that distance the 2nd brigade (Buller's) of the Light Division; the 4th and 3rd divisions, fronting Sebastopol and more or less appropriated to the siege works, were two or three miles removed from the extreme right flank. A French army corps under Bosquet was, however, within the lesser distance, holding the eastern heights which gave General Canrobert so much concern. But the forces thus described made up the sum total of the allied armed strength, and every portion had its particular place and specified duties. None could well be withdrawn from any part without denuding it of troops or dangerously weakening the long defensive line. There were, in fact, no reserves, no second line to call up in extreme emergency to stiffen and reinforce the first. The allies were fighting with their backs to the wall. Retreat was impossible because there were no fresh troops to interpose and cover it.

The weakness of this 2nd division in such an isolated and exposed position had long been a source of serious misgiving. Its commander, Sir De Lacy Evans, deemed his force—weakened,

moreover, by constant outpost duty—to be perilously small. He called it “most serious.” Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division, was equally solicitous. Lord Raglan, the general-in-chief, knew the danger too: he reported home that his men of the 2nd division were well posted, “but there were not enough of them.” But he was ever buoyant and hopeful, anticipating no great trouble, yet alive to his perils and fully prepared to meet them. “We have plenty to think of,” he wrote to the English War Minister, “and all I can say is that we will do our best.” Strange to say, that best did not include any artificial strengthening of the position by entrenchments. The ground was admirably suited for defence, and might have been made all but impregnable—or, at least, capable of withstanding even determined attacks. Earthworks would have gone far to redress the balance of numbers telling so heavily against the allies; but only one meagre barrier was erected, and even this was destined to prove of inestimable value in the battle. The prompt use of the spade was not then deemed an essential part of a soldier’s field training, and, as the opening of the trenches before Sebastopol had entailed much labour of that kind, the troops were spared more of it, even although indispensably necessary as everyone now knows.

The Russian general had not failed to detect the inherent defects in the British line or to note carefully its weakest point. Upon this he based his plan of operations. He meant to envelope and crush the exposed right flank by vastly superior numbers, while well-timed demonstrations that might be expanded into attacks should occupy the allied forces at other parts of the field. This simple and perfectly plausible scheme was to be worked out as follows:—

1. Two great columns, making up a combined strength of 40,000 men, with 135 guns, were to constitute the main, the most weighty, and as it came to pass, the only real attack. Both were drawn from the newly-arrived 4th or Dannenberg’s Army Corps. One, called the 10th Russian Division, commanded by General Soimonoff, which had entered and was actually quartered within Sebastopol, was to take one flank, the left of the English position; the other, under General Pauloff, the 11th division, still outside the fortress and lying north of the Tchernaya river, was to attack the English right.

a. Soimonoff’s force was strengthened by other regiments in garrison, and its infantry strength

was 19,000, his guns 38 in number. He was to issue from Sebastopol at a point between the Malakoff Hill and the Little Redan, then follow the course of the Carenage ravine, and to come out on the northern slopes of Mount Inkerman, where he was to join hands with—

b. Pauloff, who, marching from the heights of Inkerman on the far side of the Tchernaya, was to cross that river and the low swampy ground that margined its course by the bridge near its mouth. This general commanded 16,000 infantry and had with him 96 guns. His orders were to ascend the northern slopes of Mount Inkerman and push on vigorously till he met with Soimonoff.

When thus combined, the whole force of 40,000 (including artillerymen) was to come under the direction of the Army Corps commander, General Dannenberg, and his orders were to press forward and carry all before him. It was confidently expected that nothing could withstand him—that he would “roll up” the weak opposition of the English right, beat all that he encountered, and sweep victoriously onward right past the Windmill Hill to the eastern heights in the rear, and within easy distance of Balaclava.

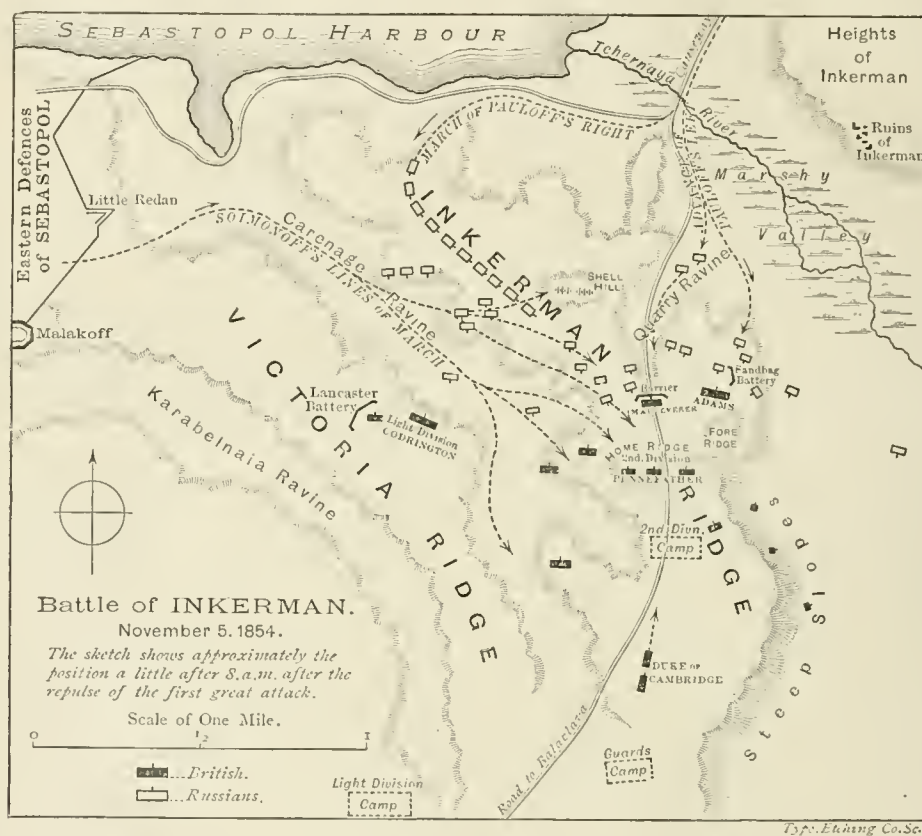
2. Meanwhile, Prince Gortschakoff, who now commanded the army hitherto known as Liprandi’s, in the valley of the Tchernaya, and had under him a force of 22,000, with 88 guns, was to “contain” Bosquet—occupy his attention, that is to say, by feints and false attacks upon his position, so that he should be held to these heights and unable to reinforce the English right. Later, when the main attack had prospered and Dannenberg’s victorious troops were seen well to the south of Windmill Hill, Gortschakoff’s demonstrations were to be converted into a real attack. He was to go up against the heights with all his force, drive back Bosquet, join hands with Dannenberg, and the Russians would then be in triumphant possession of the greater part of the Chersonese upland. After that the siege must be raised, the allies must be swept off the plateau, destroyed, taken prisoner, or hurried into disastrous flight upon their ships.

3. A third conditional operation was entrusted to the troops remaining in garrison, under the command of General Moller. He was to closely “watch the progress of the battle,” cover the right of the attacking troops with his artillery without attempting to reply to the fire of the allied siege-guns. Whenever confusion showed itself in the trenches, due to the great wave of

victory setting from the eastward, he was to move out in force, attack and seize the siege-batteries.

Capable military critics have not failed to condemn the foregoing plan of operations. It erred, in the main attack, by trusting too entirely to numbers, crowding great masses of men on ground not spacious enough to hold them. There was not sufficient room, indeed, upon the Russian battlefield for half the forces engaged.

play a waiting game, and give no effective help until that help was no longer urgently required. He was to do nothing, in fact, until the main attack had actually succeeded. The longer the enemy resisted, the longer he remained inactive. Had he exerted a stronger pressure, had his feints been pushed with more insistence, he would have paralysed the movement of the French with Bosquet, and by the very direction of his attack weakened the English defence at



Moreover, this ground, imperfectly known to the men who held it and might have carefully studied it, was cut in two by a great ridge, which divided the two columns intended to join forces, and prevented their combined action. General Dannenberg appears to have realised this difficulty and wished his two generals, Soimonoff and Pauloff, to act independently, the former directing his efforts against the Victoria Ridge, altogether to the westward of Mount Inkerman, and leaving the latter ample space to manœuvre. But Dannenberg's wishes were not distinct orders, and Soimonoff, obeying Mentschikoff, the general-in-chief, held on to the original plan.

Again, Gortschakoff's role condemned him to

Inkerman. "His advance was, however, left to depend upon a contingency that never occurred"—and while he waited for it his 22,000 men were of absolutely no use in the fight.

A brief description of the theatre whereon this great performance was played should precede any account of the varying fortunes of the day, and details will be best understood by referring to the plan.

The battle of Inkerman was mainly fought on a long ridge of ground running from south to north and a little west of north, with many spurs jutting out on each side of it, the intervals between them dropping into long hollows or ravines. This ridge has come to have the

general title of Mount Inkerman. A second ridge nearly parallel to it but separated from it by the Carenage ravine, and which is known as the Victoria Ridge, played a secondary part in the engagement, but the brunt of the business was transacted on the first-named, and at about its central point, where another smaller crest crosses it, christened by Mr. Kinglake the Home Ridge. This lesser ridge trended forward at its eastern end, forming a right angle, and the salient was called the Fore Ridge. A road—the post-road from Balacava—intersected the Home Ridge, and just above where it dropped into the Quarry Ravine the advanced pickets had thrown up a small breastwork—a mere stone wall or shelter-trench, which was known as the Barrier. This was some 400 yards in advance of the Home Ridge. At nearly double that distance, and much lower down the eastern slope, there was another shelter, once a more ambitious work, constructed of sandbags to hold two 18-pounder guns, and hence known as the Sandbag Battery. It was useful neither for defensive purposes, as the wall was ten feet high and there was no means of looking over it, nor, for the same reason, as a lodgment to favour assailants. But its possession was nobly contested by the soldiery of all the nations engaged, and it gained the dread name of the "Slaughter-house" from the French in consequence of the losses incurred there. This sandbag battery stood on a salient spur known as the Kitspur, to the north-east or right spur of the Home Ridge; to the left or north-west was another—the Miriakoff spur, which also was the scene of a determined struggle. The whole surface of the field of battle was thickly covered with brushwood and low coppice, amidst which crags and rocky boulders reared their heads. In some places the woods gathered into dense forest glades, and in others the ravines were steeply-scarped quarries difficult of access.

Soimonoff started at 5 a.m. amid darkness and mist, which so favoured his march that he reached Mount Inkerman unobserved, and then and there seizing its highest point, Shell Hill, he placed his guns in battery on the crest quite unknown to our outposts. The night had been reported unusually quiet, although some of our people fancied they heard the rumbling of distant wheels—the wheels, in fact, of Pauloff's artillery. Just before dawn, too—it was Sunday morning—all the bells of Sebastopol rang out a joyous peal, not for worship, but to stimulate the courage of the pious Russian soldiery. But our outpost

duty in those days was imperfectly performed, and the enemy was on top of our pickets before the alarm was raised. They were pressed back fighting, while the guns on Shell Hill opened a destructive fire. General Pennefather, who was in temporary command of the 2nd division, realised at once that serious events were at hand. It was not in his nature to retreat before the coming storm. He was a "fine fighter"; in another rank of life he would have been in his element with a "bit of a twig" at Donnybrook Fair. "Wherever you see a head, hit it" was his favourite maxim in war; and now, where a more cautious leader would have drawn off and lined the Home Ridge in defensive battle, he thrust forward with all his meagre forces to meet the Russian attack. This daring system was greatly aided by the state of the atmosphere; in the fog and mist no notion of the pitiful number of their opponents reached the Russians, and the handful of English forgot that they were unsupported and so few. Pennefather's plan, born of his fighting propensities and indomitable pluck, found favour with his superiors, for when presently Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, came upon the ground, he did not attempt to interfere, but left the audacious Irishman the uninterrupted control of the fight.

They were meagre indeed—these first English defenders of Mount Inkerman. Pennefather had of his own barely 3,000 men all told, and only 500 men came up in the first instance to reinforce him. But he sent all he had down into the brushwood out in front till it was filled with a slender line. Meanwhile Soimonoff, waxing impatient and having all ready, was determined to begin without waiting for Pauloff's co-operation. His guns on Shell Hill had "prepared" his advance, and soon after 7 a.m. he sent three separate columns against the left of our position on Home Ridge. The first of these, on the extreme right, under road column, as it was called, got a long way round, when it met a wing of the 47th under Fordyce and a Guards picket under Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, before whom it turned tail; the second column had no better fortune on the Miriakoff spur; the third, following up the course of the Miriakoff glen, encountered a wing of the 40th under Grant, who at once gave the order to "fire a volley and charge." His counter-attack was delivered with such determination that it carried all before it; the Russian column was fairly broken up and driven helter-skelter under the guns on Shell Hill.

Now Soimonoff came on in person at the head of twelve battalions, nearly 9,000 men. His aim was the centre and left centre of our line, and for a time he made good progress. But the first supports, those from the Light Division, arriving, Pennefather at once used them against Soimonoff. He sent on the 88th Connaught Rangers, 400 of them who, feeling the whole weight of the attack, recoiled, and retreating left the three guns of Townshend's battery in the enemy's hands. Then the 77th under Egerton, but led also by the brigadier Buller, came up and caught Soimonoff's outside column—caught it and smote it so fiercely that it fled and was no more seen on the field. These Russians were 1,500 strong. Egerton had no more than 250, but he never faltered, and his men, answering like hounds to his cry, tore straight on at the run and smashed in with irresistible fury. There was an interval of raging turmoil in which the bayonet made fearful havoc; then the Russians ran, Egerton pursuing at the charge to the foot of Shell Hill. About this time General Soimonoff was killed. Egerton's action had wide-reaching consequences. Through it the abandoned three guns were recovered, the 88th rallied, the 77th themselves or their remnant held fast for hours the ground it had secured. These combats disposed of about half the forces Soimonoff had put forward in this attack. The remainder had advanced courageously against our centre by both sides of the post-road; but they also were beaten back, partly by the fire of our field-guns, partly by the spirited charge of a couple of hundred men of the 40th under Bellairs.

Thus in less than an hour Soimonoff's great effort was repulsed; he himself was slain, and his men driven off the field. For this portion of the 10th Russian division never regained cohesion as a formed military force. It was no mere defeat but an absolute overthrow, in which regiments melted away and the whole force was ruined. Many excuses have been offered for their want of success: the dense mist giving exaggerated value to the handful that faced them, they perhaps thought the enterprise too difficult. It is also certain that the English fire was murderously effective upon these dense compact columns of attack; some were absolutely decimated, others lost nearly all their officers, and all were so shattered and disorganised that no part of them returned to the fight. They ought, nevertheless, to have done better; with such greatly superior forces, backed

up by the incessant fire of a formidable artillery, success would probably have awaited bolder and braver men.

Meanwhile a portion of Pauloff's division had arrived by a shorter and more direct road, while the rest had circled round after Soimonoff. Some of these people of Pauloff's were at once attracted by the Sandbag Battery, and, soon taking it from the sergeants' guard that held it, made this hollow vantage-ground their own. A mass of men, three great columns, supported this attack, and Pennefather sent General Adams against them with the 41st Regiment. He went forward in extended order with a wide front of fire, and the Russians soon fell away; those in the battery evacuated it; the columns supporting broke and dropped piecemeal into the valley. In this splendid affair 500 men disposed of 4,000. Again, at the Barrier, which the rest of Pauloff's men approached with great determination, a small body, the wing of the 30th Regiment under Colonel Mauleverer, achieved an equal triumph—that of 200 over 2,000. Here it was the British bayonet that told, for the men's firelocks were soaking wet and the caps would not explode. But Mauleverer trusted to the cold steel. Officers leapt down daringly in among the Russians; men followed at the charge: the head of the leading column was struck with such impetus that it turned in hasty retreat, causing hopeless confusion in the columns behind, and all fled, a broken throng of fugitives, hundreds upon hundreds, chased by seven or eight score.

This ended the first Russian onslaught. Half Soimonoff's division was beaten out of sight; 6,000 men were lost to Pauloff. At least 15,000 out of 25,000 were "extirpated," as the Russians admit in their official accounts, and this by no superior generalship but by the dogged valour, the undimmed resistance, of just 3,500 Englishmen. It was a good omen for the issue of the day's fighting, but the end was not yet, and a further terrible stress was still to be imposed upon our overmatched troops. Supports, such as they were, had now begun to arrive. The alarm had spread across the upland rousing every soul, and in every camp near and far the assembly sounded, men rushed to arms, half-dressed, fasting, eager only to hurry into the fight. Some of the Light Division, as we have seen, had been already engaged. General Codrington with the rest was in battle array, holding the Victoria Ridge with scanty forces. The Guards brigade, 1,200 men, under the Duke of Cambridge, was approaching, 700 already close

to the Home Ridge; the 4th division under Sir George Cathcart, 2,000 strong, was also near at hand. These, with the field-batteries, raised the reinforcements to a total of 4,700 men. Two French battalions had been despatched to support Pennefather, although from some misunderstanding they were not utilised, and Bosquet, who had come up with them, returned to the Eastern Heights, where he was still menaced by Gortschakoff. It was not until much later in the day that General Bosquet realised that the Russians in front of him were only pretending to attack, and then he hurried with substantial forces to Mount Inkerman. But until then he allowed himself to be tied, ineffectively, to the wrong place, giving no assistance in the main fight and certain to be "rolled up" in his turn if that fight ended disastrously for the English.

General Dannenberg had now assumed the chief command, and, undaunted by the first failure, he set about organising a fresh attack. He had at his disposal 19,000 fresh and untouched troops: Soimonoff's reserves and Pauloff's regiments which had come round by the lower road. The latter, 10,000 strong, were sent against the English centre and right, their first task being the re-capture of the Sandbag Battery. General Adams was still here with his 700 men of the 41st Regiment, and he made a firm stand: 4,000 men attacked him again and again with far more courage and persistence than any Russian troops had yet shown; and at last, still fighting inch by inch Adams fell back, leaving the battery in the enemy's hands. Now the Guards came up under the Duke of Cambridge, and replacing Adams, went forward with a rush and recovered it, only to find it a useless possession. It was presently vacated by one lot, re-entered by the Russians, recaptured by another lot, and then again the Russians, imagining it to be an essential feature in our defence, concentrated their forces to again attack it. Once more they took it, once more the Guards returned, and with irresistible energy drove them out. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed around this empty carcase, and to neither side did its possession mean loss or gain.

The 4th division, under Sir George Cathcart, had now arrived upon the ground. He had just 2,000 men, and of these four-fifths were speedily distributed in fragments to stiffen and support Pennefather's fighting line just where he thought they were most required. With the small residue, not 400 men, Cathcart was ready for any adventure. There was a gap in our line between

Pennefather's right and the Guards struggling about the Sandbag Battery, and this opening Cathcart was desired to fill. The order came direct from Lord Raglan, who was now in the field; but Cathcart thought fit to act otherwise, believing that there was an opening for a decisive flank attack. He meant to strike at the left of the Russians, and leaving his vantage ground above he descended the steep slopes with his 400 men. The offensive movement was taken up by the troops nearest him—Guards, 20th, 95th. All our men gathered about the Sandbag Battery rushed headlong like a torrent down the hillside, and following up this fancied advantage, jeopardised the battle. For the gap which Cathcart had been ordered to occupy became filled by a heavy column of Russians, who took our people in reverse and cut them completely off. "I fear we are in a mess," said Cathcart, taking in the situation; and almost directly afterwards he was shot through the heart. Only by a desperate effort, a series of personal hand-to-hand combats fought by small units courageously led by junior officers, even by non-combatant doctors, did our men regain touch with their own people. They were aided, too, by the opportune advance of a French regiment, which took the interposing Russians in flank and drove them off. But if this mad adventure of Cathcart's escaped the most disastrous consequences, its effect, nevertheless, was to still further break up and disseminate our already weakened and half-spent forces.

All this time Dannenberg had been pressing hard upon our centre. Here his attacking column met first Mauleverer with his victorious army of the 30th, and forced them slowly and reluctantly back, but was itself repulsed by a fresh army of the Rifle Brigade and driven down into the Quarry. Thence it again emerged, reinforced, and moved by the right against the Home Ridge. It was in these advances that they penetrated the gap just mentioned and got upon the rear of Cathcart and the Guards. But the westernmost columns were charged by a portion of the 4th division, the 21st and 63rd regiments, overthrown and pursued; while the Russian attack on the right of the Home Ridge was met by General Goldie with the 20th and 57th, also of the 4th division. Both these regiments were notable fighters, with very glorious traditions: the "Minden yell" of the 20th had stricken fear into its enemies for more than a century, and the 57th "Die Hards" had gained that imperishable title of honour at Albuera.

"Fifty-seventh, remember Albuera!" was a battle-cry that sent them with terrible fury into the Russian ranks, and these two gallant regiments hunted their game right down into the Quarry.

Once more the most strenuous efforts of the enemy had failed, with what a cost of heroic lives history still proudly tells. Dannenberg, however, if disheartened was not yet hopeless. He knew that the allies were hard pressed; if he himself had suffered so had they, and more severely. He had still 10,000 men in hand; many of them, although once worsted, were still not disorganised or disheartened, and his reserves — 9,000 more — were still intact, while guns a hundred in number held the mastery from Shell Hill. Of the English forces, never more than 5,000 strong, half had been destroyed or annulled. True, the French had come upon the ground with two battalions, 1,600 men; but Bosquet, with the main part of his command, was still a long way behind. Dannenberg resolved to make another and more determined attack upon the centre of the English position, aiming for that Home Ridge, as it was called, which was the inner and last line of the allied defence.

The Russians came on with a strength of 6,000 assailants, formed, as before, in a dense column of attack. One led the van, the main trunk followed, flanked by others, and all coming up out of the now memorable Quarry Ravine. Pennefather had some 500 or 600 to hold the ridge, remnants of the 55th, 95th, and 77th regiments, and a French battalion of the 7th Léger, with a small detachment of Zouaves. These were very inadequate forces, and the Russians, pushing home with more heart than they had hitherto shown, crowned the crest and broke over the inner slopes of the ridge. The 7th Léger had not much stomach for the fight, but were rallied on by the Zouaves and the men of the 77th, still led by the intrepid Egerton. By

this time the main trunk column of the enemy had swept over the Barrier at the head of the Quarry, and the small force of defenders retired sullenly behind the Home Ridge.

Now the position seemed in imminent danger, and this was, perhaps, the most critical period in the battle. But the advance of the Russians, although in overwhelming strength, was checked by another daring charge—that of a handful of the 55th (thirty, no more) under Colonel Danberry, who went headlong into the thick of one of the rearmost Russian battalions. This small

body of heroes tore through the mass by sheer strength, as if it were a football scrooge, using their bayonets and their butt-ends, even their fists, fighting desperately till they "cleft a path through the battalion from flank to flank, and came out at last in open air on the east of the great trunk column." The noise of tumult in the rear and the vague sense of discomfiture and defeat shook the leading assailants, and the Russians first halted irresolute then turned and retired. At this time, too, one of the flanking columns, moving up on the Russian right, encountered the 21st and 63rd regiments, and was promptly



MARSHAL CANROBERT.

charged and driven back by these regiments, which re-possessed themselves of the Barrier and held it. Then the Russian left column, worsted by our artillery and the French 7th Léger, also retired.

It was now but a little past 9 a.m., and as yet the battle, although going against the Russians, was still neither lost nor won. They still held the ascendant on Shell Hill, still had their reserves. Lord Raglan, on the other hand, could not draw upon a single man, and Bosquet's main force was still a long way off. Now, too, the French got into some difficulty upon our right above the Sandbag Battery, and were in imminent danger of defeat. Moreover, the Russians made a fresh effort against the Barrier, coming



"THIS SMALL BODY OF HEROES TORE THROUGH THE MASS" (A. 260).

up once again out of the Quarry. The Barrier was held by the 21st and 63rd, but the stress put upon them was great, and Pennefather sent on such scanty support as he could spare—fragments of the 49th, 77th, and Rifle Brigade. Great slaughter ensued in this conflict. General Goldie, who was now in com-

So eager were our gunners that these two famous eighteen-pounders were dragged up to the front with "man harness," by some hundred and fifty artillerymen and a crowd of eager officers. The guns were placed in a commanding position and worked splendidly under the very eyes and with the warm approval of Lord



"ONCE MORE THE GUARDS RETURNED, AND WITH IRRESISTIBLE ENERGY DROVE THEM OUT" (p. 259).

mand of the 4th division, was killed, and other valuable officers.

The Russian artillery did deadly mischief, but row, by Lord Raglan's unerring foresight, it was to be met and overmatched by our guns. At an earlier hour of the morning he had sent back to the Siege Park for a couple of eighteen-pounders, guns that in the enormous development of artillery science we should think nothing of nowadays, but which at Inkerman were far superior to the Russian field-batteries.

Raglan. They soon established a superiority of fire and spread such havoc and confusion among the Russian batteries on Shell Hill that the power of the latter began to wane. Victory, so long in the balance, was at last inclining to our side.

Still the battle was not won. If the Russians did not renew their attacks, they still held their ground; and Bosquet, coming up presently with his whole strength, made a false move which nearly jeopardised the issue. The French

general, having with him 3,000 infantry and 24 guns, "bankering after a flank attack," reached forward on the far right beyond the Sandbag Battery and the spurs adjoining. Here he fell among the enemy, found himself threatened to right and to left and in front, and, realising his peril, hastily withdrew. Happily, the Russians did not seize the undoubted advantage that mere accident had brought them by Bosquet's injudicious and hazardous advance. Had they gathered strength for a fresh and vigorous onslaught upon our right, they might perhaps have turned the scale against us. The French were clearly discomfited and out of heart for a time. Then as the Russians made no forward move, Bosquet regained confidence; he threw forward his Zouaves and Algerines, and these active troops came upon some Russians which were slowly climbing the slopes, and hurled them down again in great disorder. Our old friends on the field, advanced along the post-road towards the Barrier, where they were covered by us. This, briefly told, was the sum total of the French performances at the battle of Inkerman.

It is well known to all who study war that, when the crisis of a battle comes, victory is for him who has the best disposable reserve in hand. Of the forces now engaged the French alone were in this happy situation; the English were all but exhausted. Lord Raglan, as has been said, had not a spare man. As for the Russians, Gortschakoff's supineness had robbed his comrades of the assistance of 20,000 men, and the general-in-chief, Mentschikoff, although close at hand on the field, did not see fit to bring up the reinforcements from the garrison of the town. But now Marshal Canrobert, never a daring leader, was moved to desist from the fight. When he learnt that the English were all but spent, he would do nothing more, although he had a very large force of all arms now up and well in hand. No arguments, no appeals of Lord Raglan's would move him. "What can I—what can I do?"

he asked querulously; "the Russians are everywhere." Had it been left to the French, the field would have been abandoned to the Russians, who were still in possession of the greater part of Mount Inkerman, and the battle would have been practically drawn.

On the other hand, a vigorous onslaught by the still fresh and untouched French might have carried the Flagstaff bastion and led to the capture of Sebastopol itself. But Canrobert was not the man to take so great a risk or jeopardise so many lives. It was left to Haines, who still held the Barrier, to move up against Shell Hill. Lord West seconded him in this bold endeavour, a young lieutenant of the 77th, Acton by name, also went on with a mere handful, and Colonel Horsford came on in support with the remnant of the Rifle Brigade. All this time, too, Lord Raglan's 18-pounders were dealing death and destruction among the Russian batteries; and at last Dannenberg, under stress of this "murderous fire"—they are his own words—decided to limber up his guns and retire his whole force. This, in fact, was done, and about 1 p.m. the Russians threw up the sponge.

If in this grand contest the allies were greatly outnumbered by the Russians, the latter suffered the most, their losses being four times as great as those of the victors. They had 12,000 killed and wounded, a large proportion of them left dead upon the field, among them 256 officers. The English lost 597 killed, 39 of them officers and 3 general officers; 1,760 men and 91 officers wounded. The French lost 13 officers and 130 men killed and 36 officers and 750 men wounded. These figures show plainly on whom the brunt of the fighting fell, and the enormous losses of the Russians was mainly due to the density of their columns of attack and the superiority of our musketry and artillery fire. A very large part of the English infantry at Inkerman were armed with the new-fangled Minié rifle, and what powerful aid was afforded by the two 18-pounder guns has been already shown in the course of the narrative.





BECAUSE of his ruthless massacres of unarmed men and helpless women and children, the name of Te Kooti has been held in detestation throughout New Zealand since 1868; and in consequence it is not surprising to find but little disposition to dilate on his undoubted abilities amongst the Pakehas (white men) who have chronicled his doings, though the Maoris dwell fondly on his prowess.

A great leader of men this celebrated Maori undoubtedly was, and, more than that, an organiser of no mean ability, a first-rate military leader, and finally a man of such hardihood, steady courage, and resource, that his exploits would seem well-nigh incredible did they not form part of the well-authenticated history of New Zealand.

Himself *tangatu tutua* (a common man) he yet acquired a mastery over the jealous and suspicious Maoris, who preferred to be led by a chieftain of undoubted birth, and managed to keep faithful to himself men of different tribes, whose hereditary disposition was to take opposite sides. Badly provided with arms and food, and traversing a savage and inhospitable country, he yet managed to maintain a constant struggle against the Government of New Zealand, and many Maori chiefs friendly to the whites, for over three years, during the greater part of which period hundreds of armed men were in the field against him, and rewards ranging from £500 at first to £5,000 in the end, were offered for his apprehension.

Te Kooti Tu Ruki Te Riki-Rangi, to give him his full title, was of the Ngatikahungunu tribe of Maoris, which was settled on the East Coast of New Zealand, in the Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay districts, and therefore was one that came early into contact with the whites,

who spread down the east coast from Kororaraka in the north—the nearest port to Sydney.

Europeans were first located in New Zealand in 1792, or four years after the establishment of New South Wales, from which colony New Zealand was first settled; and as Te Kooti was not born till about the year 1833, it will be readily understood that he was in no sense a "wild" Maori, as were most of the Uriweras, Waikatos, and other tribes, but, on the contrary, a man well acquainted with the ways of Europeans from his youth up. For some years he served as a sailor on a schooner trading between Poverty Bay and Auckland, and earned the reputation amongst the whites of being a turbulent and troublesome man. During the Maori war of 1866 a number of Hauhaus* were besieged by a mixed force of Europeans and "friendlies" in a pah at Waerenga-a-hika, near Poverty Bay, and amongst the besiegers was Te Kooti, who was then a stalwart and vigorous man of about thirty-three years of age. When the final assault had been made and the pah captured, a large number of prisoners were taken, and at this time a friendly Maori chief named Paora Parau was seen holding Te Kooti by the collar and presenting a pistol at his head. Asked his reason for thus treating a man who was an ally, he declared that Te Kooti had supplied ammunition to his (Te Kooti's) brother, who was one of the besieged, and was, therefore, a traitor to the cause he pretended to serve. Te Kooti indignantly denied this accusation, but it was apparently believed by the whites, for it was repeated by a settler, and Te Kooti was then placed amongst the Hauhau prisoners and taken to Napier, where he made three distinct appeals,

* Hauhaus were fanatical Maoris whose religion was a strange jumble of native and Biblical creeds. They continually ejaculated the word "Hau" in battle, believing that thereby they secured immunity from wounds.

through Mr. Hamlin, to the Government to be tried, or, at all events, told definitely of what crime he was accused; but all in vain, and finally he was, with about 150 of the most dangerous of the Hauhaus, shipped away from Auckland to the Chatham Islands, which lie some 400 miles

was to be continued for ever. Te Kooti lost all faith in Pakeha promises, and hatched a plot with the other prisoners to escape after the steamer had departed. A schooner, the *Rifleman*, belonging to, or chartered by, a Mr. Hood, was lying at anchor at the island, and it was determined to seize her and sail to New Zealand. The guard over the prisoners had been reduced from 35 to 9 men, under the command of Captain Thomas, and these few men were easily overpowered and their arms taken from them. Captain Thomas was marched into the court-house between a double guard of Maoris, armed with carbines, and made to open an iron safe containing about £500 in coin, which money was seized, and together with 40 or 50 stands of arms, and some provisions taken on board the *Rifleman*, the mate and crew of which were threatened with instant death if they attempted any resistance to the seizing of the ship. All the prisoners—163 men, 64 women, and 71 children—embarked, and the European mate and crew of the schooner (the captain was on shore) were ordered to navigate her to New Zealand—or be shot.

The alternative was not a pleasant one, and seeing that Te Kooti meant exactly what he said, they hauled up the sails and steered out of the bay. The escape had been managed with the loss of only one life, as Te Kooti had made his men promise to respect the lives of the Europeans if they made no resistance. The man killed was one of the guards, who was tomahawked by a Hauhaus, named Tomoana

Tiki-Tiki, through some jealousy on account of the latter's wife, and therefore Te Kooti was in no way responsible for the deed. Another, more cruel, must be laid to his door, however, for on a dead calm prevailing just when they had passed out of the bay, Te Kooti declared that Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, was angry, and required a sacrifice, and this he conveniently found in a relation of his own, an old man who had warned the Pakehas of the intended rising. Despite his cries, the old man's hands were tied together and he was thrown



GROUP OF MAORIS.

to the eastward of New Zealand, in latitude 44° S.

Thus Te Kooti, an ally of the Europeans, found himself treated as an enemy, and sent without trial away from his native land. He repeatedly asked to be released, and it is said that a promise to release all the prisoners at the end of two years was made; but when that time came the Government steamer *St. Kilda* arrived at the Chatham Islands with seed potatoes, ploughs, and provisions for the prisoners, which looked to the latter very much as if their exile

overboard. Singularly enough, a breeze at once sprang up, and the Maoris sailed away, snapping their fingers at the outwitted Pakehas, who could not even pursue, as Te Kooti had, before embarking, cut the cable of the only other ship in port—the ketch *Florence*—and set her adrift, having previously forced her crew to land.

These events took place on July 4th, 1868, and six days later—namely, on July 10th—the *Rifleman* arrived at Whareongaonga, six miles

their ship, departed to Wellington, some 250 miles distant, instead of giving warning at the nearest settlements on the coast.

Consequently it was only by chance that Major Biggs, the resident magistrate at Poverty Bay, heard of the landing. He lost no time in taking action, however, and, on July 12th, set out with a force of eighty friendly Maoris and forty Europeans, and coming up with Te Kooti's band, found them strongly posted in a position



“TE KOOTI FELL ON THEIR CAMP AND CAPTURED ALL THEIR HORSES” (p. 266).

south of Gisborne, on the New Zealand coast. During the voyage Te Kooti, fully armed, remained on deck almost the whole time; and a jealous watch was kept on the mate and crew, who were not even allowed to cook their own food, this office being performed for them by one of the escapees, a half-caste named Baker. Directly the anchor dropped, all the Maoris, save those told off to guard the crew, landed, and at once set about discharging the cargo of the schooner, which Te Kooti had no diffidence about annexing. Working all night, the cargo was landed by the next morning, and the crew were then released, and, setting sail on

which enabled them to guard their stolen goods.

To the demand to surrender Te Kooti gave a scornful reply, but stated his determination not to molest anyone if he were allowed to depart in peace. Major Biggs, on receiving this answer, gave the order to attack; but the friendly Maoris, who composed the greater part of his force, refused to move, giving as their reason that the enemy were too strongly posted; and the same evening Te Kooti avoided Major Biggs's force, and retreated inland over marvellously rough country, carrying all the loot taken from the schooner. When the escape was discovered,

Major Biggs despatched Mr. Skipwith with a few friendly Maoris to dog the rear of the escapees and watch all their movements.

Meanwhile the commander himself fell back and collected reinforcements, with which four days later he marched to Papatatu, where he hoped to intercept Te Kooti on his march inland. A camp was formed, and for four days the force waited, but there was no sign of the enemy, and, supplies running short, Major Biggs departed to hurry up the reliefs who were bringing provisions.

While he was away Mr. Skipwith arrived, and declared that Te Kooti was advancing, but slowly, as his followers were very heavily laden.

On the morning of the sixth day Captain Westrupp, who was commanding in the absence of Major Biggs, sent out three scouts, who were very soon seen returning at speed as if pursued. The force was now ordered to get under arms, and cheerfully obeyed, though the men had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours except an old boar, which they consumed, skin and all, to the last morsel.

A picket had previously been posted in a strong position on a hill commanding the spur up which Te Kooti would have to advance, and to the support of this picket Captain Westrupp sent a strong force; but before they could arrive Te Kooti had captured the hill and driven the defenders down the slope, and there was now nothing to be done but endeavour to retake the position. Charging up the hill, the Europeans managed to secure possession of a small ridge, which was separated from the higher ridge occupied by the Hauhaus by a small gully, across which a continuous fire was exchanged.

When this had continued for some time, a European volunteer, to whom the name "Billy the Goose" had been given by his comrades, was shot dead, and another was severely wounded.

Te Kooti's men now managed to take their opponents in flank, and soon wounded two others. Encouraged by these successes, they made a number of feints as if they were about to charge with fixed bayonets, but the Europeans stood firm and were not to be intimidated. Ammunition began to run short, and anxious glances were cast in the direction from which Major Biggs with the reliefs was expected, and with joy the exhausted men at length saw figures on the distant track. Alas! for their hopes, however, the reliefs proved to be only nine friendly Maoris, "most of whom were excessively drunk," says the historian, they having

broached a cask of rum which was amongst the provisions they carried. Te Kooti now executed a flank movement which utterly routed his foes, for, marching round the force that had been keeping him engaged, he fell on their camp and captured all their horses, saddles, baggage, and accoutrements to the value of £1,200, and forced them to hastily retreat, leaving two men dead on the field and carrying away ten more wounded out of a total force of fifty. Te Kooti lost only two men, and his first encounter with the Europeans was thus a marked success for him. He made himself comfortable with his followers in the camp of the Pakehas—whose swords, horses, provisions, etc., made their conquerors rich indeed—and when his men had rested sufficiently, he leisurely resumed his march.

Meanwhile weak, famished, and embarrassed by their wounded, two of whom had to be carried every step of the way, the Europeans retreated over a country of terrible roughness to Tapatoho, where they were joined by Colonel Whitmore with thirty Napier volunteers, and on the day following the meeting the pursuit of Te Kooti was taken up, but long before he was overtaken he had been intercepted by another force at Te Korraki, and had again defeated his enemies. This force was raised by Mr. Deighton, R.M., and Mr. Preece, Clerk of the Bench at Wairoa, and was composed of Europeans and friendly Maoris. After scouring the country in various directions, this force, which had been joined by Captains Wilson and Richardson, at length (on July 24th) came in sight of the enemy, who were seen descending a distant spur of the Ahimanu range.

Te Kooti's victory at Papatatu had brought him fame amongst the Maoris, and he had now fully 200 men under him; and his force, as it descended the hill with its long train of women, children, and horses, looked formidable indeed to the few Europeans and their lukewarm Maori supporters. The latter, indeed, thought it too formidable, and sixty of them under Paora Te Apatu incontinently bolted, leaving a very weak contingent indeed to oppose the confident Te Kooti, who assured his followers that he was "an instrument in the hands of Providence and appointed to carry out its instructions," and generally worked on their superstitions.

When Paora Te Apatu fled, the Europeans were obliged to follow, but next day (July 25th) the whole force advanced against Te Kooti across the Hangaroa river, and a smart action followed; but in a very short time Te Kooti

threw forward his left flank against the position held by Paora Te Apatu, whereupon that redoubtable warrior *again* fled with fifty of his tribe, and this time kept on running till he vanished in the dim distance. Mr. Preece and Captain Richardson were then obliged to fall back to the next hill, which they held until evening, when their ammunition gave out, and they were deserted by Rakiora and some of his men. Seeing the chief moving off in the direction of Te Kooti's force, Mr. Preece asked him where he was going. "To get a drink of water," he replied; but, says Mr. Gudgeon, the historian, "he must have gone a long way, for he was absent four years!"

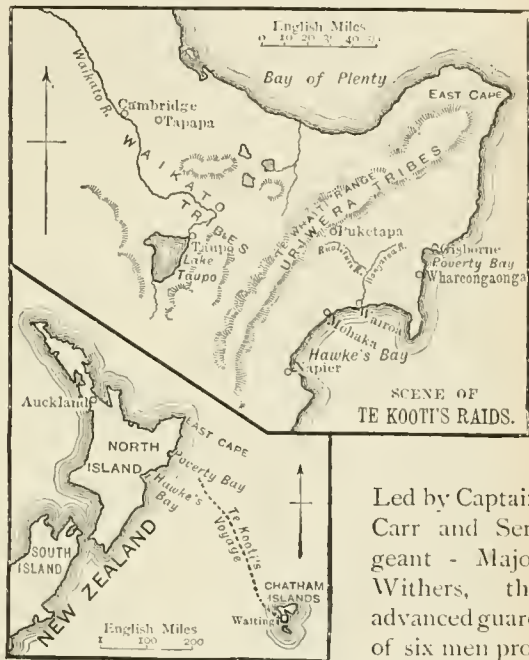
The Europeans and friendlies now retired to Te Wairoa, having lost two men (Maori allies) killed and several wounded, and Te Kooti resumed his march in triumph.

His success now began to cause great alarm to the whites. Government took action: the militia were called out, and Colonel Whitmore's force was strengthened. The Te Wairoa force under Captain Richardson and Mr. Preece was reorganised and brought up to a strength of 200 men by the accession of a body of friendly Maoris under Ihaka Whanga. On the 2nd of August the advanced guard reconnoitred all the country about Te Reinga Falls, when it was discovered that Te Kooti had crossed the river and had made off in the direction of the Papuni. Captain Richardson had received orders not to follow the enemy in this direction; so he returned to Te Wairoa, but had hardly reached there when an orderly arrived and instructed him to follow up Colonel Whitmore's march with twenty picked men and a store of ammunition.

While the Te Wairoa force had been reconnoitring, marching, and counter-marching, Colonel Whitmore had been steadily following Te Kooti's tracks, which pursuit he had taken up after the Papatutu fight as already stated.

He had with him the Napier and Poverty Bay volunteers and some friendly Maoris—in all 130 men; while Major Fraser, with fifty armed constabulary, was following another line of pursuit along the Hangaroa track. The division with the colonel had very rough work, as they were exposed to violent snowstorms on the Ahimanu range, and ran out of provisions before they reached the Waihou Lakes, where Major Fraser joined with his constabulary, and reported that Te Kooti's trail led in the direction of the Ruakituri gorge. The colonel determined to follow at once despite the lack of provisions,

but the Poverty Bay volunteers, who had something of a grudge against the commander, refused to go any further, and Colonel Whitmore was obliged to continue the pursuit with a greatly reduced force, consisting of fifty armed constabulary, a few volunteers, and about sixty friendly Maoris. Up the bed of the Ruakituri river the force marched, finding camp after camp of the Hauhaus; and at length, on the evening of August 8th, when the men were thoroughly exhausted, the enemy, some 250 strong, were found posted in the Ruakituri gorge.



Led by Captain Carr and Sergeant - Major Withers, the advanced guard of six men proceeded in single

file up the narrow gorge, and on rounding a bend were suddenly received with a volley from the Hauhaus, who were posted only fifty yards away. No damage was done, and the advanced guard managed to get under cover, but the main force, which stood in a long line in the river bed, was more exposed to a raking fire from Te Kooti's men, who lined the base of the hill and river bend. Several men were killed, and Captain Tuke was severely wounded in an attempt to scale the banks and get the force out of the trap in which it was caught.

The advanced guard could not be supported, and being hotly pursued by the enemy, was forced to leave its shelter in the thick scrub and fall back on the main body, its leader, Captain Carr, and Mr. Canning, a volunteer, being killed in this retreat.

Having got rid of the advanced party, Te

Kooti quickly worked down on the main body through the scrub, and very nearly succeeded in cutting off its retreat. In this onslaught he was himself, however, shot in the foot, and this wound affected his health for the remainder of his life. The friendly natives under Henare Tomoana now beat a retreat, leaving the Pakehas to their fate; and seeing that they were greatly outnumbered, the latter also fell back, and after awaiting further attack at an island a mile and a half in the rear of the gorge, finally retreated to their camp at Te Reinga. Only a few of the strongest men reached the camp that night, however; the rest, utterly exhausted and almost starving, lay down in their tracks and passed a miserable night in the desolate bush—rain falling in torrents on their unsheltered and emaciated bodies.

The loss of the assailants was five killed and five wounded, while Te Kooti had eight men killed and three wounded—one of the latter being himself as stated above.

The indomitable Maori had now won his third fight, and disdaining to retreat any further, he formed a camp at Puketapa, near the scene of the fight, and occupied it from August 8th to October 28th, during which time he proclaimed himself saviour of the Maori people, and sent messengers all over the North Island urging the tribes to rise and join him.

Their defeat at the Ruakituri gorge was a fatal one for the Europeans, for it reduced their prestige amongst the Maoris, increased Te Kooti's *mana* (or fame), and caused that leader to give up his idea of retreating to some safe place where he could live in peace, and substitute for it a scheme of relentless war against the Pakehas, whom he evidently hoped to exterminate altogether. The dreadful massacres which followed, and which have made Te Kooti's name execrated in New Zealand, would probably never have taken place if the Ruakituri affair had inflicted a severe check on the daring Maori. That Te Kooti was a cruel and heartless man has already been shown by his treatment of his luckless old relative on the *Rifleman*, and here a later atrocity of his may be mentioned.

Shortly after Papatatu, Colonel Whitmore despatched an orderly, named Brown, to Wairoa; but unfortunately for himself the man was intercepted by the Hauhaus, and brought before Te Kooti, who ordered his instant execution. He was shot, and his body, with that of his dog, was thrown into a ditch, where some days later

Colonel Whitmore's pursuing column found the remains.

Being left unmolested, Te Kooti occupied himself in constructing a pah at Puketapa, in extending his influence amongst his followers, and in securing recruits. In this last matter he was very successful. Te Waru and Reihana, chiefs of the upper Wairoa tribes, joined him secretly while pretending friendship to the white man, and Nama, with forty men of the Temai-onarangi tribe, joined him openly. Rigid discipline was kept up in Puketapa by Te Kooti, who would not even allow his men to eat or smoke except at stated times. "There is a time for all things," he said. His punishment for disobedience was death, and such ascendancy had he acquired over his turbulent followers that they dared not dispute his orders openly, but being well-nigh starving, would often steal from the pah into the open, where they would shoot their horses for food. No better proof of Te Kooti's wonderful force of character could be found than the fact that he kept together at Puketapa some hundreds of turbulent Maoris under conditions of discomfort, and such privation, that when he finally broke camp and started on his great raid, some of his men dropped in their tracks and died from the sheer weakness of starvation, their skeletons being found long afterwards by the Europeans. Te Kooti would allow no interference with his authority in Puketapa, and a Uriwera chief who resented his dictation found himself in a position of danger and fled from the pah, only to be pursued, brought back, and slain by the ruthless Te Kooti. After this none dared to question his authority, and he stood the acknowledged leader. The position he held at Puketapa enabled him to descend with ease either on the settlements at Poverty Bay or those at Te Wairoa, and as it was known that he had vowed vengeance on the Pakehas, much anxiety was felt by the settlers. Men were set to watch the tracks by which the Hauhaus might come, but Major Biggs seemed lulled into a state of false security, and a movement at Poverty Bay to erect a fort, or place of strength, to which the settlers could retire in the event of attack, fell through, and Te Kooti met with no opposition when he arrived.

By the end of October he had completed all his arrangements, and his terrible raid on Poverty Bay commenced. Setting out with his half-starved force from Puketapa, and having with him many of the Uriwera tribe in whose country he then was, he marched to Pahekeheke,



"THE HAUHAUS SHOT OR BAYONETED THEM—MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN—AS THEY ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE" (p. 270).

where he was joined by the chiefs Nama and Te Waru and their men, and thence the united force swept down on the plains. Many of Te Kooti's half-starved men were very weak, so he left his main body at Pukepuke with the women and children, continuing his march with about 200 of the strongest men. The village of Patutahi was captured, and its people forced to join the Hauhaus, who next moved on to the white settlement at Matawhero.

At midnight on the 8th of November, 1868 (some say the 9th of November), the Hauhaus crossed the Patutahi ford and entered the settlement. The first house they reached was that of Mr. Wylie, and the owner was seen seated by a table writing; but Te Kooti felt so sure of this victim, whom he specially hated, that he determined to deal with the other settlers first and then return for Wylie. The Hauhaus now broke up into parties, and, going to house after house, roused the settlers, and then shot or bayoneted them—men, women, and children—as they attempted to escape. To give the details of the massacre would be impossible in the compass of a brief chapter, but what happened in the case of Major Biggs—the unfortunate victim of over-confidence—may be related as showing the *modus operandi* of the Hauhaus. When the latter reached Biggs's house, they knocked at the door as if they were peaceful visitors, and the owner asked them what they wanted. "We want to see you," they replied; and Biggs suspected that the long-dreaded raid had come. He opened the door, at the same time calling to his wife to escape by the back, but she refused to leave him. The Hauhaus fired, and the Major fell dead on his own verandah. They then rushed in, and tomahawked Mrs. Biggs, her baby, and the servant.

Captain Wilson's case may be quoted, for, though similar to Major Biggs's in most respects, it yet exhibits the treachery of the Hauhaus in a stronger light. Wilson defended his house with a revolver, and the assailants thereupon adopted the easy plan of burning him out. They set fire to the house at either end, and then offered to spare the lives of Wilson and his family if he would surrender without further opposition. He did not set much value on their promises, but, as the alternative was being burned alive, he accepted the offer, and, with his servant, a man named Moran, was led towards the river bank. Suddenly a Hauhaus rushed at Moran and killed him with a blow from a hatchet, and at the same moment Captain Wilson was shot

in the back. Mrs. Wilson and the children were then bayoneted, but one little boy escaped, and, concealed in the scrub, was witness to the awful tragedy. Poor Mrs. Wilson was not killed, though she was repeatedly stabbed, and beaten with the butts of muskets; and, after the murderers had gone, she managed to crawl to the barn, where her little boy fed her with eggs as best he could, and kept her alive for seven days till relief came. But her wounds were too severe and the shock of the tragedy too great for recovery to be possible, and she died shortly afterwards at Napier.

The work of slaughtering and plundering went on during the night and early morning, and was continued throughout the district at intervals for two days until twenty-nine Europeans and thirty-two friendly natives had been slain, and the terrified survivors fled to Gisborne, whence the women and children were shipped to Napier; and the men fortified the place in daily expectation of attack, but none was made. Te Kooti, contenting himself with what he had done and with looting and burning the houses of the settlers, finally retreated with great piles of plunder heaped up on the carts taken from the unhappy settlers.

