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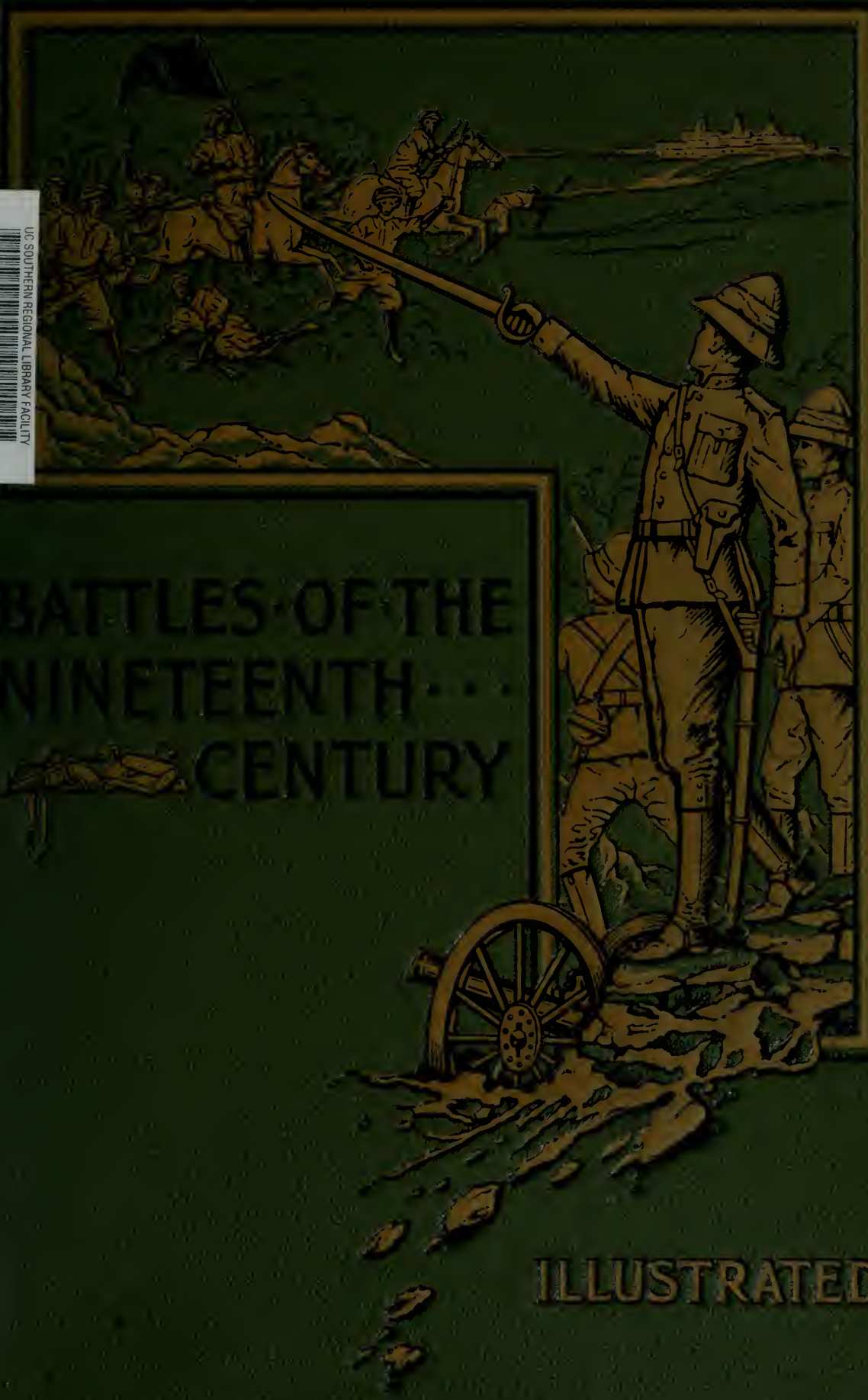


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# BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH... CENTURY



ILLUSTRATED









The Fight for El Caney: The Final Charge of Chaffee's Brigade.

BATTLES  
OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY

VOL. V.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE 'NINETIES

BY

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

SPECIAL EDITION

*WITH COLOURED PLATES AND NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

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# CONTENTS.

## THE RECONQUEST OF THE SOUDAN.

	PAGE
I. THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA . . . . .	1
II. THE SUMMER IN THE SOUDAN . . . . .	25
III. THE PROGRESS OF OTHER EXPEDITIONS IN THE SOUDAN . . . . .	31
IV. THE ADVANCE ON OMDURMAN. . . . .	39

## THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

I. THE OPPOSING FORCES . . . . .	91
II. THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA . . . . .	103
III. THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS . . . . .	110
IV. THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES . . . . .	114
V. COMMODORE DEWEY AND THE BATTLE OF MANILA . . . . .	118
VI. FIGHTS OFF THE CUBAN COAST . . . . .	128
VII. THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN . . . . .	134
VIII. FIRST ATTACKS ON SANTIAGO . . . . .	139
IX. HOBSON AND THE "MERRIMAC" . . . . .	145
X. THE BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO—THE FIRST LANDING IN EASTERN CUBA . . . . .	153
XI. PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION OF EASTERN CUBA . . . . .	166
XII. THE LANDING AND THE FIRST FIGHT . . . . .	175
XIII. THE FIGHT AT LAS GUASIMAS . . . . .	180
XIV. THE FIGHT FOR EL CANEY . . . . .	184
XV. THE FIGHT FOR THE HILL OF SAN JUAN . . . . .	190
XVI. THE AMERICAN ADVANCE CHECKED . . . . .	195
XVII. THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET . . . . .	199
XVIII. THE FALL OF SANTIAGO . . . . .	210
XIX. THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF MANILA . . . . .	219

## THE N.W. FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.

I. THE GENERAL RISING OF 1897 . . . . .	227
II. THE RISING AT THE MALAKAND . . . . .	234
III. HOW CHAKDARA WAS SAVED . . . . .	240
IV. THE MARCH INTO SWAT . . . . .	244

	PAGE
V. THE EXTENSION OF THE RISING . . . . .	247
VI. THE MOHMUND CAMPAIGN . . . . .	253
VII. THE TIRAH EXPEDITION . . . . .	257
VIII. THE TWO FIGHTS AT DARGAI . . . . .	259
IX. THE BATTLE OF THE SAMPAGHA PASS . . . . .	265
X. THE TAKING OF THE ARHANGA PASS AND THE OCCUPATION OF TIRAH . . . . .	268
XI. GUERILLA WARFARE IN TIRAH . . . . .	274
XII. THE CLOSING OPERATIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN . . . . .	280

#### THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR.

I. THE BATTLE OF PING-YANG . . . . .	285
II. THE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR . . . . .	292
III. THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN AND WHAT FOLLOWED . . . . .	301
IV. THE NAVAL ATTACK ON WEI-HAI-WEI . . . . .	305
V. THE SURRENDER OF WEI-HAI-WEI . . . . .	315

#### THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR.

I. THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR AND THE OPPOSING FORCES . . . . .	319
II. THE RAID OF KARYA AND THE FIGHT FOR THE FRONTIER . . . . .	325
III. THE FIGHTING AT VELESTINO . . . . .	339
IV. THE BATTLE OF PHARSALA . . . . .	346
V. THE BATTLE OF VELESTINO AND THE SURRENDER OF VOLO . . . . .	350
VI. THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS . . . . .	353



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Campaign of the Atbara: Sketch Map . . . . .	2	Holes in the Dome of the Mahdi's Tomb . . . . .	83
The Battle of the Atbara: Krupp Guns in Action . . . . .	4	Gordon's Palace in Khartoum in 1884 . . . . .	84
A Bird's-eye View of the Advance . . . . .	5	The Memorial Service within the Ruins of Gordon's Palace at Khartoum . . . . .	25
The Battle of the Atbara: Maxim Nordenfelts Shelling Mahmoud's Zereba . . . . .	6	The late Captain Guy Caldecott, First Royal Warwickshire Regiment . . . . .	87
Plan of the Battle of Atbara . . . . .	7	Neighbourhood of Omdurman . . . . .	88
After the Battle: Inside the Zereba . . . . .	8	Hoisting the British and Egyptian Flags at Khartoum . . . . .	89
After the Battle: the Scene inside the Zereba . . . . .	9	Recruits for U.S. Navy going on board a Recruiting Ship . . . . .	91
Colonel Murray, C.B. . . . .	10	The Air Guns of the "Vesuvius" . . . . .	92
Captain R. C. Urquhart . . . . .	11	"Fighting Bob": Captain Robley Evans . . . . .	94
Bringing back the Wounded . . . . .	12	Commodore Schley . . . . .	95
Mahmoud under Guard . . . . .	13	Admiral Cervera . . . . .	97
The British Camp on the Atbara . . . . .	14	General Nelson A. Miles . . . . .	100
An Operation in Camp . . . . .	15	General Blanco . . . . .	101
Major C. V. F. Townshend . . . . .	16	Lieutenant-General Augustin . . . . .	102
After the Battle: the Burial Service over the Graves of British Soldiers . . . . .	17	The U.S. Battleship "Indiana" . . . . .	103
Egyptian Cavalry Horses in Camp . . . . .	18	Rear-Admiral Sampson . . . . .	104
Brigadier-General Wauchoppe . . . . .	19	Map of Cuba, showing Extent of Blockade . . . . .	105
Mahmoud examining his own Photo . . . . .	20	The Forts and Harbour of Matanzas: Map . . . . .	107
The Sirdar and his Staff welcomed into Berber . . . . .	21	The first Shot of the War . . . . .	108
Brigadier-General Lyttelton . . . . .	23	The U.S. Monitor "Puritan" . . . . .	111
General Sir Francis Grenfell . . . . .	24	Entrance to a Tobacco Plantation near Santiago . . . . .	113
The Hon. Hubert Howard . . . . .	25	Commodore Dewey . . . . .	114
One of the new Screw Gunboats for Khartoum . . . . .	28	Admiral Montojo . . . . .	115
Making the Desert Railway . . . . .	29	The Philippine Islands: Map . . . . .	116
A long Drink . . . . .	30	The U.S. Gunboat "Concord" . . . . .	118
The Camerons marching to the Front . . . . .	32	Battle of Manila Bay . . . . .	119
The Graves of Officers who fell at the Battle of Atbara . . . . .	33	The U.S. Cruiser "Boston" . . . . .	122
A Charge of Dervish Cavalry . . . . .	35	Manila: View towards the Mouth of the River Pasig from the Walls of the old City . . . . .	123
View on the Bahr-el-Ghazal . . . . .	36	The Spanish Cruiser "Velasco" . . . . .	126
King Menelek at the Battle of Adowa . . . . .	37	The Spanish Protected Cruiser "Isla de Luzon" . . . . .	127
Dervish Coat, Sword, and Shield . . . . .	38	The Fight in Cardenas Bay . . . . .	131
The Line of Communications (1898): Map . . . . .	40	U.S. Battleship "Iowa" . . . . .	134
Major Stuart-Wortley . . . . .	41	Harbour and Ports of San Juan, Puerto Rico: Map . . . . .	135
Wooden Tablet: inscribed with a Verse from the Koran . . . . .	42	Harbour of San Juan, Puerto Rico . . . . .	138
After the Battle of Atbara . . . . .	44	The Spanish Armoured Cruiser "Infanta Maria Teresa" . . . . .	139
The Nile from Shendy to Khartoum . . . . .	48	The U.S. Battleship "Texas" . . . . .	142
A Sick Convoy . . . . .	49	The Spanish Armoured Cruiser "Vizcaya" . . . . .	143
The Nile near Khartoum . . . . .	51	Lieutenant Hobson . . . . .	149
Sketch Map showing Extent of Omdurman . . . . .	52	The Harbour of Santiago de Cuba: Map . . . . .	147
Bird's-eye View of Omdurman and its Environs . . . . .	53	The "Merrimac" . . . . .	150
General View of Khartoum in 1884 . . . . .	56	The Sinking of the "Merrimac" at the Entrance of Santiago Harbour . . . . .	151
The Advance of the Anglo-Egyptian Force upon Omdurman . . . . .	57	The U.S. Gunboat "Castine" . . . . .	152
The Sirdar directing the Battle . . . . .	60	General Shafter's Army landing at Daiquiri . . . . .	155
The Dervish Onset . . . . .	61	Sketch Map of the Country near Santiago . . . . .	158
Opening Fire upon the Dervishes . . . . .	64	Getting the Mules ashore at Daiquiri . . . . .	159
An Incident in the Battle: the "Melik" saving the Camel Corps from utter Destruction . . . . .	65	In the U.S. Camp: Field Telephoning . . . . .	164
Officers and attached Officers of 21st Lancers . . . . .	68	In Camp: Tossing Jerry, the Pet of the Regiment . . . . .	165
Lieutenant R. Grenfell (killed in the Charge of the 21st Lancers) . . . . .	69	Bird's-eye View of the U.S. Artillery Encampment . . . . .	166
The Charge of the 21st Lancers . . . . .	72	Fortified House on the Trocha, Cuba . . . . .	168
The Lancers' Charge: an exciting Moment . . . . .	73	Spanish Fort and Watch-tower near Marianas, Cuba . . . . .	169
Movements of the Infantry Brigades at Omdurman: Map . . . . .	74	Cuban Generals and Staff . . . . .	172
The Attack on Macdonald's Brigade . . . . .	76	The Marines holding Camp McCalla, Guantanamo . . . . .	173
A Corner of the Battlefield: a Standard-bearer's Death-grip . . . . .	77	U.S. Surgeon and Aide . . . . .	174
The Bombardment of Omdurman . . . . .	80	Expert Riding by a Member of the New York Volunteers . . . . .	175
The March through Omdurman . . . . .	81		

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt . . . . .	176	Capture of the Arhangas Pass . . . . .	269
Rushing the Spanish Barbed-wire Defences before Santiago	177	The Northampton retiring . . . . .	271
General Black : a Snapshot . . . . .	180	Lieutenant A. H. Macintyre . . . . .	272
The Action at Las Guasimas : Map . . . . .	181	Negotiating with the Chiefs . . . . .	274
General Lawton . . . . .	187	Road-making in Chitral . . . . .	275
The Country between Siboney and Santiago : Map . . . . .	191	Dictating Terms of Peace to the Afridi Chiefs . . . . .	283
Skirmishing near Santiago . . . . .	194		
Skirmishing near Santiago . . . . .	195	Private Hirada scaling the Wall on the North Side of Ping Yang . . . . .	288
Commodore Watson in command of the U.S. Squadron which was to have attacked the Spanish Coast . . . . .	193	The Taking of Ping Yang . . . . .	289
The Naval Battle off Santiago—I. . . . .	199	Plan of the Attack on Ping Yang . . . . .	291
The burning Wreck of the "Maria Teresa" . . . . .	202	View of Port Arthur . . . . .	293
The "Vizcaya" burning on the Rocks . . . . .	203	The Attack on Port Arthur : Sketch Map . . . . .	294
The Naval Battle off Santiago—II. . . . .	206	Single Combat . . . . .	297
The "Almirante Oquendo," as she appeared after running aground . . . . .	207	The Attack on the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb Fort . . . . .	298
After the Surrender: the "Cristobal Colon" sinking. . . . .	207	Lieutenant General Viscount Nodzu . . . . .	302
Diagram showing the Penetrating Power of one of the "Oregon's" Shells . . . . .	209	Admiral Count Saigo . . . . .	304
The Province of Santiago : Map . . . . .	210	The Chinese Battleship "Tsi-yuen" . . . . .	309
General Shafter . . . . .	211	Wei-hai-Wei and its Surroundings . . . . .	307
Sketch Map of the Investment of Santiago . . . . .	213	Wei-hai-Wei: the Fight in the Harbour . . . . .	310
General Pando . . . . .	214	Northern Shan-Tung . . . . .	313
General Linares . . . . .	215	The Japanese Armoured Cruiser "Matsushima" . . . . .	314
U.S. Cruiser "Newark" . . . . .	220	The Chinese Cruiser "Ching-Yuen" . . . . .	315
U.S. Armoured Cruiser "Brooklyn" . . . . .	221	The Chinese Armoured Cruiser "Ping-Yuen" . . . . .	317
General Merritt . . . . .	224		
Aguinaldo . . . . .	225	Some of the English Hospital Nurses of the <i>Daily Chronicle</i> Ambulance who served with the Greek Army . . . . .	319
U.S. Protected Cruiser "Minneapolis" . . . . .	226	Outline Map of the Theatre of War . . . . .	321
		Sketch Map showing the Scene of the Battles on the Thessalian Frontier . . . . .	322
A Group of Waziri Prisoners . . . . .	228	Edhem Pasha . . . . .	323
Sketch Map of the Theatre of War on the N.W. Frontier of India, 1897-1898 . . . . .	229	The Crown Prince Constantine of Greece . . . . .	324
The Village of Sheranni . . . . .	230	Prince Nicholas of Greece . . . . .	325
An Incident in the Tochi Valley Expedition . . . . .	232	Sketch Map showing the Situation at the Beginning and at the End of the Fight for the Frontier . . . . .	326
The Graves of Colonel Bunny and the Officers who died of Wounds received at Maizar . . . . .	233	Captain Lagos and his three Lieutenants . . . . .	327
In View of Kohat . . . . .	236	Hairi Pasha . . . . .	328
The First Attack on Malakand Camp . . . . .	237	General Smolenski . . . . .	329
A Group of Dawaris . . . . .	238	Hamdi Pasha . . . . .	330
N.C.O.'s of the First Sikh Infantry . . . . .	239	Greek Peasant Recruits . . . . .	331
An Afridi N.C.O. . . . .	240	The Opening of the Battle of Mati . . . . .	332
The Relief of Chakdara . . . . .	241	Neshat Pasha . . . . .	334
View on the River Swat . . . . .	243	General Makris . . . . .	335
The Army on the March . . . . .	244	Memdhuk Pasha . . . . .	336
Panoramic View of the Action at Landaki . . . . .	245	Reouf Pasha . . . . .	337
The Royal West Kent Regiment clearing a Mohmund Village . . . . .	248	The Flight from Larissa: "A Snap-shot" . . . . .	338
General Sir W. Lockhart and Lord Methuen . . . . .	252	Greek Irregulars . . . . .	342
General Sir Bindon Blood . . . . .	255	Waiting for the Turks to come within Range . . . . .	343
Map of the Tirah Campaign . . . . .	258	Position on the Eve of Pharsala: Sketch Map . . . . .	345
The Gordon Highlanders charging . . . . .	259	The Turks entering Volo . . . . .	349
Dargai: Sketch Map . . . . .	260	Pharsala after the Turkish Occupation . . . . .	348
Colonel Mathias, C.B. . . . .	263	Velestino and Pharsala Battlefields: Sketch Map . . . . .	349
Gordon Highlanders burying their Dead after Dargai . . . . .	264	Domokos after the Turkish Occupation . . . . .	353
Dorsets attacking the Sampagha Pass . . . . .	266	The Battle of Domokos: Sketch Map . . . . .	355
		The Battle of Domokos from the Greek Side . . . . .	356

## LIST OF PLATES.

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- THE FIGHT FOR EL CANEY: THE FINAL CHARGE OF CHAFFEE'S BRIGADE" *Frontispiece*
- THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS STORMING THE ZEREBA AT THE BATTLE  
OF THE ATBARA . . . . . *To face p. 19*
- THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN: THE DEFENCE OF THE KHALIFA'S STANDARD *To face p. 63*
- THE MARINES AT GUANTANAMO . . . . . *To face p. 157*
- THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR. THE BATTLE OF PING-YANG: A STRUGGLE  
FOR THE OUTLYING FORTS . . . . . *To face p. 287*
- A MOMENTARY GREEK SUCCESS: THE ADVANCE AGAINST THE TURKISH  
RIGHT AT DAMASI . . . . . *To face p. 319*



THE RECONQUEST OF  
THE SOUDAN

THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA

I.—THE SIRDAR'S MARCH TO MEET MAHMOUD.

THE army with which Sir Herbert Kitchener marched to the battle of the Atbara was the strongest and best equipped that had yet been seen following the Egyptian standard on the Upper Nile. If we note here its general organisation it will be easier to follow the story of the fight.

The infantry were divided into four brigades, composed as follows :—

**BRITISH BRIGADE.**—Brigadier-General Gatacre: 1st Cameron Highlanders; 1st Seaforth Highlanders; 1st Lincolnshire; 1st Royal Warwickshire, and six Maxims.

**EGYPTIAN INFANTRY DIVISION.**—General Archibald Hunter (three brigades).

*1st Brigade.*—Brigadier-General H. MacDonald: 2nd Egyptians; 9th, 10th, and 11th Soudanese.

*2nd Brigade.*—Brigadier-General Maxwell: 8th Egyptians; 12th, 13th, and 14th Soudanese.

*3rd Brigade.*—Brigadier-General Lewis: 3rd, 4th, and 7th Egyptians.

The cavalry consisted of eight Egyptian squadrons under Colonel Broadwood. They had with them a battery of Maxim guns on galloping carriages, with teams of mules.

The artillery had four batteries, Captain Young's horse battery of six Krupp guns, and Colonel Long's division of three batteries, each of six 14-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-

firers, representing the very latest development of modern field artillery. All the gunners and most of the officers in these batteries were Egyptians. There was also a detachment of Egyptian gunners, with a 24-pound rocket-tube, under the command of Lieutenant Beatty, R.N. Altogether the Sirdar had about 12,000 men present on the field.

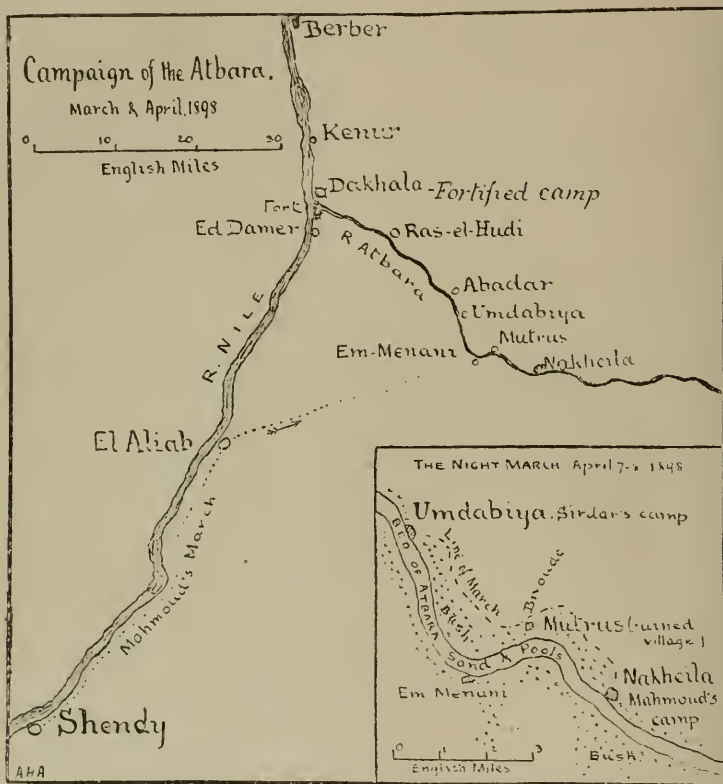
In previous battles the advantage of numbers had been on his side. Here, if Mahmoud had his full force with him, the Dervishes would have three men to every two of the Sirdar's army, and, moreover, they held a strongly entrenched camp. But the Sirdar had the overwhelming advantage given by superior armament and superior training and discipline. The strength of armies cannot be estimated by merely counting heads.

At five on the Thursday evening the infantry began to march out of camp, and, moving to the left of the zereba, formed up on the hard pebbly desert outside the wide belt of thorny scrub. Gatacre's brigade of British infantry and Hunter's division of Egyptian and Soudanese battalions were to march off first. The cavalry were to supply two squadrons to cover their advance. The rest of the mounted troops and the artillery were to follow some hours later, and catch up with the foot soldiers during the night.

As in all the previous marches, the army moved in battle array. The manœuvre had been

well practised in the advance from Kenur to Ras-el-Hudi, and the change of camp to Umdabiya, and officers and men were now accustomed to march in large squares, and deploy rapidly into a fighting line. Maxwell's brigade formed on the right; then in the centre came Macdonald's; Gatacre with the British brigade was on the left. This was regarded as the post of danger and honour, for it was expected that the formidable Dervish cavalry would attempt an

sand rose and drifted over the mass of marching men, and in the cloud the dull grey and brown of the khaki-clad soldiers hardly showed against the dark background of the desert. The track was not quite level, the ground rose and fell slightly. To the left, as the squares topped a low ridge, the horizon seemed endless; to the right the palms that rose out of the riverside scrub stood up black against the sky. Orders were passed in a low voice, and the men tramped



attack on the desert flank. To further strengthen the left, Lewis's Egyptian brigade was kept in reserve just behind it, following about 500 yards after Gatacre's white soldiers. The little army could thus, at the briefest notice, present a front of two brigades (one of them British) to any attack coming from the desert. Two squadrons of cavalry and two companies of the camel corps scouted well out on front and flanks.

At sunset the march began. The twilight of the Soudan is very short, but the rising moon gave some light; nevertheless, though the squares were only some 500 yards apart, it was at times difficult to see one of them from the nearest of the others. Clouds of dust and fine

steadily onward over sand and stone. Away to the right rear the camp fires of Umdabiya blazed redly through the moonlight. The garrison of the zereba had been ordered to light the usual number, as if the whole army was still there, and to keep them up through the night, so as to mislead the Dervish scouts.

About nine the army halted on the desert opposite the ruined village of Mutrus, outside the scrub, and about a mile from the bank of the Atbara. The squares opened up a little, and seated on the sand the men took the supper they had brought in their haversacks. The water-bottles were refilled from tanks brought up on camels. The horses and the mules that carried

reserve ammunition and hospital stores were temporarily unloaded and taken down to the river under escort for a drink, the last they could get till the battle was over. Then, behind the protection of a watchful outpost line, officers and men lay down for a few hours' sleep. While the bivouac was being formed the Sirdar and his staff had paid a brief visit to each of the squares, and assured themselves that all was going well.

There was an alarm in the bivouac of Gatacre's British brigade. A soldier cried out in his sleep, and just at that moment a mule that had pulled his picketing-peg loose came wandering in among the sleeping men. Less causes have produced a panic. As it was, company after company sprang up and grasped their rifles, expecting a Dervish attack. Two battalions were on their feet in half a minute. But the word was passed that all was quiet in front, and the men lay down again.

Meanwhile Broadwood's squadrons, the remaining companies of the camel corps, and the four batteries had started from Umdabiya camp, and were coming up steadily across the desert. At one o'clock on Good Friday morning, without the brisk sound of drum and bugle that is the accustomed *reveillé* of the Egyptian army, the squares were roused from sleep. Word was passed from company to company to rise and fall in, and as the array was being completed the guns and the horsemen came up and took their assigned places, the cavalry on the left of the line, the guns in the intervals of the squares and behind them. Again the march began through the rising dust under the white moonlight. Captain Fitton, of the staff, one of the tallest men in the army, and an expert in desert tracking, showed the way to the directing square. A couple of native guides rode beside him, but he worked, as a sailor would say, by dead reckoning, taking the direction by a compass-bearing, and estimating the distance travelled by time and the known marching speed of the troops. Twice on the way the course had to be changed, so that the problem was not an easy one. But Fitton solved it neatly, and when at last the squares halted, the centre of the army was within two hundred yards of the point previously pricked off on the Sirdar's map.

The distance to be traversed was not great, but in the square formation the men had to

move slowly, and the march seemed very long and wearisome. Almost the only incident that gave variety to these dull hours is thus noted by Mr. Burleigh, who rode with the British brigade: "It was three a.m. when two miles or so off, upon our right, there suddenly sprang up a huge column of bright flame. The beacon continued burning furiously for a few minutes, and then dwindled into a patch of red light. Whether it was a signal-fire, or a group of dom-palms carelessly ignited by some Dervish patrol, none could truly say. The general opinion was that the pillar of fire was a Dervish fire-warning to Mahmoud of our approach. But why a bonfire, when his scouts could, without letting us know, have ridden into his camp and privately warned him? It was felt that it did not, after all, much matter whether the enemy was warned or not." What this pillar of fire was remains still a mystery. According to Mahmoud's own account, he knew nothing of the Sirdar's approach till five in the morning, when one of his scouts rode in with the startling news that the Anglo-Egyptian army was in battle array within a mile of his fortified camp.

At a quarter to four, as the leading squares topped one of the low flat-backed ridges of the desert, there came in sight out in front a scattered line of red spots and blurs of light. These were the Dervish camp-fires burning low. They seemed very far away, but Captain Fitton's calculation, which proved correct, was that they were just a mile and a half distant. So the order was again passed to halt and lie down, and the army waited for the dawn, many sleeping quietly beside their arms, others too anxiously excited to close their eyes.

During this halt the Sirdar again visited every brigade and battery. It is his way to see for himself that all is as he wishes it should be, and he is one of those unwearying men who seem able to work without sleep. In its march the army had made a half-wheel to the right, and now faced eastward, with the enemy's camp between it and the river. About five the first grey touch of dawn began to show, and the men stood to their arms. Then the welcome order came, and the line began to advance slowly and steadily over the undulating ground that lay in its front. The sun would soon rise behind it, and, with the sunrise, would come battle and victory.



THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA: KRUPP GUNS IN ACTION.

## II.—THE BATTLE.

**M**AHMOUD had chosen the position for his camp very skilfully. It was so placed that it was sheltered by rising ground from distant fire. Its rear rested on the river, and was surrounded by dense thickets of thorny sunt-bushes and dom-palms with a tangled undergrowth. On the desert side the bush was thinner. The camp itself was surrounded by a zereba of desert thorn, piled up and twisted together, so that in places it was ten feet high and twenty feet across. Inside this was a second line of stockades and shelter trenches. Ten guns were mounted in pits on this inner line. When it was passed there was a labyrinth of trenches, rifle-pits, bomb-proof shelters, mud-huts, and straw tukkuls. The camp, irregularly shaped, was about 1,200 yards across. It was crowded with men and animals, and in many of the pits camels, donkeys, mules, and horses were tethered. It must have been a very uncomfortable place to live in. The Dervish cavalry appear to have been camped outside of it, away to the right of the position.

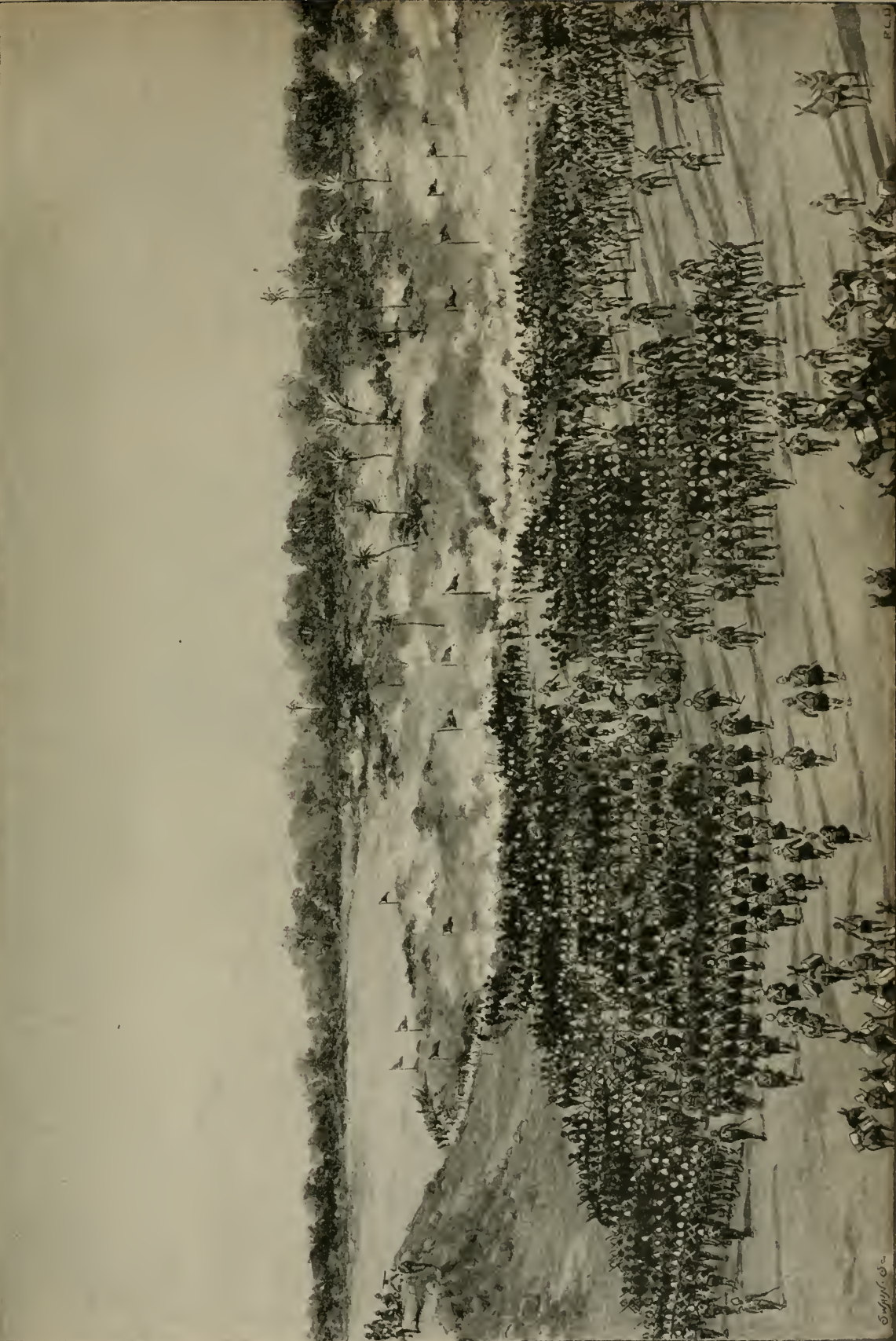
When Mahmoud heard that the Sirdar's army was approaching he mounted his horse and rode round his lines to see that everyone was at the post assigned to him. This done, he dismounted and took shelter in an underground bomb-proof in the middle of the central citadel of the camp. He afterwards protested against the idea that he had shown any want of courage in choosing this

position. He had made all the arrangements for the defence, he said, and there was nothing more for him to do.

Meanwhile the Anglo-Egyptian army had formed in line of battle, and advanced to the top of a gravelly ridge, barely six hundred yards from the zereba, and halted as it came clearly in sight at this close range. An undulating surface of sand and stones, with tufts of coarse, dry grass, extended to the Dervish position, and among the palms and along the edge of the camp could be seen crowds of the enemy with their banners flying, pennons of blue and white, yellow and brown, with Arabic inscriptions—words from the Koran that were supposed to be talismans of victory. The Mahdist cavalry had mounted, and were trotting out into the desert to the right, watched by Broadwood's squadrons. The great zereba hedge, of which so much had been heard, looked like a grey-green wall running through the scrub under the palms.

The Sirdar's battle-line was a little over three-quarters of a mile long from left to right. The squares had deployed into fighting formation, the two-deep line, shoulder to shoulder, that will never again be seen on a European battle-field, but which was the best to use against a half-savage enemy, whose fire was always wild and high, and could not inflict much loss, even on troops advancing in serried ranks. Gatacre's British regiments were in front on the left. The Camerons, Seaforth's, and Lincoln's stood in line,





F. C. J.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1914.

each with two companies held back in reserve. The two Highland regiments made a brave show, the dark tartans of their kilts being the one bit of colour in the long array of khaki-clad soldiery. Behind the Cameron left, ready to guard the exposed flank from a Dervish rush, the Warwickshire men stood drawn up in column of companies. To the right of Gatacre's brigade two batteries of artillery, twelve guns, unlimbered, and waited ready to open fire. Then came the centre formed by MacDonald's splendid Soudanese regiments, men who had for the most part once marched under the Dervish banner, but who were now trained to fight the battles of Egypt and England, and had given proof of their valour and loyalty on many a hard-fought field. There

army. A little to its front, and just clear of the line, two more batteries were in position.

In rear of the centre were two companies of the camel corps. Behind the right of Gatacre's brigade Lewis's brigade of three Egyptian battalions was held in reserve, formed in square, with the water-laden camels, reserve ammunition and hospital transport in its centre. Its special mission was to help the Warwicks in case of a flank attack from the left. With the same object in view Broadwood kept his cavalry well out on the same flank, about a thousand yards away on the open desert. He had his Maxim battery with him, and early in the day he detached one squadron to guard the other flank. But the chief danger was on the left, for there, away



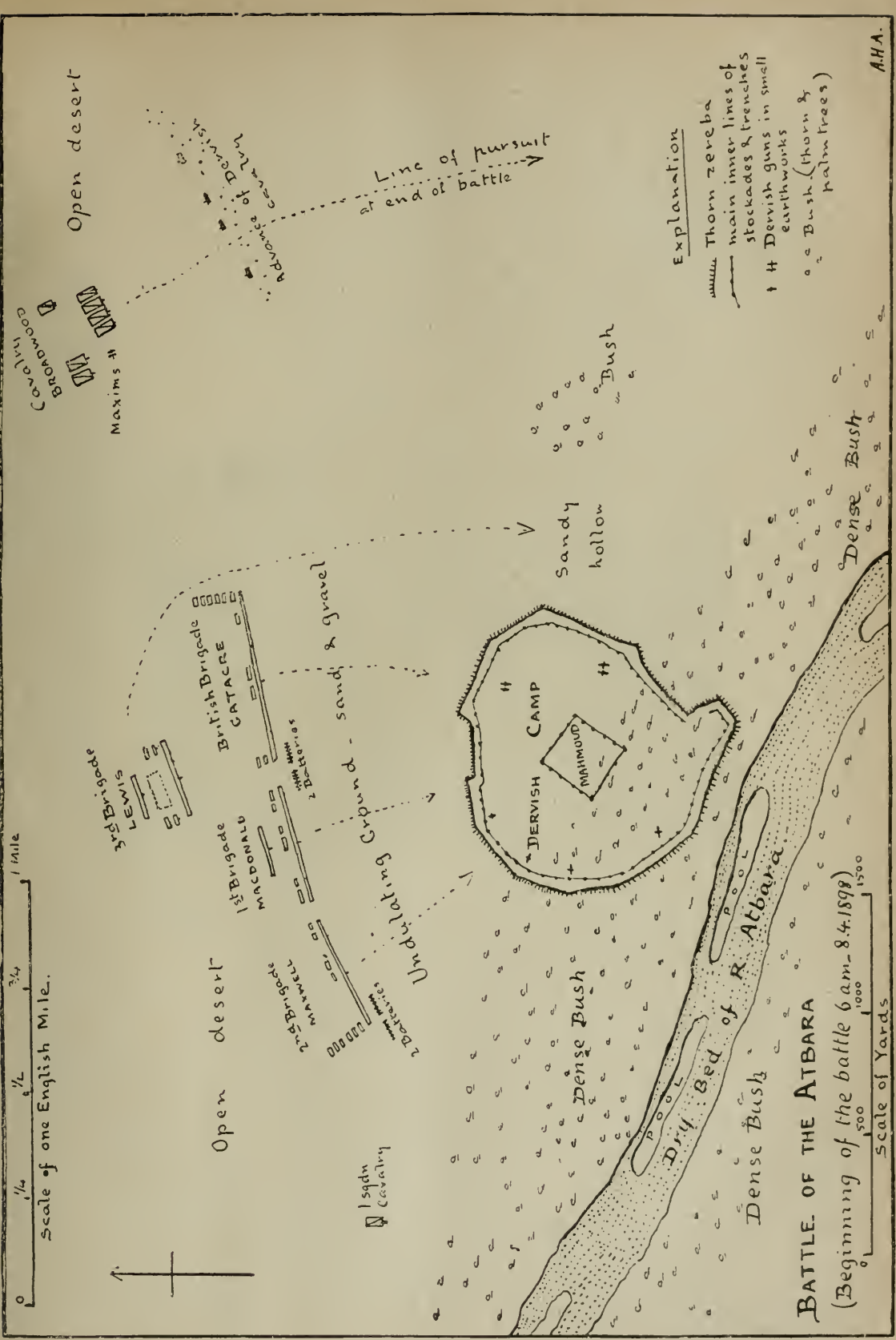
THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA: MAXIM-NORDENFELDT'S SHELLING MAHMOUD'S ZEREBÄ.

were the 11th, 10th, and 9th Soudanese, the best of the black regiments, each with two companies in the front line, and four more in column behind them, ready to join when the moment came in the rush for the zereba. In reserve behind them the 2nd Egyptian infantry were drawn up in a long line. On the right of the whole stood Maxwell's brigade, its front formed by three more Soudanese battalions, newer in formation than MacDonald's, and with a shorter record, but all eager to show that they were as good fighting men as the older regiments. Maxwell had more ground at his disposal than his comrade in the centre, so he had drawn up each of his battalions with four companies in line in front, and two more in reserve behind. His right was guarded by an Egyptian battalion, formed in column of companies, like the Warwicks, on the other flank. This post of honour was given to the 8th Egyptians, one of the regiments that is entirely officered by natives. Its commander was one of the veteran Turkish officers of the Egyptian

towards the river, the mass of Dervish horsemen could be half seen through the dense clouds of sand and dust that rose around them as they moved up from the river. The Sirdar's red flag flew from a knoll behind the centre, where he stood with his staff grouped around him. Away to the left, in the centre of the British brigade, another flag was flying, the Union Jack, marking General Gatacre's position.

There were a few anxious silent minutes while the two armies gazed at each other, waiting for the sound of the first shot. The Dervishes were moving about like the black dots on a disturbed ant-hill, and some of the veterans who looked on from the Sirdar's line expected to see them rush out with their banners in front, in the old Dervish fashion, trusting to sword and spear. But any such move on their part would have been destruction, as was proved a few months later in the great fight before Omdurman.

Exactly at a quarter past six the Sirdar gave



Scale of one English Mile.

0 1/16 1/8 1/4 1/2 1 mile

**BATTLE OF THE ATBARA**  
 (Beginning of the battle 6 am. 8.4.1898)

Scale of Yards

0 500 1000 1500

Open desert

Cavalry  
 Artillery  
 Maxim's

3rd Brigade  
 Lewis  
 British Brigade  
 ARTABE  
 2nd Brigade  
 MANNERS  
 1st Brigade  
 MANNERS  
 2nd Brigade  
 MANNERS  
 1st Brigade  
 MANNERS  
 2nd Brigade  
 MANNERS

JERVISCH CAMP  
 MAHMOUD  
 DENSE BUSH  
 SANDY HOLLOW

Advance of Dervish Cavalry  
 Line of pursuit at end of battle

Explanation

- Thorn zereba
- main inner lines of stockades & trenches
- † Dervish guns in small earthworks
- o = Bush (thorn & palm trees)

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA

A.H.A.

the word to his artillery commander, Colonel Long, to begin the bombardment of the enemy's camp, which was to prepare the way for the assault. The first shot was fired from the horse battery, and as the gun boomed over the desert the other batteries in turn opened fire. The first shell had burst well inside the zereba, and as it exploded the Dervishes disappeared into their trenches and shelters. It looked for awhile as if the camp was suddenly deserted. The shells crashed into it or exploded just in front of the zereba, and sent their deadly shower of shrapnel bullets to search the cover within. Lieutenant Beatty brought his rocket-tube out in front of the British brigade, and the heavy

But meanwhile the Dervish cavalry had attempted a charge. Some horsemen had left the zereba and joined them when the artillery opened fire, and then out of the cloud of dust appeared the Mahdist spearmen galloping towards the British left in a confused, irregular mass. Broadwood brought his Maxims into action, and the enemy's cavalry turned and rode back into the palms with many riderless horses following them, while the desert slope on which they had advanced was dotted with fallen men and horses. Once again, a little later, they showed outside the palms, again the deadly machine guns drove them back, and they left the field, riding away under cover of the belt of



AFTER THE BATTLE : INSIDE THE ZEREBE

rockets went roaring into the zereba. Here and there a straw hut went up in bright flame. Showers of flying *débris* showed how thoroughly the shells were doing their work of destruction, but still the Dervishes did not answer even with a rifle-shot. Now and then the field-glass showed a black face peering over the zereba or a daring Dervish walking from point to point among the shower of fire and steel. They were brave men who thus waited quietly in the crowded camp, biding their time to resist the inevitable assault of which all this was the prelude. The loss of life must have been awful, but the only sign they gave was, after the first half hour, when as if impatient of inactivity a few rifle-shots were fired from time to time from the zereba. The bullets mostly whistled harmlessly overhead. Only one gunner was hit, and fell wounded as he served his gun.

palms and scrub along the Atbara. With their retirement the danger of a flank attack was over, and except for the gunners there was nothing to do but to wait and watch the merciless bombardment of Mahmoud's desert fortress.

When the artillery fire had lasted for nearly an hour and a half and some 1,400 shells and some dozens of rockets had burst in the Dervish camp, the Sirdar judged that enough had been done to prepare the way for the decisive assault. He rode along the line to say a last word to his brigadiers and to make sure that all were ready for the great effort that was to secure the victory. Officers and men, whites and blacks, were all eagerness and enthusiasm. General Hunter and MacDonal and Maxwell rode out in front of the two Soudanese brigades. General Gatacre and the other leaders had sent away their horses and stood ready to charge on foot, Gatacre in front



AFTER THE BATTLE: THE SCENE INSIDE THE ZERERA

265

of the Camerons, who now formed in a long line to lead the British attack. The Sirdar and his staff took their station on a gravelly knoll about nine hundred yards from the enemy, where they would have a good view of the whole. Then the artillery ceased firing, and a sudden hush fell upon the field.

It was only for a moment, for now the bugles rang out sharp and clear, sounding the advance, and as the three brigades strode forward a great burst of sound heralded their march. From the left came the stirring bugle-notes of the English regiments and the wild battle-music of the Highland pipes. The bands of the Khedive's regiments joined in, and a cheer ran down the line, the yells of the Soudanese mingling with the British hurrahs. Steadily the line came on, as evenly dressed as if it was not a battle but some grand review. Bang, bang, went a couple of brass cannon from the front of the zereba, but the ill-aimed shells flew high and buried themselves harmlessly in the desert. These were the only cannon-shots the Dervishes fired throughout the day. But as if the cannon had given the signal, their rifles opened from trench and zereba hedge, at first a pattering, scattered fire, and then a rising roar of musketry. For the most part the bullets went high, sending up showers of dust from the bare desert far in rear of the advancing line. But a few found a billet. Some of Lewis's men were hit waiting in reserve. Some of the Soudanese dropped and were borne to the rear by the ready stretcher-parties. One of the Lincolns rolled over dead, the first of the British brigade to fall.

And now the line halted and sent a shower of well-aimed bullets into the front line of the Dervish works. Then on again with the same steady march. So, halting a moment to fire, then moving forward, the three brigades closed rapidly on the enemy. When the space between

the front of the attack and the zereba had diminished to something less than two hundred yards there was a last halt, and a perfect storm of fire was poured into the Dervishes. The Maxims and the guns, which had been left behind by the advance, galloped up and came into action at point-blank range. Through the tornado of fire the Mahdist riflemen answered back as best they could, and then the whistles of the officers sounded shrill, calling for the fire to cease, and pipe and bugle rang out the charge.

In front of the kilted Camerons, with the Union Jack flying close beside him, Gatacre ran on, sword in hand, the hedge of bayonets and claymores coming on after him in an unbroken line. In the centre Hunter was cheering on the black battalions, riding recklessly into the Dervish fire, with his sword still sheathed, but waving his helmet in his right hand. MacDonald and Maxwell rode to right and left of him, all three escaping as if by a miracle the high-flying bullets from the trench in front. It was a race between black and white as to who should be first among the enemy, and to their honour, be it said, the black soldiers won the race, though by the shortest of lengths.



COLONEL MURRAY, C.B. (WOUNDED IN THE ATTACK).

(Photo by Marshall Wane, Edinburgh.)

The 11th Soudanese, led by Jackson, simply threw themselves into and over the bristling hedge of thorns, trampling it down and bounding with levelled bayonets on the spearmen behind.

But it was only a moment before the Camerons were in, further left. Gatacre had been first at the zereba. Heedless of the shots fired at him at closest range, he seized a huge branch and began to pull it away. Right and left of him other strong hands were busy with the same work, their comrades firing between and over them, to keep the Dervish defenders at bay. As the zereba came to pieces a Dervish rifleman levelled his Remington close up to the General's head. Without letting go his hold of the bushes or ceasing in his work,

Gatacre called to the nearest of his comrades, Private Cross, to give the Dervish the bayonet, and before the shot could be fired the rifleman fell back, run through the chest by the stalwart Cameron's steel. And now Highlanders and Lincolns went pouring in through the gaps they had torn in the zereba. All the while from the hedge, from a stockade within, from trenches and pits, the Mahdist riflemen poured in the hottest fire that had ever been faced by British troops in the Soudan. The loss had been heavy, but everyone felt that once the barriers were passed and it was a matter of hand-to-hand fighting the balance would be turned, and the loss would be on the other side. But let us not forget that this fight inside the zereba at the Atbara river was a fair trial of arms between Mahmoud's fanatic warriors and the Sirdar's British, Soudanese, and Egyptian regulars. Quick-firing guns and repeating-rifles reduce a fight in the open with barbarians to something very like a battue. But it is otherwise when it comes to a struggle at close quarters with cold steel, spear against bayonet. If anything, the lightly-clad Dervish, armed with his broad-bladed spear and unencumbered by belts, accoutrements and a load of cartridges, is in slightly better condition for fighting than the regular soldier, whose spear is a bayonet fixed on the clumsy shaft provided by a heavy rifle. And in this trial of strength both British and Egyptian infantry proved themselves "first-rate fighting men."

Of the individual deeds of valour done by the black troops the correspondents have noted very little, but as to how the British brigade did its work, how our men fought and fell, we have abundant detail in the despatches from the journalists who watched the fight, and in letters home from officers and men. Mahmoud's camp was a strangely-complicated network of defences, and the passing of the zereba hedge was but the

beginning of the close fight. Just inside, Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, who carried Gatacre's flag, was hit above the knee by a large bullet from an elephant rifle, and fell seriously wounded. Another sergeant took up the Union Jack and again displayed it. The flag certainly drew a heavy fire from the Dervishes—it was torn by three bullets, and many of the Camerons who fell were struck near it. Considering that there is an order in our army that regimental colours are not to be carried in battle on account of the way in which they attract fire, it seems doubtful policy to have put a conspicuous flag on this occasion in the very front of the attack. No doubt it was an inspiring sight to those who followed it, but does anyone suppose that the Camerons would not have charged as bravely and as well even if there had been no banner flying beside their general?

In the rush over the inner stockade and trench two of their captains were killed. Captain Findlay, a giant in size and strength, had leaped the trench in front of his company, using his sword and revolver at once, when he was shot dead by a Dervish in a rifle-pit beyond. Close by, Captain Urquhart, at the

head of the next company, had his helmet knocked off by a bullet, and the next moment fell, shot through the body by a rifleman who stood only a few feet from him. The Dervish was instantly bayoneted. Urquhart was still living, though mortally wounded. His men stopped to raise him up, but he told them to leave him lying where he was. "Never mind me, my lads," he said; "go on, Company F." These were his last words. General Gatacre, sword in hand, was fighting hard in the midst of the struggling crowd of Dervishes and Highlanders. One of the enemy tried to spear him, but the General parried the broad blade and ran the Mahdist through.

Beyond the stockade the battle became a



CAPTAIN R. C. URQUHART (KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA).

(Photo: Milne, Turriff, N.B.)

series of desperate fights with groups and bands of Dervishes, who fought to the death in the labyrinth of trenches, gun-pits, huts, tents, and straw shelters that filled the inner part of the camp. Bullets were used as well as bayonets, the men firing at close quarters into the Dervishes, and as all were converging on the centre of the camp the fire of Gatacre's and MacDonald's brigades crossed, and those who pressed furthest forward ran some risk of being shot by their comrades to left or right. There was a further danger of men stumbling and struggling over trenches and obstacles and

low with a bullet in the leg, and a sergeant (Malone) was killed on the spot with a shot through his head. Colonel Murray, of the Seaforths, received a ball from a smooth-bore gun in his left elbow, and Lieutenant Gore, of the same regiment, was killed. Two captains and two other lieutenants of the same gallant regiment fell in the *mêlée*—Captain Baillie mortally wounded by a bullet that shattered the bone of his left leg; Captain Maclachlan stabbed with a spear. Lieutenants Thomson and Vandeleur were less severely wounded. The sergeant-major of the regiment, Mackay, had a narrow escape:



BRINGING BACK THE WOUNDED.

fighting as they went, stabbing each other by accident with their bayonets.

During the advance through the zereba it was important, as far as possible, to keep an even line, and here the eagerness of the Soudanese was the chief difficulty for their leaders. "The noise was deafening," wrote one of the officers; "one's whole time was taken up watching the men and catching hold of them and pulling them back. One has no time to see much of what goes on in front, and there is no question of having to lead the men on: they have to be beaten back."

Colonel Verner, of the Lincolns, had a narrow escape. As he led his men across the inner trench a bullet, striking sideways, tore his lip. Painful as the wound was, he pressed on, sword in hand. Another bullet cut away his helmet strap and grazed his cheek. Close beside him one of his officers, Lieutenant Boxer, was laid

his kilt was torn with a spear as he leaped the stockade. He turned and shot his assailant with his revolver. But narrow escapes were occurring on all sides. One of the most curious was that of a soldier who saw lying on the ground inside the stockade a small brass box. He picked it up and pocketed it, thinking it would be useful as a match-box. The next moment he was nearly knocked down by a Dervish bullet, which had hit and flattened itself on the brass box.

Some of the escapes seem to have been due to the hopelessly bad quality of the gunpowder in the Dervish cartridges. Thus Piper Mackenzie, of the Seaforths, was hit no less than six times. His uniform was torn, and he was bruised in several places, but had not a single wound. Less fortunate was Piper Stewart, of the Camerons, the piper of F Company which brave Urquhart had led so well. While the men were attacking one of the inner barricades, Stewart sprang upon





MAHMOUD UNDER GUARD.

NOTE.—The illustration reproduced in the illustration is from Mahmoud's autograph on the original photograph.

an isolated mound of earth, playing with all his might the "March of the Cameron Men." A Dervish volley was fired at him, and he fell dead, riddled with bullets.

No less dash and pluck was shown by the Soudanese battalions and their leaders, black and white. Major Townshend, of the 12th Soudanese, the heroic defender of Chitral fort, had been on the sick list the day before, but he

had their helmets pierced by bullets, and the third had his revolver holster torn. The purely Egyptian regiments had not been given such a prominent place in the attack as the Soudanese blacks, but they took their fair share in completing the victory. On the right the 8th battalion came to close quarters with the Dervishes on the west side of the camp. On the other flank Lewis dashed forward with two



THE BRITISH CAMP ON THE ATBARA.

insisted on leading his regiment into battle, and in the rush for the zereba was well out before them, his revolver in one hand and a heavy stick in the other. "Bravo, Townshend!" shouted Hunter, as he saw him going in through the hedge of thorns. Of the five white officers of the battalion three were hit. Major Jackson's battalion (the 11th) had the high honour of winning the race for the zereba and being first in. Their loss was the heaviest in the whole army—108 killed and wounded out of a fighting strength of less than 700. Major Walter, of the 9th battalion, and Major Shekeiton, of the 14th, were wounded at the head of their men. In one regiment, of the three white officers two

of his Egyptian battalions, swept round Gatacre's flank, and pushed through the bush down to the river, driving a mass of the Mahdists before him whom he caught trying to retire under cover of the dense scrub.

Here and there in the camp there was a small earthwork fort containing one or two brass cannon and forty or fifty Dervishes. Each of these had to be attacked and stormed separately with the bayonet. In the midst of all, on a rising knoll of gravelly ground, there was a kind of central citadel—a square enclosure defended with a trench and stockade of hard sunt wood logs. It was manned by some of the bravest of the Baggaras, and they met the first rush of



AN OPERATION IN CAMP.

FD

British and Soudanese with a withering fire at close quarters. Even when they were driven out they retired slowly and doggedly. "Some of these Baggara were splendid," wrote a British officer. "They got out of the trenches, shook their rifles in your face, and then turned and walked slowly away, not trying to hurry." Here some of the heaviest loss of the day occurred. There was a check, but it was only for a moment. Heedless of danger and death, the Sirdar's men, black and white, mingled together, leaped and scrambled over the barrier, and then rifle and bayonet began their deadly work again.

was meanwhile trying to get across the river. But the volleys of Lewis's battalions swept them down. They fell in heaps in the sandy hollow and along the margins of the shining pools in the river bed. Some reached the shelter of the scrub on the west bank, and tried to gain the desert beyond. But now Broadwood's squadrons and the camel corps dashed forward, crossed the river above the camp, and, gaining the open desert, charged the fugitives, spearing and shooting those who fought and gathering a crowd of prisoners who threw down their arms.

Less fortunate were those of the fugitives who



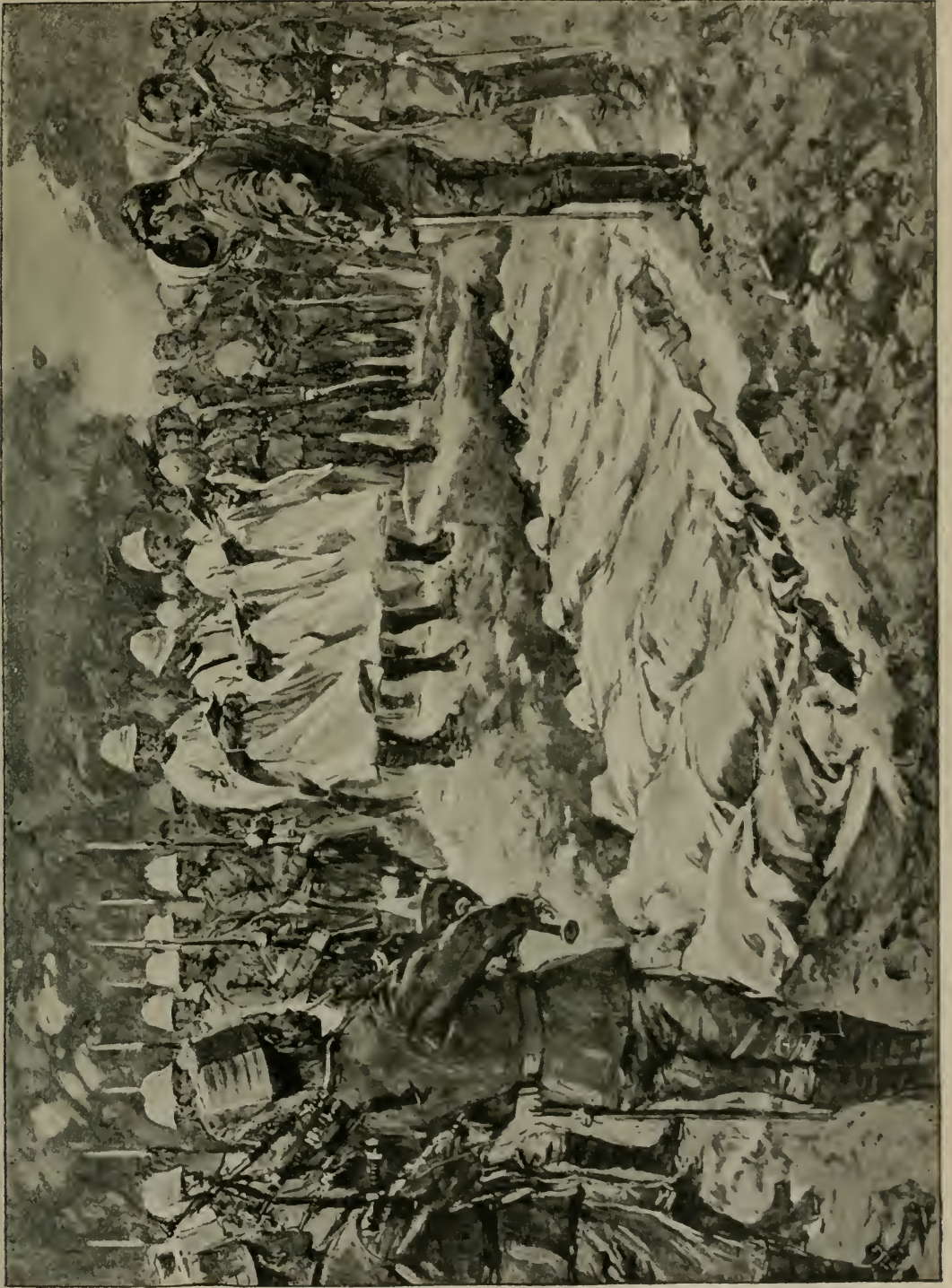
MAJOR C. V. F. TOWNSHEND.

(Photo: Bourne & Shepherd, India.)

And now the battle was all but over. It was hardly twenty minutes since the charge had begun, and as the rush of bayonets swept through and round Mahmoud's central citadel, the dogged resistance of the Dervishes ceased. What was left of them was driven over the work at the back of the camp and into the bed of the Atbara. Still even so, desperate knots of men held out in isolated huts and underground shelters. Some refused quarter, because in their fanatic fury they preferred to die fighting. Others did not believe in the sincerity of the victors, and expected, if they laid down their arms, to be slaughtered in cold blood—treated, in fact, as they themselves would have dealt with the prisoners of a lost battle. So there was yet some wild work before the camp was cleared of the enemy. The mass of the defeated Dervishes

were hunted down by the Jaalin friendlies. Out on flank and rear of the Sirdar's line a crowd of them had eagerly watched the fight, and now with a yell of triumph they joined in the pursuit. They had the massacre of Metemneh to avenge, and they made no prisoners. Cold steel and shot put an end to all the fugitive Dervishes they overtook.

In the central fort of the zereba some soldiers of the 10th Soudanese approached a hut, which was half excavated underground—one of the numerous Dervish bomb-proofs. As they came up an emir rushed out, and was shot down as he ran. He was afterwards recognised as the Emir Seniussi, Mahmoud's second in command. As the Soudanese closed in upon the entrance to the shelter, a boy appeared at the door, holding up his hand and begging for quarter for himself



AFTER THE BATTLE: THE FUNERAL SERVICE OVER THE GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

and his master. An officer, pushing through the crush, assured him that life would be spared now the battle was won, and then out of the hut came a tall man in a handsomely-worked jibba, who threw down his weapons and was promptly seized by the soldiers. He was no less a personage than the Emir Mahmoud, the Khalifa's cousin and commander-in-chief of the enemy's army.

And now while the pursuit rolled across the Atbara and over the desert beyond, and while the last shots were fired here and there in the zereba, British and Soudanese gave vent to their excitement in loud cheers, the black and white soldiers shaking hands and holding up helmets

and tarbushes on their bayonets. It was in the midst of this scene of mutual congratulations that the Sirdar at the head of his staff rode into the zereba. He was greeted with a new outburst of enthusiastic cheers. The battle had ended in a complete victory. The British and the Khedival regiments had met the Dervishes hand to hand on their own ground, and utterly routed and destroyed them. Mahmoud was a prisoner, and all that was left of his army was a panic-stricken crowd fleeing for their lives. The fight on the Atbara had done much more than put an end to the Dervish advance on the Upper Nile. It had opened the way to Omdurman and Khartoum.



EGYPTIAN CAVALRY HORSES IN CAMP.





THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS STORMING THE ZAREBA AT THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA.



### III.—AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE interior of the zereba presented a terrible spectacle. Densely crowded with men and animals, it had been exposed for more than an hour to a heavy bombardment, and after that, had been the scene of a desperate hand-to-hand fight in which some thousands were engaged. From side to side it was heaped and strewn with dead and wounded men and animals. There were dozens of camels and donkeys that had been killed by the bursting shells as they lay tied down in the trenches. Some twenty black soldiers were found lying dead, chained together in the foremost trench. They were probably men whose allegiance to the Khalifa was doubtful, and Mahmoud had thus set them in the front of the battle to die. Other men were secured in their places

by forked sticks fastened to their necks. Still further proof of the grim methods by which the Emir Mahmoud ruled his followers was to be found in a row of six severed heads fixed on posts in the north part of the camp. Just in front of it an Egyptian soldier lay dead with his head, hands, and feet cut off. His accoutrements showed that he was a cavalryman who had been missing since the last reconnaissance before the battle.

Over three thousand Dervish dead were counted in and around the camp and on the ground opposite it on the other side of the Atbara. Mahmoud's clerk, who had been made prisoner at Shendy, went over the field with a staff-officer and identified many of the slain Dervish Emirs. Among them was Mohammed Wad Bishara, who had been the Mahdist

commander-in-chief in the campaign of 1896, and had been wounded at Hafir; Mohammed Zaki, lately the Dervish governor of Berber; Bishara Redi, who had been ruler of the western Soudan; and Wad Ussul, the chief of the great Shaiggiyeh tribe. The Emir Osman Digna had been in command of the part of the camp nearest the Atbara, and he added one more to a long list of escapes by getting away safe and sound and crossing the desert to Khartoum with a band of fugitives.

A great quantity of spears, swords, and rifles, with many banners and war-drums and ten brass cannon, were found in the camp. The firearms were mostly Remingtons, but there was a miscellaneous collection of sporting weapons, from fowling-pieces up to heavy elephant-rifles, some of them firing

explosive bullets. There was a large supply of cartridges for the rifles and shells for the guns, and it was curious that Mahmoud made so feeble an attempt to use his artillery. Several earthen pots full of gunpowder and stones and fitted with chimney fuses were buried in the ground just outside his central citadel. One or two of these mines had gone off, without, however, doing any serious damage. The plan of using these miniature mines had doubtless been suggested by someone who remembered Gordon's very effective use of them in his long defence of Khartoum.

The number of prisoners was increasing every minute as the cavalry and Lewis's brigade sent in those they had gathered on the other side of the Atbara. Mahmoud, the chief prize of the day, was brought before the Sirdar. He



BRIGADIER-GENERAL COLONEL A. G.  
WAUCHOPE.

(Photo: T. Hoeseburg, Edinburgh.)

maintained a sullen, defiant attitude, and at first seemed to expect to be put to death by the victors. "Why have you come into my territory to burn and to kill?" asked the Sirdar. "I am a soldier, and I have to obey the Khalifa's orders without question, just as you have to obey the Khedive's." Asked where his colleague, Osman Digna, was, he replied that he did not know, but he thought he had gone off with the cavalry early in the day. He seemed to bear not

believe, too, that this heavy loss does not represent the full total of wounded. The return is made so carefully in the case of a British regiment that a large number of slightly wounded are counted into the regimental loss. But the Soudanese, unless he is badly hit or cut, has a liking for doctoring himself, and will not trouble the dressing station or the ambulance for what is rightly counted as a wound, though a slight one. The result is sometimes disastrous, for



MAHMOUD EXAMINING HIS OWN PHOTO.

much good-will towards his comrade, and afterwards, in conversation, attributed the failure of his plan of campaign to his having listened to the bad advice of Osman Digna.

The work of searching and clearing the captured camp was assigned to a battalion and a squadron of the Egyptian army. The first effort was directed towards saving the wounded. The loss of the Anglo-Egyptian army had been heavy considering that it was nearly all the work of about a quarter of an hour's fighting. The Egyptian army lost fifty-one killed and 319 wounded, the latter figure including two battalion commanders—Major Walter of the 9th Soudanese, and Major Shekleton of the 14th. Many

his rough-and-ready treatment makes a serious injury out of a mere graze or scratch. One very competent observer among the correspondents gave it as his opinion that the loss in wounded among the Khedive's regiments was nearer five hundred than four. The list of the 11th battalion, enumerating over a hundred killed and wounded, shows how hotly they had been engaged. The half-savage recklessness of the men did something to increase their losses, the British regiments using their rifle-fire with better effect to keep down the deadly fire of the Dervishes from the zereba and the inner stockades.

The Camerons, who led the British attack, fired on an average thirty-four cartridges per man.



THE SIRDAR AND HIS STAFF WELCOMED INTO BERBER.

Of course the leading companies must have fired many more. The total loss of the British brigade was twenty-one killed and ninety wounded. The Camerons contributed to this total no less than sixteen killed and thirty-five wounded. As has been already remarked, the loss would have been heavier if the Dervish ammunition had not been so bad. Many men had their clothes torn, or were bruised by bullets, which flattened on their dress or accoutrements, or glanced in striking them. One of the most curious cases was that of Corporal Laurie of the Seaforths, whose letter home, describing his numerous narrow escapes, went the round of the papers.

"Before I entered the zereba," he wrote, "I was not struck, but shortly after a bullet took off the toe of my left shoe without hitting my foot, the shoe being a size too big for easy marching and sleeping at night. Then my bayonet was struck and bent over at a right angle. Then a shot went through my sleeve, near my left wrist, tearing two holes, but not hurting myself. Then my rifle was struck while I was loading, the bullet splintering the butt, and being stopped by an iron bolt which it met. This bullet would certainly have gone right into my body but for my rifle being there. Then a nigger in a trench let drive at me with a spear, missed my ribs by an inch, and split up my haversack. A bullet then grazed the back of my hand just enough to make it bleed. When I reached the river bank, which was nearly perpendicular, a shot came from the bottom, about twenty feet below, and a little to the left, which caused the wound I am supposed to have got. [Corporal Laurie evidently means the wound which gave him a place on the list of casualties.] It was so curious that I was paraded before the General. It entered through the lid of my right ammunition pouch, which was open, went into my right coat pocket, smashing a penknife and two pencils, tore four holes in my shirt, made a surface wound two or three inches long on my left breast, and came out near my left shoulder through my coat and ammunition-pouch braces. In the afternoon I strolled over to the field hospital and got a piece of dressing on, and it has never troubled me since."

In the afternoon the British dead were buried in a wide trench dug in the palm belt to the north of the enemy's camp. The Sirdar and General Gatacre with their staff officers were present. Most of the dead were Presbyterians, so the greater part of the service was read by the

Presbyterian chaplain, the Anglican and Roman Catholic chaplains also offering prayer. There was no firing party, but a guard of honour presented arms, and the pipers of the Camerons and Seaforths played a Highland lament.

The wounded were placed on stretchers, which were carried by parties of Egyptian soldiers to Umdabiya. Then lighters, covered in with wood and canvas roofs, were towed up the Atbara, and conveyed the wounded down to the Nile. The worst cases were treated in the large base hospital at Dakhala, the rest were sent on by boat and train to Wady Halfa and Cairo. There were a few deaths, but most of the injured made good and rapid recoveries.

On the very day of the battle the army began its march back to Berber. Difficulties of supply were so great that it was important to decrease as rapidly as might be the distance from railhead, and with the utter destruction of Mahmoud's force there was no need of keeping any large body concentrated on the Atbara. The guard of the fortified camp and fort at the junction of the rivers was confided to Lewis's brigade. The gunboats remained to patrol the river, and the friendlies took charge of Metemneh and Shendy. The campaign of the Atbara had in no way changed the Sirdar's original plan of waiting for the advance on Khartoum till the late summer, when the rise of the Nile would allow his formidable gunboat flotilla to be used with full effect, and would at the same time simplify all the work of transport and supply, by giving him a clear waterway from Berber up to Omdurman and beyond.

Of the fugitives from the battle-field one strong party struck the river at Aliab. There they found the gunboat *Futteh*, one of the large stern-wheelers, waiting for them. Summoned to surrender, they refused. The gunboat opened on them with her quick-firers and Maxims, and drove them from the river bank with a loss of some two hundred. About seventy of them surrendered to a party landed from the *Futteh*. Another body of fugitives which went up the Atbara was attacked by a detachment from Kassala, and many were taken prisoners. By this time the Sirdar had sent messengers out in all directions to assure the fugitives that if they would come in and surrender they would be well treated. Officers were also sent out to prevent the Jaalin and Ababdeh friendlies from massacring the dispersed Dervishes. The result of these measures was that every day fugitives came in to the camp at Dakhala, and to a small post of Egyptian

regulars established at Shendy. They said that large numbers of their comrades had died of hunger and thirst in the desert. At first they had found it difficult to believe that they would be well treated. They expected that even if their lives were spared by the victors they would be reduced to slavery. Numbers of them, when they found that their services would be accepted, gladly offered themselves as recruits for the Soudanese battalions.

On the Wednesday after the battle the Sirdar entered Berber at the head of MacDonald's brigade, Mahmoud being marched in before him surrounded by a Soudanese escort, and with a banner carried in front of him on which was written in Arabic, "This is the Emir Mahmoud, the man who came to take Berber." By that time the inhabitants of the place had returned, and they gave the victors of the Atbara an enthusiastic reception, the hero of the day being Sir Herbert Kitchener.

"The villagers *en route* turned out to meet him," writes Mr. Burleigh, "and deputations of natives in hundreds awaited his coming to thank him. His formal entry into Berber at the head of MacDonald's brigade was the fitting sequel to the victory. It was turned into a triumphal return march. Berber was *en fête*. The long main thoroughfare, lined with palm trees, was spanned with flags and bannerets. Where they came from the Arabs alone knew, but they are adepts at working up calico drapery, and even in those remote parts the whirr and rattle of the sewing machine is daily to be heard. Every dwelling-house and store was decorated—all of them prettily, and some with exceptionally good taste. Of appropriate mottoes, too, in English and Arabic, there was no lack. A triumphal stand had been erected near the central open space. Upon a wide banner spanning the roadway was written, 'God keep and bless the Sirdar, Hunter Pasha, and General Gatacre.' The head of the column arrived upon the outskirts of the town about 6 a.m. Natives had flocked from far and near, and were already, early as the hour was, lining the route through Berber along which the Sirdar, his staff, General Hunter and the troops

were to pass. The half-battalion left behind, some friendlies, and part of Colonel Broadwood's cavalry kept an open way. A salute of twenty-one guns fired by the horse-battery announced the approach of the Sirdar. The cavalry of Colonel Broadwood received him and the staffs, and escorted him to the grand stand, where he was invited by the local notabilities to alight, and receive their congratulations and thanks, and partake of their hospitality. Sir Herbert and his staff having taken up a position upon the stand, the troops of MacDonald's brigade and the cavalry passed in review. Behind the cavalry marched Mahmoud, with his hands tied behind him, his Soudanese guard, and a long string of fellow captives. The Dervish leader was not in the least down-cast, but walked with head erect, as a central personage in the parade. He was giped and hooted in the Oriental way as he passed the crowds of those who had but recently cowered before him. MacDonald's men looked fit and well as when they set out, and their bands played not only the Khedival march but their more popular Scotch tunes, and among others the 'March of the Men of Harlech.'"

Thus ended the campaign of the Atbara. Its results

were that a whole *corps d'armée* of the Dervish army, under one of their best generals, had been destroyed, the formidable positions prepared with so much labour near Metemneh had passed into Egyptian hands, all danger of raids on the outlying garrisons in the north of the Berber province or on the advanced posts on the Atbara had passed away, and, further, the success which the Sirdar had won in a fair fight with even numbers had inspired the Khedive's army with new confidence in itself and in its leaders. For Sir Herbert Kitchener himself there was a further gain of no slight importance. Ever since the onward movement began, there had been in some quarters, and these not the least influential, a kind of quiet agitation for his supersession when the final march on Khartoum would have to be undertaken. A British brigade had fought at the Atbara. There would be a whole British division



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYTELTON.  
(Photo: Elliott & Fry.)

sent up for the attack on Omdurman, and it was urged that it would be well, while leaving to Sir Herbert the command of the Khedive's troops, to place over him as Commander-in-Chief of the united army some officer of higher standing and longer service. General Sir Francis Grenfell, who had succeeded Sir Evelyn Wood, and immediately preceded Sir Herbert Kitchener, as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, had been sent out to Egypt as Commander-in-Chief of the British army of occupation. While in command of the Khedive's army he had won the brilliant victory at Toski in 1889 which put an end to the Mahdist schemes for the invasion of Egypt, and there is very little doubt that, when he was sent to Cairo in 1897, it was with the intention that he should command in the march on Omdurman and Khartoum. But after the triumph of the Atbara, Grenfell himself gave

the authorities to understand that he wished to remain in Cairo and leave to the young Sirdar the conduct of the final campaign. Sir Herbert had been his chief of the staff, and he had from the first a high idea of his military capacity. This act of Grenfell's deserves to be put on record. It was a deed of noble self-abnegation only to be compared to Outram's chivalrous refusal to take the command out of the hands of his junior, Havelock, in the advance on Lucknow. Grenfell might have commanded on the Upper Nile in the summer of 1898 had he but said the word, and his name would have gone down to history as the conqueror of Khartoum. He preferred to leave the glory to Kitchener, as the fitting reward of the three campaigns which had opened the way for the crowning success of many years of waiting and working for the downfall of Mahdism.



GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry.)

## THE SUMMER IN THE SOUDAN.

FOUR battles—Ferkeh and Hafir in 1896, Abu Hamed in 1897, and the Atbara in the spring of 1898—had carried the Egyptian standards from Wady Halfa to Metemneh, along seven hundred miles of the Nile Valley, and to within one hundred and twenty miles of Khartoum. There had been only four days of battle, but there had been two years of unceasing toil, the main burden of which fell on the Egyptian regiments. Day by day the railway had been creeping on, now under the palms by the riverside, now across the waterless and lifeless desert, till more than five hundred miles of the iron track had been laid. For the Arab enemy it must have seemed far more terrible than the swiftest onset. Slow and sure as some everlasting fate the Sirdar's army was moving into the heart of the land, making fast its hold as it came on—shat-

tering with its deadly fire all that barred its way, seeing and knowing everything by its wonderful intelligence system, and, as it came, shortening the way it traversed with the iron road that was travelled over by those strange monsters of fire and steam.

Men at home in England heard of the battles, but only the few who had actually seen the work could have any real idea of the unceasing toil by which the gunboats were brought past the cataracts and set afloat on the upper river, by which the railway was laid over the rock and sand of the desert and kept in working order; and the supplies for a large army were collected fifteen hundred miles from the base at Cairo, far off on the narrow margin between the desert

and the river. The work would have been tenfold more difficult, the long line of communications would have had to be guarded by a far stronger force, but for the fact that as the flag of Egypt was pushed further and further south along the Nile it was everywhere welcomed as the standard of an army of rescue and deliverance. Seldom has a soldier set forth on a nobler mission than that confided to the Sirdar. His task was to bring back peace and freedom to the Nile Valley by destroying a cruel and fanatical tyranny.

As a type of what was happening in the Soudan under Dervish rule, let us take the grim facts of the massacre of Metemneh, one of the last exploits of the Khalifa's Baggaras. The full story was known only after the Dervish army was routed at the Atbara. It is thus told by the Hon. Hubert Howard in a letter written to



THE LATE HON. HUBERT HOWARD,  
CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES"  
(KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF  
OMDURMAN).

*(Photo: Mayall, Piccadilly.)*

the *Times* only a week before his own death in battle. By that time our army had advanced through the Jaalin country and had heard from the people themselves the tale of their defeat in July, 1897, and of the vengeance of the victors. This is what Mr. Howard wrote:—

"The great interest of the march to Wad Hamed lay in seeing the natural richness of the country and its present desolation, and above all in Metemneh itself, the capital of the Jaalin tribe and the scene of their great slaughter by the Baggara. The story is now over a year old, yet it may be briefly told as typical of the Khalifa's rule. The Jaalin were disaffected—sick of the domination of the Baggara, who, strangers in the land, were plundering and

growing rich with the leave and licence of the Khalifa. The Jaalin were determined to 'strike' so soon as they could do so with any hope of success. The Khalifa knew it and determined to force their hand. Mahmoud's army, the western army which afterwards fought us at the Atbara, was marching along the river from Omdurman. The Jaalin were ordered to hand over all their cattle and sheep that their flocks might feed the army of the Faithful. There was further a certain matter about women, and the Jaalin are the most moral of the Arabs of the Soudan. Abdullah Wad Sud, the head of the Jaalin tribe, determined to resist. To submit was ruin, and even if they had to fight, there were the English at Korti.

"They fortified their town, and with only a few rifles amongst them they kept off the whole of Mahmoud's army for three days. At the end of that time their ammunition failed. The town was taken, and 2,000 of the Jaalin fell. As for the prisoners, they were drawn up in line—the first lost his head, the second his hand, and the third his feet, and so on in rotation; and when the work was finished the sheikh was led along the line of dead and mutilated, and asked what power his tribe had now. He himself was taken a prisoner to Omdurman, and walled in so that he might neither stand nor sit. He died slowly of thirst and hunger, his groans and ravings the while clearly audible in the great mosque—a warning to the disobedient!"

Reading this record, one appreciates at its true value the work done by the Sirdar and his gallant army, and one can think more calmly of the unavoidable carnage that marked the victories of the campaign.

After the battle of the Atbara there was a pause of five months in the actual operations in the field, but it was a time of busy preparation for the final advance. Immediately after the battle the Sirdar hurried down to Assouan to give his personal attention to the improvement of an important link in his line of communications with Cairo. The Lower Nile railway from Cairo to the First Cataract had been in progress for years. In 1896 Balliana, nearly two hundred miles from Assouan, had been the railhead. From that point everything had to be conveyed south by steamers, boats and barges, then sent round the cataract by a short line of railway, about seven miles long, known as the Shellal line. It had originally been intended that the Nile railway should reach Assouan by the end of 1896, but so much of the material was requisi-

tioned for the construction of the Soudan line that the engineers had to devote their energies to getting the bridges, embankments, and road-bed ready, laying very little of the track. Early in 1897 the great bridge over the Nile at Nagh Hamadi was finished, and then the line was opened to Luxor. Up to this point a broad gauge had been used, but from Luxor south a narrower gauge—that of the existing Shellal line—was adopted, with the result that passengers have to change carriages, and all goods have to be transferred to another train at Luxor.

The line to Assouan was to have been opened for traffic by the end of 1897, but there was still much work to be done when the new year began. During the Atbara campaign stores for the front and reinforcements going up had to be put on board steamers at the railhead between Luxor and Assouan. It would be a great saving of time and labour if they could be run through by rail to Shellal at the head of the First Cataract. The slow methods of the Egyptian Railway Department made the Sirdar anxious. He wanted to begin at once the accumulation of stores on the Upper Nile for the summer campaign, so after the victory of the Atbara the first thing he did was to take under his own supervision the completion of the work near Assouan. Inspired by his restless energy, the officials and engineers pushed their operations rapidly forward, and by the end of April the trains were running through to Shellal.

Meanwhile Captain Girouard and the railway battalion were pressing forward with the completion of the new branch of the Soudan railway. In May they brought the line past Berber, and up to its terminus at the fortified camp of Dakhala, at the junction of the Atbara and the Nile. This was to be the temporary terminus of the railway, but plans were prepared for bridging the Atbara, and carrying the line on to Khartoum after the summer campaign. For the present the line of communications was complete to the Atbara. Dakhala camp could be reached in four or five days from Cairo. The first train took one to Luxor. Another train ran on to Shellal, seven miles south of Assouan. Then a stern-wheel steamer went on by the Nile to Wady Halfa, whence the trains on the Soudan railway ran to Abu Hamed, Berber, and Dakhala. New and powerful engines, specially built for the Soudan railway, and the general improvement of the line, had made a speed of twenty miles an hour possible, instead of the ten miles that was considered good running when the first line was



laid in 1896. A few years ago the five days' journey to the Atbara would have cost as many weeks.

Three new gunboats had been carried to the upper river in sections by boat and rail, put together on the Nile bank, and successfully launched. They represented a more powerful type of warship than had yet been seen on the Nile. The flotilla for the summer campaign, with this reinforcement, consisted of fourteen steamers.

First, there were the three new gunboats, the *Sultan*, the *Sheikh*, and the *Melik* (*i.e.* the King), built on the Thames, and sent out in sections to Egypt. They were sister ships, each 145 feet long and 28½ wide, and with their full load drew only two feet of water. Their upper works were armoured with half-inch steel plates, impenetrable to any rifle-fire likely to be brought against them. Their armament was made up of two 12-pounder quick-firing guns and eight Maxims, and they were fitted with electric search-lights. The guns were carried high above the water on the upper deck, an important point on the Nile, where there is often a high bank to be fired over. There were steel shields for the guns and a steel-armoured conning tower for the steersman. All the other gunboats were stern-wheelers, but these had screw propellers fitted on a peculiar principle. The screw was not astern, but underneath the stern section of the boat. It was fixed in a hollow, which may be described by saying that it was the shape of a spoon with the concave side downwards. When the boat was at rest half the screw was in the water, half in this spoon-shaped recess, but once the boat started, the water rose round the screw, and it was completely immersed. The great advantage of this method of propulsion was that, in the event of having to engage or run past guns mounted on the river bank, the propeller would be out of sight and quite safe from hostile fire, whilst the stern-wheel is necessarily a large mark, unless when the gunboats are fighting bow on. It was also hoped that this method of propulsion would be found to act better than the stern-wheel on the weed-encumbered reaches of the river above Khartoum.

The next three gunboats were powerful stern-wheelers of a new type, built by Messrs. Forrest, of Wyvenhoe, in Essex, in 1896. These were *El Futteh* (the *Conqueror*), *El Zafir* (the *Victorious*), and *El Nasir* (the *Majestic*). They were slightly smaller than the *Sultan* class, and

less completely protected with shields, but they carried a heavier armament. The displacement of the *Sultan* class is 140 tons, that of the Wyvenhoe stern-wheelers only 128. They are 140 feet long and 24 feet wide. The conning tower, fitted with an electric light, rose thirty feet above the water. Just below it was the main battery, armed with one 12-pounder quick-firer and two 6-pounder quick-firers, with further aft a howitzer. There was a secondary battery of six Maxims. The hatches along the sides of the hull were made to open outwards, and when raised formed a loop-holed steel bulwark, with room behind for a hundred riflemen.

There were four smaller stern-wheel gunboats built in 1884-85, and named after some of the battles of the Soudan campaigns. These were the *Abu Klea*, *Tamai*, *Metemueh*, and *Hafir*. They are eighty feet long, with a Krupp or Armstrong gun mounted on the top of the deckhouse behind a shield, and one or two Nordenfeldt machine guns mounted further astern. These gunboats were in action at Argin in 1889, and largely contributed to the victory. For seven years they were employed in patrolling the river between the First and Second Cataracts. They were hauled up to the Dongola reach in 1896, and over the Monassir Cataracts in 1897. The *Hafir* had been known till lately as the *El Teb*—her original name. On her way up to Dongola in 1896 she had stuck fast on a rock. In the ascent of the Monassir Cataracts in 1897 she had capsized and nearly drowned her commander. The idea had spread among the Egyptians that she was an unlucky boat, so to start her on a new and more fortunate career she was renamed the *Hafir*.

Besides these ten gunboats there were four steamers, small stern-wheelers, temporarily armed with Maxims. One of them was the Dervish steamer which had been sunk by the Egyptian artillery at Hafir in 1896, which was floated and repaired in the following year.

The gunboats were manned by Egyptians, with a number of Royal Marine artillerymen to direct the guns. Each was in charge of a British officer, the whole flotilla being under the orders of Commander Keppel, R.N., the son of Admiral Sir Henry Keppel. Keppel had served in the Nile expedition of 1885, and was on board of Sir Charles Beresford's steamer at the fight with the Dervish battery at Wad Habeshi. He was wounded on this occasion. Beresford wrote of him in his official despatch, "I consider that

we owe our safety in the steamer, as well as the safety of Sir C. Wilson and his party—who undoubtedly would have been killed if the steamer had been destroyed—to the untiring energy of Sub-Lieutenant Keppel." Amongst the officers who commanded other boats in the flotilla was Lieutenant Beatty, R.N., who took charge of the gunboats in the Dongola campaign after Colville was disabled by his wound, and Lieutenant Cowan, R.N., who had seen active service in both East and West Africa.

team of eight mules, led, not mounted, by their drivers. The shells were carried into action on a special pack-saddle, one mule carrying four of them. In order thoroughly to prepare the gunners for the work they were to do, Colonel Wingate collected from the refugees and spies from Omdurman details as to the fortifications, and a model to full scale of part of the stone wall of the Khalifa's citadel was built up on the edge of the desert at Abbasiyeh, outside Cairo. The guns were brought into action against it, and



ONE OF THE NEW SCREW GUNBOATS FOR KHARTOUM.

Other important preparations were made at Woolwich and at Cairo. The 37th field battery of the Royal Artillery were sent out to Egypt, equipped with heavy howitzers, and a detachment of the 16th company of Garrison Artillery with two siege guns throwing a 50-pound shell, loaded not with gunpowder, but with the powerful high explosive known as Lyddite. These shells were to be used for the destruction of the Khalifa's fortifications at Omdurman. The effect of a Lyddite shell is not to batter the target by the force of its impact, but to blow it to pieces with a shattering explosion so heavy that it is said nothing is safe within a radius of some hundred yards round the point where it bursts. The guns were drawn by a

made a wide breach with a couple of shots. The 32nd field battery of the Royal Artillery, which was also to form part of the Sirdar's force, spent some time at the Abbasiyeh ranges. It was practised at field-firing under service conditions, against fixed and moving targets. Some of the latter were screens representing Dervish cavalry, and they were drawn rapidly across the range in various directions by teams of mules harnessed to them by a long rope. The gunners thus acquired a complete confidence in their power of destroying any obstacle, and hitting also the most difficult moving targets. All this was part of the general plan of leaving nothing to chance, and preparing carefully for every possible event.

It was decided that the British brigade which



MAKING THE DESERT RAILWAY.

had fought at the Atbara should spend the summer in the Soudan. A second brigade would be sent out just before the campaign began, so that the Sirdar would have the co-operation of a complete British division, besides some British artillery and cavalry. He was to have four Egyptian divisions with him, each four battalions strong, besides the Egyptian cavalry, artillery and camel corps. A large force of friendly Arabs was to be raised to act with him during the advance. Altogether including these friendlies, he would have some 25,000 troops under his immediate command.

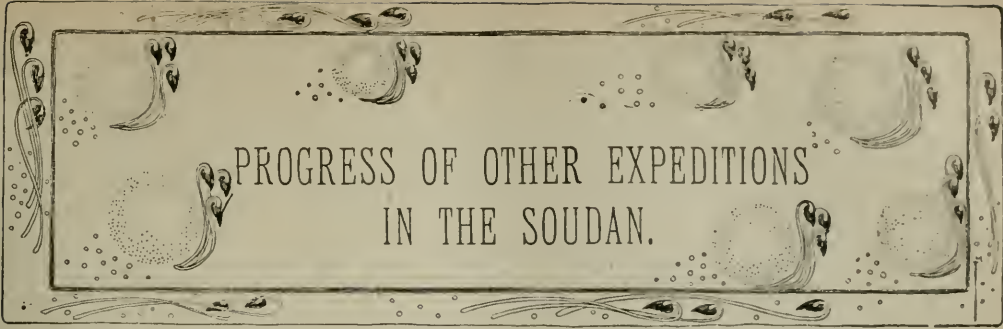
In order that the army, while it advanced, should be in constant communication with the stations along the line of supply, and with Cairo and England, it was necessary to carry the telegraph line across the river. For this purpose an insulated cable was sent up to Dakhala, at the mouth of the Atbara, and successfully laid in the river bed by one of the gunboats, under the direction of Captain Manifold, R.E., who had been the director of telegraphs from

the beginning of the advance in 1896, and had put up hundreds of miles of telegraph along the Nile banks and through the desert.

The Intelligence Department prepared elaborate plans of Omdurman, chiefly from Slatin's information, and a map of the Nile from Shendy to beyond Khartoum. Colonel Wingate's reports placed the enemy's strength at about 60,000 men. The Dervishes had erected fortifications at the Shabluka Pass, but early in the summer they abandoned them, and rumour said that the Khalifa had formed a camp at Kerreri, a few miles north of Omdurman, and that he intended there to await the Sirdar's attack. The Mahdi had once predicted that some day a great battle would be fought at Kerreri against the infidels, and that they would be defeated with terrible slaughter. The desert near the Kerreri hills is strewn with white pebbles, and the Khalifa is said to have told his warriors that for every white stone in the valley they would see the skull of an English or an Egyptian soldier whitening in the sun.



A LONG DRINK.



## PROGRESS OF OTHER EXPEDITIONS IN THE SOUDAN.

**B**EFORE telling the story of the march on Khartoum it will be well to take some note of what was passing during the spring and summer in various parts of the Soudan, far away from the Egyptian outposts on the Upper Nile.

Early in 1897—as we have already seen—the Belgians, under Chaltin, had turned the Dervishes out of Regaf, in the far south of the Soudan. They thus entered into effective possession of some of that portion of the British sphere of influence on the Nile which had been leased to King Leopold by Lord Rosebery's Convention of 1894. A little further up the Nile the British outposts had established themselves to the north of the Albert Nyanza, and our flag had been actually hoisted at Dufile, the local chief accepting a British protectorate.

The Dervishes expelled from Regaf had retired to Bohr, a hundred and twenty miles further north, on the Nile. They had had some insignificant skirmishes with Belgian scouting parties, but on the whole they had remained quiet, evidently expecting to be attacked, and meaning to stand on the defensive. They were under the command of the Emir Arabi. In the last week of May a messenger from Omdurman reached Bohr in a canoe, bringing a letter from the Khalifa. He told Arabi that he was expecting to be attacked by the English at an early date, and directed him to attack, or at least to harass their white allies at Regaf, to kill as many of them as possible, and carry off their arms and ammunition.

Arabi therefore decided upon a raid, and he made his preparations so rapidly, and advanced with such secrecy, that the Belgians had no idea he was on the move. He sent off an expedition under his colleague, the Emir Adam Bishara, who succeeded in evading and capturing the outlying scouts of the garrison, and about one in the morning of Saturday, June 4th, rushed the outposts of Regaf on the north side.

Night attacks are very unusual with the

Dervishes, and the officer in charge of the picket seems to have been completely surprised. He fell back on the camp, firing as he retired, but closely pressed by a mass of Dervish spearmen. In the dark the fire of the Belgians did very little harm. The camp was a large zereba, which enclosed the houses of the white officers, and a large storehouse or magazine containing arms, ammunition and supplies. The soldiers rushed to their posts, but at the same time the Dervishes penetrated into the zereba by its north-west gate, coming in on the heels of the retiring picket. Other parties of them attacked the zereba at various points, and some of them got over its hedge of thorns.

The situation was critical in the extreme. The Free State troops, mostly natives, were fighting in detached groups under their white officers, in almost complete darkness, against enemies whom they could barely see, and of whose numbers they could form no idea. The white officers rallied their men among the houses and at the magazine. The Dervishes evidently knew the plan of the place well, and their chief efforts were directed against the magazine. Captains Desnoeux and Bartholi were killed leading a gallant charge, which temporarily relieved the pressure on the garrison. Captain Hanolet and several other officers were wounded. All the wounds were spear-thrusts. The first rush had been made just after one o'clock. The fight went on till near three, when, finding the surprise had failed, and that in face of the Belgian rifle fire they could not penetrate into the buildings, the Arabs retired, carrying off most of their dead and wounded with them. Forty-two Mahdists were found lying dead in the zereba, among them the Emir El Gali. It was a narrow escape for the Regaf garrison.

After this the Free State sent reinforcements from Stanley Pool to all its advanced posts between the Congo and the Upper Nile. This was a precaution against a possible danger arising from the Anglo-Egyptian advance on Omdurman.

It was feared that the result of the fall of Omdurman might be a Dervish invasion of the outlying districts of the Free State, for some expected that the Khalifa would retreat from Omdurman without fighting, and try to establish himself in some other part of Central Africa. Others, while predicting that he would make a

labour that Captain Marchand had succeeded in getting his boats across the watershed between the Congo and the Nile, and down the Sueh river to Meshra-er-Rek on the Bahr-el-Ghazal. He had reached this point in the summer of 1897. Meshra-er-Rek is a small group of huts on an island in the river, its

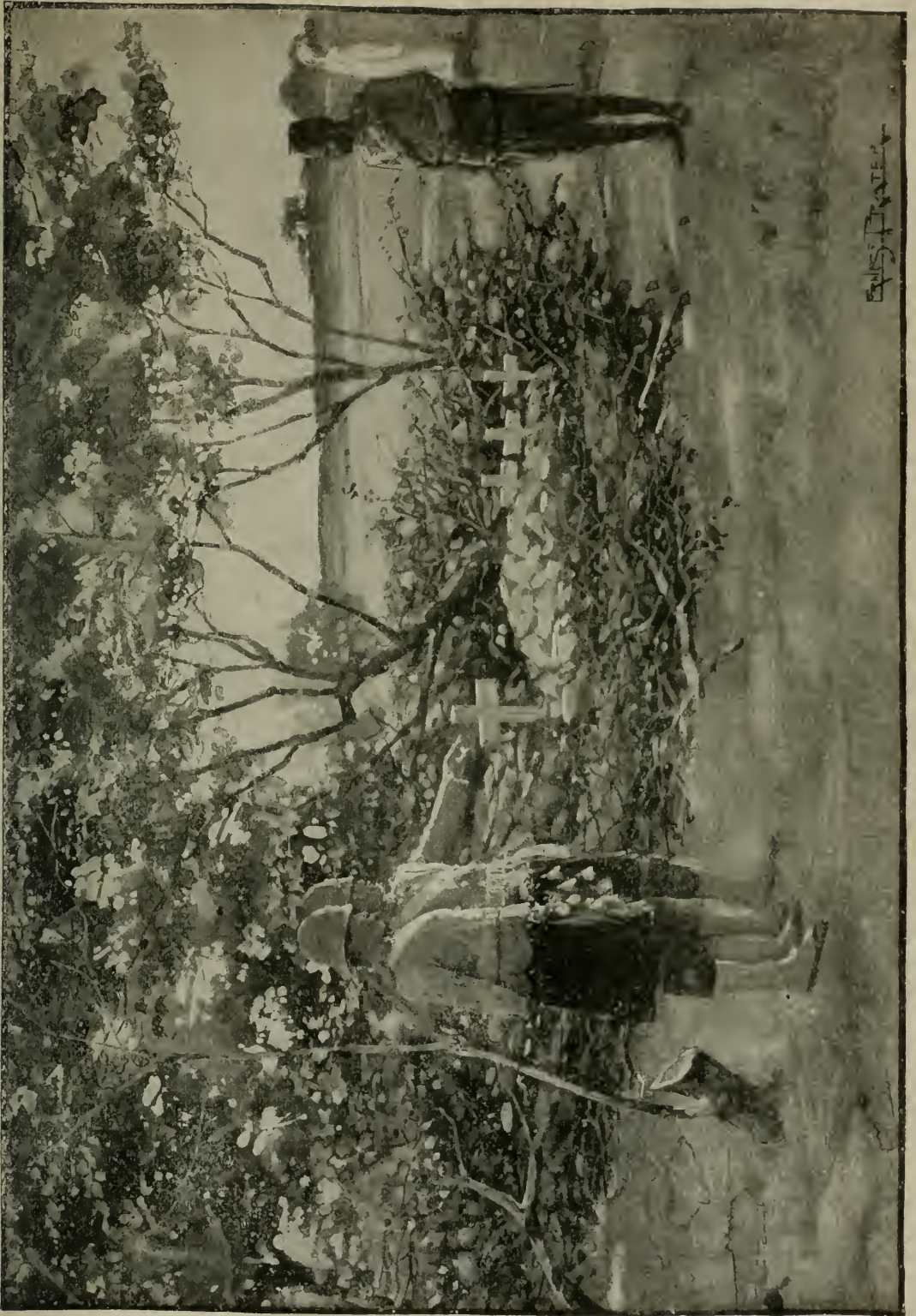


THE CAMERONS MARCHING TO THE FRONT AND WELCOMED BY THE 9TH SOUDANESE.

fight, and a hard one, thought it very likely that he might escape with a considerable band of followers, rally other adherents of his tribe on the way, and finally fall upon one or other of the "stations" or detached garrisons that the Free State had established towards the Nile.

This danger was, however, in any case minimised by the presence of French troops in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the region through which the Khalifa must retire if he tried to reach the east of the Congo territory. It was at an expenditure of considerable time and infinite

importance being due to the fact that it was, in the days before the Mahdist revolt, the port of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. Steamers reached it from Khartoum at high Nile, and it was the centre to which native craft brought their goods to be transhipped and sent down the river. If one looks only at the map it seems at first sight strange that Marchand, once he had occupied Meshra-er-Rek and got his steam-launch on the river there, could not go on to Fashoda in a few days. But the navigation of all the branches of the Nile for some hundreds of miles above



EMILY PRATER

GRAVES OF OFFICERS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF THE ATEARA.

Fashoda is singularly difficult. It is the region of what the Arabs call the *sudd*—great vegetable barriers that render the river at times absolutely impassable. These are formed by a mass of weeds and long grass growing in the sluggish, shallow water at low Nile, which are tangled and interwoven into huge floating islands of vegetable matter, living and dead, which come down on the flood, and ground as the river falls. So much interest attaches to Marchand's journey that it may be well to describe this difficult region of the Nile more fully. The following passages from Lieutenant Vandeleur's recently published work, "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger," give a good idea of the difficulties with which voyagers on the branches of the great river just above Fashoda have to contend:—

"In 1870 Sir Samuel Baker found the White Nile entirely blocked by an immense number of floating islands, which had converted the river-bed into a solid marsh, so that he was obliged to try another route, *viâ* the second channel, called the Bahr Giraffe. Here, however, his crews found themselves entrapped in a sea of apparently boundless marsh and water-grass, from which, in spite of all their labour, they did not emerge for forty-six days. Making another attempt on January 12th, 1871, he succeeded in cutting a way through, and arrived in open water again on March 19th."

Lieutenant Vandeleur gives some further details, gleaned from the writings of Sir Samuel Baker and Doctor Junker. "Baker tells us," he says, "that the Bahr-el-Ghazal, though navigable for two hundred miles, and the receiver of a multitude of rivers some three to four hundred miles long, is in the dry season nearly empty of water, being at that period only a line of stagnant pools and marshes. It seems probable, however, that by cutting through the obstructions with great labour, navigation is feasible even in some dry seasons, as Junker one year ascended to Meshra-er-Rek in February, or about the middle of the dry season. A lake called the Magren-el-Bahur, or Meeting of the Waters, is formed during the rainy season by the junction of the Bahr-el-Jebel (White Nile) and Bahr-el-Ghazal, but at low water it is divided into two sections, which communicate through a channel a little over half a mile long. On leaving the lake and ascending the Bahr-el-Ghazal the channel narrows to about fifty yards, and Junker describes how 'on both sides extensive tracts of country are permanently flooded, and only an occasional fishing hamlet is

visible on a dry patch of ground in this submerged region.'

"Junker took eight days to ascend the river to Meshra-er-Rek in a steamer, and on the afternoon of the first day met with the first real grass barrier, which was surmounted in twenty minutes. Later followed other loose accumulations which, though easily removed, still caused much delay, one obstacle taking an hour to cut away. On the second day a few scattered trees denoted the presence of dry ground, but the same difficulties were met with, although once or twice the river opened out into a good broad waterway. On the third day, after getting through some smaller masses, the steamer was blocked for several hours by a huge barrier of felt-like consistency, and nearly a third of a mile in extent; whilst the whole of the fourth day was spent in forcing a way through *sudd* one and a quarter miles in length."

On the fifth day the junction of the Bahr-el-Arab and the Bahr-el-Ghazal was passed. "After this," says Dr. Junker, "there was another expanse of stagnant water, beyond which the open channel contracts at first to fifty, then to a little over twenty yards. Here the woods become thinner, and at last again give place to boundless flooded grass plains, with patches here and there of tall vegetation. Beyond the mouth of the Jur, coming from the south-west, there was little to suggest a river, there being apparently a boundless sea of grass and sedge, with an open expanse winding away to the head of the steam navigation at Meshra-er-Rek."

This description makes it easier to realise how it was that Marchand, having reached Meshra-er-Rek after the river had fallen, could not make any further progress for months, and had to content himself with bringing up reinforcements and supplies, and preparing to attempt the passage downwards to the main stream of the Nile when the river rose again. It was a most unhealthy and trying place in which to pass the hot season. Even when he started with his little steamer and barges, many a weary day must have been spent cutting through the grass barriers and floating islands. From private letters from a member of his expedition it appears that early in April, about the time when the Sirdar was winning the battle of the Atbara, Marchand's flotilla had got as far as the marshy lake where the Bahr-el-Arab joins the main stream, and was working his way forward along the grass-encumbered reach towards the mouth of the Bahr-el-Zeraf or Giraffe.





ERNEST PRATER

A CHARGE OF DERVISH CAVALRY.

Having seen what was being done in the extreme south and south-west of the Soudan during the summer, let us now glance at the events in the Eastern Soudan on the Abyssinian side. Menelek was certainly anything but pleased with the Anglo-Egyptian occupation of Kassala. He expected that the fortress, if evacuated by the Italians, would come into his possession, and quite overlooked the long-stand-

the Soudan, these extravagant claims could not be admitted.

In the south Major MacDonald's expedition was reorganised and pushed into the Lake Rudolf region to secure effective occupation there before it was overrun by Menelek's Abyssinian and Galla raiders. The civil war in Uganda, which had crippled this advance the year before, had dragged on into the



VIEW ON THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.

ing agreement between Italy and England, by which it was eventually to revert to its former possessor, Egypt. He had set up a vague claim to an Abyssinian sphere of influence extending to the east bank of the White Nile. Its northern boundary was to be the fifteenth parallel of north latitude, which crosses the White Nile about fifty miles south of Khartoum. Its southern boundary was to be the second parallel, which would give him all the east bank of this great river up to the point where it flows out of Lake Albert. Though there was little doubt that England and Egypt would be prepared to deal generously with him in the final settlement of

summer, but the rebels were repeatedly defeated by the troops of the protectorate, under Major Martyr, an officer who had served for some years with Kitchener in Egypt, and was on his staff in the Dongola campaign. The Abyssinian expeditions to the southward appear to have been little better than plundering raids. The force destined to reach the Nile at Fashoda and join hands with Marchand there had become disorganised, and the Abyssinian chiefs, though strongly urged on by the two French officers left with them by Bonchamps, showed very little energy in their advance, and made but slow progress. The fact seems to be that for the men



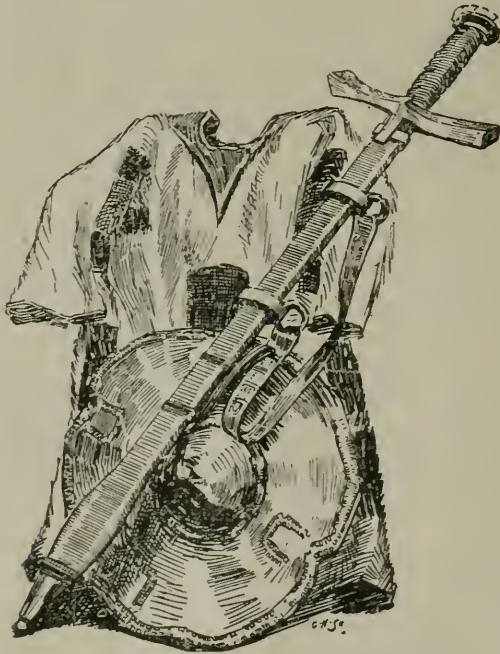
KING MENELEK AT THE BATTLE OF AIOWA.  
*(By Permission, from the Painting by Paul Buffet.)*

of the Abyssinian highlands the plains and marshy watercourses of the Upper Nile region are especially deadly. No men are more subject than the Abyssinians to the enervating effects of a malarious country.

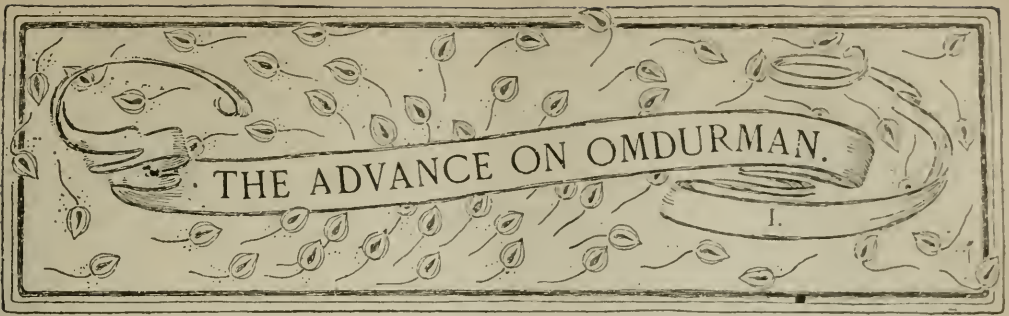
In the highlands bordering on the lower Blue Nile region a large force of Abyssinians had been got together under one of the fighting chiefs, Ras Makonnen. Rumour spoke of them as the possible vanguard of an army with which Menelek was prepared to assert his claims after the fall of Khartoum gave him freedom of action; till then he was bound by his treaty with England to a benevolent neutrality towards the Anglo-Egyptian forces. It is quite possible that Makonnen's real mission was to observe the Dervish force under the Emir Ahmed Fedil, about 3,000 strong, which garrisoned the district of Gedaref. This province borders on the Abyssinian highlands, and is watered by rivers

that run into the Blue Nile. If Menelek had been anxious at once to help the Sirdar's operations and establish a good claim to an enlargement of his borders on this side, he might easily have overwhelmed the Dervish force in Gedaref. But he observed strict neutrality, keeping all the while a large army together near his capital.

His ambassadors were sent to Paris and St. Petersburg, and he gave the French a concession for a railway, which was to run from Jibutil, near Obok, to his capital, and to be continued (if all went well) along the southern slopes of the Abyssinian plateau and into the Nile Valley towards Fashoda. Work was actually begun on this railway, but although this pointed to active co-operation with France in the struggle for the Nile Valley, Menelek kept his own counsel as to his real plans, hoping, no doubt, to get large advantages from England as the price of his ultimate neutrality.



DERVISH COAT, SWORD, AND SHIELD.



THE date for the attack on Omdurman was determined by the fact that the Nile between Berber and Khartoum would be at its highest about the end of August and the beginning of September. The Sirdar's plan was to complete the concentration of his army in the first half of August, and begin the advance about the middle of the month. He would thus be able to make the fullest use of the high Nile for transport by water of troops and supplies in the first stage of the advance, and for the operations of his gunboat flotilla in the actual fighting.

His task had been considerably simplified by the bad tactics of his opponents. It was generally expected that they would hold the hills on the river bank at the Shabluka Cataract. Here the Nile, broken into several channels by rocks and islands, flows for some miles through a narrow gorge, the hills rising steeply on each side. The Dervishes had erected batteries on both banks near the water's edge, and the hills above supplied splendid defensive positions to meet a force advancing by the river bank. The gunboats struggling with the torrent that runs down between the hills, and working their way between steep and often precipitous ridges of rock on either side, could have given very little co-operation to the land attack, and would have had some difficulty even in engaging the river-side batteries. The Dervish positions would of course have been turned and the garrison driven out, but it might have caused some tough fighting, and in any case a stand at the Shabluka would have forced the Sirdar to concentrate his army for battle below the Cataract, and would have thus delayed the advance. If Mahmoud had not ventured on his ill-directed march to the Atbara he could have fallen back on the Shabluka Hills and fought there. The destruction of his army left only a very small force available for holding the banks of the Cataract. The Khalifa did not wish to send any more troops forward from the force he had assembled at Omdurman,

so the Dervishes were ordered to retreat, and the Sirdar, in passing the Cataract, had only to deal with the physical difficulties which it presented to the movements of his flotilla. And these were not serious. At high Nile steamers could pass up and down the Cataract without any help from the shore.

Shendy had been the advanced post of the expedition in the early summer. The first step of immediate preparation for the advance was taken in July, when the gunboats conveying a detachment of Soudanese troops steamed up to Nasri Island, forty miles above Shendy, and occupied it. The command of the river by the flotilla made the occupation of the island by its little Soudanese garrison perfectly secure. A fort was erected, and the island became the advanced depôt for stores for the expedition. Thus the Egyptian flag was flying over a garrison established only eighty miles from Omdurman, or within less than six days of easy marching from the enemy. But for the gunboats it would have been a piece of reckless imprudence to fix the depôt of stores so far to the front and so near the Dervish headquarters.

During these last weeks before the advance hard work, and plenty of it, was the lot of the Egyptian army. Two battalions were north of Berber at the Fifth Cataract away towards Abu Hamed, hauling up barges and river boats to be used in the coming expedition. Other battalions were camped at various points along the Nile, where the belt of scrub was widest and the trees well grown. All day they worked at cutting firewood, loading it on boats, and sending it up to Nasri Island, to be stored there in the great fuel depôt for the gunboats. Their furnaces are arranged to burn either coal or wood, and once they get away from the neighbourhood of the railway they have to rely on the inferior fuel. "Wooding" is a more frequent operation than coaling with a Nile gunboat.

One of the regiments engaged in this hard work on the river, the 18th Egyptians, was

preparing for its first campaign, and was indeed less than twelve months old. It was the youngest battalion in the native army. It was raised in December, 1897, at Cairo, by Captain H. K. Matchett, of the Egyptian army. The recruits were drawn from the provinces of Upper Egypt — in other words, from the Nile banks between Cairo and Assouan. They were tall men of fine physique. The Egyptian peasant has been obeying orders for several thousand years, and drill and discipline become a second nature to him very quickly. At the end of May the new regiment was ready for inspection by the Sirdar on the parade-ground of the Abbasiyeh Barracks outside Cairo. On June 21st it went up to the front, and after some weeks' hard work at the Fifth Cataract it was attached to Collinson's brigade, with which it shared the dangers of the Omdurman fight.

A feat performed by another regiment, the 5th Egyptians, shows of what splendid material the fellahin battalions are composed. The regiment was in garrison at Suakin, and was ordered to reach the front by marching to Berber along the old desert caravan route. It is one of the regiments which has no white officers. With a company of the camel corps it marched out under command of its Colonel, Abdel Gonwad Bey, and did the 290 miles across the desert in fifteen days. No column of troops had ever done the distance so quickly. On one day half the battalion performed a record march. The detachment was crossing the nearly waterless stretch of rocky desert between Ariab and Berber.

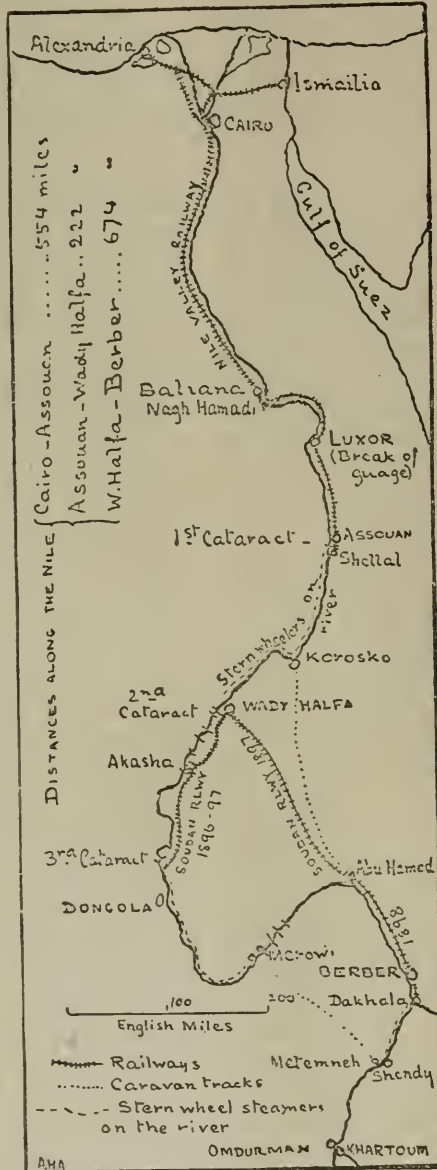
It had already done thirty miles from its last bivouac, but on reaching the halting-place it was found that the water-holes were dry. The next water was thirty miles in front, but without waiting Abdel Gonwad told his men to push on, and they started after a short rest, and reached the wells safely after doing sixty miles on foot in the twenty-four hours. No wonder the Sirdar is proud of his Egyptian regiments.

There were some small detachments of Dervish scouts encamped among the hills by the Shabluka Cataract until the middle of August, and they occasionally exchanged a few harmless shots at long range with Egyptian scouts coming up from Nasri Island. In the third week, just as our advance began, they retired southward.

For the first concentration camp before the passage of the Shabluka defile the Sirdar had selected a point on the left bank above Nasri Island, known as Wad Hamed. It was close to Wad Habeshi, where in 1885 the Dervishes had their battery which Lord Charles Beresford so pluckily engaged when he went to the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson's shipwrecked expedition. The Egyptian and Sudanese troops were pushed on to this point by river before the British brigades went up.

A large convoy of camels, accompanied by most of the artillery horses, marched from the Atbara camp on August 16th, troops, stores and camels being ferried over the Nile, and marching up the left bank. They were escorted by the 21st Lancers, under the command of Colonel Martin.

By the time this column marched off the



THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS - 1898.

British division had been completed by the arrival of all the regiments assigned to its second brigade. One of them was a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, which had been brought from Gibraltar to Alexandria, and sent up the Nile by a rapid steamer and railway journey, contrasting curiously with the long march by which the detachments of the Guards had reached the Upper Nile thirteen years before. The two British batteries had come up from Cairo, and two heavy siege guns had arrived in charge of a detachment of British garrison artillery. The guns were moved from the railway trucks to barges at Dakhala camp, and at once towed up to Nasri, their teams following in other barges, or being marched up the river bank under convoy. Several companies of the camel corps that had been guarding the southern frontier of the Dongola province were concentrated at Korti, and under the command of Major Tudway they marched across the Bayuda desert to Metemneh, following the route by which the desert column had made its way to the same point in 1885. Tudway had been a young lieutenant in those days, and had shared the dangers of that brave dash through the wilderness.

Now he was able to ride securely as in a friendly country over the battle-fields of Abu Klea and Gubat, where the Jaalin, now our friends, had charged so recklessly upon the British square.

Thus by the middle of August the Sirdar's army, about 22,000 strong, had gathered along the river from the Atbara to Nasri and Wad Hamed. Before telling the story of their victorious advance on Omdurman it will be well to note here the organisation of the whole force.

There were two infantry divisions, the British under General Gatacre, composed of two brigades, and the Egyptian under General Hunter, of four. Each brigade was made up of

four battalions. The following list gives the names of the brigadiers and the regiments under their command:—

BRITISH DIVISION.—General Gatacre.

*1st Brigade.*—Wauchope: 1st Cameron Highlanders; 1st Seaforth Highlanders; 1st Lincolnshire; 1st Royal Warwickshire.

*2nd Brigade.*—Lyttelton: 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards; 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade; 1st Northumberland Fusiliers; 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.

EGYPTIAN DIVISION.—

General Archibald Hunter.

*1st Brigade.*—MacDonald: 2nd Egyptians; 9th, 10th, and 11th Soudanese.

*2nd Brigade.*—Maxwell: 8th Egyptians; 12th, 13th, and 14th Soudanese.

*3rd Brigade.*—Lewis: 3rd, 4th, 7th, and 15th Egyptians.

*4th Brigade.*—Collinson: 1st, 5th, 17th, and 18th Egyptians.

To the British division there were attached a battery of six Maxims, manned by men of the 16th company E. D., R.A.; a battery of four Maxims, manned by 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers; a detachment of No. 2 company R.E.

To the Egyptian division were attached six Maxims, manned by Egyptian gunners. The mounted troops were: The 21st Lancers, Colonel Martin; ten squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, Colonel Broadwood; eight companies of the camel corps (Egyptian mounted infantry), Major Tudway.

The Egyptian cavalry had with them Maxims mounted on galloping carriages, and drawn by mules.

The artillery consisted of seven batteries, and a detachment of the light siege train, forty-four guns in all, organised as follows:—

British artillery—32nd battery, R.A., six 15-pounders; 37th battery, R.A., six 5-inch howitzers, throwing a 50-pound shell; detachment 16th



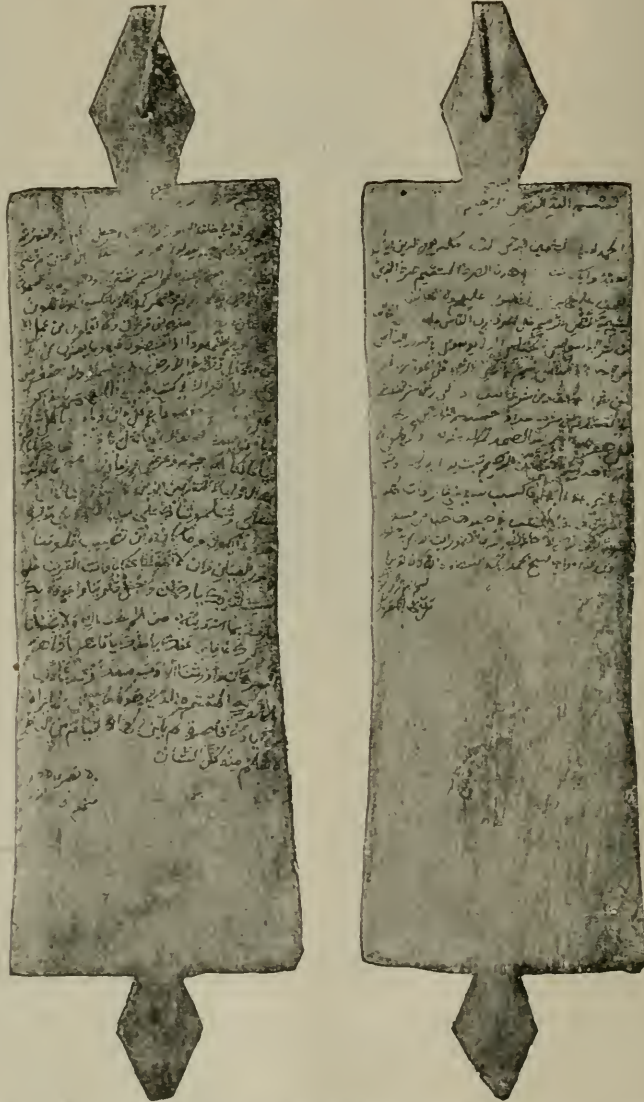
MAJOR STUART-WORTLEY.

(Photo: Bassano.)

company E. D., R.A., with two 40-pounder siege guns. Egyptian artillery: horse battery; six Krupp guns, throwing a 9½-pound shell; four field batteries of Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns, six to each battery, and of the same calibre as the Krupps.

This army was to advance on Omdurman by the west bank of the Nile. At the same time Keppel's flotilla of fourteen gunboats was to steam up the river, and a force of some thousands

of friendly Arabs, under Major Stuart-Wortley, was to march up the east bank. It will thus be seen that Sir Herbert Kitchener, when he began his advance in the middle of August, had at his disposal a far more formidable force than had ever before been under the command of a British general in the Soudan—a force that, considering the character of the resistance which it was likely to encounter, might well be described as invincible.



WOODEN TABLET, INSCRIBED WITH A VERSE FROM THE KORAN, FOUND ON THE BODY OF A DERVISH KILLED IN BATTLE.



## II.—THE CONCENTRATION AT WAD HAMED

THE march of the strong column that left the Atbara camp on August 17th was considerably delayed by the height to which the Nile had risen. At many points the water had filled the hollow sandy valleys and rocky ravines—the *wadys* and *khors*, to use the local names—converting them for awhile into long creeks extending from the river bank far into the desert. To pass these, long *détours* had to be made, and this greatly increased the labour of the march under the tropical sun. Except for a few cases of sunstroke, the health of the men was excellent.

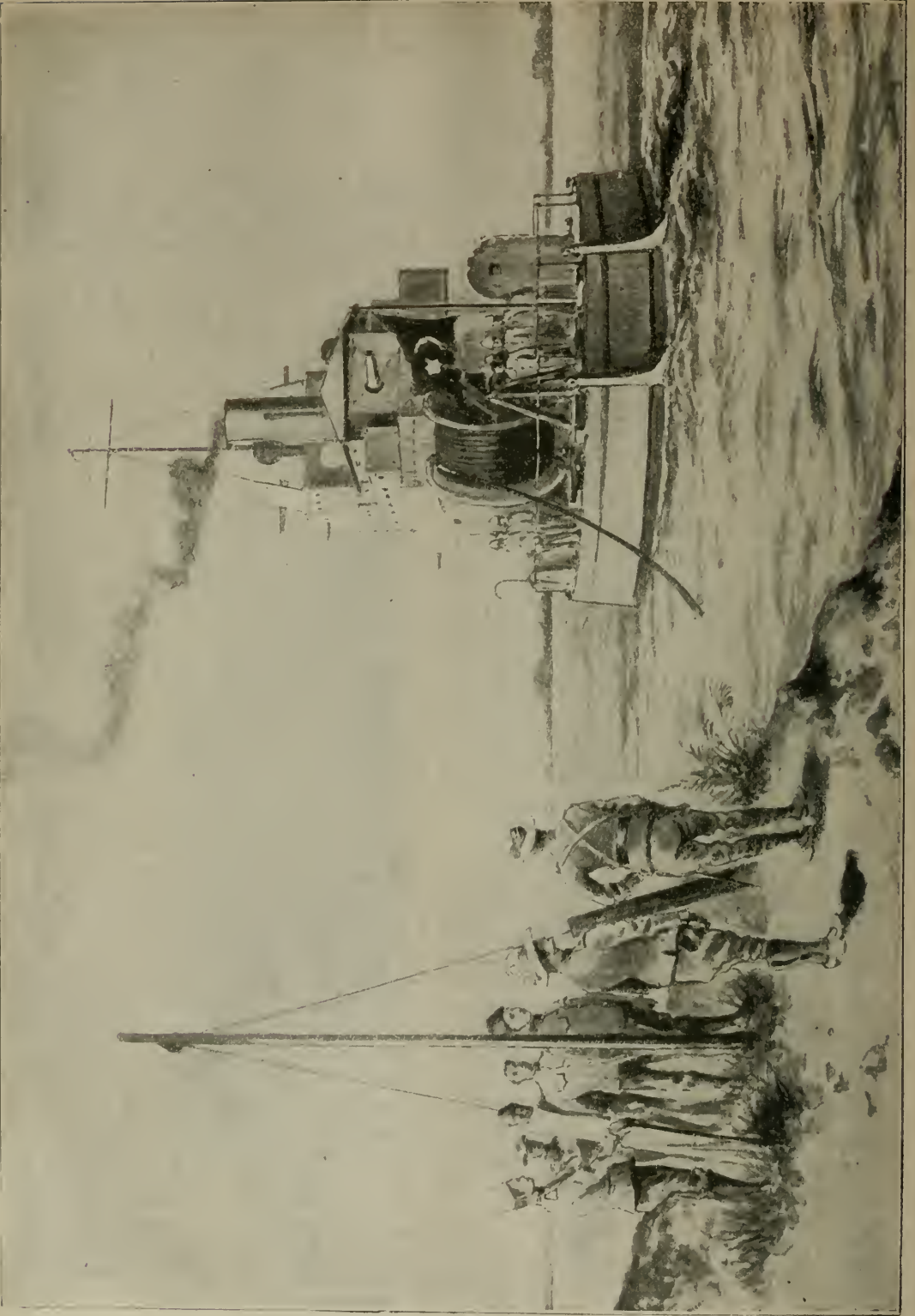
The march was along the west bank of the Nile, on the southern edge of the Bayuda desert. This tract of riverside was part of the country of the Jaalin tribe, and everywhere there were grim signs of the vengeance which the Khalifa's Baggaras had wreaked upon them. The villages were all in ruins, the waterwheels burned, the fields untilled. The few people who had come back to the river, and were living in grass shelters, gave the troops the heartiest or welcomes.

The line of march lay past Metemneh, and Mahmoud's huge camp on the edge of the desert, where the Emir lay so long waiting to bar the Sirdar's advance, and whence he started on the ill-fated march to the Atbara. Along the river bank were ten forts, in which the ten guns captured in the Atbara zereba had once been mounted. They were badly constructed so far as the use of the gun went, but looked as if they would give good shelter to the little garrison that worked it. Each was a round earthwork of sun-baked mud with three embrasures, one looking directly across the Nile, and the others up and down stream. The gun could be transferred to any of these positions, but the embrasures were so narrow that it could hardly be trained a single degree to right or left, so that the gunners would really have to wait and get off a shot just at the moment when a hostile gunboat was passing. The rifle trenches along the river edge were better planned. They were provided with traverses to

prevent them being enfiladed, and to limit the damage done by a shell to the section in which it burst. All these works were now being sapped by the rising Nile. The flood of brown water had breached some of the forts and flowed into the trenches.

The ruined town of Metemneh, the Jaalin capital, stood about a mile from the river, and yet another mile further away in the desert, to be more out of range from the river, stood Mahmoud's camp, an enormous circle of shelter-trenches and rifle pits, with four mud huts in the interior of the ring, one of them formerly the Dervish general's headquarters. "Never was there such a scene of desolation," wrote Mr. Howard of the *Times*, giving his impression of a visit to Metemneh. "The whole area from camp to river is carpeted with the dried-up carcasses and bones of a multitude of beasts killed by Mahmoud's army. The town itself, stretching for nearly two miles, is a city of the dead. Not a soul is to be seen, but everywhere in the narrow streets are carcasses with lurid birds feeding and whirling overhead, and the heavy, fœtid smell of decomposing bodies. When first visited by Englishmen, after the massacre of the Jaalin, dead bodies lay about the town in heaps, but the tribe have now removed and buried them."

The infantry travelling up the river on barges and steamers had an easier time than the mounted troops. These reached Wad Hamed camp on August 24th, short of a number of men lost or disabled by sunstroke, and a still larger number of horses knocked up by the long march on the hot sand. The army was now concentrated at the foot of the Shabluka Cataract, the great camp of 22,000 men extending for some two miles along the river. The camping-ground was a stretch of coarse grass with scattered trees. In the middle of the long line of tents and grass shelters the Egyptian flag, flying from a knoll looking out on the river, marked the Sirdar's headquarters. At the south end of the camp were the tents of the British division. Although there was yet no



AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA: LAYING THE CABLE ACROSS THE RIVER.

fear of a night attack, General Gatacre, in order to practise his division in what they would presently have to do, insisted on both officers and men sleeping fully equipped with their arms beside them. The Egyptian division, camped next to the British in long lines of grass and palm-leaf shelters, had an easier time and less stringent orders for the present. The north end of the camp was occupied by the artillery and transport lines. Along the river front by day and night boats were busily unloading stores brought up from the depôt at Nasri Island.

On the opposite bank of the river Major Stuart-Wortley was busy getting into shape his little army of friendly Arabs. The Jaalin, eager to avenge the massacre of Metemneh, were the most numerous tribe in camp, but several others were well represented, notably the Ababdeh, the tribe from the deserts east of Assouan and Halfa, and the borders of the Batn-el-Hagar, who had done us such good service in every campaign since our advance began. Another tribe who mustered strongly were the Shukhriyeh, from the upper Atbara region. Their chief was a remarkable man, the Sheikh Amara Wad Abu Sin. His father had been Mudir, or native governor of Khartoum under Gordon, and perished with him in the night when the place was stormed by the Mahdi. Wad Abu Sin was himself for several years a prisoner in Omdurman, and during this time was a companion in misery with Slatin, who was his friend. The Sheikh escaped from captivity in 1892, and eagerly acted upon Colonel Wingate's invitation to him to bring his tribesmen to join in the advance on Khartoum.

The friendlies—Arabs of the Soudan and the

borders of Upper Egypt—besides their own tribal weapons, were armed with Remington rifles, supplied by the Egyptian Government. They were to operate on the east bank of the river, but a few of the Jaalin, who knew the country well, were to be employed as scouts with the Sirdar's army on the other bank.

On August 23rd, the day before the 21st Lancers marched in with the artillery and baggage convoy, the Sirdar held a great review of his army on the level desert behind the camp. It was a magnificent sight. The troops, British, Egyptian, and Soudanese, formed a long line nearly two miles from flank to flank, the men in splendid condition, and all complete in armament and equipment. Sir Herbert Kitchener rode down the line, accompanied by his staff. There rode with him the Italian and German military attachés, Captains Calderari and Von Tiedemann, the latter an African explorer of some note. Both expressed their admiration of the army that now stood ready to move on to Khartoum.

Keppel's gunboats lay anchored on the brown rapid-flowing river. Across the Nile could be seen the camp of Stuart-Wortley's friendlies. To the south rose the Shabluka Hills—already in the possession of our advanced cavalry. The first stage of the campaign—the concentration—had been accomplished without hitch or accident. The next move would be to a second concentration camp opposite the mountain of Jebel Royan, at the other end of the Cataract, the most southerly of the Shabluka Hills. Three days would suffice to complete this second stage of the advance, and then the army would be within forty miles of the enemy's stronghold, and a fight might be expected any day.

### III.—IN TOUCH WITH THE ENEMY.

THE advance from Wad Hamed camp began in the early morning of Wednesday, August 24th. The night before had been a miserable time for the troops. Soon after midnight a furious storm of thunder, wind, and rain broke over the river. The lightning flickered and flashed incessantly. Tents and straw shelters were blown down, and everyone was wet to the skin. The boats and steamers moored along the bank tugged at their moorings, and one of the large native craft, laden with baggage of an Egyptian battalion, got adrift and sank in the Nile. The storm swept the river bank for miles to the northward. Scores of telegraph poles were thrown down, and the wet made it useless to try to send a message on the wire.

The army was no longer operating in the rainless regions of Upper Egypt and Nubia; but though the rainy season proper was over, there was still for awhile the chance of a sudden storm such as this. And the experience was especially trying to the Egyptian troops, who never saw rain from year's end to year's end in their sunny villages by the Northern Nile.

Before daybreak, while the wind was still lashing the river and driving gusty showers of rain over the camp, General Hunter had formed up the first and third brigades of his division (MacDonald's and Lewis's), and they marched off by the light of the dawn. The weather was clearing rapidly by sunrise, and the rain had laid the dust, and made the march past the Shabluka Hills fairly easy going. The two other brigades of the Egyptian army (Maxwell's and Collinson's) marched in the afternoon. They were followed by the artillery, with the exception of the 40-pounders and the howitzers, which were to go up by water. The column made a *détour* to the right, to avoid the rocky ridges near the Cataract. A whole fleet of native boats, under their long brown lateen sails, were already sailing up the Shabluka Gorge, conveying the baggage of Hunter's division. Out in front beyond the hills Broadwood's cavalry were scouting, and they screened the movement so

well that until the day of the battle the Khalifa had no clear idea of what was the precise strength the Sirdar was bringing against him. Broadwood's horsemen let no one pass to the southward beyond their outlying vedettes. But every day they let in a number of fugitives and deserters from Omdurman, and these brought useful information, which was duly sifted and classified by Colonel Wingate and Slatin Pasha.

Hunter's first march was only nine miles. His troops bivouacked in the desert, and next day made a twelve miles' march to the concentration camp opposite Jebel Royan Mountain, near the deserted village of El Hajir. A couple of the gunboats had come up the Cataract and seized an island just opposite Jebel Royan, which was to be the new store *dépôt*. From the summit of the mountain Sir Charles Wilson, on his way up to Khartoum in 1885, had made an attempt to communicate by heliograph with Khartoum. The attempt was a failure, for that morning the place was already in possession of the Dervishes. The Sirdar had ordered the mountain to be occupied as a look-out station, and from its summit with a good telescope there could be seen far away on the southern horizon a white speck, which was identified as the dome of the Mahdi's tomb rising over the houses of Omdurman, and glittering in the sun. Curiously enough, the officer who first picked it out was no other than Gordon's nephew, Major Gordon, R.E., who had come up in charge of the gunboat *Melik*.

The British division moved off from Wad Hamed camp on the Thursday, the battalions marching side by side in parallel columns at wide intervals. They joined the camp at El Hajir early on the 27th. That day the force was complete again, and there was a stir of excitement in the camp when word came in from the cavalry in front that they had caught sight of Dervish scouts retiring on both banks of the river.

The Sirdar joined his army after a voyage up the Cataract in one of the steamers. The Shabluka is known to the Arabs as "the ninety

nine islands." When the Nile is falling it is a dangerous place, as Sir Charles Wilson found by sad experience in 1885. But now the river was running so full that the only difficulty was to work the engines against the strong current. There was plenty of deep water everywhere between the islands. The central gorge, about a mile long, is described by those who traversed it as one of the most splendid sights on the Nile. The great rocks come sheer down to the river, forming a narrow V-shaped passage, through which the Nile races like a mill-race. The abandoned Dervish batteries on either side were in places flooded by the river.

General Rundle, the chief of the staff, was on his way up to join the Sirdar at El Hajir. He had remained behind at the Atbara camp to see to the forwarding of troops and supplies, and to make sure that the line of communications from railhead was in good working order. He was travelling up on board of Commander Keppel's flagship, the gunboat *El Zafir*, when, on Friday, the 26th, just after passing Shendy, the boat suddenly sprang a leak. She was headed for the bank, but before she reached it she sank in the Nile, in water so deep that her upper deck was awash. Rundle and Keppel had a narrow escape of drowning, as the ship partly turned over as she went down. Luckily, a crowd of native craft hastened to the rescue, and no lives were lost. The sinking of this gunboat, one of the finest on the river, was the one piece of bad luck in the whole expedition. The officers on board lost all their personal belongings, except the uniforms they were actually wearing. Arrangements were made for securing the ship where she lay, in order to raise her at low Nile. Meanwhile her Maxim guns were removed from her upper works and transferred to other steamers in the flotilla.

On the Saturday, the same day that the Sirdar joined the camp, Major Stuart-Wortley, with his motley array of friendlies, about 1,700 strong, appeared on the opposite bank, below the slope of Jebel Royan. They had made a two days' march by the desert route, sweeping round to the eastward of the Shabluka Hills. Abdul Azim, with the Ababdeh camel men, had scouted well ahead, and had come on the tracks of the retiring Dervish patrols. On the preceding day, when camped near Shabluka village, Stuart-Wortley had been joined by eighty-six of the Batahin Arabs, under their Sheikh Hassan. They had deserted in a body from the Khalifa, and brought in thirty-six rifles with them.

Readers of Slatin's book will recollect the terrible story which he tells of the wholesale execution of the Batahin at Omdurman some years before by the Khalifa's orders. It was no wonder Hassan and his men, remembering how their fellow-tribesmen had been tortured and slain on the execution ground by the Mahdi's tomb, took the first opportunity to throw in their lot with the army of deliverance.