Here may be related what had happened in the case of Mr. Wylie, whom Te Kooti had fondly hoped to "make sure of" on the first night of the massacre. Alarmed by the sounds of firing, Wylie and some other settlers had managed to make good their escape; and, when the Hauhaus leader returned for his cherished vengeance, he found the house empty and his hoped-for victim flown. Raging, he searched the house, and, finding some promissory notes signed with Wylie's name, he proceeded to *eat* them, under the delusion that they were money belonging to Wylie, whom he determined to injure in *some* way if he could not kill him. He had hopes of a more satisfactory vengeance yet, however; and, flinging himself on his horse and followed by twenty mounted men, he dashed off in the direction he believed the fugitives had taken. Galloping up to the native village by the ford on the river, he ordered the chief, Tutari, to point out the way the settlers had gone; but the brave old man refused to do so, whereupon the infuriated Te Kooti ordered him to be killed with his two children, which bloody deed was performed before the eyes of the wife and mother, who in turn was threatened with death if she did not give the information required. She saved her life by pointing out the direction,

and, swearing that he would cut little pieces off Wylie when he caught him, Te Kooti galloped off with his savage followers, all drunk with liquor and slaughter, and ripe for even more horrible atrocities than they had yet committed. When they had gone several miles, however, they learned that the woman had outwitted them and set them on the wrong track, and, furious, they returned to the settlement, while Wylie and the other escapees made their way to a place of refuge.

The savage Poverty Bay massacre naturally made Te Kooti the best-hated man in all New Zealand—by Europeans and friendly Maoris alike—and from that time on, for several years, a fierce and determined pursuit of him over mountains, rivers, and lakes, through bush, swamp-land and fern, was maintained by whites and natives; but though always outnumbered, repeatedly surrounded, hungry, wounded, and ill-supplied with ammunition, he escaped again and again, and fighting ever, retreated from fastness to fastness, and eluding his pursuers, swooped down on distant settlements, bringing murder and ruin in his train, till his name became a veritable terror to the young colony, to whose financial burdens he was adding at the rate of five hundred pounds a day. "One thousand pounds a day" was the cost of the Maori wars at this date, and of this sum Te Kooti must have been responsible for fully one-half, if not more.

Within a few days of the massacre, Lieutenant Gascoigne collected a force of Europeans at Turanganui (Gisborne), and was joined by Henare Potae and his friendly Maoris, and a week later by Major Westrupp and Captain Tuke, who came from Napier with 300 friendly Maoris.

The force set out for Matawhero, where the melancholy duty of burying the bodies of those slain by the Hauhaus was performed, and then marched in hot pursuit of Te Kooti. On November 21st his rear-guard was overtaken at Patutahi, and two of them were shot. Quantities of loot which the Hauhaus had been unable to carry away were found here, and also the dead bodies of friendly Maoris shot by Te Kooti's orders.

At Pukepuke more bodies were found, and the carts and sledges of the murdered settlers. The trail grew warm, and on the evening of November 23rd the pursuers came up with the main body of the Hauhaus on the Te Karetu Creek. A furious fire was at once opened, but the assailants were beaten back with a loss of

five killed and twelve wounded, amongst the former being Hamuera Teiroa and Karauria, two chiefs of the friendlies. Twenty Hauhaus were killed, but the enemy held the position, and the assailants were obliged to retire to a ridge twelve hundred yards from the Hauhaus, who were strongly entrenched.

Rifle-pits were pushed towards the entrenchments, and for a whole week heavy and continuous firing was kept up, and a number of men on both sides were killed and wounded. Te Kooti now executed one of his daring outflanking movements, and sixty of his men under Baker, the half-caste, captured the base of the attacking force's supplies at Patutahi, carried off eight kegs of ammunition and a quantity of provisions, and so alarmed the force at Te Karetu that the attack was on the point of being relinquished; but on December 1st powerful reinforcements arrived from Te Wairoa—namely, 370 friendly Maoris, under the renowned chief Ropata—and on the following morning a fierce attack was made on the Hauhaus entrenchments. Forty Wairoa natives, under the command of Mr. Preece, commenced the assault, and being presently aided by the Ngatiporu, under Ropata, drove the Hauhaus out of two lines of entrenchments into their last line of rifle-pits on the creek. The toils had now closed about Te Kooti, and it seemed as if an early vengeance for the Poverty Bay massacre was to be taken. Three columns of attack were formed, the Wairoas on the left, Ngatiporu in the centre, and Napier tribes on the right, and a furious rush was made for the Hauhaus' last position. They stood for a moment, but the fury of the attack was too much for them, and they broke and fled across the river, under a terrible flanking fire from the left column, which killed thirty-four and wounded many more. This flanking fire, however, saved Te Kooti, for the Ngatiporu were unable to cross it in pursuit, and Te Kooti, weak, worn, and lame from the wound in his foot received at Ruakituri, was carried up the river bed on a woman's back! and got clear away, though hundreds thirsting for his blood were just behind. What would have happened to him had he been captured may be judged by what occurred in the case of Nama, his ally, who was wounded, but taken alive. His complicity in the Poverty Bay massacres and other atrocities had rendered him particularly objectionable to the Wairoa and Ngatiporu friendlies, and they settled all scores by roasting him over a slow fire, the Europeans "looking the other

way" apparently. Fourteen dead Hauhaus were found in a single pool in the river, and one of these was floating with his face out of the water in such a singular manner that Hami Tapeka, a Ngatiporu, was much surprised, and gently prodded the "corpse" with his bayonet. "It"



TE KOOTI.

started up out of the water very much alive, and would have escaped but for the prompt action of Hami, who made certain of matters this time by an ounce ball from his musket.

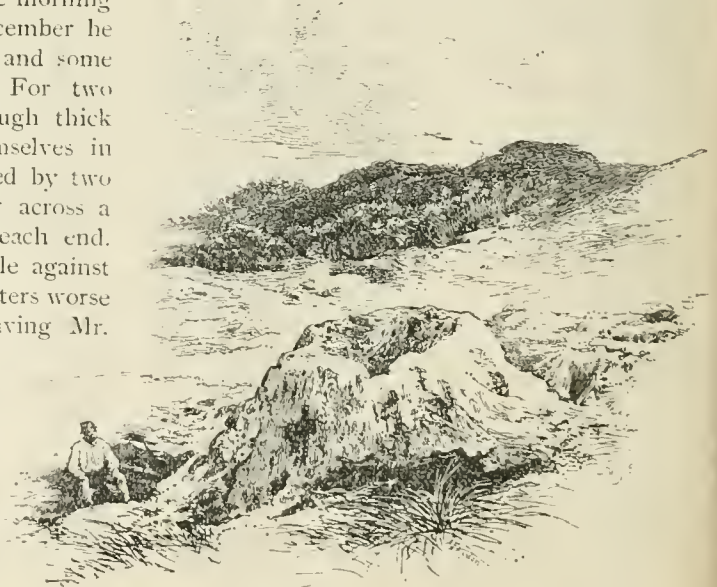
In this action two Europeans were wounded, in addition to the casualties amongst the friendlies. After this severe defeat Te Kooti made good his escape to a pah which seems to have been previously prepared, on the highest point of the bush-clad mountain of Ngatapa.

This pah Ropata discovered on the morning after the fight, and on the 5th of December he proceeded to attack it with his tribe and some Wairoa natives under Mr. Preece. For two miles the force wound upwards through thick bush, and then suddenly found themselves in front of the pah, which was defended by two lines of strong earthworks extending across a small flat and resting on a cliff at each end. The position was, in fact, impregnable against such a small force; and to make matters worse many of Ropata's men retreated, leaving Mr. Preece and a few men to make the attack, which they gallantly did, and actually stormed the outer earthwork, but were ultimately forced to retreat. Ropata was in such a towering rage with the men who had deserted him that he refused to have anything more to do with them, and was retreating in dudgeon to the coast when he met Colonel

Whitmore with 300 constabulary marching to his relief.

Even then he would not turn back, but promised to return later with recruits, and Whitmore went on alone. His scouts brought in news that Te Kooti was burning his whares (huts) on Ngatapa, and rashly concluding that this was but a prelude to retreat, Colonel Whitmore drew off his forces to the coast, whereupon the ever-vigilant Te Kooti, well served by his spies, swooped down from his mountain on the settlements, where he killed young Mr. Wylie (son of his old enemy), Mr. Fergusson, and a friendly Maori, and plundered various homes. Hearing of this raid, Colonel Whitmore endeavoured to cut off Te Kooti's retreat; but the skilful Maori easily eluded him, and retired again to his fortress on Ngatapa, which he strengthened, and then calmly awaited attack.

On December 24th Colonel Whitmore marched on Ngatapa, and on the 30th was joined by Ropata with 370 friendlies. Te Kooti had chosen his position well. Ngatapa was a conical hill rising to a height of 2,000 feet from a mass of bush-clad hills, and was crowned by the pah, which was defended in front by three lines of earth and fern-tree parapets, with ditches in front in the European style. These parapets abutted on steep scarp slopes at either end; the outer line was about 250 yards long and seven feet high; the second line was shorter as

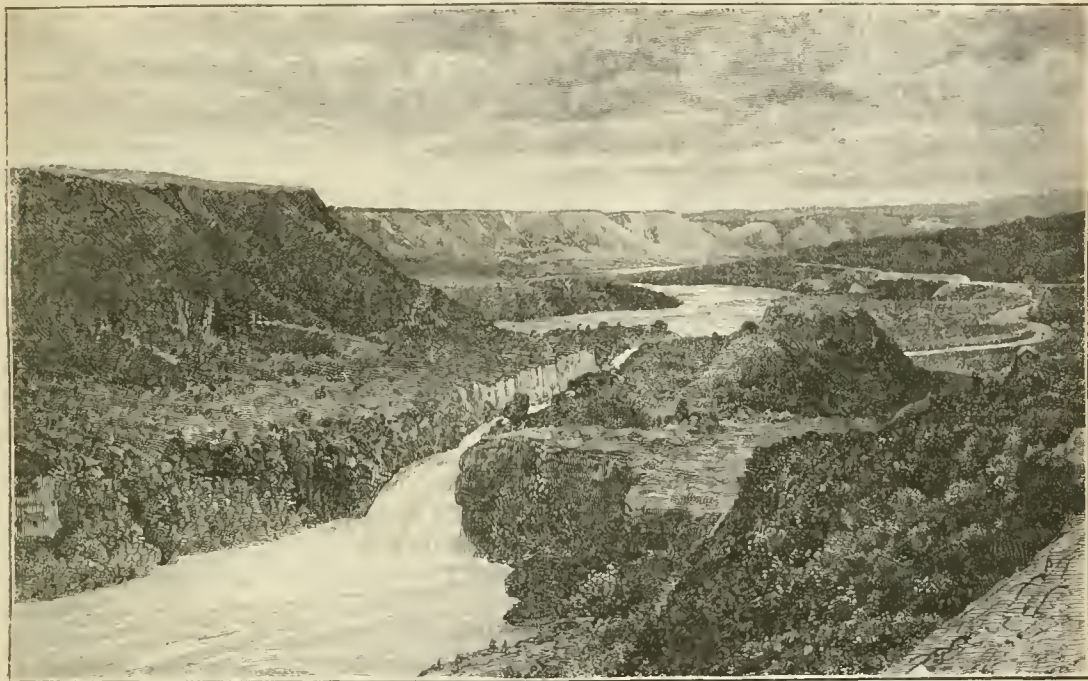


THE CROW'S-NEST, TAUPC.

(From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)

the peak contracted; the third line was a huge work fourteen feet high, and dotted all over with loopholes formed with sandbags, through which loopholes the enemy could fire with but little risk of being injured themselves. Each line was joined to the next by protected passages, through which the defenders could retire. The rear of the work was situated on an almost perpendicular cliff, and altogether Ngatapa would have been a formidable position for the best-disciplined troops to attack, especially when

Ropata attacked the pah from the rear with fifty picked men, and in the teeth of the defenders this division commenced to scale the cliff, a heavy fire being kept up by the Hauhaus and replied to by a large force of European and Maori coverers. Finally, with a loss of eight men, Ropata's stormers climbed the cliff, broke into the trenches, and seized the first line of defence. Te Kooti was now apparently doomed, for he was surrounded on all sides save one—a nearly precipitous cliff—by a force greatly out-



IN THE TAUPO COUNTRY.

(Photo, Warren.)

held by such a bold and skilful leader as Te Kooti.

On January 1st, 1869, the assault was commenced with spirit, and in a very brief space the only supply of water available for the defenders was captured. Rifle pits were carried within 100 yards of the outer line of defence, and the artillery having brought up a mortar opened a hot fire with shells which had to be carried on men's backs for a distance of three miles over a country of extreme roughness. The siege was pressed vigorously, and a very heavy fire was kept up on both sides, Captain Brown of No. 7 constabulary division being shot dead on the 2nd, and Captain Capel being seriously wounded on the 3rd. On the 4th

numbering his hungry and weakened band. He had very little food, and no water at all, for several days, and would have been obliged to surrender but for rain opportunely setting in and enabling the defenders to catch sufficient water in blankets and shirts to keep themselves alive.

A storming party, 200 strong, formed in the trench taken by Ropata, and sat down to wait for morning, but at 2 a.m. a Maori woman within the pah called out that *Te Kooti had gone!* And so he had, with all his men and women, except those wounded. In the morning it was found that the defenders had slipped away by means of the one unguarded and supposedly impassable side, and were now miles off in the

bush. The enraged Ropata at once set out in pursuit, and, as the Hauhaus from want of food were obliged to break up into small parties, he captured 120, all of whom he summarily shot; but Te Kooti and many of his men easily escaped and proceeded to visit the Uriwera tribe, with whom they remained unmolested for some time.

A number of his men returned to their homes, and the indignation of the settlers became extreme when they saw red-handed Poverty Bay murderers walking about unmolested in their midst; and a Mr. Benson, who had lost relatives in the massacre, openly shot a Maori whom he knew to have had a hand in the murders of his friends. Next day Benson was requested by a constable to sit as a juror in the inquest held on the Maori's body. "But I shot him," said Benson. "I have nothing to do with that," replied the guardian of the peace; "all I have to do is to find jurymen, and if you don't attend, I'll summon you!" Benson then proceeded with eleven other intelligent jurymen to try himself, and, having gone into the box and given evidence against himself, he, with the others, retired to consider the verdict, which was soon found, and ran as follows:—"Shot by some person unknown, and serve him right!"

The foregoing pages will give a fair idea of Te Kooti's fighting methods, wonderful skill, and great hardihood, and space will only permit of a hurried glance at the remainder of his stirring career.

In April, 1869, operations were recommenced against him and his allies, the Uriweras. After some desultory fighting, he was brought to bay at Tauaroa by Major Mair and 400 men; but again he escaped in the night with all his men, and early in May swooped down on Mohaka on the coast, and, taking the Huka pah by treachery and courage combined, killed there in cold blood seven Europeans and fifty-seven Maoris, and looted the whole settlement. He nearly lost his own life here, however, for Heta, one of the defenders of the pah, when he recognised the Hauhaus' treachery, said, "If I die, you die too," and, raising his rifle, fired point-blank at Te Kooti, who was, however, saved by one of his men, who struck up the muzzle. Heta was at once shot, and a general massacre followed.

Te Kooti next besieged the pah Hiruharama, but this held out gallantly, though it was largely garrisoned by little Maori boys and girls, who had to stand on boxes or mounds of earth in order to fire over the parapet. Trooper

Hill and a few Maoris managed to charge through Te Kooti's men and supplement the garrison of the pah. All night Hill, curiously armed with a double-barrelled gun, a rifle, and a long spear, stood at a threatened angle of the pah, physically supported by two full-grown men, two little boys, and three girls, and morally supported by the Maori parson of the pah, who "came round every hour and prayed for his success," says the historian. Provisions were very short, and, having received in forty-eight hours (as a great favour) from his Maori friends a pannikin of tea, one apple, and a biscuit, Sergeant Hill was not sorry when Te Kooti's bugles sounded the retreat, and the siege was raised. For his conduct in defending this pah Hill received the New Zealand Cross.

Te Kooti's next murderous raid was on Opepe, where, by treachery, he cut off from their arms and slew nine European troopers.

He then withdrew to Taupo, and was joined by the chief Te Heu-heu, and it was feared that Tawhiao, the Maori king, would join him with the powerful Waikato tribes, so the Government put a price of five hundred pounds on Te Kooti's head, and offered five pounds for every rebel Maori captured and one pound for every Maori killed in fair fight, a policy politely deprecated by the British Minister for the Colonies, Earl Granville, but defended by the New Zealanders, who reproached Britain with deserting them in the hour of their greatest need, and hinted at a determination to throw off allegiance to that country and seek assistance from the United States of America. It must be recollected that Te Kooti was dealt with without British assistance, which had been freely accorded in the earlier Maori wars.

Te Kooti was pursued with the most unrelenting vigour, and to describe all his hairbreadth escapes would be impossible in a few pages.

On October 3rd, 1869, he was defeated at Pourere by Colonel McDonnell, with a loss of seventy men, and was himself severely wounded by a ball which struck him as he was taking a cap for his rifle from his waistcoat pocket. The bullet wounded the thumb and forefinger, cut the third finger clean off, and then passed through the fleshy part of his side. He retreated into the King country, but was after a time forced to leave by the Waikatos, and was again surrounded; but just when his capture seemed certain, he eluded his pursuers and made one of his raids on a native settlement on the Wanganui River. Hotly pursued by 600 men, he was next heard

of near the settlement of Cambridge in the Waikato, and from this place he wrote to the Government asking for peace; but there was to be no peace for him—just yet, at all events—and Colonel McDonnell, with a force of 600 Maoris and Europeans, was soon on the trail. On January 24th, 1870, McDonnell defeated Te Kooti, who was posted in a strong position at Tapapa, and shortly afterwards surrounded his supposed retreat with nearly 800 men, but in a few days word was brought that Te Kooti was at Kuruni, many miles away.

All through February the pursuit was kept up, and short of provisions, worn and exhausted, Te Kooti seemed in desperate case, but he managed to reach the Uriwera country in safety, and in this wild country the pursuit could not be continued for lack of provisions, and once more the hunted Maori gained a respite.

Not for long, however, for the Maori chiefs, Ropata, Te Kapa, and Topia, in the pay of the Government, with their men, were close to him early in April, but before they could come up with him he swooped down on the Opape settlements and carried off 170 friendly Maoris and also forty guns, some ammunition and provisions, of which he stood much in need. He then retired to a pah at Maraetahi, but on April 24th this was captured by the pursuers, and Te Kooti lost eighteen men killed, many who were taken prisoners, and a great reserve store of ammunition which he had "planted" near the pah.

He retreated to the wild bush country of Te Wera on the borders of Uriwera, and thence suddenly made a raid on Tolgoe Bay with forty or fifty men. Here he killed several friendly Maoris, and was instantly pursued by a mixed force of Europeans from Poverty Bay and friendly natives. Traced to Mauganahau, his camp was completely surrounded, and some of the Europeans got within thirty yards of it and plainly saw Te Kooti—whom they well knew and hated. They could easily have shot him, but it was thought better to wait till morning and capture all in the camp.

In the end one of the friendly Maoris fired his musket as if accidentally, but undoubtedly with the intention of warning Te Kooti, for whom almost all the natives had a sneaking regard, and in a moment the much-sought-for chief had vanished in the bush, though his wife Huhaua was captured.

Te Kooti was now left in peace till January, 1871, when Ropata once more set out in search of him in his forest lair in Te Wera, and on the

25th of that month the column reached the watershed between the two coasts. As an example of the difficulties encountered by those who pursued Te Kooti, the following extract from Mr. Gudgeon's work may be given:—

"Te Rakiora, late Hauhau and personal friend of Te Kooti, acted as guide, and although he was travelling in his own country, so dense was the forest that he lost his way continually, rendering frequent halts necessary that he might climb trees so as to get the general direction of their march. Nothing could be worse than the travelling through this country. Thick scrubby bush, interlaced with supplejacks, covered the hillsides, which were excessively steep, so that for days the column had to follow the narrow beds of mountain torrents, over slippery rocks, where a false step might be fatal, for each man carried nearly forty pounds of biscuits, besides blankets, ammunition, etc. None of these things could be replaced in a black birch forest, where a rat can barely live, and where the traveller will hardly ever hear bird or insect."

The truth of this description can be vouched for by those who, like the present writer, are familiar with the New Zealand bush.

After following Te Kooti's traces through this terrible country till the 2nd of March, Ropata's men, who had been living on hinau berries for some days, knocked up, and he had to relinquish the pursuit, but took it up only a week or two later. This time he found a cave, in which Te Kooti had hidden six rifles, two watches, and some money, but the owner was not seen, though defiant letters from him were found in one or two of his lairs. In June, 1871, four parties resumed the pursuit, the leader of one being a European—Captain Porter; but they were down to hinau berries again by the middle of July, and had to return.

In August the pursuit was resumed in two columns, and this time Captain Porter and Henare Potae surrounded at night Te Kooti's camp, in the wildest part of the Uriwera country, and lay on their arms waiting for light. A dog scented the ambush and barked; a woman, who was recognised as Te Kooti's wife Olivia, chased it with a stick, and at the same time Te Kooti's voice was heard asking what had alarmed the dog. "Nothing," said someone, and again all was quiet. Surely they had him now!

No; the inevitable warning musket was fired, Te Kooti shouted "Ko Ngatiporu, tenei kia whai morehu" (It is the Ngatiporu, save yourselves), and hurling himself bodily through the back

wall of his hut (he was far too wary to escape by the door, which he knew would be watched), he disappeared in the bush, and never again did European or friendly Maori have a chance of securing vengeance for all Te Kooti's bloody deeds and outrages. He escaped across the Taupo plains to the King country. His *mana* was now great, both as a fighting-man and a preacher, and the powerful Waikatos rallied round him in such numbers that it was hopeless for the Government to continue the pursuit, which would have involved them in a general war with the natives. At this time the reward for Te Kooti's apprehension was £5,000, and this remained in force till 1883, or for nearly twelve years after his escape, during which time he lived peaceably in the territories of Tawhiao, the Maori king. In 1883 he was pardoned by the Government, and from that time to his death lived quietly at his settlement—Otema, on the Waipa river—of which a writer in the *New Zealand Graphic* says:—

“Otema was, perhaps, without exception, the fairest sample of what discipline and good

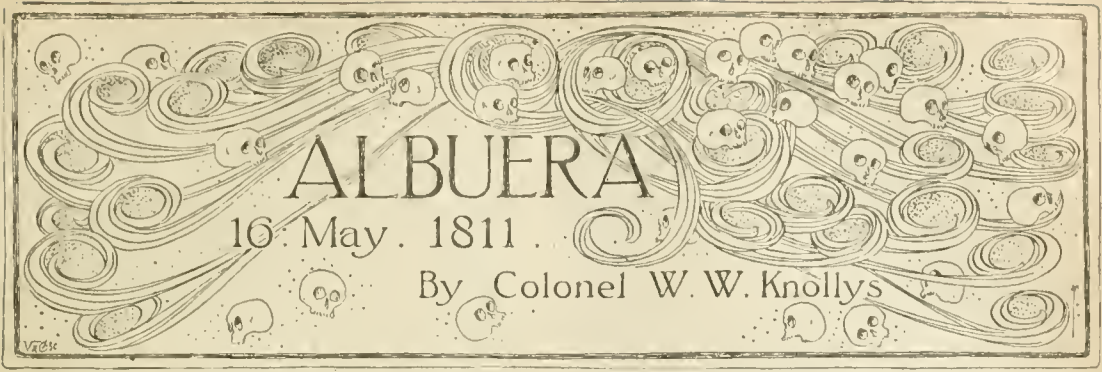
management will effect, even amongst Maoris. The whares were well built and clean, the fertile soil under careful and systematic cultivation, the people observed very regular habits in their domestic duties . . . under Te Kooti's supervision. At the settlement hospitality was shown to European visitors by Te Kooti himself.”

The old guerilla's health was completely broken down towards the end, as a result of the terrible privations of his warlike years. He was bowed down and prematurely aged, and was afflicted with a harassing cough and constant asthma. How many men could have lived through his experiences at all, though? He avoided those Europeans who regarded him as an object of vulgar curiosity, but “his bent and battle-worn figure, and his straggling white beard, with a slouch hat on his head, were familiar to many colonists whose business brought them into contact with him.” He died at the age of about sixty, in April, 1893, at Ohima, on the east coast, when “his once turbulent spirit passed away on the evening-tide”—the *tui po*, as the Maoris say. The old Maoris liked to “go down with the sun.”



A MAORI WAR-CANOE.

(From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)



THE battle of Albuera, because of its sanguinary nature, and the fact that Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, has enwreathed its memory with some of his most picturesque sentences, stands out as one of the prominent and popular episodes of war. If the eloquent Napier has described it so ably, it may be asked, why repeat a well-told tale? Napier, though anxious to be just and accurate, often allowed himself to be influenced by prejudices for or against corps and persons, and has not been free from this defect in his account of Albuera. Many think that he displayed prejudice, not to say virulence, towards Beresford; and, as a matter of fact, a violent and heated controversy between the commander and the historian followed the publication of the "Peninsular War."

Before we come to the battle and the events which led up to it, let us glance for a moment at the antecedents and personalities of the two opponents, Marshal Soult and Lord—then Sir William—Beresford.

Soult, universally recognised as one of the ablest of Napoleon's lieutenants, born in 1769, was the eldest son of a provincial notary. Fairly well brought up, he was destined for the law; but his father's death, when he was still only a boy, caused the idea to be abandoned. He is said by some to have been of Jewish origin; but we can find no confirmation of the statement. In 1785 he enlisted in the regiment of "Royal Infantry," and, thanks to his education, he became six years later a sergeant. The revolution gave him an opening, and, in 1791, he was appointed instructor to the 1st Battalion of the Volunteers of the Bas Rhin. He soon obtained the rank of adjutant-general, and in 1794, after the battle of Fleurus, he was made general of brigade. During the following four years he saw much service in Germany under Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber,

and Lefebvre. In 1799, promoted to general of division, he distinguished himself in Massena's Swiss campaign, especially at the battle of Zürich. In the following year he was second in command to Massena when that general conducted his magnificent defence of Genoa. In 1802 he was appointed one of the four generals holding the position of colonel in the Consular Guard. Though one of Moreau's officers he was discreet, acute, and pliable enough to attach himself to his old chief's rival, Napoleon; and in 1803 was given by the latter the command of the camp of Boulogne. In 1804 he was one of the first marshals created, and in the following year mainly contributed to the victory of Austerlitz. He subsequently greatly distinguished himself in Germany and Spain; and when, in 1813, Wellington was about to invade France, he was sent to withstand him, and carried out an offensive-defensive campaign with remarkable energy and ability. At the first abdication of Napoleon, Marshal Soult—Duke of Dalmatia—declared himself a royalist, and was appointed Minister of War by Louis XVIII. On the emperor's return from Elba Soult joined him, and was major-general—or chief of the staff—during the Waterloo Campaign. On the second restoration of Louis XVIII. Soult was exiled, but was, after a short time, allowed to return to France, was re-created marshal in 1820, and again played the part of a fervent royalist. After 1830 he became a partisan of constitutional royalty; but in 1848 he again changed, and was once more a republican. This was his last tergiversation, for in 1851 he died. The Duke of Wellington had a great respect for his talents as a commander, and was doubly cautious when opposed to him.

Beresford, the illegitimate son of the first Marquis of Waterford, was born in 1768. Having spent a year at the military academy of Strasburg, he was in 1785 gazetted ensign to the

6th Foot, which regiment he joined in Nova Scotia. While out shooting in that colony, he met with an accident which caused the loss of his left eye. He took part in the defence of Toulon, and also served in Corsica, but it could not be said that during his first ten years of soldiering that he had gained much experience in the field. Ten years, however, from the date of his first commission, and at the early age of twenty-seven, he found himself lieutenant-colonel commanding the 88th Regiment. Money and interest had pushed him on. In 1800 he landed in Bombay, and, having become full colonel, was appointed brigadier in the force despatched to Egypt under Sir David Baird. When, however, after a long voyage and a terrible march across the desert Sir David arrived at Cairo, the struggle was over. In Sir David Baird's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope Beresford accompanied his old chief as brigadier, but in the conquest of the Dutch dependency he saw no fighting.

In the following year, however, Sir Home Popham, without any orders from Government, prevailed on Sir David to send a small force with him to effect the conquest of Buenos Ayres. Beresford obtained the command of the land forces, which were brought up by troops at St. Helena to 1,025 men, besides a naval brigade, 800 strong. Ascending the river Plate, he landed twelve miles from that city on June 26th, behaved with the audacity and courage of a Cortez, and was everywhere victorious. On the day of disembarkation he drove off an opposing force, capturing four guns, and on the morrow entered the city, expelling its garrison of Spanish militia. The Spaniards, however, rallied from the blow, and, collecting troops, compelled Beresford, after a short struggle in which he showed the personal courage for which he was always conspicuous, to capitulate. Arriving in England, he was fortunate enough to find that the enthusiasm at his original success had not been altogether extinguished by his subsequent ill-fortune. Promoted to the rank of major-general, he was sent to hold Madeira for Portugal. A year later he was ordered to Portugal and commanded a brigade in Sir John Moore's glorious but unfortunate campaign. In 1809 he was appointed to the command of the Portuguese army. It was not an unsuitable appointment. He was in the prime of life, was of commanding stature and fine presence, had seen—if not much actual fighting—a great deal of active service, was a good disciplinarian, and possessed some acquaintance with the Portuguese and their language. His

success in organising and disciplining the Portuguese army is universally admitted. He took part in the campaign of 1809 in Northern Portugal, and in September, 1810, was present at Busaco. In December of that year, Hill having gone home on sick leave, Beresford was given by Wellington the command of the Anglo-Portuguese troops on the left bank of the Tagus. At the end of the following March he was ordered to relieve Campo Maior and besiege Olivenza and Badajoz. His force consisted of 20,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and eighteen guns. His enterprise opened well. It is true that Campo Maior had been captured by the French on March 21st, but Beresford, thinking that he might surprise the captors, moved towards it on the 23rd. On the 25th his advanced guard, consisting of cavalry supported by some infantry under that gallant and capable man Colonel Colborne—afterwards Lord Seaton—who commanded a brigade in the second division, arrived unexpectedly in sight of the town.

Latour-Maubourg, learning that the British were close at hand, evacuated the place in haste and confusion, his force consisting of some 1,200 cavalry, three battalions, a few horse-artillery guns, and a battering-train of thirteen pieces. The advanced guard followed in hot pursuit, Colborne being on the right at some distance, while the 13th Light Dragoons, under Colonel Head, supported by two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry under Colonel Otway, took the shortest line. The heavy cavalry, *i.e.* the 3rd Dragoons and 5th Dragoon Guards, under Major-General the Hon. Sir William Lumley, were mustered on the left, but at first close up. With the 13th Light Dragoons, Colonel Head had only five troops with an aggregate of 203 of all ranks with him, one troop being detached to skirmish. When he drew near, two bodies of French cavalry appeared from the rear of their infantry, one body charging the Portuguese under Otway, the other the 13th. The former appear to have held their own, but there is no record of their performances. With respect to the 13th, they and their opponents charged with such fierceness that they rode right through each other, many men on both sides being dismounted in the collision. Both French and English sought at once to re-form, but the British being quicker, were among their adversaries before the latter had got into order, and a severe hand-to-hand fight ensued. One French squadron wheeled inwards and fell on the flank of the 13th, but were driven off. Finally the French cavalry,

though largely superior in number to those immediately opposed to them, were, for all practical purposes, disposed of. The French infantry squares had with their fire taken part in the combat, but without any substantial effect. Disregarding this fire, the 13th, believing that they would be supported by the heavy cavalry, threw themselves on the French artillery, cutting many of them down, and then galloped forward in pursuit of the fugitives, partly of design with a view to cutting off the whole party, partly carried away by the excitement of their success. Reaching the bridge of Badajoz, they were fired on by the guns of the fortress, and obliged to fall back. On their return they encountered the flying French artillery. Sabring many drivers, they captured both guns and baggage. Continuing their retreat, the 13th found themselves in face of the unbroken French infantry and the remnants of the beaten French cavalry. Seeing no appearance of support, being now few in number, and men and horses alike being exhausted, the gallant Light Dragoons abandoned all, save one, of the captured guns, and, making a detour, escaped.

Their loss in this brilliant scuffle was 12 men killed and 33 of all ranks wounded, and 20 of all ranks missing, amounting to within a fraction of 30 per cent. of their total strength. The loss of the French on this occasion was 300 of all ranks killed, wounded, or prisoners. Among the killed was Colonel Chamarin, of the 26th Dragoons, who was slain in single combat by Corporal Logan, of the 13th. The corporal had killed two men of the French 26th Dragoons, which so enraged the colonel that he dashed forward and attacked him. Both adversaries were well mounted and good swordsmen, and seem to have been allowed to fight the matter out without aid or interference by their comrades. The deadly duel was short but sharp. Probably the hard hitting of the Englishman was too much for the scientific swordsmanship of the Frenchman, who, after the manner of his countrymen, preferred the point to the edge. Twice did the corporal cut the colonel across the face, and on the second occasion the latter's helmet came off, leaving his head exposed. The Englishman's opportunity had come, and with one mighty blow he nearly cleft the Frenchman's skull asunder, the edge of the sword passing through the brains as far as the nose.

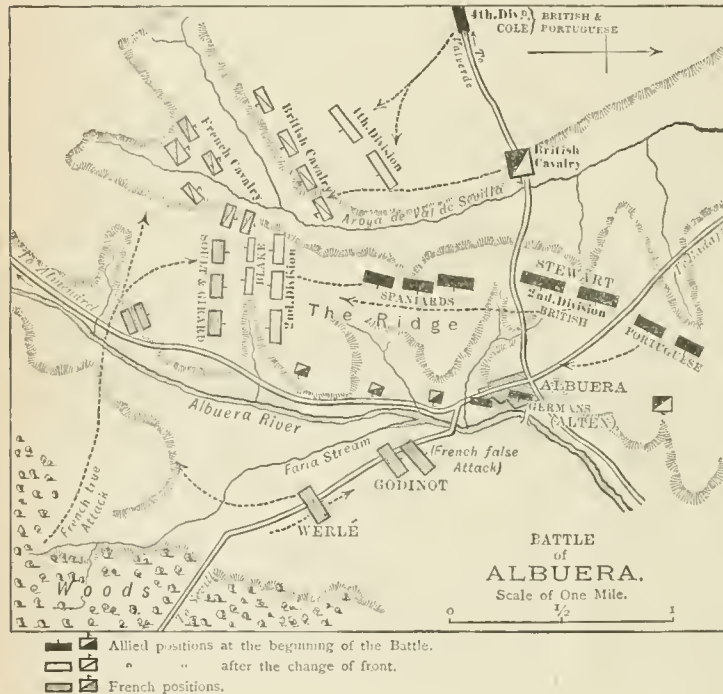
It has been held that Beresford on this occasion neglected to follow up this success. His excuse was that it was reported to him that the

13th had been cut off; he would not therefore risk further loss in his small force of cavalry by allowing the Heavy Dragoons to charge. The information was incorrect, and even had it been accurate surely the last chance of saving the regiment would have been to have at all events made a demonstration with the two heavy regiments.

Though the affair had not been so successful as it might have been owing to Beresford's moral timidity, it must nevertheless have exercised a depressing effect on the French. Instead, however, of profiting by that effect and following up his blow, he contented himself with blockading Elvas, alleging the want of supplies, shoes, and bridging material. There never yet was wanting a plausible excuse for doing little or nothing. Be in this case, however, the argument valid or not, the effect was that the French had time given them for placing Badajoz in a state of defence.

Beresford, ordered by Lord Wellington to cross the Guadiana at Jerumenha, encountered great difficulty from the want of materials for a bridge. However, his commanding engineer, Captain Squire, was a man of energy and resource. With timber obtained from the neighbouring villages he constructed a trestle pier on each bank, filling the interval with five Spanish boats. The bridge was completed on the 3rd April, and the troops were assembled with a view to crossing at daybreak on the 4th. Unfortunately, during the night there was a freshet, which swept away the trestles and rendered the neighbouring ford impassable. No more materials were to be found. Squire, however, did not recognise the word "impossible." With the boats, therefore, he constructed a flying bridge for the cavalry and artillery, while with the few pontoons in his possession and some casks found in the neighbouring villages, he made a light bridge for the infantry. Beresford's force commenced the passage late on the 5th April, and by the evening of the 6th all the troops were across the river. On the 7th, Latour-Maubourg, who had hitherto occupied himself mainly in collecting food, forage, and money contributions, took the alarm, and advanced to prevent Beresford from crossing the Guadiana, but found his adversary not only over the river but occupying a strong position on the eastern side of it. The French commander was therefore compelled to fall back. Beresford was at this time either joined or came practically into close communication with several fragments of

the Spanish armies, but he was cautious, and prudently was not thereby stimulated into undertaking a vigorous campaign, for the success of which he would have been dependent on the loyal co-operation of allies whom a bitter experience had proved to be unreliable. He therefore constructed entrenchments at the bridge head, and directed that the bridge itself should be solidly reconstructed. Having taken these precautions to secure his communications, he invested Olivenza with a portion of his army, while with the remainder he advanced to Albuera.



On the 15th April Olivenza surrendered, on which Beresford advanced towards Zafra, his object being to drive Latour-Maubourg over the Sierra Morena and to cut off General Maransin, who, having defeated Ballasteros, was pursuing him towards Salvatierra. Receiving, however, information of the approach of the allies, Maransin managed to elude the columns which were threatening to prevent his retreat.

Whilst these movements were taking place, a smart cavalry action occurred on April 16th near Los Santos between two regiments of French cavalry, advancing from Llerena to collect contributions, and the British cavalry. The brigade consisted of the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Dragoons (now 3rd Hussars), and the 13th Light Dragoons, the brigadier being

Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey. The accounts of this spirited cavalry action are very meagre. The numbers were about equal, but the French were broken and hunted for six miles with a loss in prisoners alone of 200 men, every attempt made to rally being baffled. The regimental records of the 13th Light Dragoons—which, by the way, claim all the merit for that regiment—says nothing about the casualties, but the records of the 3rd Dragoons admit some loss but say that it was "very little." That the 13th Light Dragoons were, if not chiefly, at all events hotly

engaged is proved by the fact that the French commander, whose gallantry excited the admiration of his opponents, was killed by Private James Beard of the regiment.

On the 18th April, Latour-Maubourg fell back to Guadalcanal. About this time the army was joined by General Alten with his brigade of two light infantry battalions of the King's German Legion. On the 21st Lord Wellington himself arrived at Elvas, and Beresford hastened to meet him. The commander-in-chief, drawing the infantry nearer to Badajoz, demanded that the Spanish troops should co-operate in carrying on and covering the siege, and laid it down that, if Soult advanced to the relief of the place, he was to be fought at Albuera.

The Spaniards, in accordance with their usual practice, were slow in carrying out an agreement. Lord Wellington therefore hurried northward again in order to withstand Massena on the Agueda, leaving directions with Beresford that he was not to undertake the siege until he was reinforced by him or obtained the co-operation of the Spaniards.

After his departure Beresford fixed his headquarters at Almendralejos, and, finding that the French were sweeping the country between the two armies of forage, he sent Penne Villamur with a brigade of Spanish cavalry, reinforced by five squadrons, and Colonel Colborne with his brigade, to which had been added two Spanish guns and two squadrons, to put a stop to these French parties. Colborne and Penne Villamur not only accomplished this object, but also

induced Latour-Maubourg himself to fall back. On the 5th May, the Spaniards having at length consented to perform their part in the siege of Badajoz, the investment of the town was begun, and, being completed on the 7th, batteries and trenches were constructed with energy. Owing to the want of proper siege materials and a

of Badajoz, and on the 15th arrived at Santa Marta. Beresford's information was good, for on the night of the 12th of May he received intelligence of Soult's approach. He at once suspended all operations against Badajoz, and on the following day, in spite of the remonstrances of his engineers, he raised the siege under cover



"SABRING MANY DRIVERS, THEY CAPTURED BOTH GUNS AND BAGGAGE" (P. 279).

sufficient number of trained sappers and miners, the operations were carried on at a disadvantage and at the cost of much loss of life.

Soult, on the 10th May, started from Seville with the view of relieving the beleaguered fortress. He had with him 3,000 heavy dragoons, two regiments of light cavalry, a division of infantry, and a battalion of grenadiers. On the following day he was joined by Marasin, and on the 13th picked up Latour-Maubourg, who was at once appointed to the command of the heavy cavalry. On the 14th he was within thirty miles

of the 4th division and a body of Spaniards. On the same day, after a conference with Blake at Valverde, he finally decided on giving battle to Soult at Albuera, the Spanish commander promising to bring his army into line before noon on the 15th. On the morning of that day the British army occupied the left of the selected position, but there was no sign of the approach of Blake. About 3 p.m. on that day the whole of the allied cavalry came in hurriedly and in some confusion, closely followed by the French light cavalry. In plain English, the allied

cavalry were driven in, effecting their retreat in so unmilitary a fashion that they only sought to reach the main army, and abandoned the wooded heights in front of the position. Yet on two recent occasions the British cavalry brigade had displayed the most heroic valour, and the discredit of the manner in which Beresford's horse-men rejoined him may fairly be attributed to the incapacity of General Long, commanding the whole of the allied cavalry, who, feeling the responsibility too much for him, surrendered that day his command to General Lumley.

Beresford promptly formed a temporary right wing, and at once sent to hasten Blake and his own detached troops. Blake was so slow that his main body did not reach the ground till 11 p.m., and his rear-guard not till 3 a.m. on the 16th. Orders were at once sent to call in Cole and Madelen's Portuguese brigade. By some mischance the message did not reach Madelen at once, but Cole with his two brigades, the infantry of the 5th Spanish army, and two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry, arrived at 6 a.m. on the 16th. The Spanish infantry joined Blake's army, the Portuguese cavalry joined Otway's brigade of Portuguese cavalry in advance of the left, while Cole formed up in rear of the 2nd division. Colonel Kemmis's brigade of the 4th division marched to join Beresford *vis-à-vis* Jerumenha, and consequently did not arrive till the 17th.

The position occupied by the allies consisted of a ridge about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, having the Aroya de Val de Sevilla in rear and the Albuera river in front. In front of the right of the position of the allies was a wooded hill, lying in a fork formed by the junction of the Faria stream with the Albuera river. All these streams seem to have been easily passable above the village, but there was a bridge near Albuera in front of the left centre of the allies, where the road to Valverde crossed, and another where the same road crossed the Aroya de Val de Sevilla, commonly called in English descriptions Aroya. The position was first occupied as follows:—On the extreme left came General Hamilton's division of Portuguese with their left on the road, which at Albuera quits the Valverde road to go to Badajoz. On the right of the Portuguese came the 2nd division, under Major-General the Hon. W. Stewart, and consisting of the brigades of Colonel Colborne, Major-General Houghton, and Colonel the Hon. A. Abercrombie. On the extreme right, on the highest, broadest, steepest part of the position, were the Spaniards under

Blake. The allied cavalry were drawn up, the main body across the Valverde road in rear of the Aroya and the 2nd division. The remainder of the cavalry were distributed along the Albuera river from in front of the allies' right to a spot beyond the Badajos road and below the village of Albuera. Major-General Alten, with his brigade of Germans, held the village.

The numbers on both sides were approximately as follows: The allies at—Spaniards 12,000, Portuguese 8,000, British 7,500, guns 30; French, 20,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 40 guns.

About 9 a.m. on the 16th a heavy force of French light cavalry and Godinot's division of infantry were seen, accompanied by artillery, advancing to attack the bridge in front of the village of Albuera. This force was followed by Werlé's division. The assailants were stoutly resisted by Alten's Light Brigade and the four guns of D Troop Royal Horse Artillery—two guns had been left at Lisbon—under Captain Lefebure. It soon became evident, however, that the real attack was on the right, not the left of the allies, for Werlé did not follow Godinot closely. Indeed, soon after 8 a.m., some French cavalry had issued from the Ilex wood, opposite the prolongation of the allies' right, and crossed the Albuera. Beresford therefore sent an order to Blake, as a measure of precaution, to form all his second and part of his first line on the broad elevated plateau running at right angles to the general direction of the allies' position. He at the same time directed Stewart with the 2nd division to take ground to his right in order to support Blake. General Hamilton was ordered to move to his right and, while sending one brigade forward to support Alten at the village and bridge, to hold the other in readiness to carry assistance to any part of the field where it might be needed. The two Portuguese regiments of light infantry under Colonel Collins were attached to General Hamilton's division. The heavy cavalry, 3rd Dragoon Guards and 4th Dragoons, and D Battery Royal Horse Artillery under the personal direction of Major-General Hon. William Lumley, the brigadier being Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey, were placed on a small plain in rear of the magnificent brook called the Aroya de Val de Sevilla. The 4th division was drawn up in *echelon* to the cavalry about 100 yards to their left rear. The 13th Light Dragoons were posted above the bridge to watch the enemy, while Otway's cavalry were drawn up below the bridge on the extreme left watching the French.

Napier says that the Albuera was fordable both above and below the bridge, but there are other statements to the effect that below the bridge it was not fordable on that day. At all events, even if the French did not try and cross below the bridge, Otway was well posted to fall on their flank should they pass at the bridge.

While these changes of position were taking place, the rain came down and helped to screen the advance of the French infantry through the wood and over the Albuera on the right; but Beresford was soon shown clearly what the intentions of Soult were, for Werlé, leaving only a battalion of grenadiers and a few squadrons to watch Otway, rapidly countermarched and hastened to join the main body of the French army, while the light cavalry, galloping along the bank of the Albuera, crossed it and placed themselves on the right of Latour-Maubourg's heavy cavalry. Godinot, however, continued the fight at the bridge either with the view of distracting the attention of the allies or watching for a chance to cross the river. Beresford, as soon as he saw Werlé's countermarch, rode in all haste to Blake, who, vain and punctilious, had refused to obey the first order carried by Colonel Hardinge, whom he told with great heat that the real attack was at the village and bridge. He had similarly disregarded a second message, and, when Beresford arrived in person, the Spaniards still occupied their original position. At this moment, however, the obstinate old don had it pointed out to him by a German officer on his staff that heavy French columns were appearing on his right. Yielding to the evidences of his eyesight, Blake proceeded to change front, but, to quote Napier's words, "with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction in person." Unfortunately, the movement was too late, and, before the Spaniards could be drawn up in order on the summit of the before-mentioned plateau, the French were upon them. Whatever may have been the conduct of the Spaniards later in the day, it is conceded that at this period of the battle they behaved gallantly, and fell back fighting and in fairly good order. Beresford strove to induce them to recapture the plateau, but failed; so ordered Stewart's division to pass through the Spaniards and drive away the French. Colborne's brigade was at the head of the division. It is difficult to ascertain in what formation the brigade advanced. We know that every regiment was in column of companies, but whether in a line of contiguous columns or in mass, *i.e.*

one regiment in rear of another, we cannot say. Colborne, a cool, skilful, and experienced soldier, wished to deploy before ascending the hill, but General Stewart, full of ardour, would not wait for this manœuvre, and the brigade advanced in column of companies, each regiment deploying in succession as it reached the summit. The Buffs on the right were first formed, and opened fire; the 48th on their left were the next to deploy, then the 66th. Somehow or another the 66th, while still in column, were rear rank in front. Though under a heavy artillery fire, they countermarched on the move with the utmost precision, and then wheeled into line and opened fire on the enemy, who were in close column. The 66th were ordered to charge, but had not advanced far when the "halt," followed by the "retire," was sounded. Immediately afterwards the order was given to advance again. Probably the 48th likewise fired and advanced at the same time. We know that the Buffs did. Suddenly a fearful catastrophe occurred. It would seem that the Buffs were ordered to re-form column and with their right wing to cover the rear of the brigade. They were consequently faced about, when suddenly four regiments of Polish Lancers and light cavalry fell on the right flank of the brigade and swept along it. The authority for this statement is the late Colonel Clarke, who commanded a company of the 66th in the battle. He says that in his regiment the men formed groups of six or eight, the officers snatching up muskets and joining them. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, the French infantry having taken advantage of the confusion to take part in the struggle. In a few minutes two-thirds of the brigade were killed, disabled, or captured, and six of our guns taken. Fortunately, the 31st was still in column at the moment, and was thus able to hold its ground. The French cavalry owed their success to the fact that, owing to the thickness of the atmosphere and the cloud of smoke, they had been able to approach unseen, and, even when perceived, were mistaken at first for Spanish cavalry. The conduct of the Polish Lancers—as afterwards at Waterloo—was most brutal. They gave no quarter, and even speared the disabled. One young officer, Ensign Hay of the 66th, was first pierced right through the body by a Polish lancer, who afterwards repeated the thrust; this time, however, the point of the weapon was caught on the breast-bone. Another lancer attacked Beresford himself, but the latter, being a powerful man, avoided the thrust, and, seizing

his adversary by the throat, cast him from his saddle. According to the narrative of the Marquis of Londonderry in his history of the Peninsular War, another lancer, who attacked the Portuguese staff, was disposed of with more difficulty. To quote the exact words, "A very different fate attended the personal exertions of the Portuguese staff. They, too, were charged by a single lancer, who knocked down one with the butt of his pike, overset another man and horse, and gave ample employment to the entire headquarters before he was finally despatched. These heroes declared that the man seemed possessed by an evil spirit, and that, when he fell at last, he literally bit the ground."

The Buffs, being on the right of the brigade, were the first to suffer from the furious rush of the French cavalry, and an heroic defence was made of their colours. Ensign Thomas that day carried the regimental colour: called upon to surrender his precious charge, he replied sternly that he refused to do so, but, being thereupon mortally wounded, the colour was captured. Ensign Walsh carried the King's colour, and, when the regiment was broken, the sergeants of the colour party were slain valiantly defending it. Left alone and anxious to preserve his charge, he made an attempt to carry the colour to the rear. Pursued by several lancers, he was overtaken, surrounded, wounded, and taken prisoner. At that instant Lieutenant Latham, who had seen his peril, rushed up, and, before the French could carry off the colour, had seized it. A host of foes, emulous of the glory of capturing a standard, fell eagerly upon the gallant Latham, who was soon bleeding from several wounds, but who, defending himself valiantly with his sword, refused to yield. A French hussar grasped the colour staff with his left hand, and, rising in his stirrups, aimed a vigorous blow at his head. He failed to cut him down, but inflicted a grievous wound, severing one side of his face and nose. The indomitable Englishman, however, would not even then give in. The French horsemen, crowding round, strove to drag the colour from him, calling fiercely on him to yield the trophy. His reply was, "I will surrender it only with my life." His words were unintelligible, but his meaning was plain, and a hussar with a vigorous cut severed his left arm. Not vanquished yet, Latham dropped his sword, seized the colour with his right hand, and continued the struggle, which must have ended quickly and fatally for him, had it not been that his adversaries in their eagerness to secure the

prize jostled and impeded each other. He was, however, at length thrown down, trampled on by horses, and pierced by lances. At this critical moment a charge of British cavalry took place, and the French horsemen fled without having attained their object. Latham, though desperately wounded, exerted what little strength remained to him in tearing the silk from the staff and concealing the former under his body. He then swooned. A little later in the day the 7th Fusiliers passed over the spot where Latham lay apparently dead, and Sergeant Gough, espying the colour, took it up and eventually restored it to the Buffs. After a time Latham came to himself, and, crawling down to the brook, was found striving to quench his thirst. Removed to a neighbouring convent, his wounds were dressed, and he ultimately recovered. Ensign Walsh managed to escape and rejoin his regiment, when he told the story of Lieutenant Latham's conduct. The officers of the regiment, proud of the intrepidity of their comrade, subscribed 100 guineas for a gold medal commemorating Lieutenant Latham's exploit, and this medal he was allowed by the Horse Guards to wear. He was promoted for his heroism to a company in another regiment, and brought back to the Buffs as a captain.