There was no long stay at El Hajir. On the morning of Sunday, August 28th, the advance was resumed, and now the army marched prepared for battle, for the cavalry was in touch with the enemy. Stuart-Wortley's friendlies were again moving down the east bank, and in the afternoon they were joined by some more refugees from Omdurman. One of them brought a letter from one of Wingate's spies in the enemy's capital. Amongst other items of information the letter conveyed the news that a messenger had reached the Khalifa from the Upper Nile, bringing a French flag and an offer from some French officer to take him under the protection of the tricolour. This item of news came to the knowledge of a veteran among the correspondents, Mr. Charles Williams, but he was told that it was not to be sent on by wire to England. It suggested too many awkward possibilities to be made public property till a later date. It was also reported that the Khalifa had sent two steamers up the river to Fashoda, and that he was trying to place torpedoes in the Nile near Omdurman.

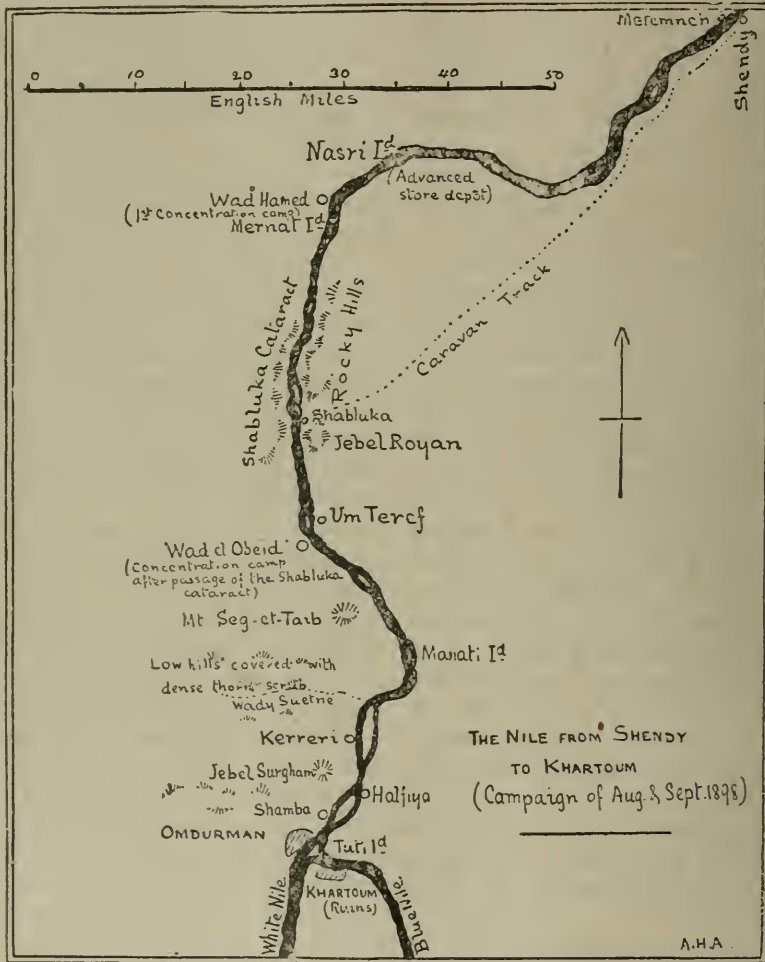
The next camp was on the west bank, opposite Um Teref. The Egyptian division marched from Wad El Obeid on the Sunday morning. The British followed in the cool of the evening, and marching by moonlight reached Um Teref camp in the small hours of the morning on Monday, the 29th. During this moonlit night a few Dervishes crept into the Egyptian outpost line. There was an alarm, and they were fired on, but got away, although the foremost of them had ventured far enough to defiantly hurl a spear into the camp. The further advance was delayed on the Monday by a storm of wind driving dense clouds of dust and sand, and making the Nile so rough that it was impossible for the gunboats to tow the barges and native boats that contained the baggage.

The cavalry were out scouting, notwithstanding the storm. It made their work doubly difficult, not only by obscuring the view from time to time, but also by covering the tracks of the enemy's scouts with dust blown from the

belt of cultivated land along the Nile bank. Once they caught sight of a patrol of nine Dervish horsemen, but these galloped off to the southward as soon as they were sighted. Everything seemed to indicate that the enemy would not fight except under the walls of Khartoum. The Khalifa had only sent northwards a

was sent forward from Um Teref to reconnoitre the enemy's positions.

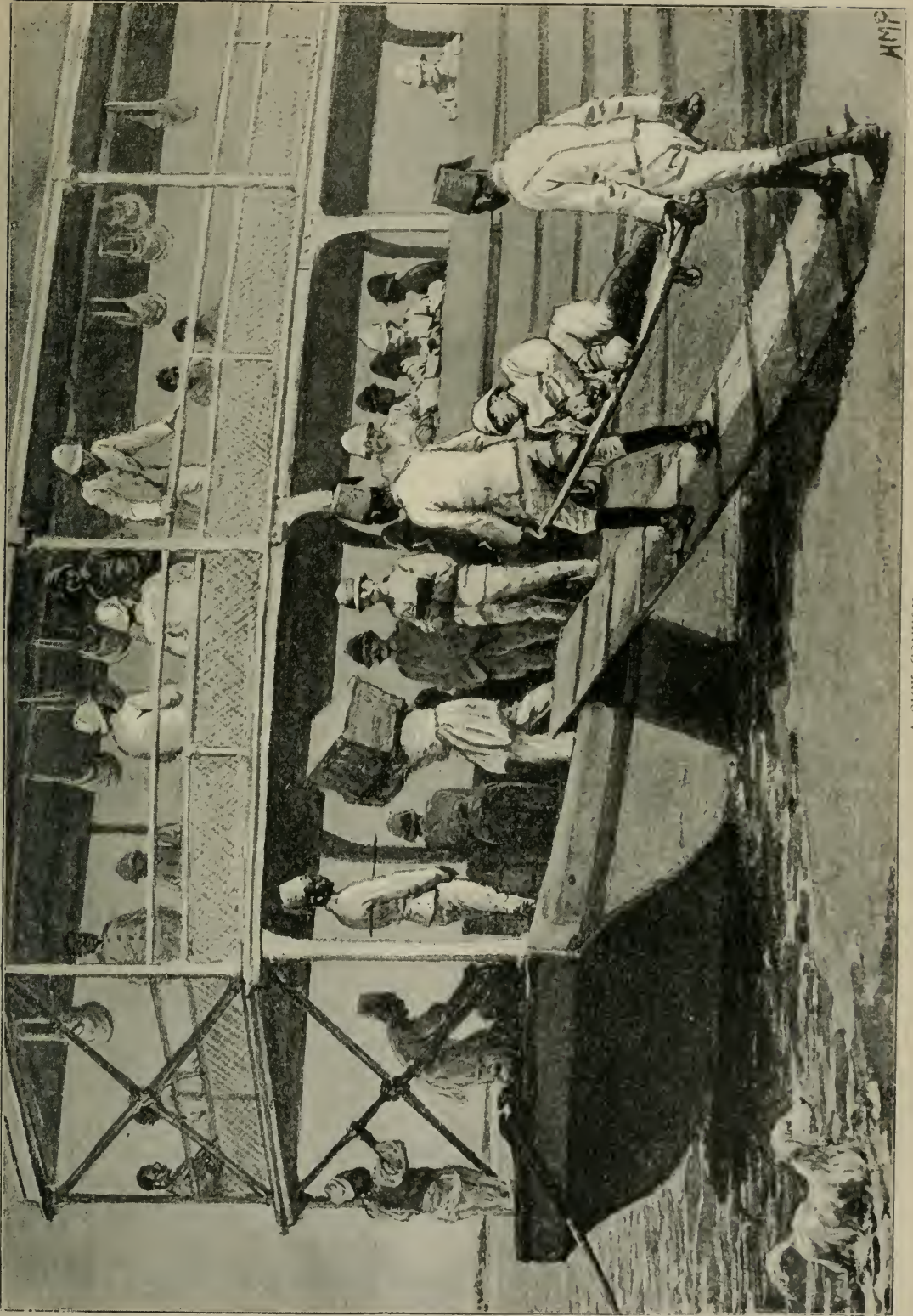
On this Monday afternoon Major Stuart-Wortley sent over word from the east bank that his friendlies had had a brush with the enemy's scouts, and had made five prisoners and taken a boat-load of grain. Next day there



handful of mounted scouts to observe the Sirdar's advance.

Deserters and refugees were now arriving in large numbers. Some came across the desert, marching by night and hiding in the daytime. Others floated down the river on logs of wood or inflated water-skins, and were picked up by the gunboats. All told the same story. The Khalifa, they said, had gathered a vast army north of Omdurman, and would fight on the Kerrerri Hills. In order to test this information the gunboat *Melik*, under the command of Major Gordon,

was a skirmish on the west bank, in which the 21st Lancers had their first sight of an enemy. In the early morning the whole army marched from Um Teref in battle array, facing south, the camel corps and some of the cavalry guarding the desert flank, the rest well out in front. The march was to be a short one, not more than eight miles, and the troops were then to camp on the river bank, the line of bivouacs being a semi-circle, its convex curve towards the desert, its two flanks resting on the river, and protected by the gunboats.



A SICK CONVOY.

AMP

This day the 21st Lancers, who had hitherto been engaged in escort duties, for the first time formed part of the advanced cavalry screen. The march lay through a tract of river bank covered in places with great masses of primosa scrub, in which the enemy could easily be concealed. The vanguard of the Lancers, under Lieutenant de Montmorency, had gone about four miles south of an isolated rocky hill known as Seg-el-Teib, when they came upon a patrol of Dervish horsemen. As usual, the Dervishes galloped off, but this time they had support near at hand.

As the Lancers followed them a line of some thirty red and white banners was seen along a rising ground close in front, drums were heard beating, and a shot was fired from a heavy elephant rifle. The Lieutenant with two of his troopers had by this time ridden out in advance of his men, when he was charged by half-a-dozen mounted Dervishes. He killed the leader with a shot from his revolver, and the rest rode back towards the banners with the riderless horse.

The Lancers had now been reinforced, and sent a patrol through the bush towards the left of the Dervish position. This patrol saw a body of about two hundred of the enemy's cavalry retiring in that direction. As well as could be seen, there was infantry (probably dismounted camelmen), as well as cavalry, holding the low hill in front; and though the position was not an extensive one, it seemed to be strongly garrisoned. But

it was merely an advanced post of the main Dervish army, and the Emir in command had no intention of making a prolonged defence, so when one of the gunboats came up and began to drop shells into the bush along the height, the thirty banners disappeared, the whole force retiring behind the Kerreri Hills, across the bushy hollow of Wady Suetne.

On the 30th, while the army made another short march in advance, four of the gunboats—the *Sultan*, flying Keppel's flag, the *Melik*, commanded by Gordon, the *Futteh*, and the *Nasir*—steamed on till they were abreast of Kerreri. While the hills were searched with telescope and field-glass, the quick-firing guns sent a number of shells into a hollow of the hills, where it was supposed the Dervishes had a camp. The positions of the Dervish forts on the riverside below Khartoum were verified, and now everything was ready for the final advance to the attack.

It was decided that the flotilla should attack and destroy the forts, and that meanwhile Stuart-Wortley and his friendlies should clear the ground near Halfiya, on the east bank, while the Sirdar with the main army marched on to Kerreri. The great battle was now, at furthest, only two or three days off. The persistent retreat of the Dervish outposts seemed to confirm the tale told by the refugees that the Khalifa would probably decline to risk a battle in the open, and only make a stand behind the fortifications of Omdurman.





THE NILE NEAR KHARTOUM.

#### IV.—OMDURMAN, THE SACRED CITY OF MAHDISM.

**B**EFORE the Egyptian conquest of the Soudan, three-quarters of a century ago, Metemneh and Shendy, the great river-side towns of the Jaalin tribe, were the chief centres of population and trade in the country near the confluence of the White and Blue Nile. On the point of low-lying land at the junction of the rivers there was only an insignificant village. Mehemet Ali made it the site of a city, which he designed to be the new capital of the Egyptian Soudan. It was called Khartoum, the Arab name of the point between the rivers, so called from a fancied resemblance of its outline to an elephant's trunk, the literal meaning of the word.

Khartoum remained the capital till its fall in 1885. The Mahdi ordered the abandonment of the place after the long siege, and began the building of a new town on the west bank of the White Nile, near the outlying fort of Omdurman. There he built the great mosque, a huge square enclosure, close to his own house. There he was buried when he died in the following summer, and the possession of his tomb, a lofty, white-domed building, made the city more than ever sacred for his followers. His successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi, further extended the new capital, and while Khartoum fell to ruins, Omdurman spread for mile after mile along the river bank.

"The Khalifa," wrote Slatin Pasha in 1895, "has not moved out of Omdurman for upwards of ten years. Here he has centralised all power, stored up all ammunition, and gathered under his personal surveillance all those whom he suspects, obliging them to say the five prayers daily in his presence and listen to his sermons. He has declared Omdurman to be the sacred city of the Mahdi. It is strange to think that ten years ago this great town was merely a little village lying opposite to Khartoum, and inhabited by a few brigands. It was not for some time after the fall of Khartoum that the Mahdi decided to settle there. . . . During his lifetime he had declared that Omdurman was merely a temporary camp, as the Prophet had revealed to him that he should depart this life in Syria, after conquering Egypt and Arabia; but his early death shattered all his plans, and the hopes of his followers."

Slatin gives, in his story of his captivity in the Soudan, an elaborate account of the capital of Mahdism, the Court of the Khalifa, and the daily life of the people of Omdurman as it was before the reconquest. "From north to south," he says, "the new city covers a length of about six English miles. The southern extremity lies almost immediately opposite the south-west end of Khartoum. At first everyone wanted to live as near the river banks as possible, in order to facilitate the drawing of water; consequently the

breadth of the city is considerably less than its length, and it is in no place over three miles in width."

The map prepared by Slatin Pasha for the Intelligence Department, and issued in the summer of 1878, makes the city, including its suburbs, nearly seven miles long and just two and a half miles wide at its greatest breadth; but the northern and southern portions are not more than a mile wide. Anyone who knows London will realise the enormous extent of the

relatives, whilst the Emirs and most of the wealthy people followed his example."

The principal building of the city next to the Mahdi's tomb and the mosque was the Khalifa's palace, a vast enclosure, surrounded by a high and thick red brick wall, and divided into several inner courts. His private apartments, harem, stables, storehouses and quarters for his guard and attendants were large detached buildings in the courts, some with an upper storey, and surrounded by shady verandahs. There was a



Khalifa's city if he notes that from north to south it was as far as from King's Cross to Putney Heath, the widest part being about as broad as from Charing Cross to the west end of Kensington Palace Gardens. An extent like this represents a vast population. Omdurman, in the days of the Khalifa's power, must have been one of the largest and most populous cities in all Africa.

"At first," says Slatin, "it consisted of thousands and thousands of straw huts, and the mosque was originally an oblong enclosure, surrounded by a mud wall 460 yards long and 350 yards broad; but this has been replaced by one made of burnt brick and whitewashed over. After this the Khalifa began building brick houses for himself and his brother, then for his

garden for which hundreds of tons of earth had been brought from the Nile bank. Close by was the luxuriously furnished house of his son Osman, whom he hoped to make his heir, and a smaller house belonging to his brother Yakub. Near Yakub's house, but separated from it by a large open space, was the Beit-el-Amana, or arsenal, where arms and warlike material were stored. On its north side were two storehouses, one for the banners of the Emirs present in Omdurman, the other for the Khalifa's war-drums; east of these was a large building used as a cartridge factory and repairing shop for rifles. There was another arsenal installed in the old building of the Catholic Mission across the river at Khartoum, and a powder magazine on Tuti Island, at the junction of the rivers.



Omdurman

The Island of Tuti.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OMDURMAN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The Ruins of Khartoum.

"On the north side of the city and close to the river," continues Slatin, "is the Beit-el-Mal (treasury), which is an enormous walled-in enclosure, subdivided into a variety of courts in which are stored goods coming from all parts of the Soudan and from Egypt, as well as grain-stores and slave-courts. A little to the south of the Beit-el-Mal lies the public slave market.

. . . The town of Omdurman is built, for the most part, on fairly level ground, but here and there are a few small hills. The soil consists mostly of hard red clay, and is very stony. For his own convenience the Khalifa has driven large straight roads through various parts of the town, and to make way for these numbers of houses were levelled, but no compensation was given to the owners. . . . Outside the large unfinished wall built along the road leading to the Beit-el-Mal are a number of shops belonging to various trades, all of which are kept quite distinct—such as carpenters, barbers, tailors, butchers, etc. The *mehekemet es suk* (market police) are charged with maintaining order in the town; and the gallows erected in various parts of the city are a very evident indication of the system of government of the country.

"With the exception of the few broad roads which the Khalifa has made, the only communications between the various quarters consist of narrow winding lanes, and in these all the filth of the city is collected. Their wretched condition and the smells which emanate from these pestilential by-paths are beyond description. Dead horses, camels, donkeys, and goats block the way, and the foulest refuse lies scattered about. Before certain feast-days the Khalifa issues orders that the city is to be cleaned, but beyond sweeping all these carcases and refuse into corners, nothing further is done, and when the rainy season begins, the fœtid air exhaling from these decaying rubbish heaps gradually produces some fatal epidemic which sweeps off the inhabitants by hundreds."

Such was the Khalifa's capital when Slatin escaped from it in 1895. The conquest of the Dongola province by the Egyptian army in the following year alarmed Abdullahi as to the safety of his city, and he began to fortify it. He made no attempt to enclose the whole inhabited area, realising that to have to garrison so many

miles of wall would be to weaken rather than to strengthen the defence. Instead of this he enclosed the central portion of the city by a strongly-built stone wall. Inside this rampart were the mosque and the Mahdi's tomb, his own palace and the barracks of his bodyguard, a picked force some thousands strong. This walled enclosure was to be the citadel of the defence. It was about a mile broad from east to west, and rather more than a mile and a half long from north to south. On the south-west side the wall was not completed, but this gap was flanked by the walls of the mosque and partly closed by some large buildings.

As an additional protection another space, a mile wide and about half a mile across from north to south, abutting on the stone-walled enclosure, was surrounded with a lower rampart of sun-dried bricks. This space was crowded with houses, and the approach to it was through the northern streets of the city. Thus the storming of Omdurman would have meant a street fight among strongly-built mud-walled houses and the forcing of two walled enclosures and several large buildings.

On the riverside, batteries had been erected and armed with cannon. The mass of these formed an almost continuous line between the east wall of Omdurman and the edge of the river. There were other batteries to north and south of this main line, and others again on Tuti Island and in front of the ruins of Khartoum. The Khalifa had attempted to strengthen the river defences by means of torpedoes, but this effort at modern methods of warfare was a failure. It is said, however, that during his experiments he succeeded in blowing up one of his steamers. The only two others that were serviceable had been sent up the White Nile towards Fashoda.

The army that was to defend Omdurman was concentrated on the north side of the city. Only small parties of mounted troops had been pushed out in advance to watch the approach of the Anglo-Egyptian army. A detached force had been sent to the east bank to operate against Stuart-Wortley's "friendlies."

Such was the situation in the Dervish capital in the last days of August, and on the eve of the decisive struggle.

## V.—THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

FROM Um Teref camp the army advanced by three very short marches to the battleground near Omdurman. The whole distance covered from Tuesday, August 30th, to Thursday, September 1st, was twenty-three miles, but this slow advance was deliberately chosen in order to give time for the cavalry to reconnoitre the enemy's positions, and for the flotilla to attack and destroy his riverside batteries. During this advance the Sirdar sent a letter into the Dervish lines, addressed to the Khalifa, warning him that if he tried to defend Omdurman the place would be bombarded, and suggesting that to avoid unnecessary loss of life, the women and children should be removed from the town. The Khalifa appears to have treated this humane warning with careless contempt.

On the Wednesday Colonel Broadwood rode out with the Egyptian cavalry and camel corps, the horse battery and three Maxims, and sweeping away to the right approached Omdurman on its western side. Meanwhile the 21st Lancers advanced direct on the city, between Broadwood's line of march and the Nile, passing through Kerreri, which was found to have been evacuated by the Dervishes. Broadwood occupied the hill of Jebel Fereid, just five miles west of the centre of the city. From that commanding eminence Omdurman could be seen spread out like a panorama. Though it was known from Slatin's description to be a city of great extent, all those who looked out on it from the rocky hill-top were almost startled by the sight of its enormous size. There was the great wilderness of houses, crowded together for mile after mile along the river bank. High over them rose the white dome of the Mahdi's tomb, with the gilded balls of brass upon its apex glittering in the sun. Over the city roofs a clump of green palms on the other side of the Nile marked the position of Khartoum.

Presently the war-drums began to beat in Omdurman, and out from every street and alley on its seven miles of western front the Khalifa's warriors came pouring, with hundreds of fluttering standards to serve as rallying points. As

they gained the open plain they formed in five great masses, and then began to advance, with drums beating and flags flying, evidently eager for battle. Broadwood gave the order to his mounted troops to retire. The Lancers had come up on the Dervish right, and as the enemy advanced they exchanged a few shots with them. In this skirmish Corporal Barry was shot in the knee, the first of the British troops wounded in action during the campaign. This was the only casualty. As the cavalry fell back on the camp, the infantry and artillery formed up in battle array. But the Dervishes did not come on. Having watched for awhile the retirement of the mounted troops, they went back into Khartoum, and doubtless the Khalifa told them that the infidels were afraid to face them.

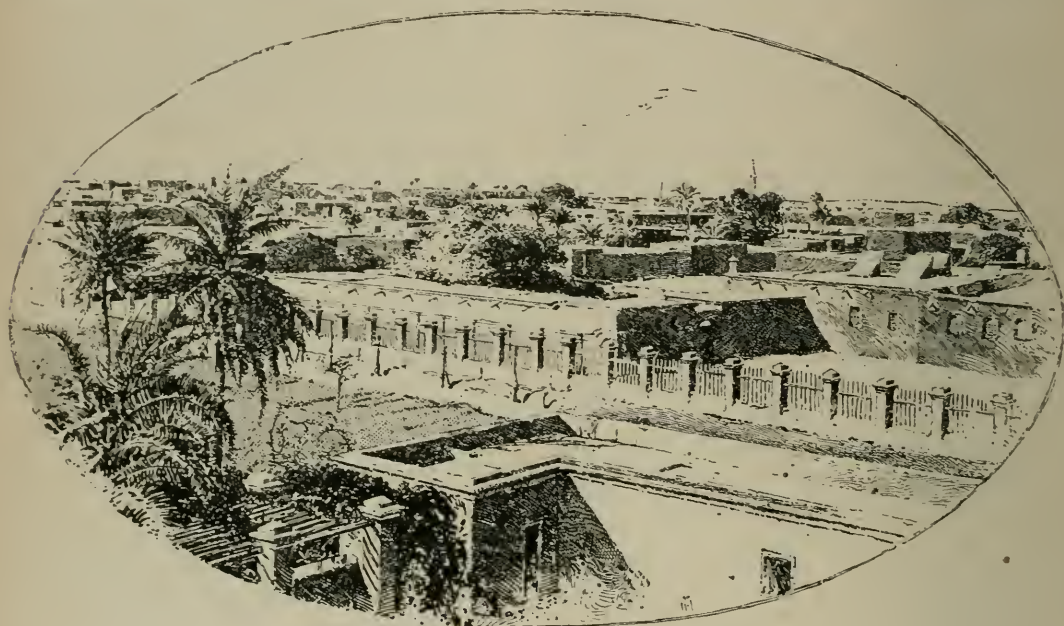
Whilst this reconnaissance was in progress Keppel had steamed up to the end of Tuti Island with his four best gunboats, the *Melik*, *Sheikh*, *Sultan*, and *Nasir*, and had carefully observed the riverside defences. On the way up he had shelled and set on fire a Dervish camp on the hills between Kerreri and Omdurman. The camp was of no great extent, and the Dervishes who fled from it towards the city appeared to be only a strong detachment placed on the hills as an outpost to observe the Egyptian advance. A little further on Keppel surprised a party of the enemy's cavalry who were watering their horses at the Nile bank. He ran close in and scattered them with shell and Maxim fire. Five of them surrendered and were brought back prisoners on board the *Sultan*, when the flotilla returned from its successful reconnaissance.

The programme for next day, Thursday, was that the gunboats co-operating with the friendlies were to clear Haliya village, the east bank of the Nile opposite Omdurman, and Tuti Island of the Dervishes, and then get the howitzers into position opposite the city, and with these and the guns of the ships attack and destroy the Dervish riverside batteries and shell the city itself. The Sirdar had his army in bivouac at a small ruined village, known as Agaiga or Figaiga, about a mile and a half south of Kerreri. The

camp was shaped like a capital D, the straight side of it being along the Nile bank, and the curve facing the desert. This curved line was fortified partly with a zereba hedge, partly with shelter trenches. Guns and Maxims were placed at intervals, and a number of mud houses that interrupted their field of fire were levelled to the ground. Inside the camp a few houses afforded shelter for the field hospital, and behind them the transport animals were picketed.

The ground immediately in front of the camp was a slightly undulating plain, about a mile wide, across which any attacking force must

Presently Major Stuart-Wortley's army of friendlies appeared marching along the river bank, a motley crowd of many tribes, colloquially known to Tommy Atkins during the campaign as the "Skallywags." The big guns of the 37th battery were landed with a couple of range-finders, and the advance was resumed, the Jaalin tribesmen leading. There had already been some wild firing at long ranges between Stuart-Wortley's vanguard and a number of mounted Dervish scouts, who had retired towards Halfiya. Close to the village there were a couple of forts on the river bank. These were bom-



GENERAL VIEW OF KHARTOUM IN 1884.

(Photo: R. Buchta.)

advance with very little cover from fire. Beyond the plain were some low hills, and to the left rose a bold rocky mass, marked on the map as Jebel Surgham. This was occupied by a party of the 21st Lancers, who established a heliograph signalling station on the summit. With them were some staff officers watching Omdurman and the movements of the flotilla.

Early in the morning Keppel had taken his gunboats across the river to a point just below Halfiya. He had six of them with him, the *Sultan*, *Sheikh*, *Melik*, *Futteh*, *Nasir*, and *Tamai*. Towing behind the *Tamai* were some barges, on which were embarked the 37th R.A. howitzer battery, and a detachment of 175 British soldiers from various regiments, who were to act as its escort when it was landed.

barded by the gunboats, and in a few minutes what was left of the garrison took to flight. Several of the Dervish wounded were brought on board of the flotilla and attended to by the surgeons. Meanwhile the scouts, who had pushed on in front, rode in with the news that the enemy were holding a group of four small villages near the river bank opposite Omdurman.

Full steam ahead went the gunboats, and soon they were sending a shower of shells into the villages. Then Stuart-Wortley moved up to storm them. At first the friendlies seemed anything but eager for close fight; there was a lot of shouting and firing at long range, and with very little regard to sighting; but at last the Jaalin, the best of the lot, started off, followed by the others, and got into the Dervish position.

There was a short sharp fight with spear and sword, and the enemy were driven out, losing some three hundred men, including several of the Emirs. Among them was a cousin of the Khalifa, the Emir Isa Zecharia.

The enemy having been thus disposed of, the howitzer battery and its escort were landed. Stuart-Wortley and the range-finders set to work to find a good position for the guns on the Nile bank, for the next item on the day's programme was the bombardment of Omdurman. While this reconnoitring was in progress Stuart-

in the fight. Then the friendlies rallied to the rescue, and the remnant of the Dervish desperadoes galloped off at full speed, only too glad to escape.

A good position having been found on the east bank just north of the point of Tuti Island, the howitzers were placed in battery by Major Elmslie and opened fire on Omdurman, taking for their guiding mark the great white dome of the Mahdi's tomb. Keppel and the flotilla meanwhile engaged and rapidly destroyed a large fort on Tuti Island, and then crossed



THE ADVANCE OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FORCE UPON OMDURMAN.

Wortley had a narrow escape. He had an escort of fifty of the friendlies with him, but they were apparently keeping a very careless look-out, for without a word of warning the party was suddenly charged by thirty Baggara horsemen who had rallied from the Dervish rout and returned to the scene of the fight. So fierce and sudden was their onset that the friendlies were driven back in confusion, and the officers, Stuart-Wortley, his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Wood, a son of Sir Evelyn Wood, Lieutenant Buckle, R.A., who was doing the range-finding, and an Egyptian interpreter, found themselves almost alone among the enemy. They drew their revolvers and shot several of the Baggara, the interpreter taking a plucky part

the Nile and steamed slowly along the river front of Omdurman, engaging the riverside forts in succession one by one, silencing and wrecking each with a shower of shells and Maxim bullets before going on to the next. While they were tackling the first forts the ships of the flotilla were exposed to a heavy fire from all the line at very short range. Bullets and shells whizzed round them and sent up geysers of spray as they struck the river. But their fire was so ill-aimed that very little damage was done. One shell crashed through the side of the *Futtoh* and got at her engine room, happily without exploding or doing any damage to the machinery. The officer who commanded her was slightly

wounded by a bullet. But this was the only casualty.

The howitzers meanwhile were sending their shells curving high in air over the gunboats and dropping into the city beyond. As each exploded there was a deafening crash, a great flash seen even in the bright sunlight, and a dense cloud of black smoke. One of them smashed in the side of the white dome on the Mahdi's tomb, another wrecked the central building of his palace. Gaps wide enough to drive a carriage through were torn in the riverside wall, the masonry being fairly blasted away by the explosions. Some of these terrible shells were dropped on the forts away to the left of the gunboat attack.

"These shells," wrote Mr. Frederic Villiers, "and the projectiles from our twelve-pounders were responsible for overwhelming slaughter of Dervishes who stuck to their guns within the forts. Yet some held on to their batteries with remarkable pluck, for when, apparently, a fort had long since been silenced, a puff of smoke and whizz of a shell, coming as it were from a heap of ruins, would astonish us all; for it was, seemingly, so hopeless that any being could have existed under the terrible fire brought to bear on the works. On entering some of the forts after the fight, so mangled were the remains of the brave defenders that it was difficult for the moment to recognise that the scattered remnants were of human flesh."

Having silenced the Omdurman batteries, the flotilla steamed on to attack a fort on the point of land between the two Niles close to the ruins of Khartoum—the Mukran Fort of Gordon's diaries. On the way the ships had to pass a point where it was known the Khalifa had placed a mine in the river. The *Sultan* tried to grapple the cable, but failed. There was some anxiety as to a possible explosion. "As each ship passed over the interesting spot," says Mr. Villiers, "there was a disquieting uncertainty in the men's breasts as to whether they would require their rations when tea-time came round." Luckily the apparatus of the Dervish mine was not in good working order, and nothing happened. After a short fight the garrison of Mukran Fort were driven out and fled inland, and then Keppel led his flotilla back to the point where the army had just formed its riverside camp. On the way a steamer, one of Sir Charles Wilson's old ships, was seen lying up a creek near Omdurman, and a few shells were sent into her, but it was then seen that the

Dervishes had abandoned her. Luckily she was so little damaged by the shots fired into her that she proved very useful as a ferry boat on the Nile after the capture of Omdurman. These old steamers, dating from Gordon's days, seem to have been of singularly solid construction. They have survived twenty years of service on the Nile, in which they had their fair share of the perils of battle and shipwreck.

We must now turn to the events that were occurring on the west bank during the bombardment. The collapse of the riverside defences and the widespread destruction in the city itself gave the Dervishes a new idea of the kind of attack they would have to face if they held on to their fortifications. The Khalifa Abdullahi and his Emirs had never been under such a fire before, and it soon dawned on them that to sit fast in Omdurman was to run the risk of being killed in detail without having the chance of even striking a blow before the end came. The Khalifa determined, therefore, to come out and risk the chance of war in the open.

The mounted troops with the horse battery, all under Colonel Broadwood's command, had pushed forward to the hollow of Khor Shamba to watch the northern suburbs of Omdurman. A little before noon the heliograph station on Jebel Surgham signalled to the camp that the enemy were advancing in force, and that the cavalry were retiring. From the hill-top the Dervish army could be seen marching forward in three great lines, each about two and a half miles long. Each had a number of flags flying, every flag denoting the presence of an Emir. In the midst flew the black banner of the Khalifa himself. Hundreds of drums were beating, and round the black banner, the ombeyas, the great ivory war-horns were sounding. The cavalry moved in by the river bank; the Lancers and the heliograph station were withdrawn from Jebel Surgham; only a few scouts remained on the hill to watch the expected Dervish advance to battle.

The cavalry sent in word that the Dervish army was 30,000 strong. The Sirdar, who had ridden forward to Jebel Surgham at noon to have a look at his enemy, estimated them at 35,000, but he says in his report: "from subsequent information this figure was probably under-estimated, their actual strength being between forty and fifty thousand."

The number was probably nearer the higher figure than the lower. There is no doubt that in quality as well as in mere numbers it was the



most powerful and well equipped force that had ever been gathered on one field in the whole course of the Mahdist movement. With a wiser policy the Khalifa might have possessed a still more formidable force for the defence of his capital. If he had not wasted in the useless raids on the Atbara Mahmoud's 20,000 fighting men; if he had not by his tyranny alienated the warlike Jaalin, he might well have mustered a hundred thousand warriors before Omdurman.

Even as it was, he had gathered under his black banner a force that was not to be despised. There were the Mulazemin, drilled black troops under Arab leaders, men of the same stamp as filled the ranks of the Sirdar's Soudanese regiments. These and the Jehadia, or Dervish regulars, enrolled for the Jihad, or sacred war, were all armed with Remington rifles—a very fair type of breechloader, of simple construction and easy to keep in order, which had been the weapon of the old Egyptian army. There were about 30,000 of these riflemen, but, happily for us, the quality of the cartridge and the training of the man who holds the rifle, and of the officer who directs his fire, are more important factors in the result than the structure of the weapon itself. The cartridges manufactured in the Khalifa's workshops were very defective and loaded with bad powder; the riflemen never had any target practice, and mostly regarded the sights of their Remingtons as useless appendages; and their leaders had never heard of such a thing as infantry fire tactics. The result was that the fire of the Jehadia was only dangerous at close quarters.

The riflemen were supplemented by some 20,000 spear and swordsmen, some thousands of whom were horsemen of the Baggara tribe, who are among the most daring warriors and the best cavaliers in all savage Africa. There was

practically no artillery. The Khalifa had mounted most of his Krupp guns in the river-side batteries. He had left many of them lying like useless lumber in his arsenal. The only cannon he brought out with him were three small Krupps, and even for these he had such poor ammunition that their shells fell short. He had also a Nordenfeldt machine-gun, but such little use was made of it that it was only when the battle was over that anyone in the Anglo-Egyptian army suspected that it had been in action. If the Khalifa had had with him a few trained officers, his army would have been a far more dangerous fighting force.

It was ascertained from prisoners later on that the Khalifa had intended to meet the Sirdar's army at Kerreri, but he had had to give up that plan as he was surprised by the rapid advance of the main body. Its movements had been so well screened by Broadwood's cavalry that the enemy never suspected it had come so near. When the Mahdist army moved out of Omdurman, the men in the Sirdar's camp had stood to their arms, and they waited for some time, eagerly expecting to see the Dervish banners showing over the low ridges in front. But the Khalifa had halted, and was apparently in no hurry to attack. The gunboats came back and reported that without losing a man they had wrecked the Khalifa's forts and shelled his palace, and that the friendlies had cleared the east bank. At three the cavalry scouts reported that he was bivouacking between Omdurman and Jebel Surgham, about three and a half miles away, and that the Dervishes had lit fires and were busy cooking. Later on deserters or spies from Omdurman declared that the Khalifa was waiting for the night to come in order to attack the camp in the darkness.



THE SIRDAR DIRECTING THE BATTLE.

## VI.—THE BATTLE.

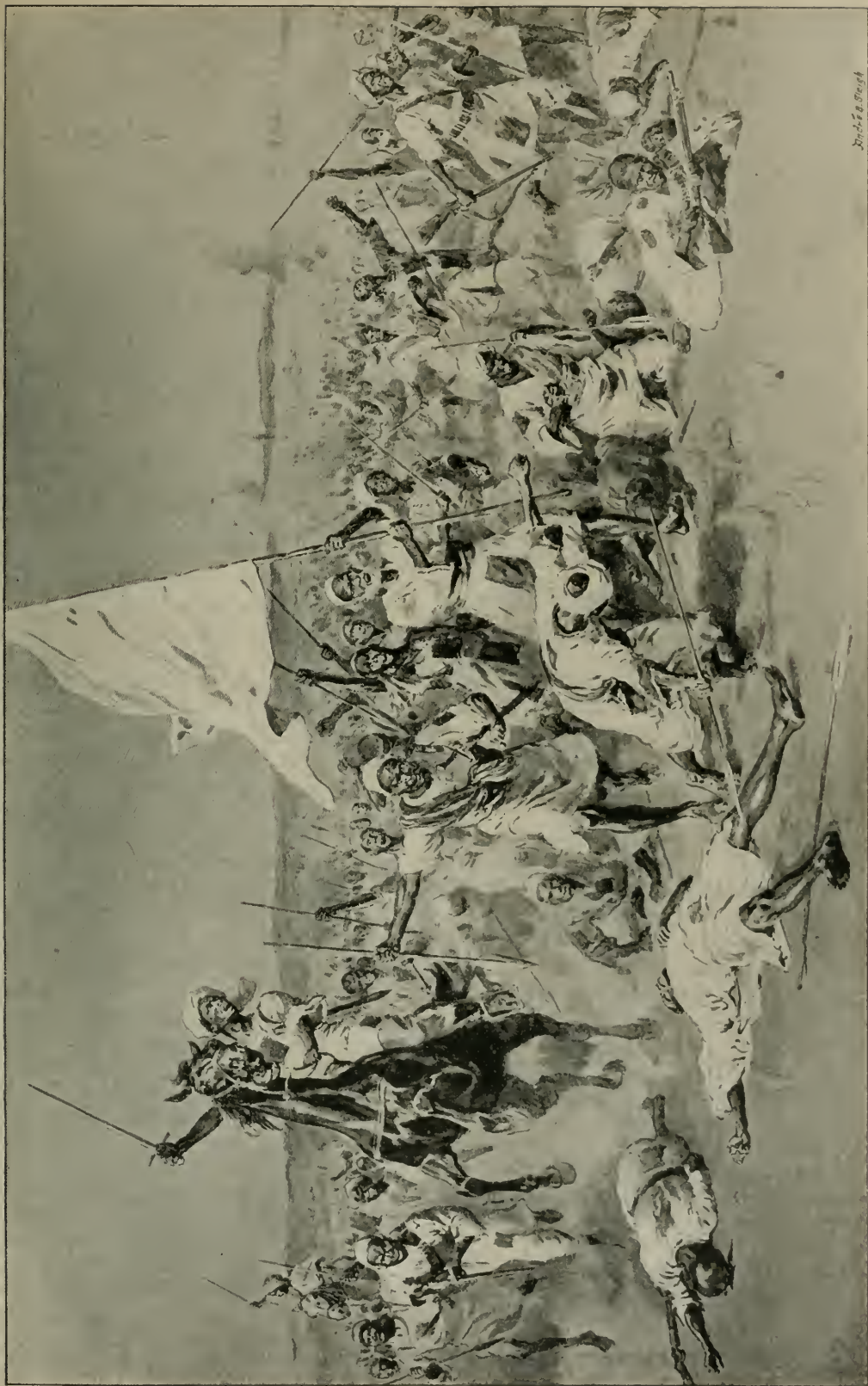
THE Sirdar had timed his advance so as to arrive before Omdurman when the moon was near the full. To have bright nights was a double advantage to him. It enabled some of the marching to be done in the cool moonlight, and it minimised the danger of attacks by the enemy.

The night before the great battle was clear and bright, and, to give additional security to the riverside camp, the gunboats, moored close to the Nile bank, swept its flanks and front with the broad white beams from their electric searchlights. To some of the wild tribesmen in the Dervish bivouac on the hills it must have seemed some strange magic, this lighting up of the desert with the giant rays of dazzling brightness. And it is even said that some of them refused to remain with the Khalifa's standard, declaring that if the invaders could thus control the sunlight, Allah must surely be with them.

Along the front of the Sirdar's camp watchful sentinels were on the alert, and the friendlies had scouts out towards the Dervish bivouacs, and a post on the slope of Jebel Surgham. These friendly scouts had been warned to move in couples when they approached our sentry line, and the sentinels were told to let men

running back two and two pass in without a challenge. They were to fire on any large body and challenge men approaching singly. During the night deserters from the enemy caused some alarms. Once the whole of the British second brigade was on its feet for a few minutes. One of the deserters who arrived was an Emir with a few of his followers.

Shortly before midnight some of Colonel Wingate's spies got back from the Mahdist lines and brought the news that the Khalifa would attack before dawn, if not earlier in the night. It is certain, however, that, whatever may have been his intentions, he sent nothing more than a few scouts towards the Anglo-Egyptian camp during the hours of darkness. One reason for his inactivity was the false impression conveyed to him of the Sirdar's plans by some friendlies from the neighbourhood of Agaiga, whom Wingate had sent out in the evening with orders to prowl round the Dervish camp and spread the report that the Sirdar was going to repeat the tactics of Ferkeh and the Atbara, marching in the darkness and attacking in the grey of the morning. Thus the Khalifa was induced to wait during the night for the expected attack. It was only when he found that the invaders were



*Dr. J. E. Smith*

THE DERVISH ONSET.

still camped on the river-bank at dawn that he moved forward.

So there was a quiet night, disturbed only by some local false alarms—a shot or two fired by sentries at what they took to be moving foes in their front, and one volley from a picket just after a party of friendly scouts had rushed in, giving the impression that the Dervishes were coming. Curiously enough, though Dervish scouts were undoubtedly prowling in the front of the camp, the moving searchlights never actually showed any of them.

A little after half-past three (when it was still dark, and with nearly two hours to wait for the sunrise) the bugles of the British divisions and drum and bugle in the Egyptian camp sounded the reveillé, and the men rose and stood where they had slept, in battle array. Breakfasts were hastily got ready and disposed of. Pack animals were loaded up ready to move off when the order was given to march, for at that moment the general idea was that the enemy would still give battle on the hilly ground between the camp and Omdurman, and that the Anglo-Egyptian army would have to advance and attack him. As soon as the dawn began to whiten the sky away across the Nile the cavalry trotted out and made for the hills, to see what the Dervishes were doing. The gunboats had steam up, and were cleared for action, ready at the word to slip from their moorings and cover the flank of the army as it marched on Omdurman.

Let us, before going further with the story of the fight, glance at the battle array of the Anglo-Egyptian army as it stood waiting in the clear sunlight of the early September morning. The line of battle was about a mile and a half long, its flanks thrown back so as to rest on the Nile, its shape a flattened curve. There was about a mile along the river-bank from tip to tip of this bent bow formed by the fighting line, the broadest point between the curve and the river being about a thousand yards. In the space thus enclosed were the mud-walled huts of the village of Agaiga, under the shelter of which the field hospital had been established. Near the river-bank the transport animals were massed, some 3,000 camels and 1,000 mules.

The left of the line was formed by the British division—Lyttelton's brigade nearest the Nile, then Wauchope's. The 32nd battery of the Royal Artillery, two Egyptian field batteries, and the Maxim battery, manned by the Royal Irish Fusiliers, were in the part of the line held

by Lyttelton. In the centre were Maxwell's and Lewis's brigades of the Egyptian army, and on the right, facing northwards, with its flank resting on a creek that ran into the Nile, was MacDonald's brigade. In the intervals of that part of the line which was formed by the Egyptian army there were two more Egyptian batteries and some Maxims. The 4th Egyptian brigade, under Collinson, was in reserve inside the line on the right. The front held by the British division was covered by a zereba hedge of desert thorn bushes. The Egyptian brigades had no zereba, but had dug a shelter trench all along their line.

The camel corps, Broadwood's Egyptian cavalry, and the horse battery were on the extreme right, near the river, and well outside the curving line of battle. Some of Broadwood's men and the 21st Lancers were scouting to the front. The gunboat flotilla and more than a hundred barges and Nile boats lay along the river front of the camp. On the other side of the Nile were Stuart-Wortley's friendlies and the howitzer battery in position near Halfiya. As soon as the sun was up the howitzers again began dropping shells into Omdurman.

By five o'clock the whole force was ready to march, but before breaking up the line and moving to the attack of the Dervishes the Sirdar waited for news from his cavalry scouts. As they pushed into the hills a number of Dervish horsemen retired before them without showing any fight. Major Baring's squadron of the Egyptian cavalry had ridden over the low ridge that forms the shoulder of Jebel Surgham. Here he came in sight of the Khalifa's camp and saw at once signs that showed him the enemy would soon be on the move. He sent in his report, and then the headquarters staff suspended all further preparations for the march, and the word was passed that the enemy would soon come on to the attack of the camp. It was a piece of good fortune for the Anglo-Egyptian army. They would be able to meet the Dervish host with every chance in their favour—an open field of fire extending for nearly three thousand yards to their front, over which no troops in the world could successfully advance in the face of modern weapons and civilised discipline, and with their flanks resting on the river and protected by the quick-firing guns of the flotilla. The Khalifa was throwing away every chance by attacking our troops while they were still





THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN: THE DEFENCE OF THE KHALIFA'S STANDARD.

in their camp. Even if he had waited till they were on the move, he might have met them in the broken ground between Kerrerri and Omdurman on less hopelessly disadvantageous terms.

At a quarter past six it was seen that the cavalry were retiring. A last message had come in from Jebel Surgham. "An enormous force of the enemy is advancing to the attack," it said, "drumming and shouting as they come." How steadily the mounted troops retired, trotting back towards the camp with evenly dressed lines as if they were riding in from an early morning drill in the desert! Over the ridges behind them there came a long white line. It was the front of the first great column of Dervish infantry. The men wore the white jibba, ornamented with divers coloured patches—the Dervish uniform. Over their heads fluttered the brightly-coloured pennons of their emirs. Even before they came in sight many in the camp had heard, like the noise of the sea, the confused roar made by hundreds of war-drums and the mingled shouts of thousands of fanatic warriors, marching, as they fondly dreamed, to victory, under the eye of the Khalifa himself, for soon his black banner showed in the midst of the advancing tide of armed men.

Here and there the foremost Dervishes fired a few shots at the retiring cavalry. The Lancers rode into the left of the camp and formed up between the British division and the river; the Egyptian squadrons, moving rapidly across the front of the camp, rejoined the main body of Broadwood's cavalry away to the north of the battle line. The Lancers had been out on Jebel Surgham, and in the earlier part of the Dervish advance Colonel Martin had dismounted some of his men and exchanged fire with the enemy. He had inflicted some loss on them without a single casualty on his side.

The gunboats had steamed up the river and had joined Major Elmslie's battery in the renewed bombardment of Omdurman. Now that the enemy's army was in sight, they were recalled to assist in repelling his attack. The cavalry reports showed that the Khalifa's first line was formed of five great masses of rifle and spear-men. From left to right it was between two and three miles long. In the rear of it there was a second line, of much less strength, escorting a mass of camels and donkeys laden with supplies. Cavalry were riding on the flanks and here and there in the intervals of the great moving mass of infantry, but the

Dervishes had only brought out with them three Krupp guns and one of the old Nordenfeldts. These were in their right centre.

Topping the ridges in front, the great moving multitude of Dervish warriors poured out upon the sandy plain in front of the Sirdar's line. Some of the leading Mahdists were firing as they marched, but the range—nearly two miles—was far beyond the furthest limit of what the Remington rifle could do, even with better ammunition than the cartridges made in Omdurman arsenal. Shouting and drumming, the main mass moved on without firing a shot. Their right climbed over the Jebel Surgham height, and from that point to the Kerrerri Hills the whole plain was filling with horse and foot, rifles and spears, and waving banners, while the drum and war-horn raised a deafening din. A staff officer spurred away from the Sirdar's side to the British left, where Major Williams's gunners of the Royal Artillery were waiting ready beside their long 15-pounders. He brought the order to open fire. Precisely at 6.40 the first gun aimed at the Dervish right and loaded with shrapnel boomed out, and the shell burst fairly in the air, just in front of the enemy's line, rolling over a good score of the foremost in the attack. Then the other guns and the Egyptian batteries joined in, and all along the Dervish front the bursting shells tore gaps in their ranks, gaps that were filled as soon as they were made. Through the field-glass those who watched the bursting shell saw that many even of the wounded Dervishes sprang up and regained their place in the front. A few minutes more, and another galloper carried the order to the Grenadier Guards to open fire with volleys from their long-ranging Lee-Metfords at 2,700 yards, the extreme distance for which the rifle is sighted. The Guardsmen standing close to the zereba hedge opened fire with volleys by sections, and the other regiments of Gatacre's division carried on the firing away to the left. In the huge moving mass in front of them they had a target against which even at such a distance the volleys could hardly fail to be effective. In the centre and on the right the Soudanese and Egyptian battalions were still silently watching the enemy's advance, lying down in their shelter trenches, for the range was far too great for their Martinis.

Under the rain of bursting shells and Maxim and Lee-Metford bullets the Dervishes were still coming steadily on. The quick-firing guns of the

flotilla had now been brought to bear on them, but there was no check in their advance; and now Maxwell's, Lewis's, and MacDonal's brigades added some thousands of rifles to the storm of fire that was pouring from all the curving front of the camp. The Dervishes were replying, and the front of their advance was white with drifting smoke. They had got their Krupp guns into action on the shoulder of Jebel Surgham, but the shells burst some hundreds of yards

of the Faith," poured over the slopes of the Kerreri Hills, its objective being the right of the Sirdar's line. But it came in contact with the mass of the mounted troops, which, to avoid being crushed by the mere weight of superior numbers, were retiring northward along the Nile bank. At first Broadwood moved his squadrons slowly, bringing Major Young's horse battery into action against the Dervishes and harassing them with the carbine fire of



OPENING FIRE UPON THE DERVISHES.

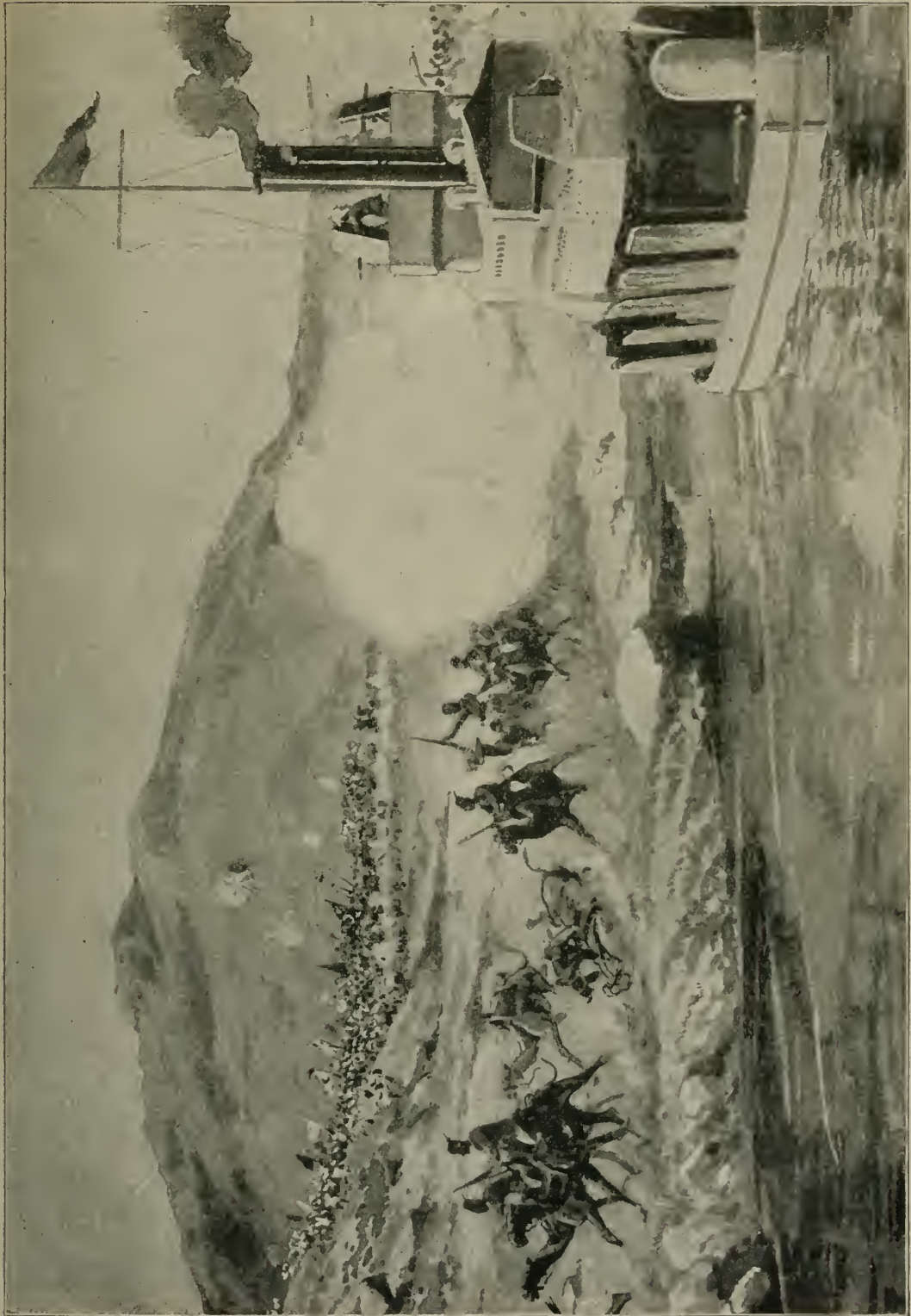
short, well out in front of the British division, giving at first the impression that some of the gunboats on the river were making bad practice. At this stage of the attack the losses of the Dervishes must have been enormous. They were falling literally by hundreds; but still they came on, their front line torn by bullet and shell, being within 300 yards of the camp. "I am sorry for those brave men!" exclaimed Count Calderari, the Italian attaché, as sitting on his horse beside the Sirdar he watched the Khalifa's spearmen thus recklessly rushing to destruction.

The left attack, directed by the Khalifa's son Osman, known as the Sheikh-ed-Din, or "Chief

his dismounted troopers. His object was thus to cover the retirement of Tudway's camel corps. But his small force was so hard pressed by the thousands of Dervishes who pressed forward, firing heavily as they came, that he had at last to leave the camel corps, who sought the protection of the gunboats on the river-bank.

Screened by the spur of the hills that runs towards the river near Kerreri from any fire from the camp, the Dervish column had pushed in between the mounted troops and the Sirdar's army. They poured such a heavy rifle fire into the battery that numbers of the horses were killed or maimed, and it was impossible to fully horse more than four of the guns. The other





AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE: THE *MELIX* SAVING THE CAMEL CORPS FROM UTTER DESTRUCTION.

two were temporarily abandoned, the gunners carrying off with them the breech blocks and other gear, so that the pieces were useless to the enemy. Caught between the river and the overwhelming mass of Dervishes, separated from the camp on the one hand and the cavalry on the other, the camel corps were for the moment in dire straits. About sixty of them had already fallen, killed or badly wounded, when rescue arrived, the *Melik* and two other gunboats steaming up to close quarters and sending a shower of bursting shells from their quick-firers and a hail of bullets from their Maxims into the Mahdist ranks. Osman withdrew his force from the neighbourhood of the river, leaving great heaps of dead to mark the spot where he had been caught by the gunboats. The camel corps, marching along the Nile bank under the protection of the flotilla, rode into the north end of the camp and formed up behind the right flank of MacDonald's brigade.

While this was happening, Colonel Broadwood, with the cavalry and the four guns of the horse battery, had got safely away to the northward, fighting all the while with a mass of Dervishes, part of Osman's force. The guns were more than once brought into action; the cavalry acted sometimes with carbine fire dismounted, sometimes charged the over daring Dervish horse that ventured to press them too closely. Soon the pressure on his force diminished as the main body of the pursuers fell back. Then he turned, and, marching along the Nile, worked his way back towards the main battlefield. His troopers had behaved splendidly. They had followed their officers as readily as if they had been engaged in a field day, instead of in a fight on difficult ground, with an overwhelming force of desperately daring enemies. There were many individual deeds of heroism performed by the Egyptian troopers in helping officers and men who had been wounded, or whose horses had been killed. Broadwood's fight had a useful result on the general fortunes of the day, for at a critical moment it had diverted at least ten thousand of the Khalifa's best troops from the attack on the camp.

Let us now turn to what was being done on the main battlefield. When the Dervish right and centre attacks had advanced to about 800 yards, their fire began to take effect here and there in the ranks of the Sirdar's army, the mass of riflemen on Jebel Surgham, who fired over the heads of the advancing spearmen and cavalry, doing the most damage. The first man hit was

Corporal Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, wounded in the leg by a ricocheting bullet. He had the wound dressed, and promptly returned to his place in the firing line. The next casualty was in the Lincolns, a soldier being shot dead as he fired his rifle. The zereba hedge in front of the British part of the line was never of any real use during the battle, for the Dervishes never got near enough for it to serve as an obstacle. It is essentially a defence for a bivouac at night, and on this occasion it would have been better if it had been pulled away in the early morning. It was so high that the men had often to stand to fire over it, thus making the aim less steady and exposing the soldier more completely, for a zereba does not stop bullets. The Soudanese and Egyptian regiments were much better off in their shelter trenches. Shallow as they were, they afforded good cover to a kneeling line and very complete protection to men lying down, and both positions mean a steadier aim for the firing line.

For five or ten minutes the Dervish fire was heavy. There are said to have been at least ten thousand riflemen engaged in this first onslaught upon the camp, and the marvel is that they did so little damage. For the Dervish cavalry and spearmen there was no hope but in getting to close quarters with the defenders of the camp, and they pressed on recklessly, wave upon wave, mostly to fall as they came up to the deadly 500 yards' range, or to limp back disabled by Metford or Martini bullet. But the riflemen found some little shelter here and there behind the undulations of the desert ground, and lying down they kept up a sharp fire in comparative security. Some of them established themselves within 400 yards of the British zereba hedge, and at that range their Remingtons were effective enough. There were some fifty or sixty casualties in the British portion of the line alone. Captain Caldecott, of the Warwicks, was shot through the head, and died in the hospital an hour later. Captain Bagot, of the Grenadiers, and Captain de Rougemont, of the Artillery, were wounded. Colonel Rhodes, the *Times* correspondent, fell badly wounded with a bullet in the shoulder. The veteran Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, had a narrow escape, a Dervish bullet cutting his face just below the temple, his third experience of being hit in action. The officers and men of the Army Medical Corps suffered severely. Lieutenant-Colonel Sloggett, one of the English surgeons, was badly wounded by a bullet. One

of the ambulance men fell, shot through the body as he handed a drink to a patient in the field hospital. Two others of these gallant fellows, Private Davidson and Corporal Taylor, of the Army Medical Corps, were carrying a wounded man on a stretcher from the fighting line, when Taylor was wounded by a bullet in the head, and at the same moment Davidson was badly wounded by a Dervish ball in his arm.

But at the time these incidents were hardly noticed, for the attention of all in the camp was riveted on the terrible spectacle of the Dervishes marching bravely on through the storm of fire that blazed and roared from the long front of the camp. The guns on the left and the Maxims had been run out till they formed almost a right angle with the south side of the zereba, so as to get them to bear better on the enemy's attack. For half an hour through the hail of bullet and shell the Dervishes came on. Led by their mounted Emirs, they moved forward till they fell, and then others appeared, coming on to take their places in the front. It was noticed that many even of their riflemen were so intent on pressing forward that they never stopped to fire, but bounded onwards among the spearmen, brandishing their Remingtons over their heads. Few got as far as 400 yards from our front. The man who fell nearest the line of the British division was a splendidly-built young Arab, who rushed forward with his broad-bladed spear at the charge till a bullet brought him down just 200 yards from the zereba. In front of Maxwell's brigade an old white-bearded man, bearing a flag and accompanied by five spearmen, dashed out from the rest of the Dervishes. One by one his comrades fell, but he seemed to have a charmed life, till about two hundred and fifty yards from the 14th Soudanese he dropped, still grasping his banner. The Khalifa's black standard, a flag about six feet square, flying from a long bamboo lance ornamented with silver, was in the front of the array that bore down upon Maxwell's brigade. Naturally the black standard attracted a heavy fire, and through the field-glasses man after man was seen to fall while carrying it. But it was hardly down when it was flying again in the hands of another warrior. The Dervishes seemed to consider it an honour thus to court death under their chieftain's

standard. At one time it was in the hands of a gigantic negro. He stood like a statue, holding and partly leaning against the long bamboo shaft which he had fixed in the sand. Five minutes passed, and still he stood unwounded; after nearly five minutes more he fell, and another hand at once grasped the fatal banner and held it up as proudly as before.

So heavy was the fire from the British front that the rifles rapidly became too hot to hold. They were carried by the leather slings back to the companies waiting in reserve behind the firing line, who handed their still cool weapons to their comrades standing at the hedge. Occasionally the reserve men were themselves called up to fire, while the men who had already been in action rested and refilled their cartridge pouches. By half-past seven the fury of the Dervish onset began to visibly diminish. Thousands of their bravest had fallen. They were beginning to realise that it was impossible to get beyond the limit of between five and six hundred yards from the Anglo-Egyptian front. There for full a mile along the desert lay the dead and dying, piled up in heaps or stretched in ghastly rows, like the line of wreckage and *débris* that marks the limit of the tides on a beach after a storm. Few had passed that deadly boundary, and all of even these few had fallen here and there on the level space beyond. A last effort was made in the centre against the Egyptian front, even after the Mahdists had given up the attack on the British and were falling back along the death-strewn slopes of Jebel Surgham. This attack, too, gradually flickered and went out in a patter of musketry from the Jehadia, who had found cover here and there along the front. Towards eight o'clock the rifle fire from the Sirdar's line had all but ceased. The guns were still booming as the batteries and the gunboats shelled the hills over which the Dervishes were withdrawing, or shot to dislodge the enemy's riflemen from the hollows, whence they still kept up a dropping fire. There was a sense of elation at the idea that the great battle was won and the way to Omdurman open. But there was still a lot of hard fighting before the Sirdar's army. The repulse of the Dervish onslaught proved to be only the first phase in the struggle, and many a brave life on both sides was yet to be sacrificed as part of the price of victory.

Lieut. Nesham.      Capt. Cordeaux.      Lieut. Pirtle.      Capt. Graman.  
 Lieut. Wormald.    Lieut. Lewis.      Lieut. Champion.    Capt. King.      Lieut. Smyth.      Surg.-Major Pinches.    Lieut. Protheroe Smith.



Lieut. Conolly.      Lieut. Vaughan.      Lieut. Brinton.      Lieut. Tabor.      Lieut. Dunlop Smith.      Lieut. Clerk.  
 Major Fowle.      Capt. Doyne.      Colonel Martin.      Major Crole-Wyndham, Major Finn.      Capt. Danny.  
 Capt. Kennau.  
 Lieut. Brinton.  
 Capt. Kennau.

OFFICERS AND ATTACHED OFFICERS OF THE 21st LANCERS.

## VII.—THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS.

BY half-past eight it looked as if the battle was over. The enemy had drawn back over the slopes of the Kerreri Hills on one side and of Jebel Surgham on the other.

All that was to be seen of the Dervish army was the wreckage of the attack, the thousands of dead and wounded strewing the desert, their jibbas whitening the ground over a space two miles long and at least half a mile wide. The British and Egyptian wounded were transferred from the field hospital to the awning-covered barges on the river. Cartridge pouches and the limber boxes of the artillery were refilled from the reserve ammunition, and the order was given to prepare to march. The Sirdar had determined to push on at once for Omdurman, about five miles distant, so as to reach it before the defeated Dervishes could rally for its defence.

Each brigade formed in line of parallel columns at such an interval that they could at once deploy into fighting formation. The second British brigade (Lyttelton's) led the way with its left on the river bank, its front facing south. Next to it, a little to its rear and to its right, came Wauchope with the first brigade. The formation was what is known as échelon of brigades from the left. Next to Wauchope, and still further to the right, came Maxwell's brigade, and then Lewis's. Thus the left of the leading brigade was covered by the river and the gunboats, while the next brigade covered its right flank, and had its own landward flank

covered by the next in succession. If attacked from the desert while on the move, the line could be rapidly formed facing landward, with the left on the river.



LIEUT. R. GRENFELL (KILLED IN THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS).

(Photo: Bassano.)

MacDonald's brigade marched well to the rear of Lewis's and was nearest the hills. Between it and the river and further back came the camel corps and the Egyptian cavalry. Collinson's brigade formed up close to the village to escort the transport train along the Nile bank, and serve as a reserve to the whole.

The 21st Lancers had been waiting during the fight in the rear of the British line holding the zereba. At one time three squadrons had been dismounted to reinforce the left with their carbine fire. As soon as the advance began, the Sirdar sent orders to Colonel Martin to take the Lancers out in front of the British division, ride over the long slope that ran down from Jebel Surgham to the river, find out if any portion of the Dervishes had rallied behind it on the line of advance, and if so, cut them off from Omdurman and drive them across the British front into the desert. It was supposed at the moment that if the Lancers did encounter an enemy it would be a crowd of disorganised and dispirited fugitives from the battlefield.

The 21st Lancers were formed after the Indian Mutiny out of various mounted corps that had been in the service of the old East India Company. They were thus the youngest regiment in the British cavalry, and though the corps out

of which they had been organised had their own records of hard fighting in India, the 21st as such had never yet ridden across a battlefield. Their standards bore no battle honours, and they were eager to signalise this their first fight with some splendid exploit. They had been for some time in garrison at Cairo, and their colonel had carefully trained them for the warfare of the desert. The 350 men who rode that day in Colonel Martin's four squadrons were as fine a body of horsemen as had ever laid lance in rest. There was something of disappointment for them so far in the share they had had in the long-expected battle. Their part till now had been only a skirmish with carbine fire against the advancing Dervishes. For the cavalry soldier the real fight is the dashing charge. To meet an enemy with the carbine is to descend to the more prosaic level of the infantry soldier. So as they trotted out from the Sirdar's advancing array and up the death-strewn slope of Jebel Surgham they were looking anxiously for some enemy against whom they could spur with levelled lances.

Passing round to the south-east of the hill, the Lancers saw a number of scattered Dervishes retiring landward. Some of these halted to take a parting shot at them, but no one was hit by this random firing. About half a mile south of the ridge, the scouts who were out in front galloped back and reported that some of the enemy, about two hundred, were hiding in a hollow that ran down to the river. Beyond the hollow could be seen some thirty Dervish horsemen. The impression conveyed by this report, and by what could be seen from the ground the regiment occupied, was that a small party of the enemy who had taken part in the attack on the camp and were demoralised by the failure were waiting for a chance to escape. Mr. Frederic Villiers, who saw the battle from the upper deck of the gunboat *Melik*, says that the Dervishes at this point had not as yet taken any share in the fight. "Since the beginning of the battle," he writes, "I had noticed about 1,500 Dervish rifle and swordsmen lying perdu in a depression of the ground, who had not as yet been in action." The Emir Mahmoud, when he heard the story of the Lancers' charge in his prison at Halfa, said it was an old stratagem of Soudanese warfare to thus hide away a body of men in a khor and lure an enemy to the attack by showing a few more on its edges or beyond

it. In this instance, however, it is very likely that the Lancers would have charged even if they had known from the first the numbers and position of the Dervish detachment. They had ridden out looking for something to charge, and they took the first opportunity that offered.

Colonel Martin decided to get between the enemy and their line of retreat landwards, so the Lancers moved to the westward of the hollow and formed up in line for the charge. The first squadron, under the command of Major Finn, was on the right. Then came the second, under Major Fowle. The fourth, under Captain Eadon, was next, and on the extreme left was the third squadron, under Captain Doyne. Colonel Martin rode in front of the centre of the regiment. From the nature of the ground the charge was unseen by most of the Sirdar's army, and even those who saw it from a distance could distinguish little more than the great cloud of dust that rolled up as the Lancers galloped at the enemy.

The regiment presented a very different appearance from that which we in England associate with our splendidly equipped and brilliantly uniformed Lancer regiments. The men were clad in dull-coloured khaki jackets, with brown belts and dark helmets. They were mounted, not on the powerful weight-carrying troop-horses they ride in England, but on wiry little Arabs that a horseman here at home would perhaps class as big ponies. But though the charge had thus little of "the pomp and circumstance of war," it was an exploit which, so far as the hard fighting went, any cavalry in the world might be proud of. There is no need to discuss here the question whether there was any real reason for the exploit to be performed, looking at the matter from the standpoint of the military critic. Probably the enemy could have been turned out of their sheltering hollow at the cost of a few shells from the artillery or the gunboats and the one British cavalry regiment on the ground kept intact for the pursuit. But such reasonings after the event, even if they are well founded, imply no discredit to the soldier in the field who, with only a moment in which to decide, takes the bolder course. And the cavalry leader is, above all others, apt, when he sees his enemy before him, to reason like the poet's hero—

"There may be rules. For me, I know but one,  
To dash upon my enemy and win."

So the trumpets sounded the welcome notes that sent the Lancers forward to their first charge. As they neared the hollow a sputter of rifle fire began from its edge. A few troopers dropped, one or two horses fell. Three hundred yards from the enemy the men could see that the scouts had made a mistake, and that there was no mere handful of beaten Dervishes in their front, but a dense crowd of rifle and spear-men, full of fight, packed together in the shelter of the rocky khor. But even if there was any thought of a counter-order it was now too late to stop the charge, and Colonel Martin, riding the foremost, with his sword in its sheath, ready to use the impetus and weight of his charger as his best weapon, rode straight for the centre of the enemy, where the broad Soudan spears bristled most thickly.

A minute more and the Lancers were into the mass of the Dervish infantry, dashing through a storm of bullets and leaping down a three-foot drop into the hollow. And though the enemy stood in places twenty deep, in one minute more these gallant horsemen were through them. Three hundred and twenty troopers had ridden over and through at least 1,500 foemen. But into those brief moments there were crowded hundreds of deeds of reckless daring and devoted heroism.

The two centre squadrons, striking the Dervish line where the crowd was thickest, suffered the most severely. Several of the horses struck by the bullets had held on till the check came as they struck the Dervish line. Then they fell, and it fared badly with their riders. Other horses were brought down by spear thrusts and hamstringing cuts with sword and knife; for the enemy showed no fear of the cavalry, and stood up pluckily to the charge. Lieutenant Molyneux, of the Blues, one of the officers attached to the Lancers, lost his mount just before reaching the hollow, the horse dropping dead, pierced by a bullet. The lieutenant ran on into the *mêlée* on foot, revolver in hand. Two Dervishes attacked him. He shot one, but as he did so the other brought down his long sword on the officer's right arm, gashing it badly and making him drop his pistol. He thus found himself unarmed in the midst of the enemy. He turned and ran, pursued by the swordsman, and luckily got up the further slope just as the Lancers rallied and faced the Dervishes again, after riding through them. A corporal came out from the ranks, gave Molyneux his stirrup leather, and brought him safely in.

Surgeon-Major Pinches, whose horse had been shot under him, was saved by Sergeant-Major Brennan, who, after cutting down several of his assailants, got the Major behind him on his horse and rode out of the press. Lieutenant Robert Grenfell, who was leading one of the troops in the centre, was thrown by his wounded horse, but made a desperate fight on foot. He fired every shot in his revolver, and when last seen alive was facing several spearmen, sword in hand.

Several lances broke in the charge, and some of the swords failed at a critical moment. Lieutenant Wormald's sword bent as he struck at an emir with whom he was engaged in single fight; but he stunned him with a blow of the crooked blade. Captain Fair's sword snapped on the linked coat of mail of another of the enemy's leaders, and he dashed the hilt into the face of the Dervish. Altogether, in less than two minutes, twenty-two of the Lancers were killed and more than fifty severely wounded. Of the horses, 119 were killed, many of them just struggling out of the hollow and falling dead as the regiment rallied close to the enemy. It was during this rally that some of the bravest deeds were done, individual officers riding back to bring off wounded or dismounted comrades. Major Wyndham had lost his horse, and was trying to mount behind Lieutenant Smith, who had turned back to help him. He had failed in two attempts, when he was lifted up by Captain Kenna, who came riding back, accompanied by Lieutenant de Montmorency and Corporal Swarbrick, all bent on saving young Grenfell if he still lived, and, if not, carrying off his body. Grenfell was lying on the nearer slope of the hollow, and a number of Dervishes were hacking at him with their swords. Kenna and his comrades drove them off with their pistols, and while the corporal held two of the horses, the two officers tried to lift Grenfell's body on to the third. The lieutenant was quite dead, bleeding from more than a dozen wounds. As they placed the body across the saddle the horse shied and bolted, throwing it to the ground. The three would-be rescuers had then to retire, keeping off the pursuing Dervishes with their revolvers.

Hardly a man or horse in the four squadrons had escaped without some injury, uniforms and saddlery were cut and torn, and in every troop horses and men were bleeding from wounds, mostly slight, but in many cases serious, for the brave fellows were trying to keep their

places in the ranks, and afraid only of being ordered to fall out. Sergeant Veysey, with the blood running down his face, called to his troop to re-form for another charge. Another of the wounded Lancers, Trooper Byrne, who had received a sword cut and a bullet, on being told to fall out and go to the surgeon, replied, "Oh, sir, do let me stay and have another go at

tried to retreat towards the hills from the hollow which no longer protected them. As they did so they were forced to cross the front of the British division. The guns of the 32nd Battery unlimbered and poured shrapnel into them. The infantry gave them volley after volley, and only a small number of them reached the shelter of the hills.



THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS.

them!" Lieutenant Brinton, of the Life Guards, with his left shoulder cut open, took his place at the head of his troop as if he were unwounded.

Officers and men were eager to charge back through the enemy, but Colonel Martin wisely decided that enough had been done. Another charge would have meant the destruction of the regiment. He dismounted a number of troopers and opened fire with carbines on the Dervishes, who, after firing a few shots in reply,

Sixty dead Dervishes were found in the hollow, so that, even supposing a number of wounded men got away from it when they retired, their loss in the charge was comparatively slight. Several hundred were killed as they crossed the plain. Lieutenant Grenfell's body was recovered as soon as the enemy began to retreat. It was gashed and stabbed in many places, and one spear thrust had smashed his watch, which had stopped at 9.40. His brother was acting as staff officer to General Lyttelton,





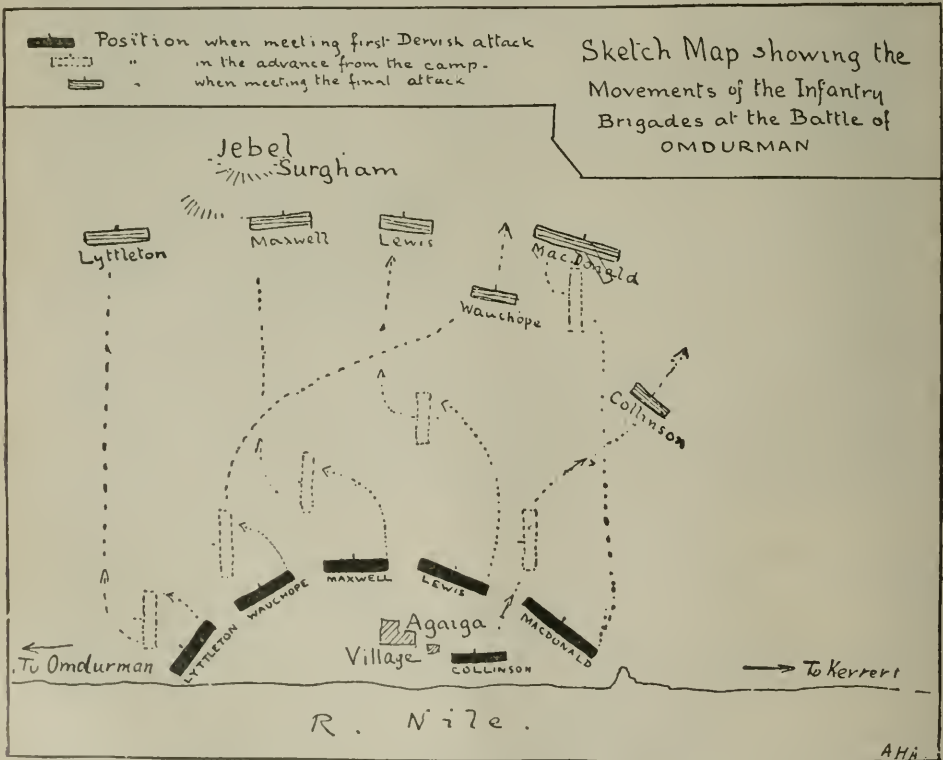
THE LANCERS' CHARGE—AN EXCITING MOMENT

and heard of his death a few minutes after. When the battle ended he buried the body under a tree, not far from the deadly hollow. He dug the grave himself, assisted by four of his comrades.

And here, before going on to the closing episode of the battle, I may note an incident connected with the Lancers' charge as related by Mr. Villiers :—

“On steaming past the extreme left flank of the Kerreri position,” he says, “we halted for a moment to take on board another wounded trooper, and here I saw rather a pathetic sight. Some troopers of the 21st Lancers, who had remained behind to bury their heroic comrades who had fallen in that famous dare-devil charge, had come down to the shore for water, leading two badly-wounded chargers. One was that of poor Lieutenant Grenfell, which

had stumbled and thrown his rider. The poor brute was fearfully slashed about his withers and flanks, which were masses of raw flesh. The other charger was also badly hurt. They were both able, however, to take a long drink from the river, when they were taken up the bank and shot. The action of the trooper—who evidently owned the horse—was very pathetic. He stood with his revolver cocked for several moments, evidently reluctant to raise it to his charger's head, the poor beast the while sniffing at his hand and rubbing his nose against his sleeve. I could see that the man was trembling with emotion. Twice did he raise the revolver before he could summon up nerve to pull the fatal trigger. After it was over the poor fellow looked intently at the inanimate body for a moment to see that he had not swerved in his aim, and then hurried away.”



MOVEMENTS OF THE INFANTRY BRIGADES AT OMDURMAN.

## VIII.—THE CRISIS.

WHILE the Lancers were desperately charging the Dervishes on the other side of the Jebel Surgham ridge, the infantry brigades, British and Egyptian, were moving out from the ground they had held so well, to take up the échelon formation already described for the advance into Omdurman. The leading British brigade had marched at half-past nine, and was just topping the sandy ridge between Surgham and the river, its four battalions marching abreast in column. The Sirdar and his staff were riding close to it on the ridge, being anxious to see as soon as might be what was out in front. The other brigades were moving into the positions assigned to them for the advance. Several of the regiments were marching on ground that had been swept by our fire, and frequently wounded fanatics would spring up and fire on the men or try to close with them. They were bayoneted or shot; but, apart from this desultory shooting, all fire had ceased for some time. Most of the British and Egyptians felt fairly certain that the battle was over, and that if the Dervishes were encountered again it would be further south, on the march between the Surgham ridge and the suburbs of Omdurman.

But, screened by the hills that looked down on the battlefield, the Khalifa was gathering his army for a last great effort. It was well planned, and against less thoroughly trained troops than those who met it this onset might have ended in a victory for Mahdism. The warriors engaged in this second attack had for the most part taken no share, or only a slight one, in the earlier advance. The Dervishes were massed in two huge columns, which were to make a converging attack on the Egyptian right and right rear. The left column, composed largely of those who had been in action against Colonel Broadwood and the mounted troops, was commanded by the Khalifa's son Osman, the Sheikhed-Din, and a more experienced warrior, the Emir Ali Wad Helu, who had been one of the earliest companions of the Mahdi, had shared in the victory over Hicks at Kashgil and the

triumphs of El Obeid and Khartoum, and had at one time seemed a likely competitor against Abdullahi himself for the Khalifate. The other column on the right was commanded by Yakub, the Khalifa's brother, and the Khalifa himself accompanied it, bringing his black banner into the battle for the second time.

MacDonald's brigade was marching out to take up its position nearest the hills and furthest to the rear in the great échelon. He had with him the 2nd Egyptians, under Major Pink, and the three oldest of the Soudanese battalions—the 9th under Major Walter, the 10th under Major Nason, and the 11th under the command of Major Jackson—in all, about 3,000 first-rate infantry. Colonel Long, the artillery commander, had sent to this side of the field three of the Egyptian batteries of Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firers, commanded respectively by Majors Peake and Lawrie and Captain de Rougemont. MacDonald had also with him a couple of Maxim-gun detachments. It was fortunate that he was so strong in artillery, for on his isolated brigade the storm of the Dervish attack burst in its full fury.

He had the briefest warning from the cavalry of what was coming. Then, as he formed up his brigade in line facing westward, Yakub's column poured down upon him, wave upon wave, from the hills. MacDonald was deploying into line—the 11th Soudanese on his left, the 2nd Egyptians in his centre, the 10th Soudanese on the right, with the 9th behind them in support. The 9th rushed up to prolong the line, the Maxims were placed on the flanks of the brigade, and the batteries unlimbered and came into action in intervals left for the purpose between the battalions. Thus the Dervish onset was met by a hail of bullets and shells from eighteen guns and 3,000 rifles, the Soudanese firing independently, the Egyptians in steady volleys. The nearest infantry brigade, Lewis's, was nearly a mile away. For a brief anxious ten minutes MacDonald had all the battle to himself. Hunter, always keen to be at the post of danger, had galloped up to the threatened brigade as

soon as he saw the Dervish charge coming, but, like a good commander, he did not interfere with his trusted subordinate, leaving to MacDonald the immediate control of the fight, and contenting himself with sending off gallopers at the full speed of their horses to ask the Sirdar for support.

Yakub's warriors, horse and foot mingled together, came on as bravely as ever men charged to death on a battlefield. Again the

oppose a threatening advance, and to execute a necessarily complex parade movement, during the course of which he feels he is doing nothing to defend himself. Unless drill and discipline have become a second nature, and the men have absolute confidence in their officers and the officers in the men, the attempt begins in confusion and ends in disaster. But MacDonald knew he could trust his brigade even to the extent of this supreme test. He changed his



THE ATTACK ON MACDONALD'S BRIGADE.

great tide of jibba-clad Dervishes poured into the plain, firing, shouting, brandishing their spears, and beating their war-drums. There was a momentary check as the foremost ranks went down under the Egyptian fire, and then the second Dervish column appeared, charging from the Kerreri Hills on MacDonald's right, led by Osman and Wad Helu. There is nothing more difficult even for the best-trained troops than to change front while actually engaged and under a heavy fire. The soldier's attention has become riveted on the enemy in his original front; he feels the danger is there; and yet he finds himself suddenly told to cease fire, no longer to

order of battle, swinging back his right so that the 9th and 10th Soudanese and one of the batteries now faced northwards, and poured their fire into Osman and Wad Helu's attack. The brigade thus formed a flattened wedge or two sides of a square, 3,000 resolute men facing the headlong rush of 20,000 fanatics. It was a more terrible test than that which the British square faced at Abu Klea; for here, if the Dervishes once got round either flank of the line, it meant death for every man who stood in the ranks.

On the right front Osman's charge had got up to 400 yards from the Soudanese, and a crowd of



A CORNER OF THE BATTLEFIELD: A STANDARD BEARER'S DEATH-GRIP.

riflemen sheltered in a narrow khor were pouring a deadly fire into the brigade. Some of the Dervishes pressed on closer still—so close that they even succeeded in hurling their spears into the line. Several men were wounded in this way, among them Lieutenant Smyth, of the Royals, who was acting as Hunter's aide-de-camp. In fact, the Dervishes nearly succeeded in closing in hand-to-hand fight with the brigade. A few desperadoes got round the right flank of the 9th Soudanese, but were shot down by Tudway's camel corps, who were hurrying up to prolong the line on that side.

MacDonald had broken the force of the Dervish onset. But now he was no longer unaided. Help was at hand, and not a moment too soon, for some of his men had only six cartridges left in their pouches, some only three. The Sirdar, as soon as he saw from the ridge near the river the Dervish attack pouring down upon his first brigade, had promptly sent the 32nd British battery galloping up the sandy slope towards Surgham to bring its guns to bear on Yakub's attack. Soon their fifteen-pound shrapnel were tearing big gaps in the Mahdist lines. Then Lieutenant Owen's Maxims came into action. Collinson's 4th brigade was set in movement towards MacDonald's right, and Lewis and Maxwell got their brigades into line, and marching on his left, made for the rocky ground round Jebel Surgham, from which the Dervish riflemen and a Krupp gun were supporting the attack. In response to a message from Hunter, Wauchope, with the second British brigade, was hurrying along to form in MacDonald's rear, the men in their eagerness going over the hot ground at the double under the blazing sun. The gunboats had joined in, and were shelling Osman's division. The Dervishes were giving way. But all who saw the splendid fight agree that MacDonald's brigade had stopped the dangerous rush before even the first of the supports could come into action.

The Dervishes were retreating—some of them were even running, a sight rarely seen on a

Soudan battlefield. Wad Helu was carried away by some of his faithful clansmen, badly wounded. Yakub and the Khalifa with the black banner had joined the mass, which was rallying under a storm of fire on the northern slope of Surgham. A last desperate effort was made by the Dervish cavalry to save the day, but men and horse were swept down like grass before the scythe as they came under the fire of the right, now strengthened by two British battalions. Maxwell's brigade, the 13th Soudanese in front, were storming Jebel Surgham. Lewis's brigade, led by the 15th Egyptians, under Major Hickman, were going straight for the black banner. Yakub fixed its long spear in the ground, and with four hundred of his bravest followers prepared to defend it to the death, while the Khalifa with a mounted escort galloped away by the desert towards Omdurman. The 15th Egyptians did not secure the flag till every man of Yakub's bodyguard and the Emir himself had fallen beside it.

During this last struggle the Sirdar had ridden up with his staff. An orderly took and held aloft the black flag which Hickman had presented to the Sirdar. Instantly a shell from one of the gunboats went hurtling close overhead. Slatin was the first to see what it meant. "Down with that flag," he said, and the banner was lowered and furled. The gunboats had not yet realised that it was in the hands of the Egyptians.

The long line was now on the edge of the hills, facing westward towards the desert, where the Emirs were striving to rally the wreck of their army. The Sirdar ordered a general advance, and on the victorious army went, pouring long-range volleys into the flying foe, while the Egyptian cavalry charged them on the right, and the guns from time to time unlimbered and sent a shower of shells into any formed body of Dervishes that still held together. By a quarter past eleven it was clear that no further resistance was possible. The line halted; the battle was won. It only remained to secure the fruits of victory.

## IX.—OMDURMAN AT LAST.

ONCE more the order was given to form up facing south for the march into Omdurman. Broadwood's cavalry covered the right of the advance and the gunboats the left, and, thus protected, the Sirdar's army moved across the battlefield, strewn as it was with some 20,000 dead and wounded Dervishes. The loss of the victors did not amount to 500 men. The enormous disparity between the losses in the contending armies was the result of the conditions under which they had fought. Modern weapons had been used with deadliest effect by trained men against the reckless rush of fanatics, whose advance in dense masses exposed them to the full destructive energy of bullet and shell. Modern military history has no similar record of loss of life on the battlefield. Nor is it likely that it will ever be repeated. Doubtless even larger armies will meet in action with the same deadly weapons in the wars of coming years, but it is not likely that we shall again see the same desperate tactics, the same heroic contempt of death, that launched the Khalifa's 50,000 warriors on their wild charges against the Sirdar's battle line.

Of those who rode beside Sir Herbert Kitchener when the Khalifa's black banner went down before the charge of Hickman's battalion, Slatin Pasha must have been the man of all others for whom it was a day of triumph. It was little more than three years since the anxious night of February 20th, 1895, when he had ridden in the darkness northward across that very ground, escaping from Omdurman. He had come back with a victorious army, and the Khalifa, whose slave he had been for so many miserable years, was fleeing for his life. Among the dead and dying on the hill side Slatin recognised the Dongolawi Emir, Osman Azrak, and dismounted to speak to him. Osman was one of the veterans of Mahdism. He had led a division at Toski in 1889. For years after he had been the organiser, and often the leader, of the murderous raids on the frontier villages along the Nile he had been in command at

Ferkel when Hammuda was killed, but he had escaped from the rout to fight again at the battle of the Atbara. Here, at last, he had fallen, shot down in the last fight under the black banner, after coming unscathed out of the storm of fire that swept away the first Dervish attack. As Slatin approached, Osman, raising himself up, called on the Pasha to kill him at once. It is the custom of tribal warfare among the Arabs of the Soudan for the defeated chief to submit to death at the hands of the victor, and to do so with a real or affected air of contempt for even the chance of life. But Slatin had come to see if he could in any way help his former foe. Osman was so badly wounded that he did not live many minutes. Then Slatin turned to another wounded Dervish, and was actually giving him a drink out of his water-bottle, when a dying fanatic fired on the Pasha at close quarters, happily missing him. Of course, the aggressor was instantly dispatched by the soldiers standing by.

This was not the only case in which the Dervishes who strewed the battlefield attempted to take the life of British or Egyptian officers and soldiers, and the inevitable result was that as the troops crossed the ground any sign of aggressive action by the enemy's wounded was answered immediately with bullet or bayonet. The Soudanese soldiers are, unfortunately, more inclined to dispatch a wounded Dervish than to help him, and it is not always possible to prevent them from giving way to their old savage impulse to "make sure" of even a completely disabled enemy. Thus in the advance a number of the Dervish wounded were dispatched. But in most cases it was a grim necessity of war. There was at times quite a patter of fire from the enemy's wounded riflemen, and in self-defence they had to be fired on in return. But in the vast majority of cases wounded men and fugitives who showed no sign of hostility, or who asked for quarter, were perfectly safe. As the army marched on to Omdurman there was quite a crowd of Dervish stragglers, wounded and unwounded, streaming on before them, and in

no way molested by the victors; whilst between our troops and the river hundreds of Dervishes, who had thrown away their weapons, were making their way to the Nile bank to drink and wash their wounds. Among them were even some of the Baggara horsemen, who rode down to water their tired chargers. A further proof that there was no general massacre of the wounded may be found in the fact that more than 7,000 wounded Dervishes were under the care of our own surgeons and the native doctors after the battle. The less seriously wounded

seen moving by the desert towards the city. They were no longer marching in any military array, but plodding along in little detached groups, with here and there a mounted man walking his tired horse. Clearly there would be no more show of opposition in the open, nor was any serious resistance anticipated in the streets and behind the walls of Omdurman.

The vanguard of the advance was now formed by two Soudanese battalions of Maxwell's brigade, close behind whom rode the Sirdar with his staff, accompanied by General Hunter. Slatin



THE BOMBARDMENT OF OMDURMAN: EFFECT OF A LYDDITE SHELL FIRED AT THE MAHDI'S TOMB FROM MAJOR ELMGLIE'S HOWITZER BATTERY.

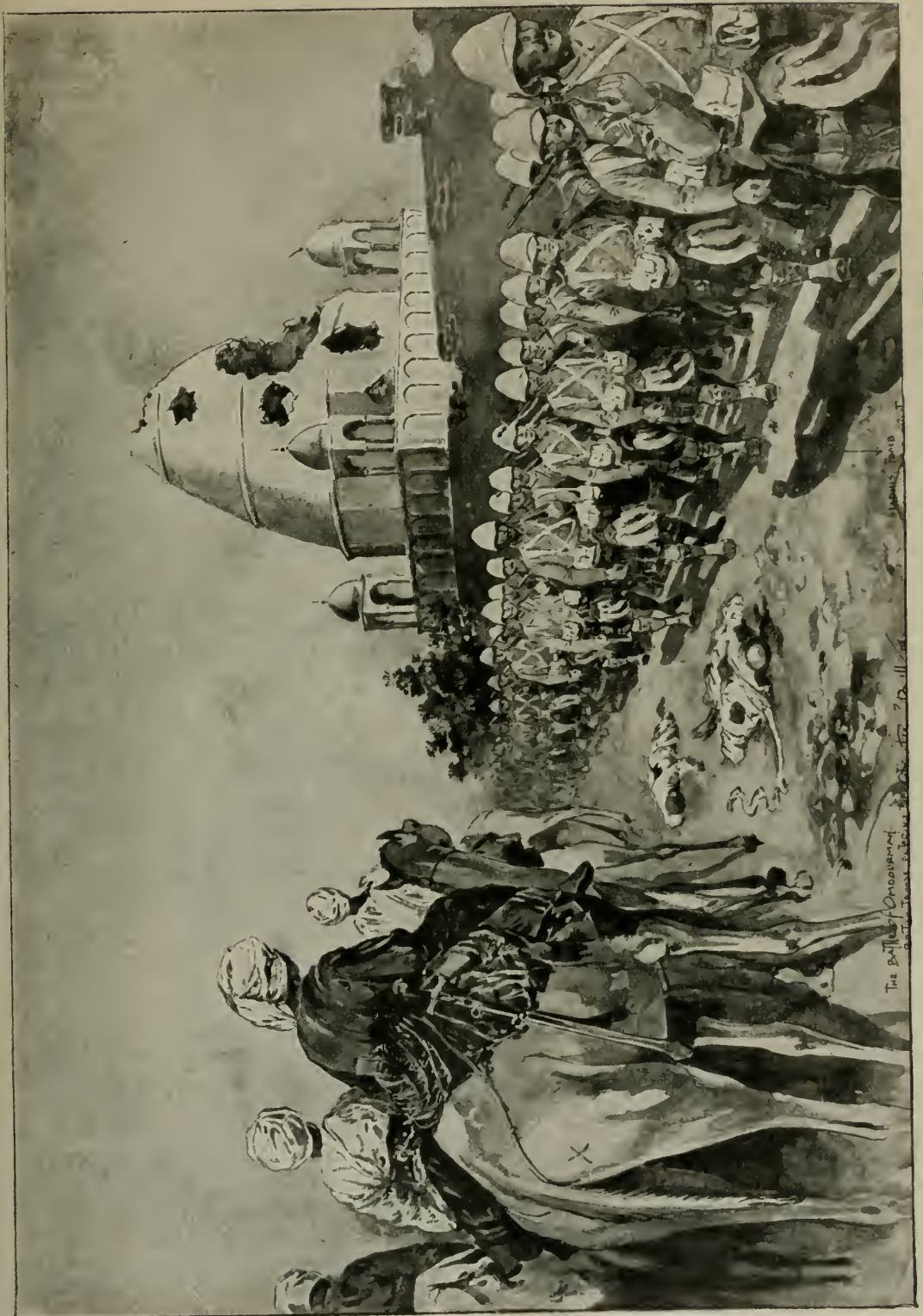
would not be counted in this long number, for an Arab or negro of the Soudan looks on it as something unmanly to go to the doctor unless he is very badly hit. The story circulated by certain sensation mongers that there was no quarter for the wounded was a slander on the Sirdar's gallant army. And though I am slightly anticipating the order of time in noting it here, I may add that the British National Society for Helping the Wounded in War forwarded to Omdurman after the battle £300 for the purchase of various little comforts for our wounded enemies.

As the Sirdar's army pressed on towards the northern suburbs of the Mahdist capital, some thousands of the defeated Dervishes could be

Pasha had received messages from his old friends to the effect that the townsfolk would welcome the victors, but that a party of the Jehadia (the Khalifa's riflemen) were still in occupation of the walled enclosure near the Mahdi's tomb. The gunboats steamed up and sent their shells in the direction of the now ruined dome, and the 32nd Field Battery was ordered to drop a salvo of shells at intervals in the same neighbourhood, so as to make it untenable for this last remnant of the defeated enemy.

As the gunboats came up close to the bank near the north end of the town a crowd of the townspeople, chiefly women, came down to the river's edge, holding up a white flag, and presenting peace-offerings of goats, chickens, cakes





THE MARCH THROUGH OMDURMAN—BRITISH TROOPS PASSING THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

and fruit. It was with some difficulty that they were persuaded that there was no need of bringing even such poor ransom to the conquerors of the city. On the landside, too, crowds came out with white flags to meet the advancing battalions, and while they welcomed the Sirdar, it was evident that there had been a lurking fear that the city would be sacked after the battle, in the old savage fashion of Arab warfare.

As the Soudanese battalions entered the suburbs there was an unpleasant change from this friendly reception. Desperate groups of Dervishes were holding out here and there among the houses, making a flat parapeted roof their post of vantage, or firing from windows and half-open doors. There were also ghastly signs of what the Baggara horsemen had done as they galloped away through the suburbs from the battlefield. Corpses lay in the deserted street, for the most part women and young girls, slaves of those barbarous masters whom they had speared or cut down as they caught them escaping from the houses. The Soudanese cleared the suburb with bullet and bayonet, the gunboats occasionally giving effective help by bringing their Maxims to bear on a housetop, sweeping it with a jet of hot lead as a fireman sweeps a roof with a stream of water. While this desultory fighting was still going on, and the bullets were flying in the mud-walled streets, the Sirdar rode in at the head of his staff.

The Soudanese had got round the north-east angle of the central walled enclosure of the city by wading through the water of the Nile, where it ran close to the foot of the fortifications. They entered by the breaches which the shells had made in the wall on the river front, and once inside, met with no organised resistance, though there was some desultory skirmishing. The Sirdar and his staff, with their escort, had ridden down the broad street that runs from the centre of Omdurman through the northern suburbs. Crowds of the townsfolk waited to welcome him, some sincerely glad of the downfall of the Khalifa, others eager to make their peace with the victor. As he approached the Mahdi's tomb and the central enclosure there were fewer of these more or less sincere congratulations, and then came the experience of being occasionally fired at from roofs and walls.

Guided by Slatin, the Sirdar entered the inner walled city by one of the large openings on the land side, and reached the neighbourhood of the Khalifa's half-ruined palace, while the Soudanese

were still clearing it of the last desperate remnant of Abdullahi's bodyguard. The Khalifa himself had ridden away only a few minutes before, accompanied by a few of his chiefs, some of his wives, and a small escort. For some time it was supposed that he was still in the palace.

It was at this point that a most unfortunate incident occurred. The Hon. Hubert Howard, a son of the Earl of Carlisle, had accompanied the expedition as war correspondent of the *Times* and the *New York Herald*. He had already seen some service in South Africa, and had there displayed the same venturesome disposition that led him, during the battle of Omdurman, to ride with the 21st Lancers in their desperate charge. Out of that danger he had come scatheless. But now, when the fighting was all but over, he was to meet his death by the fire of his own friends. He had ridden with the staff close up to the enclosure of the Khalifa's palace, near the Mahdi's tomb. It was just sunset, and the light was rapidly decreasing, but Howard, nevertheless, told a comrade who was with him that he would push on into the courtyard in the hope of taking some snapshot photographs with a hand camera which he carried. He went in, but he had hardly done so when a shell, fired by one of the British batteries, exploded in the enclosure and killed him on the spot. The battery commander had received orders to drop a shell from time to time into the neighbourhood of the Mahdi's tomb in order to break up any rally of the Dervishes there. But he had not been informed of the rapid progress of Maxwell's men and the Sirdar and his staff, who had reached the tomb much sooner than was anticipated. Young Howard's death was the result. The death roll of war correspondents in the Soudan is a longer one than for any other country, and on this day they lost, in proportion to their small numbers, more heavily than the combatant officers or the rank and file.

All resistance being now at an end, and it having been definitely ascertained that the Khalifa had escaped from the city, the Sirdar and his officers paid a brief visit to the Mahdi's tomb. The evening light coming in through the great rent in the dome showed how the interior had been wrecked by the bursting Lyddite shell. The tomb itself, and the gilded railings round it, were badly damaged; of the lamps that hung from the roof only one remained, and the doors, with their carved panels, had been blown open and shattered.

Orders had already been given for Broadwood's

cavalry, Tudway's camel corps, and some of the gunboats to pursue to the south and eastward in the hope of overtaking the fugitive Khalifa. Slatin Pasha, and some of the Jaalin friendlies, went with the pursuers.

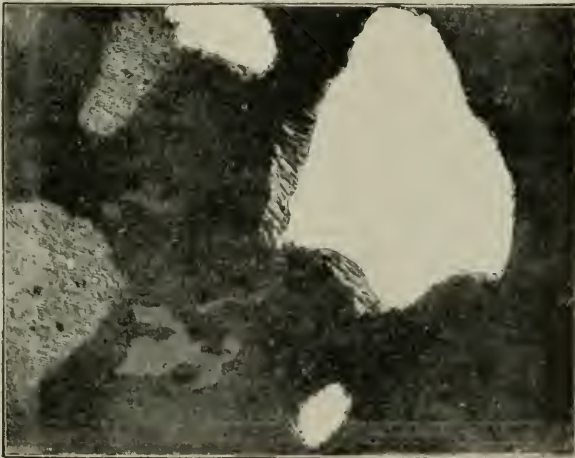
Leaving Maxwell's brigade to hold the town and keep order, the Sirdar directed the rest of the troops to withdraw from the suburbs and bivouac for the night in the open. Omdurman was a pestilential place. Slatin, in his description of it, had in no way exaggerated the filth and horror of its mud-walled streets.

From the mosque the Sirdar made his way to the prison. There he found, in chains, Charles Neufeld, the German trader who had ventured into the Soudan in 1887, and had been a captive ever since, wearing his heavy chains for eleven years; so that when they were struck off he at first found it hard to balance himself without the weight of them. There was also an Italian and some Greeks, and more than a hundred Abyssinians taken prisoners in the battle where King Johannes was defeated and killed by the Dervishes. Other prisoners were Egyptians and Soudanese who had incurred the suspicion of the Khalifa. Among these was Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi, who had been staff officer to General Gordon during the siege of Khartoum. He had been a prisoner since the fall of the city, and had been cruelly tortured by order of the Mahdi in order to force him to confess where he had hidden his money during the siege. By a curious coincidence he was brought on board the *Melik* to have his chains struck off by the ship's armourer, and he was thus restored to freedom in the presence of Gordon's nephew, who commanded the gunboat.

In the darkness of the gathering night the Sirdar made his way to the bivouac. There, stretched on the gravel of the river-bank, beside Colonel Wingate, he dictated to the latter, by the light of an inch of candle, the short telegraphic dispatch that was to tell England of the long-expected victory. It was taken down the Nile by a gunboat to be put upon the wire at Nasri.

In the great bivouac, guarded by only a few sentries, the victorious army slept in the moonlight the deep sleep of wearied men. It was far into the night before Omdurman was equally quiet. Now and then the rifle-shots rang out. There were scenes of riot as the townsfolk plundered the houses of fugitive emirs. A great granary, the wall of which had been breached by a shell, was looted by a crowd, who carried off the sacks of grain on their backs with no one to hinder them. Gradually Maxwell's Soudanese and some of the Jaalin friendlies restored order, and the wearied soldiers bivouacked for the night in the wider streets and the courtyards of mosque and palace.

There was no rest for the surgeons. They were busy all night long by shaded candle-lamps in the ambulances and the floating hospital barges. Far off in the moonlight Abdullahi was fleeing to the southward, gathering as he went a band of his more devoted adherents, who had survived the dangers of that last terrible day of militant Mahdism. Nor was there any rest for the Egyptian cavalry and camel corps, who were urging their tired horses and camels in pursuit, while on the river the gunboats, with their electric light ablaze, worked their way slowly against the swift, dark current of the Nile.



HOLES IN THE DOME OF THE MAHDI'S TOMB MADE BY BRITISH SHELLS.



GORDON'S PALACE, KHARTOUM, IN 1884.  
(Photo: R. Buchta.)

### X.—LOSSES IN THE BATTLE—THE PURSUIT.

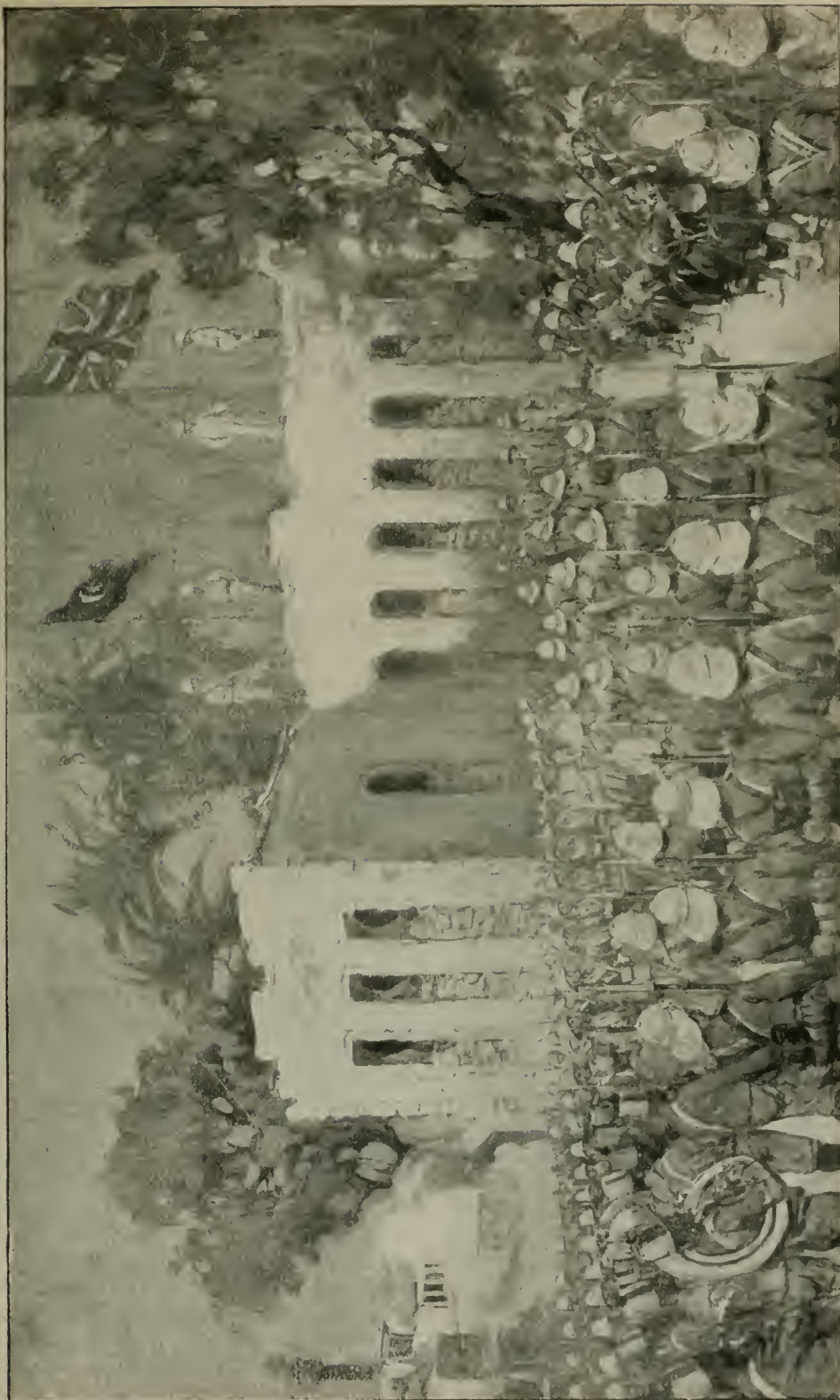
CONSIDERING the numbers of the enemy, the length of time the fight lasted, and the importance of the results obtained by the battle, the losses of the Anglo-Egyptian army in the fight for Omdurman were very small. The following table gives in detail the losses of the British division:—

Corps.	Killed.		Wounded.		Total.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.	
21st Lancers .....	1	20	4	46	71
1st Brigade—					
Warwicks .....	1	—	1	6	8
Lincolns .....	—	1	—	17	18
Seaforths.....	—	1	—	17	18
Camerons .....	—	2	2	25	29
2nd Brigade—					
Grenadier Guards .....	—	—	1	4	5
Northumberland Fusiliers .....	—	—	—	3	3
Lancashire Fusiliers.....	—	—	—	6	6
Rifle Brigade.....	—	1	—	8	9
Royal Army Medical Corps .....	—	—	1	3	4
Army Service Corps.....	—	—	—	1	1
	2	25	9	136	172

taking the casualties after deducting the casualties of the cavalry. We then have the surprising result that the battle was won, so far as the British division was concerned, with the loss of one officer and five men killed, and five officers and ninety men wounded—101 in all—by the Dervish bullets. It will be noticed that the heavier loss of the two brigades fell on Wauchope's battalion, who were nearer the centre of the line. The British batteries had not a single casualty.

The British officers and sergeants serving with the Egyptian army were also very fortunate, and their slight losses are the more remarkable because the cavalry was more than once engaged hand-to-hand with the Dervishes. The camel corps was exposed to a severe fire at close quarters, and MacDonald's brigade was at one time so hard pressed that Dervish spears were hurled into its ranks. Three British officers and one sergeant were wounded by bullets and two by spears. Of the Egyptians and Soudanese there were twenty-one killed and 229 wounded, the heaviest loss falling on the camel corps, which had seventy casualties.

How large a proportion of this loss was the result of the Lancers' charge may be seen by



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE WITHIN THE RUINS OF GORDON'S PALACE AT KHARTOUM.

The counting of the Dervish dead as they lay on the field gave the terrible total of 10,824. It was estimated that there were besides these about 15,000 wounded. This would mean that in about four hours' fighting every second man in the Dervish army of 50,000 men was killed or wounded. There were thousands of prisoners; for, when once the battle was lost, all but the fanatic few were only too ready to make their peace with the victors. Seven thousand wounded were turned over to the care of the surgeons. Thousands of prisoners were set at liberty as soon as they had laid down their arms. Only the emirs and some of the more truculent of the Baggara were detained under guard. Among the captives were some of the Khalifa's wives. They were set free after a short interrogation by the Intelligence officers. Another prisoner was one of Slatin's former servants, who, for conniving at his escape, had been kept in chains for the last three years. On the eve of the battle his chains were struck off, and he was given a sword and buckler and forced to march with many more equally unwilling combatants. He survived the dangers of the day, and was delighted at being restored to his former master.

Slatin had returned to the camp near Omdurman the day after the battle and reported that the pursuit of the Khalifa had been a failure. The Egyptian cavalry were in no condition for a long pursuit. On the day of the battle they had been in the saddle from early dawn, and had repeatedly been hotly engaged with the enemy. After the repulse of the final attack they had fallen upon the retiring Dervishes, then wheeling round they had swept past the north of Omdurman, breaking up a large body of Mahdist cavalry, and collecting and sending in nearly a thousand prisoners. A little after six o'clock, when they were preparing to bivouac near the south end of Omdurman, Slatin Pasha arrived with orders to Colonel Broadwood to start at once in chase of the Khalifa.

There was no time to serve out rations or fresh forage. The men mounted and rode off, tired and hungry as they were. They were told that one of the steamers would tow up a barge full of supplies, and meet them in the morning at some point on the river-bank. Broadwood had about 500 men and horses with him. So many of the other horses were injured, or utterly exhausted, that it was impossible to take them out. Only the wonderful endurance of the

little Arab and Egyptian horses enabled even so many of them to take part in the pursuit. For about six miles they rode through the darkness, led by a Jaalin guide. Then it was found that they were in the midst of marshes, formed by the recent heavy rains and the overflow of the Nile; so there was a halt till the moon rose, the men resting, formed in a small square, for there were armed parties of the enemy prowling in the neighbourhood.

Not far off the camel corps were also in bivouac. So far, notwithstanding the exhausted state of men and animals, there was a hope of overtaking the fugitive Khalifa. During the night a number of slaves and women had come in, whom he had abandoned in his flight, or who had given him the slip. They reported that he had with him about a hundred men of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggaras. When the moon rose the pursuit was continued, and from time to time stragglers were overtaken who said they had been with the Khalifa. These, however, were now fewer and fewer, and it began to be clear that Abdullahi and his companions had got a good start and were making the most of it. Their horses and camels had not, like the mounts of Broadwood's and Tudway's men, had four days of continuous and exhausting work before this forced night march.

By sunrise thirty miles had been covered. The horses were nearly dead beat, and there was neither food for the men nor forage for their mounts. It was, under such conditions, hopeless to press on, so the tired men and horses turned towards the Nile. But the banks, covered by the flood, were for some time inaccessible. The men had to ride for some time along the edge of a wide belt of marshes and shallows, two miles wide, till at last, along a point of higher ground, they got down to the river and received some supplies from the flotilla. Then orders were reluctantly given to return to Khartoum.

Major Stuart-Wortley got his little army of friendlies across the river during the morning, and they took up the pursuit of the Khalifa, but he had got such a start of them that from the first their chance of overtaking him was not very great. One of the steamers proceeded for some distance up the White Nile in the hope of perhaps coming up with the fugitives some where on its banks. But the most trustworthy reports that could be obtained from the stragglers and the riverside folk indicated that he had not followed the usual track of caravans near the

Nile, but had struck off into the desert, where the rain had left large pools in the khors and hollows, so that a small party would find water in abundance for their camels and horses. But for the recent storms the fugitives would have been forced to follow the river bank, and would have had much more difficulty in getting away.

The escape of the Khalifa was the one point in which the success of the Sirdar was incomplete. Abdullahi had taken with him his son Osman, the Sheikh ed Din, who had passed through the dangers of the battle without a wound. Ali Wad Helu, though severely wounded, had also got away, and Osman Digna had added one more to a long record of marvellous escapes. In the first stage of his flight the Khalifa had been so closely pressed by the pursuit that he had to abandon on the road some of the women of his household; but, if report speaks truly, he was joined later on by

many fugitives from the battlefield, mostly warriors of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggara, who had their doubts about the possibility of making terms with the conquerors, or who disdained to ask for pardon and peace. With this band of adherents he made his way across the desert into the wooded country of Kordofan. It was at first supposed that he would make for El Obeid, the chief city of that region, and the scene of the centre of the earliest conquests of Mahdism, but he probably had too much reason to fear that the people of El Obeid might make their peace with the Egyptian Government by handing him over to one of the Sirdar's generals, so he kept to the open country, making for the home of his tribe, where the warlike Baggara had been a terror to all the neighbouring tribes long before the victories and defeats of Mahdism made their name famous throughout the world.



THE LATE CAPT. GUY CALDECOTT, FIRST ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

(Photo: Graham, Leamington Spa.)

## XI.—AT KHARTOUM.

THE army had spent the night after the battle partly in Omdurman, partly at Khor Shambat, near the northern suburbs. It was a comfortless bivouac, for it was impossible in the darkness to bring up supplies to many of the battalions, and the men had to lie down supperless and spend the night as best they could on the ground. Next day a regular camp was formed on the Nile bank at Shambat. The morrow of the battle was a busy time. Arrangements had to be made for sending down the wounded by the river, for disposing of the prisoners, and getting affairs in Omdurman itself into some order. The arrangements for the wounded of the Anglo-Egyptian army were very complete. The Royal Army Medical Corps (which was engaged in the first campaign under its new title and with its new organisation) had provided a numerous staff of surgeons and trained hospital assistants. The equipment was most

complete, several sets of the Röntgen apparatus being provided for tracing the position of bullets in the wounds, and floating hospitals had been organised on the barges of the flotilla, and a chain of hospitals along the line of communications, with a base hospital at the Atbara. Thence the less seriously wounded and the graver cases as they recovered could be sent north by a well-fitted hospital train.

Unfortunately the doctors had not to deal only with wounded men. A Nile campaign in

the best of conditions entails a good deal of sickness, and the wet weather during part of the advance on Omdurman, together with the state of the city itself and its environs, led to more than the average of loss in this way. On the day after the battle there were more than 200

invalided for sickness from the British division alone. The deaths from fever were much more numerous than those resulting from wounds received in battle. The best remedy for this state of things was to get the white troops away as quickly as possible to the cooler north. On the Saturday and Sunday all the available transport was engaged in moving the wounded and sick. The river line was clear for the movement of troops on the Monday after the fight, and on that day the Sirdar sent off the first detachments of the British division.

Besides caring for our own wounded and those of the Egyptian army, the medical staff did what they could for

the wounded Dervishes. A number of buildings, including the Sheikh ed Din's house, were cleared out and turned into temporary hospitals for them. With the help of some native doctors, two of whom had served under Gordon in the siege, their wounds were dressed; a nursing staff of native women was provided; the commissariat found food for them; and thus cared for and sheltered, most of them rapidly recovered. There were at one time between six and seven thousand of them in hospital.



NEIGHBOURHOOD OF OMDURMAN.



Thousands of prisoners had been collected on the field, thousands more came in on the morrow of the battle and during the following days. There were at least 10,000 prisoners unwounded, without counting the thousands more who, although they wore the jibba and carried arms, had not actually fought against the Sirdar's army, but had taken the first opportunity of deserting from the Khalifa's levies. The great mass of the prisoners were disarmed and set at liberty at once. Only

The Sirdar had crossed the Nile on Saturday, and paid a brief visit to Khartoum, accompanied by his officers. The former capital of the Soudan had shrunk to a riverside village, surrounded by ruins. Near the Nile bank, among the bushes, stood one of the movable pumping-engines which Gordon had tried to introduce as an improvement on the centuries-old water-wheel system. His palace, where he spent those last anxious months of his heroic career, was a huge ruin. The roof and more lightly-built



HOISTING THE BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN FLAGS AT KHARTOUM.

the emirs and Baggaras were detained under guard. Altogether, between released prisoners and refugees, some forty thousand people were sent back to their homes in the first week after the victory.

The Abyssinian prisoners found in the great prison of Omdurman, a hundred and fifty in number, were taken special care of, and sent down the Nile to Cairo, with orders that they should be conveyed at the expense of the Egyptian Government to Massowah, in order to reach their native country. It was hoped that this friendly action towards his subjects would give England and Egypt an additional claim on Menelek's good will.

upper storey were gone, but the solidly-built lower walls were standing, though the flooring, beams, and planks had been removed for the construction of newer buildings in Omdurman, so that all the rooms, even on the ground floor, were open to the sky. The staircase by which Gordon had come down to meet his murderers was also gone, but the natives were able to point out where it stood.

The only important building that was in good repair was the large house of the Catholic mission, to which Father Ohrwalder and his fellow prisoners had once belonged. The house and its courtyard had been turned into an arsenal and storehouse by the Khalifa, and a

considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was found there, including seventeen guns of various calibres. But besides the military stores there was a miscellaneous collection of various articles of European manufacture, the loot of the various garrisons that had been captured in the Soudan and of Hicks Pasha's unfortunate army.

There was very little of any value, and there were naturally anxious inquiries as to what had become of the treasure which the Khalifa was reported to have been accumulating for years. Rumour supplied various answers. One report was that his flight was encumbered with treasure-laden camels; another that it had been transferred to some hiding-place in Kordofan months ago; a third that it was buried somewhere in Khartoum; and yet a fourth that it had been sent up the river shortly before in two armed steamers, which had as yet sent back no news. Whatever truth there may have been in any of the other reports, the last was baseless, for the steamers had gone on a much more serious mission.

On the Sunday morning there was a striking scene in Khartoum. The Sirdar and his staff, with the officers commanding brigades and divisions, and as many of the British officers as could be spared from duty, were ferried across the Nile from Shambat to the ruined city. With them went guards of honour of several of the British regiments, of Gordon's own corps, the Royal Engineers, of the Royal Artillery, and of the 11th Soudanese. The band of the Soudanese and the pipers of the Camerons and Seaforths were also present. The troops were formed in a hollow square, just in front of the ruined palace, close to the spot where Gordon was killed. Two flagstaves had been erected on the palace wall, and by each stood a couple of officers. At a signal from the Sirdar they hoisted at one staff the Union Jack, at the other the Khedive's flag—red with a white crescent—while the two gunboats on the river

fired a salute, the bands playing the British National Anthem and the Khedive's March. Then followed a brief religious service in memory of the hero of the spot—Charles Gordon. There were some few among the officers who had shared in the unsuccessful attempt to come to his rescue thirteen years before. Three of the newspaper correspondents, who looked on and recorded this solemn scene, had been with the little band that fought its way across the Bayuda Desert, only to arrive too late. One of the four chaplains, the veteran Father Brindle, had marched across the Bayuda with the Royal Irish in that terrible campaign. Here at last they were all at Khartoum, too late, indeed, to save Gordon, but not too late to begin again carrying on that work of bringing justice and security to the people of the Soudan to which Gordon devoted so much of his best energies.

The chaplains in turn offered prayer, then the band played the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the pipers a wailing Highland coronach, while the steamers on the river fired nineteen minute guns. At the close of the service the Sirdar called for cheers for the Queen and the Khedive. Then the ranks were broken, and before returning across the river to Omdurman half an hour was given to all, officers and men, to have an opportunity of visiting the famous spots associated with Gordon's last days.

When the news of the battle of Omdurman and the recapture of Khartoum reached England there was a disposition to speak of the victory as the avenging of Gordon. Such an idea was certainly out of accord with Gordon's own way of thinking, and one of his sisters publicly protested against it. The truer idea was that we had not come for vengeance, but to destroy a hideous tyranny which had undone Gordon's life-work in the Soudan, and of which an end had to be made before Gordon's work could be resumed.

# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

## I.—THE OPPOSING FORCES.—THE NAVIES.

### 1.—*The United States Navy.*

**I**NCLUDING every class of vessel from the battleship down to the smallest despatch-boat, there were at the outbreak of the war about 180 ships on the list of the Spanish navy and 120 on that of the United States. To attempt to enumerate and describe all of these would hardly be helpful to the reader. As a matter of fact, the greater number of them on both sides were of very little importance from the point of view of effective force available for serious operations. Many of them were obsolete, others adapted only for harbour service. I shall therefore content myself with giving a list of the chief ships of both sides, adding a few notes on their more important features and on the general character of the two navies.

The United States navy had taken a decisive part in the Civil War of the 'sixties. In Admiral Farragut it had a great commander, who not only did most effective work himself, but trained up a school of younger officers, whom he inspired with his own ideas. It was the navy that cut off the resources of the Confederacy by blockading the Atlantic coasts, capturing the

ports on the Gulf of Mexico, and helping the army to seize and hold the line of the Mississippi. But, nevertheless, for more than twenty years after the war it was utterly neglected. Very few ships were built, none of them vessels of much fighting value. It was not till the 'eighties that the work of constructing a modern fleet was taken in hand. A beginning was made with the

building of some fine cruisers of moderate size, full-rigged, and carrying their guns in broad-side batteries. Some coast defence ships were also constructed—monitors carrying a couple of heavy guns in armoured turrets. Then about eight years ago some larger

and partly protected cruisers were begun, and the keels of the first large sea-going battleships were laid down. The special object kept in view in designing these was to give them the heaviest possible armament. They carried a far more formidable battery than any ships of their size in other navies, but their coal-carrying power was sacrificed to make up for this additional weight, the idea being that they would not be called upon to act at any great distance from the American coasts. A supply of auxiliary cruisers was secured

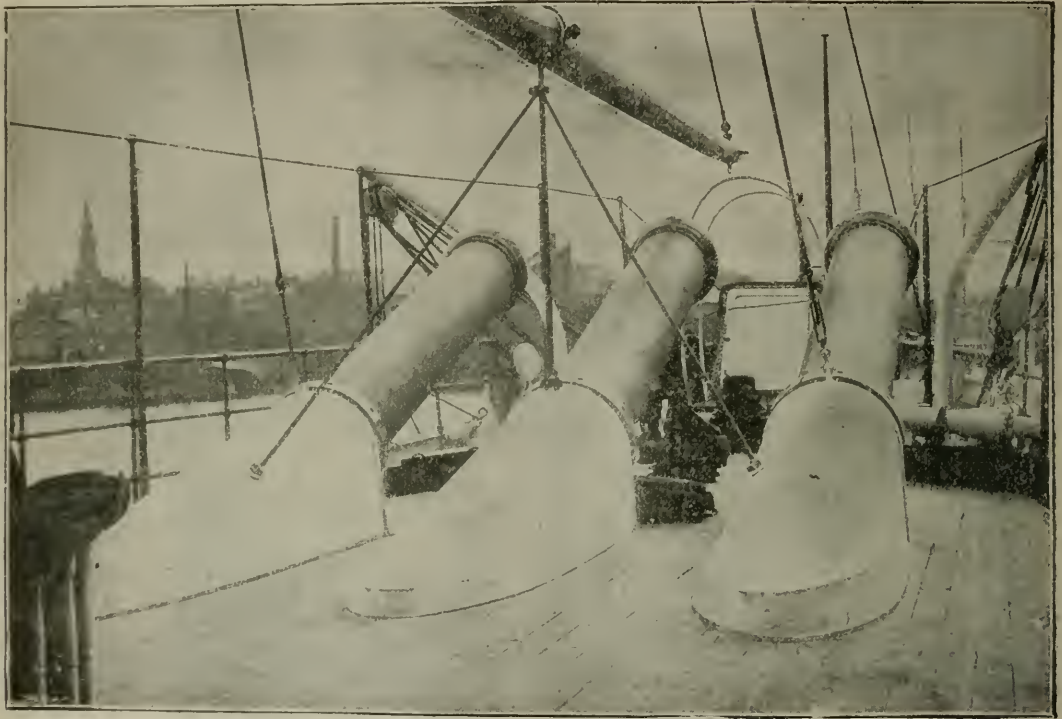


RECRUITS FOR U.S. NAVY GOING ON BOARD A RECEIVING SHIP.

by arrangements made with the great passenger lines, but very little was done in the way of building sea-going torpedo boats and destroyers, which are not only formidable weapons of attack in a modern fleet, but are also most useful as its scouts, picket boats, and messengers during active operations.

The following is a list of the principal ships that flew the Stars and Stripes at the outbreak of the war. The date when each ship was launched is noted, as it may be taken that nowadays, when designers and builders have their eyes open to every improvement that can be made, the newer ships are the more

CRUISERS—		Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed.
Columbia ...	...	7,475	{ 1892 }	23
Minneapolis ...	...	...	{ 1893 }	
Olympia ...	...	5,800	1892	21½
Baltimore ...	...	4,600	1888	20
Philadelphia ...	...	4,324	1889	19½
San Francisco ...	...	4,083	1888	19½
Newark ...	...	4,083	1890	19
Charleston ...	...	4,040	1888	18
New Orleans †	...	3,450	{ 1896 }	20
Albany ...	...		{ 1897 }	
Raleigh ...	...	3,183	1892	19
Cincinnati ...	...			
Atalanta ...	...	3,187	1884	15½
Boston ...	...			
Chicago ...	...			
Detroit ...	...	4,500	1885	18
Marblehead ...	...	2,000	1892	17
Montgomery ‡	...			



THE AIR GUNS OF THE "VESUVIUS."

efficient, apart altogether from the fact that in their case there is less room for wear and tear and general depreciation :—

AUXILIARY CRUISERS—§		Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed.
Yale (late Paris) ...	...	11,000	{ 1888 }	21
Harvard (late New York)...	...		{ 1889 }	
St. Louis ...	...	16,000	{ 1894 }	21
St. Paul ...	...		{ 1895 }	

COAST DEFENCE MONITORS—		Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed.
Miantonomoh ...	...	3,990	1883	10½
Monadnock...	...			
Amphitrite ...	...			
Terror ...	...			
Puritan ...	...	6,060	1883	12
Monterey ...	...	4,138	1891	14

† The *New Orleans* (originally known as the *Amazonas*) and the *Albany* (late *Admiral Abreu*) were bought from the Brazilian navy just before the war.

‡ There are a number of smaller ships, sometimes classed as cruisers, sometimes as gunboats.

§ The four named belong to the American line. There are also a number of smaller auxiliary cruisers belonging to U.S. coast lines.

Name.	Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed* (knots).
<b>BATTLESHIPS—</b>			
Iowa ...	11,296	1896	16
Indiana ...	10,231	1893	15½
Massachusetts ...			16
Oregon ...			16½
Texas ...	6,315	1892	21
<b>ARMOURD CRUISERS—</b>			
Brooklyn ...	9,153	1895	17
New York ...	8,480	1891	21

\* The speeds given are trial-trip speeds—seldom if ever obtained on actual service.

OLD HARBOUR DEFENCE MONI- TORS—	Displace- ment (tons).	Launched.	Speed.
Twelve Ships ... ..	{ 1,800 to 2,100	{ 1863 to 1865	{ 5 to 6
DYNAMITE CRUISERS—			
Vesuvius ... ..	930	1888	22½
Buffalo * ... ..	7,080	1893	19
RAM—			
Katahdin ... ..	2,183	1893	16
TORPEDO BOATS—			
Cushing ... ..	105	1890	22½
Ericsson ... ..	120	1892	23
Rodgers ... ..	142	1896	25
Foote ... ..			
Porter ... ..	185	1896	28½
Dupont ... ..			
Winslow ... ..	142	1897	24½

The *Iowa* may be taken as a typical American battleship. She was the most powerful vessel under the United States flag at the beginning of the war. She had unarmoured ends, but a steel armour-belt, fourteen inches thick and seven feet six inches wide, ran along the water-line on the central part of the ship. An underwater armoured deck covered the engines and vitals of the ship, and the armour was carried up her sides to the bases of two massive armoured turrets placed fore and aft. There were also armoured bulkheads below the main deck to prevent raking fire. In each of the large turrets there were two 12-inch guns, each weighing a little over forty-five tons, and throwing an 850-pound shell. Between the main turrets there were four smaller turrets, two on each side, and each carrying a pair of 8-inch guns. The smaller turrets were armoured, but there was no armour on the ship's side between their bases and the water-line belt, so that a well-placed shell would destroy the ammunition hoists and stop the fire of the turret. Mounted in ports on the broadside, and behind shields on the central superstructure, there were thirty-two quick-firing guns of various calibres, and the fighting tops of the military mast were armed with Gatlings. Some experts held that the ship was overweighted with this armament, which is far beyond anything that British constructors ventured to place upon a ship of the same size. The three other large battleships—the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*—were a little smaller and less powerful than the *Iowa*, and had the further defect that their low freeboards made it difficult to fight all their guns in heavy weather. The cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn* had a partial armoured belt on the water-line, and some

armour protection for their heavier guns. The newer monitors were formidable ships so far as gun power was concerned, mounting pairs of 12-inch guns in their massive armoured turrets. They had an arrangement by which on going into action water could be admitted so as to lower the deck till it is awash, the turret, conning tower, and deckhouses showing above water. Their great drawback was that they were at all times slow, had little cruising power and coal capacity, and could not fight their guns in bad weather. They were, in fact, floating batteries, and were primarily intended for service in the lagoons, river mouths, and harbours of the American coast, their light draught fitting them for work in shallow water.

The *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* were cruisers built chiefly for speed, very heavily engined, with large coal capacity. They were intended for the special work of attacking an enemy's commerce. Together with the auxiliary fleet of armed liners they formed a splendid body of swift scouts. The *Katahdin* was a peculiar ship, of which there was only one specimen afloat. She was a long, narrow vessel with a pointed bow, with no armament except a few light quick-firing guns. When in fighting trim she was submerged by admitting water till only her central portion was visible, the object being to make her as small a mark as might be for an enemy's fire. Her bow, most of which was thus below the surface, was strongly built, and constituted her chief weapon. The ship, as it were, was the shaft of a colossal spear, of which the pointed bow was the head, and she was intended to ram and sink the enemy, a method of attack that has gone out of favour with naval men generally since torpedoes came into vogue, it being considered that a ship attempting to ram is likely to be torpedoed by her adversary before she can strike home with her own bow. The *Katahdin* was completed in 1894, and was actually rejected after trial by the United States Navy Department; but then came the dispute with Great Britain over the Venezuelan question and the short-lived war scare, during which the *Katahdin* was taken into the navy, notwithstanding the previous adverse report.

Other peculiar vessels were the dynamite gun-boat *Vesuvius* and the cruiser *Buffalo*. Their chief weapons were huge air-guns, destined to launch through the air a dynamite shell, or "aërial torpedo," in the hope of blowing up an enemy, or exploding the mines he had laid down in the entrance of one of his ports, and

\* Late *Niteroy*, Brazilian navy (built in U.S.A.).

thus clearing the way for the fleet. Some of these dynamite guns have been mounted in England in the coast defences. They are said to be somewhat unreliable as to range and accuracy of aim.

The old monitors, detailed for service in harbour defence on the outbreak of war, were small ships built during the Civil War in the 'sixties, and carrying old-fashioned smooth-bore guns in lightly-armoured turrets. A number of armed tugs, yachts, and revenue cruisers formed with these the coast defence flotilla.

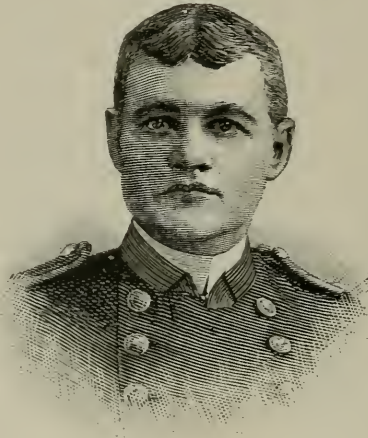
Two battleships, the *Kentucky* and the *Kearsarge*, larger and more powerful than the *Iowa*, were launched just before the war; a third, the *Alabama*, shortly after it began. But none of them could be ready for service before six or eight months' hard work had been done upon them, so that they only constituted a reserve in the event of the war being very much prolonged.

The United States had at the outset some 14,000 officers and men available for the fleet, besides between two and three thousand naval militia of varying efficiency for the coast defence flotilla. The men were about 60 per cent. Americans, and the rest were recruited from half

the nations of Europe, many of them deserters from other navies, attracted by the higher pay and easier conditions of the United States service. The crews were mostly recruited by voluntary enlistment on a three years' engagement, which could be renewed. There were a few who had been educated for the navy as boys in training ships. A good many of the captains of guns had seen service in the British navy. Until the war became imminent, there were a certain number of Spaniards in the American fleet; they were released from their engagements at the last moment. Official American reports dating from before the war complain of want of strict discipline on some of the ships, and it must be granted that to train crews recruited from such diverse sources is no easy task.

The officers who do this work are a splendid body of men. All have received a careful professional education. The older among them had

seen hard fighting in the Civil War. Dewey, who commanded the eastern squadron; Sampson, who commanded the Atlantic fleet; Robley Evans, his second in command; and Schley, of the flying squadron, had all served under Farragut. Sampson as a young naval lieutenant had seen hard fighting in the Civil War. He was with Farragut when the fleet steamed boldly in against the exploding mines in Mobile Bay, and at Charleston his own ship had been blown up by a torpedo, and he had escaped death almost by a miracle. A scientific officer of high attainments, he had borne a leading part in the development of the new navy of the United States, and for some years had been chief of the Ordnance Committee which designed and tested the formidable artillery with which it was armed. Dewey had forty years of service to his credit, and had had his first practical lessons in warfare when Farragut forced the entrance of the Mississippi, and compelled the surrender of New Orleans. Robley Evans, a younger man than either of these, was the ideal type of the American naval officer. He was familiarly known to his comrades as "Fighting Bob," but, unlike Sheridan's hero, he had won the *soubriquet*



"FIGHTING BOB"—CAPT. ROBLEY EVANS.

by reckless valour, not by boastful words. Evans had seen some service as an ensign—or, as we would say, a second lieutenant—in the Civil War, where his great opportunity of distinction came on the day that the navy was asked to supply the forlorn hope for the storming of Fort Fisher. Evans volunteered for the dangerous enterprise, and was given the command of the gallant band of bluejackets that led the column of assault. The fort was taken, and after the Stars and Stripes had been hoisted on the Confederate works, Evans was found, under a heap of dead, so grievously wounded that at first his case was supposed to be hopeless. When he recovered consciousness he was told that one of his legs must be amputated if he was to have any chance of recovery. His pistol was still in his belt, and he declared that he would shoot the first surgeon that touched him, unless they promised that there should be no amputation. His fear was that the loss of a leg would mean that he would never

again take his place as an officer on the deck of a warship. He was saved in spite of himself. When he sank into an exhausted sleep he was chloroformed, the revolver taken away, and the operation performed. Thanks to a vigorous constitution he recovered, though he was nearly a year on the sick list. Then, to his delight, he was told that in recognition of his valour he would be kept on the active list, and he has learned to make such good use of an artificial limb, that only those who know his record are aware that "Fighting Bob" is a one-legged man. The weak point of the United States naval organisation is that no provision had been made for any reserve of officers and men ; and it had been pointed out by some of the keenest officers of the American navy, that in their anxiety to produce a new navy rapidly the United States were building ships more quickly than they were providing officers and crews to man them.

The only naval reserve in the United States was, in fact, a force that could hardly be ex-

pected to add much to the strength of the fighting navy. In many of the States in the last few years a naval militia had been established, very much on the lines of the now disbanded British naval artillery volunteers. In New York and some of the other great cities on the coast, the naval militia included a number of yachtsmen and boatmen who had some experience of the sea, but there was also a naval militia in some of the inland States, composed of men who for the most part had never seen a warship. On the outbreak of the war this force was mobilised for coast defence. To have sent it to the sea-going fleets would have been a piece of rashness, but useful work was found for it in the manning of the harbour defence ships and the "mosquito fleet" of small armed steamers that scouted along the Atlantic seaboard. In these ships the volunteer gunners were able to complete their training, and at the same time set free a number of regular bluejackets for service with Sampson and Schley's squadrons.



COMMODORE SCHLEY

## 2.—The Spanish Navy.

Compared with the United States navy at the outset of the war, that of Spain was weak in battleships, strong in armoured cruisers and torpedo craft, and well provided with men. Events showed, however, that although the war had been long foreseen, her naval preparations were completed much more slowly than those of her rival; and, in consequence, a number of her most valuable ships had to remain in port during the all-important opening period of the war.

The following list gives the names of all the ships that were either ready or in an advanced stage of preparation for sea when war was declared. As in the case of our survey of the United States navy, some notes on the principal ships will be found after the tables:—

Name.	Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed (knots).
<b>BATTLESHIPS—</b>			
Pelayo ... ..	9,900	1887	16
Numancia ... ..	7,035	1863	13
Vitoria ... ..	7,000	1865	13½
<b>ARMoured CRUISERS—</b>			
Emperador Carlos V. ...	9,235	1895	20
Cardenal Cisneros ...	7,000	1897	20
Princesa de Asturias ...		1896	
Almirante Oquendo ...		1891	
Vizcaya ... ..	6,890	1891	20
Infanta María Teresa ...		1890	
Cristobal Colon ... ..	6,480	1896	20
<b>CRUISERS—</b>			
Alfonso XIII. ... ..	5,000	1891	20
Lepanto ... ..		1892	
Alfonso XII. ... ..	3,090	1887	16
Reina Cristina ... ..			
Reina Mercedes* ... ..			
Castilla ... ..	3,342	1881	14
Conde de Venadito ...			
Don Antonio de Ulloa ...	1,152	1883-88	14
Don Juan de Austria ...			
Infanta Isabel ... ..			
Isabel II. ... ..	1,040	1886-87	15½
Marques de la Ensenada...			
Isla de Cuba ... ..			
Isla de Luzon ... ..			
<b>AUXILIARY CRUISERS—</b>			
Fourteen Atlantic Liners...	3,000 to 7,000	1888 to 1890	13½ to 17

\* The engines and boilers of the *Reina Mercedes* were in such a bad condition that she was not available for sea service. She was employed as a floating battery for harbour defence at Santiago de Cuba.

	Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed (knots).
<b>TORPEDO GUNBOATS—</b>			
Maria de Molina ... ..	830	1896-97	19½
Marques de la Victoria ...			
Alvaro de Bazan ... ..			
Filipinas ... ..	747	1892	20
Galicia ... ..			
Nueva de España ... ..			
Marques de Molins ... ..	570	1889-91	20½
Martin Alonzo Pinzon ...			
Temerario ... ..			
Vicente Yañez Pinzon ...	386	1886	22½
Destructor ... ..			
<b>TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS—</b>			
Furor ... ..	400	1896-97	28
Terror ... ..			
Audaz ... ..			
Osado ... ..			
Pluton ... ..			
Proserpina ... ..			
<b>TORPEDO BOATS—</b>			
Twelve ready.			
Twenty-four building.			

Looking over this list one sees that it is weak in battleships, but strong in cruisers and torpedo craft. Two of the battleships, the *Numancia* and *Vitoria*, were very old. And though they had recently been partly reconstructed (fitted with new boilers, and armed with quick-firing guns), their thin iron armour and low speed made them a very poor match for a modern protected cruiser. Thus, strictly speaking, there was only one good battleship in the list. Even as to this battleship expert opinion, published at the outset of the war, was very divided. One well-known authority declared that she would be a match for the *Iowa*; another that she could not fight a cruiser like the *New York*. Built in France, the *Pelayo* is fitted with a steel armoured belt from bow to stern, nearly eighteen inches thick where it is heaviest. The armour is carried up the sides to the barbettes, which are four in number—one forward, one astern, and one on each side amidships. Each of them is covered with steel armour between eleven and twelve inches thick. The bow and stern barbettes carry each a 12½-inch Hontoria gun, throwing an armour-piercing projectile of 1,040 pounds. There are, besides, twenty-seven quick-firers of various calibres, and seven torpedo-tubes.



Of the splendid squadron of armoured cruisers, the best was the *Cristobal Colon*, built for the Italian navy as the *Giuseppe Garibaldi*, but purchased and renamed by Spain before the war. She had a complete armour-belt—six-inch steel armour on her sides and conning tower, and five-inch on the two barbetstes fore and aft; each was to be armed with a 9½-inch gun. She had ten 6-inch quick-firers (100-pound shells) and twenty-six lighter quick-firers, all behind shields, with two Maxims in the fighting top of her military mast, and four torpedo-tubes. The six torpedo-boat destroyers were of the most recent and powerful type of the class, and were all built on the Clyde.

To man her fleet Spain had, thanks to the maritime conscription, about 23,000 officers and men in the service, with a trained reserve of upwards of 20,000, all of whom had served for from three to five years in the navy. Compared with the United States navy, that of Spain suffered under the disadvantage that few even of the superior officers had seen any actual fighting afloat. For the most part the engineers were not of good quality, and under their care the machinery was apt to deteriorate very quickly—a most serious matter in a modern warship.

Of the squadron commanders, the best known before the war were Admirals Cervera and Montojo, and Captain Villamil. Villamil had a considerable reputation as a scientific officer, and had made a speciality of torpedo work. He had commanded the *Destructor*, the first torpedo boat in the Spanish navy, and for some years had devoted himself to study and practical experiment in this branch of his profession. Cervera, who was in command of the Atlantic squadron, had served for more than forty years, entering the navy as a boy of thirteen. He had seen some active service in Cuba during the Ten Years' War, but he was best known in the navy for the determined courage with which he had saved the arsenal at Cadiz and the squadron from the Communist insurgents, who nearly obtained possession of it during the Red Republican revolt of 1873. He had the reputation of a brave man and a skilful seaman; he had many friends among American naval officers, for he had been for more than a year attached to the Embassy at Washington. Montojo, who commanded the squadron in the Philippines, was an old sailor, not much of a tactician, but with a good record for courage and determination, which, when the day of trial came, he fully justified.



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

3.—*Distribution of the Fleets.*

At the outbreak of the war many ships on both sides were still fitting out in the harbours and dockyards. The distribution of those actually ready for service was the following :—

## UNITED STATES SHIPS.

*North Atlantic Fleet* (Commodore Sampson).—

At or near Key West, Florida.

Flagship : Armoured cruiser *New York*.

Battleships : *Iowa* and *Indiana*.

Cruisers : *Cincinnati*, *Montgomery*, *Detroit*, *Marblehead*.

Monitors : *Puritan*, *Terror*.

Smaller craft : all the torpedo-boats and some gunboats.

*Flying Squadron* (Commodore Schley).—Hampton Roads.

Battleships : *Texas*, *Massachusetts*.

Armoured cruiser : *Brooklyn*.

Cruisers : *Columbia*, *Minneapolis*.

*Pacific Squadron* (Commodore Dewey).—Hong Kong.

Cruisers : *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*.

Gunboats : *Concord* and *Petrel*.

*On the way round from the Pacific to the Atlantic.*

Battleship : *Oregon*.

Gunboat : *Marietta*.

To pick up on the way the dynamite-cruiser *Buffalo*.

## SPANISH SHIPS.

The *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo* had left Puerto Rico for St. Vincent, in the Cape de Verde Islands, as soon as war was imminent. They arrived there on April 10th. Four days before Captain Villamil's torpedo flotilla at St. Vincent had been joined by the *Infanta Maria Teresa* (carrying the flag of Admiral Cervera) and the *Cristobal Colon*. St. Vincent is a Portuguese harbour, but the squadron thus concentrated was allowed by the authorities to use it as a base for completing their preparations

for some time after the actual outbreak of war. On April 21st the position was :

*Atlantic Squadron* (Admiral Cervera).—Cape de Verde Islands.

Armoured cruisers : *Infanta Maria Teresa* (flagship), *Cristobal Colon*, *Vizcaya*, *Almirante Oquendo*.

Torpedo-boat destroyers : *Terror*, *Furor*, *Pluton*.

Torpedo-boats : *Azor*, *Ariete*, and *Rayo*.

Auxiliary cruiser : *Villa de Cadiz* (an armed liner).

*In Cuban harbours*—

Cruisers : *Alfonso XII*. (Havana), *Reina Mercedes*, *Conde de Venadito*, *Infanta Isabel*, *Isabel II*.

Besides gunboats, torpedo-boats, and armed liners.

*On Brazilian coast*—

Torpedo-gunboat : *Temerario*.

*Pacific Squadron* (Admiral Montojo).—At or near Manila.

Cruisers : *Castilla* (flagship), *Conde de Venadito*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Reina Cristina*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*.

And a number of small gunboats.

The *Pelayo*, *Numancia*, *Vitoria*, and the armoured cruisers not named as belonging to the squadron at St. Vincent, were fitting out at Cadiz and Cartagena. Small cruisers and torpedo-boats were reported to be watching the English Channel and the Strait of Gibraltar.

The foregoing lists show that at the outbreak of hostilities the United States navy had a much larger proportion of fighting ships ready for service and near the centre of operations than the Spaniards. A certain amount of unreadiness has for centuries been characteristic of Spanish fleets and armies. In the East, especially, where a weak squadron of obsolete ships had to face an American fleet of well-equipped cruisers, armed with formidable artillery, the Spaniards had soon to pay the penalty of this unreadiness.

THE OPPOSING FORCES.—THE ARMIES.

1.—*The United States Army.*

ALTHOUGH the war between Spain and the United States was, in the first instance, a conflict on the sea depending solely on naval power, the undertaking to expel the Spaniards from Cuba implied the landing of a considerable military force in the island. But the United States possesses in ordinary times the smallest regular army maintained by any great power. And the first efforts of the administration had to be devoted to the difficult task of creating an army at very brief notice to supplement the small force actually available.

The last official return of the regular army of the United States before the war, dated June 30th, 1897, showed that the army then consisted of 27,532 officers and men. The following are the chief details:—

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
10 cavalry regiments ... ..	447	6,010	6,457
5 artillery regiments ... ..	290	3,934	4,224
25 infantry regiments ... ..	910	12,871	13,781
Engineers, ordnance department, West Point Military Academy, hospital and signal service, Indian scouts, etc. ... ..	532	2,538	3,070
Total	2,179	25,353	27,532

The 9th and 10th cavalry and the 24th and 25th infantry were composed of negro soldiers with white officers.

During the negotiations that preceded the war, Congress passed an Act for the enrolment of two new regiments of regular artillery (the 6th and 7th), and these were being recruited and organised when the war began.

The officers of the regular army were all men who had received a thorough military education at West Point. The generals had all seen actual service in the Civil War and the Indian border campaigns. The men were recruited by voluntary enlistment. But with such a small army the Government was able to offer terms to the rank and file that gave them the pick of the best material in the country. A free kit on a liberal scale, free rations, and three pounds a month, with no deductions—this is what the private of the United States regular army receives, and his pay rises rapidly on promotion to corporal or sergeant. The cavalry engaged, as they mostly were, on police duties in the Indian districts and along the Mexican border

had splendid exercise in scouting, and now and then a taste of actual warfare in the way of a sharp fight with Indians or outlaws. The infantry were dispersed in detachments, mostly in the west—on the Mexican frontier, and along the States on both sides of the Rockies—with a few regiments in the great cities. It was very seldom, however, that an American general saw even two regiments of his command together. And the assembly of a force of all three arms for manœuvres or field training was unheard of.

The regular army had no reserve. But by law every State was supposed to keep on foot an efficient militia force, in which all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-four were liable to be called to serve. After the war there had been a reaction from military ideas, and in most of the States the local military organisation was neglected, and had fallen into a condition of inefficiency for real war. The men were enlisted voluntarily, and in most regiments elected their own officers. In some of the great cities—in New York, Boston, and Chicago—there were well-equipped and well-trained battalions. But in many places there were so-called military organisations, which were really only clubs for recreation purposes, some of the militia regiments not possessing a dozen serviceable rifles for each company. There were also in some States troops of volunteer cavalry (mostly mounted rifles) and batteries of artillery, the most useful of these being the artillery corps trained for service in coast batteries. In some States the local troops were known as the National Guard, in others as the State Militia or Volunteers. Originally raised for home defence, it had been decided by the Supreme Court that they were liable for service beyond the frontiers of the Republic when called out for duty by the President. The statistics of the State Militia on January 1st, 1898, were:

Total authorised strength, 116,125.

Actually on the rolls:

General Staff Officers ... ..	1,391
Cavalry ... ..	5,290
Artillery ... ..	4,906
Infantry ... ..	101,573
Total	113,460

The most of these 113,000 men might be considered to be rather possible material for making soldiers than anything else. The reports of regular inspecting officers on some of the regiments reveal an almost incredible lack of discipline and training. Of one regiment the official report ran: "Guard duty was very poorly performed. Sentinels sitting down, smoking, eating, and leaning against trees while on post, was a common sight. Sentinels using their carbines as walking-sticks seemed to be the favourite mode of carrying them." And again of another regiment: "Several captains were absent at inspection, and no excuses were offered or called for. There was not a company commander who could give the necessary orders to prepare his company for inspection. One company had three commissioned officers and six enlisted men in camp. They had neither arms nor equipments. Another company did not turn out for inspection, as some of the men were sick, and others tired."

It would be easy to multiply such extracts. They are referred to here, not to suggest in the least degree that the people of the United States are deficient in military spirit, or wanting in the qualities that make a soldier.

But it is important to understand that, except in the regular army and a few really good battalions of the Volunteers, the United States had no land forces available when the war began. The very regiments that behaved so badly in their training-camps probably failed chiefly because they did not take the business of volunteer soldiering seriously. They never expected to be called out for real service. Their inspection camp was a picnic. If they had looked forward to a real fight, they would have set themselves to prepare for it in a thoroughly practical spirit.

General Miles and his colleagues had thus to improvise an army out of materials of most unequal value. In the volunteer organisation of the States, in the higher commands, there were many good officers who had seen service in the

Civil War. Their regiments were usually of good quality. In many regiments there was a leavening of soldiers who had served in the United States regular army or in European armies. Then the western States could supply a large number of men who could form a body of efficient irregular cavalry, scouts, hunters, cowboys and the like, good shots and first-rate horsemen. But to make an army out of all this material would be a long business, and those who talked of an invasion of Cuba within a week of the proclamation of war did not understand the first elements of the problem that had to be solved.

For peace purposes the United States were organised into districts known as the Department of the East (including all the Atlantic States and the Gulf States up to the border of Texas), the Department of Texas, the Departments of the Missouri, the Colorado, the Platte and the Columbia, and the Department of California. On the approach of the war the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, were detached from the Department of the East, and were included with Texas in a new military district, which was to be afterwards known as the Department of the South.

General Graham, who had till then been in command of the Department of Texas, was given the new command, and established his headquarters at Atlanta, a railway centre from which lines ran to the southern ports likely to be used for the embarkation of troops for Cuba, Tampa, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans. While Congress was still debating the war resolutions the movement of regular troops began, and the greater part of the United States army was soon concentrated in the Department of the South. Chickamauga on the border of Tennessee, about 120 miles from Atlanta, was chosen as the concentration camp for the State militia when they were called out for service.



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE U.S. ARMY.

2.—*The Spanish Army.*

Spain, like all the powers of the European Continent, recruits its army by conscription. At the age of nineteen every Spaniard becomes liable to military service. Exemption can, however, be purchased by the payment of about £60 sterling, and there are other conditions which lighten the burden of universal service. In peace time, after three years with the colours, most of the men pass into the reserve. Besides the home army, there were also local troops raised in Cuba and the Philippines. In the colonial armies the term of service was fixed at eight years.

The following estimate of the land forces of Spain is based on official documents dating from September, 1897 :—

Home Army, Infantry ... ..	64,314
"    "    Cavalry ... ..	14,314
"    "    Artillery ... ..	11,605
"    "    Engineers and Train ...	5,102
Total, Home Army	95,335
Hospital corps, Custom House guards, Gendarmerie, etc. ... ..	28,790
West Indian Army ... ..	201,312*
Philippines ... ..	37,700
1st Reserves ... ..	160,000
	<hr/> 523,197

The figures for Cuba are probably an exaggeration; they are apparently based on the numbers despatched from Spain, and due allowance has not been made for the heavy losses resulting from three years of warfare in an unhealthy climate. On the other hand, the esti-

\* Chiefly in Cuba—about 6,000 in Puerto Rico.

mate does not include the Spanish volunteers and guerillas in Cuba, who are believed to have numbered at least 50,000 at this date; their military value, however, was very doubtful.



GENERAL BLANCO.

The Spanish infantry was armed with a Mauser repeating rifle, and the guns of the field artillery were from Krupp's factories. The transport and administrative services were badly organised, and the pay of the men is generally in arrear. In the West Indies the infantry wore a light white uniform, and carried very little except their rifle, cartridges, and a blanket rolled bandolier fashion across the left shoulder. Many of the officers seem to have had a very defective military training, but no one doubted their personal courage and the readiness of their men to follow them. The civil

wars at home and in the colonies had given a rough kind of training and experience of the battlefield to most of the leaders, and many of the company officers and the rank and file. The strong point of the Spanish soldier is the dogged courage with which, even against desperate odds and with no hope of victory, he has again and again fought to the death, refusing to surrender. Most of the rank and file in Cuba were young men doing their first term of service, but those who saw them seem to have been very favourably impressed with their soldierly qualities. Before the war there was in the United States a tendency to speak lightly of the Spanish troops as possible adversaries. But Mr. Murat Halstead, one of the correspondents of the *New York Journal* in Cuba, wrote a timely protest against this dangerous undervaluation of the enemy.

"I wish," he said, "to speak with respect of

the Spanish boys; and I have seen the great armies of Germany, France, and America, and many of the troops of Italy and England. A favourite disposition of the army by its enemies is to speak of it as composed of boys, but that shows ignorance of war. It is never safe to despise boys in any capacity, least of all in armies. On the battlefield of Shiloh it was remarked of the dead when they were gathered for burial—it was true of the boys in blue and grey alike—that hardly one in three was a bearded man. The boys, in the true sense of the word, were in the great majority. The Spanish lads under arms in Cuba are sturdy, swarthy fellows, well fitted and equipped for the field, and many of them with kindly, friendly, humorous faces. The boys of whom I speak were fairly drilled, and though just landed, had evidently been set up and put through their steps. They had the swing for a long tramp. The Spanish army is not one to be despised, and however it may suffer from the ambushades for which the tropical vegetation affords such eminent facilities, it will make itself respected when it meets foes it can see."

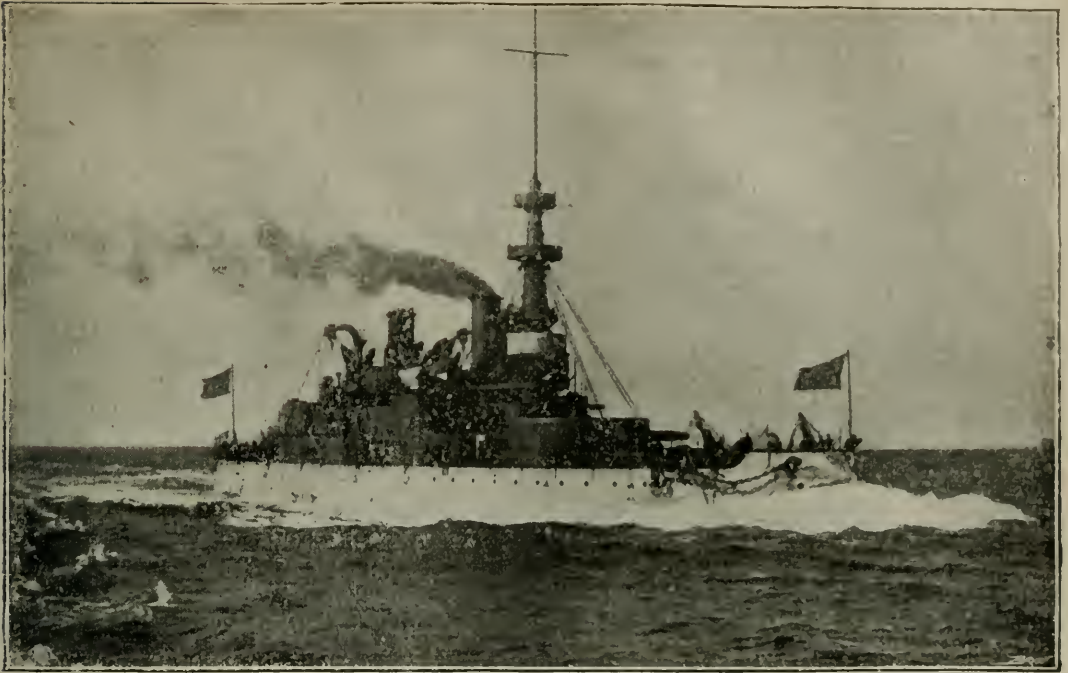
One soldierly quality the Spanish regulars possessed in an eminent degree. They had shown on many battlefields a reckless contempt

of wounds and death. There was a notable example in the Carlist war, where a regular battalion six hundred strong, hemmed in by superior forces in a wild pass in the mountains of Navarre, with all hope of retreat cut off and ammunition running short, refused summons after summons to surrender. The officers were shot down, but the sergeants kept the men together, answering shot with shot so long as a cartridge remained, and then rallying in desperate groups with fixed bayonets to meet the final rush that overpowered them with mere weight of numbers. Of the six hundred not fifty were left when the final struggle hand to hand put an end to their glorious resistance.

Behind walls and breastworks, and among the houses of towns and villages even, the Spanish irregulars might be counted dangerous foes. The national history is full of records of splendid deeds done even by hastily armed levies in such positions. Numantia and Saguntum in classic days, Saragossa and Gerona in modern times, are names that tell of devoted heroism against hopeless odds, and with such memories Marshal Blanco might well count upon making a hard fight for the "Pearl of the Antilles" when the invader at last landed on the soil of Cuba.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AUGUSTIN,  
IN COMMAND OF THE SPANISH FORCES AT MANILA



THE U.S. BATTLESHIP, "INDIANA."

## II.—THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.

NEITHER exciting nor romantic was the first act of war with which the struggle between the United States and Spain began. At New Orleans the steamship *Catalina* was taking on board a consignment of a thousand American mules, purchased for Marshal Blanco's army in Cuba. On the afternoon of April 21st, news having arrived of the rupture of diplomatic relations, the port authorities laid an embargo on the steamer and seized the mules, despite the protests of the captain and the Spanish agents, who argued, without effect, that war had not yet begun.

At Key West that same afternoon all was excitement. Ship after ship of Sampson's fleet hauled out of the inner anchorage, and by four o'clock the greater part of the squadron was moored in line well out to seaward, waiting for the ships from the Dry Tortugas to join. The *New York*, the powerful armoured cruiser which was to act as flagship, had hoisted the flag of a rear-admiral, indicating the promotion of Commodore Sampson. He and his fleet had been waiting for weeks for the order to sail, and it was still withheld for a few hours. Next day

the blockade of Cuba would be proclaimed by the President, and the fleet would proceed to make it effective.

Wars begin as a rule nowadays without the formal declaration that was once held to be the necessary legal warrant for hostile action. In this case the American ultimatum had fixed noon on Saturday, the 23rd, as the limit of time allowed for the Spanish reply; but the summary dismissal of General Woodford from Madrid was held to justify immediate hostilities, and on Friday, the 22nd, the President issued, not a declaration of war, but a proclamation of the blockade of Western Cuba.

The blockaded coast was to extend from the port of Cardenas, by Havana and Bahai Honda, to Cienfuegos on the south shore of Cuba. Neutral vessels lying in any of those ports were to be given thirty days to clear. Neutrals approaching them in ignorance of the existence of blockade were to be warned off, and the warning was to be endorsed on the ship's papers. If, after that, they attempted to pass the blockade they were to be liable to capture.

At dawn on the Friday morning the fleet was

under way, bound for Havana. The flagship *New York* led the line, followed by the battle-ships *Indiana* and *Iowa*. The gunboats and torpedo boats formed two other lines to east and west of the heavier fighting ships, and gradually increased their distance as they gained the open sea, till by noon the fleet covered many miles from right to left. It was a fine spring morning, with a light breeze and a long swell upon the otherwise smooth sea.

The monitors *Puritan* and *Terror*, the cruiser *Marblehead*, the gunboat *Helena*, and the despatch-boat *Dolphin* were for the present left behind at Key West.

The fleet moved at a very leisurely rate of speed—about six knots—for Sampson did not mean to close in upon Havana till evening. Meanwhile a sharp look-out was kept for several Spanish merchant ships known to be on their way from the Gulf ports to the Atlantic, which if intercepted would be valuable prizes. At a quarter to seven, when the fleet was about nineteen miles from Key West, the smoke of a steamer was seen coming up on the western horizon. Soon after the steamer came in sight, to the south-west of the fleet, and on a course that would take her diagonally across the line upon which it was moving. From every bridge in the leading ships telescopes were directed at the stranger. She was a large "tramp" steamer, with a black hull, her deckhouses and upper works painted white, one funnel, two masts, and the Spanish flag flying at the peak. The gunboat *Nashville*, which was the nearest warship, immediately slipped out of her station and headed for the Spaniard, the black smoke pouring from her tall funnels, and the white foam flying from her bows as she rushed at full speed through the bright water.

The merchantman held her course, evidently knowing nothing of the approaching danger. A group of bluejackets, under the command of a lieutenant, stood about one of the quick-firers in the bows of the gunboat, and when the two ships were about half a mile apart the word was given, and a jet of smoke spurted from the *Nashville's* side, and the sharp report of the

gun rang out across the sea. It was the first shot of the war.

A fountain of water well ahead of the Spaniard showed where the shot had struck; but without taking any notice of it, the merchant steamer held her course. Bang! went another gun from the cruiser, this time aimed so near the bows of the tramp that her forecastle was deluged with the water thrown up by the shot as it bounded along the sea. Such a warning could not be mistaken. The Spanish captain stopped his

engines, and within three minutes the *Nashville* was close alongside, her crew at quarters and a bristling row of guns threatening to sink the merchantman if he tried to escape. A boat with an armed crew was lowered away, and in another minute Ensign Magruder stood on the deck of the Spaniard. The crew, crowded along the steamer's rail, had watched all these proceedings with blank astonishment. The ship was the *Buenaventura*, owned by Messrs. Larriago and Co., of Liverpool and Bilbao, and commanded by Captain



REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

Lucarraga, laden with timber and bound from Pascagoula, in the Gulf of Mexico, to Rotterdam.

Lucarraga told Magruder that he could do what he liked with the ship; at the same time he declared that he had not the remotest idea that his country was already at war with the United States. When he saw the fleet he thought it was engaged in peaceful manœuvres. War had been only talked of as a possibility when he left Pascagoula. The ship was now headed for Key West, with a prize crew on board, and the *Nashville* in company to act as an escort. The gunboat and her prize entered the anchorage at eleven o'clock, and the sight of the Stars and Stripes flying above the Spanish flag on the first prize of the war was hailed with loud cheers from the ships and the shore. All day long the wharves were black with crowds of people, who came down to see the captured Spaniard. In the afternoon the *Nashville* sailed to rejoin the fleet.

Meanwhile Admiral Sampson held his course towards the northern shores of Cuba. In the



afternoon the lighter ships extended in a long line east and west, the flagship and the two big ironclads in the centre heading direct for Havana, and the torpedo boats keeping up connection between them and the rest of the squadron. Before nightfall the United States warships were thus in position to watch the whole of the coast from Bahia Honda on the west to Cardenas on the east. It was after dark when the ships under Sampson's immediate command came in sight of the entrance to Havana Harbour.

The shore on that part of the coast is high and rocky, and fringed in places with outlying reefs of coral, and rugged ledges indicated only by the surf that breaks over them. But the water a mile from the shore is a hundred fathoms deep, so that a blockading fleet has neither anchoring ground nor shelter. The land-locked harbour of Havana is approached by a narrow cleft in the rocky coast not more than a quarter of a mile wide. On the eastern point of the entrance stands the old weather-beaten fortress known as the Morro Castle, with a tall lighthouse tower behind its seaward bastion, and below a casemated battery of heavy modern guns. A smaller work, the Punta Fort, stands on the opposite point, with the town behind it running along the coast and the shore of the harbour. Right and left of the entrance other batteries look out to the sea. Powerful electric searchlights had been mounted on Morro and on some of the other forts, and soon after nightfall these revealed the *New York* and her two consorts, the battleships, standing in towards the shore under easy steam.

At once the lights in the lantern of the lighthouse were extinguished, and six guns roared out from Morro, six more from the Santa Clara battery away to the westward. On board the American ships the flashes from the batteries and the report of gun after gun booming over the sea suggested the idea that the Spaniards had opened fire on the fleet; but the ships were nearly five miles off the shore, and as no shells were heard whistling through the air, it was supposed that the enemy had misjudged the distance, and that his shot were falling short. Some of the eager young officers were anxious to open fire in reply, but Sampson forbade it, and the Spanish guns were soon silent. Only their powerful searchlights still played upon the fleet at intervals.

As a matter of fact, no shotted gun had been fired from the shore that night. The shots

from Morro and Santa Clara were only signal guns loaded with blank cartridge, conveying to the garrison of Havana the tidings that "the Yankees" were at last in sight. All day from the seaward forts anxious eyes had watched for the arrival of Sampson's ships. It was even anticipated that they might open fire upon the harbour and city in the course of the afternoon. The sun went down, and still there was no sign of their approach. At last the searchlight of Morro, sweeping the sea, revealed their presence. The alarm rang out, and the guns were manned in the forts and batteries, the troops were under arms on their parades, strong patrols appeared in the streets. It might be that the approach of the enemy would be the signal for an attack by the rebels from the land side, or for an outbreak in the city. But there was no attempt at a hostile movement on shore. And the enemy's ships kept well off from the harbour mouth, drifting with silent guns, and looking, to the crowds that lined the shore, like a white ghostly fleet on the dark sea, as the glare of the searchlights revealed tall funnels, tapering masts with their fighting-tops and signal-yards, and below, the long rifled guns that projected from turrets and barbettes. It was a night of wild excitement on shore; but after midnight the American ships were seen to be moving out seaward, perhaps anxious about a possible torpedo attack. The first alarm was over, and soon Havana became used to the novel sensation of seeing from time to time the enemy's cruisers far out upon the sea, watching the harbour mouth.

In the first days of the blockade, Admiral Sampson's fleet made several captures. Some of them were small coasting craft picked up off the north coast of Cuba; others, steamers bound for Havana. On board of one of these were a number of Spanish officers on their way to join Marshal Blanco's army. The blockade of the southern coast as far as Cienfuegos was not attempted till the second week of the war, and thanks to this delay a very valuable prize escaped the United States squadron. The Spanish liner *Mousserrat*, Captain Deschamps, had left Cadiz in the middle of April, and was more than half way across the Atlantic when her commander heard from a passing steamer that war had begun and the Americans were blockading Cuba. He was bound for Havana, and had on board a thousand soldiers, treasure for the army to the amount of over half a million sterling, and a cargo of quick-firing guns, rifles, and ammunition. He decided that to try to enter Havana Harbour would be

too dangerous a venture, and he ran for Cienfuegos, got in safely, reached Havana by land with the treasure, and put the troops, arms, and stores ashore at Cienfuegos. By this time the port was watched by United States gunboats, but Deschamps ran the blockade outwards, and got away safely to Spain, where he received a public ovation on landing. He was summoned to Madrid, decorated by the Queen Regent herself, and then was told to take his ship to sea again after she had been converted into an armed cruiser.

The blockade of Havana itself was not as successful as might have been expected. Even in the first week two coasting steamers ran in by creeping along in the darkness under the shadow of the cliffs at an imminent risk of shipwreck. The American squadron also allowed the strict rule of blockade to be broken on at least one occasion in broad daylight. One morning a large cruiser was seen steaming towards Havana. Promptly the flagship and one of her consorts gave chase. On board the *New York* some of

the officers confidently identified the stranger as the Spanish armoured cruiser *Vizcaya*. Others held it was the *Almirante Oquendo*. The American ships were cleared for action. At last it looked as if there was going to be a fight. A gun from the flagship was fired as a warning to the stranger to show her colours, and up went the tricolour of Italy on one of the cruiser's masts, while the Stars and Stripes were hoisted at her signal yard, and her quick-firers roared out a salute. So impressed were many of the United States officers with the idea that they were closing with an enemy's ship, that the flags were hardly noticed, and the first gun of the salute was taken to be a hostile reply. The cruiser was the *Giovanni Bausan* of the Italian navy. Strictly speaking, Admiral Sampson might have insisted on her turning back without entering Havana. But apparently he had orders not to interfere unduly with neutral warships, and the cruiser soon disappeared in the narrow entrance below Morro Castle.

It was curious that she approached the American fleet without showing her colours, and wilfully misled the United States admiral into chasing her. Italian sympathy was on the whole on the side of Spain, and the cruiser steamed into the harbour with the red-and-golden ensign of Spain on her foremast, saluting the batteries of Cabañas as she passed in, while her band played the Spanish national anthem. Her commander paid a visit to Marshal Blanco, and was cheered through the streets of Havana. The *Giovanni Bausan* remained some days in the harbour. Rumour said that she landed ammunition for the Spaniards, but this was officially denied by the Italian Government.

The Madrid Government had protested against the capture of the *Buenaventura* and other ships that had gone to sea in ignorance of the blockade.

On the 24th they proclaimed that a state of war existed, and they gave American ships in Spanish waters a month in which to get away safely. At Matanzas the Spanish gunboats towed some American



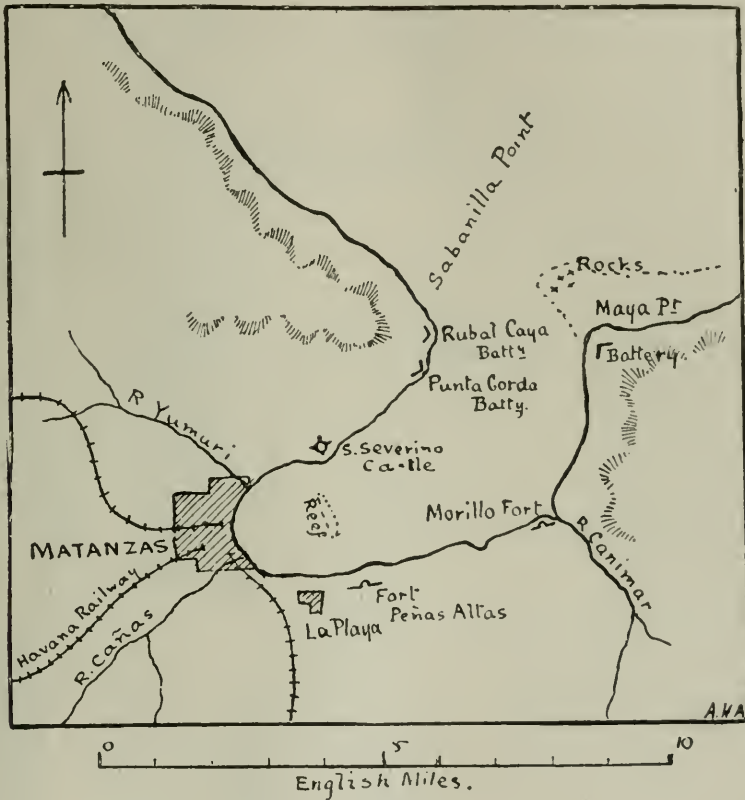
sailing ships out to sea in order to facilitate their departure. In reply, the United States Government decided to release the earlier prizes, and in order to put matters on a more regular basis, a proclamation was issued at Washington on April 25th declaring that a state of war with Spain had existed since the 21st. Spanish ships actually in American ports were given till May 21st to complete cargoes and repairs and depart.

On the same day the British proclamation of neutrality was issued in London. It gave notice that warships of both belligerents would be required to leave British ports within forty-eight hours. During the war belligerent war vessels in distress might be allowed to make temporary repairs in British ports, and might take on board enough coal to carry them to their nearest port; but they were only to be permitted to do this once in three months, so that they could not make a British port their base of operations. A United States torpedo

boat, the *Bailey*, recently purchased in England, was lying at Falmouth. She had not been able to obtain a crew before the proclamation was issued; and on an attempt being made to ship some English seamen to carry her to America, the port authorities seized her, and she was laid up in the harbour till the end of the war. It is curious that the rules adopted at the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute were thus put in force for the first time to stop the fitting out of a United States war vessel.

It may be noted here that on Saturday, April 23rd, the President called out, by proclamation, 100,000 volunteers; and the concentration of a large volunteer army at Chickamauga in Tennessee at once began. These movements, and the preparations for the invasion of Cuba, will be related in detail when the military operations are dealt with. At this stage of our story it makes the narrative clearer if we confine our attention to the naval aspect of the war.

For the first week the Spanish Atlantic

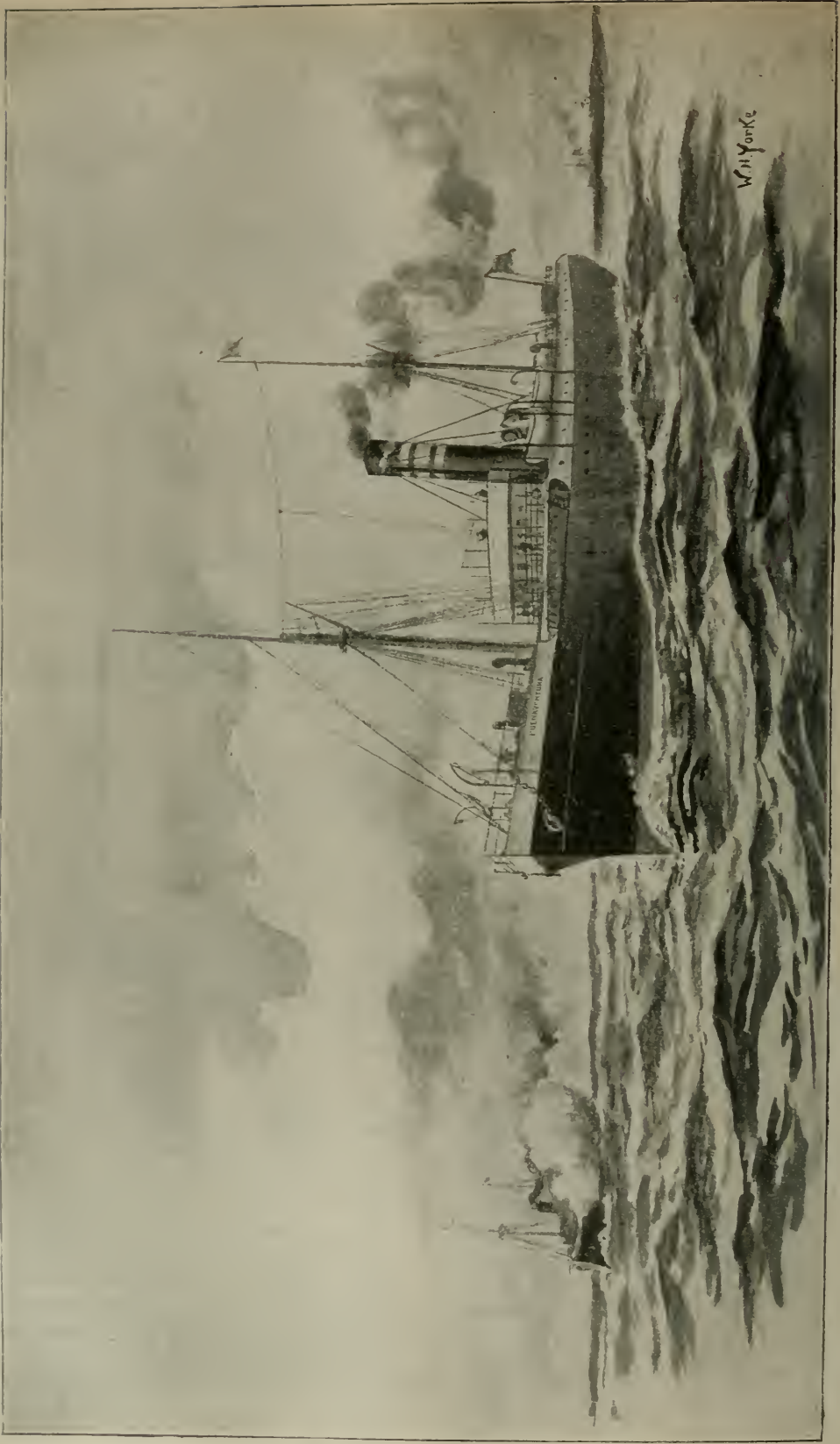


THE FORTS AND HARBOUR OF MATANZAS.

On the day when the war began the American liner *Paris*, one of the auxiliary cruisers, was at Southampton, getting ready for her return voyage to New York, and as yet unarmed. She started next day with a number of passengers on board. Rumour said that there were Spanish torpedo boats waiting for her in the Channel, and for some days there were the wildest reports as to her fate. But she crept along the south coast of Ireland, ready, if challenged, to slip into neutral waters, and then took a northerly course across the Atlantic, and reached New York in safety, without having once seen an enemy.

In order to keep the sequence of events clear,

squadron remained at St. Vincent in the De Verde Islands, and the United States Pacific squadron stayed in Mirs Bay on the Chinese coast, opposite to Hong Kong. From Cuba there came only news of insignificant captures of merchant ships by the blockading squadron. The newspapers had led the public in the United States to believe that the rupture of negotiations would be immediately followed by an attack on Havana. But Admiral Sampson knew better than to engage his fleet prematurely with the formidable batteries that guarded the narrow entrance, which was known to be further protected by a system of mines. Even



THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR; THE CAPTURE OF THE "BUENAVENTURA."

if he had forced the pass, he could not take possession of a city held by 50,000 regulars without the co-operation of a large land force ; and though the newspapers talked gaily of an army being ready in a week or ten days, the men at the head of affairs knew that it would require a much longer time. It is true that the Admiral might have bombarded Havana ; but to inflict any real injury on the place would have meant the expenditure of an enormous amount of valuable ammunition, which would take some time to replace, and, after all, would give no result that could seriously affect the course of the war. To burn a number of houses, shops, and warehouses would not make Marshal Blanco relinquish his hold upon Havana. In familiar phrase, Havana was not bombarded because "the game was not worth the candle."

The first exchange of fire between a Spanish and an American ship took place on Tuesday, April 26th, outside Cardañas. What exactly happened is not easy to say with certainty in the face of contradictory accounts. In any case it was a very insignificant affair, only worth noting because in all wars a certain importance attaches to the first exchange of shots, just as in the story of the Franco-German war one turns with some interest to the little skirmish between cavalry patrols outside the village inn at Niederbronn.

Amongst the Spanish ships in the Cuban ports were half a dozen little steel gunboats, each seventy-five feet long, and carrying a small Nordenfeldt quick-firer and a Maxim gun. They had been built in 1895 at Wivenhoe, in Essex, for patrol duty on the Cuban coasts. One of these, the *Ligera*, was at Cardañas. Outside the bay there is a perfect network of coral reefs, islands, and rocks, forming a natural breakwater extending for miles. Slipping in and out among

the islands the *Ligera* came upon an American torpedo boat which was watching the port. The two ships exchanged six or seven shots. One of them went through the funnel of the *Ligera* which received no other damage. The United States ship then went off under full steam, and the Spaniards claimed a first success. Which was the American torpedo boat has never been officially stated. It is only certain that the *Cushing*, one of the few torpedo craft attached to Sampson's fleet, ran into Key West with her engines so badly damaged that she had to go to Norfolk for repairs. The official account of her injuries was that the young officer in charge had overstrained her engines by putting her to too high a speed. The Spaniards claimed that she had been disabled by the fire of the *Ligera*. The American account is the more likely of the two to have been correct. The *Ligera* and her consorts at Cardañas showed later on that they could shoot with deadly accuracy at even so small a target as a torpedo boat ; but, on the other hand, if the *Cushing* had shown any shot marks when she came into Key West, all the censorship in the world would not have prevented the enterprising local reporters from giving a full description of her injuries. The presumption is that she showed no such traces of Spanish shell fire, and the experience of even the best-trained navies goes to show that nothing is easier than to disable by overwork the delicate machinery of a torpedo boat's engine room.

Such was the bloodless skirmish of Cardañas. Next day there was a more serious piece of work ; for the growing feeling that the fleet should do something more than capture coasting craft, and the unreasonable outcry against Sampson's inactivity before Havana, made the Admiral decide to try his guns upon the seaward batteries of Matanzas.

### III.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

**M**ATANZAS is the second city of Cuba, coming next to Havana both in population and in wealth. It is a city of more than 50,000 inhabitants, with well-built streets, and in the suburbs the broad promenades are overhung with shade trees, which the colonial Spaniard loves. Several railways connect it with the capital and with the towns of what was till lately the richest district in Cuba, a land of rich soil with tobacco and sugar plantations, well watered by the numerous rivers, each with its course marked by long winding avenues of "royal palms," the noblest of West Indian trees.

The city stands at the end of a deep curving bay. A reef of rocks forms a breakwater in front of its wharves, and the passage into this inner harbour at each end of the reef is guarded by an old Spanish fort. In the days of short-range artillery these were the only defences of Matanzas. But modern batteries, armed with heavy rifled guns, had been erected, both on the slopes of the wooded promontories that guarded the mouth of the bay, and on the edge of the sea below. Morillo Battery, looking out between the headlands, crossed its fire with Maya on the right and Fort Rubal Caya on the left. Further in than Rubal Caya, a sandbag battery was being erected on the low ground of Punta Gorda. The great depth of water at the entrance—more than a hundred and fifty fathoms—made defence by submarine mines extremely difficult. If Matanzas Bay was to be held, it must be by the batteries, assisted by torpedo boats. There was a suspicion that the United States staff might select the bay as a convenient place for landing their army for the advance on Havana, so a considerable force of Spanish troops had been concentrated at Matanzas city to resist a possible attempt at invasion.

Since the second day of the war, the cruiser *Cincinnati* and the powerful turret-ship *Puritan* had been watching the place. From their position a few miles off the land they could see every day strong working parties on the headlands extending the earthworks and mounting new guns. A torpedo boat, which ran in to

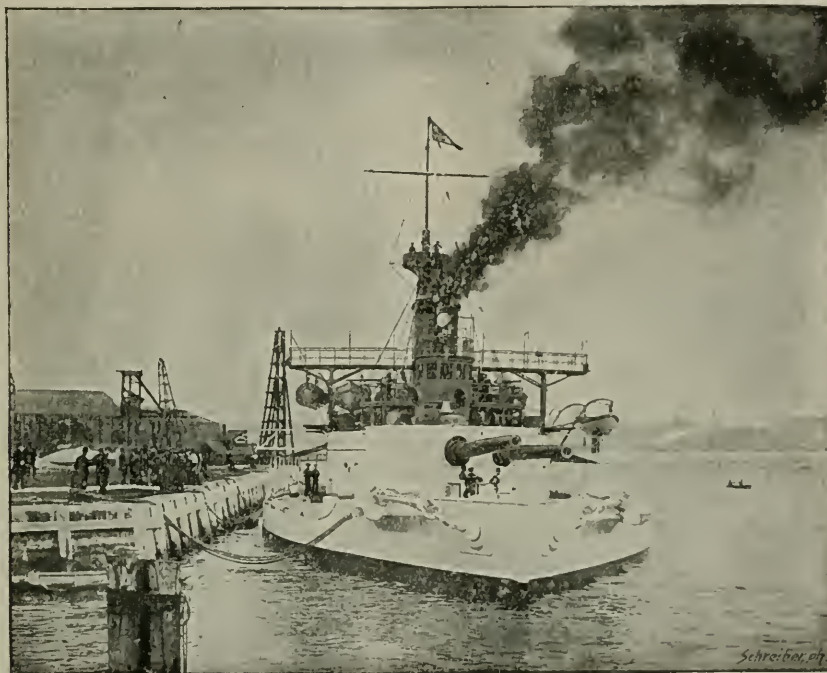
take a closer look at the shore, was fired on from Point Maya, and Admiral Sampson, on hearing the report of this occurrence, decided to reconnoitre with a more powerful force. Accordingly, on the morning of Wednesday, April 27th, he left the blockading squadron before Havana, and with his flagship the *New York* steamed eastward along the coast to join the *Puritan* and *Cincinnati* before Matanzas.

It was a bright clear day, with a smooth sea and hardly any wind, an ideal day for naval gunners to make good practice. The *New York* led the way towards Matanzas harbour mouth, the *Puritan* following her, and the *Cincinnati* remaining further out to seaward. The *New York* and the *Puritan* alone were a formidable force: the great armoured cruiser with her two masts fitted with several fighting-tops, her three funnels, her many quick-firers, and the six long 8-inch guns mounted in armoured barbettes; the monitor, a heavy low-lying craft, her deck almost level with the water, and her two pairs of 12-inch guns mounted in revolving turrets. As they headed for the bay, work ceased in the batteries. Spade and pick were laid aside, and the Spanish gunners stood by their pieces, waiting to open fire. A few minutes before one o'clock the first shot was fired. It came from the batteries on Point Maya. There was a bright flash, a cloud of blue smoke above the low breastwork on the shore, and a moment after a tall fountain of water spurting from the sea half a mile from the *New York* showed that the shell had fallen short. The Spaniards had judged the distance badly. The flagship was at the moment about 6,000 yards from the battery, and ought to have been a fairly easy target, even though she was under way. Still moving towards the bay, the Admiral signalled to the *Puritan*, which was nearer Maya, to reply, and the monitor answered with her quick-firers, the first few shots falling short. Presently she got the range, and then she brought her big turret guns into action. Two of the enormous shells, each a thousand pounds in weight, fell close to the breastwork of the battery and exploded in a cloud of flying sand and earth. But a naval

officer who stood on the bridge of the *New York* beside the Admiral, and watched, with a powerful telescope, the bursting shells, noted that none of them had done any serious damage to the battery, and the gunners at Maya kept up a steady fire all the time. None of their shells actually hit the *Puritan*, but all round her the flying jets of water showed that they were not far from their mark.

And now the batteries on the opposite point

powerful guns as were now in action. The Spanish gunners were firing slowly and deliberately, but not one shot from the batteries actually hit the ships, though several fell close to them, or flew screaming high in air above the funnels and between their masts. The look-outs in the tops of the ships could see that on the other hand the American fire was well directed. Shell after shell burst in the earthworks, and the flying showers of *débris* showed that the explosions



THE U.S. MONITOR "PURITAN."

joined in the engagement. A shot from Rubal Caya struck the water just a hundred yards ahead of the *New York*, another from Punta Gorda flew high over her deck. Lying broadside on to the batteries, the *New York* replied with five of her 8-inch guns, two from each barbette and one from the starboard sponson amidships. All her smaller guns on that side joined in, and a signal to the *Cincinnati* called the cruiser up to lie to the westward of the flagship and assist her in hammering away at the batteries on Sabanilla Point, the *Puritan* devoting all her attention to those on Maya.

For a few minutes the fire from the three American ships was very heavy. Wrapped in clouds of smoke, they were steaming nearer and nearer the batteries till the range was reduced to about 3,000 yards, a short distance for such

were rapidly destroying the Spanish defences. The first shot had been fired from Maya at three minutes to one, at a quarter past the hour the batteries on both points were silent, and Sampson signalled to cease fire and resume station off the port. As the ships turned slowly with silent, smoking guns, Rubal Caya fired a last shot, which fell between the *Puritan* and the *New York*. The monitor replied with a 12-inch shell from her stern turret. It struck the battery and sent up a shower of rubbish sixty feet into the air. To those who watched the shot from the bridge of the flagship, it seemed that a gun had been dismantled and all the gunners killed.

The first report of the Matanzas bombardment from Spanish sources admitted that a good deal of damage had been done to the batteries, and that several men had been killed. It was also

stated that some projectiles had fallen into the city; these must have been shells intended for Punta Gorda, but aimed far too high. A subsequent report said that little or no injury had been done to the works; and as for losses, the only casualty was the death of a mule, unfortunately hit by a shot in the rear of one of the batteries. This story of the "sad death of a mule at Matanzas" was probably not meant to be taken seriously. It was a playful satire on the wildly-exaggerated accounts of the bombardment circulated by the more sensational newspapers in the United States. Some of these were the work of pure imagination. It so happened that only one of the numerous "press boats" was with the squadron when Matanzas was attacked. All the rest were off Havana, for Admiral Sampson had given no hint of his intentions. But the boat belonging to the *New York Herald* followed the flagship; its correspondents saw the fight. Then the little steamer ran back to Key West through some very rough weather, for in the evening there was a sudden gale. Soon after midnight the news was on the wires for New York. The *Herald* had next day the satisfaction of publishing the only complete and authentic narrative of the affair. Some of its rivals had, it is true, wonderful stories of the bombardment; but they were highly coloured romances based on a small foundation of fact gleaned from telegraph operators, who could not help talking about the great news from Cuba.

According to these stories the Spanish batteries had been laid in ruins, hundreds of the enemy's gunners had been blown to atoms; the crews of the warships had displayed the wildest enthusiasm, the men cheering every shot, and the stokers down below running up to request permission to have a shot at the Spaniards. If these absurd newspaper touches had been true, it would not say much for the discipline of the American navy. In one paper an imaginative writer told how after each shot one could hear the rumbling fall of the earth displaced from the enemy's breastworks. Anyone who could hear this at a range of from two to four miles must have had good ears.

The plain facts were set forth in Admiral Sampson's brief official report next day. He had exchanged fire with the batteries at the entrance to Matanzas Bay, in order to ascertain the strength and position of the works, to get some idea of their armament, and to prevent the completion of the new battery at Punta Gorda.

He had silenced the outlying batteries, and was well satisfied with the conduct of his crews.

The bombardment showed that the gun practice of the United States ships was excellent, that of the Spanish artillerymen hopelessly bad. But only a few days after, the Americans suffered severe loss through presuming that all Spanish gunners would shoot as wildly as those at Matanzas. As to the damage done, the inner forts were, of course, intact. They had not even been in action. The damage done to the earthwork batteries at the harbour mouth was probably of a kind that could be easily made good. Only about sixty heavy shells had been fired from the fleet, the Spaniards replying with about half that number. Our own experience at Alexandria showed that a much heavier and more prolonged bombardment does not suffice to demolish beyond repair even badly-constructed batteries. The results of the practice cannot be judged from the ships, unless large allowances are made for misleading impressions. Thus a shell bursting a few feet in front of the parapet of a battery will send up a tremendous cloud of dust and sand, and an onlooker from the ship will think he has seen a lot of the breastwork itself blown into the air, though actually it has not been touched. Again, even when the shell bursts fairly on the breastwork, the earth it displaces mostly falls back into very nearly its original position. In experiments at Lydd against earthwork batteries, it has been found that the only result of a prolonged bombardment is to reduce to a moderate extent the height of the crest of the parapet, and to bring down the general level of its outer slope. The fact that as the American ships were withdrawing a last shot was fired from Rubal Caya shows that the batteries were not demolished. Apparently the chief damage done was to the unfinished work at Punta Gorda, on which the *New York* directed a hot fire, the destruction of this battery being the object that Sampson had chiefly in view. Altogether, the attack on the Matanzas batteries, though not an important affair, was very encouraging to the United States. It was a welcome change from the captures of tramp steamers and coasting schooners that had so far been the only exploits of Sampson's fleet, and it helped to calm the impatience of American public opinion, which from the first day of the war had been eagerly anticipating a fight. A few days more brought news of a more serious naval engagement, not in Cuban waters this time, but in the far-off



Philippines. These islands had for a long time been the scene of insurrectionary movements against Spain, and the United States Pacific squadron, under Commodore Dewey, had been concentrated at Hong Kong before the war, with orders to proceed to Manila, destroy the Spanish Pacific fleet, and co-operate with the rebels as soon as war was declared.

It was a momentous resolution, which had more of a political than a military bearing on the results of the war. For the small force which Spain already had in the Philippines was helpless to influence the general results of the conflict, nor did the American attack on

Manila lead to any Spanish force being diverted in that direction during the decisive period of the struggle. On the other hand, however opposed many of the leading men in the United States might be to making a war undertaken for the liberation of Cuba the occasion of a campaign of conquest in Eastern seas, there was little doubt that once the Stars and Stripes were hoisted in the Philippines they would not be hauled down again. Thus the order that told Commodore Dewey to set out for Manila did more than set a squadron in motion. It launched the United States on a new policy of imperial rule.



ENTRANCE TO A TOBACCO PLANTATION NEAR SANTIAGO.

## CHAPTER XV.

### IV.—THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE archipelago of the Philippines was the last vestige of the eastern empire of Spain. It had been the possession of the Spanish crown for three centuries; and though it is now the fashion to speak as if the viceroys at Manila had done nothing but misgovern the province, the record of Spain in these islands can compare very favourably with that of the neighbouring European colonies. To take the nearest parallel, it may safely be said that Java, under the rule of Holland, has fared no better than Luzon under that of Spain.

The islands, large and small, are said to number nearly two thousand. They are the summits of volcanic cones and ridges rising from the tropic sea. Between the islands the depths are enormous. In the Sulu Sea there are soundings of over two thousand fathoms. The whole structure of the land is volcanic. There are several active craters, and earthquakes are so frequent that there is hardly a week in which the instruments of the Manila Observatory do not register some greater or less disturbance. The islands are, in fact, the southernmost portion of that long volcanic, earthquake-shaken chain which extends northward by Formosa and the island kingdom of Japan to Corea.

The narrow valleys and the steep mountain sides are clothed with a rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Where the jungle has been cleared and the land brought into cultivation, it produces tobacco, hemp, cotton, sugar, cocoa, and many more valuable articles of commerce. The islands would have been even more productive if it had not been for a long period the policy of Spain to restrict their trade

by regulations imposed in the interest of her American and West Indian colonies. The loss of Peru and Mexico to the mother-country was thus an indirect gain to the Philippines.

The surface extent of the islands is rather more than that of Great Britain and Ireland. The population is about seven and a half millions. Of these, more than six millions are natives, mostly of the Malay race. The native Christians, some three millions in all, are known as "Indios"; the Mohammedan natives, about a quarter of a million in number, are called by the Spaniards "Moros." The white race are partly men of mixed descent, partly colonists from Spain, and traders representing other European countries. Latterly, in spite of prohibitive laws, there has been a considerable Chinese immigration, and official returns set down the yellow race at 40,000,

and probably fall short of the real numbers.

Luzon, the largest of the Philippines, had a civil system of administration, but all the other islands were under the direct military rule of the captain-general at Manila. In each native village, however, there was a headman, a kind of native mayor, who was responsible to the authorities. And the tax collectors—who gathered in the head-tax, the hut-tax, and the fee for the brand on cattle—were also natives for the most part. This, however, was not an advantage, for they frequently abused their position, to the loss of the villagers, and their own gain. If they had been fairly collected the taxes were not by any means heavy. There was a church establishment in the islands, supported in part out of the taxes, but about



COMMODORE DEWEY.

half of the clergy were natives. There was also a native militia, which at even the best of times had its work to do, for many of the tribes were in a state of semi-savagery, and a Malay dacoit is a troublesome enemy when he has a wild mountain jungle for his refuge after his raids on the villages.

Manila, the capital, situated on the shores of a deep bay in the island of Luzon, is one of the great commercial centres of the East. According to the census of 1880, it had then more than a quarter of a million inhabitants. The city consists of two portions, built one on each side of the river Pasig—a sluggish stream which connects the large shallow lagoon of Bai Lake with Manila Bay. On the south bank of the river stands old Manila, founded three centuries ago by Legazpi, on the site of a Malay stockade. It is surrounded by a grass-grown rampart of no great strength, with bastions armed with old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon. Within the rampart is a decayed city. Whole streets are in ruins, never having been rebuilt since the widespread destruction caused by the great earthquake of a few years ago. Light structures of bamboo, wood, and thatch have

been erected on the old foundations and the fragments of shattered walls. Among the better buildings which survived the earthquake are the Governor's palace and the great cathedral, one of the finest edifices of the kind in the East, its interior rich in splendid wood-carvings. On the north shore of the Pasig stands new Manila, the chief part of it being the suburb of Binondo, where the European merchants and the wealthier classes generally have their houses. The two halves of the city are connected by a lofty suspension-bridge over the Pasig, and below the bridge quays and warehouses extend along the river. At its mouth there is a new harbour, with a breakwater and two docks in process of construction, but the water is not deep enough for large vessels, and the mail steamers usually anchor at Cavite, seven miles to the south-west,

where there is the fortified arsenal and naval station.

The Spanish Government had never maintained any large garrison in the Philippines. The frequent campaigns against the wilder native tribes (whose exploits were chiefly of the nature of plundering raids) were mostly carried on with the help of the native Tagal or Malay militia. The European force in the islands consisted of a few battalions of infantry, some gunners for the batteries of Cavite arsenal, and the crews of the Pacific squadron. This flotilla was itself made up of the leavings of the Spanish navy, a number of second-rate cruisers and gunboats, whose duty it was to put down piracy and smuggling, and occasionally co-operate in the attack of some Malay stockade on the island coasts.

There had been an abortive rising in Luzon in 1868, a distant echo of the revolts in the home country and in Cuba. The troubles of the following years added to the population of the Philippines a considerable number of malcontents exiled from Spain, some of them Carlists, but many more belonging to the Federalist and Socialist party. From these were recruited an



ADMIRAL MONTOJO.

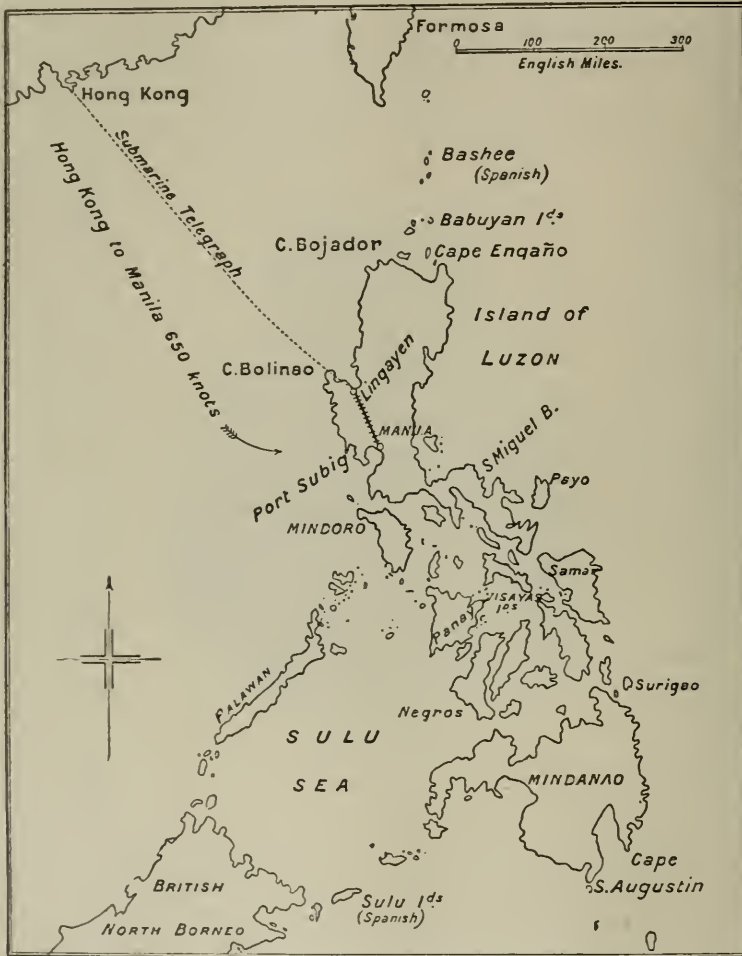
active group that was persistently hostile to the local government. And there is no doubt that during the last ten years there was also a good deal of secret conspiracy in progress among the natives. They had introduced a curious system of organisation for this purpose, the Society of the *Katipunam*, partly imitated from the European lodges in Manila, but having grafted upon it elements derived from their old pagan worship. The Malay rejoices in mystery, and in many of the villages even the headmen and the chiefs of the local militia were deep in the conspiracy. The news of the rising in Cuba and the difficulties of Spanish government—difficulties which led to a dangerous reduction of the Manila garrison—tempted the conspirators into trying their hands at an organised revolt.

The first outbreak took place in the summer of 1896.

There are not yet materials available for telling its true story. It seems most likely that there were at least two independent conspiracies—one of the natives, who thought only of a massacre of the white men, and a general looting of Manila; another among the malcontents

successfully raided the capital, but at the last moment a woman, who had been admitted to their secrets, gave a warning to the Spanish authorities.

Marshal Blanco was at the time the Captain-General of the Philippines. One afternoon, in the middle of August, 1896, he heard that Manila was to be attacked in the coming night.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

of Spanish or mixed descent, who hoped to proclaim a republic of the Philippines. The latter plot was assisted by a group of exiles who made Hong Kong their headquarters; and, if current report is to be believed, some Japanese adventurers had a hand in one or both of the conspiracies. As usual, a premature outbreak destroyed the plans of the would-be revolutionists. The natives near Manila were impatient for action. Even so they might have

Of Spanish troops he had only at hand in the island capital a battalion of garrison artillery and four companies of marines. He hastily summoned five hundred more marines from Cavite, called out a battalion of Spanish volunteers, and with this small force met and routed the rebels in the very suburbs of Manila. The insurgents were between two and three thousand strong, at least half of them being men of the native Tagal militia, who at the critical moment

had foresworn their allegiance to Spain. Had they surprised the city, there would have been a night of plunder and massacre.

Having won this first victory, the Government authorities arrested all suspected persons in the city and searched their houses. In several cases evidence was found of the Republican plot, and in the following days there were hurried court-martials and summary executions. But the movement was scotched, not killed. A native insurrection in the hills and jungles was more difficult to deal with than the desperate attack on the Manila suburbs. Scanty reinforcements were sent out from Spain—only a few battalions and two or three gunboats, for the continual drain of tens of thousands destined for Cuba left very little for the Philippines.

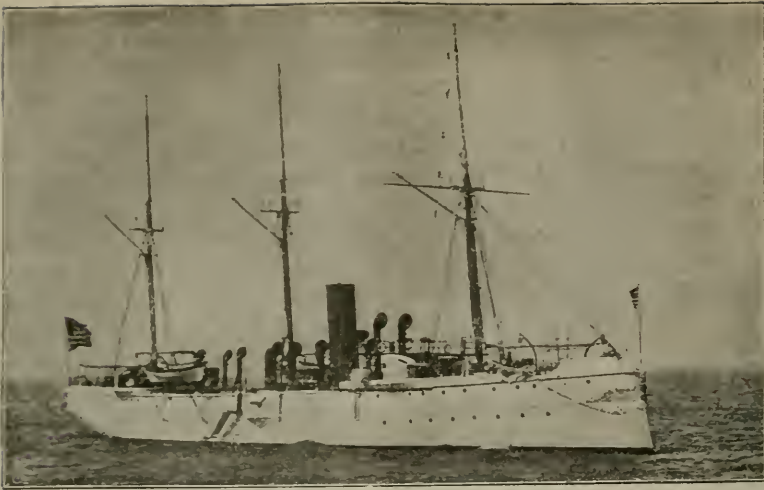
Then, on a smaller scale, the story of the revolt in the West Indies repeated itself in the East. Blanco reported that the insurrection was suppressed, but it would suddenly break out again in a new quarter. Tribes that had never paid anything but a nominal allegiance to Spain threw in their lot with the rebels. Victories won in the field seemed to have no result. It was like the fighting in New Zealand, where the natives would hold a stockade just long enough to cause heavy loss to the attacking force, and then retreat through the bush and build another. Polavieja, who had done such good service in the east of Cuba in the *Guerra chiquita*, was sent out to supersede Blanco. And when he informed the home government that without large reinforcements he could not make an end of the rebellion, he was superseded by Primo de Rivera, who tried a new policy.

This plan seemed for awhile to be successful. It consisted in buying off the more active and dangerous of the rebel leaders. By the end of 1897 De Rivera had made terms with several of them, amongst others with Aguinaldo, a Spaniard, and the best known of them all. He came into Manila and surrendered, and was given a free passage to Hong Kong, where, as we shall see, his residence was not of very long duration. Others of the chiefs were sent to Spain, to give practical proof that the Philippine insurrection was at an end at last. But in the New Year, when it became more and more probable that Spain would be involved in war with America, rebellion again broke out in Luzon; and when Primo de Rivera had to report that his troops were again in pursuit of hostile bands, "the last relics of the insurgent army," he in his turn was superseded and recalled to Madrid.

The new commander-in-chief at Manila, General Augustin, set flying columns in motion against the insurgents. The navy co-operated with the army wherever the insurrection showed itself in the coast districts of Luzon. The gunboats would shell a rebel village or stockade, and the troops would rush it when the shell fire had thoroughly demoralised the defence. Thus the Spaniards were able to report a number of successes, and to declare quite truly that the insurrection was making no progress. The unfortunate fact for Augustin and his colleagues was, that a guerilla warfare of this kind, waged in such a country as Luzon, is like a smouldering bush fire that is no sooner trampled out in one place than it flares up wildly in another. But this did not seriously disturb the Spanish commanders. For years they had had, like British officers on the north-west frontier of India, to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice to act against half-subdued tribes of semi-savages. Malay and Tagal had their continual lapses into piracy and dacoity, and it did not make the position much more serious to have a number of Spanish or half-breed malcontents adding to the trouble by their spasmodic outbreaks of insurrection. If this had been all, Augustin could have gone on contentedly winning victories over adversaries that could hardly hope ever to seriously threaten Manila.

It is curious that he never seems to have seriously anticipated any foreign intervention on the side of the smouldering insurrection. At the beginning of the outbreak there had been some idea that Japan might try to make some capital out of her neighbour's troubles in the Philippines. But as for the United States acting in that direction, it was left completely out of the Spanish calculations; for all the agitation in the States was on the subject of Cuba. It was only when war became inevitable that the Philippines were mentioned.

Meanwhile, as the Cuban war crisis became more and more ominous, Commodore Dewey, who commanded the United States squadron in the Pacific, was directed to assemble his ships at Hong Kong and prepare for eventualities. He put himself into close relation with the exiled rebel leaders, obtained from Manila very complete information as to the condition of the defences of the bay and the Spanish squadron; and when at last the cables brought him news that peace was at an end between Spain and the United States, he sailed for Manila to fight the first battle of the war.



THE U.S. GUNBOAT "CONCORD."

#### V.—COMMODORE DEWEY AND THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, the hero of the Manila fight, comes of an old New England family. He was born in Vermont in 1837, graduated at the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1854, and saw his first war service, under Farragut, at the forcing of the Mississippi mouth, and in the numerous gunboat actions and attacks on forts along the great river. In one of these river battles he had an experience something like that which was to befall his Spanish opponents at Manila. He was trying to run past the Confederate works at Fort Hudson, on the Mississippi, when his ship, a large armed paddle-steamer, was riddled with shot and shell and ran aground. Dewey, with his officers and men, escaped after setting their ship on fire. After this he served in the hard fighting on the Atlantic coast. He was promoted to the rank of Commodore in 1884, and was appointed to the command of the United States Pacific squadron in January, 1898, at a time when it appeared that he might have to use it chiefly to protect American interests during a general scramble of the naval powers for ports and "spheres of influence" around the Yellow Sea. In March he began to concentrate his squadron at Hong Kong. It was lying in Mirs Bay ready for action when war was declared.

Dewey's fleet consisted of the following vessels:—

First-class protected cruisers.—*Olympia* (Flag-

ship) ; Displacement, 5,800 tons ; armament, 12 6-inch guns, 10 quick-firers. *Baltimore* : Displacement, 4,600 tons ; armament, 4 8-inch guns and 4 6-inch guns, 12 quick-firers.

Second-class protected cruisers. — *Raleigh* : Displacement, 3,183 tons ; armament, 1 6-inch quick-firer, 22 lighter quick-firers. *Boston* : Displacement, 3,187 tons ; armament, 2 8-inch and 6 6-inch guns, 11 quick-firers.

Gunboats. — *Concord* : Displacement, 1,700 tons ; armament, 6 6-inch guns, 7 quick-firers. *Petrel* : Displacement, 800 tons ; armament, 4 6-inch guns, 5 quick-firers.

Despatch-boat.—*Hugh McCulloch*.

Storeships.—*Nanshan* and *Zafiro* : Merchantmen, laden with coals, provisions, and ammunition.

All the six United States fighting ships had a steel under-water deck to protect the engine space and vitals of the ship. Besides this armoured deck, the *Olympia* had four to five-inch armour on her barbetstes and conning-towers, and four-inch steel shields to protect her secondary armament. The *Baltimore* had no barbetstes, but had steel shields to her guns and an armoured conning-tower. The *Raleigh* and *Concord* had also armoured conning-towers.

On the other hand, in the Spanish fleet assembled at Manila, the only ships that had even the protection of a lightly armoured under-water deck were two small cruisers. In

protection, tonnage, speed, and gun-power the United States squadron hopelessly outnumbered their opponents.

The following is the list of the Spanish war-ships at Manila at the end of April :—

Small protected cruisers.—*Isla de Cuba* and *Isla de Luzon*: Displacement, 1,040 tons each; armament, 6 4½-inch guns and 6 quick-firing guns each.

Second-class cruiser.—*Reina Cristina*: Dis-

*lobos*: Displacement, 347 tons; armament, 2 small quick-firers.

The *Castilla* was an old wooden ship. Taking the six-inch gun, throwing a hundred-pound shell, as the typical heavy naval gun in a cruiser squadron, we see that while the American fleet had thirty-nine guns of this or of higher calibres, the Spanish fleet had only thirteen. Dewey's fleet carried sixty-eight quick-firing guns; his opponents had only twenty-three.



placement, 3,090 tons; armament, 6 6-inch guns, 2 lighter guns, 10 quick-firing guns.

Third-class cruisers.—*Castilla*: Displacement, 3,342 tons; armament, 4 6-inch guns and 6 lighter guns. *Don Antonio de Ulloa*: Displacement, 1,152 tons; armament, 4 4½-inch guns and 4 quick-firing guns. *Velasco*: Displacement, 1,139 tons; armament, 3 6-inch guns and 2 lighter guns.

Gunboats.—*El Cano*: Displacement, 525 tons; armament, 3 4½-inch guns and 1 quick-firing gun. *Marques del Duero*: Displacement, 500 tons; armament, 3 old muzzle-loaders. *Villa-*

But even this does not represent the full superiority of the American squadron in gun-power. All their guns were modern weapons from the Washington gun foundry, of longer range, higher striking power, and (thanks to their flat trajectory) far more accurate than the Spanish guns. These were of various types; there were Armstrongs, old muzzle-loading Pallisers, Krupps, and Hontoria guns; so that to provide a proper variety of ammunition, and keep it sorted out in the arsenal, must have been a troublesome business.

Finally, while the American ships were all

of recent date and in good repair, several of the Spanish vessels were old, with worn-out engines and boilers and leaky hulls. All this the American commodore knew, and, before he left Hong Kong, he must have felt quite certain that if he could bring the Spanish fleet to action, he could destroy it with very little risk to his own powerful cruisers.

By the terms of the British proclamation of neutrality, issued on Monday, April 25th, United States war vessels were given forty-eight hours in which to leave British ports. The proclamation was brought to Dewey's notice by the Governor of Hong Kong, and, accordingly, the squadron put to sea on Wednesday, the 27th. It would have got away two days earlier but for an accident to one of the *Raleigh's* pumps, which took that time to repair. The distance from Hong Kong to Manila is about seven hundred miles. But Dewey was handicapped by store-ships, and it was not till Saturday evening that he was off the entrance of Manila Bay.

When he left Hong Kong he had on board a number of refugees from the Philippines, who had arranged to land with arms and supplies and revive the smouldering insurrection. The leader of the party was Aguinaldo, who had so soon forgotten his pledges to the Spanish Government and the solid consideration he had received for them. The squadron on its way to Manila touched at Bolinao in Luzon, in order to land one of the rebel chiefs, Alejandrino, a lieutenant of Aguinaldo. A call was also made at Subic Bay to make sure that the Spanish fleet was not lying in wait there. Information was obtained that it had visited Subic a few days before, but had returned that very day to its anchorage near the arsenal of Cavite in Manila Bay.

The admiral in command on the Spanish side was Don Patricio Montojo y Pasaron. Born at Ferrol in 1839 he had entered the navy at the age of sixteen, but, apparently from want of influence in high quarters, his promotion was very slow. Notwithstanding a good deal of active service, mostly against rebels and pirates in the Philippines, it was not till 1893 that he hoisted his flag as captain. The *Times* correspondent at Manila describes him as "a spare man of small stature, with the air of an old Spanish grandee." He speaks English with a slight foreign accent, and after the battle he told the correspondent of the difficulties that had been put in his way by the negligence of the Madrid Government, on which he threw all the responsibility for his failure.

"There were no proper vessels here," he said. "Ever since I assumed command I have been requisitioning the Government for ships and torpedoes, and nothing came. I had no torpedoes whatever. I constructed some for myself, but we did not have proper material, and the torpedoes were very bad. My original intention was to go to Subic Bay (Subic being a military port 65 miles north of Manila) and to offer battle there to the American fleet. We went there on April 25th and returned to Cavite on the 30th, the day before the arrival of the American fleet. I would have remained if the port had been protected adequately with cannon and torpedoes, but, as the Subic fortifications offered no protection, I brought my ships back to Manila Bay. I went to Subic believing it to be protected, but, seeing it would have taken more than a month to make it even passably capable of defence, I had no remedy, the American squadron being on its way to the Philippines, but to abandon Subic and rely upon the shelter of Cavite. The Minister of Marine promised to send supplies, but they never came. I knew from the first that my squadron would be completely destroyed. I knew the Americans had men-of-war, whereas my ships were incapable of fighting with any chance of success. The Americans had at least 150 guns, modern, and all of superior pattern. Ours were inferior in number and calibre."

No one doubts Admiral Montojo's personal courage and devoted sense of duty, but his very words offer sad proof of his incompetence for high command. It is curious that, although entrusted with the naval defence of the Philippines, he knew nothing of the state of affairs at Subic till he took his fleet there. His desperate resolve to fight a hopeless battle can only be explained by the effect of repeated disappointments and troubles in his dealings with his Government. It would have been better if he had taken his fleet out of the Bay and kept it, or a portion of it, at sea, eluding pursuit in the labyrinth of reefs and islands formed by the northern Philippines. He would thus have been in a position to seriously embarrass Dewey in his operations against Manila. Or if this course was impossible (as some say) on account of leaky boilers and worn-out engines, he should have done as Admiral Korniloff did at Sebastopol—landed his crews with their guns and ammunition and sunk the ships. In this way he would have considerably strengthened General Augustin's defence of the city.

Manila Bay is about thirty miles long and



twenty-five wide at its broadest part. The mouth of the bay is about twelve miles across, but it is divided by the high rocky island of Corregidor into two entrances—the northern, about two miles wide, and the southern or “great entrance” (the *Boca Grande*), nearly ten miles from shore to shore. The depth of water in both entrances makes defence by submarine mines very difficult even if the material had been available. Montojo had mounted a few guns in a battery on Corregidor Island, some of them being taken from one of his ships for the purpose. But although the material could have been obtained from the electric lighthouses of the harbour, the steamers in port, and the arsenal and observatory, no effort seems to have been made to equip the battery with searchlights. If these had existed they would probably have had the effect of keeping the garrison on the *qui vive* with the excitement of working them. As it was, a very poor look-out seems to have been kept at Corregidor.

Saturday evening was bright and clear with some light from the moon, which was just past its first quarter. At eight p.m. the fleet, cleared for action, stood in towards the Boca Grande, keeping nearer the mainland side of the channel towards Corregidor. The formation was “line ahead.” The flagship *Olympia* led the way, then came in succession the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, with the despatch-boat and the two transports astern. The whole line was more than a mile and a half long. The engines were going slowly, all lights were screened, and the dark hulls glided in deep silence between the headlands. All eyes were fixed on Corregidor, which rose like a black mass in the dim moonlight. Everyone was expecting the flash of a hostile gun as the flagship came up abreast of the island. But there was no sign of life on the shore. Were the Dons asleep? or was the Commodore’s information incorrect as to the modern guns that had been mounted to protect the Boca Grande? Now the *Baltimore* has passed unchallenged, now the *Raleigh* and the little *Petrel*. At last the *Boston* has the island abeam, when suddenly a long red flash leaps from the Fraile battery and the report of a heavy gun booms across the sea. The shot went whistling high in air over the *Raleigh*. Bang went another gun, and this time the shot fell short. The *Raleigh*, *Concord* and *Boston* promptly replied, sending a shower of shells into Corregidor and Fraile, which replied until the ships were out of range, but not a single

shot from the islands touched them. Once past Corregidor, the engines of the squadron slowed down till there was barely steerage way on the ships, and as the fleet went up the bay the men lay down to sleep beside their guns.

The course taken was north-east, up the middle of the bay. In the grey of the Sunday morning the fleet was off Manila about five miles from the shore, heading directly for Sangley Point, which bore nearly due south. It was perfectly calm, without a breath of wind, and across the water came the musical chime of the church bells in the great city.

The first shots were fired a little before five a.m. They came from three batteries of heavy guns at the new harbour works. All the shells flew high over the decks of the squadron. The *Concord* replied with two shots, but was immediately ordered to cease firing, for it would have been impossible to seriously engage the batteries at Manila without risking the destruction of the city, and this Dewey was anxious to avoid. His objective was Montojo’s fleet, which lay ahead of him under the guns of Cavite arsenal and of the battery on Sangley Point.

The Spanish admiral does not appear to have been aware of the approach of the hostile squadron till he saw it steaming towards Cavite on the Sunday morning. His ships cleared for action, but only about half of them had steam up and were able to get under weigh. The old wooden *Castilla* had her engines broken down, and was moored fore and aft near Sangley Point, to act as a floating battery. Her starboard guns had been dismounted and sent to Corregidor, but her port guns were trained on the approaching American squadron. The *Velasco* and the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* were anchored near the arsenal. They were in the hands of the dockyard staff, undergoing repair. Montojo’s flagship steamed out towards the open water of the bay, accompanied by some of the smaller ships. They formed in line of battle across the opening of Cavite Bay, their left near Sangley Point.

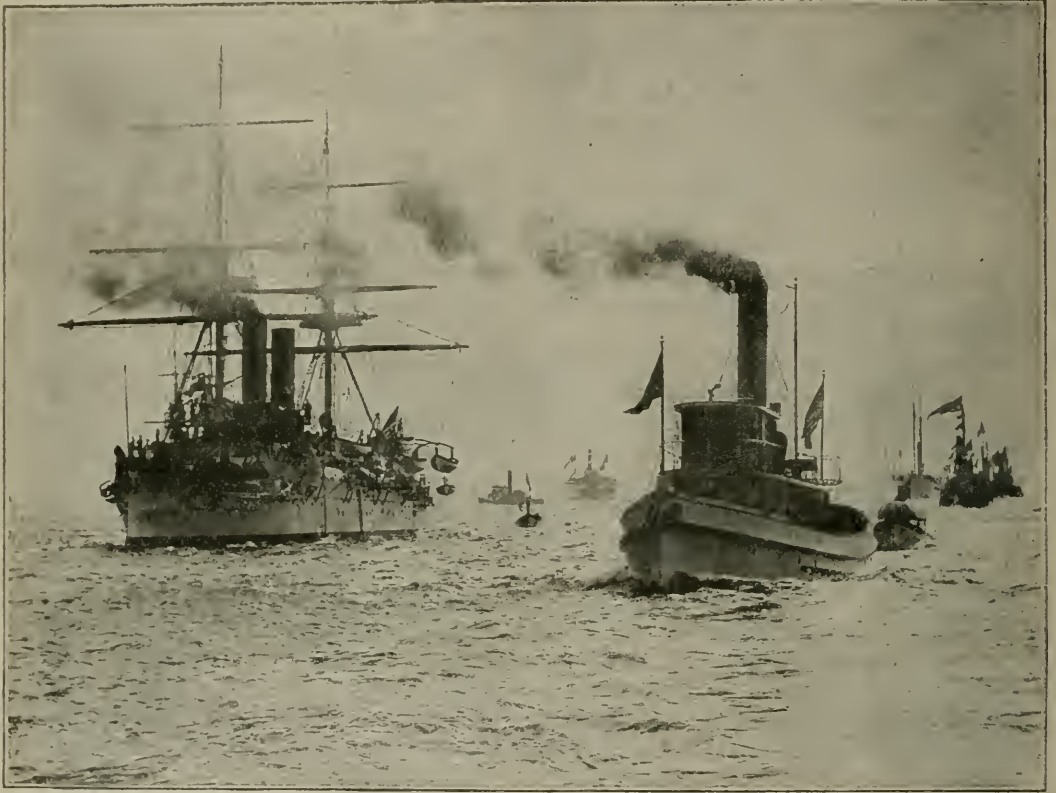
All was now grim silence for a few minutes, as Dewey’s fleet—the Stars and Stripes flying from every mast, the *Olympia* leading—bore down in “line ahead” on the expectant Spaniards. Early as it was, the heat of the tropical summer day was already intense, and the men in turret and battery were stripped to the waist. The crews stood beside their guns. The Commodore was on the bridge of his flagship, with three of his officers; but Gridley, the captain

of the *Olympia*, was in the conning-tower, Dewey having assigned him this station, so that in case a shell burst on the bridge there would still be a senior officer ready to take command.

Eight knots an hour was now the speed of the leading ship. The range-finders in her fighting-tops were taking the range minute by minute, and telephoning the result to the conning-tower and bridge. A leadsman in the

Confederate mines bursting like under-water volcanoes. Like Farragut, he moves steadily on.

There goes the first gun from Sangley Point. Bad ranging again on the Spanish side; that jet of water ahead shows it has fallen short. Another and another, and now the guns of the Spanish fleet join in. They are getting the range, or the American fleet is drifting into their zone of fire, for now the shells are striking the water right and left of the flagship, some of



THE U.S. CRUISER "BOSTON."

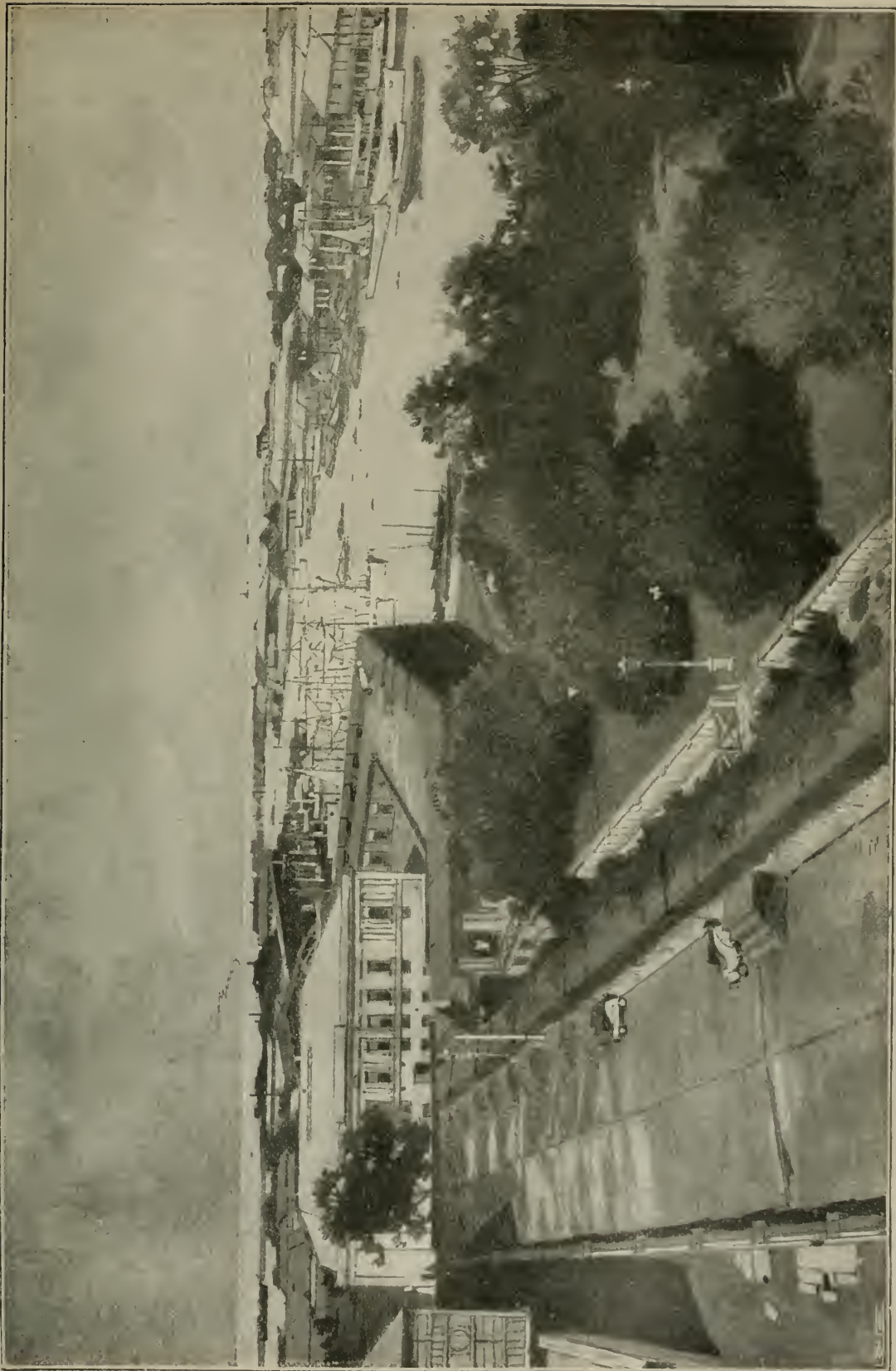
bow was watching the depth, for it would be a serious matter to touch ground. No sound was heard but the regular throb of the powerful engines.

A roar like thunder, and then another, and a vast fountain of water thrown skyward amid encircling clouds of smoke, right ahead of the *Olympia*—two submarine mines have been fired, the only ones in the bay; but the Spanish engineer officer who pressed down the firing-key in Sangley battery has badly misjudged the position of the enemy, and fired his heavy mines too soon. Dewey thinks, no doubt, of the day, years ago, when, as he steamed into Mobile Bay with Farragut, he saw the

them uncomfortably close. When is Dewey going to open with his guns in reply?

Now a shell bursts directly over the *Olympia*'s deck. No one is touched, but the men must have some relief from their pent-up excitement. The gunner in command at the heavy gun astern waves his cap and calls out, "Remember the *Maine*!" and the cry for vengeance is taken up by a hundred voices.

The range was now 5,500 yards, a little over three miles. It was just nineteen minutes to six. Dewey decided to begin his attack. Turning to the voice tube that led to the conning-tower, he said, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." The captain was only waiting for the



MANILA: VIEW TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER PASIG, FROM THE WALLS OF THE OLD CITY.

word. He passed the order to the forward barbette for the heavy eight-inch guns to engage the battery on Sangley Point.

The thunder of the *Olympia's* cannon was the signal to the other ships to begin. The *Baltimore* and the *Boston* brought their heavy guns into action, taking for their mark the *Castilla* and Montojo's flagship, the *Reina Cristina*. The heavier guns of the American navy still use the old-fashioned powder, and the fleet was now advancing through a dense cloud of white smoke.

The Spaniards redoubled their fire, and as the *Olympia* led the line, heading straight for the enemy's centre, she was the mark for most of it. The Spanish gunners shot fairly well, and there was a good deal of luck in the way the flagship escaped serious injury. "Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us," wrote the *New York Herald* correspondent, who was beside the Commodore. "The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time-fuse shells, the fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel, or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell, that was coming straight at the *Olympia's* forward bridge, fortunately fell within less than a hundred feet away, one fragment cutting the rigging exactly over the heads of Lieutenants Lamberton, Rees, and myself. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey, and gouged a hole in the deck."

The range was now reduced to 4,000 yards. The water was shoaling, and the flagship turned to starboard, and, followed by the fleet, ran along the Spanish front, Dewey giving the order to open fire with all the guns. The rattle of the quick-firers mingled with the heavier note of the big turret guns, and a storm of shells burst upon the Spanish ships and batteries.

Opposite Sangley Point the fleet turned and ran back again along the Spanish line, bringing the guns on the other side of the ships to bear. This manœuvre of running up and down the line was twice repeated. Those of the Spanish ships that were under steam also altered their positions, occasionally running in behind the anchored *Castilla*, off Sangley Point.

A shell burst against the side of the American flagship, close to one of the ports. Another cut the halyards, just above the hands of the signalling officer on her after bridge. Captain Gridley, stepping out of the turret, received

an injury which, although it was thought at the time to be a very trifling matter, led soon after to his being invalided home. The *Baltimore* did not escape so easily. A shot passed right through her, happily touching no one. Then a shell ripped up her main deck, smashed the carriage of a six-inch gun, put it out of action, and exploding some of the ammunition that lay near it, seriously wounded eight men. Another small shell struck the *Boston's* foremast, just above the head of her captain, who stood on her forward bridge. Luckily for him it failed to burst. Fires were caused by shells bursting in her wardroom and hammock nettings, but these were quickly put out.

But meanwhile it was going badly with the Spanish fleet. The battery on the Point was running short of ammunition, and its fire had almost ceased. Close by, the old *Castilla* had burst into flames under the rain of shells. Her guns were silent, and her crew was abandoning her. The *Reina Cristina*, Montojo's flagship, had been hit some seventy times in the first three-quarters of an hour. Her steering gear was shattered by a shell, which made her unmanageable. Another burst in the engine-room and destroyed the main pipe of the condenser. On the gun deck men were lying between the guns, dead, or desperately wounded. Montojo himself had been hit by a fragment of a shell, but still stuck to his post, with a handkerchief tied round his wounded leg. The chaplain was killed as he tried to help a wounded sailor. The boatswain and chief gunner were dead. One of the doctors, the chief engineer, and three other officers were wounded. Some fifty men had lost their lives, and three times as many were more or less badly injured—this out of a crew of 370 officers and men. Shortly before half-past six a heavy shell burst in the after-part of the flagship, killing a number of men at their guns and setting the decks on fire. With the engines disabled, the fire-hose could not be got to work, and all astern was in a few minutes a mass of flame. The admiral signalled to the little cruiser, *Isla de Cuba*, that he would transfer his flag to her, and told Cadarso, the captain of the *Reina Cristina*, and one of the finest officers in the Spanish navy, to abandon the burning ship and to save the few that were left of his gallant crew. Some boats were got away, with a number of the wounded on board. Others of the men swam to the Point. The admiral, with his flag-lieutenant, was rowed to the *Isla de Cuba*, on

which he displayed his flag. Captain Cadarso was about to leave the burning ship, and his son, a lieutenant in the navy, was calling to him to come into his boat, when a shell burst just over the captain's head and killed him on the spot.

Montojo was also accompanied by his son, a naval lieutenant, and the young man, like his father, was wounded by a bursting shell. No sooner had the *Isla de Cuba* hoisted the admiral's flag than she, and the *Isla de Luzon* which lay near her, became the centre of the American fire. Dewey's fleet had closed in to a range of only 2,000 yards, and was running along the line for the fifth time. Three little torpedo boats dashed out from behind Cavite and tried to close with the enemy. Such an attack in broad daylight was a piece of heroic madness. They ought to have been lurking in the darkness under Corregidor Island the night before; then they might have done something. As it was, they were destroyed by the American quick-firers before they could come within striking distance. The little wooden gunboat, *Isla de Mindanao*, ran ashore on the east side of the bay. Shells from the *Concord* and *Petrel* soon set her on fire, and her crew abandoned her. It is curious to note that her chief engineer was a Scotchman named McKinley, the namesake of the American President.

The Spanish ships were now in a sad plight. Riddled by the American fire, with their decks strewn with dead and slippery with blood, further resistance was mere useless slaughter. Montojo ran the *Isla de Cuba* into Baker Bay, behind Cavite, and signalled to the other ships to follow, and then reluctantly hoisted his last order to his shattered fleet: "Scuttle and abandon your ships." This was about half-past seven. The captains took away with them the breech-pieces of the guns so as to make them useless in case the victors recovered them, and then landed their crews, placing the wounded under guard in the villages and marching the rest of their men into Manila.

At twenty-five minutes to eight Dewey signalled to his fleet to draw off out of action and give the men breakfast. They had gone into the fight after having taken only a cup of coffee, and the crews were well-nigh exhausted with the heat, toil, and excitement of the cannonade, which had lasted for nearly two hours. One by one the ships steamed past the flagship and out into the open water of Manila Bay, and as each went by, her crew crowded

rigging and bulwarks and cheered the Commodore. The burning and sinking Spanish ships were all that was left of the hostile fleet. The shore batteries were silent, and in front of Manila, crowds watched the strange scene.

Montojo's impression was that the American fleet had suffered heavy loss from his fire, and that they were drawing off to get their wounded ashore, repair damages, and obtain a fresh supply of ammunition from the storeships, which had kept well out of range during the fight. Indeed, a first message from Manila to Madrid by the still undamaged cable claimed that a victory had been won for Spain.

At eleven o'clock the American squadron was again under weigh. It steamed towards Cavite in two lines, one consisting of the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, and *Concord*, the other of the *Raleigh*, *Boston*, and *Petrel*. At a quarter-past eleven they opened fire on the Sangley Point battery and on Cavite arsenal and fort at long range. The Spanish reply was slow and feeble, the shells all falling short. It was for the Americans more like target practice than a battle. Soon a white flag was run up on Cavite. Fire ceased for a few minutes while a launch went in from the fleet to parley with the commandant. He said he did not want to surrender, but only to have time to get the women and children out of Cavite. The American officer answered that he had no wish to cause useless bloodshed, but that he was determined to destroy the arsenal and what was left of the fleet. Then for awhile Cavite was left unmolested, while the larger ships engaged the Sangley Point battery, and the smaller ships, the *Petrel* and *Concord*, stood into Baker Bay, and with their shells set fire to the ships that were scuttled and aground in the shallows. At half-past eleven a heavy shell burst in the battery, sending up a huge column of earth and *débris*. After this the guns at Sangley were silent. The ships in the bay were all ablaze. Cavite reopened fire for a few minutes, then about twelve the last shot was fired by the Spaniards, and a few minutes later Dewey signalled to cease firing. The victory was complete. The Spanish Pacific squadron had ceased to exist. And this great success had been cheaply bought. Eight officers and men wounded represented the American injury by the Spanish fire. The chief engineer of the despatch-boat *McCulloch* was dead. He had died of heat apoplexy during the fight.

The Spaniards had lost some eight hundred men. No praise could be too high for their

devoted valour. When Captain Boado, the chief of Montojo's staff, went on board the *Boston* with a message from the admiral after the action, Lambertson, her commander, said to the Spanish officer, "You have fought us with four very bad ships, not warships. There was never seen before braver fighting under such unequal conditions. It is a great pity that you exposed your lives in vessels not fit for fighting." And Dewey sent through the British consul a message to Montojo that he congratulated him on his gallant conduct, and would be glad to grasp his hand.

The American fleet anchored off Manila for

were extremely courteous, but to my question, 'How many Spanish were killed and wounded?' they replied sadly that they did not know. In the wards I saw over eighty wounded. The horrors of war were seen at their worst. Some of the men were fearfully burned, some with limbs freshly amputated, others with their eyes shot out, their features torn away by steel or splinters—every kind of injury that surgery records. The shrieks and groans of the wounded were appalling. I could not stay to hear them, though my profession is calculated to harden one against such scenes. Had I been working



THE SPANISH CRUISER "VELASCO."

the night, after sending word to General Augustin, the Spanish governor, that if the shore batteries at the harbour opened fire, the city would be laid in ashes. All night long the sky was red with the glare of the burning wrecks in Baker Bay, and more than once there was a loud explosion as the magazines blew up. Next morning Cavite arsenal was evacuated by the Spanish garrison and occupied by American marines. A surgeon of the *Olympia* who accompanied the party gives the following account of his experiences:—"I landed at the hospital on the point near Cavite. I went through all its wards. The sight was terrible. It is a good hospital, with detached wards in little pavilions grouped about the central buildings. Everything was in good order and cleanly. I conversed with several of the doctors in French, as I do not speak Spanish, and they had no English at command. They

I should have endured it, but as an onlooker it was unbearable. We had received urgent messages from these doctors saying for God's sake to send Americans to guard the hospital against the insurgents, who, they feared, would murder them and their patients. We had posted guards as soon as possible, but not before the insurgents had robbed them of all the clothing not on their backs, and all their food except enough for twelve hours."

The telegraph connecting Manila with Hong Kong had been cut during the action, but not until an incomplete message had been sent to Madrid announcing that, though several Spanish ships had been destroyed, the Americans had been forced to retire with loss. This referred, no doubt, to the temporary cessation of the action at seven o'clock. The news caused an outburst of rejoicing in Madrid; but when the

real truth became known there was a strong reaction against the Government, and order was only secured by a prompt declaration of the state of siege. The full details of the battle did not reach the United States for a week, not, indeed, until the despatch-boat *McCulloch* arrived at Hong Kong with a message from Dewey. Meanwhile there was some anxiety as to the Commodore's position at Manila. As a fact, it was not without its difficulties. He had destroyed the Spanish fleet, but he had only a couple of thousand men on board his ships,

board a ship. When he sailed into Manila Bay Dewey had two hundred projectiles for each of his big guns. At seven o'clock on the day of the battle he had fired away so many that there were only thirty-seven left for each gun. Many of these were expended in the second stage of the fight, and when it ended, the American fleet was almost disarmed. Until he received ammunition from America he was in no position even to bombard Manila, and unless an army was sent to his help he could not attempt the capture of the city. Steps were taken to assist



THE SPANISH PROTECTED CRUISER, "ISLA DE LUZON."

and, after sending a small landing party to secure the fort of Cavite, he had no force available to attack a city defended by some thousands of Spanish regulars and volunteers.

The rebels, from whom much had been expected, showed at first little sign of activity in the neighbourhood of the capital. General Augustin, when summoned to surrender, sent back a defiant reply. He was threatened with bombardment; but he knew fairly well that it was an empty menace. The very weight of the shells fired from modern naval guns makes it impossible to carry a large number of them on

him in both these points, and his success was recognised by his promotion to the rank of Admiral.

After making all due allowance for the weakness and want of preparation of the Spanish fleet, his victory was a brilliant exploit. Its first effect was to inspire the officers of the Atlantic squadron with an eager desire to do something more than capture peaceful traders. "When we get at Puerto Rico you won't talk so much about Dewey and Manila," said an officer of Sampson's fleet to one of the correspondents, when the rumour spread that the Admiral had orders to attack San Juan.

## VI.—FIGHTS OFF THE CUBAN COAST.

**M**OST of the American newspapers had predicted that the first great event of the Cuban war would be the bombardment of Havana. After the shelling of the seaward forts of Matanzas, it was confidently expected that, having tested his guns and gunners in this minor operation, Sampson would promptly proceed to open fire on the Morro Castle and the other sea-forts of the Cuban capital. But the Admiral had no such intentions. Until he had dealt with the Spanish fleet it would be extremely rash to venture upon an operation in which, by accident or by the enemy's fire, some of his best fighting ships might be rendered temporarily unserviceable. So, to the general disappointment of those who had prophesied a short war centring round the capture of Havana, Sampson quietly continued the blockade of the Cuban ports in the east of the island.

The United States army was mustering at Chickamauga and Tampa, but General Miles had declared himself against a summer campaign in Cuba. Vague rumours came across the Atlantic of the movements of the Spanish cruiser squadron, under Admiral Cervera. It had sailed from the Cape de Verde Islands one day. The next it was asserted as confidently that it was still in port. Then it was at sea, and there were wild reports that it had been seen in the North Atlantic, that its scouts had been sighted not far from the New England coast, that it was going to raid New York Harbour. Then came the equally confident report that it had returned to Cadiz. The coast garrisons of the United States were on the alert. The "mosquito fleet" of small steamers patrolled the neighbourhood of the seaboard, while some of the swift armed liners of Commodore Schley's fleet at Hampton Roads were sent far out into the Atlantic, scouting for the enemy. But they brought no tidings of him. Still, even this gave no certain security that he was not well on his way to the west coast of the United States; for, as British naval manœuvres have shown, it is not difficult for a squadron in the open ocean to evade the most active search of the swiftest cruisers. So, waiting from day to day for tidings of the Spanish fleet, Sampson lay off Cuba, capturing, from

time to time, a steamer or some small coasting craft that tried to break the blockade.

It was tedious work, with little either of profit or of glory to compensate for its unceasing labour and growing tedium. The officers and men of the squadron were anxious to do something that might rival the great exploit of Dewey with the far weaker force under his orders. But they had no opportunity. Only some of the lighter craft that lay in shore, while the big ships cruised well out to sea, got some opportunities of trying their mettle against the Spaniards.

The early summer in the West Indian seas is rather a trying time in which to keep up a blockade. The sea near the shore was nearly always heavy, and there were brief tropical storms that brought down a deluge of rain, and were succeeded by hours of steamy heat. At nightfall the ships closed in to the shore, and during the darkness a sharp look-out had to be kept for the enemy's torpedo boats. For the Spaniards had several small craft in the ports and behind the coral reefs that fringe the coast. They sometimes came out in the daytime, exchanged a harmless fire at long range with the light ships of the American fleet, and then ran back to shelter. It was fully expected that they would attempt torpedo attacks under the cover of darkness, and this would have been sound policy, but they never made any attempt of the kind. It is a good working rule in war to expect that one's enemy will take a sensible course of action, so the Americans each night thought the attack, so long expected, would surely come at last. If, as they fully believed, the Spaniards had contrived to blow up an American warship in time of peace, was it not to be expected that they would do their best to repeat the exploit in time of war? Under the tension of this ceaseless watch for the most terrible danger that can threaten a warship, the blockading vessels sometimes mistook their own torpedo boats for approaching enemies, and opened fire on them—happily without result—a preconcerted signal displayed by the boat soon stopping the fire by revealing her friendly character.

The torpedo boats also fired at each other more than once, and on at least one occasion



the *Porter* was very near sending one of her torpedoes into the stern of a United States cruiser. Lieutenant Fremont, U.S.N., the commander of the torpedo boat, thus tells the story (*Harper's Magazine*, November):—

"About two o'clock one morning a steamer was reported running towards Havana. It was an ideal night for torpedo attack, dark, with a strong wind blowing and occasional light rain-squalls. She was allowed to pass, but nothing definite could be made out, and as the *Porter* was well off to the eastward of Havana, the supposition was that it could not be one of the blockaders. Dropping into her wake, our speed was increased, all hands were called to their stations, and every preparation made for attack. The *Porter* was now closing rapidly in, and through the smoke we could make out that the vessel ahead was a man-of-war, and a large one. At this time the whereabouts of the Spanish armed cruisers was unknown, and from what we could then see of the vessel ahead she answered their description perfectly. More steam was put on, and the *Porter* rushed up close on the quarter of the chase, well within torpedo distance and still undiscovered. Being now so close that, even if discovered, we could not be stopped before the torpedo was discharged, and wishing to make no mistake, the night signal was made for an instant and then turned off. It brought no response.

"Excitement on the *Porter* was at fever heat, and the enforced silence and the nervous tension were hard to bear. That we had found the enemy, and that we had him all to ourselves, and had him where there was no possibility of his getting away, was such an unhopèd-for opportunity that nothing short of firing and cheering would express what we felt, and the effort to repress these was most difficult. To make assurance doubly sure, the night signal was again made and the forward gun fired, immediately followed by a second. That we were now discovered was evident, and in a moment signal lights were shown and a gun fired at us. The signal lights shown were the *wrong* ones for that night, and only served to strengthen our conviction that the chase was an enemy. Full speed was rung on the *Porter*, and the final rush to torpedo was made, when, just in the nick of time, the identity of the ship was recognised; and, amidst shouting of orders to cease firing and hails through the megaphone demanding explanations, the vessels were brought to a

standstill within a hundred yards of each other and mutual explanations made."

This incident is a very apt illustration of the difficulties of such service. The wonder is, not that such mistakes were made—they are made every year in peace manœuvres, where the danger of error is less—the marvel is that there were no disastrous consequences. On the sea the Spaniards were curiously inactive. But on the land Blanco's troops were continually on the move, and kept up a sharp watch everywhere to prevent the squadron from landing supplies or reinforcements for the insurgents. How close was this watch is shown by a striking incident. Mr. E. F. Knight, the war correspondent of the *Times*, had obtained a Spanish passport, and had gone to Florida in the hope of finding some ship to land him in Cuba, it being his intention to enter Havana in order to describe the expected siege from the Spanish side. After many efforts he arranged for one of the small craft that followed the blockading fleet in the interest of the newspapers to bring him close to the Cuban coast and start him for the shore in a small boat which he took with him for the purpose. He is one of the best amateur boatmen living, and he expected to thus easily reach the shore by his own exertions.

He was launched on his venturesome voyage, and was making good progress through the rough water between the shore and the steamer, when, just as the latter, believing he was all right, stood out to sea, the boat was upset. His signals for help were unnoticed, and, having lost his oars, he found himself adrift, alone on the water, and swept by a current along the shore. More than once, to avoid the attacks of sharks, he had to clamber on to the capsized boat. The sun went down, and all night he drifted. Only his great power of endurance and dogged pluck saved him from death. The dawn brought new hope of life. He was drifting ashore on a desolate part of the coast. But even the drifting boat had been marked by a Spanish patrol. The moment his boat touched land he was a prisoner. He was taken to Havana, where he was soon set at liberty, and was able to send to his paper a series of letters showing that, despite the blockade, Marshal Blanco was able to keep the city fairly well supplied, and that life and property were safe; perfect order reigned in the city, and the population did not seem disposed to put any difficulty in the way of its defence. Indeed, during those first anxious days of the month of May, Havana

was quieter than Madrid, where the news of the disaster at Manila had led to serious rioting and necessitated the proclamation of martial law.

Notwithstanding the activity of the Spanish coast patrols, Admiral Sampson succeeded in landing messengers with despatches for the Cuban insurgent leaders. Lieutenant H. Whitney, of the 4th United States Cavalry, succeeded in this way in reaching the camp of Gomez in the Santa Clara province at the end of April, and arranged for regular communication between the fleet and the Cuban headquarters. Gomez was informed that though no large body of United States troops could be sent to his assistance till the end of the unhealthy rainy season, an effort would be made to reinforce him with a corps of Cuban refugees which was being equipped and drilled at Tampa. The reports that Lieutenant Whitney and the other American envoys sent as to the position and resources of the insurgents were very disappointing. Before the war the friends of the Cubans had said that if the United States fleet would only co-operate, Garcia, Gomez, and their comrades would rapidly reduce every town in the island. But it was now evident that without the help of a considerable regular force they could accomplish nothing of importance.

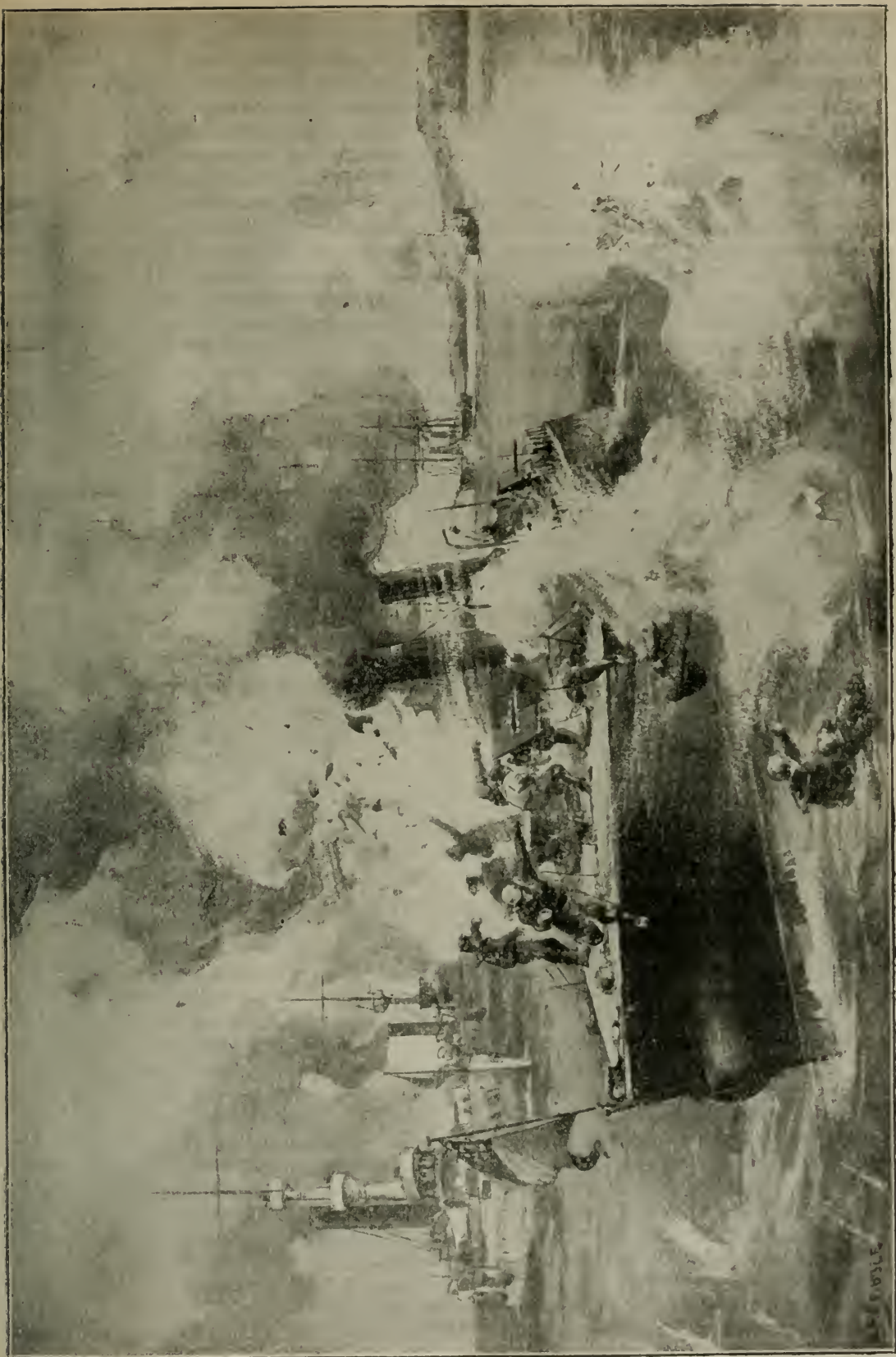
Meanwhile the fleet was very active at various points along the Cuban coast, and its operations led to some sharp fighting on a small scale, though, at the time, the public anxiety for news led to these little skirmishes being described as destructive bombardments and desperate engagements. On the same Sunday morning on which Dewey was winning the battle of Manila the United States gunboat, *Castine*, stood into the entrance of the bay of Cabañas, on the north coast, to the east of Havana, and sent her steam cutter in to within a thousand yards of the Spanish fort to take soundings and verify the chart of the bay. The fort did not even open fire. On the same day some shells were thrown at long range into Cienfuegos, and fire was opened on an earthwork fort between Mariel and Cabañas. The few shots fired in reply fell short. On the Monday the gunboat *Wilmington* fired upon and dispersed a body of Spanish cavalry belonging to the coast patrol, who were seen marching along the shore near Cojimar, apparently under the idea that the Yankee warship could not reach them with her guns. That evening the torpedo boat *Ericsson* reported to the *Wilmington* that the Spaniards were building a new earthwork fort a few miles from

Cojimar, and on Tuesday the gunboat shelled the work at long range. Little skirmishes of this kind were of almost daily occurrence. The Spaniards generally reported that they had repulsed a serious "Yankee" attack. The more sensational journals in the United States described the action as a victory, inflicting serious loss on the enemy. The simple fact was they were useful reconnaissances that, by drawing the fire of the enemy's forts and look-out stations, enabled Admiral Sampson to complete his information as to the Spanish plans for the defence of the coast. At the same time he hoped that these small affairs might serve as feints to make the enemy uncertain as to when and where he would make a real effort to land supplies for the insurgents.

The ships of the blockading squadron had usually opened fire at such long range that, although their own excellent weapons and well-trained gunners could produce some effect, the Spanish return fire was absolutely harmless, generally fell short, and soon ceased. Coupled with what had happened at Matanzas, this led to a growing belief that "the Spaniards could not hit anything but the sea, and only hit that because it was so big." But a fight at Cardenas in the second week of May revealed the fact that some Spanish gunners knew how to shoot. This fight had been preceded by another in the same waters, in which, as usual, the United States ship had come out of action absolutely unscathed. This first fight took place on Sunday, May 8th.

The harbour of Cardenas, sheltered behind a labyrinth of coral reefs, traversed only by narrow winding channels, was a difficult place to blockade. At its wharves lay a crowd of fishing-boats and coasting craft and a couple of larger ships, guarded by a battery and three little gunboats, the *Ligera*, the *Antonio Lopez*, and the *Alerta*. No heavy warship could approach the town for want of water; so the blockade was kept up by the lighter craft of Sampson's fleet—gunboats and torpedo boats.

The Spanish ships used to come out occasionally, fire a few shots, and run back into safety. It was a kind of challenge, and on this second Sunday of May the torpedo boat *Foote* ran in after them and opened fire on the shipping with her light guns. But she found that with the heavy swell at the harbour mouth she was making very wild practice, while the Spanish guns on board their boats in the still water, and in the battery on shore, were beginning to get



THE FIGHT IN CARDEÑAS BAY.

1898

the range. So she drew off and waited to try again with more even chances.

Early on the following Wednesday, May 11th, a small squadron of light-draft warships was concentrated for an attack on Cardeñas, which, it was hoped, would avenge this first repulse. There were the gunboats *Wilmington* and *Machias*, the armed revenue-cutter *Hudson*, and the torpedo boat *Winslow*. The *Machias*, which acted as flagship, led the way in through the outer reefs. There she parted company with her consorts, steaming to the eastward to attack a fortified Spanish barrack on Diana Key, an island on the north side of the main opening into Cardeñas Bay. The three other ships worked their way into the bay by one of the minor channels, for it was known that the usual entrance to the harbour was mined. A Cuban pilot showed the way in.

It was a calm, hot summer day, without a ripple on the water, and with a slight steamy haze in the air that made it difficult at times to define distant objects. Presently the guns of the *Machias* were heard in action, though it was only that evening that the other ships knew the precise result of her operations. She shelled the barracks on Diana Key so effectually that the small Spanish garrison had to take to flight, evacuating at the same time a blockhouse on the end of the Key. An armed boat's crew, commanded by Ensign Willard, was sent ashore and hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the abandoned blockhouse. It was the first hoisting of the American flag on Cuban soil.

Meanwhile the *Wilmington*, the *Hudson*, and the *Winslow* had steamed into the bay. At first they could see nothing of the Spanish gunboats—the *Ligera* and her two consorts—which were known to be somewhere in the bay. The fact was, they were moored in shelter behind a pier at one end of the town, in a position where, whilst they were almost completely hidden, they could bring their guns to bear by firing across the top of it. At first they gave no sign of life, and the *Winslow* ran in close to the wharves, alongside of which lay a crowd of coasting craft. It was hoped that in this way the Spanish gunboats would be tempted out from their hiding-place. The *Wilmington* lay in the middle of the bay, off the town, and the *Hudson* was heading for a couple of large square-rigged ships, anchored apart from the rest, which looked as if they would be valuable prizes. Suddenly the flash and roar of guns from behind the pier showed where the Spaniards were lurking.

They were concentrating their fire on the little *Winslow*, and as she reversed her engines and drew off, replying with her two small one-pounder quick-firers, the enemy's shells were bursting and churning up the water close around her. The *Wilmington* brought her heavier guns into action and tried to silence the Spanish fire, while the *Hudson*, giving up all thought of the prizes, hurried back to the support of the *Winslow*. The Spaniards ceased firing for some minutes, and the *Wilmington* turned her guns upon the town. But suddenly the enemy's fire began again. The *Winslow* was hit in several places, dead and wounded men strewed her deck, and then a shell crashed on to and shattered her steering gear, and she lay crippled in the midst of the shower of shells, and was drifting slowly towards the town, her guns still defiantly in action, though their small projectiles could do little harm.

She was in such shallow water that the *Wilmington* would have run aground if she had tried to help her; so the light-draft revenue-cruiser, the *Hudson*, stood in to rescue the *Winslow*. The only way to do it was to get a line to the *Winslow* and tow her out of danger, and this had to be done under the close fire of the Spaniards, at little more than a mile's range. To quote the narrative of one of the *Hudson's* officers:—"The Spanish shells were hitting the water about us and flying overhead with nerve-destroying frequency. With the after-gun's crew ready to handle the lines, the *Hudson* was steered for the *Winslow*, close enough to throw a line to her. As we forged ahead across her bow, the line was thrown. It fell short. Reversing the engines and putting the helm to starboard, the captain of the *Hudson* tried to back his vessel down to the *Winslow*, but, working directly against her helm, the *Hudson* backed around until she was bows on to the *Winslow* and moving away from her. The water was so shallow that the *Hudson* was almost unmanageable; and now fate, in the garb of the regular afternoon sea-breeze, was setting the *Hudson* every moment nearer the shore and into a zone of more murderous fire. Backward and forward, swerving this way and that, the *Hudson* struggled for more than twenty minutes at a task that each moment grew more hopeless. At last a fortunate sheer, a quick shift of the helm, the line was thrown, caught, the hawser bent on, and the two little craft started to draw away from their perilous position."

But during these anxious minutes the *Winslow*

had suffered serious loss. Her commander, Lieutenant Bernadou, had already been wounded, but not so seriously as to actually disable him. Her second in command, Ensign Worth Bagley, a young officer who was engaged in his first battle, was working the forward quick-firer, assisted by a crew of four men. Suddenly a Spanish shell burst in the midst of the group and flung them bleeding on the deck. Bagley was killed on the spot. The four others were killed or wounded. One of them rolled down the steel curve at the edge of the narrow deck, and as he slipped overboard caught a rail, and cried out in a piteous voice to his comrades to save him. A couple of men dashed across to his assistance and pulled him on board, but he was dead as they laid him on the deck.

The *Wilmington* covered the retreat of the disabled *Winslow* and the *Hudson* by pouring a heavy fire on the pier and the front of the town. As she turned to steam out of the bay, fires had broken out in the warehouses on the sea front, and the Spanish guns were nearly silent. Then the gunboat led the way out through the reefs. The same night the *Hudson* started for Key West, conveying the dead and wounded back to Florida. The news of the action caused a deep impression throughout the United States. It was a first failure, though on a small scale. It showed the battle with Spain was not to be the mere military parade that so many had anticipated, and it was felt that these first deaths were only the smallest part of the heavy toll that would have to be paid for victory.

When the *Winslow* was examined at Key West, where she was taken for repairs, it was found that she had had a very narrow escape from complete destruction. Her forward torpedo was in its tube on deck, and a Spanish shell of small calibre had passed through the guncotton charge without bursting or exploding it. Her starboard cylinder had been hit and badly damaged, her boilers were penetrated in more than one place, her conning-tower was pitted with shot holes, and her plates scored and marked all over her deck. The marvel is that she kept afloat. General Blanco, in his official report, stated the losses of the Cardeñas garrison at five men wounded. He said that the gunboats were hit several times, and some of the

buildings in the town were damaged by shells, amongst them the British Consulate. The fires caused by the bombardment were all extinguished by the fire brigade. He stated that the largest ship of the attacking squadron kept at a range of seven miles, the lighter vessels coming in closer. This confirmed a conjecture that the Spaniards had taken the *Wilmington* for a larger class of warship than she really represented, and thus overestimated the range. She was in action at between four and five miles, and all the Spanish shells passed harmlessly over her.

On the same day Cienfuegos was bombarded, and an attempt was made to cut the cable that runs from that port to Santiago, this being one of the lines by which Blanco communicated with Madrid. The Spaniards thought the boats engaged in looking for the shore end of the cable were attempting to land troops, and they concentrated such a heavy fire on them that they had to withdraw without accomplishing their purpose.

Nor was this the only action of that busy day. The cruisers *Vicksburg* and *Morrill*, which were lying off Havana, came in to a range of under five miles and engaged the Santa Clara batteries. But the gunners at Santa Clara had been having some long-range practice at the blockading squadron, and their shooting had become very good. A few days before they had nearly blown the gunboat *Tecumseh* out of the water by exploding a couple of heavy shells within twenty yards of her, at a range of five miles. In the short skirmish with the two cruisers they wrecked the *Morrill's* deckhouse with one shell, and brought down a lot of the *Vicksburg's* rigging with another. After this, Sampson gave orders that the blockading fleet was not to waste ammunition and improve Spanish gunnery by any more of these useless demonstrations. The shore batteries were only to be engaged when something serious was intended. Desultory firing was forbidden.

So far the results of these little engagements were to encourage the Spaniards, and to convince even the most sanguine of the Americans that Blanco would make a good fight for Havana, and that the conquest of Cuba was likely to prove a serious piece of work.



U.S. BATTLESHIP "IOWA."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### VII.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

AS we have seen, popular opinion in America looked on an attack upon Havana as the operation with which the naval war would begin. Expert opinion had selected another objective. The great island of Puerto Rico, with its fortified harbour of San Juan, was a point which the Spanish fleet might make its base of operations in the Western seas. The Spanish garrison, under General Machias, had been busy strengthening the batteries and preparing for a siege, and rumour spoke of the harbour as the point where Cervera's fleet would coal, and of other supplies awaiting it when it crossed the Atlantic. The garrison of the island was small compared to the large army under Marshal Blanco's command in Cuba. Its reduction would not be such a formidable and costly operation as the invasion of the larger island, and although there was no movement against Spanish rule in Puerto Rico, its conquest would be of the highest importance for the development of the naval power of the United States.

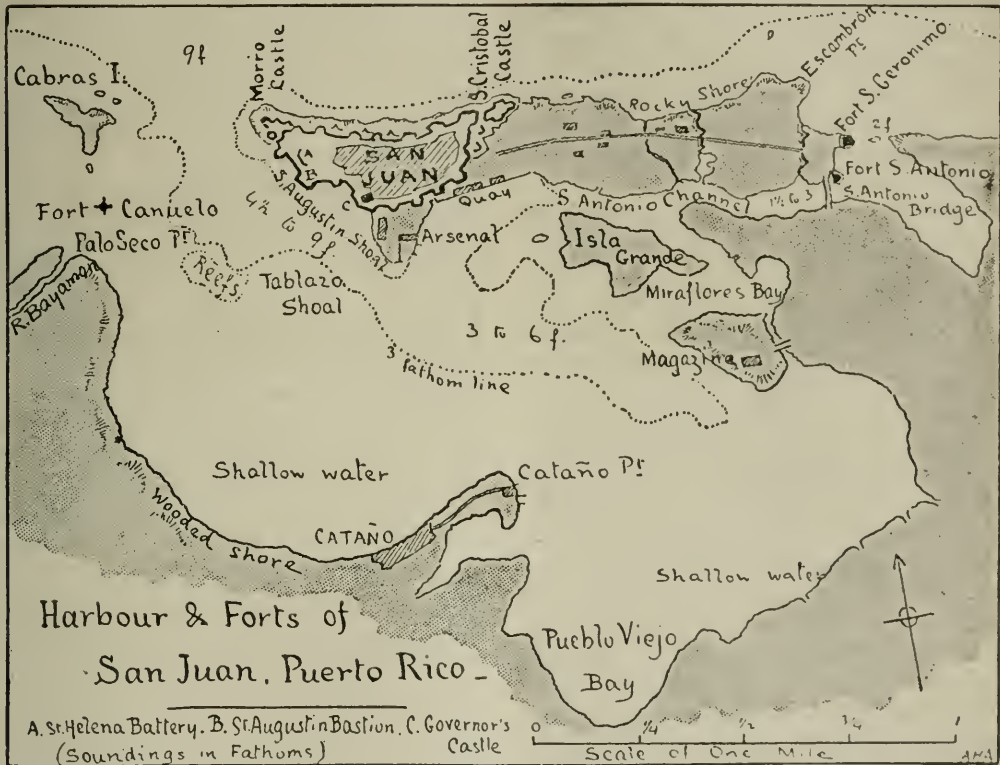
The strategical value of Puerto Rico has been

so clearly set forth by Captain Mahan—the chief living exponent of naval strategy—that his statement may be quoted here in his own words. Writing on the naval lessons of the war, and dealing with the problem of the choice of an objective for the fleet at the outbreak of hostilities, he says :—

“It would have been open to urge that Puerto Rico, being between five and six hundred miles from the eastern end of Cuba, and nearly double that distance from the two ports of the island most important to Spain—Havana on the north and Cienfuegos on the south—would be invaluable to the mother country as an intermediate naval station, and as a basis of supplies and reinforcements for both her fleet and army ; that, if left in her undisturbed possession, it would enable her, practically, to enjoy the same advantage of nearness to the great scene of operations that the United States had in virtue of our geographical situation ; and that therefore the first objective of the war should be the eastern island, and its reduction the first object. The effect of this would have been to throw Spain back

upon her home territory for the support of any operations in Cuba, thus entailing upon her an extremely long line of communications, exposed everywhere throughout its course, but especially to the molestation of small cruisers issuing from the harbours of Puerto Rico, which flank the routes and which, upon the supposition, would have passed into our hands. This view of the matter was urged upon the writer, a few days before hostilities began, by a very old and

Puerto Rico should never be lost sight of by us as long as we have any responsibility, direct or indirect, for the safety or independence of Cuba. Puerto Rico, considered militarily, is to Cuba, to the future Isthmian canal, and to our Pacific coast, what Malta is, or may be, to Egypt and the beyond; and there is for us the like necessity to hold and strengthen the one, in its entirety and in its immediate surroundings, that there is for Great Britain to hold the other



intelligent naval officer who had served in our own navy and in that of the Confederate States. To a European nation the argument must have been quite decisive; for to it, as distant, or more distant than Spain from Cuba, such an intermediate station would have been an almost insurmountable obstacle while in an enemy's hands, and an equally valuable base if wrested from him. To the United States these considerations were applicable only in part; for, while the inconvenience to Spain would be the same, the gain to us would be but little, as our lines of communication to Cuba neither required the support of Puerto Rico, nor were they particularly endangered.

"This estimate of the military importance of for the security of her position in Egypt, for her use of the Suez Canal, and for the control of the route to India. It would be extremely difficult for a European State to sustain operations in the eastern Mediterranean with a British fleet at Malta. Similarly, it would be very difficult for a Transatlantic State to maintain operations in the Western Caribbean with a United States fleet based upon Puerto Rico and the adjacent islands. The same reasons prompted Bonaparte to seize Malta in his expedition against Egypt and India in 1798. In his masterly eyes, as in those of Nelson, it was essential to the communications between France, Egypt, and India. His scheme failed, not because Malta was less than invaluable, but

for want of adequate naval strength, without which no maritime position possesses value."

Acting on such considerations as these Admiral Sampson determined to bombard the batteries of San Juan, Puerto Rico, as a prelude to an attack in which a small land force would cooperate. There were already sufficient troops available for such an operation. It was never expected that the first attack by the fleet would secure the surrender of the place. All that was hoped for was that the batteries would be so crippled as to clear the way for a serious attack, while, at the same time, the defences of the place could be thoroughly reconnoitred. Accordingly, Admiral Sampson, having refilled his coal-bunkers and magazines at Key West, sailed for Puerto Rico, leaving his lighter ships to maintain the blockade of Cuba.

San Juan is at once the military stronghold and the chief harbour of Puerto Rico. It is the only port which is sheltered from the heavy gales of the winter season. The deep water inside it is not of any great extent. There are two entrances, one to the west, the other to the east of the rocky island on which the city of San Juan is built. The eastern entrance, by the San Antonio Channel, is so shallow that only the smallest craft can use it. It is guarded, nevertheless, by the two forts of San Geronimo and San Antonio, which are also intended to prevent an attacking force seizing the east end of the island. Across the island, near the forts, there run two lines of entrenchments. The western or main entrance to the harbour is under the walls and batteries of the city. It is so narrow as to be easily protected by mines. On the west of it is the strong fort of Canuelo, built on a shoal between Cabras Island and Palo Seco Point. This fort crosses its fire with that of the guns of Morro Castle and the St. Helena and San Augustin batteries on the town side of the channel. The city is completely surrounded by a bastioned wall, and on the sea front the defences are formed by the castles of Morro and San Cristobal, with a strong wall and a number of minor batteries between. Many of the batteries and forts are wholly or partly cut out of the living rock. There are large magazines and bomb-proofs in the rock under the fortifications. Several modern guns of large calibre had been mounted on the seaward batteries during the weeks of busy preparation before the war. General Machias, the commandant, was a good soldier, who had made the most of resources for defence at his command.

The fleet which Admiral Sampson concentrated for the attack on San Juan consisted of the armoured cruiser *New York* (his flagship), the battleships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, the cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery*, the tug *Wampatuck*, and the torpedo boat *Porter*.

At dawn on Thursday, May 12th, the fleet was off San Juan. The day was fine, and the air almost perfectly still; but there was a heavy swell on the sea, and as the morning advanced it was oppressively hot. The attacking fleet kept under easy steam, running in and delivering its fire, then, turning, standing out a little to sea, and coming in again so as to bring the guns on the other side to bear. In this way the range was being continually varied, to the obvious puzzlement of the Spanish gunners. At a quarter-past five the squadron opened fire, making its first advance upon the forts. Morro Castle was the chief object of attack, and the *Porter* ran boldly in between the big ships and the shore, having orders to lie in wait for and torpedo any Spanish warship that might happen to be in the harbour, in case she should venture out. There was an idea, quite unfounded, that one of the powerful armed cruisers of the Spanish navy was at San Juan, and that she might make a dash at the fleet. Hence the position assigned to the *Porter*. The torpedo boat kept to the eastward of Morro, and it was supposed that there were no heavy guns on the sea wall at this point. But here, again, the Intelligence Department was at fault, for, as the large ships turned out to sea, a battery opened fire from this very section of the wall. "The little *Porter*," wrote her commander, "occupied a position of undue prominence, and in consequence received the entire attention of this battery, directly under which she lay. It is hard to understand how such a storm of projectiles could all have missed her; but it was not a chance to be risked a second time, and before the battery could fire again the *Porter* was turning out at full speed, firing back with her one-pounders, and swallowed up in a cloud of black smoke from her own funnels. It was a narrow escape, and it is evident our report of 'no damage and no casualties' was received by the flagship with much relief."

When the fleet closed in for its next attack, the Admiral signalled to the lighter cruisers to keep well out from the forts, and the rest of the bombardment, which lasted just three hours, was left to the heavy-armoured vessels—he



*New York*, the two battleships, and the two monitors. As the big ships ran up and down along the sea front, the smoke of their guns hung heavily around them, and this, with the steady rolling of the swell, made accurate practice by no means easy. The Spaniards were not shooting badly. Although the range was considerable, their shells were hurtling close overhead, or churning up the water round the armoured ships, and every now and then there was a crash and a loud explosion as a shell from the shore burst on the armoured side, or went smashing through the gear overhead. One seaman was killed and two badly wounded by a shell that burst on the deck of the flagship. Three men were wounded by another shell that burst and blew a boat to pieces near the forward bridge of the *Iowa*. Admiral Sampson had gone on board the battleship to confer with Captain Evans, and the two officers were talking together on the bridge when the shell burst. Several of the fragments whistled close around them, and one of these broke the rail of the bridge. Altogether the *Iowa* was hit eight times, but the only serious damage was a broken steam-pipe. Two killed and seven wounded was the total loss of the squadron during the three hours' fight, and of the dead, one, a gunner of the monitor *Amphitrite*, lost his life, not from the Spanish fire, but from heat stroke.

The American fire was not much more effective. Four killed and several wounded was the loss reported by Machias. The first reports in the United States newspapers declared that the three hours' bombardment had silenced the forts and ruined the city, and that the white flag was hoisted on Morro; so that Sampson might have taken possession of the place if he had had a landing force with him to garrison it. But the detailed matter-of-fact statements of correspondents who watched the fight showed that this story of victory was a mere fabrication. One of them, dating his despatch from on board the *Iowa*, wrote: "No traces of the bombardment were discernible on the forts except small fires, which were apparently extinguished before the fleet left"; and another, dating his despatch from the press-boat *Dauntless*, said: "At the close of the engagement the fortifications had a very dilapidated appearance, but the guns were as active as ever."

At a quarter to eight the Admiral signalled, first, "Cease fire," and then "Retire." An immense quantity of ammunition had been

expended, but not a single Spanish gun had been silenced. The *Terror*, the last ship in the line, either misunderstood or disregarded the signal, and, as she slowly drew off, exchanged distant shots with Morro. The monitors were so slow that the other ships often towed them, and as the fleet retired one of them was helped along by a tow-line from a light cruiser. This was the origin of the Spanish report that one of the "Yankees" had been so disabled that she had to be towed out of action. But even after discounting this imaginary success, General Machias had good reason to be proud of the day's work. He had held his own for three hours against the American fleet. His works and batteries were practically intact. A few buildings in the town were damaged. An English merchant steamer and the French cruiser *Rigault de Genouilly*, lying in the bay, had been slightly damaged by long-ranging shells. This was all. No wonder the Spanish general claimed a victory, and the news was received with enthusiasm in Madrid. It was one more confirmation of the view that well-constructed forts have little to fear even from a powerful fleet.

Throughout the war the Spaniards never showed any want of courage, but in this fight at San Juan one of their signallers showed an example of cool daring that excited the admiration of the attacking fleet. He was posted on the highest tower of the Morro Castle, standing all alone by his signal staff in a most exposed position. Throughout the bombardment he never seemed to pay the least attention to the shells that hurtled past him or burst around the tower. He worked his signals, cool, self-possessed, and to the delight of even his opponents, all unharmed.

At the close of the fight the American wounded were sent on board the naval hospital ship for conveyance to Key West. This ship, a big liner, fitted up as a floating ambulance and hospital, and renamed the *Solace*, was a new feature in naval warfare. She was painted white in order to distinguish her from the fighting ships, and although the Geneva Convention does not directly apply to naval war, she flew the Red Cross flag. It was a new departure, which will doubtless be followed by other navies. It is curious to note that this arrangement for naval hospitals in war was first proposed a few years ago by a Spanish writer.

Swift upon the tidings from Puerto Rico came further news, that seemed at first to augur

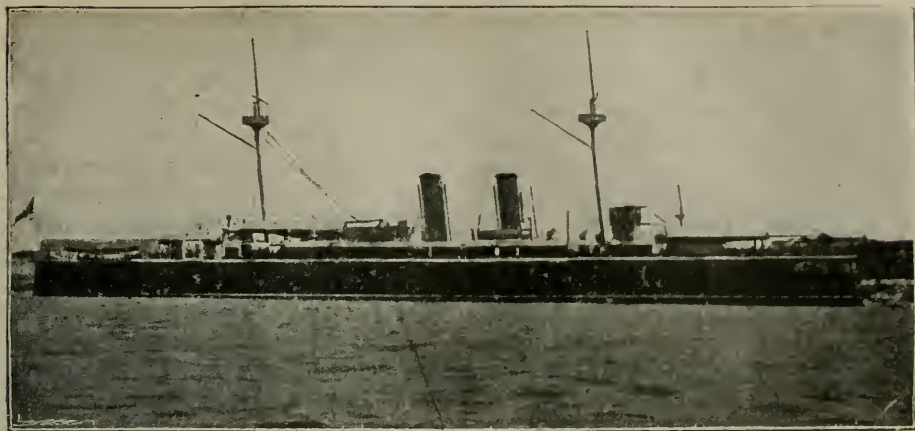
well for Spain. Cervera's fleet, which had been reported to be lying idle at Cadiz, had suddenly appeared in the West Indian seas, only to disappear again to some unknown destination in the Caribbean Sea. Sampson would hardly have emptied his magazines in the bombardment of San Juan if he had known his enemy was so near. On the very day of the attack, he received orders to suspend any further operations on the coast of Puerto Rico and to co-operate with the blockading fleet in Cuban waters, under Commodore Watson, and the flying squadron under Schley, from Hampton Roads, in pursuing the Spanish fleet and bringing it to action.

On April 20th Admiral Cervera had left the Cape de Verde Islands, steering westward. He had with him the cruisers *Infanta Maria Teresa*,

*Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Cristobal Colon*, and three torpedo boats. The swift cruisers of Admiral Schley's squadron were looking for him in the Atlantic, but never saw the Spanish ships, and a report that Cervera had run back to Cadiz was for awhile credited. On May 12th the Spanish admiral appeared off Martinique. On the 14th he was at Curaçoa, where he expected to find colliers waiting for him, but they had missed the rendezvous. He put to sea again next day, and crossing the Caribbean Sea, he entered the almost land-locked harbour of Santiago on May 19th. He had throughout evaded the American cruisers, and for awhile there was no certainty at the American headquarters that the report of his arrival at Santiago was not another rumour like that of his return to Cadiz.



HARBOUR OF SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.



THE SPANISH ARMoured CRUISER "INFANTA MARIA TERESA."

### VIII.—FIRST ATTACKS ON SANTIAGO.

THE British consul at Santiago in May, 1898, was the late Mr. Frederick W. Ramsden, the same who years before had, by his plucky intervention, stopped the massacre of the *Virginus* expedition after the execution of the first victims. We are indebted to his diary, published after his lamented death, for an inner view of the siege of Santiago.

On Wednesday, the 18th of May, he noted in his journal that two American steamers and a large armed yacht were off the port. They seemed to be dragging for the telegraph cable, and they came so close that the Morro batteries fired some shots at them, to which they replied, without effect on either side. In the afternoon they went away. If they had held on for another twelve hours they would have had important news. For as the sun rose on the Thursday morning Cervera's fleet, the four big cruisers and the two destroyers, steamed in past the Morro and anchored in the inner bay. The American ships were some miles away to the eastward towards Guantanamo, and had amused themselves by exchanging some shots with a new shore battery at Playa del Este. Had they devoted themselves to watching Santiago they would have done better service, for it was not till many days later that the United States Government felt really certain that Admiral Cervera was in the port.

It is true that the Admiral had at once reported his arrival to Blanco at Havana, and the Marshal had as promptly cabled the news to

Madrid. There it was communicated officially to the press and the public, and there was as much rejoicing as if the Admiral had won a great victory. Nor was this popular exultation unreasonable. The fact that Cervera had again and again eluded the more numerous American squadrons, indirectly forced them to relax their watch on Havana, thrown all their plans into confusion, and reached the West Indian Seas in spite of them, was taken as an earnest of further exploits to be performed by the swift and powerful squadron which had given new hope to Spain.

This official news did not, however, satisfy the Government at Washington as to Cervera's real position. They remembered the story of his return to Cadiz. This report that he was in Santiago might, after all, prove to be only another ruse to facilitate his entrance into another port or a new raid in some unexpected direction. Nor were they quite certain as to what force he had with him. There was known to be a second Spanish squadron fitting out at Cadiz and Cartagena under Admiral Camara, which was to include the battleship *Pelayo*, two or three armoured cruisers and a torpedo flotilla, and, after the uncertainties and anxieties of the past few days, no one felt quite sure that some of these might not be already slipping across the Atlantic. The story that Cervera was in Santiago might in such a case be intended to facilitate his junction elsewhere with these reinforcements. The American Naval Intelligence

system had quite broken down. And the strangest point of all was that, with insurgent bands under Garcia holding points of vantage in the hills of the Santiago district and hundreds of active sympathisers with the movement in the city itself, no reliable information was sent to the United States fleet for days to come, and yet all the time there lay the great warships in sight of the city, and the Governments of Havana and of Madrid had published the tidings of their arrival to the world. It was not till the 24th—five days after Cervera's arrival—that the Washington Government felt assured that he was really at Santiago. Till then they doubted that he had ever been there, or supposed that he had at most made a visit of a few hours. As late as the evening of the 23rd it was supposed he was somewhere off the south coast of Cuba, between Santiago and Cienfuegos.

These days of uncertainty were a precious opportunity for the Spanish admiral, but he showed himself strangely inactive from the moment that his cruisers ran into their landlocked harbour of refuge. To his intense disappointment, he found that supplies of all kinds at Santiago were scanty. The Spanish Admiralty and War Office had failed to realise the possible importance of the place, and while they had been hurrying men, guns, and stores to Havana in the weeks before the war, they had done nothing for the eastern capital of Cuba. There was a weak garrison, which had its pay in arrear and its magazines half empty. Food was dear, and there was no large reserve of coal in the port. A little energy would have remedied this last deficiency, for there was no blockade as yet, and steam colliers for the fleet were actually in West Indian waters. On the Saturday evening, the second day after the cruisers came in, the merchants of the city gave a banquet to the officers, and there was a scene of great enthusiasm and confident predictions of victory. So far the only sign of the Americans had been a cruiser which steamed past the harbour mouth well out to sea, in the early part of the day, and was apparently watching the port. On the Sunday the cruiser appeared with another consort, and lay in sight of Morro for hours; but there was no firing. If Cervera had had a little more dash he would have sent his torpedo boats to attack these isolated scouts of his enemy as soon as evening came on. On the Monday a third cruiser appeared, and a fourth came in sight at noon. They were the ships of Schley's squadron,

which had been sent to keep a watch on Santiago and the Windward Passage.

All day the Spanish fleet was busy taking on board coal, provisions, and fresh water. The general impression in Santiago was that the Admiral meant to get away. Santiago, though strong against attack, was not a good place to be caught in by a superior fleet. For though it would be easy to keep an enemy from getting in through the narrow rift in the cliffs, it was also easy for the hostile fleet to watch and concentrate its guns upon that one narrow pass. All Tuesday the Spanish fleet had steam up, and the destroyers were just inside the harbour mouth. It was a day of heavy tropical rain, sometimes almost blinding in its intensity, and it would have been just the time to dash out, engage the American cruisers, and sweep away under cover of the driving rain-squalls. Next day occurred an incident which in itself was enough to make the friends of Spain in Santiago despair of the Admiral ever doing anything effective. It had best be told in the words of Consul Ramsden's diary, which gives the impression of the moment.

"At daybreak three steamers were signalled outside the port, and soon after they (*i.e.* the Spanish signallers) put out the signal, 'The enemy is giving chase to a vessel,' and later on, 'There is one of the enemy's ships outside.' There are probably more than one, but there is so much haze, owing to the rain, and it is so thick, that they cannot possibly see any distance. The vessel chased by the enemy is probably an English steamer bringing 3,000 tons of coal for the Spanish navy, and the *Cristobal Colon* got under weigh, and it was supposed that she would go out and prevent her capture by the Americans—probably an easy matter, since her (the *Colon's*) speed is over eighteen knots, and the American steamers are said to be simply mail steamers, fitted with guns. The *Colon*, however, simply went down the bay and anchored near the entrance. The two destroyers were also down near the entrance. The flagship, at midday, went down to Cajuma Bay, and has anchored there; and another ironclad, either the *Vizcaya* or the *Oquendo*, has taken her place at the Juragua wharf, and is taking in water. It is said that the Americans have taken their prize, whatever it is, and have carried her off. It seems incredible that this should have been allowed right in front of the port, and the squadron inside with steam up. It looks as if the fleet

did not intend to move from this port, as it is evidently taking up a position near the entrance, so as to command it in case of attack."

It was, indeed, incredible that the fleet should allow its collier to be thus taken under its very eyes, at a moment when coal was all-important, without even attempting to assist her to get in. Yet this was what happened, and equally incredible things were to happen later on. But for all that, Cervera and his captains were as brave men as ever stepped on to the deck of a warship. Bravery, however, is not the greatest of a commander's qualifications. Without a certain energetic initiative, and a watchful readiness for chances of successful action, it is more likely to lead to disaster than success.

Let us now turn to what the Americans were doing. Commodore Schley's squadron had run down south as soon as it was known that the Spaniards had reached West-Indian waters. Besides some smaller ships, he had with him the powerful armoured cruiser *Brooklyn*, which carried his flag; the battleships *Texas* and *Massachusetts*, the swift cruisers *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, and several of the armed liners. He detached the *Columbia* to patrol the North Atlantic coast, for there were vague rumours of Spanish cruisers making for northern waters. The *Harvard*, the *Yale*, and the *St. Paul* were cruising in the Windward Passage and along the east end of Cuba. The heavier ships entered the Yucatan Channel. On the 18th Sampson came into Key West, and Schley steamed along the southern coast of Cuba, looking into Cienfuegos, where a fresh crop of rumours now placed Cervera's fleet. The *Iowa*, detached from Sampson's squadron to strengthen his colleague, joined Schley off that port. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 22nd, Cienfuegos was closely reconnoitred, and it was definitely ascertained that there was nothing bigger than a gunboat in the port. The fleet then steamed slowly eastward, picking up on its way the cruisers that had been blockading the south coast, and sweeping with its scouts the waters of the Caribbean Sea. No credence was as yet attached to the report that Cervera was at anchor at Santiago.

This reconnaissance of Cienfuegos came just a month after the day on which Sampson's fleet had first appeared before Havana. So far, the course of the war in the Atlantic had been distinctly disappointing for the United States, all the more disappointing because early and

brilliant success had been so confidently predicted at the outset.

There had been only one real victory of the least importance, and that had been won, not by the powerful Atlantic fleets, but by Dewey's squadron in the far-off Philippines, and even there the full fruits of victory had not yet been reaped. Manila was still defiant, and the Pacific squadron was anxiously waiting for reinforcements before attempting to follow up its first good fortune. The record of the war in the West Indies had nothing to show but indecisive bombardments like the attacks on Matanzas and San Juan, and repeated failures to directly cooperate with the insurgents. These had effected nothing whatever since the war began. Blanco held Havana with a large army, and it was recognised that it would be a piece of rashness to assail him in his stronghold. Cervera had baffled all the precautions taken by the navy, and had reached the West Indies, and Schley was still searching for his exact position. Even the efforts made to cut the telegraphic communications of the Spaniards had failed. One day it was announced that the Cienfuegos cables were cut, and that Blanco could no longer communicate with Madrid and the rest of the world. The very next day the New York papers contained Spanish messages sent to Madrid over these very cables, *via* Cienfuegos. Then the War Department had as yet no army ready for the field beyond the regular regiments which were under arms when the war began. There was a deficiency of organisation and a woeful lack of transports at Tampa. All that had been done for the much-talked-of invasion of Cuba was the landing of a small body of refugees with a supply of arms near Banes, in the east end of the island. The filibusters had accomplished as much, and more, before the war was declared.

It is easy to understand the eagerness of the Atlantic fleet to put an end to this record of inaction and comparative failure. Schley hoped to meet and fight the enemy in the Caribbean Sea. The very eagerness of his hope made him at first reluctant to believe that the Spanish admiral had shut himself up in Santiago. It was one of Schley's gunboats, the *Scorpion*, that watched the entrance to the bay on the Sunday morning after Cervera ran in. It was one of his armed liners, the *St. Paul*, commanded by Captain Sigsbee, of the *Maine*, that chased and captured the collier in sight of Morro Castle on May 25th, when the Spaniards were so strangely inactive. The captured ship

was a British steamer, the *Restormel*, laden with coal, and though there was not any actual blockade of Santiago proclaimed, the fact that her cargo was contraband of war destined for the Spanish fleet made her a good prize. The *Restormel* had been chartered to deliver her cargo at San Juan. Then her destination was changed to Curaçoa, where she was to meet Cervera. When she arrived there the fleet had gone, and the Spanish Consul sent her on to Santiago. The fact that she was making for the port when captured was taken to be an indication that Cervera really was there. From

himself in the battleship *Massachusetts*. Then came the new armoured cruiser, the *New Orleans*. Evans in the *Iowa* brought up the rear. Coming in to a range of four miles, the five ships steamed past the entrance, then turned and repassed it at closer range, firing all the while at the batteries and at the *Cristobal Colon*, of which they caught a brief view as they passed the narrow opening in the cliffs. The batteries of Morro and Socapa answered them. The *Colon* opened with her quick-firers, and a heavy battery at Punta Gorda sent its shells out to sea over the intervening hill. Consul Ramsden,



THE U.S. BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."

Jamaica came news that a British merchant steamer, the *Adula*, had seen the fleet entering the port, and Schley felt that all these indications confirmed the original report from Madrid. On Friday, May 27th, he concentrated his squadron off Santiago.

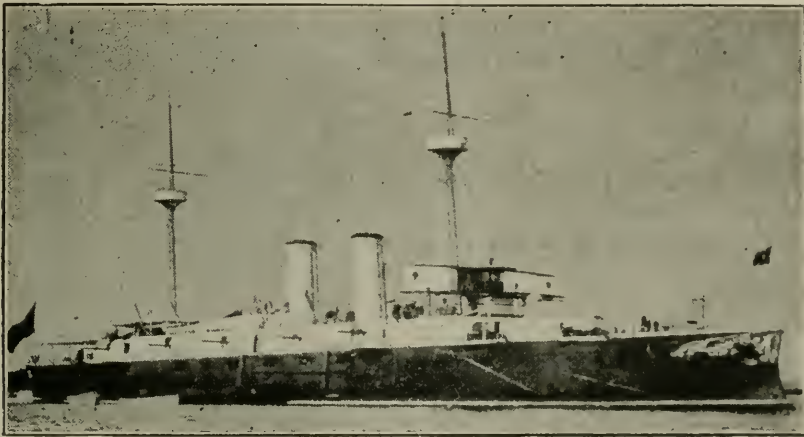
On the following day he was able to telegraph to Washington that, although he had no personal knowledge as yet of the fact, the information he had collected made him certain at last that Cervera was in the harbour. On the Tuesday, the last day of the month, he determined to make a reconnaissance in force, draw the fire of the batteries, and perhaps induce the enemy's cruisers to show themselves. A little after 2 p.m. he approached the entrance with five of his most powerful ships. He led the way

who watched the fight from the look-out station, thus describes the brief engagement:—

"At 2.30 p.m. firing began, and we began to see shells falling around the *Maria Teresa*, *Oquendo*, and *Vizcaya*, moored in Cajuma Bay. None touched the ships, but on falling into the bay they raised a column of water about forty feet high, just like a water-spout. Firing lasted from half-past two until ten minutes past three, when it ceased. It seems that five of the American ships came up to the entrance of the harbour, with another transatlantic boat accompanying them, the other vessels remaining a mile or so further off. They fired through the entrance at the *Cristobal Colon*, which was lying in Gaspar Inlet and was visible, and also fired shells over the hills at the outer ships which they

could not see, but they did no damage to anyone or anything beyond knocking off a piece of staircase of the Morro. The *Colon* replied with several broadsides, and they tell me she fired 180 shots, and they claim to have hit the transatlantic boat. Punta Gorda fort and the Socapa one, and the Morro, also returned the fire, and that of the Socapa, which has two Hontoria guns taken from the *Reina Mercedes*, the only guns good for anything in all the forts, claims to have put two shells on the stern, perhaps astern, of the *Iowa*. I do not believe the *Iowa* is there, but that it is the *Amazon*. They say she reeled to one side, and the others sent off their boats to her. Anyhow, the ships hauled off after that shot, and fired no more. This little event broke

San Juan in Puerto Rico. But the two that were left, if boldly used under the cover of darkness, might prove dangerous foes to the blockading fleet. So each night the electric searchlights were turned on the harbour mouth, and men slept beside the quick-firers and machine guns on the cruisers and battleships. Such a state of things produces a certain nervous "jumpiness" even in peace manœuvres, and no wonder that on the night after the first bombardment there was wild excitement when the *Texas* suddenly opened fire and the word ran through every ship that the Spanish destroyers had come out. The narrative of the fight, as it was telegraphed to the American press, is worth reproducing *verbatim*. Thus it ran:—



THE SPANISH ARMoured CRUISER "VIZCAYA."

the monotony of the blockading business, and aroused the people, who flocked down to see it. No one seemed to be the least alarmed, but took it rather as a joke."

This matter-of-fact record contrasts curiously with the contemporary newspaper reports of the enormous damage done by the bombardment. The Spaniards were equally mistaken in their idea that they had done any harm to the fleet. None of the ships were hit. Schley had, however, effected all he intended. He had drawn the fire of the shore batteries, and the fact that the *Cristobal Colon* had been actually seen in action was taken to be the final confirmation of the theory that Cervera was inside.

It was known that there were two torpedo boats of the destroyer class with the Spanish admiral. The third of Villamil's flotilla, the *Terror*, had remained at Martinique for repairs, and had succeeded in making her way thence to

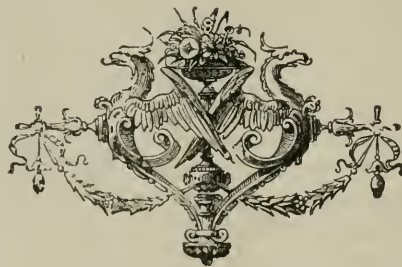
"The first engagement between Commodore Schley and the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Cervera, took place last night. Two torpedo-boat destroyers about midnight slipped quietly out of the harbour, bent on mischief. They crept along in the shadow of old Castle Morro and the mountain for two miles to the westward before they were discovered by the look-out on the *Texas*, where the men were sleeping by the guns, so that the battleship could be quickly manned. An instant after the look-out gave the alarm the white stream of the *Texas's* searchlight flashed along the shadow under the mountain, revealing the desperate game of the imprisoned Spaniards. The torpedo-boat destroyers, when they saw that they had been discovered, dashed towards the *Texas*, which, with the cruiser *Brooklyn* close beside it, was lying inshore. The *Texas* promptly opened fire with her port-forward batteries and her crack six-

pounders, and the hiss of the armour-piercing shells thrown in the direction of the advancing torpedo-boat destroyers startled the entire fleet. The *Brooklyn* also came into action, firing several rounds at the Spanish craft, but the bulk of the shooting was done by the *Texas*. The entire fleet went to general quarters, and soon their searchlights were playing around the narrow entrance of the harbour in the expectation that Admiral Cervera's whole fleet would emerge from its haven and fight it out. The torpedo-boat destroyers made a plucky dash through the rain of shells from battleship and cruiser, but, foiled in their attempt to surprise the watchful Schley, turned and ran back into the harbour. No attempt was made to pursue them. It is thought that they were not struck, as they retreated quickly and made small targets in the uncertain moonlight. The Spaniards did not discharge any torpedoes, although within 500 yards of the *Texas*."

No wonder the Spaniards did not discharge any torpedoes. They were lying quietly at anchor all the time inside Morillo Point, their crews wondering what the Americans were firing at. What the look-out on the *Texas* had seen

was a shadow made by the searchlights, perhaps the dark hollow of a curling wave. Once the alarm begins on such occasions even the best trained men see and fire at all manner of things. It was weeks before it was discovered that the fight at the end of May was only a false alarm.

On the first of June Admiral Sampson arrived with the *New York*, the battleship *Oregon* (which had safely reached Key West), the torpedo boat *Porter*, and some gunboats, and took over command of the united fleets. The rest of his squadron was to arrive later. So long as Schley was searching for Cervera in the Caribbean Sea Sampson had kept his fleet to the North of Cuba, so as to head the Spaniards off if they attempted a raid on Key West or Tampa, neither of which had any solid defence. As soon as he felt sure that the enemy had run into harbour at Santiago he had gone to the assistance of his colleague. He had now before him the by no means easy task of finally disposing of Cervera's fleet. The long siege of Santiago de Cuba had begun, a siege that was to be marked by gallant deeds by land and sea on both sides.





## IX.—HOBSON AND THE "MERRIMAC."

THE first impulse of sailors placed in the position of Sampson and Schley must have been to use the enormous force now concentrated before Santiago in order to force the entrance and destroy the enemy's fleet inside the harbour. But this apparently obvious course presented very serious difficulties. If there had been a broad deep channel such as that through which Dewey steered his fleet past Corregidor to Manila and victory, doubtless Sampson would not have hesitated a moment about following his splendid example. But here the path lay through a narrow rift in the rocks, where the leading ship, whichever she might be, would have to face, alone and unsupported, the plunging fire of high batteries on the cliffs, the horizontal converging fire of the Spanish cruisers moored just inside the dangerous pass, the attacks of the destroyers lurking under the rocks, and the explosion of the submarine mines which Cervera had fixed in the passage. He might face all this if there was a fair chance that the destruction of the leading battleship would clear the way for her consorts, but the difficulty of the problem was that not only would the first ship be very likely to be sunk, but if she sank or got aground she would hopelessly block the way for all that followed. Cervera's fleet would be bottled up by such a result, though not destroyed, and a young officer in the fleet, Lieutenant Hobson, a skilled naval constructor, suggested to the Admiral that it would be better to attempt the bottling-up process at a cheaper cost by sending in and sinking a large unarmed steamer in the entrance. He suggested a detailed plan of operations, and volunteered to carry it through himself, with the help of a few brave men.

His plan was accepted, and on this very first of June he began his preparations. But before telling the story of his gallant exploit it will be well to say something of the personal career and character of the man. Richmond Pearson Hobson came from Alabama, and was a son of one of the old planter families of the South. Born in 1870, he had graduated at the Southern

University at the age of seventeen, and then passed into the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. As a boy, he had been remarkable for quiet, reserved and studious ways; but he was good at all games in which he took part, though he always seemed to care for books more than games. Making ship-models and sailing them was his chief recreation as a boy, and local tradition in his home at Greensboro' tells of one of his few juvenile battles, when "Master Rich" fairly thrashed a bigger boy who had interfered with and badly damaged one of his little fleet. This was Hobson's first naval engagement. With such antecedents no wonder, as a student at Annapolis, he showed a marked predilection for the subject of naval architecture, in which he later on became a specialist. His time at Annapolis was, in some respects, unhappy. He had a strong, almost a stern sense of duty, and when he was appointed monitor, at the beginning of his second year, he paid no attention to a kind of unwritten traditional law among the young men that various breaches of discipline were not to be mentioned in the monitor's report. Hobson sent in a complete record, and was promptly boycotted by his aggrieved comrades. But he managed to pass his lonely hours of recreation comfortably enough with his books and his favourite problems in ship construction, and at the end of the course passed out first of his year. He was sent to France to make a special study of naval architecture, and returned to be a popular professor at Annapolis. The directors of Cramps' Shipbuilding Company, who are among the chief builders of warships in America, offered him a post on their staff, with a salary of 10,000 dollars (£2,000) to start with; but he determined to stick to his naval career, and on the declaration of war he was posted to Sampson's fleet, where it was expected that his special professional skill would enable him to do good service in dealing with the accidents and injuries to the ships that could be repaired on the spot, without sending them back to the navy yards. Brave without ostentation, determined,

self-possessed, he was certain to do some splendid work if the chance offered. The spirit in which he embarked for the war is reflected in the words he wrote to his old home: "For my near and distant future, I leave myself, without anxiety, in the hands of Almighty God."

Such was the man who now offered to venture himself upon an enterprise that meant all but certain death to those engaged in it. His plan was to take the *Merrimac* (a large "tramp" steamer, attached to the fleet as a collier) into

*Merrimac*, on which they might take refuge, and that a torpedo boat or steam launch should try to run in and bring them out.

He fitted a row of ten small torpedoes, each charged with 82 pounds of gunpowder, along the port side of the steamer. These were wired and connected electrically with a battery on the deck. He was to have six assistants, four on deck and two below. He had chosen a point just beyond the Estrella battery as the place where the ship was to be sunk. The rest of



LIEUTENANT HOBSON.

the harbour entrance, lay her across its narrowest part, and sink her there so as to close the pass with an iron gate. To use his own more familiar phrase, the harbour of Santiago was bottle-shaped, and he meant to put a cork in the neck of the bottle. To do this he had to face the fire of the enemy's fleet and batteries, and run the risk of the exploding mines, and he and his comrades had to chance being shot, blown up, or drowned during and after their exploit, for to get away would be no easy matter. He arranged that, in order to minimise the risks, very few men should go with him; that they should all be lightly dressed, ready for a swim; that a small boat should be towed behind the

the plan may best be told as Hobson explained before he started from the flagship.

"I shall go right into the harbour until about four hundred yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The *Merrimac* has seven thousand tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots. When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes, and leave the *Merrimac* a wreck lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the *Merrimac* is long. On deck

there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew, and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other

pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard. Down below, the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck, and get over the side as



end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life-buoys and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line and

quickly as possible. The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the *Merrimac* whether the torpedoes work or not. By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy and the *Merrimac* will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her three hundred yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button—I shall stand on the starboard

side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the *Merrimac* on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

Such was the daring programme. When volunteers were called for to execute it they presented themselves in hundreds. Hobson chose the six, but there was a seventh. Almost at the last moment one of the men of the *New York*, Seaman H. Clausen, though rejected in the first choice of volunteers, was taken on as an additional hand.

It is only right to put on record the names of all the little band. This list is interesting in many ways. For one thing it brings out very forcibly the international character of the *personnel* of the United States Navy. We are somewhat too apt to think of its successes as victories of the Anglo-Saxon. Irish, French, and German names figure on the brief glorious roll-call of the *Merrimac*. Thus runs the list:—

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson (in command), George Charette, John Kelly, H. Clausen, Daniel Montague, Oscar Deignan, J. E. Murphy, John P. Phillips.

The steam launch that was to follow them in was manned by Cadet J. W. Powell of the *New York* and four men. They carried with them bandages, splints and restoratives for giving first aid to wounded or exhausted men.

All through Wednesday, June 1st, Hobson had been hard at work getting the *Merrimac* ready. She lay near the flagship, and towards evening he paid a visit to the Admiral to discuss final details. Just before sunset he went on board the steamer with his little crew. The men of the other ships in the neighbourhood crowded decks and rigging, and cheered their devoted comrades frantically again and again. There was still a lot of work to be done on board, and for this purpose some of the artificers of the fleet remained on the steamer till the middle of the night. They left with stokers and the surplus engine-room hands as the *Merrimac* got under weigh and headed for Morro.

But there had been a miscalculation as to the time. The dawn was coming quicker than had been anticipated, and the steamer had not gone far when the Admiral hastily ordered the torpedo boat *Porter* to head her off and bring her back. In the growing light the attempt would have been desperate. The *Porter* overtook the slow tramp steamer, and Hobson stopped his engines, but he sent back word that if the Admiral would give him permission he thought he could even

yet do all he wanted. The reply was a peremptory order to return and put off the venture till the next night. So Hobson steamed back to the fleet, and he and his comrades had to endure the strain of twenty-four hours of idle waiting for the desperate venture.

A second start was made at three o'clock on the Friday morning. This, it was calculated, would give Hobson a full hour of darkness for the accomplishment of his task. The sky was cloudy and the moonlight uncertain—everything was favourable for the enterprise. Followed by the steam launch, the *Merrimac* slipped in below Morro Castle, with all her lights screened, a great black mass gliding silently through the water. But the Spaniards were on the alert. The *Pluton*, one of the destroyers, was patrolling the upper part of the channel, and several picket boats were rowing about. The look-out at Morro was the first to see the American ship, and took her for one of the fleet trying to force the entrance. The guns of the battery below the Castle opened fire. The battery of quick-firers below the point near Socapa promptly came into action. The *Reina Mercedes* then brought her battery to bear, and fired two torpedoes; two more were discharged by the *Pluton*, which also opened with her light quick-firers. Some of the submarine mines were exploded. The *Merrimac* had thus to move in through a wild storm of fire. The steam launch fell astern, unable to follow her, and took shelter under the steep shore on the Morro side.

Hit repeatedly, but still afloat, the *Merrimac* reached the appointed spot, and Hobson put the helm hard aport; but, to his dismay, the ship did not answer it. Her rudder had been destroyed by the quick-firer shells of the *Pluton*. There was nothing for it but to sink her as she lay, and trust to luck. So he gave the signal and exploded the torpedoes. But several of them failed to act. A strong tide was running, the anchors would not hold, and after taking ground near Estrella Point, the *Merrimac*, slowly sinking, drifted into the deep water near Smith Cay. Here she was struck by one of the Whitehead torpedoes discharged from the *Reina Mercedes*, and went down rapidly by the head, her little crew being swept overboard in the rush of water. As she sank, the Spaniards on the forts and ships cheered enthusiastically. They thought they had sent one of Sampson's fighting ships to the bottom.

The boat towed astern had been shattered by

the Spaniards, but there was a raft, or float, secured by a long line to the deck, which remained on the surface of the water. It was by means of this raft that Hobson and his companions made their marvellous escape from death. How they did it had best be related in the lieutenant's own words, as he told the story after his release from a Spanish prison:—

"I swam away from the ship as soon as I struck the water, but I could feel the eddies drawing me back in spite of all I could do. That did not last very long, however, and as soon as I felt the tugging cease I turned and struck out for the float, which I could see dimly bobbing up and down over the sunken hull. The *Merrimac's* masts were plainly visible, and I could see the heads of my seven men as they followed my example and made for the float also. We had expected, of course, that the Spaniards would investigate the wreck, but we had no idea that they would be at it as quickly as they were. Before we could get to the float several row-boats and launches came around the bluff from inside the harbour. They had officers on board, and armed marines as well, and they searched that passage, rowing backwards and forwards, until next morning. It was only by good luck that we got to the float at all, for they were upon us so quickly that we had barely concealed ourselves when a boat, with quite a large party on board, was right beside us.

"Unfortunately, as we thought then—but it turned out afterwards that nothing more fortunate could have happened to us—the rope with which we had secured the float to the ship was too short to allow it to swing free, and when we reached it we found that one of the pontoons was entirely out of the water and the other one was submerged. Had the raft lain flat upon the water we could not have got under it, and would have had to climb upon it, to be an excellent target for the first party of marines that arrived. As it was, we could get under the raft, and by putting our hands through the crevices between the slats which formed its deck we could hold our heads out of water and still be unseen. That is what we did, and all night long we stayed there with our noses and mouths barely out of the water." So runs the narrative; but it must be noted that, long as the time must have seemed to the eight men, there was at most an hour of the night left when the *Merrimac* went down.

"None of us," he continues, "expected to get

out of the affair alive, but luckily the Spaniards did not think of the apparently damaged, half-sunken raft floating about beside the wreck. They came to within a cable's length of us at intervals of only a few minutes all night. We could hear their words distinctly, and even in the darkness could distinguish an occasional glint of light on the rifle-barrels of the marines and on the lace of the officers' uniforms. We were afraid to speak above a whisper, and for a good while, in fact, whenever they were near us, we breathed as easily as we could. I ordered my men not to speak unless to address me, and with one exception they obeyed. After we had been there an hour or two the water, which we found rather warm at first, began to get cold, and my fingers ached where the wood was pressing into them. The clouds, which were running before a pretty brisk breeze when we went in, blew over, and then by the starlight we could see the boats when they came out of the shadows of the cliffs on either side, and even when we could not see them we knew that they were still near, because we could hear very plainly the splash of the oars and the grinding of the oarlocks.

"We all knew that we would be shot if discovered by an ordinary seaman or marine, and I ordered my men not to stir, as the boats having officers on board kept well in the distance. One of my men disobeyed orders and started to swim ashore, and I had to call him back. He obeyed at once, but my voice seemed to create some commotion among the boats, and several of them appeared close beside us before the disturbance in the water made by the man swimming had disappeared. We thought it was all up with us then, but the boats went away into the shadows again.

"When daylight came a steam launch full of officers and marines came out from behind the cliff that hid the fleet and harbour and advanced towards us. All the men on board were looking curiously in our direction. They did not see us. Knowing that someone of rank must be on board, I waited until the launch was quite close and hailed her. My voice produced the utmost consternation on board. Everyone sprang up. The marines crowded to the bow, and the launch's engines were reversed. She not only stopped, but she backed off until nearly a quarter of a mile away, where she stayed. The marines stood ready to fire at the word of command, when we clambered out from under the float. There were ten of the marines, and they would

have fired in a minute if they had not been restrained. I swam towards the launch, and then she started towards me. I called out in Spanish, 'Is there an officer on board?' An officer answered in the affirmative, and then I shouted in Spanish again, 'I have seven men to surrender.' I continued swimming, and was seized and pulled out of the water.

"As I looked up when they were dragging me into the launch I saw that it was Admiral Cervera himself who had hold of me. He looked at me rather dubiously at first, because I had been down in the engine-room of the *Merrimac*, where I got covered with oil, and that with the soot and coal dust made my appearance most disreputable. I had put on my officer's belt before sinking the *Merrimac*, as a means of

known for some hours as to the fate of Hobson and his crew. Young Powell kept his steam launch under the Morro shore till after daylight. All he could make out was that the *Merrimac* had sunk. He could see, as the dawn came, her masts sticking out of the water, and Spanish boats near them. As there was no hope of picking up any of the wrecked ship's crew he ran back to the flagship soon after five o'clock, the Morro sending some shots after the launch, but failing to stop her. In the afternoon a tug was seen steaming out of the harbour with a white flag of truce flying from her mast. She stopped near the *New York* and sent on board the flagship Captain Oviedo, Cervera's chief of the staff. He brought a courteous message from the admiral, saying that Lieutenant Hobson and his



THE "MERRIMAC."

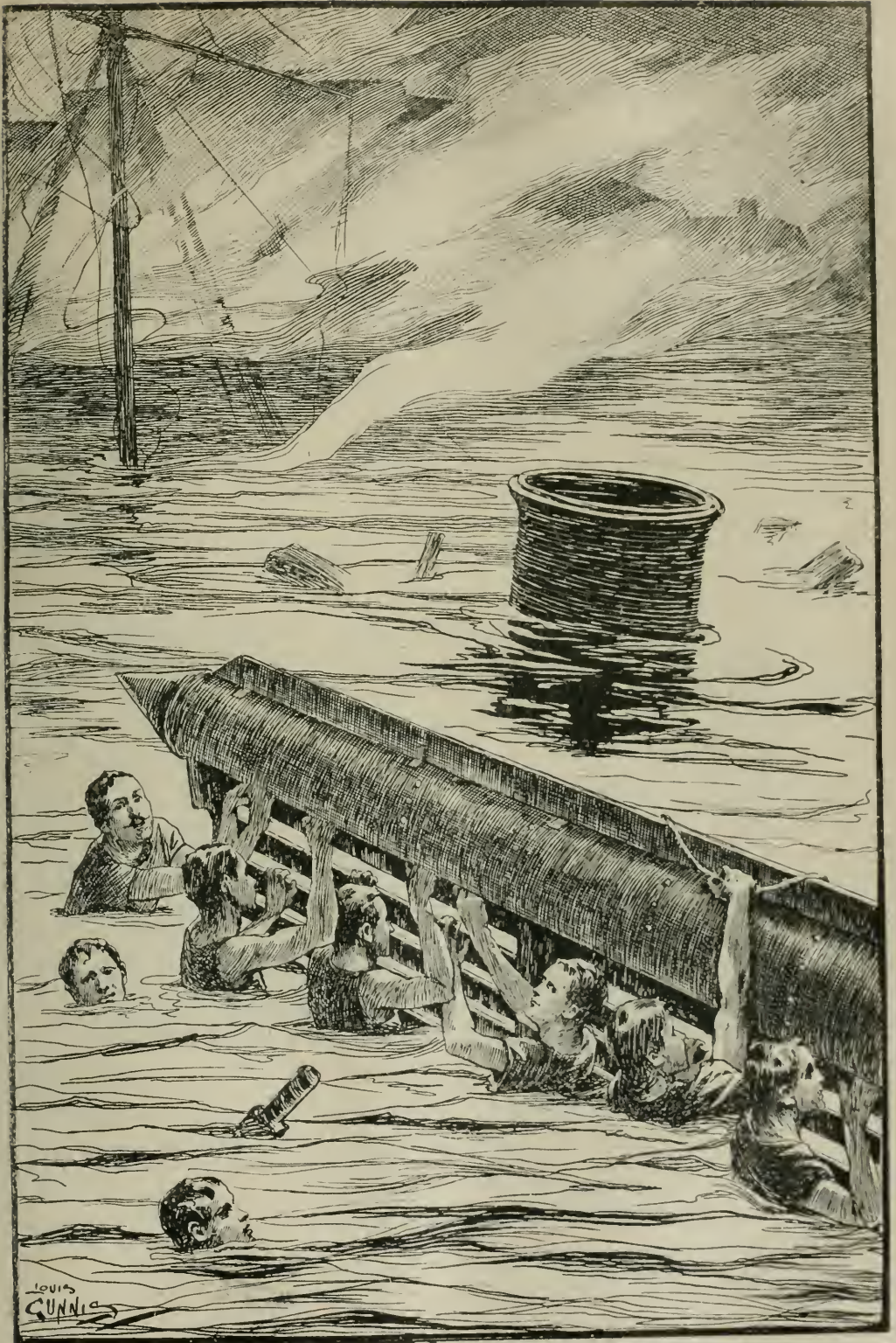
identification, no matter what happened to me, and when I pointed to it in the launch the admiral understood and seemed satisfied. The first words he said to me when he learned who I was were, '*Bienvenido sea usted*,' which means, 'You are welcome.'

Hobson and his men were taken on board of the *Reina Mercedes*, and the Spaniards in their chivalrous admiration for their bravery treated them more like comrades than prisoners. Consul Ramsden noted in his diary for the day: "The prisoners are treated well, and I know that the officer was bathing himself and getting into clothes of the first lieutenant of the *Mercedes* when a friend of mine went on board. The sailors of the *Mercedes* were feasting the other men with coffee and biscuits, while they got into clothes of the former on the deck of the *Mercedes*. In fact, although they had been doing their best to kill them before, they did not know how to do enough for them."

On board the American fleet nothing was

seven companions were prisoners in Morro Castle, and that they were all well, though two of the men were slightly wounded. Cervera wrote that he admired their courageous deed so much that he was anxious that their friends should know that they were well, and that they should have the best of treatment.

Admiral Sampson sent his thanks to his chivalrous opponent, giving Captain Oviedo some money for the prisoners, and expressing a hope that an early exchange would be arranged so as to set them at liberty. Everyone in the fleet was charmed with Cervera's courteous act, and delighted at the news that Hobson and his comrades were safe. The only unsatisfactory point in the situation was that the news had been brought by a fairly large steamer. It was therefore clear that the *Merrimac* had not completely blocked the channel where she sank. Still, it was hoped that even though there was room for a tug boat, there was not enough for a cruiser to get past the wreck, and the newspapers



THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC" AT THE ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO HARBOUR.

confidently announced that the Spanish fleet was successfully bottled up. As a plain matter of fact, the enterprise had failed. From Ramsden's diary we get a precise description of the position of the wreck. Under date of Sunday, June 12th, he writes:—"I have now ascertained that the *Merrimac* is sunk twelve fathoms, half-way between Smith Cay and Soldados Point, which latter is the one just opposite to Churruca Point, just across the entrance of Nispero Bay. Between the ship and the shoal on the Smith Cay side there are 45 metres of channel, and 35 between her and the shoal on the other side; therefore there is plenty of room for a vessel to pass on either side of her. Again, there are six fathoms of water over her bridge and round-

house or chart-room roof, and therefore blowing away her chimney and masts the channel will be clear right over her." Comparing this statement with our plan of the harbour it will be seen that the *Merrimac* went down far beyond the spot that Hobson had chosen. Even if she had been actually sunk in the narrows it is very likely that the Spaniards would have been able to clear the obstruction away with dynamite. But though Hobson's plan thus failed, his splendid daring in its execution made the sinking of the *Merrimac* one of the most notable incidents of the whole war. Even the fame of Admiral Dewey was eclipsed by that of young Lieutenant Hobson in the popular mind throughout the United States.



U.S. GUNBOAT "CASTINE."



## N.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO.—THE FIRST LANDING IN EASTERN CUBA.

ON Saturday, June 4th, there is an interesting entry in Consul Ramsden's diary referring to the night after the *Merrimac* came in. "Last night," he writes, "just as I was going to bed, heavy firing began again, and lasted until twenty minutes past eleven, when an extra heavy report was heard, more like an explosion, and after that all was still. My wife had already gone to bed, and was sleepy, and would not get up, saying there would be plenty of time when they got nearer. This time the firing was not rapid like that before daybreak, but more regular, and there were no quick-firing guns. It extended from Daiquiri to the Morro, and the localities varied between those two, backwards and forwards, and at times it seemed as if there were guns on the hills between here and the Lagunas. There were the usual cannon reports, and sometimes those of very heavy guns, and also those sharp metallic reports made by steel guns, which we had not heard on previous occasions. The latter shots were nearer to the Morro. It was a splendid moonlight night, full moon, and we supposed the firing was to cover landing parties. This morning I could get no news as to the cause of the firing, and now, though I have seen the general in command, the Military Governor and the Port Captain, I know no more about it; nor do they. They assure me that along the coast, though the flashes could be plainly seen, no shells nor shot fell on the coast. It looks to me very much as if the destroyer *Terror*, which was at Porto Rico, had been trying to get in here, and that the American fleet was pummeling her, and perhaps finished her up, but this is only my conjecture. There are nineteen ships outside. No one knows the reason of last night's firing, but they are running the story that it was an attempt to bombard the town, which most certainly it was not."

What had really happened was that the American fleet was having another great battle with imaginary torpedo boats. The *New Orleans* gave the alarm. Then the *New York* and the rest of the fleet began to see torpedo

boats, and blazed away at them. One ship claimed to have sunk a two-funnelled destroyer close under her bows. Another, the *Oregon*, claimed to have cut a destroyer in two with a 13-inch shell as she ran into Morro Castle.

A full account of the fight is to be read in at least one popular American history of the war. But the Spanish destroyers were certainly not out, and as Lieutenant Fremont, of the U.S. torpedo boat *Porter*, puts it, the fleet was firing at "caves in the shore-line, moving trains on shore, and the tops of big waves."

Next day there were some sceptics in the fleet who declared that they had all been the victims of a false alarm. They were temporarily silenced by the discovery of two bronze Whitehead torpedoes floating on the sea off the harbour mouth. The *Porter* found them and tried to pick them up. One sank; the other was safely got on board, after Ensign Gillis, serving on board the boat, had pluckily swum to the torpedo, grappled it in the rough water and, swimming beside it, unscrewed the "war-head" and made it less dangerous to handle. It was considered unsafe to leave the torpedoes afloat, even though it was risky to meddle with them, for left alone in the rough water they might have automatically exploded themselves on chance collision with one of the fleet. For a while this discovery was taken to be a proof that there had been a real night attack, but they were subsequently identified as Whitehead torpedoes discharged by the Spaniards against the *Merrimac* on the Friday morning.

Admiral Sampson had now a very powerful fleet before Santiago. He had concentrated under his flag nearly all the best fighting ships. He had with him the armoured cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, the battleships *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, the cruisers *New Orleans*, *Minneapolis*, *Detroit*, *Marblehead*, and *Nashville*, the armed liner *St. Louis*, and a number of smaller craft. The monitors and some of the gunboats were blockading Havana and Western Cuba. The *St. Paul*, *Harvard*, and *Yale* were engaged in scouting duties off Puerto

Rico and in the Atlantic. The *Columbia* was repairing after serious collision with a merchant steamer. Sampson might at any moment have to detach part of his force for other operations, for there were persistent rumours that the second Spanish fleet under Admiral Camara had either left or was on the point of leaving Cadiz. This squadron was to be made up of the battleship *Pelayo*, the armoured cruisers *Emperador Carlos Quinto*, *Cardinal Cisneros*, and *Principe de Asturias*, the second-class cruisers *Alfonso XIII.* and *Lepanto*, and a number of armed liners and torpedo craft. The fact, however, was that this second squadron was in a very backward state. This, however, was not fully realised in America, and the mere possibility of its appearance increased the anxiety to deal effectually and at once with Cervera.

On Sunday, June 5th, Admiral Sampson sent in a letter to the Governor of Santiago, General Linares, demanding the surrender of the city within twenty-four hours, under threat of bombardment. Linares answered proudly that he would not surrender within ten days. Accordingly Admiral Sampson prepared to bombard the forts and the harbour. He had received an intimation from Washington that a land force would be sent to enable him to capture the place, and he therefore began a series of reconnaissances with a view to selecting a point for disembarkation. If heavy siege guns could be placed on the neighbouring hills, the city and the Spanish fleet would be at their mercy, or if the forts at the entrance of the port could be silenced and demolished and the mine field destroyed, the fleet could force the passage into the harbour. The work of the fleet in the next few days was intended as a preliminary to these operations.

The weather was very bad on the Monday morning when the American fleet steamed in towards the sea forts of Santiago in two lines, cleared for action. It was oppressively hot, rain was falling, and at times the heat and wet formed a dense mist upon the sea. Of the two lines, that to the eastward, led by Admiral Sampson in person, was formed by the *New York*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *New Orleans*, and the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee*, this last largely manned by naval reserve volunteers. The western line, led by Commodore Schley, was made up of the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, and *Marblehead*. The two lines began to steam in towards the land at six a.m., forming in battle array some six miles from Morro Castle, and gradually diminish-

ing the distance till the range was less than a mile and a half. The weather was so bad that to open at long range would have been useless. The first shots were fired from the big guns of the *Iowa* at half-past seven, and the other ships then joined in, the firing being kept up heavily till ten. After that, till near three, some of the ships fired an occasional shot, but the main bombardment may be said to have lasted less than three hours.

The western squadron fired on Socapa and Morro, avoiding as far as possible the old tower of the fortress where Hobson was believed to be in prison. It also sent shells over the hills into the harbour. The eastern squadron attacked an earthwork battery recently constructed near Aguadores, a small town to the east of Morro. It also bombarded the light railway that runs along the coast on this side, and sent a shower of shells here and there into the country between Santiago and the sea. The Admiral's report on the day's work claimed a complete success. This was his telegraphic despatch to Washington:—

“ June 7, 1898.

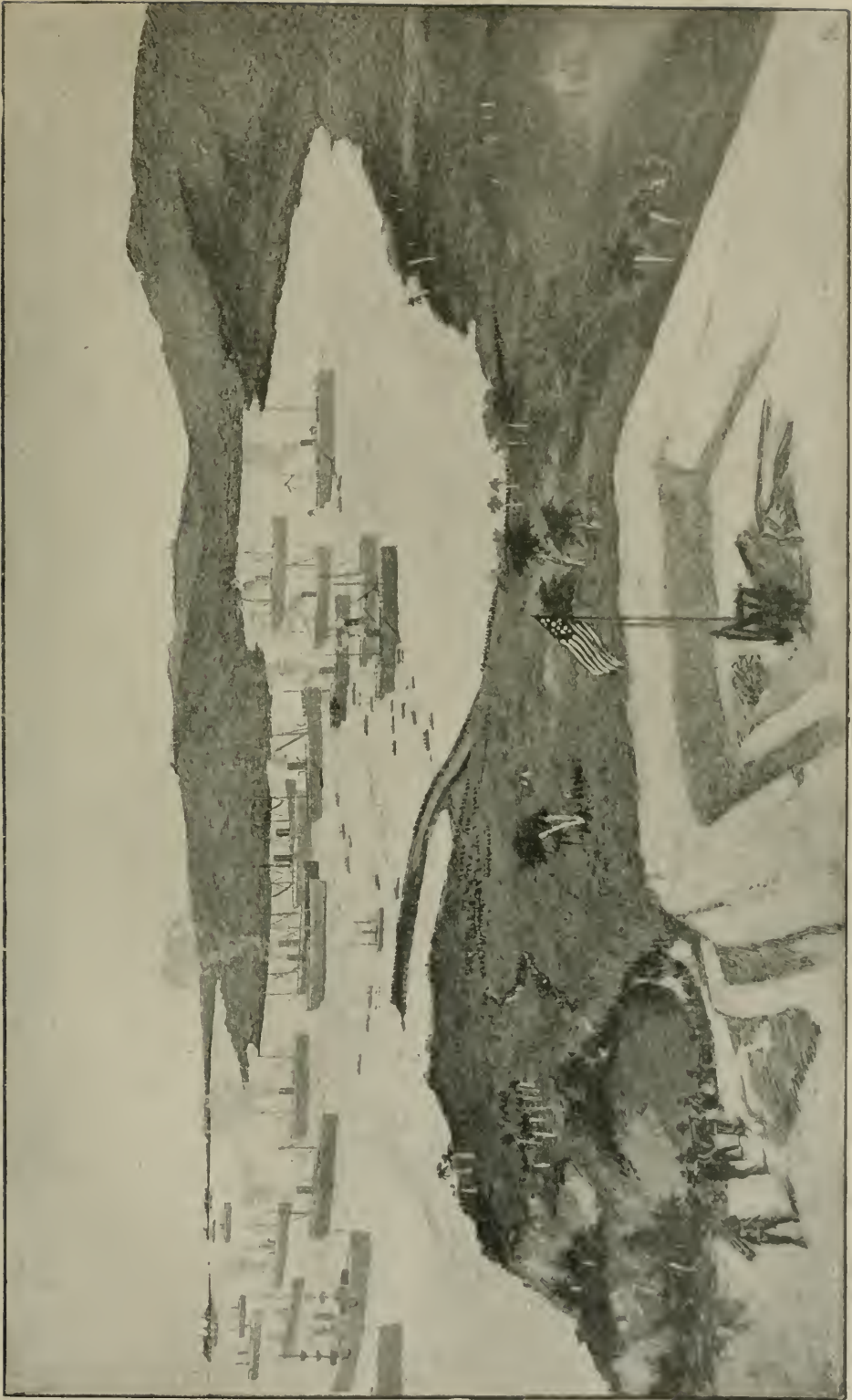
“ Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

“ Bombarded forts at Santiago de Cuba half-past seven to ten a.m., June 6. Have silenced works quickly, without injury of any kind, though within 2,000 yards.

“ SAMPSON.”

The newspaper reports enlarged on this. According to them, “ Santiago had been shelled into silence,” and its sea forts were utterly wrecked.

Without having the least desire to depreciate the exploits of the United States, it is well to try to estimate these bombardments at their true value and see both sides of the case. For sooner or later some of our own coast towns may have to face the threat of bombardment, and it is well that undue panic should be obviated by definite knowledge of what is likely to happen in such a case. It may be safely asserted that this great bombardment of the Santiago forts was absolutely without results. The despatch of General Linares, in which he reported to Madrid that the damage done was unimportant, was ridiculed at the time, but it is completely confirmed by the independent testimony of Consul Ramsden. In the first place the Spanish batteries were not silenced for the simple reason that they never made any serious attempt to return the fire. Ramsden noted in his diary on the 9th:—“ The news telegrams say that Sampson reports having silenced the forts here. As a



GENERAL SHAFTE'S ARMY LANDING AT DAIQUIRI.

matter of fact, he did not even dismount a gun, and the Socapa battery fired twenty-seven shots, and that of Punta Gorda three. They did not fire more because between the heavy rain and the smoke from the tremendous fire of the Americans they could not see; and I myself happened to see the three shots fired from the Punta Gorda battery, two of which were towards the end, and the third was the last shot fired, as I remarked at the time."

No wonder there were no casualties in the American fleet. The only ship hit was the *Massachusetts*, which had one of her fighting-tops damaged. The two squadrons were in action against batteries which attempted no reply. Even if they had answered there were only three modern long-range guns on the whole sea front of Santiago. The fleet therefore had no opposition to overcome. It fired at least 1,500 heavy shells, perhaps twice that number. The fire was at times terrific in its intensity. Mr. Ramsden notes how his wife asked him "what the sound like a railway moving in the air was, and was considerably surprised to find it proceeded from the shells flying about." Hobson watched the bombardment from his window in the Morro tower, and tells how furious the fire was. "Each shell," he says, "sang a different tune. The smaller shells moaned and screeched as they passed, but the 13-inch shells (each weighing nearly half a ton) left a sound behind them like that of the sudden and continued smashing of a huge pane of glass. The crackling was sharp and metallic, something like sharp thunder without the roar, and the sound continued, but decreased after the shell had gone. In many instances the shells struck projecting points of rock, and ricocheting, spun end over end across the hills. The sound they made as they struck again and again was like the short sharp puffs of a locomotive starting with a heavy train." No wonder there was something like a panic among the civil population of the city; but for all that, the troops and the volunteers turned out promptly when the rumour came that the Americans were trying to land to the eastward. And now as to the actual damage done by this heavy fire. Several shells fell in the bay, but the only ship hit was the *Reina Mercedes*. Six were killed and seventeen wounded on board of her. One of the fatally injured was Lieutenant Acosta, who had taken care of Hobson when he was brought on board a few days before. A shell took off his right leg, but he bravely continued to give orders as to the removal and care of the other wounded

till he died. Hobson was much affected when told of his gallant and chivalrous adversary's death. Three times the shells set the *Mercedes* on fire, but the flames were promptly extinguished. Two officers were killed and four men wounded at the Morro barracks, the total loss of the troops being three killed and eighteen wounded. Some houses near Morro and Socapa and on Smith Cay were damaged, an iron bridge on the coast line was injured, and in places rails and sleepers were broken, and the road bed torn up by the shells. The ground beyond the line for a couple of miles inland was strewn in places with the fragments of shells, chiefly six- and eight-inch projectiles. Altogether it was a small result for such an expenditure of ammunition, and affords a striking proof of the uncertainty of bombardments even by skilled gunners with modern weapons, and without having to face any return fire.

The rumour current in Santiago during the bombardment that the Americans were trying to land was well founded, though the descent was made not near the city, but seventeen miles away to the eastward at Daiquiri or Baiquiri, a seaside village between the Sierra Maestra and the shore. At Daiquiri there was a small iron pier, used in shipping minerals from the neighbouring mines, and close to the pier was a station on the coast line. The possession of the pier, the only one on the coast for miles, would be of great value to an invading army, and if the Spaniards had known their business better they would have promptly destroyed it. During the bombardment the lighter cruisers ran down to Daiquiri and opened with their quick-firers on the village, which was held by a Spanish detachment of cavalry and infantry under Colonel Aldea. At the same time a small force of insurgents appeared on the wooded slopes above the place. Aldea withdrew his men, and his report asserted that he had no casualties, and that the only men hit by the American shells were some of the Cubans who approached the village before the gunners on the ships realised that it was evacuated. As soon as Daiquiri was clear of the enemy 500 American marines were landed at the pier and joined hands with the insurgents. Aldea fell back into the hills, skirmishing at long range. The Americans held Daiquiri till next day and then re-embarked. The reasons for this retreat are not quite clear. They seem to have been that the Cubans were not so strong in the neighbourhood as had been anticipated; the marines were wanted for work





The Marines at Guantánamo

elsewhere, and the arrival of the invading army was not so near at hand as had been anticipated when the occupation of the village and pier was ordered, though the embarkation of the troops at Tampa had actually begun.

The American staff seems at this period not to have actually decided when the descent was to be made, for on the day that Daiquiri was evacuated Admiral Sampson took steps to occupy Port Guantnamo, nearly forty miles east of Santiago. At half-past five on Tuesday morning the cruiser *Marblehead*, the auxiliary cruisers *St. Louis* and *Yankee*, and two gunboats, steamed into the outer bay of Port Guantnamo, just as the sun rose over the sea. The Spaniards were evidently unprepared for the visit, and made a very small show of resistance. An old battery on the east point, at the entrance to the inner bay, and another near the town of Caimamera, fired a few shots at the large ships, failing, however, to hit them, but under the storm of shells discharged from the quick-firers in reply the gunners rapidly evacuated the batteries. On the point at the eastern side of the outer bay known as Playa del Este there was a telegraph station, into which ran the shore ends of cables connected with the Haytian submarine telegraph, and another cable ran across the bay to Caimamera, linking the cable station with the land lines to Santiago. The *Marblehead* knocked the cable hut to pieces with a couple of shells, and the gunboats grappled and cut three of the cables. This operation deprived the Spaniards at Santiago of the line by which they usually communicated with Europe. Henceforth they were only able to send messages by a round-about route through Havana, Cienfuegos, and the South American lines.

There was a small Spanish gunboat lying off Caimamera, but she took refuge in the inner bay, where report said there were a couple of colliers waiting for Cervera. No attempt was made to capture and bring them out, for it was believed that the entrance to Joa Bay was heavily mined. So far as it went the operation was a complete success, but this was only its first stage. Sampson meant to secure possession of the Playa del Este point in order to establish cable communication thence with the United States; he further wished to hold Guantnamo Bay as a shelter for his small craft in case of bad weather, and a place where he could form a coal depôt for the blockading fleet. It might also be used as a landing-place for the army, though the distance from Santiago was against this. It

had been hoped that on the appearance of the squadron the Cuban insurgents would come down in force and secure the ground on the east of the port, but they failed to put in an appearance, so the actual occupation of Playa del Este had to be deferred till the arrival of troops from the States.

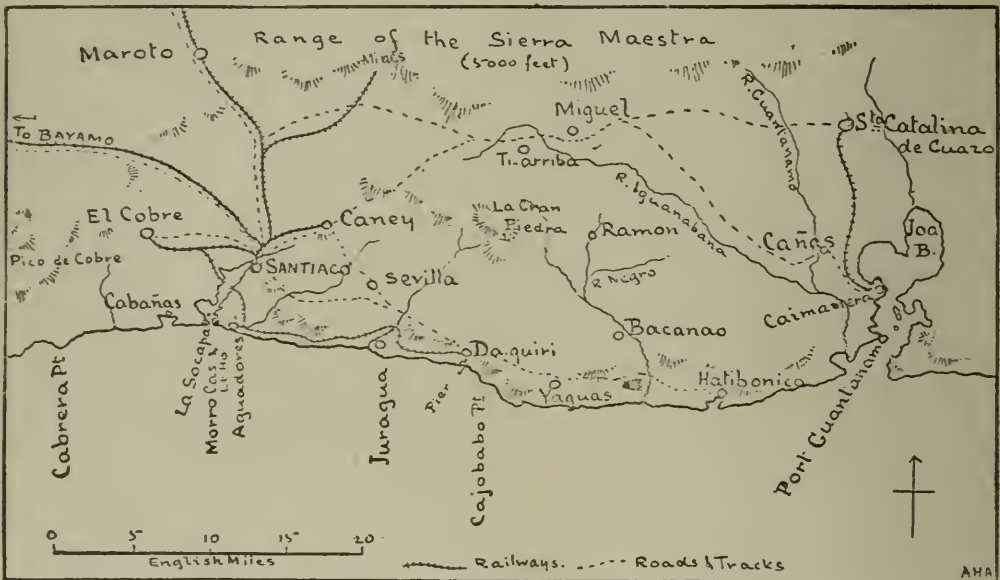
The first of these, a battalion of marines, 850 strong, under Colonel Huntington, arrived off Guantnamo on board the transport *Panther* from New York on the Friday morning. A formidable squadron had been detached from the blockading fleet to cover their landing. The *Marblehead*, the *Yankee*, and the two gunboats had been watching the port since the bombardment of Tuesday. On Thursday evening she was joined by the battleship *Oregon*, the torpedo boat *Porter*, and two colliers. Early on Friday afternoon the ships entered the outer bay, the *Oregon* leading the line. A Spanish camp and blockhouse on the shore were so hurriedly evacuated when the ships opened fire that the first landing parties found watches and other personal property in the tents, and the Spanish flag was still flying from the flagstaff. It was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes raised in its place. The Spaniards, as they abandoned Caimamera, set fire to the little town. The marines encamped on the hill near Playa del Este, and pushed out a line of pickets into the dense bush and broken ground in their front.

All was quiet during the Friday night, but about three on the following afternoon firing began in the bush. Spanish guerrillas, well armed with Mauser rifles and evidently experts in bush fighting, were stalking and driving in the pickets. As they fell back towards the ridge the fire became heavier, always from invisible foes, and bullets began to whistle into the camp. A sergeant and two men were shot dead while the pickets were retiring, and their bodies lay for awhile on the ground held by the enemy. They were recovered a little later. The Spaniards had taken their hats, boots, and cartridge belts. The shots that killed them had been fired at close quarters. At long range the bullet of the Mauser repeating-rifle makes a small clean-cut wound, but at short ranges, or if the bullet has been deformed by a ricochet, the wound is large, jagged, and gaping. The sight of such wounds was something unfamiliar to the American officers and soldiers, and they formed the hasty conclusion that the marks on the bodies of their comrades indicated brutal

mutilation after death. Admiral Sampson, without further inquiry, gave official sanction to the report. "Outpost of four marines killed and their bodies barbarously mutilated," was his cable message to Washington. Immediately there was a loud outcry against Spanish savagery. Cervera's courtesy in the affair of the *Merrimac* had led to expressions of kindly feeling towards the Spaniards. The news from Guantanamo caused a violent reaction, and might easily have led to a cry for no quarter in the Cuban war. One leading newspaper declared that, after such a deed as this, the extermination of every Spaniard in the island would be a service to

machine gun in her bows ran close in to the shore and tried to enfilade the enemy, but still the firing went on. Only that the guerillas were such bad marksmen, the marines on the hill would have lost heavily.

At sunrise on Sunday morning the *Marblehead* signalled from the bay that there was a mass of the enemy to the right of the camp, apparently regular infantry. She shelled their position and then retired. Half an hour later the battleship *Texas* arrived from before Santiago, and her captain gave timely help to the weary garrison of the camp by landing a party of his marines who had had a good night's rest. They brought



SKETCH MAP OF THE COUNTRY NEAR SANTIAGO.

humanity. A few days later, however, expert reports from the surgeons proved that the bodies had not been injured except by the Mauser bullets.

To return to the story of the skirmish. The firing went on all through the night. Surgeon Gibbs, attached to the marine battalion, was killed in the camp, but the only other casualty was one man wounded. The Spaniards kept under cover, only showing themselves once when soon after midnight they tried to rush the ridge. No one could sleep with the continually crackling fire of rifles and the whistle and patter of falling bullets, and there were endless narrow escapes. The warships turned their searchlights on the bush. The marines, lying down on the crest, fired at the flickering flashes of the Mausers; a steam launch with a

with them two Colt machine guns. These were mounted in a trench on the ridge. Colonel Huntington had decided to withdraw his camp to the slope of the hill, keeping only a firing line on the crest, as the tents on the hill formed too conspicuous a mark for the Spanish sharpshooters. The enemy kept up a desultory fire all day. It was not even stopped by the intervention of the big guns of the *Texas* and the *Marblehead*, which shelled the woods during the morning. The enemy's riflemen even replied to the artillery with their Mausers, bullets came whistling over the decks of the two ships, and the Cuban pilot of the *Marblehead* was wounded.

It was very rarely that the enemy hidden in the trees could be seen even with the keen anxious eyes and powerful field glasses and telescopes that searched the bush from the ships and





GETTING THE MULES ASHORE AT DAIQUIRI.

the camp. When they were "spotted" it was seen that they had adopted the tactics of Malcolm's army when it came to Birnam wood on the march against Macbeth :—

" Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host."

The Spaniards had cut fronds of fern and large palm leaves, and fastened them in their caps, belts and bandoliers. Thus they were unseen as they worked through the bush, and could even stealthily and quietly cross openings in it unobserved. It was the Cuban guides who first called the attention of the Americans to this ruse of forest warfare, and it was curious that often a Cuban scout with his unaided sight was able to point out the enemy's skirmishers where the officers with their field glasses had failed to distinguish them. What were the enemy's losses no one could say. All the fire from the camp was at random into the bush, and the Spaniards seemed to be very little impressed by it.

Some field pieces and a fresh party of marines were landed in the evening. The crest of the hill had been entrenched during the day, a reinforcement of sixty Cubans had come in who, it was hoped, would be useful as bush fighters, and the camp was in a better position. As soon as night fell, the Spaniards again closed in upon the front, and the flicker and crackle of their rifles went on all night. The losses of the marines were their sergeant-major killed and five men wounded. Everyone was exhausted with want of sleep. Happily, however, for the little garrison, the Spanish fire almost ceased during the Monday ; further Cuban reinforcements to the number of about 300 were ferried across the bay by the boats of the warships, and the night that followed was perfectly quiet. All except the men on outpost duty slept the deep sleep of wearied men. The Cuban scouts had by this time found the position of the Spanish camp in the bush, and on Tuesday morning it was determined to attack it. It was about four miles away at a point where there were the only wells of good water to be found for miles in the bush. In the forenoon a little column nearly 600 strong marched out from the American camp. It consisted of half a battalion of marines under Captain Elliot and Lieutenants Neville and Mahoney, and a company of Cubans under Colonels Laborde and Tomas. Ranks have a tendency to run high in Cuban armies, however small the force. Nevertheless, though the two colonels were pre-

sent the captain kept command of the united force. Shortly before midday the troops advancing through dense bush came to the top of a ridge from which the Spanish camp was sighted a little more than half a mile in front. For some time the officers had noticed frequent calls like those of a wood pigeon. They were really the signals of the Spanish scouts falling back quietly on a prepared position in front of the camp. There they suddenly opened a heavy fire from a line of trenches concealed in the deep bush. Not a man was to be seen, but the Mauser bullets came ripping through the tangle of fern, palm and cactus. The attacking force replied—the Cubans wildly, the marines with steady volleys. A signaller on the ridge opened communication with the gunboat *Dolphin*, which had been steaming along the shore inside the bay, and indicated to her the position of the Spanish camp, which she proceeded to shell very effectually. After standing the cross fire for some time the Spaniards began to give way. Their retreat was curiously enough covered—all unintentionally—by the guns of the *Dolphin*. Captain Elliot tried to signal to her that the Spaniards were going and he wanted to push on and cut them off, but it was some time before he succeeded in stopping her fire, and until he did so he could not advance on to the ground swept by her quick-firers. When at last he rushed up to the camp he surprised part of the Spanish rearguard, taking prisoners a lieutenant and eighteen men. From these it was learned that the force which had so persistently harassed the camp consisted of six companies of Spanish regulars and two companies of volunteer guerillas.

They had lost forty killed in the action ; these were found on the ground. They had carried off some wounded with them in their retreat. The loss of the victors was only six—namely, one of the marines seriously wounded, and two Cubans killed and three wounded. The camp was burned, the wells filled with stones and rubbish, and the column returned to camp. After this the attacks of the Spaniards ceased.

Such was the first fight on Cuban soil. It was a series of mere skirmishes, only important because it was the first actual experience of what the Spaniards could do on land. It increased the growing feeling that the struggle for Cuba would be long and costly, and made men pay little attention to Admiral Sampson's prediction that, within twenty-four hours of the landing of even 10,000 men, Santiago could be easily captured.

The Spaniards had been driven from their camp on the east side of the bay on the 14th of June. One of the cut cables was picked up and connected with the station behind the marine camp, and communication was established *viâ* Hayti with the United States. Further progress in the occupation of Port Guantnamo was made on the 16th, when the squadron in the bay utterly wrecked a battery beyond Caimamera which the Spaniards had occupied. In moving out from the attack the *Texas* fouled and dragged after her a self-acting torpedo, which ought to have been exploded by the contact with her side, but it was out of order, a heavy growth of barnacles having completely clogged the lever of the firing key.

During these days of anxious waiting for the arrival of the transports with the invading army Admiral Sampson's fleet before Santiago was not quite idle. The dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* had been for some time under his orders, but so far she had only been used as a despatch boat. Among naval men there was a certain amount of doubt as to how her guns would act in real warfare, notwithstanding the tests made in peace experiments, and the Admiral had till now hesitated to make use of her in his attacks on the forts. Her three guns were fixed diagonally in her deck, the muzzles projecting, the breeches and loading arrangements being under cover below. (A photograph showing the guns will be found on page 241.) Each threw a shell or "aerial torpedo" loaded with 250 pounds of guncotton. They were colossal air-guns, the range varying from 1,000 to 1,500 yards, according to the compression of the air pumped into them, and the direction or aim being given by altering the position of the ship. At such short range against good gunners there would be great risk of the dynamite gun being hit while the shell was moving through it, in which case gun and ship would be "hoist with their own petard." But the bad gunnery of the Spaniards seemed to minimise this risk, and for further safety the *Vesuvius* was first brought into action at night. On the evening of Monday, the 13th, towards midnight, he steamed in close to the harbour mouth and discharged three of her shells in the direction of the Socapa battery. The story of this first experiment with dynamite guns in war is worth telling in detail. Here is the impression of it given by one of the best of the correspondents of the fleet, the representative of the *New York Herald*—an impression apparently shared by his

colleagues, some of whom used still more picturesque language on the subject:—

"Three shells, each containing two hundred pounds of guncotton, were fired last night from the dynamite guns of the *Vesuvius* at the hill at the western entrance to Santiago Harbour, on which there is a fort. It was the first test of a dynamite cruiser in actual warfare. The frightful execution done by those three shots will be historic. Guns in that fort had not been silenced when the fleet drew off after the attack that followed the discovery of the presence of the Spanish fleet in the harbour. In the intense darkness of last night the *Vesuvius* steamed in to close range and let go one of her mysterious missiles. She was about half a mile from the beach, west of the Morro. The *Oregon's* searchlight played on her mark ashore. Lieutenant Commander Pillsbury gave the word to fire. Lieutenant Quimby opened the air vent. There was no flash, no smoke. There was no noise at first. The pneumatic guns on the little cruiser did their work silently. It was only when they felt the shock that the men on the other warships knew the *Vesuvius* was in action. The first shot exploded on the hillside below the battery. The second struck close to the Spanish position. From what I know of the position of the Spanish torpedo boats in Santiago Harbour, it seemed to me, looking from the sea, that they may have been struck. The third load of guncotton was dropped on the very crest of the hill from which a battery was being fired the other day. After her last shot the *Vesuvius* went away at a sixteen-knot gait. Two shells fell just beyond her as she was departing. A few seconds after the gun was fired there was a frightful convulsion on the land. On the hill, where the Spanish guns had withstood the missiles of the ordinary ships of war, tons of rock and soil leaped high in air. The land was smitten as by an earthquake. Terrible echoes rolled around and around through the shaken hills and mountains. Sampson's ships, far out to sea, trembled with the awful shock. Dust rose to the clouds and hid the scene of destruction. Then came a long silence; next another frightful upheaval, and following it a third—so quickly that the results of the work of the two mingled in mid-air. Another stillness, and then two shots from a Spanish battery, that, after the noise of the dynamite, sounded like the crackle of fire crackers. The *Vesuvius* had tested herself. She was found perfect as a destroyer. She proved that no fortification can withstand her terrible missiles."

Of course it was difficult to know what had occurred on shore. The fact was that, two of the shells having failed to explode, the third made a big hole in a field on the top of the Socapa headland. The gunners got a glimpse of the *Vesuvius* and blazed away at her with the very guns she was expected to destroy. The deluded Spaniards did not know that anything particular had occurred. Consul Ramsden gives the impression current in the town: "The day passed quietly," he writes, "until half-past eleven at night, when, just as I was getting into bed, shots were heard. There were only eight fired, and we went to sleep. It seems that some ship came in near, and they fired at her, and she answered." So much for the terrible destruction caused by this first eruption of the *Vesuvius*.

Before going on to tell the story of the invasion it will be well to complete the record of these occasional bombardments of Santiago by the fleet. They all point the same moral, that bombardment causes, in most cases, more noise than harm, and against brave men who remember Rudyard Kipling's rule that "noise never frightens a soldier," they are a costly and inefficient means of attack. At dawn on the day after the exploit of the *Vesuvius* the *New Orleans* signalled that the Spaniards were mounting new guns, and was given permission to stop them by shelling the batteries. She kept at it for about ten minutes, firing some 150 shots. The Socapa replied without succeeding in hitting her. Two men were wounded in the battery, and one on board a ship. Several of the shots from the cruiser were too high, and fell far up the harbour near Ratones Cay. "Nobody seemed much the worse, and people did not bother their heads much about it," is Consul Ramsden's note on the brief bombardment.

On the Wednesday evening (June 15th) the *Vesuvius* was given another chance. This time the point aimed for was the upper end of the harbour mouth near Cay Smith, where it was believed the Spanish destroyers lay. As before, two shells failed to explode, but the third was more successful. To quote the same correspondent: "From where the fleet lay the entrance to the harbour looked in the black night like a door opening into the livid fire of a Titanic furnace. A crater big enough to hold a church was blown out of the side of Cay Smith." We happen to have an interesting account of what did occur from the other side in our consul's diary. Thus it runs:—

"At night on the 15th we heard a few shots,

and one very loud one. An officer of the *Pluton* told me that a big shell, which looked like a comet as it came somewhat slowly through the air, fell near them, between Smith Cay, and then came travelling in the water by means of a screw, and burst just in front of the ship. He says that had theirs been a heavy ship it would have burst it up, but the little *Pluton*, which only draws 7½ feet, was just lifted out of the water, and everyone on board was thrown off his feet, but no one really hurt. The water round was strewn with dead fish, and the concussion was also felt by the *Mercedes*, which was behind the *Pluton*. He says it was a dynamite shell from the pneumatic gun of the *Vesuvius*."

The description of the screw-like attachment to the shell shows how carefully the Spanish officer observed it. The dynamite shells have an arrangement of the kind to steady them in their flight. It was one more experiment proving that dynamite ships are not such fearful engines of war. The American navy has accepted the adverse view and will have no more of them.

As before, the midnight eruption of the *Vesuvius* was the prelude to a bombardment at dawn. The first shots were fired just before half-past six, and the bombardment went on for a little over an hour. The ships engaged were the cruisers *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *New Orleans*, and the battleships *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*. According to press reports they fired 5,000 heavy shells, but other data point to this being an exaggeration, the real number being about 2,500.

No shots were fired at the tower of Morro Castle, because it was believed that Hobson and his comrades were still imprisoned there. They had, however, been removed some days before to one of the barracks in the city.

As usual, the Spanish fire was ill-directed and harmless, though the range was never over 3,000 yards, and all the ships engaged were large targets. The gunners could therefore fire from the American ships with little more risk than if they were engaged in shooting for prizes. The impression on board the fleet was that the batteries were seriously injured, and that some of them were utterly wrecked and disarmed. Towards the end of the hour very few shots came from the shore, but that the batteries were not actually silenced was shown by the Spaniards firing on the fleet as it withdrew, the shots falling harmlessly in its wake. There was, however, no serious damage done. The Spaniards lost

very few men, and the injuries to the batteries could be repaired in an hour. Several shells flying too high passed over the headlands and fell into the bay. Two struck the water opposite the public wharf of the city. Many more fell lower down the harbour, in the water or on the shore. One struck close to Cervera's flagship, as she lay at her moorings near Ratones Cay, and sent up a fountain of water as high as her mast. At the Morro batteries one man was killed and six wounded; at the Socapa three were killed and four wounded. In all, there were fourteen casualties. Such is Ramsden's record of the day. One of the men killed at Socapa was hit fairly by the exploding shell, and only half his body could be found. One of the guns in the battery was completely buried by the mass of earth blown from the rampart by an exploding shell.

Altogether the bombardment had proved as ineffectual as its predecessors. These results seem to suggest that even a first-class modern fleet would have a very rough experience if pitted against well-constructed forts armed with numerous heavy guns and served by well-trained gunners. The Spanish forts at Santiago were partly edifices of antiquarian interest, partly hastily improvised earthworks. They were manned by ill-trained artilleryists, who had evidently had very little peace practice. But it is only fair to add that these Spanish gunners had to work with, for the most part, old-fashioned weapons, of short range and of no great accuracy, even in the best of hands. Sampson had an idea that he had to deal with a formidable array of heavy guns of modern date. We know now, after the event, what the armament of the sea front of Santiago was. Most of the guns at the Morro batteries were old and inefficient pieces, only fit for an artillery museum or a saluting battery. There were among them a few small Krupps, with an effective range of under 2,000 yards, and useless against armour. The guns at Estrella and Santa Catalina were of the same type. At Punta Gorda, in a new earthwork, there were three mortars with a range of 800 yards, intended to prevent the forcing of the channel, and one long-range Hontoria gun of six-inch calibre, taken from the *Mercedes*. At the Socapa there were in the upper battery some old guns, and two more six-inch Hontorias. In another battery, lower down the slope, there were some light modern quick-firers. These were mounted chiefly to protect the submarine mines in the entrance. The only

really formidable guns on the whole front were the three Hontorias. These were all that had even a chance of seriously injuring the opposing fleet. The other guns were only used to play a game of bluff, and to make the attacking force believe that they were facing strongly armed batteries.

Nor was the torpedo defence of Santiago much more formidable than that by artillery. There were two lines of submarine mines at the entrance. One of seven mines ran from Socapa to the Estrella battery. It was protected by the battery of light quick-firers at Socapa, but the cables ran into Estrella, and the firing keys were there. Two, perhaps three, of these mines were exploded the night the *Merrimac* ran in, so that there must have been a serious gap in this outer line. The inner line of six mines ran from Socapa to Cay Smith, and the *Reina Mercedes* was for awhile moored just behind it, with her torpedo tubes pointed across the channel, so as to have a shot with them at anything that came round Socapa Point. After the performances of the *Vesuvius* it was considered dangerous to keep such a heavy ship so near the harbour mouth, and she was taken further up the bay. There were no torpedoes in the channel between Cay Smith and Punta Gorda. It was blocked by a chain. It would not have been a difficult matter for the Americans to destroy this very imperfect mine field. When the *Merrimac* ran in, the Spaniards suspected that she was towing a cable with a string of counter-mines behind her, and were surprised that no explosions followed in the channel. It was hoped that the shells of the *Vesuvius* would destroy some of the mines, but it is not certain that any of them were damaged in this way. The channel was supposed to be full of them, but there were never more than thirteen mines in position, just as there were never more than three armour-piercing guns in the batteries.

It is curious that Admiral Sampson did not discover this state of things. It is still more curious that, having in his own estimation repeatedly silenced the batteries and found by actual experience that they always failed to damage his ships, he did not risk some of his vessels in the attempt to force the entrance. With his enormous superiority of force he could have afforded to take some risks. But he took none, although the experience of the *Merrimac* attempt had shown that a large ship could run the gauntlet of the batteries. His lack of

enterprise it was that necessitated a costly and dangerous land campaign. But for his call for the land forces to help him to destroy Cervera's fleet or force it out of its stronghold, the advice of General Miles would have been taken and the invasion of Cuba deferred until the proper season for land operations.

There was another defect, and a still more serious one, in the defensive resources of Santiago of which the American commanders were not aware. If they had known of it, the fact would have materially influenced their plans and perhaps spared them the land expedition in the sickly rainy season. Santiago had from the first possessed no large store of provisions. It was now rapidly approaching a state of famine. On

more than once in the American fleet at night and the anxious strain caused by the presence of his torpedo destroyers in the port, he ought to have made some real use of them. Every night the blockading fleet kept its searchlights playing on the entrance to the bay, watching for a possible sortie of his cruisers. A sailor with a little more dash would have sent out his torpedo boats to throw the fleet into confusion, and while the searchlights were seeking for those wasps of the sea, he would have dashed out with his cruisers and swept through the hostile fleet, with all his guns ablaze. If he got through he might hope to shake off all but the swiftest of the enemy in a few hours' steaming, and then he might try the chance of battle with the foremost



IN THE U.S. CAMP: FIELD TELEPHONING.

the day of the third bombardment meat was at eighty cents a pound, and unless one went early to market there was none at any price. Flour had run short, and was being eked out with rice. Vegetables were scarcely to be had. The blockade alone would before very long starve the Spanish squadron into venturing to sea and force even the weak garrison of the city to evacuate the place. It was reported in the American newspapers that Santiago was provisioned for a year. If it had been, the result of the summer campaign might have been different.

But it must also be said that Cervera's lack of initiative was something far worse than Sampson's. He ought to have made use of his stay at Santiago to clean up his ships and get their machinery into good order. It was not beyond the resources of his engineers to get the Hontoria guns, which were left on the *Mercedes*, fitted in the barbettes of the *Colon*. Considering the wild excitement that false alarms had caused

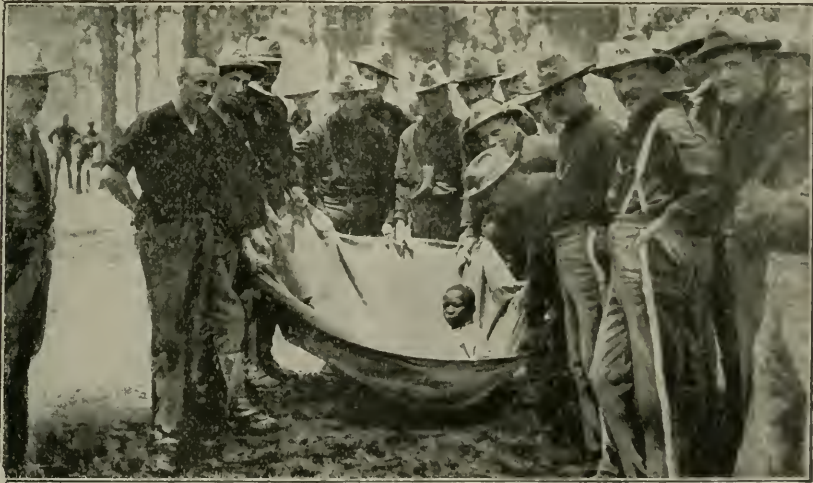
of his pursuers. Such a plan might have ended in disaster, but it could not be worse disaster than awaited him. But if he had been the man to play this bold game, he would never have shut himself up in the first instance behind the headlands of Santiago Bay.

While General Linares and Admiral Cervera were preparing to hold Santiago against the American fleet and army, Marshal Blanco was making much more elaborate preparations for the defence of Havana, and he had more abundant resources at his disposal for this purpose. As soon as the war began he had withdrawn most of the outlying garrisons from the interior of the province, and was thus able to concentrate some 50,000 men in and around the capital. Many of these were employed with the help of civilian labour in surrounding the city on the land side with a strong girdle of earthworks, shelter trenches and wire entanglements.

Although there were persistent reports of disorders in the city, it is certain that Blanco found not the least difficulty in preserving order. The cafés and theatres were open, and the place did not present the aspect of a city blockaded by a hostile squadron and threatened with a siege at an early date. Although some supplies ran short, the city never felt anything like scarcity. The blockade was to a great extent relaxed as soon as Cervera's fleet appeared in the West Indies, the few ships that watched the harbour lying far out to sea, and being deprived of the help of the torpedo boats. On the few occasions when the blockading cruisers came in close the gunners on the sea front, especially those at the Reina battery, shot so well as to impress the enemy with the idea that it was an-unnecessarily risky performance. The inefficiency of the blockade resulted in its being at least once broken by a large steamer with a valuable cargo of provisions. But the regular source of supplies for Havana came from another quarter. Blanco

kept open communications across the island with the small harbour of Batabano on the south coast. The American fleet never effectually blockaded this part of Cuba. The deep bay behind the Isle of Pines, fringed as it is with outlying barriers of coral reefs, would have required a whole flotilla of gunboats to watch it, and the Spaniards ran in cargo after cargo of provisions, the steamers that brought them coming, some from Kingston, Jamaica, and some from the South American ports. Batabano was thus nearly to the end of the war the open back door of Havana.

But by thus concentrating his best troops and most of his supplies in the capital, Blanco had abandoned Eastern Cuba under General Pando to its own resources. Cervera had drawn the first brunt of the American attack upon Santiago. Under its batteries the fate of Cuba was decided, and the defences so carefully prepared at Havana and the large army assembled within its walls counted for nothing in the final trial of strength.



IN CAMP: TOSSING JERRY, THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF U.S. ARTILLERY ENCAMPMENT.

#### XI.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION OF EASTERN CUBA.

FOR weeks, in hot, dusty Tampa, the vanguard of the army destined for the invasion of Cuba had been waiting in its far extended camps, many of the men getting their first taste of tropical life as they drilled on the sun-baked sand, or rested in their tents among the palmetto trees. There was a crowd of correspondents and staff officers at the big hotel. It was now out of the season, for Tampa is like our European Riviera, a winter resort for those who can afford to take refuge from the northern frost in the sunny south. The war had brought a new kind of visitor to Tampa, and given it an unexpected summer season. Down the bay the fleet of transports was slowly growing, and a small army of ships' carpenters were fitting them for the troops. By the railway sidings and near the long pier stores of all kinds were being piled up in miniature mountain ranges.

Rumour was busy with tales of speedy departure. From the very first, men talked of the expedition as certain to sail next week, but time went by, and the only expeditions that sailed were those that conveyed small parties from the camp of Cuban refugees. There were good reasons for the prolonged delay. In the first place neither the army nor the necessary transports were ready. In the second, General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, was from the first opposed to an early invasion of Cuba. He held that to send troops in any

number to the island before the end of the rainy season would be to incur certain loss of life on a large scale, and to risk possible disaster. General Alger, the Secretary for War, was unfortunately a politician who in the old days of the Civil War had had reason to look on Miles in anything but a friendly light. Alger had really no large experience or knowledge of military matters, and for all that was very self-opinionated. He held that invasion at an early date was possible, and following the popular cry for speedy action he ordered at the very outset the concentration of troops at Tampa, despite the protests of General Miles.

Nor were these the only differences between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary for War. Alger planned the large training camps for the volunteers at Chickamauga and elsewhere. Miles proposed that instead they should be kept for two months' training in small regimental camps in their own native states. The other policy he held to be a dangerous mistake. To quote his own words in his official report on the war, we find him saying :—

“Congregating tens of thousands of men, many of whom were not uniformed, and scarcely any properly equipped, in great camps, away from their states, rendered it difficult for them to be properly supplied with food, cooking utensils, camp equipage, blankets, tentage, medical supplies, etc., and was to a great extent the cause, in my judgment, of the debilitating effect upon the health and strength of the men,



who were otherwise in good physical condition. The material necessary to clothe and equip large armies was not even manufactured at that time, and the consequent condition of the troops for weeks and months was injurious to the command in many ways."

The necessity of sending a land force to co-operate with Dewey in the reduction of Manila had led to some of the troops originally ordered to the Atlantic seaboard being diverted to the Philippines. The story of this expedition will be told in a later chapter. Suffice it to say here that this unexpected demand on the military forces of the United States, and the signs of a more determined resistance on the part of the Spaniards in Cuba than had been originally anticipated, led the President on May 23rd to supplement his original call for 125,000 volunteers by a second call for 75,000, making the total 200,000. The army, regular and volunteer, had been grouped in seven army corps and a cavalry division, though as yet this organisation to some extent existed only on paper. The corps, with their commanders and headquarters, were the following :—

<i>Corps.</i>	<i>General.</i>	<i>Headquarters.</i>
1st Corps...	John R. Brooke .....	Atlanta, Georgia.
2nd "	William N. Graham...	Camp Alger, Virginia.
3rd "	James F. Wade.....	Chickamauga, Georgia.
4th "	John J. Coppinger ...	Mobile, Alabama.
5th "	William R. Shafter ...	Tampa, Florida.
6th "	James H. Wilson .....	Chickamauga, Georgia.
7th "	Fitzhugh Lee .....	Tampa, Florida.
Cavalry } Division }	Joseph H. Wheeler ...	" "

Brooke was a volunteer of the Civil War period, transferred to the regular army at its close, and was in command of the Department of the Missouri, with his headquarters at Chicago, when war was declared against Spain. Graham, who had been in command of Texas, had also begun his career as an officer of volunteers; Wade, who held the command of the Department of the Dakota, had a similar record. Coppinger received his first commission in an Irish militia regiment; he fought as an officer of the Papal army in the campaign of 1860, and then crossed the Atlantic and fought his way to the rank of general in the Federal army. He was in command of the Department of the Platte when the war with Spain began.

Shafter, who gave up the command of the Department of California to assume that of the 5th Corps, was also one of the volunteers of the Civil War. He had worked on a farm

till the day when, at the age of twenty-five, he enlisted in one of the Michigan regiments. He received his first commission as lieutenant in 1861. He was promoted to the rank of colonel for his brilliant conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks. After the war he served with distinction as colonel of the 24th Infantry in the Indian campaigns of the Mexican border. In May, 1897, he was promoted brigadier-general, and given the Californian command. Wilson was a regular officer, a graduate of West Point. Lee and Wheeler's careers have already been referred to in a previous chapter.

Havana was to be attacked by over 100,000 men in the autumn, but no such force was ready when at the end of May it was decided that Admiral Sampson could not secure the surrender of Santiago and Cervera's squadron without the co-operation of a land army. It was decided to send one army corps and a cavalry division to Eastern Cuba. The 5th Corps was the only one really ready, and it was made up almost entirely of regular troops. When the order for embarkation arrived in the first week of June its organisation and numbers were as follows :—

*First Division.*—Brig.-Gen. J. F. Kent commanding.

1st Brigade.	
6th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
16th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
71st Regiment, New York Volunteers	1,000
2nd Brigade.—Gen. J. C. Bates commanding.	
2nd Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
10th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
21st Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
3rd Brigade.	
9th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
13th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
24th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

*Second Division.*—Gen. H. W. Lawton commanding.

1st Brigade.—Gen. J. J. Van Horn.	
8th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
22nd Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
2nd Massachusetts Volunteers	1,000
2nd Brigade.	
1st Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
4th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
25th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
3rd Brigade.—Gen. A. R. Chaffee.	
7th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
12th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
17th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

*Third Division.*

1st Brigade.—Gen. H. S. Hawkins commanding.	
3rd Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
20th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

*Cavalry Division.*—Major-Gen. Joseph Wheeler commanding, with Gen. S. B. M. Young attached. The force is dismounted.

1st U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	. . . . .	400
3rd U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	. . . . .	400
6th U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	. . . . .	400
9th U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	. . . . .	400
10th U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	. . . . .	400
1st U.S. Volunteer Cavalry	. . . . .	400

*Artillery.*

Batteries E and K 1st Light Artillery, U.S.A.	. . . . .	150
Batteries A and F 2nd Light Artillery, U.S.A.	. . . . .	150
Batteries G and H 4th Heavy Artillery, U.S.A.	. . . . .	150

*Engineers.*—Gen. William Ludlow commanding.

Companies C and E of the battalion of Engineers, U.S.A.	. . . . .	200
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The same difficulty led to the artillery going to Cuba very short of horses, and this deficiency had very serious consequences.

It is very hard to understand why this deficiency of transport ever existed. The invasion of Cuba had been from the first regarded as likely to be the chief operation of the war; the government had unlimited credit, and had purchased for use as auxiliary cruisers a number of steamers at home and abroad; there was nothing to prevent further purchases, and the equipment of the ships was a mere matter of issuing orders and accepting contracts. Yet by the end of May there were only thirty-five transports assembled



FORTIFIED HOUSE ON THE TROCHA, CUBA.

This gives a strength of 23,000 men, with thirty-six guns. There were subsequently added to the 5th Corps during the operations a brigade under General Duffield, made up of two regiments of Michigan Volunteers, the 33rd and 34th, with the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers, each of the three regiments being 1,000 strong. This made the total force assigned to General Shafter 26,000.

But there were not transports available to embark at one time more than 16,000 men, and even this could only be done by leaving most of the horses behind at Tampa; so that General Wheeler's cavalry division had to take the field as infantry, and even the 1st U.S. Volunteer Cavalry, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, most of whom were specially recruited for their cow-boy skill in horsemanship, had to tramp on foot.

at Tampa, and some of the armed cruisers had to be detailed for the work.

In the first days of June the transports at Tampa were loaded up with stores, guns, waggons, mules, and other impedimenta of the invading army. This work was, however, carried out in very amateur fashion. Some of the newly-appointed commissaries who superintended it arranged the cargoes as if they were made up of mere merchandise that could be quietly sorted out and collected on the quays and in the warehouses of some peaceful port. The stores and equipment of an army have to be packed away so that what is first wanted goes in last and comes out first, and so that, when the moment for action arrives, something of everything needed may be at hand, not an enormous supply of one commodity and little or nothing of another that

is equally important. This simple principle had not been grasped by the amateur staff officers at Tampa quay, with the result that some of the batteries had their necessary equipment divided in odd lots between two or even three ships.

On Monday, June 6th, the troops began to go on board, and on the following day the first detachment put out to sea without waiting for the

spatched to bring them back. She overtook them all in the course of the evening and the following morning. They had not kept together, and one of them, the liner *City of Washington*, had made such good speed that she was already in sight of the north coast of Cuba when the *Castine* overtook and signalled her back.

During the following days the embarkation



SPANISH FORT AND WATCH-TOWER NEAR MARIANAS, CUBA.

whole force to be embarked. Before evening there came by telegraph from Washington peremptory orders to recall the transports. Information had reached the government that steamers with fighting-tops and the general appearance of Spanish cruisers had been seen off the Atlantic coast. The information was vague and unverified, but it was felt that no risks were to be run of the transports being caught at sea by some daring Spanish raider. They were to get back to Tampa till the news could be investigated. So the cruiser *Castine* was de-

went quietly on. These were the anxious days during which Sampson was vainly expecting the transports, and the American marines were holding doggedly on to the ground they had occupied on the shores of Guantanamo Bay. By the 10th of June 16,000 men had been embarked, the transports were filled up, and it was understood that the rest of the expeditionary force would be taken on a second trip. Still, the orders to sail were withheld, for the phantom fleet of Spanish cruisers was reported as hovering somewhere in the North Atlantic. All the while the

only Spanish fleet that was free for such an enterprise was completing its equipment and engaging in occasional target practice at Cadiz. But it was remembered that when Cervera was reported to be at Cadiz he had suddenly appeared in the West Indies, and it was feared that his colleague Camara might play the same trick with the second squadron.

It was not till late on Sunday, June 12th, that the authorities at Washington felt that it was safe to give the order for the fleet of transports to sail. The horses and mules had been brought ashore, as they were getting out of condition on board the steamers, and Monday was taken up with re-embarking them. On Tuesday, the 14th, the transports steamed out to sea, quietly, and without any demonstration on shore. Some fifty correspondents of American and European newspapers were distributed throughout the fleet, and on board the transport *Segurança*, which conveyed the staff, there were a number of officers of foreign armies and navies deputed by their governments to follow and report upon the operations. Great Britain was represented by Captain Lee of the Canadian army.

The first destination of the transports was Key West, where they were to be joined by a powerful squadron of fighting ships destined to serve as their escort during the voyage to Eastern Cuba. The squadron had for its flagship the battleship *Indiana*, commanded by Captain Taylor, who acted as commodore of the expedition. He had with him five cruisers, six armed liners, and three torpedo boats. These with the transports formed a fleet of just fifty ships, most of them large steamers. But some of them were deficient in engine power, and as throughout the rule was kept of running no risks, the whole armada had to keep together, so that the speed of all had to conform to that of the slowest tramp steamers in this new armada.

On getting out to sea from Key West the transports were formed in three lines, a little more than half a mile apart, with three cables, or six hundred yards, between each transport. The *Indiana* led the way with the swiftest cruisers scouting out ahead, and on either quarter. The torpedo boats acted as messengers. At night the transports were ordered to cover all lights, only carrying a shaded light astern to enable the next ship to follow and keep her station. The warships kept their electric searchlights at work, special attention being paid to the sea in the direction of Cuba, lest some Spanish torpedo

craft might raid the fleet under the cover of darkness.

The course lay along the north coast of Cuba through the channel between the island and the Great Bahama Banks, and then by the Windward Passage to Santiago. The weather was fine, with light breezes and a smooth sea, which was fortunate for the troops packed in the transports. The voyage, even with these favourable conditions, lasted a week. It was intensely hot, and after their long stay at Tampa the men were not in the best of condition for such an experience. Typhoid broke out on board of some of the ships, and measles on one transport. But there were not very many cases. The four-footed voyagers suffered more than the men. A large number of mules and horses died on the way. At first the voyage was a novel and welcome experience to the troops, but this feeling soon gave way to impatience for the moment of disembarkation, and all were delighted when at last on June 20th the transport fleet joined Sampson's squadron in the waters of Santiago.

The sailors on the warships cheered as the long procession of transports passed the flagship; and Admiral Sampson went on board the *Segurança* to make final arrangements for the landing with General Shafter.

The Spaniards in Santiago had marked the arrival of the new fleet, and rightly judged that the crisis of the war was approaching. "Yesterday," wrote Consul Ramsden in his diary on the 20th, "there were seventeen ships. This morning there were twenty-one at daybreak, and at eleven o'clock thirty-nine more appeared, making sixty vessels of all kinds. This looks like business, and now there is no doubt that they mean to land and take the place."

Santiago was in no condition to make a prolonged resistance. The situation as to supplies is thus described by Ramsden under date of June 18th, two days before the transports arrived:—

"People are now beginning to die in the streets of hunger, and the misery is frightful in spite of so many having gone to the woods. There is no bread, and, what is worse, there are no plantains or sweet potatoes, nor yams, and, of course, no foreign potatoes. There is plenty of rice, owing to the fortunate chance of the *Polaria* having been obliged to leave here her Havana cargo. Were it not for that, the troops must starve. This latter is what the civilians will have to do, because, of course, there will be no giving in as long as the troops have

something to eat. There are, no onions, red beans, lard, pork, or anything that comes from abroad, except the *Polaria's* rice and barley (this latter intended for the beer manufactory in Havana). Orders have been issued not to give any maize to horses or pigs, but to keep it for the people. The military in command at San Luis Cristo and other country places will allow nothing to go into town, as they want to keep it all for themselves. The streets are full of beggars going round begging for what formerly was given to the pigs, but now there is nothing over for the pigs."

The land front of the town had been covered with an improvised line of defences consisting of shelter trenches and blockhouses with barbed wire entanglements in front. Small forts and blockhouses on some of the neighbouring hills formed outposts for the city, and as a second and inner line of resistance, barricades were begun in the streets of the suburbs. A number of the lighter guns from the fleet were mounted outside the town, and some of Cervera's seamen gunners were landed to work them. The force which General Linares had in or near the city to man the sea forts and the land defences, or to resist the American advance in the open, consisted of nominally 11,690 regular troops. The following list gives their organisation and numbers, on the assumption that all the battalions, batteries and squadrons were up to their full war strength:—

*Santiago Division.*—Gen. Linares commanding; headquarters, Santiago de Cuba.

1st Brigade—Gen. Vara del Rey.

Batn. Constitucion, No. 9 . . . . .	800
Batn. Escuadras, Santa Catalina . . . . .	800
Batn. Toledo, No. 35 . . . . .	800
Batn. Asia, No. 55 . . . . .	800
Batn. Cuba, 2nd, No. 38 . . . . .	800

2nd Brigade—Gen. Toral.

1st Batn. Simancas, No. 4 . . . . .	800
2nd Batn. Simancas . . . . .	800
Batn. Principe, No. 5 . . . . .	800
Batn. Talavera, Peninsula, No. 4 . . . . .	800
Batn. Leon, No. 38 . . . . .	800

Attached to Division.

Batn. Cordoba, No. 10 . . . . .	800
Batn. Puerto Rico, Provisional No. 3 . . . . .	800
Batn. San Fernando, No. 11 . . . . .	800
3 Squadrons, Regiment del Rey . . . . .	225
6th Battery, 4th Mountain Artillery . . . . .	100
1st Transport Company . . . . .	100
8th Transport Company . . . . .	100
1st Squadron Guardia Civil . . . . .	75

Three Companies, Sappers and Miners . . . . .	300
1st Section, 1st Company, Telegraph Batn. . . . .	50
5th Company, Telegraph Batn. . . . .	100

These numbers would give a total of 10,400 infantry, 300 cavalry and mounted gendarmes, and 550 artillery and engineers. The gunners had been reinforced from the fleet, and there were also some volunteers in the town. But none of the battalions were at anything like full strength, and it is certain that the total available force was nearer 7,000 regulars than the official figure. There were other bodies of troops at Holguin, Manzanillo and Bayamo, from which reinforcements might be drawn, but the practical difficulty in the way was that it was already hard enough to find food for the existing garrison, and every fresh battalion that marched in would aggravate the anxieties of the situation. It was therefore under the most unfavourable conditions that Linares awaited the attack of the invaders.

General Shafter had on board his transports 803 officers and 14,935 men. Some 10,000 more were available as reinforcements as soon as the transports could go back for them. The questions to be decided were the precise point of landing and the arrangements to be made for co-operation with the Cuban insurgent forces, under General Garcia, who were in the neighbourhood, but who as yet had shown little active sign of their presence.

A conference was arranged with the Cuban general on Tuesday, the 21st, at the little village of Aserraderos, on the coast, about twelve miles to the westward of Santiago. Admiral Sampson, accompanied by his chief of the staff, Lieutenant Staunton, went on board the *Segurança*, and the transport, escorted by the cruiser *Marblehead*, steamed for Aserraderos. The general and admiral, with a number of their officers, were taken ashore in a steam launch, and at the landing-place they were met by a ragged escort of Garcia's Cubans. The party went up by a footway to the top of the cliff, where a temporary bivouac had been formed by some hundreds of the insurgents under their veteran leader. Mr. Richard Harding Davis gives a vivid impression of the scene in the description which he noted while the conference was in progress between the admirals and the two generals:—"It is," he writes, "a historical moment in the history of Cuba and of America, for General Garcia, General Shafter and Admiral Sampson have met for the first time. They are

grouped together, under a sun so hot that it burns the eyes, on a high cliff overlooking a magnificent valley of royal palms, which meets motionless a blue sea broken only by lines of white breakers on the shore, and which further out is broken again by the slow-moving hulls of thirty transports and thirty ships of war.

"The three commanders are seated on boxes under the palm-leaf roof of an open hut. One of them has a blue print map on his knees, and before they roll it up again the attack on Santiago will be decided upon and her fate

Miley, and Admiral Sampson. Colonel Goetzen, the German attaché, in spotless white, and a Cuban officer in a linen blouse and with bare feet, are talking in signs, and with them is Captain Lee, the British attaché, booted and spurred, with field glasses, helmet, and immaculate kharki. Captain Stewart Brice, in the uniform of the volunteer army—a blue jacket with breeches rolled above the knee—and a group of ensigns from the warship, act as a background to the principal actors, and still further back of them are the Cuban soldiers, squatting



CUBAN GENERALS AND STAFF.

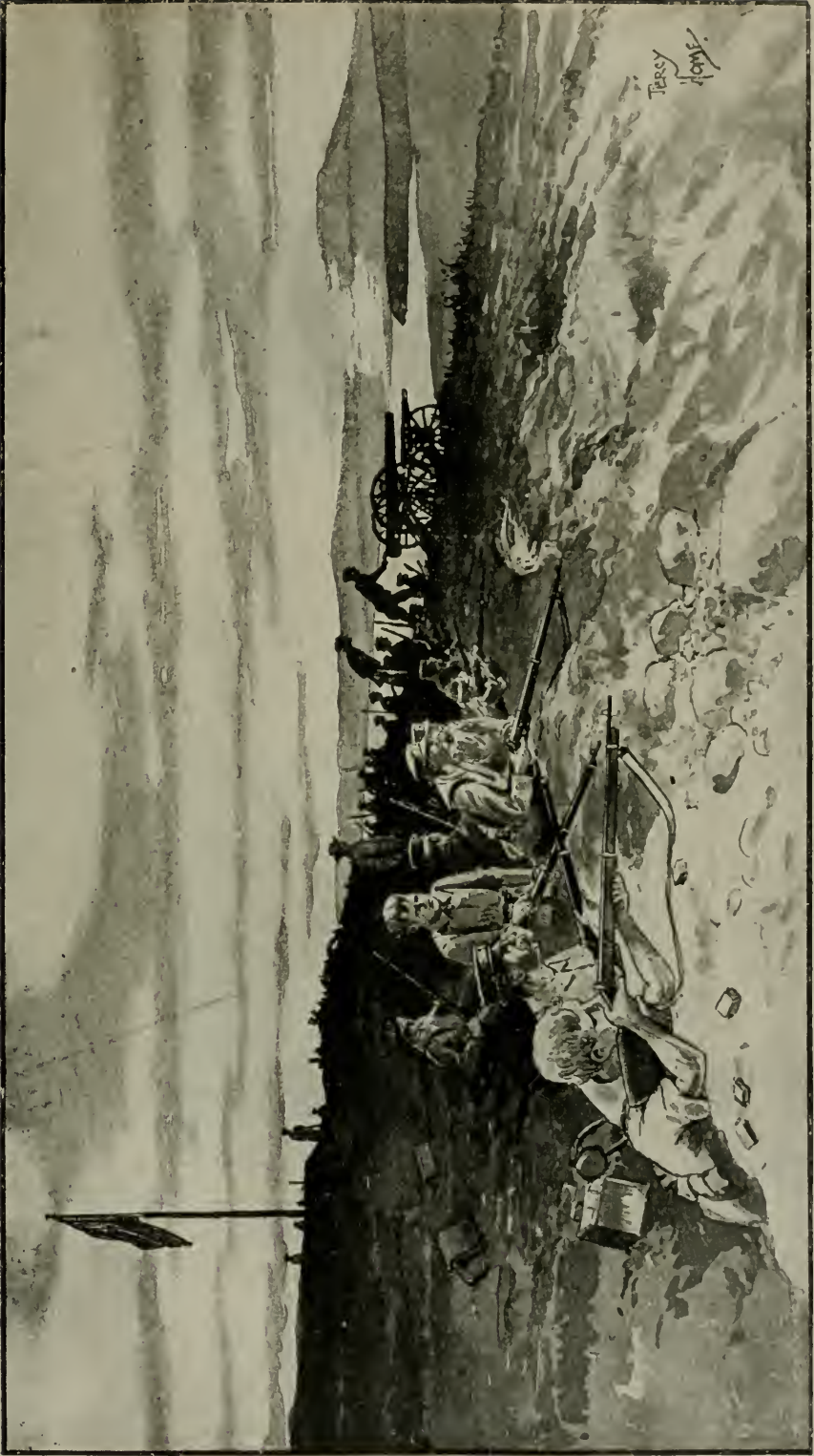
sealed. Outside this hut are five negro sentries, naked to the waist, and on the open space about the hut are hundreds of the Cuban army officers, well armed and well uniformed, privates of every shade of skin, with every make of weapon, and small laughing boys, armed with *machetes*, or not armed at all.

"The palm-leaf hut where the conference is taking place is open to the hot air at both ends, and on each side, and standing about it, or kneeling on the ground in order to obtain a better view, are the strangest gathering of persons that this war has thrown together. Colonel John Jacob Astor is crowded by a black giant, with only a guard belt to cover his naked shoulders. There are also General Ludlow, of the engineers, General Costello and Lieutenant

on the ground, curious and interested, and showing their teeth in broad smiles of welcome, and touching their straw hats when any one of the American officers looks their way.

"Any land would seem fair after a week on the troopships, but there are few lands more fair than this one, and few places on it more beautiful than this camp of Garcia's, lying between the great mountains and the great sea, shaded by the royal palms, and coloured by the brilliant scarlet flowers."

Garcia reported that he had about 3,000 troops in the immediate neighbourhood and large forces further inland. He undertook to watch the north-western approaches to Santiago and harass or stop the march of any reinforcements that might endeavour to reach the city.



THE MARINES HOLDING CAMP McCALLA, GUANTANAMO.

It was promised that some riflemen and guns should be landed from the fleet to help him to hold the pass in the Sierra above Aserraderos, and thus keep open his own communications with the fleet, and that the transports should transfer part of his force to the coast east of Santiago. The question of the landing-place was discussed, and the idea of using Port Guantánamo for the purpose was rejected. It was too far from Santiago, and the intervening country too difficult, now that the rainy season had begun. Daiquiri was finally selected. There were bands of Cuban insurgents in the neighbourhood who would co-operate, and as soon as the landing was effected, part of Garcia's force would be transferred by sea to the east of

Santiago, to assist in the direct attack on the Spanish positions. Feints would be made at other points, both east and west of Santiago, to mislead the Spaniards.

The conference ended, the American officers returned to the shore, between two lines of Cubans, who presented arms as they passed. Sampson returned to his flagship to send out his orders for next day's work. Shafter, in the *Segurança*, his floating headquarters, rejoined the transports. The invasion of Cuba was to begin next day in earnest. It was just two months since the American fleet had first appeared before Havana. But the third month of the war, now beginning, was to witness decisive events.



U.S. SURGEON AND AIDE.





EXPERT RIDING BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

## XII.—THE LANDING AND THE FIRST FIGHT.

THE morning of June 22nd broke clear and fine, with very little surf along the shore.

It was ideal weather for the landing. All along the coast for miles west and east of Santiago American battleships and cruisers were bombarding every likely landing-place, while on the land side here and there the Cuban bands came down and opened fire on the Spanish outposts. To the westward of Santiago the battleship *Texas*, the auxiliary cruisers *Scorpion* and *Vixen*, and a number of colliers (meant to represent transports), made a feint against Punta Cabrera and Cabañas Bay. The Cuban general, Rabi, was to have co-operated with 2,000 men, making an attack on the Spanish blockhouses with a view to inducing General Linares to divert a strong force to the west of Santiago, while the real attack was being made to the eastward. The *Texas* shelled the blockhouse at Mazamorra near Cabañas, but Rabi only put in an appearance with 200 men instead of 2,000, and Colonel Aldea, who held Punta Cabrera with a few companies of the Spanish "Regiment of Asia," was so little impressed that he did not signal to Santiago for help. The garrison of the city remained quietly within its lines all day.

Besides bombarding Cabañas the *Texas* was also engaged with the Socapa battery, and almost the last shot fired from the shore before she drew off hit the battleship, killing one man and wounding eight. It was a six-inch shell from one

of the Hontoria guns. It came through the side twenty feet from the bow, and exploded well inside the ship.

To the eastward of Santiago Aguadores was bombarded by the *Gloucester* and *Eagle*; Juragua and the neighbouring village of Siboney, by the *Bancroft*, *Helena* and *Hornet*; and Daiquiri, by the *New Orleans*. The transports had gone away to the eastward in the night, and were steaming in towards Daiquiri during the early part of the bombardment. At nine o'clock the cruisers *Machias*, *Detroit* and *Suwanee*, and the gunboat *Wasp*, joined the *New Orleans*, and a rain of shells was sent pouring into the wooded slopes above Daiquiri and into the little village. Soon flames and smoke rose from some of the houses. The Spaniards had fired the village before abandoning it. There were only a handful of them in the place, not more than a company of infantry. They left the pier intact, no explosives were available for its destruction, and they also evacuated a blockhouse on the hill above the place. Here they were exchanging distant long-range rifle fire with the Cuban guerillas who were working up the other side of the hill, but naturally not anxious to come too close to the crest while the bombardment was still in progress.

Not a single shot had replied to the fire of the warships, and at half-past nine it was believed that the way was clear for the landing. The

troops had already been got into the boats of the transports, and the steam launches of the fleet took them in tow in strings of four or five, and began puffing in towards Daiquiri pier. There was no resistance. The only difficulty in landing was that caused by the surf. The troops first landed belonged to the 2nd Division, commanded by General Lawton, one of the volunteer officers of the Civil War. The first regiment actually landed was the 8th Regular Infantry, though the first man ashore was Lieutenant Godfrey of the 22nd.

Lawton pushed an outpost line into the hills, and set the engineers to strengthen the pier for the landing of artillery. He established his headquarters in what was left of the village. A handful of Cuban guerillas were already in possession. They had slipped in as soon as the Spaniards let go their hold of the place. More of them marched in during the day. Here is an impression of their appearance as sketched in words by one of the English correspondents, Mr. Hands of the *Daily Mail*:—

“Down the rocky path came a Cuban army. They limped along in single file. Their trousers were strips of tattered canvas, through which thin brown legs showed. Their knapsacks were bundles of dirty canvas matting slung with knotted ends of rope. A few wore boots, which, when they were acquired, were somebody's cast-offs. Some wore sandals made of bits of canvas tied over their naked feet with string. Most were bare-footed, and their feet were sore and bleeding. They were much better armed than otherwise equipped, and evidently a proportion of the arms sent for their use from Tampa had reached them. There was something curiously Eastern in their white clothes and their small features and dark, wistful eyes, and when their leader came along perched on a donkey, and carrying a great broad-bladed *machete*, the Eastern suggestion was intensified. They shambled along in single file down the rocky path, along the track across the swamp behind, and wound among the palm trees in the valley, till they disappeared behind the shoulder of one of the hills in the second row. I am sure they were quite persuaded that they had

achieved a great victory over the hated Spaniard, and were wondering why all these strange, blue-coated, white-skinned, big men were getting in the way.”

They did not get on very well with their new allies, the American regulars. The Cubans did not understand any kind of fighting but their own irregular, indecisive skirmishing in the bush. They left the heavy work of tackling General Linares behind his blockhouses and trenches for the new-comers. In their own fashion they were ready enough to co-operate, and they did some useful work, but it was not the steady, systematic campaigning that the Americans expected of them, and the Cuban insurgent, whom the New York papers had represented as a conquering hero, made a very bad impression when it was realised that instead of charging with the *machete*, he preferred wasting ammunition at impossible ranges; that he gave no quarter, was ready to plunder, and never failed to put in his appearance when anything was to be had either for the asking or the taking. From the moment when the Spanish and United States armies met in battle near Santiago, there was among the Americans a growing disgust for their allies, a growing esteem



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

for their brave enemies.

The blockhouse on the hill was occupied and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on its flagstaff. The landing went on steadily all the afternoon. The greater part of Lawton's division was landed, and part of General Bates' brigade, belonging to the 1st Division, besides a portion of Wheeler's dismounted cavalry. None of the artillery could yet be got ashore, the only guns landed being a machine-gun battery. Nor was much of the transport disembarked. Some horses and mules were dropped overboard and made to swim ashore. Altogether, by evening, General Lawton had some 6,000 men landed, and had besides with him about 1,000 Cubans under General Castillo.

The Spanish detachments that had watched the hills and the coast villages were retiring westward towards Santiago. Linares had decided that it was useless to fritter away his small force by trying to hold the numerous blockhouses to the eastward, nor did he mean to expose his men



RUSHING THE SPANISH BARRICADE DEFENCE'S BEFORE SANTIAGO.

to the fire of the American warships. On the evening of the 22nd his outposts were at Sevilla and Firmeza, north of Juragua and the coast village of Siboney, both of them some miles west of Daiquiri. Before Siboney was evacuated the Spanish detachment there had lost heavily, and its commander, Major Bollini, had been killed by a bursting shell. The evacuation of the village and the hills behind it gave the Americans a new landing-place, for in the bay of Siboney there was a level beach, shelving regularly, so that boats could land men and stores, and animals could easily be swum ashore.

Lawton had begun his advance from Daiquiri on the afternoon of the 22nd, occupying the wooded hills to the north-west of the village. The advancing troops met with no resistance, the only alarms being caused by the movements of Cuban guerillas in the bush. On the 23rd he marched most of his force to Juragua, pushing his dismounted cavalry into Siboney, where the 1st Division under General Kent was landing. The disembarkation at Siboney went on day and night, the searchlights of the warships lighting up the beach between sundown and sunrise. By the evening of the 24th all the men and animals were ashore, the only accident having been the drowning of two men of the 10th Cavalry. Meanwhile fighting had begun.

General Shafter was still on board the *Segurança*. He was a heavy man, weighing more than twenty stone; he was not in very good health, and moving about was difficult, so he stayed on the transport for the present. The senior officer ashore was General Wheeler, who had established his headquarters at Siboney. In a direct line he was only about seven miles from Santiago, but the greater part of the ground between was a mass of low wooded hills, covered with the dense tangle of a tropical forest, the narrow winding valleys being marshy in the lower part, and the flooded streams being without bridges. The nearest Spanish position was about three miles out near Sevilla, on the direct road, or rather track, to Santiago—for roads in the proper sense of the word there were none. The Spanish general, Rubin, held Sevilla, with three companies of the Regiment of San Fernando, three companies of the Puerto Rico regiment, and two mountain guns. His orders were to cover retirement on Santiago of the various small detachments that had been holding the block-houses and posts in the coast range of the Sierra. The American staff had no idea of the smallness of the force in their immediate front. They had

begun by accepting exaggerated estimates of the strength of the Santiago garrison, and they now believed the reports of the Cubans, who said that there was a strong body of the enemy at Sevilla, and that he was being continually reinforced from Santiago. All day on the 23rd there had been skirmishing in the hills. The Cubans were firing at retiring bodies of Spaniards who were making their way to Sevilla. Near Juragua the point of Lawton's advanced guard exchanged some rifle shots with a Spanish rearguard under Major Alcaniz, who was retiring with three companies of the Talavera regiment, and joined Rubin later in the day. From Siboney, Wheeler sent out a scouting party, which had a little skirmish on the Sevilla road, the retreating enemy leaving a dead Spanish infantryman lying on the track, the first enemy the Americans had yet seen at close quarters. Twelve deserted blockhouses were burned at various points on the coast range. American estimates placed the Spanish loss during the day at twenty-five killed and double that number wounded. This must have been a great exaggeration. Probably a dozen killed and wounded would be nearer the facts.

On Friday, the 24th, while the landing of the expedition was being completed, some of the empty transports conveyed 2,000 Cubans of Garcia's army from Aserraderos to Siboney to reinforce Castillo. On the same day occurred the first serious fighting, the scene of the action being Las Guasimas, a couple of miles out from Siboney on the Sevilla road.

The road or track from Siboney to Sevilla begins at the head of the creek near the little town, and curves round the hill behind it, running up a wooded valley, and rising rapidly towards the hills of Las Guasimas, the direction of the track being first north and then west. Shortly after it turns to the westward it is joined by a path which runs more directly to this point from Siboney, starting boldly up the wooded hill behind the village, and then going through the wood along the bush-covered spur that flanks the Siboney-Sevilla road on its west side. Cuban scouts had brought information to General Wheeler's headquarters that the Spaniards were entrenched near the junction of the two tracks. The only building in the neighbourhood is an old sugar mill, but though there is no village, the place has a local name, Las Guasimas.

Shafter's orders were that Lawton's division, which had first landed, should lead the advance

inland. But Wheeler was anxious to get his troops of the cavalry division into action as soon as might be, and he considered he was not traversing the orders of his chief in employing them on this first serious reconnaissance of the Spanish position. Such work is the ordinary duty of the cavalry division in a campaign. In this case, indeed, only one troop in the whole army had its horses with it. The rest had been left at Tampa, and the local wits of the headquarters had already dubbed the Rough Riders "Roosevelt's Weary Walkers," after their tramp from Daiquiri. The cavalry would have to do their work on foot, but at the outset this was not a great disadvantage, for in the dense bush between Siboney and Sevilla mounted men would not have been of very much use. General Wheeler accordingly directed his second in command, General S. B. M. Young, to move out to Las Guasimas early next morning, Friday, June 24th, with a force of about 1,000 cavalry, all dismounted, and acting as infantry. The force was made up of four troops (about 200 men) of the 1st U.S. Cavalry, four troops of the 10th U.S. Cavalry (a negro regiment), and 500 men of the 1st U.S. Volunteer Cavalry (Roosevelt's Rough Riders). Four Hotchkiss quick-firing mountain guns were with the regulars, who marched by the valley road, under the personal command of General Young. The Rough Riders were to take the more direct road over the hill, thus protecting the left of the other column. Both were to join hands at Las Guasimas.

Wheeler had on the Thursday personally reconnoitred the road followed by Young, and ascertained that for two miles it was clear of the enemy. But the Cubans reported that further on, near Las Guasimas, they had been fired on by a strong force of Spaniards. General Young's mission was to ascertain precisely what the Spaniards had at this point.

The fight at Las Guasimas would count as a big skirmish in a European war. But it has

some importance as the opening action of the Santiago land campaign. The first accounts published of it were very misleading, but in an unusual way. The contemporary newspaper reports of the bombardments had exaggerated the success of the American arms; the first reports of Las Guasimas did the Americans, and especially Roosevelt's men, serious injustice. According to these narratives the Americans were advancing through thick bush without any ordinary military precautions—laughing, talking and whistling, with neither vanguard nor flankers to protect them—when they stumbled unexpectedly on the Spaniards, and were badly cut up as the result of their own carelessness and lack of discipline. But from what has been already said of Wheeler's orders and plans, it must be clear that if either Wood or Young marched into an ambuscade on the 24th, they must have done it with their eyes open. When they marched off before dawn they knew, roughly, where they might expect to meet the Spaniards; both columns had their advance covered by Cuban and American scouts, and it was well known that once they had covered the first two miles out from Siboney, they might expect at any moment to meet an enemy.

What really occurred we know down to the smallest detail, for there were some of the ablest correspondents of the New York Press with both the columns. Amongst others, Mr. Richard Harding Davis of the *Herald*, and Mr. Edward Marshall of the *Journal*, were with Colonel Wood, and Mr. Caspar Whitney was with General Young. They not only sent long despatches to their papers at the time, but several of them have since published lengthy narratives of the fight. On these data, compared with each other and with the Spanish official account of the day's work, the following story of the action of Las Guasimas is based. It will be seen that the day was an honourable one for all who took part in the little battle.

### XIII.—THE FIGHT AT LAS GUASIMAS.

JUST before dawn on Friday morning General Young marched out from Siboney with his 400 regulars, black and white, and his Hotchkiss guns. He had expected to be joined early in his advance by 300 of General Castillo's Cubans, but though he actually marched past their camps, none of them, except a few scouts, came to his help till all the fighting was over.

It was a close, hot morning. The recent rains had made the ground on the track and in the woods soft and muddy. The so-called road proved in places to be almost impassable. The bush grew down upon it, and the tangle of cactus, thorn trees and palms formed such a dense mass away to the left that during the march not a glimpse was to be seen of the Rough Riders' column, which was following the path on the wooded spur on that side.

At first the regulars tramped along the muddy tracking, chatting and joking together, though even in this early stage of the march the advance was covered by a screen of vigilant scouts well in front. A mile and a half from Siboney, as it was felt that the point of danger was being approached, the order was given to "load magazines," and in an instant all were silent and on the alert. Then the advance was resumed. Mr. Whitney thus describes the anxious minutes before the first contact with the enemy. To understand what he says as to how the column was protected it must be noted that the word "picket," which in the British army means the body of men on an outpost line that sends out and immediately supports the sentries, in the United States means a sentry or a scout.

"We moved forward," he says, "now with one

troop somewhat in advance of the others, and a strong line of pickets reconnoitring every step of the way, one hundred yards in the lead. Aside from the soft cooing of doves beyond, in the trees we could not see, no sound broke upon the still morning air save the squash of feet in the mud, and the occasional rattle of a canteen

as it swung against the metal bayonet scabbard at the soldier's hip. There was no talking in the ranks now. Everyone was alert and silent. Soon there came another halt, and going forward beyond the outermost picket, across a creek and up a gentle rise of ground, Lieutenant Byram and I found General Young, Colonel Bell and Captain Watson



GENERAL BLACK: A SNAPSHOT.

crouched behind the bushes, diligently studying a prominent hill on our left front, about 1,500 yards away. As Byram and I drew near, General Young faced us, and nodding his head in the direction of the hill, said quietly, 'Spaniards!' and then equally as quietly to Byram, 'Order the Hotchkiss guns forward at once; ten minutes later bring up the troops; tell the men to go quietly.'

The hill to the "left front" held by the Spaniards was just north of the point where the road curved away to the westward to meet the other track. This hill was a bold knoll, the end of a long spur lying east and west. The Spaniards, six companies of infantry and some guerrillas under Colonel Alcaniz, had a machine gun near the summit. Among the grass and bushes on the slope they had dug shelter trenches, and made some rough breastworks of loose stone. Their left on an adjoining slope could sweep the front of the hill with a cross fire.

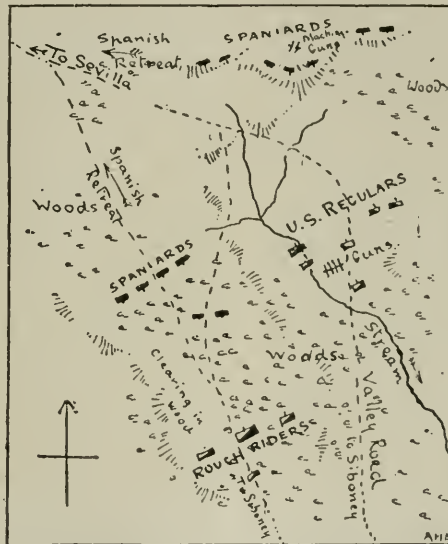
Their right was in the bush on the other side of the valley, holding the northern end of the spur by which the Rough Riders were advancing. All this was only gradually discovered by the Americans as the fight developed. The Spaniards had no intention of holding on doggedly to the very extended line taken up by their small force. Alcaniz was fighting a rearguard action to cover the general retirement of the outlying Spanish detachments by Sevilla or Santiago. He had held the Las Guasimas ridges for forty-eight hours, and would necessarily retire if attacked in force, only showing enough fight to delay the advance of the invaders from Siboney.

Two of the Hotchkiss guns were placed in position to the left of the road near the beginning of its curve to the west. They were carefully screened in the bush, for Young was anxious not to begin the action till he had given Wood's column a little more time to come up on his left. The guns were ready at 7 o'clock, but it was not till 7.20 that they began to shell the Spanish position on the hill. The enemy's rifles answered by a volley so accurately aimed that one of the gunners was killed beside his piece. Three troops of the 1st Cavalry

were already working forward through the bush towards the hill in front, the fourth troop working up the hollow of a creek or stream to the left. They now opened fire, and were promptly answered by volleys of the fire of scattered sharpshooters in the bush and grass on the slopes in front, and above all rang out the rapid crackling fire of the machine gun near the hill-top. Several men and officers went down before this heavy fire, the leading troop of the 1st Cavalry losing in rapid succession its captain, lieutenant, and senior sergeant. Young had still in hand the four troops of the 10th Cavalry—negro soldiers with useful experience of Indian warfare in the Far West. He sent one troop up the creek to strengthen his left, and pushed out two more to the right, where the close and heavy fire of the Spaniards east of the hill made him think that

they were trying to outflank him. The fourth troop he kept in reserve on the road.

Meanwhile the other column, composed of the Rough Riders, had also come in contact with the Spaniards, and was hotly engaged in a close fight in the dense bush that covered the long spur to the left of the road. The column had marched at five a.m., for the first part of the march was up a steep ascent, and then the track rose and fell along the ridge and was only a muddy, ill-marked footpath through dense cactus and thorn bush, tangled with tropical creepers in the thickest parts, but sometimes broken by a grassy clearing.



The Action at Las Guasimas

Captain Alwyn Capron, commanding the troop of the Rough Riders, was in advance with the scouts, some of them Cubans of the district, the rest men of his own troop. At six he sent back word to Colonel Wood that the enemy was in position in the bush in front. Wood and Roosevelt sent forward a reinforcement to support Capron, who had advanced to reconnoitre the enemy, and they then halted the column and deployed five troops, partly in the grass of a clearing to the left, partly in the bush to the right

of the track. The three other troops were in reserve. But these arrangements had hardly been made when the Spaniards opened fire at close range in front. None of them were visible. The volleys from the unseen rifles rang out sharp and near, and the Mauser bullets came ripping through the bush, sweeping low along the ground.

The advanced troop had suffered heavily. The first man to fall shot dead beside his captain was Sergeant Hamilton Fish, a wealthy young New York man, a leader in fashionable life, who had enlisted in the ranks of the Rough Riders and had just received his sergeant's stripes. A few minutes later Capron fell mortally wounded. He was only twenty-eight years old, a lieutenant of the 7th Regular Cavalry, who had been transferred to Roosevelt's new regiment with a captain's commission. He came of a soldier

family. His father was actually in command of E Battery of the 1st Artillery in Shafter's army; his grandfather, Captain Allyn Capron, had been killed in action while commanding the same battery at Cherubusco in the Mexican campaign. Young Capron, who fell at Las Guasimas, had entered the regular cavalry as a private, and won his commission by good service. Roosevelt spoke of him as one of the best officers he had ever met.

Most of the dozen men that formed the point of the advance guard were struck down by the first two volleys of the Spaniards. The second sergeant of the second party, Marcus Russell, was killed just after his comrade Fish. Russell was another "ranker" of good family, and had held the commission of a colonel on the staff of the Governor of his State before the war. Another of the scouts was disabled, not by the Spanish fire, but by a defective cartridge that exploded as he closed the breech of his carbine. He staggered back blinded to the firing line.

The Rough Riders had opened fire as soon as the first volley rattled through the trees. Some of the cow-boy soldiers gave vent to their excitement in wild oaths, but Roosevelt's voice was heard sternly commanding: "Stop that swearing. I don't want to hear any cursing to-day." The men were soon perfectly in hand. It had been predicted that the cow-boys and hunters, once they were in action, would shoot according to their own independent judgment, and pay very little heed to orders; but in this Las Guasimas fight the men fired volleys, waiting patiently for the order to fire and not wasting ammunition wildly. They threw away all impedimenta, even their water bottles, keeping only their rifles and cartridge belts, and then began working forward through the bush, keeping a very good line. The Spaniards were retiring slowly from the first. Twice they stood for awhile and checked the American advance, and the tangle of the wood was so thick that any rapid movement was impossible. Roosevelt took personal command of the left of the line, Wood sending him one of the reserve companies. The other two were extended to the right towards the valley, in order to give touch with General Young's column of regulars, but the fight had been more than an hour in progress before this was effected. The firing had begun in the wood long before Young came into action in the valley, but the regulars do not seem for some time to have been aware of the firing on their left. The two columns were then deployed

in one long line, partly hid in bush, partly in the open. The Spaniards were retiring from the ridge, on which the Rough Riders were advancing; their left had fallen back on the hill where their machine guns had been in action, and they were preparing for the final retirement on Sevilla.

The news of the fight was conveyed to Siboney while it was still in progress by an officer who galloped in with the message that the cavalry had attacked the Spaniards and were meeting with a dogged resistance. Soon after, wounded men began to come limping in from the front, and an infantry battalion was hurried off to reinforce the fighting line. When it arrived the action was over. Once the more open country near the foot of the two paths was reached, the Spaniards had retreated rapidly. The 10th Cavalry on the right had dashed up the hill from which the machine guns were retiring. On the left, Roosevelt, rifle in hand, at the head of three troops of his Rough Riders, had rushed a ruined sugar factory where the Spanish rearguard had made a brief stand. The fight had lasted an hour and a half. The Spaniards had inflicted a severe loss on the attacking force, but they had abandoned their position before the persistent advance of the Americans; and although it was true that Colonel Alcaniz had never meant to do more than make a show of resistance, the perfectly legitimate impression alike in the ranks of Young's regulars and Wood and Roosevelt's volunteers was that they had won a brilliant little victory. It was a most encouraging opening for the campaign.

The losses of the victors had been heavy. The total force engaged was 964 officers and men, and the loss had been 16 killed and 52 wounded. Among the wounded was Mr. Edward Marshall, a correspondent of the *New York Journal*. Shot through the back near the spine, and partly paralysed, he was carried to the field hospital, where he was told he had not long to live. Lying on the stretcher, he dictated the story of the battle to be telegraphed to his paper. It was written down by one of the volunteers who knew shorthand, and it was only when the long telegram was completed that Marshall discovered that his kindly helper had been writing with a wounded hand.

Mr. Marshall recovered against all hope, and has since told his impressions when the Spanish bullet struck him down. He seems to have felt very little pain, though this was not the impression of those who saw him. Mr. Harding



Davis says :—"When I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies and passing through a succession of convulsions." But it seems that these convulsive movements were not conscious for Mr. Marshall, according to his own account of what he felt when he was hit. "The bullet," he says, "came diagonally from the left. I was standing in the open. 'Chug' came the bullet, and I fell into the long grass, as much like a lump as had the other fellows whom I had seen go down. There was no pain, no surprise. The tremendous shock so dulled my sensibilities that it did not occur to me that anything extraordinary had happened—that there was the least reason to be worried. I merely lay perfectly satisfied and entirely comfortable in the long grass. It was a long time before anyone came near me. The fighting passed away from me rapidly. There were only left in the neighbourhood the dead, other wounded, and a few first-aid-for-the-injured men, who were searching for us. I heard two of these men go by calling out to the wounded to make their whereabouts known, but it did not occur to me to answer them. The sun was very hot, and I had some vague thoughts of sunstroke, but they were not specially interesting thoughts, and I gave them up. It seemed a good notion to go to sleep, but I didn't do it. Finally three soldiers found me, and putting half a shelter-tent under me carried me to the shade."

The surgeon came along and examined his wound. "He told me," says Mr. Marshall, "I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly. 'Don't you want to send any messages home?' he asked. "If you do, you'd better write 'em—be quick!" He was carried back to the hospital at Siboney. There he dictated his letter. He was sufficiently alert to do this, but although he seemed to be in pain he felt none. Possibly this is the case with the wounded on the battlefield oftener than we suspect. The very shock of the wound dulls all sensibility for a time.

The losses of the Spaniards are not so easy to ascertain as those of the Americans. We have no list of their killed and wounded. But fighting under cover, and as soon as the attack was closely pressed, retiring over ground where no pursuit was possible, it is not likely that they suffered heavily. In his report to Madrid Marshal Blanco stated that Alcaniz lost only seven killed and twenty-seven wounded. American accounts estimated the Spanish loss at two hundred; but this was mere guesswork, and certainly far above the reality.

After the fight the Spaniards retired through Sevilla and took up a line of outposts along the San Juan river, the stream that runs into the sea near Aguadores. On the American side General Chaffee's brigade, composed of the 7th, 12th, and 17th United States Infantry, marched up through Las Guasimas and formed a strong outpost line near the edge of the woods, fronting towards the open country about San Juan. His pickets were in sight of Santiago. The rest of General Lawton's division bivouacked in his rear. Then near Las Guasimas was the camp of the cavalry division with General Wheeler's headquarters. Of his 2,400 men only 200 were mounted. On the other side of the track and nearer Siboney was General Kent's division. The popular impression was that the way was open for the attack on Santiago, but some anxious days of hard work had still to pass before any further advance could be attempted. Shafter had to land an enormous quantity of equipments, provisions, ammunition, and artillery, and to bring up all that his troops needed along narrow forest tracks.

It was not till the afternoon of June 30th that he felt ready to give the word to advance. The troops were moved up to the edge of the woods facing Santiago, and bivouacked in the moonlight in battle array. It was expected that the Spanish works would be stormed and the city taken next day, July 1st.

#### XIV.—THE FIGHT FOR EL CANEY.

THE battle fought before Santiago on July 1st has been called sometimes the battle of El Caney, and sometimes the battle of San Juan. There were really two battles, one on the American right at El Caney, another on the left between El Pozo and the hill of San Juan, besides some skirmishing on the coast at Aguadores. It will make the events of the day clearer if we begin by describing the fight for El Caney, which held the first place in General Shafter's plan for the day's operations.

The three brigades of Lawton's division destined for the attack of El Caney passed the night on the edge of the woods fronting the Spanish position. No fires were allowed in the bivouacs, and the soldiers were told to make as little noise as possible, for it was feared that if the enemy became aware of the preparations in progress for the attack he might abandon the little town without fighting, and the plan of operations had for its object not the mere occupation of El Caney but the capture of its garrison. The Americans at this period very much underestimated the fighting capacity of the Spaniards, and everyone in the attacking force believed that even if the Spaniards did not give way before the mere menace of an attack, they would be driven out by the first rush.

At sunrise the men were roused from their sleep, and while the hot mist still hung in the valleys, the columns were marshalled for the fight. General Lawton's division worked up to the low ridges close to El Caney without meeting with the least resistance, for the Spaniards had no outposts or patrols in front of their position, and were awaiting the attack inside their defences. Lawton had eight battalions of regulars and one of volunteers under his orders. Only one light battery of four guns, under Captain Allyn Capron, had been assigned to his division. His right, the exposed flank, was protected by the only two troops of mounted cavalry with the army. Still further away to the right were some of Garcia's Cubans, but already the Americans had learned to set very little dependence on their fighting capacity.

Away to his left General Kent's division, also

of three brigades (eight battalions of regulars and one of New York volunteers), was waiting to attack San Juan as soon as Caney had fallen. Kent had another four-gun battery, under Captain Grimes, which was in position on the hill near El Pozo farm. The dismounted cavalry and Rough Riders under General Sumner held the right of Kent's position, and there were more Cubans on both sides of the ground assigned to his division. Bates's brigade was held in reserve, and Duffield's brigade of volunteers was moving along the coast railway to attack Aguadores, supported by the fleet, which stood in towards the harbour mouth, bombarded the forts, and sent its shells flying over the hills into Santiago itself.

The sky was overcast, and the morning was hot and sultry. But at twenty minutes to seven, when the first shot was fired on the right by Capron's battery, the clouds overhead began to break, and the sun shone out brightly. "Boys," said a soldier, as the first cannon shot echoed in the wooded hills, "this is the first of July. It's a pity we can't keep Santiago for the Fourth." It was going to be kept a good deal longer.

The chief defence of El Caney was an old-fashioned stone fort on a conical hill to the south-east of the little town. The houses on each front of the place were loopholed, and there were some blockhouses on each side, linked together by shelter trenches and wire entanglements. The village church, a solid stone building, was also prepared for defence. The houses were single-storied cottages, and the few streets of the town were wide and open and planted with trees.

"From the crest of the ridge," writes Captain Lee, the British attaché, who accompanied Lawton's staff, "we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade-trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking-places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Beyond lay the fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and

around us on three sides arose, tier upon tier, the beautiful Maestra Mountains, wearing delicate pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the rich green jungle, with its rippling bamboo groves and clumps of royal palm. The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the great red-roofed Ducoureaud House, a deserted country-seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long, undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings, with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags, that marked the city of Santiago."

As the first shell of Capron's battery burst over the fort, a group of Spanish soldiers that had been lounging near its entrance disappeared into cover, and on the slope of the hill below some straw hats appeared here and there in line, showing where the infantry were lining the shelter trenches. But not a shot was fired in reply for a quarter of an hour, and so silent was the fort that one of Lawton's staff suggested that it had been evacuated, and that the straw hats were stuck up on sticks as dummies to delude the attacking force into the idea that the trenches were held. The shells were knocking stones out of the walls of the fort, and one of them had all but demolished a blockhouse, but still the Spaniards held their fire. Not a shot came from the trenches till Lawton's infantry began to deploy for the advance.

The plan of attack was that General Chaffee, with the 7th, 12th, and 17th Infantry, should work round to the north of El Caney; Colonel Miles's brigade, the 1st, 4th, and 25th Infantry (these last negroes), was to advance against the west side of the town, and General Ludlow, with the 8th and 22nd Regulars and the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers, was to move against the place from the south. It was expected that in this way not merely would the town be quickly captured, but that its garrison would be made prisoners. It was expected that the business would be all over early in the day, and then Lawton's division could move against the flank of the Spaniards at San Juan and help Kent to turn them out.