The Prince Regent granted him an interview when he arrived in London, and, with that graciousness of manner which distinguished him, and that nobility of mind which he occasionally displayed, induced Latham to undergo an operation by an eminent surgeon for the diminution of the disfigurement caused by the wound in his face, his Royal Highness undertaking to pay the heavy fee. It is a singular fact that, though few men have ever been so seriously injured and survived, in the official returns of the battle of Albuera Latham was returned as "slightly wounded."

It is always difficult to follow the course of a battle and give the correct sequence of events. The difficulty is particularly great with regard to Albuera. Napier's account is eloquent, brilliant, and full of dramatic force, but it is not clear. Nor are other accounts more intelligible, and there has been much controversy with regard to certain points. After consulting many books, we have come to the conclusion that the story is in the main as we are about to tell it.

Colborne's brigade having been cut to pieces alike by the musketry and grape from their front as by the charge of cavalry on their flank and along their rear, the confusion was excessive.



"A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT ENSUED" (p. 283).

So great, indeed, was the disorder that the Spanish persisted in firing straight to their front, though there were British soldiers between them and the enemy. Indeed, at one period of the action a Spanish battalion and a British battalion exchanged shots for some time under the belief that they were foes. Beresford did his utmost to induce the Spaniards to advance, but they would not move; and it is stated in all accounts of the battle that Beresford, having appealed to the officers in vain, at length seized a Spanish ensign and carried him with the colour he bore some distance to the front, but the fellow ran back as soon as released. To have actually carried him Beresford must have dismounted; so what probably really took place was that the marshal, while on horseback, seized the ensign by the collar and dragged him forward. Whilst this was going on, the French cavalry had pretty well surrounded the remains of Colborne's brigade, which, as we have mentioned above, it had broken up with the exception of the 31st on the extreme left. Among other damage Captain Cleeve's battery, having accompanied Colborne's brigade on its right, was ridden over and the six pieces captured; they were, however, all, except one howitzer, eventually recovered.

It was at this critical moment that General Lumley sent four squadrons of the heavy brigade, supported by the fire of Captain Lefebure's four horse artillery guns, to fall on the French cavalry. The latter apparently did not wait for the shock, but retreated. The next act in the drama was the advance of General Houghton's brigade, accompanied by General Stewart, who, warned by the catastrophe which had just occurred, deployed the regiments before they advanced, the 20th being on the right, the 48th on the left, and the 57th in the centre. The weather, which had been wet and misty, now cleared a little. Houghton's brigade established itself on the hill, and the 31st fought by its side. The fire was dreadful, musketry being fired at close, and grape at half, range. Stewart was twice wounded; Houghton, after having been several times wounded, at length, struck by three bullets, fell and died; Colonel Duckworth, of the 1st battalion of the 48th, was killed; Colonel White, of the 20th, was mortally wounded; Colonel Inglis, of the 57th, was severely wounded, and the 20th men fell in swathes. Two-thirds of each of the three regiments were on the ground; ammunition was beginning to run short. Werlé's division was coming up in support of the French. Lumley,

powerfully aided by his four horse-artillery guns, made valiant efforts against the superior numbers of the French cavalry, but could only just manage to hold them in check. Lefebure's battery was from time to time ridden through, and one of its guns was for a short time in the possession of the enemy; it was, however, soon recovered.

The battle, by all the rules of the game of war, was lost, and Beresford himself was of that opinion. From the vague and somewhat conflicting accounts it would seem that Beresford, having ridden to the bridge in front of Albuera to ascertain why a brigade of General Hamilton's Portuguese division for which he had sent had not arrived, found that it had been moved further to the east—the left of the line. He then ordered Colonel Collins to advance to the attack of the hill.

We have the positive assurance of the late Sir Alexander—then Major—Dickson, commanding the Portuguese artillery, and who was at the bridge at the moment, that he was ordered to retreat with his artillery towards Valverde, and Baron Alten by order withdrew from the village for a moment. Fortunately, Colonel Hardinge (afterwards Lord Hardinge) was at his elbow, and, gathering from his manner and orders what his intentions were, he said, "I think, sir, I ought to tell you that you have a peerage on the one hand and a court-martial on the other," and Beresford, after a moment's reflection, said, "I will go for the peerage." Either on general instructions or on his own initiative, knowing what the general wanted, he directed General Cole to attack with the 4th division, and, as soon as he saw his left brigade—the Fusilier brigade—approaching the left of Houghton's brigade, "I went to Abercrombie," commanding Stewart's 3rd brigade, "and authorised him to deploy and move past Houghton's left. While Houghton's brigade held the hill, Myers and Abercrombie passed the flanks on the right and left, and made a simultaneous attack on the enemy, who began to waver and then went off to the rear. Myers and Abercrombie, in my opinion, decided the fate of the day." The above is a literal extract from Lord Hardinge's own journal.

The Fusilier brigade was on the left of Cole's division, and Hervey's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division on the right. We are told that Colonel Hawkshawe, with a battalion of the Lusitanian Legion, flanked the advance. Cole brought his division up somewhat obliquely,

his right being thrown forward. What the position of Captain Sympher's battery, belonging to the 4th division, was we are nowhere told, but we know that, when Cleeve's battery was captured by the French cavalry, three guns of a British battery were also captured. The only British field-battery was Captain Hawker's. It must have been, then, three of his four guns, which fell temporarily into the hands of the enemy.

An interesting little book, called "Rough Notes of Several Campaigns," by Sergeant S. Cooper, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who was present at Albuera, says that six nine-pounders were on the right of the division. Now, either there were only four guns, in which case they constituted Captain Hawker's battery, or there were six guns, in which event they were Captain Braun's Portuguese battery of Hamilton's division. Colonel Collins's brigade was probably somewhere in this part of the field, for we know that he himself was badly wounded.

Hervey's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division behaved with great gallantry, and repulsed a charge of the French cavalry; but the brunt of the fighting was borne by the Fusilier brigade, consisting of two battalions of the 7th, and one battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers had been previously deployed, and advanced steadily in line under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. As they neared the hill, the French executed a charge on some Spanish cavalry in front of the brigade. A volley fired into the mass of the combatants checked the French, and the Spaniards, galloping round the left flank of the brigade, took no further part in the action. The brigade, continuing its progress, gained the summit of the hill, and then ensued a furious duel. The French guns vomited forth grape in a continuous stream, while under cover of their fire the heavy French columns strove to deploy, but the musketry of the brigade swept away the heads of their foes' formations, though not without suffering fearful loss themselves. Myers, the brigadier, fell stricken to death. Cole, the commander of the division, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe were all disabled, and many other officers, together with hundreds of men, were killed or wounded.

The brigade, indeed, seemed on the point of being vanquished by annihilation. To quote Napier's eloquent words, "The Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. But, suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies,

and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights." Firing and advancing, the brigade pressed steadily but slowly onward, leaving behind it a constantly expanding field of dead and wounded men. In vain did Soult encourage his splendid troops; in vain did the latter fight with the historical gallantry of their race; in vain did the reserve, pushing to the front, strive to stem the ebbing tide. Our men were not to be denied, the French reserve was swept away by the fragments of the leading combatants, and, again to quote Napier, "the mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep. The river flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal field." It is but common justice to record that the conduct of Abercrombie's brigade at the crisis was as gallant as that of the Fusiliers. Indeed, all the British, Portuguese, and German troops behaved splendidly. The battle began a little before 9 a.m., and ended about 2 p.m., the fighting during the remainder of the day being confined to a desultory distant cannonade and an occasional exchange of musket shots between the advanced troops. Beresford, though he had driven his adversary over the river, had suffered too heavily to permit of following up the victory. Indeed, he was in some apprehension of a renewed attack on the morrow.

The field of battle presented a dreadful sight. Major Dickson, writing of the scene, said that on the hill, where the battle chiefly ranged on a space of 1,000 by 1,200 yards, "there were certainly not less than 6,000 dead or wounded." In Colborne's brigade the Buffs lost 4 officers and 212 men killed, 13 officers and 234 men wounded, and 2 officers and 176 men missing. The 20th had only 2 captains, a few subalterns, and 96 men left. The 48th and the 66th also suffered heavily. In Houghton's brigade, as we have seen, the general was slain, as was also Colonel Duckworth; whilst Colonel White was mortally, and Colonel Inglis and Major Wray were severely, wounded. In fact, every field-officer of the brigade was either killed or wounded, so that at the close of the action the brigade was commanded by Captain Cemétière—strange to say, of French origin—of the 48th Regiment. In this brigade the 20th lost 7 officers and 77 men killed, 13 officers and 232 men wounded, and 11 men missing. The 1st battalion 48th Regiment also lost heavily. The 57th lost,

out of 30 officers and 570 men, 20 officers and 420 men, and was brought out of action by the adjutant, who in the morning had been fourteenth in seniority.

The last-named regiment received on this occasion the honourable name of the "Die Hards," which has survived till this day. At Inkerman, at a critical period of the battle, when a heavy Russian column threatened the weak remnants of the 57th, Captain Stanley, who commanded, called out, "Die Hards, remember Albuera!" and the men, responding, made a gallant and successful effort. The sobriquet was gained under the following circumstances:—The regiment, when on the top of the fatal hill, was losing officers and men every second. The regimental colour had twenty-one holes in it, the Queen's colour seventeen, the latter also having its staff broken. Ensign Jackson, who carried it, being hit in three places, went to the rear to have his wounds dressed. On his return he found Ensign Kitch, who had succeeded him, severely wounded but obstinate in refusal to give up his charge. Many companies had all their officers killed or wounded, and, owing to the heavy losses, the line presented the appearance of a chain of skirmishers. There is a tradition in the regiment that on the following morning after the battle the rations of No. 2 company were drawn by a drummer, who carried them away in his hat. Captain Ralph Fawcett, a young officer of only twenty-three years of age, although mortally wounded, caused himself to be placed on a small hillock, whence he continued to command his company, calling out from time to time to the men to fire low and not to waste their cartridges. Colonel Inglis, commanding the regiment, being struck by a grape-shot which penetrated his left breast and lodged in his back, refused to be carried to the rear, and remained where he had fallen in front of the colours, urging the men to keep up a steady fire and to "*die hard*."

Marshal Beresford, in his despatch, said that the dead, particularly those of the 57th, were to be seen "lying as they had fought in the ranks, and every wound in front."

General Stewart was twice hit, but would not quit the field. General Houghton, who had received several wounds without shrinking, at last fell dead, as we have mentioned, pierced by three bullets, whilst cheering on the men of his brigade. Early in the morning, hearing of the enemy's advance, he hurriedly turned out in a green frock-coat. Whilst on horseback in

front of his brigade, his servant came up with the general's red coat. Without dismounting, Houghton with the utmost coolness made the exchange of garments, though at the time he was under the fire of the French artillery.

In the Fusilier brigade the Royal Fusiliers went into action with 31 officers in each battalion. Of these the 1st battalion lost 4 killed or died of their wounds and 10 wounded; while in the 2nd battalion there were 3 officers killed and 13 wounded, 1 sergeant and 63 men were killed, and 14 sergeants and 263 men were wounded. In the 2nd battalion, which went into action 435 non-commissioned officers and men strong, the losses were—killed, 1 sergeant and 46 men; wounded, 16 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 269 men. From the account of the late Sergeant Cooper of this regiment, we learn that, when the Fusiliers had mounted the hill, there were constant cries of "Close up!" "Close in!" "Fire away!" "Forward!" Sergeant Cooper relates as an illustration of the great opinion which the army even then entertained of their illustrious leader that, when he (Cooper) was going into action, a comrade said to him, "'Where's Arthur?' meaning Wellington. I said, 'I don't know. I don't see him.' He replied, 'Aw wish he were here.' So did I."

The 23rd Fusiliers lost 2 officers and 74 men killed, 12 officers—of whom 2 died subsequently of their wounds—and 245 men wounded, and 6 men missing. At the end of the action one company was commanded by a corporal.

The gallant leader of the Fusilier brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Myers, Bart., was among the slain. Through the interest of his father, who was a lieutenant-general, he was granted a commission while still a child, and in 1800, when barely sixteen, joined the Coldstream Guards from half-pay. Wounded at the landing in Egypt in 1801, in the following year he became a lieutenant-colonel, and very sensibly spent the next two years at the senior department of the Royal Military College. At the end of 1804, being only twenty years of age, he obtained the command of the 2nd battalion Royal Fusiliers. The two battalions of the regiment being sent to Portugal in 1800, they were, with a battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers, formed into a brigade, the command of which was given to Sir William Myers, scarcely then twenty-five years of age. At Talavera the brigade and its young brigadier played a distinguished part, and Sir William was recognised as one of the most rising officers in the army. Albuera cut short his

promising career, and it is asserted that his letters betray a presentiment of his approaching fate. When ordered to advance, he turned to his brigade, exclaiming with exultation, "It will be a glorious day for the Fusiliers." His horse being shot under him, he proceeded on foot till a second horse was brought. He had scarcely

Houghton to be buried at Elvas. He thereupon expressed a wish to be buried where he died. He did not, however, expire till the next day, when he breathed his last at the age of twenty-six, and was buried close to Valverde.

It may here be mentioned that a company of the 5th battalion of the 60th Rifles was present



"CAPTAIN FAWCETT, ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, CONTINUED TO COMMAND HIS COMPANY" (A. 288).

mounted the latter when he received a bullet which struck him in the hip, passing obliquely upwards through the intestines. He did not fall, but kept on encouraging his men. At length it became necessary to take him from the saddle, and he was borne off the field by a party of Fusiliers. He wished a hut to be erected over him, but his servants, anxious to obtain for him the comfort of a bed, carried him to Valverde, a distance of ten miles. On the road he passed by a mule carrying the body of General

at the battle of Albuera, attached to the 4th division, and suffered some loss on the occasion.

The total casualties of the British and Portuguese was 984 of all ranks killed, 2,095 wounded, and 565 missing. The loss of the Spaniards was nearly 2,000; that of the French was about 9,000, including five generals.

During the night of the 18th, Soult retreated, much to Beresford's relief, for the circumstances of his victory had brought with them little exhilaration.

The Fight of the Arickaree Fork
 16-26. Sep^r 1868. By Angus Evan Abbott

IN writing an account of a Red Indian campaign one finds considerable difficulty in conveying to the reader's imagination anything approaching any adequate idea of the severity of the fighting, or even a clear picture of the field. The great value of the Red Indian as a warrior lay in his level-headed recognition of facts. No plan of battle can be drawn to describe an Indian contest, unless, indeed, it be a map of a thousand or so square miles of territory. The red man never took up a position with the intention of holding it a moment longer than it afforded him ample protection from the white man's bullets; for his triumphs consisted in the main of masterly retreats, punctuated here and there by subtle ambush and lurid massacre.

A United States general, given the job of punishing the tribes of the West for outrage committed, had as disagreeable and dangerous a task on his hands as his worst enemy could wish him. Hard riding, a long series of unsatisfactory skirmishes lasting over many days and hundreds of miles of rugged, ragged country, all the while straining every nerve to bring about a definite battle which never would come; chasing, one may say, a most dangerous will-o'-the-wisp; and then, when all was over, little glory won, nothing to show but bad wounds, decimated ranks, and graves like links in a great chain running across the bad lands. In the end there were no prisoners to march to the forts, for the warriors once disheartened, faded from sight as completely as a rainbow when the shower is over. As a strategist no less than as a brave, prudent, fearless fighter, the red man is to be admired.

In a few of the more important Indian campaigns, however, the forces on occasion became so concentrated as to admit of the arrangement of soldiers and warriors. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, for instance, when General

Custer and his 7th Cavalrymen were annihilated, the battlefield is known, as is also the case in the frontier fight of which this is a record. This is the account of a wonderfully plucky defence, during a siege which lasted for nine days, of a little island in the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, by Colonel (now General) George A. Forsyth, of the United States Army, and fifty picked frontiersmen, besieged by Chief "Roman Nose" and some 1,000 Sioux warriors.

The long-settled East had just been linked to the great West by the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and population, like a tidal wave, surged over the broad prairies. It soon became apparent that white and red could not live together in peace. It consequently was imperative that the boundaries between the territories to be occupied by the Indian and those for the Caucasian should be sharply defined.

The Sioux—in fact, all Western tribes—were nomads of the most pronounced type. For centuries they had followed the buffalo in their range over thousands of square miles of prairie; their cities of wigwams were constantly shifted. Abroad on the prairies all was freedom. Astride his shaggy pony the red man galloped from dawn into the rim of night, across undulating plains, rich in grasses and flowers; around him grazed countless buffalo and herds of wild deer; the prairie chicken flew from beneath his pony's unshod hoofs, the prairie dog sat atop his burrow and watched him pass, the prairie hawk stained its dark shadow across his path. All for him was space and fresh air, wildness and freedom. So when the navy marched into his domain spinning from his store the long straight lines of glittering steel, the Sioux saw their ancient hunting-ground invaded, and angry runners preached war in every camp.

They who had never learned to exist within restricted limit were asked to give up the prairie

to the hated pale-face. Without a moment's warning war-parties of painted braves descended upon the little settlements, the outposts of civilization, and soon the nights were ablaze with the light of burning cabins and stake fires. War followed.

When it became known that the United States Army was in for a serious campaign against the Indians, many officers serving in districts not affected by the war, officers who were unlikely to be called upon for service, but who, nevertheless, were anxious to have a hand in the work, applied to General Sheridan for a command. Among these was Brevet-Colonel George A. Forsyth, a man whose account of the affair at Arickaree Fork shows him to be as gifted a writer as he proved himself gallant soldier. Sheridan must have had considerable confidence in Forsyth, for one hour after the colonel made his application for active service he was handed the following letter:—

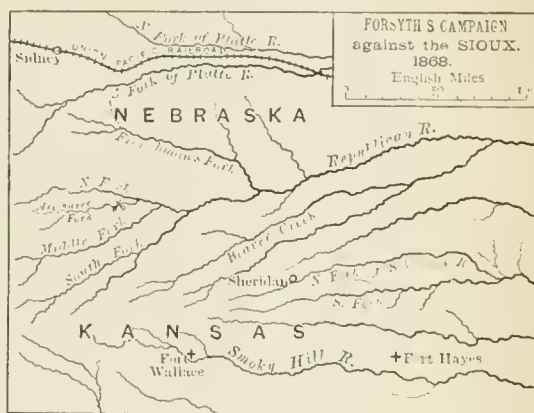
"Colonel,—The general commanding directs that you, without delay, employ fifty (50) first-class hardy frontiersmen to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians, to be commanded by yourself, with Lieutenant Beecher, 3rd Infantry, as your subordinate. You can enter into such articles of agreement with these men as will compel obedience."

It is probable that the colonel in his most sanguine moments did not dream of so congenial an undertaking as this of recruiting frontiersmen for the exciting and diversified business of scouting against the savage Indian tribes of the West. However that may be, he lost not a moment in getting his men together. In two days at Fort Harker he enrolled thirty grisly scouts, and, marching to Fort Hayes, enrolled twenty more, thus completing his complement.

The American frontiersman was a definite type, almost as unique a man as the Red Indian himself, and, unfortunately, is as certain to disappear as is the red man. Indeed, the latter must long outlive the frontiersman. The one has the short life of an individual, the other the comparatively long life of a race. The frontiersman was a strange blending of the virtues and vices of the white and red, spending half his time in the frontier villages and forts and half in the wilds scouting, hunting, trapping, prospecting; extravagantly exuberant in his drinks, careless of his own or another's life, yet cool-headed and resourceful in danger, and when he found himself compelled to give up his life, selling it as dearly as possible; a dead shot, a weather

prophet, a topographical expert, a pony cavalier, an Indian thought-and-sign reader. No other nation has produced his like. He was a compound of the virtues of courage, coolness, and common-sense. To lead fifty such men was to lead an army.

On August 29th, 1868, Colonel Forsyth got his marching orders. They read: "I would suggest that you move across the head-waters of Solomon to Beaver Creek, thence down that creek to Fort Wallace. On arriving at Wallace, report to me by telegraph at this place." "This place" was Fort Hayes in Kansas, and the order was signed by Major-General P. H. Sheridan. So away rode the little company of frontiersmen and soldiers, no doubt expecting to meet with some few adventures, but little dreaming of



taking part in such a stirring drama as Fate had in store for them.

To be sure, all were mounted. Soldiers afoot were of no practical use against the wily Sioux. A force to be effective had to move rapidly, for Indians were given to covering an incredible distance in a short space of time. So each trooper was equipped with "a blanket apiece, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin, a canteen, a haversack, butcher-knife, tin plate, and tin cup. A Spencer repeating-rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140 rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver ammunition per man—this carried on the person." Besides these fighting materials, four mules were loaded with camp kettles, 4,000 extra rounds of ammunition, picks, shovels, medicine, and rations. As it turned out the mules not only carried the food on their backs, but themselves were used up as such.

Of the little company which set out on this

roving journey into the Indian country, Colonel Forsyth, as has been told, was leader, and his second in command was Lieutenant Fred H. Beecher, a nephew of the pulpit orator Henry Ward Beecher. J. H. Mooers, of the Medical Department, U.S.A., joined the party as surgeon. Abner T. Grover, a splendid Indian fighter, held the position of chief scout, and Sharp Grover acted as guide. The others were, of course, picked men—hunters, trappers, plainsmen; and the whole, although not soldiers in the accepted sense of the word, were organised into a company of cavalry. It is interesting to know that one of these, Martin Burke, had been a British soldier, and served in India. But with four exceptions only, Forsyth tells, all were Americans born.

At a rattling pace the little band set off across the prairie, and, when the fort sunk below the horizon, the soldiers found themselves quite out of touch with all things pertaining to civilisation. On every side were buffalo quietly grazing, wolves slunk through the long prairie grass, antelopes sprang nimbly out of the way to stand gazing with great eyes at the strange cavalcade. To the frontiersmen, however, these were sights familiar in the last degree, and no bullets were sent after the retreating game. The men rode on more serious business. For some days—indeed, until September 5th—the command scouted the country without learning much of the movements of the "hostiles," and ultimately reached



SIOUX INDIAN.

Fort Wallace without striking adventure. But here they found serious news awaiting them. The Governor of the State of Kansas telegraphed that the settlers in Bison Basin were urgently in need of protection. Following on the heels of this alarming news came word of a massacre at Sheridan, a small place some thirteen miles from Fort Wallace. Colonel Forsyth, with his little band, made for the scene of the outrage without losing a moment.

The Indians had disappeared. The scouts carefully examined the ground about the scene of the massacre, and came to the conclusion that the bucks who had taken part in the attack numbered about twenty-five. A scouting party merely, an offshoot from the general body of warriors, no doubt somewhere in the vicinity. To follow the trail was to come up with the main body. So, keeping a vigilant watch ahead—and indeed on all sides, for the red man is a master of the art of surprise—Forsyth's command struck the trail and pushed forward.

Following the tracks of this war party proved to be no easy matter. It soon became evident the bucks had discovered that they were being pursued, for at a point the scouts found that the party had dispersed, the hoof-prints of their ponies opening like a great fan, radiating off in a score of leads. This was unfortunate. Instead of a certainty the scouts had now to depend on a shrewd guess. Towards the Republican River seemed the most likely direction



SIOUX SQUAW.

for the warriors to head, and towards the Republican River rode the scouts. For five days they continued their march before happening upon a clue. This proved to be what Colonel Forsyth calls a "wickie-up"—young willows some feet apart bent over and tied so as to afford support for blanket or buffalo-skin, and forming a rather snug night's lodging for a buck on the war-path. After this discovery the command

Indian ponies and trailing behind, had scored deeply into the soil, and everything betokened a great gathering of warriors and squaws at no great distance ahead. Some of the scouts grew suspicious of the trail, and suggested to their leader that everything pointed to their meeting with more bucks than the fifty of them could well take care of in a fight; but Forsyth, while admitting the soundness of their reasonings,



"ASTRIDE HIS SHAGGY PONY THE RED MAN GALLOPED ACROSS UNDULATING PLAINS" (p. 290).

came upon other important Indian "signs," and soon a trail became so plainly marked as to be followed with ease.

As the scouting party continued on the tracks of the Indians, the trail became cleared, for at frequent intervals it was noticeable that other bands of warriors had joined the first war party, or at least taken up the same trail; and after the Republican River had been crossed and the Arickaree Fork reached, the trail became a veritable road, so many ponies, cattle, warriors, squaws, and dogs had tramped along it. Many lodge-poles, strapped to the sides of the shaggy

decided that as the Government had sent him out to fight he would offer battle, irrespective of the number of the enemy he might meet.

Early in the evening of September 16th Colonel Forsyth halted his command to spend the remaining daylight in putting all things in order for a dispute, which he felt sure would soon take place. The scouts all that day had followed the windings of the Arickaree, and had reached the middle of a valley rich in pasture. The waters of the Arickaree were low at this point, running not more than a foot deep, and in the centre of the stream rose a small island.

about seventy yards from either bank, but only some few inches above the shallow water, an island covered with long rank grasses. The scouts, now that they knew themselves to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Indians, were specially particular about everything pertaining to their efficiency and safety. Each man personally attended to the tethering of his horse, driving the pin deep into the ground, and giving the lariat an extra knot so that, should the Indians during the night try their old game of stampeding the horses, their attempts would fail. Not only this but the beasts were hobbled. Sentries were carefully posted, and men lay down beside their horses, each with his rifle in his arms.

That night Colonel Forsyth could not sleep, but time after time arose and made the rounds of the sentries posted among the bushes and along the bank of the quiet stream. The night was cold, and the line of the high ground was clearly marked against the sky. Many sounds were on the air, but not one of them brought to the minds of men used to all the cries of prairie and forest the suggestion that Indians were near at hand.

At length the eagerly-looked-for dawn flushed the eastern sky. The stars one by one faded into the pale light, the lines of the hills grew gradually more distinct against the sky, and from the bushes and the long sedge grasses birds and beasts stirred drowsily. Forsyth stood beside a sentry, neither speaking a word but both keeping an eagle eye for any sight of the foe and a sharp ear for sound. In Indian fighting the early dawn is quite the most dangerous time. Indians move little at night, but the morning is their favourite season for attack, on the chance of taking a sleepy camp by surprise. Of a sudden Forsyth and the sentry cocked their guns. Each had seen a moving object out in the darkness. The next instant the report of their rifles rang out on the morning air, the sleeping men sprang to their posts, and spilling over the hills came mounted Cheyenne, Ogalalah, and Brulé-Sioux, led by the great fighting chief, "Roman Nose." As the outposts of the scouts, firing their rifles, ran in to the main body, the Indians swept down the slope, yelling ferociously and beating drums to stampede the horses.

But the stampeding party met with a reception for which it was evidently not prepared. The scouts, first taking a turn of the lariats around the left arm so that there could be no

breaking away of horses, levelled their rifles and fired such a volley into the shrieking savages as to quite put a stop to a charge never intended to be a fight, but arranged only to cause the horses to break away and so leave the scouts in the hands of their foes. Seeing their design frustrated and that the scouts were wide awake and in fighting trim, the Indians careered off out of range, and galloped back to a position on the rising ground, appearing in the half-light of morning like uncanny blotches of black on the shoulder of the sullen hill. The only spoils they secured were two mules and two horses.

In the few minutes of confusion in the enemy's ranks the scouts saddled and bridled their mounts. Although the first charge had been successfully withstood, the outlook was far from comforting to Forsyth and his lion-hearted men. As the light increased, it was seen that the whole country—valley and hillsides—was alive with warriors on horseback and on foot. To charge the Indians meant annihilation; to retreat was utterly out of the question, for the scouts found themselves surrounded completely. The only thing left was to take up a position and defend it to the last.

It turned out to be a lucky accident, indeed, that the scouts had bivouacked on the particular spot chosen the evening before, and equally fortunate were they in that the Indians had failed to realise the strategical value of the little sand island out in mid-stream as a place for entrenchment. Forsyth saw that he was in for a desperate siege. In a moment the idea of entrenching his command on the island occurred to him. The water, being only a few inches deep, in itself, of course, afforded him no protection, but the river bed was at least free from bushes, behind which the Indian riflemen might take refuge and "pot-shot" at his camp. Besides this, the bucks must charge across a considerable stretch of "clear country" before they could come at the scouts, and during this passage the latter would undoubtedly make good practice. There was no time to lose. Forsyth gave the order promptly, and promptly it was obeyed. A few of the best shots clapped down in the long grass to cover the retreat, and the remainder, leading their horses, made off as fast as they could run for the island. Once there the animals were tied in a circle, and the men, throwing themselves at full length, opened fire across the stretch of rippling waters, while their companions, who had gallantly held back the savages, ran in.

The instant the movement was successfully accomplished the Indians discovered the mistake they had made in overlooking the island, and with a savage yell the circle of bucks narrowed in, the warriors dismounting and running forward towards the banks shooting with deadly accuracy at the little force on the island. One scout already lay dead, and a number more were sorely wounded, while the poor horses, tethered there on the island, presented a fair target to the savages, and were being riddled with bullets as they plunged and screamed at the lariats in pain and madness. Meanwhile the scouts kept wonderfully cool heads on their shoulders, and fired not oftener than they were reasonably likely to make the bullets tell on the dark-skinned warriors. It did not take the Indians long to realise that the scouts' position could not be carried all at once; so they fell back to shoot at longer range until such time as their chiefs could decide on a definite plan of action.

The cessation in the hot firing allowed the frontiersmen to breathe. During the interval of comparative inaction the scouts, using their knives and pans and hands, scooped little pits in the sand, about two feet deep and long enough for a man to lie in at full length. The sand so displaced was thrown up into tiny breastworks, each man making his own miniature fort. Colonel Forsyth, bolt upright in all the fire, superintended the placing of every man under his charge. At length all were in their proper places, and the leader, whose every action had been level-headed in the last degree, decided not to expose himself any longer now that the occasion for doing so had passed, but instead to seek protection in one of the pits.

Strange to tell, the very moment he had stretched himself at full length, a bullet struck him in the right thigh, giving him a ragged and excruciatingly painful wound. For a time he lay panting and unable to speak. The bullet for the moment shattered his nerves. Nor did the

gallant colonel's misfortunes end here. No sooner had he got control of himself after the staggering blow than, in giving an order, he was under the necessity of exposing his left leg. By luck or by splendid shooting no one can say which, a redskin's bullet crashed through the bone between the ankle and knee. This was indeed the hardest of hard luck. As he quaintly puts it in his account of the battle, "In my present condition, with my left leg broken and a bullet in my right thigh, I was for the nonce, save for the fact that I still retained command, something of a spectator."

Scarcely a comfortable condition in which to begin a defence which Fate destined to last for nine long days!

All this happened before eight o'clock in the morning. So far the Indians had got much the worst of the fight, for the scouts were unequalled shots. But the latter had no great cause to rejoice, for their position was dangerous in the extreme.

The next definite point in the dispute was the cracking of the colonel's skull by a bullet, his thick felt hat perhaps saving his life. By this time the scouts must have begun to think that their leader was in for all the wounds

and misfortunes. But a far worse catastrophe followed. Dr. Mooers, who from the moment the trouble began had conducted himself with the greatest bravery, shooting with unerring skill, and working at the temporary fortifications as hard as any man of the whole company, was struck by a bullet squarely in the forehead. He fell across his little sandbank. The poor fellow lingered unconscious for three days, then died a soldier's death. This was a terrible blow to all, but more particularly to the wounded.

The sun rose in the heavens, and shortly after eight o'clock an ominous silence fell upon the battlefield. The mounted warriors had for some time been making off over the brow of the hill, and the bucks, lying behind the bushes and banks, only fired desultorily. The scouts at once suspected that a grand charge was brewing



CHEYENNE INDIAN.

The Indians, confident in their numbers, had made up their minds to ride over the American command and annihilate it at one decisive blow.

During the short space of comparative quietness Colonel Forsyth—who, although desperately wounded, still retained command and fought on with Anglo-Saxon pluck—ordered his men to make ready to resist a charge. Nor was the order given a moment too soon. From behind the rising ground there appeared a host of mounted warriors, fantastically caparisoned in feathers and beads and flaming colours, and at their head

of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see." After clustering them on the brow of the hill and seeing that all were in position, this chief (a man of six feet three in height and naked but for a sash around his waist) led on his four hundred bucks down the slope and straight for the scouts' stronghold, while the women, children, and unmounted warriors crowded the adjacent heights and added their shrill cries to the din made by clattering hoofs and the war-whoops of the charging men.

At the word of command the scouts sprang



INDIAN WIGWAMS.

rode the grand chief, "Roman Nose." He and his warriors rode barebacked, their feet twisted in the horsehair lariats that encircled their horses, their left hands grasped bridle-rein and mane, and in their right they carried their rifles.

"His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black," writes Colonel Forsyth of "Roman Nose," "and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type

from their sandpits, lined up, and prepared to receive the furious host that was rapidly approaching. To be ridden over meant instant destruction. Old plainsmen, trappers, and scouts as they were, they were quite alive to the great danger. At the instant the galloping column came shouting, screaming, within range the scouts, now reduced to forty, taking cool aim, fired a volley into the ranks. The only answer to this was a wild hoarse shout of war-whoops; but, although some horses sprang into the air and some warriors disappeared into the stream, still the charge came on. The next volley from the frontiersmen played greater havoc with the rapidly approaching savages; the third volley proved murderously effective, and horses and

men fell in a row, but still the rearward savages urged on their snorting ponies. At the fourth volley the chargers were staggered; their medicine-man with a death cry drops from his horse into the water; at the fifth, "Roman Nose," great war-chief, flings his arms into the air, and with

mother!" died. Poor fellow! he had survived the slaughter-pens of Gettysburg only to die of a shot wound in his side away west on the plains.

Before night fell a second, but somewhat half-hearted, charge was defeated, and the first day's



"AT THE FIFTH VOLLEY, 'ROMAN NOSE' FLINGS HIS ARMS INTO THE AIR AND FALLS DEAD."

his splendid steed falls dead; the sixth volley, and the charge is stopped; at the seventh and last the infuriated braves turn tail completely, hattered, and make off helter-skelter, defeated, maddened, and leaderless, leaving the stream strewn with their dead. The splendid steadiness of the scouts had saved the position.

A few minutes after this grand charge had been repulsed, Lieutenant Beecher, second in command of the scouts, lay down, placed his head on his arm, and, murmuring "My poor

doings concluded. Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and three scouts were dead, two more scouts fatally stricken, and sixteen wounded, mostly severe wounds, and the commander with a bullet in his thigh, a leg broken, and his skull cracked. The outlook must have been far from cheerful.

All the night the Indians were busy removing their slain from the stream, and the shrill wailing cries of the squaws and children, mourning for the dead, sounded on the night air. During

the hours of darkness the dead horses were cut up for food, and portions buried in the sand to keep the meat sound as long as possible; their saddles were used to build breastworks, the wounds of the men were dressed, and Pierre Truudeau, an old trapper, and Jack Stillweil, a nineteen-year-old youth, undertook to steal through the Indian lines and make away for assistance. Those who could of the men then ate some raw horseflesh, and made the best of an anxious night.

The second day of the siege found the scouts much better able to hold the island on account of the fortifications erected during the night. But the day proved warm and close, and the wounded suffered severely, while the smell from the dead horses soon grew obnoxious. There was great wailing in the Indian camp continuously, the women loudly bemoaning the death of so many braves. The Indians, while using no exceptional means to carry the island, kept up a harassing fire all day long. That night two more men were despatched for assistance. It was seen that the warriors had received such a bitter check on the first day that they desired to try no more charges, and had determined on starving the scouts out.

On the third day of the siege the Indians made an attempt to find out the condition of the Americans by advancing under the protection of a flag of truce, but the scouts were up to all the red men's strategy, and drove them away. When darkness came down, two scouts again started off for assistance.

The fourth day turned out to be broiling hot. Wounds, only attended to in an amateurish way became well-nigh unbearable, the horse-meat turned putrid, and many of the men grew delirious. Colonel Forsyth took his razor out of his saddle-bag, and himself cut deep into his thigh, and at last managed to extract the buried bullet with his fingers. None of his men would do the job as the bullet lay so near to an artery, but as the pain was maddening he took all risks by attending to the matter himself. The Indians, fortunately, were getting very tired of the task, and although they still fired on the island, they did so from a respectful distance, so that the scouts were able to move about more freely. They boiled the putrid horse- and mule-flesh, and by "peppering" it well with gunpowder managed to swallow enough to keep life in their bodies. A tiny coyote, too, unwarily approached within the range of a scout, with the result that a bullet put an end to its miserable existence,

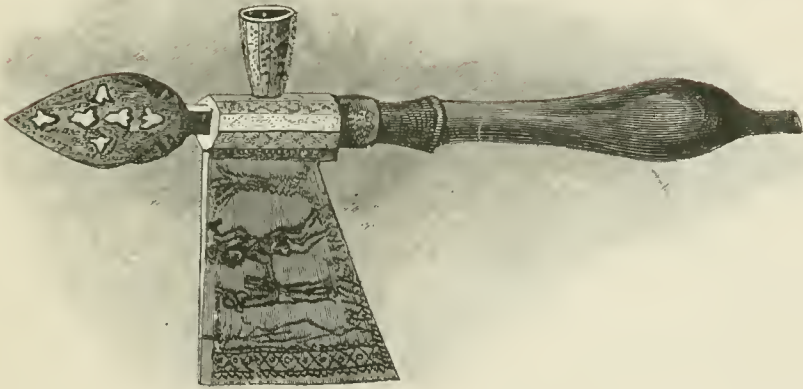
and its bones boiled and boiled and boiled until every particle of nourishment was extracted. The fifth and sixth day passed quietly, the Indians having pretty well withdrawn, only leaving enough warriors to prevent the company from quitting the island. Two more days, feverishly hot, and of intense suffering to the wounded, who bore their hurts as stoutly as men could. Indeed, these frontiersmen were brave to the last degree, although, truly, their condition was abjectly pitiable. For instance, one had an eye shot out, the bullet lodging in his head, but he only ceased firing long enough to wrap a handkerchief around his brow. There were two frontiersmen named Farley in the company, father and son. The father at the beginning of the fight received a mortal wound, but although quite unable to stand, he lay on his side, and fought through the entire first day. His son, about the same time that his father received his death-blow, was shot through the shoulder, but said nothing about the desperate wound until the day's fighting was done. And, again, a marvellous accident happened to a man named Harrington. He received a flint arrow-head fairly in his frontal bone—so firmly driven into him, indeed, that it seemed altogether out of the question that anyone but a surgeon could remove it. However, some time later a bullet cut across his brow, struck the arrow-head, and both bullet and flint fell at his feet. He, too, bound a handkerchief around his brow, and continued to fight with the best of them.

The ninth morning of the siege dawned. Well and wounded were alike in great straits. Starved and overwrought, ragged, nerves unstrung, footsore, cramped, and many delirious, it is easy to understand what a wild shout of joy arose from the long sedge grass of the sand island when over the brow of a neighbouring hill came galloping a troop of cavalry, and rocking and rattling across the rough ground a string of ambulances, the drivers flogging the mules into a furious run. Colonel Forsyth admits that he could not trust himself to watch the arrival of succour, but curled himself up in his sandpit, and pretended to read a novel he happened to have in his kit. A few minutes after being sighted, Colonel Carpenter and his troop of the 10th Cavalry came splashing across the shallow river and swung to the ground to grasp the hand of the gallant Forsyth, while troopers and frontiersmen alike sent up a great cheer. A surgeon was soon busy among the wounded, and, these attended to, the loaded ambulances

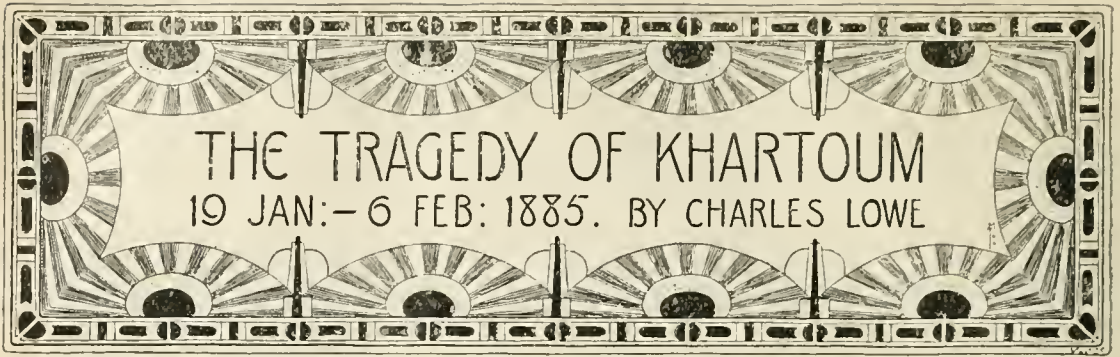
made off for Fort Wallace, more than a hundred miles away.

In the fight at Arickaree Fork of the Republican River the Indians lost close upon one hundred of their finest warriors, including the chief of all, "Roman Nose." Of the frontiersmen

and scouts more than one-half were killed and wounded. Had they not been a picked body of men, trained to Indian warfare, alert, well led, and dead shots, there is no doubt the whole command would have been, like Custer's, wiped out.



INDIAN TOMAHAWK PIPE.



IN a previous article on "The Desert Fights—Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru," it was set forth how, in the autumn of 1884, the Gladstone Government resolved on despatching a military expedition, under Lord Wolseley, to relieve and rescue General Charles Gordon—the Bayard of the nineteenth century—and the Egyptian garrison of Khartoum, which was besieged by the Mahdi, or False Prophet of the Soudan, with 20,000 of his fiercest warriors.

It was shown how, after incredible exertions in ascending the Nile and struggling with the difficulties and dangers of the "cataracts," this expedition at last attained to Korti about the end of the year, where intelligence reached it of the pressing peril of the gallant Gordon and his garrison; how then the expedition was divided into two forces—one, under General Earle, called the River Column, which was detached to occupy Berber, and on the way inflict condign punishment upon the Monassir tribe for the treacherous murder of Colonel Stewart and his companions, whom Gordon had previously sent down to Dongola; and the other, known as the Desert Column, under Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, to make a bold and rapid dash across the Bayuda waste of sand and scrub with intent to establish a foothold at Metamneh, on the Nile, whence, with the aid of Gordon's steamers from Khartoum, it would then ascend the river and relieve the beleaguered garrison.

It was also shown how this Desert Column, composed of picked men from all the *élite* regiments of the British army, with a superb detachment of Bluejackets, yet aggregating less than 2,000 combatants—how this eager and audacious column, mounted on camels, pushed across the parched Bayuda Desert, and covered itself with glory by vanquishing all its foes: hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, and, worse than all, the fanatical spear-men of the Mahdi; how at Abu-Klea (17th

January), when marching in square 1,500 strong, it was suddenly set upon, as a lighthouse rock is assailed by raging seas, by a roaring flood of more than 5,000 death-despising savages; and how, after only about five minutes' desperate and bloody hand-to-hand fighting, in the course of which it lost the heroic Colonel Fred Burnaby and 168 officers and men killed and wounded—being all but submerged in this human deluge of the desert—it at last raised a rousing cheer in token of victory.

The further difficulties of the march were then narrated: the incidents of the zeriba, or extemporised fortalice, near Abu-Kru, including the death of two war-correspondents and the fatal wounding of the commander of the column; the final march of the fighting square for the river; the scattering of a second onset of Mahdist warriors with a few well-directed volleys; and the final arrival of the square on the banks of the river, the sight of whose blessed waters was hailed by them with as much enthusiasm as had been the distant Euxine by the home-returning soldiers of Xenophon after their perilous and toilsome march through the mountains of Armenia.

That night (Monday, 19th January, 1885) the flying column bivouacked as best it could on the bank of the river, sleeping as it had never slept before—all but the surgeons, who, though tired to death, were heroically unremitting in their attentions to the wounded.

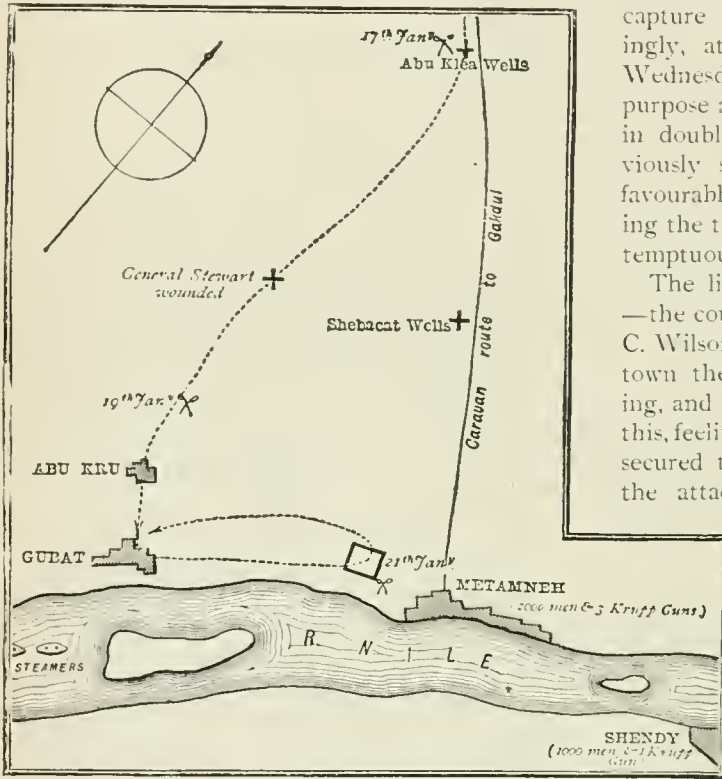
Early next morning the men were again paraded to return to the zeriba. On the way the village of Gubat was burned, and at about eight o'clock, the enemy offering but little resistance, the entrenched position was reached once more.

While the square was on the march the day before there had been considerable fighting at the zeriba, but ultimately the Arabs had been



"FIVE MINUTES DESPERATE AND BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING" (p. 300).

compelled to give way before the fierce and well-directed fire from rifles and guns alike. Breakfast was just ready when the flying column was seen returning, Colonel Talbot, commanding the Life Guards, walking as composedly in advance through the scrub as though he were returning from a field-day in Queen Anne's Walk. On the column coming up it was received with befitting cheers, for it had done its work well, or "tastefully," as was remarked by an Irishman of the Royal Sussex.



An hour later the whole force moved away in columns of regiments from the zeriba, taking as much of the stores as possible, and leaving behind a guard of fifty men. Five-and-twenty wounded soldiers had to be carried on hand-stretchers, for hundreds of camels had been lost. The enemy dared not again to attack the force, which reached the river village of Abu-Kru by nightfall. The wounded were placed under cover in the huts, and the outlying houses were loopholed for defence, whilst the troops settled down for the night on the ground outside.

Sir Charles Wilson had been ordered to occupy Metamneh as a basis of operations, and thence ascend the Nile without delay to the relief of

Gordon. But Metamneh he occupied not at all, and his ascent of the Nile he only commenced after the lapse of four precious days. How was this? What were the circumstances which had thus compelled the commander of the relief column to play the apparent part of a Fabius Cunctator, and imperil the achievement of the object for which this column had already made such heroic efforts and sacrifices?

As for Metamneh, Sir Charles Wilson had come to the conclusion that the political effect of not taking it would be so great that its capture ought to be essayed; and accordingly, at the first glimmer of dawn on Wednesday, the 21st, he paraded for this purpose a force of 1,000 men, which advanced in double column. Sir Charles had previously sent a summons of surrender on favourable conditions to the Emir commanding the town, but this was treated with contemptuous silence.

The line of advance was from west to east—the course of the Nile at this part—but Sir C. Wilson had heard that on the north of the town there was a large Government building, and he determined if possible to attack this, feeling convinced that if it were only once secured the place would be his. Accordingly, the attacking columns under his command were given a direction which should bring them, by a detour, over against the north instead of the west front of the town; but what was his astonishment, on looking back from a point to which he had ridden forward to confer with Barrow and his reconnoitring hussars, at beholding his advancing columns marching due south instead of north

by east! Boscawen, the second in command, sent to explain that he had seen a body of dervishes moving on the south side of Metamneh in the direction of the camp, and had deemed it advisable to strike away across to intercept them. Sir Charles himself could discern no dervishes in the direction indicated, and doubtless concluded—just as Cæsar did in the case of Publius Considius, his scouting-master in the war with Dumnorix the Æduan—that Boscawen "had seen what, as a matter of fact, he had not seen" (*renuntiasset pro viso quod non vidisset*).

Nevertheless, thinking that the dervishes might possibly be lurking among some cotton bushes

in the plain between the town and the river on the south side, he acquiesced in the new direction which had been given to his troops of assault, who now began to skirt the town on the south side. Hitherto the Arabs had given no sign, but now their fire was drawn by the daring Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who had ridden on towards a point where, with the true instinct of the war-correspondent, he had suspected a possible source of interest. The troops now advanced in square in case of a sudden rush of spearmen, and the enemy opened a brisk fire from loopholed walls. Occasionally the square halted, and the men lay down whilst skirmishers were sent out to reply to the fire of the enemy; while Sir Charles tried his guns, though they produced no effect on the mud walls, the shells going as clean through them as revolver bullets through a target of cardboard.

Presently, however, Barrow sent to say that he could see some large flags in the rear, and that he was certain they were on steamers, and the ubiquitous Burleigh rode off to meet them. Sir C. Wilson also sent Stuart-Wortley to communicate with them, and, to the exceeding joy of all, they turned out to be four vessels which Gordon had sent down from Khartoum to co-operate with his relievers.