Miles's and Ludlow's brigades were the first to come into action, opening up on El Caney with volleys at about a thousand yards, from grassy ridges to the west and south. Chaffee had further to march with his three regiments, and reached his ground somewhat later. At a

quarter past seven all the infantry was moving forward, and the Spaniards had opened fire from the little stone fort, the trenches, the blockhouses on three sides of El Caney, shots also coming from sharpshooters on house-roofs and in tree-tops along the edge of the town. There had been till now a very general impression that Spaniards could not shoot straight, but the men who held El Caney shot coolly, deliberately, and well, and the Americans found that every step forward meant loss, and to rush the town till the Spanish fire was subdued by their own was impossible. Capron's battery, short of ammunition, and husbanding it by a slow rate of fire, was making little or no impression on the defence. The attack of a position like that of El Caney should have been prepared by a heavy fire of artillery from several batteries, pouring such a shower of shells into the place as to demoralise the garrison and make it impossible for them to stick to their trenches. But here there were only four light guns in action. On the other hand, there were no Spanish batteries at this point, and Capron's guns, firing at a range of 2,400 yards, could be worked as safely as if they were at target practice. They ought to have been able to give more effective support to the infantry. As it was, these latter had to try their best to do the work of artillery with their rifles, and prepare the way for their own attack by concentrating their volleys on the trenches and picking off the sharpshooters.

In the first three hours the American firing line had pressed forward gradually to a range of about 600 yards from the town, the men firing lying down in the grass as they halted. Beyond this point no advance was made for some hours more, during which the attack merely held their own. The 2nd Massachusetts had been withdrawn before this from the firing line. The volunteers had behaved well, advancing steadily and losing several men. But while the regulars were properly armed with modern rifles using smokeless powder, the volunteers, with the exception of Roosevelt's men, had only their old Springfield rifles and cartridges loaded with the old-fashioned black powder. The result was, that as the Massachusetts men advanced they were enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, which drew the fire of the enemy's trenches, and would doubtless soon have been a mark for the artillery of the works nearer Santiago. General Ludlow had therefore to reduce his brigade to the two regular regi-

ments, sending the Massachusetts men back some hundreds of yards to the rear, where he kept them in reserve.

Chaffee's brigade on the right had the heaviest share of the fighting. His three fine regiments worked forward to a long grassy ridge that lies about three hundred yards in front of the north-east side of El Caney. A sunken road behind the ridge affords some cover; but at the close quarters the crest where the firing line was placed was swept by a deadly rain of Mauser bullets. Colonel Haskell, of the 17th Infantry, had tried to lead his men forward through a gap in the middle of the ridge to line a hedge and bank nearer the town, but the attempt had to be abandoned. The colonel fell hit at once by three bullets—one in the breast, one in the knee, and one in the heel. The men lay down along a swell of the ground to open fire. The colonel had fallen some yards in front down the slope; five men went out to bring him in. They succeeded, but three of them were shot down. Lieutenant Dickinson, who had assisted in rescuing his wounded colonel, though already wounded himself, received three other wounds while being helped back to the rear. The wounded lay in a long line in the sunken road. There were few doctors with the army; there were none of them up at the front with Chaffee's brigade. There was no help for the seriously wounded for hours. The dressing station established further to the rear near the artillery position gave help to the more slightly wounded who were able to walk back so far; but there were no stretcher parties to bring in the seriously injured. It was a piece of scandalous mismanagement. It looked as if the Washington government seriously believed that its army, like its navy, could win battles with only half a dozen casualties. Here is the description of the scene in the road where these neglected wounded lay, as given by Captain Lee, who accompanied Chaffee's attack:—

"On reaching the spot, I found over a hundred killed and wounded laid out in as many yards of road, and so close were they that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan, but each lay quietly nursing his wound with closed eyes and set teeth, only flinching when the erratic sleet of bullets clipped the leaves off the hedge close above their heads. Many looked up quietly at my strange uniform as I passed, and asked quickly and quietly, 'Are you a doctor, sir?' I could but shake my head,

and they would instantly relapse into their strained intense attitudes, whilst I felt sick at heart at the thought of my incompetence. Some of the slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit, and nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men. I was astonished, too, at their thoughtful consideration. 'Keep well down, sir,' several said as I stopped to speak to them; 'them Mausers is flying pretty low, and there's plenty of us here already.' The heat in the little road was intense, there was no shade nor a breath of air, and the wounded lay sweltering in the sun till the head reeled with the rank smell of sweat and saturated flannel. Right amongst the wounded lay curled up a Cuban, apparently asleep. Upon approaching him, however, it was only too apparent that he had been dead for several days, and on the tree overhead two sleek and gorged vultures looked down furtively at his ever-increasing companions. The stench was overpowering, and a sudden lull in the battle brought into sickening prominence the angry buzzing of the disturbed flies, and the creaking of the land crabs which waited in the bushes."

This is a glimpse of the less pleasant aspect of the battlefield, and the impression not of a newspaper correspondent on the look out for sensation, but of a trained professional soldier of our own army.

At one o'clock there were loud cheers all along the line of the attack. No success had been won, but a lucky shot from Capron's battery had cut in two the flagstaff of the fort, bringing down the red and gold flag of Spain. The Spaniards hoisted it again on the broken flag staff. Away far to the right and a little north of El Caney was a small blockhouse. The Cubans had been directed to capture it, but they had contented themselves with firing at it from a range of nearly a mile, never attempting to get any closer. The blockhouse replied with an occasional rifle shot, but generally took no notice of the fusillade. This was kept up so briskly that at last the Cubans sent a message to General Chaffee that they were running short of cartridges. Could he send them any? The reply was a sharp rebuke for the useless waste of ammunition. The general said he only had about enough for his own men who were fighting; he had none for fireworks.

Chaffee had some narrow escapes. A bullet had ripped through one of his shoulder-straps, another had cut a button off his jacket. While sharply telling anyone else he saw standing up

to lie down, he himself stood erect or walked about just behind the firing line. To quote Captain Lee once more: "Wherever the fire was thickest the general strolled about unconcernedly, a half-smoked cigar between his teeth, and an expression of exceeding grimness on his face. The situation was a trying one for the nerves of the oldest soldier, and some of the

sulphurous advice." But the general was not the only man who seemed to bear a charmed life that day. As the brigade closed in upon El Caney, two men of the 12th Infantry moved out in front of the regiment to cut with strong pliers the barbed wire fences that lay across the line of advance. Their appearance drew a storm of bullets from the enemy's Mausers, but they



GENERAL LAWTON.

younger hands fell back from the firing line and crept towards the road. In a moment the general pounced upon them, inquiring their destination in low, unhoneyed accents, and then, taking them persuasively by the elbow, led them back to the extreme front, and having deposited them in the firing line, stood over them while he distributed a few last words of pungent and

finished their work completely and deliberately, and rejoined their comrades untouched.

At half-past one General Shafter became impatient at the delay before Caney. He was lying ill in his camp bed in a tent to the rear, at the junction of the San Juan and El Caney roads, and received frequent information of how things were going at the front. It was an

essential part of his plan for the capture of San Juan that both divisions should co-operate, and he now sent orders to General Lawton to abandon the attack on El Caney and move his brigades towards the left to join hands with General Kent's division in the direct advance on San Juan and Santiago. Lawton took it upon himself to disregard the distinct order of the Commander-in-Chief. To have retired from El Caney after having been held in check before it during six hours of hard fighting would be to acknowledge defeat. He sent back word that he meant to hold on and take the place.

An hour later, about half-past two, Lawton sent for General Bates's reserve brigade of two regular battalions, which was called up to fill the gap in the line south-east of El Caney, between the right of General Ludlow's brigade and the left of General Chaffee's. Lawton had by this time a battery and eight battalions in action, and three in reserve, and it was just eight hours since the first shot had been fired.

Against this formidable force the Spaniards had just 520 men in action. General Linares had to provide for the defence of the sea forts, the city, the ground towards Aguadores, the northern approaches to Santiago, and the advanced positions of El Caney and San Juan, out of a garrison of less than 7,000 men. He could, therefore, only spare a mere handful for El Caney. The detachment which held it was under the orders of one of the best of his officers, General Vara de Rey. He had with him in the little town three companies of the 29th line regiment, known as the *regimiento de la Constitucion*, half a company of the regiment or Cuba, and two small companies of irregulars—520 rifles in all. There were forty men in the stone fort, a company outside in the trench on the hillside. Other companies held the trenches and blockhouses on the south, east, and west sides of the town. The irregulars were in the trees and loopholed houses. There was no reserve available. No men ever made a better fight than this handful of Spaniards; and after the fight the Americans at first found it difficult to believe that so small a garrison had held them in check for a long summer day. One of the American correspondents who accompanied Chaffee's brigade has given his impressions of the way in which the Spaniards fought as they held the north-eastern trench at Caney. His words deserve to be quoted, not merely as a vivid description of the fight, but also as a generous tribute to those who made so brave

a struggle against imminent defeat. "It is a kind of sorrow to me," he says, "that the finest, most desperate, most brilliant battle of the Santiago campaign should represent itself to me for ever now as a fight that the Spaniards made against us—as one of which they were in an especial way the heroes, in spite of noble, unflinching, distinguished bravery on the part of our soldiers. I shall never cease to see, when the word Caney is spoken, a line of some fifty or sixty light-blue-clad men standing in a trench, the line bent in the middle at right angles by the square turning of the ditch; at the bending of this line some blue-jacketed young officer standing, always exposed to the belt, and sometimes, as he stood up on the level ground, exposed to the feet; the men rising at the word of this officer's command for hours and hours, delivering volley after volley full in our faces; standing, as they did so, exposed to the waist, confronting 3,000 men, grimly and coolly facing death, drawing their dead up out of the trench as they fell to make standing room for living men, holding thus their trench immovably from morning until evening—this is what Caney will always mean to me first of all, by virtue of an impression as vivid as the light of day and as ineffaceable as the image of death. I say it is a sorrow, because I should like to have my picture of the first great fight I was ever in centre around some such deed of my own countrymen. But the trench-fighting of the Spaniards with their Mausers was in very fact the heart and centre of that day's work; and as for that, the heroism of our men appears none the less in the light of the heroism of their antagonists. These figures of Spaniards in the shallow ditch were really very uncouth. Their jackets of poor, thin blue cotton were merely loose tunics, too short and coarse to have any dignity, and the trousers were baggy and ill-fitting. On their heads, as long as they wore them, the men had great straw hats, almost black with use, with brims turned up behind and down before. Sometimes the hats came off; and with my glass I watched along the trench the shaggy black heads of Castilian youths, which looked better."

And again he writes:—

"The thing that fascinated me was the sight of the Spaniards in this trench. My glass revealed every movement they made—even the cool turning of the head that was in one big straw hat to make some observation to another. In the very midst of the ripping, crashing

detonations of our guns we could clearly see the Spaniards rising to deliver their volley fire; no smoke obscured our vision, nor did the pour of our bullets in upon their trench restrain them from coolly answering our fire. As often as the roar ceased with us we heard the cracking of their rifles. So all day long the fight went on, and still those Spaniards rose as if they were part of a machine and delivered their deadly fire." Even when the fort was taken they stuck to their work. "They and their commander, who now stood erect on the level ground above the trench, appeared to take no heed of the situation of their comrades. They seemed to assume that they had been placed there to defend that trench, and they had no other thought but to defend it."

No wonder that with men like these Vara de Rey was able to make such a magnificent stand. Of his little garrison, some 250, or half the entire force, were killed or severely wounded. His brother and his two sons were with him; all three were killed. He himself was carried into the town of El Caney mortally wounded about four o'clock, and died soon after. By that time the fort and the neighbouring works had fallen into the hands of the Americans. Lawton had given Chaffee permission to assault the works as soon as he judged that he could do so with success. Towards three o'clock the Spanish fire began to slacken—they were running short of cartridges. They had been supplied with 66,000 rounds of ammunition before the fight, or about 120 per man. They must have been well in hand to hold out for nearly nine hours and still have some shots left to fire. Their heavy losses were also diminishing their power of resistance, and at three General Chaffee launched the 12th Regulars against the fort and the trenches in front of it. They lost many men in this dash which broke from cover about 300 yards from the Spanish line. The little remnant of the Spanish garrison threw down their arms as soon as the stormers had got over the trench. The Americans were then pouring up the slope in hundreds. First in the rush for

the fort was a correspondent of the *New York Journal*, Mr. Joseph Creelman. He it was who called out to the Spaniards in the fort to surrender, promising them that no harm would be done to them. There were only some thirty men inside the stone wall. The Spanish flag had been shot down and lay on the crest of the rampart. Creelman, climbing up to secure it, was shot through the shoulder by a bullet from the town, where the Spaniards still held out. A brave infantryman mounted the roof and fixed the Stars and Stripes to the shattered flagstaff. Then the victors took advantage of what shelter the fort and the hill-top afforded, and lay down to return the fire from the neighbouring block-houses and the trees and houses of the town; for, though their citadel was gone, the Spaniards held doggedly on to El Caney.

It was nearly an hour before they, or rather a small remnant of them, were driven out before the converging attack of Lawton's brigades. By four o'clock the only spot they held was a small blockhouse away to the northwards, the same the Cubans had so cautiously attacked. The garrison of El Caney, besides half their number killed and wounded, lost 158 prisoners, including two lieutenants. Eighty officers and men, mostly wounded, succeeded in reaching the lines of Santiago, from which, as evening fell, artillery and rifles sent a long-ranging fire into the lost outpost.

The Americans, many of them recruits of a few weeks' service, had fought splendidly. The Spanish historian of the siege, an officer on the staff of the place, speaks enthusiastically of their valour at El Caney. They exposed themselves to fire, he says, as if they had no life to lose, and when they advanced it was as if they were "moving statues," not men with nerves to be shaken by the sight of death and danger. It was this fierce struggle for El Caney that taught American and Spaniard to know and respect each other; henceforth no American soldier uttered or countenanced a word of insult or contempt for the gallant men who fought in this forlorn hope in defence of Spanish rule in Cuba.

## XV.—THE FIGHT FOR THE HILL OF SAN JUAN.

ACCORDING to General Shafter's plan, the Spanish outpost on his own left at San Juan hill was not to be attacked till Lawton, having got into El Caney, could cooperate. But events so worked that General Kent, whose division fronted San Juan, carried out his part of the day's work on lines not contemplated in the plan dictated by the headquarters of the army.

On the previous evening his division, consisting, like Lawton's, of three brigades of three battalions each, had tramped up the muddy trail to the edge of the woods. Like his colleague, he had for all his artillery a single battery of four small guns. It was under the command of Captain Grimes, and its position was the low hill on which stands the farm of El Pozo.

Shortly before eight a.m. Grimes's battery opened fire from the hill. Its target was the Spanish blockhouse on the top of the opposite hill of San Juan, 2,400 yards away. Between was a mass of jungle-like forest, traversed near its edge by the double stream of the San Juan river, and with open ground beyond. There were some Cubans in El Pozo farmhouse, and behind the battery and a little to its right were two dismounted regiments of regular cavalry. General Wheeler had been officially placed on the sick list, and General Sumner commanded the cavalry brigade, which, however, did not prevent "fighting Joe Wheeler" from hurrying up to the front as soon as he heard the firing. Sumner's cavalrymen were tramping up the track through the woods and forming to the right front of El Pozo on the margin of the bush. To the left, packed close together on the muddy trail, the infantry regiments of Kent's division were working to the front.

For fully a quarter of an hour the Spaniards made no answer to the fire of the American battery. A crowd of correspondents, artists, and foreign naval and military attachés stood close to the guns, chatting, smoking, sketching, watching the front through their glasses, and guessing as to what was happening away to the right, whence came the distant boom of Capron's battery in action against El Caney. The mass of smoke

from its guns could be plainly seen hanging in the still air like a white sunny cloud. The trenches on San Juan hill could be easily made out, and beyond, the blockhouses on the edge of the city. But the Spaniards made no sign of fight for awhile, and the whole scene as viewed from El Pozo suggested peace manœuvres rather than war.

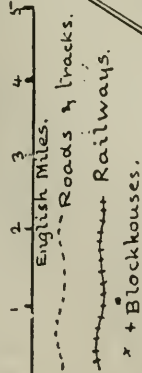
But this was not to last long. Though no one could see where was the battery from which it came (for the Spanish guns used smokeless powder), a screaming roar in the air told that a shrapnel was winging its way towards the battery. As it burst—luckily a little short—the group of distinguished spectators bolted pell-mell for cover on the reverse slope of the hill. "Is this kind of thing allowed?" asked an artist correspondent, engaged in his first battle, of the officer who lay down beside him. "Well," was the answer, "I don't suppose either you or I could exactly stop those shells." It was clear the Spaniards had the range; the second shell burst in the farmhouse and turned out the Cubans, killing and wounding several of them. Another burst among the guns. Another, going a little to the right, laid low several of the regular cavalrymen, who had been so placed that any shell going wide of the battery burst among them. The Cubans carried away their wounded on improvised stretchers, and one of the spectators remarked that it took about ten Cubans to carry every wounded man.

The Spanish fire came from guns on the flank of San Juan, and further to the rear, near the margin of the city. They were so well masked that, thanks to the smokeless powder, it was a long time before their position could be made out from the American lines. The attempt to silence them proved a failure. All the morning the Spanish artillery had the best of the fight.

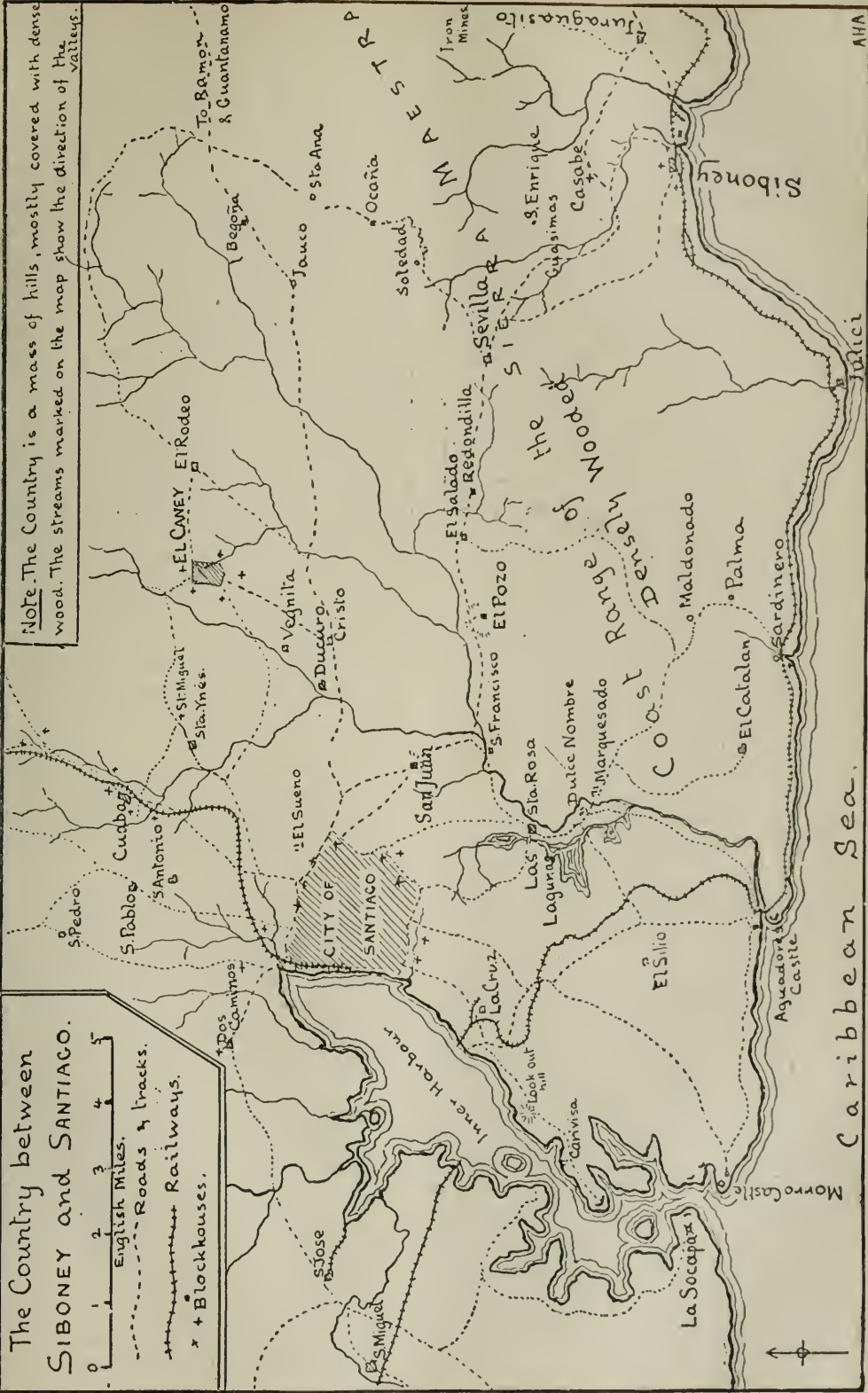
The Spanish infantry holding the San Juan hill and the trenches beyond it now perceived that the American troops were moving on the edges of the woods, and crowding up to the well-known openings from the bush, and on these points they concentrated a deadly fire. They must have also fired at random into the trees,



# The Country between SIBONEY and SANTIAGO.



Note. The Country is a mass of hills, mostly covered with dense wood. The streams marked on the map show the direction of the valleys.



for everywhere along the bush-tracks, for fully a mile to the rear, the Mauser bullets were ripping through the trees. At the crossing of the San Juan river so many fell that the soldiers called the place the "bloody ford." Where the trail left the wood in front of San Juan, the dead and wounded encumbered the ground and blocked the way. The men were ordered to lie down on the edge of the woods and not return the Spanish fire. It was more than human nature could endure to literally obey such an order, and there was a dropping fusillade from the bushes, but it was not very effective. This waiting attitude was the result of General Shafter's elaborate plan. Nothing was to be risked against San Juan until El Caney was taken.

The balloon had gone up to the west of Sevilla, and it was dragged up the track till it got to near the point where the San Juan road opened from the woods. There it was anchored about a hundred feet above the trees in easy range of the Spanish guns and rifles. A mile to the rear and at a greater height it might have done good service. Here it only drew a heavy fire from the Spaniards, and everything that missed the balloon did deadly execution among the infantry packed beneath and behind it on the track. There was general rejoicing among the Americans when a Spanish shrapnel tore a great gap in the balloon and it came slowly down, the upper part of it gathering in the net on the top of it and forming a parachute. Colonel Derby of the Engineers, who was in the car of the balloon, escaped unhurt. He brought down one useful item of information. He had seen another trail through the wood a little to the left, which might be used for some of the troops.

One brigade was massed on this new road. The two others used the old trail. To their right the dismounted cavalry regiments worked to the front, the Rough Riders dragging with them a dynamite field gun, which, however, jammed almost at once, and proved useless. A battery of machine guns came into action near El Pozo, and did better work than the artillery.

The men were now crowded along the edge of the woods, suffering heavy loss, returning the Spanish fire, and waiting impatiently for the order to advance across the five hundred yards of open ground that separated them from the trenches around the San Juan blockhouse. No orders came. According to the plan, they had to wait for Lawton's division, but at last the officers at the front took the matter into their

own hands. To remain longer inactive under the enemy's fire was to incur loss uselessly. It was better to risk a rush for the blockhouse, and so without any superior orders the rush came. On the right of the road the 10th Cavalry pressed on, accompanied by the Rough Riders, led by Roosevelt, almost the only mounted officer in the advance. To the left of the road a white-haired general, Hawkins, led to the attack the 6th and 16th Infantry, all that was available of Kent's 1st brigade. The other regiment, the 71st New York Volunteers, after losing several officers and men, had been withdrawn from the fighting line because it was found that the smoke of their old-fashioned Springfield rifles drew a heavy fire from the Spanish lines, and caused unnecessary loss to the battalion, and all who were near it.

The men pressed on, firing at first, then breaking into a run for the slope in front. All regular order had been abandoned, and it was in detached groups and knots of men that the infantry and cavalry charged the enemy's lines. The slope was so steep in places that the men had to climb more slowly. To the onlookers it seemed that they were too few, and that they must fail. Till they topped the crest the Spaniards fired among them, and dead and wounded dotted the hillside. But at last the Americans went in over the trench with a cheer, and what were left of the Spaniards fled. The garrison of the blockhouse, which had been a good deal damaged by the artillery, made no attempt to defend it, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on its broken roof.

The hill of San Juan had been held by only three companies of Spanish infantry. One belonged to the regiment of Talavera, one and a half to the Puerto Rico regiment, and the other half company was made up of volunteers. The whole were under the command of Colonel Baquero. On the flank of the hill, thrown back towards the town, a couple of quick-firing guns were in position, under the personal command of Colonel Ordoñez, a scientific artilleryman of European reputation. It was these guns that made such good practice against Grimes's battery. In reserve between San Juan and the entrance to Santiago were three more companies of the Talavera regiment under the personal command of General Linares himself. One of these watched the right side of the hill; the two others were in the fork between the San Juan and El Caney roads. Thus the actual defence of San Juan was entrusted to 300 rifles and two

guns. There were 300 more rifles further back and firing at long range.

The men who actually held the hill lost heavily, probably about half their number being killed and wounded during the defence, which lasted between four and five hours. Baquero was killed, and about half-past eleven Linares was severely wounded by a bullet in the shoulder, and was carried back into the city. Colonel Ordoñez was also badly wounded while working his guns, being shot through both legs. The guns were withdrawn successfully, the Talavera companies advancing pluckily to cover their retreat and that of their comrades who had been driven from the hill. After this there was desultory fighting all the afternoon, the Americans holding the trenches and the blockhouse they had won, keeping up a sharp fire on the nearest defences of the town, and forcing the Spaniards to evacuate the outlying works between San Juan and the suburbs of Santiago. Old General Wheeler had come up to the top of the hill to take a close look at the Spaniards. Some of the officers spoke of the difficulty of holding a position so near the enemy's works, but the old General promptly replied that they must not give up what had cost so heavy a price, and told them to get picks and spades and set to work to entrench the ground, for stick to it they must.

The fight for San Juan had not been the only engagement on the American left. Further away, near the city General Duffield's brigade of northern volunteers had advanced against the Spanish positions at the mouth of the San Juan river. The Spaniards had blown up the railway bridge near the sea, and had abandoned the old castle of Aguadores on the east bank, but they had a battery looking out seaward on the right or west bank of the river, and had dug shelter trenches and rifle-pits to command every point of crossing.

The volunteers moved up along the coast railway from Siboney. Their only chance of forcing the passage of the river lay in the co-operation of the fleet, which was to bombard the Spanish positions. The volunteers, accompanied by some Cuban scouts, were brought by train to a point about a mile east of Aguadores. The 33rd Michigan were the first to arrive. They were accompanied by General Duffield, and his signalers put him in communication with the flagship *New York*. At a quarter-past ten Duffield signalled that he was ready, and the *New York*, the *Gloucester*, the *Suwanee*, and the

*Newark* opened fire on the Spanish fort and the trenches on the river bank. The flagstaff of the fort was shot down, but the garrison seems to have been withdrawn before that happened. Along the river bank the Michigan men were firing at the trenches, which were raked by the guns of the fleet. Sampson after about an hour signalled that the Spaniards had abandoned the trenches, but Duffield, whose men were still falling under the Mauser bullets, replied that they had not been all driven from the river bank. The bombardment went on till nearly twelve. Then Duffield decided that he could not force the river, and retired along the railway towards Siboney.

Sampson then turned the guns of the *New York*, the *Oregon*, and some other of the heavier vessels, on Santiago, firing over the hills at a high elevation, which he calculated would drop the projectiles in the streets and harbour of the city, which was, of course, invisible to the gunners. How far this indirect fire at all helped the attack is not clear, but it caused considerable alarm and some damage in Santiago. Consul Ramsden thus describes the effect of the bombardment, which he notes began about eleven. All the morning there had been firing towards Caney and nearer in front of San Juan, but it was not till after eleven that the big shells began to burst in the city. "The first fell in the Barracones Street; the next went into the Carmen Church in St. Thomas Street. After breakfast (lunch) they began to get hotter, and it seemed to me that this house was just in the line of fire, especially when one fell and burst not 150 yards from this house. I thought then I would send the women and children down to the store as being safer, but Mason telephoned to me that shells were also falling in that neighbourhood . . . so there is not much choice of a situation. I sent for the other consuls, and we had a meeting as to protesting to Admiral Sampson against his throwing shells in this way on defenceless folk without a word of previous advice, and we signed a letter which will go out to him to-morrow morning, if the Governor allows a flag of truce to go out, which I doubt. Several more shells have fallen in different houses and streets of the town."

Ramsden estimated the force in the town and its neighbourhood, including the sea forts and outlying garrisons in the villages, at only 6,000 effective men—namely, 4,000 soldiers, 1,000 men from the fleet, and 1,000 volunteers. The sailors were in good condition, but the soldiers "half-starved, sick, and dispirited." This makes the

stubborn resistance of the Spaniards all the more creditable. By evening they had lost the advanced posts of San Juan and El Caney, which confined them to the limits of the city itself, except to the south-west, where they still held the bank of the San Juan river towards the sea, and thus were able to protect the rear of the Morro, Estrella, and Punta Gorda batteries. They had also troops on the west side of the harbour, and held the northern outlet of the town, the roads towards San Luis, by which reinforcements were anxiously expected. During the day the Spaniards had lost about 600 men, a very high figure considering the comparatively small force that was closely engaged. Of these 17 officers and 78 men were killed, 37 officers and

339 men wounded without counting the slight wounds, which in Continental armies are classed as "contusions." This makes 471 *hors de combat*, besides over a hundred prisoners. General Linares was so badly hit that he had to hand over the command to General Toral. Vara de Rey, the best of the brigadiers, was dead. Colonel Caula, the chief of the engineers, and Colonel Ordoñez, the artillery commander, were among the wounded, so that the defence of the place had lost more than is expressed by mere numbers. The pick of those who directed it were gone. The fleet had lost Captain Bustamente, Cervera's chief of the staff, who was wounded while commanding the naval contingent in the trenches.



SKIRMISHING NEAR SANTIAGO.



SKIRMISHING NEAR SANTIAGO.

#### XVI.—THE AMERICAN ADVANCE CHECKED.

THE result of the day had been on the whole disappointing for the Americans.

It had been anticipated that Santiago would be taken before sundown, but the Spaniards had offered a wholly unexpected resistance, and as the result of a long summer's day of hard fighting only the two out-works of the city had fallen. This success had been won at the cost of heavy losses, which General Shafter only partly realised when in the evening he sent his first despatch to Washington, a message which came like a cold chill on the American public after the glowing accounts of decisive victory that were too hastily issued by the more sensational newspapers. The general's despatch ran thus :—

“ Siboney, via Playa del Este.

“ July 1, 1898.

“ Had a very heavy engagement to-day, which lasted from 8 a.m. till sundown. We have carried their outer works, and are now in possession of them. There is now about three-quarters of a mile of open country between my lines and the city. By morning my lines will be entrenched, and considerable augmentation of force will be there. General Lawton's division and General Pates's brigade, which have been engaged all day in carrying El Caney, which was accomplished at 4 p.m., will be in line

and in front of Santiago during the night. I regret to say that our casualties will be above 400; of these not many are killed.

“ W. R. SHAFER, Major-General.”

The American loss was certainly nearer 1,000 than 400, and, though many may not have been killed on the spot, the condition of even the most slightly wounded was serious for the simple reason that no adequate provision had been made for dealing with any number of wounded men. Those who were not badly hurt dragged themselves painfully to Sevilla or Siboney. The more severely injured were carried down by comrades on improvised stretchers. But hundreds lay till next day or the day after, unsheltered, unaided, without drink or food, under driving rain showers or scorching tropical sun, worried by insects, sometimes gnawed by the hideous land crabs as they lay helpless in the bush. When they did reach the base, they lay in huts through the open roofs of which the rain drove down. There were few doctors, and these were short of proper drugs and antiseptic dressings. Food supplies were scanty. Fat bacon, coffee, and hard biscuits

were the food of sick and wounded men. For there were now sick in hundreds. Exposure, want of food and shelter, were telling on the men; and it was whispered that some of the fever was not merely malarial, that the dreaded yellow fever had laid its hold on the army. And no wonder, for in spite of strict orders that the men were not to enter Cuban houses, the soldiers had been allowed to sleep in native huts at Siboney that were at least suspected of being already infected. When at last the wounded and sick were embarked in order to clear the base hospitals, they were crowded on board of ill-fitted transports and sent to sea without proper attendants or supplies. This fatal mismanagement cost the United States a greater loss of life than the Spanish bullets.

Shafter's disappointing despatch at least held out the hope of a speedy capture of Santiago. The condition of affairs in the army was not realised in the United States, and men took a cheerful view of the situation for yet another twenty-four hours. But the news of the next day's events was anything but reassuring. Santiago ought to have been captured on the 2nd, but the despatches from the front pointed to a situation in which the Americans were making no further progress and were barely holding on to the ground they had so dearly won on July 1st.

In the night between the 1st and 2nd the Spaniards had abandoned Cobre and the outlying blockhouses on the hills behind it and to the north of Santiago and west of the bay, drawing in these small detachments to reinforce the garrison of the city and setting fire to the abandoned blockhouses. During the same night the Americans had not only begun to entrench themselves, but had pushed a small force to Cuavitas, so as to threaten the northern approaches of the town. The Spanish reinforcements from Manzanillo were believed to be near at hand, but Garcia had promised to intercept them with his Cubans. On the San Juan side two more batteries, each of four light guns, had been brought up to reinforce the artillery of the attack.

At dawn the Spaniards in the trenches and blockhouses that formed a complete line round the city opened fire with rifles and cannon on the rising American entrenchments. The Americans replied, and this exchange of fire went on till eight o'clock, when there was a lull for awhile. So far, neither party attempted an advance. Three of the American batteries were

in action near the San Juan hill, their fire being directed against the south-west angle of the town. The fleet was bombarding the sea forts, and several shells fell in the harbour. Shells were also bursting in the streets of the city, but these appear to have been the lighter projectiles fired from the American lines.

It was expected that at any moment the besiegers might advance to the attack and storm the Spanish defences, and a kind of panic seized on the population when the rumour spread through the city that if the Americans occupied it, Admiral Cervera would proceed to lay it in ruins with the guns of his fleet. Cervera had written to that effect to the French consul, who immediately sent word to all French subjects to prepare to leave the city. At one o'clock, to the number of some hundreds, they went out to Cuavitas, where the Stars and Stripes were flying. The procession of refugees, some on foot, some in carts and carriages, was headed by the consul, and a flag of truce and a tricolour were carried in front. "The panic was something terrific," writes Consul Ramsden, "and I was besieged by people who wanted to know what to do, and they would not leave me a moment in which to send a telegram or anything. I saw the Civil Governor, and told him about the Admiral's reply. He went to see Toral, who was at the front, and also the Admiral. The latter said that if they took the town, and the inhabitants and the army abandoned it, he certainly should fire at the Americans, but this was very different from his despatch to the French consul. Rice and beans, the only things for breakfast, as it was difficult to cook, with the bullets and rush and panic, and we did not get much to eat either." About eight there was a lull in the firing at the trenches, but it began again at midday and went on in a desultory fashion till sundown. All the morning, at Shafter's request, with a view to making a diversion, the fleet was bombarding Morro and Socapa. It did very little damage. The batteries fired a shot in reply from time to time, but never succeeded in hitting Sampson's ships.

The fighting of July 2nd, such as it was, has been called the battle of Santiago. There really was only a desultory cannonade and fusillade. The Americans were too utterly exhausted to attempt an assault. They were busy entrenching themselves, collecting their wounded, burying the dead, and getting up supplies to the front. After nightfall, about ten o'clock, the Spaniards made a sortie. It was apparently

meant to see if the besiegers were on the alert. It was met with a heavy rifle fire, and the attack was not pressed home, the Spaniards promptly retiring to their trenches. There were few casualties, but among those hit was General Hawkins, who was wounded in the foot.

By evening General Shafter had realised how serious was the situation, and in the early hours of Sunday, July 3rd, he sent a second despatch to Washington, the publication of which added to the growing anxiety throughout the United States. He thus summed up the situation :—

“Camp near Sevilla, Cuba, July 3, 1898.

“Via Playa del Este.

“We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it, we find it of such a character, and the defences so strong, it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between San Juan and Siboney, with our left at Sardinero, so as to get our supplies to a large extent by means of the railroad, which we can use, having engines and cars at Siboney. Our losses up to date will aggregate a thousand, but list has not yet been made; but little sickness, outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertion of the battle of the day before yesterday, and the almost constant fire which is kept up on the trenches. Waggon road to the rear is kept up with some difficulty on account of the rains, but I will be able to use it for the present. General Wheeler is seriously ill, and will probably have to go to the rear to-day. General Young also very ill, confined to his bed. General Hawkins slightly wounded in foot. During sortie enemy made last night, which was handsomely repulsed, the behaviour of the regular troops was magnificent. I am urging Admiral Sampson to attempt to force the entrance of the harbour, and will have a consultation with him this morning. He is coming to the front to see me. I have been unable to be out during the heat of the day for four days, but am retaining the command. General Garcia reported he holds the railway from Santiago San Luis, and has burned a bridge and removed some rails; also that General Pando has arrived at Palma, and that the French consul, with about four hundred French citizens, came into his (Garcia's) lines yesterday from Santiago. Have directed him to treat them with every courtesy possible.

“SHAFTER, Major-General.”

This despatch was an open confession of failure. He could not take Santiago; he was asking for leave to retreat to the hills near the coast. His losses were mounting up, and he himself and some of his generals were disabled by sickness. He was holding on to his works before Santiago “with a very thin line,” and, as there was an exaggerated idea at Washington of the Spanish forces in Santiago, it was felt that

he might be driven from his trenches by an attack in force. He was asking Sampson to enter the harbour mouth, but then the army had been sent to Eastern Cuba precisely because Sampson did not feel justified in attempting anything of the kind. No wonder men spoke of a possible disaster to the American arms.

General Miles cabled to Shafter official congratulations on what had been so far accomplished, and on “the record made of magnificent fortitude, gallantry, and sacrifice displayed in the desperate fighting of the troops before Santiago.” He announced that he was coming himself to Cuba with strong reinforcements, and would be in front of Santiago within a week.

On the same day orders were issued for several volunteer regiments to leave the camps of instruction and embark for Cuba. Retreat was not to be thought of under any circumstances. If necessary, 50,000 would be sent. At the same time a belated effort was made to provide proper help for the wounded and the sick. General Miles had no intention of superseding Shafter; but he hoped to induce him to accept a plan of operations that would give better results than a direct attack on Santiago.

Hitherto the operations of the American army had been directed on an unsound basis. Santiago was not the object of the expedition. It was directed to quite another purpose—the forcing of Cervera's fleet out of the harbour. Now, military history affords a famous parallel to the situation. When the French Republicans were besieging Toulon in 1793, an English fleet lay in the harbour, and on that fleet depended the defence of the place. The Republican generals were embarking on a regular siege of the city, when the young artillery officer who was afterwards Napoleon I. pointed out that they might neglect all the other works and concentrate their efforts on a single fort which commanded the harbour. If that were taken, the fleet must go, and the city would fall. His plan was adopted and proved completely successful. The situation at Santiago pointed to a similar solution. It was obvious that if the forts at the harbour mouth were taken, the torpedo defence could be destroyed and Sampson's fleet could enter the harbour. So clear was this, that if there was any sign of the forts being in danger, Cervera would have to run out or stay to fight like a rat in a trap. Now the forts could be attacked with the co-operation of the fleet, and Miles's plan was to land troops near Cabañas, and, protected by Sampson's guns, march to the attack of the

Socapa battery. This had no land defence of any strength. Its capture would paralyse part of the torpedo defence, enable guns to be brought to bear from the headland against Morro and Punta Gorda, and also make it easy to bring a plunging fire upon the decks of the Spanish ships if they tried to defend the entrance. The Socapa battery was, in fact, the key of Santiago.

It should have been attacked in the first instance. To march on the city was to waste time and life.

Such, then, was the situation and the outlook on the morning of July 3rd. Before midday, however, events had happened that completely altered it, and decided the fate of Santiago and of Spanish rule in Cuba.



COMMODORE WATSON IN COMMAND OF THE U.S. SQUADRON WHICH WAS TO  
HAVE ATTACKED THE SPANISH COAST.



XVII.—THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

GENERAL SHAFTER having failed to take Santiago, and having his army reduced to such straits that he was talking of retreat, Admiral Cervera, to the astonishment of friends and foes alike, suddenly acted in a way that practically made a present of Santiago to the Americans, and hopelessly wrecked and destroyed the one fleet that Spain possessed in the West Indies.

On the evening of July 2nd, Consul Ramsden had written in his diary: "They say to-night that the Manzanillo reinforcements, some 4,000 men, are at San Luis, and will be here to-morrow. It seems incredible that the Americans with their large force have not yet taken the place. The defence of the Spaniards has been really heroic, the more so when you consider they are half-starved and sick. It was affirmed to-day that the squadron would leave this evening, but they have not done so, though the pilots are on board. I will believe it when I see them get out, and I wish they would. If they do, they will fare badly outside." Preparations were actually in progress for the departure of the squadron. The men who had been landed to aid in the defence of the trenches were re-embarked, and an opening was made through the obstacles at the harbour mouth.

On Sunday morning the sky was clear and bright, the sea was smooth, and there was a light wind. On board the blockading fleet no

one suspected that the Spaniards were getting ready to come out. The ships lying off the entrance to the harbour had all, with the exception of the *Oregon* and the *Gloucester*, let their furnace fires burn low, and there was very little pressure of steam in the boilers. The

admiral had gone away to the eastward, making for Siboney, where a cavalry escort was waiting to conduct him to General Shafter's headquarters. The general had sent for him in order to urge upon him the necessity of extricating the army from its difficult position by forcing the harbour mouth. Several of the ships were absent from their usual stations. The battleship *Massachusetts*, the auxiliary cruiser *Suwanee*, and the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, had gone to coal at Guantanamo. The torpedo boat *Porter* was away on despatch duty. The other torpedo boat, the *Ericsson*, was accompanying the flagship.

Of the ships actually engaged in blockade duty, the *Iowa* lay due south of the harbour entrance, about five and a half miles from the land, under easy steam, with her bow towards the shore. To the east of her, and somewhat nearer the land, lay the battleships *Oregon* and *Indiana*. To the west of the *Iowa* was the battleship *Texas*, and beyond her the armoured cruiser *Brooklyn*, flying the flag of Commodore Schley. The *Brooklyn* was almost exactly south-west of Morro Castle. Closer still to the land lay two small armed vessels, the *Vixen* west of the entrance



THE NAVAL BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO-DE-CUBA. I.

and the *Gloucester* east of it, towards Aguadores Castle. The *New York* and the *Ericsson* were a good seven miles away steaming towards Siboney. At half-past nine orders had been given on board of the *Iowa* and the other blockading ships for the crews to fall in for general inspection. Unseen behind the hills of Morro and Socapa the Spanish squadron, led by Admiral Cervera on board the *Maria Teresa*, was just then steaming down the harbour, cleared for action.

Why it was that he came out is likely to be for a long time to come a disputed point. It is asserted that he left Santiago in obedience to imperative orders from Havana, that he remonstrated against them, and that they were repeated, leaving him no choice but to go to what was all but certain destruction. But this has been denied, and according to some accounts, he acted on his own initiative. Again, there are two different versions of the story about the orders from Havana. According to one account they originated with Marshal Blanco, who believed the squadron could escape from Santiago and reinforce the defences of the island capital. According to the other account, Blanco was merely the mouthpiece of the Madrid Government, and the orders for Cervera were cabled through Havana from the Spanish Admiralty. However this may be, the captains of the squadron had no illusions as to the fate that awaited them. The chance of war may indeed give victory under the most hopeless conditions, but practical men do not take such possibilities into their calculations. They knew that the ships could not steam at anything like their nominal speed; that the armament was defective, the *Colon* being without her heavy guns, and some of the lighter guns and their mountings being unserviceable; that the ammunition was of inferior quality, and the coal supply scanty and bad. The *Cristobal Colon* and the *Vizcaya* had their machinery in the best condition, and the most that was hoped for was that one or both of these ships might force the blockade.

But what has never been explained is why Admiral Cervera, having decided to come out, chose to make the attempt in broad daylight. All was ready on the night between the Saturday and Sunday, yet he waited for the morning. He would have done better still if he had waited till Sunday night, when he might have run out through driving showers of rain in absolute darkness. It has been suggested that the reason was because he doubted whether his ships could make their way through the narrow channel

except by daylight. But he had good local pilots on board, and it would require little ingenuity to place temporary marks in the channel, which his picket boats patrolled every night. His ships would have had just a chance of escaping if their dash for the open sea had been preceded by an attack on the blockading squadron by the two destroyers, under the cover of darkness.

But it is idle to discuss what might have been. Let us tell what happened. At half-past nine the squadron was under weigh. Line of battle was formed as the ships steamed down the lower harbour. First came Cervera's flagship, the *Injanta Maria Teresa*. The Admiral was in the forward conning-tower, and with him was Miguel Lopez, a Santiago pilot. Next came the *Vizcaya*, then the *Cristobal Colon*, and the *Almirante Oquendo*. Then came the torpedo-boat destroyer *Pluton*, and, last of all, the *Furor*, with Captain Villamil, the commander of the destroyer squadron, on board of her. At Smith Cay Villamil stopped his two destroyers for a few minutes in order to get more steam on their boilers. This left a large gap between them and the cruisers, which bore steadily on for the opening of the harbour. As they entered the narrows Cervera flew his last signal to his men, "I wish you a speedy victory!"

Thanks to the bad coal they were burning, the funnels of the Spanish cruisers were sending up dense clouds of black smoke, and this, rising over the land, was what first attracted the attention of a look-out on the *Iowa*, a young naval apprentice. He gave the alarm, and the next moment the bow of the *Maria Teresa* was seen gliding out from between the headlands of the port.

At once an alarm gun was fired, the signal was hoisted "Enemy escaping," and on every ship the call "Clear for action" rang out. In two minutes every officer and man was at his post, and the ships were heading for the Spaniards.

As the *Maria Teresa* passed the rocky point below Morro Castle Cervera stood beside the pilot. He had told Miguel Lopez to let him know the moment when he could safely turn to the westward. At the signal from the pilot the Admiral gave the order "Starboard," and then, as the great cruiser swung round in answer to her helm, he called down the voice tubes that led to barbets and batteries, "Fire!" Lopez remarked that, as they ran out to sea, Cervera did not show the least excitement or agitation,

and that he gave his orders calmly and deliberately. "You have done your work well, pilot," he said to Lopez; "I hope you will come out of this safe, and that you will be well rewarded. You have earned it."

The other cruisers, steering in the wake of the *Maria Teresa*, came on with an interval of about 600 yards between each ship. The speed had been ten knots through the narrows. As they gained the sea the engines were put to full speed, and as each ship cleared the headlands she opened fire. The guns of Socapa and Morro joined in the cannonade, but, unluckily for the Spaniards, their fire was as ineffective as it had been on previous occasions. Between the *Oquendo*—the last of the cruisers—and the torpedo boats there was a gap of about three-quarters of a mile, or between four and five minutes in time at the rate at which the squadron ran out. From the moment of the first alarm till the *Pluton*, the last of the squadron, shot out from behind the Morro Point, less than a quarter of an hour had passed.

These were busy, anxious minutes for the American fleet. In the absence of Admiral Sampson and the *New York*, the *Brooklyn* was the flagship, and Schley was in command of the actual fighting force. The signal flags rose and fell fluttering on the *Brooklyn's* halyards, but the captains of the blockading fleet had so fully thought out what was to be done in such an emergency that they were ready to act, where need be, each on his own initiative. They showed ready resource and good seamanship. Without these there might well have been disastrous results, as the huge ships rushed with all the speed they could gather to hang as closely as might be on the flank of the escaping enemy. And most of them laboured under the serious disadvantage of having very little steam to work with. They first headed for the opening of the harbour, the stokers below working like madmen to get their furnaces well ablaze, and the gunners in the barbets and forward batteries sending their shells screaming towards the Spanish squadron. Then as it was seen that the enemy's course was westward, the Americans turned on the same course, this change bringing some of the battleships into dangerous proximity to each other. The *Texas* and the *Iowa* had been running at first towards the land on a converging course. Wrapped in the smoke of their big guns, their bows were perilously near, and as they sheered off from each other, the *Oregon*, which had been following the *Iowa*, but had now

gathered more way than her consorts, came rushing in between the two other battleships. The *Oregon* held her fire as she drove past them, but as her big bow guns cleared the line of the *Iowa's* upperworks, she fired her starboard guns, the shells passing just over the forward deck of her neighbour.

The *Brooklyn* had, like the rest, headed for Morro. She had very little steam up and moved slowly, and Schley saw that if he held on his course he ran a risk of being rammed by the *Maria Teresa* or the *Cristobal Colon*, both of which were rushing westward at a higher speed than he could yet command. He starboarded his helm, turning first eastward, then south, and finally westward again. While he swept round in this circle, the battleships came up between him and the land. But till they masked his fire he kept every gun going that could be brought to bear on the Spaniards, then he joined in the chase, firing his forward guns. The great speed of his fine armoured cruiser enabled him soon to range up abreast of the *Oregon*, which had at once got and kept the lead of the other battleships.

The *New York*, seven miles away to the eastward, heard the roar of guns and turned to join in the fight, in which it was the Admiral's misfortune to have a very small share. The *Ericsson* ran back beside her. But before they were even abreast of Morro Castle the fate of some of the enemy's ships had been decided. Close into the shore between Morro and Aguadores lay the gunboat *Gloucester*. She was a small steel steamer, built for speed. Before the war she had been a pleasure yacht, the *Corsair*, the property of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. She had been bought by the United States Government, renamed, and fitted as a despatch boat, armed with some small quick-firers—six- and three-pounder guns. Her captain was one of the smartest officers in the American navy, Commander W. Wainwright, who had been second in command of the *Maine* when she blew up in Havana Harbour. He showed that day that a yacht, well handled, may prove herself a formidable fighting ship. He had opened fire on the cruisers as they came out, but realising that his small guns could do them little harm, and rightly conjecturing that the torpedo boats would follow the larger craft, he kept his station, waiting for them to appear. He almost stopped his engines, holding on towards Morro, reckless of the risk he ran of being sunk by the shore batteries. The pressure on the boilers rose so rapidly that

when the *Furor* and *Pluton* dashed out of the harbour the *Gloucester* was able to make for them with a speed of seventeen knots, sending a shower of well-aimed shells into them—shells that, light as they were, could do deadly damage to the torpedo boats. How much of the injury the two boats received was due to the *Gloucester*, how much to the guns of the *Indiana*, which were also turned upon them, and to the *New York*, which sent them some long-ranging shots as she came up, it is impossible to say. Certain it is that the yacht had a large share in their

steam, and with her narrow deck strewn with dead and wounded, drifted helplessly towards the shore. Her consort, the *Pluton*, did not survive her many minutes. The *Furor* sank under the rocky coast near Cabañas Bay, and the *Pluton* kept her engines going just long enough to run ashore beyond the west point of the little inlet.

Like the two smaller boats that were sunk by Dewey during the fight in Manila Bay, these fine torpedo craft had courted the destruction that thus overtook them by coming out in broad

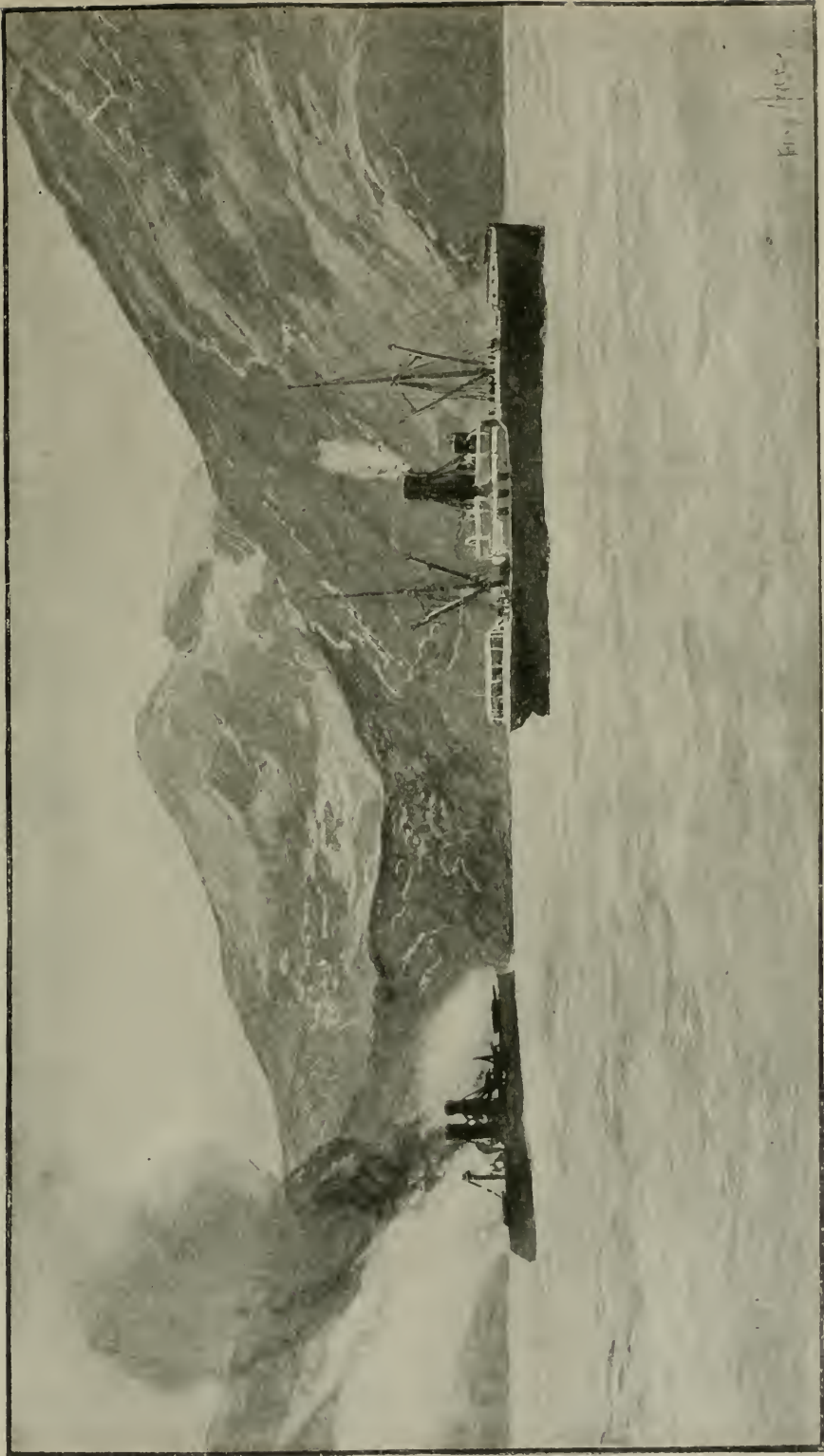


THE BURNING WRECK OF THE "MARIA TERESA."

destruction, and, according to the narrative of the Spanish lieutenant who was second in command of the *Furor*, it was the *Gloucester* prevented her getting away, turning to the eastward outside Morro Point. If the *Furor* could have got within torpedo range of Wainwright's little steamer, a single torpedo might have blown the *Gloucester* out of the water. But the torpedo boat was quickly crippled by the *Gloucester's* shells. One of the first shells that hit her destroyed the main ventilator of the *Furor's* engine-room and disorganised the forced draught, bringing the pressure of steam down rapidly. Another cut the helmsman in two, a third shattered the steering gear. Yet another penetrated into the engine-room, breaking several steam pipes. The *Furor*, without propelling or steering power, enveloped in clouds of escaping

daylight to run the gauntlet of a fleet armed with quick-firing guns. There was only one way in which Cervera and Villamil might perhaps have used them with effect. They might have crept out close under the starboard side of two cruisers, reached the sea sheltered between them and the land, and then they could perhaps have been convoyed into the midst of the enemy by their protectors, only dashing out from under cover at the last moment. In this way they might have done something. Fighting as they did was an act of self-destruction.

Within a few minutes of the loss of Villamil's little vessels, Cervera's flagship had shared their fate. Coming out first, she had received the fire of the *Brooklyn* and the four battleships, a converging rush of shells of all calibres. The *Indiana*, the *Texas*, and the *Oregon* then concentrated



THE "VIZCAYA" BURNING ON THE ROCKS.

their fire upon her. In the first dash the cruisers had gained a little on the American fleet, and at first the fire of the pursuers did little serious damage. Mr. Mason, an Englishman, and the consul of China at Santiago, watched them from the look-out hill north of Morro. He lost sight of the cruisers at ten o'clock as they went round the curve of the shore. This was twenty minutes after they cleared the headlands, and so far as he could judge none of them had yet been badly hit. Signal masts and chimneys were all standing, and none of the ships were on fire. He thought Cervera had made good his escape. This was the impression in Santiago, and on this was based the report sent through Havana, which was ridiculed in England and America as a Spanish fiction.

The *Maria Teresa*, although the first of the cruisers to succumb to the shower of shells poured into the squadron by the American fleet, got as far as about six miles to the westward of Santiago. During the war the gunnery of the American navy was spoken of as something very perfect, but in the running fight with the Spaniards outside Santiago, considering the enormous number of shots fired by the blockading squadron, the hits were remarkably few. The *Maria Teresa*, though exposed to a converging storm of fire, was only hit twenty-nine times. An 8-inch shell struck the shield of the second gun in the broadside, counting from the stern. It went through it and exploded between decks, doing a lot of damage, and inflicting heavy loss on the crews working the guns of the secondary battery. A 5-inch shell came through the side just astern of the funnels and exploded in the coal-bunkers, forcing up the deck above and setting the ship on fire. During the whole fight, the big barbette and turret guns of the American battleships (13-inch and 12-inch guns throwing projectiles of 1,100 and of 850 pounds) made only two hits. Both of these were on the unfortunate *Maria Teresa*. They look as if they came from a pair of guns mounted side by side in one of the blockading vessels, for they crashed through the Spanish cruiser's side close together, making nearly the same hole. They came in just aft of the stern turret and a little above the water line. They burst in the after torpedo-operating room, blowing a jagged hole through the other side of the ship, and utterly wrecking everything in the compartment in which the explosion took place, killing and wounding all who were at work there and setting the ship on fire. Another damaging hit was

made by an 8-inch shell a few feet forward of the point where these two giant projectiles had struck. The official report thus describes its deadly work:—"An 8-inch shell struck the gun deck just under the after barbette, passed through the side of the ship, and exploded, ranging aft. The damage done by this shell was very great. All the men in the locality must have been killed or badly wounded. The beams were torn and ripped. The fragments of the shell passed across the deck and out through the starboard side. This shell also cut the fire main." The other hits were mostly from the smaller 6-pounder quick-firers. They made three holes in one of the funnels, and cut up the deck-houses.

Their explosions killed and wounded a good many of the crew, among them Admiral Cervera himself, who was slightly injured in the arm as he stood on the bridge outside the conning-tower, watching the progress of the fight, and as some thought courting death. But none of the damage done directly by the American shells was sufficient to put the Spanish flagship out of action. She had her water line intact, her engines uninjured, her barbettes with their heavy guns absolutely untouched, and only one of the quick-firers in her secondary battery was damaged. But indirectly the few heavy shells that had come in had settled her fate. She had been insufficiently stripped of wood and wooden fittings. Below decks especially there seems to have been a lot of dry woodwork. The shells set this on fire, and the ship, with her fire main severed, was burning fiercely in two different places. All attempts to keep the fire down proved useless. The men were rapidly driven from the guns and the engine-room, and the ship drifted towards the shore a helpless wreck, the black smoke pouring up from her lower decks. Some of the crew swam to the land, others were taken off by the Americans, the *Gloucester* especially doing good service. Her light draught enabled her to go close in, and while the battle went roaring away to the westward, Commander Wainwright was busy saving the remains of the Spanish flagship's crew from death by fire or water. Among those he took on to his ship were Admiral Cervera and his son, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy. The two had thrown themselves into the water together as the fire crept forward to their station near the conning-tower and bow barbette. The admiral was taken to the shore, where a party of the *Gloucester's* men had been landed, under

Lieutenant Morton, to collect the prisoners and keep back the Cuban guerillas, who were trooping down to the coast, firing on the Spaniards as they swam ashore, and knocking them on the head as they tried to land. This murderous work was stopped by a threat to turn the *Gloucester's* guns on the cowardly ruffians. Cervera, as he stepped ashore, told Morton that he surrendered to him, and asked to be taken on board the gunboat. He was rowed to the *Gloucester*. As he came on board the ship, Commander Wainwright grasped his hand and said warmly: "I congratulate you, sir, on having made as gallant a fight as ever was witnessed on the sea."

It was at a quarter-past ten that the burning flagship drove ashore at Nimanima, six and a half miles from Morro Castle. The *Vizcaya* and the *Cristobal Colon* were still in good condition, and seemed to be gaining on the Americans; but the other cruiser, the *Almirante Oquendo*, was in dire distress, and only survived the flagship a quarter of an hour, driving ashore near her consort, seven miles west of Santiago, at half-past ten. No ship in the whole squadron received such a terrible battering as she endured from the quick-firers of the *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Indiana*. The sides were riddled with shells and fragments of shells. One gun of the quick-firing battery was dismantled, another pierced by a shell. Ammunition hoists were cut through, ventilators and fire mains smashed. An 8-inch shell came through the roof of the bow barrette, killed everyone in the turret, and disabled the forward heavy gun. But, although her fighting power was thus seriously diminished, it must be noted that, like the *Maria Teresa*, she had her water-line belt and her engines intact, these being, in the case of every cruiser in the fleet, perfectly protected by the under-water armoured deck. What put her out of action was the setting on fire of woodwork. These fires broke out in several places, and it was impossible to keep them all under. One of their first effects was to interfere with the draught to the furnaces and slow the engines. The ship, hard pressed by the *Indiana*, was driven ashore to save life. According to one account, her captain, Don Juan Lazaga, the son of a Spanish admiral, blew his brains out when he saw that he could not save his ship. Stories of this kind must be received with caution. It is far more likely that he was brained by a bursting shell.

The complete destruction of the *Oquendo* was

effected by her own magazines. She blew up on the beach, the explosion of the forward magazine nearly cutting her in two just ahead of the bow barrette. As soon as she went ashore, Sampson, who had come up in the *New York*, signalled to the *Indiana* to resume the blockade of the port. Two auxiliary cruisers, the *Harvard* (formerly the Atlantic liner *New York*) and the *Hist*, had also come up from the eastward. These assisted the *Gloucester* in rescuing the crew of the *Oquendo*. The flagship *New York*, accompanied by the *Ericsson*, joined in the pursuit of the remaining ships, but Sampson was yet too far astern to take any share in the fighting.

The *Cristobal Colon* had shot out well ahead of the *Vizcaya*. The latter was hard pressed by the *Iowa*, and was evidently in trouble, for her fire was slackening, and she was losing speed. Several shells had burst in her gun-deck, one raking it from the stern forward, and killing and wounding half the men on one side of the ship. She was headed off by the *Brooklyn*, and the Spanish captain, Don Antonio Eulate, recognising that this was the quickest ship in the enemy's fleet, and that if she were crippled it would be the means of saving his colleague, Captain Diaz Moreu, of the *Colon*, made a plucky attempt to close with Schley's flagship, in order to ram or torpedo her. The *Brooklyn* easily avoided this manœuvre, and the torpedo which Eulate had placed in his bow tube ready to be fired proved the destruction of his fine ship. It was exploded by the impact of a shell, and wrecked and set fire to the fore part of the vessel. The ship was already on fire in the gun-decks and coal-bunkers. Headed off by the *Brooklyn*, close pressed by the *Iowa* and the *Oregon*, Eulate ran his burning ship ashore at Asseradores, fifteen miles from Santiago, and hauled down his flag. As it fell a new explosion shook the unfortunate *Vizcaya*. The American crews cheered wildly, but on board the *Iowa* Captain Evans checked the hurrahs of his men. "Don't cheer, boys," he said; "those poor fellows are dying." It was about a quarter-past eleven. Evans, with the *Iowa*, stood by the wreck of the *Vizcaya*, by the Admiral's orders, to rescue the survivors of her crew. Meanwhile, the *Brooklyn* leading, then the *Oregon*, next the *Texas* and the cruiser *Vixen*, with the *New York* far astern, continued the chase of the *Cristobal Colon*, which had got a lead of six miles, and seemed likely to escape.

The rescue of the Spaniards from the burning

*Vizcaya* and her colleagues was a work of danger and difficulty. Loaded guns were going off with the heat. Ammunition on deck and below was exploding, wreckage was coming down from above, and round the wreck the surf of the shore was breaking heavily. There were ghastly sights to be seen by the rescuers, for men who had died in the attempt to escape hung here and there burning on the red-hot plates of the wrecked cruiser's decks and sides. The Cubans had to be kept at bay on the land side, where several men were landed. Some of those who escaped swam ashore, got safely into the woods, and pluckily made their way into Santiago and reported themselves ready for further duty.

under the red and golden flag under which they had fought, and as later on their bodies were committed to the waves, three volleys were fired as a last salute.

While the survivors of the wrecked cruisers were being saved, the *Cristobal Colon* was steaming westward, and the pursuers were gaining on her. On the measured mile the *Colon* had made a trial speed of twenty-three knots. If she had been able to do anything like that on the 3rd of July, she would have got safe to Havana, but she averaged, on her run out from Santiago, a speed of only between thirteen and fourteen knots.

At ten minutes to one the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* had got within range of the *Colon* and



### The Naval Battle off Santiago II.

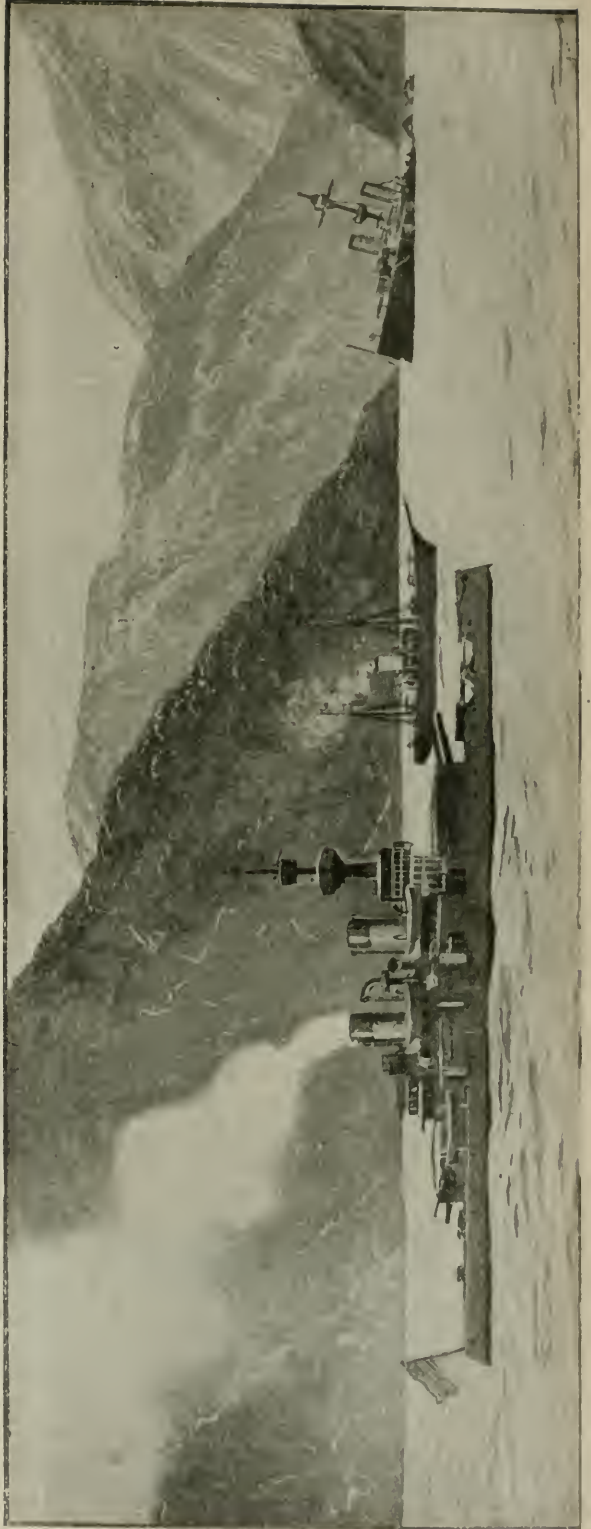
Wainwright, of the *Gloucester*, and Evans, of the *Iowa*, did all that brave and chivalrous men could do to rescue the survivors, many of them wounded, and to honour the desperate bravery shown by the Spanish officers in this forlorn rush against superior numbers. Eulate was received by a guard of marines, who presented arms as he stepped on board the *Iowa*, and Evans, taking his hand, told him that he must not give up his sword. "You have surrendered," he said, "to four ships, each heavier than your own. You did not surrender to the *Iowa* only, so her captain cannot take your sword." Eulate was deeply touched, and when Cervera was brought on board he told him what Evans had said, adding that the incident would be one of the treasured memories of his life. Three of the Spaniards, who died soon after being taken on board the battleship, were laid

opened fire upon her with their heavy guns. She had no weapons that could even attempt an effective reply to them. In the earlier stage of the fight, when she was in action just outside, she had received practically no injury. Her armour kept out all but one large shell, an 8-inch projectile, which came through the side above the belt and wrecked her ward-room. Unlike her consorts built in Spanish dockyards, this Italian-built cruiser never was on fire. She was lost simply through lack of speed and through not having a proper armament which might have enabled her to make a real fight. As her pursuers closed in upon her she headed for the shore in the little bay into which the Tarquino river runs, forty-eight miles to the west of Santiago. As the giant shells of the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* roared through the air above her decks or sent geysers of water over her





THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" AS SHE APPEARED AFTER RUNNING AGROUND.



AFTER THE SURRENDER: THE "CRISTÓBAL COLÓN" SINKING.

as they ricocheted alongside, it was clear that the American gunners had the range, and that the *Colon* would soon be a mere target for the heavy guns of four big ships, for the *Texas* and *New York* were now coming up to the help of Schley. Captain Moreu therefore struck his flag, and the boats of the *Oregon* pulled alongside to take possession.

When the American boarding officer came on deck the Spaniards were beginning to get their boats out, and a marked list to starboard showed that the *Colon* was sinking. Men were sent below to try to discover where the leak was, and to close some of the water-tight doors in the bulkheads, which were found open. But nothing could save the ship; she was going down rapidly. The wounded were got into the boats first, then the rest of the officers and crew were transferred to the American fleet. The *Colon* heeled over towards the land and sank sideways, leaving her port side out of water and awash, her decks nearly vertical, the long muzzles of her quick-firers on the port side pointing skywards. It is all but certain that her water-line belt was unpierced by the American fire, and that she was sunk by one of her own engineers, who was resolved that if he could help it the *Colon* should not float after her surrender and fly the Stars and Stripes. He therefore, without orders from his captain, opened the sea cocks and let the water into the ship.

Thus in less than four hours the Spanish fleet had been utterly destroyed. The *Colon* was sunk. The three other cruisers lay burning on the rocks nearer Santiago, columns of black smoke a thousand feet high curling up from their wrecks against the green hills and the blue sky. One torpedo boat was a wreck on the shore, the other had gone to the bottom in deep water. And this success had been won with practically no loss to the blockading fleet. The total number of casualties from the fire of the Spaniards was two, one killed and one wounded, both on board the *Brooklyn*. Besides these, nine men had been more or less seriously injured by having unwittingly placed themselves in the line of concussion of their own heavy guns. The only ships actually hit were the *Iowa* and the *Brooklyn*; the former was struck several times, but no one was injured. The hits on the *Brooklyn* numbered twenty, mostly on the armour, funnels, and ventilators, the projectiles being small shells that did very little damage. The seaman killed was a signalman named Ellis, a well-educated young man who had joined the

navy as a volunteer just before the war. He came from Brooklyn, and by his own desire was posted to the ship named after his native city. He was engaged in range-finding duty during the action, and was standing beside Commodore Schley and Captain Cook, who commanded the ship when he was killed. The commodore thus described the incident:—"As I stood talking with Captain Cook while we finished the *Vizcaya*, it seemed that our shots were falling a little short. I turned to Ellis, who stood near, and asked him what the range was. He replied, 'Seventeen hundred yards.' I have pretty keen eyesight, and it seldom deceives me as to distances, and I told him I thought it was slightly more than that. 'I just took it, sir, but I'll try it again,' he said, and stepped off to one side, about eight feet, to get the range. He had just raised his instrument to his eye when a shell struck him full in the face and carried away all of his head above the mouth."

As the *Colon* surrendered, there was a striking scene on board the *Texas*. Captain Phillips, her commander, called his crew on deck, and speaking in a clear, ringing voice, told them he had not called them up to join in the cheers that hailed the surrender of the last of the Spaniards, but he asked every man to take off his hat and offer silent thanks to God for the great victory, and for their own personal safety during the fight. All hats were off for a brief interval, and then the men threw them in the air, cheering their captain.

All the ships were soon crowded with Spanish prisoners, most of them more or less seriously wounded. The total number of Spaniards who surrendered was 1,600. About 150 of those who swam ashore made their way to the city of Santiago. Many others were killed on land by the Cubans. The total loss of Cervera's fleet was about 350 killed and 160 wounded, out of a total complement of some 2,300 men.

During the action the American ships had fired in all 6,500 shells. A careful examination of the Spanish wrecks was afterwards made, and all the hits counted. There were probably some others not included in this enumeration, as on the three cruisers that were burned much of the upper works had disappeared, and a good deal of the *Colon's* side that had been exposed to fire was under water. For the number of guns in action and the damage done the total of hits was surprisingly small, amounting to only about 3 per cent. of the shots fired. The 13-inch guns, of which there were eight

action, did not make a single hit; the 12-inch guns, of which there were six, made only two. The real work was done by the medium-calibred guns and the heavier quick-firers. It must be remembered, however, that in the chase much of the firing was at long ranges, and all of it in the midst of dense smoke clouds; for, though the Spaniards had the new smokeless powder, the Americans were still without it. The following interesting table gives the official analysis of the hits on the Spanish cruisers:—

Size of gun.	Number of hits on each vessel.				Total number of hits by each calibre of gun.	Number of guns of each calibre in action.	Number of hits per gun.
	<i>Teresa.</i>	<i>Oquendo.</i>	<i>Vizcaya.</i>	<i>C. Colon.</i>			
6-pounder ... ..	17	43	13	4	77	42	1.83
1-pounder ... ..	2	...	...	...	2	13	0.15
4-inch ... ..	1	7	4	...	12	3	4.00
5-inch ... ..	3	5	7	2	15	6	2.50
6-inch ... ..	1	1	...	1	3	7	9.43
8-inch ... ..	3	3	5	1	12	18	0.67
12-inch ... ..	2	...	...	...	2	6	0.33
13-inch ... ..	...	...	...	...	...	8	...
Totals ... ..	29	57	29	8	123	103	...

jammed in one of the quick-firers. Three men in succession volunteered to try to get it clear with the rammer, though for this purpose it was necessary to climb out over the ship's side and hang on with one hand, using the heavy rammer with the other, exposed, not only to the Spanish fire, but to the blast from the fire of the heavy guns further aft. The third of these plucky fellows got the shell out. One of the *Iowa's* crew climbed thrice into the burning *Vizcaya*, at the risk of his own life, to help out the wounded Spaniards. It would be easy to multiply such examples.

In the afternoon the fleet steamed back to Santiago and took up its blockading stations, after transferring the prisoners to the *Harvard* and others of the large auxiliary cruisers for conveyance to the United States. The morning's work had entirely changed the situation. It was felt now that the fall of Santiago could not be long delayed. The army had come there to help the fleet to destroy Cervera's squadron. The squadron had ceased to exist, but it was a point of honour to take the city, though, strictly speaking, this was no longer necessary. And, with the feeling that Santiago must soon fall, there came the growing hope that the war was near its end. And, for the Americans, there was a special satisfaction in remembering that it was the third of July, and that the great news of this second decisive naval victory, eclipsing even Dewey's exploit at Manila, would reach every city and town in the States on the national holiday, the Fourth of July.

Of individual deeds of gallantry on the American side, many might be recorded, both during the running fight and in the subsequent rescue of the defeated Spaniards. On board the *Brooklyn*, when the fight was hottest, a shell

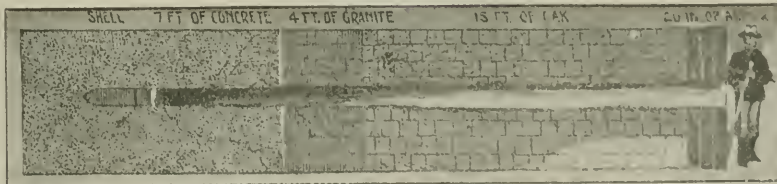


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE PENETRATING POWER OF ONE OF THE "OREGON'S" SHELLS.

XVIII.—THE FALL OF SANTIAGO.

EARLY in the morning of Sunday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, General Shafter had telegraphed to Washington, describing the situation before Santiago as very serious, and suggesting a retirement to the hills near the coast. At half-past two the same afternoon he sent a message in to General Toral, summoning him to surrender Santiago without further delay, and threatening to bombard the city if it was not handed over to him immediately. The contrast between these two messages shows how everything had changed in a few hours. Toral showed the summons to Mr. Ramsden, and he assembled the other consuls; and, after a brief deliberation, they proceeded to the American

headquarters behind San Juan hill. Generals Kent and Wheeler met the consuls, and, after telegraphing to Shafter, told them that the bombardment would be delayed for twenty-four hours. To put it familiarly, this talk of bombardment was a piece of bluff. The Americans had neither the guns nor the ammunition up at the front; and, with one muddy hill-road to bring them up by from Siboney, they could not expect them for some days to come. But the consuls could not know this. Considering that the army had been eleven days on Cuban soil, they supposed that it had brought up its artillery. And they knew that, in any case, the fleet could repeat its previous performances. So they took the threat seriously.

"We explained to the generals," writes Ramsden, "what a frightful act they were about to commit, and that, while doing no harm whatever to the Spanish army, they would drive

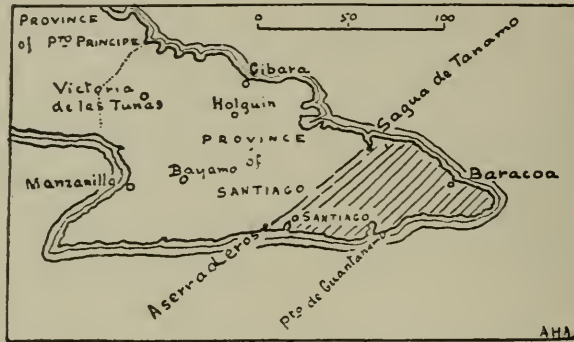
out to a barren country and starvation some 20,000 women and children, and destroy their homes. The villages of El Caney, and Cuavitas, and Dos Bocas were designated as places to which the people might go, the former being in the hands of the Americans, and the latter in those of the Cubans; but, of course, there was no food at either, and little shelter, and the country round was barren in consequence of the three years' war."

Thus the mission of the consuls had little result except to prepare the way for a miserable exodus of the civil population of Santiago.

The fate of the fleet was not known in the city till the afternoon, when bands of weary fugitives, many of them wounded, came straggling in from

the westward and told the terrible tale. Two small tug-boats, the *Colon* and the *Esmeralda*, had slipped out under Socapa after the destruction of the torpedo boats, and had picked up some of their crews floating on wreckage or waiting on the shore. By this time the American ships were all in chase of the cruisers, and the little steamers got safely back into harbour. For some hours it was thought that, though the torpedo boats had failed to get away, the cruisers had escaped; and for some days there was uncertainty as to the fate of the *Cristobal Colon*.

At times during the day there had been desultory firing at the trenches, chiefly on the north side of the city, where the Cubans faced the Spaniards. In the evening Colonel Escario marched into Santiago with the long-expected reinforcements from Manzanillo. He had started on June 22<sup>nd</sup> with 3,700 men, regulars and volunteers, a few mountain guns, and a



THE PROVINCE OF SANTIAGO.  
(The district surrendered is shaded.)

mule train laden with supplies for the march. He had fought on the way numerous minor engagements with the Cubans, losing about a hundred men killed and wounded in action. But as he approached Santiago he met with practically no resistance. Garcia had promised

who had held the trenches for three days to be relieved. Otherwise Colonel Escario's arrival was of doubtful benefit to General Toral and the Spanish garrison of Santiago. The Manzanillo column brought with it hardly anything in the way of provisions. It could not have supplied



GENERAL SHAFTER.

Shafter that his men would deal with the Manzanillo column, which was supposed to be under the command of General Pando, and to be about seven or eight thousand strong. But Garcia's lieutenants, who held the lines to the north of the city, had no liking for a pitched battle, and let Escario pass through, contenting themselves with firing some long-range rifle-shots at the column.

The reinforcements enabled the weary men

its own wants for even a few days longer. And thus, whilst adding to the fighting force in the city, and making it safer against a *coup-de-main*, it diminished its power of resistance against a prolonged blockade.

On the Monday morning the exodus of the unfortunate civilian population of Santiago began. It was blowing a heavy gale, and some of the British subjects were with great difficulty transferred from the tug-boat *Esmeralda* to

H.M.S. *Pallas* and *Alert*, outside the harbour. Others went out with Consul Ramsden to El Caney, whither the people were making their way in thousands. The little town was soon overcrowded, and became the centre of a great camp or bivouac of the refugees. Days and nights of misery followed. The wretched people living in the overcrowded camp and town, without proper shelter or food, sick and well huddled together, were dying by the score. The mortality of the children was especially heavy. The Americans and the Red Cross Society furnished some supplies, but they were utterly insufficient to meet the wants of the people. It would be impossible adequately to describe the wretchedness of those days in Caney. Mr. Ramsden gives some idea of it in the detailed narrative of his diary. He was himself one of the victims, falling ill just before the people returned to Santiago after the surrender.

It is doubtful, too, whether anything was gained by the Americans through this threat of bombardment. The wholesale migration of the people to El Caney and the other villages made it, if anything, easier for Toral to hold out in the town. Though almost at the end of his resources, the Spanish general managed to maintain himself for nearly a fortnight after the destruction of the fleet.

On the evening of Monday, July 4th, the cruiser *Reina Mercedes*, the only Spanish warship, except a gunboat, left at Santiago, was sunk at the harbour mouth. Now that the fleet was gone, and some of the torpedoes had been removed to let the cruisers out, it was felt that it would be better to try to obstruct the entrance by sinking a large ship in the narrows. The *Mercedes* was the only vessel available for the purpose. Her guns and stores had been removed for the defence of the sea forts and the entrenchments of Santiago. Between eight and nine in the evening she weighed anchor and steamed down to the harbour mouth. Miguel Lopez, the pilot who had gone out with Cervera, was one of the men in charge of the ship on this her last voyage. At half-past eleven she was in the narrows. The blockading ships discovered her with their searchlights, and, not knowing that the state of her engines and boilers had long condemned her to inactivity, they thought that she was trying to run out, and opened a heavy fire on the narrow channel. The shore batteries replied. The *Mercedes* was hit several times by shells fired

from the *Texas* and the *Massachusetts*, which this night lay just opposite the harbour mouth. But no one on board of her was hurt, and her crew sank her at the spot that had been chosen. They did not, however, succeed in obstructing the channel, for the cruiser swung round as she sank, lying lengthways in the narrows, with her upper decks awash, instead of sinking athwart the channel. Under the fire of the battleships, she had gone down quicker than was intended. During the firing the batteries on shore made one hit, sending an 8-inch shell into the officers' quarters of the *Indiana*, where it exploded, wrecking the place, but injuring no one, as all the officers were at their battle stations. Thus, although two ships, the *Merrimac* and the *Mercedes*, had been sunk with a view to blocking the entrance, the sea gate of Santiago still lay open. But Admiral Sampson did not realise this, and made no attempt to enter. The sunken cruiser had proved a very useful auxiliary in the defence. It was her guns, manned by her officers and men, that constituted the only serious element of strength in the batteries. Out of a reduced crew, the *Mercedes* had lost during the siege some thirty killed and wounded, including her commander, the gallant Acosta.

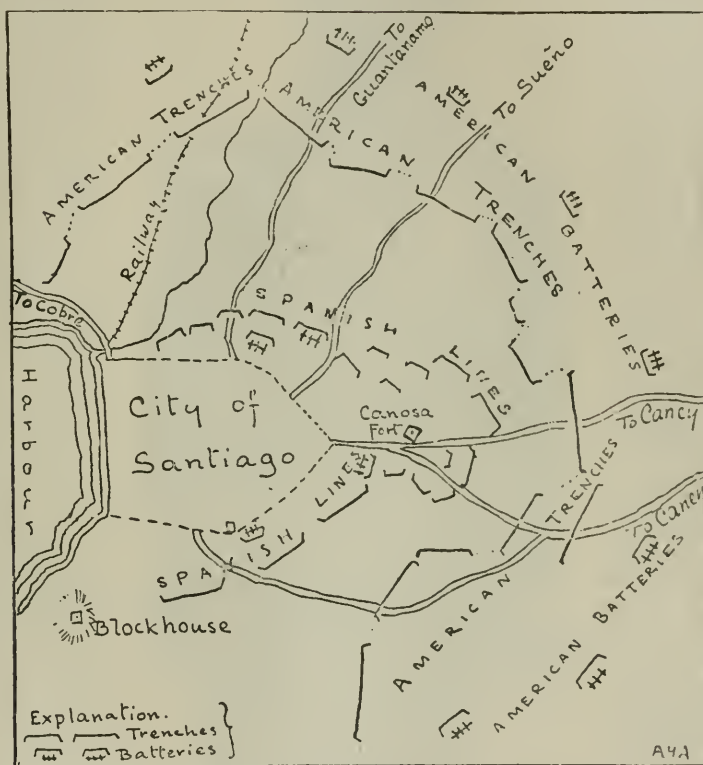
On this same evening of the Fourth the Americans cut the water mains that supplied the city, forcing the garrison to depend on a few wells and on the inferior water to be got from the streams near the suburbs. Notwithstanding the truce which had been granted to allow of the withdrawal of non-combatants, the preparations for attack and defence went on steadily on both sides. The Americans were laboriously dragging mortars and light guns up to the front from Siboney and mounting them on the ridges facing the city, so that they could fire over the heads of their own men holding the advanced trenches. The heavy siege train was still on the transports or on the beach. The Spaniards were mounting some of the quick-firers of the *Mercedes* and digging trenches and loopholing house and garden walls, and barricading the streets all along the margin of the city. Their hospitals were full of sick, the men in the working parties were half-starved, but up to the very last day of the siege they were busy with pick and spade, with their rifles ready beside them.

General Shafter realised that to storm the Spanish works would be a costly business. He knew that Toral was not to be frightened into

immediate surrender by the threat of bombardment, a threat that could not even be acted upon for some days, and he made a last effort to get Sampson to settle the question by forcing the harbour mouth. On Monday, the 4th, he had cabled to Washington: "I feel that I am master of the situation and can hold the enemy for any length of time." But holding the enemy and conquering him were two different things, and in a later telegram he made a final appeal for Sampson's help. This was his message:—

Commodore Schley, who had led the chase in the *Brooklyn*.

The truce arranged by the consuls in the interest of the non-combatants had been prolonged till Saturday, the 9th, on which day it was declared that if the city did not surrender, the fleet and army would open fire upon it. The first reinforcements were arriving from the United States, and on the evening of the 6th there was a wild scene of enthusiasm in the American camps as Lieutenant Hobson and his



SKETCH MAP OF THE INVESTMENT OF SANTIAGO.

" Camp near San Juan river, July 4th, 1898.—If Sampson will force an entrance with all his fleet to the upper bay of Santiago, we can take the place within a few hours. Under these conditions I believe the town will surrender. If the army is to take the place I want 15,000 troops speedily, and it is not certain that they can be landed, as it is getting stormy. Sure and speedy way is through the bay. Am now in position to do my part.

"SHAFTER, Major-General."

But Admiral Sampson would not risk anything. In the United States his caution was made the subject of hostile comment. Such was the public feeling that most of the credit for the destruction of Cervera's squadron was given to

companions arrived in the lines, released from their Santiago prison in exchange for some Spanish officers. New uniforms had been sent to them, and Hobson was mounted, his men walking beside him. As they passed through the lines bands played, men and officers cheered, flags were waved, and when they embarked at Siboney to get on board the *New York*, they were welcomed by cheers from every ship, steam whistles and sirens adding to the din.

On the 9th there was another unexpected extension of the truce. General Toral had sent out a party of officers with a white flag and a letter making the first offer of surrender. But it

must be a surrender on terms. He suggested that his army should be allowed to march out with colours flying and their arms in their hands and proceed to some other part of the island. On these conditions he would hand over Santiago at once. The truce was prolonged till four p.m. next day, Sunday, July 10th, to consider the matter. Some of the American officers were for giving Toral what he asked. It was worth while paying a good price for the immediate possession of the city, especially now that the American camps were full of sick and wounded, and the refugees at Caney had brought the yellow fever into the lines. Toral was allowed to communicate by telegraph with Havana during the truce. On the Sunday morning Shafter informed him that he could give no terms, but must demand unconditional surrender. Toral answered that this was impossible, and at four on that Sunday afternoon the truce came at last to an end, after having dragged on for a week.

"At 4.20," writes Mr. Caspar Whitney, "we opened our bombardment of Santiago, as promised, but it never seemed a very determined affair, even though for two hours our artillery maintained a fairly heavy fire, to which the Spaniards replied vigorously, sending one shell at least into the trenches of the 2nd Infantry, which I was unfortunate enough to see explode and kill Captain Rowell. The musketry was sharp and continuous on both sides until dark, and then all settled to quiet."

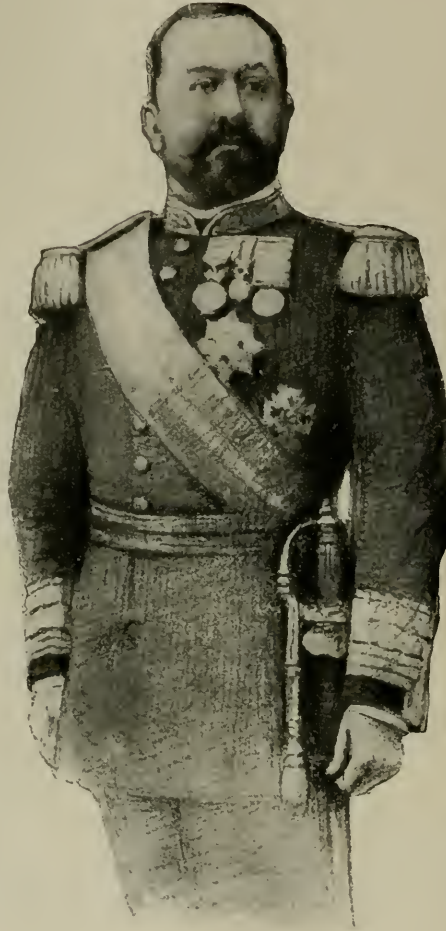
During this brief bombardment the fleet had joined in, sending shells at intervals over the hills, the aim being taken by compass bearings and the sights fixed for a range of 8,500 yards. The result of each shot was telegraphed to the shore and signalled to the fleet. The shooting on this indirect aiming plan was very good, and

the large shells wrecked several houses. But, of course, the city was a large target.

Next morning the fleet and the land batteries resumed a kind of desultory bombardment. Some of the shells from the ships went very wide. One burst among the wretched refugees in El Caney. This day the Spaniards made very little reply. It was supposed their power of resistance was nearly at an end, and towards noon General Shafter stopped the bombardment and sent in another flag of truce with a summons to Toral to surrender at discretion. For the last hour of the bombardment the guns had been firing through a blinding deluge of rain, and a tropical thunderstorm was flashing and roaring over the trenches, where the men crouched, soaked to the skin. In the two days' fighting the Americans had lost two killed and eleven wounded, the Spaniards forty-two killed or wounded.

General Toral sent no reply till eight o'clock next morning, when he answered that unconditional surrender was impossible, and would be refused at all costs and risks. Meanwhile, on the Monday afternoon, General Miles had landed at Siboney and proceeded at once to the front, riding through the storm on the forest track,

where at times his horse sank to its knees in mud. He took care not to supersede General Shafter, acting rather as a kind of non-official adviser, while leaving the general the executive command. Even so there were somewhat strained relations between the two commanders. Miles ordered all the infected houses at Siboney to be burned and replaced by tents. General Randolph, of the artillery, who accompanied him, landed six fresh batteries of field artillery and took immediate steps for getting the heavy siege guns up to the front.



GENERAL PANDO.



Several regiments of infantry volunteers had arrived, the first available being the 9th Massachusetts, 34th Michigan, 8th Ohio, 1st Illinois, and 1st District of Columbia, this last being a Washington regiment.

While thus strengthening Shafter's hands for the attack on Santiago, and at the same time making preliminary arrangements with Admiral Sampson for a land attack on the Socapa battery, which would open the way for him to enter the bay and compel the surrender of the city, General Miles recognised that it would not be good policy to drive the Spaniards to extremities. A prolongation of the siege might mean a disastrous loss of life by exposure and sickness, and the utter ruin of the few regular regiments which had done all the hard fighting, and which must be the vanguard of a force sent against Havana if the war continued. After a council of war and a reference to Washington, another message was sent in to General Toral offering that if he would surrender, his troops should be sent back to Spain. This afforded a basis for discussion, and a conference was arranged for the afternoon, when Generals Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, and Toral met under the shadow of a spreading tree on the neutral ground between the lines.

At that meeting the capitulation was practically agreed upon. Certain details led to debates on the following days, and there was a difficulty in obtaining the assent of the Havana and Madrid governments. Toral told Consul Ramsden on the 15th—the eve of surrender—that if the permission did not come soon he would sign the capitulation without it and risk a court-martial. He had held a council of war, and it had been decided that further resistance was impossible.

There was no food, and this was why no attempt was made to break out to the northwards and reach Holguin or Bayamo.

By the terms agreed upon, the garrison of Santiago was to march out and lay down its arms. But Toral surrendered not only the city but the district depending upon it, including all

the country east of a line drawn from Aserraderos to Sagua de Tanamo, including the garrisons of Guantanamo and Baracoa and all other posts in the region thus defined. Why the surrender was thus extended is not clear. It looks as if the Spanish leaders were becoming tired of the war, and had given up the idea of a fight to the death.

The one favourable condition conceded to the Spaniards was that the troops were to be conveyed to Spain at the cost of the United States as soon as possible. This concession was not, however, such a piece of generosity as it seems at first sight. If the garrison had not thus been sent to Europe, either a large force must have been kept to guard them, and this under unhealthy conditions in Eastern Cuba, or they must have been transferred to the United States at the risk of spreading yellow fever in the country.

On Saturday, the 16th, the capitulation was signed. The news was received in the American trenches with cheer upon cheer and the singing of patriotic songs. It was just eight weeks and two days since Cervera's fleet had run in between the headlands, bringing the storm of war upon the old city and its land-locked bay. Consul Ramsden, who had closely watched events from the first, and was now dying of an illness contracted at El Caney, thus summed up his impression of the siege on the day of surrender:—



GENERAL LINARES.

"Santiago de Cuba has made an heroic defence and the Americans have learned to admire the pluck of the Spaniards. On the first attack there were, including 1,000 men from the squadron, 3,500 men of all arms, with volunteers. Aldea had a column of 600 on the other side of the Bay, and there were about 200 more between Morro, etc., and Aguadores. From Manzanillo 3,500 men arrived after the attack and helped to replace the killed and wounded. At Caney there were 500 men. There are now here and along the railway, etc., 10,500 men, at Guantanamo 5,000, and Baracoa and others scattered 2,000, making a total of 17,500. Santiago had no defences, but they ran up some earthworks, mounted some good-for-nothing, old-fashioned guns, and made trenches after the fleet began to blockade and the United States army to besiege them. The Spanish soldiers are half-starved, have very little ammunition left, and are sick. Linares would have surrendered the place a week ago had he been in command, but Toral has been delaying, etc., while Blanco and Madrid were against it."

On the Sunday the city was handed over to the victors. General Miles had re-embarked. He was on his way to Tampa to take command of an expedition to Puerto Rico. General Shafter was therefore the chief figure on the American side. He acted with chivalrous courtesy to General Toral and the Spanish officers, and the measures he took for securing order in the city were most excellent.

Early in the day, escorted by two mounted companies of regular cavalry, and followed by the 9th Infantry, who were to garrison the town, Shafter rode towards Santiago, accompanied by his staff and the generals commanding brigades and divisions. Outside the town he was met by General Toral and the Spanish staff. As they approached, Shafter saluted, and, riding up to Toral, told him that before the surrender took place he wished to present him with the sword and spurs of his gallant comrade, General Vara de Rey, who had fallen so bravely in the heroic defence of El Caney. General Toral, evidently deeply moved, expressed his warm thanks for this act of courtesy. He then formally declared that he handed over Santiago, with the other towns and garrisons of the district, to General Shafter, and he was about to unbuckle his sword-belt, when Shafter told him that he must keep his sword. Neither he nor any of his officers would be asked to surrender their weapons. The American general then expressed the admiration

of himself and his colleagues for the gallantry with which the city had been defended.

Then came the second part of the surrender. A battalion of Spanish regulars advanced, with colours flying and its band playing. The men looked worn and haggard, but they stepped out smartly to the stirring march, shouldering arms as they passed the generals, and receiving a salute from the American troops. They then passed the spot where the staffs were halted and piled arms, and countermarched, returning towards the city without their weapons. The arms of the other corps were taken over later in the day, without any formal ceremony.

The generals then marched into the city, Toral riding beside Shafter, conversing with him, and their staffs mingled together, looking more like friends and comrades than victors and vanquished. "One might have thought it was the meeting of old friends," wrote a correspondent who was present. The American officers looked with keen curiosity at the defences they would have had to storm if the siege had been prolonged. To quote the same correspondent: "We had no advanced guard, though the way into the city was lined with Spanish soldiers still armed. But confidence was placed in them, and that confidence was not broken. Between the lines, and especially as we neared the city, the condition was terrible. All along the road were carcasses of horses, most of which still had the saddle, bridle, and, in many cases, saddle-bags full of effects on the dead animals. This state of things showed the hasty retreat under a terrific fire the enemy experienced during the three days' battle. Shallow graves along the road had been scratched open by vultures, and the odour was horrible in the extreme. The first barricade we encountered was the cleverly conceived barbed-wire entanglement that did not close the road, but compelled anyone entering to zigzag back and forth, so that entrance under fire would be next to impossible. Then came barricades of sand-filled barrels covering trenches, side streets blocked with paving stones, leaving loopholes. The thick-walled houses were also loopholed, and would have made excellent fortifications. To have attempted to have taken the city by infantry assault would have meant the loss of thousands of our men."

As the cavalcade passed through the city to the Plaza, the streets were lined with thousands of Spanish soldiers, some standing in groups, others drawn up under arms. Many of the

companies presented arms to the generals, and the officers exchanged friendly salutes. In front of the palace the officers dismounted and entered the building, where they were received by the governor of the city.

In the palace a kind of reception was held, General Toral introducing the notables of the place to the American commander. Among them was the archbishop, who expressed a hope that peace would be soon concluded between the two countries, on terms as honourable as those which had secured the surrender of the city. General Shafter announced that the local Spanish officials would for the present retain their functions, and that the regiment of the *guardia civil* would keep its arms, and assist in maintaining order in Santiago. The Cubans, who had expected a day of personal triumph over the Spaniards, were intensely disappointed, and still more exasperated at finding that their flag was not to be hoisted on the palace, but that the Stars and Stripes were to fly alone.

A few minutes before twelve the officers went out into the Plaza, where the American cavalry and infantry stood to "attention," a crowd of civilians and Spanish soldiers looking on, and every window being full of interested spectators. On the palace roof Captain McKittrick, of the staff, stood with the halyards in his hand ready to hoist the flag. As the clock struck, the Americans uncovered, the troops presented arms, the band struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the national flag ran up the flagstaff and flew out brightly in the sun. From the trenches came the boom of saluting cannon, and the regiments that watched for the flag from the old battle front cheered again and again, almost drowning the music of their bands.

"Not so in Santiago," writes Mr. Archibald, the correspondent who has been already quoted. "We did not cheer. We did not feel like it; for victory has almost the sadness that I might imagine defeat would have. And when the band followed with 'Stars and Stripes for Ever,' there was a feeling of sadness, for all about us were pinched, wan faces of the hungry citizens, and the sorrowful faces of the defeated officers, who covered heavy hearts with gracious manner to their foe. There could not be too much said in praise of the manner in which the enemy's officers treated us on the very day on which our flag replaced theirs. And no one would knowingly criticise the action of continuing the Spanish officials in power, or

keeping the *guardia civil* on duty in the city. They were ready to do all in their power to make our day perfect; and yet I saw many a strong, brave Spaniard brush away a tear as their banner gave way to ours. The scene was intense in the extreme. Yet no one felt like exulting."

So ended the siege of Santiago. To what extremity the garrison had been reduced was proved by General Toral having to ask General Shafter if it was possible to send in some food for his men, who were almost starving. Of course, the request was at once granted, and something was also done to help the starving citizens, although even in the American lines supplies were running short. It was a strange ending to the fierce struggle, Spaniard and American clasping hands under the shadow of the conqueror's flag, while the Cuban rebels looked on in angry disappointment that the long-wished-for day of vengeance had been taken from them.

With the city the Spanish authorities handed over two or three merchant steamers and a small gunboat. This last hoisted the American flag, and was at once attached to the fleet as a despatch boat. Working parties under Lieutenant Hobson were engaged in clearing away the obstructions of the harbour mouth, but, contrary to general expectation, Admiral Sampson did not take his fleet in. Only some of the smaller vessels actually entered the harbour. The bigger ships went away to coal at Guantamo. The Spanish garrison then laid down their arms without the least demur on learning that they had been included by General Toral in the capitulation of Santiago, and a couple of gunboats, or large armed launches that had taken refuge in the inner bay, were also handed over to the Americans.

An examination of the batteries at Santiago revealed the fact that very little harm of any importance had been done by the long series of bombardments on the part of the fleet. The results of the fire of the *Vesuvius* were especially disappointing. In the city it was found that about a hundred houses were damaged by the long-ranging fire of the fleet.

The inhabitants had suffered terribly. Few had been injured by the earlier bombardments, and during the last attack most of the civilian population had fled to the adjoining villages. It was this exodus that led to the greatest loss of life. Enfeebled by want of food, and already attacked by sickness, the unfortunate townsfolk

were in no condition to resist the unhealthy and enfeebling influences to which they were now exposed. Unsheltered from the weather, or huddled together in the small houses, drinking foul water and eating scanty food, no wonder they died by hundreds.

The Spanish garrison, too, had suffered more loss by want and sickness than from the fire of the besiegers. When the Americans entered the city the hospitals were full, and every regiment had a heavy death roll. Most of the Spanish volunteers, after behaving steadily in the early days of the siege, had abandoned all share in the defence as soon as they saw that victory was hopeless. Some disappeared in the civil population; others deserted and joined Garcia's Cuban irregulars. As for the Spanish regulars who had survived the siege, they openly fraternised with the victors. Most of the American soldiers were forbidden to go into Santiago, but the Spaniards would come up to the line of the trenches, give them bottles of wine in exchange for biscuits or tobacco, and heartily shake hands with their late foes. Before they embarked to Spain many of them addressed letters to General Shafter, thanking him for the kind treatment they had received after the capitulation, and expressing their admiration for the way in which the American soldiers had acted, both as brave foes in fight and as generous friends when battle was done.

The fall of Santiago brought the end of the war into sight. Though Havana was still held by Marshal Blanco's army, Spain was tired of the war, and felt that enough had been done for honour, now that victory could no longer be expected, and none of the Powers seemed likely to intervene on her side. During the siege of Santiago there had been a number of minor engagements between American cruisers and gunboats and the coast batteries of Cuban ports. In July General Miles was sent with an army chiefly composed of volunteers to drive the Spanish troops from Puerto Rico. He began to land his troops on July 24th at Guanica, in the south of the island. The Spaniards kept their main force concentrated at San Juan, and only left small detachments in the south to delay the American advance.

A number of minor engagements were fought, in most of which the Spaniards were easily worsted. The people in the towns and villages welcomed the Americans. But before Miles had marched half way to San Juan, where the serious fighting of the campaign was expected, peace was signed, and on July 12th all military and naval operations ceased. On that very day the Havana sea forts were firing on the American blockading squadron, and next morning the American cruisers were actually steaming in to attack the batteries of Manzanillo when a flag of truce was sent out to inform them that news had just arrived that the war was over.

## XIX.—THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF MANILA.

WHEN Commodore Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo, in Manila Bay, silenced the batteries of Cavite, and taken possession of the arsenal on the morning of the 1st of May, he found that he could make no further progress without the help of a considerable military force. Through the British consul he sent to General Augustin, the Spanish commandant of Manila, a summons to surrender. Augustin, knowing perfectly well that Dewey had barely enough men at his disposal to hold Cavite, and probably had not enough ammunition left to bombard the city or engage its batteries, replied with a defiant refusal. In response to his message to Washington, Dewey was informed by his government that he had been promoted to the rank of Admiral in recognition of his victory, that supplies and reinforcements would be sent to him, and that an army would be despatched to assist in the reduction of Manila.

But these reinforcements could not arrive for some weeks, and meanwhile General Augustin had to concern himself chiefly with the defence of the city against the insurgents. The first result of the American victory was the rapid spread of the rising through the south of the island of Luzon, and up to the very suburbs of the capital. The despatch boat, *Hugh McCulloch*, which had conveyed the news of the May-day fight to the cable station at Hong Kong, brought back to Dewey's fleet the insurgent leader Aguinaldo, who was put ashore at Cavite on May 19th, and at once took command of the rebels in the neighbourhood of Manila. Their growing strength became a source of serious anxiety to the American admiral. He did not wish to see the wealthy city sacked by a half-savage rabble, and there was unfortunately only too much reason to believe that if the place were stormed, some hours of plunder, massacre and incendiarism would follow. He therefore plainly told Aguinaldo that he could not co-operate with him in an attack on the Spanish defences. The fleet would merely blockade Manila until the United States troops arrived. Then if the

Spaniards were forced to capitulate, the Americans would be masters of the situation.

General Augustin had to hold more than the old walled city on the south bank of the Pasig. He had extended a line of defence round the landward suburbs of Manila, beginning at Malate on the south, this line being formed, like the improvised fortifications of Santiago, of block-houses 200 or 300 yards apart, connected by shelter-trenches, with barbed wire entanglements in front of them. There was an advanced post near the village of San Juan del Monte to protect the waterworks of the city. Some field-pieces and a number of old cannon were mounted here and there in the entrenchments.

A force of 8,000 regulars and sailors and 2,000 volunteers held this extended line. Away to the southward Baker, Old Cavite, and the line of the little river Zapote were guarded by a detached force of two regular battalions and 2,000 volunteers. The only reinforcement that could be expected for some time to come was a column under General Mouet, which had been operating in the province of Bulacan, and which Augustin had recalled to Manila.

Towards the end of May the insurrection had spread through all the provinces south of Manila. Old Cavite, blockaded on the sea side by Dewey, on the land side by the insurgents, was forced to capitulate. Baker was abandoned by the Spaniards, and on May 31st Aguinaldo advanced from Cavite against the line of the Zapote. The position on the right bank was held by the 6th and 11th Spanish Infantry, and the 68th and 74th native regiments. There was a sharp engagement. The regulars and the 68th made a good fight, but the 74th, which was commanded by a relative of Aguinaldo's, threw down its arms, and the insurgents turned the Spanish line and drove the defending force back towards Manila, capturing several guns and 1,600 prisoners. Four days of desultory fighting followed. By June 7th Augustin held only the city and its suburbs, and the ground that was swept by his cannon.

On the 8th he wrote to his government that he was invested in the city; that he hoped

Mouet would succeed in bringing him some reinforcements, but that his communications with the interior had been cut off, and he had no news of his movements. Five days later, on the 13th, he reported that there had been continual firing at the blockhouses and trenches in the suburbs; his force had been diminished by the desertion of some of the native troops, and he might be compelled to withdraw into the walled city; he feared he had not resources for a prolonged defence, but he hoped help would be sent from Spain before he was reduced to extremities.

But no reinforcements reached him. General Mouet was intercepted by the insurgents and defeated. His native troops went over *en masse*

but at first this was supposed to be a mere feint, and it was conjectured that after dark it would change its course for the westward. But it entered the Straits, and on the 22nd it was sighted off Cape Bon, on the coast of Tunis, steaming steadily to the eastward. Its destination was the Philippines. On the 26th it reached Port Said.

Next day the American Government announced that an "eastern squadron" would be formed, under the command of Commodore Watson, composed of the battleships *Iowa* and *Oregon*, the auxiliary cruisers *Yosemite*, *Yankee*, and *Dixie*, and three transports. Its mission would be to compel the return of Camara by



U.S. CRUISER "NEWARK."

to the enemy, and he arrived in Manila a fugitive, accompanied only by a few of his officers. A half-hearted attempt was made to send relief from Spain itself to the beleaguered garrison. A "second squadron" had been organised at Cadiz under the command of Admiral Camara, and at first its destination was supposed to be the West Indies. It consisted of the battleship *Pelayo*, the armoured cruiser *Emperador Carlos Quinto*, the torpedo-boat destroyers *Audaz*, *Proserpina* and *Osado*, and the armed liners *Buenos Aires*, *Patriota* and *Rapido* (these two last being the two fine steamers, *Normannia* and *Columbia*, purchased from the North German Lloyd Company just before the war). Besides these, there were the transports *San Francisco*, *Colon*, and *Covadonga*. Five battalions were embarked on board the transports and armed liners, and the fleet put to sea on June 16th.

It headed towards the Straits of Gibraltar;

menacing Cadiz and the coasts of Spain; or, if he held on his course, to follow him through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. If necessary, a second squadron, under Commodore Schley, composed of the *Brooklyn*, *Indiana*, *Columbia*, *Minneapolis*, *St. Paul* and *St. Louis*, all ships of high speed, would follow Watson into European waters. The first result of this menace was that Cadiz was put into a state of defence, and earthworks were thrown up near Gibraltar to prevent a landing in Algeciras Bay. The British Government protested against this last proceeding.

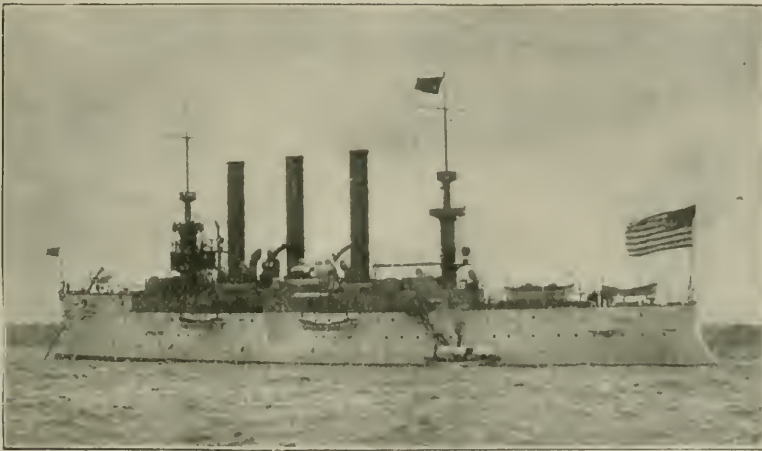
But Admiral Camara's squadron never got beyond Port Said. The Anglo-Egyptian Government refused to give him coaling facilities in the port, and he tried to coal at sea off the canal mouth, but could only get a very small supply on board. A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, who visited the fleet, was

impressed with the idea that it never "meant business," and that its voyage was a mere political move intended to silence for awhile the outcry against the government in Spain itself. Describing his visit to the flagship, he wrote:—

"The *Pelayo* in some respects reminds one of H.M.S. *Alexandra*, with her great freeboard, sloping sides, and high bulwarks. I have been through the naval manœuvres at home, but this was my first visit to a battleship in war time, and I expected a stern and grim aspect on board. Nothing could have looked more peaceable, more unprepared for war, than the deck of the *Pelayo*. She was very dirty, and the brass work did not shine; but, as she was supposed to be coaling, that was not extra-

engaged, and they were putting in three and a half tons an hour.

"The decks of the battleship were swarming with seamen, who looked on at their comrades playing with the coal. Yet this was the fleet which had been sent off with a rush to Manila. I used the word seamen just now, in speaking of the crew, but for the most part they were mere boys, and looked as if they had just been drafted from a training ship. The guns were all encased in tarpaulin covers, and from the look of the lashings they had not been removed for a long time. The officers, of whom there were many, smoked cigarettes anywhere and everywhere. Some of them were dressed in white ducks, others in blue serge. There was no



U.S. ARMoured CRUISER "BROOKLYN" (9,271 TONS).

ordinary. But what one did look for was strict discipline and an air of businesslike preparation. Both, however, were conspicuously absent. The day was fine, and the conditions were most favourable for coaling—that most important of all operations in a fleet. Being on board a battleship at war and not at peace manœuvres, I quite expected to see the coal coming 'in ship' like an avalanche, every winch rattling, and hundreds of men, black and grimy, working like fiends. I walked over to the starboard side, where the *Colon* was lying close by, with a broad gangway which bridged the space between the two ships. There was only one winch at work, and seven men on the collier's deck unhooked the baskets of coal as they came up from the hold and pushed them over the bridge in the most leisurely manner imaginable. There were not more than thirty-five men in all

uniformity of pattern, and as far as clothing went it was quite impossible to distinguish a captain from a midshipman. On boarding the flagship I had sent my card down to Admiral Camara, and as it was nearly nine o'clock I asked the commander if it would be possible for me to see the admiral before leaving. An officer was sent below, and he returned to say that the admiral was asleep. The hire of the launch was £2 10s. an hour, so I decided not to wait for his awakening, and with a 'Ben voyage' to the officers I departed. Vincenza, the skipper of the launch, did yeoman service here when the *Victorious* went aground. As we left the fleet behind us, he turned his head towards it and said, 'They don't mean it, you know; it's just political.'"

First, the torpedo boats were ordered to return home; then, on the ground that it was impossible

to obtain coal for the voyage through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, the warships and transports returned to Cadiz. Manila had been abandoned to its fate.

Meanwhile reinforcements had been despatched to Dewey. Except small gunboats, the only ships available on the Pacific coast of the United States were the cruiser *Charleston* and the monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock*. These two last steamed so slowly that their voyage across the broad Pacific must necessarily take a long time. The cruiser was detailed to escort the first fleet of transports conveying the vanguard of the Philippine expedition. General Wesley Merritt was given the chief command, and established his headquarters at San Francisco, where the troops were to embark.

Notwithstanding all the efforts that were made to hurry away the reinforcements, the first convoy did not leave San Francisco till May 25th. On that day General Anderson's brigade, 2,500 strong, was embarked on the transports *Australia*, *City of Peking*, and *City of Sydney*, and put to sea, escorted by the *Charleston*. The troops were the 1st Californian Volunteers, four companies of the 14th Regulars, and some companies of marines and of garrison artillery. The second brigade, under General Greene, was not sent off till June 15th. It was embarked on four large steamers. The troops were a battalion of the 18th, and half a battalion of the 23rd Regulars; the 1st Colorado and 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and some companies from Nebraska; two volunteer batteries from Utah, and a squadron of cavalry; in all, 3,500 men. On June 29th a third expedition sailed in five transports, conveying General MacArthur's brigade, composed of a second battalion of the 18th and a battalion of the 23rd Regulars, the 1st Idaho, 1st Wyoming, 1st Oregon, and 13th Minnesota Volunteers, and Astor's battery of quick-firers, manned by volunteer gunners. General Merritt accompanied this brigade, which was 4,800 strong.

Other reinforcements were subsequently despatched, but these three brigades were the American troops that took Manila. On its way across the Pacific the first expedition had called at Guam, the largest of the Ladrone Islands, on June 20th. The Spanish flag flew from two forts, and the *Charleston* stood in and fired a shot as a summons or challenge to the garrison. There was no reply, but a boat was seen pulling out from the town, with an officer sitting in the stern. He brought a strange message

from the Spanish governor of the Ladrone. Unaware that war had even begun, he had taken the shot for a salute, and sent off to express his regret that being short of powder he could not exchange salutes, but offering at the same time to do all he could to welcome the American visitors. To his utter astonishment he was told that he must surrender the islands to the squadron. On the 30th the expedition anchored in Manila Bay, and the troops were landed at Cavite. The second expedition arrived on July 19th, and its troops were landed under the guns of the fleet between Cavite and Manila. General Merritt arrived on the 25th. He established his headquarters at Cavite arsenal. The troops of the third expedition reached Manila Bay on the 31st. The total force under Merritt's command was 470 officers and 10,464 men, chiefly infantry, for there were only three batteries of volunteer artillery and small detachments of cavalry and engineers.

While the American army was thus slowly assembling, the Philippine insurgents blockaded Manila on the land side, and Dewey's fleet cut it off from all communication by sea. On June 23rd General Augustin got a message through to Madrid, which represented the state of affairs as anything but encouraging. "The situation is still grave," he wrote. "I still hold my positions along the line of blockhouses, but the insurgents are increasing in numbers, and now hold the provinces. Tropical rains are flooding our entrenchments, making the work of defence most difficult. Sickness is on the increase among the troops, and the general distress is causing further desertions in the native corps. The strength of the rebels is estimated at 30,000 armed with rifles, and 100,000 armed with swords and various native weapons. Aguinaldo has again summoned me to surrender, but I have treated his message with contempt, resolved as I am to maintain to the last extremity the sovereignty of Spain and the honour of her flag."

For a while the Spaniards hoped that the interference of other Powers would either put a stop to the conflict or turn the scales in their favour. The presence of a strong German squadron in Manila Bay suggested a possibility of such interference, especially as there was not a little friction between Dewey and the German admiral. And the German naval officers showed their sympathy with the Spaniards without the least reserve, and were often seen with the Spanish troops in the trenches. Dewey was, however, like many naval officers, a



good diplomatist, and he took good care not to give any pretext for a conflict.

After dark on the evening of July 31st the first serious fighting took place on land between the Americans and the Manila garrison. During the last week of July the Americans had taken over from the Philippine insurgent forces the trenches facing the southern suburbs. On the 30th, while the American batteries were being placed in position in the line of trenches, there was some desultory firing between Spanish riflemen in the houses of Malate and American sharpshooters covering the working parties. Next evening after dark, in the midst of a tropical storm of wind and rain, the Spaniards made a sortie.

At half-past eleven a heavy fire broke out along the American front, which was held by the Pennsylvania and Utah volunteers. As the Americans answered back with a volley, they were fired upon from the right flank, where Aguinaldo's men should have been in position to prevent their being turned. But the insurgents had abandoned their trenches on the flank of the Americans as soon as the storm began, and the volunteers found themselves attacked at once in front and flank. They fought steadily, however, checked the Spanish rush, and fired through the rain and darkness at the flashes of the enemy's rifles. The Spaniards were within a hundred yards of the trenches, and their guns were firing over their infantry, sending the shells at random on to the ground behind the besiegers' lines, doubtless in the hope of doing damage to the supports and reserves as they came up from the camp.

The 3rd Regular artillery, who were acting as infantry (having no guns with them), and the California and Colorado volunteers came hurrying up to the rescue of their comrades. The line was prolonged to the right, the enemy were driven back on that side, and the cross fire from flank and front at once no longer swept the trenches. The Spaniards, after more than once attempting to come to close quarters, fell back upon Malate, under the fire of the American rifles and the guns of the Utah batteries. Till dawn desultory firing went on along the front. The fighting had been very sharp for about an hour, and when the supports came up the Pennsylvania men had only about four cartridges each left. It was extremely creditable to the volunteers to have so steadily repulsed this night attack. Even veteran troops are liable to something like panic when, attacked amid storm

and darkness, they find that comrades or allies have left them open to be outflanked and enfiladed at close quarters. The Americans lost nine killed and forty-six wounded, the heaviest loss falling on the Pennsylvania regiment. The Spanish loss has never been accurately ascertained. It must have been heavy, as they persisted for a long time in the attempt to rush the trenches, and were exposed to a heavy fire at short range from the American works.

On the two following evenings the Spanish artillery and riflemen kept up a sharp fire from Malate on the American lines. A sortie was expected, and the troops in camp and in the lines were kept on the alert, but the Spaniards did not come out again. On August 7th General Merritt sent a summons to the Spanish commandant, calling upon him to surrender the city within forty-eight hours, otherwise orders would be given for a bombardment and assault. On the 9th a further delay was granted, the governor having asked for time to receive the instructions of the Madrid cabinet. Negotiations dragged on till the 12th. Dewey and Merritt were becoming impatient, for they knew that an armistice might be signed at any moment between the cabinets of Washington and Madrid, and it would be embarrassing for the United States Government if the Spanish flag were still flying over Manila when the final terms of peace were to be arranged. The admiral and general therefore gave joint notice that they would attack the city next day.

Rumour, rightly or wrongly, asserts that the Spanish officers had let the Americans know that they did not want to surrender without making some show of a fight. Their resources were nearly at an end, but they considered that Spanish honour demanded this show of resistance to the end. But it was hinted that the defence would not be unnecessarily obstinate. On the morning of the 13th the army formed for attack in front of the Malate suburb. Admiral Dewey, with his ships cleared for action, sent in word at 8.40 a.m. that, if within an hour the Spanish flag was not hauled down, he would open fire. The armistice had already been signed on the previous day, and hostilities were being brought to an end in Puerto Rico and Cuba, but in the far-off Philippines, with the cable cut and communication only possible through Hong Kong, it was not known that the war was over. So there was going to be a last battle before Manila.

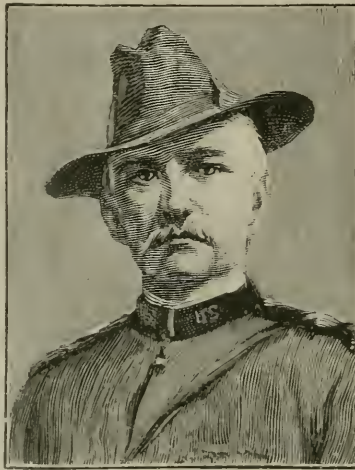
At 9.40, as there was no sign of surrender, the *Olympia* fired, at a range of two miles, the first

shot of the engagement. It came from one of her bow barbette guns, and was aimed at the fort at the south end of Malate. It fell short, the range having been misjudged, in the driving tropical rain that made it hard even to distinguish the target. The cruiser *Raleigh*, the gunboats *Petrel* and *Callao*, and the armed steam launch *Barcelo*, joined in the bombardment of the Spanish works. The shooting soon became more accurate, and on the land side the two Utah batteries and the Astor quick-firers joined in the cannonade, to which the Spaniards replied for a while with a slow ill-aimed fire.

The American infantry had been under arms since half-past six. They had paraded with 200 rounds of ammunition, and two days' rations for

getting some cover in flooded depressions of the swampy ground and keeping up a heavy fire on the Spanish lines. The other brigade, under McArthur, swung round against the land front. The fleet ceased firing on seeing the infantry advance. The Spaniards made very little resistance, falling back after a while into the city. A barricade in one of the main streets was stormed, and the men of the Astor battery rushed a blockhouse, pistol in hand, but the chief part of the fighting was irregular firing in the streets and from the houses as the Spaniards withdrew. Some of the American regiments came in with their bands playing, marching not in fighting formation, but in column of fours.

At eleven the Malate fort and suburb were



GENERAL MERRITT.

each man. General Anderson, now acting as Merritt's second in command, formed them in two strong brigades in front of Malate. General McArthur was on the right, with eight battalions in the first line, and three in reserve. General Greene was on the left, with seven battalions in front, and three more in reserve. Towards half-past ten Anderson decided to attack. The original idea was that the troops should not advance till the bombardment had ceased, but for some reason this plan was changed at the last moment. Anderson tried to signal his intentions to the fleet, but the "flag-wagging" was not noticed in the rain, so, while the Spanish works were still being shelled, he set his brigades in motion against the land side of the Malate suburb.

Greene's brigade pushed forward along the beach and the low ground to the east of it,

occupied. At twelve the white flag was flying from the walls of the old city. The Americans had lost only eight killed and forty wounded, and these figures are proof enough that there was no real defence of the works by the Spaniards, and no street fighting of any importance.

The insurgent forces had been forbidden by the Americans to take any part in the assault, or to enter the city with arms in their hands even after the surrender. It was feared that if they came in the result would be bloodshed and outrage; so, as in the case of Santiago, they were compelled to look on as idle spectators of the triumph of their allies, who, it was quite clear, meant also to be their masters. At half-past one the capitulation of the city and fortress was signed. The Spanish officers were to retain their swords, the men were to lay down their

arms, and the question was reserved as to whether these should be returned to them before they were conveyed back to Spain. The United States army and navy guaranteed the safety of life and property in the city. In order to carry out this last stipulation many of the Spanish battalions retained their arms for some days, and assisted the Americans in guarding the northern approaches to the city against Aguinaldo's men.

In all, 7,000 Spanish troops laid down their arms. Before the capitulation was signed the Spaniards burned the gunboat *Cebu* in the river Pasig. General Augustin had embarked for Hong Kong on board the Ger-

were the Philippine insurgents over-anxious at first to push matters to the decision of combat. The treaty with Spain, or at least the preliminary draft, left the fate of the islands uncertain. Agoncillo, a lawyer and a colleague of Aguinaldo, was despatched from Manila to Washington to represent the Malolos Republic, and to try to obtain some promise of independence under an American protectorate. Hopes were built upon the fact that a large number of the senators in the American Congress were known to be anything but enthusiasts for colonial expansion. But American opinion was seriously prejudiced against the advocates of Philippine independence by the terrible news that came from the islands



AGUINALDO.

(Photo: Mee Chung, Hong Kong.)

man flagship. His second in command, General Jaudenes, negotiated the terms of surrender.

Aguinaldo, indignant at the way in which he had been first used as a tool, then thrust into the background, made vain endeavours to obtain from the Americans a pledge that they would inaugurate an independent republic of the Philippines. Failing in this, he proclaimed the Republic at Malolos on September 16th.

A subsidiary republic was proclaimed at Iloilo, the chief town of the South-Eastern Philippines, the group known as the Visayas. Arms were imported, and, if rumour speaks truly, some of them came from Japan, and with them came some adventurers who had served in the Japanese army.

The Americans were anxious, if possible, to avoid armed strife with the people they had come to deliver from Spanish domination. Nor

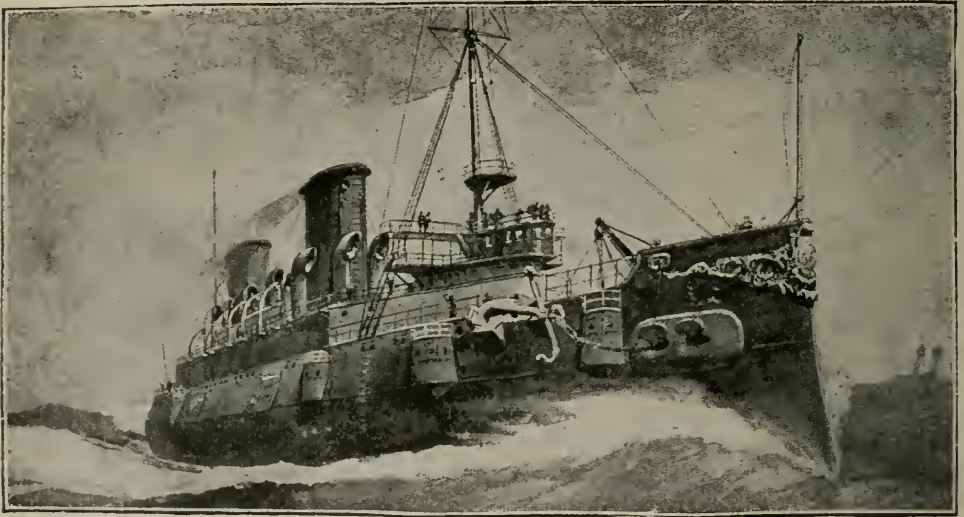
of the atrocities inflicted on the adherents of Spanish rule by the insurgents. It was naturally asked if the island empire of Spain in the Far East was to be transferred to the rule of men who had proved themselves to be more than half savages. There was an unpleasant feeling, too, that, on the night of the sortie from Manila in the last week before its capture, the retreat of Aguinaldo's men that left the American flank open to attack was due to treachery rather than carelessness. Yet even with these adverse influences the fate of the Philippines was still in the balance, when on the very eve of the vote in the Senate Aguinaldo's army, on the night of the 4th of February, 1899, attacked the American outposts before Manila, and were only repulsed after thirteen hours of hard fighting. The insurgents had hoped for a rising of the native population in the streets of the city, but there were only a few isolated attacks made on

individual Americans in the streets. Outside it was a strange battle, at one part of the field a Tagal tribe, the Ygorrotes, attacking a battery of modern artillery with bows and arrows. More than two hundred Americans, and more than a thousand of the insurgents, fell in the battle.

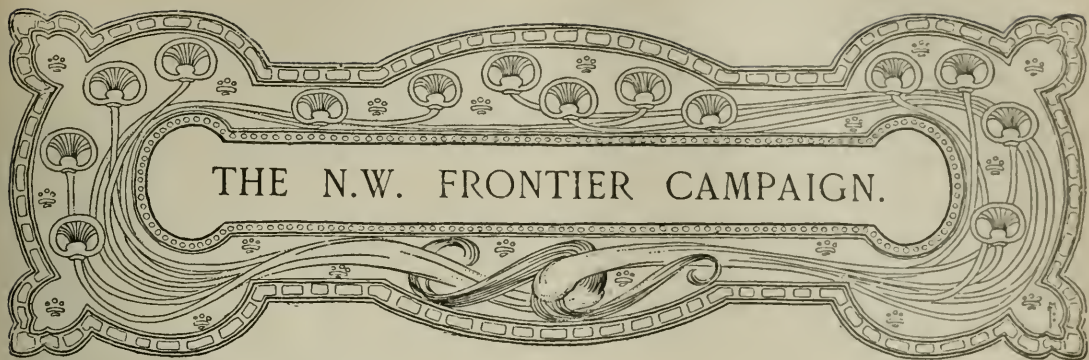
Its immediate result was an overwhelming vote in the Senate for the annexation of the Philippines, and orders to General Otis, who commanded at Manila, to push his operations vigorously against the rebels. Iloilo, threatened by the American fleet, was burned and abandoned by its native garrison. The villages round Manila were cleared of the enemy, not without further hard fighting. Otis declared his inten-

tion of immediately marching on Malolos. The friends of the insurgents replied that the fall of Malolos would only mark the beginning of a long guerilla warfare. In three centuries the Spaniards had not succeeded in conquering the Philippines. They only held certain points on the coast and some districts in the interior of the larger islands. Did the Americans expect to clear the tropical jungles out in three months? And had they counted the cost of a war of conquest?

The fall of Manila was thus only the prelude to new conflicts, in which the Americans found themselves face to face with the same forces of disorder with which the Spaniards had had to contend before the war.



U.S. PROTECTED CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" (7,375 TONS).



# THE N.W. FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.

## I.—THE GENERAL RISING OF 1897.

**D**URING the advance to Chitral in 1895, and still more after the relief of the besieged garrison, there was a keen discussion in both England and India as to what was to be the subsequent policy of the Government. Some argued that Chitral should be retained, and that to withdraw from it would be a perilous act of weakness. Others held that the soundest policy was to revert to the old order of things, place a British agent at Chitral with a small escort, and then retire from the country, erecting no forts in the passes, making no roads over the hills—in a word, observing literally the terms of the proclamation issued before General Low's advance. Men who had held high command and high office in India spoke and wrote on both sides of the controversy. As to the proclamation, those who urged that Chitral should be held argued that it no longer bound the Government, as the tribes of Swat and Bajaur, instead of giving free passage to the relief expedition, had fought against Low at the Malakand Pass, and on the banks of the Panjkora River.

The final decision of the Home Government was practically to retain Chitral. A battalion of native infantry, with two Maxims, was to hold Chitral fort and the pass of Gairat, between that place and Kila Drosh. Kila Drosh itself was to be held by a battalion of Goorkhas, with two mountain guns, all these troops being under the command of Colonel Hutchinson, of the 3rd

Goorkhas. Brigadier-General Waterfield, with four native battalions and a battery, was to hold the Malakand Pass and the crossing of the Swat River at Chakdara, thus securing communication between Chitral and Peshawur. Forts at the Malakand and Chakdara, a military road through the valley and the passes, and a permanent suspension bridge over the Swat River, were to complete the British hold on Chitral. A native council of regency was to assist the boy Mehtar, little Shuja-ul-Mulk, to rule the Chitral state, and Dr., now Sir George, Robertson was to be the first British resident under the new *régime*.

This planting of garrisons and making of roads and bridges was one more step in the general "forward policy." Those who adopted it quite foresaw that, as in the past, it might well cause resentment among the tribes and lead to some of the usual incidents of frontier politics, a raid or an attack on a fort, and a consequent punitive expedition to exact submission and reparation from the tribes concerned. What was not foreseen was what happened—a widespread rising against the Indian Government of the tribes all along the frontier from the Waziri country at its southern end right up to the passes leading into Chitral.

The rising began in the summer of 1897, and the tribes were not subdued till the Indian Government had put into the field a more powerful army than had been engaged in any campaign since the Great Mutiny forty years before. The discontent of the tribes of Swat

and Bajaur at a military road being driven through their country in order to keep Peshawur in touch with Chitral was only one of many factors in producing the general revolt. The inner history of the disaffection on the frontier is still in great part a mystery. Exaggerated reports of the Turkish victories over Greece in the spring of 1897 did something to cause the unrest of the tribes. Their mullahs told how the faithful had put the infidels to flight, and

supposed to have no particular significance and caused no alarm.

On June 10th Mr. Gee, the political officer in charge of the Tochi district, had marched from Dattakhel with an escort consisting of two mountain guns, twelve Punjab cavalrymen, and 300 men of the 1st Sikhs and the 1st Punjab Infantry. The troops were under the command of Colonel A. C. Bunny, of the 1st Sikhs. The object of the expedition was to choose a site for



A GROUP OF WAZIRI PRISONERS.

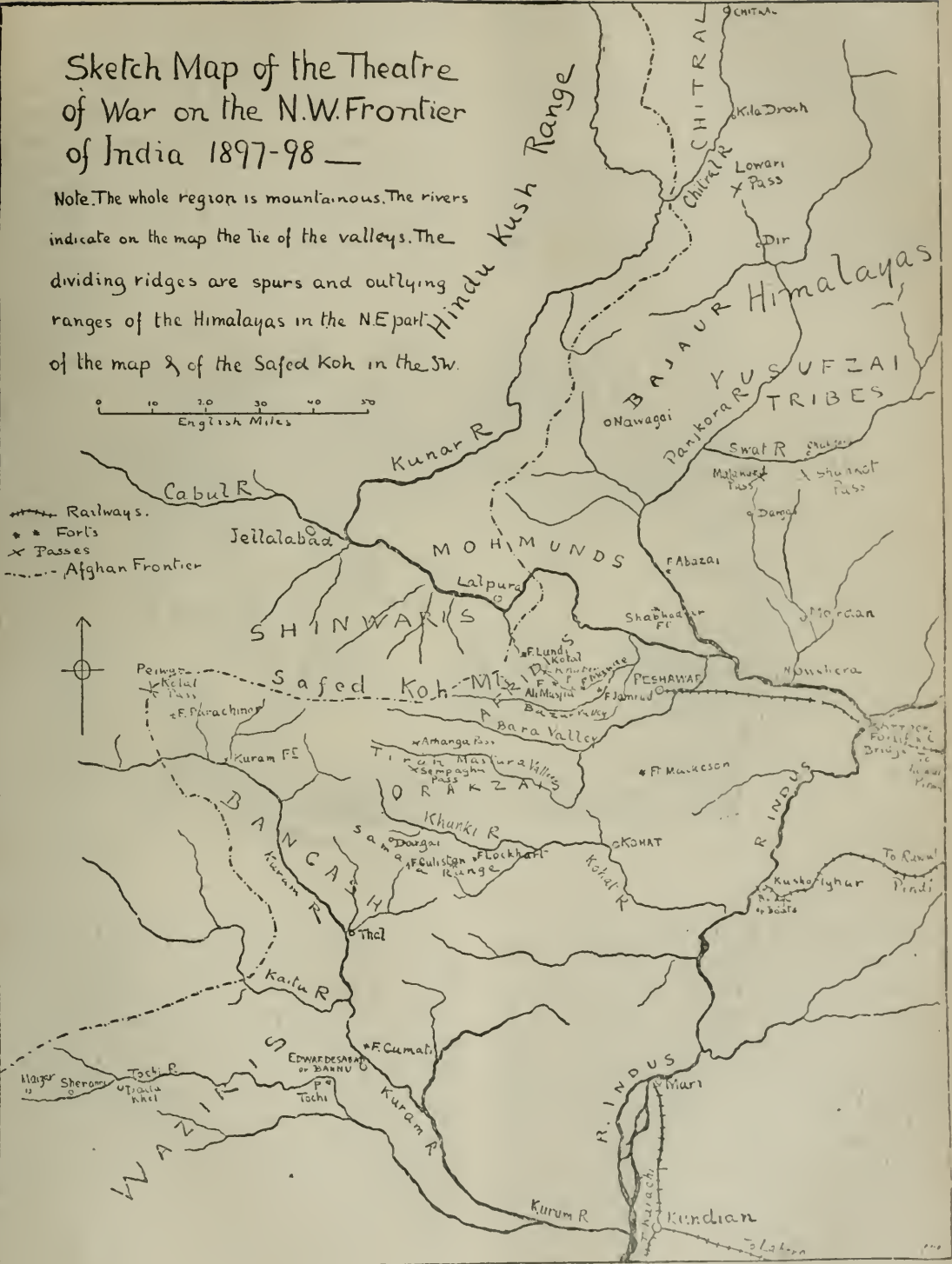
fanatic preachers promised the like success in a coming "Holy War" on the border. The agitation was voluntarily or involuntarily encouraged by the action of the Amir of Afghanistan, who, amongst other indiscretions, began to style himself the King of Islam, and published at Cabul a treatise on the advantages of the Jihad, or "Holy War" against the infidel. The growing ferment among the tribes was remarked by some of the frontier officials, but their warnings received little attention. Happily, there was no such organisation among the hillmen as would have made a simultaneous rising possible. What happened was a rapid succession of outbreaks at various points. The earliest took place among the Waziris in the Tochi Valley, and at first was

a new fortified outpost beyond Sheranni, nine miles from Dattakhel, and to collect a fine that had been imposed on some of the local headmen.