"The steamers," wrote Mr. Burleigh, "were a curious sight. Three of them were about the size of large river-steamers, and the fourth was even smaller than a Thames penny-boat. The hulls of all four were of iron; the sides and the bridge were boarded up like a London street bill-boarding. In place of their pine-boards, however, there were heavy sunt-wood timbers, two or three inches thick, and as impervious to rifle bullets as steel plates. In the forward part of each vessel a raised wooden fort had been built, the inside plated with old boiler iron. Projecting through a port-hole, closed against bullets by an iron plate when necessary, was a short brass-rifled gun four inches in bore, such as are used by the Egyptian army. On the main deck another gun was placed. Gordon must have lavished hours and days of hard labour to get the material together for making these four steamers into iron- or wooden-clads so strong that they could safely run the gauntlet of the rebel cannon and rifle fire."

Meanwhile Sir C. Wilson had withdrawn his force to a village fronting the west side of Metamneh—first north, then south, then west; and no sooner had he begun this retiring movement than the enemy opened on him from

an advanced battery with blind shell, though luckily only one came into the square. "I heard the rush of the shot through the air," he said, "and then a heavy thud behind me. I thought at first it had gone into the field-hospital, but on looking round found it had carried away the lower jaw of one of the artillery camels, and then buried itself in the ground. The poor brute walked on as if nothing had happened, and carried its load to the end of the day."

The sudden appearance of the steamers had produced quite a stage effect; and the black troops on board, hastening to disembark and eager for the fray, were lustily cheered by Tommy Atkins, who was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind at having thus been made to pass the morning hours in imitation of the storied king of France and his thirty thousand men. The swarthy Soudanese, who behaved like perfect children in their joy at the prospect of their being able to show a thing or two to Tommy Atkins, came on as keen as possible, and ran four guns into action at once. "Being sent to their guns with orders," said Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, of the Coldstreams, "I stayed with them for half an hour, while they made some first-rate practice on the town, and though the gun-fire drew down the bullets pretty thick, they didn't appear to mind a bit. It seemed extraordinary what good troops the master mind of Gordon had made out of such rough material. Never have I seen men so pleased as they were at meeting us. Gordon's name mentioned was like that of a god whom they worshipped. It was even difficult for these enthusiastic allies to retire, as we explained to them that we did not intend for the present to attack the town."

For, alas! that was the conclusion to which Sir C. Wilson had now been forced by a calm survey of all the circumstances of the situation. Lord Cochrane, of the 2nd Life Guards, pleaded very hard for leave to storm the town, and, under cover of the smoke from the windward side drive the Arabs into the river, but Sir Charles did not think the result would justify the risk. Boscawen managed the withdrawal cleverly and well, without confusion or hurry, and always giving the enemy a chance to attack if they wished. Shortly before the withdrawal began, Poë, of the Marines, received a dreadful wound in the thigh, necessitating amputation very high up. Ever since leaving Korti he had worn a red coat, almost the only one in the force, and this had made him too conspicuous to the marksmen of the enemy. He was shot while standing up

in the open talking to his men, who were lying down.

By the time the force had returned to Abu-Kru its involuted line of march resembled as nearly as possible the figure eight. The intended attack of Sir C. Wilson on Metamneh had resolved itself into a mere reconnaissance in force; and he himself admitted that the moral effect of this was bad, giving the enemy fresh heart. But he was not without his substantial reasons for what he had done. By death and wounds the effective

Gordon's diaries up to the 14th December (it was now the 21st January), together with a note in the beleaguered hero's own handwriting, dated 29th December: "Khartoum—all right; can hold out for years." Where, then, was the hurry? Ah, but there was another letter from Gordon to a private friend, Watson, dated 14th December (the date of the last entry in his diary), in which he said he expected a crisis within the next ten days, or about Christmas day! And now it was nearly a month after Christmas!



ARAB HORSEMEN OUTSIDE METAMNEH.

force at his disposal had already been decimated, and he could therefore ill afford to risk the further diminution of his combative strength, the less so as he now had reason to fear that bodies of the Arabs were advancing against him from Khartoum as well as Shendy—north and south. Besides, even if he had taken Metamneh, he estimated that the force at his disposal, after deduction of the loss in storming, would be insufficient to hold it against all comers. For these and other reasons he decided not to press the attack. But, after all, he had established himself on the Nile with Gordon's steamers at his service, and *that* was the main thing.

These steamers had brought down with them

Gracious heavens! was this not enough to fill the relieving force with the keenest apprehension, and rouse to the very utmost all the energies of its commander? Gordon's "Khartoum—all right" note was evidently a blind: the real stress of his position was conveyed in his private letters; and thus, rightly discerning the situation, Sir C. Wilson resolved "to carry out the original programme and go up to Khartoum."

At once? No, various circumstances seemed to render this impossible, and, indeed, unnecessary. To begin with, a rumour had reached Sir C. Wilson that a hostile force was approaching from the south, and it therefore behoved him—so he thought—to descend the Nile in

one of Gordon's steamers and inquire into the truth of this report, as "I would not leave the small force in its position on the Nile without ascertaining whether it was likely to be attacked." Moreover, in spite of Gordon's gloomy forebodings, Sir C. Wilson knew that, although Omdurman—on the left bank of the White Nile over against Khartoum—had fallen, Khartoum itself was still holding out; while he also calculated that the besieging pressure on the town would be relieved by the large number of men detached by the Mahdi to meet

the steamers carefully—that the crisis at Khartoum, which had been deferred from the 25th December to the 19th January (it was now the 21st), would be hurried on, "or that a delay of a couple of days would make much difference." Besides, Lord Wolsley had ordered that Lord Charles Beresford was to man Gordon's steamers with his Naval Brigade, and take Wilson with a few red-coats up to Khartoum. But the officers of the Naval Brigade, like the heroic fellows that they were, had all



MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON, C.B., R.E.

KHARTOUM.
(Photo, R. Buchta.)

been killed or wounded, save Beresford; and Beresford was so ill that he could not walk.

Not, therefore, to the immediate relief of Gordon at Khartoum in the south, but to the carrying out of an aquatic reconnaissance towards Shendi in the north, did the commander of the Desert Column now address himself. He was accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, who had to be helped on board and placed on a seat in the cabin, and by two companies of mounted infantry under Major Phipps. The result of the reconnaissance, which was not without its lively risks and incidents, went to show that the English had nothing to fear from any force advancing southwards towards Metanneh, for several days at least; and as a token of their gratitude for

the English, and that news of their victories would be sure to have penetrated into Khartoum and given fresh heart to Gordon and his garrison.

In Wilson's opinion there was nothing to show—and he questioned the commanders of

the valuable information which they had thus gleaned, the three steamers, before returning, hauled off into mid-stream and threw sixty shell screaming and crashing into mud-built Shendy. The bolder spirits of the party had pleaded hard with Wilson for leave to land and storm the place outright; but again, as at Metamneh, the combative impulses of these fiery Hotspurs were repressed by the just and cautious reasonings of their sagacious commander.

Thus, then, passed Thursday, the 22nd. Before leaving the steamer by which he had gone down to Shendy, Wilson ordered preparations to be made for a start to Khartoum next day—the 23rd. But, alas! unexpected difficulties again cropped up, rendering it impossible for the two selected steamers to be got under weigh. For it was found that the engines had to be overhauled, wood had to be collected as fuel, rations drawn for the crews, pilots selected for the cataraacts; and, above all things, those crews had to be assorted in conformity with the express instruction of General Gordon, who insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turkish or Egyptian origin, whom he describes as “hens.” “So the hours slipped by,” said Sir C. Wilson, “and we failed to make a start” (on the 23rd).

Nor was it till eight o'clock on the following morning (Saturday, the 24th) that the two steamers at last began to churn the waters of the Nile and head for Khartoum, amid the parting cheers of the lads they left behind them. These vessels were the *Bordein* and the *Telahawiyeh*. On board the former were Sir C. Wilson, accompanied by Khashm-el-Mus, Captain Gascoigne, ten men of the Royal Sussex, one petty officer, one artificer R.N., and 110 Soudanese troops, the “hens” having all been weeded out. The *Telahawiyeh* carried Abd-el-Hamid, Captain Trafford, and ten men of the Royal Sussex, including a signaller, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, one artificer R.N., and eighty Soudanese troops; but she also had in tow a nigger laden with dhura (grain) for the famished garrison of Khartoum, and fifty additional Soudanese soldiers.

It had been originally intended to send fifty men of the Royal Sussex up to Khartoum, but Sir C. Wilson did not feel justified in taking with him an escort of more than twenty. Happy fellows, to be thus chosen for such an honourable and risky enterprise, and greatly envied by the war-correspondents, who, for all their hard pleading, were not allowed to share their peril. Lord

Wolseley had particularly wished the escort to enter Khartoum in red coats, and these had been sent to the front. But somehow or other they had been lost or looted; so a call had to be made for scarlet tunics, and a sufficient number were raised from the Guards or the Heavies, though these hung rather loosely on the less massive frames of the men of Sussex.

“Now, what was it we were going to do?” wrote Wilson. “We were going to fight our way up the river and into Khartoum in two steamers of the size of penny-boats on the Thames, which a single well-directed shell would send to the bottom; with crews and soldiers absolutely without discipline, with twenty English soldiers, with no surgeon—not even a dresser—and with only one interpreter, Muhammed Ibrahim, still suffering from a flesh wound in his side.”

The filth in the steamers was something indescribable, the stench which rose up from the holds overpowering, and the rats countless and ubiquitous, no place or person being too sacred for them. With such a motley crew, moreover, the noise on board was sometimes deafening, and King Kurbash had frequently to assert his sway. The top of the deck-house or saloon in either boat was assigned to the ten Sussex men, with their arms and ammunition, kits and food, who were thus in a kind of citadel which could command the whole ship in case of a mutiny or anything going wrong.

All kinds of botheration occurred to impede the progress of the steamers. For they were heavily loaded and the water was low, and they could only move by day. They had to stop frequently to take in more firewood (village houses having to be pulled down for this purpose), to parley with friendlies, or to clear the banks of foes, and more than once they ran aground. It was a novel sensation, said Wilson, going to sleep on a steamer hanging on a sunken rock, with water running like a mill-race all round her. On such occasions the disastered steamer had practically to be emptied, hauled off, and re-loaded, causing a most exasperating loss of time.

In this manner three days were spent, and on the evening of the 26th two Shagiyeh friendlies came on board the *Bordein*, who reported that for the last fortnight there had been hard fighting round Khartoum—Gordon always victorious; that the advance of the English was much dreaded; and that the Shagiyeh tribe were only waiting for the turn of the tide to join the

British. Alas! by this time, if they had only known it, all was over, and Gordon had already won at once the hero's and the martyr's crown.

More cataracts, sand-shoals, mountain-gorges—not unlike the "Iron gates" of the Danube—stoppages to take in wood, trepidations, *tracasseries* of all kinds, dropping shots from the river banks, counter-fusillade from the slowly-moving steamers—until, on the afternoon of the 27th, a native on the left bank hailed the *Bordein*, shouting out that a camel-man had just passed down with the news that Khartoum was at last taken, and Gordon killed. Incredible! So much so, that "we dined together in high spirits at the prospect of running the blockade next day and at last meeting General Gordon after his famous siege"—a siege which had lasted for 317 days, or only nine days less than that of Sebastopol.*

Starting at 6 a.m. on the 28th, the steamers had advanced to a point whence the towers of Khartoum could at last be descried in the far distance—Wortley and his signaller with the heliograph now getting ready to try and attract Gordon's attention!—when another Shagiyeih shouted out from the bank that Khartoum had been taken, and Gordon had been killed two days before.

Soon afterwards a heavy fire was opened on the steamers from four guns and many rifles at from 600 to 700 yards. The bullets began to fly pretty thickly, rattling on the ships' sides like hailstones, whilst the shells went screeching overhead, or threw up jets of water in the stream around. "Our men replied cheerily, and the gun in the turret was capitally served by the black gunners, who had nothing on but a cloth round their waists, looking more like demons than men, in the thick smoke; and one huge giant was the very incarnation of savagery drunk with war."

This was at Halifiyeh, and, after the gauntlet of Arab fire had here been run, the large Government House at Khartoum could be seen plainly above the trees. But where was the Egyptian

flag which Gordon, for nearly a year, had ever kept flying upon his topmost roof? Not a trace of it now visible; nevertheless, Wilson would not yet believe in the worst, and pressed on up stream with his boilers strained almost to the bursting-point, and further threatened by the guns of another battery which, with a heavy rifle fire, now opened upon him from the right bank above Shamba, and blazed away at his vessels until they were within range of the guns of Omdurman.

And what is that fire from a range of rifle-trenches on Tuti Island, fronting Khartoum at the confluence of the Blue and the White Niles? Wilson, always in the optimist vein, thought that the island might still be in the hands of Gordon's men, who had thus begun to co-operate with the steamers. But, alas! no. Drawing near to address them and ask for news, Wilson was driven back into his turret by a shower of hostile bullets. Mahdist riflemen those, and no mistake.

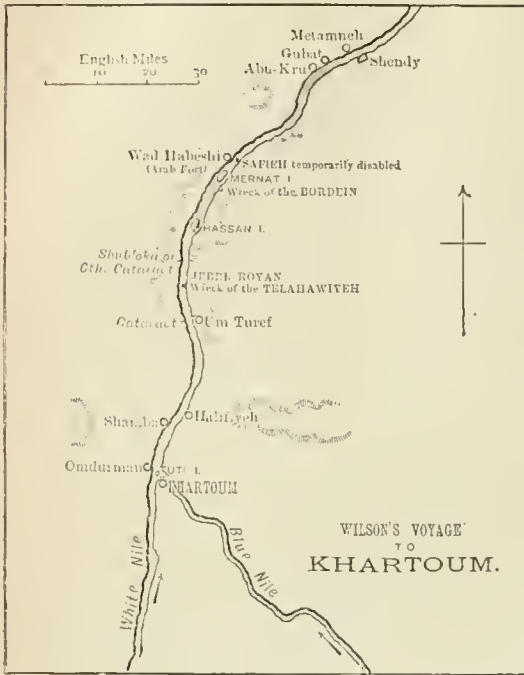
But might not Khartoum itself still be holding out? Forward again, and let us see! But "no sooner did we start upwards than we got into such a fire as I hope never to pass through again in a penny-steamer"—nothing to greet the score of English red-coats but the roar of hostile guns, the continuous roll of musketry from either bank, the loud-rushing noise of Krupp shells, the grunting of a Nordenfeldt or a mitrailleuse—such a devils' concert and carnival of welcome as English red-coats had not got for many a day. No flag flying in Khartoum, and not a shot fired on shore in aid of the steamers. Could the most eager and optimistic of Wilsons fail at last to read the true significance of all that?

Certainly not; seeing was now believing. "I at once," wrote Wilson, "gave the order to turn and run full speed down the river. It was hopeless to attempt a landing or to communicate with the shore under such a fire. The sight at this moment was very grand: the masses of the enemy with their fluttering banners near Khartoum; the long rows of riflemen in the shelter-trenches at Omdurman; the numerous groups of men on Tuti; the bursting shells, and the water torn up by hundreds of bullets and occasional heavier shot—made an impression never to be forgotten. Looking out over the stormy scene, it seemed almost impossible that we should escape."

The Sussex red-coats had been very steady under all this *feu d'enfer*, and done much execution among the ranks of the enemy. All on

* On the 9th December Gordon had written in his diary: "We are only short of the duration of the siege of Sebastopol 57 days, and we had *no respite*, like the Russians had during the winter of 1854-55. . . . Of course, it will be looked upon as very absurd to compare the two blockades, those of Sebastopol and Khartoum; but, if properly weighed, one was just as good as the other. The Russians had money—we had none; they had skilled officers—we had none; they had no civil population—we had forty thousand; they had their route open and had news—we had neither."

board had very narrow escapes from bullets and bursting of shells—Wilson's field-glass, for



example, being shattered in his hand; but, fortunately, the enemy's gunners were bad shots. Some of the Soudanese soldiers did things which, if they had been English, would have entitled them to the Victoria Cross, and the Sussex drummer picked up and threw overboard the burning fuse of a shell which had burst overhead.

When the steamers got clear of the last guns, after having been under fire more or less for four hours, it was past 4 o'clock; and then it was, the tension of the fight being over, that all on board realised to the full the terrible nature of the situation.

As for the Soudanese, they were all in the depths of despair at the thought of the ruin in which the fall of Khartoum must have involved their families; and Khashm-el-Mus, their chief, collapsed entirely.

So would Wilson, too, he said, had it not been for the thought of how he was to get his steamers down the cataracts again—a much more dangerous business than that of bringing them up—down to Abu-Kru with the awful news that Khartoum had fallen, and that Gordon was undoubtedly dead. Sir Charles had been acting as chief of the Intelligence Department before the command of the Desert Column

devolved upon him by the wounding of Herbert Stewart, and now here he was racing down the Nile on his battered penny-steamer, the bearer of these terrible tidings.

The steamers continued their down-stream course until dark—the *Telahawiyeh* had grounded but soon got free and followed her consort—when they made fast to an island south of Jebel Royan. From this place messengers, in the Mahdi's uniform, were sent to ascertain the fate of Gordon, and on their return they stated that the town had fallen on the morning of Monday, the 26th, through the treachery of Faragh Pasha, that Gordon himself had been killed, and the town given over to a three days' pillage. Faragh Pasha had originally been a black slave, whom Gordon freed and entrusted with the command of the Soudanese troops. This ungrateful scoundrel, it was said, had opened the gates and let in the roaring flood of Mahdist murderers.

In what particular manner Gordon himself had met his doom is still subject to some little doubt. All the best evidence tended to prove that he was killed at or near the palace, where his body was subsequently seen by several witnesses. The only account by a person claiming to be an eye-witness relates: "On hearing the noise I got my master's donkey and went with him to the palace. We met Gordon Pasha at

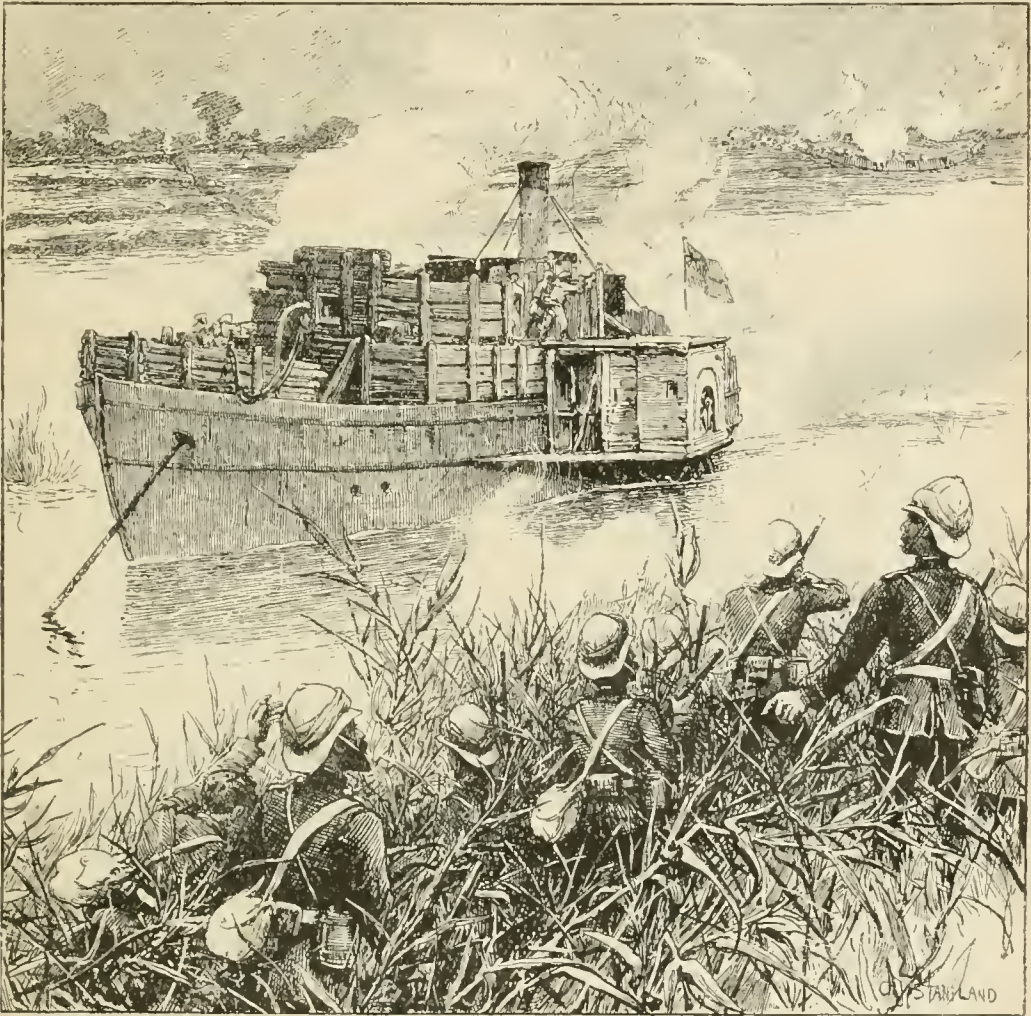


SIR CHARLES WILSON.

the outer door. Mohamed Bey Mustafa, with my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and about

twenty cavasses, then went with Gordon towards the house of the Austrian Consul Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels in an open place near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed

opening of the gates by Faragh Pasha, but from sudden assault when the garrison were too exhausted by privations to make proper resistance. If such were the case, the fact disposes completely of the reasoning of those who argued that, even if Sir Charles Wilson had been able to start at



"BERESFORD ANCHORED HIS WING-CLIFT LITTLE VESSEL AND LAY STERN ON TO THE ENEMY" (p. 311).

at once; nine of the cavasses, Ibrahim Bey Ruslidi, and Mohamed Bey Mustafa were killed; the rest ran away."

The massacre in the town lasted some six hours, and about 4,000 persons at least were killed. Major Kitchener, of the Intelligence Department, who made very careful inquiries into the circumstances of the fall of Khartoum, came to the conclusion that the accusations of treachery were the outcome of mere supposition. In his deliberate opinion the city fell, not through the

once from Metamneh instead of after a delay of four days, he would not have been in time to save Gordon by stiffening the courage of his garrison with the presence of his red-coats, who were but the *avant-couriers* of more to come.

But "Too late! Too late! by only a couple of days!"—such were the cruel, the crushing words which ever rang in the ears of Wilson and his companions as they did their downhearted best, amid their disaffected and almost mutinous crews, to steer their steamers down through

cataracts, sunken rocks, and sandbanks far more treacherous than Faragh Pasha, back to Abu-Kru with the woeful burden of their tidings. Danger after danger were overcome, and the hearts of all had just begun to beat more blithesomely when shock, crash, wrench—the *Telahawiyeh* struck heavily on a sunken rock opposite Jebel Royan and commenced to sink.

The rock lay in mid-stream in front of a sandbank, and the catastrophe was caused by a dispute between the captain and the *reis* (pilot) as to which side of the shoal they should take the steamer. The captain held up his hand one way the *reis* the other, and the helmsman, puzzled what to do, kept straight on, thus hitting the rock.

The *Bordein* at once lay to, and, by the cool exertions of the English officers, most of the stores were saved from the *Telahawiyeh*, and no lives lost—nothing but most of the ammunition.

That same night a messenger from the Mahdi, riding on a white camel, under a flag of truce, overtook and boarded the *Bordein* with a missive from his master confirming the fall of Khartoum and the killing of Gordon, and summoning all to surrender and embrace the faith of the Prophet. "Do not," he said, "be deceived and put confidence in your steamers" (alas! only one now) "and other things, and delay deciding until you rue it; but rather hasten to your benefit and profit before your wings are cut."

The answer returned to this masterful summons was of an evasive kind; but the colloquy between the messenger and the crews had a very bad effect, and the natives now began to desert.

This mutinous movement, indeed, was only checked by an opportune, if unfounded, rumour that the English had now taken Metamneh, and that their reinforcements were already swarming across the desert.

Countless dangers of navigation were now surmounted, and by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 31st January the descent of the last rapid was accomplished, leaving a clear stretch of unbroken water all the way to Metamneh. The one difficulty still ahead was the running the gauntlet at Wad Habeshi, where it was known that Feki Mustapha—bad luck to him!—had a large force and a battery. All was going on well and the worst of dangers were thought to be over, when, at 3.30 p.m., while steaming along in smooth water, the *Bordein*, in descending the channel to the west of Mernat Island, struck heavily on a sunken rock and at once began to

fill. Everyone, Wilson included, thought that the long-deferred end had now come. Had native treachery been at work here, too?

The sinking steamer was laid alongside a sand-spit running out from an island, situated about fifty yards from the larger one of Mernat. Guns, ammunition, and stores were landed with all alacrity, and Captain Gascoigne was sent to select a suitable place for a zereba on Mernat Island, commanding the smaller one, against which the *Bordein* was beached. Finding the position wholly unsuitable for defence, Wilson at first thought of making a forced march down the right bank of the river to opposite Abu-Kru, while sending on Stuart-Wortley in a boat to report upon the situation and beg for a steamer to be sent up to protect their flank. But it was impossible to do anything with the native troops, and so he had to content himself with securing his position on the island as best he could, and despatching Wortley down stream to beg for succour from the Desert Column.

At 6.45 p.m. Wortley started in the ship's boat, having with him four English soldiers, including the signaller, and eight natives. His start was timed to enable him to pass Feki Mustapha's fort at Wad Habeshi in the interval of darkness between sunset and moonrise. He rowed on to within about half-a-mile of the fort, and then, shipping his oars, ordered the crew to lie down in the bottom of the boat, which, floating down stream, gradually neared the enemy's position. So near did it drift to the shore that the men's faces could easily be distinguished as they sat over their camp fires, and they were even heard discussing whether the black object which they saw upon the stream was a boat or not.

Suddenly their doubts were dispelled by the rising of the moon on the eastern horizon in a straight line behind the boat, which was thus at once rendered plainly visible. The shout which followed this discovery soon warned the crew that further concealment was useless, and springing to their places they pulled away with a will amidst a rain of bullets which ploughed up the water on every side, but did no harm. A few hundred yards brought them to another island, by following the right side of which they were enabled to continue their journey under cover for a considerable distance, and on again emerging into the main channel, they found that they were only followed by a few camelmen, apparently with rifles. At 3 a.m. on the 1st February the party reached the camp of the Desert Column.

"No member of our small force," wrote Lieut. Douglas Dawson, "will ever forget this morning. Just at dawn I was waked by someone outside our hut calling for Boscawen. I jumped up and went out to see who it was, and then made out, to my surprise, Stuart-Wortley, whom we all thought at Khartoum. I looked towards the river, expecting in the faint light to see the steamers; then, seeing nothing, and observing by his face that there was something wrong, I said, 'Why, good heavens! where are the steamers? What is the news?' He said, 'The very worst.' Then it all came out."

Holla there! A Beresford to the rescue! Scottish Gordon had started to relieve Khartoum; English Wilson had followed to relieve Gordon; and now in turn it was necessary for Irish Beresford to rush to the rescue of Wilson.

Though not yet quite recovered from his illness, the gallant Lord Charles—"fighting Charlie" Napier's successor by name and nature in the Navy—at once offered to embark upon the most perilous enterprise which the campaign had yet entailed; and by two o'clock on the day on which Stuart-Wortley had reached the camp of the Desert Column with his doleful and distressing news, Beresford was steaming up the Nile as fast as ever the boilers of the *Safieh* could carry him and his combatant companions, consisting of a portion of the Naval Brigade under Lieut. Van Koughnet, twenty picked marksmen of the Royal Rifles, with two Gardners and two 4-pounders. And now let Feki Mustapha and his gunners at the Wad Habeshi battery, which intervened between the *Safieh* and the scene of the *Bordein* wreck—let Feki and his swarthy gunners have a care of their ugly heads.

The ascent of the *Safieh* was marked by no particular incident till the third morning, when the Arab earthworks at Wad Habeshi were sighted, and beyond them in the distance the funnel of the disastered *Bordein*. When within 1,200 yards of the fort, Lord Charles opened fire with his bow-gun, which was at once replied to by the Arabs; and then, full-steam ahead, he proceeded to run the blockade of the battery, just as at the bombardment of Alexandria he had carried his little *Condor* close under Arabi's guns and battered them out of action. Owing to the shallowness of the water, it was necessary for the *Safieh* to pass within eighty yards of the river-bank redoubt; but into the embrasures of this redoubt Beresford's gunners and riflemen

rained such insufferable showers of shells and bullets that the Arabs were totally unable to fire their pieces fronting towards the river.

No sooner, however, had the *Safieh* passed up—200 yards or so—to a point whence it was impossible for it to concentrate such a hail of missiles on the fort, than the Arabs wheeled one of their guns to an up-stream embrasure and sent a well-directed shot clean through the steamer's stern and into one of its boilers—of all places in the boat. A cloud of dense steam at once poured out, scalding severely all those in the stokehole; and the column of vapour was perceived afar off by Wilson and his party, who, concluding that the vessel was in dire extremity of some kind, made haste to descend the right bank and co-operate with it against the Feki Mustapha gentry on the opposite shore.

In the paddle-wheels of the *Safieh* there was still revolving power enough left after the bursting of her boiler for her to be moved a wee bit further up stream, and then, heading towards the right bank, Beresford anchored his wing-clipt little vessel and lay stern-on to the enemy at about 500 yards' range.

Here was a nice predicament for a penny Nile-steamer to be in! But, then, there was a "fighting Charlie" on board, and that made all the difference in the world. On the bursting of the boiler the Feki Mustapha clanjamfrie had raised a yell of triumph that might have been heard at Cairo, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood. Nevertheless, what mattered all their shouting, when their shooting, which was the main thing, was made impossible? From eight o'clock in the morning till sunset, so heavy and continuous a fire was kept up from the crippled *Safieh* that the Arabs were never once able to bring a gun to bear upon her, while their rifle practice during all these twelve long and anxious hours was of a kind that would certainly have disqualified them for competition at Bisley.

As, however, under cover of the night the Arabs might haul their guns up stream to a position that would prove fatal to the *Safieh* with the break of day, Lord Charles saw that his boiler must somehow be repaired by morning light, and that meanwhile he must delude the enemy into the belief that he meant to desert his ship, so as to make them think it not worth their while to shift the position of their guns.

The morning dawned, and lo! by this time the damaged boiler had been repaired by the

heroic efforts of Mr. Henry Benbow, chief engineer, who, working almost alone upon it, and under fire—which killed a petty officer and wounded Lieut. Van Koughnet—had again succeeded in supplying the little vessel as with wings of steam. At this discovery the Arabs at the redoubt raised another deafening yell, accompanied by a hail of bullets; but presently they were to be made to yell for a totally different reason.

For, sending the revived *Safieh* about 200 yards up stream so as to have ample turning room, Lord Charles put about and darted down again past the redoubt, raining such a storm of various projectiles into its front embrasures as precluded the bare possibility of its guns being laid and fired on the passing vessel. A few hundred yards further on the *Safieh* came upon the nigger of the *Bordein* full of sick and wounded, under Captain Gascoigne, hard and fast upon a rock, on to which it had drifted in its nocturnal passage down stream. Under a sharp fire from the enemy the nigger was lightened and taken in tow, and a little further down Beresford was

able to embark Sir Charles Wilson and his party, who had descended the right bank and formed a zeriba.

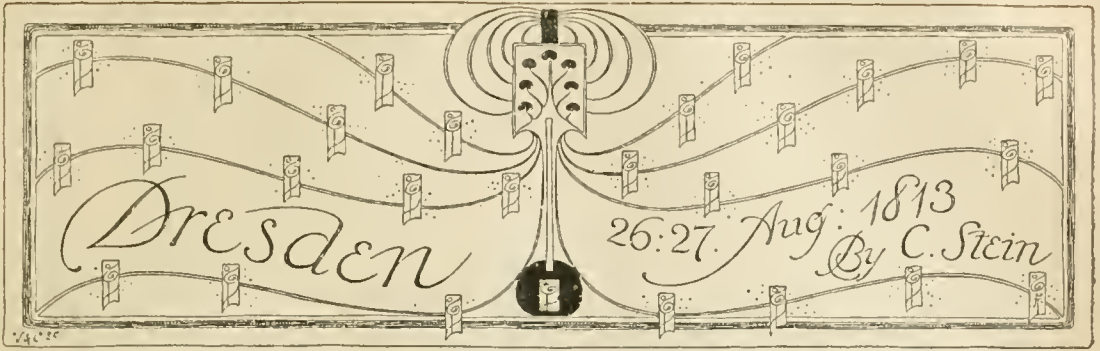
At a quarter to six o'clock on the evening of the 6th February the *Safieh* safely reached the camp of the Desert Column, Lord Charles Beresford being received with great cheering on account of his dashing exploit, "which we all look on," said Lieut. Dawson, "as the most brilliant business of the expedition."

On the following evening Sir C. Wilson set out for Corti to communicate in detail to Lord Wolseley the tragic story of his attempt to reach Khartoum; but by this time the news had reached England, and divided the hearts of the people between sorrow for the fate of the gallant Gordon and admiration of the heroism which had been so vainly displayed by the soldiers of the expedition to save him.

How the other half of that expedition, under General Earle, comported itself at the battle of Kirbeka, and how the Desert and the River Columns again united at Corti, must form the subject-matter of a separate story.



BRINGING THE NEWS OF GORDON'S DEATH TO METAMNEH.



AFTER the battle of Lützen, on the left bank of the Elbe, in the beginning of May, 1813, the allied Russo-Prussian forces, retiring before Napoleon, were obliged to recross that river, to evacuate Dresden, and to fall back into Silesia. They were again defeated with heavy loss at Bautzen and Wurschen on the 20th and 21st May, thus losing the line of the Oder. In one month the young and hastily-organised French army had been victorious in three great battles, besides several minor engagements of advanced guards. At the same time Marshal Davout had retaken Hamburg and Lübeck, and on the 29th May the French eagles were seen everywhere triumphant from Hamburg to Breslau. The honour and prestige of French arms, which had suffered so grievously in the Russian campaign, were completely re-established, and the coalition of European Powers which menaced the French Empire was paralysed, the monarchs in flight, their armies in disorder. But the legions of Napoleon were themselves worn out with constant effort, and required repose to give them time again to consolidate. The position of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, the renegade French marshal, was threatening in Pomerania; the death of his old and trusted comrade, Duroc, had saddened the emperor; and at the instance of Austria, till then neutral, Napoleon consented to an armistice, which was signed on the 4th June.

But the policy of Austria was opposed to Napoleon. Confident in her strong armaments and her position on the French right flank, she felt that, if she cast her sword into the scale, she must be the arbiter of future events. The Russo-Prussian coalition had failed because it had been surprised, before its complete development, by Napoleon's inconceivable rapidity of action. Even now the number of combatants

which it could put into the field was nearly equal to that of the French armies. With the additional forces that could be raised during an armistice and with 130,000 men which Austria could dispose of, the numerical odds against the French Emperor would be almost overwhelming. Fully alive to these facts, the diplomatists of Austria, in arranging an armistice and in providing that during its continuance a congress should be assembled at Prague to consider conditions of peace, resolved to insist upon such cessions by Napoleon as would bring the sway of France within normal limits and restore to other European nations the influence of which they had so long been deprived. Austria, in fact, let it be known that her neutrality was at an end that it was for her to decide on the future of Europe, and that she would make common cause with Russia and Prussia unless the terms formulated by the congress at Prague were accepted by the French Emperor. Hard these terms were, including demands for the cession of Illyria and the greater part of Italy, the return of the Pope to Rome, the yielding up of Poland to Russia, the evacuation of Spain, Holland, and Belgium and the re-establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine; but it is certain that even the proud spirit of Napoleon hesitated for a time whether he should not accept them. On one hand he had an immense army with his own unequalled genius to direct it; on the other he saw the advantages and indeed the necessity of peace to France worn out by long years of war. One of his ministers, whose name is unknown, struck the note which gave a key to his final decision, saying, "Ah, sire, and your glory!" How could he, who had distributed so many sceptres, descend to the level of the crowd of kings, conquered or created by himself? The die was cast. The 10th August, the day when the armistice expired, passed without his acceptance

of the proposals made to him, and Austria, with Russia and Prussia, forthwith declared war.

In the presence of enemies so formidable, whose united forces numbered nearly 500,000, Napoleon found it necessary to remain on the defensive. His own army, including the Imperial Guard as a reserve, did not much exceed 300,000 combatants, and was distributed from the frontier of Bohemia, following the course of the Katzbach, to the Oder. The time of the armistice had been employed on both sides in preparing for war, in completing, organising, and instructing the troops, and both the French and their allied enemies were fresh and ready to enter on a new campaign.

The army of Austria was the factor of the future which Napoleon had principally to consider. If it marched on Dresden, it would temporarily be checked by the 1st and 14th Corps under Vandamme and Gouvion St. Cyr until the emperor could rush to their assistance. If it moved into Silesia, the whole French army would be gathered to meet it at Goerlitz or Buntzlau. In any case, Dresden was the base of Napoleon's system, as the bridges at Meissen and at Königstein enabled the French to manœuvre on both sides of the Elbe. The town was therefore put into a defensible condition, and made secure against a *coup-de-main*. The old fortifications were repaired, the faubourgs were fortified and covered by advanced works, field fortifications were constructed between the Hopfgarten, the public park, and the Elbe, and the park itself was made available for the occupation of several battalions.

Shortly before this time the French army had suffered a severe loss, which not only deprived it of the services of a singularly able and experienced officer, but also shook its *moral* as showing that entire confidence could no longer be placed in soldiers of foreign extraction, even though they wore the uniform of a French general. General Jomini, a Swiss by birth, the chief of Marshal Ney's staff, deserted to the allies, taking with him the field states of the French army and complete notes of the intended plan of campaign. Jomini owed everything to Marshal Ney, who had raised him from a very humble employment to the high position which he occupied. Basely did this man betray the trust reposed in him, and it was to the astonishment of every one that the Emperor Alexander of Russia rewarded his treason by making him his aide-de-camp. Even the Emperor of Austria was so shocked by seeing Jomini present at a

dinner given by Alexander that he exclaimed, "I know that sovereigns are sometimes obliged to make use of deserters, but I cannot conceive how such a one can be received into their personal staff or found at their table."

Having thus transferred his services, and, as said before, bringing with him Napoleon's orders for the movement of his several army corps, Jomini urged the allied sovereigns to commence hostilities two days earlier than had been their intention, so that time should not be given to the French Emperor to alter his plans. He is also credited with having given them the sage advice always to fall upon the French armies wherever their great commander was not. With what fatal effect that advice was followed in the ensuing campaign history may tell. It no doubt inspired the allied movements in the campaign's commencement, though for that time these movements were not crowned with success.

The first blow was struck by the impatient and fiery Blucher, who hurled himself upon the French army under Marshal Macdonald in Silesia. His intention was to draw Napoleon himself to that part of his line of defence and to retreat before him, while the main Austro-Russian-Prussian army of 200,000 men, under Prince Schwartzberg, which had been concentrated at Prague, would then be able to attack Dresden opposed only by the great warrior's lieutenants.

The plan was only partially successful. The emperor, indeed, met Blucher and drove him back, but he had divined the intended movement of Prince Schwartzberg upon Dresden and prepared to return to the defence of that town by forced marches, at the head of the 2nd and 6th corps of infantry and the whole of his guard, together with the 1st corps of cavalry and the Polish cavalry. Vandamme was also directed to march with the first corps of infantry upon Königstein, and, restoring the bridge there, to threaten the enemy's flank.

The great allied army crossed the chain of the Erz Gebirge on the 22nd August, and debouched by Gottleuba, Altenberg, Sayda, and Marienberg. The only French troops then in front of them were the 14th corps, 20,000 strong, commanded by Marshal St. Cyr, which occupied the environs of Pirna, about eighteen miles from Dresden. Weak as this force was, it was in the hands of one of the most able captains who had been produced by the many previous years of war. Gouvion St. Cyr, of tall and dignified figure, sparing of speech, but when he spoke clear,

concise, and trenchant, had a calm and methodical mind. War was for him an art to be loved, and, constantly studying it, he aimed to carry it on purely by rule. He calculated military issues not only by the place, the circumstances, and the numbers engaged, but by the character of the enemy opposed to him and that of the chiefs and soldiers whom he commanded. He knew always how to gain the confidence of his subordinates, to mould them to his purpose, to inspire them with pride in themselves, and, in the midst of the greatest perils and privations, to raise their courage to the level of his own. He sought glory, but it must be gained by following principles, otherwise for him it lost its value. He preferred to succeed by prudently-calculated and wisely-combined manœuvres, leaving as little as possible to chance; and he was often known, by able strategy, to turn a stubborn and prolonged defensive into an offensive, unforeseen and victorious. This great soldier had the fault that he did not show all his value except in a position of separate command. Independent by elevation of character as well as by pride in his own abilities, he ill brooked an equal and still less a superior. Caring not to share his glory with anyone, he but coldly seconded his chiefs, and gave to his equals the smallest measure of support.

Such as he was, no better man could have been found to carry out the task which now fell to him. He knew that the emperor would hasten to secure Dresden, but that time was above all things necessary. With a weak corps of 20,000 men he had to check the overwhelming masses of the allies till an adequate force could be present to give them battle. No finer tactical display could be possible than his gradual withdrawal to the defences of Dresden, inflicting heavy loss on his enemy during three days of fighting, and then placing his troops behind the works which had been already prepared. Admirable as his dispositions were, however, and brilliant as was his leadership, he owed much of his success to the delays of Prince Schwarzenberg, who, proverbially slow and cautious in the field, would not risk, even against a feeble enemy, a bold attack on Dresden till the corps of General Klenau had come into line. If the Austrian commander-in-chief had nerved himself to use fully the crushing forces already under his hand, he might have cut the French line of communication and secured the passage of the Elbe before Napoleon appeared on the scene with the men drawn from Silesia.

On the morning of the 26th August the situa-

tion was this—Marshal St. Cyr with his corps was holding the field-works which protected Dresden, while the great allied army, still hesitating to make a determined attack, occupied in strength the heights of Zschemnitz and Strehlen to the south of the town, while at the same time spreading themselves out towards both flanks.

Napoleon was hastening towards the threatened town at the head of the troops which were to secure its defence. Even then an attack in force by the allies would have been successful, and in the race for the possession of the important position they might have outstripped the succours which were toiling breathlessly to the critical point. But still Schwarzenberg delayed to grasp the prey which was really in his power; still the columns of his army stood inactive. The opportunity slipped away, not again to return. At nine in the morning the French Emperor arrived on the outskirts of Dresden. He paused for a moment to inspect the battery which had been placed on the right bank of the Elbe to flank the left of the French position, and ordered that it was to be strengthened by the first pieces of artillery which should arrive. Then he pressed on to the front of St. Cyr's line, and by twelve o'clock he had mastered all the details of the situation. His presence produced a magical effect upon the sorely harassed 14th corps, and everywhere shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" gave voice to the renewed confidence of the soldiers, who felt that they were no longer called upon to struggle against hopeless odds.

An hour or two after mid-day Prince Schwarzenberg at last resolved that he would no longer wait for the arrival of General Klenau's corps, but would move forward to the attack. Three cannon shots gave the signal, and at once six columns, each covered by the fire of fifty guns, threw themselves against the entrenchments of Dresden. The combined discharge from such a formidable artillery was crushing in its effect, and, making the outworks untenable, gave for a time an easy success to the infantry columns. General Colloredo carried the main redoubt in the centre of the French line; General Kleist obliged the troops who had occupied the park to fall back upon the faubourg; and the corps of General Wittgenstein debouched near the Elbe, threatening to turn the left of the French position. The whole of the reserves of the 14th corps were now engaged, and the shot and shell of the attack were falling in the streets of Dresden. A few short hours earlier such an assault so delivered must have driven St. Cyr into hopeless

retreat, but now it was too late. Even while the allied armies were making their effort, unknown to them masses of French soldiers were entering the town and forming for battle. The Old and Young Guard were both there, the infantry division of General Teste, the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg had moved to the extreme right, and a numerous artillery was ready to come into action. Napoleon, who had been watching the progress of events, judged that the time had come to show the hidden strength upon which the allies had unwittingly closed. The French centre was secured by the old forti-

of the sorties, which now issued from every gate of the city. They were driven out of the redoubts which they had taken earlier in the day, and in their retreat to the heights which they had occupied on the past night they suffered heavy loss from the charging squadrons of Latour-Maubourg. In the fighting of that one day Prince Schwartzberg, while gaining no foot of ground, had lost 5,000 men killed and wounded, and nearly 3,000 prisoners. Thus ended a glorious day for France, but one whose glory for a time hung only on a thread, for, as has been seen, Marshal St. Cyr and his corps had



D R E S D E N .

fications of the town, so he was at liberty to disregard that point and operate against the flanks of the enemy. Two divisions of the Guard, under Marshal Ney, were sent to the right, while two others, under Marshal Mortier, were directed to the left, where also were Teste's division and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry. The allies were surging up to the old walls, driving the 14th corps, still sternly fighting, before them. No thought had they but to sweep victorious over the frail battlements into Dresden, and, shouting "To Paris!" as their war-cry, their order was relaxed in the expectation that no further resistance would be met. Suddenly the gates opened and the stately battalions of the Guard appeared in battle array. It was like the apparition of Medusa's head. Startled into sudden discomfiture, the allies fell back before the charge

made their last effort and fired their last cartridge before the Imperial Guard came to their assistance.

During the night the light infantry of General Metsko, forming the advanced guard of Klenau's corps, joined Schwartzberg, and prolonged to the left the vast semi-circle occupied by his army. His right rested on the Elbe above Dresden, and he intended Klenau's corps to fill the gap between his left and the Elbe below the town. But Klenau's march was still delayed by the state of the roads; the position which he should have occupied was insufficiently held by Metzko, and the left of the allies was practically *en l'air*. The French also received a great accession of strength, for the corps of Marshals Marmont and Victor, with Nansouty's cavalry, had followed the Imperial Guard, and were now

at Napoleon's disposition. The night of the 26th was most trying to both armies. The rain fell in torrents, and both French and allies bivouacked in mud and water. A portion of the former were certainly able to find some shelter in the city, but the greater part of them had no such resource. How often has it hap-

overcast. No single gleam of sunshine cheered or warmed the chilled and famished soldiery who rose from their flooded resting-places. The allied army occupied a strong position on the heights surrounding Dresden, while the French occupied the plain immediately outside the town. So completely were the troops of Napoleon



"BOTH FRENCH AND ALLIES BIVOUACKED IN MUD AND WATER."

pened that, on the eve of a great conflict, the soldiers who are to take part in it, and whose endurance and courage are to be tried to the uttermost, have been exposed to every hardship which can reduce their stamina and depress their spirits! In studying the great deeds recorded in history, how much our admiration of the heroes who performed them is increased by the knowledge of the surrounding conditions, to whose evil influence they rose superior!

The morning of the 27th broke dull and

exposed to view, that Schwartzberg could not fail to know how great was the advantage in numbers which the allies still possessed. Thus were the French marshalled: on the extreme left were two divisions of the Young Guard under Mortier, supported by Nansouty's cavalry; next to them was the 14th corps under St. Cyr; in the centre was the emperor with the infantry and cavalry of the Old Guard, two divisions of the Young Guard under Ney, and the 6th corps under Marmont; towards the right was Victor

with the 2nd corps; and on the open ground on the extreme right was massed all the remaining cavalry under Murat, the King of Naples. Murat had only joined the army on the 17th August. For some months after he had suddenly given up the command of the shattered Grand Army during the retreat from Russia, he had been in disgrace with his great brother-in-law, and had even gone so far as to enter into negotiations with the English with the view of saving his crown of Naples if Napoleon's star had for ever set in the Russian snows. When the new French army was, however, organised and about to take the field, Napoleon sent Murat a message of forgiveness and a pressing invitation again to serve as a soldier of France. Whether the emperor did this in order to withdraw the King of Naples from the intrigues into which he had so unfortunately entered, or in order to give to his cavalry a chief worthy to lead them in battle, can never be known. Probably both motives influenced the invitation, which Murat accepted, again to prove himself the leading paladin of French chivalry, the most formidable cavalry officer who ever sat in a saddle.

The allied army was deployed, as we have seen, in a great semi-circle, having its centre on the heights of Zscherwitz and Strehlen, with its right under Wittgenstein resting on the Elbe. Its left was, however, not complete, and only a part of General Ginlay's corps, with the divisions of Lichtenstein and Meßko, was pushed across the deep ravine formed by the river Weisseritz. If Klenau's corps had arrived, the left would have been no want of natural strength in any part of the position. In the general arrangement the Russo-Prussian armies were on the right and the Austrians on the left.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th, Napoleon was himself at the outposts of his army reconnoitring the dispositions of Schwartzberg. His keen glance soon detected the weakness of his enemy's left, and, anxious that the Austrian general should not have time to repair the fault which had been committed, he gave the order for the skirmishers and the artillery to commence the action all along the line. He resolved that he would seize the advantage of being the attacker—an advantage which, besides being so congenial to the spirit of a French army, gave him the initiative in selecting the scenes of bitterest combat. As on the previous day his most important movements were against the allied flanks. Marshal Mortier,

with his divisions of the Young Guard, was directed against Wittgenstein, while Murat and his cavalry, with the assistance of Marshal Victor's corps, were to fall upon and roll up the Austrians on their weakly-held left. He himself, in the centre, intended to maintain a heavy fire from his artillery and light troops so as to engage the enemy's attention and cause them to anticipate other attacks from new directions.

One of the first shots fired in the morning inflicted a serious loss on the allies, shattering both legs of General Moreau, who was riding near the Emperor Alexander of Russia. Moreau, who had been one of the most illustrious generals of France, had been in exile for some years, having fled from his native land, suspected of complicity in schemes against Napoleon's power. Within the last few days he had taken service with the enemies of his country, and was now aiding them with his great military talents. It is yet uncertain how far Moreau was deservedly an exile, but there can be no doubt that the victor of Hohenlinden threw a dark cloud over the end of his life, whose beginning had been so glorious, by appearing in arms against France and advising her foes how best they might conquer her sons. He was removed from the field in a litter, and both his legs were amputated. Four days later he died in the house of a Saxon curé, cursing himself for his conduct and saying, "To think that I—I, Moreau—should die in the midst of the enemies of France, struck down by a shot from a French cannon!" A curious story, told of the manner in which the death of this celebrated man became known to Napoleon's army, may be mentioned here. On the evening of the 27th a French hussar found, after the battle, a magnificent Danish hound which seemed to be searching for a lost master. On the hound's neck was a collar with the inscription "I belong to General Moreau." This led to inquiries being made, when it was ascertained from people who had seen the event that Moreau had indeed been mortally wounded. A stone now marks the place, bearing the legend "*Hier fiel der held Moreau*" (Here fell the hero Moreau).