After passing Sheranni, and on reaching the village of Maizar, the column was met by a party of Maddakhel Waziris under Sadda Khan, the "malik" or chief of the Sheranni district. Other chiefs were with him. All seemed friendly. The troops halted in the village, and Sadda Khan invited the officers to take some refreshments he had provided for them. The tilled land at Maizar consists of a number of terraces, sloping to a small river, and at the suggestion of the chiefs the troops halted to rest under some trees on the highest terrace. The approach to it was by a lane running over a low ridge. The

# Sketch Map of the Theatre of War on the N.W. Frontier of India 1897-98

Note. The whole region is mountainous. The rivers indicate on the map the lie of the valleys. The dividing ridges are spurs and outlying ranges of the Himalayas in the NE part of the map & of the Safed Koh in the SW.

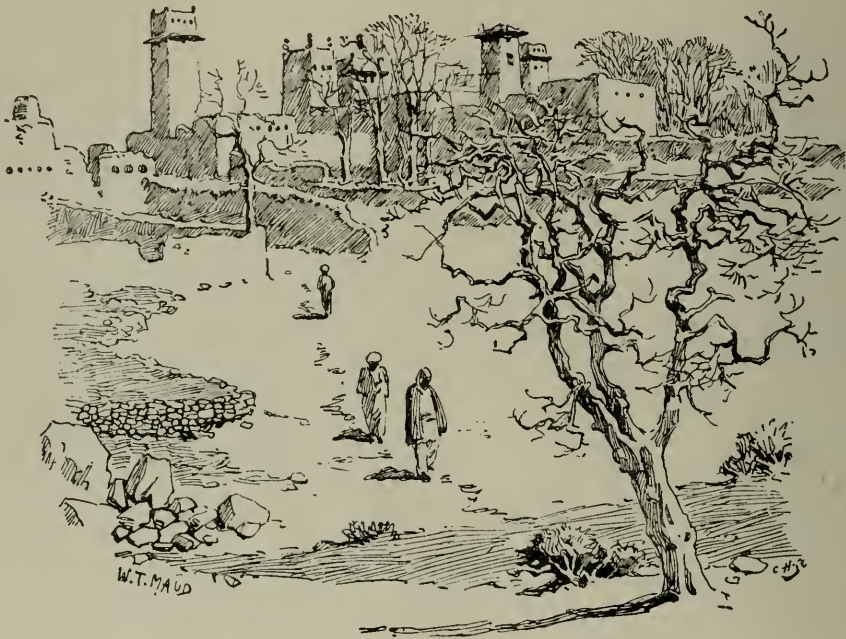


guns were placed near a garden wall in an adjoining field. The men were warned by their officers to keep their arms near them and not to pile them, and sentries and guards were posted ; but treachery was not really expected, for even the wildest of the Pathan tribes usually consider that it is wrong to attack a man after offering him food.

Mr. Gee, escorted by the cavalry, went off to a neighbouring village, and after awhile returned and said the question of the fine had been settled in a friendly way. The lunch provided by Sadda Khan was then taken, and the chiefs

leg at the second or third shot, and Colonel Bunny was mortally wounded almost immediately after."

The fire came from all sides. The main force of the enemy were in front, where they lined a nullah (the hollow of a watercourse) and the walls of the village. They also held a high wall on the right, and some rising ground with a few huts on the left. Some shots also came from an isolated tower away to the rear. From this tower came a shot which, early in the action, severely wounded Surgeon-Captain Cassidy, the only medical officer with the column.



THE VILLAGE OF SHERANNI.

also brought in food for the Mohammedan sepoy of the escort. To quote the narrative of one of the few surviving officers of the column :— "There was not the slightest suspicion of unfriendliness on the part of the tribesmen. After lunch, about 2 p.m., Colonel Bunny ordered the pipers to play for the villagers, and they played one tune. Just as they began another a man was seen waving a drawn sword on one of the village towers, and the villagers suddenly cleared off towards the village. A single shot was fired, apparently as a signal, and a fusillade at once commenced, directed at the British officers, who were together under a tree, and at the Sikhs. This was taken up on all sides, the sepoy in the meantime falling in at once and taking up positions. Lieutenant Seton-Browne was hit in the

As soon as the firing began the Sikhs and Punjaubis replied, and the artillery officers, Captain Browne and Lieutenant Cruikshank, ran to their guns and brought them into action, sending case shot into a crowd of fanatics who tried to capture them by a rush from the village. As the fifth round was fired from the guns Captain Browne fell mortally wounded, and Cruikshank took command. Another minute and the Lieutenant fell badly hit beside the guns. But he raised himself on one knee and continued to direct their fire till he was struck dead by a second bullet. Lieutenant Higginson, of the Sikhs, was hit soon after the firing began, so that in a few minutes the only white man left untouched was Mr. Gee, the political officer. Of the white combatant officers, three were killed and three



badly wounded. But the native officers behaved splendidly. Treacherously surprised, outnumbered, fired on from all sides, they kept their men together, and retired fighting doggedly step by step, and carrying off with them the two guns, and all the wounded, and the bodies of the dead officers. Bunny and Browne, though dying, were able to give some orders. The retirement began when the small supply of ammunition had been exhausted. While the mules were being loaded up the guns fired a few blank charges to give the enemy the idea that they were still in action. The men of the gun detachment showed magnificent courage. "In limbering up—*i.e.* with a mountain battery, loading guns, carriages, wheels, and ammunition boxes on the mules—a wheel-mule was shot, but Havildar Amardin ran back and picked up both wheels—seventy-two pounds each—and started to rejoin the battery. He was shot dead and the wheels were not recovered. Cruikshank's orderly picked up a gun weighing 200 pounds, single-handed, and carried it to the gun mule. The mule was shot dead, so he carried it to the spare mule. Then he went back and brought in Lieutenant Cruikshank's body."

On the infantry fell the main pressure of the stubborn rearguard fight from ridge to ridge along the road to Sheranni. How the native officers did their duty was well told by a correspondent of the *Pioneer*:—"Subadar \* Narayan Singh, 1st Sikhs, must come first on the list, not merely for personal gallantry, but for the military qualities he displayed. No sooner had the attack begun than he recognised the immense importance of saving the reserve ammunition (ten boxes, each containing 600 rounds), as he knew the sepoy had only twenty-two rounds in their pouches. He told off seven men to fetch the boxes, and they succeeded in carrying six back to the firing line. Narayan Singh, as senior native officer, had the burden of carrying out the details of the retirement, under orders issued by Lieutenants Higginson and Seton-Browne, who were both suffering severely from their wounds. He did his work admirably. Subadar Sundar Singh, 1st Punjaub Infantry, must be bracketed with Narayan Singh. He with his brother Subadar and Jemadar † Sherzad, 1st Sikhs, formed up a party of sepoy to cover the retirement, and not a man budged until the order was given that they might fall back. The enemy closed with them, hand-to-hand fighting taking place, but

the tribesmen could not force their way through this small body of determined men. It was here that the great majority of the casualties occurred. Sundar Singh was killed, sacrificing himself in order to give more time for the retirement to be effected. He was a young officer, having entered the service in 1883. Jemadar Sherzad surely earned the Victoria Cross, if such a decoration were given to the native army. He first of all carried Lieutenant Higginson away; then, possessing himself of a rifle, he covered by his fire a party of three men carrying Surgeon-Captain Cassidy to a place of comparative safety; and finally he shared in the desperate rearguard fight. Subadar Nawab Khan, 1st Sikhs, was among the last to leave the ground. He was twice shot in the leg, but his wounds did not interfere with his cool discharge of duty on the way to Dattakhel." As for the rank and file, it would be easy to give a long list of native soldiers who emulated the splendid example set them by their officers.

The retreat was not effected without heavy loss both of men and material. The native troops lost (out of a total force of a little over 300) twenty-two killed and thirty wounded. These, with the six white officers, made a total list of fifty-eight casualties. The guns were saved, but so many of the mules were shot or stampeded that most of the hospital and veterinary stores, a helio-signal apparatus, and about 4,000 rifle cartridges, fell into the enemy's hands.

After Sheranni was passed matters began to look serious. The tribesmen hung on the rear of the little column, and were working round its flank to head it off. Encumbered with wounded men, the march was very slow. But now help was at hand. Early in the fight Mr. Gee had sent a trusty native messenger off with a hurriedly-written message to Dattakhel, and on receiving it some of the Sikh cavalry turned out, escorting Lieutenant De Brett, R.A., with a couple of mountain guns. To the eastward of Sheranni they came in sight of the retiring column, hard pressed by the exultant tribesmen. De Brett got his guns into position and opened fire on the pursuers. By an unfortunate mischance the rammer and sponge of one of the guns had been lost, but De Brett kept it in action, using a carbine as a rammer, loading the gun himself, and allowing no one else to stand in front of it or help him; so that if for want of the sponge the charge had exploded prematurely in the gun, he would have been the only victim of the accident. The covering fire of the guns

\* Subadar = Native Captain.

† Jemadar = Native Lieutenant.

saved the column by stopping the pursuit, and De Brett received the Victoria Cross.

Of the three wounded officers who were brought into Dattakhel, only one survived—Lieutenant C. L. S. Seton-Browne, of the 1st Punjaub Infantry. The five others who had marched with him to Maizar were all dead. Seton-Browne was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. It was also granted to Lieu-

Such an act of treachery on the part of the tribes could not be allowed to go unpunished. Major-General G. Corrie Bird, then in command of the Punjaub Frontier Force, was ordered to march with two brigades into the Tochi Valley and exact full reparation for the outrage. The Tochi Field Force, which assembled at Bannu (otherwise known as Edwardesabad), was composed of the following troops:—



AN INCIDENT IN THE TOCHI VALLEY EXPEDITION: AN ATTACK ON THE MAIL CARTS.

tenant Higginson, but he did not live to receive it. The brave Narayan Singh was given the Order of British India and the title of Subadar, and the Order of Merit was given to the other native officers and many of the sepoys. Subadar Sundar Singh and several others of the dead native soldiers were also gazetted with this Order, so that their widows might have an increased pension. It was a long list of honours, but they were thoroughly well deserved; for as the Commander-in-Chief in India declared in an official despatch: "The action was a deed of arms second to none in the annals of the British army."

1st Brigade.—Colonel Egerton (of the Guides). Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; 1st Sikhs; 1st Punjaub Infantry; 33rd Punjaub Infantry; Peshawur Mountain Battery (six guns).

2nd Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. P. Symons. 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade; 14th Sikhs; 25th Punjaub Infantry; No. 6 (Bombay) Mountain Battery (four guns).

For cavalry General Corrie Bird had two squadrons of the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, already in the Tochi Valley; and for engineers a company of Bombay Sappers and Miners were ordered to join the expedition.

At first sight this looks a very large force for

a movement against a small section of a tribe holding only a few villages. But although the Maddakhel Waziris, who had made the attack at Maizar, could only muster 1,200 fighting men, it was feared that if a weak column were directed against them the result might be that other Waziri tribes would be encouraged to assist them. General Corrie Bird was given a whole division in order to overawe possible opposition, and prevent, if possible, what was supposed to be a mere local outbreak setting the whole border on fire.

During the march of the expedition from Bannu to the advanced post at Dattakhel there were occasional shots fired into the camp at night, and one of the sentries was killed in this way. A fight was expected near Sheranni, but on July 20th Egerton's brigade occupied that village without firing a shot. A body of Waziris, estimated at about 500, was seen retiring into the hills. The cavalry rode on to Maizar, and found that place also abandoned.

A few shots were fired into the camp by "snipers" during the night. But next day

there was no sign of an enemy. Rumour said that the Maddakhel had taken refuge in Afghan territory. Reports came in that one of the Mullahs was preaching a sacred war to other Waziri tribes in the neighbourhood, but nothing came of his efforts, except some raids on the post carts travelling with the mails from Bannu. As the enemy would not make a fight, steps were taken to destroy his property. On July 25th and the three following days the towers of Maizar were blown up and the houses burned. The other houses and towers in the neighbourhood from which the enemy had fired on the column on June 10th were also demolished. Letters were then sent through friendly tribes to the chiefs of the Maddakhel, promising them a safe conduct if they would come in and discuss the terms the Government would impose in punishment for their treachery. But by this time the affairs of the Tochi were almost forgotten both in India and at home, for attention was riveted on a much more serious outbreak in another quarter.



THE GRAVES OF COLONEL BUNNY AND THE OFFICERS WHO DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT MAIZAR.

## II.—THE RISING AT THE MALAKAND.

THE outbreak at Maizar seemed such a purely local disturbance that it caused little anxiety along the frontier. That it possessed no special importance and was no sign of coming trouble in other quarters seemed to be further indicated by the way in which the other tribes of turbulent Waziristan held aloof from the Maddakhels, and by the collapse of their expected resistance to Corrie Bird's advance. At the Malakand and about Chakdara fort in the first weeks of July there had been strange rumours of a miracle-working Mullah—locally known as the Mad Mullah, or the Mad Fakir—who was talking to the Swat country tribes of a coming Holy War. But these stories were set down as empty bazaar gossip. A great rising against the "infidels" was in preparation, but up to the last moment the secret was well kept by the tribesmen.

The first warning of the great rising of 1897 came from a curious quarter. On the afternoon of Monday, July 26th—the same day on which General Corrie Bird was busy blowing up the towers of Maizar—there was a polo match played by the officers of the Malakand garrison, at Khar, where the northern slope of the pass goes down to the Swat River. When the game was over and the native grooms were getting the ponies ready for the return to camp, some of the villagers whispered to them that they had better get away home without delay, for there was going to be a fight. Little was thought of the warning at the time, although a message had come in earlier in the day telling of a small disturbance at Thana, opposite Chakdara fort, where the suspension bridge crosses the river. But early in the evening a number of the local levies employed on the military road arrived in the camp panic stricken, and reporting that the Mullah was gathering the Swat tribesmen between Chakdara and the Malakand, and meant to march on the Pass. Major Deane, the political officer of the district, and Brigadier-General Meiklejohn, commanding the Malakand Brigade, had a consultation, as the result of which a telegram was sent to Mardan requesting the

Guides' Cavalry to come up to reinforce the camp, and it was decided that a small column should march at 3 a.m. from the Malakand and disperse the Mullah's gathering early next day. At 7 p.m. came news that the Mullah's force was actually on the move. It was then decided that the column should move out at midnight to hold a defile four miles to the northward, the Brigadier following at 3 a.m. with reinforcements. The troops to march at midnight were to be the 45th Sikhs, two companies of the 31st Punjaub Infantry, two mountain guns, and a squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers, the whole under the command of Colonel McCrae of the Sikhs.

As yet no one took a serious view of the disturbance. The general impression seems to have been that the troops would have to deal rather with a numerous body of rioters than with the vanguard of an insurrection. A little before ten o'clock a native officer of the local levies came in with the news that the Mad Mullah had reached Khar, and that his followers were advancing on the camp by both the military road and the old Buddhist pilgrim track, adding that the hillsides were swarming with armed men. No one had any idea that the enemy were so near. The coming attack was a complete surprise.

The bugles sounded the "Assembly." The officers, after completing their preparations for the march, were just finishing a late dinner when the bugle call rang out in the still mountain air. Even then they did not realise that danger was so close at hand. "Everyone sprang up," writes Lieutenant Spencer Churchill. "For a moment there was silence while the officers seized their swords and belts and hurriedly fastened them on. Several, thinking that it was merely the warning for the movable column to fall in, waited to light their cigarettes. Then from many quarters the loud explosion of musketry burst forth, a sound which, for six days and nights, was to know no intermission."

There are two camps at the Malakand, the southern or "Crater Camp," in a hollow near the point where the two roads cross the ridge, and

the "North Camp," about half a mile away to the northward. The headquarters of the brigade were in the Crater Camp, which contained the lines of the 45th Sikhs and the 24th Punjaub Infantry. The 11th Bengal Lancers, a mountain battery, the 31st Punjaub Infantry, and the transport were in the North Camp. It was connected by telegraph with the small fort on one of the knolls overlooking the Crater Camp, which was the citadel of the position. It was on this, the southern camp, that the main onset of the tribesmen was about to break.

The advance of the enemy on the Buddhist road was checked by the prompt action of Colonel McCrae. While the men in camp were turning out, the Colonel, with Major Taylor and just twenty of his Sikhs, ran off to a point where the road turns a sharp corner and enters a narrow rock cutting. He reached the defile just in time. Up through the darkness in front, half heard, half seen, surged a mass of over a thousand fanatical swordsmen. McCrae halted his handful of men and sent volley after volley into the crowd, effectually checking their advance.

The tribesmen halted, yelling their war-cries, and firing some random shots. Some of them worked their way up the hill on the flank of the party and began to roll down stones. McCrae retired slowly along the defile. Several of his men were killed, Taylor was mortally wounded, he himself had received a severe stab by accident with a bayonet. After twenty minutes' hard fighting the first reinforcement arrived, thirty men under Lieutenant Barff, who reported that the rest of the regiment was near at hand. McCrae then fell back to the next ridge, and held on there till the enemy gave up the attack four hours later. "There is no doubt," wrote General Meiklejohn in his official report, "that the gallant resistance made by this small body in the gorge against vastly superior numbers till the arrival of the rest of the regiment saved the camp from being rushed on that side, and I cannot speak too highly of the behaviour of Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae and Major Taylor on this occasion."

But other attacks of the enemy had meanwhile been less successfully met. The North Camp had been attacked, and a great body of tribesmen had broken into the Crater Camp by the military road. The piquets of the 24th Punjaubis on the road, near the watercourse to the left of it, were driven in by sheer weight of numbers. The first check the enemy received was at the camp bazaar. They had just rushed the place

when Lieutenant Climo, at the head of a company of the Punjaubis, charged and drove them out at the bayonet's point. Climo held on there till near eleven o'clock, when he had to fall back on the Engineers' lines. These formed the centre of the camp, and here the greater part of the regiment had rallied, fired upon from the surrounding knolls and ridges, and so hard pressed by the swordsmen that the general himself and his staff took part in the defence with sword and revolver. The guard house, held by Lieutenant Watling and a company of Engineers, was stormed, the lieutenant being badly wounded. There was a reserve supply of ammunition in the place, and it was resolved to retain it. The general, Captain Holland, Lieutenants Climo and Manley, R.E., with less than twenty men, recaptured it after three attempts, in which half the party were killed and wounded. The tribesmen had, however, carried off the cartridge boxes. Holland was shot during the fight, and General Meiklejohn himself had a narrow escape, his neck being bruised by a blow from the flat of a sword, which happily was wielded by an unskilful hand.

Another of the few white men in the garrison had a more wonderful escape. Lieutenant L. Manley, of the Commissariat Department, was in a hut with Sergeant Harrington when the camp was rushed. They tried to keep the door closed against the tribesmen, but it was burst in. Manley drew his revolver and shot the first man who entered, but he was then cut down by a swordsman, and hacked to pieces by others as he lay on the ground. In the rush the lamp in the hut was broken, and Harrington, who was unarmed, found himself alone in the dark with the swordsmen. He knocked down two or three of them, and then getting free of them stood silent and motionless in a corner. They groped for him along the walls, their hands just missing him. More than once he thought they had found him. At last, supposing he had escaped in the confusion, they left the hut, where he remained hid till later in the night the commissariat lines were retaken by the garrison. A Victoria Cross was won by Lieutenant Costello, of the 24th Punjaubis, who about one a.m., hearing a wounded man crying for help on the open ground near the bazaar, went out and brought him in, though the place was swept by rifle fire, and the enemy's swordsmen were prowling about in the darkness.

At 2.30 a.m. the garrison of the camp was so exhausted by continuous fighting, and had lost

so heavily, that the general resolved to call out a reinforcement of 100 fresh men from the fort. Lieutenant Rawlins, with an escort of three men, slipped through the enemy, and, after a skirmish on the way, reached the fort and brought the reinforcements back. Towards morning the enemy's fire gradually slackened, and before the sun rose they had retreated, carrying off all their wounded and most of their dead. But forty dead bodies were found in the lines, and many of these were recognised as men who used to come daily to the camp, selling firewood, milk,

Held by a garrison of about 300 men and armed with Maxim guns, there was no fear that the fort could hold out for some time to come. General Meiklejohn for the present devoted his attention to holding the Malakand Pass, which he felt sure would be attacked again as soon as darkness fell. He evacuated the North Camp, concentrating his brigade, about 2,800 strong, at the Crater Camp and preparing the lines of the surrounding ridges for defence. A small detachment of cavalry was sent off to Chakdara, and by a plucky ride got through the enemy's



IN VIEW OF KOHAT.

eggs, and other produce. The losses of the garrison were heavy. A British officer and a non-commissioned officer had been killed, and five British officers wounded (two of them mortally). Of the native troops twenty-one were killed and thirty-one wounded, so that the total of the casualties amounted to fifty-nine. The tribesmen captured and carried away about 10,000 rounds of ammunition, a very serious loss to the garrison and a substantial gain for the insurrection.

A reconnaissance sent out towards Chakdara in the morning of the 27th ascertained that there was an army of some thousands of the tribesmen in the Swat Valley, and that they were blockading the fort at Chakdara bridge.

lines. At the same time the General sent off urgent requests for reinforcements. The first of these, the Guides' Infantry, arrived early in the evening, after a forced march of thirty-two miles.

About half-past eight in the evening the second battle began, but the tribesmen who had suffered severely in their first attempt did not press the attack so vigorously. Their solitary success during the night was the forcing back of an advanced post. They burned the abandoned huts of the North Camp after looting them. At dawn a vigorous counter-attack by the 24th Punjabis under Lieutenant Climo drove the enemy down the slopes towards Khar. They left ninety dead on the hillside. Costello was



THE FIRST ATTACK ON MALAKAND CAMP: THE 45TH SIKHS HOLDING THE CUTTING ON THE BUDDHIST ROAD.

slightly wounded during the counter-attack. The other losses of the garrison were ten killed and forty-five wounded, bringing up the total list of casualties to 115.

Next day, Wednesday, July 28th, desultory firing went on round the camp till sunset. Then there was a lull, and at ten o'clock the third attempt to storm the camp began, and sharp fighting went on till three a.m., the tribesmen making desperate efforts to force a way through the defences and losing heavily. The garrison had two killed and nineteen wounded, including three British officers, bringing the list of casualties up to 136.

Men and officers alike were exhausted by three nights of hard fighting. The enemy, though they had lost hundreds of men, were in no way discouraged. The Mad Mullah told them that those who had fallen were only the doubters. If they had but sufficient faith, they would be invulnerable. He showed them a slight bruise on his body, and told them it was all the damage that had been done by a fair hit from a shell fired by one of the cannon belonging to the infidels.

On the morning of the 29th signal communication was established for a short time with Chakdara fort. The garrison reported that they had repulsed several attacks of the enemy, but they added the disquieting news that food and cartridges would soon be running short. During the day a squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers reinforced the garrison of the Malakand. They brought with them a small convoy of ammunition. Two native infantry regiments, the 35th Sikhs and the 38th Dogras, had got as far as Dargai at the foot of the pass. During the day's march the Sikhs had lost twenty-one men by sunstroke. They were eager to push on, but

General Meiklejohn wired to them to rest at Dargai and join him next day.

As night fell the tribesmen, who had been dropping long-ranging rifle shots into the camp all day, closed in and opened a heavier fire. At half-past nine they made their first rush at the defences, and then came a series of furious attacks, in which they were encouraged by having the Mullah himself in their midst. At every point they were beaten off, and at half-past two the attack suddenly collapsed. It was afterwards discovered that this was due to a lucky accident, the Mullah himself being wounded (though not dangerously) and his fall temporarily discouraging even his most fanatical adherents.

The defences had been so improved that the losses of the garrison were not serious. One man was killed and nineteen wounded, among these being Lieutenants Costello and Wynter. In the four nights and three days of fighting thirty-six of the garrison had been killed (including camp followers) and 106 wounded. The casualties among

the British officers were so far two killed and nine wounded.

This was the last of the more serious attacks made upon the Malakand. During Friday, the 30th, although a large body of tribesmen joined the enemy, they confined themselves to firing a few shots into the camp. At half-past nine they came on, but only in half-hearted fashion. In the middle of the night there was a heavy thunderstorm, and in the midst of it they made another rush, which was beaten off by the Sikhs. The losses of the garrison were twenty wounded.

Saturday was a quiet day. After dark the enemy's snipers fired a few shots, but there were no more attempts to rush the lines. On the



A GROUP OF DAWARIS: NATIVES OF THE TOCHI COUNTRY.



Sunday morning (August 1st) the brigadier moved out with 1,000 infantry, the Guides' Cavalry and Lancers and two guns, to try to relieve Chakdara. But the enemy were so strong that he withdrew to the camp again after the cavalry had made one charge without much result, the enemy taking refuge in the broken ground. The day passed anxiously, for from Chakdara the heliostat flashed a brief despairing message, "*Help us!*" In reply the Malakand station flashed back, "*Expect us to-morrow morning. Is the bridge standing?*" But no answer came. Men began to fear for the worst, and it was resolved that on the Monday, at any cost and risk, Malakand would hold out a helping hand to Chakdara.

An heroic incident in the defence of the Malakand may be mentioned here. During one of the night attacks a British officer was wounded by a bullet which cut an artery, and he was rapidly bleeding to death, when Lieutenant Surgeon V. Hugo came to the rescue. He struck a light and saw what the wound was. The light was put out by a volley, which happily hurt neither of the men. Then, no other means of saving life being possible, Hugo sat by his comrade in the dark, under a heavy fire, for three long hours, compressing the artery, "holding a man's life between finger and thumb." By this devoted heroism the life was saved. The brave surgeon's own arm was paralysed with cramp for hours after this long-continued strain was over.



N.C.O.'S OF THE FIRST SIKH INFANTRY.

### III.—HOW CHAKDARA WAS SAVED.

WHILE the tribesmen were attacking the Malakand camp, they not only closely blockaded the fort at Chakdara, held by a garrison of about 250 men, but they made several attempts to capture it by escalade. Strong as the place was against an

enemy unprovided with artillery, its situation made the defence a very trying piece of work, and there was a serious danger that the garrison would be wearied out by continual attacks and at last overpowered when ammunition began to run short. The works to be held were, first, the fort, a strongly-walled building armed with a nine-pounder and a Maxim; secondly, the signal tower higher up the spur of the hill on which the fort stood, and separated from it by some open rocky ground; and, thirdly, a gateway

fortified by two towers and armed with another Maxim at the further end of the long suspension bridge over the Swat River. From the high ground above the fort the besiegers could actually see into it and bring rifle fire to bear on the walls and towers and a considerable part of the interior enclosure. They could also fire down on the roof of the signal tower, so that to work the heliostat meant to risk the lives of the signallers. Lower down the hill on both sides of the fort there was good cover for the attack. Under these circumstances

the wonder is that the defenders of the place did not lose more heavily during the week's siege.

The only help that the Malakand garrison could send them arrived at the beginning of the blockade, when two officers and twenty men of the Bengal Lancers succeeded, by making a

detour over all but impassable ground, in reaching the gateway of the bridge and joining the hard-pressed garrison. After the failure of the first attacks on the Malakand the tribesmen concentrated nearly all their force round Chakdara. It is believed that on August 1st and 2nd there were more than ten thousand armed men gathered round the fort. For two days the signal tower was isolated from the main work, and it was impossible even to send water to the handful of brave men who held it. The unfortunate men in the tower



AN AFRIDI N.C.O. (KHYBER RIFLES)

repeatedly signalled to the fort for water, but for forty-eight hours of blazing Indian weather not a drop could be sent to them. On August 1st Lieutenant Rattray, the commandant of the fort, noted in his official report:—

“Matters looked so serious that we decided to send an urgent appeal for help (to the Malakand), but owing to the difficulty and danger of signalling we could not send a long message, and made it as short as possible, merely sending the two words, ‘*Help us!*’”

This was one of the few messages that got



THE RELIEF OF CHAKDARA: COLONEL GOLDNEY WITH THE 38TH SIKHS TAKING A HILL  
COMMANDING THE DESCENT TO THE SWAT VALLEY.

through, and, as we have seen, the brigadier in command at the pass determined on its receipt to go to the help of the Chakdara garrison next day at all costs.

The Indian Government had meanwhile taken steps to deal effectually with the rising of the Swat Valley tribes. On July 28th Sir Bindon Blood, who had been Low's chief of the staff in the Chitral campaign, was informed officially that he would be given the command of a force to operate in the Swat district, and was ordered to proceed at once to the front. He reached Nowshera on the 31st, and there received a message informing him that Chakdara was hard pressed, so he hurried on to the Malakand camp without resting. On the 30th an order had been issued directing the assembly of the troops he was to command. The division, known as the Malakand Field Force, was to be constituted of the following troops:—

1st Brigade: Brigadier-General Meiklejohn. 1st Battalion West Kent Regiment, 24th and 31st Punjaub Infantry, 45th Sikhs.

2nd Brigade: Brigadier-General Jeffreys. 1st Battalion East Kent Regiment (The Buffs), Guides' Infantry, 35th Sikhs, 38th Dogras.

Other troops attached to the Division:—11th Bengal Lancers (four squadrons), 10th Bengal Lancers (one squadron), Guides' Cavalry (two squadrons), 10th Battery R.A., Nos. 1 and 7 British mountain batteries, the Bengal mountain battery (twenty-four guns in all), two companies, native sappers and miners, the 22nd Punjaub Infantry, and two companies of the 21st.

Most of these troops were at or near the front. The total force of the division was 6,800 infantry, 700 cavalry, and 24 guns.

Sir Bindon Blood reached the Malakand camp on the afternoon of August 1st and took command. He gave Meiklejohn the direction of the relieving column that was to move out to Chakdara next day. It was made up of 200 of the Guides' Infantry, 400 of the 24th Punjaubis, 400 of the 45th Sikhs, four squadrons of cavalry under Colonel Adams, and four mountain guns. During the night the enemy attacked the camp for the last time, and there was a good deal of heavy firing. Before dawn the attack ceased, and Meiklejohn's column fell in in the dark, ready to move at daybreak.

But it was important that the column should be able to advance without having its progress checked as it marched out between the mountain spurs that commanded the road. The most prominent of these above the point where

McCrae had checked the enemy's rush on the first night was held by a body of the tribesmen, entrenched in sungars and armed with rifles. Sir Bindon Blood assigned to another and smaller force, under Colonel Goldney, the task of clearing this hill. With 250 of the 35th Sikhs, and fifty of the 38th Dogras, Goldney moved out silently in the grey dawn. Unperceived, he reached a point only a hundred yards from the sungars. The tribesmen then stood to their arms and opened a hurried, ill-aimed fire. Without losing a man the Sikhs rushed the sungars. Seven of the enemy were killed, one captured, and the rest fled wildly down the hillside.

As they fled under the fire of Goldney's men, Meiklejohn moved his column out through the defile, formed line of battle on the more open ground beyond, and, without waiting to exchange fire with the enemy in his front, went for them with the bayonet. Surprised and panic stricken, the enemy gave way on all sides, and Adams, with his four squadrons, Guides and Bengal Lancers, charged after them in hot pursuit. Only those who escaped across the rice fields by the Swat River saved themselves from the rush of horsemen.

Meanwhile the infantry was pushing forward along the military road. A fortified village was stormed with the bayonet by the Sikhs, Colonel McCrae being the first man in. As the vanguard of the relieving force neared the bridge, Rattray, with the Chakdara garrison, sallied out upon the besiegers, who were now giving way in all directions. Chakdara had been saved, and the cost of the battle on the side of the victors had been less than forty killed and wounded. The enemy are believed to have lost 2,000 men during the siege. The garrison had a loss of only seven killed and thirteen wounded.

In the days that followed this victorious entry of the Malakand garrison into the Swat Valley, numerous deputations of the tribesmen came in to make their submission. But it was decided that the force concentrated at the Malakand should make a march through the Swat country to enforce a complete surrender of all who had been concerned in the outbreak. With a view to dealing with a possible spread of the disturbances, a new brigade was formed under General J. H. Wodehouse, an officer who had seen some years of service on the Nile, and had won the hard-fought battle of Argin against the Dervish Emir Wad-en-Nejumi in 1880. The following was the composition of the new brigade:—

1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, 21st Punjaub Infantry, and 2nd Battalion of 1st Goorkhas.

As the tribesmen still held together in large bodies in the Upper Swat Valley it was resolved to commence active operations against them, and after preliminary reconnaissances Sir Bindon Blood began his advance from Thana, opposite Chakdara, on August 17th. He had with him Meiklejohn's brigade, a battery of the Royal Artillery, two mountain batteries, and six squadrons of cavalry.

During all this time there was naturally some anxiety about the condition of affairs in the

lately disturbed district of Chitral. But though Swat, its threshold, was in a blaze, the valley of Chitral remained in absolute peace. This was the more satisfactory because the Amir of Afghanistan's general, Gholam Hyder Khan, as if to increase the elements of disturbance, concentrated a large army on the border. This Afghan gathering gave a direct encouragement to the hostile tribes, suggested that if the worst came they would find refuge in the Amir's dominions, and held out a tacit promise of support in case the anti-British movement became sufficiently pronounced for the ruler of Cabul to venture on interference.



VIEW ON THE RIVER SWAT.



THE ARMY ON THE MARCH.

#### IV.—THE MARCH INTO SWAT.

A FEW miles above Chakdara the Swat Valley, at a place called Landaki, narrows to a remarkable pass, locally known as the "Gate of Swat." The road which follows the south or left bank of the mountain river is carried on a causeway built above the water's edge, and in this way works round a long flat-topped spur, which projects from the main chain of the mountains to the riverside, closing the valley like a great rampart. Behind the spur the valley widens again into an expanse of swampy rice fields.

When General Blood advanced he knew that the Landaki spur was held by a body of about 5,000 tribesmen, some armed with rifles, others being fanatic *ghazis*, armed with sword or spear. To rush the spur by a front attack would have meant heavy loss. Blood's plan depended on occupying the enemy's attention in front while the mass of Meiklejohn's brigade reached a point on the hills from which they could not only threaten the enemy's left flank, but also cut off his retreat if he held on to the spur, for the only way in which any large body of men could leave

it was by the neck that connected it with the mountain chain. If the tribesmen fled by the swampy fields in the valley they could only move slowly, and would be liable to be cut up by the pursuing cavalry.

According to this plan the West Kent were pushed forward to threaten an attack in the front. They drove in an advanced post of the enemy, and then the three batteries came into action against the spur, the big shells of the field battery producing a marked effect on the enemy, who retired to their *sungars* or to the back of the ridge. Meanwhile Meiklejohn, with his three battalions of Sikhs and Punjaubis, was climbing the hills to the right of the attack, and it was not till his leading regiment had got well up to the level of the point where the spur joined the mountain that the tribesmen perceived the movement and grasped its meaning. Till then they had expected that the British would try to force their way through the narrow pass by the river. Surprised and outmanœuvred, they began to leave the spur, and fled along the hills or down its reverse

slope towards the fields. Only a handful bravely charged the head of Meiklejohn's column, most of these falling under the fire of the Punjaubis. General Blood now gave the West Kent the order to advance, and they dashed up the front of the spur and cleared the sungars of the few tribesmen who had stuck to them when the main body had abandoned the spur.

The cavalry (Guides and Bengal Lancers) had been ordered to push forward by the causeway and charge the retiring enemy in the plain beyond, but it was found that the roadway had been so effectually destroyed in two or three places by the enemy that it was some time before the Engineers could make it possible for the horsemen to get through the "Gate," even in single file.

The action at Landaki had been so entirely won by good manœuvring that the actual loss up

rice fields, and some of them were rallying again near the foot of the hills, at a cemetery marked by a group of trees and a ruined Buddhist tope. Colonel Adams rode for them with the only squadron he had with him. He was accompanied by two officers, who were neither of them attached as combatants to the expedition—Lieutenant Greaves, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who was acting as correspondent of the *Times of India*, and Lieutenant Lord Fincastle, of the 16th Lancers, who was the correspondent of the *London Times*. His object was to seize the ruins and open fire with carbines on the enemy, who were about 500 strong. What exactly occurred is told in a slightly different way by different narratives written at the time, as can easily happen when the subject is a confused skirmish. It appears that the squadron became a good deal scattered in making its way



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ACTION AT LANDAKI.

to the moment the spur was captured was only seven wounded, none of them white men. But now occurred an unfortunate incident that led to the loss of some valuable lives. When after long delay the first squadron of the Guides got past the spur, the enemy had retired across the

through the rice fields. As they gained the ground beyond, Greaves and Captain Palmer of the Guides were riding together, Greaves's horse being very excited and inclined to bolt ahead. Further back, and divided from their comrades by a nullah, rode Colonel Adams and Lord

Fincastle. Adams tried to let Palmer know that he was making for the tope, but seeing his colonel coming on with the squadron behind him, the captain thought they were going to charge, and, accompanied by Greaves, he rode at a group of tribesmen who were clustered round a couple of banners. They were received with a volley. Greaves fell wounded; Palmer's horse was killed, and struggling to his feet he stood sword in hand, waiting for the rush of the enemy, with whom, in another moment, he was fighting hand to hand. What then happened is told by an officer attached to the expedition:—"Colonel Adams called out 'Follow me!' and he and Fincastle went straight for Greaves, who was now surrounded by ghazis. Fincastle's horse was killed a few yards off, and he ran up on foot, Colonel Adams having already got up. The latter dismounted, but Fincastle shouted to him to get up again, which he did, while Fincastle tried to get Greaves, who was still alive, on to Adams's horse. The ghazis poured in a heavy fire, and Adams's horse was wounded, while Greaves was shot dead in Fincastle's arms as he was being lifted, and the latter's scabbard was smashed by a bullet. Two *sowars* (troopers) had meanwhile ridden out to Palmer's assistance, who was severely wounded, and got him back to the tope. These two *sowars* then came on to help Adams and Fincastle—on whom the ghazis were closing—and one had his horse killed. Lieutenant MacLean came out a minute later, having dismounted the remainder of the squadron in the tope, whence they kept up a heavy fire on the enemy. He arrived just in time to check the enemy as they were preparing to rush these two officers. MacLean brought three *sowars* on with him, two of whom had their horses shot under them. Meanwhile Adams and Fincastle had been carrying Greaves nearer the tope. MacLean was shot through both thighs as he was helping Fincastle to lift Greaves's body on to his horse. Adams and Fincastle then got safely to the tope with the dismounted *sowars*, who supported the bodies of MacLean and Greaves on MacLean's horse. This tope was

held for a quarter of an hour until the infantry arrived."

There was no more fighting after this skirmish, the enemy being everywhere in full retreat in the hills. MacLean died almost immediately of loss of blood, the big arteries being severed by the bullet. It was officially announced that if he had survived he would have been awarded the Victoria Cross. This coveted decoration was given to Adams and Fincastle. General Blood had on the day after the action attached Fincastle to the Guides' Cavalry as an immediate recognition of his gallantry.

Next day the brigade continued its march up the Swat Valley, moving through country that had hitherto been almost unvisited by Europeans, and was left as a blank on the maps of India. But the tribes of the district had fought their fight and accepted their defeat. In the course of the week after Landaki they began to send in delegates to make their peace with the Government, and to surrender their rifles. A survey of the valley was made while the negotiations were in progress. It proved to be a fertile country, producing heavy crops of wheat, barley, maize and rice. The vine grew freely on the hillsides, and the villages were made up of houses strongly built of stone. There were numerous ruins dating from the old Buddhist times, long centuries ago, and the chief means of communication along the valley was the Buddhist road, paved with flagstones, and once trodden by thousands of pilgrims from Central Asia. Several miles of it were in good repair.

But while Swat was being pacified the outbreak had extended to other parts of the frontier. It was the good fortune of the Government that these tribal risings came one after another, not in one vast simultaneous eruption. This latest rising was, however, the most formidable of all. While Swat was being pacified, in the middle of August, the standard of the Holy War against the Infidel had been raised through the Mohmund, the Afridi, and the Orakzai country, and the tribesmen had at last succeeded in capturing more than one of the frontier forts.



## V.—THE EXTENSION OF THE RISING.

WHILE the Mad Mullah was rousing the Swat tribesmen to insurrection, one of his brethren, Najib-ud-Din, generally known as the Hadda Mullah, whose headquarters were in the village of Jarobi, was preaching the Holy War to their neighbours the Mohmunds. Under his influence, on August 7th, some four thousand of the tribe made a sudden raid into British territory, the point of their attack being the old fort of Shabkadr, eighteen miles north of Peshawur.

Shabkadr was held by a detachment of border police. The raiders rushed the neighbouring village of Shankargarh, plundering the place and killing two men. The rest of the villagers fled to the fort. The Mohmunds exchanged some rifle shots with the garrison, but Shabkadr, standing on an isolated knoll, and defended by thick walls fifty feet high, could not be captured by a force that had no artillery. General Elles hurried up from Peshawur with two squadrons of the 13th Bengal Lancers, four guns of the Royal Artillery, the 20th Punjaubis, and four companies of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, but by the time he reached the fort the raiders had retired across the border.

During the next day, Sunday, August 8th, the Mohmunds remained in bivouac on the hills about a mile from Shabkadr, and they were joined by fresh contingents. Elles had to return to Peshawur, and left Colonel Woon at the fort in command of the relieving force. At dawn on the Monday the colonel moved out to attack the enemy, but finding them stronger than he expected, and being threatened on both flanks, he was retiring on the fort when the general arrived on the scene, bringing with him two companies of the 30th Punjaubis. By this time the enemy, who thought they had won a victory, were swarming on the low ground before the fort. Elles ordered the Lancers to charge them, and the unexpected attack produced a panic, during which the infantry advanced, and the Mohmunds were driven back to the hills with heavy loss. Twelve killed and forty-eight wounded (including three officers) were the losses

of the victors in the action. The ground on which the little battle was fought had been the scene of two previous victories over the Mohmunds in 1852 and in 1864.

The Peshawur garrison was promptly reinforced, and Elles strengthened the brigade at Shabkadr with the rest of the Somersets and the 37th Dogras, so that about 2,000 men were now on the spot. But the Mohmunds did not venture to renew the attack, and reconnoitring parties sent into the hills reported that the tribal gathering had dispersed.

Before telling how the raid was punished by the invasion of the Mohmund country, we must note the further progress of the frontier rising. About the time of the incursion of the tribesmen at Shabkadr, there were ominous reports that the mullahs were busy rousing to action the Afridi tribes about the Khyber and the Orakzais along the Samana Range. Either of these tribes could put 25,000 fighting men into the field. The outbreak began in the third week of August. On the 23rd, some thousands of armed Afridis appeared suddenly before the fort of Ali Musjid at the entrance of the Khyber Pass. The fort was held by a garrison of the local levies, known as the Khyber Rifles, themselves Afridis, in the Government service for police duty in the Pass. They did not make any serious resistance to their countrymen, and abandoning the fort they retreated to Fort Jamrud, near Peshawur. The Afridis looted and burned Ali Musjid, and then moved on to attack Fort Maude, held by fifty of the Khyber Rifles. These stood their ground, closed the gates, and kept the attacking party at bay with rifle fire.

News had by this time reached Fort Jamrud of the attack on Fort Maude, and a small relieving column was sent out, consisting of four companies of infantry, K Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and an escort of the 4th Dragoon Guards. The Afridis were found to be in such strong force that it was not considered advisable actually to enter the Pass, but the battery found a position from which it was able to open on a large body of the enemy at a range of nearly two



THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT CLEARING A MOHMUND VILLAGE.

miles. The result of this cannonade was that the besiegers temporarily suspended their attack. The garrison took advantage of this lull in the storm to escape, and returned to Jamrud with the column. In the night, Fort Maude was seen to be in flames. It had been occupied, plundered, and burned by the Afridis.

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of why it was that the Peshawur garrison, 10,000 strong, allowed the hillmen to secure these successes actually within sight of its outposts, and to close for weeks the trade route of the Khyber. On the morning of the 24th the mouth of the Pass was reconnoitred, and no trace of the enemy was to be seen. Even then, however, nothing was done to reoccupy the lost forts.

The Afridi gathering had not broken up, but had marched up the Pass to attack the fort of Lundi Kotal. It is a large, loop-holed inclosure near the summit of the Pass, and is the furthest Indian station towards the Afghan frontier in this direction. It was held by five native officers and 370 men of the Khyber Rifles. Of these, 250 were Afridis, the rest belonging to the Mohmunds, Shinwaris, Zakka Khel, and other neighbouring clans. For the first day a determined resistance was offered to the attack. But early on the morning of the 25th some of the Shinwaris deserted, leaping down from the wall and running over to the enemy. After this some Afridis on the wall opened a parley with their countrymen outside; the gate was treacherously opened, and the besiegers poured in, no further attempt at defence being made. Some of the Afridi garrison made their way to Peshawur, protesting that to the very end they had been true to their salt, and that they would have held the post successfully but for the defection of their countrymen. One native officer actually kept his men together, fought his way through the victorious Afridis, and reached Fort Jamrud with his company by making a long detour through the hills. All the while the Peshawur garrison was doing nothing to save the Khyber and its loyal defenders. This inaction was all the more unfortunate, because shortly before a reserve supply of 10,000 rounds of ammunition had been sent to Lundi Kotal, most of which now fell into the hands of the enemy.

The tribesmen, having looted Lundi Kotal and set fire to the buildings, began to disperse to their homes, notwithstanding the protests of the mullahs. They were running short of supplies, and they wanted to get their wounded

and their plunder into a safe place, so the most their leaders could obtain from them was a promise to reassemble in the middle of September.

On August 26th, the very day on which the Afridis dispersed after their easy conquest of the Khyber, the Orakzais broke out. They surprised a small police post on the Ublar Pass, six miles north-west of Kohat. Next morning General Yeatman-Biggs marched from Kohat to disperse them, taking with him the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, two companies of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 9th Field Battery, and a squadron of the 3rd Punjaub Cavalry. The enemy were driven from the Pass after a sharp action, but on the troops beginning to return to Kohat the Orakzais turned and followed them down the Pass, skirmishing among the rocks, and keeping up a galling fire on the rearguard. There was no water in the Pass, and several men dropped with sunstroke. Three killed and fourteen wounded, including two officers, were the casualties of the day, which could hardly be considered a complete success. It was noticed that many of the enemy wore old khaki jackets, and had the look of drilled soldiers, as no doubt they were, for many of the border tribesmen take service in the regiments of the Punjaub army.

On the same day Colonel Abbott, with the 16th Sikhs and two guns, broke up an Orakzai levy which was besieging the police post of Lakha on the Samana Range, and brought away the little garrison. Here also the enemy gathered again rapidly as soon as the troops began to return to their camp at Hangu, and harassed their retreat for miles.

The next few days brought news of villages burned, police posts fired into, and mail-carts robbed all along the Orakzai Border. The tribes of the Kurram Valley and the Samana Range were up in arms. On August 31st General Yeatman-Biggs reached Hangu from Kohat, and began to concentrate a brigade, with guns and cavalry, for operations against the mountaineers. Here he was joined a few days later by one of the native princes, the Maharajah of Kuch-Behar, who was anxious to see active service under the British flag. In the first days of September a flying column, under Colonels Richardson and Abbott, moved up the Kurram by Thal to Sadda, arriving just in time to save the fort at the latter place from a determined attack. Abbott, with the vanguard, did the last forty-nine miles of the march in forty hours. Three miles out from Sadda there was an isolated police post at a place

called Bahit Khel, a tower closing a mountain path. It was held by an Afridi native havildar, or sergeant, with twenty men. The besiegers called on the havildar by his name, urging him to make common cause with them, but he and his handful of men remained true to their salt, and held the tower till the arrival of the relieving force.

On September 10th General Yeatman-Biggs, after some sharp skirmishing, checked an attempt of the Orakzais and Afridis to advance to the eastward from the Samana Range. The tribesmen then turned their attention to the forts and police posts further west, on the range itself. There are two large forts, Fort Lockhart and Fort Cavagnari or Gulistan, and between them there was a small post known as Fort Saragheri, held by a detachment of Sikhs, and used as a signalling station to keep up communication between Forts Lockhart and Gulistan.

Saragheri was badly constructed and badly placed for defence. There was plenty of good cover for the attack within one hundred yards of its tower, and its entrance was a wooden door on the level of the ground. The garrison consisted of twenty-one men of the 36th Sikhs. They held the little fort from nine in the morning of September 12th till half-past four in the afternoon. "Two determined assaults were brilliantly repulsed," wrote a correspondent of the *Pioneer*, "but at the third rush the enemy succeeded in breaking down the door, and when the plucky Sikhs manning the wall rushed down from their posts to defend the doorway, the swarming tribesmen scaled the walls, and all was over. But not a sepoy even then thought of surrendering while life remained, and eventually the whole of the gallant defenders fell victims to their heroism. One stout-hearted soldier in the guard-room killed twenty of the enemy without hurt to himself, and lost his life by refusing to budge when the Afridis, unable to get at him, finally set the room on fire. The signaller, as brave as the rest, coolly kept up communication with Fort Lockhart up to the very last moment. The entire garrison, in fact, behaved with splendid courage, and there is perhaps no more touching instance of inflexible devotion to duty than this in the whole narrative of frontier fighting. The details of the fighting will never be known, for not a soldier came out of Saragheri alive, but if it could be told it would beyond doubt be one of the most thrilling that Sikh valour has ever furnished. The facts related here came mainly from the enemy, and may not

be absolutely correct, but at all events no more reliable account of the fall of Saragheri will ever be obtainable."

During the fighting a small party had gone out from Fort Lockhart to try to help the beleaguered garrison, but they were forced to retire before overwhelming numbers of the enemy. On the same day Fort Gulistan was closely besieged by the Orakzais. As soon as Saragheri was taken, the tribesmen who had made the attack joined their forces to those who were investing Gulistan. The fort was held by a detachment of the 36th Sikhs, under Major Des Voeux, 165 rifles in all. In the night the enemy established themselves in sungars close up to one of the angles of the fort. It was feared that they might undermine or breach the wall from this point, and Colour-Sergeant Kala Singh of the Sikhs volunteered to make a sortie with only sixteen men, and turn them out. The tribesmen at this point were about 200 strong. Kala Singh and his men got within twenty yards of the sungars before they were discovered. They were rushing on with the bayonet, when they were received with a fire that killed or wounded half the party. Checked by this loss they yet would not retreat, but lay down among the rocks less than ten yards from the enemy, and answered back their fire. Then, on his own initiative, another Sikh, Colour-Sergeant Sunder Singh, came out with twelve men to help his comrades. Thus reinforced, Kala Singh rushed the sungars and drove the Orakzais out of them, the enemy being so vigorously attacked, that in the darkness they had no idea how few their assailants really were. The gallant band brought back three captured standards into the fort. Kala Singh, its heroic leader, was so seriously wounded that he died a few days later.

For two more days and nights the garrison held out, closely blockaded and fired upon for the last thirty-six hours without a moment's respite. On September 15th rescue arrived. General Yeatman-Biggs, having marched from Hangu with a battery of artillery, a squadron of Bengal Lancers, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, two battalions of the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, and some companies of the 36th Sikhs, cleared the neighbourhood of Fort Lockhart of the enemy, shelled them out of Saragheri, and pushing steadily on drove some 8,000 of them from their posts before Fort Gulistan.

"By 2 p.m.," writes the special correspondent of the *Pioneer* with the relieving force, "we were within its walls. Blackened with gunpowder,

worn out with thirty-six hours of continuous toil and stress, many bandaged and blood-stained, the garrison still presented a brave front. Drawn up at the gate were the survivors of the sortie, with the three standards they had captured. Out of the original garrison of 165 rifles two had been killed, eight dangerously and some, I fear, mortally wounded; eight severely and twenty-four slightly wounded. Of these latter, nine did not report themselves wounded till relief had come. Major Des Voeux, who had his anxieties doubly intensified by the presence of his family, had been the life and soul of the defence, guarding against every danger, and showing a fine example of cheerfulness and steadfastness to all. Lieutenant Pratt, an officer of only a year's standing, had ably seconded him, though suffering from dysentery; Surgeon-Captain Pratt had untiringly tended the wounded under a heavy fire, helped by Miss Teresa McGrath, Mrs. Des Voeux's maid, who, amidst the flying bullets, could be seen here bathing a wounded sepoy's head, and there tying up another's arm till the doctor could come. Last, but not least, every sepoy did his duty, and at times almost more than his duty, in a way worthy of the proud name of Sikh."

Having reinforced the garrison, General Yeatman-Biggs returned to Hangu. The Orakzais had fallen back dispirited to the Khanki Valley, and the Afridis had left them and returned to Tirah. But the Government had determined that the Shabkadr raid by the Mohmunds and the attack on the Khyber forts by the Afridis, and on the forts of the Samana Range by the Afridis and Orakzais, should be punished by marching armies into the territory of all these tribes. There was no doubt they would make a stubborn resistance, and they would have the advantage of fighting on ground difficult for regular troops and their transport, and to a great extent as yet unmapped and unknown to the officers of the British army on the border.

The operations divided themselves naturally into two parts: the march into the Mohmund country north of Peshawur, carried out by General Sir Bindon Blood; and the operations on a still larger scale against the Afridis and the Orakzais, which were directed by Sir William Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief of the Punjaub army, who was just about to assume the higher post of Commander-in-Chief in India.

The object of both expeditions was the same—to prove to the tribesmen that their mountains

were not an inaccessible fortress against the armies of the Indian Government. With this view it had been decided to march into the hill country of the border forces so strong that even the united power of all the fighting tribes would give the enemy no hope of victory. In strong columns the invaders would traverse every valley, blow up the fortress towers, burn the houses of the disaffected villages, and consume or destroy their stores of grain and forage, thus temporarily ruining the tribes that refused submission. Those that sued for peace would obtain fair terms; the payment of a fine to compensate for damage done in the border raids, and the surrender of their modern rifles as a security against future hostilities, being the leading features of the terms usually granted.

The only weak point in this elaborate plan of campaign for the reduction of the hill tribes was that to march large armies into the mountains meant necessarily that they would have to be accompanied by an enormous supply train. To feed some thousands of fighting men in a valley where food and forage is scanty means the employment of some thousands of camp followers and beasts of burden on the line of communications, and when this line runs across difficult passes, winds along steep and rocky hillsides, and has its halting-places in narrow valleys overhung by bold mountain spurs within rifle range, the whole arrangement gives splendid opportunities to a hostile population to carry on a most harassing form of guerilla warfare—raiding the line of communications; falling on the belated convoy as it plods wearily into camp in the dark with its rearward sections straggling a mile away; skirmishing with every scouting or foraging party; and firing into the valley camps at random in the dark. In such a warfare the daily losses mount up to heavy totals in a campaign, even of a few weeks, and the army is forced to move slowly, through having to halt after each stage of its advance in order to accumulate a reserve of supplies for the next onward move. It is an open question whether the hostile frontier tribes would not have been more quickly subdued, and at a less cost of life, by sending into the hills a much smaller force, organised in independent flying columns, unencumbered with heavy transport, and challenging attack in the open by the mountaineers, who after two or three battles with heavy loss would have been inclined to welcome an offer of terms.

Possibly, however, the enormous display of force made by the Government on the frontier

had other objects than the mere reduction of the tribes. It may have been meant also as a warning to the Amir of Afghanistan and his fighting general, Hyder Gholam Khan. An Afghan army lay camped on the border of the Mohmund country, and the mullahs boasted that Afghan regulars had fought under their leadership in the frontier raids.

In August the Indian Government had addressed a strong letter to the Amir, calling on him to take measures to prevent his subjects from aiding the hostile tribesmen. Abdurrahman's policy in these first weeks of the rising is anything but clear. Certain it is that it was not till near the end of September that he publicly disavowed the attempt of the

mullahs to represent the rising against the British as the *Jehad* or *Holy War* with the Infidel, of which the Amir himself had written as one of the good and virtuous practices of the True Believers of Islam. Once, however, he had made up his mind, he acted vigorously. The Afridi envoys were sent away from Cabul after being soundly rated for their impertinence in seeking the Afghan alliance, and Hyder Gholam was instructed to close the frontier against refugees from British territory. It is quite possible that the Government, in putting an enormous army in motion on the border, was not sorry to have the opportunity of showing the Afghans the folly of challenging a quarrel with the rulers of India.



GENERAL SIR WM. LOCKHART (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND LORD METHUEN ON BOARD THE "CHINA" ON THEIR WAY TO INDIA.

## VI.—THE MOHMUND CAMPAIGN.

BY the end of August Sir Bindon Blood had completed the pacification of the Swat Valley on the left bank of the river. On the 27th the 2nd Brigade of the Malakand Field Force, under Jeffreys, was marched up to Thana, opposite Chakdara, to remain in observation in the valley, while the 1st Brigade, under Meiklejohn, which had done the heaviest work of the campaign, was brought back to Khar, below the Malakand Pass, for a short rest. Two days later Colonel Reid, with a column composed of the 10th Battery, R.A., the 11th Bengal Lancers, the 22nd Punjaubis, and the 38th Dogras, was sent across the river at Chakdara, and marched to Uch, a village six miles to the north of the fort, just below a pass leading over the hills into the Panjkora Valley. Here Reid halted, and began to receive the submission of the tribes north of the Swat River, whose headmen came in and surrendered a large number of rifles.

But the rising of the Mohmunds, and the events that followed the raid on Shabkadr, soon found further occupation for Sir Bindon Blood's force. When the Hadda Mullah withdrew across the border after General Elles's relief of Shabkadr, he marched northwards, calling the Mohmunds, and their neighbours the Utman Khel, and the people of Bajaur to arms, and at the head of a large levy of tribesmen he turned towards the Chitral country. The loyal Khan of Dir barred his way, and with his people held the passage of the Panjkora River. Sir Bindon Blood dispatched his 3rd Brigade, under Wodehouse, to Uch, to join Colonel Reid's force, and cross the hills to the Panjkora. Wodehouse took command of the united force, and reached the suspension bridge on the Panjkora River just in time to save it from falling into the hands of the Hadda Mullah's armed levy. A garrison was placed at the bridge to help the Khan of Dir to hold this gateway to Chitral.

Towards the end of the first week of September arrangements were made to strike a heavy blow at the insurgent Mohmunds. General Sir Bindon Blood, leaving his 1st Brigade to hold the Swat Valley, was to move westwards, while

another force marched northwards from Peshawur under General Elles, the two columns joining hands in the Mohmund country. Blood marched on Nawagai, about thirty miles west of the Malakand, and fifty north of Peshawur. The force under General Elles consisted of a whole division, composed as follows:—

1st Brigade—General Westmacott.—Somerset Light Infantry, 2nd Battalion 1st Goorkhas, 20th Punjaubis.

2nd Brigade—General C. R. Macgregor.—Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 9th Goorkhas, 37th Dogras.

Other troops attached to the division:—Two mountain batteries, 13th Bengal Lancers, 28th Bombay Pioneers, and a regiment of Imperial Service Infantry.

These last were a contingent of the troops organised in the native states of India to act with the Imperial armies. Two native princes, the Maharajah of Puttiala and Sir Pertab Singh, of Jodhpore, served on General Elles's staff. There were numerous offers of service from other princes, and the Government was glad to accept the offer of the transport train organised by the Maharajah Scindiah, of Gwalior, and the Maharajah of Jeypore. This loyal support from the native states showed that the border war, serious as it might be, was only a local outbreak that could not disturb the general tranquillity of India, so long, at least, as the British armies on the frontier showed themselves strong enough to cope with the tribes. At this moment, too, a considerable weight of anxiety was removed from the minds of the Indian Government by a statement of the Amir of Afghanistan, disavowing all sympathy with the insurgents on the border.

On September 11th General Elles, leaving General Gaselee in command at Peshawur, marched out with his division to Shabkadr. On the 15th he crossed the border. The advance met with no opposition as it moved northward into the Mohmund country, but Sir Bindon Blood had some sharp fighting on the other line of advance.

Wodehouse's brigade had reached Nawagai on the 13th. His camp had been fired into the

night before by "snipers," and his cavalry were shot at as they reconnoitred to the front, but no organised bodies of the enemy were encountered. The other brigade, under General Jeffreys, camped near Inayat Kila, a few miles to the eastward, next day. In the darkness of the following night the Mohmunds tried to rush the camp. The valley in which the camp lay was cut up with nullahs or watercourses. Soon after eight o'clock three shots were fired as a signal by the enemy, and at once a heavy fusillade was opened from the nullahs on one side of the camp, which was pitched in a square shape; the troops on the sides; the stores, etc., in the middle. The Guides, who held the face of the square which was attacked, replied steadily, lying in a sheltered trench which completely protected them. About ten o'clock a bugle in the enemy's lines sounded the English call "Retire," and the firing all but ceased, only a few dropping shots ringing out from time to time. It was bright moonlight. No sign of the enemy could be seen, and it was supposed the attack was over, but about half an hour later a storm of fire broke out on the opposite side of the camp. The enemy had got to within a hundred yards of it, creeping unseen among the rocks. The 38th Dogras, posted on that side, met and held them with steady volleys. The artillery fired star shells further to light up the ground, but the attack had good cover in the rocks, and for some time held their own close up to the trenches. The tents had been struck; a rough shelter of boxes of stores had been made for the field hospital. Two officers of the Dogras were killed and a third mortally wounded. Of the men, five were killed and seven wounded. Nearly a hundred transport animals were hit, and killed or disabled, a serious loss for the brigade. A little after two the attack ceased, and the tribesmen retired. The Lancers pursued them at dawn and killed twenty-one of them, but the main body of the Mohmunds made such a determined rally that the idea of attacking them with the cavalry only had to be abandoned.

It was now decided that while Sir Bindon Blood should, with Wodehouse's brigade, carry out the original plan of co-operation with General Elles, General Jeffreys should turn aside from his prearranged line and advance to punish the tribes of Bajaur who had attacked his camp. At the same time the 1st Brigade, under General Meiklejohn, was ordered to leave the Swat Valley and enter that of the Panjkora, to act as a reserve. Thus, in the northern part

of the theatre of war, two divisions, or five brigades in all, were employed against the enemy.

On the 16th General Jeffreys advanced up the Mamund Valley and fought a pitched battle with the tribesmen. It was a dearly-bought success, as there were nearly 150 killed and wounded on the side of the British, the heaviest loss that had occurred in a frontier fight for more than twenty years. Jeffreys had moved up into the hills, with his brigade formed in three columns, in order to burn the Mamund villages. The right column found the village on which it moved too strongly held and fortified to be attacked without a preliminary bombardment, for which it had no artillery available. The other two columns met with very little resistance, and accomplished their purpose. The villages were ablaze, some of their fortified towers had been blown up, and the order was given to return to camp. But no sooner had the retirement begun than the whole aspect of the scene changed. The tribesmen, acting on a plan which they adopted on many other occasions with equal success, were only waiting for this moment to begin their attack.

The rocky valley and the hill slopes became suddenly alive with thousands of armed men. They pressed on boldly in long skirmishing lines, taking skilful advantage of every bit of cover, and pouring a heavy rifle fire into the rearguard companies. Divided from each other by rocky gullies, several of them were outflanked and temporarily isolated. The whole retreat was slow and deliberate, and after the first losses the rearguard found themselves encumbered and delayed by having to carry off not only their wounded but also their dead; for the bodies of their fallen comrades, if left on the ground, would have been savagely mutilated by the enemy, and no effort was spared to save them from such outrage. The groups formed by the bearers of the dead and wounded became in turn well-marked targets for the fire of the tribesmen, and the loss of the rearguard increased rapidly. Reinforced from the main body, they turned again and again, stood fiercely at bay, and drove back their assailants, but the moment the retreat was resumed the tribesmen came on again, waving their banners, shouting their war-cries, firing from every rock and coign of vantage, and often trying to charge home with sword and knife in hand. Towards sundown a tropical storm burst over the hills and continued long after dark, and the slow, dogged retreat went on under a deluge



of driving rain by the glare of the lightning flashes.

In the dense darkness and on the broken ground it was impossible to secure complete co-operation between the different columns, and General Jeffreys, who had been wounded in the head by a bullet, but still kept in the saddle, found himself cut off from the rest of his force, and with a mountain battery and a handful of men threw himself into a half-ruined village, which he held through the night against the tribesmen. The rest of the brigade regained the camp, sending out at daybreak a column which brought back the general and his party from

column had retired on the 16th would have been to acknowledge a defeat and play into the hands of the mullahs who were preaching the Holy War, and promising victory to the tribesmen. General Jeffreys therefore renewed the attack on the morning of the 18th. The whole brigade advanced upon the village, and this time the enemy made no attempt to hold it, withdrawing to the hill slopes beyond, from which they sent down a long-range rifle fire, while the Engineers were busy blowing up the fortified towers of the place. Driven back from the spurs on either side of the village by the Sikhs and Dogras, and shelled by the mountain



GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B.

(Photo: F. Fall, Bayswater.)

the beleaguered village. The losses had been heavy. The adjutant of the 35th Sikhs, Lieutenant Hughes, had been killed. Three other British officers of the regiment had been wounded. Lieutenant A. T. Crawford, of the Artillery, was killed, and two other gunner officers wounded. Lieutenant Watson, of the Engineers, was badly wounded, and the general also was hit, but not badly hurt. The Buffs had two killed and nine wounded, the native troops thirty-four killed and ninety-five wounded. The night in the camp had been a time of utter misery. The tents were down, the rain had made the ground a morass, and the men were exhausted with a long day's fight, during which their only food had been the coffee and biscuit taken in the morning before the march out.

The stubborn resistance of the tribesmen had been quite unexpected. To leave them in possession of the village from which the right

guns, they were kept at a respectful distance till the destruction of the village was completed. Then, covered by the Buffs acting as a rearguard, the brigade retired to its camp without giving the enemy a chance to press home their pursuit. The day had been a complete success, with a loss of only two killed and six wounded on the side of the victors.

Next day the enemy sent in to ask for terms, and before the week was out the Mamunds of the valley that opened on Inayat Kila had submitted, though before their complete surrender there were two or three further skirmishes in order to clear out some of the villages whose inhabitants showed themselves more persistently hostile than their neighbours.

Meanwhile the eastern section of the tribesmen, the Mohmunds under the personal leadership of the Mullah of Hadda, had made two night attacks on Sir Bindon Blood's camp at

Nawagai, the first on the night between the 19th and 20th of September, and the second, a more serious affair, on the following night. In this attack the hillmen, covered by a heavy rifle fire, made repeated attempts to rush the camp, pushing close up to the shelter trenches on its margin, so that many of them fell within ten yards of the defences. Every rush was repulsed. The loss in the camp was only one killed and eighteen wounded. Among these latter was General Wodehouse, commanding the 3rd Brigade.

Next day, the enemy having dispersed after their failure, Sir Bindon Blood—whose signallers had got into communication with General Elles and the Peshawur force—moved over the Pass in his front and joined hands with the other division at Lokerai. Wodehouse had to leave the front, and handed his brigade over to General Graves. The 3rd Brigade was now added to Elles's division, and Sir Bindon Blood returned by Nawagai to assist General Jeffreys' brigade in its further operations.

The resistance of the Mohmund and Mamund tribes now collapsed. Elles, with trifling loss, stormed the Bedmanai Pass, and pushing on to

Jarobi, the village of the Hadda Mullah, captured the place, and destroyed his mud-walled mosque. A few isolated skirmishes in the last days of September marked the final flickering out of the Mohmund rising. By the beginning of October the tribe had asked for terms, and had begun to surrender its arms.

Their neighbours, the Mamunds of Bajaur, held out for a few days longer. On October 1st General Jeffreys stormed the village of Agrah with a loss of fifty men, including two British officers killed and three wounded. The neighbouring village of Badilai was attacked and destroyed under the personal direction of Sir Bindon Blood on the 3rd, with only trifling loss. This was the last fight north of the Malakand, the last of the Mamund tribes sending in their headmen to arrange a surrender the very next day. Thus, what had at first threatened to be a very serious tribal rising in the hill country north of Peshawur had come to an end. But the reduction of the Afridis and Orakzais west of the frontier fortress, and the occupation of their stronghold in the Tirah Valley, proved a much more serious and costly piece of work.



## VII.—THE TIRAH EXPEDITION.

THE expedition which was directed against the Afridis and Orakzais, under the command of Sir William Lockhart, had to penetrate into a difficult, and to a great extent unknown, mountain land. It had to meet as enemies well-armed and warlike tribes whose fighting-men were numbered by tens of thousands. The Afridis alone were believed to be able to put 30,000 men into the field, of whom at least a half were armed with modern rifles.

The intentions of the Indian Government were clearly set forth in a memorandum published on the eve of the advance. "The general object of this expedition," it said, "is to exact reparation for the unprovoked aggression of the Afridi and Orakzai tribes on the Peshawur and Kohat borders, for the attacks on our frontier posts, and for the damage to life and property which have been inflicted on British subjects, and on those in the British service. It is believed that this object can best be attained by the invasion of Tirah, the summer home of the Afridis and Orakzais, which has never before been entered by a British force."

The large army assembled for these operations was officially known as the "Tirah Expeditionary Force." It was divided into five large sections. First there was the main body, an army corps of two divisions, which was to do the chief work of fighting its way into Tirah, starting from the neighbourhood of Kohat. Then a smaller force was provided to hold the lines of communication behind the advancing army. A brigade, known as the Peshawur Column, was held in reserve at the frontier fortress, and another brigade, the Kurram Movable Column, was kept in the Kurram Valley to observe the east end of the Samana Range. Then, as the army advanced, one auxiliary force guarded its communications; two others prevented any chance of the tribes moving in the direction of Peshawur or the Kurram Valley. A third brigade was held in reserve at Rawul Pindi in case reinforcements should be needed at any point.

The following was the detailed organisation of Sir W. Lockhart's army, the largest force put into the field in India since the Mutiny:—

### MAIN COLUMN.

(Under the personal command of Sir W. Lockhart.)  
Chief of the Staff—Brigadier-General G. W. Nicholson.

1st Division—Major-General W. P. Symons.

*1st Brigade*:—Brigadier-General Ian Hamilton, V.C.—2nd Derbyshire and 1st Devonshire Regiment; 2nd Battalion 1st Goorkhas; 30th Punjaubis.

*2nd Brigade*:—Brigadier-General Gaselee—2nd Yorkshire and 1st West Surrey Regiments; 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas; 3rd Sikhs.

*Attached to the Division*:—Two squadrons 18th Bengal Lancers; three mountain batteries (one British and two native); 28th Bombay Pioneers; Nabha Imperial Service Infantry; and some companies of Bombay and Imperial Service Sappers.

2nd Division—Major-General Yeatman-Biggs.

*3rd Brigade*:—Brigadier-General Kempster—1st Gordon Highlanders; 1st Dorsetshire Regiment; 15th Sikhs; and 1st Battalion 2nd Goorkhas.

*4th Brigade*:—Brigadier-General Westmacott—2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers; 1st Northamptonshire Regiment; 36th Sikhs; and 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas.

*Attached to the Division*:—Two squadrons 18th Bengal Lancers; three mountain batteries (two British, one native); a machine gun, and detachment supplied by 16th Lancers; 31st Madras Pioneers; 3rd Imperial Service Infantry; and some companies of Madras and Imperial Service Sappers.

### LINE OF COMMUNICATION TROOPS.

Commander—Lieutenant-General Sir A. Power Palmer.

2nd and 22nd Punjaubis; 2nd Battalion 2nd Goorkhas; 39th Garhwal Rifles; 3rd Bengal Cavalry; a Kashmir mountain battery; and a company of Bengal Sappers.

### PESHAWUR COLUMN.

Commander—Brigadier-General A. G. Hammond.

2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; 2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry; 9th Goorkhas; 45th Sikhs; 34th Pioneers; 57th Field Battery, and 3rd

Mountain Battery, R.A.; 9th Bengal Lancers; and a company of Bengal Sappers.

KURRAM COLUMN.

Commander—Colonel W. Hill.

12th Bengal Infantry; Kapwathala Imperial Service Infantry; 3rd Battery R.A.; 6th Bengal Cavalry; and a regiment of Central India Horse.

RESERVE BRIGADE—RAWUL PINDI.

Commander—Brigadier-General C. R. Macgregor.  
2nd King's Own Yorkshire and 1st Duke of

had an intimate knowledge and long experience of frontier affairs, was attached to Sir W. Lockhart's expedition as the political officer representing the Indian Government.

The expedition was not ready to start till the middle of October. It was unfortunate that it was delayed so long, as the men had thus to face the early winter storms in the passes and the high valleys. But there was no help for it. Many of the best regiments and most of the organised transport were already occupied on other parts of



MAP OF THE TIRAH CAMPAIGN.

Cornwall's Light Infantry; 27th Bombay Light Infantry; 2nd Regiment Hyderabad Contingent; Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers.

The total strength was over 34,000 men, including more than 11,000 British troops. But this was only the fighting portion of the expedition. There had to be a numerous baggage and supply train, so for Lockhart's advance there were assembled 13,000 pack mules, 2,200 camels, and more than 18,000 native followers.

There were about 2,400 Afridis and Orakzais serving in the frontier regiments. An order was issued that these men should not be asked to serve against their countrymen during the coming operations. Sir Richard Udny, who

the border, dealing with insurgent tribes or overawing those who, if left unwatched, would have joined the revolt. During this preparatory stage of the expedition the 1st Brigade lost its commander, General Ian Hamilton, who was thrown from his horse and so badly hurt that he had to leave the front. His place was taken by Brigadier-General Hart, V.C.

At last, on October 20th, all was ready for the advance. The Pioneers and Sappers had been busy improving the mountain road along the south side of the Samana Range to Chagru Kotal. This gave the tribesmen a warning of the line by which the first attack might be expected, and they gathered in force to oppose Lockhart's vanguard at the Pass of Dargai.

## VIII.—THE TWO FIGHTS AT DARGAI.

THE Samana Range forms the northern wall of the Miranzai Valley, dividing it from the Khanki Valley, which is in the Orakzai country, the Samana, defended by Forts Lockhart and Gulistan, having been,

made it possible to climb the cliffs. At the foot of this slope was an open space in full view from the summit of the cliffs, and across this space any direct attack on Dargai must come under short-range rifle fire from the crest of the



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS CHARGING.

till 1898, the British border line. A few miles to the west of Fort Gulistan rises the bold summit of the Samana Suk, the highest point of the range. Beyond, the ridge drops some 3,000 feet to a pass, the crest of which is known as the Chagru Kotal. From the Kotal a narrow hill-path zigzags down into the long defile which gives access to the Khanki Valley.

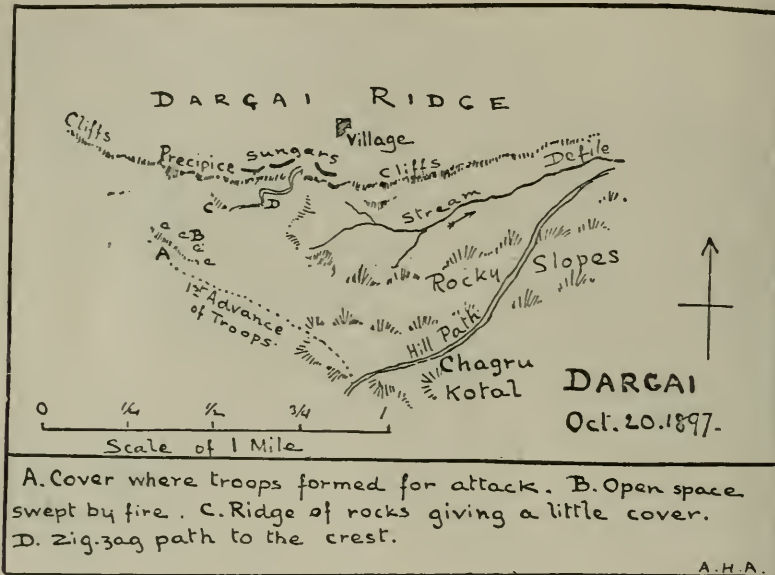
From the westward the hill track through the Chagru defile is commanded by a bold wall of cliffs, often sheer precipices, on the summit of which stood the fortified village of Dargai. The way from the Chagru Kotal ridge to the village was a steep and narrow path running up at a point where a difficult slope of broken rocks

precipice, which the tribesmen had strengthened with sungars or stone breastworks, in order to improve the abundant natural cover supplied by the rocks.

On October 18th Sir W. Lockhart directed that the Second Division should clear the Dargai ridge of the enemy and destroy the village, in order to insure the safety of the coming advance into the Orakzai country by the Chagru defile, which was the door of the Khanki Valley. General Yeatman-Biggs was suffering from severe illness, and the command of the division was temporarily given to General Sir Power Palmer, the officer commanding the line of communications.

There had already been some skirmishing at the Chagru Kotal, the enemy on the Dargai ridge firing from the cliffs on the sappers who were busy improving the hill track. On October 11th General Yeatman-Biggs had actually brought his mountain guns into action against them, with good effect. But until they were cleared out of the position, the Chagru Pass would be no place for an army marching with thousands of baggage animals over a narrow and exposed hill-path. It was not supposed that Dargai was strongly held, or would be very persistently defended, for all available information pointed to the tribesmen

Kempster had marched at 4 a.m. from the camp at Shinwari, eight miles south of Dargai, but he had much more than eight miles to go, on account of the long detour to the west, and the ground was exceedingly difficult. An effort was made to get the guns along with the brigade, but at last the hillside became so steep that, after losing a lot of valuable time in the effort to bring the gun mules along, they had to be left behind. Westmacott opened with his guns from the Chagru Kotal about half-past nine, and his infantry formed up for the attack soon after, but contented themselves with mere long-range rifle fire for some time, for the plan



having arranged to make their real stand farther north, at the Sampgha Pass.

The plan of attack was that the Fourth Brigade (Westmacott) should advance against the front of the ridge from the Chagru Kotal, while the Third Brigade (Kempster) swept round to the south and west of Dargai, gained the crest of the ridge at a point nearly two miles west of the village, and, moving along the summit, took the enemy in flank. Sir Power Palmer accompanied the flanking brigade. Sir William Lockhart watched the front attack from the Samana Suk, where signallers with the heliostat kept the two brigades in communication with each other from first to last. Westmacott's guns opened from the Chagru Kotal, but appear to have inflicted little loss on the tribesmen sheltered among the rocks and behind the sungars on the opposite crest.

that had been adopted was that the frontal attack was to be confined to a demonstration intended to fix the attention of the tribesmen and keep them occupied until there was news of Kempster's brigade being ready to drive home their attack along the crest.

At 11 a.m. the infantry had reached a low swell of ground dotted with fir-trees, which gave almost the last bit of cover before the open space at the foot of the precipice. The 3rd Goorkhas were leading. In the second line came the Scottish Borderers, and then the Northampton. Beyond this point no further advance was attempted for a while. Noon came; and although Kempster was not so close up as had been expected, it was resolved to drive the frontal attack home. Covered by the fire of the Borderers from the low ridge topped by the fir-trees and by the mountain guns from

Chagru Kotal, the Goorkhas rushed forward, dashed across the open ground, not without loss, and began to climb the steep and narrow zigzag beyond. As they neared the top they were in single file, Lieutenant Beynon, pistol in hand, in front. The Borderers dashed on to support them. But once the ridge was topped there was very little fighting, for the tribesmen had now perceived the advance of Kempster's brigade along the summit of the cliffs, and were too anxious for their retreat to make a determined stand. The losses in the attack had been trifling, considering the strength of the position assailed. The Goorkhas had two killed and fourteen wounded, the Borderers one killed and five wounded. Kempster's brigade in its flank advance had had three men wounded, and had not only paralysed the defence of the ridge by its threat against the enemy's flank and rear, but had arrived in time to pour some deadly volleys into the retreating tribesmen.

The enemy had abandoned the village of Dargai, and the two brigades, having met on the crest of the hill, proceeded to blow up the village towers, a covering party meanwhile holding a bold spur just beyond. Orders had been given that after clearing the ridge the troops were to return to the camp at Shinwari. It was late in the afternoon when this retirement began, and the troops had hardly quitted the Dargai ridge when it was immediately occupied again by the tribesmen. Interpreting the retreat as a sign of weakness, they had recovered from the discouragement caused by their defeat earlier in the day. They not only opened fire from the cliffs, but they came pouring down to the lower ground, fired from behind every rock at the retiring troops, and as darkness began to come on, sometimes got within fifty yards of the rearguard, and seemed disposed to charge home at close quarters.

To General Kempster was assigned the task of covering the retirement, and he used for this purpose the Gordon Highlanders and the 15th Sikhs. Coolly and steadily, as if engaged in a field-day, these two fine regiments retired through each other's rank alternately, each holding its ground till the other had gained a favourable position further back, the rearward battalion answering the fire and checking the rushes of the hillmen with steady rifle volleys. As the Chagru Kotal was approached, the pursuit was effectually stopped by the mountain guns. Then the brigades tramped wearily down to

Shinwari. Kempster's men had been marching and fighting for nineteen hours.

The losses in the retreat had been serious. The Gordons had Major Jennings-Bramly killed, and another officer and fourteen men wounded. The 15th Sikhs had three killed and eleven wounded. In other regiments there were one killed and five wounded. Thus the losses in the retirement were far heavier than those incurred in the attack of Dargai.

Both at home and in India this retreat from the heights of Dargai was severely criticised. It was explained that there had never been an intention of permanently occupying the heights, and that if the two brigades had bivouacked on the 18th on the ground they had won, there would have been the utmost difficulty in supplying them with food, water, and ammunition, while they would almost certainly have been attacked during the night by a large force of tribesmen. Moreover, Sir William Lockhart explained that he did not consider the possession of Dargai essential to an advance through the Chagru defile, but thought it wise to break up the tribal gathering on the heights before advancing, for the sake of the moral effect on the enemy.

Supposing these reasons are valid, it is hard to understand why it was considered necessary to recapture the ridge on the 20th, and why it was held for the rest of the campaign. If it was worth holding at all, why not have held it on the 18th? As for the moral effect on the tribes, the only result of the day's operations was that they were under the impression that they had scored a success, and during the following day they gathered in thousands on the ridge from all the country to the northward. The Gordons, who had covered the retreat down the hillside on the 18th, had to storm that very ground two days later. The retreat from Dargai and its recapture meant a wholly unnecessary day's fighting, and 250 casualties. Besides, it had the unfortunate effect of shaking the confidence of the army in the Staff that directed it.

General Yeatman-Biggs had resumed command of his division on the 20th. It appears that the actual order sent to him by Sir W. Lockhart was to advance by the Chagru defile to Khorrappa in the Khanki Valley, but he decided that he could not take his division safely through the defile while the Dargai heights were held by thousands of hostile riflemen. It has been suggested by very competent critics that this was a bad mistake; that the movement through

the defile might have been covered by artillery fire from the Chagru Kotal ; that although there would doubtless have been some loss in the march down to Khorappa, it would have been less than what was incurred in the storming of the heights ; and that as soon as the tribesmen perceived that the division was steadily making its way to Khorappa regardless of their opposition, they would have abandoned the heights for fear of having their retreat cut off—a point about which these mountaineers are always very anxious.

During the night before the advance Yeatman-Biggs had been in communication by telegraph with Lockhart, who agreed to his clearing the heights of Dargai of the enemy, and offered to reinforce his division from the 1st Division for this purpose. The plan suggested by Lockhart was that the advance down the defile should be combined with a frontal attack on Dargai, the troops in the defile threatening the line of retreat of the enemy. Probably this double attack would have been as easily successful as that of the 18th, but General Yeatman-Biggs, still anxious about venturing into the defile till the heights were clear, decided on confining himself to an attack in front. The result was a very gallant action, which will long be remembered as one of the brave deeds of the British Army. But there is no doubt that risks were unnecessarily run, and gallant lives needlessly sacrificed, by adopting the plan of a mere front attack. It was magnificent, but it was not scientific warfare.

To General Kempster's brigade, made up of the Gordon Highlanders, the Dorset Regiment, the 2nd Goorkhas, and the 15th Sikhs, was assigned the place of honour and danger in the attack. In support were the Northampton, belonging to Westmacott's brigade, and the Derbyshire Regiment and the 3rd Sikhs, lent by the 1st Division. Three mountain batteries were in position on the Chagru Kotal, and another high on the Samana Suk, so that twenty-four guns could concentrate their fire on the enemy's position in front of the ruins of Dargai.

Although General Yeatman-Biggs had resumed command of his division, he was still so ill that he spent the greater part of the day lying on a camp bed, on the ridge below the Chagru Kotal, from which he directed the attack. It began with a heavy bombardment of the Dargai heights, but the tribesmen were so well protected by the ground and their defences that

the shell fire made little impression on them. Meanwhile the infantry, with the Goorkha scouts, led by Lieutenant Tillard, were advancing to the group of pines below the precipice. From this point, a little after eleven o'clock, they made a rush across the open space in front. As they broke from the cover in which they had massed for the attack, the Goorkhas were met by a storm of rifle fire from the crest of the precipice. Dead and wounded men dotted the open ground. The survivors huddled together under the shelter of some rocks just below the zigzag path. If a wounded man lying in the open made the least movement he at once became a mark for the rifles of the tribesmen, and many were killed in this way, trying to creep or stagger back to shelter. The rest of the regiment held on to the pine-crowned swell at the lower end of the open ground, firing at the sungars. They had lost many men, and Major Judge, their second in command, had been killed, while another officer was badly wounded. With them were the Dorset and the Derbyshire men.

Repeated attempts were made to reinforce the Goorkhas. Captain Arnold, of the Dorsets, sprang forward sword in hand, calling to his men, "Come on, E Company!" but at his first stride he fell dead. Lieutenant Hewitt, of the same regiment, dashed out with half a company. Every man dropped as they crossed the fire-swept open, and he alone reached the cover on the further side. From time to time single men of the Dorsets or the Derbyshires raced across, others falling in the attempt. Meanwhile the guns fired from the hills to the eastward, but they seemed to be making no progress in crushing the dogged resistance of the enemy. Captain Smith, of the Derbyshire Regiment, tried to lead his company forward. He and several of his men were shot down, and the rest fell back. Lieutenant Pennell, his subaltern, went out alone to bring his captain back. Under a shower of bullets he thrice raised and tried to carry him in. He only desisted from his gallant efforts when he found that his captain was dead. The act won for him the Victoria Cross. Captain Robinson, of the Goorkhas, who had been wounded in the first advance, returned across the open, in the hope of being able to bring up supports. He fell mortally wounded just as he regained the cover of the pines. It is impossible to tell all the individual deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice that marked the efforts made to cross the narrow space swept at almost point-



blank range by the fire of a thousand rifles. Many a soldier gave his life in trying to save a wounded comrade.

At noon things were looking serious. The enemy's resistance was unbroken, and from the pines the heliostat sent up to the Chagru Kotal a message that against a front attack the position was all but impregnable. General Kempster was with the divisional commander. Yeatman-Biggs saw, and said, that at any cost the position must be stormed. At this stage of the campaign failure would be disastrous. He told Kempster to take the Gordon Highlanders and the 3rd Sikhs, who as yet had not been engaged, and make a final attempt.

So difficult was the ground that it was a full hour before the Sikhs and Gordons had climbed to the pines. There they formed for the final rush, the Gordons in front. Colonel Mathias, who commanded them, turned to his splendid battalion and addressed them in brief soldierly words. "Highlanders," he said, "the general says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it!"

The guns, firing as fast as the gunners could work them, were pouring a storm of shells into the enemy's sungars. The Highlanders cheered. The pipes screamed out their shrill battle music, and with their colonel at their head the Gordons dashed into the open. Major Macbean, the second in command, was close beside him. He dropped badly wounded almost as soon as the advance began. Nor was he the only man down. The men were dropping on all sides. But the Gordons went, closely followed by the Sikhs, and drawing on with them the Derbyshire and Dorset men and the little Goorkhas. It was a rush of five battalions, all eager to close with the tribesmen, the Gordons forming the centre of the charge, and leading it up the steep hill-path beyond the open. One of the Gordon pipers, George Findlater, dropped shot through both legs. But propped against a rock, regardless of his wounds, he continued to play his pipes. The advance up the face of the hill was slow, and the fire of the enemy told heavily on the crowded mass of men; but nothing could now

stop them. Half-way up the path Mathias, somewhat out of breath, said to a colour-sergeant near him, "Stiff climb this, Mackie, and I am not so young as I was, you know." "Never mind, sir," answered the sergeant, giving his colonel an encouraging slap on the back, in the enthusiasm of the moment, "you're going verra strong for an auld man!"

Finding that their fire did not check the assault, the hillmen abandoned the crest as the bayonets of the Gordons shone over the brink of the precipice. There was no hand-to-hand fight, such as some of the illustrated papers drew, on the strength of the first telegrams. Nor were the Gordons alone in their exploit. As a matter of fact it seems that Tillard, of the Goorkhas, was actually the first man to reach the top. But it was their advance that had carried everything else onward, and they were rightly given the chief honours of the day. As they cheered their colonel on the summit, officers of the other regiments gathered round him to grasp his hand. It was a proud moment for the regiment. Two days later they received on parade the personal congratulations of Sir William Lockhart. "Your records," said the commander-in-chief, "testify to many a gallant action performed by you, and you have now added to them another, which may worthily rank beside those gone before."



COLONEL MATHIAS, C.B.  
(Photo: E. Debenham & Co.,  
Weymouth.)

The victory had been dearly bought. The Gordons had had an officer, Lieutenant Lamont, killed; two officers, Major Macbean and Lieutenant Dingwall, badly wounded, and four others slightly wounded—namely, the Colonel, Captain Uniacke, and Lieutenants Crawford and Meiklejohn. Of the officers of the Goorkhas, Captain C. B. Judge was killed and Captain Robinson mortally wounded. Of the Derbyshires, Lieutenant Protheroe-Smith was killed. Of the Dorsets, Captain Arnold was badly wounded; and of the Sikhs, Lieutenant G. E. White and three other officers were wounded. Of the rank and file thirty-three were killed and 147 wounded. The heaviest loss fell on the Goorkhas, who had seventeen officers and men killed, and fifty wounded. Next came the Dorsets, with a list of

nine killed and forty wounded. The Gordons, who, though so prominent in the fight, had been a shorter time in action, come third on the list with three killed and forty-one wounded. Without in the least detracting from their gallantry it must be remembered that when they advanced the tribesmen had been for hours under a heavy artillery and rifle fire, and their power of resist-

down from the death-strewn slope not only their own dead and wounded but also those of the Goorkhas, who, having been so long in action, were less able for the task. There was no longer any question of abandoning the hard-won heights. The enemy had retired, carrying off their own dead and wounded, but they made no attempt to regain the position or to molest its



GORDON HIGHLANDERS BURYING THEIR DEAD AFTER DARGAI.

ance had thus been considerably weakened, and their ammunition was probably running short.

In these lists many slight wounds are not included. Moreover, numbers of the men had their uniforms and accoutrements cut up with rifle bullets, all evidence of the heavy fire to which they had been exposed. The wonder is that the casualties were not much more serious.

Highlanders and Goorkhas, both of them mountaineers, have always felt marked kinship in arms. After the fight the Gordons brought

defenders. The second battle of Dargai had opened the pass through the Samana Range, and the first victory of the campaign had been secured.

Two Victoria Crosses were awarded to the Gordons. One was given to Piper Findlater, the other to Private E. Lawson, for saving under a heavy fire the lives of two comrades, Lieutenant Dingwall and Private McMillan, though he was himself wounded twice while carrying them to a place of safety.

## IX.—THE BATTLE OF THE SAMPAGHA PASS.

AT dawn on the morrow of Dargai the army, with the second division in advance, began its march by the Chagru defile into the Khanki Valley. It had been intended to camp at Khorappa, but it was found that the only available ground there was closely commanded from the surrounding hills, and the march was continued two and a half miles further on, to more open ground, near the village of Khangarbur, on a plateau on the north shore of the Khanki River. Khangarbur was held by the Afridis, and the vanguard had to drive them out of the village. They gave way at once on the advance of Westmacott's infantry, after a brief bombardment by one of the mountain batteries.

The march had been extremely difficult. Men and animals had moved slowly, mostly in single file, along a narrow and stone-strewn mountain track. There were frequent delays as a fallen mule or camel blocked the way, and after darkness fell, the rearguard was still stumbling along the hillsides. When night came on, the camp was disturbed by random shots from the surrounding hills, but this annoyance did not last long, and there were luckily no casualties. Next day the concentration continued, but even when both divisions were through the defile and encamped on the river it was impossible to move forward at once. Including camp followers, some 35,000 men had been crowded into the Khangarbur camp, and besides these there were more than 20,000 animals. Nothing could be obtained on the spot except water, wood, and a small supply of grass. Everything else had to be dragged through the Chagru defile from the other side of the Samana Range. Food and forage for a single day amount to many tons of dead weight, and the army had not merely to be fed from day to day, but a reserve had to be accumulated before it could venture to advance into the next valley, the gate of which—the Sampagha Pass—was reported to be held in force by the enemy. The difficulty of bringing up these supplies was serious. They had all to come by the rugged path through the defile, a way so narrow that

at first there was a difficulty in finding room to send the unloaded beasts back past the convoys coming up. Gradually the Pioneers widened the road and improved its worst parts, but for days a complete block and an utter breakdown of the transport was only averted by unceasing vigilance and unsparing effort on the part of the officers.

Stay-at-home people, who do not realise the enormous amount of work that has to be done on a line of communications, wonder why an army having once marched and fought does not go straight on to its goal. The Afridis put their own interpretation on Lockhart's prolonged halt on the Khanki River. To them it seemed that the British commander was hesitating to face the dangers of the Sampagha Pass, and they were encouraged to attack the camp by night, and to try to ambuscade and cut up the foraging parties that left it by day. The nightly attacks generally took the form of "sniping," sharpshooters posted on the hills using their long-range rifles to drop bullets at random into the large space covered by the encampment, or directing a well-aimed fire at any light that showed in a tent or on a mess table. On the night of the 23rd, soon after dusk, they tried to rush the pickets, and there was a sharp fight, in which the mountain guns came into action. At dawn some of the more daring assailants were seen lying dead within fifty yards of the camp.

Next day the foraging parties were persistently attacked as they returned to camp, and at dusk the fusillade from the hills began again. No less than thirty-four officers and men were killed and wounded during the evening, some as they sat at dinner, others as they lay in their tents. The only way to sleep in safety was to build up some kind of a bulwark on the side of the tent towards the hills. Sir William Lockhart himself had a narrow escape. He was very reluctant to take any special precautions, but his staff made a wall of grain bags beside his tent. He had hardly lain down in the tent when a couple of Afridi bullets buried themselves in the improvised wall, near his head. Apart from the losses of men, and the disabling or killing of valuable transport

animals by this nightly fusillade, there was the further disadvantage that it deprived the men of proper rest. Those who have experienced it say that even those who most coolly face an enemy's fire on the battlefield are worried, and made nervous and miserable, by the continual dropping and whistling through the darkness of bullets to which no reply can be made. Later, steps were taken for dealing with this trying method of attack, but at the outset of the campaign it was endured as best might be.

On the morning of the 26th the bodies of a British sergeant and six men were found lying

ton Regiment and the 36th Sikhs, was sent to clear the hills on the right. He fairly surprised the enemy. They had not expected an advance, and apparently were enjoying a late sleep after amusing themselves by "sniping" the camp until the small hours of the morning. They sprang up, fired a few harmless shots and fled, without attempting any resistance. The hills on the left were at the same time occupied by a detachment from Gaselee's brigade, made up of the Yorkshire Regiment and some Sikhs and Goorkhas. With its flanks thus secured, the army moved up to Gundaki. Here there was



DORSETS ATTACKING THE SAMPAGHA PASS.

dead and horribly cut up on the road near the camp. They were supposed to be part of the escort of a belated convoy that had wandered from the rest in the dusk and fallen into an Afridi ambush. No wonder, after such experiences by night and day, that the army was rejoiced to hear, on the evening of October 27th, that orders had been issued for a renewed advance, and that the Sampagha Pass was to be stormed next day.

The march began in the grey dawn of the 27th. Its first stage was about four miles due north up the valley to the village of Gundaki. The ground was open, with low hills on either side, which were known to be held by the enemy. Colonel Chaytor, with the Northamp-

a halt for the day, and the army encamped, while Sir William Lockhart and his staff, with a strong escort, pushed on to reconnoitre the Sampagha Pass and settle the details of the next day's attack. A few shots were fired at the party while they were thus engaged, but the only man hit was Colonel Sage, of the 1st Goorkhas, who was badly wounded.

The action at the Sampagha Pass, fought next day, October 29th, proved to be a much less serious affair than had been generally anticipated. The enemy had a splendid position. The mountain road, or rather track, after winding through broken rocky ground, commanded by the rugged slopes to the east and west, runs sharply up the hillside, and passes over the dividing range

between the Khanki and Mastura Valleys, through a depression in the ridge. Right and left are bold spurs, difficult to climb, and rocky knolls rise from the ground in the gap just above the path. Lower down the hillside projects an advanced spur, and on this, on the knolls in the Pass, and on the slopes and spurs on either side, the tribesmen had erected strong breastworks. They were evidently anxious about a turning movement, and had taken a good deal of trouble to fortify the spurs on both flanks near the summit of the ascent. Why it was they did not make a more dogged resistance is not at all clear. The most likely reason seems to have been that the Afridi clansmen had been quarrelling with their Orakzai allies. The Pass and the valleys on both sides of it are in the Orakzai country, and the Afridis, more anxious to defend their own valleys than this outlying borderland of Tirah, withdrew from the Sampagha before the fight, leaving the Orakzais to meet Lockhart's advance single-handed.

The plan of attack was very simple. The Pass was to be stormed from the front by Gaselee's brigade (the second), supported by Westmacott's (the fourth). Kempster's (the third) was to form the reserve, and Hart's (the first) was to be broken up, its regiments protecting the flanks of the advance, and supplying an escort for the artillery, which was all to be massed under the command of General Spragge, in order to prepare the way for Gaselee's attack by a heavy bombardment of the Pass and its approaches.

The advance began as the dawn whitened the eastern sky, and while the shadows still lay deep in the valleys. Up through the twilight, with the Goorkha scouts in front, came Gaselee's brigade. On the right the Devons, on the left the Goorkhas of Hart's brigade, were making their way along the flanking ridges. Another battalion of the same brigade, the Derbyshire Regiment, had seized a bold knoll facing the Pass, and up behind them the long train of mules were picking their way over the rocks, bringing up the thirty-six mountain guns and their ammunition. At first only space could be found to put half of them into position, but later the whole six batteries were in action.

By seven o'clock the fight had opened all along the front. The mountains were echoing to the roar of the guns, the explosions of bursting shells, and the sharp crackle of infantry fire. Gaselee had deployed his brigade, the Sikhs on the right, the Queen's and the Yorkshire Regiment in the centre, and the Goorkhas on the left, and had carried the nearest of the sungars with a rush. Westmacott's men were moving up in the second line. The advance was a steady climb from rock to rock up the hillside, the chief delay being caused by having to cross numerous gullies and ravines. The tribesmen were not showing either the marksmanship or the determined valour of those who held the Dargai heights. As the attack came on they were giving way slowly. At a quarter to ten the Queen's, led by Major Hanford Flood (who, though wounded in the arm, refused to leave his men), reached the summit of the Pass, the tribesmen retiring over the ridge. Some of them clung to a knoll on the right, but this was cleared rapidly by the Yorks and the Sikhs. General Spragge, as soon as he saw the summit was won, sent forward a mountain battery to assist in driving the enemy from the reverse slope of the Pass. Its commander, Captain de Butts, was killed by a bullet as he brought it into action. The guns and the long-ranging rifle volleys of the infantry drove the Orakzais in wild flight down into the valley beyond. The Sampagha had been won, with the loss of only twenty-four men. The enemy had carried off all their killed and wounded. The ease with which this formidable Pass had been cleared was a surprise to everyone, especially after the desperate resistance encountered at Dargai.

The tribesmen in their hurried retreat set fire to several of the villages below the Pass in order to destroy the stores of fodder and grain accumulated in the houses. All day the troops were marching down the winding hill-path into the Mastura Valley. They camped for the night at the foot of the descent. The valley was wide and fertile, with terraced fields, plenty of timber, and abundance of walnut and apricot trees. It seemed all the more beautiful after the stern desolation of the Khanki Valley and the bare slopes of the Samana.

## X.—THE TAKING OF THE ARHANGA PASS AND THE OCCUPATION OF TIRAH.

THERE was only one day of rest in the Mastura Valley, and then, on October 31st, the advance was resumed. Five miles from the camp to the northward rose the hill slopes of the Arhanga Pass, the gateway of the Tirah plateau, the stronghold of the Afridi tribes, as yet untroubled by an invader.

During the twenty-four hours' halt there was, however, no rest for the Pioneers, the transport, or the staff. The Engineers were busy improving the road over the Sampagha. The transport was crowding the hill track, toiling day and night to get baggage and supplies over the Pass, and General Lockhart and his staff, escorted by Kempster's brigade, was reconnoitring the Arhanga and planning the attack. Though native reports had described the Arhanga as a formidable position, its capture did not seem a very difficult piece of work. The slopes ascending to it were of easy gradient, and were not cut by ravines, like those below the Sampagha. There was an opening for a flank attack, and right in front of the Pass, and only three quarters of a mile from it, an isolated round topped hill afforded a splendid position for the artillery. Mr. Donald, one of the political officers who knew the district, and had intimate relations with the tribesmen, predicted that there would hardly be any fighting, for if his information was correct, only a handful of the Afridis, some 500 in all, would be found in the Pass. The event amply justified these forecasts. The tribesmen had abandoned the idea of offering a regular opposition to Lockhart's advance. But their spirit was not broken, and they had determined, while avoiding pitched battles, to harass the invaders of their hills with a formidable guerilla warfare.

On the morning of October 31st the Arhanga Pass was stormed. The main attack was directed by General Yeatman-Biggs, who sent his fourth brigade (Westmacott) straight up the Pass, while the third (Kempster) threatened the enemy's left. At the same time General Symons, with Gaselee's brigade, was to turn the enemy's right. The remaining brigade (Hart's) was kept in reserve in the valley. The artillery marched with the

central attack. Three brigades and six batteries made up an overwhelming force against the handful of Afridis who held the crest of the Pass.

The action was soon decided. The Scottish Borderers, acting as the advanced guard, seized the hill in front of the Pass, and the batteries opened fire. At the same time the flank attacks pushed forward. The Afridis gave way the moment they saw the Goorkha scouts and the Yorkshire Regiment racing together to the top of the crest on their right. They gave way so soon that they cannot have suffered much loss. As for the victors, four men and an officer wounded made up the whole list of casualties. The gate of Tirah had been forced almost without a fight.

Below the Pass opened out the Maidan of Tirah, a fertile, well-cultivated valley. That evening the invaders camped about three miles from the Pass, near a small hamlet in the middle of the well-tilled level ground. "There are no villages here, strictly so-called," wrote Colonel Hutchinson, the *Times* correspondent, from the Maidan Camp, "but there are innumerable houses, dotted all over the country. They occur every quarter of a mile or so, and are large, strong, substantial buildings, generally including a tower or keep, and capable of a strong defence, so long as artillery is not brought against them. Guns would of course knock them to pieces at once. In each of these houses lives a family, or a group of blood relations; in one, for example, several brothers, with their wives and children, and fathers and mothers, etc.; in another a petty chief, with his immediate following, his sisters, cousins, and aunts, and so on. But, needless to say, they are all empty now. With one accord the people have fled before our approach, and we have the valley to ourselves. But not the surrounding hills. They are full of houseless and prowling marauders, and no party can leave camp in any direction without a skirmish or an exchange of shots with them."

The Afridis began by attacking the transport coming into camp as night fell, for so heavy was the transport train that the long lines of laden

animals were straggling in after dark from the blocked Pass on the day of the fight and on the evening after. Such an opportunity ought not to have been given to the enemy. They took care not to miss their chance. On the evening of the 31st they killed and wounded nine transport men, and stampeded and captured mules carrying nearly 200 kits belonging to a Sikh regiment. Next evening (November 1st) the losses were still heavier. Three of the Queen's West Surrey Regiment were killed and four wounded in the rush on the baggage train, and

in order to close the eastern exit from the Bara Valley, General Lockhart's plan being to move down the defiles of the Bara and drive the Afridis before him eastwards, thus catching them between hammer and anvil if they made a stand. At the same time the Kurram column moved up the Kurram Valley and swept the western borders of the Afridi country, and Sir Power Palmer, with troops, from the line of communications, pushed a reconnaissance down the Mastura Valley in the Orakzai country. But during the long halt at Maidan the main column was not idle.



CAPTURE OF THE ARHANGA PASS : TROOPS RESTING ON THE SUMMIT.

seventy-one mules, three rifles, about 10,000 rounds of Lee-Metford cartridges, and 350 of the men's kits were captured. It was a rich prize for the enemy. And now strict orders were issued that henceforth all baggage must be in camp by nightfall. It would have been well if these orders had been observed. But with the large force in the field, and the enormous length of its convoys, night attacks on the belated baggage mules and their tired escort continued to be a feature of the campaign.

There was a long halt at the Maidan Camp while supplies were brought over the passes and accumulated in the Tirah Valley, as a necessary prelude to a further advance. Meanwhile, the Peshawur column was moved up to Fort Bara.

Besides protecting the convoys the troops were engaged in daily expeditions, foraging and collecting supplies, burning hostile villages, and protecting the parties engaged in the survey of the country. Thus there was a record of almost daily skirmishes, and at night the camp was frequently disturbed by Afridi "snipers." The list of casualties in this guerilla warfare was very heavy, and the ranks were further thinned by sickness, brought on by hard work and exposure in this mountain land, where the days were blazing hot and the nights, now that winter was coming, were bitterly cold.

On November 1st—the day after the Arhanga fight—there was a good deal of skirmishing. A reconnaissance sent out towards the hamlet of

Bagh was fired on by the Afridis. They were driven off by the mountain guns, but in the fight the Scottish Borderers had Captain MacLaren wounded, and the 3rd Goorkhas had one man killed and three wounded. In the afternoon the second brigade turned out to disperse a gathering of the enemy to the east of the camp. Lieutenant Calfyn, of the Yorkshires, was badly wounded in this action. At dusk, as a picket of the 36th Sikhs moved out into the outpost line they were fired upon, and one of them was wounded. On the 6th the Afridis attacked a convoy south of the Arhanga Pass. On the same day they attacked a foraging party of the 15th Sikhs, killed a native officer and a sepoy, wounded five others, and stampeded and captured forty mules. After dark they fired heavily for some hours into the Maidan Camp. Several men were killed and wounded. "It was unusually bad about dinner time, seven p.m.," writes Colonel Hutchinson, "and amongst other casualties Lieutenant Giffard, of the Northampton Regiment, was killed, and Captain Sullivan, 36th Sikhs, severely wounded. Poor Giffard had been sitting at the head of the table, and as the fire became hot he shifted his seat to one which seemed a little more sheltered, saying laughingly, 'This isn't good enough; I'm going to move.' He had hardly reached his new place when he was shot dead. It was very sad. His funeral the next day was attended by Sir William Lockhart, with the headquarters staff, and all the officers in camp not on duty. Captain Sullivan's luck in being hit was very bad. He was not long ago invalided to England from Suakim, but managed to pass the Board, and hurried out to India as soon as he knew his regiment was going to the front. He had succeeded in overtaking us this very day at about 11 a.m., and was shot, and of course placed *hors de combat* for the rest of the campaign, the same evening. Such is the fortune of war!"

On the next day, Sunday, the 7th, the second brigade was fired on during the morning church parade, a bullet whizzing unpleasantly near the chaplain. Next evening Captain E. Y. Watson, of the Commissariat Department, was shot while sitting at dinner, and killed on the spot. Before following further the daily record of events at the Maidan Camp, we must note an unfortunate affair that occurred in this same second week of November, further west, in the Kurram Valley. Colonel Hill, commanding the Kurram Column, had advanced to the neighbourhood of Sadr, at the mouth of a narrow

lateral valley, running up north-eastwards to Hissar, and known as the Khurmana Defile. On November 6th he pushed a reconnaissance for six miles up the defile. The ground was very difficult, but during the advance no opposition was offered by the enemy. As soon, however, as the column began to retire to its camp, the tribesmen came crowding among the rocks on either side and firing on the mass of men retiring through the defile. To hold them in check a strong rearguard covered the retreat, throwing out pickets on to the hills on either side, which retired to new positions as soon as a second line of pickets had been formed to check the pursuit. This alternate retirement went on like clock-work, and the enemy was successfully held at bay. But close to the camp a disaster occurred. A picket of the Kapurthala Sikhs had been signalled to retire, and it was believed that it was safely on its way to the camp. But it seems to have lost its way among the rocks, and its further retreat was cut off by the enemy. Strange to say, its absence from the column was not noticed, and the battalion to which it belonged even reported all present when the camp was reached. It was only later on that Colonel Hill was informed that a native officer and thirty-five men of the Kapurthala Infantry were missing. By this time night had come on, and the whole of the little party had been massacred, the Sikhs refusing to surrender, and fighting to the last against overwhelming odds.

Three days later a similar disaster occurred to a British detachment near the Maidan Camp. On November 9th General Lockhart ordered a reconnaissance to be made to Saran Sar, to the eastward of the camp, where a pass leads over the hills into the Bara Valley. General Westmacott was given the command of the force detailed for this work, and General Lockhart went out with the expedition. The troops engaged in it were the Northhamptons, the Dorsets, and the 15th and 36th Sikhs, with two mountain batteries and a company of engineers.

Two miles from the camp the enemy appeared gathering on the hills, but dispersed when the mountain guns opened fire, and the infantry formed for attack and began to advance. After this there was no opposition. By 11 a.m. the Pass of Saran Sar had been occupied. For some three hours the troops remained halted on the crest of the hill, while the survey officers completed their work. At two p.m. orders were given for the retirement to Maidan Camp to begin. Though there were no Afridis in





THE NORTHAMPTONS RETIRING DOWN THE NULLAH AFTER THE ATTACK ON SARAN SAR.

sight every precaution was taken ; a strong rear-guard, broken up into several pickets, with the reserve near the column, covered the movement.

The Dorsets retired along the spur that formed the west side of the valley running up to Saran Sar. The headquarters and the Sikhs were moving along the other side of the valley. Five companies of the Northamptons, many of these companies far below their original strength, were covering the retirement, falling back one by one to the lower ground. Four companies had gone down, and the fifth (G Company) was following them, when suddenly from a little pine wood at close range on their left a well-aimed fire was opened. The enemy had Lee-Metfords, and were using the recently-captured cartridges with the Dum-Dum bullet ; and at first it was very difficult to say exactly where the fire was coming from. So many men were hit that more than half the company was put out of action, for on the steep mountain ground it took four or five men to carry each fallen comrade. While the wounded were being got safely on to improvised stretchers the men rallied bravely round their captain and fired into the pines, and the nearest company hurried back to their assistance. General West-

macott sent the 36th Sikhs back from the valley to cover the retreat of the Northamptons, who, carrying their dead and wounded, retired through the line formed by the Sikhs. By this time the enemy was showing in crowds along the hills, and a dropping fire was coming from several directions.

As soon as the Northamptons had got something of a start, Colonel Haughton, of the 36th Sikhs, withdrew his regiment to its original position on the flank. By this time the sun had set, and darkness was coming on, but it was supposed that all was going well, for the Northamptons, retiring along the valley, had the Sikhs to cover one flank and the Dorsets the other. Unfortunately, not being so used to mountain warfare as the frontier regiments, some of the companies of the Northamptons made a fatal mistake. Encumbered with wounded, and hard pressed by the enemy's riflemen, who, as the

night fell, were closing in and firing from every point of vantage, they chose for their line of retreat a nullah, or rocky gully, at the bottom of the valley. This at first gave them shelter, but among its windings, and with lateral gullies opening now on one side, now on the other, it was not easy to keep the true direction, or to be always in touch with the flanking regiments on the higher ground. The tribesmen, who knew every inch of the valley, saw their chance and took it. They cut in between the companies, fired into them at close quarters from the crest of the ravine, and more than once nearly succeeded in cutting off their retreat. When at last in the darkness the camp was reached it was found that Lieutenant Macintyre, a sergeant, and eleven men of the regiment were missing. Nothing could be done for them that night, and it was hoped that they might hold out somewhere till daylight, when a search party could go to their help.

In the morning the brigade went out and found all the missing men lying dead together at the bottom of a ravine. They had all been killed by rifle fire, and after death the bodies had been slashed with sword cuts, but they were not otherwise mutilated. There is no

doubt that many of them could have escaped over the rocks if they had chosen to abandon the wounded and shift for themselves, but they deliberately decided to die where they stood rather than desert their fallen comrades. Through all the long retreat from Saran Sar the men of the Northampton Regiment had shown the same spirit of devoted courage. Half the difficulty and danger of that terrible evening arose from the necessity of saving the wounded.

The losses were heavy. Two British officers were killed, Lieutenants Waddell and Macintyre of the Northamptons. Three British and one native officer were wounded. Of the rank and file, the Northamptons had seventeen killed and twenty-nine wounded ; the Dorsets, two killed and six wounded ; the 15th Sikhs, one killed and three wounded ; and the 36th Sikhs, three wounded. The total loss was twenty-two killed



LIEUTENANT A. H. MACINTYRE.

(Photo: Albert Smith, Jersey.)

and forty-five wounded, all except five wounded being casualties during the retreat.

Two days later General Gaselec went out to Saran Sar to complete the survey, bring in forage, and destroy the fortified towers of the hamlets along the valley and on the Saran Sar Hill. The troops employed were nearly all mountaineers, the chief work of the day being entrusted to the 3rd and 4th Goorkhas, with three mountain batteries. The enemy never showed except in small parties. The survey work was finished, the towers of forty hamlets and homesteads were blown up, a considerable quantity of forage was collected, and the retirement began. The Afridis tried to rush the Goorkha rearguard, made up of picked scouts, but they were driven back by a sharp fire, and the rearguard held its ground till the column was well on its way, and then rejoined it with a rapidity that only these hillmen could accomplish. The day's losses were only one man killed and an officer and two men

slightly wounded. It had been a complete success, and did something to remove the sad impression caused by the first march to Saran Sar. The Afridis no longer attempted to defend seriously even strong positions against the large force that had been brought into the field against them. They gave way before every advance, only to reappear and close in upon the troops as they fell back to camp. The campaign became a succession of rearguard actions fought under the most trying conditions, and the mountaineers had not only modern weapons but many of them had learned to use them while serving in the British frontier regiments; and during some of the fights in the passes it was curious to hear the leaders of these wild tribesmen giving their men words of command from the firing exercise used in the Indian army.

But the guerilla warfare was only begun, and there were more evil days in store for the expedition.





NEGOTIATING WITH THE CHIEFS.

#### XI.—GUERRILLA WARFARE IN TIRAH.

WHILE the army was camped at Maidan the Orakzais sent in envoys asking for terms of peace, and Sir Richard Udny and the political officers negotiated with them the terms on which their submission would be received. A heavy fine, surrender of arms, and giving up of hostages were the leading features of the capitulation. Some of the Afridi clans were also anxious to submit, but two of the most powerful among them, the Aka Khel and the Zakka Khel, were persistently hostile, and Sir William Lockhart declared that he would not enter into separate arrangements with any of the clans till these had submitted. The Afridi nation must surrender as a whole, and it was for the friendly clans to do their best to persuade their brethren to submit if they wanted peace. At the same time it was declared that active measures of hostility would only be taken against those who were actually in arms against the Government.

Kempster's brigade was sent into the Waran Valley, a lateral branch of the Mastura Valley,

on the 13th of November. The Waran is the summer home of the Aka Khel Afridis. Contrary to expectation, the column met with no opposition. On the 15th the troops were fired upon and a few men were hit. But it was found that the aggressors were a party of Zakka Khels, who had come into the valley in order to incite their kinsmen to resistance. The Aka Khel houses were therefore left uninjured, as it was supposed they were anxious to submit, and only held aloof through fear of the treatment they might receive if they came back to their villages.

On the 16th General Lockhart ordered Kempster to bring his brigade back to the Maidan Camp. Happily the pacific aspect of the valley did not induce the general to neglect any of the usual precautions for protecting his march. A strong rearguard, under the command of Colonel Travers, was formed of the 2nd Goorkhas, the 3rd Goorkha scouts, a company each of the Dorsets and the Gordons, and five guns of a British mountain battery. The march began at half-past nine in the morning. The tribesmen soon began to show in groups on the hills. It



ROAD-MAKING IN CHITRAL.

*(Photo: By permission of General Sir Robert Low.)*

was afterwards ascertained that they belonged to both the Zakka and the Aka Khel clans. After the first mile and a half the enemy began to close in, and seemed to be preparing for attack. Travers formed his rearguard across the valley in a strong position, and kept it there for the next three hours until one o'clock, in order to give the column and its baggage time to get well on its way to Maidan. At one he began to retire, and, pursued all the way by the hot fire of the Afridis, he reached at three the crest of the ridge between the Waran Valley and Maidan. The Goorkhas, who were furthest to the rear, had three men killed (including Lieutenant Wylie) and five men wounded. The 15th Sikhs had been left by General Kempster to hold the pass over the ridge. The rearguard and the Goorkhas passed through their line of pickets, and the Sikhs then checked the pursuit. The next stage of the fight was on ground very near, and later actually the same as that over which the retreat from Saran Sar had passed on the 9th. The Saran Sar heights rose close by to the northward of the pass held by the Sikhs, and from the Saran Sar pine woods crowds of Afridis hastened to join in the attack on Kempster's rearguard.

The 15th Sikhs were now outnumbered and hard pressed by enemies who, for the most part, were firing from cover, but who, more than once, attempted a charge in the open. The commander of the regiment, Colonel Abbott, had been badly wounded, and many of the rank and file had been hit. It was then that very opportunely Colonel Haughton, of the 36th Sikhs, arrived with half his battalion and a company of the Dorsets, sent back by General Kempster from the main column. The 36th was the regiment that had so gallantly held the Samana forts at the beginning of the outbreak, and the other half battalion of the regiment was following a little further back, under the command of Major Des Voeux, the defender of Fort Gulistan. All the companies were very much under strength, most of them numbering now only thirty or forty bayonets, so the force that Haughton and Des Voeux were bringing to the rescue was not more than 500 in all, but the men were of the sort that do not mind facing odds.

Darkness was coming on, and as Haughton went up to the ridge he was suddenly fired on at close quarters from some ruined houses. The enemy had worked round a flank of the 15th Sikhs and got into these ruins, which were

directly in their line of retreat. Led by their colonel, the 36th and the Dorsets stormed the houses with the bayonet. A company was pushed up to help the 15th on the ridge, and protected their retreat to the captured ruins. Des Voeux, coming up at the same time with the rest of the 36th and half a company of the Dorsets, drove the enemy back from another group of ruined houses, divided by a nullah from Haughton's position.

The colonel decided that to retreat through the darkness would be exceedingly dangerous, and resolved that the troops should pass the night entrenched on the ground they held. Unfortunately, a detachment of the Dorsets who had been sent back to reinforce him, but had not actually joined him, made the attempt to reach the camp. Like the Northamptons on November 9th they became involved in the darkness in the network of gullies between Saran Sar and Maidan. Tracked down and fired upon from the rocks by the tribesmen, they broke into small groups in the darkness and lost heavily. They arrived in camp in twos and threes, many of them after hand-to-hand bayonet fights with the hillmen. One gallant fellow, Private Vickery, who had already distinguished himself in trying to save the life of a comrade at Dargai, although wounded in the foot by a bullet, met three swordsmen hand to hand. He shot the first, bayoneted the second, and as his bayonet remained in the man's body, he clubbed his rifle and brained the third. While he thus fought, a wounded comrade lay beside him. He succeeded in struggling on to the camp, carrying the wounded man with him. He was rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

During the night the enemy kept up a desultory fire on the ruined houses. Haughton and Des Voeux managed to communicate with each other by whistle signals, and joined forces just before sunrise. The night had been a very trying time. "Wherever it was possible," wrote one of the officers, "we made rude stone breast-works, but materials were sadly wanting, and many of the men were wholly unprotected on the eastern side, whence the enemy still kept up a desultory fire. Fortunately the darkness prevented their aim being good. About 11 p.m. they left us altogether, and we settled down to endure a long and bitter night as best we could. The cold was intense, and the men had no great-coats with them, and nothing to eat, for we had expected to reach camp that evening. The only way we could get any relief was by

taking it in turns to huddle together on the still warm rubble which had fallen from the burning houses. It was an anxious time for the officers, for it was anticipated that the enemy might find courage to make another attack when the rising moon should reveal the weakness of our position. But the coolness and confident bearing of Colonel Haughton kept us all in good heart, and made us feel pretty certain that we should come out right side uppermost. Still, it was with feelings of intense relief that we saw the pale grey dawn appear, and knew that we could soon be up and doing. Communication was at once opened with Des Voeux across the nullah, and all the ground near by was carefully searched to see if any of our men had been left behind, killed or wounded, in the hurry and confusion of the events of the night. Then we commenced our movement on camp, sending on the wounded first under a strong escort. The enemy opened fire on us from the surrounding hills at once, but in the uncertain light their aim was bad, and no one was hit. We sent the wounded along the main nullah running past the camp, and covered them on one side with the 15th Sikhs, and on the other with a company of the 36th Sikhs and the few Dorsets who were with us. These latter, a mere handful, showed great gallantry and steadiness all through the affair, and although they suffered much from the cold and exposure, responded cheerfully to every call made upon them. We had not gone far when we met a force coming out from camp to help us, and right glad we were to be able to march straight in without further trouble."

The loss had been heavy. Four British officers were killed and three wounded. Of the rank and file the Dorsets had ten killed and eight wounded; the 15th Sikhs, ten killed and thirteen wounded; the 36th Sikhs, six killed and seven wounded; the Goorkhas, three killed and four wounded; and the mountain battery, a gunner wounded. The total loss was thus thirty-three killed and thirty-six wounded.

On November 18th General Lockhart broke up the Maidan Camp, and moved to another camping ground three miles to the north-east, near the hamlet of Bagh. This move was made partly because all the forage in the neighbourhood of the old camp had been eaten up, partly because Bagh was a better position from which to begin a further advance. The hamlet was also one of the spots in the valley regarded as sacred by the mullahs, and to camp there in defiance of the tribesmen was to show that the

army was strong enough to choose its own ground and go wherever it chose. It was said that in the grove surrounding its mosque the meeting had been held at which the raid on the Khyber was arranged, and the Afridis on the morning of November 18th gathered in their thousands to oppose the violation of their mountain sanctuary.

As the troops were marched up from Maidan a sharp fusillade poured from the hills on their flanks. When the new camping ground was reached the fire continued from the heights round Bagh, the enemy occupying more than a semicircle of difficult ground north, east, and west of the place. A round hill to the north-west was strongly held, and had to be stormed by the Queen's and the 3rd Sikhs. A mountain battery was then brought into action on the summit and shelled the enemy's positions, but while it was thus engaged a party of daring riflemen crept up within 500 yards of the guns and opened so sharp a fire that some of them had to be temporarily withdrawn. Captain Parker, the battery commander, had his clothes torn by a bullet; one of his lieutenants had his ear cut by another; a gunner was shot dead as he was laying a gun; another dropped at his captain's side, and the third officer with the battery had his scabbard smashed by a bullet. Several fortified houses near the camp were stormed by the Yorkshire Regiment, and at last the enemy drew off. The morning's fight had cost five men killed and twenty-two wounded. After dark the Afridis reoccupied their positions on the hills, and during the first hours of the night bullets were singing over the camp and dropping here and there within it; but the men had by this time learned something of mountain warfare, and had so carefully entrenched their camping ground that no lives were lost. Nor was the defence of the camp merely passive; the Goorkha scouts stole quietly out when the "sniping" began, stalked several of the Afridis, and either shot them at close quarters or cut them down with the favourite Goorkha weapon, the short, broad-bladed "kukri."

On the next two days the troops were busy completing the change of camps and bringing up an enormous stock of supplies from Maidan to Bagh. There was a good deal of firing into the new camp, and on the 20th the Afridis attempted to cut off the rear sections of a long convoy, near the Arhanga Pass. They were beaten off with heavy loss. On the same day parties sent out from Bagh Camp blew up a

number of houses and towers from which the troops had been fired on.

On the 21st the rearguard finally evacuated Maidan Camp. The enemy at once rushed down to the deserted camping ground, but were driven off by some shells from the mountain guns. On the same morning General Gaselee's brigade destroyed about seventy towers round Bagh.

On the same day peace was concluded with the Aka Khel Afridis and some of the other clans whose submission had been refused at an earlier date in the hope that they would be able to induce their kinsmen, the Zakka Khel, to join them in a general surrender. The four clans whose delegates surrendered at Bagh agreed to pay a joint fine of 50,000 rupees, and to hand over all stolen property, and 800 good rifles. It now remained to prosecute the campaign against the tribes who still held out, the chief of whom were the Zakka Khel, who had been fighting round Camp Bagh, but most of whose warriors were said to be retiring into the fastnesses of the Bara Valley.

The nearest way into the head of the Bara Valley was by the Dwatoi Defile, a great ravine running north-eastward from Bagh through the hills, to the hamlet of Dwatoi (literally, "Two rivers"), built at the junction of the defile with another stream, which runs down the Rajgul Valley, the united streams forming the Bara River. The walls of the Dwatoi Defile are precipices and steep rocky slopes several hundred feet high. There is no path through it, but there is a track that winds among the rocks in the narrow space between precipice and river, crosses and recrosses the stream, and sometimes actually follows its bed. The march into the defile was of the nature of a reconnaissance, for the ground was only known by native reports. Sir William Lockhart's plan was to march through the defile on November 22nd, spend the 23rd at Dwatoi, mapping and reconnoitring the country, and return to Bagh on the 24th. He himself accompanied the expedition, the immediate command of which was given to General Westmacott, the troops detailed for it being the Scottish Borderers, the Yorkshire Regiment, the first battalions of the 2nd and 3rd Goorkhas, the 28th Bombay Pioneers, two companies of Engineers, and two mountain batteries.

As a first step the heights on one side of the pass were crowned by the Yorkshires, and on the other by a Goorkha battalion. In clearing them there were some casualties, and the Yorkshires

had two of their officers hit, one of them (Lieutenant Jones) being killed, and the other wounded. Then the march along the defile began. The track was even worse than had been anticipated. Often in single file, always in a long column, men and animals stumbled and struggled over the rocks, or splashed through the almost frozen mountain river, which was often waist deep. Again and again the enemy's rifles rang out from spurs of the hills in front, finding a broad mark in the crowded gully. The general himself had more than one narrow escape. At last Dwatoi was reached, but so heavy was the fire from the ridges and precipices around that strong parties had to be pushed up every hill to keep the enemy at bay. The night came on, and it began to freeze hard, the thermometer dropping to within twelve degrees of zero. But the baggage was still struggling through the defile, escorted by Colonel Haughton and the 36th Sikhs. They did not reach Dwatoi till near dawn.

Meanwhile the men had a terrible experience. Wet through as they were, they had neither great-coats nor blankets. Their only food was what was in their haversacks. If a fire was lighted to make tea or warm up some food, a shower of bullets from the Afridis soon scattered the wet and weary crowd that gathered round it. Sir William Lockhart and General Westmacott were as badly off as everyone else. Wet, fireless, and shelterless, officers and men suffered silently through the long night, surrounded and often fired upon by watchful foes. There were few losses by the enemy's bullets, but that awful night at Dwatoi sent many a man back to the base hospitals, and marked many a soldier, British and native, for the grave.

On the 23rd reconnaissances were pushed out in various directions, and the ground was carefully surveyed. On the next day, before daylight, the return march began. "The intensity of the cold," says Colonel Hutchinson, "may be imagined from the fact that the spray from the water splashed up by wading froze as it fell, while moustaches became mere blocks of ice, and the horses' tails, as they swished them about in the stream, were immediately covered with long spiky icicles. Several cases of frostbite occurred before camp was reached."

The Yorkshires and the Goorkhas held the heights on either flank during the retreat. Colonel Haughton, with the 36th Sikhs (his own regiment), the 3rd Goorkhas, and two companies of the Scottish Borderers, covered



the rear of the column in the defile itself. There was some sharp fighting with the Afridis, who, as usual, were emboldened to attack by the sight of the troops retreating. The rearguard lost altogether three killed and sixteen wounded during the day.

A curious incident of the expedition to Dwatoi is thus related by the correspondent of the *Pioneer*:

“As the Goorkhas were advancing on the 22nd the leading scouts shot an Afridi who was trying to drive off some cattle, and when the man's body was found, a little Afridi baby was discovered by his side. It devolved on the mess president of the regiment, who computed the baby's age to be eighteen months, to arrange for its nourishment and nursing. For the former essential he provided from the scanty mess-stores some Swiss milk, and for the latter a Kohati follower was found, who, being next door in blood to an Afridi, was promoted to the post of nurse. The question of the disposal of the baby on the 24th, when the return journey to Bagh was to be made, became rather embarrassing, and the mess president decided to restore the infant to its kinsfolk. Accordingly, as the house was being passed where this curious capture was made, the baby was deposited on the threshold in full view of the Afridis who, as usual, were pressing on the retirement.”

The final stage of the campaign was now approaching. To complete his plan Sir William Lockhart meant to send back across the passes to Shinwari the bulk of his transport—everything, in fact, that could not actually move with the troops. The main column, carrying its supplies with it, would then advance to Dwatoi and march eastward down the Bara Valley.

Meanwhile the Peshawur column, which had already moved up to Fort Bara, at the mouth of the valley, would march westward up the river and join hands with Lockhart at the village of Barkai.

Sufficient troops had been left in the Mastura and Khanki Valleys to keep the passes open and enforce the terms of surrender accepted by the clans who had already made their submission. To the westward, in the Kurram Valley, Colonel Hill, in command of the Kurram column, operated successfully against the revolted tribes of that part of the border. In these operations he was assisted by troops detached by Sir William Lockhart from the Bagh Camp, and sent into the Kurram country over the Lozaka Pass. The march down the Bara Valley began on December 7th, and on December 14th Sir W. Lockhart's force joined hands with General Hammond and the Peshawur column at Barkai. The week had been a terrible time for the troops; the country was difficult, the rain, sleet, and snow almost continuous, and the enemy hung on the rearguard, and made well directed attacks on the long straggling transport train. Only by sharp fighting, and not without heavy loss, the mountaineers were kept at bay. At the end of December the Khyber and its forts were reoccupied. Resistance was expected, but they were found to be abandoned by the Afridis. During Christmas week an expedition marched from the Khyber into the Bazar Valley, where many of the revolted tribesmen had taken refuge. The enemy had by this time begun to attack our posts and convoys in the Khyber, and on December 30th Sir H. Havelock-Allan, V.C., was killed by the enemy while riding down the Pass.

## XII.—THE CLOSING OPERATIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

ON December 31st, on account of the increasing activity of the enemy in the Khyber, Sir William Lockhart brought the First Brigade up to Ali Musjid from Fort Jamrud, and sent the 4th Goorkhas and the 45th Sikhs up the Pass to Lundi Kotal to reinforce General Hammond. As a result of this display of force things became quieter in the Khyber, and there were even reports that the Zakka Khel Afridis were at last becoming weary of the long campaign, and anxious to get back to their villages before the spring. Thus the first four weeks of the New Year passed, with news of occasional "sniping," and of attempts to open negotiations with the chiefs. The outlook for peace was considered hopeful, and it was with a shock of surprise that at the end of January England heard the news of another disastrous day on the Khyber border. The Second Division, now under the command of Sir Power Palmer, had been resting in its camps at Mamanai and Fort Bara. The authorities had resolved to use it for a raid, the object of which was the capture of a large quantity of sheep and cattle that the Afridis had so far succeeded in keeping out of reach. It was now reported that sheep and cattle of the tribes who had taken refuge in the range between the Bazar and Bara Valleys were every day driven down to pasture on the Kajurai Plain, a bit of level ground at the end of the range, and inclosed by its spurs on west, north, and south. They were driven back to their hiding-places each evening. It was proposed to march out four columns, two supplied by the Second Division and two from the First, on the morning of January 29th. It was calculated that while three of these columns seized the spurs and passes on the other sides of the Kajurai Plain, the fourth, moving out from Fort Bara, would close its eastern opening, march on to it, and secure the prize, or as much of it as had not fallen into the hands of the other columns when the herdsmen tried to withdraw it.

It was supposed that the secret of the plan was well kept, and that the surprise would be complete. But somehow the plan had become

known to the enemy. General Symons's column from Forts Jamrud and Ali Musjid, though they did twenty miles of stiff mountain marching, saw neither sheep, cow, nor man belonging to the Afridi tribes. The column from Fort Bara, though it moved straight on to the Kajurai Plain, had the same experience. But the fourth column, supplied by General Westmacott's brigade, met not the cattle but their owners, and had a hard fight at the pass of Shin Kamar.

The pass leads westward into the hills from the plain, and the column sent to seize it was commanded by Colonel Seppings, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. He had with him, besides his own regiment, 200 men of the 36th Sikhs, under Colonel Haughton, and two mountain guns. As the column advanced to seize the pass there was hardly a sign of opposition, only the sight of an Afridi scout moving among the rocks, or an occasional long-ranging shot from the hillside. But the Afridis were playing their usual game. As soon as it was found that the plan of seizing the cattle had come to nothing, and the retirement down the pass began, the tribesmen commenced a vigorous attack. Colonel Haughton had gone over the pass with some of his men to examine some caves. He was coming back, but had not yet got over the crest, when by some mistake a picket of the Sikhs, holding a knoll commanding the pass, was withdrawn. Instantly the Afridis seized it. Haughton would have had to pass under their rifles at close range if the knoll were left to them, so two companies of the Yorkshiresmen were sent up to recapture it, and did it in fine style, though it was their first day under fire.

But when they won the knoll they found that the enemy held in force a ridge about 150 yards beyond it, from which they poured in a deadly rifle fire. With both their officers down, and several men killed and wounded, the Yorkshires faced the fire from the enemy, who was under cover on higher ground. Haughton had now fallen back to the crest of the pass, just below

the knoll. He was attacked by a large force of Afridis. Another knoll to the east of the crest, and on his right, was held by a third company of the Yorkshires. Word was now sent up to the knoll on the left for the companies to retire, when the Sikhs and the other company could follow them down. But they replied that they could not move without help, they had so many men dead or wounded to carry with them. So Haughton determined to hold the crest of the pass till Seppings could send up further support; otherwise the two Yorkshire companies must be destroyed. Outnumbered, pressed by the advancing enemy, who was now coming to close quarters, Haughton and the Sikhs made a gallant fight. His adjutant, Turing, was with him, and some of the Yorkshires had joined the little party. It was Colonel Haughton's last battle. By a stroke of ill-fortune the veteran, whose courage, coolness and resource had been the admiration of all during the Tirah campaign, fell in this the last hard fight on the border.

"All fought well," wrote an officer who was present to Colonel Hutchinson. "Haughton and Turing died like heroes. Haughton, apparently, went forward with half a dozen men to see what was going on on the left, and how he could best help the Yorkshires. Turing followed with a couple of Sikhs. One of these was killed by his side, and as men were dropping fast, and the enemy getting close, Turing proposed a charge, but was almost immediately shot dead. Haughton was himself using a rifle at this time to keep the enemy in check. He evidently saw it was no use, for turning to a Yorkshireman near him, he said, 'We will fire a few more shots, then charge, and die like men!' He fired five times, and then fell, shot through the head. A better and a braver man never lived."

Reinforcements now came up under Major Earle of the Yorkshires, and the crest and the knolls were evacuated, some of the dead and all wounded being carried back. There was close fighting still to keep the Afridis at bay, so close that the officers were using their revolvers. Besides Haughton and Turing, Lieutenants Walker and Dowdall, who had led the Yorkshires in the recapture of the knoll, were killed. Lieutenant Hughes, of the same regiment, was killed in the retirement, and Major Earle, Captain Marrable, and Lieutenant Hall were wounded. The total loss was fifty-nine, or whom twenty-seven were killed and thirty-two wounded. As it left the pass the column was met by General Westmacott with reinforce-

ments, and these secured it from further molestation.

There were grave fears that this unfortunate day's work would put an end to the negotiations in progress with the Afridis and encourage their chiefs to further resistance. On the 31st, however, when Westmacott revisited Shin Kamar with a strong column to bring in the bodies of the dead, and twenty-two of them were brought back, the enemy made no opposition to the advance, and only tried in a half-hearted way to interfere with the retirement. There were very few casualties.

But up to this (January 31st) the losses on the border had passed 1,100 killed and wounded, besides the heavier losses through sickness. No one wanted another campaign in the spring. The tribes were more weary of war than the British-Indian army was. Through February and March the negotiations dragged on, while the Afridis were blockaded in their hills. At last the head-men came in and submitted to the Government terms, made as light as possible in order not to drive so dangerous an enemy to exasperation. On April 4th Sir William Lockhart relinquished the command of the Tirah force in a General Order, in which he praised, as they deserved, the excellent spirit and patient endurance of all ranks. The submission of the tribes was largely due to Sir William's own personal influence on the border. Not the least striking feature of the day of his departure from Peshawur was the demonstration in his honour by a number of the tribesmen who had come into the city from the adjacent passes. They cheered the general to the echo, and if they had been permitted they would have taken him from his carriage and carried him shoulder high.

In telling the story of the Indian frontier campaigns of 1897-98 it is not possible strictly to observe the exact order of time, and some minor operations which took place on other parts of the border during the Tirah campaign may now be briefly referred to. Towards the end of November, while the operations in Tirah were still in progress, a portion of Sir Bindon Blood's force was despatched into the Utman Khel country to the west of the Malakand Pass. The column was commanded by Colonel A. J. F. Reid, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. The Utman Khel had taken part in the attack on the Malakand, and, though not actively hostile, were hesitating about making their submission. Reid's column made its way through their country without encountering any

opposition. A considerable amount of new ground was surveyed, and the various sections of the tribe submitted to the terms imposed on them, the chief features of which were, as usual, the payment of a fine and the surrender of a certain number of rifles.

Early in January, after the withdrawal of Sir William Lockhart's army from Tirah, Sir Bindon Blood himself conducted a large force into the country of the Bunerwals. At the end of December an ultimatum was sent to the Buner men and to a number of smaller clans who had acted with them in the attack on the Malakand and in the fight at Landaki. It called on them to send a deputation to make formal submission at Maidan, to restore all Government property, and to hand over with it a certain quantity of rifles and rupees. The force which Sir Bindon Blood concentrated to enforce these demands was a division of two brigades, thus composed:—

*1st Brigade* (General Meiklejohn): West Kent Regiment, Highland Light Infantry, and 20th and 31st Punjaubis.

*2nd Brigade* (General Jeffreys): East Kent Regiment, Guides' Infantry, and 16th and 21st Punjaubis.

*Attached to the Division*: Four squadrons of cavalry, a field battery, two mountain batteries, and a company of engineers.

Among those who knew the frontier there was much discussion as to what the Buner men would do. The best judges predicted that they would make one fight, to save their honour as warriors, and then submit. This was what happened. The Bunerwals replied to the ultimatum by sending word to all the sections of the tribe, and to the minor clans who were its neighbours, calling on them to guard the passes. A message to the men of the Swat Valley asking their aid met with a refusal. The time of grace allowed by the Government having expired, Sir Bindon Blood's division was concentrated on January 6th, 1898, at Sanghao, at the foot of the Tangao Pass, one of the gateways into Buner. The pass was a gorge about a mile long, up which the road ran to the crest, some 1,800 feet above the valley at Sanghao. The ascent was flanked by steep rocky hillsides. About thirty standards were counted on the sungars at the top of the pass, and the tribesmen were reported to have collected about a thousand men for its defence.

On the 6th, despite the enemy's attempts to interrupt them by rolling down stones, the sappers improved the road to the entrance of

the gorge. Next morning the pass was attacked. The batteries began to shell the enemy's position about nine a.m. At noon the frontal attack, composed of the West Kent, the Highland Light Infantry, and the 21st Punjaubis, was sent up the gorge and the slopes on each of it. The 20th Punjaubis had marched at an earlier hour, and were in the hills steadily working round one of the enemy's flanks. Experience in mountain warfare had by this time reduced the capture of a pass to a regular system. There were to be no more Dargais. The fire of the flank attack could be heard as the front attack climbed the pass, fired on from the sungars. The enemy appeared not to have many rifles, and tried to supplement his feeble fire by rolling down stones. A little after one the Punjaubi flankers appeared in possession of a high crest above the pass, and began to descend on to the ridge, firing on the enemy. Immediately all the standards disappeared from the crest, and the pass was won. One man had been hit and wounded in the advance. The enemy, who were stronger than had been expected, mustering about 2,000, had lost only about twenty killed and sixty wounded. They had made no stubborn defence. They had held the pass merely because it would have been against the code of mountain honour to surrender without some show of a fight.

While Sir Bindon Blood was clearing the Tangao Pass, a smaller column under Colonel Adams, V.C., made a diversion by threatening the Umbeyla Pass and the neighbouring defiles on the south side of the Buner country. On the 7th he surprised the Pirsai Pass, and cleared it almost without firing a shot. The division camped that evening in Buner, and in the following days the clans of the district sent in delegates to arrange for their submission. It was a solid gain to have thus exacted in their own country the submission of a tribe that had long boasted of its exploits against the British in the Umbeyla campaign of more than thirty years ago.

The war ended with the winter, in the submission of the most stubborn of the border tribes, the Zakka Khel Afridis. It was nearly nine months since the wave of unrest had broken in insurrection along the border. Had the tribal risings been simultaneous the result might have been still more serious disasters than those which marred the record of victory of the Indian Government in the first stages of the campaign, and disaster on the frontier on a large scale might have thrown the Afghan sword into the scale against England and produced a dangerous

movement in India itself. It was a dangerous crisis. How widespread was the sense of unrest, the zeal for war against the infidel, the hope of victory among the Moslems of Asia, is curiously shown by an event, little noticed at the time, that occurred in the very heart of the continent, in June, 1897, on the eve of the North-West Frontier outbreak. Two companies of Russian infantry were encamped near the town of Andijan in Khokand, away to the north of the Pamirs, when they were suddenly attacked by about a thousand armed natives. They were

to the conduct of this individual or that regiment. There were not many correspondents with the army. There was a feeling that the censorship was being very strictly enforced on these few, some of whom were soldiers actually serving with the expedition, and the public got nervously ready to listen to the wildest rumours as to what was really happening. One at least of the generals, and one gallant regiment, the Royal Irish, were thus made for awhile the victims of baseless calumny, but happily vindicated fully and clearly before long. But after discounting mere camp



DICTATING TERMS OF PEACE TO THE AFRIDI CHIEFS.

forced to retreat with a loss of twenty killed and eighteen wounded. No such reverse to the Russian arms, nay, no sign of opposition to the Russian conquest, had been seen in the district for many a year. The Russian Government took a terrible vengeance, dispersed the rebels, and executed some scores of them. They confessed that they had been induced to take up arms by tales of the victories the Sultan had won over the Christians in Europe (an allusion to the Greek war), and by predictions made by their mullahs of a great and successful uprising of Islam all the world over.

The conduct of the North-West Frontier campaign was sharply criticised at home and in India while it was in progress. Some of these criticisms were based on unfounded rumours as

gossip there seems to be reason to believe that many of the staff appointments, due to personal influence in official circles rather than professional merit, were filled in a way that did not conduce to success in matters of detail, and many good judges hold that the forces employed were too large, the employment of divisions instead of brigades meaning a numerous staff and a heavy baggage train, both of them sources of delay in a mountain march. On one point the campaign of Tirah has led to a useful reform in the Indian army. It was rightly pointed out that whilst Goorkhas and Sikhs from the hill districts were at home in warfare against the tribes of the mountain frontier, most of the men in the British and Indian army had no practical acquaintance with the methods of war on the

rocky hillside. Nor were the officers who had not served on the frontier before the war acquainted with the tactics which their new surroundings made it necessary to substitute for the attack as practised at Aldershot. As the practical result of these considerations a certain number of units in the Indian army have now each year the advantage of peace manœuvres in hilly or mountainous ground. Another class of criticisms evoked by the Frontier War had reference to the terms imposed on the tribes. They were too lenient, it was said by some. The Indian Government should either never have entered their hills, contenting itself with preventing raids on the lower country, or if it entered the mountains it should have made its name a terror for years to come to every tribe that rebelled. The army that entered Tirah, say these critics, should never have left it, but should have kept its flag flying in a fort on every pass, and over a military station in some central point. The tribes, they say, thanks to the leniency of the Government, are biding the time with the pick of their rifles still in hand, having only surrendered the poorest of their modern weapons, and as there is hardly a frontier village that was not raided during the long campaign, every tribe has plenty of blood feuds against the men who now guard the frontier, every feud a lever ready to the mullahs' hands when they preach a new Jihad.

Time will show how far these criticisms are justified. But a year after the close of the campaign the frontier is as peaceful as such a land can be, and more than one incident points

to the tribes having accepted their failure, and learned a useful lesson from defeat. In December, 1898, the Mad Mullah, who had roused the Swat tribes to attack the Malakand in 1897, and had taken refuge in Afghanistan after their defeat, returned to the Nepki Valley, north of Chakdara, and preached a new rising. He gathered a small following, and had some skirmishes with the loyal Khan of Dir, but the Swat people, the Bajauris, and the Mohmands all refused to rise at his summons, and after an anxious week, during which reinforcements for the Malakand camps were held in readiness at Rawul Pindi, the Mullah disappeared, making his way back once more to his Afghan hiding-place.

Another incident occurred early in 1899. A small column from Bannu marched out to punish a section of the Darwesh Khel Waziris, who lived at Gomati, near the Afghan border, and had been indulging in acts of petty brigandage. The Waziris held their village, and defied the column to touch them. An attack ended in failure, the light guns that had been brought out not being strong enough to breach the village towers. The column withdrew with loss. A year and a half ago such an incident might well have been the herald of a frontier rising, but now the Waziri outlaws knew they could hope for no support from the rest of their people, and they fled into Afghanistan. A stronger column from Bannu found the place deserted and blew up its towers. Incidents like these seem to warrant the hope that the Frontier War, with all its losses, has at least brought the solid gain of peace on the border for some years to come.





## I.—THE BATTLE OF PING-YANG.

IN the summer of 1894 the long-standing rivalry between China and Japan ended in a war, the immediate cause of which was a dispute about the conflicting claims of the two Governments in Korea. The Japanese landed troops at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, seized the palace of the Korean king, and obtained from the new ministry they placed in power an order to expel the Chinese from the country. The Japanese fleet prevented the arrival of Chinese reinforcements, the transport *Kowshing* being sunk at sea by a Japanese cruiser even before war was declared. On July 29th General Oshima drove the Chinese from Asan. The remnant of their army escaped northwards to Ping-yang. Although fighting had taken place by land and sea, war was not formally declared till August 1st.

War having been declared, the Japanese Government began to despatch large reinforcements to Korea, not merely with a view to holding Seoul against the Chinese, but with the object of driving them out of the country and carrying the war into Manchuria.

A Chinese force, the numbers of which were enormously exaggerated by current report, had advanced from the Yalu River to Ping-yang, where it had been reinforced by troops sent across the sea from Taku, and by the detachment that Yeh had saved from the lost battle near Asan. Ping-yang, a walled city of about 20,000 inhabitants, was a place famous in the

history of Korea. It had once been the capital of the country in the days before Seoul became the residence of the Court. When the Japanese invaded Korea at the end of the sixteenth century, they had captured Ping-yang, but this had marked the furthest limit of their conquests. In 1592 they had been attacked and defeated by a mixed Chinese and Korean army on the hilly ground about Mount Mok-tan, "the Hill of Peonies," just outside the northern walls of the city.

Ping-yang stands on the right or west bank of the Tatung River, a wide and deep stream which makes a deep bend and almost incloses it on three sides. The shape of the walled city is a flattened oval, the one of the longer sides lying along the river bank. At the north end the ground rises sharply to Mount Mok-tan, but all round the country is hilly. The Chinese did not rely for the defence of the city on its ancient fortifications, which consisted of a high embattled wall, with numerous gates, each crowned by a pagoda-like ornamental structure of painted and gilded woodwork. They had erected a number of square earthwork forts on and around Mount Mok-tan, and on the lower ground between the wall and the river at the south end of the town. There was a bridge of boats across the river, and at the further end of this they had erected another group of forts, with two advanced works to watch the high road to the south and to Seoul. Several Krupp

guns, mostly of small calibre, were mounted in these new fortifications.

The best troops in the force assembled for the defence of the city were 3,500 partly-drilled Manchus under General Tso. Besides these, there was another corps of 1,500 men from Moukden city, 6,000 men from the province of Pe-chi-li under General Wei, 2,000 from Port Arthur, and about 1,000 more whom General Yeh had brought from Asan. On the strength of his alleged success over the Japanese, Yeh was given the chief command.

Meanwhile, the Japanese army in Korea had been largely reinforced. At the beginning of the crisis a small detachment had been landed at Fusan in the extreme south of the peninsula to protect the Japanese trading colony in the port. On August 6th General Nodzu arrived there with the greater part of the 5th Division, and next day began to march northwards to Seoul, which was held by Oshima's brigade. Nodzu's force could have reached the Korean capital much more quickly by going by sea to Chemulpo; but at this stage of the war, while the Chinese fleet was still intact, it was not considered advisable to send all the transports into the Yellow Sea. Besides, it was felt that a march through Southern Korea would discourage the local adherents of the Chinese faction and establish Japanese influence in the district. Nodzu reached Seoul on the 19th, and took over the supreme command of the Japanese forces. Two other small detachments were landed at Gensan on the east coast. One of these pushed on to Seoul. The other marched towards Ping-yang to co-operate from the eastward in the coming attack on that place.

Oshima had sent two of his officers with a small party of cavalry northwards to reconnoitre Ping-yang. These were cut off and killed to a man by a much stronger detachment of Chinese sent out from the city by General Yeh, who reported the incident as a great victory over a large force of the invaders.

By the end of August General Nodzu was ready to begin active operations against Yeh and the Ping-yang garrison. Two roads, or rather tracks, run through the hilly country from Seoul to Ping-yang, one near the sea, the other further inland through the town of Sak-riong. A column of all arms under General Tachimi had already been pushed forward to Sak-riong by the inner road. Nodzu's plan was that Tachimi should continue his advance by this line, while he himself with the main body

marched by the other road. A third column under Colonel Sato was to advance from Gensan. All three columns were to be in the neighbourhood of Ping-yang by September 14th. Nodzu would then leave Oshima to make an attack next day on the southern defences of Ping-yang, while he with the main body, having crossed the Tatung below the town, would attack the place from the eastward, and Sato would attack from the north, assisted by Tachimi, who was to cross the river above the town. He hoped that he would thus not merely get possession of Ping-yang, but also capture the whole of Yeh's army.

Against a better-organised and better-trained force than that which held Ping-yang this combined movement of several columns converging by widely separated roads upon the fortress would have been a risky business. If Yeh had been a European commander, he would have fallen upon Sato's column before Nodzu and Tachimi were able to give it any help. But in adopting this plan the Japanese commander acted on the knowledge he possessed of his opponent's character, and his daring acceptance of a theoretical risk was justified by the result.

Yeh pushed some small detachments along the roads towards Seoul to delay the Japanese advance, and there were consequently some unimportant skirmishes in which Oshima's brigade played the chief part. It occupied Chung-hua on September 10th, Nodzu with the main body turning to the left at Hwang-ju, ten miles further south, in order to cross the Tatung River near its mouth. As Oshima's men approached Chung-hua they found the road strewn with the oil-paper cap-covers worn by the Chinese troops in wet weather. The Korean peasants explained that these and other minor articles of equipment had been thrown away by a Chinese force, which had just retreated towards Ping-yang after a night alarm, in which the various regiments in camp had fired into each other in the dark.

On the 12th Oshima's brigade came in sight of the southern forts of Ping-yang, and during this and the next two days it did its best to mislead the Chinese into the belief that it had the main body behind it and was preparing to rush the southern defences and force the crossing of the river just below the town. Reconnaissances were pushed close up to the enemy's works, and there was some sharp skirmishing. The artillery opened on the forts in order to draw their fire and ascertain how they were armed, and a party of daring







THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR. THE BATTLE OF PING YANG: A STRUGGLE FOR THE OUTLYING FORTS.

volunteers swam the river under fire and brought back five large junks from the other side. Thus the attention of the Chinese was riveted on the immediate neighbourhood of Ping-yang, and they knew nothing of the passage of the river near its mouth by the main body. This was a tedious operation extending over three days, for the river was 1,000 yards wide, its muddy banks were not easy of access, and the number of boats available was insufficient for rapid transit.

The small column, advancing from Sak-riong under General Tachimi, crossed the Tatung River some miles above Ping-yang on the 13th, after dispersing by long-range rifle volleys a Chinese detachment that tried to hold the opposite bank. On the 14th Tachimi's vanguard came in sight of Ping-yang, but he kept his men concealed in the hills to the north of the town. Colonel Sato, with the Gensan column, was near at hand on Tachimi's right. During his advance, Sato had only encountered some small cavalry detachments of the enemy. On the evening of the 14th the Japanese forces were thus close in to Ping-yang; but the Chinese system of outposts was so hopelessly bad that they were only aware of the presence of Oshima's brigade, which they took to be the vanguard of the main attack, coming as they expected from the south.

On the night of the 14th, the eve of the battle, the position and strength of the Japanese forces were:—

(A) *South-east of Ping-yang* on left bank of the Tatung.—General Oshima's brigade (five battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery; the infantry of this brigade had not yet received all their reserve men); total strength, 3,500 men and twelve guns.

(B) *On the right bank, north of Ping-yang.*—(1) On the left, General Tachimi's column (two battalions, one battery, two troops of cavalry); total strength, 2,160 men and six guns. (2) On the right, Colonel Sato's column (three battalions, one troop, two batteries); total strength, 3,640 men and twelve guns.

(C) *On the right bank, south-west of Ping-yang.*—General Nodzu with the main body (four battalions, two squadrons, two batteries); total strength, 5,400 men and twelve guns.

Thus the entire force available for the attack amounted to about 14,000 men with forty-two guns. But on account of the long delay in the crossing of the Tatung River the greater part of General Nodzu's column was so far away that it could not hope to come into action till late on

the 15th, the day originally fixed for the attack. On the afternoon of September 14th Nodzu sent orders to Oshima to continue to engage the enemy's attention during the following day, but to postpone the real attack till the 16th. Unfortunately there were no means of communicating this counter-order to Sato and Tachimi. Though they were so close at hand, connection had not been established with them either by messengers or signallers. The commanders of the other columns only knew that they must be not far off to the northward. With a more enterprising enemy than the Chinese this want of connection between the columns might have had fatal consequences. As it was, General Oshima saw the obvious danger of deferring the attack, and, "in acknowledging the receipt of the order, pointed out that, in all probability, the Gensan and Sak-riong detachments would attack on the 15th as previously arranged, and that if this were the case he would feel bound to give them all the assistance he could, especially as the main column would be unable to co-operate."

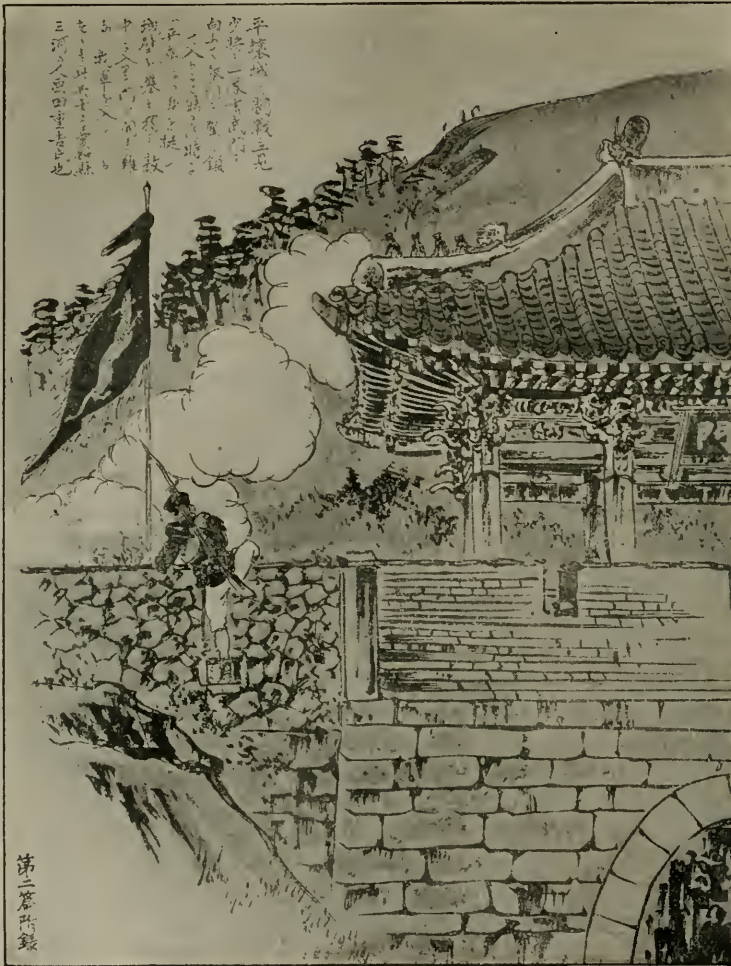
The night was fine and clear, the full moon shining brightly in the sky. An hour before dawn Oshima, who was eager to attack at all hazards, had got his men ready to advance, and at half-past four his guns renewed the bombardment of the southern forts. From the hills to the northward beyond the river could be heard the booming of another cannonade. Tachimi and Sato were in position, and as soon as Oshima's guns opened fire they had brought their batteries into action, and had begun to form their infantry for the attack. Oshima in his turn, on hearing their fire, ordered his brigade to advance against the Chinese forts, and so in the grey dawn of September 15th the battle of Ping-yang began.

As soon as the firing commenced, General Yeh and his staff went to the gaily-painted pagoda at the north gate. His banner, of bright crimson cloth, twelve feet square, and bearing his name in huge characters, hung over the outer wall. Close by he had a large body of Manchu cavalry ready to charge out on the Japanese if they failed in their attack. He had about 2,500 men in the works on the left bank, 3,600 in the northern defences, and about 6,000 of Li Hung Chang's drilled troops holding the town wall and the southern defences near the river.

Oshima's attack on the forts of the left bank was intended to be a mere feint, but such was the eagerness of both men and officers that they

pushed it home, and actually got possession of some of the outworks, in the first dash made before the sun rose. But for hours they made no further progress. The Chinese, armed with Mausers and well supplied with cartridges, kept up a heavy fire, and only for the advantage that their well-served artillery gave them they would

Meanwhile, Tachimi and Sato's columns had been more successful in their attack on the northern forts, five in number, three in the outer line and two others nearer the city, the larger of the two crowning the Mount of Peonies, famous as the scene of Konishi's defeat three hundred years ago. The first fort was rushed in



PRIVATE HIRADA SCALING THE WALL ON THE NORTH SIDE OF PING-YANG (see p. 558).  
(From a Japanese Sketch.)

have been driven back. As it was, they were barely able to hold their ground, and at one moment the outlook was so doubtful that one of the regiments buried its colours lest they should fall into the hands of the Chinese. The only portion of Oshima's command that obtained any decided success was a detachment of two companies under Major Okuyama, which crossed the river below the town, in order to get in touch with Nodzu and the main attack, and succeeded in setting fire to the straw-roofed houses of the southern suburbs of Ping-yang.

the twilight; the second, after being heavily bombarded, was stormed at half-past seven, and the third was taken half an hour later. Covered by their artillery, which was well placed among the pines on the ridges to the north of the city, the Japanese now advanced against the two inner forts. The Chinese abandoned the smaller of them, and the Peony Fort was stormed at half-past eight, the Japanese, to use their own expression, swarming up three sides of the hill like ants. The guns were then brought up to the Mount of Peonies and opened on the city



THE TAKING OF PING-YANG.

wall and the northern gate, the infantry pouring in a heavy rifle fire wherever the defenders attempted a reply.

It was not till near eight o'clock that General Nodzu had enough troops in hand to begin the attack on the south-west end of Ping-yang. After a brief bombardment of the outworks he deployed his infantry for the attack. They were gallantly charged by the Manchu cavalry, who came rushing out from one of the gates, but these daring horsemen were received with such a fire that few of them escaped. Of these the greater part gained the open country, and rode away northwards to join the army on the Yalu. One by one the outlying works were abandoned, and the Chinese gradually concentrated their defence on the high wall of the city.

The sky had become overclouded since early morning, and about noon a storm burst over Ping-yang. Then ensued a curious scene. "Shortly after midday," wrote the *Standard* correspondent, "the dense fog of smoke, which had been slowly drifting eastward, was broken up by an almost tropical downpour. The Chinese troops put up their oiled-paper umbrellas and resolved to keep their bodies dry as well as their powder. This seems almost too grotesque to be true, but it is a fact. Their spacious umbrellas, sticking above the walls of their trenches, formed excellent targets for the Japanese sharpshooters. Chinese soldiers are miserable, depressed creatures in the rain, and this unfortunate downpour had not a little to do with the success of the Japanese attack at this period." The forts on the high ground at the south of the city were captured, and then the Chinese hung out white flags, and the firing ceased for awhile, and a Chinese officer with a flag of truce came out in front of Nodzu's attack. To quote the *Standard* correspondent, Mr. Villiers, again :

"Some Japanese officers left their lines and met him half-way. They found the Chinese asked for a suspension of hostilities pending an arrangement to surrender. The Japanese pointed out that this could easily be done. The Chinese had simply to lay down their arms, and the Japanese would march in and take possession. The Chinese general sent word to say that they could not very well surrender in such rainy weather. His men would get drenched, and things would be generally uncomfortable. Would they wait, say, for twelve hours? The rain might lift by then. But the Japanese would not listen further to the parley, and hostilities recommenced."

The cavalry attempted another sortie, probably in the hope of clearing a way for a general retreat. There were about five hundred of them. They rode gallantly down on Nodzu's infantry, but were swept away almost to a man by the Japanese rifles. On the north side of the city the fire had ceased from the wall, and the great gate seemed to be abandoned. But this might be only a trick of the wily Chinese, and after an attempt to open the gate from the outside, which drew fire from some of the neighbouring loopholes, a gallant soldier, a private named Hirada, volunteered to climb the wall and reconnoitre. His comrades watched him anxiously as he scrambled up the high wall beside the pagoda-crowned gateway, from which the dragon flag still flew. He found the parapet deserted, got down and unbolted the gate, and the Japanese infantry rushed in. The Chinese had retired to some houses at a distance inside the gate. They had fired at Hirada as he was opening it, and they now exchanged a sharp fire with the advancing Japanese. Beyond this point the Japanese made no progress during the afternoon; and as the walls and towers on the right and left were held by the Chinese, and they were rallying in the streets, Tachimi decided to fall back on the Peony Mount, and hold on there till the main attack had made further progress. This retirement after the gate had been forced shows that the Japanese had still a good deal of respect for their opponents. But the next day was to bring a surprise.

"When morning dawned," writes the correspondent we have already quoted, "Ping-yang was silent. No *réveille* from the Chinese lines heralded the day. Down by the western gate was a village smouldering. Here and there a hut was struggling to burst into flame, for the rain had now ceased, and the pall of smoke still hung over the valley. The soddened turf, the fields of millet, beans, and corn, wore the imprint of a great host having passed over the country. The roads, the trails through the fields, were strewn with bright and gaudy uniforms. Flags, quaint spears, curious old-time muskets, swords, pots and pans, and several curiously carved carriage chairs were sticking in the mud. The Japanese army awoke to this strange sight, rubbed its eyes and wondered, then sounded the advance, and closed upon the city. The earthworks, the redoubts, and the city itself were empty. The Chinese army had disappeared. Some 12,000 men had stolen away in the night. 'He who fights and runs away lives to fight

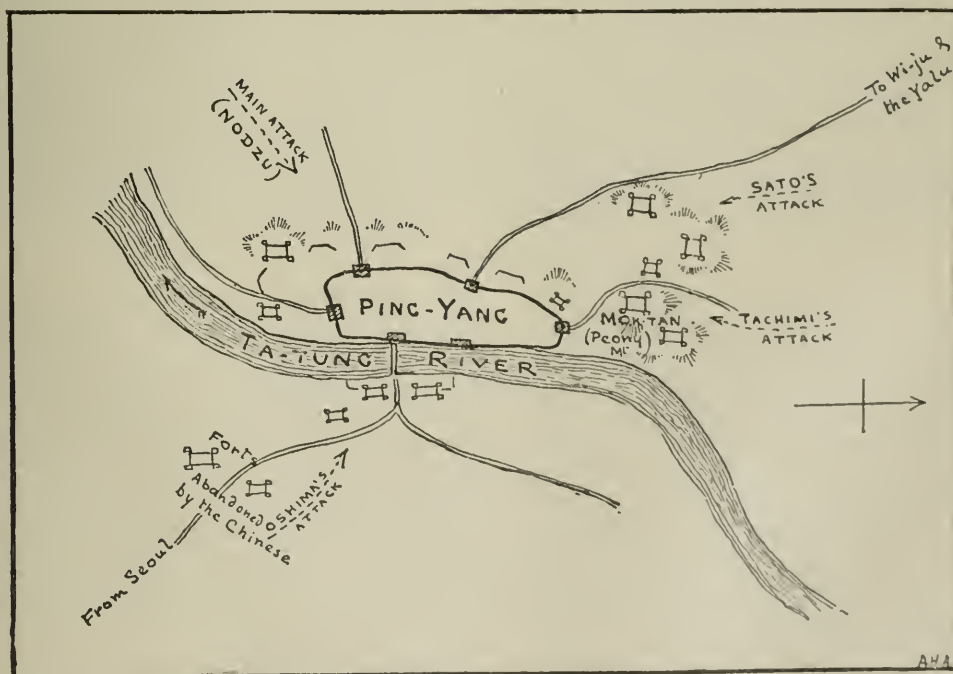
another day.' So, I believe, runs the old adage. These are the tactics the Chinese have followed since the beginning of the campaign. It was so at Asan, where General Yeh stole out of the clutches of the Japanese with one thousand troops. These very men, after a splendid march through the roughest and most inhospitable part of Korea, reached Ping-yang to meet the Japanese again, and, with the rest of the Ping-yang garrison, succeeded in again carrying out the tactics they followed at Asan."

On the Japanese side 633 men had fallen in the attack. Of these, 8 officers and 154 men were killed. Oshima's brigade suffered most severely. Fully three-fourths of the loss fell upon it, and the general himself was slightly wounded. The Chinese loss cannot be so accurately stated. It was certainly over a thousand, besides more than six hundred prisoners. The Japanese acknowledge that the Chinese fought bravely. They give especial praise to the Chinese general Tso. During the defence of the Peony Hill Fort he was badly wounded, but tearing off a strip of his long robe he bound up his wound and continued to encourage his men. Another bullet struck him down dead, and on this his men gave way. To his fall the Japanese attribute their easy capture of the fort. A few of the prisoners who tried to escape were beheaded, the rest

were well treated. As trophies of the fight the Japanese had thirty-five Krupp guns, about 500 Mauser repeating rifles, and as many good modern breech-loaders, quantities of older weapons, flags, cartridges and money.

The collapse of the Chinese defence has been explained by two facts. In the first place the defences were on such an extensive scale that not one of them were fully manned. Instead of twelve or fourteen thousand men, the forts and lines of Ping-yang would have needed thirty-five thousand. Again, the Chinese had expended all their energy on fortifications, and made little or no effort to clear the front of their works. Trees were left standing in the dense pine woods on the ridges that came close up to the works, and thus the Japanese as they marched on the place were screened almost entirely from view, and had a good deal of cover from fire.

On the day of the battle Marshal Yamagata was approaching with a new army of 10,000 men that had lately landed at Chemulpo. He took over the chief command on the morrow of the victory. But there was no more fighting in Korea. Ping-yang had cleared the north of the peninsula of the Chinese. Yeh rallied his twice-beaten army only behind the Yalu River, the northern frontier of the country, where the Chinese were now gathering an army for the defence of Manchuria.



PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON PING-YANG.

## II.—THE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR.

AFTER the victory of Ping-yang the Japanese army, now under Marshal Yamagata, advanced to the Yalu, the northern boundary of Korea, forced the passage of the river and invaded Manchuria. On September 17th the Japanese fleet, under Admiral Ito, had brought the Chinese northern squadron to action and defeated it off the mouth of the Yalu. The story of the battle has been told in an earlier volume of this series. This victory gave the Japanese the command of the sea. They made use of it to send an army to reduce the great naval arsenal of Port Arthur. This second army, composed of a Division under General Yamaji and a brigade under Hasegawa, the whole commanded by Marshal Oyama, and numbering about 25,000 men, landed on October 24th at Hua-yuan-kon, in the Liao-tung peninsula, and marching southwards captured Kin-chow on November 6th, and Ta-lien-wan on the 7th.

Kin-chow and Ta-lien-wan had been captured by Yamaji's division. Before advancing on Port Arthur, Marshal Oyama brought up Hasegawa's brigade, and gave his army, now concentrated at Ta-lien-wan, and in touch with the fleet, a few days' rest, during which the doomed fortress was carefully reconnoitred, and the country between it and the Japanese camp was cleared of the roving bands of Chinese braves that infested it. In one of these skirmishes the Japanese, whose easy victories had made them sometimes act with a daring that amounted to rashness, encountered a superior force of Chinese and fared very badly. In the fight the Japanese officers and soldiers performed many deeds of splendid courage and self-devotion, and the story may best be told as it is related by "Vladimir," in his history of the war, a work based chiefly on Japanese sources, often translated literally

from Japanese narratives, and bringing out characteristic traits of the Japanese code of honour and military tradition.

"Major Ajikama," he says, "advancing upon Tu-cheng-tzu (Mud-town) with a single company (*i.e.* squadron, or about 100 sabres) of cavalry, met a body of Chinese from Shiu-shih-ying (Naval Camp), which gradually increased to about 3,000 men, who completely surrounded the Japanese horsemen. These fought with great bravery, and succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy, and retreating to Shuang-tai-kow (Double Terrace Ditch). On hearing of the engagement Major Marui had sent a company of infantry to assist the cavalry, and they now in turn were attacked and surrounded by the Chinese. Seeing the danger of their rescuers a handful of the cavalry, under Captain Asakawa, made a desperate charge to extricate them. The infantry and cavalry succeeded in retiring, but they were obliged to abandon their wounded, who preferred to kill themselves rather than be tortured by the enemy. Lieutenant Nakaman was severely wounded, and his servant cut off his head and brought it back to the camp to be honourably buried. Captain Asakawa was also wounded, and his horse was shot under him, but Private Tio, though mortally wounded, gave his horse to his officer and led him out of danger, when he fell down dead. Major Marui, with the rest of the battalion, came up to rescue the advanced guard, but he was not able to repulse the Chinese, who now had mounted four guns on a hill. It was not until the artillery of the advanced guard arrived and unlimbered that the Chinese retired. The Japanese had lost one officer and eleven men killed, and one officer and thirty-two men wounded."

This success for the Chinese might have had a very unfavourable result on the operations of the



next few days, occurring as it did on the eve of Oyama's approach to Port Arthur. But happily for the Japanese, whatever encouragement it gave to their enemies was counterbalanced by the result of another engagement on November 20th. On that day Oyama, who had marched from Ta-lien-wan on the 17th, had concentrated his army in front of the advanced forts of Port Arthur. The Chinese attempted a sortie in force against his outposts, but they were driven back to the forts by a well-directed fire of

yard are at the north end, between two hills, the more easterly of which looks out on the sea. A rocky promontory shelters the lower part of the harbour from the sea. On this promontory, on the eastern hill near the town, at the base of this hill, and on another hill still further east, stand the sea forts.

This eastern hill is the end of a sickle-shaped range of heights, with pointed summits running inland, and forming an outlying rampart to the town on the north and north-east. Each hill-top



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR.

artillery, leaving more than a hundred dead on the ground.

The country round Port Arthur is a mass of rocky hills with steep sides, running up now into isolated pointed summits, now into narrow ridges or table lands of no great width. In order to understand the story of the battle fought on November 21st, the accompanying plan should be examined in connection with the following description, which, however, only deals with the leading features of the position without going into technical details. It will be seen that the harbour lies north-east and south-west in the line of its greatest length. The town and dock-

is crowned with a fort. In the following narrative this range will be spoken of as the "northern ridge." West of the town, and completing the line of its landward defences, is another hill, steep sided, broad topped, a small table land, with a couple of summits rising above its general level. This is the hill of I-tzu-shan (literally, the "Chair Hill"). It is crowned with three forts, and as its summit is the highest land near the Port, they overlook and can take in reverse the land forts on the inner part of the northern ridge. The hill of I-tzu-shan is thus the key of Port Arthur. Once in possession of a besieger, the forts on the nearer summits of the northern



THE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR.

ridge would be untenable, and these being taken, the rest must fall in succession, and the place would be at the mercy of the besiegers.

The main road ran into the town of Port Arthur through a gap between the I-tzu plateau and the inland extremity of the northern ridge, crossing an open level space used as a parade ground by the garrison. The I-tzu forts commanded the gap from the left, and on the right its approaches were covered by the guns of a strong fort built on the summit of Sung-shu-shan (the Pine Tree Hill), the western buttress of the ridge. Next, running along the crest of the sickle-shaped curve of the ridge, stood seven forts on the long summits known as the Erh-lung (the Two Dragons; in some Japanese narratives the Urlung) and the Chihuan (the Cock's Comb). Another fort looked out on the sea from the east end of the ridge, and between it and the isolated hill near the town there was another fort on the lower ground, also forming part of the seaward defences. The hill between the town and the sea, Huang-chin-shan (the Golden Hill), was crowned by a fort armed with nineteen guns. Seven forts were built on the promontory between the harbour and the sea known to the Chinese as Lan-hu-wei—*i.e.* the Tiger's Tail. The largest and highest placed of these, built on Man-tou-shan (Bread Hill), was constructed to fire across the harbour and cover the left flank of the I-tzu plateau with its long-ranging guns.

The forts had all been planned, constructed, and armed under the superintendence of European and American engineers. Their heavy armament consisted of breech-loading Armstrongs and Krupps. There were a few quick-firers, field-pieces, and mountain guns, and some machine-guns were used to flank the ditches. The garrison consisted of about 10,000 men. Japanese writers, anxious not to minimise the success of their own army, assert that this was an adequate garrison; but, even if the troops and their officers had been of better quality, 10,000 men would be dangerously dispersed and terribly overworked in a prolonged defence of a fortress which was protected not only by a system of sea forts, but also by a line of land works extending over about seven miles of ground. There were twenty-two forts in all. Allowing only an average of 400 men for the defence of each of them, there would be a reserve of only 1,200 men left. Thirty thousand men for the fortifications would not have been too many. Considering all that had

been said at the outset of the war about the "armed millions" of China, it is curious that she could only find this handful of men for the defence of the fortress that was her chief naval base; while the navy itself could lend no co-operation whatever to the land forces.

On November 20th, just before the abortive sortie of the Chinese, Marshal Oyama had assembled his principal officers at his headquarters—not for a council of war, but to explain to them the arrangements he proposed to make for the assault of the forts next day. The troops were to form up at 2 a.m. ready to march from their camps between Shuang-tai-kow and Tu-cheng-tzu, so as to be in position before Port Arthur by dawn. They were to march in three columns: on the right General Yamaji, with main body consisting of the bulk of the first division; in the centre General Hasegawa's brigade; on the left a small column of all three arms, moving between Hasegawa's troops and the sea, and guarding the flank of the advance against a possible sortie from the forts on the north ridge. At dawn the fleet would open fire on the forts nearest the sea. The artillery of the first division on the right would come into action against the forts on the I-tzu plateau, taking up its position on a ridge facing the north side of the plateau, and distant about a mile from the forts. In this position the guns could also be brought to bear on the gap leading to the town. On the left of the field artillery, and a little to its rear, the heavy guns of the siege train were to come into action near the village of Shui-shih-ying ("the Naval Camp"), firing first at the I-tzu plateau and the Pine Tree Hill Fort (Sung-shu-shan), and in the second stage of the fight devoting all their attention to the western forts on the ridge. Hasegawa was to occupy the high ground north of Shui-shih-ying, facing the ridge forts on which he was to open fire.

During this bombardment General Nishi, with the first brigade of Yamaji's division, was to work round to the left, or south-western flank of the I-tzu plateau. For the greater part of the way his march would be concealed from the Chinese by a lower range of hills running north and south. In fact, he would be under cover until his troops moved over the crest of the range opposite their objective and deployed for the attack. All this time his movements would not in any way mask the fire of the Japanese batteries. It was expected that by the time Nishi was ready to advance, the guns of the I-tzu

forts would have been silenced and their garrisons very much demoralised by the Japanese shell fire. The forts would then be attacked by Yamaji's two brigades, Nishi moving against the flank and Nogi against the front of the plateau, the artillery meanwhile concentrating its fire on the ridge, especially on Sung-shu-shan and the Erh-lung forts. As soon as the I-tzu forts were taken, Yamaji's and Hasegawa's columns would make a converging attack on the western forts of the ridge, and, after clearing Sung-shu-shan and Erh-lung of the Chinese, rush down into the town. Once the land defences were captured, it was expected that the rest of the forts would surrender rather than face the combined attack of the army and the fleet.

The troops began to fall in for the march at one a.m. It was very dark; the moon was in the first quarter, a horned crescent, high over the Port Arthur hills, and giving very little light. In the bivouacs coolies stood holding aloft blazing torches, and here and there in the ranks of the regiments, and beside the gun teams, a soldier held a lighted lantern of painted paper, giving to the scene of preparation for battle rather the air of a holiday *fête* than of the stern business of war. At last all was ready, and the long columns tramped off in the darkness, their movement still marked by hundreds of paper lanterns, for surprise was no part of their plan.

Even with the help of these lights Nogi's brigade on the left of Yamaji's division began to bear too much towards the sea, and had to be put right by one of Oyama's staff officers, who rode up to the general and told him to incline to the right, as he was getting on to the ground assigned to Hasegawa and the centre column. The incident is worth noting as an indication of the difficulties that attend all night marches, even with the best trained troops. By five o'clock all the troops were in position, the guns had unlimbered, and the men were lying down waiting for the dawn, many of them snatching a short sleep, after the wearying muster at midnight and the march in the darkness over the broken ground.

Oyama and his staff were in the centre, with the reserve battalions just in rear of the long line of guns formed of Yamaji's batteries and the siege train. About half-past six the sky began to whiten with the dawn over the sea, and soon the sharp outlines of the Chinese forts could be made out, crowning the dark masses of the I-tzu

plateau on the right front and the long ridge of the "Two Dragons" and the "Cock's Comb" to the left. Word was sent to Yamaji to begin the bombardment.

The first gun was fired from one of Yamaji's field batteries. It was the signal for all the others to open fire, and a rain of shells was soon falling on the plateau forts. The Chinese replied in a very leisurely way, and their aim was wild and wide of the mark. The Japanese fleet lay off the harbour mouth about six miles out to sea. It had been arranged that it should not fire upon Port Arthur during the first stage of the attack, lest shells flying over the hills should reach the Japanese lines on the other side. Ito's fine cruiser squadron had now with it a flotilla of ten torpedo boats, but it was not necessary for it to take any serious part in the attack.

The cannonade continued for more than an hour. By half-past seven the forts on the I-tzu tableland were all but silent, and the order was sent to Nishi's infantry to advance to the attack. There were very few correspondents with the army, but amongst them was one of the most experienced English war correspondents, Mr. Frederic Villiers. His letters give a vivid impression of the scenes during the advance of Yamaji's division against the key of the Chinese defences

"It was not until half-past seven," he writes, "as far as I can remember, that the skirmishing lines moved up. Then they swept up towards the three forts which surmounted Table Mountain. From our guns on the knoll in Suishi (*i.e.* Shui-shih-ying) Valley a hail of shrapnel crowned the heights of Table Mountain with wreaths of smoke. Shell after shell burst in these works. The great mountain, seemingly asleep, slowly awakened from its heavy slumber and began to reply in a ponderous, sleepy sort of way. Then on our right, where Yamaji stood, a mountain battery began shelling; and this was answered by two or three shells in our vicinity, which were too far off their mark to be pleasant for the sight-seers on the left of Yamaji's position. Nishi's columns moved up on the right to the first earthwork on Table Mountain, which was the western attack. Nogi moved up from the left, which was the eastern attack, very slowly; so for the moment the battle formation was at an angle of about thirty-five degrees from the ridge of the fort. Nishi in about fifteen minutes carried his objective, and a few minutes after Nogi had swept up under a very galling fire,

though of short duration, and the Table Mountain was in the hands of the Japanese. But this was only effected with considerable loss for the short period during the rush, the Japanese losing thirty-five by casualties. Among those placed *hors de combat* were two officers."

The Chinese really made no stand once they saw the long lines of the Japanese attack closing on them. They abandoned all three forts one after another, on an average giving up a fort every five minutes. Some of the Japanese who

tableland being rushed by at least 6,000, with as many more threatening their right; moreover, shut up in a series of separate forts, small detachments of less than 500 had to face the rush. Of course, if they had stuck to their works, fired low and steadily, and brought a cross fire of rifles and machine guns to bear on the attack, they might very well have repulsed the foe. But they were Chinese troops, with very scant ideas of mutual support, and little trust either in their officers or their weapons, so it is no wonder they



SINGLE COMBAT.

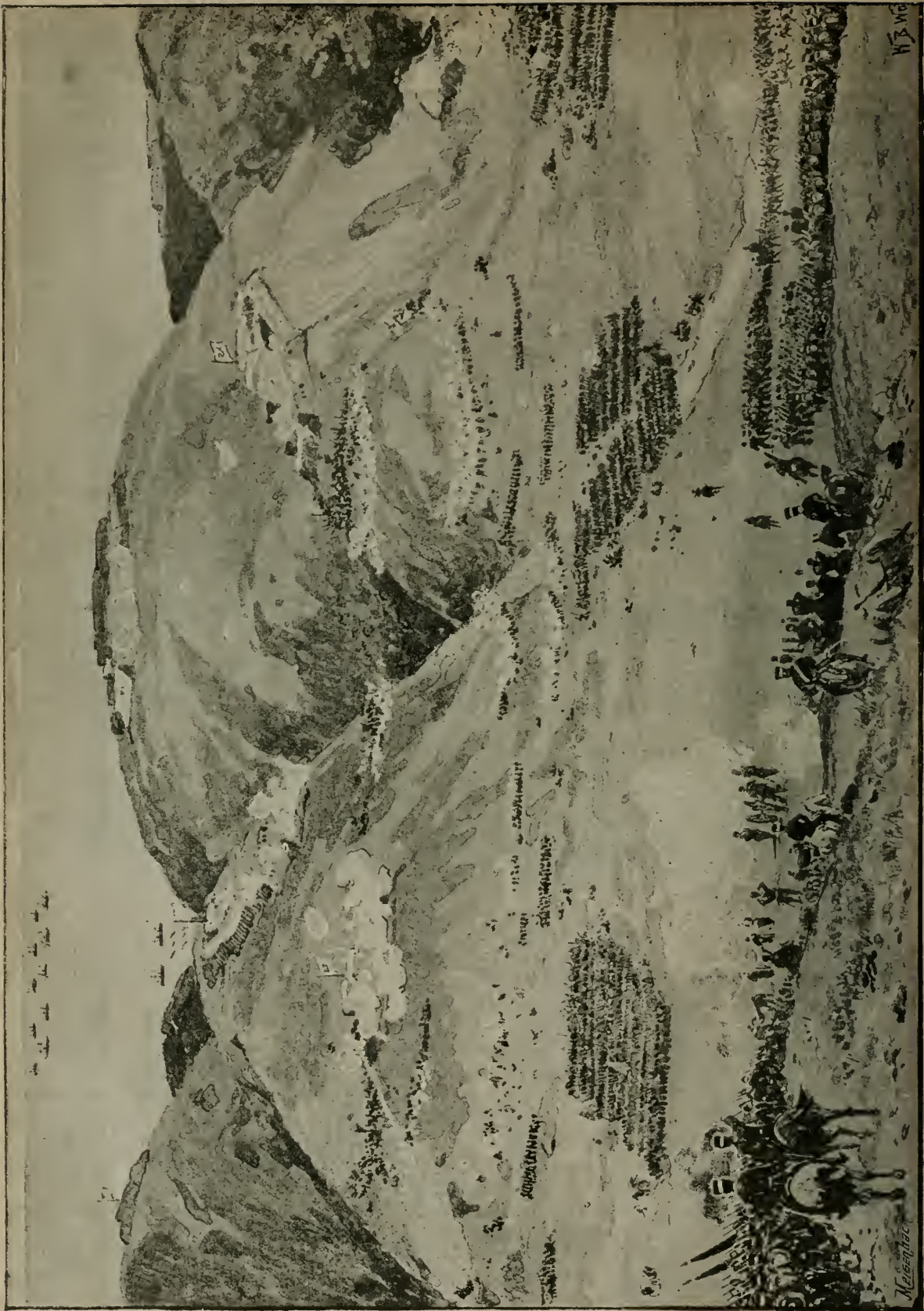
(By a Japanese artist.)

fell in the attack were not hit by shots from the I-tzu forts, but by bursting shells fired over the town from the fort on Golden Hill, in order to cover the hurried retreat of the fugitives. It was afterwards ascertained that the Chinese had about 1,600 men in the three forts on the tableland and the fort on Pine Tree Hill, an average of about 400 in each work. Another 1,600 held the Two Dragons and the Cock's Comb on the north ridge; 2,000 more, fugitives from Kin-chow and Ta-lien-wan, prolonged the line of defence along the ridge to the sea, and a reserve of 1,200 men, belonging to the same unfortunate force, lay behind Pine Tree Hill, near the parade ground. Thus the Chinese were hopelessly outnumbered, the 1,200 men who held the I-tzu

went. Although the correspondent calls the Japanese loss serious, the capture of the tableland was surely cheaply bought with only two officers and thirty-three men killed and wounded out of a whole division. With any real defence the capture of the forts would have meant the fall of some hundreds of men and officers in the columns of assault.

For the wounded, not only those brought down from the hill, but those also who had been hit by the shells from the Chinese forts during the cannonade, prompt and ample provision had been made by the Japanese medical corps. To quote again from Mr. Villiers' letter:

"During the fight I was watching a hamlet of about half a dozen houses at the end of the neck



H.B. 1860

THE ATTACK ON THE TWO DRAGONS AND COCK'S COMB FORTS.

Meisner

of the ravine (near the artillery position). When the first shots were fired the Red Cross flag was run up, and by its side was the national flag of Japan. The doctors were already preparing for casualties. About that time a sharp fusillade was going on on our right flank. The only decent tactics the Chinese showed in this miserable business was an attempt at a flanking movement, started too late on our attack upon the Table Mountain. For the moment it was utter confusion. The Chinese from the small forts on the Port Arthur inlet were firing shell after shell at the fort that had already been occupied, but these missed and burst in the vicinity of the Red Cross hamlet, and a tremendous fusillade was going on in the valley on the right of us. Nogi, with two regiments, was sent out to turn this flanking movement of the Chinese, and the mountain battery which had done such execution in the taking of Table Mountain was hurried down from the heights, thundering through the ravine down to the valley on our right to assist Nogi's column.

"The little Red Cross hamlet was beginning to fill up with casualties. The men were brought down on stretchers, dripping with their blood, and laid on straw in front of the small gardens of the houses. Within one of the gardens were tables already erected, at which the doctors were busily at work. In my considerable experience of many armies in the field, I have not seen more excellent work done on the actual field of battle by surgeons. Nothing was wanting. The latest improvements in antiseptic lint, in the sterilising of the instruments, were there, right on the field of battle. The Red Cross boxes were filled with the latest necessaries for the treatment of the wounded. Each man who was treated had his name checked, and a little tag with his name and the nature of his wound tied to one of his legs, and then he was forwarded to the field hospital. And all this was done under circumstances the most trying for delicate surgical work. Shells from the great Eastern Fort on Golden Mount were bursting in our vicinity, though why so much good ammunition was wasted no one could tell. Many of the stretcher bearers had to pause from their work and seek cover behind the walls of the houses, but the doctors calmly went on. One horse, belonging to a doctor, standing just outside the little garden of which I have been speaking, had its neck broken by a fragment of shell, and lay there weltering in its blood, with the rest of the wounded lying about on the street. Speaking

of this Red Cross work to Colonel Taylor, who has been specially sent out by the British Foreign Office to report on the Japanese system of ambulance, he told me that what he saw in the Shui-shih Valley was quite equal to anything he had ever witnessed under similar conditions."

When Nogi's brigade had cleared the northern end of the Table Mountain of the last of the Chinese, there was a brief lull in the engagement. The fleet now began to fire long-ranging shots at the seaward forts, and on the land Yamaji's batteries and the siege train concentrated their fire on the fort on Sung-shu-shan (Pine Tree Hill), the mountain-guns being taken up to the top of the Table Mountain to assist in the bombardment. The Chinese abandoned the fort under this heavy artillery fire, after lighting a fuse near the magazine, in order to blow the work up. This occurred a little after eleven, while the Japanese infantry were moving to the attack of the north ridge.

General Hasegawa was, meanwhile, advancing across the valley in front of these forts and the Cock's Comb. He had only his mountain batteries with him, but was assisted by the fire of Yamaji's guns, which were now enfilading the ridge from the first artillery position, and dropping shells on to it from the captured Table Mountain. Hasegawa's infantry crossed the valley below the ridge in successive lines of skirmishers, being exposed to a heavy fire as they traversed the open ground, and suffering a good deal of loss. As they reached the base of the ridge they were able to get cover under its steep sides. Here they massed and prepared for the assault. Above them the rocky hillsides rose abruptly to the forts, which stand at a height of about 300 feet above the level of the valley.

By ten o'clock the three battalions of the 24th Regiment (sturdy fighting men from the southern island of Kiu-shiu, which boasts that it has produced more of the heroes of Japan than any other district) were massed at the base of the ridge and began to climb the slope. At first they were protected by the very steepness of the hillside, but about half-way they came under fire from the forts at a range of 600 yards. There was a temporary check at this point, and then the regiment went on again. An English officer who watched this assault of the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb forts thus described the scene:—

"We reached a hill to which the Japanese artillery were moving, just in time to watch a

most magnificent attack by the Japanese infantry from the north straight up at a fort facing them, and under the fire of guns and rifles from three others as well. It was a scene to remember for ever. The Japanese artillery were in a good position now for enfilading these forts, and did so with the nearest fort with the best effect. It was evacuated by the Chinese at 11.10 a.m., and blew up immediately afterwards. The artillery then fired at the next fort, at which the main infantry attack was directed; but the range was long, and the shooting not quite good enough to be effective for some time. Meanwhile the Japanese infantry were climbing the slope, taking advantage of whatever slight cover could be found. The ground round them was ploughed up by the Chinese projectiles, but they never stopped, and seemed quite unhurt. At last they rested for a few minutes about 300 yards below the fort in a fold of the ground, which gave time for the slower ones to come up to the front. Then once more on. But just as they moved forward a row of land mines exploded right in front of them. They seemed to stagger for a moment, and then rushed on. But by this time the Chinese were beginning to suffer from the Japanese artillery fire, and just before the Japanese infantry reached the fort the Chinese left it. This was at 11.25 a.m. That settled all the forts which faced north."

The fort blown up at 11.10 was Sung-shu-shan, the Chinese having fired the magazine as they left it. The fort captured at 11.25 was one of the works on the Cock's Comb (Chi-huan-shan). The Two Dragons forts and the rest of the works on the ridge were rapidly evacuated by the Chinese. By half-past twelve all the land defences had been abandoned except the great fort on Shang-chin-shan (Golden Hill), whose batteries not only defended the harbour

mouth, but also looked towards the land over the roofs of the town.

Before following further the story of the fight, an incident of the attack on the north ridge must be related here, as an illustration of the Japanese code of military honour. One of the officers of the 24th Regiment, Captain Kani, had been seriously ill for some days in hospital, and was reduced to a state of great weakness. Nevertheless, on the eve of the attack on Port Arthur he insisted on resuming command of his company. It was one of those assigned for the actual attack on the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb Forts. Kani struggled on through the night march, climbed the steep hillside under fire with his men, but when the rush for the fort came he fell down utterly exhausted, within a hundred yards of the rampart, over which his men dashed without him. He was taken to hospital, but instead of taking the natural view that he had done his best to be with his men, and had indeed led them up to the point when the enemy's resistance collapsed, he thought only of his failure to be with them to the last, and said he was ashamed for ever, if he survived, after remaining behind. A week after the battle he managed to escape from the hospital, went back to the ridge, and on the spot where he had fallen he killed himself with his sword. A letter was found beside him. "It was here," he had written, "that sickness compelled me to stop and leave my men to assault the fort without me. Never can I wipe out the disgrace while I live. To vindicate my honour I die here, and leave this letter to speak for me." Such deeds are an inheritance from the days of feudal Japan. One may well regret that a mistaken code of honour should thus deprive his country of the services of so brave a soldier as Captain Kani





JAPANESE WAR ARTISTS AT WORK AT THE FRONT.

### III.—THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

BY half-past twelve the hills round Port Arthur were in possession of the Japanese army. Their artillery was being dragged up to the summits in order to concentrate its fire on the Golden Hill. On all the forts on the ridge and the plateau except one the Japanese flag was flying, and that one exception was a mass of blackened and smoking ruins. The way into the town lay across the wide open space of the parade ground below the north ridge, a space partly surrounded by low walls; beyond, the road ran over a little river by a narrow bridge, beyond which opened the main street of the town. The houses, light buildings, mostly without an upper storey, were crowded along the further side of the stream. High above them towered the Golden Hill, from which the Chinese gunners were making good practice at any Japanese that showed near the parade ground.

Across this open space the Japanese infantry were exchanging rifle fire with two bodies of Chinese, who held a couple of shelter trenches near the houses just beyond the stream and on the slope of "Cairn Hill" north of the suburb. The Japanese staff was anxious to do as little injury as possible to the town and dockyard. To have bombarded them would have been to risk a fire

that might have destroyed the very workshops, stores and machinery they hoped to secure for the use of their own navy. So the guns were levelled only against the hostile batteries on the Golden Hill, and to the infantry was assigned the task of clearing the town of the enemy. The Second Regiment, which had not yet been engaged, was ordered to attack across the parade ground.

At first they made very little progress. So heavy was the fire of the Chinese, who held the approaches to the bridge, that it was thought they must be armed with repeating rifles. But gradually, notwithstanding severe loss, the infantry men worked their way close up to the stream, advancing under some cover which they found to left or right of the open space of the parade, here slipping behind a low wall, there crawling along a ditch. So the rifle fire directed across the stream at the Chinese gradually increased in intensity, as more and more men came up. A little before three a battalion extended across the parade ground and crossed it in alternate rushes, the men kneeling to fire. As they neared the bridge they closed into a small column and dashed across. The Chinese did not wait for them. They fled down the lanes of the

town, throwing away their weapons. About the same time the fire ceased from the Golden Hill, and the fort was abandoned. Only the sea forts on the promontory of the "Tiger's Tail" still flew the dragon flag of China, and exchanged a slow fire at long range with the fleet.

Port Arthur, notwithstanding all its elaborate fortifications, had been taken in less than nine hours, and with a loss of life that, considering the nature of the enterprise, might be described as trifling. It was a glorious day for the Japanese arms, but now unhappily began a scene which, whatever excuse may be made for the soldiers, sadly dimmed the fame of their victory. On

the 19th, as the Japanese marched towards Port Arthur, they had found beside the road some headless and mutilated bodies of comrades who had fallen into the hands of the Chinese in the skirmish of the day before, in which the cavalry of the advanced guard had been so unfortunate. Ominous threats of vengeance to be taken on the Chinese were uttered by the men who found them, and now they were sadly reminded of the treatment their comrades

had undergone, for, as the Second Regiment rushed the bridge, they saw a Japanese head nailed by the ear to the side of a house, and some other trophies of the same ghastly kind hanging from a tree, fastened by a string passed through their lips. Infuriated by the sight, the men of the Second Regiment gave no quarter to the Chinese soldiers, who, once the bridge was stormed, made no further attempt at resistance. But this was not all. Not only were the soldiers killed—shot, or bayoneted or sabred—wherever they were found, even when they had thrown away their arms and put on civilian attire, but the people of the town were mercilessly slaughtered.

"The soldiers," writes Mr. Frederic Villiers, "presumably maddened by the ghastly sight of the mutilated heads of their comrades, lost touch of their officers and commenced shooting every living thing they met in the streets. Captain Du Boulay, Colonel Taylor, and Lieutenant

O'Brien (the military attachés), with three correspondents, watched this firing from a height overlooking the town, from which every street and alley lay as in a map before them. These gentlemen saw no opposition to the troops, nor were there any shots fired from the houses on Oyama's soldiers. The unfortunate shopkeepers and citizens, standing at their doors, by virtue of Oyama's pacific proclamations, ready to receive the soldiers with expressions of welcome, were ruthlessly shot down on their very thresholds.

. . . At Port Arthur the citizens, in virtue of Oyama's proclamation, were looking forward to the occupation of the town with equanimity. Shopkeepers were killed in the act of kowtowing. The smile of welcome yet lingered on their pallid faces. Mr. Hart, of Reuter's Agency, was instrumental in allaying the fears of many of the inhabitants, and persuading them to remain in the city, for he had heard of the merciful treatment of unarmed people by the Japanese. But the cutting and carving craze had seized the troops, and no mercy was shown."

The foreign attachés and the correspondents, comparing notes in the

evening, generally adopted the view that these horrible scenes were the unfortunate result of the troops getting out of hand in the excitement of their victory, and in their indignation at the barbarous way in which their comrades had been treated. But next morning they were horrified at finding that the butchery was still going on, and that Oyama and his generals were making no effort to stop it. Some of the friends of Japan have tried to make out that the story of the massacre was a wild exaggeration, due to the sensationalism of the war correspondents; but unhappily there can be no doubt that, if anything, the correspondents, who had experienced much courtesy at the hands of the Japanese officers, and who were themselves inspired with most friendly feelings towards Japan, kept the most revolting features of what happened in the background, and wrote with studied moderation. To have been silent on the subject would have been to do no service



LIEUT.-GENERAL VISCOUNT NODZU.

to Japan. Her people have only lately adopted the methods of civilised warfare. The scenes at Port Arthur were a strange reversion to the old state of things, a temporary outburst of the old blood fury that had marked the deeds of the Japanese swordsmen on the battlefields of the feudal wars. The Japanese are anxious to be recognised as the equals of the civilised Powers, and are keenly sensitive to European and American public opinion. To set down frankly and truly the story of such atrocities as the slaughter that followed the sinking of the *Kow-shing* and the massacre of Port Arthur, and to give to such deeds their due measure of condemnation, is to do something to ensure that they will not be repeated in other campaigns in the Far East, in which many Englishmen and Americans look forward to seeing Japan the trusted ally of civilised Powers.

Resumed on the morning of November 22nd, the Port Arthur massacre went on for two days more. Not only were the Chinese murdered in the streets, but shops and houses were broken into, and the wretched people were shot as they cowered in their hiding-places, or dragged out to be cut to pieces in the open. Women, children, and feeble grey-bearded men were mercilessly slaughtered. Even animals were hacked and shot, and the bodies of the dead beheaded or ripped open as they lay in the streets. "Not only the soldiers," writes Mr. Villiers, "but the armed coolies took a share in the bloody work. These gentlemen were all of the famous Samuri sect, and practically the Bashi-bazouks of the army. The order of the Mikado that the Samuri, or two-handed swordsmen, were not to serve in the army, for fear of excesses, had been evaded by these gentlemen enlisting as coolies. With every baggage train one met Samuri dressed in the humble garb of the coolie, but with their long *katana* slung across their shoulders, carefully swathed in rags to protect the lacquer scabbard, and to keep the precious blade free from dust and rust, pretending to assist their lower-grade brethren in pushing a cart along. If these gentlemen could not for the moment whet their well-tempered steel in the blood of a Chinaman, they would try their ancient blades on the pigs or dogs of the country. It was a piteous sight in passing through the Manchu villages to see a number of badly wounded pigs, some with their heads nearly severed, but still with sufficient life within them to drag themselves along." These barbarians got their chance at Port Arthur, and

took full advantage of it. The old swords drank blood freely. But the regular soldiers also did their full share. Discipline for the time had disappeared, and some of the Japanese officers were shot by their own men while vainly trying to check their excesses.

Before ending with this miserable business, let me note from Mr. Villiers's narrative two episodes, one bringing out the natural kindness of the Japanese soldier in his normal state, the other showing what he became under the influence of the temporary blood fury. After telling how on the second day he had succeeded in saving the lives of an old shopkeeper and his family, he says:

"On the afternoon of the next day I returned to the street. The scene had changed. All the shops were open and billeted with troops. As I passed the store at which this incident had taken place on the previous day, I found the old Chinaman still alive and waiting on the men. When he caught sight of me his gratitude knew no bounds. He knelt and grovelled and clutched my legs till I was compelled to shake the old fellow into a standing posture. As I was doing this a soldier stepped from the shop munching a ball of hot rice. On seeing the Chinaman he broke his ration in two, and thrust the other half into the old man's fist. Here was a touch of real good nature worthy of record! A few minutes afterwards I would be in another street, where a soldier would be carving at a dead body to see if the Celestial possessed a heart or not. At half-past eight on the morning of the third day Creelman (the *New York World* correspondent), who had just turned the corner of the house in which he lived, came back and asked me to follow him. On a sand heap not a hundred yards from our door was a poor little baby about two months old. She had just fallen from the arms of her father, who, in trying to escape from the ruthless soldiery, had been wounded in his flight. A few yards off was his body, with a bayonet wound in his neck. His warm blood was still smoking in the frosty air. The band of soldier fiends had passed on, and were busy shooting old men who were kneeling with their hands behind their backs in front of the Japanese rifles. Several had already bitten the dust. So the bloody drama went on for three whole days after the occupation of Port Arthur, till about thirty-six Chinamen were the only Celestials remaining in the city. These were used in burying their dead comrades and as

water-carriers for the troops. Their lives were protected by a slip of white paper stuck in their caps, bearing the following inscription in Japanese characters: 'This man is not to be killed.'

The fleet had taken little share in the capture of Port Arthur. Late in the day the torpedo boats had headed off and sunk some small craft endeavouring to escape from the harbour loaded with fugitives. The cruisers had also fired on the disbanded soldiers of the garrison as they fled from the works near the sea south and north of the town. The forts on the "Tiger's Tail" were still in the possession of the Chinese on the evening of the 21st, but were evacuated on the following night, their garrisons making good their escape. On the next day the forts were occupied by the Japanese, who in this way got possession of the torpedo station on the promontory, and were able to render the mines defending the harbour mouth harmless. These were removed, and the fleet entered the port. On the 23rd some foreign warships arrived. It

was only then the Japanese staff took measures to restore order in the town and to remove the ghastly traces of the massacre.

The Japanese Government, shocked by the news from Port Arthur, and startled at the effect which it was producing in Europe and America, tried at first, by means more ingenious than ingenuous, to explain away and minimise what had occurred. Afterwards a Commission of Enquiry was appointed, but it appears never to have issued a report, nor was any official word of censure published.

Mr. Arthur Diósy, who devotes some interesting pages to the subject in his book "The New Far East," suggests that one reason for this official silence was that had the Imperial Government expressed any strong opinion on the matter, many of the chief officers of the army would have at once committed suicide, a theory which seems plausible enough to those familiar with the code of honour prevailing in the Japanese army.



ADMIRAL COUNT SAIGO.

#### IV.—THE NAVAL ATTACKS ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

**A**FTER the fall of Port Arthur the Japanese for awhile concentrated their efforts on the invasion of Manchuria. In January it was resolved to reduce the second naval fortress of northern China—Wei-hai-wei, where the Chinese fleet had taken refuge in the harbour, sheltered by the fortified island of Liu-kung-tao, both entrances to the bay being closed by booms. Towards the end of January Oyama, with the second Japanese army, landed in Shan-hing, advanced on Wei-hai-wei, and captured the forts on the mainland on January 30th and 31st and February 1st, meeting with only a feeble resistance. But the Chinese fleet and the island forts held out bravely. A storm had forced the Japanese fleet to run into harbour at Teng-chow on the 30th, but it returned to attack the island forts of Wei-hai-wei on February 2nd.

There was a heavy swell on the sea, however, and it was too cold for active operations. Next day, February 3rd, the weather was fine and not quite so cold, and the bombardment of the island forts was resumed, the fleet and the captured batteries of Lung-miao-tsui and Lu-chueh-tsui shelling the Chinese forts and ships, which replied vigorously. The little fort on I-tao, in the middle of the eastern channel, was exposed to the fire of the land batteries and some of the ships. It replied pluckily to the guns on the land, making good use of its two heavy guns mounted on disappearing carriages. It was in charge of Mr. Mellows, formerly a seaman gunner in the British navy. At noon Ito signalled to the fleet to cease firing. During the afternoon snow again fell heavily.

It was known that there was an opening between the end of the boom that closed the eastern channel and the land close under the forts, but it was narrow, and rendered dangerous by rocks and shoals. Just under I-tao Island there was another small opening. During the night between the 3rd and 4th, an attempt was made by some of the torpedo boats to destroy the boom near its southern end. The night was very dark and bitterly cold. Thin ice was forming on the sea, and broke crackling round the bows as the torpedo boats forced their way through it. The Chinese torpedo boats were acting as picket boats just inside the boom. They discovered the approach of the Japanese, and the forts and Ting's ships opened fire, send-

ing shells and bullets at random over the water outside the boom. Only one of the attacking boats effected anything. This was No. 6, commanded by a first-class warrant officer, Kozaki Tatsujiro. This brave man succeeded in running his boat through the narrow rocky channel at the south end of the boom, and laying his vessel alongside of it, tried to destroy the obstruction from the inside. The boat was rolling heavily, for a swell was breaking in the shallow water near the shore, and there was serious danger of the thin steel sides of No. 6 being stove in by collision with one of the heavy baulks of timber that floated the hawsers of the boom. But with infinite difficulty a heavy charge was attached, connection was made with the firing battery on board by an insulated wire, and then No. 6 drew off, and Kozaki pressed the firing key. But the charge would not explode. He then examined the wire, and found that it had been damaged, and its insulation destroyed by dragging across the fluke of the torpedo boat's anchor as she went astern before trying to explode the charge. With some copper wire and indiarubber packing he repaired the damaged conductor, and then again went astern and closed the electric circuit. But still there was no result.

But Kozaki was one of those men who do not mean to be beaten. He gave up the idea of firing his countermine by electricity, and resolved to destroy the boom by firing three small charges close together, after fixing them near the heavier charge already in position. The explosives were what are known as hand-charges, fitted with mechanical fuses, and fired by pulling a long lanyard—rather dangerous weapons to handle in the dark, and on rough water. To get them properly fixed Kozaki had to climb out over the bow of No. 6, on to the top of the floating boom, and he was soon wet to the skin and covered with ice. With the shells whistling and ricocheting near him, he completed his work. Then he scrambled back on board his ship, and she went astern for the third time. As the long lanyards came taut all the charges exploded with a burst of flame that plainly showed the position of the daring torpedo boat. Full speed ahead she dashed out through the wreck of the boom, the Chinese guns on I-tao and the Japanese with the captured cannon of the shore batteries exchanging fire over her as she sped out to sea.

The boat had escaped without injury, and the result of her work was that the end of the boom near the shore had been so damaged as to make the entrance near the rocks wider and easier.

On the morning of February 4th Admiral Ito, with the main squadron and the 1st or "Flying" squadron—in other words, with his eight best cruisers—steamed in towards the eastern entrance, leaving all his other ships well out to sea. He hoped thus to tempt Admiral Ting into coming out and attacking him. But the Chinese admiral made no move. A long-range bombardment of the island forts followed without any serious damage being done. Admiral Ito was now convinced that the Chinese were waiting for a chance to slip out in the dark in the hope of escaping to some of the southern Chinese

give up their places in the attack. Eight boats got safely and silently inside the boom.

The story of what followed had best be told first from the point of view of a British officer, who was serving on board Admiral Ting's flagship, and then from that of the Japanese. There are so few detailed accounts in existence of what it feels like to be torpedoed that the officer's narrative possesses a special interest. There can be no doubt of its authenticity. His name has not been made public, but his story is given at length in Lieutenant Armstrong's work on "Torpedo Warfare," one of the series of Royal Navy Handbooks edited by Commander Robinson, R.N. The writer, who is described as "an English officer of high attainments and one of Admiral Ting's most trusted officers," begins by



THE CHINESE BATTLESHIP "TSI-YUEN."

ports, and he gave orders for the torpedo flotillas to spare no effort to destroy the Chinese ships in the harbour. The first attack was made in the night—that between the 4th and 5th of February.

The plan adopted was that as soon as the moon had set—that is, a little after three a.m.—the 1st Flotilla (the *Kotaka* and Nos. 7, 11, 13, and 23) should make a false attack on the boom at the western entrance in order to divert the attention of the Chinese from the real attack which was to be made through the gap at the mainland side of the eastern entrance by the 2nd Flotilla (Nos. 8, 9, 14, 18, 19 and 21) and the 3rd (Nos. 5, 6, 10, and 22)—ten boats in all. It was another fearfully cold night, and, as the boats ran in, the spray froze on the gear of their torpedo tubes, making it very difficult to keep them in working order. Two of the boats, Nos. 8 and 21, touched the rocks, and, though they were got off with some damage, they had to

describing the precautions taken on board of the *Ting-Yuen*, in order to ensure the watertight doors being closed in case of attack. The ship lay anchored south of Liu-kung Island. No mention is made of her being fitted with torpedo nets; so it would appear that this kind of protection was absent. He then goes on to describe what occurred after the moon set on the night that the Japanese boats came in.

"It was," he says, "about four o'clock in the morning. Alarm rockets from our guard boats to the south of I-tao were seen. Presently firing took place from some of our ships. We ourselves opened fire, but what the object was I could not distinguish. After a time we ceased firing, and just then I saw a dark object, probably about half a mile away. Fire was opened on it, and I ran up the standard-compass erection to get a better view. Through my glasses I saw a double-funnelled torpedo boat coming end on to us on our port beam. When she was about 300

yards off, she turned hard-a-port. As she turned, I saw that we had hit her badly, as a lot of steam was to be seen. A few seconds after she turned we were hit on the quarter. The shock was a heavy quivering one, such as I should imagine an earthquake to be like. The sound of the explosion was a loud dull thud. A column of water dashed on board, and there was a faint sickly smell from the explosion. . . . The effect of the torpedo explosion was not very severe to the person. I saw no one thrown down on deck, but it was severe enough to make that possible. One Chinese officer was asleep in his bunk at the time. This was about 25 feet further forward, and on the same side as the hit. He was thrown out of his bunk and bruised, but not damaged otherwise. No heavy weights were displaced, but furniture was thrown about. On deck the only damage visible was the tearing away of the moulding on the ship's side in the vicinity of the hit. The effect of the shock was not demoralising. There was no panic, the men going to their stations as ordered in the usual manner."

The ship's bugle sounded the order to "close watertight doors," and those left open were at once secured. The officer went below to see that this had been properly done, and at once perceived that the ship had been very seriously injured. "I found," he says, "the water bubbling up through a store-room hatch. There was then about a foot of water in my cabin, which was near this hatch. The ship had already listed slightly. I went to the engine-room. There I was shocked to find the port engine-room filling quickly. From the engineers I heard that the port engine, after moving a portion of a turn, had stuck. The wedge doors of the tunnel [for the screw shaft] and side passages were leaking badly, but apparently not nearly enough to account for the rise of the water. The door between the two engine-rooms also began to leak, as well as that between the engine-room and stokehold on the port side. . . . Seeing the engine-room filling, and knowing that damage existed a considerable distance further aft (say thirty feet), I came to the conclusion that the damage inflicted was very extensive."

The idea occurred to him of making some effort to stop the leak, but it was dismissed at once, because there were no collision mats in the equipment of the *Ting-Yuen*. There were no sails or awnings on board; and, even if there had been, it looked as if the damage done was

too great to be remedied by such means. Admiral Ting, in no way dismayed by the injury to his ship, was thinking only of fighting the Japanese torpedo boats. He had ordered the cable to be slipped, and the *Ting-Yuen*, propelled by her starboard engine, was steering for the comparatively deep water south of I-tao, heedless of the fight in progress between the enemy's boats and the other ships. Ting's idea was to get between the enemy and the gap by which they had come in, cut off their retreat, and destroy them with his machine-guns. The officer's narrative continues:—"Shortly after the ship was got under way I reported to Ting and Commodore Liu that I believed the damage inflicted to be so great that it was doubtful whether the ship could be kept afloat, and I advised that she should be beached in such a way that, should repairs be found impossible, she would still be able to use her guns in defence of the harbour. This was, after some hesitation, decided upon, the state of the tide (it being high water) making this plan the more favourable. The ship was accordingly beached on the island inside the east boom (about 1,000 yards distant), and was placed in such a manner as to enable her to use her heavy guns to protect the east entrance."

Before following further the story of what occurred on board the *Ting-Yuen*, let us see how the Japanese flotillas of torpedo boats had fared during the attack. As might be expected, the existing accounts of what happened are confused, and in some respects contradictory. Considering what discrepancies are to be found in even the best reports of battles fought in broad daylight, it is not to be wondered at if it is no easy matter to piece together a clear and consistent narrative from the stories told by the commanders and crews of a number of torpedo boats that have made a rush into a harbour in the dark, and had a confused fight with ships that could only be distinguished as dull black or grey masses looming up in the night. When a torpedo was discharged it was generally impossible to say what it had hit, and at least two boats claimed to have torpedoed the flagship, though she was certainly only hit once. The following account is based chiefly on that given by Mr. H. W. Wilson in his work, "Ironclads in Action." He has used chiefly Japanese reports, summarised by the French naval review, *Le Yacht*.

The Third Flotilla (5, 6, 10, 22) led the way in, followed by the Second (8, 9, 14, 18, 19, and

21), which, as has been already mentioned, had to leave two of its boats (Nos. 8 and 21) behind, as they had run on the rocks. Thus two groups of four boats each got inside the boom. They turned to run up to the anchorage of the larger Chinese vessels between I-tao and Liu-kung-tao. On their way they would have to pass and engage the lighter Chinese craft, gunboats and torpedo boats, acting as picket boats inside the southern end of the boom. Nos. 5 and 22 were first in, and appear to have discharged their torpedoes at these small craft.

Both of the boats fired their three torpedoes without result. They had most likely misjudged the distance in the dark. The Chinese had now thrown up alarm rockets and opened a heavy fire. The two boats, now that their torpedo tubes were empty, tried to retire. No. 5 got out safely, but No. 22, with her steering gear disabled, drifted on the rocks at the entrance, and was so badly damaged that her commander, Lieutenant Suzuki, ordered her abandonment. She had sixteen men on board and only one small boat that would carry six. It made a first trip to the eastern shore successfully, but sank on the second. Suzuki and five men were left on the wrecked boat. Before morning came the lieutenant and one man were so exhausted with exposure and cold that they fell overboard and were drowned. The other four were got off at daybreak by a boat from one of the eastern forts.

The other two boats of the Third Flotilla, Nos. 6 and 10, ran past the picket boats while they were engaged with Nos. 5 and 22. Inside I-tao Island they found a number of junks and torpedo boats moored close to the fort, but they slipped past them, reserving their fire for bigger game. No. 10 ran out a little ahead of No. 6. The boats were now closing on the anchorage of Ting's heavy ships near Liu-kung-tao. The Chinese were firing, mostly at random, into the darkness. No. 10's report of her proceedings fits in so well with the British officer's account of the fight as seen from the *Ting-Yuen*, that there can be little doubt that the "double-funnelled torpedo boat" that he saw make the successful attack was No. 10, not No. 9, as stated in some narratives. It will be remembered that the British officer told how the enemy's boat approached bow on, then turned to port and fired the torpedo which struck the flagship in the after-part of the port side. Here is the story of the attack as given from the Japanese side by Mr. Wilson :

"As No. 10 drew near the enemy's large ships she collided with another torpedo boat engaged in the attack, but suffered no harm. Approaching through a hail of Gatling bullets a great grey mass rose suddenly up before her. It was the *Ting-Yuen*, and at it she fired her bow tube. Owing to the ice the torpedo did not leave the tube, but stuck projecting from it, half in, half out. Her commander turned gently to port and fired his broadside tube. In spite, however, of the fact that the sights were most carefully laid, and the speed corrections accurately applied, the torpedo, which had been pointed at the centre of the *Ting-Yuen*, distant about 300 yards only, just caught her stern. A man looking out from the boat saw it explode. No. 10 circled under a heavy fire from the Chinese, and turning, touched, with the projecting torpedo in her bow tube, No. 6. The two boats ran a terrible risk, for the trigger of the torpedo was actually smashed without exploding the detonator. They separated, and No. 10 retired, while No. 6 went forward to continue the attack. When within range her bow tube was fired, and once more the torpedo stuck. Circling, she brought her broadside tube to bear, but the torpedo broke in two on leaving the tube. A hail of one-pounder shells from the ironclad's Hotchkisses was falling about her, and yet strange to say no harm was done her. One only struck her hull abreast of the engines, and stuck in her side without exploding. The screw of the fuse must have come loose in flight." Besides the unexploded shell, No. 6 had been hit by forty-six Gatling or rifle bullets, but no one on board was injured. No. 10 only reported hits from two rifle bullets, no one wounded. The officer on board the *Ting-Yuen* thought that this boat had been hit severely as she turned, as he saw a lot of steam escaping. Either the escape of steam had some other origin or the Japanese under-estimated the damage they had received when they wrote their published reports.

The Second Flotilla, which had already been so unfortunate on the way in, did not effect so much as the Third Flotilla, and suffered much more serious loss. No. 9 engaged one of the despatch boats south of I-tao. She missed her with a torpedo, and then a shell fired by the Chinese ship burst in the torpedo boat's engine-room and wrecked her boilers, which exploded with the shock. Four men were scalded to death, two mortally wounded, and two others less severely injured. For some minutes she drifted helplessly under the fire of the Chinese,



with only half her little crew able to do anything. Then No. 19 ran up alongside of her and took her in tow, trying to get her out of the harbour; but, according to the Japanese account followed by Mr. Wilson, she sank in the harbour. It seems much more likely, however, that she remained afloat, though, her tow rope having broken, the crew of No. 19 thought she

of the midship torpedo tube, and once through the bow. These hits were from 3-pounder and 6-pounder guns. There were besides many marks of rifle bullets, but no penetrations. One of the shots had hit the steam-pipe in the boiler-room, and evidently scalded all the men there to death. Three bodies were in the stokehold, and another, that of an engineer



WEI-HAI-WEI AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

had sunk when she disappeared in the darkness. It is certain that next day a disabled Japanese torpedo boat was picked up by the Chinese in the harbour. She must have been No. 9, as all the others are easy to account for. Admiral Ting's British officer examined her, and thought she was the boat that had been engaged with the flagship; but, as we have seen, that boat got away. He thus describes the wreck of No. 9:—

“The torpedo boat which sunk us was found floating about the harbour at daylight. She had been hit six times, twice in the boiler-room, twice through the funnel, once through the nose

officer, on deck, but also scalded. On deck there was some (but not much) evidence, in the form of blood, of men having been hit. We heard afterwards, but I know not with what amount of truth, that the remainder of this boat's crew were frozen to death. Of the other shots, the one through the bow wrecked the forecabin. By a rather curious coincidence, the Chinese officer who was with me when I was examining the boat found three articles which had been looted from his house at Port Arthur: a pair of dumbbells, a scroll, and a chair. The boat was scrupulously clean in the cabins, and in the wrecked forecabin was a heterogeneous



WEI-HAI-WEI: THE FIGHT IN THE HARBOUR, FEBRUARY 4

mass of such things as guncotton and detonators, snow-white linen, bottles of sweets and cigarettes."

Of the remaining boats of the flotilla, No. 18 damaged her rudder by collision either with the rocks or the boom, and was towed out of action by her consort No. 14. During the attack the Japanese had lost nineteen men and two boats. Two others were so badly injured that they had to be sent to Port Arthur for repairs.

But, on the other hand, they had succeeded in sinking the *Ting-Yuen*. She had been run into shallow water, and during next day she was gradually going down. To quote once more the British officer's narrative:—

"Divers were sent down, and patches were prepared to cover the holes; but it was found impossible to do anything, though the divers reported that the hole was only five feet square. In the meantime, in spite of the large centrifugal pumps and watertight doors, the large compartments of the ship gradually filled up, watertight doors leaking, bulkheads giving way, till engine-rooms and all four stokeholds were flooded. We had hoped that one of the stokeholds might be kept clear, and thus enable us to have steam for the heavy guns, but by about three o'clock in the afternoon the last fire was extinguished. The use of the ship as a stationary fort was now, of course, greatly impaired, but the hand-gear of the barbetstes was connected up. As the tide went down, the after-part of the ship sank in the mud, so that the ship was inclined in a fore and aft direction, and thus rendered it exceedingly difficult to work the guns. (The Japanese fleet kept out of range on this day, and did not give us an opportunity of making a last fight with the poor ship.) By the evening the gun-platform was so much inclined that we could not align our sights at an object 1,000 yards off. We stuck to the ship, however, as our quick-firing guns would be of use in case of a torpedo attack to the north of I-tao. The water was now above the main deck aft. There was no fire in the galley, there was no fresh water, no food, and the thermometer showed twenty-seven degrees of frost."

It would seem that the shock of the torpedo explosion had so shaken the whole ship as to make the watertight doors leaky and weaken the bulkheads that formed the various compartments. Thus the water gradually forced its way into every part of her. Admiral Ting, in the

course of the day, transferred his flag to her sister ship, the *Chen-Yuen*.

In the following night (that between February 5th and 6th) the Japanese made another torpedo attack. This time the First Flotilla—composed of the *Kotaka* and Nos. 7, 11, 13 and 23—came in by the gap in the eastern entrance, while the six boats that remained out of the Second and Third Flotillas made a demonstration off the western entrance. The *Kotaka* led the actual attack. Followed by the four smaller boats, she passed through the gap and then ran on in the shadow of the shore round the inner part of the bay till she reached a point south-east of the town of Wei-hai-wei. The Chinese were not even aware that the enemy's boats were in the harbour. The flotilla then turned to starboard and steered for the Chinese fleet, coming from a direction from which no attack was expected. They were only observed as they fired their first torpedoes, when the Chinese opened on them with rifles and machine-guns. They fired in all seven torpedoes and got away without receiving any damage. Three ships were sunk at their anchors. One was the protected cruiser *Lai-Yuen*, which had been so terribly injured by fire at the Yalu fight, but had since been repaired and had taken her full share in the fighting. The others were a small cruiser, the *Wai-Yuen*, used as a training ship, and a despatch boat, the *Pa-Hua*. The *Lai-Yuen* capsized, and in the morning her bottom showed above the water. Some of her unfortunate crew had been imprisoned inside of her, and during the day they were heard knocking as a signal for help. With infinite labour the plates of the ship's double bottom were cut through. But the rescue came too late. All inside were found dead. The *Ching-Yuen*, another of the cruisers, had a narrow escape, a torpedo exploding close alongside of her, but doing only trifling damage. She was commanded by an Englishman, Wood, an old British blue-jacket formerly in the Chinese Customs department, who had offered his services to the navy on the outbreak of the war.

Next day, February 6th, Admiral Ito, who had already landed a small party under cover of his guns on the north side of Liu-kung Island, where the high ground protected them from the fire of the forts and the Chinese fleet, reinforced them with a strong body of seamen and marines and some machine-guns and field pieces. It was hoped that they would be able to co-operate in the subsequent operations by bringing fire to

bear on the forts from the top of the hill. During the day the land forts and some of the cruisers were firing on Ting's ships and the island forts.

On the morning of the 7th, while the torpedo boats watched the western entrance, the rest of the fleet closed in upon the eastern side of the harbour, and with the help of the land forts heavily bombarded Liu-kung and I-tao and the Chinese fleet for some hours. The Chinese made a vigorous reply, and the *Matsushima*, Admiral Ito's flagship, was hit more than once. A shell burst in her funnel, another wrecked her forward bridge, wounding three men. The *Naniwa Kan* was also hit, a shell penetrating her side and bursting in her coal bunkers. While the battle was at its height, the torpedo boats signalled that the Chinese torpedo flotilla (thirteen boats in all) was coming out by the western entrance, where a gateway had been made in the boom near the Liu-kung end of it. At once the *Yoshino* and the three other fast cruisers of the Flying Squadron gave up the attack on the forts, and dashed off westwards to deal with the torpedo boats. Shortly after, Admiral Ito himself followed with the four ships of the main squadron to help in the chase. If the Chinese had come out in the dark, they might have had some chance of getting away. As it was, they were in a desperate position. Their engines had been worn out by their being continually used as mere despatch boats, and they could not work up to anything like their nominal speed. They might have perished gloriously if they had made a dash for the Japanese ships, but they tried only to escape to the westward, and the great cruisers, led by the swift *Yoshino*, were soon closing on them and sending a shower of shells and bullets from their quick-firers and machine-guns whistling through the air after the hapless craft. Some were sunk, others wrecked, as the Japanese projectiles ripped open and exploded their steam pipes and boilers. Others drove ashore and were either destroyed or captured by the Japanese torpedo boats. Two only got away. They hid in a creek on the coast, and, after the pursuit had ceased, put to sea again and reached the treaty port of Cheefoo. Even these bore the marks of the heavy fire to which they had been exposed.

During the bombardment the little fort on I-tao, commanded by another British sailor, Mr. Mellows, was silenced. About half-past eight a heavy shell from the eastern shore batteries burst in one of the magazines and it blew up,

killing six of the garrison and wounding nearly everyone else, some slightly, some severely. But Mellows and a few brave men still kept one of the disappearing guns in action. It was the only gun still serviceable. As it rose to firing position, but before it could be discharged, it was hit by another huge shell that hurled it from its carriage. After this there was nothing to be done but to leave the fort and ferry the wounded over to the hospital on Liu-kung-tao.

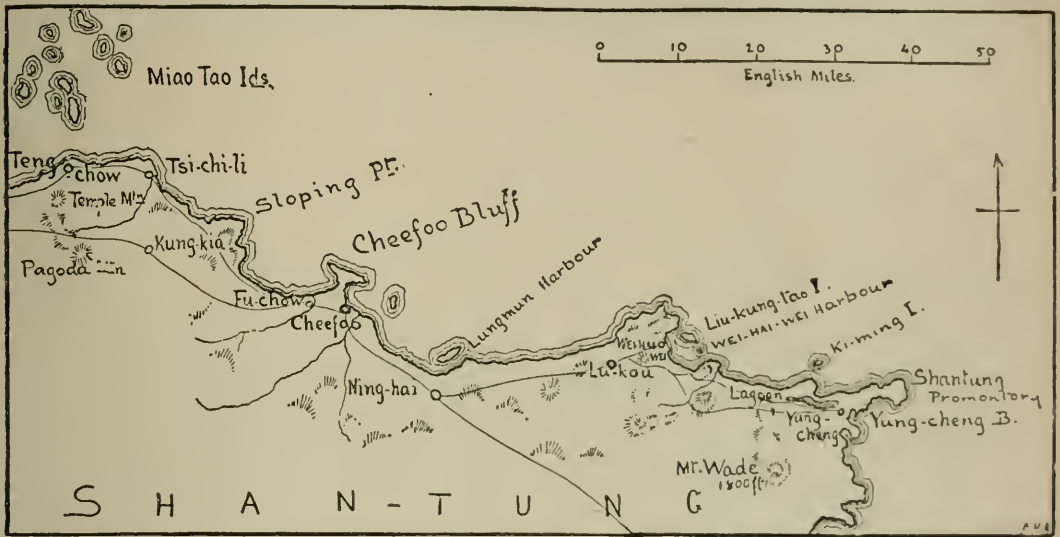
The Chinese now held only the forts on the larger island, and their fleet had been reduced to the *Chen-Yuen*, *Tsi-Yuen*, *Ping-Yuen*, *Ching-Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, and a few small gun-boats. The silencing of the I-tao fort had destroyed the chief protection of the eastern boom, and on the 8th the Japanese made a determined attempt to remove it in order to open the way for their fleet to enter the harbour and engage the Chinese ships at close quarters. After dark that evening boats and steam launches from the *Yoshino*, *Akitsushima*, *Naniwa*, and *Takachico* destroyed about 400 yards of the eastern boom, cutting the cables, and dragging the baulks that floated them from their anchors. On the following morning the bombardment of the Liu-kung forts was resumed by the land batteries and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd cruiser squadrons. The ships and batteries had also to engage the Chinese fleet, which, whenever a bombardment began, got under way in the harbour and replied to the fire of the Japanese guns.

That morning Admiral Ting's diminished fleet suffered a further heavy loss. The *Ching-Yuen*, commanded by Wood, was engaging the eastern shore batteries, when shortly after eight a.m. a 9-inch shell from one of the big guns in Lu-chueh-tsui fort hit the ship forward and just above the water-line. It went through her, blowing a hole in the other side a little further aft and under water. For two hours Wood continued the fight, trusting to the steam-pumps and the watertight compartments to keep the ship afloat. But about ten o'clock one of the forward bulkheads must have given way under the pressure of the water rising in the forepart, for suddenly her head went down and her stern rose out of the water with the screw whirring in the air. There was nothing for it but to abandon her as quickly as might be, but, with every effort to save life, ten of the crew were drowned. The *Ching-Yuen* sunk with her bow in deeper water and her after-decks awash. Wood was resolved that his ship should not be

raised to fly the enemy's flag after the war, and in the darkness of the following evening he destroyed her, going off with a boat party and exploding a heavy mine on her deck. Later in the same evening the Japanese came in again with boats and steam launches, and tried to destroy the boom north of I-tao. But they were driven off by the fire of the Chinese ships.

Admiral Ting's fleet was now reduced to the battleship *Chen-Yuen*, the belted cruiser *Ping-Yuen*, the cruisers *Kwang Ping* and *Tsi-Yuen*, and six small gunboats. One of these few survivors, the *Tsi-Yuen*, had been in every fight of

versary of the foundation of the empire, and when the sun rose all the ships of the blockading fleet were gay with fluttering flags. At nine a.m. the Admiral signalled to the Third Squadron to attack the fort on the east end of Liu-kung-tao. The five cruisers, *Tsukushi*, *Katsuragi*, *Yamato*, *Musashi*, and *Teurii*, steamed close in and opened fire, and the land forts joined in the cannonade. Later on, the *Yoshino* and the old ironclads of the Second Squadron were sent to the help of the smaller cruisers. The Chinese fire inflicted a good deal of loss on the attacking squadrons. A well-aimed shell destroyed the bridge of the *Teurii*, killing her commander,



NORTHERN SHAN-TUNG.

the war. She had been roughly handled by the Japanese squadron off Asan, when the first shots of the conflict were fired; she had fought at the Yalu battle; and here she was sadly battered, but still afloat and still fighting at Wei-hai-wei.

There was some desultory firing during February 10th. The four heavy cruisers of the main squadron, the *Matsushima*, *Ikitsushima*, *Chiyoda*, and *Hashidate*, lay close in to the eastern entrance, firing their heavy guns at the Chinese fleet. But, though there was a gap in the boom, Admiral Ito did not attempt to force his way into the harbour. He probably, by this time, felt certain that Ting's dogged resistance could not last much longer, and was waiting for him either to surrender or make a hopeless dash out to sea.

The next day, February 11th, was one of the national festivals of Japan, the traditional anni-

Captain Nakano Shinyu, and four seamen. One of her engineers and four other men were wounded. Another heavy shell burst on the deck of the *Katsuragi*, and killed one man and wounded six others, among them her commander, Captain Nobuki. The heavy gun in the bow of the ship was dismantled. The *Yoshino* had her second engineer and three men wounded, and there were a good many casualties in the land batteries. It was the last fight of the brave men who held the island batteries and manned the remnant of the fleet. As the Japanese drew off at half-past one, the Chinese guns were all in action.

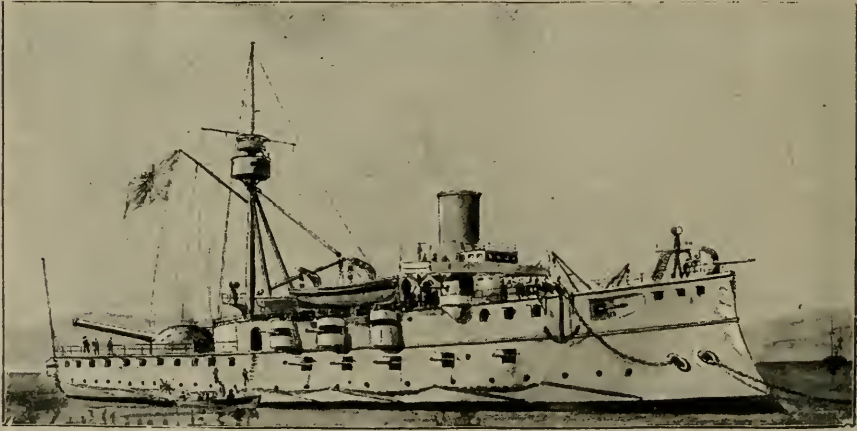
That night the *Yoshino* and her consorts of the First Squadron came in close to the western entrance after dark, and fired heavily on the island. The guns and mortars which the Japanese had now mounted in the western shore batteries also opened on Liu-kung. The object

of this cannonade was to give the Chinese the idea that the Japanese fleet was trying to come in by the western entrance, and so to divert their attention from the other entrance, where a final attempt was being made to destroy the eastern boom. It failed, for a gale had sprung up, and in the rising sea the boats and steam launches could effect nothing, though they were not fired on by the Chinese.

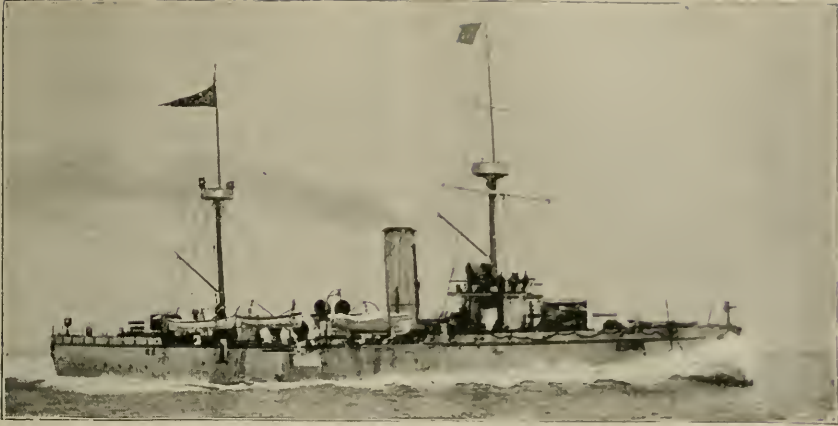
Admiral Ting's fleet had fought its last fight. The next day saw the surrender of all that remained of it and of the island forts on Liu-kung-tao.

The obstinate defence of the harbour had proved that properly led Chinamen could fight bravely, a fact that men were beginning to doubt

as they read the story of the other battles of this war with Japan. Admiral Ting was fortunate in having the help of a number of European volunteers at Wei-hai-wei, and the record of the siege affords good proof that under such leaders the Chinese can be made into good fighting men, though it is only fair to remember that these Europeans were a mere handful, and several of the ships and all the island forts were entirely officered by Chinese. The Peking Government were so impressed by what this handful of Europeans had done, that they appointed as their chief naval adviser Captain McClure, a British sailor, and if the war had been prolonged he would have had the command of the southern fleets.



THE JAPANESE ARMoured CRUISER "MATSUMIHA."



THE CHINESE CRUISER "CHING-YUEN."

#### V.—THE SURRENDER OF WEI-HAI-WEI.

SOON after sunrise next morning a Chinese gunboat, flying a flag of truce, was seen steaming out of the eastern entrance of the harbour. She headed for Ito's flagship, the *Matsushima*. Fearing possible treachery, three of the Japanese torpedo boats came rushing through the water and lay between the flagship and the gunboat as the latter slowed down her engines and stopped near the great cruiser. The gunboat was hailed, and answered that Commander Ching Peih Kwang, of the cruiser *Kwang-Ping*, was on board, and was the bearer of a letter from Admiral Ting to Admiral Ito. He was told to lower a boat and come on board the flagship with the letter.

It proved to be a belated reply to the long letter which Ito had addressed to his brave opponent before the first attacks on Wei-hai-wei. At the time, Ting had not even acknowledged it. The letter ran thus:—

"I, Ting Zu Chang, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Squadron, acknowledge having previously received a letter from Vice-Admiral Ito. This letter I have not answered until to-day, owing to the hostilities going on between our fleets. It had been my intention to continue fighting until every one of my men-of-war was sunk and the last seaman killed. But I have reconsidered the matter, and now request a truce, hoping thereby to save many lives. I most earnestly beseech you to refrain from

further harming the Chinese and Westerners in the service of the army and navy of China, as well as the civilians of Wei-hai-wei. In return for this I offer to surrender all my warships, the forts on Liu-kung-tao, and all the warlike material in and about Wei-hai-wei to the Empire of Japan." Ting ended by offering to ask that the Commander of the British squadron, which now lay off the port watching the operations, should be asked to guarantee the handing over of the ships and forts, and suggesting that the Chinese soldiers and sailors should not be made prisoners, but should be allowed to return to their homes. He asked for a reply within twenty-four hours.

Admiral Ito assembled a council on board the flagship, sent word to Marshal Oyama of what had occurred, and after a brief discussion agreed to accept Ting's proposal. So for the first time for nearly a fortnight the cannon were silent on sea and shore. Commander Ching was given a letter from the Japanese admiral to take back to Ting, and with it a few courteous presents, including a box of dried fruits, a dozen of champagne, and a dozen of beer. Ito wrote to the Chinese admiral:—

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to accept the proposal it contains. I shall, accordingly, take over from you all the men-of-war, the forts, and the material of war. As to the time when this

surrender is to take place, I shall consult with you again when I receive your reply to this. My own idea is, after taking over everything, to escort you and your colleagues in one of our warships to some safe place, as will best suit your convenience. If I may speak quite frankly, I would advise you, for your own sake and for the sake of your country, to stay in Japan until after the war. I assure you that you will be treated with the most honourable consideration if you decide to come to my country. If, however, you wish to return to your native land, I shall, of course, put no obstacle in your way. As for any British guarantee of your good faith, I consider it quite unnecessary, for I trust absolutely in your honour as an officer and a brave man." Finally, Ting, was requested to send a reply by 10 a.m. on the 13th at latest.

Commander Ching returned to the harbour in the gunboat and handed the letter to Ting. Then followed one of the saddest tragedies of the war. It will be noticed that Ito was throughout most anxious to persuade his old friend the Chinese admiral to come to Japan. He knew that if he returned to Peking he would be made a scapegoat by the mandarins, and sentenced to death for his failure. And more than this, the barbarous Chinese code would, perhaps, include in the sentence all his near relatives, even old men, women, and children. Ting also knew the fate that awaited him and all who were dear to him, but he hesitated to take refuge with those who had fought against his country. After reading the Japanese admiral's letter, he said that "there was nothing left for him to desire, as all he had asked for had been granted." He then gave the necessary orders to his staff, and wrote a letter, which was to be sent to Admiral Ito next morning. In the afternoon he went into the cabin of the *Chen-Yuen* and committed suicide by taking a large dose of opium. Commodore Liu, the former commander of the sunken flagship *Ting-Yuen*, Chang Wang Sen, the commandant of the forts on Liu-kung-tao, and several other officers of rank, on hearing of what had happened, followed the admiral's example, and died by their own hands.

The Japanese did not hear the news of this grim ending to the defence of Wei-hai-wei till the morning of the 13th, when Commander Ching again came out to the *Matsushima*, in a gunboat flying the flag of truce, and with the Chinese Dragon Flag hoisted half-mast high. Ching came on board the flagship, returned the

cases of presents to Admiral Ito, and handed him Ting's last letter.

"Your answer," wrote the Chinese admiral, "just received, gives me much satisfaction, on account of the lives of my men. I have also to express gratitude for the things you have sent me; but, as the state of war existing between our countries makes it difficult for me to accept them, I beg to return them herewith, though I thank you for the thought. Your letter states that the arms, forts, and ships should be handed over to-morrow, but that leaves us a very brief interval at our disposal. Some time is needed for the naval and military folk to exchange their uniforms for travelling garments, and it would be difficult to conform with the date named by you. I therefore beg that you will extend the period until February 16th, and on that day enter the harbour and take over the island forts, the arms, and the ships now remaining. I pledge my good faith in the matter."

It will be noticed that Ting was keenly anxious about the interests of his officers and men. His request that they should be given time to procure civilian clothes was an effort to save them from the insults and annoyance they would experience if they journeyed through the cities and villages bearing the badges that marked them as the disbanded remnant of a beaten army.

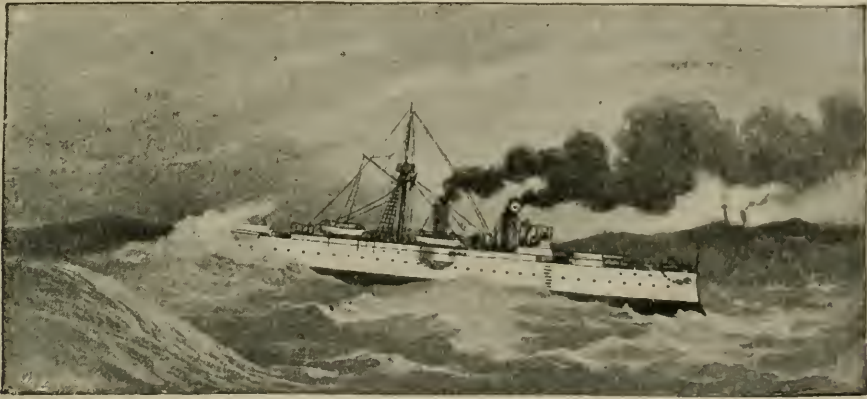
The news of his old friend and gallant opponent's death came as a heavy shock to Admiral Ito. Nothing in the correspondence had led him to anticipate such an ending. In the negotiations that followed he made special provision for due honour-being paid to the memory of the dead admiral. These negotiations were carried on by Niu-Chang-Ping, the civil governor of Liu-kung-tao, and Commander Ching on the part of the Chinese. They found Admiral Ito and Marshal Oyama anxious to do all they could to lighten the lot of the vanquished defenders of Wei-hai-wei.

It was agreed that the forts on the island, the ships, and all arms, ammunition, and naval and military stores, should be handed over to the Japanese. The civil population was to be protected, and the Chinese soldiers and sailors were to be allowed to return to their homes after being disarmed. The Chinese officers and the little party of "Foreign Military Advisers," who had done so much for the defence of Wei-hai-wei, were to be liberated on giving their parole not to serve again in the war against Japan. Admiral Ito further agreed that one of the sur-



rendered ships, the gunboat *Kwang-Tsi*, should be given back to the Chinese authorities, in order that she might be used to convey back to China the body of Admiral Ting. The Chinese and European officers were to be allowed to make the journey to Chefoo on board this gunboat, forming thus a guard of honour to the dead admiral.

The *Kwang-Tsi*, when she surrendered, had on board three torpedoes, four light guns, and thirty rifles. The torpedoes, rifles, and shells were removed by the Japanese, but the guns and some blank ammunition were left on board, so that she might be able to fire salutes. She was to be commanded and manned by her own officers and crew.



THE CHINESE ARMOURD CRUISER "PING-YUEN."

The gunboat received on board not only Ting's coffin but also those of the other officers who had shared his fate. A heavy gale and rough seas delayed her departure till February 16th. Admiral Ito had already, on the 13th, issued the following general order to the Japanese fleet:—

"Vice-Admiral Ting, the enemy's Commander-in-Chief, committed suicide yesterday, after surrendering his ships, the forts on Liu-kung Island, and the armaments, garrison, and crews. Great honour and respect must be shown to the spirit of our late gallant foe, who manfully did his duty to his country. His remains will be conveyed to a Chinese port in the prize, *Kwang-Tsi*, which the Commander-in-Chief will return to the Chinese for the purpose. Ships' bands are to play only funeral marches or dirges until the *Kwang-Tsi* shall have passed out of the lines. Vice-Admiral's honours are to be paid to the remains by all ships as the *Kwang-Tsi* passes them."

The final scene will best be described in the words of Mr. Arthur Diósy, who, staunch friend as he is of Japan, is rightly proud of Ito's chivalrous generosity:—

"Before the *Kwang-Tsi* left on her mournful voyage, the officers of the Japanese fleet and many from the troops on shore visited her to pay their last tribute of respect to the fallen foe. Slowly they passed before the coffin, each one solemnly and reverently saluting the remains of the enemy who had fought so stoutly for his country. The Chinese officers and civil authorities and the foreigners who witnessed the impressive scene were deeply moved. As one of the foreign officers in Chinese pay expressed it, 'You would have thought the Japanese were

mourning for their own admiral.' The Chinese gun-vessel, having taken on board the coffins of the other officers who had died by their own hand, as a grim staff to sail with the admiral on his last voyage, embarked the Chinese officers and foreign instructors liberated on parole, and steamed for Chefoo. As she passed through the long lines of the Japanese squadron, flying at half-mast the Dragon Flag that Ting had served so faithfully to the end, every Japanese ship dipped her victorious ensign, minute-guns were fired, and the 'Admiral's Salute' rang out from Japanese bugles in honour of the gallant enemy who would fight no more."

So ended the defence of Wei-hai-wei. There, as in almost every other instance, the Chinese army had collapsed hopelessly. But the navy had made a brave fight, though from the first victory was hopeless. Admiral Ting had at least proved that Chinamen could fight, and so had done something to retrieve the sadly damaged prestige of the once-conquering Dragon

Standard. The "foreign instructors," mostly British seamen, had taken no small share in the defence. There were, in all, about a dozen of them. And there is no doubt their presence was of the utmost value to the Chinese admiral. What they did at Wei-hai-wei was a repetition of what Gordon and his officers had done years before in China, and a good earnest of what may be done by the Chinese battalion commanded by British officers that has since been raised in this same naval station of Wei-hai-wei.

What were the Chinese losses in these days and nights of battle among the ice and snow will never be known. They must have lost fully as many by illness resulting from exposure as from the fire of the besiegers. Even the Japanese, who were better equipped in every way, lost large numbers by sickness during the siege, and had many men disabled and crippled by frost-bites. In the actual fighting the Japanese losses were not heavy. The army had 74 killed, and 214 wounded; the navy 27 killed, and 34 wounded—349 casualties in all.

Of the captured prizes, the wrecked *Ting-Yuen* could not be saved. After the war what remained of her was sold for a small sum to a Chinese speculator, who broke up the wreck with gun-cotton charges, and carried off the old iron. The consort, the *Chen-Yuen*, was found to be leaking badly from having come in contact with a rock, and she was sent to Port Arthur to be docked and repaired before being taken to Japan. She has since been fitted with a secondary battery of quick-firers, and now figures in the Japanese navy list as the battleship *Chin-Yen*. The belted cruiser *Ping-Yuen*, another of the prizes, has been renamed the *Hei-Yen*, and is now classed as a Japanese coast defence ship. The *Tsi-Yuen*, renamed the *Sai-Yen*, also appears in the list as a protected cruiser. Six gunboats were also transferred to the Japanese

navy, and six of the Chinese torpedo boats were got off the rocks, repaired, and added to the Japanese torpedo flotilla.

No attempt was made to effect any further conquests in Shan-tung. The object of the expedition had been accomplished when the Chinese warships were captured or destroyed. The Japanese partially demolished the land forts with explosives, and dismounted all their guns, taking away some of the best of them. They left a garrison only in the forts of Liukung-tao. The rest of the victorious army was transferred to Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, where Ito and Oyama began to prepare for the invasion of Pe-chi-li and the march on Peking.

On February 24th the Japanese army of Manchuria drove a Chinese army from the hill of Tai-ping-shan, near Kaiping, after a hard fight among the ice and snow. General Nodzu then advanced on Niu-chwang, the treaty port of Manchuria, which he stormed on March 4th. On the 8th he forced the passage of the frozen Liao River. This was the last battle of the war. While this winter campaign was in progress in Manchuria the Japanese fleet, with a brigade of the army on board, sailed for the Pescadore Islands, which were occupied before the end of March. A great army was concentrating at Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan under the supreme command of one of the Japanese princes to move on Peking as soon as the ice broke up in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. But China now acknowledged that further resistance was hopeless, an armistice was arranged, and a treaty of peace signed at Shimonoseki on April 17th, by which China renounced all claim to Korea, and agreed to pay an indemnity and to cede to Japan Formosa, the Pescadores, and the Port Arthur Peninsula. Of this last fruit of her victory Japan was deprived by the intervention of Russia, supported by France and Germany.





A MOMENTARY GREEK SUCCESS : THE ADVANCE AGAINST THE TURKISH RIGHT AT DAMASI.

# THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR.

## I.—THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR AND THE OPPOSING FORCES.

IN the early spring of 1897 the progress of the insurrection in Crete, the landing in the island of 3,000 Greek troops under Colonel Vassos, the successes won over the Turks, and the armed action of the international fleet against the insurgents, had all combined to fan to fever heat the popular excitement in Greece. To the Sultan's order for the partial mobilisation of the Turkish army King George had replied by concentrating the Greek army on the frontiers of Thessaly and Epirus. The fleet had already been prepared for war with a view to the expedition to Crete. The calling out of the reserves of the land army rapidly raised the numbers of the troops on the frontier, and these were reinforced by the bands organised by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*, which were allowed by the Government to form camps of their own near the border. This added considerably to the danger of war.

The demonstrations in Athens had now become almost daily events. *Zeto o Polemos!* ("Hurrah for War!") was the popular cry. The leaders of the agitation had persuaded themselves and their followers that war meant certain and easy victory over the Turk. Macedonia would rise in arms, Albania would proclaim its independence and refuse to fight for the Sultan,

the communications of the Turkish army would be cut by the insurrection in its rear. It would be left without supplies of food or cartridges, and forced to retreat through a hostile country or surrender to the Greeks in its front. It was reported that the Turkish Government was so short of money that already it could not obtain supplies for the troops it was trying to mobilise ;

that those who had been got together were starved, ragged, barefoot; and that small-pox and fever had broken out in their camps. These reports, as we shall presently see, had very little foundation in fact, but they served to increase the popular enthusiasm for war.

The Turkish fleet was notoriously inefficient. The navy had taken a leading part in the deposition of Sultan

Abdul Aziz in 1877, and Abdul Hamid regarded it always with suspicion. He did not like the idea of his palace and capital being under the guns of a squadron that some Pasha might use as the trump card in another game of revolution. The most powerful ships were ironclads of a type that was getting out of date twenty years before. On the eve of the war, orders were given to patch them up. But, do what they would, the Turks had to confess that the Greek fleet with three small modern battleships and a flotilla of torpedo



SOME OF THE ENGLISH HOSPITAL NURSES OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" AMBULANCE ATTACHED TO THE GREEK ARMY.

craft had the undisputed command of the sea. Vigorously used, this fleet might be an important factor in the war; for once hostilities began, the Turks could make no use of transport by sea, and their supplies and reinforcements would have to reach their base of operations at Salonika by a single line of railway which runs along the coast of Roumelia in easy reach of the sea, and be destroyed by the Greek fleet. Salonika itself might not be safe from a vigorous attack.

It was further hoped by the friends of Greece that the other small states of the Balkan peninsula would join in the attack on the Sultan. Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria were all expected to put their armies in the field. The Turk was not merely to be defeated in Macedonia; he was to be swept, bag and baggage, out of Europe. There were even enthusiasts who looked further afield, and hinted that defeat in Europe would mean a general crash in Asiatic Turkey: the Greek cities of Asia Minor would claim their old heritage of freedom, Armenia would rise from her blood-stained ruins, the Druses of the Hauran and the Lebanon would proclaim the fall of Turkish power in Northern Syria, the flame of revolt already ablaze in Yemen would spread through Arabia. It was a splendid vision of the "might have been." It had the drawback of ignoring some of the fundamental facts of the situation. Though the "concert of Europe" had been a failure in Crete, there was no doubt that the two Powers chiefly interested, Austria-Hungary and Russia, would hold the Balkan principalities in check, and that Russia would tolerate no renewed attempts at revolution in Armenia. Further, the whole scheme of "setting the Balkans on fire" depended on a successful outbreak in Macedonia. But the Macedonians were by no means unanimous for Greece. There were non-Greek, even anti-Greek elements in the Christian population, that looked to Belgrade and Sofia, not to Athens, for guidance. Both Servia and Bulgaria felt they had quite as good a claim to Macedonia as Greece could raise, and neither was anxious to put itself under Greek leadership in an anti-Turkish crusade from which King George would gain more than his allies. Thus only a portion of the Macedonian population was at the command of the agents sent by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*. There had been an abortive rising in 1895, and since then the Turks had kept a large force in the province. So that, whatever may have

been their goodwill, the malcontents could not attempt a rising until after a decisive Greek victory. Unhappily for the Greeks, they were counting on the insurrection to prepare the way for their victorious advance. They wanted to repeat the Cretan programme in Macedonia.

If there was to be a fight across the border against the Turk, it could not be very long delayed. In March the snows were melting on the mountains, the streams were full of good water, the young grass was springing up, helping to solve the problem of feeding cavalry, artillery, and transport horses and mules. The fight must be in the spring. If it were delayed even till the early summer, the whole country would be burned up by the heat, and the mere dearth of water would make it difficult to move brigades and divisions through the hilly country of Epirus and Macedonia.

From the middle of February the concentration of the rival armies on the northern frontiers of Greece had been in progress. If anything, the Greeks would have gained by an early declaration of war, for now day by day the numerical superiority of the Turks was increasing; and, so long as the state of war did not exist, they were able to make some use of the sea for supplying their armies. But the Greek Government was waiting for two things, and therefore held its hand. It wanted the war to be heralded by an insurrection in Macedonia, and it wanted the actual declaration of hostilities to come from Constantinople, so that Greece might be regarded as acting only in self-defence, and might thus have a further claim on the sympathies of Europe. This reluctance to fire the first shot was shared by the Turks: for the Powers had issued a joint declaration that if either party broke the peace the aggressor would not be allowed to obtain any territorial advantage even in the event of victory.

But this waiting game could not be prolonged indefinitely, and in the first days of April the *Ethnike Hetaireia* began to use its irregular bands on the border in a way that was sure to provoke a Turkish declaration of war. It certainly acted with the connivance, and even the aid, of Greek regular officers on the frontier. How far the headquarters staff of the Royal army was a party to these proceedings, how far the cabinet at Athens was involved in the policy of this powerful secret society, it is not yet possible to say.

Before telling the story of these border raids, it will be well to describe the military situation

on the frontier on the eve of the war. The Turks had mobilised and concentrated in Macedonia six divisions and a half of infantry—roughly, about 65,000 men—besides a due proportion of artillery and cavalry. Two divisions, 22,000 more, were assembled in Epirus. These two armies were at the outset under entirely independent commanders. Edhem Pasha, who commanded in Macedonia, and had established his headquarters at Ellassona, had for his mission to protect the

On the western side the Greek frontier was naturally very strong; on the east, in the more important region, it had several weak points. The old frontier of Greece, as fixed after the War of Independence, was a line running nearly due west and east from the north-east corner of the Gulf of Arta to a point near the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. At the Congress of Berlin in 1878 it was agreed that Thessaly should be ceded to Greece, and it was proposed to add to the cession the southern portion of



OUTLINE MAP OF THE THEATRE OF WAR.

province against Greek raiders, prevent any attempt at insurrection, and in case war ensued he was to march into Thessaly. Ahmed Hifzi Pasha, who commanded in Thessaly, with his headquarters at Janina, was ordered to act meanwhile strictly on the defensive. He had to hold the fortified town of Prevesa with part of his force, and use the rest of it to keep the province quiet and prevent the threatened Greek advance from Arta on Janina.

There were thus two distinct but adjacent theatres of war, of which the eastern region on the northern borders of Thessaly was the more important. For here the country is practicable for comparatively large armies, and through it lies the direct road to Athens.

Epirus—that is, the Greek part of Albania. It was suggested that the new frontier should run from the Gulf of Salonika, near Mount Olympus, to a point on the west coast opposite Corfu. It was not, however, until 1881 that the actual cession was arranged, and it fell far short of what had been proposed three years before at Berlin. It left Olympus to Turkey, and of Epirus it gave Greece only a narrow tract between the Arta River and the main range of Pindus, the frontier, running north and south along the Arta River. On the Thessalian border most of the Xerias Valley was left to Turkey, the frontier running along the spur of the hills between the tributary and its main stream, the Salamvria, and then running north-east across



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLES ON THE THESSALIAN FRONTIER.



the Xerias a little above Tyrnavos, and following the crest of another range of hills which lies north and south in the bend of the river. A glance at the map will show how Turkey was thus left a half-open door into Northern Thessaly. The direct road from Ellassona to Larissa and Athens ran over the watershed on the north of the Salamvria Valley (which now again formed the frontier) by the Pass of Meluna. But any force holding this pass and the paths over the hills to the east of it would be in danger of being cut off from its base by a Turkish army marching down the Xerias Valley and gaining the ground near Tyrnavos by the defiles of Damasi. With such a frontier the Turks could use their superior numbers to compel the Greeks to dangerously divide their already insufficient forces.

The paths on the border range east of the Meluna Pass are only practicable for pack animals and mountain batteries. But on the extreme east of the frontier line near the sea there is a road from Platamona into the Vale of Tempe, over the low wooded hills by which the spurs of Olympus sink to the coast. The Greek command of the sea made this road useless for the Turks.

There is another point to be noted as to this Thessalian theatre of war. West of Larissa the plain is bounded by the hills of a low range that runs south-eastwards towards the Volo Gulf. This is the Kara Dagh, the Cynoscephalae, or "Dog's Head" Hills of classic story. They divide Thessaly into two unequal portions. The Salamvria forces its way through them by the gorge of Gunitza, and they form the division between the lower valley of the river, about Larissa, and its upper valley, about Trikhala. How serious an obstacle these hills form is shown by the trace of the railway. It will be seen how the line from Volo to Larissa communicates with the Upper Salamvria Valley—not by the course of the river, but by a branch line that begins at Velestino Junction

and makes a detour by Pharsala to reach Trikhala.

Having thus described the theatre of war, the positions held by the opposing armies in the beginning of April may be briefly noted. Edhem Pasha had massed his main strength about Ellassona, threatening the Meluna and Damasi Passes, and leaving only small detachments to watch the various paths over the border range to the east and west of this central position. If the Greeks broke through anywhere, he could rapidly send reinforcements to help his lieutenants. Till war was actually declared

he had three lines of supply: (1) from Salonika by sea to Katerina, and then by pack animals to the front; (2) by rail from Salonika to Karaveria Station, and then by pack animals through Serfidje to the front; (3) by rail from Salonika to Sorovitch Station, and then by a cart track to Serfidje and the front. This was a long route, but was useful for the artillery and heavy ammunition trains. As soon as war was declared the first route was closed. An insurrection would have made it difficult to keep open the other two. By great efforts sufficient supplies had been got together for the troops.



EDHEM PASHA.

(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

At first all the infantry at the front were armed with the Martini. There were tens of thousands of Mauser repeaters in store, but there had been a strange delay about issuing them. The Turks began the war with the same weapons they had carried in 1878. But they were better organised, better trained, and better supplied than in that disastrous war. General von der Goltz and his Prussian colleagues had been busy reorganising the Sultan's army, and, despite endless difficulties, they had accomplished something.

In Epirus, Ahmed Hifzi's little army held Janina and Prevesa, guarded the hill paths and bridges on the border, and kept a division opposite Arta watching the Greek forces assembled in and near that town, under Colonel Manos, for the invasion of the province.

In Thessaly, on the Greek side, the young Crown Prince Constantine had taken command in the last week of March. His headquarters were at Larissa, where he had arrived on the 28th, accompanied by his wife, a sister of the German Emperor. He had at his disposal about 40,000 men. One division watched the Meluna Pass, another that of Damasi. Detachments faced the Turks wherever a hill path crossed the border. The bulk of his force was in the Lower Salamvria Valley. In the upper valley there was only a brigade, based on Kalabaka, at the head of the railway above Trikhala. This brigade was considered sufficient to guard the frontier in that quarter. The main attack, whether by Greek or Turk, was certain to be made elsewhere.

Along the hill frontier the guards that held the rival blockhouses on every pass and goat path had been so long near neighbours without any fighting that almost friendly relations were springing up between them. Even those who were reported good judges

of the situation were beginning to say that there would be no war, when, on the evening of April 8th, one of the bands organised by the *Ethnike Hetaireia* started from its camp at the monastery of Kakoplevri, near Kalabaka, to cross the border into Macedonia. It was about 1,500 strong. Crossing the border under the cover of darkness, it marched at daybreak on the village of Baltinon (or Valtinos). There were three Turkish blockhouses near the village. Two were abandoned by their garrisons and seized by the raiders, but the third made a dogged defence. The firing had continued for some

hours, when a relieving force appeared. It was only three companies (600 or 700 men) of an Albanian rifle battalion. After a very brief resistance the raiders retired across the frontier. The Albanians did not follow them beyond the border line, as the Turkish officers had orders to act strictly on the defensive. The raiders had lost about sixty men killed and wounded. On the same day there were less important raids near Arta, on the extreme west of the border line, and at Leptokarya, near its eastern end. In both cases the Greeks retired after a desultory fusillade with the Turkish outposts.

Rumour said that Greek regular officers had led the raid of Baltinon. Edhem Pasha had reported what had occurred by telegraph to Constantinople. In the night between the 9th and 10th of April he received a telegram ordering him to advance upon Larissa, but this was almost immediately countermanded by another, showing that the Sultan still hesitated to risk the wager of battle.

But, although there was as yet no official declaration of war from either side, the Greek irregular warfare had begun. On the 11th the partisans of the *Ethnike Hetaireia* were over the frontier again near Baltinon. In the night between the 13th and 14th a company of Greek regulars crossed the frontier near Damasuli; but, on being challenged, they explained they had lost their way, and they were allowed to retire in peace. On the evening of Friday, the 16th, a strong force of Greek irregulars, led by regular officers, made a raid over the border at Karya in more determined fashion than in any previous attempt.



THE CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE.

## II.—THE RAID OF KARYA AND THE FIGHT FOR THE FRONTIER.

THE European Powers had declared that, in the event of war between Turkey and Greece, whichever party began the fight would not be permitted, even if successful, to obtain any material profit from its victory. The result was that when hostilities at last began each party in the conflict was anxious to prove that the other had been the aggressor. So the accounts we possess of what happened on the evening of April 16th and during the following day are in flat contradiction with each other. The Greeks assert that the fighting began in consequence of the Turks pushing their outposts forward to the summit of a hill near Lake Nezeros, known as Analipsis, from the name of a monastery on its slope. This hill they claimed to be within their lines, and the Turks

were fired upon in order to warn them to withdraw. On the other hand, the more probable account given by writers who were with the Turks is that not only near Mount Analipsis, but at several other points along the eastern section of the frontier, the Greeks crossed the border in force, the raiders being partly the irregulars armed and organised by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*, partly regular officers and soldiers, who had exchanged their uniforms for the loose jacket and short white kilt, the peasant costume of their irregular allies.

The fighting began between Nezeros and Karya, where at seven in the evening of Friday, the 16th, the Greeks drove the Turkish outposts from Mount Analipsis. In the night, Mount Godaman, the next ridge to the westward, was

seized by a Greek column, and next day three other columns advanced against the enemy's outposts on the border, at the Meluna Pass, near Mati, and on the spur that runs across the Reveni gap, beyond the ravine where the Xerias River cuts its way through the hills. The Greek account of this general advance is that it was a reply to the alleged Turkish aggression at Analipsis. The Turks and those who adopt their view assert that it was an organised attempt to get possession by surprise of the central portion of the border ridge.

Whichever account

is true, this much is certain: that the Greeks, pressing forward in superior numbers and encountering only an outpost line weakly held, were, on the whole, successful.

The first news that reached the Turkish headquarters was of the advance near Karya. As a picture of what the opening fight of the war looked like, let us take an impressionist word-sketch from the narrative of Mr. Steevens, one of the English correspondents, who on the Saturday morning rode over from Ellassona to the scene of action.

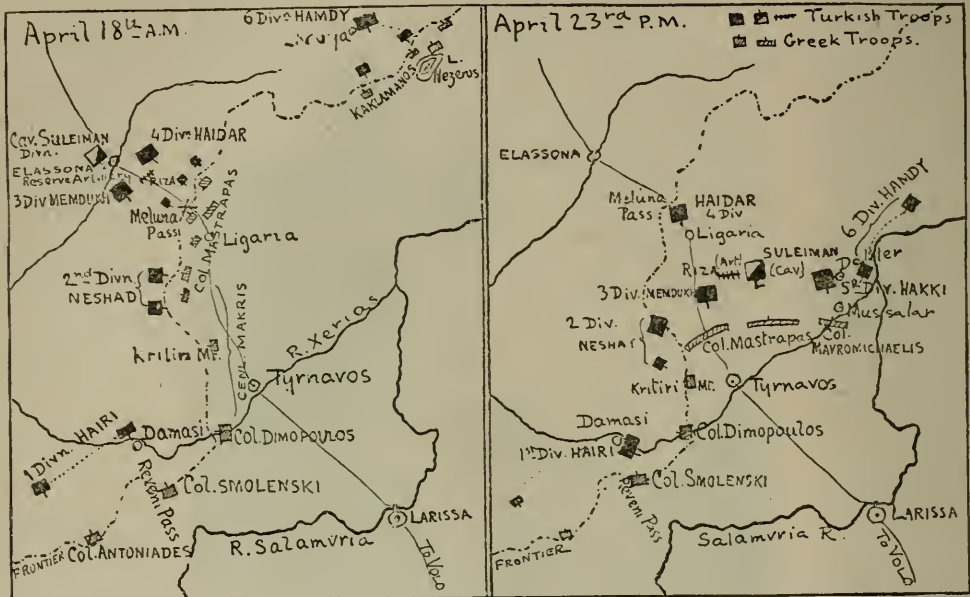


PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE,  
*Commander of a Field Battery in the Army of Thessaly.*

"As we struggled on the Karya road," he says, "there came a new experience. 'Pop, pop; pop, pop, pop; pop, pop, pop, pop, pop; pop.' It was not very different from the sound of shooting many pheasants, but I knew they were shooting men. My heart began to try to beat in time with the pops. When four or five came together, I wondered how many were down that time; I hurried lest both sides should be killed out before I got there. So I turned a corner and came on the village of Karya—small and ramshackle and dirty—wedged into a recess under hills like cataracts suddenly turned to

round slowly, now rapidly. Every now and then the pops were varied by a boom—a gun. Here and there a tiny patch of dirty smoke curled languidly off the broad hillside. Through a glass I watched it for a long time from Hamdi Pasha's headquarters, and I made out some black dots on a tongue of the ridge about one-third of the way up. That was a battery of artillery. At the very top was a line rather like the leg of a beetle under a microscope; that was a battalion of infantry. Pop, popple, boom, little black dots, and little black streaks—that was all."

The battle might perhaps be described as a



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE SITUATION AT THE BEGINNING AND AT THE END OF THE FIGHT FOR THE FRONTIER.

stone; above these the solemn whiteness of Olympus. Olympus is the back-scene of Karya; its foreground was the fight. There was a broad valley, perhaps a mile to a couple of miles across; at the other side of it grey-green hills, part stones, part young grass, part wood. The hills rose to various summits—four to five in all, though these were hardly individual enough to make the whole thing more than a crested ridge; you might as well call it one hill as five. I suppose they were 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, and quite steep. Along them ran the frontier. You could recognise it by the little dabs of white which stood for blockhouses. Across the valley came the pops—sometimes rare and distinct, sometimes a rapid popple when all the individual reports ran into each other. It sounded like a machine that was now going

skirmish, very much extended in space and prolonged in time. Close and serious fighting there was really none. The Greek advance over Mount Analipsis had been checked in the early morning by three Turkish battalions, which were camped near Karya and belonged to Hamdi Pasha's division. Colonel Kaklamanos, who commanded on the Greek side, sent for reinforcements and brought his mountain guns over the ridge. Hamdi Pasha hurried to Karya and ordered up battalions from right and left to strengthen the defence. For some hours he had no guns with which to reply to the Greek mountain batteries on the spurs of Analipsis. His batteries were away to the eastward near Leptokarya. He had ordered them up, but they were dragging slowly for hours along the rocky track that served for a road. Meanwhile, the

opposing infantry spread out in far-extended lines, and under cover behind rocks and knolls and bushes kept up a long-range rifle fire at each other, making much noise, but doing comparatively little damage.

During the Saturday, fighting of the same kind was breaking out for miles along the frontier range. Far away on the extreme left the Greeks had captured the Turkish blockhouses on the hill at the entrance of the Reveni Pass. To their right a column from Mati pushed up the bold ridge of Mount Kritiri. The Turks here held their ground obstinately, and in the

garrison of the beleaguered blockhouse still held its own.

Edhem Pasha had reported the news from Karya to Constantinople. He had followed up this first message with others telling how fighting had begun now here, now there, and he had ordered up his reserves. In the afternoon he was informed by a telegram from the capital that war had been declared, and he was ordered to advance in force against the Greeks next morning.

He had already sent into action all the troops who were actually at hand, and was pressing the



CAPTAIN LAGOS AND HIS THREE LIEUTENANTS, LEADERS OF THE GREEK INSURGENTS WHO CROSSED THE FRONTIER.

afternoon the mountain guns were in action on both sides. Still further north, Colonel Mastrapas' brigade surged over the crest of the Meluna Pass, captured the blockhouses on the hills on either side, setting one of them on fire, and completely surrounded but could not storm the blockhouse just inside the Turkish frontier at the summit of the pass. But by the hillsides right and left they pressed on towards the plain of Elassona. Haidar Pasha's division met and checked their advance, and in the afternoon the fight was like the big skirmish at Karya, a desultory encounter of long skirmishing lines, with the Greek guns on the hills above booming out from time to time, and a flicker of rifle fire on the crest of the pass showing that the little

Greeks slowly back toward the frontier. The firing went on far into the night, by the bright light of the full moon. But for the official world the war began only at dawn on the Easter Sunday morning. It was not to last long. Begun on April 18th, it ended on May 18th, just thirty days later. It might be called the Thirty Days' War.

In 1886, when war with Greece appeared to be imminent, General von den Goltz had drawn up a plan of operations for the attack of this very frontier of Thessaly. According to this plan, the Greeks were to be held in front by a false attack on the Meluna Pass, while the mass of the Turkish army pushed its way through the passes leading from Damasi to Tyrnavos, and

thus threatened the line of retreat of the defence. The very character of the ground suggested this plan, which, in fact, was the only way to make use of the "half-open door" left in the frontier, when the upper Xerias Valley was assigned to Turkey. But Edhem Pasha, probably because he wished to keep a strong force directly in front of the Greeks, covering Macedonia and his line of communications, neglected this obvious plan, and chose instead to make a frontal attack on the Meluna Pass. At the outset he was anxious about his extreme left towards the sea. He thought the Greeks might make use of their superiority on that element to make a descent on his flank, and Hamid Pasha was therefore directed to keep one of his brigades near Platamona to oppose any such enterprise. Hamdi had therefore only one brigade and his artillery with which to drive the Greeks back over Analipsis. Three battalions were sent from Ellassona to reinforce him.

In the centre, in front of the Meluna Pass, Edhem concentrated about 20,000 men. These were made up of Memdukh and Haidar Pashas' divisions and the reserve artillery, five batteries under Riza Pasha. The cavalry which had been camped further to the north was also brought up to Ellassona, though at this stage of the campaign there was nothing for it to do unless the Greeks obtained a footing in the plain. A little further to the right Neshat Pasha's division advanced from Skompa against the hills to the south of the Meluna, and on the extreme right the division of Hairi Pasha—slowest and most cautious of the Turkish commanders—held Damasi and watched the Pass of Reveni. Thus the Turks were bringing about 50,000 men into action along forty miles of frontier. Extended over such a long line, they were far too dispersed; indeed the only place where they had gathered in any considerable strength was in front of the Meluna. But then the Greeks had dispersed a smaller army, not more than 40,000 fighting men, along the same line, and they were everywhere hopelessly weak. It is no wonder

that the Turks carried everything before them. The only wonder is that they took the best part of a week to do it.

And the explanation is in the way they set about it. At early morning on the 18th, Riza Pasha brought his batteries into action, shelling the blockhouses held by the Greeks on the crest and flanking heights of the Meluna Pass at a range of about a mile and three-quarters. The Greek mountain guns made an ineffective reply. At closer range, lines of skirmishers pushed out in front fired at the Greek infantry, who squatted or lay down behind the natural cover afforded by the mountain side. This bombardment and

fusillade went on all day. It was not till evening that any attempt was made to push the attack home, and the losses on both sides were comparatively trifling. Away to the right the fighting was much closer. Hairi Pasha was just able to hold the Greeks in check about Damasi and Reveni. Here Colonel Smolenski (or Smolenitz) was in command on the Greek side, the only officer of high rank in King George's army that came out of the war with credit. He had under his orders a force at least equal to Hairi's,



HAIRI PASHA.

(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

and he made determined efforts to force his way down into the plain. Nearer Ellassona, but still on the Turkish right, Neshat had attacked the heights of Papa Livadia, pushing forward along the mountain road that leads from Skompa to Gritsiovali. His leading brigade was commanded by Hafiz Pasha, a grey-bearded soldier who wore on his breast the British and Turkish Crimean medals, and had also distinguished himself in the last Russian war. He led the firing line on horseback, reckless or ignorant of the changed conditions of warfare. His officers begged him to be more prudent. "My children," he answered, "I never dismounted for the Russians. Do you want me to dismount for these Greeks?" Wounded twice in the hand and arm, he remained in the saddle till he was killed at the head of his men by a bullet through the neck. They went on with the bayonet and cleared the hill-tops of the enemy. Only the bold peak of

Mount Kritiri, a precipitous mass of white marble rocks, remained in the hands of the Greeks by evening.

Far away on the left, Hamdi Pasha was in possession of Mount Analipsis. But Colonel Kaklamanos and his brigade had taken up a new position on the hills above Lake Nezeros. In the centre, at the Meluna, things went on more slowly. Edhem Pasha, seated on a rug in the midst of his staff, watched the cannonade. From hour to hour he received telegrams from the more distant battlefields, and in the afternoon he sent off three battalions and two batteries to help Hamdi, and another reinforcement for Hairi Pasha. At four o'clock a shell blew up the Greek blockhouse near the crest of the pass. The gun was laid by Riza Pasha himself. This successful shot was the signal for the infantry advance to begin in earnest. The Greek infantry fire had slackened perceptibly, and the Turks began to gain ground rapidly. They rushed the crests of the hills with the bayonet, but the Greeks did not wait to meet blade with blade. Blockhouse after blockhouse surrendered, and some prisoners were sent down to headquarters. When the sun set, the Greeks held only the summit of Mount Menexe,

the hill on the north of the pass, where they had a blockhouse. The rest of the pass was in the hands of the Turks, and the bulk of its defenders had fallen back to Ligaria. The little Turkish garrison of the blockhouse marking the frontier had been rescued. The attack on Menexe went on by moonlight. It was taken about three a.m., and Edhem Pasha reported by telegraph to Constantinople that the whole of the border range except Mount Kritiri was in the possession of his troops.