To return to the battle, it was never intended by Napoleon that the combat in which Mortier engaged should have more importance than attached to the object of keeping the enemy employed and uneasy. That marshal therefore did no more than take one village and, during the early part of the day, dispute the possession of another with the Russians. The real effort





"The Cuirassiers reaped most of the day's honours." A. 319.

was to be made on the French right by Murat and Victor, who were to crush the allied left and, if possible, cut off Schwartzberg's line of retreat by the Freyberg road, throwing him back on the almost impassable mountain tracks which lead to Töplitz by Dippoldiswalde and Altenberg. This manœuvre would be seconded by Vandamme with the 1st corps, who, having been two days previously ordered to pass the Elbe at Königstein, was now pushing before him General Ostermann, the guardian of the bridges.

Murat and Victor, unlike some of the great French leaders on other occasions, acted without jealousy of each other, and gave that mutual support which doubles the tactical value of masses of infantry and cavalry. While Murat, with Latour-Maubourg's horsemen, made a long detour to gain the flank of the Austrians, Victor made a direct attack on their front and secured the Weisseritz ravine, thus cutting them off from the main body of their army. Then were the Austrian squares victims to the brilliant cavalry leader. Murat led the charges which he commanded with all the impetuosity and determination which had marked him in so many battles in so many lands. Never had he directed more effectively his "whirlwinds of cavalry." The Cuirassiers, familiarly known in the French army as "*les gros frères*," reaped most of the day's honours, and scattered the most solid formations in their path. Lichtenstein's division was driven back into the ravine by the squadrons of Bourdesoulle; the Austrian cavalry, which bravely strove to support Metsko's division, was overthrown by the dragoons of Doumerc, and Murat himself, charging Metsko's division, forced it to lay down its arms. All these movements lasted from ten in the morning till two. Rarely has cavalry ever produced such an effect on a battlefield. Rarely have cavalry and infantry worked together with greater unison for a common end. As Murat said in his report to the emperor, "the cavalry covered itself with glory, rearing sword in hand the masses of troops opposed to it, in spite of a most stubborn resistance. The infantry charged the enemy with the bayonet, and the generals well directed in these difficult attacks the inexperienced bravery of their young troops." In these early hours of the day Murat took 6,000 prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery, besides inflicting on the enemy a loss of 4,000 or 5,000 killed and wounded. There was one circumstance which undoubtedly gave a considerable

advantage to cavalry in the battle of Dresden. At that period all soldiers were armed with flint-lock muskets, which it was almost impossible to discharge if the powder in the pan became at all damp. As we have seen, there had been a continuous downpour of rain on the night previous to the battle, and, on the 27th August itself, the driving storm never ceased. The firearms of the Austrian infantry were, therefore, nearly useless, and the cavalry had nothing to fear from them in charging up to their formation. With reference to this an incident of the day is recorded. A body of Cuirassiers, commanded by General Bourdesoulle, found itself in front of a brigade of Austrian infantry formed in square, and summoned them to surrender. The enemy's general having scornfully refused, Bourdesoulle rode to the front, and called out that he knew that none of the muskets could be fired. The Austrian replied that his men would defend themselves with the bayonet and that with the greater advantage because the French cavalry, whose horses were struggling up to their hocks in mud, could not possibly deliver a charge with sufficient pace to make it effective.

"I will destroy your square with my artillery."

"But you have not any, for it is stuck in the mud."

"Well, if I show you the guns, now in rear of my leading squadrons, will you surrender?"

"Of course I must, for I will then have no means of defence left to me."

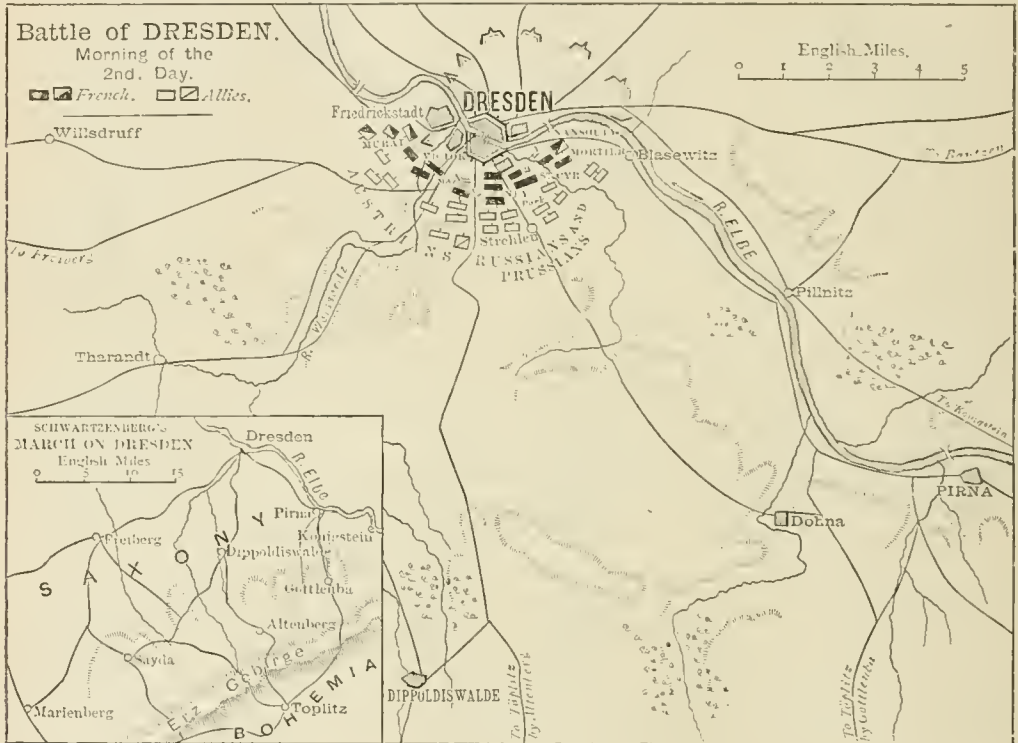
Bourdesoulle ordered the advance of a battery of six guns to a distance of thirty paces from the square. When the Austrian general saw the guns each with an artilleryman standing by it, portfire in hand, ready for action, he, perforce, surrendered at discretion.

Artillery, indeed, took a principal rôle on both sides during the whole of the 27th, and more markedly the French batteries, which were at all times able to accompany the other troops and to come into position wherever required. The foresight of Napoleon had specially provided for the difficulty to be expected in crossing ground soaked and heavy with wet, by doubling all the gun-teams, and for this purpose he had made use of the horses belonging to the transport waggons, which were for the time in safety within the walls of Dresden.

Learning the complete success of Murat's action on his right and that Mortier was surety, if slowly, thrusting back Wittgenstein on his left, Napoleon began to press the centre of the allies. Columns of attack were formed by the

14th corps, the cavalry of the Guard were pushed forward in threatening manœuvre, and the heavy cannonade from every available gun was redoubled. Ney, with the whole of the Guard, strengthened Mortier's forward movement. Above all, the emperor threw himself with his Guard into the battle, exciting every soldier by his personal presence and stimulating their valour by the electric vigour of his purpose. Superior as the allies still were in numbers to the French army, they were everywhere worsted.

from his first blows, and now the whole French army was directed to complete its victory, of which the first results were the enemy's loss of 20,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners with 200 pieces of artillery, and caissons and several standards. Schwartzberg was retiring on Töplitz by all the tracks and footpaths through the Bohemian mountains, and thither the defeated army was to be followed, there the last annihilating blow was to be struck. Vandamme, from his position near Pirna, was now to lead



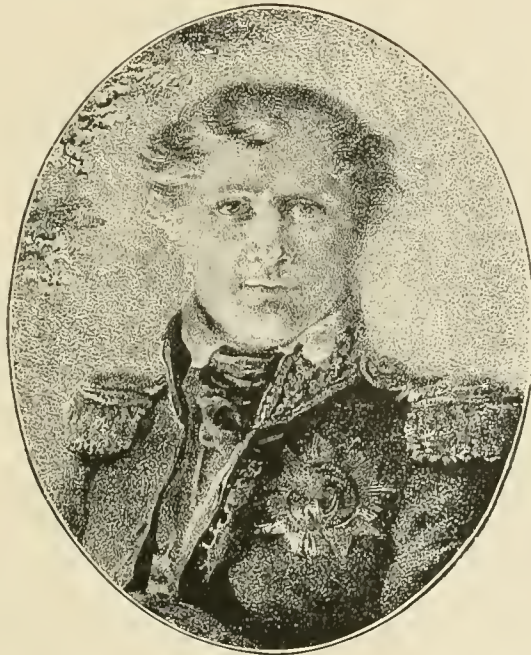
Schwartzberg saw his left crushed, his centre demoralised and barely holding its ground, his right rapidly giving way. Murat had cut his line of retreat by the Freiberg road, and Vandamme, with the 1st corps, was on the route by Pirna. Napoleon's strategy had been completely successful, and there were no roads open to the allied army but those through the mountains towards Töplitz. At four in the afternoon the Austrian general began his retiring movement, and soon Napoleon saw the great host which had threatened so much, melting away before him defeated and disheartened.

After his successes before two o'clock, Murat, still supported by Victor, had followed them up by pressing in pursuit of those who had escaped

the pursuit. Ney, Mortier, the whole of the Guard were, on the morning of the 28th, marching to support him, while St. Cyr and Marmont were to join him by other routes. The fortune of the campaign, even the final event of the war, the empire of Europe, were to be decided at Töplitz. Nothing was wanting but to press forward and, having united the various corps, to strike one last blow. At mid-day on the 28th all were in movement. Immediately afterwards there was a general halt. Vandamme alone, who was acting independently, continued his march, alas! now unsupported. At this decisive moment, when all depended on his personal supervision and impulse, the health of the emperor broke down. Whether it was the long

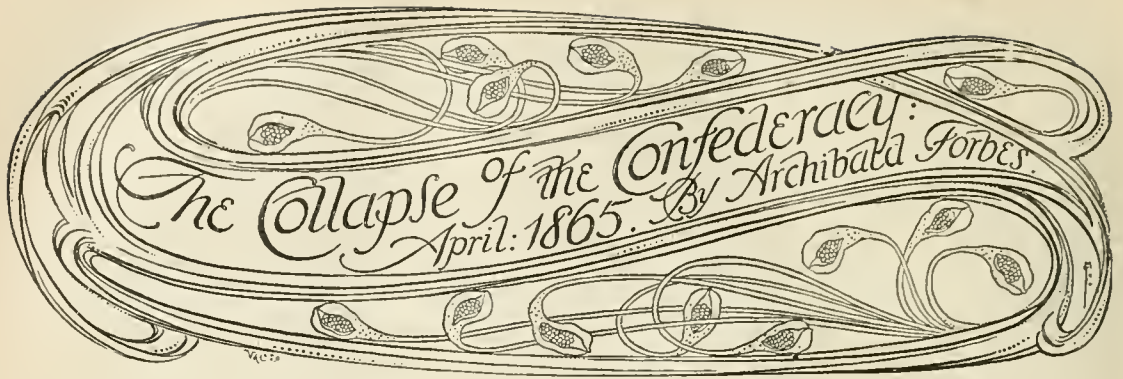
exposure to rain and storm, the anxieties of the closing days of the armistice, or the strain of war which at last took effect, cannot be known; but certain it is that the cord snapped, the physical and mental powers of Napoleon altogether gave way, the great strategy which he alone could have directed collapsed, and the pursuing movements of his army ceased. Vandamme marched on unsupported to be defeated and taken prisoner at Kulm, the first of the great series of misfortunes which now fell upon

the French armies, leading to the invasion of France and the abdication of her ruler at Fontainebleau. The battle of Dresden was the last of Napoleon's great victories. Some transient gleams of success did afterwards from time to time fall upon his arms, but never again did he appear as an invincible conqueror. Never did French soldiers gain by their conduct more glory than on the 26th and 27th August. Never were such great deeds followed by sequel more disastrous.



MARSHAL GOUVION ST. CYR.

(From the Picture by Vernet.)



IN the spring of 1865, after four years of bitter and bloody civil war, the Great Rebellion was approaching its end. With the simultaneous defeats of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th of July, 1863, the Confederacy had lost its chance of independence; yet, such was the stubbornness of the rebels, nearly two years more of battle, murder, and sudden death were to elapse before the closing scene at Appomattox Court-house. During the memorable "campaign of the Wilderness" from the beginning of May, 1864, to the beginning of the investment of Petersburg in the third week of June of the same year, Grant's losses had exceeded 40,000 men, and there is little doubt that the almost continuous slaughter of that awfully bloody period had told on the nerves of his soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. But for the resultant deficiency of ardour and an unfortunate miscarriage of orders, it is all but certain that Petersburg could have been carried with no delay and without serious loss. But the opportunity passed away. The defences of Petersburg were continually being strengthened, and for ten months the Armies of the Potomac and the James lay about Petersburg without gaining that city and the lines which were the complement of the defences of Petersburg and of Richmond. The delay was tedious, but the troops of the investment during the rigours of winter were comfortably huddled, fully supplied with warm clothing, and fed with unexampled profusion and punctuality. Lee's army, on the other hand, was gradually wasting away under unsupportable privations. His gallant men were in rags, worn with constant duty, attenuated by poor and scanty food, suffering from scurvy and other maladies, their spirit weakened by the certainty of ultimate inevitable defeat. The discrepancy of strength between the two armies was immense.

Grant's effective at the beginning of the final campaign in the end of March, 1865, amounted to close on 125,000 men with 370 guns. On February 20th, the date of the last report of the strength of Lee's army, his total effective was 55,000 men, but between that date and the abandonment of Petersburg and Richmond on the evening of April 2nd the rebel force had been undergoing much demoralisation and suffering depletion by wholesale desertions. According to the Confederate estimate, Lee's marching-out strength from Petersburg did not exceed 35,000 men.

As the spring of 1865 opened it became daily more apparent that the catastrophe was imminent, and that a forced evacuation of the beleaguered cities was near at hand. To this day are easily to be traced the vast circuit of the fortifications and counter-fortifications round Petersburg, stretching from the James River at City Point for a distance to the south-west of more than five-and-thirty miles. Grant was strong enough with his immense force fully to man every yard of his triple and, in many places, quadruple lines of entrenchments, and still have troops available for the active offensive. But it was far otherwise with Lee's scanty troops, who had to confront entrenchment with entrenchment, but who, too weak to hold continuous lines, had to be hurried almost without cessation from one threatened point to another, one poor, brave, ragged, hungry wretch called on to do the duty of three sturdy well-fed men.

Grant, in the campaign of the Wilderness, had suffered an experience so bloody at the hands of Lee, that before Petersburg, notwithstanding his overwhelming superiority in strength, he preferred the tedious comparative passiveness of a long siege to adventuring the doubtful issue of a strenuous and resolute assault in force. Lee, he realised, was scarcely the man

tamely to surrender as the result of a blockade. He would either fight to keep open his routes of supplies, or quit Petersburg and Richmond altogether and break out into the open. In the end of March there remained open to the Confederate army but two avenues of supply, the Southside and the Dansville railroads. Those roads were so important to Lee's very existence while he remained in Richmond and Petersburg, and of such vital importance to him even in case of retreat, that naturally he would make most strenuous efforts to defend the possession of them. But if he were to detach a portion of his scanty force on that errand, there was the risk that in protecting his extended right he should weaken his centre, on which point an assault on the part of the Federal force would then be almost certain to be successful; and, as a matter of fact, Grant had assigned his several corps to make that assault when the proper time should arrive.

On March 29th Grant moved out with all the available army after leaving sufficient force to hold the lines about Petersburg. Sheridan, with his magnificent corps of cavalry, 9,000 strong, was despatched to Dinwiddie Court-house away to the south-west, with instructions to move from that place by the road leading north-west to Five Forks, thus menacing the right of Lee's line. Grant reinforced Sheridan with Mackenzie's cavalry division and the 5th Corps, commanded by General Warren. The latter officer was so slow in his movements on the afternoon of April 1st that the ardent and impetuous Sheridan relieved him from duty and gave the command of the 5th Corps to General Griffin. On that day the Confederate General Pickett, with some 15,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, lay entrenched along the White Oak road, looking southward for about a mile on either side of Five Forks, which was his centre and where his artillery was. About the middle of the afternoon Sheridan was close up to the point whence to make his designed assault on Pickett's position. The frontal attack he assigned to his own second-in-command, General Merritt; he himself led the 5th Corps to the attack on the left flank of the Confederate position. A momentary panic occurred in Ayres's division during its advance through the thick woodland. Sheridan rallied the faltering troops, encouraging Ayres's officers and men by his fiery enthusiasm, his reckless disregard of danger, and his evident entire belief in victory. He brought order out of confusion by his magnetic example, turned about the

panic-stricken regiments, and brought their faces to the foe again. Then, when the line was steadied and was moving forward to the attack, he took his standard in his hand, and where the fighting was hottest led on the line, his famous black charger "Rienzi" plunging wildly under him—mad with the excitement of the roaring musketry, the hissing of the leaden shower, and the crashing of the troops through the woods. Balls riddled the flag, and the sergeant who had been carrying it was killed; but Sheridan seemed to have a charmed life. His dismounted cavalry and the 5th Corps went over the Confederate parapet almost simultaneously. At Pickett's centre, while the Confederate guns were emitting fierce blasts of canister, the Federals were swarming in like bees. Pickett afterwards told how, while he was trying to hold his own in the battery, a Yankee cavalryman, astride of a mule, jumped over the works and ordered him to surrender and be damned to him, and how he (Pickett) was almost surrounded before he could gallop away. With him rushed off the remnants of his force, followed at full speed for several miles by the fiery Crawford and the bloodthirsty Custer to the further side of the Southside railroad.

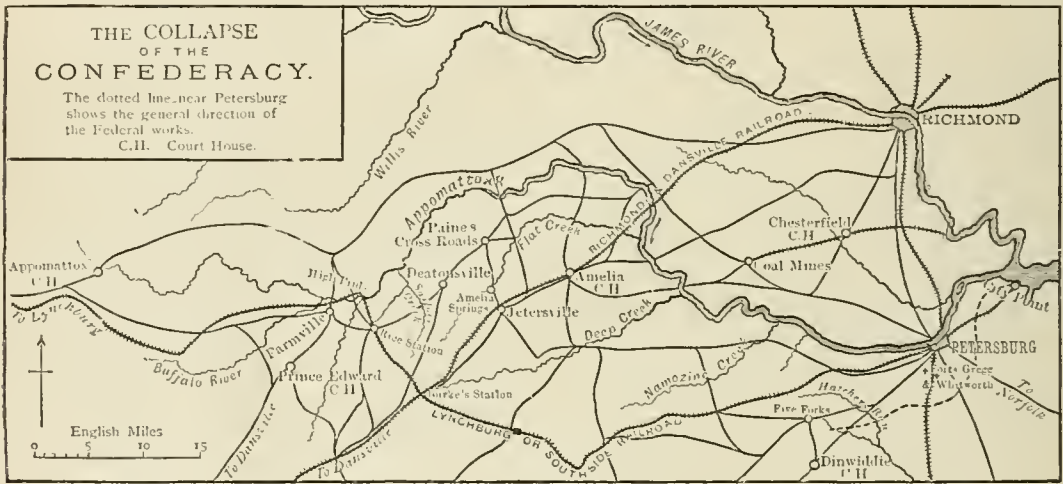
The Confederate troops at Five Forks consisted of Lee's two best divisions, and they fought stoutly; but nearly 6,000 of them were captured, and their losses on the field were heavy. They lost all their artillery, train, and ambulances, and the fugitives, losing their *moral*, threw away their arms. Grant's object was to break up and wreck this isolated moiety of Lee's army, and to drive away to the westward such portion of it as had escaped; and that this was accomplished so thoroughly was owing to Sheridan's skill and zeal. Untrammelled by orders, he recognised a great opportunity, planned and fought a great battle with intelligence, energy, and gallantry, and won a victory which had no equal in the war for completeness and productiveness of momentous events.

About 9 p.m. Sheridan desisted from further pursuit. He left his cavalry west of Five Forks, but the 5th Corps he brought back to the south-west of Petersburg and facing toward the town. On learning the result of Five Forks, Grant ordered the assault of Petersburg by the 6th and 9th Corps to be made at 4 a.m. of the 2nd. Then Wright and Parke advanced under heavy fire, cleared the parapets, and threw themselves inside the enemy's line. Parke could advance no further, but Wright swept everything before him up to the inner defences immediately sur-

rounding the city. On reaching Hatcher's Run, the 6th Corps faced about and moved towards Petersburg. The Southside railroad had come into the possession of the Federals, and the broken Confederate troops who had been in that vicinity fell back towards Petersburg, followed by the commands of Generals Wright and Ord. They had to pause in front of some advanced works closing upon the Appomattox river west of Petersburg. The most important of those were Forts Gregg and Whitworth. Both were exceptionally strong. Fort Gregg was enclosed at the rear with a ditch, ten feet deep and as many wide, and the parapet was of corresponding height and thickness. Fort Whitworth was of similar dimensions, but open at the gorge.

The President and the members of the rebel Government left Richmond by train the same afternoon on their way for Danville.

Lee's headquarters having been attacked by hostile infantry, were removed within the interior lines of defence, where he was greeted with shouts of welcome by his ragged but undaunted soldiers. Orders were given to hold the position, if possible, until night. At 3 p.m. Lee gave the final orders for a retreat, which began at 8 o'clock. Grant had not pressed his attack, and time was thus given for the Confederate troops to complete their preparations for departure. The artillery preceded the infantry, the waggon trains using the roads on which no troops were marching. Along the



The 200 infantrymen in Fort Gregg made a desperate resistance, and although assailed by a whole division, it was not until Gibbon's men had succeeded in climbing upon the parapet under a murderous fire that the place was finally taken at the point of the bayonet. Fifty-five brave dead Confederate soldiers were found inside the fort, while the Federal loss in carrying it amounted to ten officers and 112 men killed and twenty-seven officers and 565 men wounded.

On the morning of April 2nd General Lee sent to the Government authorities in Richmond, informing them of the disastrous situation of affairs and of the necessity of his evacuating Petersburg that same night. President Davis was in church when he received Lee's message, which was immediately read by the officiating clergyman, and the service was interrupted, the congregation being dismissed with the intimation that there would be no evening service.

north bank of the Appomattox moved the columns through the gloom of the night, over the various roads leading to the general rendezvous at Amelia Court-house. By midnight the evacuation was completed, and then a death-like silence reigned behind the breastworks which for nine months had been "clothed in thunder," and which had so long kept at bay a foe of threefold strength.

As the troops moved noiselessly onward in the darkness that preceded the dawn, a bright light like a broad flash of lightning illumined the heavens for an instant; then followed the roar of a tremendous explosion. "The magazine at Fort Drewry is blown up," ran in whispers through the ranks, and again silence reigned. Once more the sky was overspread by a lurid light, not so fleeting as before. It was now the conflagration of Richmond that lighted the night-march of the soldiers of the Confederacy,

and many a stout heart was wrung with anguish for the fate of the city and its defenceless inhabitants. The columns from Petersburg and its vicinity reached Chesterfield Court-house soon after daylight of the 3rd. After a brief halt for rest and refreshment, the retreat was

of orders the provision train from Dansville destined for Amelia Court-house had been carried on to Richmond without unloading its stores, with the result that not a single ration awaited the hungry troops. A reaction from hope to despair fell upon the spent soldiers, and



RICHMOND FROM HOLLYWOOD.

resumed with renewed strength. A sense of relief pervaded the ranks at their release from the lines behind which they had stood so staunchly for many weary months. Once more in the open field, they were invigorated with hope, and felt their ability to cope with the adversary. It was not until the morning of the 5th that all the troops reached Amelia Court-house, where a bitter disappointment awaited them. Through an unfortunate misapprehension

on Lee's noble countenance came a deeper shadow than it had yet borne. Grant was pursuing him with all haste. The only chance remaining to the Army of Northern Virginia was to reach the hill-country without delay, but a distance of fifty miles lay between it and adequate supplies. Yet no murmur came from the lips of the men to the ear of their beloved commander, and on the evening of that unfortunate day they resumed their weary march in silence and

composure. A handful of parched corn was now a feast to the worn veterans as they trudged on through the April night. On the morning of the 3rd the Mayor of Richmond had surrendered the city of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, to the Federal commander in its vicinity, who at once proceeded to enforce order and to arrest the conflagration, while with great humanity he endeavoured to relieve the distressed citizens.

On the evening of the 2nd, Grant had given orders for the assault of the Petersburg and Richmond lines early on the morning of the 3rd, but when the troops were mustering it was discovered that the Confederates had abandoned all their entrenchments. Grant then issued his directions for the interception of Lee's retreat by whatever route he might take. General Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th Corps, was to hasten in a westerly direction, south of and near to the Appomattox River, and to strike the Dansville railroad between the bridge over that river and its crossing by the Lynchburg or Southside railroad at Burke's Station. General Meade, with the 2nd and 6th Corps, was to follow Sheridan. General Ord, with the 9th and 24th Corps and Mackenzie's cavalry, was to move along the Southside railroad to Burke's Station. The general pursuit began on the morning of the 3rd, but on the previous evening General Merritt, Sheridan's second-in-command, had been pursuing a detachment of rebel cavalry along the Namozine road towards Scott's Corners, north-west of Sutherland Station. Although Lee's main army was marching westward to the north of the Appomattox River, Anderson's corps had been directed to follow the road south of the river towards Amelia Court-house, on the way to which he was joined by the remnant of Pickett's force and the troops of the late General Hill, now under General Cooke. Anderson's flank and rear were covered by the cavalry of FitzLee.

On the morning of the 3rd, as Sheridan was riding to join Merritt at Scott's Corners, the evidences were very patent of the demoralisation of the enemy. Scouting parties of cavalry were constantly bringing in scores of prisoners from the woods on either side—gaunt, ragged, hungry fellows who would throw down their arms and express their gratitude for being captured. Arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and ragged clothing littered the line of march. Merritt was out beyond Scott's Corners skirmishing, but it was not until he reached Deep Creek several miles

further on that he encountered a strong body of hostile infantry, which he attacked with spirit and success, driving it from the ford and pursuing it vigorously as it fell back towards the Dansville railroad to join General Lee's main army approaching Amelia Court-house. The 5th Corps followed Merritt all day, but was not engaged; and in rear of Sheridan's column rode General Crook with his cavalry division, the retreat of the enemy having relieved him from guard duty about Petersburg. During the day's ride on every hand were visible signs of the wreck of the Confederacy. The negroes were jubilant, grinning vast grimaces of delight. "Where are the rebs?" asked Sheridan of a grey-haired contraband, who was doing uncouth homage and flourishing wonderful salaams with a tattered hat. "Siftin' souf, sah—siftin' souf," answered the old man with an extra wide grin and quaint caper.

At daylight on 4th April Sheridan's command was again on the march, separating now into three columns for the covering of a wider territory. Merritt and Mackenzie struck off to the right in pursuit of the enemy which had retreated before them on the previous evening, Crook heading for the Dansville railroad at a point midway between Jetersville and Burke's Station, thence to advance along the railroad northward towards Jetersville, a station eight miles from Amelia Court-house; and the 5th Corps moving out direct for Jetersville. At Tabernacle Church Merritt had a sharp fight with a body of rebel infantry and cavalry, through which he found it impossible to force a passage, but he was able to seize a number of their waggons before they could hurry forward troops to protect them. The advance of the 5th Corps, after a march of sixteen miles, reached Jetersville late in the afternoon.

While Sheridan was at West Creek with the 5th Corps, a few miles short of Jetersville, a scout brought him the intelligence that Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, and was moving thence down the railroad towards Jetersville. A despatch just written by General Lee's Chief Commissary, ordering 200,000 rations to be sent up from Dansville, was captured in the Jetersville telegraph-office by Sheridan's advance. Sheridan had it sent on in hopes that the Dansville Commissary should forward the supplies into the Federal lines, but despatches from other sources had reached Dansville to the effect that Federal troops had gained possession of the road, and therefore no supplies were sent forward.

On the evening of the 4th, when at Jetersville,

Sheridan realised that his ardour had brought him into a critical situation. He had with him only Crook's cavalry division and the leading division of the 5th Corps. Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, only eight miles north-east of Jetersville, and the fact that the Confederate cavalry pushed a reconnaissance down upon Jetersville that same evening, although it was driven back by Crook, forcibly suggested to Sheridan that it might be followed by the mass of Lee's force. In effect at this juncture that commander had now his only opportunity for escape in the direction of Dansville. Across his path there stood at Jetersville, as has been said, a single cavalry division and the head of one corps of infantry, with no other force within supporting distance. Sheridan was prepared for a resolute stand in his Jetersville position, but he was conscious of his inferiority of force, and realised that Lee, with his whole army at his back, could sweep Sheridan's command out of his path. That accomplished, the road to Burkesville would lie open to Lee, and thence by way of Dansville he could effect a junction with Johnston's army in North Carolina.

Lee's opportunity was fleeting. The whole of the 5th Corps reached Jetersville during the night of the 4th. Sheridan's galloper rode straight and fast back to Deep Creek, and gave his message to General Meade. That commander had the 2nd Corps in march on Jetersville at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the 6th Corps followed promptly, and both corps reached Jetersville on the afternoon of that day. Merritt's cavalry had arrived earlier, and so, on the afternoon of the 5th, all Sheridan's cavalry and three infantry corps were assembled at Jetersville—a strength far superior to that of the whole Confederate army, so that Sheridan no longer felt anxious as to the possibility of Lee's breaking through his lines.

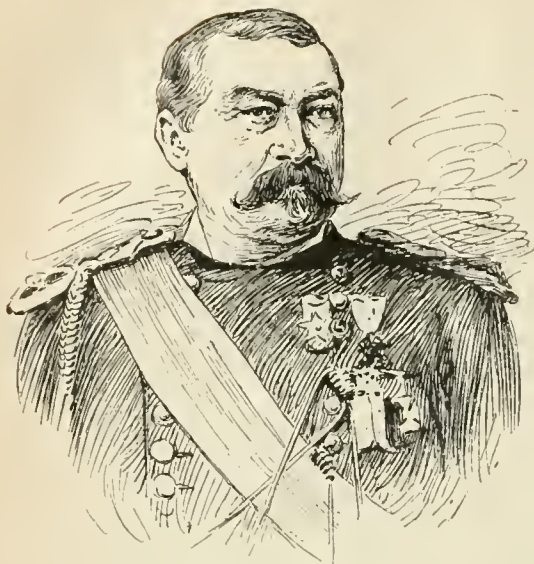
On the morning of the 5th, since the enemy still made no demonstration, it occurred to Sheridan that Lee, having shunned a combat at Jetersville, was intending to pursue his retreat in a north-westerly direction. This speculation was so far correct that, on the 5th, Lee sent forward his spare artillery and trains by roads on the outward flank of the route his troops would take later on the march towards the Lynchburg objective. Sheridan sent out Davies's cavalry brigade towards Paine's Cross-roads, about eight miles north of Jetersville. There Davies found a waggon-train moving westward, escorted by a cavalry force; he attacked it, drove off the

escort, burned the waggons, and captured five guns. The papers of General Lee's headquarters were burnt in the destruction of this train. Davies brought away 1,000 prisoners and several battle-flags, but he presently found himself hard pressed in flank and rear by a strong hostile force, which had moved out from Amelia Court-house to intercept him; and it was found necessary to hurry reinforcements in support of him, when some sharp fighting ensued.

There came in with Davies a negro bearing a pathetic little note, which a Confederate officer had entrusted to his care for delivery. It was dated Amelia Court-house, April 5th, and read thus: "Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Theodore left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this afternoon. General Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since; Bernard Perry, he said, was taken prisoner. Love to all.—Your devoted son, W. B. TAYLOR, Colonel."

At sunset of the 5th, Longstreet's corps, the head of Lee's column, had crossed Flat Creek by the bridge at Amelia Springs. Lee still hoped, by a well-conducted night march westward, to get so far ahead that by passing through Deatonsville, Rice's Station, and Farmville he might reach Lynchburg. The march of the Confederate army was continued during the night, the head of Longstreet's column arriving at Rice's Station on the Lynchburg railroad about sunrise of the 6th, where it was joined by General Lee in the course of the morning. There Longstreet was to await the coming up of the rest of the army. Delays occurred, and Ewell was still at Amelia Springs at eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Gordon formed the Confederate rear-guard. The trains, which were long, kept to the roads on the outer flank of the troops, and were to cross Sailor's Creek near its confluence with the Appomattox, the troops crossing about two miles higher up on the road to Rice's Station. The bridges over Flat Creek, by which Lee's troops and train had crossed, were destroyed.

On the morning of the 6th, Sheridan's cavalry were out early, Crook heading for Deatonsville, Merritt following him, both moving in parallel line with the enemy's trains, and watching for an opportunity to break in upon his line. Definite information was obtained that Lee's main body had moved westward during the night, and two of his columns were visible on the march in



LIEUT.-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.
(Photo, C. D. Mosher.)

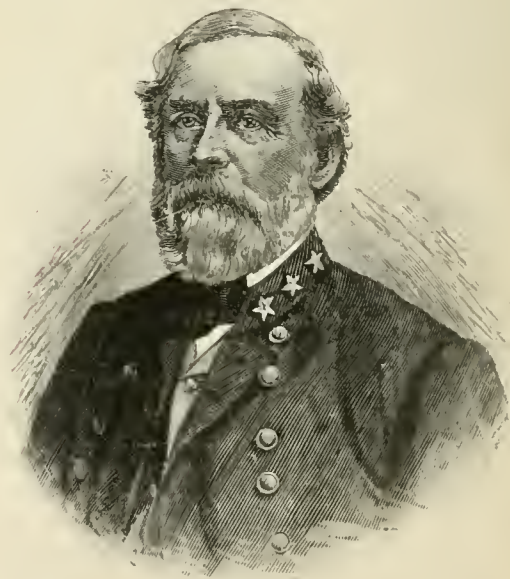
a north-west direction. Meade directed the 2nd Corps on Deatonville, the 5th Corps on Painesville on the right of the 2nd, and the 6th to take position on the left of the 2nd. Bridges were rapidly built on Flat Creek, but some of the troops waded across with the water up to their armpits. The skirmishers of the 2nd Corps pushed forward eagerly, maintaining a sharp running fight with the Confederate rear-guard, which was continued over a distance of about fourteen miles during which several partially-entrenched positions were carried. The country was broken, consisting of woods with dense undergrowth and swamps, alternating with open fields, through and over which the lines of battle followed closely in the skirmish line with singular rapidity and good order. Artillery moved in the skirmish line.

The Confederate general Anderson halted in the morning of the 6th about three miles west of Deatonville, at a point where the road forks, one branch turning sharp to the right down Sailor's Creek at about a mile's distance from it; the other branch is the road to Rice's Station and does not change its direction. At the forks Anderson thwarted Crook's effort to cut off the enemy's trains, and repulsed a second attempt on the part of Merritt. Pickett had crossed Sailor's Creek, and when the head of Gordon's corps, which was the rear-guard, began to arrive at the forks, Anderson crossed the creek and with Pickett formed across the road to Rice's Station, where they threw up some temporary

breastworks. Ewell followed Anderson across the creek, halting upon it.

Merritt and Crook harassed the enemy's left flank, crossing the creek alongside of it. Custer found a weak point and broke in, destroying a number of waggons and several guns. Stagg's cavalry brigade remained near the forks, and later joined the 6th Corps in its attack on Ewell. Gordon, after the passage of the main trains of Lee's army, took the right-hand fork, covering them; and Humphreys, at the head of the 2nd Corps, pursued him closely. The running contest lasted for three miles longer, the track strewn with tents, camp equipage, baggage, and waggons. Gordon's last attempted stand was near the mouth of Sailor's Creek, where, just before dark, after a short sharp fight, the 2nd Corps possessed itself of thirteen battle-flags, four guns, 1,700 prisoners, and a mass of Confederate trains huddled in utter confusion, the whole of which were burned.

Beyond the creek on high ground General Crook found Anderson behind breastworks on the Rice's Station road, and presently Sheridan saw detachments of his cavalry making for Anderson's rear and flanks. In another moment a huge column of smoke shot up into the air, which told him that his troopers had fired the massed wagon trains which Anderson had been covering. For Sheridan's further information there came across the creek to him a galloping young cavalryman, who had just been charging



GENERAL LEE

with Custer beyond the crest, and had ridden through the enemy's line to tell of the doings of the cavalry.

By this time the 6th Corps was ready to take the offensive in earnest, and Sheridan gave the order to attack Ewell's position on the further side of Sailor's Creek. Seymour on horseback, commanding the right division, gallantly started his command, carried it through the stream amidst a storm of bullets, and in the teeth of a

infantry rallied in their front; in their rear swept down the irrepressible cavalry of Merritt and Crook like a hurricane, Custer blazing in the van; and all was over for Ewell and his gallant unfortunates. For one bewildering moment they fought on every hand; but then they saw how hopeless was further fighting, and they threw down their arms and surrendered.

It was a great capture. Ewell himself was a prisoner; the whole of his command were



GENERAL GRANT READING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER (P. 331).

furious fire led his men up the slope. Ewell's gallant rebels dashed down on him at a run, and mingled with Seymour's men in the open; there was a moment of desperate fighting, and then the Federal division was borne back and hurled into the creek. A brigade of Confederate marines followed the retreating Union troops with an *élan* that never was surpassed: their standard-bearer led them on dauntlessly till he planted his flag-staff on the water's edge, where he defiantly waved the stars and bars. But as the ground was cleared of broken Yankees, eighteen guns opened a fire which mowed down the Confederate soldiers in sections. The Union

reported either killed, wounded, or captured, except 250 men of Kershaw's division. Kershaw himself, Custis Lee, Semmes, Corse, and other general officers of the Confederacy were among the captives, with inferior officers by hundreds and enlisted men by thousands. The number captured was never ascertained, nor the loss in battle: Humphreys, the historian of the campaign, himself a participant in the day's fighting, estimates the total Confederate loss at 8,000 men with fourteen guns and a great number of waggons. Ewell frankly admitted to Sheridan that there remained now no more hope for the Confederacy, and he begged Sheridan to send

General Lee a flag of truce and a demand for his surrender in order to save any further sacrifice, a suggestion which Sheridan naturally ignored.

At dark on the 6th, Longstreet, with three divisions, marched westward to Farmville on the Appomattox, where rations were distributed to Lee's army, 80,000 having been forwarded thither to await its arrival. He then crossed to the north bank of the river, and on the morning of the 7th moved out on the road leading by way of Appomattox Court-house to Lynchburg, leaving some force on the river to delay the crossing of the Union forces. On the same day General FitzLee, with all his cavalry, followed Longstreet acting as his cover. Gordon's command and Mahone's division crossed the same morning by the High Bridge to the north side of the river, and followed Longstreet's route. The general movement on the part of the Federals was now in the direction of Farmville. On the morning of the 7th, General Ord followed Longstreet to that place, whither also Sheridan sent Crook. General Meade directed Generals Humphreys and Wright with the 2nd and 6th Corps to continue the direct pursuit of Lee's army as long as it promised success. The 2nd Corps, in the early morning of the 7th, crossed by the High Bridge east of Farmville in face of Mahone's Confederate division, and soon after noon came in contact with the enemy on the Lynchburg road. It having been ascertained that Lee's whole army, estimated at about 18,000 infantry, was in a strong entrenched position with artillery in place, General Gibbon with the 24th Corps, and General Wright with the 6th Corps, were ordered to cross the river at Farmville and attack Lee jointly with the 2nd Corps. But since no bridge at Farmville could be available by the evening, Humphreys attacked alone, only to be repulsed with considerable loss. By halting to fight on the 7th instead of pressing his retreat, Lee sacrificed his last chance. The purposeless detention had wasted invaluable time which he could not make up by night-marching, lost him the supplies awaiting him at Appomattox Station, and gave Sheridan and Ord time to post themselves across his path at Appomattox Court house. It was on the evening of the 7th that there was sent from Grant to Lee the first letter of a memorable correspondence, the tone of which reflects on both the writers higher and truer honour than the most glorious victory either ever achieved. Grant's share in the correspondence is the finer.

His spontaneous chivalry is very grand, especially as manifested in his final letter.

Pending the arrangements for a meeting of the two high commanders, the retreat and the pursuit were actively prosecuted on the morning of the 8th. Humphreys and Wright marched close on the heels of Lee's rear-guard, callous to Lee's requests that they should not press upon him while negotiations were going on for a surrender. About eleven o'clock the 2nd and 6th Corps had come up with Lee's army entrenched in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house. They were being formed for attack when General Meade arrived, who sent a letter to General Lee suggesting a temporary truce, in view of the negotiations for a surrender. Lee halted for the night of the 8th in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house.

On the 7th, Sheridan with his cavalry passed through Prince Edward's Court-house, leaving Crook to make a reconnaissance to Farmville; and, crossing the Dansville road and the Buffalo River, bivouacked near the Lynchburg railroad. Next morning he started due west, followed by General Griffin with the 5th Corps and General Ord with the 24th Corps, and moved rapidly toward Appomattox Station. On the way a scout met him with the intelligence that there were four trains of railway waggons at that station waiting Lee's arrival. An hour before sundown Custer, who was in advance, caught sight of the freight cars and the smoke of the locomotives. He promptly ordered his leading regiments to make a circuit to the left through the woods and regain the railroad in the rear of the trains; while he with the rest of his division rode straight down the road and made himself master of the long lines of waggons. They were being moved off towards Farmville when Sheridan came up, to be greeted by an artillery fire opened on him from the woods on his right. Custer captured most of the guns, and drove before him towards Appomattox Court-house the surprised and demoralised Confederate troops who were the advance of Lee's army, fighting far from their thoughts.

Early on the morning of the 9th, Crook's cavalry division of Sheridan's corps was out to the front, holding his ground stubbornly against heavy odds. But he was gradually being forced back; and, ordering Crook to retire slowly, Sheridan sent word to Ord and Griffin to hurry forward. Seeing the Federal troopers retiring and so apparently opening a way of retreat, the Confederate troops yelled, quickened their pace, and

doubled their fire. But their yell died away when the long lines of Federal infantry presently emerged from the woods in the Confederate front. Lee's soldiers fell back in utter surprise as the serried lines of Union troops reached the open ground with cavalry massed on either flank. The lines halted as there came out from Appomattox Court-house, now plainly visible, a horseman bearing a flag of truce, to ask for time to consummate the surrender. Sheridan consulted with Ord, who was his superior officer, and the two generals rode towards the Court-house through the groups of broken Confederates. They were met on the neutral ground by the Confederate generals Gordon and Wilcox, who asked for a suspension of hostilities, and added that General Lee was prepared to surrender his army. Longstreet joined the group with a letter from Lee to Grant, with which Sheridan immediately despatched a staff-officer to find the Union commander-in-chief. In no long time Grant rode up to where, at the end of the broad grassy street of the village, Generals Ord, Sheridan, and others were waiting to greet him.

"Is General Lee up there?" asked Grant.

"Yes," replied Sheridan.

"Well then, we'll go up," was Grant's terse remark: he never wasted words.

On the right-hand side of the street was Mr. McLean's house, and to it General Grant was conducted to meet General Lee. Ord and Sheridan, each with three or four staff-officers, accompanied him to the fence of the lawn, where all dismounted. Grant, with one or two officers of his personal staff, entered the house. The other officers sat down in the piazza and waited. The contrast in appearance between General Lee and General Grant was marked. The Confederate chief was a man of noble presence, of a tall, soldierly figure, with a full grey beard. He was dressed in full uniform of the rebel grey, with a high grey felt hat with gold cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a valuable sword. Grant was in rough garb, which was splashed with mud. He wore a soldier's blouse with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general, and carried no sword. The two men fell into conversation about old army times in Mexico. The conversation grew so pleasant that Grant almost forgot the object of the meeting, and Lee had to recall his attention to the business in hand, suggesting that the terms of the surrender should be committed to writing. Grant took pen in hand and wrote swiftly. He

voluntarily conceded everything to the broken soldiers of the Confederacy. Officers and men were to be paroled. The Confederate arms and public property were to be given over, with the exception of the officers' side-arms and their private horses and baggage. This done, officers and men were to be permitted to return to their homes. When Grant read the terms regarding the side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, Lee remarked with some feeling that this favour would have a happy effect on his army. He then remarked that in his army the cavalrymen and artillerymen owned their own horses. Grant replied that he would take it upon himself to instruct his parole officers to allow every man of the Confederate army who claimed a horse or mule to take the animal to his home; and Lee acknowledged with gratitude the humanity of the concession.

Lee in a sentence accepted the proffered terms, and in effect the great rebellion was now at an end. At Lee's request, and on his statement that for several days his men had been living exclusively on parched corn, Grant undertook to supply rations for 25,000 men, the remnant existing of the Confederate army. Then the two commanders saluted cordially and parted. As Lee stood in the porch while his horse was being bridled up, looking over into the valley towards his army, he smote his hands together several times in an absent manner, apparently unconscious of the Federal officers, who had risen respectfully as he came out, and seeming to see nothing until he was recalled to himself by his horse being brought up.

When definite intelligence of the surrender reached the Union lines, the firing of a salute of 100 guns in honour of the great event was begun, but Grant immediately ordered that it should be stopped. In his own words—words that honour him—he wrote: "The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall."

As Lee rode slowly along his lines, his devoted veterans pressed around their chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand on his horse. The general, then, with head bare and tears streaming down his face, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

Thus closed the career of the "rebel" Army of Northern Virginia.



“OH, you may bully us, but go and take Bhurtpore!” was, in the early decades of the century, a common saying among the petty chiefs and rajahs of Hindustan, when they were coerced by British rule. This powerful Jat fortress had, in 1805, been attacked by the great Lord Lake, but there that brilliant commander’s career of victory was checked by the strong, well-armed works, staunchly held by numerous defenders, and he was obliged to withdraw his army after suffering heavy losses. Bhurtpore had thus, among the natives of India, acquired the character of being impregnable, and was considered to mark the limit of British conquest, to be the point from which the menacing tide of British sway must always recede.

In the later years of the life of Runjeet Singh,* the rajah who had successfully defended his stronghold against Lord Lake, that ruler had maintained pacific relations with the British Government, probably influenced by the strong measures for the settlement of Central India which had at that time been so effectually carried out. On his death, however, internal dissensions arose in the Bhurtpore state. He was succeeded by his son, Buldeo Singh, who, apprehensive of the ambitious designs of his younger brother, Doorjun Sal, applied to Sir David Ochterlony, British agent at Delhi, to recognise, in the name of the British Government, the heirship of his son, Bulwunt Singh.

After some consideration, Sir David Ochterlony, one of the wisest and ablest among the many wise and able men who have made our Indian Empire, consented to give the young prince, Bulwunt Singh, the desired recognition, invested him with a dress of honour, and ac-

* He must not be confounded with the Sikh Runjeet Singh, “the Lion of the Punjab.”

knowledged him as the heir-apparent to the musund. Soon afterwards Buldeo Singh died, not without suspicion of poisoning, and the troubles which had been apprehended broke out in the fashion so common in Eastern states. Doorjun Sal grasped the rule of Bhurtpore. The citadel was seized, the young rajah, Bulwunt Singh, was thrown into confinement, and English influence was defied. On this, Sir David Ochterlony, with the spirit and energy which he had ever shown in his long military and civil career, issued a proclamation to the people of Bhurtpore, urging them not to desert their rightful sovereign, who, he promised, would be supported by the authority of the British Government, backed by a strong military force which was even now being assembled.

Ochterlony’s words were no empty threats, and he was on the point of marching on Bhurtpore to put down the usurper when his movement was arrested by peremptory orders from the Supreme Government. It is impossible to know why Lord Amherst, the then Governor-General, inflicted so great a slight, such a marked censure, upon a most distinguished public servant, who had only acted in the spirit of orders which he had received and in pursuance of a policy whose first steps had met with approval. It is to be feared that some inimical influence was brought to bear against Sir David Ochterlony. In any case the end of his long and distinguished career was clouded by the quasi-disgrace inflicted on him, and the high-spirited old general died within the year of a broken heart.

In 1825 the Indian Government was carrying on a war with Burmah. Its military operations in that country had not always been successful, and exaggerated stories of failure had reached the chiefs and peoples of India. Speculations

even were afloat as to the possible impending downfall of the Company's raj, and it was only upon the urgent advice of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the successor of Ochterlony at Delhi, that the additional serious business of crushing Doorjun Sal at Bhurtpore was at length decided upon.

the purpose required, and orders were issued for the preparation of a very powerful army to be at the disposal of Sir Charles Metcalfe, in whose hands were placed the issues of peace or war. The safety of India was practically staked upon the action of this great civilian. It was his to



A GROUP OF JATS.

If this usurper's defiant attitude had not met with condign punishment, general commotion would have been stirred up in the whole of Upper India, and the prestige of English power would have been most gravely compromised. Although Sir David Ochterlony had previously collected a strong force, it was considered that, now that Doorjun Sal had had time to consolidate his power, this force was insufficient for

restore Bulwunt Singh, by diplomacy and persuasion if possible, or, if these failed, to use the army at his disposal with promptitude and vigour. Never was confidence better placed, and in all the many onerous positions which Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe filled both before and after the Bhurtpore war, never did he acquit himself more ably.

The commander-in-chief in India at that time

was an old officer, in infirm health and unfit to take the field, who had long wished to resign. The intelligence of the probable necessity of war with Bhurtpore had reached the Court of Directors in England, and, in the appointment of a new commander-in-chief, it was above all things necessary to select a soldier of high reputation, who could be trusted with the conduct of great operations. The choice fell upon Lord Combermere, who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, had been the able and daring leader of the British cavalry in the Peninsula, who had served in India in the last war with Tippoo Suldaun, including the taking of Seringapatam, and who in his early youth had gained experience and rapid promotion in the Flanders campaign of 1794. With regard to Lord Combermere's present selection, it is said that a deputation of East India Company's directors sought the Duke of Wellington, in order that he might indicate to them a commander likely to accomplish what even the victorious Lake had been unable to effect. In answer to their inquiries as to whom the great duke considered the most fitting person, he replied, "You can't do better than have Lord Combermere. He's the man to take Bhurtpore." It was well known that the duke's opinion of his cavalry general's capacity, despite his great services, was not high. When he named Lord Combermere, therefore, the astonished deputation could not help remarking, "But we thought that your Grace did not think very highly of Lord Combermere, and did not consider him a man of great genius."

"I don't care a d—n about his genius. I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtpore," exclaimed the duke. After this emphatic recommendation there could be no further doubt about the appointment, and in June, 1825, Lord Combermere sailed for India.

Bhurtpore is situated about thirty miles west of Agra, and is surrounded by a wide, sun-baked plain, whose surface is broken by a few insignificant eminences and some low rocky ridges. In 1825 the town was about eight miles in circumference, enclosed by an enceinte of thirty-five semicircular bastions connected by curtains. These fortifications were built of clay, mixed with straw and cow-dung, and, as this composition had been put together in layers, each of which was allowed to harden in the sun's rays before another was added, while the whole was strengthened by rows of tree-trunks buried upright, it was considered almost impossible with the artillery of the time to establish a

practicable breach in the city walls. From the construction of the bastions enfilade was also very difficult in many cases. On some of the bastions there were cavaliers, and the body of the place was completely commanded by a citadel of very great strength, rising to a height of one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the ground. Since the attack by Lord Lake many additions had been made to the defences. The enceinte had been strengthened, and one new bastion, the Futteh Boorj, the bastion of Victory, was said to have been built up on the skulls and bones of the thousands of the ill-fated "gora log" (white men) who had fallen in Lord Lake's attempt to storm the Jat fastness. Outside the enceinte was a strongly-revetted dry ditch a hundred and fifty feet broad and fifty-nine feet deep, and this could be filled with water by cutting the bund, or embankment, which separated it from the Moti Jheel (the Pearl lake), situated a short distance from the place. The garrison numbered 25,000 men, belonging to some of the most warlike races of India. Strong in position, armament, resources, and, above all, in the proud remembrance and prestige of former victory, truly Bhurtpore stood a formidable antagonist, challenging the full might of England's Eastern dominions.

The army of which Lord Combermere was about to take command had been assembled at Agra and Muttra. It was composed of nearly 30,000 men of all arms, including a powerful siege-train, and was drawn from the flower of the European and native armies. Major-General Reynell commanded the right wing at Muttra, and Major-General Nicholls the left at Agra. Everything that skill, prudence, and foresight could devise as necessary for the operations in view was carefully prepared, and the whole force was animated by the most confident spirit, the highest hopes that it would honourably accomplish its great task.

On the 5th December Lord Combermere arrived at Muttra. There he was joined by Sir Charles Metcalfe, who, having exhausted all peaceful means to induce Doorjun Sal and his followers to give way, now used the authority vested in him to set the army in motion, and placed the further conduct of affairs in the hands of the commander-in-chief. He himself remained with the army as a spectator of its operations. The movement from Agra and Muttra commenced on the 8th and 9th December, General Nicholls being directed to take up a position on the west of Bhurtpore, while

General Reynell, with whom was Lord Combermere in person, was to establish himself opposite the north-east angle, and it was expected that the two wings of the army would communicate on the 10th by the bund to the north of the town.

The first object to be secured was the safety of this bund. It was known that the enemy would at once cut it, as soon as Bhurtpore was seriously threatened, so as to let the waters of the Moti Jheel pour into the ditch. To frustrate such an attempt, the success of which would have added enormously to the difficulties of the siege, General Nicholls sent forward an advanced guard of the 16th Lancers and Skinner's Horse, supported by the 14th Regiment. This detachment arrived in the very nick of time. The bund was found strongly held by the enemy, who had just begun to make an opening, through which the waters of the Jheel were beginning to flow. Five minutes later it would have been impossible to stop the rapidly-increasing current. Skinner's Horse was at the head of the advanced guard, and without hesitation charged the Jats, who, taken by surprise, resisted obstinately, but were driven back to the town. They were followed so close by the irregular cavalry and the 16th Lancers that the enemy shut the gates upon their own men, for fear that their pursuers might force their way in with the crowd of fugitives. Meanwhile, by great exertions, the engineers managed to close the gap which had been made in the bund, and General Reynell provided for its future security by stockading it and making it a strong military position. This first exploit of the besieging army was afterwards held to be the fulfilment of a prediction made by Brahmin astrologers. These learned men had said that Bhurtpore could only be taken by an alligator, which should drink up the water of the ditch surrounding the town. The Sanscrit word for alligator is *Kombeer*, which in the eyes of the natives was sufficiently near to the name of the chief, who, if he did not drink up the waters of the ditch, at least prevented the ditch from being filled by the Moti Jheel. When Lord Lake attacked Bhurtpore, he had erred in thinking that the defences could be carried at once by *vive force*, and Lord Combermere, with the warning of the past before him, resolved not to break ground until a most careful examination had been made of the obstacles to be overcome. After the investment was completed on the 11th December, therefore, the following nine days were employed by him and the engineer officers

under his command in reconnoitring every part of the fortress and its surroundings. The prolonged reconnaissances in different directions had besides the useful effect of diverting the enemy's attention from the point of attack eventually selected, and were profitably employed by the troops in making the many thousands of gabions and fascines which would be required in the siege works. On the 20th the examination of the scene of action was complete, the siege train and engineer park were all present, wanting in nothing, and Lord Combermere decided that the north-east angle of Bhurtpore's defences should be the point of attack. It was true that here the defenders would be able to concentrate the fire of the largest number of their guns, but this fire would only be effective while the besiegers were at a certain distance from the ditch. As they approached closer, however, the guns on the fortifications could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, and they could only be fired at by matchlocks in the hands of men themselves exposed to the concentrated discharge of artillery and musketry from the parallels of approach. The great points in favour of selecting the north-east angle were that here the defences were totally unflanked, the ditch was more shallow than at other parts, and there was a ravine falling into the ditch, which gave cover to any parties who might have to descend into it.

The point of attack having been determined, it became necessary to seize two positions, hitherto held by the enemy, about eight hundred yards from the place and the same distance from each other—the village of Kullum Kundy and the pleasure-garden of Buldeo Singh. This was done with little loss, and both positions were strongly fortified and stockaded to serve as flanking supports for the line to be occupied by the engineer working parties. The line of investment was drawn closer round Bhurtpore, and, on the 23rd December, the first parallel was traced about six hundred yards from the ditch. It was about this time that one of those difficulties arose from the caste prejudices of the pampered Bengal sepoy which so frequently neutralised the value of their good service, which on more than one occasion produced grave disaffection, and which long years later culminated in the terrible catastrophe of 1857. The native infantry working parties detailed for the trenches objected to parading in camp with pickaxe and shovel and marching with their tools to the scene of their labours, on the score that this made them look

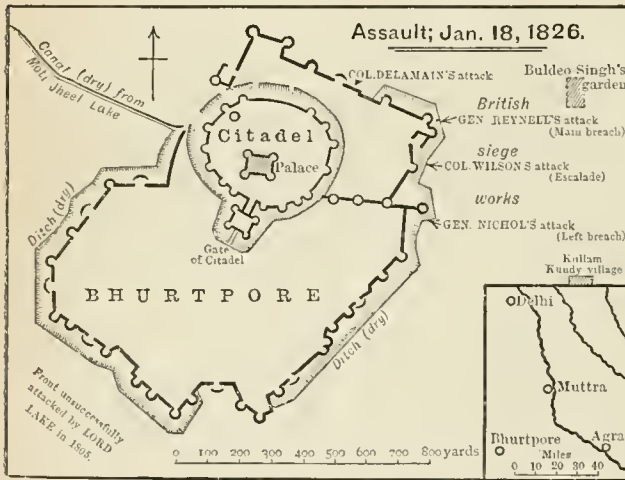
like low-caste coolies. They were, in fact, on the point of refusing to work at all. Fortunately, by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, Lord Combermere was able to overcome the difficulty before ill-feeling had time to spread. If it had come to a serious head, the siege must inevitably have been raised.

Heavy gun and mortar batteries were now constructed, and, from the morning of the 24th, a rain of shot and shell was poured on the defences and into the town of Bhurtpore. Offers had been made to Doorjun Sal of permission for all women and children to quit the doomed town under safe conduct, but it was not till the 25th that the rebel chief allowed all the women, not belonging to the royal family, to depart,

ramparts, laying them too with such good effect that Lord Combermere himself narrowly escaped death from a shot aimed by the renegade. Needless to say that at the close of the siege, when he fell into the hands of his former comrades, he was tried by court-martial and hanged.

As had been foreseen, it was possible to carry on the siege works without the men engaged in the trenches suffering much from the enemy's artillery fire. The guns of the defence could not be sufficiently depressed, and were really only effective when they were laid on the approaches and on the reserves of *matériel*. A long, heavy brass gun in the citadel constantly pitched its shot into the camps with such precision and damaging results that the tents had to be moved

beyond its range. An ammunition tumbril in rear of the trenches was exploded by a chance shot, with the result that a large quantity of powder blew up and some storehouses with their contents were burned. In the beginning of the siege too the reliefs for the trenches used to march off at 4 p.m. The passage of such large bodies of men raised great clouds of dust above the trees and vegetation of the outskirts, at which the enemy, who knew the ground and distances perfectly, were in the habit of firing with fatal effect. On one occasion the 35th Native Infantry lost fifteen men by one shot, which struck the third section of the leading company and ploughed its deadly way through the column. The hour for the



reliefs was immediately changed to dusk, when no tell-tale signs betrayed their movements. From the 25th till the 31st the siege works were steadily and rapidly carried forward, the parallels and batteries crept nearer and nearer to the great ditch, till at last the counterscarp was crowned, and the last breaching batteries contemplated by the engineers were established. The operations were daily covered by sharpshooters, principally taken from the Ghoorka Sirmoor battalion, whose fire was so constant and accurate that scarcely a single enemy dared to raise his head over the parapet of the city's ramparts, and the musketry fire of the defence was thus almost completely subdued. The results of the unremitting discharge of the siege artillery were, however, not encouraging. So strong was the construction of the fortifications that but little effect was produced upon them, and the prospects of taking the town by breaching

and these were suffered to pass through the besiegers' lines unscathed and unsearched. It was afterwards discovered that the fugitives had carried off immense treasures secreted about their persons. Nor were they the only persons who made good their escape. A large body of the enemy's cavalry made a vigorous sally at a weak point in the line of investment, and succeeded in cutting their way through to the open country. On the 25th happened also a circumstance, fortunately almost unknown in the English army. A bombardier of artillery, named Herbert, deserted to the enemy. For his crime no possible motive could ever be discovered. He was a man of very good character, wore a Waterloo medal, and must have known the fate that awaited him when the city fell, as fall it certainly would. Not only did he desert, but he was afterwards seen laying the guns on the

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"CARMICHAEL'S FOLLOWERS FIRED INTO THE DENSE CLUSTER OF MEN IN FRONT OF THEM (A. 339).

alone seemed to become more and more remote. Efforts were redoubled, new and more powerful batteries were brought to bear, and for four more days the crushing storm of shot smote bastion and curtain so heavily that a great gap was at last formed, which, as it was seen from the counterscarp, appeared to offer a way for a storming party. So practicable did it seem that Lord Combermere, under the advice of the engineers, ordered an assault to be made on the 7th January. Among the troops detailed were 600 dismounted men from the different cavalry regiments with the army, eighty from the 11th Light Dragoons, the same number from the 16th Lancers, 200 from Skinner's Horse, and forty from each regiment of native cavalry. A touching story is told of the valour and faithfulness of the men of Skinner's Horse, one of the earliest formed of the many distinguished native irregular cavalry corps which have fought for England. They had served their gallant colonel for many long years in frequent wars, and obeyed and loved him, more as tribesmen do a chief than as paid soldiers follow an officer. The party for the assault was told off according to roster for duty, for the whole regiment had volunteered for the dangerous service. Skinner placed at their head Shadull Khan, one of his oldest, most faithful and trustworthy native officers, and then addressed them: "This is the first time of your going into danger when I cannot accompany you; but such is my affection for you all that I cannot allow you to part from me without carrying with you something dear to me." Then, taking his son by the hand, who had only lately entered the corps, he continued—"See, here is my son! Take him and gain for him such honour as you have won for his father." On this old Shadull Khan stepped forward, and, taking young Skinner by the arm, called out in reply: "Farewell, our own commander. Trust in God, who never deserts those faithful servants who do their duty, and who, please God, will now do their utmost to maintain the honour of the corps."

But the assault was not delivered on the 6th, and the cavalry were not, after all, called upon to ascend the breach. Curiously enough, it was not to the professional engineers that was due the countermanding of an attempt, which, even if successful, must have been attended with a tremendous sacrifice of life, but to Colonel Skinner, the grey-haired veteran of Indian war, who had twenty years before been present with Lord Lake at this very spot and whose sword

had seldom been sheathed in the intervening time. He was attending Lord Combermere in a reconnaissance, and was by him asked his opinion of the breach. Skinner diffidently said that, though not an engineer, he did not believe it to be practicable, and that, from his experience of Indian sieges, he thought that the men of the assaulting force would sink up to their armpits in the loose rubbish. An engineer officer on the staff maintained that it was practicable, but said that he would soon ascertain the fact, and, gallantly rushing forward, crossed the ditch under the enemy's fire, examined the breach, and found it as Skinner had said. He returned, fortunately unscathed, and patting Skinner on the back, said, "Old boy, you are right and I am wrong."

The result of this and other reconnaissances was the determination no longer to place the chief reliance on the breaching batteries, but to make mines the principal feature of future operations. Some mining work on a small scale had already been done, and an attempt had been made to spring a mine under the north-east bastion. Owing to the smallness of the charge, however, very slight effect had been produced, but in the attempt a jemadar of native sappers gave an example of brilliant and devoted gallantry. It had been his business to fire the mine. The port-fire was, unfortunately, damp and ineffective, so the jemadar, reckless of results to himself in the performance of his duty, applied the match to the hose itself. So rapid, in consequence, was the explosion, that the unfortunate man had not time to withdraw himself from the influence of the mine, and was fearfully burned and injured. He was carried back to camp, where he lingered in agony for several days; but his last hours were comforted by immediate promotion, carrying a pension for his family, bestowed by Lord Combermere. His native comrades were much touched by this act of the commander-in-chief, and said that it was good to serve a general who "thought less of pice than of brave acts."

Lieutenant Forbes, of the Engineers, appears to have the credit of devising the great combined system of mines which was now to form the principal part of the future operations. A deep and heavily charged mine was to be sunk under the angle of the bastion, a subsidiary mine was to be placed under the right breach, so disposed as to improve the ascent and destroy the enemy's countermines, while a third mine was to blow in the counterscarp and facilitate the descent into

the ditch. It should be here mentioned that three breaches were now in process of formation, the main breach in the next bastion to the south and a smaller breach in the adjacent curtain. General Reynell's division was encamped in front of the first, while General Nicholls's division faced the remaining two.

The history of the siege after the 7th January is a record of continuous battery and bombardment, and of constant and persevering effort in mining and countermining. There was opportunity for many gallant deeds, and many gallant deeds were done. Did the enemy construct a gallery in the scarp which gave them easy access to the ditch, at once Captain Taylor and Sub-Conductor Richardson of the Engineers, with ten sappers, volunteered for the perilous duty of destroying it, and succeeded in their object, favoured by the good fortune which ever favours the bold. Did the general desire to know what operations the enemy were carrying on near the breach, forthwith a havildar with twelve Goorkhas crossed the ditch and gained the required information in the teeth of determined resistance. Over and over again we find the names of Captain Irvine and Captain Taylor of the Engineers mentioned for acts of cool and desperate daring which, in our more fortunate days, would have gained a Victoria Cross, but which were then held to be sufficiently acknowledged by a mere letter of thanks from the adjutant-general. And whenever there was any service requiring the utmost audacity and military prowess, the soldiers to whom it was most often confided were the Goorkhas, then a recent addition to our native army, who, equally formidable with the British musket as with their native weapon—the short, heavy, keen-edged kookrie—never failed in any task, however perilous. Well have these little mountaineers maintained on many subsequent battlefields the reputation which they began to build up at Bhurtpore, of being the bravest, the most loyal, and the best disciplined of the many native races which furnish soldiers for the service of England.

An exploit performed by Captain Carmichael of the 59th Regiment deserves more than passing notice on account of the soldierly spirit which dictated it and the brilliant completeness of its execution. A report had been brought by spies into the camp that the Bhurtporeans had cut trenches across the breach opposite to General Nicholls's division, and had otherwise so fortified it as to make it impregnable to the headlong

onset of a storming party. General Nicholls was anxious to obtain exact information as to the truth of the report, but this could only be gained by personal inspection, in broad daylight and under the observation of the numerous defenders, whose muskets and spearpoints could be seen glinting on the ramparts. Captain Carmichael's intrepid spirit prompted him to volunteer to lead the small party which would undertake to clear up the well-guarded secrets of the defence. It was the highnoon of the sultry Indian day, the hour when it is the native custom to yield for a time to sleep and when the extreme vigilance of the enemy might be expected to be somewhat relaxed, that he chose for his heroic enterprise. The Grenadiers of his own regiment, the 59th, and a detachment of Goorkhas were on duty in the advanced trenches. No need to call upon such men for volunteers to follow him and share his adventure. All sprang forward eager to be chosen, and the only difficulty was to keep the numbers employed within the desired limits. The total number taken was only twelve, half of whom were 59th Grenadiers and half Goorkhas. Captain Davidson of the Bengal Engineers also joined the little party, which, headed by Carmichael, stole quietly out of the trenches. With breathless anxiety their rapid rush across the ditch to the foot of the breach was watched by their comrades left behind. At every pace it was feared that a hail of bullets would pour from the ramparts and sweep them away. But no, either drowsy or careless, the Jats gave no heed. Carmichael and his men cleared the wide ditch unnoticed and found themselves at the foot of the pile of stones and dried mud where the strong wall of the fortress had been shattered. They commenced the steep ascent and, scrambling on hands and knees, in a few moments stood within the fortification which they had so long watched from a distance. Startled into wakefulness by the sudden appearance of their foe so close to them, whom they doubtless took to be the head of a storming party, the Jats seized their arms and gathered for resistance. Carmichael's followers took full advantage of the surprise and deliberately fired a volley into the dense cluster of men in front of them. Then, as the smoke cleared away, they carefully surveyed the interior of the fort and noted all its features, having even the audacity, moreover, to pelt their enemy with the lumps of mud and stones which were to hand. The Jats realised at last how feeble was the party that insulted them, and rushed forward to punish their temerity. Carmichael's object

had been gained, however, and he plunged down the breach in retreat. There was a rush, in pursuit, of the exasperated enemy to the top of the breach, and the little reconnoitring band was in deadly danger from the many weapons about to be pointed at them. But the muskets in the English trenches were ready and aimed. Fingers were now on the triggers, and the first crowd of the enemy was swept away by the calculated discharge before they could use their matchlocks. The places of the first that fell were quickly supplied, but ever the heavy and well-aimed fire from the trenches flamed forth with crushing effect,



VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.
(Photo, Mayall.)

and, covered by the friendly storm which hurtled over their heads, Captain Carmichael and his men regained the shelter of their lines almost unscathed. The sole casualty was one grenadier, struck dead and falling into the advanced English trench, so nearly had he achieved safety. The result of the daring adventure was the knowledge that the breach, though a formidable obstacle, was not impregnable, a knowledge which was soon to be of inestimable value.

On the 17th January the engineers reported to Lord Combermere that the mines on which the issue of the siege depended would be ready that night. They were, as before noted, three in number: one under the angle of the north-east bastion, loaded with 10,000 lb. of powder connected by a train 300 feet long leading under the ditch; another, less heavily loaded, destined

to improve and extend the breach; while a third, still smaller, was to blow in the counter-scarp. The hour of final and decisive action was at hand and the orders were given for the assault on the following day. Two columns were formed for the service, placed under Generals Reynell and Nicholls respectively, and these again were divided into smaller forces for the purposes of support and mutual assistance. The direction of the principal attack was given to General Reynell and was to be thus carried out:—The main breach was to be stormed by two brigades acting under General Reynell's personal command. The leading brigade, Brigadier McCombe's, was to be headed by the Grenadiers of the 14th Regiment, followed by a spiking party of artillerymen. The brigade was to consist of four companies of the 14th, the 58th Native Infantry, and 100 Nusseeree Goorkhas. Brigadier Patton's brigade, consisting of four companies of the 14th, the 6th Native Infantry and five companies of Goorkhas, was to support Brigadier McCombe in the first rush. After the top of the breach should be gained, the leading brigade was ordered to turn to the right along the ramparts; the other brigade to the left. This main attack was to be supported on its right by a column under Lieut.-Colonel Delamain, composed of two companies of the 1st European Regiment, the 58th Native Infantry, and 100 Goorkhas, which was to storm a small breach near the Juggeenah Gate.

General Nicholls's main attack was to be made on the left breach by Brigadier Edwards at the head of seven companies of the 50th Regiment, the 31st Native Infantry, and 100 Sirmoor Goorkhas. This, again, was to be flanked by a strong escalading attack under Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, which was to ascend the wall by ladders at a re-entering angle near the main breach. Other smaller subsidiary attacking parties were detailed, but every column, every storming party, received the most minute instructions, and no contingency was left unprovided for. Sappers with tools for breaking through walls of houses, men carrying ropes with nooses to be slipped over the beams in the rampart and thus to form hand ropes, artillerymen to spike the guns—all were ordered to be present, ready to follow the first stormers. Brigadier Fagan, with the 21st, 35th, and 15th Native Infantry, was ordered to support General Nicholls's attack, and a reserve column under Brigadier Adams was to be formed in the trenches to cover a retreat in case of failure.

At half-past four on the morning of the 18th the troops silently entered the trenches, where they were to remain hidden till the signal for assault was given. The most advanced parallels

taken to keep the assemblage of soldiers hidden from the enemy with whom they were so soon to grapple hand to hand. Not a head was raised, not a bayonet was to be seen over the trenches,



"THE JATS, MAKING A FRANTIC LEAP FOR SAFETY, WERE BURIED IN ITS DEPTHS" (p. 343).

were not occupied, as it was feared that the *debris* of the exploding mines would cause many injuries to people within their influence. The commander-in-chief himself inspected each column, made sure that his orders had been carried out and that every precaution had been

not a sound was to be heard in the still morning but the low hum rising from a mass of men quivering with excitement and with difficulty restraining their pent-up feelings. A little after eight o'clock an engineer officer reported to Lord Combermere that the mines were ready,

and the order was given that they should at once be fired. Every eye was turned to the points of the expected explosions, and followed with keenest suspense the lightly curling smoke, which showed the gradual ignition of the trains. At last with a mighty roar the two lesser mines exploded, doing all the work that had been expected from them. Alarmed by the sudden and mighty shocks and fearing an immediate assault, the garrison crowded to the angle of the bastion, the sunlight gleaming on their white garments, their armour, and waving weapons. Little did they think that death was even now leaping towards them, and that their time on earth was to be counted by seconds. Even as they gathered and shouted defiance, there was the convulsion of the great mine's explosion. The whole bastion heaved and rent. An ear-splitting crash like loudest thunder shook the air, and where the bastion had been, a dense cloud of dust and smoke arose, mingled with the bodies and limbs of the ill-fated wretches, with stones, timbers, masses of earth, and indefinable *débris*. To the authors of that terrible destruction the spectacle was appalling; among the sufferers by this gruesome expedient of cruel war were scattered broadcast confusion, dismay, and death in its most horrible forms.

Nor were the effects of the great explosion confined to the defenders of Bhurtpore alone. Even more far-reaching than was anticipated spread the shadow of death. Scattered fragments of the upheaval were hurled into the English trenches, where the stormers were lying ready for action and Lord Combermere himself was present in command. Two sepoy standing close by the commander-in-chief were killed. Brigadier McCombe was struck down, and Brigadier Patton, with Captain Irvine, Lieutenant Daly of the 14th, and nearly twenty men of the 14th, were either killed or wounded. When the echoes of the mighty crash had ceased, the whole scene was still hidden by the thick cloud of smoke and dust which hung like a veil over rampart, ditch, and trenches. As it slowly cleared away, the Grenadiers of the 14th and 59th were seen charging impetuously up the steep faces of the breaches. Staggered as the enemy had been by the mine, they yet gathered bravely in defence, and poured a heavy fire of grape and musketry on the attackers. Major Everard, who led the 14th, made good his ascent, and in a few moments the colours of the regiment were seen floating on the summit. The 59th were equally successful. Their band played

the stirring strains of the "British Grenadiers" as they left the trenches. The breach was steeper, the fire to be encountered heavier than at the main attack, but, unchecked by difficulties, undismayed by the fierce resistance, they pressed stubbornly on till they also stood triumphant within the enemy's works. The remainder of the columns directed by Generals Reynell and Nicholls followed where the 14th and 59th had led the way. There was a moment of hesitation in one native infantry corps, but when General Reynell himself, standing on the top of the ruined bastion exposed to the heavy fire from the citadel, called out to them to follow him, they answered to the appeal and plunged with confidence into the fight.

As had been directed in orders, the head of General Reynell's column turned to the right to clear the ramparts as soon as the breach had been crowned, while the native infantry penetrated into the town and moved through it parallel to the storming party. The defenders of Bhurtpore rallied gallantly and, facing Everard and his Grenadiers in hand-to-hand conflict, disputed every inch of ground. There was no time for the actual combatants to load and fire. The *melée* was between tulwar on one side and bayonet and musket-butt on the other. Matchlock fire from the adjacent houses told heavily on the English, but still the 14th fought their way on, driving their enemy before them. And of that enemy many brave men died where they stood rather than step one backward pace. The Jat gunners in particular would not forsake the pieces which they had served so well, and, at the close of the fight, were almost to a man found lying dead, sword in hand, round their loved artillery.

It will be remembered that Lieut.-Colonel Delamain had been detailed to lead a column to the attack of a breach near the Juggeenah Gate on the right of General Reynell's main assault. He also had won his way into the town, though with heavy loss, as a mine had been fired by the enemy beneath the feet of his stormers and blown up many. His success was complete, however, and, clearing his path to his left along the fortifications he met Major Everard, who was coming in the opposite direction. And now one of the most terrible catastrophes of the day happened to the defeated but still desperately fighting Jats. Between Colonel Delamain and Major Everard there yawned a steep and narrow gorge, about sixty feet deep, and the two bodies of English troops arrived at the opposite sides of

this gorge, simultaneously pressing their foes before them. From both sides the Jats were driven backwards at the point of the bayonet towards the abyss and, either victims of shot or steel or making a frantic leap for safety, were buried in its depths. In a few minutes several hundreds lay piled at the bottom of the gorge, a helpless, groaning mass. To add to the horror of their condition many of them wore armour of quilted cotton, impervious to sword cut and even to musket ball. This armour had in many cases been set on fire by the close discharge of musket or pistol, and the wretched wearers were slowly roasted till death came as relief to their inconceivable torture. A noble attempt was made to rescue some of them and a few were extricated, but time and means were not available for the work of mercy, and, a few hours later, nothing was left but "a confused mass of burned and burning bodies."

It has been said how the 59th Grenadiers, at the head of General Nicholls's column of assault, carried the left breach. They were followed and well supported by the remainder of the column, and were, soon after entering the town, joined by Brigadier Patton's brigade of General Reynell's division. Colonel Wilson, who had been detailed to lead an escalading party, had little opposition to encounter, and, though he himself and about thirty men mounted the wall by ladders, the greater part of his command found it easier to enter the town by the breach.

All the storming parties were now in Bhurtpore, and while some of them cleared the circle of ramparts of their defenders, the remainder traversed the town in every direction, driving the enemy from their positions in the streets and out of the houses, from which a desultory fire was being kept up. Brigadier Fagan, who commanded General Nicholls's second brigade, following in support of Brigadier Edwards, found ample work for his force in quenching the last embers of resistance in the great city, and Brigadier Adams, who commanded the general reserve, when the success of the day was assured entered by the Agra gate to bring fresh and unbroken troops for the duty of keeping order. The fighting, which continued from house to house and from street to street, took a heavy toll of loss from Lord Combermere's army before all was quiet, and, amongst others, Brigadier Edwards received his death wound while bravely leading his men.


The commander-in-chief had himself shared to the full the toils and dangers of his army,

and that he was not the first to mount the breach was less due to his own prudence and caution than to the more than verbal dissuasion and influence of his staff. The blood of the old Peninsular *sabreur* boiled at the sight of the stormers' charge, and, casting his dignity to the winds, he yearned to join personally in the first shock of conflict. He was induced, however, to wait and follow the leading sections, though even thus the enemy's bullets pattered on the ground as he passed over it. He made his way to the glacis of the citadel and summoned it to surrender. As no reply was given, he sent for a couple of twelve-pounders to blow open its gates, while some field-guns which had been dragged up the breach opened on it a heavy and well-directed fire. By three o'clock in the afternoon the twelve-pounders had arrived, and everything was prepared for blowing in the gate when a deputation came out with an offer of unconditional surrender. The 37th Native Infantry was sent for to take possession, and after brief delay they entered and the king's colour of the regiment was hoisted on the battlements of the citadel—a sight of joyous triumph, for it told the completion of the day's stern work.

Shortly afterwards the news was brought in that Doorjun Sal had been captured by the cavalry, which hemmed in every outlet from the town. When he saw the fortune of the day going against him, he had collected a vast amount of treasure, and with his wives and children, at the head of a picked body of horsemen, he had thought to cut his way to escape. But the toils were set too close, and he had to yield to Lieutenant Barbor of the 8th Light Cavalry. Every horseman of his escort had from 1,200 to 2,000 gold mohurs, equal to from £1,920 to £3,200, sewn in the lining of his saddle.

The loss of the garrison of Bhurtpore is estimated at about 13,000 killed and wounded during the siege, of whom 4,000 were slain in the assault. Most of the remainder were taken prisoners, the cavalry alone having captured 6,000 or 7,000 after the town was stormed. The British casualties during the siege and in the assault amounted to 1,050 killed, wounded, and missing, including seven officers killed and forty-one wounded.

Thus was captured the great fortress, a feat of arms which, though now almost forgotten, yields in brilliancy to few of our country's military achievements, and had an influence on the fate of England's rule in India that can hardly be exaggerated.



The Defeat of Abd-el-Kadr by the French

ISLY: August 14, 1844

By Major Arthur Griffiths

THE scene was an improvised garden in North Africa, just across the frontier line between Algeria and Morocco, on the banks of the river Isly. The time—night: a cool breeze had succeeded the torrid heat of day, and the French camp was alive with gaiety, brilliantly illuminated by many coloured lanterns which blazed upon the pink blossoms of the oleanders and the tamarisks.

A military "punch," as it is called by the French army, was in progress—a kind of festive entertainment given by the officers to some newly-arrived comrades.

The only thing wanting to complete success was the presence of the commander-in-chief.

Marshal Bugeaud—*le père* Bugeaud, as he was styled affectionately by his soldiers—had retired to his tent, and was already asleep on his truckle bed. He was worn out with fatigue. A momentous battle was imminent. The marshal had been busily engaged all day in preparing written instructions for all commanders of corps under his orders. Who would dare awaken him?

The only one bold enough for the task was a civilian—M. Léon Roche, the principal interpreter of the army and long the marshal's close associate and intimate friend. Even he was sharply received when performing this unpleasant duty. But when the old man heard the reason he got up; dressed, still grumbling, and started for the centre of the camp. Here he found himself surrounded by an animated concourse.

All the officers of rank crowded round him and welcomed him warmly. Then it was that he delivered himself of a famous little speech, which is said to have had no insignificant effect upon the fighting of next day.

"It will be a great day, you may depend," he said with much animation. "We shall be terribly outnumbered. Our army has only 6,500 bayonets and 1,500 horse; the Moors, so I am told, are at

least 60,000 strong—all horsemen. Yet I wish there were three or four times as many: the more numerous they are the greater will be their disorder, the worse the disaster when they are attacked.

"You see, ours is an army; the Moors have only a mob, and this is what, I think, will happen. I shall form my men in the shape of a boar's head. The right tusk will be General Lamoricière, the left Bedeau, the muzzle will be Pelissier, and I shall be behind the ears. Who shall stop our penetrating force? My friends, we shall split the Moorish army up as a hot knife cuts into butter. I have only one fear, and that is that the enemy will not wait for us."

This spirited speech evoked the wildest enthusiasm. A report of it, and of the words the old marshal had used, rapidly spread through the camp; it was repeated from mouth to mouth, and fired the troops with their leader's desperate but self-confident courage. All, like him, were only afraid the Moors would escape out of their hands.

The battle of Isly, then imminent, may be called the final stroke for supremacy in Algeria. Although not actually fought on Algerian soil nor against the Algerian Arabs, it yet stamped out their opposition by utterly destroying the power of Abd-el-Kadr, the great Arab chief who alone had successfully resisted the French for so long. These two men, Marshal Bugeaud and Abd-el-Kadr, the one a Frenchman, the other an Arab, are really the most prominent personages in the history of the Algerian conquest: both earned great distinction—the one as a soldier, the other as a patriot. Before dealing with the last great episode in this struggle, which had extended over fifteen years and is not definitely ended even now—for to this day Arab submission cannot be called complete, and insurrection is always possible—some account should be given of the two remarkable men who

were so closely connected with it. Isly may be said to have firmly established the fame of the one, Bugeaud, and to have practically closed the independent career of Abd-el-Kadr, the other.

Marshal Bugeaud was a product of the Napoleonic régime, one of the last of the great soldiers turned out by the Grande Armée. Born of a family but recently ennobled, he liked to call himself a man of the people: he always said he was prouder of his grandfather, the blacksmith, who had founded the family fortunes, than of his father, the aristocrat, who had dissipated them. Bugeaud was but badly educated, and at the age of twenty, when a big, burly, stalwart youth, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Imperial Guard, to find literally in his knapsack the field-

the courage of his opinions he had to fight several duels in defence of them. In 1836 he entered once more upon his natural sphere, and was sent to Algeria as a general of brigade.

At this time Thomas Bugeaud was a hale man of fifty, tall, muscular, and broadly built, every inch a soldier, with the imperious manner and decided air of one practised to command; he had an iron constitution, was "greedy of fatigue and inaccessible to the infirmities of age." Bugeaud was the idol of his men: his first and last thought was for them; their comfort, well-being, and instruction were his most constant and unremitting care. A dozen stories are preserved of him proving this. He was known to dismount from his horse to help a muleteer to



ALGIERS.

marshal's bâton which, the proverb declares, every French conscript carries there. He won his epaulettes a couple of years later at Pultusk, in Poland, and he took active part in many of Napoleon's campaigns; but his promotion was not rapid, and he was only a colonel at Waterloo. After his master's fall he shared the emperor's disgrace, and retired into private life, only to return to the army and gain the rank of general after the revolution of 1830. He took then to political life, and as an outspoken deputy with

replace the bundles which had fallen from a pack saddle. "I have seen him," reports an eyewitness, "take the trouble to shift the sentries' posts after nightfall so as to deceive the keensighted Arabs and keep his men out of fire." He would fall back to the rear-guard to admonish and encourage his soldiers, talking to them one by one in the kindest and most friendly way. Sometimes he would halt a column on the march and order the men to undress. Woe then to the commanding officer if any soldier was

found to be without the regulation flannel belt ! The best story told is, perhaps, that which earned him the sobriquet of the Père Casquette (Father Flat-cap). On one occasion his camp was surprised : through the carelessness of the outposts the Arabs broke in and opened a heavy fire. All was dire confusion at first, but the marshal rushed out of his tent and restored order : indeed, with his own strong hands he struck down two of the assailants. But when all was over and the Arabs driven back, the marshal, as he stood in the strong light of the camp fires, saw that all eyes were directed to his headgear, and that every one was laughing. Putting his hand to his head, he found that it was still covered with his night-cap ; so he called someone to bring him his *képi* or *casquette*, and the cry was set by some soldier-composer to music that very night. Next morning, when the bugles sounded the rouse, a battalion of Zouaves accompanied the music with a chorus about the cap—

As-tu vu
 La Casquette,
 La Casquette ?
 As-tu vu
 La Casquette
 Du Père Bugeaud ?

The impromptu air pleased the old marshal mightily. Ever afterwards the first bugle-call at dawn was called the "casquette," and the marshal himself was often heard telling a bugler to sound the *casquette*. Sometimes, when the troops were wearied and footsore, he would order the favourite tune to be played ; the men, taking heart, would strike up the chorus, in which the general himself would join.

What especially endeared Bugeaud to his soldiers was his unflinching readiness to share their privations. Nothing annoyed him more than to see infantry officers riding saddle-horses. He issued a peremptory order once on the subject : " This abuse must be immediately stopped. Infantry officers must not lose sight of the fact that the surest method of obtaining from their soldiers the self-denial and energy required to endure toilsome marches under a burning sun is to set the example of going on foot as the men do." Upon one occasion the marshal was roaming through his camp alone and unobserved when he heard a dispute between an old and a young Zouave. The latter was bemoaning his fate: for three days he had been wet to the skin, and not a chance of drying himself ; not a bit of bread nor a glass of brandy was to be bought at the

canteen. " Conscript," cried the other, taking him sharply to task, " if you had been on sentry at the Père Casquette's tent as I was yesterday, you would give up grumbling. He is a duke and a marshal of France, but he was gnawing at a bit of biscuit like the rest of us, and drinking a mug of water." There was a loud shout of applause from all around, and the marshal, when he afterwards told the story, said he had never felt so proud in his life before.

A leader of this sort was certain to be worshipped by his men, but old Bugeaud was equally humane and considerate to the Arabs. It is on record that when governor-general of the province he looked out of the window one morning as he was shaving, and saw a Maltese strike an Arab brutally. Without a second's thought the marshal ran out in his shirt-sleeves just as he was, with the soapsuds on his face, turned out his guard, and had the Maltese arrested and given in charge of the police.

When Bugeaud first reached Algeria he was very much dissatisfied with the plan on which the war had been waged : he was certain that the Arabs would be best tackled by light movable columns unencumbered with baggage or artillery. In spite of the marked disapproval of his lieutenants he persisted in carrying out this system. At this time Abd-el-Kadr was the most formidable antagonist the French had in Algeria, and it was with him that Bugeaud was now to try conclusions. He did so victoriously at the battle of the Sickack, when at small cost he all but broke up and dispersed Abd-el-Kadr's forces. But the Arab chief was still a danger, and Bugeaud was desired, if possible, to bring him to terms. The moment was rather critical, for Clausel had just failed in the siege of Constantine, and the French hold on Algeria was growing precarious. It was said that Bugeaud was to renew the war against Abd-el-Kadr if he could not induce him to make peace, but in this he presently succeeded, and the celebrated Treaty of Tafna was the result. By this the French recognised the emir as an independent ruler over the western part of Algeria and the mountainous interior, in return for which Abd-el-Kadr acknowledged the sovereignty of France. The Arabs on each side were to be free to come and go, and those within the French limits were to have full religious toleration.

It was hoped that this treaty would be the first step to a pacific settlement of Algeria, and as soon as it was signed the high contracting parties met to make each other's acquaintance.

General Bugeaud (he was not yet a marshal) was very eager to meet the Arab chieftain who had so long defied the power of France. It was now seven years since Abd-el-Kadr had set himself up in opposition to the French by heading the Arabs of Tlemcen in a holy war against the infidel invader. When the French first invaded Algeria he was a remarkable youth, barely four-and-twenty, the son of a marabout, or priest, of great sanctity whom the tribes had invited to take the lead. This marabout, by name Mahiddin, refused, but passed on the offer to his son. Great things had been prophesied of Abd-el-Kadr: he had accompanied his father to Mecca, and there had been hailed by a holy fakir as a future sultan of the Arabs; and he undoubtedly proved the most remarkable man who had appeared among the western Mohammedans for more than a century. Towards the end of his career, in 1843, Marshal Soult classed him among the only three men then alive—all Mussulmans—"who could legitimately be called great." These were Schamyl the Circassian, Mehemet Ali the Egyptian Pasha, and Abd-el-Kadr.

The son of Mahiddin, as he was called, first took up arms against the French in 1833 by attacking Oran. Although repulsed, he gradually consolidated his power by his indomitable energy and the personal influence he exercised over the Arab tribes. Thousands of them flocked to his standard, and for four years he proved a most redoubtable antagonist. The person of Abd-el-Kadr at the time when Bugeaud met him was prepossessing, and gave outward proof of his inward remarkable character. A prisoner who spent some time in his camp describes him as very small in stature, with a long deadly pale face and large black languishing eyes, an aquiline nose, small delicate mouth, thin dark chestnut beard, and slight moustache. He had exquisitely-formed hands and feet, which he was continually washing and trimming with a small knife. In dress he studied the utmost simplicity, wearing fine white linen without a vestige of gold or embroidery. Bugeaud thought his appearance quite that of a devotee, but he was skilled at all martial exercises, was a fine horseman, and always beautifully mounted in the field.

The contrast between the stalwart old Frenchman and slightly-formed Arab must have been very great. Both were anxious to maintain their dignity; neither at first would give way. When Bugeaud dismounted, Abd-el-Kadr hesitated, but at length did the same; they sat side by side on the grass and talked for forty minutes.

Then Bugeaud rose to go, but Abd-el-Kadr did not move from his seat. This might have been intentional disrespect, and was not to be borne, so old Bugeaud protested. "I fancied," as he afterwards told the French Chamber, "I saw in it a certain claim to superiority, and so I made my interpreter tell him 'when a French general rises, you should also rise.' While my interpreter was translating the words, I took Abd-el-Kadr by the hands and lifted him up. He was not very heavy."

A special interest attaches to the meeting of these two men, for they were again to be pitted against each other in the coming years. The Treaty of Tafna was only a truce. Abd-el-Kadr accepted the terms in order to get time for fresh preparations and to consolidate his power. He was now at the zenith, holding authority over a large territory, feared and obeyed by thousands of adherents. In France the treaty was viewed with extreme disfavour, and after the fall of Constantine it was clear that a fresh appeal to arms would be gladly entertained at home. When Abd-el-Kadr protested against a demonstration made by Marshal Vallée into the mountain country through the celebrated Iron Gates or *portes de fer*, the French Government decided to resume offensive operations. They were, however, forestalled by Abd-el-Kadr, who again raised the standard of a holy war, and much fighting with many massacres followed. Desultory operations, by no means favourable to the French, dragged on for three years, during which they lost hold on the interior and were more and more restricted to the ports and strong places on the coast. At last General Bugeaud, who was once more in France actively engaged in politics, was offered the supreme command in Algeria, and went back as governor-general to the scene of his old successes.

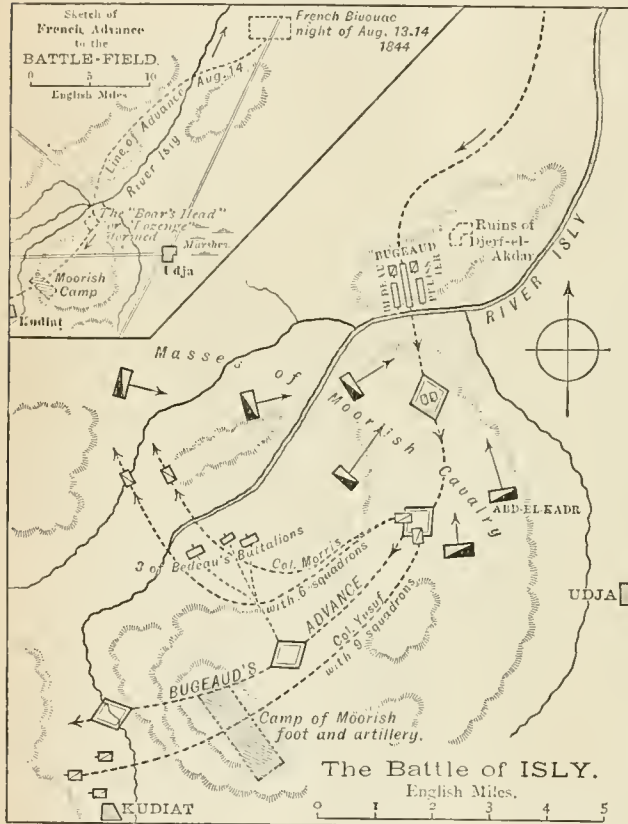
Bugeaud was a soldier of broad views and abounding common-sense. He saw that he had now to deal not with an army, but with a nation in arms. He knew that it was useless to operate with large bodies of troops against wild tribes constantly on the move; that he must catch them on the run, defeat them wherever he found them, compel them to lay down arms, then overawe them into peaceful submission. It was the further development of the lesson he had learnt in 1836. He organised his forces in small compact columns: a few battalions of infantry, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, two mountain-howitzers, a small transport train on mule- and camel-back; as speed was the first consideration,

he employed only picked men, those inured to the climate and to fatigue. They moved in the lightest marching order, carrying only muskets, ammunition, and a little food. A strip of canvas served as haversack, but was unsewn; three of these could be joined together, and thus form a shelter for three men. This was the origin of the famous *tente d'abri*, the only form of encampment for a large portion of the French army in the Crimea.

The old general was indefatigable, ready to move at a moment's notice to any point that was threatened, to take the lead in any important operation. When he was at Algiers, a steamer lay in the bay with steam up prepared to take him anywhere along the coast. He slept very little, and when he woke at any hour he roused his secretaries and kept them busy with dictation for hours. Throughout it all he was full of gaiety and wit; he delighted in talking, in lecturing his staff, and telling amusing stories. Yet nothing was too small for his attention; he never missed or neglected an opportunity.

A couple of years saw a very marked change in the position of the French in Algeria. Marshal Bugeaud's method of warfare was entirely successful. He won combat after combat, driving Abd-el-Kadr further and further into the hills. One by one he took the Arab chieftain's strongholds. The fort and citadel of Tackdempt, which was Abd-el-Kadr's chief arsenal and stronghold, was captured and destroyed; then a second fortress among the hills fell into French hands; after that Boghar and Thaza were taken from Abd-el-Kadr, and he was driven back into the Atlas Mountains, while his power was much shaken throughout the province of Oran. But he was not yet crushed, and while the French were engaged against the mountain tribes, Abd-el-Kadr made a descent upon the coast near Cherchell, which spread general alarm through the colony. Again he was driven back and continually pressed by several corps, which, converging, sought to enclose him between them.

One of these, commanded by the Duc



The command of those movable columns was entrusted to the smartest of the young officers Bugeaud found around him. He had no lack of choice. The campaign in Algeria had now lingered on for many years, and had served as an admirable military school, in which some of the most eminent soldiers, men to be hereafter more widely known, won early distinction. Among these were Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pelissier, and the king's son, the Duc d'Aumale. The chief, ever active and enterprising, could count upon lieutenants eager to vie with him and give full effect to his views. Bugeaud set them a fine example.

d'Aumale, captured by a bold stroke Abd-el-Kadr's *smalah*, the great collection of tents with all his family, followers, and possessions, which he was in the habit of moving about with him wherever he went. Afterwards, when a prisoner in French hands, the emir declared that there were 60,000 people in his *smalah* when attacked by the Duc d'Aumale. This multitude consisted of tradesmen of all kinds, armourers, saddlers, tailors, smiths; an immense market was held within it weekly; all Abd-el-Kadr's treasure was there, his wives, his horses, all he owned.

The Duc d'Aumale, with a small force, had come upon the *smalah* after a long pursuit and

a fatiguing march of thirty hours ; his men had hardly slept, they had eaten with their bridles over their arms, and only chocolate or biscuit, for they were afraid to betray their presence by lighting fires. The great numerical strength of the enemy suggested prudence, but the duke

five thousand. "To attack such a superior force in this way," wrote a military critic afterwards, "a leader must be five-and-twenty, like the Duc d'Aumale ; he must hardly know what danger is, or have the very devil in him." The French horsemen had covered ninety miles in thirty-six



"CAPTURED BY A BOLD STROKE ABD-EL-KADR'S SMALAH" (A. 348).

was for immediate attack. "My ancestors never retreated," he said. "Gentlemen, I will not be the first to do so." With a few brief words to charge both flanks and centre at once, he dashed on overbearing all resistance. Almost at a blow four thousand prisoners were captured, including the emir's wife and mother, much treasure, all the tents, standards, and stores. The rest fled. It was an instance where conspicuous daring tells—where six hundred intrepid men defeated

hours, and the supporting infantry were still eighteen miles to the rear. "Yet the duke attacked without hesitation : it was good ; it was brave ; it was brilliant !" This was the verdict of General (afterwards Marshal) St. Arnaud.

The effect of this victory was disastrous to Abd-el-Kadr's cause. His adherents began to fall away from him ; he was driven into the western corner of Algeria, and at last, despairing of other help, he crossed the Moorish frontier

and threw himself upon the mercy of the Emperor of Morocco. This monarch, Abderrhaman by name, at that time the most powerful ruler in Northern Africa, a descendant of the Prophet, and a most devout Mussulman, at once promised his help. War against Abd-el-Kadr's new ally became inevitable, although the French Government were not disposed to enter upon it lightly. They first remonstrated with the emperor, insisting that he should neither receive nor succour the enemy of France. As the answer was a haughty negative, Marshal Bugeaud did not wait for definite instructions from home (it was long before the days of the electric telegraph), but proceeded with all promptitude to take the initiative. Hostilities had already commenced on the frontier. There was sharp skirmishing at the outposts, but it was not till the middle of June that all hopes of an amicable settlement were at an end. By that date Marshal Bugeaud had embarked at Algiers with reinforcements, and proceeded to the mouth of the Tafna. There he disembarked, and advanced to Lalla Maghrina in the direction of the Isly river and some fifty miles south-west of Tlemcen. He was backed up in this by another son of the French king, at that time commanding a French fleet off the coast of Morocco—the Prince de Joinville, who joined the marshal heartily in his desire for vigorous action. The prince without hesitation at once bombarded Tangier, and sent the news to the marshal, whose answer was characteristic. The message reached him the 12th of August; the reply ran as follows: "Prince, you have drawn a bill upon me; I engage to honour it. To-morrow I shall execute a manœuvre that will bring me within touch of the emperor's army before he is aware of it; the day after, I shall defeat it."

This bold prediction was fully verified. On the 14th of August the battle of Isly was fought and won.

Abderrhaman's son commanded the Moorish army, which was mainly composed of cavalry, estimated afterwards by Marshal Bugeaud at not less than 45,000 strong. It was posted on the western or further bank of the little river in a series of camps, seven in number, "occupying," said an eye-witness, "a greater space than the circumference of Paris." The French had reconnoitred the enemy's position with their foraging parties sent out daily some distance to the front to cut barley and grass for the cavalry and transport animals. As a good plan to deceive the Moors, the foragers were despatched as

usual on the 13th, with orders not to return at nightfall, when they would be reinforced in their forward position by the whole French army. By this stratagem the entire force was got within easy reach of the enemy unobserved. Express orders were issued forbidding the men to light fires or even to smoke their pipes.

At daylight Marshal Bugeaud made a demonstration across the river, but encountered no enemy. His advanced line, however, verified the position of the Moorish camp; and now as he prepared to cross with his main body, the Moorish cavalry came down to dispute the passage of the river, but were driven off by the fire of the French skirmishers. The French attack was to be directed upon the highest point of the hills opposite where the Moorish prince had his headquarters surmounted by his standards and his parasol. The advance was made in the formation devised by the marshal when he called it a boar's head. The right and left tusks were represented by infantry in columns ready instantly to form square when threatened by the Moorish horsemen. These now swooped down in immense numbers and with determined courage upon the flanks or "tusks," and were received by the squares "prepared to receive cavalry," while the skirmishers ran in and lay down for shelter under the bristling bayonets. The mounted men could not face the deadly fire now opened by the French infantry, and began to waver. Their charges were made in columns of great depth; the first line, being checked, threw the second into disorder, and both fell back upon the third, causing great confusion. The Moors, although good marksmen, could not return an effective fire, and their bullets went too high. Now the French artillery, no more than four light field-pieces, did great execution, and the enemy's on-slaught had obviously failed.

Marshal Bugeaud saw that the critical moment had arrived, and proceeded to use his own cavalry with great promptitude and effect. It was in two portions, commanded respectively by Colonels Tartas and Morris. The first half of a total of nineteen squadrons was, with its right pivoted on the river, to circle round to the left and charge the camp; the second, under Colonel Morris, was to repel a threatened attack upon the French right flank by charging the enemy's left. The first of these movements, headed by Yusuf—an Italian by birth, who had once been an Arab slave, but who had joined the French on their first arrival and entered the Spahis—was entirely successful: his six squadrons of Spahis,

supported by three of Chasseurs, carried all before them, and, in spite of a well-sustained artillery fire, entered the camp and captured it. Everything—guns, tents, the shops of the artisans, all stores, ammunition, and food—fell into the victor's hands.

At this time a body of still unbeaten cavalry menaced Bugeaud's right flank, and was met by Colonel Morris with six squadrons of Chasseurs. He encountered a stubborn resistance, but was presently supported by Bedeau's infantry, when the Moors gave way. Morris now pursued, but the enemy faced round again, and, rallying his forces, seemed inclined to try to retake the camp. There were some twenty thousand of them, and they only yielded to a fresh attack made by the three arms: the artillery went into action on the western bank, the infantry under cover of the guns, the whole of the cavalry followed, and the Moors were completely overthrown. The enemy now retreated in hot haste, and were pursued for several miles. There was one episode in this last phase of the fight which might have proved disastrous to the French. Colonel Morris ventured too far with his horsemen, and found himself surrounded and in danger of being cut off. But he succeeded in holding six thousand horsemen at bay with his five hundred Chasseurs until assistance could reach him.

The victory, gained at but small expenditure of life, was yet decisive. From twelve to fifteen hundred Moors were killed or taken prisoners; more than a thousand tents, many guns, a large quantity of small arms, and vast stores of war material were captured. At noon the French marshal entered the Moorish prince's tent, and beneath its magnificent shelter was regaled upon the tea and cakes prepared in the morning for that unfortunate youth. He himself had fled

many miles to Thaza, and orders were already issued to continue the pursuit, when the emperor sent two chieftains into the French camp with proposals for peace. The terms eventually agreed upon were a substantial war indemnity, a rectification of the frontier between Algeria and Morocco, and finally the expulsion of Abd-el-Kadr from Moorish territory with an undertaking that he was never again to receive support or assistance.

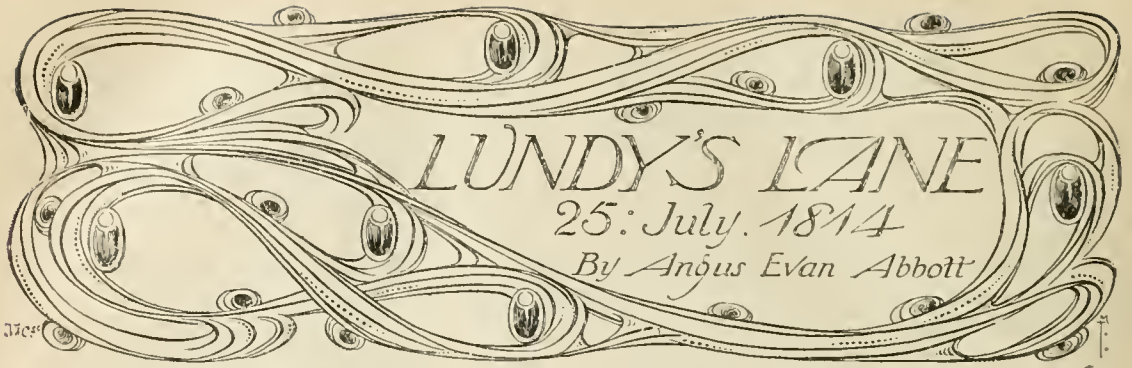
But Abd-el-Kadr was still at large. He appears to have taken no part in the battle of Isly, although he must have been in the immediate vicinity. The day after, he was reported to be only a day's march distant, and a bold attempt was made by General Yusuf to seize him. The chief of the Spahis disguised a hundred of his troopers in Moorish dresses taken from the spoils of victory, the pointed headgear, long gun, and black burnouse, and after a forced march of fifteen miles he came unexpectedly upon an outpost which he charged and captured. There was no Abd-el-Kadr, but his secre-



MARSHAL BUGEAUD.
(After an old print.)

tary was made prisoner, carrying the official seal and with papers on him indicating his chief's movements. To know where the emir was going did not mean his capture. For three years longer he ranged the mountains or the desert of the interior, a proscribed fugitive without a vestige of his former power. At length in 1847 he came in voluntarily, and surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale, who was then governor-general of Algeria, and the conquest of the province was complete.

Abd-el-Kadr was sent to France and kept there in a sort of open captivity for a number of years. Eventually he was permitted to withdraw to Damascus, where he lived as a French pensioner until his death in 1853.



"The purple haze of legend blends
 The dawning and the afterday.
 Thro' thy dream-past his sinuous way
 In the dim shade the Red Man wends,
 Strides down Time's weird mysterious glen
 And leaps into the world of ken."

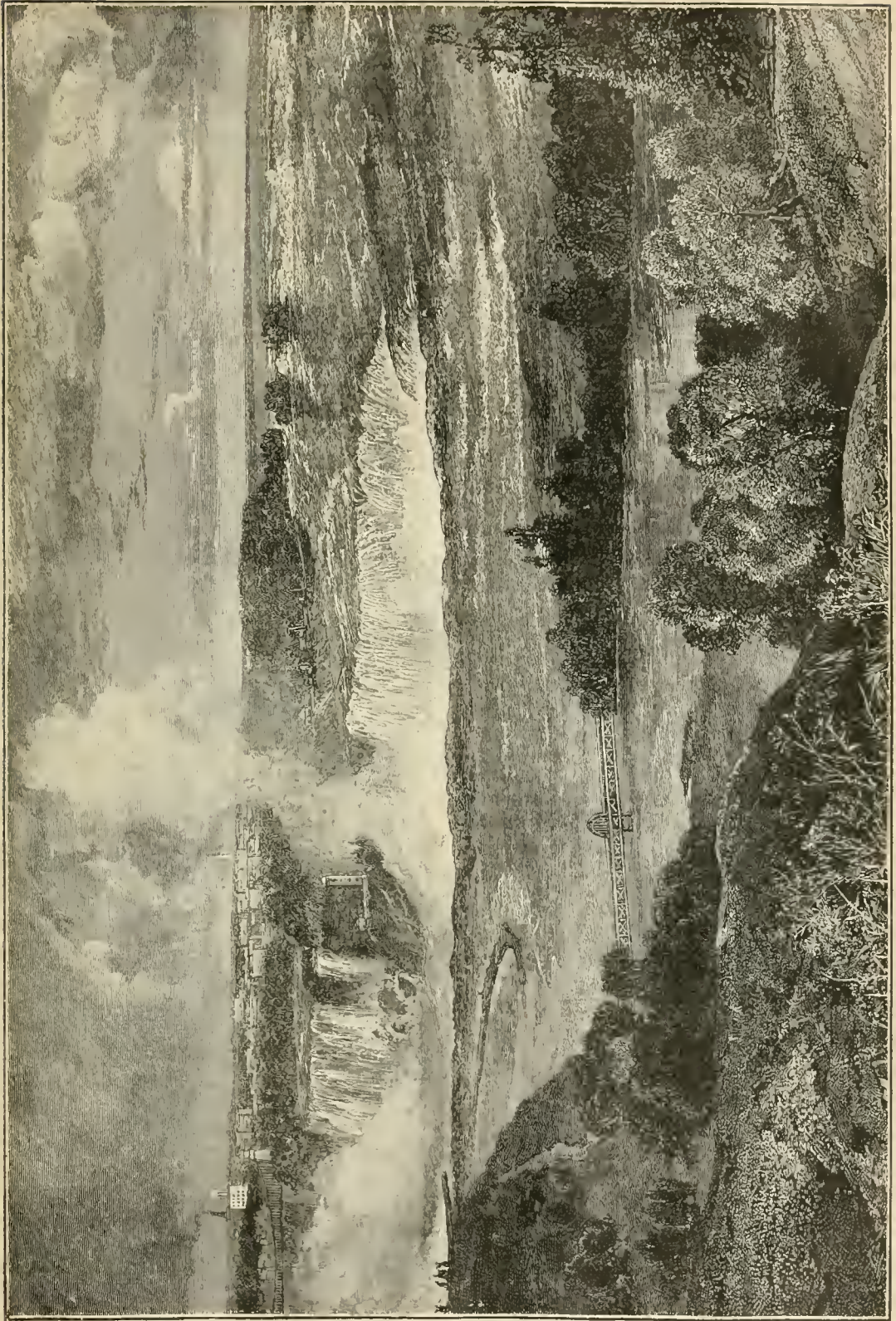
To Canada.

LUNDY'S LANE! Strange, savage struggle; struggle in which Briton, Canadian, American, Iroquois, and Huron all met in chaotic deadly grapple on the bank of the great river, and by the side of the thundering falls whose veil of white spray hung from heaven like a winding-sheet. Lundy's Lane! where the red man's war-whoop mingled with the frenzied shout of the white, where the sharp crack of the musket cut the sullen roar of the cataract as lightning slashes the black cloud; fight of the early evening, of the long gloaming, of the night, dark before the moon hung in the sky. And when her pale face looked down between the slowly-drifting clouds, although her light fell upon many a blanched face, she saw crowds of maddened men still slashing with sabre, thrusting with bayonet, swinging their clubbed muskets around their heads as they battered a path, this way and that, for the possession of the field. It was the battle of battles in the War of 1812, Lundy's Lane. The sides that fought were blood-brothers. Their officers cried their orders in the same tongue, the men cheered the same cheer; the same courage, the same determination, the same unconquerable spirit animated all who fought the fierce fight across the narrow highway, Lundy's Lane, that led into pastoral Ontario.

Besides its being famous as a fight, Lundy's Lane has some peculiarities. Looked at from a purely military standpoint, the battle was in a way lacking in brilliant points and movements,

being in fact a fair and square stand-up bit of slogging on both sides, the British holding a position and the American general, by repeatedly hurling his full force against the red-coats, attempting to carry the position. The peculiarities to which I now refer lay outside the actual fight.

In the first place, the battle can be called by any one of three names. The Canadians have named it Lundy's Lane, the Americans Bridgewater, and some few Canadians and British, and a good many American writers, refer to it as the Battle of Niagara Falls. Seeing that the fight took place on Canadian soil and across Lundy's Lane, it may be as well to accept the name the Canadians have given it. Certainly they should know best. They had everything to lose had the battle gone against the Union Jack, as at one point appeared not at all improbable, and the ground over which the fight raged is to them sacred ground. Another strange feature of the battle is that each side claimed a decisive victory. Search the histories of Canada and the United States and victory is credited to British or American according as the history is written by an Englishman or an American. Now, a battle can scarcely be won by both sides competing. One may be drawn, but that actual victory can never be won by both the opposing forces is certain; and with all due respect to the Americans, and the evidence their writers bring forward to support their contention, an impartial student of the battle will find great difficulty in discovering much logic in their claim. The American army came very near to winning a



THE NIAGARA FALLS.

brilliant victory, but that they did not win is quite evident from a recital of the undisputed facts of the fight. Admittedly the Americans captured the British guns—the key of the whole position—and admittedly they drove the British back and secured for a time possession of the position, and it looked as if all was over for the army of Drummond. But the British and Canadians charged again, regained the guns—this was all done in the dead of the night; and when the morning's sun rose the British army was in exactly the same place as it had been when the battle began, and the American army had retired to Chippewa. But subsequent events placed beyond all question where victory really rested. The next morning after the battle the British moved *forward* and the American army *fell back*, General Drummond finally cooping the Americans securely in Port Erie. The fact of the matter seems to be that the battle of Lundy's Lane was, as a fight, a duplicate on a grand scale of the battle of Chippewa, which immediately preceded it. At Chippewa the British attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Lundy's Lane. At Lundy's Lane the Americans attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Chippewa. No British writer claims Chippewa as a victory, and no American writer has any substantial grounds for looking upon such a reversal as the American army received at Lundy's Lane as a victory.

Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25th, the evening and the night of that date, 1814. Three summers had this cruel war dragged its course, and the little army of Canada, sorely battered on many an occasion, losing its ablest generals, and, moreover, far more of the rank and file than it could well afford, still fought grimly against the invading Americans, who swarmed to the borders to overrun the British possessions and to add another star to their flag by annexing Canada to the Union. The war had dragged horribly. The people of Canada, a country then of only some 300,000 souls, were suffering intensely. Every man, young or old, who could bear arms and could be spared, had been drafted to the defence of his country, and women found that it fell to their lot to do the work that formerly had been done by husband or son, now stationed at the various forts along the American frontier. Up to the year of the battle of Lundy's Lane Canada expected and, indeed, received but little assistance from the Mother Country, for Waterloo had not yet been fought, and all eyes were turned to

the great danger that threatened England from the Continent. So it came about that the war with such a powerful nation as the United States pressed gallingly upon the Colony. But all the suffering was not confined to Canada. The people of the Republic, too, had suffered. Taxes grew to enormous proportions, their foreign trade completely died out, their ships rocked and rotted in the harbours, and their pride had suffered blow after blow, for their armies of born fighters had been kept in check and repeatedly defeated by small numbers of British and Canadians, the latter fighting fiercely for their homes. Nor does this convey anything like a complete idea of the difficulties America found herself in. Many of the New England States totally disbelieved in the war, and threatened to withdraw from the Union if an arrangement with Great Britain was long delayed. The American generals who first had power put into their hands almost without exception turned out to be incapable, and the soldiers, although true fighters, when they came to battle were lacking in discipline, and on more than one occasion their insubordination and grumbling caused their leaders to rush in when prudence cried caution. During the summers of 1812-13 there had been much fighting and little progress, and when the winter of the latter year closed down on the land and put a stop to hostilities, each side set its heart on doing something decisive before the summer of 1814 passed over.

All the winter there were great goings on in the harbours around the lakes. British and Americans each strained every nerve to build a fleet that should sweep the other from the lakes, and the war-cry sounded from village to village, and floated into many a quiet farmhouse, into many a rude log cabin in the woods calling for volunteers to the cause. Even in the wigwams of the red men the martial note was struck, and many a warrior sat over the fire of a cold winter's night polishing his flintlock, whetting his scalping knife, and hefting his tomahawk, while his squaw, muffled in blankets, sat as silent as a heathen idol, her black eyes fixed upon the glowing coal. Tecumseh was slain, but other chiefs had led out their bands to thirl the wood in search of scalps. Canada had been fortunate in her Indians. She had Tecumseh, Brant, Norton, and many other steadfast fighters. But now she was no longer to have it her own way in this respect.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or to give him the name by which he is known to the white man—Red

Jacket—one of the most famous Indian orators of history, great chief and sachem of the Senecas, had been wooed and won to the American cause, and his orations addressed to his tribesmen were not long in setting the hot blood coursing through the veins of the Iroquois. His ringing appeals, addressed in the proper tone and rich in metaphor and legend, thrilled the minds of the bucks, and soon the Six Nations—the most fearless fighters that ever trod the American forests, whose war-whoops had rung on the air at many a stubborn contest between British and French—took up the hatchet and threw in their lot with the “Long Knives,” as they called the American soldiers.

During the summer of 1814, at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Fort Erie, and many other bitter fights, the tomahawks of Seneca, Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, and Tuscarora whirled through the air at the heads of their old-time allies the British. Red Jacket, although in all conscience a feeble-hearted warrior, still was able to apply the torch of oratory to the brands that lay ready for the fire in every Indian's breast. The fever for the fight ran from wigwam to wigwam like fire through autumn leaves, and when the campaign of 1814 opened, the Iroquois painted their cheeks with ghastly colours, danced the war-dance before the great tent, and set their faces to the north to confront their Redskin brothers who fought under the Union Jack.

The campaign of 1814 opened early. Indeed, the frost had not relinquished its hold on the continent when the American troops were set in motion for their various points of concentration near the Canadian border. March is proverbially a harsh month in that part of North America through which the border line runs; but through the frost and snow the Americans trudged on their way. Four thousand troops—a woefully large number for the small forces in Canada to hold in check—under General Wilkinson, were the first to commence action at a little place known as Lacolle Mills. To reach this place the Americans had to cross Lake Champlain on the ice. This rather startling enterprise ended in disaster to the Americans, and General Wilkinson's military career closed. Some of his troops were forwarded to Buffalo, to fight under General Brown, on whose shoulders was placed the responsibility of making yet another attempt to conquer Canada.

After two years of fighting it was only natural that those officers who held command but lacked

the necessary ability to conduct a campaign should be found out, and officers of the true metal placed in their stead. The Americans at first were wretchedly officered. But now Dearborn and Van Rensselaer, who had opened the war, were in retirement—there is reason to believe that they were men of real capacity but were hampered by public opinion and the unmilitary independence of their picturesque troops; Hull and Hampton had left the service in disgrace; Winder, Winchester, and Chandler were prisoners in the hands of the British; and now Wilkinson was relieved of command. So it came about that the troops concentrated at Buffalo were placed under the charge of General Jacob Brown, who led them against the British at Lundy's Lane.

Brown was then a man of about forty. He had been a county judge in New York State, and in 1809 was made colonel of militia, advanced to brigadier-general in 1810, and in 1812, at the declaration of war against Great Britain, was given command of the frontier from Oswego to Lake St. Francis, a strip of country some two hundred miles in length. So satisfactory to his Government were all his doings, that in January, 1814, he was placed in charge of the army of Niagara, with rank as major-general. Rapid promotion this, but Brown seems to have merited all the good things that fell into his lap. He proved to be a man of considerable executive ability and decision, and earned the confidence and respect of his officers and his men.

Under him he had a sound officer in Brigadier-General Winfield Scott, who, with untiring perseverance, spent the winter in drilling the troops, so that when they took the field no higher disciplined soldiers ever marched on the American continent. The very first battle these troops took part in proved their efficiency—their cool and soldier-like behaviour at the battle of Chippewa surprised their own leader quite as much as it did the British.

And now for the third year in succession Canada was to be invaded. On the previous occasions the Americans, officers and men alike, had set out with a light heart, looking upon the task of overrunning the country as a simple one. But events had shown that there was to be no walk over.

Early in July Brown set his army in motion. Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley marched their men to the Niagara River at a point where it receives the waters of the upper lakes to

tumble them over the great falls, and successfully landed on the opposite shore, their feet once more upon the threshold of Canada. Without opposition, there being no sufficient force to offer any, the Americans took possession of Fort Erie.

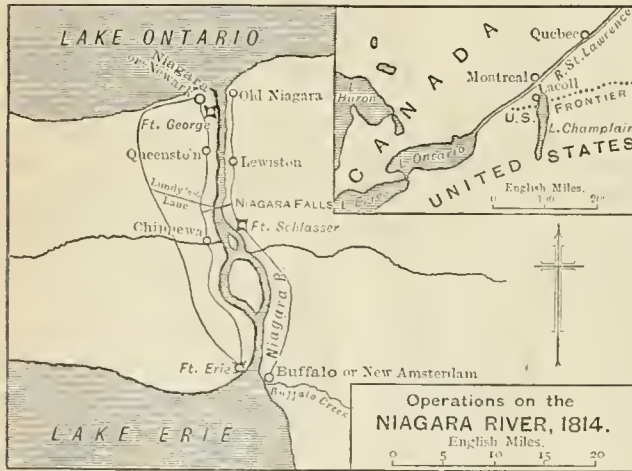
The news of this movement spread like the wind through Canada: horsemen galloped the well-worn roads, canoes rippled the waters of many a forest stream, and the couriers ran through the woods to apprise the people of their danger, and to speed fencibles, militia, and all to the front. That this invading army was an extremely dangerous one all very well knew.

General Riall commanded the British forces on the Niagara frontier. He, too, was an officer of

Riall's force consisted of 1,500 regulars, 600 militia, and 300 Indians. Brown had 4,000 well-trained Americans occupying a strong position. But up to this time the Canadians had won so many fights against well-nigh overwhelming numbers that Riall determined to strike without waiting for reinforcements. The British troops charged in splendid order, and with a fierceness that was characteristic of this war. But the Kentucky riflemen stood firm as a rock, the Iroquois, too, fought with all their old-time bravery, and Riall found he was but smashing his head against a stone wall. Consequently, after a vicious little battle lasting an hour, Riall drew off defeated in his attempt to carry the Americans' position. But he retired his force

in perfect order without losing a gun or a prisoner. He retreated to Twelve Mile Creek, where, meeting with reinforcements, he ceased his rearward march and returned to take up a position at Lundy's Lane, the Americans all this time remaining inactive at Chippewa. Chippewa was an effective repulse rather than a defeat, if such a distinction be allowed.

Riall was not destined to lead the British at Lundy's Lane. The chief in command was yet to arrive. Sir George Gordon Drummond, lieutenant-general and second in command in Canada to Sir George Prevost, heard of the invasion of the Americans when he was at Kingston, and at



great parts, and when the news reached him that General Brown had taken the initial step he energetically prepared to fight. His force in comparison with Brown's was ridiculously small. But during this war small armies well led had done wonders, and Riall made up his mind to fight without losing a moment. There can be no doubt that he under-estimated the Americans somewhat as regards their numbers and woefully as regards their discipline, and he suffered a severe repulse as a consequence of these mistakes. On Independence Day, July 4th, Brown quitted Fort Erie and marched his army down the Niagara to Chippewa. The troops held close to the river, while the Iroquois crept by their side, dodging behind the bushes and trees, and completely scouring the country. On July 5th the Americans reached Chippewa. This was as far as Riall had any intention they should proceed before he offered them battle.

once set out for Niagara.

Drummond, like most of the British officers who commanded in Canada, had studied the art of war on many a hard-fought field. He was a Canadian by birth, and entered the army as ensign in the Royal Scots in 1780, joining his regiment in Jamaica. Rapid promotion placed him in charge as lieutenant-colonel of the 8th or King's Liverpool regiment, a regiment with which he was closely connected all the remainder of his life. With it he served in the Netherlands in 1795-6, he was with Sir Ralph Abercromby in the West Indies, and, promoted to the colonelship, he fought in Minorca and Egypt, greatly distinguishing himself at Cairo and Alexandria. To Jamaica again, and in 1808 transferred to the staff in Canada, he was made lieutenant-general in 1811. His life had been a bustling one, and the generals he fought under were the brilliant teachers of an apt pupil. Drummond, when he heard of Brown's across-river movement,

lost not a moment, but made all speed to Lundy's Lane.

His arrival at Niagara, as a matter of fact, brought about the battle of Lundy's Lane. Brown and his army still lay at Chippewa, satisfied apparently that a serious rebuff had been

American bank of the river to take possession of Lewiston, a town then held by a few Republican soldiers. Couriers rode in hot haste to General Brown, and told him that the British army was marching upon Lewiston. When the American general heard this, he jumped to the conclusion



"RIALL'S ESCORT CLOSED AROUND HIM AND HURRIED HIM TO THE REAR" (p. 359).

given to the defenders of the country and looking forward to a campaign of little difficulty. Riall lay at Lundy's Lane, and only a few miles of broken country, wooded in places, stretched between the opposing forces. It seems not to have been the intention of either side to strike at the other, at least not for some time. But when Drummond reached Niagara, and before he knew the exact state of affairs, he sent Colonel Tucker with a small force along the

that his supply depôt, Schlasser, was to be subjected to an attack. Nothing could save his stores, he felt sure, if it was really the purpose of the British to make a general movement against them. To call back the British by attacking the forts at the mouth of the river was the best plan that presented itself to Brown. With this object in view he ordered Scott to at once move his brigade down the river and to set about the forts in good earnest. How badly

Brown must have been served by his scouts is shown when it is told that drawn up right across Scott's proposed route of march were the full available British forces prepared for battle. Scott had pushed on his troops not more than a mile or so when he got a great surprise. Instead of on the opposite bank of the river, there on the top of a slight eminence, drawn up in splendid strategical position were the regulars, militia, and Indians—the British army—under Drummond. Scott seems to have been within musket-shot of the British before he made the discovery. He had gone too far to turn back.

The Queenston road skirts the Niagara river on the Canadian side. It was along this road Scott marched his brigade. From the road and at right angles to it, and but a short distance down the river from the great Falls, shoots out Lundy's Lane, a narrow highway making from the Falls to the shore of Lake Ontario. Near to where Lundy's Lane joins the wider Queenston road it runs over a small hill, rather a bit of slightly rising ground. This elevation is about 200 yards from the river. On the top of this knoll Drummond had instructed Riall to station his little army—there were only 1,600 in position when the battle began—so as to form a shallow crescent. On the brow of the knoll were planted seven small guns. Behind these as a support lay the Royal Scots, the 89th Regiment, and the light companies of the 41st. The left wing, resting on the Queenston road, consisted of a detachment of the 3rd Buffs; the right wing was formed of the Glengarry Light Infantry. In the rear lay a squadron of the 19th Light Infantry. The position taken up was as strong a one as could be found in the neighbourhood, but the force at the disposal of Drummond was altogether inadequate for the occasion. Reinforcements to the number of 1,200 were in the immediate vicinity, and these arrived before the battle had ended. At best General Drummond had less than 3,000 troops to fight Lundy's Lane. The American army numbered close upon 5,000 soldiers.

Scott halted his brigade—he had 1,800 in his personal command—when he found himself confronted by the British. He rapidly summed up the situation. Although he had not been looking for a fight at the moment, he saw that retreat would probably demoralise his soldiers. To stand there was equally out of the question. There was nothing for it but to "pile in." Hastily despatching a messenger to inform his commanding general of the true state of affairs,

he without loss of time began the battle, opening fire on the slender line of British and Canadian soldiers who stood so grimly still and silent along the crest of the knoll.

The fierce July sun had now sunk far into the west, splashing the heavens with crimson and glorious gold; not a zephyr stirred the parched grass, lazy clouds scarcely moving in their course hung in the blue; the birds that all the day had sat in the deep shades of the bushes to escape the blistering heat, now hopped to the topmost twig and sang farewell to the light, and all the time the floods from Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie poured over the stubborn ridge of rock and fell to the level of Ontario with a hoarse sullen roar as of distant thunders.

It was a sultry evening. Nature herself seemed to pant for breath. Even before the battle began the perspiration stood on the brows of the gallant men who confronted each other. Seemingly, the only cool beings were the red men, who already were snaking their way through the long grass on the alert for an unexpected dash upon their foe.

In his swift glance round General Scott noted that the strip between the Queenston road and river was unoccupied by British troops. It occurred to him that if a force could secretly occupy this territory and unexpectedly fall upon the Buffs, the British left might be turned. He hurried orders to Major Jesup, commander of the 25th Regiment, ordering him to creep under the shelter of the bushes, occupy the position, and wait his opportunity. This Jesup did most successfully.

The battle began. Both sides opened fire at the same moment; a steady fire it was all along the line, Scott moving his men forward cautiously, carefully, and all the time keeping a sharp watch for any opening likely to lead to a successful storming of the knoll, the British remaining stationary in the position which, by its strength, enabled them to oppose a much larger force with prospects of withstanding the onslaught. Early in the engagement it was clearly seen that the little battery which hung on the brow of the slope was destined to play a large part in the fight. From the mouths of the half-dozen and one guns fire shot wickedly out, and grape swept down the slope and into the ranks of the Americans, with results altogether disastrous to the assailants. Suddenly General Scott called upon his men to charge, and helter skelter they broke from their semi-cover and, with a shout, bounded forward for the height. But it proved a disastrous

move. The Royal Scots, the Buffs, the Glengarry men, regulars, fencibles, and Indians, each and every one stood grim and immovable, and fired volley after volley into the ranks of the Republicans. Before the foot of the slope had been gained, the Americans' charge was checked, and the soldiers rapidly fell back to a more respectable distance. This proved to be the first of a series of desperate charges, which resulted in regiments on both sides being shot to pieces.

During the hot fight in front Jesup's flanking regiment had not been idle. The Americans of the 25th Regiment had been steadily making their way around to the rear, and one company, pushing on much further than the others, fell in with a stroke of great good fortune. This was nothing less than the capture of General Riall, second in command of the British, and his escort. It came about curiously enough. Riall, at the very outset of the fight, received a bad wound. His escort closed around him and hurried him through the British lines to the rear. Suddenly the aides with the wounded general in their charge came upon a company of soldiers, which they took to be Canadian reinforcements, and one of Riall's attendants shouted, "Make room there, men, for General Riall." Now this request, as it turned out, was addressed to the adventurous company of the 25th, who with the greatest alacrity "made room" as requested, and captured the whole party. Delighted with their good luck, the American captain called upon his men, and, with General Riall in their midst, they charged unexpectedly right through the British left and rejoined their command. Riall was hurried into the presence of General Scott, who treated him with every consideration.

From sundown to close upon nine o'clock the battle raged. Scott, furious at being checked, charged time after time, only pausing long enough after each repulse to form for a fresh onslaught. Already the slope was thickly strewn with the dead and dying. But over all the Kentucky riflemen and the New England volunteers made their way, firing as they ran, in a vain attempt to capture the guns. On a number of occasions the leaders got so close as to bayonet the artillerymen as they served the field-pieces, but, struggle as they might, they were rolled down the slope by the red-dripping bayonets of the regulars and volunteers who fought under the folds of the Red Cross of St. George.

Close upon nine o'clock a hush fell upon the field. General Brown had just arrived from Chippewa, bringing with him Ripley, Porter, and

their men, and, strangely enough, at exactly the same moment Colonels Gordon and Scott, with their commands, consisting of parts of the 103rd and 104th Regiments, and the Royal Scots, in all about 1,200 men, reached the battlefield to the reinforcement of the sorely-pressed defenders of Lundy's Lane.

After the clamour of battle the stillness was appalling. Once again the hollow sound as of the beating of gigantic wings came rolling across from the Falls; and from the slope, from the top of the knoll, and from the level plain arose the piteous appeal of the stricken for help and for water. Only a few yards distant water enough to quench the thirst of the world growled over the precipice, but not one drop of it fell on the parched tongues of the poor fellows who lay on the ground through that sultry July night.

Brown's first order was that Ripley's men should relieve Scott's. The latter had fought a fatiguing fight, and the weary men fell back while the fresh men from Chippewa stepped into their places. Drummond's men were not so fortunate. The British general's force was too small to admit of any being spared from the front. With the new-comers Drummond strengthened his line.

The short calm was truly in this instance to be followed by a furious storm. Brown determined to force the position and to sweep back the British without a moment's delay. On top of the knoll the little army lay prostrate from fatigue. Men dropped to the ground where they had stood panting and putting their cheeks to the cool earth. The gunners leaned against their guns, matches alight, but muscles relaxed. The night was black, and for the most part it was impossible for foe to see foe. General Brown called Colonel Miller to him, and ordered the colonel to take his regiment, the 21st, and capture the guns.

Colonel Miller first spoke to his men, ordering that complete silence be observed in the ranks and discovering to them his plans. At the order every man of them dropped to earth, and began an exciting crouching crawl for the slope. Close to the ground the blackness was intense. Over the dead and among the wounded the 21st made its way, noiseless as serpents, steadily on. Half-way up the slope the Americans caught a sight of the guns looking like blotches of black against the sky, and by them, as silent as ghosts stood the artillerymen, weary, but alert for the slightest sound, their matches glowing in the murk like fireflies.

Miller halted his men. Before him zigzagged a rail fence. Across this the riflemen lay their guns, aimed with cool deliberation, and at a signal a sheet of flame cut the night air. It is told that every gunner leaped into the air and fell below his gun.

The next instant Miller and his men were among the guns. Ripley's whole battalion, too, sprang forward up the slope, and down upon the Americans came the Royal Scots, the Glengarry men—every man indeed in the British ranks. Guns were clubbed, bayonet thrust, war-whoop and cheer rang together. Officers, realising that no order could be heard, sprang into the mass and slashed with sword and sabre, all joining in one savage *mêlée*, fighting for the position on the hill.

Half the British force that fought that night across Lundy's Lane were Canadian volunteers, and when the news of the battle spread, from the knobs of many a door, town-house, and log-cabin fluttered the long strip of crape that told of death.

The Royal Scots and the 89th lost more than half their men in the frightful scramble on top of the hill, American regiments were cut to tatters on the slope, General Drummond had his horse shot under him, and, while fighting on foot, was shot in the neck and dangerously wounded. Colonel Morrison of the

89th had to be carried from the field. Generals Porter and Scott were also badly stricken, and General Brown himself so severely wounded that he had to relinquish his command and leave Ripley to look after the American interest.

The last hour was an indescribable jumble and tussle hand to hand round the guns. There could be no definite formation in the darkness, and every man fought for himself. At length the Americans began to waver. Ripley saw this, and, finding the task of holding possession of guns and field an impossible one, gradually and in order withdrew his men from the fight, taking with him as a souvenir of the hardest-fought battle of the War of 1812 one six-pounder.

The Americans retreated to Chippewa that night, and the British slept under the stars on the hard-held field.

On the field lay so many dead that Drummond's little force was unable to bury them, and word had to be sent to the Americans to come and assist in the work. For some reason the Americans did not do this, and the British were obliged to burn a large number of bodies of the slain. July's fierce sun admitted of no delay.

The official report of the losses were given as follows:—American losses: 171 killed, 570 wounded, 117 missing; total, 858. General Drummond's report: 84 killed, 559 wounded, 193 missing, 42 prisoners; total, 878.



OLD FORT ERIE.



THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL
PART 1:
Oct: 1854 - March 1855. By Major Arthur Griffiths

THE story of Sebastopol, that protracted year-long siege, so prodigal of effort, so rich in achievement, so costly in human life, must be viewed by all Englishmen with a pride not unmixed with reproach. The pride is in the heroic endurance of our troops, the reproach in the maladministration that left them the helpless victims of unnumbered ills.

Sebastopol is scarcely glorious for its triumphant feats of arms, although these were not wanting. Although we English failed in the final attack, it was from causes that carried with them no disgrace. We gained no such great success as in the open field, but our soldiers earned a perhaps nobler fame by their dogged indomitable pluck in facing the accumulated horrors of the ever-memorable winter of '54. The tenacity with which we held on to the siege not only against enormous odds but in the teeth of the most cruel hardships, prolonged for months and months through sickness, starvation, want, exposure, must command universal admiration. To stand thus firm, a mere remnant, continually harassed and always suffering, implies a higher fortitude than that of animal courage. It is this which sheds lustre on that hard-pressed handful for ever on duty, always ill-fed, worse-clothed, weltering knee-deep in mud, decimated by disease and the unceasing fire, which was yet never turned from its purpose. In the glory of this great record we can afford to forget the neglect and mismanagement that sent the flower of the British army into an arduous undertaking inadequately prepared for war.

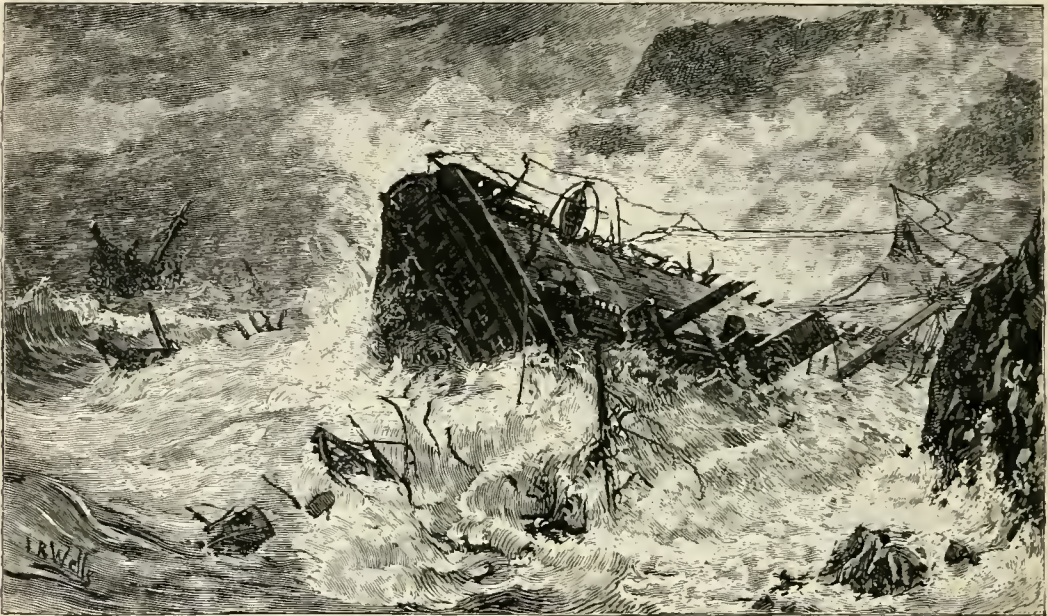
The severe stress laid upon the Crimean army and the sufferings of our soldiers form, indeed, the salient features of the first half of the siege. Nine days after Inkerman, when the troops should have been securely housed against the coming winter, foreknown to be always rigorous

upon that dreary upland, a terrible gale swept away in one disastrous morning the greater part of their resources. Tents were blown clean into the sea, depôts of food and forage at the front were destroyed, communication with the base was stopped. Out in the open sea the storm worked wild havoc among the crowds of shipping. It was a lee shore; numbers of transports with precious cargoes were wrecked, and went down with all on board. One of these, *The Prince*, a large steamer, carried everything that was most wanted—warlike stores, warm clothing, guernseys, great-coats, long boots, medicines, surgical instruments. The chief ammunition ship was also lost; so was another carrying hay to last for twenty days.

After that the troubles commenced. The winds and the rain which fell in torrents converted the soft soil into a quagmire, and the road to Balaclava, really no road at all, became nearly impassable for men or beasts; as the latter were far too few and only imperfectly fed, the soldiers had mostly to do their own carrying. After nearly incessant trench duty five nights out of six, constantly exposed to the enemy's shot, knee-deep in water, and soaked to the skin, they were obliged to spend their well-earned rest in drawing rations six miles distant, and, in the absence of fuel, to eat them raw unless they could dig up some chance roots around the camp ground. They had never a warm drink; the coffee was issued in the green bean, and to roast it was impossible. Their clothing—summer clothing, remember, and that in which they had landed months before—was in rags: lucky the man who could find straw or hay-bands to swathe his naked legs; many were barefoot, or, fearing that if they drew off their wet boots they might not get them on again, wore them so continuously that circulation was impeded; frostbites supervened, followed too often by gangrene or inevitable amputation.

With their rags, their dirt, their unkempt hair, they lost all the outer semblance of soldiers; only the spirit, pure and unquenchable, burnt brightly within. Officers were in nearly as bad a plight as their men. A general order in the depths of the winter implored them to wear their swords: "there was nothing else to distinguish them." They must shelter themselves as best they could from the elements. A picture of the period which would be grotesque if not so infinitely pitiable is that of "an infantry major in red morocco long boots—lawful loot from a dead

off to Constantinople to suffer fresh tortures on the voyage and then fill the great empty barn-like hospital at Scutari to overflowing, where, in the general dearth of all necessary comforts and appliances, a frightful mortality ensued. By the end of January there were barely 11,000 men left at the front capable of bearing arms. At this time even the French, with their immensely superior force, could not send more than 400 men by day and 200 by night to the trenches; while there were occasions on which the whole of the English guarding their siege works were



"NUMBERS OF TRANSPORTS WITH PRECIOUS CARGOES WERE WRECKED" (p. 361).

Russian—a fur cap made from the bearskin cover of his holster pipes, clad in a Tartar peasant's sheepskin coat with an embroidered back, stalking through the mud to capture a pot of marmalade." Of this date was the grim joke that appeared in *Punch*, where one starving and nearly naked guardsman, standing in a snow-drift near dead horses tormented by swooping vultures, tells his comrade the good news that they are to have a Crimean medal. "Very kind," replies the other; "may be one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on."

But there was no joke in the terrible reality. The army was simply wasting away. By the end of November there were 8,000 men in hospital; after weeks of anguish, untended, on the muddy ground, the sick that survived the jolting on mule-back to Balaclava were shipped

as few as 350, and on the 20th January the total was only 290, "being," as one of the historians writes, "about one-twentieth of the number of the part of the garrison opposed to them, and which might have attacked them—probably an entirely unprecedented situation in war." Yet through all this time of deep anxiety and danger no man despaired. "There was, no doubt, no despondency," says Dr. (now Sir William) Howard Russell, the first of modern war-correspondents, "no one for a moment felt diffident of ultimate success . . . If high courage, unflinching bravery, if steady charge, the bayonet thrust in the breach, the strong arm in the fight, if calm confidence, contempt of death, had won Sebastopol, it had long been ours." Russell was fearless, outspoken, at times, it may be, injudicious in his remarks, but

he did no more than justice to the troops whose perils he in a measure shared. "It was right," he said, "that England should know what her soldiers were doing; that they were not merely fighting a stubborn enemy, but were struggling with still mightier, still more terrible foes; but England might be certain that as they had already vanquished the one, so they would triumph over the other in the end." These foes were the two gaunt spectres Generals January and February, upon whom the Czar so confidently relied, little reckoning that one of these months would turn on him and bring him his own death-blow.

Other besides the *Times* correspondent did full justice to the steadfast courage of our troops under this heavy burthen of woe. The Commissioners despatched from England to investigate the causes of the Crimean collapse declared it was doubtful whether the whole range of military history had furnished the example of an army exhibiting such high qualities throughout a long campaign. "The army never descended from its acknowledged pre-eminence. . . . Both men and officers were so reduced that they were hardly fit for the lighter duties of the camp, yet they scorned to be excused the severe and perilous work of the trenches lest they should throw extra duty upon their comrades. They maintained every foot of ground against all the efforts of the enemy, and with numbers so small that perhaps no other troops would have made the attempt." There is no exaggeration in this language; all the high encomiums passed were richly deserved.

In order to better understand what the siege of Sebastopol really was, let us go back to the beginning and see why it was undertaken, and what the enterprise meant for the allies. This great fortress, whose exact strength was but imperfectly known and therefore magnified, was deemed the most important and yet the most vulnerable spot of the Czar's dominions. Its vast harbour was a secure haven for a powerful Russian fleet—fifteen sail-of-the-line; it was a dockyard and arsenal filled with great guns and valuable war material. The capture of this formidable place of arms would be a severe blow, and would probably end the war. Sebastopol became, then, what scientific soldiers call the

"principal objective," the great aim and object of a campaign. "There was no prospect of a safe and honourable peace," said the English war-minister at that time, "until the fortress is reduced and the Russian fleet taken or destroyed."

Yet the operation was entered upon lightly and with no sufficient knowledge of the difficulty of the task. It was thought that the Russian Crimean army would be inferior to that of the allies; that after the invasion a battle or two would end the business; that the fortress would fall to a sharp assault without the trouble of a protracted siege. The earliest operations were so completely successful that this hope was fairly justified. The allied armies landed without opposition, the Alma was won triumphantly, the road lay open as it seemed, and Sebastopol was surely an easy prey. Whether or not it could have been taken by a bold stroke at the very outset was much debated at the time. The French and English, advancing after the first victory, were actually within sight of the northern fortifications, and Todleben, the famous Russian engineer, who was afterwards the life and soul of the defence, always believed that we might



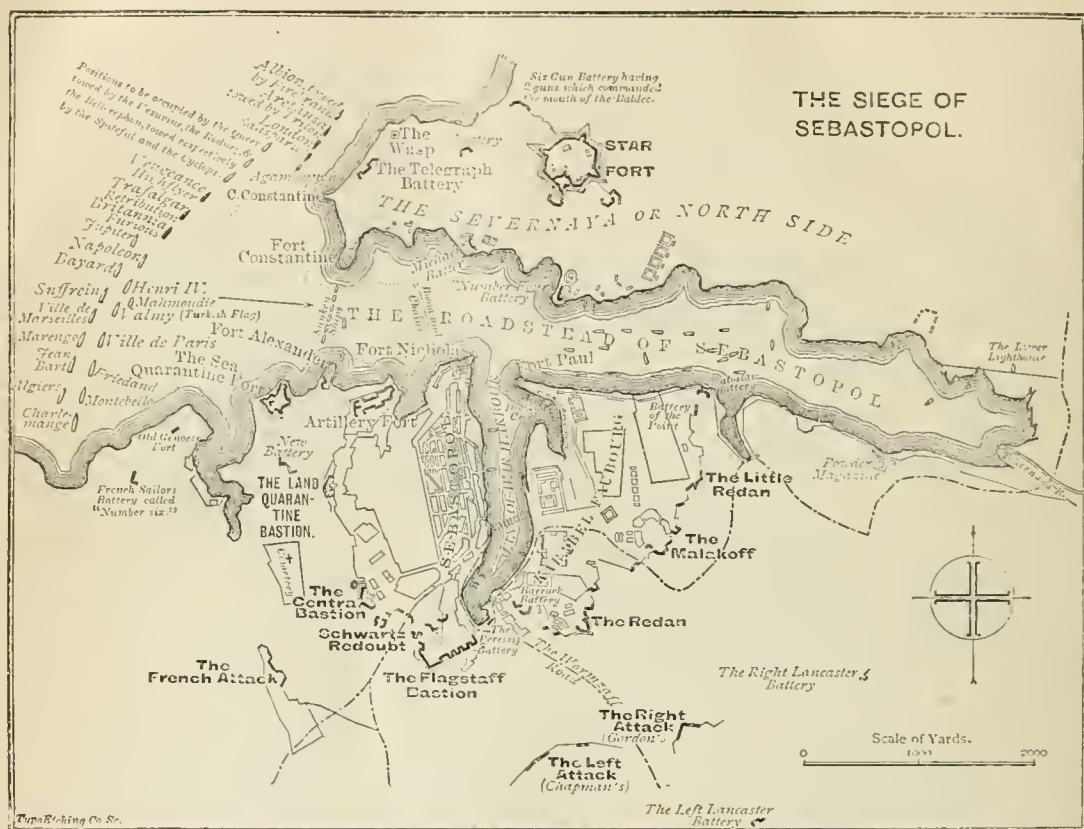
THE CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

have captured it with ease. It is known now that no such result was to be counted upon. The northern forts were of solid granite mounting innumerable guns, the garrison was equal in number to their possible assailants, and the Russian fleet moored within the harbour would have lent overwhelming aid to the defence.

But the allies had made up their minds to

operate against the south, not the north side. Here, again, an immediate attack was feasible; so hostile critics have always contended. Some of the more adventurous spirits with Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, were

assailants could not have sent forward a force superior to that of the defenders, and they must have crossed 2,000 yards of open ground swept from end to end by the enemy's fire. To combat the latter we had nothing but light field-batteries



strongly in favour of it: Sir George Cathcart was one, although he afterwards changed his opinion; so was Admiral Lyons, the second in command of the fleet, a sailor whose advice in military affairs was hardly worth much. The chief engineer officer, Sir John Burgoyne, was clearly against it, and the views of this grand old Peninsular veteran, who had won his first laurels at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo and who, although advanced in years, was still of commanding intellect, full of sound judgment ripened by unrivalled experience, carried the day. He was entirely opposed, and no doubt rightly, to any assault without a preliminary bombardment. Even at this early stage, when still incompletely defended, Sebastopol on its south side seemed all but impregnable. It was already encircled with earthworks sufficiently strong, although still far short of their subsequent dimensions, and armed with hundreds of heavy guns. The

of artillery; had we carried the Russian first line of works their warships in the harbour would have driven us out with their broadsides. Hardly a man would have reached the fortifications alive. Neither the finest resolution nor the most eager courage will avail against shell and round shot. All idea of a *coup de main* was therefore abandoned, and the allies prepared to "sit down" before the place, to bring up their siege-trains, open trenches, arm batteries, and endeavour to overmaster the enemy's fire. Then, when breaches had been made in the ruined works, the attacking columns were to go in and win.

Some brief account must be given now of the Russian defences. These included forts and works to the northward, fronts on the sea front, stone walls loopholed, and earthen batteries encircling the southern side. It will be well to compare the following details with the map, so

as to understand the ground and the fortifications which sooner or later covered it.

The fortress lay on both sides, north and south of a wide roadstead or harbour, running nearly due east and west, and with deep water quite up to the shore. At the mouth of this harbour stood two principal stone forts, Constantine and the Quarantine fort; further in on the south side were the Artillery fort and forts Nicholas and Paul, the latter guarding the inner or man-of-war harbour, an inlet at right angles to the main harbour and separating the city of Sebastopol from its Karabelnaia suburbs. On the north side was the great star-fort already mentioned with the outer ring of earthworks, and there were other smaller earthworks at the water's edge. On the south side, that which was now to be besieged, there was as yet little more than the outline of the many works soon to become famous, although some were partly executed, it is true, and the whole circle of the

battery. Beyond the great ravine which here ran down and ended in the inner harbour, several works had been planned to defend the Karabelnaia suburb—viz. the Redan, the Malakoff Tower, the Little Redan, and Bastion No. 1, the last ending the defences at the edge of the main harbour.

Such was the great fortress as it stood when Menschikoff, with his broken army, came streaming back into it after the defeat of the Alma. The allies were at his heels; Sebastopol was in danger—less danger than he feared—but he at once summoned a council of war to concert measures for its defence. As a first step the greater part of the Russian fleet was sacrificed, and several warships were at once sunk across the mouth of the harbour as an impassable barrier to the enemy. This was not done without protest from the Russian Admiral Korniloff, who wished to sally forth and fight whatever he met in the open sea. Had the Russian and



IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

city was completely enclosed with a loopholed stone wall.

These, beginning with the Quarantine bastion near the sea front, were the Central and Flagstaff bastions, and the soon-to-be-added Garden

allied fleets engaged there would have been the biggest naval battle on record till Lissa came, with its contest of ironclads, or the Japanese fell foul of the Chinese last year in the far East. But the sinking of the ships was the most prudent

course, and its value was soon appreciated. Menschikoff did not tarry now in the town. He had the sense to see that he must keep open his communications, his road northward to Russia whence must come the supplies, ever of vital importance to the defence of the fortress; so he sallied forth at once with his reorganised field-army in the direction of Bakshishari, a central point in the Crimea. In this movement, strange to say, he passed on the very fringe of the allies advancing by the so-called "flank march" to occupy the plateau or "upland" on the south side. They were within a stone's-throw of each other, these two armies; yet neither was aware of it, so little were the niceties and precautions of ordinary warfare observed by them.

Sebastopol was thus left to make what head it could against attack. Its total garrison now was barely 36,000 men, made up mostly of marines and sailors from the fleet, with 2,700 gunners from the coast batteries, 5,000 military workmen, and a few militia battalions. But this great Russian arsenal of the Black Sea was exceedingly rich in war material: at the commencement of the siege there were 172 pieces of ordnance, many very heavy guns already mounted upon the works, and almost countless stores of artillery in reserve. Even with all the wear-and-tear of a twelvemonth's siege, when Sebastopol fell into our hands, there were hundreds and hundreds of guns found still unused in the artillery park—a fact patent to all England nowadays, for hardly a town of any importance is without its Russian "trophy" gun paraded in public gardens or in front of its town-hall. Inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, or powder and projectiles, were ensured so long as the place was not completely invested, and Menschikoff's field-army, as has been stated, continually prevented that.

Nor was it only in its *personnel* (its garrison), or its *matériel* (its warlike stores) that Sebastopol was strong. Chief among its defences must be counted the intrepid spirit of the great Russian engineer who was their life and soul. Colonel Todleben's name is imperishably allied with the splendid resistance of the fortress, which, in a measure, was created by his own hands. In the very prime of life, with a highly-trained intelligence and full of dauntless energy, he joined as chief engineer just before Sebastopol was threatened, and at once proceeded to strengthen the place. Under his animating control enormous numbers of men laboured continuously day and night upon the works. The bastions and

batteries already detailed now took shape and armament; the fortress daily grew more and more formidable; within a week of the arrival of the allied armies the Central and Flagstaff bastions were heightened and thickened, a new battery was placed between them, other batteries were established to command the great ravine. Now the Redan was reinforced by the construction of the great Barrack battery behind it, and the Malakoff Tower was surrounded by earthworks containing powerful batteries, and continuous entrenchments ran on to the Little Redan, Bastion No. 1, and the waters of the harbour. Of a truth Sebastopol began to fully justify old Sir John Burgoyne's warning that "the more the allies looked at it the less they would like it." It said as plainly as if its long lines of works and its many murderous mouths could speak, "Come and take me if you can."

No doubt the allies were wise in not hazarding an immediate attack. But still they were not reconciled to the slow processes of a protracted siege, nor did they look for a prolonged resistance. Every effort was now bent upon bringing up the siege-guns from the ships and establishing them near enough to reduce the enemy's fire preparatory to an open assault. This service was so far forward on the 9th October that on that date the allies "broke ground," as it is called, or began their first parallels or trenches of approach. It had been arranged that the French should take from the sea to the great ravine the whole of the left front of attack; and, as their base of supply, the bay of Kamiesch, was close behind their left, they experienced no great difficulty in feeding their army or sending up stores. In taking this, the "left attack," they had also the advantage of better ground in which to dig their trenches, and they could approach the fortress within 1,000 yards. We, on the other hand, having to deal with flinty soil sloping down towards the enemy's guns, were obliged to build our parapets higher, with more pains, and at a much greater distance. Our nearest battery was between 1,300 and 1,400 yards from the Redan, while that known as the Victoria or Lancaster battery was as much as 2,000 yards. Happily, our siege-guns were more powerful than those of the French. Our whole front of attack was a very extensive line, and included Chapman's battery, Gordon's battery, and those already named.

A fruitful source of trouble not yet apparent to the British force before Sebastopol was the seeming good fortune which surrendered to us this

“right” attack and the small port of Balaclava as our base. Hitherto the French had taken the right of the line, we the left; but out of courtesy and acknowledging that we had the first claim to Balaclava as its first occupiers, General Canrobert accepted the change of position. With the honour of holding the right we gained the distinct disadvantage of greatly drawn-out communications. It was six full miles to Balaclava, and no metalled road but the Woronzoff, which was shortly to fall into the enemy’s hands. Then to the loss of a good highway was superadded the inconvenience and danger of a flank constantly threatened in its most vital point, the “line of life,” that by which we drew up our rations, sent back our sick, and generally held on to the sea. This entailed very serious consequences, as we shall find.

All, however, promised well on the morning of the 17th October, when the allied batteries, fully armed and admirably served, began their first bombardment. By this time 126 siege-guns were in position, 72 of ours, 53 of the French, and ample stores of ammunition were at hand in the trench magazines. To these 126 the Russians directly opposed 118, but 220 more were ready to fire upon the columns that might presently be expected to move out for the assault. The bombardment, which the Russians aptly termed a “*feu d’enfer*,” and which at that date was unparalleled in modern warfare, began at 6.30 a.m., and lasted without intermission for four hours. Very visible impression had been made: the Malakoff Tower was ruined, other works were seriously damaged, and all promised well. Then came the first of a series of *contre-temps* that signalled this memorable siege. An explosion occurred in the French lines: a shell had blown up the principal magazine, making great havoc and forcing the French presently to cease fire. In fact, just as the critical moment had arrived for delivering a general attack, the French were discomfited and put out of action. With us it was just the reverse: our fire had gradually silenced that of the Russians, and early in the afternoon we had blown up the magazine of the Redan, opening therein a yawning breach inviting immediate assault. The defence, as Todleben bears witness, was paralysed on this side; the Russian troops massed behind the Redan to resist attack were quite demoralised, and had taken to flight.

But we could not go in alone. It was to have been a joint and combined attack, which the French disaster now rendered impossible. At

the same time the bombardment executed by the allied fleets had failed of effect: their broadsides had fallen harmless against the casemated granite forts, and all the warships had drawn off, bearing more injuries than they had inflicted. Fortunately, the allied losses had not been very severe: 100 French had been killed or wounded, 47 English, while the Russian casualties had reached 1,100. There seemed no reason why, if the French recovered sufficiently to reopen fire, the attack should not be made the following day.

Next day all such hopes vanished into thin air. A few hours were enough for the indefatigable and indomitable Todleben. During the short space of darkness the great engineer gave us the first touch of his quality, and built up his ruined fortress anew. Sebastopol arose from its ashes reconstructed—built, like Aladdin’s palace, in a single night. “Works reduced to shapeless heaps, ruined batteries, and disabled guns” were replaced before morning by fresh parapets, the batteries were repaired, new guns from the inexhaustible supplies of the ships and the arsenal had occupied the embrasures. The work of the siege and bombardment was all to do over again. It was now made perfectly evident that we had entered upon a prodigious undertaking; our opponent was full of recuperative power, possessing seemingly boundless resources directed by a scientific soldier of great knowledge and inflexible spirit. The situation was, moreover, complicated by the existence of an enterprising field-army daily recruited by new arrivals, so that the relative strength of allies and Russians was fast growing disproportionate and greatly in favour of the latter. This led to many other efforts calculated to greatly impede, if not to actually “raise” or terminate the siege.

Nothing daunted by their first failure, the allies had set about to prepare for a second bombardment on a still more extensive and destructive scale, when their very existence upon the plateau was threatened, and the two famous battles of Balaclava and Inkerman were fought in the open field. In one the British cavalry was destroyed, and our line of supply dangerously narrowed; in the other, won against tremendous odds, we yet suffered so severely that it was impossible for us to prosecute the siege with our former vigour. Now, too, came the great storm and the increasing horrors of the dread winter, so that the siege-works were still further impeded. But, as has been said already, however colossal our troubles, however remote loomed ultimate success, the actual ascendancy of the

allies was never more in doubt after the great victories gained. The Russians never again ventured to attack us in any strength, and then not until quite desperate in the closing scenes. Not even in the very height of the winter troubles, when suffering and sickness had so decimated our ranks that the guards of the trenches were reduced to mere skeletons in numbers and physique, did the Russian garrison

countrymen was mingled with an eager desire to relieve them at all costs. All England was aroused from end to end; fierce indignation at the maladministration which left brave men to perish stirred up private effort, and vast sums were subscribed, vast enterprises undertaken, to supplement the shortcomings of the Government. While the public voice loudly demanded the punishment of those to blame, private people



SEBASTOPOL FROM THE "RIGHT" ATTACK.

use their immense superiority against the weakened force. So we ever felt that, although the siege might be prolonged wearisomely, almost indefinitely, yet with patience we must win in the long run. The Russian commanders might continually revictual and replenish the fortress; the allies, based on the sea and able to draw across it unlimited supplies from home, could also play the waiting game and with a still stronger hand. We may admire the heroic resistance, but we must take a deeper pride in the unyielding pluck and perseverance that never despaired in the darkest hour.

Not the least memorable part of that dread episode was the spirit it evoked at home. Admiration for the constancy displayed by our

banded themselves together to create hospital services, provide huts and food and warm clothing. It was then that lines like the following found an echo in every British heart:—

* * * * *
 "That starving army haunts us night and day,
 By our warm hearths: no fire have they.
 Snow falls; 'tis falling there!

Rotting in their own filth like mangy hounds,
 Cramped, frost and hunger bitten to the bones,
 Wrestling with death 'mid smells and sights and sounds

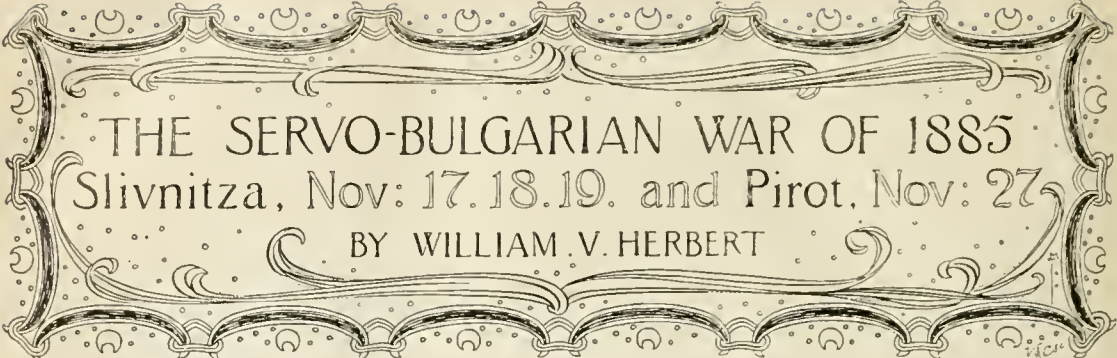
That turn kind hearts to stones.
 To die for very lack of clothes and food, of shelter
 bedding, medicine, and fire,
 While six miles off lay piled up many a rood, all they
 did so require!"

Slowly but surely ample and effective aid arrived. Matters began to mend as the dread winter gradually spent its force. Great gangs of "navvies" constructed a railroad between Balaklava and "the front" by which the much-needed supplies were sent forward; the uncompromising energy of Colonel MacMurdo, who came out armed with full powers, created a land transport service with thousands of animals, for whom at last sufficient fodder was found; Miss Nightingale and her lady nurses arrived, and with unstinting devotion revolutionised the pest-houses, wrongly called hospitals. At "the front" our arduous share in the siege operations was lightened by the friendly intervention of our allies; although the French had also suffered severely, their army

had been so constantly reinforced that by this time it was nearly four times as numerous as ours. Then Lord Raglan suggested that they should relieve us in our trench duty one night in every three. General Canrobert preferred, however, to take charge of our extreme right attack, that which faced the Malakoff and embraced the battle-ground of Inkerman. This timely assistance had the effect of setting free some fifteen hundred British troops, and concentrated the efforts of the whole upon a more limited area. From that time forward matters began gradually to improve. With the spring new hope revived, and, although the fortress was still intact, the business now before us was to fight men, not the season.



COLONEL TODLEBEN.



THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR OF 1885
 Slivnitza, Nov: 17. 18. 19. and Pirot, Nov: 27
 BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

ON the 18th September, 1885, there occurred in Philippopolis, the capital of the then Turkish (though semi-autonomous) province of East Roumelia, one of the most remarkable revolutions known to modern history: the Bulgarian populace of that city rebelled against the Ottoman Government, sent the Turkish officials about their business, and proclaimed the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia—a union which already the treaty of S. Stefano had practically acknowledged in 1878, but which that “old women’s tea-party” (to quote an irate German writer of the period), the Berlin Congress, had subsequently cancelled.

Originally instigated by Russia, the rebellion took a course directly opposed to that nation’s wishes and intentions, a course which the Czar’s politicians had not dreamt of or provided for. The aim which Muscovite statecraft had had in view was to cause rupture and bloodshed between Turkey and East Roumelia, in which case Russia would have appeared on the scene in her time-honoured *rôle* of pretended Liberator and would have brought a fine province under her thumb—a task which she had vainly essayed already in 1877 and 1878.

But the unexpected always happens. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, treating Russian schemes and intrigues, hints and commands, with the contempt they deserved, identified himself with the revolutionary movement, proclaimed on the 19th September in Tirnova—the ancient Czar-city of the great mediæval Bulgar-empire—the union of the “Two Bulgarias,” and arrived on the 20th in Philippopolis to assume the reins of government. The autonomous principality of United Bulgaria was an accomplished fact, and Russia was nonplussed.

From this moment there was an incurable rupture and a deadly hatred between the two

Alexanders, which not only lasted while they lived, but survived even beyond the grave in their successors. The Czar, in order to proclaim his dissatisfaction with the course of events, recalled the numerous Russian officers serving in the Bulgarian army, and the vacant places were filled by the young lieutenants and captains of the newly-established native militia.

The unique feature of the Philippopolis rebellion lies in the fact that the liberation of a large and populous province from the supremacy of an empire which could place a million armed men in the field was accomplished without the loss of human life.

Acting upon the earnest remonstrances of Austria, Germany, and England, Turkey abstained from military operations, for it had been made manifest to her that the sending of one battalion across the East Roumelian frontier would set the world aflame by bringing about a European war of unequalled dimensions and horrors.

United Bulgaria, nevertheless, made strenuous exertions to meet the oncoming storm. But the cloud burst in an unexpected quarter. Turkey remained inert in the East, whilst Servia’s armies, at Russia’s secret mandate, crossed the western frontiers on the 14th November, 1885. A pretended (and most probably non-existent) boundary transgression on the part of some Bulgarian gendarmes furnished Servia with a pretext for the declaration of hostilities.

Grandyly United Bulgaria rose to the occasion. Differences of creed and race were forgotten, wrongs condoned, grievances laid by never to be revived, and with masterly strategy the hero-prince hurled every available man against the ruthless invader.

In the beginning Servia had it all her own way, for Bulgaria, prepared only to defend

her eastern frontier, had bared the western. But finding that Turkey was pacific, Prince Alexander, by train and road, by express and forced marches, sent his troops westward to meet the foe.

On the 17th November the Servians stood before the Bulgarian position at Slivnitza, which had been entrenched and fortified; and here took place the battle which was to spread the fame of the young Bulgar army and its brave commander over the whole of the newspaper-reading world.

Slivnitza is an unattractive Bulgarian village of less than a thousand inhabitants, situated among hilly surroundings on the high road between Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, and Nish in Servia. It is about fifteen miles south-east of the eastern outlet of the Dragoman Pass, which latter leads across the range of mountains that lies just east of the Servo-Bulgarian frontier and forms one of the walls of the plain of Sofia. The latter city lies about twenty miles to the south-east of Slivnitza, and Zaribrod, on the river Nishava, the Bulgarian frontier-townlet, almost the same distance to the north-west. At that time the Turco-Bulgarian railway terminated in Bellova, and the Servian system in Nish and Vranja.

About two miles west of the village the Bulgarian detachment—consisting on the 16th November of nine battalions of regular infantry and two of volunteers, thirty-two guns, and no cavalry except a handful of mounted irregulars, the whole (about ten thousand men) commanded by Major Gutscheff—had utilised a little ridge of hillocks for their encampment, and had very cleverly and efficiently fortified the same. The weather was abominable: snow and frost at night, rain and thaw by daylight, with the icy north-winds peculiar to the Bulgarian winters. There was no habitation within the position, with the exception of a pigstye which served as headquarters to the gallant major and his staff, and which was grandiloquently styled the "Gutscheff Palace," and a little improvised shed for the field-telegraph. The soldiers slept in the open trenches.

The Servians had occupied Zaribrod on the 14th, and the Dragoman Pass on the 15th November, both after some sharp fighting with the Bulgarian advanced guard, and on the early morrow they descended into the plain of Sofia. The position of Slivnitza became thus marked as the place around which the decision would be fought, since it lay midway between the invader

and the capital. Prince Alexander left Sofia in the forenoon of the 16th, and arrived in Slivnitza in the evening.

It was known among the Bulgarian troops in Slivnitza that the hostile army numbered twenty thousand or thirty thousand men, and had therefore, at the lowest estimates, double the strength of the defending force; it was also perfectly well known that no Bulgarian reinforcements could arrive from the extreme east of East Roumelia—where the army had been concentrated with a view to possible hostilities with Turkey—before the evening of the 17th at the earliest.

These considerations, added to the exposure to the horrible weather, might have struck dismay into the stoutest hearts, but Major Gutscheff and his gallant little host quaked not. They were persuaded of the righteousness of their cause, and that is one of the mightiest factors in warfare. The arrival of their beloved prince was made by them the occasion for the display of much enthusiasm, and every man looked with confidence towards the morrow and victory.

The entrenched position of Slivnitza deserves a brief description. It lay astride the Sofia-Pirot high-road, had a straight front about three miles long which faced almost due west, and was covered to rearward by the long straggling village, the only—and exceedingly dirty—khan of which served as quarters to the prince and his staff. The high-road cut the position in twain: about a third lay to the north, filling up the little plain from which the southern spurs of the Balkans rise precipitously, in a chaotic jungle of rock, cliff, and abyss; the bulk lay to the south, with the southern end turned eastwards *en potence*, so as to protect the left flank. The whole front of the position showed a quadruple line of trenches for rifle fire, one above the other on the gently-rising ground. Behind them there were to the north of the road one, and to the south three, battery epaulments, each for eight guns, and finally, at the extreme left flank, behind the trenches turned *en potence*, a powerful redoubt, which, for want of men and guns, was unoccupied at the commencement of the battle and garrisoned only on the evening of the first day.

The Servian forces had been divided into two armies: one (the Timok army) was to take Widdin and invade northern Bulgaria; the other (the Nishava army, commanded by King Milan in person) was to make straight for Sofia. This

is the one with which we shall have to deal. It consisted of four divisions and an unattached cavalry brigade, and was powerfully equipped with train, pontoons, engineers, sanitary detachments, field post and telegraph, and all modern devices of offence and defence, of support and maintenance. In this respect the Servians were undoubtedly by far in advance of their foes.

Of this army there fought on the first day of battle two divisions (Danube and Drina) and the cavalry brigade, a total of eighteen battalions, nine squadrons, and nine batteries, or about twenty-two thousand men and fifty-four guns.

It is not only just and generous but always pleasant to record something in favour of an enemy. The writer—whom circumstances had placed in the position of a foe to that amiable though ill-governed people—is glad to be able to bear testimony to the excellent behaviour of the Servian soldiery on hostile soil. Not a single sheep or fowl was stolen from a single Bulgarian peasant; not a twist of tobacco was taken from a village-store, or a glass of brandy drunk in an alehouse without being paid for. Let the much-vaunted civilisation of England, France, and Germany take an example from that far less advanced nation! Unfortunately, the Bulgarians did not reciprocate, and in the flush of victory they forgot the sacred rights of humanity, as the woeful appearance of Pirot after the battle abundantly testified. But this by the way.

The Bulgarian position was very strong—in fact, impregnable in front, but weak on both sides, though from two entirely different causes: the north flank because the mountain slopes lying beyond it would have afforded the enemy a capital place for planting batteries, which, from that elevation, could have annihilated the Bulgarians without the need of a single rifle-shot or the use of a single bayonet, and the Bulgarians

were not strong enough numerically to occupy each prominence; the left flank because the redoubts and the trenches there were well-nigh deserted for want of men and guns. And yet a redistribution of the troops at the expense of the front was totally impracticable. Had such a

one been attempted the prince would have been much in the position of a man who takes infinite pains to bar and bolt his back and side doors but leaves the front entrance open for the enterprising burglar. In fact, of the four rifle-trenches in front of the line only the foremost was occupied.

The left flank was the most vulnerable point, and Prince Alexander's plan was to draw the attention of the enemy away from it towards the right flank by an offensive movement in that quarter, which would also serve the purpose of occupying the most prominent of the slopes, summits, and plateaux. That



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

this bold project succeeded completely bears testimony to the Battenberger's perspicuity; and that the Servians never even suspected the existence of what was virtually an open door to the hostile position is not to the credit of their military far-sight. On the second day this chance was lost, for the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to man each phase of the position.

The 17th November opened into a perfectly abominable day: snow, sleet, rain, dirt, an icy blast, and a thick fog withal. The battle of this day was fought by both sides against an invisible foe, for the mist lasted all day long.

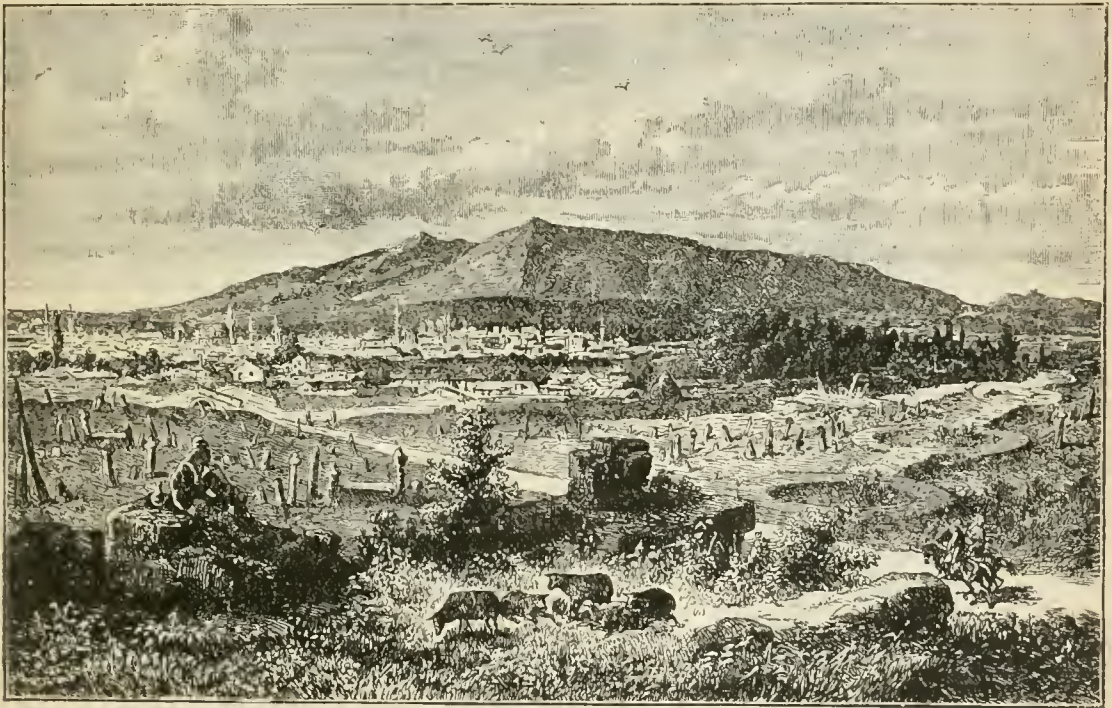
The attack of the Servians was perfectly frontal; there was not the faintest attempt at circumvention. That it failed completely was in the nature of things. The artillery combat commenced at an hour before noon, and towards two o'clock it became most intense and deafening. The Servian artillery, despite its numerical superiority, had decidedly the worst of it, for the

Bulgarians had a fine modern Krupp ordnance, the Servians mostly obsolete guns, partly the thrown-out pieces of the Russian army, presented to them by their former allies. So furious was the duel that on repeated occasions Prince Alexander had to enjoin economy in the use of powder. In fact, two of the Bulgarian batteries had shot themselves out by dusk, and had not ammunition arrived from Sofia in the evening the Bulgarians would have fared badly the next day. The Servian infantry approached thrice to within three hundred yards of the Bulgarian front line, but had to turn tail each time in face of the defender's quick and accurate rifle-fire. A proper charge did not take place on this day, except, as already stated, on the extreme right Bulgarian flank. And here a little battle of its own was fought, with the utmost dash and ferocity, which deserves a paragraph of its own.

Here commanded, on the Bulgarian side, the captain of cavalry Bendereff, who disposed of

against an enemy of quadruple strength; but Prince Alexander gave the gallant captain permission to utilise the general reserve of two battalions for a more decided forward movement. Leaving only a few companies to man the trenches, Bendereff led his five battalions against the enemy, and on the bare and precipitous Balkan slopes a bayonet charge, executed with the utmost *élan*, drove the Servians completely away. In the flush of victory the Bulgarian troops actually "bolted" forward, and it was only in the village of Malo Malkovo that Alexander's messengers brought them to a standstill. Here Bendereff fortified himself hurriedly and roughly, and prepared everything for the continuance of the combat on the morrow. At five the first field day was over, resulting so far in a Bulgarian victory. The casualties were six hundred Bulgarians and twelve hundred Servians, dead or wounded.

During the hours of darkness both sides re-



SOFIA.

three battalions and a battery of eight pieces. Faithful to the plan conceived by Prince Alexander, Bendereff did not wait to be attacked, but hurled two of his battalions against the cautiously-approaching enemy almost as soon as the cannonade had commenced. The Bulgarian attack was not successful, for it was directed

ceived reinforcements, and the Servians actually increased their already considerable numerical superiority. Alexander obtained five battalions and two batteries from Sofia; Milan added to his attacking force several regiments and batteries from the other divisions of the Nishava army. As the Bulgarians had to send out, in

the course of the second day, three battalions (under Captain Popoff) to the south-west to protect the town of Bresnik (threatened by another division of the Nishava army), the discrepancy became more pronounced: the Servians had (in round figures) twenty-eight thousand men and eighty pieces, the Bulgarians twelve thousand men and fifty guns, toward the close of the second day of battle.

One of those five Bulgarian battalions had been so completely exhausted on its arrival in Sofia by the long march from Bellova, that this original mode of conveyance was adopted: the horses of a regiment of cavalry stationed in Sofia were borrowed, and the men rode to Slivnitza, two on each animal!

At 8.30 a.m. on the 18th November the Servians commenced the attack, this time almost exclusively against the left flank. But where yesterday there had been trenches, redoubts, and epaulments almost devoid of human beings, there was now a solid array of five thousand men, all fresh troops. The first Servian assault failed completely; then a whole division of ten thousand men was brought to the attack, with the like result. At noon the Servian leaders recognised the futility of further fighting, and withdrew their troops from this quarter, after having incurred a loss of over six hundred men. Some Bulgarian battalions, starting hastily in pursuit of the routed foe, were with difficulty called back, for Prince Alexander recognised that the time for a general offensive moment had not yet arrived.

About an hour after noon the Servians committed an almost incredible blunder: they attacked the front of the position with totally inadequate numbers. Where yesterday whole brigades had failed, to-day a few companies were expected to succeed! Needless to say, the assailants were wiped off the face of the earth, and Prince Alexander, unable to endure any longer the sight of such useless slaughter, turned aside and said to an officer: "I cannot bear to look at it! It is a shame to compel me to shoot those poor fellows down, and why? For the sake of a stupid and infamous policy."

What was the result of that senseless attack? The Bulgarians fired a few hundred gun-shots (for the enemy never came within rifle range), and the Servians lost some hundreds of good men. *Voilà tout.*

In the left flank and in the front the battle was over before dusk, the result being, like that of its predecessor, a total repulse of the Servians.

The rest of the day belonged to the right wing. And here one of the most extraordinary and comical occurrences ever known to have happened on "the field of blood and mud" took place. Bendereff's three thousand men in and about Malo Malkovo, the victors of the previous day, had totally disappeared—as if by magic—when the morning of the 18th dawned! Bendereff sent a disconsolate message to this effect to his sovereign, and so incredible sounded these tidings that they thought at headquarters the poor fellow had taken leave of his senses. Beaten and captured the missing men could not have been, for there were no Servians within a radius of several miles, and not a shot had been fired during the night. However, towards noon the mystery was cleared up: the men returned in batches, having committed no worse crime than a little victualling and foraging on their own account, and lost their way afterwards. Owing to the absence of any experienced guidance (for the Bulgarian officers were all mere youngsters), no steps had been taken to keep any of the troops in the village, and positively not a single man had been left behind.

Bendereff sent a joyful message to the prince, and said to himself, "I must do something to wipe out the disgrace of this morning." This something he did, and did uncommonly well: he bared the whole country of the Servians almost as far as the village Dragoman. Look at the map, reader, and you will find that by this masterpiece of audacity Bendereff had actually got right in the rear of the enemy and on his line of retreat. About a couple of miles outside Dragoman he bivouacked for the night, fully prepared to attack the enemy next day in the rear. Alas! he received not the princely sanction, and perhaps we cannot blame the Bulgarian leaders for not giving their consent to such a piece of unequalled foolhardiness. I, personally, have not the faintest doubt that Bendereff, given a free hand and taking into account the shaky *moral* of the Servian troops after a two days' defeat, would have inflicted upon the latter a rout so crushing that the subsequent battle of Pirot would have been avoided.

The second day of Slivnitza cost the Servians about one thousand, the Bulgarians almost the same number, in killed and wounded.

During the night to the 19th November the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to make up their casualties and the loss accruing from the absence of Popoff's three battalions. The strength of the Servians was not materially

altered. Thus the figures were fifteen thousand and twenty-eight thousand.

The morning of the 19th opened, to the astonishment of all, into an autumn day of surpassing loveliness. Vanished, as if by magic, had snow, rain, fog, frost, and icy north blast, and in their stead there reigned blue sky, radiant sunlight, and a mild, invigorating south-easterly breeze. Add to this that stores of food and comforts had arrived in camp, and you will have no difficulty in understanding that the brave Bulgarian defenders breathed more freely, stretched their limbs, and rejoiced with an exceeding joy at Heaven's manifest favour. But there is never light without shadow, and the shadows lay deep and black on the hero prince's noble countenance as he came from the filth of the village into the air that blew, keen and bracing, about the heights of the camp. "What has happened?" asked all, in consternation. Briefly this: the Servians had beaten Popoff, taken Bresnik, and were on the road to Sofia—so the reports said. What a world of calamity was compressed into that single sentence will be made manifest to the intelligent reader by a glance at the map. The capital threatened and the Slivnitza army taken in the rear—that was the woeful prospect. Under these circumstances Prince Alexander consummated an act of true heroism: he left the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the battlefield, exchanging, for the nonce, the rôle of the warrior for the less conspicuous but in such a case infinitely more useful one of organiser. In a word, he hastened *ventre-à-terre* to the capital, to prepare it for defence. Major Gutscheff was left in command of the Slivnitza army, and the brilliant victory of the 19th November stands to the credit of that officer.

In Sofia there was an ugly panic, for the terrible "*Hannibal ad portas*" had struck fear into the stoutest hearts. For a long time afterwards it was a *bon mot* in the capital that on the 19th November there had been only one man amongst the Sofian populace, and that was Katinka, the pretty young wife of Karaveloff, the Battenberger's principal adviser. She alone kept cool and hopeful.

Prince Alexander worked like the proverbial nigger. Defences and earthworks were planned and commenced, ambulances were established for the wounded coming in cartloads from Slivnitza, stores were got in from the neighbourhood; the cash and securities of the National Bank, the archives of the town, the documents and records

of the Government offices were despatched post-haste to Plevna. Many thousands of inhabitants commenced to migrate to less threatened regions, and those who were unable to leave clamoured and lamented noisily. And all the time the growl of the cannon came incessantly from Slivnitza, and the people listened to it spell-bound, in awe and wonder. Two other men, besides the prince, worked strenuously, though in another direction and for a different purpose: Tsankoff, the principal Russian agitator and spy in Sofia, and Koyander, the Russian consul. They went about, openly advising the people to send the prince away and make peace with Servia, in which case they, Tsankoff and Koyander, would kindly and unselfishly condescend to assume the reins of government under Russia's guidance and tutelage. "Next to a violation of the laws of God, there is no crime so terrible on this earth as to offend Holy Russia—and that is what that beggarly foreign bastard, your so-called prince, has done"—thus Tsankoff and Company.

But once more the unexpected happened. It was at three in the afternoon that the minister of war, Tsanoff (the reader should not confound this zealous, capable, and honest patriot with the vile agitator afore-mentioned: the names are much alike), was seen descending hurriedly the stairs of the princely palace, the most exultant joy and the most feverish excitement depicted on his features and in his manner. "Bresnik has been retaken, the Servians are thoroughly beaten, Popoff is marching on Tern," he shouted to the crowd assembled outside, and like wildfire the glorious tidings spread through the town. More good news came in rapidly successive waves. At Slivnitza the Servians had been routed, and Gutscheff was starting in pursuit; the unattached brigade of volunteers and adventurers of Major Panitza—nicknamed the robber-brigade—had actually entered Servian territory north of Zaribrod, and the Timok army had failed completely in its operations against Widdin. Prince Alexander, accompanied by Stambuloff and Tsanoff, returned immediately to Slivnitza, the populace rejoiced with a joy complete and tumultuous, and Tsankoff and Company hid themselves in fear and ignominy. Verily, there never was a quicker or more perfect transformation.

It speaks well for the temper of the Sofian rabble that the only harm which came to the Muscovite agitators was that Tsankoff's effigy was strung up in front of the Russian consulate,

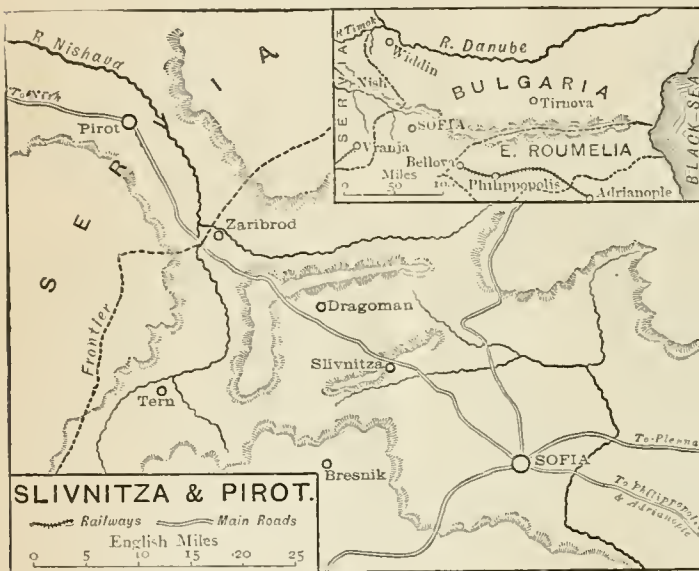
and pelted with garbage, dead cats, and other missiles dear to the street-arab.

It is now the narrator's pleasant duty to give a brief account of the third field-day at Slivnitza, than which there never was more glorious or more honourable victory.

Bendereff had had a hard task before him, for during the hours of darkness the Servians had occupied all the hills and mountains in the neighbourhood of Dragoman. But these were taken by storm, one by one, with the bayonet alone. It was a fight of the most bitter and ferocious description, but the steepest precipices, the most inaccessible summits presented neither

desperate effort. At 2.30 almost the whole of two divisions was hurled against the left Bulgarian flank, only to be hurled back with heavy loss. And now Gutscheff recognised that the psychological moment had come. "The whole line is to advance," was the command that was blazed forth by the bugles, and merrily the victors started in a pursuit of the routed foe, to which only the darkness put an end. When Prince Alexander arrived in Slivnitza camp in the evening, he found it deserted by all but dead and dying, dogs and doctors, and his victorious troops were already miles away. The third field-day had cost the Servians eight hundred, the Bulgarians about half that number, in killed and wounded.

Along the whole line Servians retreated and the Bulgarians pursued: On the night of the 22nd to the 23rd the fugitive Milan slept, for the last time on Bulgarian soil, in the khan of Zaribrod, and the next night the victorious Alexander, close upon his heels, occupied the self-same bed. What an irony of fate! And in the cellar of this house, its owner, a mining engineer, had stored—without any evil intentions—enough dynamite to blow all the thrones of the globe into eternity; but then rulers and monarchs proverbially "dance on volcanoes"! On the following day the Bulgarian armies



terrors nor obstacles to the brave lads of the Balkans and the Rhodopé. Every one of that long train of charges succeeded; in the end the whole district was cleared of the Servians, and the Bulgarians had firmly lodged themselves in and around Dragoman.

A remarkable feature of the storming of those heights is that Bendereff employed the music in a manner never attempted before by any officer in the field, and not likely ever to be tried again. Not only was each storming party accompanied by a band playing the "Djumi Maritza," the national song, but in most cases the bands actually preceded the charging battalions. In this wise the percentage of casualties among the musicians was often greater than that in the front line of attack.

In the meantime the bulk of the Servian army, before Slivnitza, had made a last and

began to cross the frontier, and the invasion of Servia commenced.

The three days' battle of Slivnitza had cost the victors about two thousand, the defeated about three thousand, in killed and wounded. The former had also some hundreds of prisoners. The effect of this battle on the campaign was momentous and stupendous: it transformed with one blow that which had bidden fair to be a walk-over into utter rout; it changed Servian conquest of Bulgaria into the invasion of Servia by Bulgaria. Verily, contrast cannot be more marked! Unhappily, the war in its entirety remained without result to Bulgaria, thanks to the fussy and wicked interference of that ridiculous old woman, European diplomacy. But if the material gain was *nil* to the victors, a moral result of the gravest and farthest-reaching nature ensued, for there was born on the



THE PRINCE AND HIS COMPANIONS RODE TO THE BACK OF THE SLIVNITZA POSITION" (A. 378).

W. P. F. E. I.

blood-stained field of Slivnitza the idea of Bulgarian nationality. The thunder of cannon, the clatter of company fire, the clash of steel had roused Bulgaria to those most noble virtues, national pride and love of the land.

I cannot pass over in silence a scene which took place on the afternoon of November 20th, the day after the battle, in the then deserted Slivnitza camp, a scene of such inexpressible grandeur that it will live for ever in the memory of those who had the honour and the good fortune to witness it. Prince Alexander, accompanied by his personal staff, the members of his cabinet, the foreign journalists, and the diplomatic agents, was inspecting the improvised ambulances and speaking words of comfort to the poor maimed fellows, when a young officer came up breathless, and uttered these words:—"If it please your Royal Highness, the Bulgarian army has arrived." For a moment the prince could not exactly comprehend the meaning of this laconic and mystical message; but then it suddenly dawned upon him that the troops which had been concentrated on the Turkish frontier soon after the Philippopolis rebellion, and had been ordered post-haste to the west on Servia's aggression, had at last arrived; that now all danger was past, and that United Bulgaria was strong enough for half-a-dozen Servias. And such was the case. The prince and his companions rode to the back of the Slivnitza position, and there stood, in the little plain just east of it, faintly illuminated by the dying light of day, but perfectly visible by the glamour of endless files of rifles, of dense bristling forests of bayonets—there stood, not a scratch-division as Gutscheff's, which had fought and suffered and won at Slivnitza; not a gallant little host of youthful enthusiasts like Bendereff's audacious following; not a ridiculed flying column like Panitza's famous "robber brigade"; not a handful of men sent out on an apparently hopeless errand, and seemingly to certain destruction, like Popoff's three battalions: there stood the United Bulgarian East Roumelian army, battalion by battalion, battery by battery, all in faultless order. And as the men caught sight of the prince's noble form, looking like a veritable Lohengrin, a great shout went up into the dim heavens, where the very stars began to sparkle with joy, and the *nation* of Bulgaria was an accomplished fact. What had been conceived in the streets of Philippopolis was consummated on the plain of Slivnitza.

In giant's marches they had come, through

the snow and the slush and the rain, now knee-deep in the mire, now on solid ice, across trackless mountain ranges and vast forest solitudes, making thirty and forty miles a day. One regiment had covered sixty-three miles in thirty-two hours, losing only sixty men out of four thousand five hundred. This is of a surety the most stupendous performance of its kind ever accomplished, and leaves far behind even Osman Pasha's famous march from Widdin to Plevna in July, 1877, in which the writer had the honour to take part.

The Bulgarian central or Slivnitza army numbered now fifty thousand men, and eighty-four guns, and with every available man and gun Prince Alexander crossed the frontier—to the gross on 26th November—to invade Servia. South of Zaribrod, Popoff, with his small detachment of five thousand men, made an aggressive movement on his own account across the border, and north of Zaribrod Panitza was already firmly lodged on Servian territory.

The Timok army continued to waste its energies and resources in futile attempts upon Widdin, bravely defended by a small garrison, among which some battalions of Turkish volunteers were not the least conspicuous. The Nishava army, after having made a feeble show of defending the frontier on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th November, concentrated itself in Pirot, and here the two days' battle of that name constituted Servia's last stand against the successful Bulgarian invasion.

PIROT.

The Servian forces at Pirot consisted of nearly the whole of the Nishava army; that is, four divisions and the cavalry brigade, amounting approximately—after the losses incurred at Slivnitza, Bresnik, and Tern, and during the constant fighting on the retreat—to forty-thousand men and one hundred and twenty guns (to be exact, thirty-eight battalions, twenty batteries, eleven squadrons), the nominal commander being King Milan, the actual leader General Tapolovitch. The Bulgarian army operating against Pirot (inclusive of Popoff's and Panitza's detachments, which formed, as it were, the left and right wings) counted about forty-five thousand men, and eighty guns (to be exact, forty-three battalions, twelve batteries, thirteen squadrons), the leader being Prince Alexander, the second Colonel Nikolayeff, the Chief-of-staff Captain Petroff (twenty-two years old!). But of these, five thousand (Gutscheff's detachment) did not take part in the fighting, whilst the whole of the Servian army was under

fire. The forces were thus as nearly as possible equal.

On the 25th November King Milan left his army to seek the comparative safety of his capital; the Servian leader responsible for the defeat at Pirot is therefore Tapolovitch. The latter, in accordance with telegraphic instructions received from the diplomatic representatives of the Powers at Belgrade, offered Prince Alexander an armistice, which was, needless to say, peremptorily refused. The Bulgarian response to this piece of impudence was the crossing of the frontier by the bulk of the Bulgarian forces on the morning of the 26th.

It was a beautifully clear winter day. The dark blue sky, the mysterious grey-green of the forests on the mountain-slopes, the brilliant patches of snow on the summits, the pleasant white house-fronts of picturesque and peaceful Pirot, the waters of the Nishava sparkling in the sunlight, all combined to make the scene that greeted the aggressors as they approached the town a picture of surpassing loveliness. It was an ideal day for physical exercise—sunshine, bracing air, keen but not cold wind.

Pirot, on the Nishava, a pretty but dirty town of nine thousand inhabitants, is situated on the great Sofia-Belgrade high-road, twelve miles west of the frontier and thirty-six miles east of Nish, which latter was in 1885—next to Belgrade—the principal station of the Servian railway. The town lies in the centre of a little plain surrounded by high and precipitous mountains.

As the Bulgarian army, in three parallel columns, advanced upon Pirot, the Servian troops retired before it—in faultless order, it is true, and amid a slow but continuous fire from both artillery and infantry, but without seriously defending a single point. The Servian frontier-hamlet, the Sukova bridge, the large and important villages of Krupatch and Sukova, the one north, the other south of the high road—these were each and all abandoned. The Servian cavalry, repeatedly challenged by the Bulgarian, carefully avoided combat, although the dead level of the little Pirot plain offered an ideal battlefield for large masses of horsemen. This singular double motion went on all day, only a thousand yards separating the *tête* of the Bulgarian vanguard from the hindmost ranks of the Servian rear-guard, until at 3 p.m.—that is, when the winter day was nearly spent—the Servians made a very brave but futile stand in Rzané, a village about three miles south-east of Pirot. In the meantime the Bulgarian advance-guard actually

took possession of the town, in which the Servians made but a poor show (doing really nothing but blowing up the fort and the magazine, which terrific explosion killed forty of the retiring Servians and only two of the advancing Bulgarians), and as the combat at Rzané continued after darkness had set in, the singular thing happened that the Servians defended the village when the town behind it was already in the enemy's hands. The fighting lasted in a desultory manner throughout the night.

The early dawn of the 27th November brought a surprise: the Servians made a descent upon Pirot and recovered it. Their plan of battle is difficult to understand. If Pirot was to be defended, why had it been abandoned the day before? If Pirot was not to be defended, but the stand was to be made at Ak Palankah (which would have been, strategically as well as tactically, the correct thing), why was it retaken?

The second field-day, 27th November, was of the most sanguinary character. If on the first the battle had languished, on the second it was fierce, hot, and tumultuous.

Popoff's detachment, coming from Tern and vicinity, attacked the Servian position south of Pirot in the rear, while the gross of the Bulgarian column made a dashing assault upon the town. The latter was carried at about noon, and at the same time the Bulgarians occupied the marshy plains south of Pirot, called the Keltash. It was here that the most blood was spilt. But the Servians deployed—still in perfect order—on the hills west and south-west of the town, and for a long time their artillery did considerable execution among the Bulgarians. The heights to the north of Pirot were not occupied by the Servians, since it was known to them that Gutscheff's detachment (which had effected a junction with Panitza's "robber" brigade) was approaching by the Kniajevatz high-road. As Gutscheff had hard fighting to do during the whole of the journey, he did not arrive in time to take part in the battle, but the knowledge of his whereabouts acted upon the Servians quite as effectively as if he had participated in the combat. By dusk the fighting was over, and the Servians bivouacked within a few miles west of Pirot. Everything pointed to a resumption of hostilities on the morrow, for the Servians, though beaten, were not routed or in disorder. Prince Alexander, if left alone, would undoubtedly have attempted a repetition on a minor scale of Sedan, for which purpose his right and left flanks were already thrust forward

—that is, westward—north and south of Pirot respectively. But the most astonishing thing in this war of many surprises occurred in the early morning of the 28th November. Count Khevenhüller, an Austrian statesman, arrived in Prince Alexander's quarters, and an hour later an armistice had been concluded.

The casualties in the two days' battle of Pirot amounted to two thousand five hundred Bulgarians and two thousand Servians, dead and

the 28th. Shells had struck the town and demolished many a house; there had been several street-fights during the Servian retaking and the Bulgarian recovery of the place, and the shops were in many instances mere gaping holes of empty space. Such is the penalty of war. King Milan's declaration of hostilities on Bulgaria counts among the most ruthless and rascally challenges of modern times, and his luckless subjects paid the price.



BULGARIAN TYPES.

disabled, of which number quite three-fourths fell upon the second day.

During the night of the 27th to the 28th November Pirot was badly sacked, the culprits being almost exclusively the Macedonian volunteers, who had crossed the Turkish boundary by the thousand to help their co-religionists, and had been formed into nine battalions. The Bulgarians proper confined their attentions to the tobacconists' shops, and the next morning not an ounce of tobacco or a single cigarette could be obtained for love or money. The peaceful inhabitants were, happily, not ill-treated, and outrage or murder, the sequence and the curse of many a goodly fight and many a glorious victory, cannot be laid to the charge of Prince Alexander's troops. It was Panitza's much-abused brigade which, arriving during the night, restored order. Thus it is due to these ill-named "robbers" that no damage was done beyond the sacking of the stores, shops, and warehouses.

Notwithstanding the kindly offices of Panitza's men, Pirot looked gruesome on the morning of

A comic incident after the battle deserves mention. Early on the morning of the 28th a deputation of the inhabitants of Pirot waited upon Prince Alexander—whose quarters were in a village a few miles away—in order to implore him to protect their lives and their property. The first person whom they happened to encounter was the prince's valet, a Montenegrin giant, dressed in the rich and fantastic costume of his country, and formidably armed with knives and pistols galore. Mistaking him for the ruler of "Both Bulgarias," they knelt before him and addressed him thus:—"Art thou, oh sir, the Chief of the Terrible?" The rascal—who, in spite of his ogre-like appearance, was one of the most inoffensive and mildest beings imaginable—glared at them, as well he might, stroked his military moustache fiercely, and personated the prince in so satisfactory and convincing a manner, that the trembling petty-dealers of Pirot went home in awe and wonder, but quite reassured as to the kindly intentions of the Chief of the Terrible. As a matter of fact,

not another shot was fired and not another theft was perpetrated, and the Bulgarian soldiers fraternised with the Pirot citizens in the wine-houses, cursing with much volubility and hearty goodwill the infamous policy which had brought about the spilling of blood among brethren in race and creed.

With the battle of Pirot the war was virtually at an end, except that General Leshjanin, the commander of the Timok army, made, on the 29th November, a third assault upon Widdin, as futile as its predecessors. Some say that he acted in ignorance of the truce; others lay to his charge a glaring violation not only of international law, but also of all precepts of equity and humanity.

What had caused the Bulgarian Prince, who was certainly no *fainéant*, to interrupt so

of an indemnity. Things remained simply *in statu quo ante*: the frontier line was not altered to the extent of an inch, and not a single coin changed hands—surely a piece of gross injustice to the provoked party, and an unnecessary clemency towards that petted and worthless darling of European diplomacy King Milan of Servia.

To provide for all emergencies, Prince Alexander brought his Pirot army up to eighty-five thousand men just after the battle, and the garrison of Widdin was increased (by river) to twenty thousand. These must be considered fine performances for a third-rate and sparsely populated principality, which had practically been established but two months ago. Against these forces Milan could have placed in the field—had the war been continued, and without Austria's



"THE CROSS OF THE BULGARIAN COLUMN MADE A DASHING ASSAULT UPON THE TOWN" (p. 379).

suddenly and incomprehensibly the onward march of his victorious army? Simply that the Viennese Ambassador had intimated to him that if his troops made another step forward on Servian territory Austria would consider herself to be in a state of hostility towards Bulgaria. Thus the latter was robbed of all the benefits of her victories, for a conference of the representatives of the Powers vetoed even the payment

help—no more than thirty-five thousand at Pirot and ten thousand at Widdin. (It is needless to remind the reader that Austria can mobilise a million men within a month.) But the truce was not broken, and the outposts fraternised so cordially that perhaps half of Milan's troops would have refused point blank to resume hostilities against their near kinsmen.

The total cost of this war, which had lasted exactly a fortnight, was about twenty-five thousand men, dead and wounded.

The negotiations occupied the better part of a month. On the 28th December the Timok army retired from the neighbourhood of Widdin across the frontier, and two days later the Bulgarians evacuated Servian territory. Peace was signed in Bucharest on the 1st March, 1886.

The war had one result of which no ill-natured interference could rob the victors : the unity and

independence of Bulgaria was an accomplished fact. And Servia had received a lesson. The echo of the thunder of Slivnitza will sound in her ears for many a year to come, and it is to be hoped that the campaign of 1885 will be the third and last of her wicked wars of aggression.

The name Slivnitza is to-day to the Bulgarians what Sedan is to the Germans, Waterloo to the English, Plevna to the Turks : the symbol of national heroism and supreme sacrifice, the pride of the past, a warning in the present, and a hope for the future.



BULGARIAN BEGGARS.

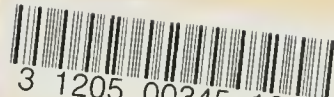
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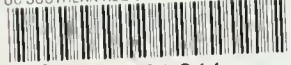
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