The first general engagement of the war had ended in a complete victory for the Turk. Though from first to last the fighting had lasted more than forty hours, the losses on neither side were heavy. There had been an enormous expenditure of ammunition, mostly at long ranges. According to Mr. Clive Bigham, the *Times* correspondent with the Turks, their inaction on

the day after the battle was largely due to their ammunition being exhausted, and no fresh supplies being nearer than Ellassona. "Nearly all the troops," he says, "had been in the firing line, and had completely used up their battalion reserves, while the divisional ammunition had been left at Ellassona. It was not, as it happened, a matter of very great importance, as the Greeks were evidently far worse off; indeed, in some respects it prevented any further waste, as fire discipline and any check on the cartridges used hardly existed. There was no lack of morale, but on the other hand there was very little attention to putting up sights or aiming, and collective was entirely subordinated to independent firing. In the attack up the hills the extended formation was adopted rather by instinct than command, for when a company advancing in line found itself inconveniently hustled by the enemy's bullets, it merely spread out a bit more. But the absolute imperturbability of the men, their unhesitating and unwavering advance in the teeth of the most murderous fire, and the casual way in which individuals halted for the most ordinary purposes under a hail of shrapnel, convinced us that the result of the war was a foregone conclusion. It is hard for a



GENERAL SMOLENSKI.

(Photo: Pantzopoulos, Athens.)

European to imagine even the most highly trained troops displaying such *insouciance*; and the only explanation to fall back upon is the original hypothesis that fear is an influence to which the Turkish brain is not susceptible."

At dawn on Monday, April 19th, Edhem Pasha had the main road into Thessaly open before him. The Greeks had been so sure of victory that they had thoroughly repaired the road from Larissa to the Meluna, with a view to their future line of communications into Macedonia. Larissa was not twenty miles away. Its buildings were in sight from the crest of the pass. With anything like vigorous action Edhem ought to have been into it by Tuesday morning. But Turkish armies and Turkish generals do not believe in haste. Prince Constantine was to spend a few days more in Larissa.

In his official reports little was said of the loss of the Meluna Pass. A victory was claimed on the left for Smolenski, who was said to be forcing back the Turkish right; and on the right for Kaklamanos, who was said to be holding his own in the hills above Lake Nezeros. Then there was really good news from Epirus, and there were still hopes that the fleet would effect something against the Turkish communications. And it was always possible that Macedonia might yet rise, and Greece might find allies in the Balkan States, so that her friends throughout Europe did not abate their hopes, or realise that, although the sluggish Turk seemed not to know how to use his victory, he had Northern Thessaly at his mercy.

During the night between April 18th and 19th the Turks carried the field telegraph line from Elassona up to the summit of the Meluna Pass. All that day the Turkish centre made no advance. Riza Pasha was getting the guns of the reserve artillery over the pass. For the last few hundred yards of the ascent they had to be dragged up by teams of fifty men. The Greeks held the village of Ligaria, on the downward road into the plain, and no attempt was made to drive them out. But to right and left the fighting continued. On the Turkish left Hamdi Pasha was engaged all day with the brigade of Colonel Kaklamanos on Mount Godaman, but made little or no progress. On the extreme right Hairi Pasha barely held his own against the converging attack of Smolenski's brigade issuing from the Pass of Reveni, and the brigade of Colonel Dimopoulos, which was moving westward up the gorge of the Xerias. Near the centre Neshat Pasha made an unsuccessful attack on Mount Kritiri, which was held by the left of Colonel Mastrapas's brigade. The troops who held the hill were the kilted Euzonoi, the riflemen of the Greek army, supported by a battery of mountain guns. The hill, strong by nature, had been further strengthened by

entrenchments and breastworks of stone. "Along the heights of a scarped cliff the entrenchments bristled," says Mr. Clive Bigham, the *Times* correspondent; "below lay a rocky gorge, and beyond it on our (*i.e.* the Turkish) side rose a long reverse slope, which served the enemy as an admirable glacis. Again and again did the Turkish guns bombard the heights, and again and again did the Albanians rush down the slopes and endeavour to scale the cliff; but the fire poured on them from above was murderous, and the batteries behind them had little effect on parapets of rock and stone . . . Kritiri, however, did not command the road

from the Meluna Pass to Karadéré nor the road beyond. It was a strong position which precluded any direct attack on Tyrnavos, and which checked any advance through the defile of Skompa; but beyond that, it was not of any great value, and probably many generals would have masked it in front and rear, and left it behind." On Tuesday, the 20th, Edhem Pasha, having given his men a day's rest, and supplied them with cartridges, began his leisurely advance into the plain. As the leading brigade of Haidar Pasha's



HAMDI PASHA.

(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

division came down from the pass the Greeks evacuated Karadéré or Ligaria, after firing a few shots. Colonel Mastrapas retired into the plain, his left on Kritiri, his right thrown back to the village of Deliler. His centre was near Mati. Behind him was the Xerias River, now a scanty stream, fordable at many points. Clumps of wood and rocky knolls gave here and there a good deal of cover to the Greeks.

Hamdi Pasha was still fighting in the hills away to the eastward, by Lake Nezeros, a fight at long range, which might last days yet without decisive result. On the right, away to the south-west, Hairi Pasha was defending himself against the persistent attack of the Greeks at Damasi, though the day's fighting was chiefly a cannonade



with little loss on either side. At Kritiri, Neshat Pasha had given up the attempt to storm the fortified cliff, and was bombarding the hilltop, hoping in any case to make the garrison exhaust their ammunition. Edhem, the commander-in-chief, did not mean to push forward with his centre till the Greek defence collapsed on one or other of the wings. When that happened the Greek centre would have to go, or be cut off from Larissa. A more energetic commander

by the palace at Constantinople, played the cautious waiting game, and would not take even the slightest risks.

There were two men with the headquarters of the army who chafed at this inaction. One was Grumbkoff Pasha, a Prussian officer, who held the post of Inspector of Artillery in the Turkish army; the other was Seyfullah Bey, a young Turkish colonel, one of the trained officers of the new school. Seyfullah was a wealthy man.



GREEK PEASANT RECRUITS.

would have attacked at once. He had in hand Haidar and Memdhuk's divisions, Riza's reserve artillery and Suleiman's cavalry division, all made up of splendid fighting material, and fresh from the victory of the Meluna. In front of him was only the single brigade of Colonel Mastrapas. If Edhem had attacked he would have simply overwhelmed it and driven it across the Xerias into Larissa, and this victory in the plain would have divided the wings of the Greek army from each other. The strong left wing would have retired on Pharsala or Trikhala, but Kaklamanos on the right would have been cut off and destroyed. But Edhem, probably because he was controlled

He owned land near Larissa. Before the war he had been the Turkish military attaché at Athens. He had lived occasionally at Larissa, and he knew by personal experience every mile of the country between the Meluna Pass and Athens. On the outbreak of the war he had been attached to Edhem Pasha's staff, and his personal knowledge of the Greeks, their army, and their country was invaluable to the Turkish commander-in-chief. On this Tuesday Grumbkoff and Seyfullah led the cavalry and a horse battery out into the plain as far as the hamlet of Kainak-bashi, near Mati, where there was a spring of good water, welcome to the men and horses



THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF MATL.

who had felt the want of it on the sun-scorched border hills. Then they reconnoitred the ground held by the Greeks, and, to make Mastrapas show his hand, brought the guns into action among the standing corn near the hamlet. The Greek guns replied from a low mound in front. Further back it could be seen that the infantry were holding the edges of the clumps of wood along the river. The firing did not last long, and on the Turkish side there were no casualties. The Greeks also seem not to have lost a man.

On Wednesday, the 21st, the Turkish army was still toiling across the Meluna Pass by the narrow road. By noon Edhem Pasha had three infantry divisions (Haidar's, Hakki's, and Memdhuk's) over the hills, besides an independent brigade under Naim Pasha and the cavalry and reserve artillery, between 30,000 and 40,000 men in all. Still he made no attempt to attack in force the weak line formed by the Greek brigade in his front. Hakki's division occupied the village of Karatsali on the left centre. Memdhuk was on his right, Haidar and the reserve artillery further back near the pass. Out in front were the cavalry and Naim's brigade near Kainakbashi. The battery that Grumbkoff had brought into action the day before had been reinforced by four more, and at ten a.m. the thirty guns opened fire against the knoll in front occupied by the Greek artillery. They replied with four batteries (twenty-four guns). The long-range artillery duel went on for six hours in leisurely fashion. The fire was never rapid, and it was almost absolutely harmless. On the Greek side one man was killed. On the Turkish side two men and three horses were hit. The firing ended at four o'clock, for no particular reason, except perhaps that everyone was tired of it. This cannonade was the action described at the time as the "Battle of Mati."

In the hills on the left Hamdi Pasha was pushing Kaklamanos back in leisurely fashion. Edhem Pasha, seated on a rug at the top of the Meluna Pass, surrounded by his staff and the correspondents, and entertaining them with coffee and cigarettes, had watched the day's manœuvres from that point of vantage. He could hear the firing away to the left drawing gradually nearer, and in the afternoon a despatch from Hamdi told him that the Greek resistance in that direction was at last giving way. To the right front, from the hills to the south, the roar of Neshat's guns told that the bombardment of Kritiri was still in progress. Still further off,

Hairi, content merely to hold his own, was standing on the defensive at Damasi. This was the situation at the close of the fourth day of the Thessalian campaign.

On this same day General Makris, who commanded at the front, had informed the Crown Prince that he considered the position on the Xerias untenable, and was about to withdraw from it. To have done so would have been to expose both wings of the Greek army, and Prince Constantine immediately countermanded the intended retreat, and ordered the brigade of Colonel Antoniadès, and part of that of Colonel Dimopoulos, which had been till now engaged in the movement against Damasi on the left, to march by Tyrnavos to the support of Makris and Colonel Mastrapas. This movement was not completed on the 21st. Next day Smolenski, who had thus been deprived of the help of the two other brigades, desisted from the attack on Damasi, and set to work to entrench his troops on the ground they had won in the Pass of Reveni. Neshat Pasha ceased to bombard Kritiri. In the plain in the centre all was quiet. The only movement was the advance of Hakki Pasha's division on the left centre towards Deliler. He had been ordered to occupy the town, but started late, and bivouacked for the night on the left of the cavalry division. But even so his advance threatened the line of retreat of Colonel Kaklamanos, the hill track from Nezeros by Deliler and the Salamvria Valley. There was some desultory fighting between Kaklamanos and Hamdi's troops, but on the whole the 22nd was a day that marked a lull in the campaign.

Pressed in front by Hamdi, and threatened by Hakki's advance, Kaklamanos had fallen back upon the Xerias, near Mussalar, in the night of the 22nd. By the morning of the 23rd he was in touch with the right of the Greek line along the river. General Makris' centre lay east and west from Mati to the hills near Kritiri, with his right thrown back towards the gorge of the Xerias. He was holding a front of ten miles with only three brigades, and was necessarily weak everywhere. Only Edhem Pasha's dilatoriness had enabled him to remain so long north of the Xerias, and he was quite correct in his report to the Crown Prince that the position was untenable.

But at last Edhem Pasha was coming on. On the morning of the 23rd, Hakki Pasha's division, with five batteries, occupied Deliler, and came into action against the Greek right in

front. Hamdi's leading brigade was expected to issue from the hills and take the enemy in flank, but Hamdi was late, and the attack was not pressed home till late in the day. The artillery was in action in the centre, and the Greek guns were withdrawn from the knoll they had occupied during the "Battle" of Mati. From the extreme right, Hairi had reported that the Greeks had fallen back to the frontier, and he was ordered to follow them up with one of his brigades, and move with the other against the gorge of the Xerias. Neshat was to storm Kritiri with one brigade, and push forward the other to co-operate in the attack on the Greek left.

It was too late to carry out these movements on the 23rd. The general attack on the Greek line was fixed for Saturday, the 24th. Haidar Memdhuk and Hakki were to attack in front, Hamdi was to turn the Greek right, and Neshat and Hairi's brigades were to threaten their left. A general engagement was expected all along the line, and the result could not be doubtful.

However, in the night between the 23rd and 24th the Greek defence collapsed. The retreat had already begun on the Friday evening. The general impression at the time was that it was the result of orders given by the Crown Prince, but this does not seem to have been the case. Prince Constantine, who did not consider the action on the 23rd was a serious engagement, had spent the day at Larissa. The Greek brigadiers seem to have paid very little attention to the Crown Prince and his staff, and to have acted as if they were in independent command, for late in the afternoon of the 23rd Colonel Mavromichaelis, who was directing the Greek defence on the right, telegraphed, not to the Commander-in-Chief, but to Colonel Smolenski on the left, that the position in front of Deliler had become untenable, that he was about to retire to Larissa, and that Smolenski had better conform to the movement. The message passed through the military telegraph office at Larissa, and the officer in charge sent a copy of the

despatch to the Crown Prince. It was thus that, almost by an accident, the Commander-in-Chief heard of the movement which had already begun.

Smolenski, notwithstanding the news, held his ground about Reveni during the night. As soon as the retreat of his right wing began, General Makris, who had for two days been anxious to withdraw from ground where he felt that battle meant disaster, ordered a general retirement of his troops on Larissa. The garrison of Kritiri had already fallen back on Tyrnavos. The Greek retirement during the night rapidly degenerated into a rout.

To move an army along narrow roads in pitch darkness is never an easy matter, even at peace manœuvres, but in this case it was not merely an army that was in retreat. The memory of what the Turks had done in Bulgaria twenty years before, the more recent impression caused by the massacres in Armenia and at Canea, had spread the idea among the Greek population of Thessaly that the arrival of the Turkish armies would mean a savage outbreak of slaughter and pillage, outrage and incendiarism. Hence, as



NESHAT PASHA.

(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

soon as the townsfolk of Tyrnavos and the villagers all along the plain became aware that the Greek army was retiring, they also took to flight. From every village poured a crowd of terror-stricken people, with carts conveying their few household goods, and the sick and aged, and children who could not walk. With the crowd sheep and cattle were driven along, and the confused and ever-increasing mass mingled with the troops, and threw their ranks into confusion.

Suddenly the alarm spread that the Turkish cavalry were coming, and the report spread like wildfire along the road. Whence it arose is unknown to this day. Some say that a stampede of frightened horses startled the crowd already rendered anxious by the struggle to keep their places in the gloomy procession of fugitives. Others say that at a point where a cart track joined the main road a party of Greek cavalry rode in on the side of the moving multitude,

and were not recognised as friends. However this may be, there was a loud outcry of alarm, a rush in which the weak were trampled down and carts and carriages were overturned. Shots flashed and rang out through the darkness. Here frightened men were firing on imaginary foes; there officers, revolver in hand, were trying to conquer one fear by another and keep their men in the ranks by shooting down the first who deserted them. But for the most part the officers had lost all control of the soldiers. Some of them were thinking only of their own safety. Seized by the general panic, they had ceased even to try to control the troops. The army had become a mere mob and the tide of headlong flight rolled into Larissa, leaving the road behind strewn with arms and equipments, with here and there wrecked waggons, and the corpses of men and women who had been shot down or trampled to death in the panic.

In the town of Larissa officers, soldiers, and peasants lay down in the streets, exhausted with the awful struggle and the mad flight from a danger that was all imaginary; for the dreaded Turkish troopers were sleeping in their bivouacs far away north of the Xerias, and in the Turkish camp there was not yet the faintest idea that the Greek army had gone. The officers of the Crown Prince's staff had made an attempt to stop the fugitives at the bridge leading into Larissa, but it was all in vain; they were swept away by the human torrent. Some of the British war correspondents had an unpleasant experience during the retreat. Their carriage was overturned in the panic. They lost their baggage, notes, and sketches, and narrowly escaped death or serious injury in the panic. Mr. Charles Williams, the representative of the *London Daily Chronicle*, an old campaigner, was in Tyrnavos when the retreat began. He decided to remain there, and hung out the British flag from his lodgings, and passed a quiet night while his less fortunate comrades were involved in the rout on the Larissa road. Next day he retired with the rearguard, two battalions, which had held Tyrnavos during the night and now

manned the redoubts on the left bank of the river covering the approaches to the bridge. They were all that was left intact of General Makris' division.

During the night the Crown Prince had held a hurried council of war at his headquarters in Larissa, shortly after midnight. It was recognised that it was no longer possible to oppose the Turkish advance near the frontier, and it was decided to rally the army south of the town and withdraw to the hills near Pharsala, where another stand might be made. The decision was a wise one. The situation north of Larissa was hopeless. Kaklamanos, with four battalions, was retiring on Makrychori. The rest of General Makris' division had for the most part become a mass of fugitives. Smolenski, on the left, with his right flank exposed by the collapse of the centre, must abandon Reveni. There was nothing for it but to retreat.

But there was no reason why this retreat should have been carried out so as to make it little better than a continuation of the headlong flight from Tyrnavos. Larissa barred the direct road from the north. It was protected by a deep, broad river, crossed by a high bridge, beyond which redoubts had been erected, of which the heavy cannon swept the approaches. The Turks had not yet crossed the Xerias. A rearguard could have held Larissa for twenty-four hours without being even challenged; and, if one might judge by Edhem Pasha's slow advance, it would be at least another twenty-four hours before it was seriously attacked. The place could not hold out long. The Turks could cross the river at several points higher up. But a delay even of two or three days would give time for removing arms, stores, guns, and the sick and wounded in the hospital, and there would be time to destroy the great stone and iron bridge over the Salamvria, the telegraph, and whatever else might be useful to the invader. But once the retreat had been decided upon, a precipitate flight began.

The hurried evacuation of Larissa is indeed a miserable story. At four a.m. on the Saturday



GENERAL MAKRIS.

morning it became known in the town that its abandonment had been ordered. There was a rush of fugitives to the railway station, and the trains were soon crowded, and not always with civilians. Soldiers, and even officers, struggled for a place in the overloaded carriages. One train was thus packed with people when Prince Constantine with his staff officers and servants arrived. Some carriages were cleared, and he and his suite took the vacant places, and the train steamed away towards Volo. Later in the day there was a disgraceful scene, when a crowd of soldiers and civilians hustled women and children out of a train to make room for themselves. It was only by the efforts of the British company of the Foreign Legion that the mob was kept back from the train that conveyed the wounded.

The bulk of the army and a large part of the Greek population streamed out of the town by road. The soldiers were moving in two huge columns, and the more energetic officers gradually restored order in their ranks. Before the last of the soldiers left the place the prison had been opened, and its inmates let loose. A handful of these armed themselves with the weapons thrown away by the soldiers, and, with some of the irregulars, occupied the houses near the bridge. The Greek engineers had brought a case of gun-cotton to the bridge-head to blow it up, but had gone without even attempting the work. The guns were left in the redoubts and the citadel, the telegraph was not cut, nor were the instruments removed or damaged. The sick and wounded were abandoned in the hospital. By noon the last Greek soldier had gone from Larissa. The Turkish inhabitants of the place were barricaded in their houses, fearing to lose their lives at the hands of the armed banditti who now had the town at their mercy.

On the Saturday morning the Turks had expected a battle. They were astonished to find the Greek positions abandoned. Deliler and Mussalar, occupied the evening before, were in flames. They had been fired by the

conquerors in the night. The Turkish staff were honestly anxious to prevent such outrages, but they were not always able to restrain the wilder spirits in the ranks of the army. During the morning the line of the Xerias was occupied. Tyrnavos was found to be absolutely deserted. It was a purely Greek town, and all its people had fled. A reconnaissance down the Larissa road showed abundant traces of the panic flight of the night before. But still nothing was known of the abandonment of Larissa. A more enterprising cavalry commander than Suleiman Pasha would have found out what was in progress before the morning was many hours old. If cavalry patrols had been pushed well

forward towards the town, the noise of the engines dragging train after train out of the station would alone have sufficed to tell what was happening.

It was not till early morning on the Sunday that the rumour of the evacuation of Larissa reached the Turkish outposts. It was brought in by some Greek stragglers, captured by the cavalry. Grumbkoff and Seyfullah Bey rode off with 500 horsemen and a battery to verify the news. The guns of the redoubts were silent, the earthworks empty. Only as they came

in sight of the long bridge over the river a straggling rifle fire came from the other bank. Seyfullah had no wish to damage the town, where he knew there was a considerable Moslem population. Just beyond the bridge the chief building in sight was the dome of a large mosque. The battery unlimbered, and as a warning to the defenders of the bridge three blank charges were fired. The fusillade from the other bank ceased at once. A squadron dismounted, and carbine in hand the men watched the far end of the bridge while another squadron, led by Seyfullah and Grumbkoff, trotted across. The box of gun-cotton was secured, the entrance to the town occupied. The armed desperados had fled. A crowd of Moslems and Jews and a few timid Greek civilians, encouraged by their Mohammedan friends, came out to meet the conquerors, and ask to have the town protected from harm.



MEMDHUK PASHA.

(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

Patrols sent through the streets and out on the roads beyond reported that there was no sign of an enemy. But the Greeks had left a rich spoil behind them. Six heavy Krupps, two mountain guns, two field pieces, 10,000 rifles, heaps of ammunition, food and forage; waggon ambulances and camp equipment—all they had removed was the rolling stock of the railway, and that had been taken because it helped to accelerate the retreat.

Edhem Pasha had expected to have to storm Larissa. It was a strange surprise to receive early in the day a note from Seyfullah, announcing that he was in possession of the place. It was only a week since the war began. Last Sunday they were knocking at the gate of Thessaly, the Meluna Pass. This Sunday they were in its northern capital. In the course of the day Hakki Pasha's division marched in. Good order was preserved in the town. Some soldiers caught plundering were promptly arrested and sentenced to be shot next morning, but let off later with a sound flogging. The people who had remained in the town were chiefly Mohammedans, who welcomed the troops as friends come back to their own again.

A rapid pursuit of the retreating Greeks might even now have prevented their rallying at Pharsala. But Edhem Pasha was well content to secure possession of the ground that had been abandoned to him. He had won it at a comparatively trifling cost. During the week's operations the Turkish army had lost thirty-nine officers and 1,069 men killed and wounded, and one officer and thirteen men missing. The heaviest part of the loss had fallen on Neshat's division, the result of its unsuccessful attacks on Kritiri. It had lost fifteen officers and 401 men. The two divisions which had attacked the Meluna Pass had lost in that first battle ten officers and 369 men. This leaves for all the other divisions, the cavalry and reserve artillery, and for Haiden and Memdhuk's division, during the fights about Mati, a total loss of fourteen officers and 297 men. This shows that the long fusillade about

Lake Nezeros and the cannonade at Damasi were comparatively bloodless affairs. These are the figures given by General Von der Goltz in his study of the campaign. It is not possible to give more than a rough estimate of the losses of the Greeks. By their own accounts they were nowhere heavy. They were probably about equal to those of the Turks. But the rout of Tyrnavos and the confusion of the retreat reduced the army of Thessaly still more seriously. Most of the irregulars gave up the struggle, and numbers even of the regular troops threw away their arms and deserted their regiments.

During this first period of the war it was currently reported in Europe that the whole campaign was being directed by German officers, and that Edhem Pasha was a mere figurehead to this foreign staff of military experts. The legend apparently had its origin in Grumbkoff Pasha's activity with the Turkish cavalry division, and the part he played in the actual occupation of Larissa. As a matter of fact he was the only German officer serving on the Turkish headquarters staff, and his prominence at Larissa seems to have excited jealousy in official circles at Constantinople, for he was immediately



REOUF PASHA.

(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

recalled to the capital. It is true he was promoted to the rank of a Turkish general, decorated, and added to the list of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, but everyone understood that he had simply been honourably removed from a sphere of activity where he was supposed to have too much power placed in his hands. The Sultan wished the work to be done by his own Turkish officers, not by their German instructors.

There were a number of German officers with the army as correspondents for various papers in Germany, but there is not the slightest reason to believe that they were ever called in as advisers by the commander-in-chief. They had, however, a way of writing as if the Turkish army was being used on German lines of action. This was to a certain extent true. General Von der Goltz and his German colleagues, lent by the

Kaiser to the Sultan as instructors for his troops, had reorganised and partly trained the army in German methods, and a number of the younger Turkish officers had served for a while in German garrisons, so that there was a leaven of German war science added to the excellent fighting material of the Turkish army. But it could not be said that there was more than this. Edhem Pasha did not even act on the plan of campaign for Thessaly originally drawn up by Von der Goltz, a plan that if intelligently carried out would probably have given earlier and more decisive results. The sluggishness of movement in the Turkish brigades and divisions, the very general neglect of reconnaissance work, the slackness of divisional commanders in supporting each other and combining their movements, the neglect to follow up and reap the fruits of victory, and finally the disposition to

regard the mere occupation of ground, not the destruction of the enemy's fighting power, as the object of a campaign—all these were points that showed that the Turks were still mere beginners in scientific warfare. But in a campaign he wins who makes the fewest blunders, and as compared with the Greeks the Turks had superior numbers, better raw material, and a more intelligent general direction of the campaign. As the herald of an insurrection in the Balkan provinces the Greek army might have accomplished something, but from the moment it became clear that the Balkan races were not ready or willing to answer the Greek call to arms, the war could have only one result.

Before following the further progress of the campaign in Thessaly it will be well to see what was occurring in other parts of the theatre of war.



THE FLIGHT FROM LARISSA: A "SNAP-SHOT."



### III.—THE FIGHTING AT VELESTING

WHILE the fighting was in progress on the Thessalian frontier, Colonel Manos, who commanded the Greek army of Epirus (about 20,000 strong), had crossed the frontier at Arta, and invaded Turkish territory. At the same time the fleet and a battery placed on the opposite point of land began to bombard Prevesa. Manos pushed his advanced guard as far as the fort of Pentepigadia, on the road to Janina, the Turkish division that opposed him being disorganised by a mutiny of its Albanian regiments. But Turkish reinforcements were brought up from Janina, the defence was reorganised, and Manos having left his vanguard unsupported at Pentepigadia, the Greeks were driven back to Arta on April 29th. Manos had lost in a couple of days all the results of his first success. Prevesa held out against all the Greek attacks, and for some unexplained reason the Greek fleet, after failing to reduce the fortress, took no further part in the war beyond the occasional bombardment of some village on the coast. Let us now return to our narrative of the events in the main theatre of war in Thessaly.

The Marshal Ghazi Osman Pasha had left Constantinople for the front on April 23rd. He reached Salonika next morning, and was to have proceeded by train to Karaveria and then to have ridden over to Ellassona to take the command out of the hands of Edhem Pasha. But, on hearing the news of the Greek rout of the night before, he decided to go no further. Edhem was an old friend of the veteran marshal. When Osman was defending Plevna, it was Edhem, then a colonel, who commanded in the Gravitza redoubts, and hurled back the Russians again and again from these two small field works which his valour made famous in modern military history. Osman had no wish to supersede his old comrade of Plevna, and the

Sultan agreed to his suggestion that Edhem should be allowed to retain the command in Thessaly and reap the full fruit of his victory.

Slow and sure was Edhem's policy throughout the campaign. Having secured Larissa, he prepared for his advance against the new positions of the Greeks in the same leisurely fashion in which he had directed the march of his divisions from the border passes into the plain of Larissa. He thus gave the Greeks time to recover from the shock caused by the collapse of their first line of defence and the simultaneous disaster to their arms both in Thessaly and in Epirus.

The Greek Government had up to the last moment published optimist reports of what was passing on the frontier. The Press censorship with the army had not only stopped all news unfavourable to the Greek arms, but it had also "corrected" very freely the information it allowed to reach Athens, and that which was telegraphed to foreign countries. The tidings of defeat came like a thunderclap to startle the Athenian public from its dream of victory. There was an outburst of popular indignation against the Premier, M. Delyannis, against the commanders in the field, and against the commodores of the fleet. The report that the Government had asked for the mediation of England, France, and Russia, in order to procure an armistice, only added to the general excitement. It was declared that all might yet be regained, and that to surrender after a first defeat was out of the question. On the Monday the Ministry cancelled the appointments of several officers on the staff of the Crown Prince, and appointed Colonel Smolenski chief of the staff, with power to select his new colleagues. At the same time Commodore Sakhtouris was deprived of the command of the Eastern Squadron, and replaced by Admiral Stamatellos.

On the two following days there were riotous demonstrations at Athens. The mob plundered the gunmakers' shops and marched on the palace. It was with difficulty persuaded to disperse without proceeding to further violence. Everything pointed to a revolution, and English, French, German, Italian, and Russian warships arrived at the Piræus to protect the interests of the foreign residents. On Thursday, 29th, the King yielded to the popular clamour, and called upon M. Delyannis and his colleagues to resign. A new ministry was formed, under the premiership of M. Ralli, the leader of the opposition. The new ministry declared that the war must continue. It recalled Colonel Vassos and a number of his officers from Crete for service with the army, and made efforts to obtain considerable supplies of ammunition from abroad. For the moment the agitation in the capital ceased. It was announced that the Greek army had taken up a line of impregnable positions, and that an attack upon them by the invaders must result in a glorious victory for Greece.

The Greek army of Thessaly held a line of about thirty-two miles from left to right, along the railway that runs from Velestino by Pharsala to Trikhalá. The railway leaves the line from Volo to Larissa at a point a little north of Velestino. It curves away to the south-west between the hill of Pilaf Tepe and the spurs of the Kara Dagh, and then runs westward along the valley of the Kanarli, a tributary of the Salamvria. The valley is bounded on the north by the low, flat-topped hills that connect the bold mass of the Kara Dagh with the border ridges near Zarkos. The hills on the south side of the valley are at first higher and steeper. They are really outlying spurs of the great Othrys range, which divides Thessaly from the rest of Greece. On the slope of one of these bold spurs stands the little town of Pharsala, with the terraced hillside rising above it, crowned by its castellated citadel. Westward of Pharsala the valley widens into a low-lying plain watered by the Kanarli and its tributary, the Phersalitis.

It was a battleground that was already famous in history. Pharsala is the Pharsalia of ancient days, which gives its name to the decisive battle in which Cæsar routed the army of Pompey. On the low hills to the northward in still earlier days the Roman consul Flaminius defeated Philip V. of Macedon. In both cases victory had fallen to the aggressor. If history could

give an omen, the chances of a battle near Pharsala would be in favour of the invader.

If, instead of 25,000 or 30,000 men, the Crown Prince had had double the number at his command, he might have taken full advantage of the natural strength of the position. But it was much too extensive for his small force, in the presence of the superior numbers that were on the side of the invader. The possession of the railway gave him the advantage of being able easily to bring up his supplies from Volo. He could also use it to reinforce the right at Velestino from his main body at Pharsala if the Turks made an attack on the junction. The protection of this important point was assigned to a strong detachment under Smolenski. The main position west of the Kara Dagh was covered by an outpost line along the high ground on the north bank of the Kanarli river. The villages from Hadjibashi, on the river bank on the extreme left of this line, to Kolaxizi, on the slope of Kara Dagh on the right, were held by five battalions of Euzonoi, supported four batteries, and heavy guns were placed in entrenchments on the hillside near the town, south of the river. The village of Aivali, on the railway, was held by a battalion of Euzonoi, in order to protect the communications between the right of the main body and the detached force at Velestino. If attacked, the Crown Prince meant to fight on the high ground south of the river, and the outposts in the villages to the north of it had orders to fall back as soon as they were seriously pressed by a Turkish advance.

The bold rocky mass of the Kara Dagh effectually covered the centre of the line held by the Greek army. Edhem Pasha must attack either their left or their right, unless indeed he chose to use his superior numbers to attack both at once. A successful attack on the Greek right at Velestino would cut them off from their easy line of supply by Volo and the railway; an attack on the left would threaten their line of retreat by Domoko and the passes of Mount Othrys. Reports brought to the Turkish headquarters at Larissa led the staff to believe that Velestino was held only by a few hundred men, in a disorganised and dispirited condition. This actually was the case on April 25th and 26th, when the important junction was protected only by a handful of fugitives. On these days the Turks could have seized the junction almost without a fight, if they had pushed forward by the Volo road. But on the 27th, when at last

they made a reconnaissance in force against Velestino, the ground that commanded the junction was held by Smolenski's troops.

The force engaged in the reconnaissance was eleven squadrons of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery, the whole under the orders of Suleiman Pasha, the commander of the cavalry division. The squadrons were very weak, having not more than fifty sabres each on an average, so that altogether Suleiman had between six and seven hundred men with him. At the same time four battalions of infantry, or about 2,000 men, were sent on to Gherli to act as a support for the cavalry. The infantry were reservists from Asia Minor, and formed part of Naim Pasha's brigade and Hakki Pasha's division.

The road from Larissa by Gherli to Volo runs between the eastern slopes of the Kara Dagh and the shore of Lake Karla. The rocky spurs of Mount Pelion make the eastern side of the lake impracticable for any considerable force. Two and a half miles north of Velestino the road crosses a bridge at the village of Rizomylon (*i.e.* the "rice mill"). The village stands on the edge of a little ravine, down which the Rizomylon brook runs from the Kara Dagh to the lake. There was very little water in the stream in April, 1897, but its steep banks made it an effective barrier to the advance of guns and cavalry anywhere between the railway and the lake except at the village. Between the brook and Velestino junction a neck of high ground crossed by the road and railway joined the Kara Dagh to the Pilaf Tepe. These hills and the neck of high land between them closed the southern end of the long defile between Lake Karla and the Kara Dagh, and formed an ideal defensive position covering the junction and the approaches to Volo. On the morning of April 27th Smolenski held this position with four battalions and a battery (about 1,800 men and six guns).

Suleiman, with his column of mounted troops, had marched from Larissa at half-past nine in the morning. He moved by the main road through Gherli, and at half-past five in the afternoon his advanced guard crossed the bridge of Rizomylon. So far no sign had been seen of an enemy. The Greek villagers at Gherli had come out to meet the Pasha with white flags, to obtain assurance that their village would not be in any way molested, and they had repeated the current report that Velestino was not occupied except perhaps by a handful of fugitives.

The squadron that formed the Turkish ad-

vance guard was about half a mile in front of the main body. There were no patrols out in front or up on the hills on the flank of the column. Suleiman was marching in careless security. Beyond the bridge there were some clumps of wood between the village and the high ground in front. These should have been searched at once by patrols from the vanguard. This obvious precaution appears to have been neglected. The advanced squadron halted just outside the village while the rest of the column crossed the bridge. Then the vanguard moved on, no longer by the Volo road, but by the cross road to Velestino railway station, near which Suleiman intended to bivouac for the night.

About six o'clock the advanced squadron was suddenly fired upon by a battalion of infantry deployed north of the station. Suleiman reinforced his advanced guard with two more squadrons. Then the Greek artillery opened fire from a hill to the east of the station, and more infantry came into action on the Volo road and on the slope of Pilaf Tepe. Suleiman then pushed forward his cavalry in a long line of skirmishers both on the Volo and Velestino roads, and brought his guns into action to the east of Rizomylon. At half-past six the Greeks on the Turkish right began to press forward towards Rizomylon, thus threatening the village through which lay Suleiman's line of retreat. The Pasha now realised that he was hopelessly outnumbered and in a dangerous position. He withdrew his guns across the bridge of Rizomylon, the cavalry covering the movement by threatening to charge the Greek left. The squadrons then followed the guns across the bridge, and the column trotted back to Gherli. There was no pursuit. Suleiman reported a loss of about fifty killed and wounded. The cavalry halted at Gherli, but at two in the morning an order arrived to withdraw to Kileler, where Suleiman arrived at daybreak and formed a camp near the village.

This was the action known as the first battle of Velestino. It was a small affair, but the success of the Greeks came as a welcome encouragement after their recent defeats, and added enormously to the popularity of Smolenski.

At noon on the 28th, General Naim Pasha reached Kileler with a reinforcement of four more battalions and another battery, and took command of the whole force assembled there. In the afternoon he marched with it to Gherli, sending two squadrons to scout towards Velestino.

There was no telegraph between Gherli and the headquarters at Larissa. Edhem Pasha therefore sent one of his staff, Colonel Mahmud Bey, to Gherli on the morning of the 29th, to consult with Naim and Suleiman as to the next step to be taken. Mahmud had only reached Larissa from Constantinople the evening before. He was the son of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, who had commanded against the Russians in Asia in the war of 1877-78. Although only thirty years of age, he was a colonel of cavalry and an aide-de-camp to the Sultan, and had served for some years as an officer of the Guards in the German army. It was his first experience of active war-

and the hills, and, as soon as it came in contact with the Greeks, was to open fire in order to make them show what positions they held and in what force. The left column under Naim Pasha, composed of the rest of the troops (six squadrons, six battalions, and a field battery), was to march by the main road through Rizomylon. At three p.m. Mahmud's advanced cavalry reported the enemy in position on the hills near Velestino. Half an hour later he brought his guns into action and deployed a battalion in front as a firing line. The Greeks replied with rifle fire from shelter trenches on the hills and from the edge of a little wood, and



GREEK IRREGULARS.

fare, and there is no doubt that, like others of the younger officers who were trained in European methods, he was chafing at Edhem's slowness.

He reached Gherli at one o'clock and talked over the situation with Naim and Suleiman. The result of this council of war was that it was resolved to make another attack on the Velestino position, Mahmud arguing that the only result of delay would be that the Greeks would have more time to entrench themselves and to receive reinforcements. Though inferior in rank to his two colleagues, he practically took the direction of the movement.

The Turkish force was formed in two columns. The right column, led by Mahmud and Suleiman, composed of seven squadrons of cavalry, two battalions of infantry, and the horse battery, was to move by the road between the railway

and their mountain guns opened from a hill near the railway station. The firing continued hotly for about half an hour. Mahmud judged that the force opposed to him was about four battalions with six mountain guns and no cavalry. This estimate gave the Turks a decided superiority in numbers; so leaving the column in charge of Suleiman, Mahmud galloped off to Rizomylon village to propose to Naim an immediate combined attack by both columns.

But Naim was hopelessly behindhand. It was not till half-past five that his infantry began to cross the bridge of Rizomylon, and when Mahmud met him it was decided that it was too late in the day to begin the battle. Mahmud was anxious to attempt a night attack on the Greek trenches, but Naim would not co-operate, and it was finally settled that the troops should bivouac along the Rizomylon brook and on the

hills at its head and advance against the Greek position at daybreak on April 30th.

Mahmud Bey had made a correct estimate of the Greek force that held Velestino. Smolenski had received no reinforcements since his victory on the 27th. He had actually with him only a mountain battery, four battalions of infantry, and about 1,000 irregulars. He had been busy strengthening his position with entrenchments. On the evening of the 29th, as it was obvious that he was about to be attacked in force, he had telegraphed to Pharsala for reinforcements, and during the night and on the morning of the 30th the Crown Prince sent him by rail and

their line to the left along the Kara Dagħ hills and so check the Turkish turning movement. The Greek artillery was well handled, but it had defective ammunition, many of the shells failing to burst. The Turks made very little progress all the morning, and Smolenski very early in the day felt quite confident that he would be able to hold his own.

Shortly before noon Sulciman and Mahmud received a pressing message from Naim Pasha, begging them to push their attack on the Greek left more actively, as otherwise he could make no progress. He had attacked the Greek right on the Pilaf Tepe and on the edges of the woods



WAITING FOR THE TURKS TO COME WITHIN RANGE.

road four more battalions and twelve guns, so that on the day of battle the Turkish superiority in numbers had disappeared.

Naim Pasha reinforced Mahmud's column on the right with one of his battalions, kept a battalion and a half in reserve at Rizomylon, and formed the rest of the left column in the plain south of the village. At dawn the fight began on the hills to the right, where Greek and Turk were already in touch. Mahmud used part of his force to keep the Greeks occupied in front, and with the rest of his infantry tried to move round their left flank by the higher ground, his horse battery being in action behind his own right. The Greeks replied with two batteries from the hills near Velestino, and with rifle fire from a triple row of trenches dug on the slopes below the artillery position, at the same time using their superiority of numbers to extend

in front of Velestino, but had found his advance everywhere checked by a heavy fire of rifles supported by the guns on the heights near the station, which his own battery tried in vain to silence. Smolenski, who had been receiving reinforcements since morning, had now about 8,000 men and eighteen guns in action, against a Turkish force of some 4,000 with twelve guns. The Pilaf Tepe on the Greek left was held by the 6th Euzonoi, who had entrenched themselves on the hill. The three battalions of the 8th Infantry and a field battery held the woods and the approaches to Velestino in the centre. The 4th Euzonoi, a battalion of reservists, and two batteries held the spurs of the Kara Dagħ on the left. The reserves were kept near the junction. A large number of irregulars took part in the fight, and the inhabitants of Velestino had taken up arms, and, led by their

priests, marched out to assist in the defence in the centre.

On receiving Naim's message, Mahmud proposed and Suleiman accepted a plan for a bold stroke against the Greek left. The artillery was to concentrate its fire on the Greek trench on the nearest spur of the hill. A Turkish battalion (the reserve battalion of Brussa) which had not yet been in action was to form for attack in a hollow of the hill-side about 800 yards from the trench. It was then to advance through the skirmishers already engaged with the Greeks, while at the same time the battalion that had been trying to work round their flank would charge them on the left. Meanwhile Mahmud in person would lead seven squadrons of the Turkish cavalry against the right flank of the trench, which was on the end of the spur nearest the hollow in which ran the upper course of the Rizomylon brook. From the point where he massed the cavalry for the charge he could not see the Greek trenches, but he sent an officer forward to give a signal when the Brussa battalion began its final rush.

There was a heavy outburst of rifle fire, the signal was given, and Mahmud gave the order to charge. He had about 350 or 400 horsemen with him. As they crossed the brook they came under fire from riflemen on the edges of the clumps of wood to their left front near Velestino. Immediately the Turkish cavaliers, shouting their war-cry, wheeled for these—the first enemies they could see. Mahmud succeeded in checking this false direction, but passed the point where he ought to have wheeled to the right and dashed up the slope against the flank of the trench. But nothing is easier than to mistake one rounded spur of a hill-side for another. When he tried to wheel his squadrons, he was opposite the second Greek line of trenches, and was under a converging fire from the woods, from the semicircle of slopes formed by the spurs of the Kara Dagh, and from one of the Greek batteries which was firing shrapnel. Had the Greeks aimed better, not a man would have escaped. As it was, many were down, killed or wounded; others were dismounted by their horses being shot. Mahmud Bey's own charger had been killed, and he had received a kick in the leg as he got clear of the fallen steed. Revolver in hand, he pressed on at the head of a group of dismounted troopers. The cavalry under the storm of fire wheeled and retired down the hill. Some of them had fallen close to the Greek bayonets. Mahmud on foot

had been so near the trench that he had been able to use his revolver. Catching a riderless horse, he followed the retreat of the cavalry and rejoined Suleiman.

It was then he discovered that he had charged the Greek left absolutely without support from the infantry. His dash at the flank of the trench was meant simply as a diversion in favour of the infantry attack, but the officer who gave the signal had mistaken the advance of the skirmishers in the Greek front for the beginning of the charge of the Brussa battalion. The infantry were now pushing gallantly forward, but they were as gallantly met by the Greeks. Away to the left, Naim, separated by a wide gap from his right, was fighting another unsuccessful battle. It was lucky for the Turks that Smolenski confined himself strictly to the defensive. Had he advanced boldly in the centre against Rizomylon at the moment when the repulse of Mahmud's attack on the left had given his men the exultant confidence that comes of success, there is no doubt he would have inflicted a serious disaster upon the Turks.

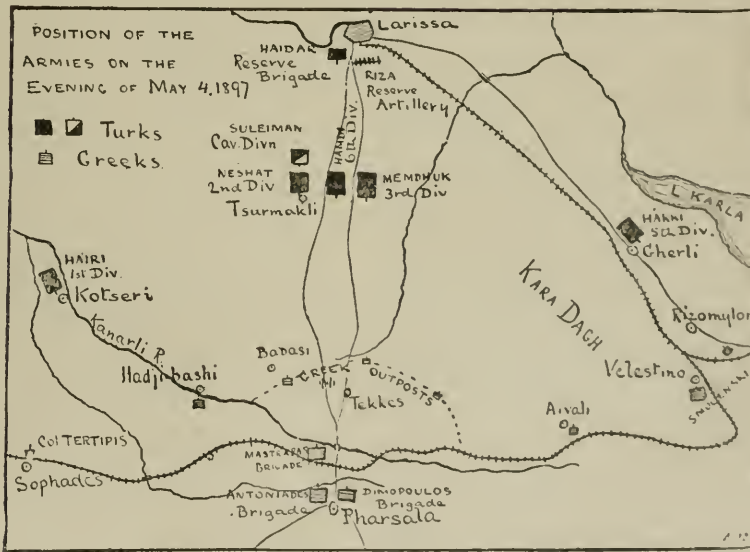
When it was clear that no impression could be made on the Greek left, Mahmud had another consultation with Naim, and it was decided to give up the attack and retire to Gherli. The battle ended about four o'clock, but for nearly two hours it had slackened to a desultory fusillade. The Turks then began their retreat. The Greeks did not pursue, contenting themselves with bringing two batteries into action on Pilaf Tepe, which sent shells at long range after the retiring columns. As darkness came on, the long rays of the searchlights from the Greek warships in Volo harbour shot weirdly across the sky and flickered on the slopes of Pelion. The Turks halted for the night at Gherli.

The Turkish losses were officially reported at about 150 killed and 200 wounded, of whom 36 killed and 70 wounded fell in Mahmud's cavalry charge. There was no ambulance with the force—there was not even a doctor—so the unfortunate wounded men were roughly bandaged and carried on muleback to Larissa, where they were at last treated by skilled hands in the ambulance organised by Sir Edgar Vincent and the British Red Cross Association. Some of the poor wretches had been 48 hours waiting for this help.

The loss on the side of the defence was much slighter. The second battle of Velestino raised the hopes of the friends of Greece throughout Europe to a high pitch. Smolenski was

regarded as the possible saviour of the country. The conduct of his troops had done something to show the injustice of the popular verdict which had branded the Greeks with cowardice because of their collapse on the frontier. The weak point in Smolenski's generalship was that he had clung so persistently to the defensive, and had let slip the chance of not merely repulsing but routing the Turkish force that had attacked him.

On the first of May Edhem Pasha sent to Gherli General Hakki Pasha with the rest of the 5th Division (of which Naim's brigade formed a part). The horse battery and most of Suleiman's cavalry were withdrawn to Larissa. At Gherli, Hakki had under his command eighteen battalions, four squadrons, and four batteries. By orders from headquarters he was directed merely to watch Smolenski until the time came for a general attack on the Greek positions.



POSITION ON THE EVE OF PHARSALA.



THE TURKS ENTERING VOLO.

#### IV.—THE BATTLE OF PHARSALA.

FROM April 30th, the day of Smolenski's victory, till May 5th, the day of the general advance of the Turkish army, there was a lull in the campaign in Thessaly. Both sides were preparing for the decisive struggle. The Turks concentrated the bulk of their army at Larissa and in the plain immediately to the south of it, with two divisions detached, one on each flank—Hakki's division to the east, at Gherli, observing Smolenski's position at Velestino, and Hairi's division to the west, at Kotseri and Vouli.

The position of Hairi's division made the Greek Crown Prince anxious about his exposed flank and the possession of the Domokos road, his main line of retreat, which curved away from his left round the Pharsala hills. In order to watch Hairi's movements, he had detachments of infantry at Sophades on the railway and at Hadjibashi on the Kanarli River, and his small force of cavalry was also camped near Sophades. Though he had been busy entrenching the Pharsala position and mounting heavy guns on the slope of the hill below the old citadel of the town, he shared the doubts of the foreign experts as to the possibility of holding the extensive line he had taken up with the 25,000 men at his disposal. The position of Domokos covering the main passes over the Othrys range had

already been selected as the next ground to be occupied in case Pharsala had to be abandoned, and three battalions of infantry and a battery had been sent there to secure Domokos against a Turkish *coup-de-main* from the westward and to begin preparing the position for defence.

In the first days of May the Turks received two important reinforcements. Huzni Pasha arrived with seven reserve battalions, to form the nucleus of a new division (the 7th), and 4,000 Albanian irregulars reached Larissa, led by their hereditary chiefs. The Turkish Government had some hesitation about accepting their services. The conduct of their countrymen in Epirus did not inspire much confidence, and there was reason to fear that the half-savage mountaineers might be guilty of acts that would bring discredit on the Turkish arms. But it was more dangerous to put a slight upon them than to employ them with the army; so they were organised in battalions of about 600 men each under their chiefs. About half of them were attached to Neshat's division. The rest were allotted to the other divisions, most of them going to Memdhuk's. They were found to be very useful as scouts.

On the afternoon of May 4th the Turkish headquarters at Larissa issued orders for the general advance next day. Edhem Pasha's



intentions were to keep Smolenski occupied by a demonstration from Gherli, bring Hairi Pasha's division closer to the Greek left, clear the hills north of the Kanarli River of the enemy's advanced troops, and mass his main body on the ground thus won, ready to make the general attack on the Pharsala-Velestino position on the 6th.

The sketch map on p. 688 shows the situation on the evening of the 4th. The advance began at sunrise on the 5th. Early in the day the Crown Prince received information from his outposts that Hairi's division was marching up the Kanarli Valley from Kotseri, and that three strong Turkish columns were moving out from the camps near Larissa. At the same time came news from Smolenski at Velestiro that Hakki's division was marching from Gherli. In all more than 50,000 Turks were advancing to the attack. The three columns coming from Larissa were converging towards Pharsala. The right column (Neshat's division) was marching on Babasi; the centre column (Hamdi's division) was marching on Tekkes; and the left column (Memdhuk's division) on Karademertsi. The cavalry was in front of the advance, the reserve artillery behind the centre, Edhem Pasha and the headquarters' staff were with Hamdi's division.

The Crown Prince at once telegraphed to the three battalions and the battery at Domokos to move out to the villages of Kupredji and Hadji-Amar in his left rear, so as to secure his line of retreat. The cavalry and the detachment at Sophades were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to fall on the flank of Hairi's advance. The outposts on the hills north of the river (five battalions of Euzonoi and two batteries) had been originally ordered to fall back on Pharsala in case of a general advance of the Turks. This order was now countermanded. They were directed to stand fast, and the 1st Brigade, under Colonel Mastrapas, was sent across the river to take post near the village of Driskoli and strengthen the left of the outpost line, the flank about which the Greek commander-in-chief was most anxious. But Mastrapas was very slow in moving off, and arrived too late to take any serious part in the fight.

For more than three hours the Turkish columns had been tramping steadily forward along the rough, ill-paved roads through the corn-fields. Between eight and nine there was an occasional crackling burst of rifle fire as the scouts came upon Greek patrols. Just at nine

the first cannon shot told that the fight had begun in earnest. It was fired by a Greek battery near the hamlet of Hadji Bey. The target was the head of Memdhuk's column, which was just issuing from the village of Bakratsi. The centre column, under Hamdi, had reached Turkumesli. The right column, under Neshat, was entering Buglar.

Memdhuk brought a battery into action against the Greek guns, and deployed his division for the attack on Hadji Bey and Karademertsi, which were held by a single battalion of Euzonoi. The Turks, who ought to have pushed on boldly and swept away such feeble opposition, deployed and advanced in most leisurely fashion, as if they had to deal with forces at least equal to their own. At ten o'clock two more batteries had reinforced the Greek outpost line, and they had twenty-four guns in action against Memdhuk's and Hamdi's artillery. The left column was exchanging rifle fire with the handful of Euzonoi in the villages, and the centre column had brought its infantry into action against another battalion of Euzonoi who occupied the wood north of Tekkes. These white-kilted Greek riflemen, though hopelessly outnumbered, held their ground coolly and gallantly against the Turkish advance. On the Greek left the English company of the Foreign Legion, under Captain Birch, was in action beside the Euzonoi, and these brave volunteers were afterwards publicly thanked by the Crown Prince for the magnificent way in which they fought.

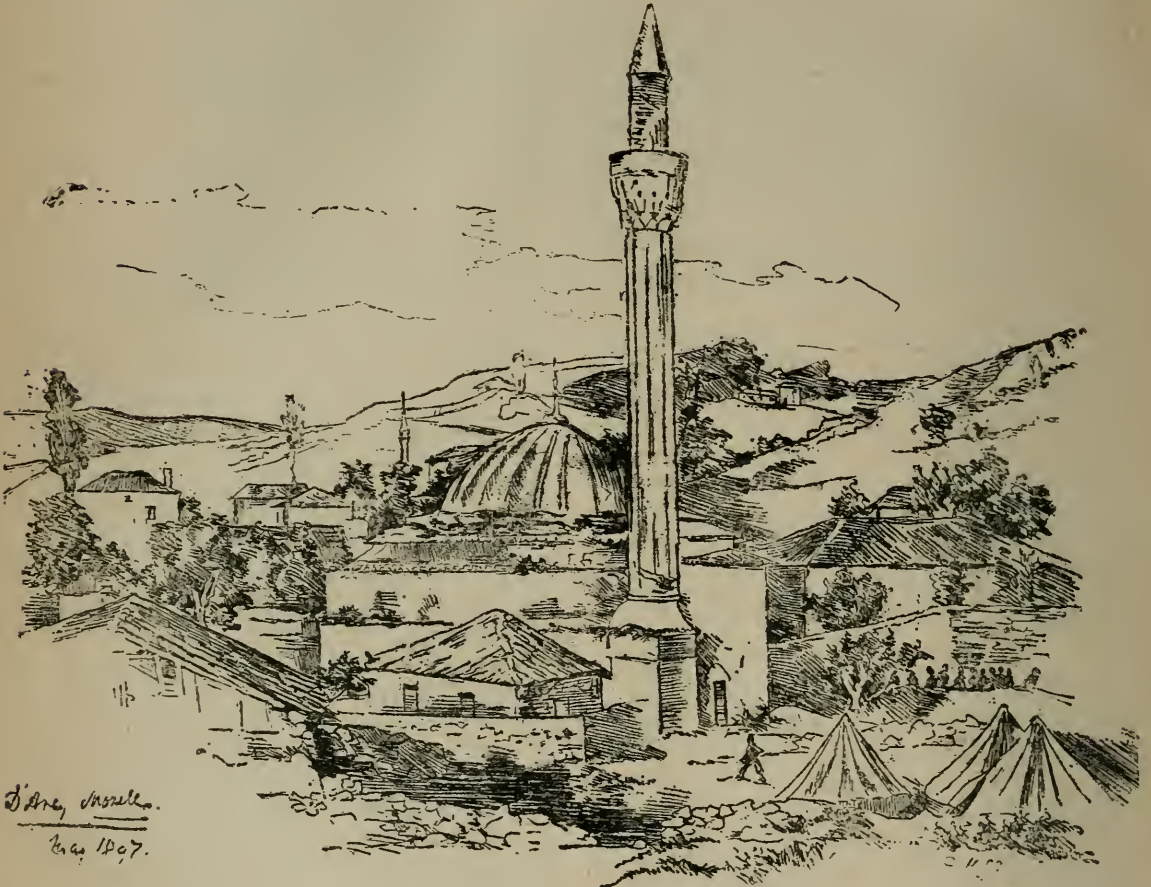
Memdhuk Pasha used his superior numbers to prolong his line to the eastward, so as to threaten to outflank the Greek left. Under this pressure the Euzonoi began to retire a little after half-past eleven. But they did not go far. They took up a new position running from Tekkes eastward along the edge of a small wood to the village of Kolaxizi, on the western slope of the Kara Dagh. The Turkish centre and left columns continued their stolid advance. Neshat on the right was moving slowly from Buglar on Babasi, and had not yet been in action. Hairi had occupied Hadjibashi without opposition, and in obedience to his orders halted there to wait for further instructions.

The little Greek force that was in action could at most hope to retard the Turkish advance. It was far too weak to occupy the long line it was ordered to hold, and companies were trying to do the work of battalions. Shortly after one o'clock they fell back to the embankments of the railway. Mastrapas' brigade

took up a position along the left bank of the Kanarli, between the villages of Gusgunari and Vasili. The 2nd Brigade of General Makris' division prolonged the line from Vasili to the bridge of Pharsala. The Crown Prince had drawn up the rest of his army (the 2nd Division) facing north-westward towards the village of Tsiachmati, to cover the Pharsala-Domokos

rearguard of the Euzonoi were holding in order to protect the bridge over the river. He also deployed a firing line along the Kanarli west of the bridge, which exchanged rifle volleys with the Greek 1st Brigade.

The Crown Prince had now decided not to risk a decisive stand at Pharsala. He ordered his troops to retire gradually upon the main



PHARSALA AFTER THE TURKISH OCCUPATION.

road. Thus the 2nd Division could take no part in the action that was in progress.

The two Turkish divisions (Hamdi and Memdhuk) now held the hills north of the Kanarli, and Edhem had fully carried out the plan set forth in his orders of the day before. At two o'clock his artillery was in action on the southern slopes of the hills against the Greek positions. His headquarters were at Tekkes. Until four o'clock there was a lull in the battle. By that time Neshat Pasha, with the 2nd Division, had reached Driskoli and come into line. Edhem Pasha ordered an infantry attack on the village of Passa Magula, which the

position on the hills near the town, intending to end the fighting at sunset, and begin the retreat to Domokos during the night.

Shortly after five o'clock the Turks had got possession of Passa Magula. They then seized the bridge, which the Greeks had not damaged in any way, and, deploying on the south side of it, began to dig shelter trenches to secure their hold of the ground they had won. Further west a regiment of Neshat's division and two of the reserve batteries came into action against the Greek left. As the sun set, the Greeks had everywhere fallen back from the river, and Hamdi's men had rushed the railway station of

Pharsala. They were busy far into the night barricading the station and entrenching themselves along the railway.

The Turks bivouacked on the ground they had won. Here and there on the hills north of the river the flames of a burning village reddened the sky, for the wild Albanians had been plundering and setting fire to the abandoned houses. The Turkish losses had been very slight, about thirty killed and 150 wounded. Hamdi's division had eleven killed and seventy-three wounded; Memdhuk's, fourteen killed and fifty-four wounded. The losses of Neshat's division were trifling. The Turks regarded the day's fighting as only the prelude of the battle of Pharsala. The Greek outposts had been driven in. Their main position was yet to be attacked. At dawn on the 6th, Memdhuk's division began its march to turn the Crown Prince's right and cut him off from Velestino. The troops were already on the move when it was reported from the outposts that the Greeks had gone.

They had rested in their entrenchments until 2 a.m.; then, in silence and in perfect order, they had begun their retreat to the Domokos position. Three brigades, with five field batteries and all the baggage, marched by the paved road through Vrysia, the road the Crown Prince had been so anxious to protect. The Prince and his staff, with the remaining brigade and the mountain-guns (four batteries), retreated by the mountain path that leads directly to Domokos through the village of Kitiki. Some artillery waggons loaded with ammunition were abandoned at Pharsala, probably for want of teams. There was, however, no reason why they should not have been destroyed at the last moment.

The Turks did not attempt a pursuit of the retreating enemy. The army camped round Pharsala, with the exception of the 3rd Division (under the command of Memdhuk), which was sent to Velestino to co-operate with Hakki Pasha.



VELESTINO AND PHARSALA BATTLEFIELDS.

## V.—THE THIRD BATTLE OF VELESTINO AND THE SURRENDER OF VOLO.

WE must now see what had been happening on the other side of the Kara Dagh on May 5th, while the prolonged rearguard action was in progress at Pharsala. Early in the morning Hakki Pasha began his advance from Gherli to attack Smolenski's position. The result was the third battle of Velestino (known as the second battle of that name by some writers on the war, who pass over in silence Suleiman's action on April 27th). This time the superior force was on the side of the Turks. Hakki had under his command eighteen battalions, four squadrons, and four batteries; or roughly, 9,000 bayonets, 180 sabres, and twenty-four guns. To these Smolenski could oppose only two line regiments (of three battalions each), a battalion of Euzonoi (stationed at Aivali), two field batteries and a mountain battery, and a number of irregulars. In all he had about 5,000 men with eighteen guns. They held, it is true, an excellent position, further strengthened by entrenchments, but they could not hope for any reinforcements beyond the battalion at Aivali, already mentioned in reckoning up Smolenski's force.

On the morning of the 5th, Smolenski had three battalions in his front line holding the trenches on the hills on both flanks, and the woods in the plain. Twelve guns were in position on a spur of the hills above Velestino. The other battery and the rest of the infantry were in reserve near the little town. Hakki Pasha advanced from Gherli at half-past six, and, moving very slowly, came in contact with the Greek outposts three hours later. The advanced troops fell back before him to the main position, but after that the Turks made no further progress. Hakki massed the greater part of his force on the right, only keeping enough troops on the left to guard against a possible counter-attack. Two strong columns were pushed forward east of the railway, supported by the fire of all the four batteries. One column made repeated attacks on the hamlet of Kephalo, the other strove to gain the high ground and turn and force back the Greek left. Attack after attack was steadily met and repulsed.

As the sun sank down to the hills, the Turks massed for a final effort. "The moment was critical," writes Mr. Kinnaird Rose (one of the correspondents on the Greek side). "Colonel Smolenski, with something of Skobelev's electric enthusiasm, rode along the lines addressing the Greeks. In short terse sentences he told them they must remember the traditions of their race, and fight, if need be, until the sacred soil of Thessaly had been saturated with their blood. What an inspiration that was! Uniformed soldiers, and men with only bandoliers filled with cartridges, and in their native dress, cheered. They grappled their Gras rifles more firmly; gave another shout, half a gasp and half a responsive determination to do or die. Reckless of the wild, but at times searching, shell-fire of the Turkish batteries, the Greek lines fired volleys steadily on the intrepid Turks. Then they left their shelter trenches and charged the Turks with a will. The Turkish lines quivered for a moment, then turned and retired in confusion to the shelter of the mountain ridges beyond. It was a brilliant success for the Greeks."

When the sun set, the Greek position was intact, and Smolenski had scored a third victory.

At six o'clock in the evening, the Crown Prince sent Smolenski a message informing him that he had decided to retire from Pharsala in the night, and ordering him to withdraw to Halmyros, where he could protect the extreme right of the Domokos position, and be able to reopen communication with the main army. It is not certain whether this message ever reached Smolenski; but, however this may be, he remained in position at Velestino, and the fighting began again at daybreak on the 6th. The battalion of Euzonoi which held Aivali had received directly from Pharsala the order to retreat, and had started for Halmyros, without informing Smolenski, who had only his six regular battalions and the volunteers at Velestino. Nevertheless, he held his own against the Turkish attacks till the afternoon. It was only at three o'clock that the Turks at last gained a

footing on the rocky hillside on his left flank. Attacked on the centre, turned on the left, and with his ammunition nearly exhausted, Smolenski's position was becoming desperate. The irregulars on the left broke as the Turkish fire took them in flank and rear, and in their flight they threw a regular battalion into confusion. Smolenski rode up and, with the help of his staff, rallied the fugitives. Two hundred wounded who had been collected at Velestino were placed in a train and started off for Volo, and preparations were made for the retreat that had now become inevitable. But every effort was made to prolong the resistance till sunset, in order that the retreat might be made under the cover of darkness. As the sun went down, the Turks at last seized the railway station, cut the line, and then pressed on into the town of Velestino, which was set on fire.

The Greek retreat had already begun. The capture of the railway station had cut Smolenski's force in two. The smaller part of it, forming the right wing, fell back along the Volo road. The larger part, the left wing, under Smolenski's personal command, retreated to Halmiros in good order by the road that runs along the lower slopes of the hills on the west side of the Gulf of Volo. There was some confusion in the march of the right wing along the Volo road, but there was, happily, no repetition of the Larissa panic. The march was partly guided by the long white rays of the searchlights from the Greek battleships in Volo harbour.

Edhem Pasha had received no news during the 5th of the progress of events at Velestino. On the morning of the 6th, soon after the news of the evacuation of Pharsala, there came a report that the Greeks were still holding their ground on the Velestino position. These tidings caused some anxiety at the Turkish headquarters, for some of Edhem's staff had suggested that the Greeks might maintain themselves on the Velestino hills, receiving reinforcements and supplies by sea through Volo, and making the place a second Plevna, that would indirectly bar the advance towards Athens. For no Turkish army could march southwards unless the Velestino position was either captured or masked by a considerable force.

Early on the 6th, therefore, Edhem took steps to assist Hakki in his operations against Smolenski. Memdhuk's division was ordered to march eastwards along the railway, and what

was left of Haidar's division, which had just been brought up from Larissa, was directed to march by Gherli to Rizomylon. Haidar's force, originally the 4th Division, had been reduced to six battalions, in order to bring up the other divisions to full strength. It was now officially known as the Reserve Brigade. Before it started for Gherli two battalions were added to it from the 2nd Division. Thus, on the morning of the 6th, about 14,000 fresh troops were set in movement against Smolenski.

None of these troops, however, arrived at Velestino till the 7th. On the evening of the 6th, Memdhuk's division bivouacked near Seratsi, within three miles of the road by which Smolenski, with the Greek left wing from Velestino, was retreating on Halmiros. The Turks were quite unaware of this movement, or they might easily have cut off Smolenski's retreat. Nor had he any idea that 10,000 Turks were so dangerously near his flank.

When the troops of the Greek right wing reached Volo during the night of the 6th, accompanied by a terror-stricken crowd of villagers from all the country round, the alarm spread like wildfire through the town that the Turks were coming, and that the place would be sacked and burned. The presence of the Greek battleships, and the warships of England, France, and Italy, did nothing to allay the panic. Everyone seemed to be possessed by the same idea—to get away as soon as might be by sea to Eubœa, or one of the other islands of the Archipelago. There were five large steamers in the port, and a considerable number of small trading craft. Those that lay near the shore were at once rushed by the fugitives. Crowds lined the quays, begging to be taken off to the steamers. It was in vain that the local authorities assured them that everyone who wished to go would be given a passage sooner or later. All wanted to get away at the earliest possible moment.

The Greek soldiers formed a lane through the crowd, guarded with fixed bayonets, and more than a hundred boxes were conveyed to the quay and sent on board the Greek warships. Rumour said that they contained the treasure of the army and the Government archives of Volo. Then one of the steamers flying the Red Cross drew into the quay, and it was with difficulty the crowd was kept back as the wounded from the hospitals were carried on board of her. The staff and appliances on board were part of the *personnel* and equipment of the *Daily Chronicle*

ambulance, which did splendid service on the Greek side during the war. Orders had been sent to evacuate Volo and convey the troops there by sea to Halmyros and Stylida. All the field and mountain guns were embarked with the troops during the afternoon and evening of the 7th and in the following night, but several heavy siege guns were thrown into the harbour from the quay after their breech-blocks had been removed. It would have taken some time to embark them, and it was desired to prevent the Turks exhibiting them as trophies. As the last Greek battalion went on board the steamers, detachments of British, French, and Italian sailors and marines were landed to preserve order in the town. Most of the inhabitants who remained were displaying foreign flags from their windows and claiming the protection of the consuls.

Edhem Pasha, with the headquarters staff, had arrived at Velestino on the evening of the 7th. He found there Hakki and Memdhuk's divisions and Haidar's reserve brigade, in all a force of about 25,000 men. He ordered Memdhuk to attack Volo next morning. But early on the 8th, as the Turkish troops were moving off, a small party with a flag of truce was seen coming over the pass from Volo. They were the British and French consuls with an escort of a few seamen, and with them came some of the war correspondents. They informed Edhem Pasha that they had come to arrange the surrender of Volo. The Turkish marshal promised that

order should be preserved in the town, and that life and property should be safe. On the other hand, although the Greek admiral would give no definite pledge, the consuls were able to assure Edhem Pasha that the town would not be bombarded by the Greek fleet. A bombardment would mean the destruction of a large amount of Greek and foreign property, without any really serious injury being inflicted on the Turks. So in the course of the morning two battalions of Turkish regulars marched into Volo, saluting as they came by the foreign marines on guard in the streets. Enver Bey, the newly-appointed Turkish governor, issued a proclamation assuring the townsfolk that they need have no fear of injury of any kind at the hands of the conquerors. The Greek battle-ships, cleared for action, remained at anchor in the port, but in the afternoon they steamed away towards Halmyros. Edhem Pasha did not enter Volo himself. During the day he returned to Larissa, which he made his headquarters during the usual leisurely pause in the operations that invariably followed a Turkish victory.

The Turks captured a large quantity of ammunition at Volo. They also found in the railway station a considerable portion of the rolling stock of the Thessalian railway, and during the next few days their engineers got the line into working order from Volo to beyond Gherli, and by the Velestino junction to Pharsala. A broken bridge prevented the line being worked all the way to Larissa.





DOMOKOS AFTER THE TURKISH OCCUPATION.

#### VI.—THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS.

**A**FTER the battle of Pharsala there had been no attempt at a pursuit, and the Turks had lost all touch of the Greek main army. It was ascertained, however, that it would make another stand on the hills about Domokos. On May 12th Colonel Manos again entered Epirus, only to fail as completely as he had done in his first invasion of Turkish territory. On the 14th, as a reply to this movement, Edhem Pasha received orders from Constantinople to advance and attack the Crown Prince's army. On that and the following day the country towards Domokos was reconnoitred by Turkish staff officers, but they did not succeed in passing the Greek outposts, which they found watching all the approaches to Domokos from Tsiobu on the west to Kislari in the hills on the east front of the position.

The ground which the Greek staff had chosen for the last stand against the invaders of Thessaly is an outlying ridge of the Othrys Range. Its north-western slopes look out on the plain of Pharsala; its eastern end joins the main

mountain mass. On the north side towards the plain a bold hill is occupied by the castellated citadel that towers above the little town of Domokos. The main road from Pharsala crosses the plain, zig-zags up the ridge near the town, dips behind it into the large hollow occupied by a lake known—like the other lake in the north of Thessaly—by the name of Nezeros. South-east of Lake Nezeros the road rises again and crosses the main ridge of Mount Othrys by the Phurka Pass, beyond which it descends to the town of Lamia, on the edge of the marshes of the Malian Gulf. Lamia is connected by a steam tramway with two seaside villages on the gulf, Styliis and Hagia Marina. South of Lamia the road crosses the valley of the River Hellada (the ancient Sperchios) and enters the pass of Thermopylæ, between the spurs of Mount Ceta and the marshy shores of the gulf.

This is the only road practicable for wheeled traffic that crosses the ridge of Domokos, but east and west of it there are a number of hill tracks that can be traversed by infantry, cavalry,

and mountain batteries. East of the hills, another though inferior road runs from Velestino by Halmyros to Platinos, and thence a mule track leads over the eastern spurs of Othrys to the head of the Channel of Eubœa. This road was watched by Smolenski's brigade, and near Halmyros it was within range of the guns of the Greek fleet that lay off the shore in the Gulf of Volo.

The Greek army at Domokos received its supplies and reinforcements through Lamia. They were landed at Stylis, and sent on by Lamia and the Phurka Pass. A few carts and a great number of mules and camels were the means of transport for provisions, and the difficulties of the commissariat were such that for many days supplies were short, and the troops had to be content with a scanty ration of bread and cheese. Not only had 30,000 combatants to be supplied, but also some 40,000 civilian refugees, men, women, and children from all parts of Thessaly, who had abandoned their homes as the Greek army retreated, and were now camped along the road and in the valley of the Hellada about Lamia. The weather was bad, and very few either of the soldiers or the refugees had tents to shelter them. Reduced to a state of inaction amidst this widespread misery, the troops were in a state of discouragement that led to numerous desertions.

The Crown Prince had received reinforcements to the extent of a few thousands. A newly-formed line battalion had arrived from Athens, also 700 reserve cavalymen without horses, and a number of Garibaldians and volunteers for the Foreign Legion. Two battalions of Euzonoi and a field battery had been brought from Volo by sea to Stylis when Volo was abandoned, and had marched up to Domokos. In all the Crown Prince had about 30,000 men with him and seventy-two field and mountain guns. Besides these, five heavy siege guns had been mounted—one on the citadel of Domokos, the others on bold spurs of the ridge commanding the plain. Smolenski had about 10,000 men, regulars and irregulars, at Halmyros and Platanos. The want of discipline of some of the latter forced him to warn them away from his camps.

On the Turkish side, though no less than fifty-six battalions of reservists had been called out and were on the march to Thessaly and Epirus, none of them had actually reached the front. On May 15th, however, Edhem Pasha received an important reinforcement. On that

day General Nury Pasha arrived at Larissa at the head of a brigade of eight regular battalions belonging to the Adrianople army corps. These 4,000 men were perfectly equipped, and, instead of the Martini, they were armed with new Mauser repeating rifles. They bore the brunt of the fighting on the Turkish side at Domokos.

On May 15th Hakki Pasha was at Velestino with the 5th Division ready to advance against Halmyros. Edhem Pasha had with him the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th Divisions, the Adrianople brigade, the cavalry brigade, and the reserve artillery. This gave him a total force of 50,800 infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and 168 guns (three horse batteries, twenty field batteries, four mountain batteries, and one howitzer battery). He had thus more than twice as many guns, and nearly twice as many troops, as the Greek main army.

On the 16th the Turkish main army was concentrated in the neighbourhood of Pharsala, and the final preparations were made and the orders issued for the advance next day. The battle of Domokos was in many ways a repetition of the battle of Pharsala. On both occasions the Turkish staff arranged for a two days' fight. On the first day the Greek outposts were to be driven in, and a turning force was to establish itself on the flank of their position. On the second day the attack was to be rushed home, and the Greek retreat cut off as they were driven from their entrenched position. In both cases only the first part of the programme was executed, the Greeks retiring before the second part of the plan could be carried out.

According to the orders for the 17th, the Turkish main army was to be divided into two wings. The right wing was to advance upon the front of the Domokos position, drive in the advanced troops of the Greeks from the plain, and bring the fire of its artillery to bear upon the fortified heights held by the Crown Prince's army. Meanwhile, the left wing was to establish itself in the hills on the right front and right flank of the Greeks, and be ready next day (the 18th) to act upon their flank and rear.

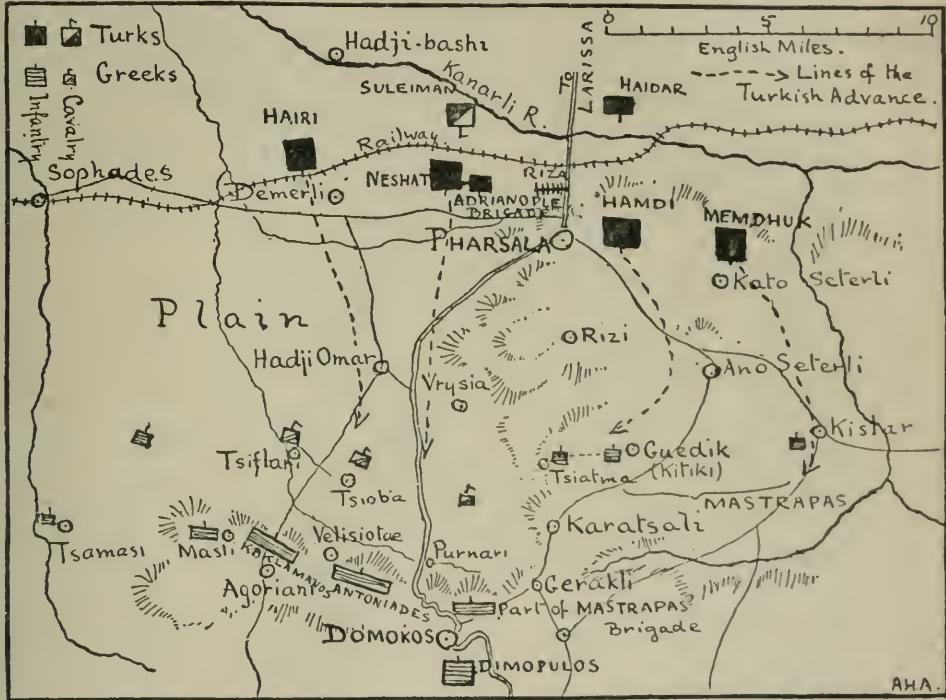
The detailed orders for the right wing may be thus summarised:—The force employed was to be the Cavalry Brigade, the Reserve Artillery, the 1st Division under Hairi, and the 2nd under Neshat, with Nury Pasha's Adrianople brigade added to it for the day. The Adrianople brigade was to advance by the main road on Domokos, with another of



Neshat's brigades on its left. The rest of the division was to provide a reserve for the attack, an escort of one battalion for Riza's reserve batteries, and a flank guard of two battalions to watch the ground towards the left. West of Neshat's advance, Hairi's division was to form the right of the Turkish attack. Advancing against the extreme left of the Greek position, he was to use the Albanian irregulars to scout on his own flank, which would be further

that Hakki should advance from Velestino and keep Smolenski occupied. Memdhuk was also instructed to send forward his Albanian irregulars in the rear of the Greeks, to try to seize the Phurka Pass, the enemy's one line of retreat.

To sum up, Edhem's plan for the day was, briefly: to hold the Greeks by a frontal attack with his right, on which he hoped to draw nearly all their available forces, while his left worked round their flank in the hills. If they stood



THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS, MAY 17, 1897 : THE SITUATION AT 5.30 A.M.

protected by the cavalry. The reserve artillery and the headquarters staff would march with Neshat's division on the main road.

The right wing was composed of Hamdi and Memdhuk's troops (the 6th and 3rd Divisions), with Haidar's brigade as a reserve. Hamdi was to march over the spurs of Mount Khassidiari, and then turn to the southward, moving towards the hills on the Greek right. Memdhuk, with the 3rd Division, was to march on Hamdi's left, making a still wider sweep to the eastward before turning south. He was to watch the hill tracks towards Halmyros, in case Smolenski should try to come up from that side to the help of the Crown Prince. It was, however, arranged

their ground, the next day (the 18th) would see not a mere repulse of the Greek army, but its destruction or capture, for under the converging attack of the two Turkish wings, each nearly equal to the entire available Greek force, it would not be possible for the Crown Prince to retire over the Phurka.

Nearly the whole of the Greek army was concentrated on the Domokos position. The division of General Makris held the town and the entrenchments east of the road, with Colonel Mastrapas' brigade in front and the brigade of Colonel Dimopulos in reserve. Along the hills west of the road was the division of Colonel Mavromichaelis, with the brigade of Colonel



THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS FROM THE GREEK SIDE.

W. J. L. G.

Antoniades nearest the town, and that of Colonel Kaklamanos further to the left. The hills form a kind of flattened crescent, the left bending forward towards the plain. On the extreme left was a detachment of Greek regulars under Colonel Tertipis, and the Foreign Legion. Outside the main position a Garibaldian detachment and a battalion of Euzonoi guarded the flank. Cavalry outposts held the villages in front. Thrown forward in the hills on the right flank were the three battalions of the 4th Regiment, holding the ground between the villages of Tsiatma and Guedik, and still further to the eastward the 7th Euzonoi at Kodjeh. These four battalions thus widely dispersed were the only force actually in position to meet the Turkish turning movement that was to be executed by more than thirty battalions. The fact was that, just as at Pharsala, the Crown Prince expected that the Turks would try to turn his left where the operation seemed easiest, and so the right was, comparatively speaking, unguarded.

At 6 a.m. on the 17th the Turkish columns began the march. The comparatively level ground over which the left wing moved to battle was here and there planted with corn—now standing high and green—but was mostly undulating grass land, uncultivated natural pasture. Here and there rose rocky knolls, and there were a number of small villages. It was an intensely hot day, and the five columns, each formed by a brigade, moved very slowly, the ranks opening out, and the columns lengthening, so that when they were sighted from the citadel of Domokos it was reported to the Crown Prince that not five brigades, but five divisions, were advancing against his front. The first shots were fired on the left about 10 o'clock. Hairi Pasha's advanced guard was approaching the village of Tsiobu, when from the houses and enclosures of the little place there came a rapid discharge of musketry. The village was held only by a handful of Greek cavalry, most of whom were dismounted on its northern edge, but they were using their carbines to such good effect that the cautious Turkish commander overestimated their force, took them for at least a whole rifle battalion, and began to deploy his advanced guard in a long battle line as if he were going to fight a serious action. Edhem Pasha with his staff had ridden to the top of a little knoll near the high road when they heard the firing. With their field glasses they were able to see

that Hairi could not possibly have any large force in front of him, and after impatiently watching the fusillade for a while a galloper was sent to hurry him on, for Neshat and the 2nd Division had been directed not to get further forward than the 1st Division on the left, and the whole of that division was halted. It was nearly 11 o'clock when Hairi's vanguard at last pushed boldly forward, and the Greek horsemen galloped off from the south end of the village.

Half an hour later the Greek siege guns mounted on the heights of Domokos opened fire on the heads of Neshat's columns. The range was nearly 3,000 yards, or about four and a half miles, but the distances had been carefully noted by the Greek artillery officers, and they made very fair practice. They would have done more damage if they had had better ammunition, but many of the big shells failed to burst. Neshat's batteries could not reply at such a long range, but the troops deployed to diminish the target they presented, and moved partly under the cover of the rocky knolls in the plain. The vanguard was in action driving in the Greek cavalry outposts, and the boom of guns from the hills far away to the left suggested that Hamdi's division was meeting with more opposition to his turning movement than had been anticipated.

Hairi's division on the left was not only hopelessly slow in its movements, but now began to miss its proper direction. It ought to have moved on the immediate right of Nury Pasha's Adrianople brigade. But it was inclining more and more to the south-westward. The Albanian irregulars who formed its flank-guard had come upon the Greek outposts in front of the enemy's extreme right and were firing heavily, and Hairi, always cautious to an extent that was mischievous to the general plan of the day's operations, had halted again and sent them reinforcements. Another staff officer was sent to hurry him on and set him right. Meanwhile Neshat had to wait for him. It was some time before the advance of the right wing was resumed.

So far there had been mere skirmishing in the plain and a distant cannonade from the heights. The great natural rampart of the Domokos ridge, now wreathed in the smoke of the Greek batteries, might well seem unassailable, and it was no part of Edhem's plan to attack it in earnest on this day. The hill, crowned by the citadel, rose 1,500 feet above the plain; from the crest the hill descended in a

series of terraces, and each had its line of shelter trenches for infantry, with here and there the more massive earthworks of a battery. Looking at it, Edhem realised that it was ground that might well be held by a comparatively small force, and as the sound of firing came heavier and heavier from the hills to the eastward, it occurred to him that the Crown Prince was probably employing a considerable part of his force to check the all-important flank movement, and, if not hard pressed at Domokos, might still further reinforce his right. So Neshat was ordered to advance without waiting for Hairy's belated co-operation.

The Turkish left wing, under Hamdi and Memdhuk, had been making very slow progress, on account of, first, the difficulties of the ground they had to traverse, and then the obstinate resistance of the small Greek force opposed to them, which was under the command of Colonel Mastrapas. Hamdi very early in the day decided that he could not possibly drag the greater part of his artillery over the rugged paths of Mount Khassiadiari. He kept with him only his mountain battery and one of the field batteries. It fared even worse with Memdhuk, who kept only his six mountain guns, and sent all his field batteries back to Pharsala. About 8 a.m. Hamdi's advance guard was in action against the outposts of the 4th Greek regiment. A few companies for a while held in check a whole battalion of Albanian reguiars. Forced back by sheer weight of numbers, the Greeks doggedly defended every inch of the ground, and Hamdi had to use his artillery to force his way forward. Memdhuk came into action somewhat later, his opponents being a battalion of Euzonoi. Had the Crown Prince reinforced his right early in the day—above all, had he sent some of his mountain batteries to the help of Mastrapas—the result of the fight might have been different. As it was, the brave linesmen and rifles were very slowly, but none the less surely, forced back. So it was not till late in the afternoon that the heads of the Turkish columns had reached the points assigned to them in the orders for the day, and Memdhuk was not able even to attempt the dash for the Phurka Pass, which had been suggested as the best use to make of the Albanian irregulars attached to his division.

By 3 o'clock the Greek outposts had been withdrawn from the plain in front of Domokos, and Neshat's divisional artillery and some of Riza's reserve batteries were in action against

the Greek guns on the terraced hillside. The Turkish infantry began to move forward to the attack, and the battle began in grim earnest. In front of the first and lowest line of Greek trenches before Domokos a long firing line of Turkish infantry was pressing on, the Adrianople brigade on the right, another of Neshat's brigades on the left. They slowly gained ground till they reached a little stream about 600 yards from the trenches. Then their further progress was checked. So heavy and rapid was the fire of the Greek infantry, that one of the correspondents with the Turkish army remarks that one might well imagine that the Greeks had suddenly exchanged their old Gras rifles for Mauser repeaters. Another point is worth noting, for, though it shows a strange lack of discipline in the Greek army, it says something for the warlike eagerness of the men. Hundreds of soldiers and some of the officers of Dimopulos' reserve brigade left their position behind the crest of the ridge and crowded the hilltops to watch the fight. It was the fiercest struggle in the whole campaign. Battalion after battalion of the Adrianople brigade was pushed into the firing line. They came on gallantly, reckless of the heavy loss they were suffering. But they, too, showed a woeful lack of battle training. In their eagerness, the supports fired as they moved up, heedless of the risk of hitting their comrades in the firing line in front, and the ill-aimed, hurried fire of the Mausers did comparatively little harm to the Greeks in the trenches.

Further away on the right Hairy's division at last came into action against the Greek left. One of his brigades advanced against the hills near the village of Agoriani, held by Kaklamanos' brigade, the flank detachment under Colonel Tertipis, and the Foreign Legion. The other brigade of Hairy's troops was directed against the hills near the village of Velisiotæ, held by the brigade of Antoniadès. The right column was not only repulsed, but was vigorously attacked by the Greeks as it fell back. The Foreign Legion bore a leading part in the fight. Its commander, Captain Varatasse, a Frenchman, was mortally wounded. The British company, under Lieutenant Ramshay, now reduced to thirty-six men, had out of this small number eight killed and seven wounded in the fight. At Velisiotæ the Turkish attack was making no progress, and the reserve brigade of Neshat's corps was moved up on Hairy's left to support him in a renewed attempt to advance.

It was now late in the afternoon. The Greeks might so far claim a victory on the main battlefield, but about 5 o'clock disquieting news reached the Crown Prince at Domokos from Colonel Mastrapas' flanking detachments in the hills to the eastward. He reported that he was being driven back by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and he asked for reinforcements. Colonel Dimopoulos' brigade was now divided. Part of it, with a mountain battery, was sent away to the eastward to support Mastrapas—all too late—and the rest of the brigade was used to reinforce the troops holding the trenches before Domokos.

The Turks had brought all their reserve batteries into action. Altogether in the centre they had seventy-two guns and six howitzers at work shelling the Greek position. Three Greek guns had been dismantled, and an artillery waggon had blown up on the slope near the citadel, sending a great spurt of flame and smoke high over the hilltops. Several of the batteries concentrated their fire on the nearest and lowest of the Greek trenches. The rifle fire from the entrenchment gradually slackened, and at last it was rushed by the Adrianople brigade. Out of 3,500 men, they had lost nearly 700 in the advance. A little later the village of Velisiotæ, shattered by the fire of Hairi's divisional artillery, was evacuated by the Greeks, but they held the hill slopes above the place, and as the sun set, the main position was everywhere intact.

Edhem Pasha and his staff had watched the fight from a knoll near the Pharsala road, facing Domokos. They prepared to bivouac for the night near its base, but before anyone could think of resting there was much to be done. The Turkish marshal and his officers were not a little anxious about the situation. There was no news whatever from the two divisions in the hills to the left. Arrangements for keeping up communication with that wing by signalling had broken down. All that was known was that in every lull of the main battle the wind had borne from the eastward the boom of Hamdi's mountain guns. He had been fighting till nightfall, with what result could only be guessed, but it was thought that if he had been completely successful he would have found some means to get the news through to the headquarters' staff before the close of the day. Then the frontal attack on the Domokos position, though it had been more vigorously pressed than had been originally intended, had proved on the whole a costly failure. The mere outworks of the position had

been taken, and the Greeks might try to recover them in the night.

Orders were given to the troops to lose no time in entrenching themselves on the ground they occupied, and Hairi was directed to move one of his brigades nearer to the main road, so as to be in position, if necessary, to support the Adrianople brigade which had suffered so severely, and the men of which were exhausted by the prolonged fight in which they had been so hotly engaged. Soon after dark there was the beginning of a panic in the Turkish centre. Some of the horses of Riza's reserve batteries were being marched to the rear in order to give them water, when the report spread that a retreat had been ordered, and that the artillery was already moving off. It was with difficulty that a general movement back towards Pharsala was prevented.

About 11 o'clock a tired horseman rode in from the eastward with a despatch from Hamdi Pasha. He informed Edhem that he had driven back the Greeks and had bivouacked for the night between Karatsali and Virsi, and that Memdhuk was in line with him further eastward. He was thus in a position to come down on the Greek right or establish himself on their right rear as soon as next day's sunrise gave him light to advance. This news put an end to the anxieties of the Turkish staff. The orders for next day were quickly written. Hamdi was to advance against the Greek right, signalling the moment when he marched off by a salvo from all his guns. Memdhuk was to swing round towards the south-east and try to get between the Greeks and the Phurka Pass, or at least on the flank of their line of retreat, and within striking distance of it. The frontal attack on Domokos was to be resumed at dawn and pushed home as soon as there were signs that Hamdi's advance over the crest of the ridge was producing an effect on the Greeks. The horseman who had brought the despatch said he could not possibly find his way back through the hills in the dark. It was by good luck he had reached the headquarters, so difficult was the country. So Colonel Mahmud Bey, who had led the charge at Velestino and had been in the saddle all day during this battle of Domokos, took the orders and rode away to Pharsala, where he got a fresh horse and then made his way to Hamdi's headquarters. Just before sunrise the report of the guns in the hills told Edhem that his left wing had received its orders, and that Hamdi's division was marching off.

But as the sun rose it was seen that in yet one more point Domokos was a repetition of Pharsala. The Greek entrenchments were empty ; the town was silent. After nightfall the evening before, the Crown Prince had decided that with the Turks established in force in the hills on his right the position was no longer tenable, and he had issued orders for a general retreat. The defenders of the main position, who felt that they had won a victory, received the news with astonishment, and there was much talk of treachery at headquarters and of a betrayal of the last stronghold of Thessaly to the invader as the price of peace. Such a view of the situation was natural enough, but the history of the fight shows how unjust it was. On the hills of Domokos Prince Constantine had made a brave stand and saved the honour of the Greek arms. Outnumbered and outgeneralled as he was, he could do no more. So all night long in the bright moonlight the Greek army and a crowd of fugitive countryfolk streamed over the Phurka Pass. It was just a month since the moonlight night that had seen the

first fight along the border range of Northern Thessaly.

The battle of Domokos ended the war. Hakki Pasha had advanced against Smolenski at Halmiros on the morning of the 17th. He found the village held only by a Greek rearguard, which retired after a brief engagement. Smolenski had fallen back on Platanos, where he was strongly entrenched, but, in the night, between the 17th and 18th, he received orders from the Crown Prince to conform to the general retreat of the army and join the main body at Lamia. The Turks had pressed closely on the Crown Prince's beaten army as it fell back over the Phurka Pass. It was found to be impossible to make a stand at Lamia, and a position was therefore taken up on the range of Mount Ceta and in the Pass of Thermopylæ. But on May 19th news arrived that an armistice had been signed. Under the terms of the subsequent treaty of peace Greece paid a war indemnity to Turkey and ceded to the Sultan a strip of territory on the northern frontier that gave the Turks command of all the passes leading into Thessaly.

# INDEX.

- Abd-el-Kadr, Arab chieftain, iii. 344—351  
 Abderrhaman, Emperor of Morocco, iii. 350  
 Abdurrahman Khan, Ameer of Afghanistan, his book on the "Holy War," v. 228; disavows the retels on the North-West frontier, 252  
 Abercromby, General Sir Ralph, The Expedition to Egypt in 1801, ii. 599—607  
 Abra Crampa, attack on i. 216  
 Abu-Klea, battle of, ii. 506—511  
 Abu Kru, battle of, ii. 512—513  
 Abyssinian Campaign, The, of 1867—8, ii. 408—415  
 Acland, General, iv. 546—547  
 Adams, Colonel Gould, i. 115  
 Adams, General, i. 177, 179—180; iii. 258—259  
 Afghan War, The First, ii. 565—577  
 Afghan War, The Second; Roberts' Battles about Cabul, i. 234—246; the final stages, iv. 693—705  
 Agordat, battle of, iii. 48—56  
 Agra, capture of, i. 373  
 Aguinaldo, v. 117, 225  
 Ahmed, Ali, at battle of Agordat, iii. 50—55  
 Ahmed Khel, battle of, iv. 693  
 Ahmed Pasha, iv. 614—615  
 Airey, General, i. 178—179  
 Akasha, occupation of (Dongola Expedition, 1896), iv. 743—748  
 Akbar Khan, ii. 568—571  
 Akpa, action of, ii. 656—657  
 Alamo, storming of the, iv. 522—526  
 Albemarle, Earl of, i. 73  
 Albert, Archduke, i. 247—248; at battle of Custoza, 251—255  
 Albini, Admiral, i. 158—159, 163  
 Albuera, battle of, iii. 279—289  
 Alcérreca, General, iii. 247, 251  
 Alesio, Countess, i. 327  
 Alexander, Colonel, iv. 528  
 Alexander, Emperor, i. 184—185, 104  
 Alexander, General, iv. 682  
 Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, 370—371; at battle of Slivnitsa, 372—378; at battle of Piro, 378—382  
 Alexandria, battle of, 1801, ii. 606—608; capitulation of, 612—613  
 Alexandria, bombardment of, iv. 447—455  
 Alexinatz, engagements at (Servian War of 1876), iii. 197—201  
 Algeria, subjugation of, by the French, 1837, ii. 440  
 Aligarh, reduction of, 373  
 Alison, General Sir Archibald, i. 200, 203  
 Aliwal, battle of, ii. 715  
 Alix, General, i. 61—62, 67  
 Alkhozoff, General, ii. 487—488  
 Allatoona, occupation of, ii. 697; battle of, 700  
 Alma, The, battle of, i. 174—182  
 Alten, General, iii. 280, 282, 286  
 Alvensleben, General, i. 342  
 Amadeo, Prince, i. 247, 254—255  
 America, The war with, *vide* The War of 1812.  
 American Civil War, The: The first battle of Bull Run, i. 92—100; Shiloh, 205—214; ii. the fall of Vicksburg, 380—387; Sherman's Atlanta campaign, 692—703; Sherman's march to the sea and his campaign of the Carolinas, iii. 1—11; the collapse of the Confederacy, 322—331; iv. Morgan's Raid, 710—719; Gettysburg, 720—729  
 Amherst, Lord, iii. 332  
 Ammon Quatia, Ashanti General-in-Chief, i. 221  
 Amoatul i. 215—216; battle of, 218—220  
 Ancona, taking of, ii. 579  
 Anderson, General, iii. 328  
 Angelet Brothers, story of the, i. 72  
 Anker, Lieutenant, hercism of, i. 230  
 Anrep, General, iv. 616—619  
 Anson, General, i. 123  
 Anson, Major, i. 32  
 Anstruther, Colonel, ii. 429—430  
 Anstruther, Ensign, gallant deed of, i. 178  
 Anstruther, General, i. 355  
 Antony, Prince of Hohenzollern, i. 82  
 Appomattox Court House, ii. 322; Confederate surrender at, 331  
 Apraxin, Count, i. 192  
 Arabi Pasha, i. 195—196, 199—204; iii. 449—450, 453—455  
 Arapiles, The, iii. 154—156  
 Argonz, General, ii. 494—495  
 Arhauga Pass, the, The taking of, v. 268—273  
 Arickaree Fork, fight of the, iii. 290—299  
 Arimondi, General, iii. 50—51, 54—56  
 Arooghee, battle of, ii. 408—414  
 Ashburnham, Colonel, ii. 432  
 Asai Heights, assault on the, i. 240—242  
 Aspern-Essling, battle of, iv. 573—581  
 Aspromonte, battle of, i. 299—306  
 Assaye, battle of, 378—379  
 Atbara, battle of the, v. 1—24  
 Atlanta, campaign of, ii. 692—703  
 Auchmuty, General Sir Samuel, iii. 117—118, 125  
 Auckland, Lord, ii. 565, 574  
 Auerstädt, battle of, iv. 738—740  
 Augereau, Marshal, i. 183; iv. 731, 730  
 Augustin, General, v. 102, 117, 219, 225  
 Austerlitz, i. battle of, 183—194  
 Austin, Colonel, iv. 681—684  
 Austin, Moses, iv. 520, 522  
 Aversyboro', battle of, iii. 10  
 Ayacucho, battle of, i. 85—91; Patriot and Royal forces at, 87—88  
 Aylmer, V.C., Captain, gallantry of, i. 294—295  
 Ayoub Khan, iv. 693—694, 697, 700—705
- B.
- Bachelu, General, i. 60  
 Badajoz, investment of, i. 256; 257; 258; 259—262; 260, capture of, 262—265; mad orgie, 265—266; losses in siege of, 257, 266  
 Badéau, General, ii. 387  
 Badli-ki-serai, battle of, i. 126  
 Bagration, Prince, i. 186, 190, 308—309  
 Bahadour Shah, King of Delhi, i. 120; capture of by Hodson, 135—136  
 Baird, General Sir David, i. 354, 356; ii. 613  
 Baird-Smith, Colonel, i. 131  
 Bajee, Rao, The Peishwa, ii. 550—551, 554—555  
 Baker, Captain, capture of Danish convoy by, ii. 471  
 Baker, General Sir Thomas, i. 234—240, 242—243; iv. 698, 703—704  
 Baker Pasha, iv. 601, 603—604, 608  
 Balacava, battle of, ii. 526—534, 527—528; charge of Scarlett's brigade, 530; charge of the Light Brigade, 532—534; losses at, 532; results of, 534  
 Balla Hissar, massacre in the, i. 234—235  
 Ballarat, iii. 39, 41—44, 46  
 Balmaceda, President, iii. 244—251; army of, 246  
 Balinon, The raid of, v. 324  
 Bandoola, General, iv. 400, 402; his death, 403  
 Barbosa, General, iii. 247—248, 251  
 Barnard, General Sir Henry, i. 123, 126—127, 260  
 Barreiro, General, iv. 475—478  
 Barrosa, battle of, iv. 627—633  
 Barrow, Colonel, iv. 600  
 Barrow, Major, ii. 616, 618  
 Bastoul, General, i. 25  
 Bataille, General, i. 25  
 Batoche, battle of, ii. 727—730  
 Batty, Colonel, death of, iii. 186  
 Batty, Lieutenant Quintin, i. 127  
 Batty, Wigram, at battle of Saarbrück, i. 26  
 Baumann, H. H., veteran of 1814—15, i. 26  
 Baylen, capitulation of, iii. 214—221; battle of, 218—220  
 Bayonne, sortie from, iv. 692  
 Bazaine, Marshal, at Mars-la-Tour, i. 341—353; at Gravelotte, ii. 383, 385—386, 395; in expedition to Mexico, iv. 458, 460—462  
 Bazeilles, village of, iii. 92—93  
 Beales, Commander of Austrian brigade at Koniggrätz, i. 82  
 Bèauregard, General, i. 92; services of, 93; position of his army at Bull Run, 94; at battle of Bull Run, 98—99, 205, 207; at battle of Shiloh, 211—212, 214

- Becher, Lieutenant, iii. 291, 297  
 Bechtoldsheim, Captain, gallant charge of Uhlans under, i. 252—253  
 Bee, General, i. 98—99  
 Behanzin, King of Dahomey, ii. 647—658  
 Behmaroo Heights, fight on the, ii. 567—568  
 Belfort, siege of, iii. 222, 231  
 Belgian War of Independence, The, iv. 416—429  
 Belin, Lieutenant-Colonel, ii. 389  
 Bellairs, Colonel, ii. 431  
 "Belle Vue," Public-house, Saarbrück, i. 22—24  
 Belliard, General, ii. 611  
 Beni Hissar, fight on the, i. 239  
 Bendereff, Captain, ii. 373—374, 376  
 Benedek, Field-Marshal, i. 75, 79, 81—83; at battle of Mortara, iv. 569—570  
 Benevento, fight at, i. 355  
 Benningens, General, at battle of Eylau, ii. 346—347; at battle of Friedland, 549—551  
 Benteen, Captain, i. 46, 48—49  
 Bentonsville, battle of, iii. 111  
 Beresford, Lord Charles, ii. 502, 509; iii. 305, 311—312; at Alexandria, iv. 451—452, 454  
 Beresford, Marshal, at Buenos Ayres, iii. 116; military services of, 277—278; in command of Portuguese army, 278; crosses the Guadiana, 279; at surrender of Olivenza, 280; decides on giving battle to Soult, 281; position and numbers of opposing armies, 282; at battle of Albuera, 282—289; iv. 556—558, 562—563, 587—591  
 Bergen-op-Zoom, iv. 436—446  
 Bernadotte, Marshal, i. 183, 188—189, 192; in battle of Leipzig, iii. 17, 23, 313; at Léna, iv. 731—738  
 Berthier, Marshal, i. 316  
 Bessières, Marshal, death of, iii. 186; iv. 573, 575—578  
 Betanzos, i. 359  
 Bhurtpore, ii. siege of, 332—343  
 Bichot, Colonel, ii. 389  
 Bidassoa, passage of the, iv. 536—538  
 Biggs, Major, iii. 265—266  
 Bijour, action of, iii. 178—179  
 Billot, General, iii. 224, 226—227  
 Blvd, General G. Corrie, Commander of Tochi Field Force, v. 232  
 Bismarck, Prince, i. 74, 78, 80, 82—83, 224, 232; iii. 100, 103—104; iv. 394  
 Bistritz, The, i. 79, 82  
 Bittenfeld, General Herwarth von, i. 75, 82  
 Bixio, General, i. 40—41, 250, 254  
 Black, Major, i. 155  
 Blanchard, General, ii. 461—462  
 Blanco, Marshal, Captain-General of Cuba, v. 101, 105, 116, 141, 164  
 Blake, General, ii. 281—283  
 Blood, General Sir Bindon, in command of Malakand Field Force, v. 242, 253, 255, 532  
 Blücher, Field-Marshal Prince, i. 52, 54, 66—67, 70—71; ii. 14—15, 21; at Lutzen, 186—192; 314; at battle of Ligny, iv. 671—680, 740—741  
 Boer War, The, of 1881, ii. 429—439  
 Boisragon, V.C., Lieutenant, heroism of, i. 294—295  
 Bolivar, General, address to Congress at Lima, i. 85; to his army at Reyes, 85; at action of Junin, 86; iv. 474—478  
 "Bomba," King, i. 35—36  
 Bonaparte, Jerome, at Waterloo, i. 70; 307  
 Bonaparte, King Joseph, ii. 393, 584, 586, 590—591  
 Booth, Colonel, i. 279, 282  
 Borodino, battle of, i. 313—315  
 Borrow, Captain, i. 112  
 Bosquet, General, i. 9, 176, 178; iii. 254, 256, 260—261, iv. 470  
 Bourbaki, General, i. 341; at battle of Villersexel, iii. 223—231  
 Bouxhoevendin, General Count, iv. 491, 493  
 Bowie, James, iv. 523—524, 526  
 Boyaca, battle of, iv. 473—478  
 Boyd, General, iv. 649—650, 652  
 Brackenbury, General, iv. 407, 409, 413  
 Bragg, General, i. 207—208, 214; iv. 710—711  
 Breckenridge, General, i. 208  
 Bredow, General von, i. 345—347, 349  
 Brescia, storming of, ii. 740—743  
 Brignone, General, ii. 403  
 Brilhos, engagement at, iv. 483  
 Brind, Major, gallantry of, i. 131  
 Brion, Admiral, iv. 474  
 Broadwood, Captain (afterwards Colonel), v. 1, 23, 41, 55, 64, 66  
 Brock, General Sir Isaac, ii. 514, 516; military services of, 517; measures for defence of Canada, 518; capture of Fort Detroit, 519; at battle of Queenston Heights, 522—523; death of, 523  
 Brody, battle of, iii. 69—78  
 Broke, Captain, in fight between *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, iii. 146—148, 150  
 Bromhead, V.C., Lieutenant, i. 155; at defence of Rorke's Drift, 330—333, 340  
 Bronkhorst Spruit, affair of, ii. 430  
 Brooke, General, iv. 608  
 Brown, General, iv. 648—649, 651  
 Brown, General Sir George, i. 3, 177  
 Brunswick, Duke of, iv. 730, 734, 739  
 Brussels, during the Belgian War of Independence, iv. 416—421; advance of Dutch troops, 422; street fighting in, 423—424; bombardment of, 425; assaults on, 427—429; retreat of Dutch, 429  
 Buckle, Captain, i. 220  
 Buell, General, i. 207, 210, 213—214  
 Buena Vista, battle of, ii. 592—598  
 Buenos Ayres, defeat of Beresford at, iv. 116; taken by Sir Samuel Auchmuty, 117; expedition to, 117; troops under General Crauford, 118; disembarkation of forces at, 118; advance on, 119—120; assault of, 122—124; failure of attack, 124; losses, 124—125  
 Bugeaud, Marshal, services of, iii. 344—346; meeting with Abd-el-Kadr, 347; disposition of army under, 347—348; his method of warfare, 348; capture of Abd-el-Kadr's "smalah," 348—349; at battle of Isly, 350—351  
 Buller, General Sir Redvers, ii. 618—624; iv. 414  
 Bull Run, first battle of, i. 98—100  
 Bülow, General, i. 60  
 Buluwayo, retreat on, i. 114—115  
 Burgoyne, General Sir John, i. 8; iii. 364  
 Burleigh, Mr. Bennett, iii. 303, 608  
 Burmese War, The first, ii. 396—404  
 Burnham, American scout, i. 113—114, 118  
 Burn-Murdoch, Major, iv. 744, 746—748  
 Burr, Colonel, iv. 550, 552—555  
 Burrard, General Sir Harry, iv. 481, 485—486, 489  
 Burrows, General, iv. 693—695, 704  
 Burslem, Lieutenant, i. 34  
 Bustamente, President, iv. 521—522  
 Buxhowden, General, i. 190, 192  
 Buzenval, The last sortie from Paris, iv. 653; 654; 655; 656; 658—659  
 Bylandt, General de, iv. 420

## C.

- Cabul, i. 234; battles about, 235—246; retreat from, ii. 569—575  
 Cadogan, Colonel, i. 587  
 Caffarelli, General, i. 190  
 Calafat, siege of, iv. 614—618  
 Calatafimi, battle of, i. 38  
 Calcabellos, fight of, i. 356—357  
 Callao, The blockade of, iii. 267, 275  
 Cambridge, Duke of, i. 177, 179; ii. 258—259  
 Cameron, Colonel, of Fassifern, i. 52; death at Quatre Bras, 54  
 Cameron, General Sir Duncan, i. 276; force under, 277; at siege and capture of the Gate Pah, 278—283; iv. 681—684  
 Cameron, Private Donald, gallant death of, i. 203  
 Campbell, Colonel, i. 134  
 Campbell, General Sir Archibald, in First Burmese War, 396, 398, 402—403  
 Campbell, Lieutenant of Craignish, i. 346—347  
 Campbell, of Kintyre, Turkish General, ii. 600  
 Camou, General, i. 166—167, 170—172  
 Campo Maior, affair of, ii. 278—279; losses at, 279  
 Candahar, strength of British and Afghan forces, iv. 693; Burrows's march to Maiwand, 694; battle of Maiwand, 694—696; sortie from, 698; losses, 698; Roberts's march to, 698—701; details of army, 698; incidents on the march, 700—701; battle of, 701—705; defeat of Afghans, 705; remarks on close of war, 705  
 Canrobert, Marshal, i. 167, 173, 176, 178, 182, 341, ii. 344, 631; iii. 254, 262; at Gravelotte, iv. 383, 387, 392, 395, 458  
 Cardigan, General Lord, i. 8, 177, ii. 527, 531—532, 534  
 Carlist Wars, The, ii. 491  
 Carlos, Don, ii. 492, 494, 498; his bodyguard, 494  
 Carmichael, Captain, iii. 339—340  
 Carolinas, Campaign of the, iii. 7—11  
 Caron, Sir Adolphe, ii. 666, 721  
 Carpenter, Colonel, iii. 298  
 Carthage, siege of, ii. 704—713



- Casa Vieja, storming of, iv. 630  
 Cashmere Gate, The, massacre at, i. 122—123; blowing in of, 134  
 Castanos, General, iii. 216, 218—220  
 Castelfidardo, battle of, ii. 401—407  
 Castillejos, battle of, iii. 107—110  
 Cathcart, General Sir George, i. 8—9, 259  
 Caulaincourt, General, i. 314—315  
 Cavour, Count, i. 165, 302  
 Cawnpore, iii. 622  
 Cerale, General, i. 250—254  
 Cervera, Admiral, v. 97, 138, 139, 158, 165, 170, 196; the destruction of his fleet, 199—209; 215  
 Cetewayo, Zulu King, i. 147—149  
 Chacabuco, battle of, ii. 538  
 Chaffee, General A. R., v. 167, 183; at the fight for El Caney, 184—186  
 Champigny, battles of, iii. 463—468  
 Champion's Hill, battle of, ii. 384—385  
 Champlain, Samuel de, i. 43  
 Chaplin, V. C., Lieutenant, bravery of, i. 34  
 Charasiab, battle of, i. 235  
 Chard, V. C., Lieutenant, i. 12, 155; at defence of Rorke's Drift, 330—338, 340  
 Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, iv. 564, 566—568, 570—572  
 Charles, The Archduke, at Aspern-Essing, iv. 575, 578—579, 581  
 Chateauguay River, action on the, iv. 647, 652  
 Chatham, General Lord, in Walcheren Expedition, ii. 660—663  
 Chattanooga, battle of, ii. 692  
 Chelmsford, General Lord, i. 19; commander in Natal, 148; forces under, 148; disposition of army under, 149; 150—151, 154—155, 330, 339, ii. 614—616, 618, 626—627  
*Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, fight between the, iii. 146—150  
 Chetâté, battle of, iv. 616  
 Chillianwallah, battle of, iii. 131—134  
 Chinbut, battle of, iii. 30—31  
 Chippewa, battle of, iii. 354  
 Chitral, campaign of, iii. 169—183; v. 227—228  
 Chlopicki, General, i. 284  
 Christian IX., King of Denmark, i. 224  
 Christie, Ensign, at Quatre Bras, i. 54  
 Chrysler's Farm, battle of, iii. 646—652  
 Chrzanowski, General, iv. 566, 568, 570  
 Cialdini, General, i. 247—248, 251, 255, 303, 306, ii. 402, 404  
 Cintra, Convention of, iv. 490  
 Ciudad Rodrigo, siege of, ii. 670—682  
 Ciam Gallas, i. 167—168  
 Claparède, General, i. 186  
 Clarke, Captain, i. 63  
 Clausel, Marshal, ii. 440, 442; iii. 156, 158—159, iv. 532, 534—536, 538, 540  
 Cleland, Colonel, i. 238  
 Clément-Thomas, General, ii. 460  
 Clinchant, General, iii. 225, 227—228  
 Clyde, Field-Marshal Lord, i. 4—6, 8, 11, 178—180; at Balacava, ii. 528, 531; 590; in Punjab campaign, ii. 127—136; 484  
 Cochrane, Admiral Sir Alexander, ii. 446, 448  
 Cochrane, Admiral Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, appointed to command of Chilean Navy, i. 267; opposing fleets, 267; action in Callao harbour, 268—269; achievements at sea, 270; attack on Callao, 272—275  
 Cochrane, Lady, i. 267—269  
 Codrington, Admiral Sir Edward, issues General Order, i. 363; joins with French Fleet, 364; his description of Ibrahim Pasha, 364—365; appointed to command allies, 366; disposal of forces, 366—367; at battle of Navarino, 367—368; honours to, 369  
 Codrington, General, i. 1, 177—179; iii. 254, 258  
 Coghill, Captain, i. 154  
 Colborne, General, i. 68, 70, 72, 678  
 Cole, General Sir Lowry, i. 256; iii. 282, 286—287, iv. 546—547  
 Colley, General Sir G. P., ii. 430—432, 434—436, 438—439  
 Collineau, General, i. 34  
 Collingwood, Admiral, at Trafalgar, iii. 61—62, 67  
 Collins, Rev. R., iv. 643  
 Colombe-Nouilly, battle of, i. 341  
 Combermere, General Lord, services of, iii. 334; assumes command of army, 334; at siege of Bhurtpore, 335—343  
 Commerell, Commodore, i. 31, 215  
 Concon, battle of, iii. 247—248  
 Condorkanki, Ridge of, i. 86, 88, 90—91  
 Connaught, General, Duke of, i. 200, 203  
 Constantine, Archduke, i. 284  
 Constantine, Fort, ii. 440; investment of, 441; retreat of Clausel from, 442; second expedition to, 442—443; fall of, 444—445  
 Cook, V. C., Major, i. 238  
 Cooke, Major-General George, iv. 437, 444—446  
 Coote, General Sir Eyre, ii. 600, 602, 608, 611—613, 660  
 Copenhagen, bombardment of, ii. 471—481  
 "Copenhagen," Wellington's charger at Waterloo, i. 58  
 Cordova, General, gallantry of at Ayacucho, i. 90  
 Corpagnayco, fight in the valley of, i. 86  
 Corunna, retreat of, i. 354; episodes in, 355—359; battle of 360—361; losses, 361  
 Cos, General, iv. 522, 524  
 Cosson, Major E. A. de, iv. 640—641  
 Costello, Lieutenant, wins V. C., v. 235  
 Courbet, Admiral, ii. 388—390; force under, 389  
 Courien, General de, i. 402  
 Coveney, Lieutenant-Colonel, ii. 412  
 Craddock, General Sir John, iv. 557  
 Craig, General Sir James, iv. 543  
 Craufurd, General Sir Thomas, his famous march, ii. 399—400, at Ciudad Rodrigo, 676, 680—682; at Buenos Ayres, iii. 117—125, iv. 483  
 "Crazy Horse," Chief of the Sioux, i. 45, 47  
 Crealock, General, ii. 626  
 Crimean War, The: Battle of the Alma, i. 174—182; Balaklava, i. 526—534; Inkerman, iii. 252—262; Sebastopol, ii. 361—369; iv. 404—472  
 Crispi, Signor, i. 39  
 Crockett, Davy, iv. 524—525  
 Cromer, Lord, iv. 742  
 Cronstedt, Admiral Count, iv. 494—496  
 Crook, General, defeat of, i. 45—46  
 Cuba, The Blockade of, v. 103—109; fights off the coast of, 128—133; the Spanish-American war in, 134—219  
 Cuesta, General, iv. 556  
 Cumbres Pass, action at the, iv. 456  
 Currie, Sir F., iii. 126, 127  
 Custer, General, i. 43; his services, 45—46; marches to attack "Sitting Bull," 47; disposition of his force, 48; his fate, and that of his men, 48  
 Custozza, battle of, i. 247—255  
 Cut Knife Creek, action at, 674—675
- D.
- Dah, The river, fight near, i. 221—222  
 Dahomey, The Forest fighting in, ii. 647—658  
 Dalhousie, Lord, iii. 127—128  
 Dalrymple, General Sir Hugh, iv. 481, 489—490  
 Damrémont, General, ii. 442—443, 445  
 Dance, Commodore Nathaniel, at action off Pulo Aer, iv. 707—709  
 d'Angely, General Regnaud de Saint-Jean, i. 173  
 Dannenberg, General, iii. 255—256, 259—260  
 Danube, crossing of the, i. 101  
 Danzig, fall of, ii. 547  
 Dargai, Battles of, v. 259—264  
 Dartnell, Major, i. 150, 154  
 d'Aumale, Duc, iii. 348—349, 351  
 Davis, General, iv. 608, 610—611  
 Davis President, iii. 324  
 Davout, Marshal, i. 183, 186, 188, 190—192, 307, 315, 319; iii. 313, 573, 580; at battle of Auerstädt, iv. 738—741  
 Dawson, Mr. James, sent to treat with Lobengula, i. 115; his journey, 115—117; burial of remains of Major Wilson's party, 118; his second journey to the banks of the Shangani, 119  
 Dearborn, General, ii. 518; iii. 233—234  
 De Boigne, General, i. 371, 374—375, 379  
 Decaen, General, iv. 706  
 Dehra, British repulse at, ii. 205—206  
 Del Canto, General, ii. 245—251; forces under, 245  
 Delhi, the siege and storming of, i. 120—130  
 Delhi, battle of, i. 373  
 Della Rocca, General, i. 247  
 Delzons, General, i. 319  
 Dembinski, General, i. 286  
 D'Erlon, General, i. 60; iv. 531—533, 534—535, 539—540, 674—679  
 De Montmorency, Lieutenant, wins V. C., v. 71  
 Desert Column, story of The (1885), ii. 501—513  
 Desnouettes, General Lefebvre, i. 355  
 D'Espagne, General, iv. 576—577  
 Des Vœux, Major, v. 252—276  
 Dewey, Admiral, v. 94; and the battle of Manila, 118—127; 167; the siege and capture of Manila, 219—225

- d'Hautpool, General, i. 190  
 d'Hautpool, General Beaufort, iii. 143, 145  
 d'Hilliers, General Baraguay, ii. 631; at battle of Solferino, 632—637  
 Dhô, General, i. 251—252, 255  
 Dhuleep Singh, The Maharajah, ii. 638—639; iii. 126  
 Dick, General Sir Robert, ii. 716, 718, 720  
 Disney, General, i. 355  
 Doctoroff, General, i. 186, 190  
 Dodds, General, previous career of, ii. 648—649; takes command of French army, 649; his forces, 650; advances to Abomey, 650—651; attack on camp near Dogba, 651—652; heavy bush fighting, 654—658; fall of Abomey, 658  
 Dogali, battle of, iii. 48  
 Dogba, battle of, ii. 651—652  
 Dolgorouki, Prince, i. 185  
 Dollen, Colonel von der, i. 345  
 Dominguez, General Lopez, ii. 711—712  
 Donaldson, Sergeant, narrative of battle of Vittoria, ii. 587—588  
 Donellan, Colonel, ii. 398  
 Dong, action at, iii. 622  
 Donoobew, capture of, iv. 402—403  
 Donzelot, General, i. 61—62, 67  
 Doorjun Sal, ii. 332, 336, 343  
 Dost Mahomed, The Ameer, ii. 565, 577  
 Douay, General, iii. 458—460, 590—591  
 Douglas, Captain, i. 120  
 Douro, passage of the, ii. 556—563  
 Dresden, battle of, iii. 313—321  
 Du Cane, Lieutenant, iv. 487—489  
 Ducrot, General, ii. 461—463, 466—470; ii. 591—592, 599, 654, 656, 659  
 Dufour, General William Henry, Commander of Federal forces, i. 140; services of, 140; numbers of forces under, 140; his strategy, 141; takes Fribourg, 142; at battle of Gislilien, 143—144; his death 146  
 Duhesme, General, i. 67  
 Duke, Colonel Basil, iv. 711—712, 714, 717—718  
 Dunne, Assistant Commissary, i. 331—332, 334  
 Düppel, The redoubts of, i. 224—231  
 Dupont, General, iii. 214; military services of, 215; forces under, 215; operations in Andalusia, 215; retreat from Cordova, 216—217; his false position, 218; defeated at Baylen, 219; negotiations, 220; capitulates to Spaniards, 221; his death, 221  
 Durand, Colonel, i. 290; force at disposal of, 291; severely wounded, 294  
 Durando, General, i. 247, 255; iv. 568, 570  
 Durnford, Colonel, i. 149—152  
 Duroc, General, i. 186—188, 191—192  
 Durutte, General, i. 61

## E.

- Earle, General, commanding the River Column, 1885, ii. 501; iv. 405; affair of outposts, 405; advance to Birt, 407; march on Abu-Hamed, 409; at battle of Kirbekan, 411—414; death of, 413  
 Edwardes, Colonel Sir Herbert, ii. 716; iii. 127; defeats Moolraj, 127  
 Edwards, V.C., Private T., gallantry of, iv. 611  
 Egloff, General, i. 144  
 Egypt, The expedition to in 1801, 599—613; the bombardment of Alexandria, 447—456. *Vide* Soudan  
 El Caney, The fight for, v. 184—189  
 Elgger, Colonel, i. 142, 145  
 Ellenborough, Lord, ii. 575; iv. 661—662, 668  
 El-Obeid, annihilation of Egyptian army at, iv. 600  
 Elphinstone, General, ii. 566—567  
 Elphinstone, Mr. Mountstuart, iv. 549—555  
 El-Teb, battle of, iv. 603—607  
 El-Teb, massacre of, iv. 601—602  
 Escombreras, Bay of, ships in, ii. 706—707  
 Espinasse, General, i. 166—167, 170  
 Etshowe, force sent to relief of, ii. 615; relief of, 618  
 Eugene, Prince, i. 307, 310, 315—316, 321—323; iii. 185, 187, 191  
 Eureka Stockade, The (Australia), iii. 38—45  
 Evans, Colonel, i. 98  
 Evans, General Sir de Lacy, i. 177, 179  
 Evora, fight at, iv. 482  
 Ewart, Colonel, i. 199  
 Ewart, Sergeant, story of at Waterloo, i. 62—63  
 Ewell, General, iii. 329; at battle of Gettysburg, iv. 723—728  
 Eylau, battle of, ii. 544—547  
 Eyre, Colonel, iv. 411; death of, 413  
 Eyre, General, i. 10

## F.

- Fane, General, iv. 486—487  
 Fanti, General, ii. 402  
 Farragut, Admiral, i. 156  
 Ferdinand II., King of Naples, i. 35—36  
 Ferkeh, battle of (1896), iv. 742—748; events preceding the, 742—745; forces at the, 745; commencement of action, 747; Dervish defeat, 748; losses at, 748; results of, 748  
 Ferrier, Colonel, i. 62  
 Fincastle, Viscount, wins V.C., v. 246  
 Finckenstein, Colonel von, i. 78  
 Findlater, Piper, wins V.C., v. 263—264  
 Finland, the winter campaign in, in 1808, ii. 491—499  
 Firozshah (Ferozeshah), battle of, ii. 642—646  
 Fischbach, General, iv. 616, 619  
 Fish Creek, fight at, ii. 671—672  
 FitzGibbon, his capture of Colonel Boerstler's force, iii. 234—235  
 Five Forks, battle of, iii. 323; losses at, 323  
 "Flagstaff Tower," The, at Delhi, i. 127  
 Folster Height, The, i. 26  
 Forbach, i. 22—24  
 Forbes, Major, sent in pursuit of Lobengula, i. 111; hemmed in by the enemy, 112; action at Shangani drift, 112; retreat on Buluwayo, 114  
 Forbes, R.E., Major, i. 31  
 Forey, General, iii. 458—463  
 Forsyth, General G. A., receives orders to march against the Indians, 1868, iii. 291; at Arickaree Fork, 293; wounded, 295; attack on sand-pits, 296; repulse of charge of Indians, 297; progress of siege by, 298; arrival of succour, 298  
 Forrest, Mr., his narrative of assault of Delhi, i. 135  
 Fort Detroit, capture of, ii. 519  
 Fort Donaldson, capitulation of, i. 206  
 Fort Garry, iv. 501, 506—507  
 Fort Gregg, capture of, iii. 324  
 Fort St. Julien, taking of, ii. 610  
 Fort Sumter, bombardment of, i. 92  
 Foy, General, iii. 483, 487, 489  
 Franceschi, General, iv. 558, 560  
 Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, i. 75, 77—78  
 Francis II., Emperor of Austria, i. 194  
 Francis II., King of Naples, i. 35—36  
 Franco-German War, The: Saarbrück, i. 22—26; Mars-la-Tour, i. 341—353; Champagne, ii. 459—470; Sedan, iii. 90—104; Villersexel, iv. 222—231; Gravelotte, 383—395; Würth, 590—599; Buzenval, 653—659  
 Franzey, General, iv. 392—393  
 Fraser, Mr., Commissioner of Delhi, i. 120—121  
 Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," i. 15, 75—79, 81—83, 224—226, 228, 231—232; at Mars-la-Tour, 342—350; at Gravelotte, iv. 385—386, 394  
 Frederick, Crown Prince, i. 14—15, 75, 78—83; at Sedan, iii. 90, 100; at Würth, iv. 590, 592, 595, 599  
 Frederick VII., King of Denmark, i. 224  
 Frenchman's Butte, battle of, iv. 733—735  
 Frere, Sir Bartle, i. 148, 330  
 Fribourg, fall of, i. 141—142  
 Friedland, battle of, ii. 549—551  
 Frossard, General, i. 22—23, 25—26; iv. 383, 391—392, 394  
 Futtehpoore, battle of, iv. 621—622

## G.

- Gablenz, Field-Marshal von, i. 224  
 Galbraith, Colonel, iv. 696  
 Gambetta, his action during the Siege of Paris, ii. 223—224  
 Ganetzki, General, ii. 732  
 Garcia, Vincente, President of the Cuban Republic, v. 130, 171, 172, 178, 184, 196  
 Garibaldi, General, i. 35—36; lands at Marsala, 38; proclaimed dictator at Salemi, 38; at battle of Calatafimi, 38; captures Palermo, 40—42; 247—248; early life of, 299; wanderings and adventures, 299—302; address to his soldiers, 303; embarks at Catania, 303; lands in Calabria, 303; at battle of Aspromonte, 304—306; his wound, 305—306; visit to England, 306; at battle of the Volturmo, ii. 579—583; at Mentana, iii. 160—168  
 Gatacre, General, v. 1, 6, 8, 10, 11, 22, 23, 41, 45, 63  
 Gate Pah, the, The taking of, i. 276, 283  
 Genappe, i. 54—55, 71  
 Genoa, i. 36, 38  
 Geok-Tepe, ii. 421—423; seizure of by Skobelet, 425—426  
 Georgian Bay, iv. 502—503  
 Gérard, General Count, iv. 670, 672, 675

- Gettysburg, battles of, iv. 720—729  
 Gibbon, General, i. 45  
 Gibbs, General, i. 453—454, 456—458  
 Gifford, Lord, i. 218  
 Gilbert, General, ii. 642—643, 716, 718; at Chillianwallah, iii. 131—134; at Goojerat, 135—136  
 Gillespie, General, iv. 204—205  
 Gingihlovo, battle of, ii. 616—618  
 Gishikon, battle of, i. 137—146  
 Gitschin, i. 75—76, 78, 84  
 Glengarries, The, history of, iii. 235—236; their capture of Ogdensburg, 238—239  
 Gneisenau, General, i. 24, 66, 71; iv. 674, 680  
 Godfrey, Captain, account of fight at Little Big Horn, i. 47  
 Goldbach, The stream of the, narrow escape of Napoleon at, i. 187  
 Goldie, General, iii. 259, 261  
 Goojerat, battle of, iii. 134—135  
 Gordon, General Charles, i. 14, 20; ii. 499; expedition sent to relief of, 500—513; iii. 300, 304—309, 311  
 Gortschakoff, Prince, iii. 255—256, 262  
 Gough, Field-Marshal Viscount, i. 4, 6—8; ii. 639; at battle of Mūdki, 640; his character, 641; at Firozshah, 642—645; at Sobraon, 718; iii. 127—128; at Chillianwallah, 131—134; at Goojerat, 135—136  
 Gough, V.C., General Sir Hugh, i. 244; iv. 700, 702  
 Gourko, General, at advance on Constantinople, i. 101  
 Gozzani, General, i. 254—255  
 Grabbe, General Count, ii. 484, 486—487  
 Graham, General Sir Gerald, at action of Kassassin, i. 197—198; forces under at Trinkitat, iv. 602; at battle of El-Teb, 603—607; at battle of Tamai, 608—612; takes command of army at Suakim, 634; receives defiant letter from Osman Digna, 635; reconnaissance to Hasheen, 636; at battle of Hasheen, 637—639; march to Tamai, 639, 645  
 Graham, General Sir Thomas, ii. 586, 590; at Bergen-op-Zoom, iv. 436, 446; at siege of San Sebastian, 582, 584, 586, 588; early life and services of, 627; forces under at Tarifa, 629; march to the Barrosa ridge, 630; attacks French army, 631; defeats Victor at Barrosa, 631—632; his death, 633  
 "Grand Army," The, commanders of corps of, i. 183; numbers of, 184  
 Grant, General Sir Hope, i. 31—34, 134  
 Grant, General Ulysses S., i. 1, 13—14, 45, 205; his military services, 206; 207—209; hemmed in at Shiloh, 210; joins battle with Johnston, 210—211; his perilous position, 211; routs Beauregard at Shiloh, 212—214; at Vicksburg, ii. 380; his plans to reduce town of, 381—382; forces under his command, 382; pushes to the East, 383; capture of Jackson, 383; at battle of Champion's Hill, 384—385; assaults Vicksburg, 385—387; capture of, 387; army under, ii. 322; at siege of Petersburg, 322—323; at battle of Five Forks, 323; retreat of Lee, 324; pursuit of Confederates, 325; intercepts Lee, 326; battle of Sailor's Creek, 329; his letter to Lee, 330; meeting with General Lee, 331  
 Gravelotte, battle of, iii. 383—395  
 Graves, Rear-Admiral, ii. 474  
 Greco-Turkish War, The, v. 319—360  
 Greer, Colonel, i. 276, 278  
 Gregg, General, ii. 383  
 Grenfell, General Sir F., v. 24  
 Grey, Colonel Hon. G. de, i. 280, 282  
 Grey, General, iv. 662, 667  
 Grisdale, Private Levi, bravery of, i. 355  
 Grivtza Redoubt, The, attack on, i. 103—106  
 Grouchy, Marshal, i. 66, 315; iv. 670, 672, 674  
 Grumbkoff, Pasha, v. 331, 332, 336, 337  
 Grün, Captain, i. 24  
 Guad el Ras, battle of, iii. 114—115  
 Gubbins, Mr., ii. 28, 30—31, 34  
 Gudin, page to Emperor Napoleon, i. 58—59, 311  
 Guiscard, Robert, i. 41  
 Gurkha Wars, The, of 1814—1816, ii. 202—213  
 Gwalior, city of, iv. 661, 662, 667, 668  
 Gyulaï, Field-Marshal, i. 165—166; his line of battle, 168; disposition of his army at Magenta, 168
- H.
- Hafiz Pasha, iv. 138—144  
 Hagen's Hotel, i. 26  
 Haidar Pasha, v. 327, 330, 331, 333, 337, 351  
 Hairi Pasha, v. 327, 330, 346, 355, 357, 358  
 Hakki Pasha, v. 333, 337, 346, 349, 350, 351, 352, 354, 360  
 Halkett, General, i. 67  
 Halleck, General, i. 207  
 Hamdi Pasha, v. 326, 328, 330, 333, 347, 348, 349, 355, 359  
 Hamilton, Captain John, i. 279—283  
 Hamilton, General, iii. 282, 286  
 Hamley, General, i. 200—201  
 Hammond, General, v. 257  
 Hammuda, The Emir, iv. 744—746, 748  
 Hampton, General, iv. 647—648, 651  
 Hancock, General, iv. 724, 727  
 Hang-Foo, Chinese commander at the Taku Forts, i. 34  
 Hanoi, capture of, ii. 388, 392  
 Hardee, General, i. 208; iii. 6, 9—10  
 Haringde, General Sir Henry, i. 6, 7; ii. 639, 641—642, 644—646, 718; iii. 283, 286  
 Hardy, Admiral Sir Thomas, at Trafalgar, ii. 60, 63, 67  
 Hardy, Captain, ii. 475  
 Harper's Ferry, seizure of, i. 93  
 Hasheen, battle of, iv. 637—639; losses at, 639  
 Havelock, Colonel William, iii. 129  
 Havelock, General Henry, i. 11; iii. 35; iv. 620, 621—626; in operations leading to relief of Lucknow, 621—622; at battle of Maharajpore, 665—666  
 Hay, Commander, i. 281  
 Heath, Commander, i. 31  
 Heiden, Admiral Count, i. 366—367  
 Henry, General, i. 347  
 Hepburn, Colonel, i. 65  
 Hewett, Admiral, iv. 603, 608, 612  
 Hicks Pasha, iv. 600  
 Hill, General Sir Rowland, ii. 394, 587; at Roliçal, ii. 481; at Vimiera, 486, 488; 530, 533, 539, 553—560, 562, 688, 690  
 Hills, V.C., Lieutenant, i. 128  
 Hindoo Rao's House, i. 127  
 Hindun, battle of the, i. 124—125; losses at, 125—126  
 Hobson, Lieutenant, his attempt to blow up the "Merrimac," v. 145, 152, 213, 217  
 Hodson, Lieutenant, raises corps of Irregular Horse, i. 123; his ride to the Delhi parade-ground, 126; at surprise of Khurkonda, 129; his capture of King of Delhi, 135—136  
 Hofer, Tyrolese patriot, ii. 554—564  
 Hoggan, General, iii. 131  
 Hohenlohe, Prince of, iv. 730, 732, 734—736, 738, 741  
 Hood, Colonel, i. 179  
 Hood, General, ii. 695, 699, 702—703  
 Hook, V.C., Private, gallantry of, i. 336, 338, 340  
 Hooker, General, iv. 722  
 Hope, Admiral, i. 27—31, 34  
 Horitz, i. 83—84  
 Horn, Major von, i. 24  
 Hotham, Sir Charles, ii. 41—42  
 Hougoumont, defence of, i. 57—59, 63—65, 72—73  
 Hudson Bay Company, The, iv. 500—501  
 Hudson, General, iv. 635, 640  
 Hull, General, ii. 518—519  
 Humbert, Crown Prince of Italy, i. 247, 250, 254—255  
 Hunter, Colonel, iv. 743, 746  
 Hunza-Nagars, The, country of, i. 290; subjugation of, 298  
 Hurlbut, General, i. 210, 214  
 Hussein Pasha, at Kars, ii. 488—489  
 Hussein Pasha of Widdin, iv. 613—614  
 Hutchinson, General, ii. 608, 610, 613  
 Hutchinson, Mr., Collector of Delhi, i. 120—121  
 Huyshe, Captain, iv. 506  
 Huyshe, Mr. Wentworth, iv. 642
- I.
- Ibrahim Pasha, at Navarino, i. 364—366  
 Ibrahim, son of Mehemet Ali, at Nisib, iii. 138—143  
 Iéna (Jena), iv. 730, 741  
 Independence, Belgian war of, iv. 416—429  
 Indian Mutiny, The: Delhi, i. 120; Lucknow, iii. 27—37, iv. 620—626  
 Inglis, Brigadier, iii. 34  
 Ingogo, fight of the, ii. 434; casualties at the, 434—435  
 Inhloblane Mountain, The, action on, ii. 618—623  
 Inkerman, The "British Soldiers," battle, iii. 252, 262  
 Innsbruck, The three captures of, ii. 553—564  
 Insandhlwana, battle of, i. 152—154  
*Intransigentes*, The, ii. 705, 713; at siege of Carthage, 714  
 713  
 Isly, battle of, iii. 344—351  
 Ismael Pasha, iv. 614, 619  
 Ismailia, i. 196—197, 201  
 Ito, Japanese Admiral, at battle of Yalu River, ii. 82—89

## J.

- Jackson, General Andrew, at siege of New Orleans, ii. 447, 450, 456, 458  
 Jackson, General "Stonewall," i. 14, 99; origin of sobriquet, 99  
 Jameson, Dr., i. 110—111, 115, 117  
 Janissary Rebellion, The, iv. 430—435  
 Jarobi (Mad Mullah's village) taken, v. 256  
 Jellalabad, occupation of, ii. 566; defence of, 573—574, 577  
 Jenkins, Captain, i. 281—282  
 Jenkins, Colonel, i. 239—240, 242, 244  
 Jenks, Dr., iv. 592  
 Jennings, Rev. Mr., i. 121  
 Johnson, Colonel Adam, iv. 711, 714, 717—718  
 Johnson, Colonel Alured, ii. 698  
 Johnston, General A. S., consolidates Southern forces, i. 207—208; marches to attack Grant, 208—209; at battle of Shiloh, 210—211; his death, 211  
 Johnston, General J. E. J., i. 92, 96; services of, 97; at battle of Bull Run, 98—99; ii. 383—386; in campaign of Atlanta, 692—703; in campaign of the Carolinas, iii. 9—11  
 Jomini, General, i. 2; ii. 314  
 Jones, General Sir Harry, iv. 586  
 Jones, General Sir William, i. 132  
 Jones, Lieutenant, i. 30  
 Josephstadt, i. 77  
 Joubert, General, ii. 553—554  
 Joumeau, Colonel, ii. 390  
 Judah, General, iv. 712  
 Jung Bahadur, General, iv. 626  
 Junin, engagement at, i. 86  
 Junot, Marshal, i. 1, 311; at Vimiera, iv. 482, 484, 486, 488—489

## K.

- Kaitna, The river, i. 376—378  
 Kalbermatten, General, i. 141  
 Kalkreuth, General, iv. 740  
 Kambula, battle of, ii. 623—624  
 Kanzler, Colonel, ii. 402  
 Kanzler, General, iii. 165—167  
 Kars, description of fortress in 1877, ii. 483; Russian columns of attack, 484, 486; storming of, 486—489  
 Karya, The raid of, v. 325—330  
 Kassassin, battle of, i. 199  
 Kavanagh, V.C., Mr., iv. 623  
 Keane, Major-General, forces under, ii. 446; 448, 451, 456—457  
 Keith, Admiral Lord, ii. 602, 613  
 Kellerman, General, i. 190; iv. 489—490  
 Kelly, Colonel, at relief of Chitral, iii. 180—182  
 Kemmideen, combat of, iv. 399  
 Kempster, Brigadier-General, v. 257, 260, 262, 267—268  
 Kempt, General, i. 259, 261  
 Kenesaw, battle of, ii. 698  
 Kenna, Captain, wins V.C., v. 71  
 Keppel, Captain, R.N., v. 27, 28, 45, 47, 55  
 Khalifa, The, v. 48, 51, 83  
 Khar, fighting at, iii. 175  
 Khartoum, The tragedy of, iii. 300—312; the recapture of, v. 79, 90  
 Khokand, rising in, against the Russians, v. 283  
 Khurmanna Defile, the disaster in, v. 270  
 Khyber Pass, the rising in, v. 247, 279  
 Kiennmayer, General, i. 186, 190  
 Killa Kaze, fight near, i. 238  
 Kilpatrick, General, iii. 3—4, 7, 9  
 Kirbekan, battle of, iv. 411—414  
 Kirchbach, General, at Wörth, ii. 592, 594—595, 599  
 Kiriakoff, General, i. 178  
 Kirkee, battle of, iv. 549—555  
 Kissengunge, suburb of Delhi, i. 132, 135  
 Kitchener, Major-General Sir Herbert, iv. 742, 744, 746—748; v. 1, 3, 4, 11, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 30, 39, 40, 42, 46, 48, 58, 60, 62—68, 79—90  
 Klingsporr, General Count, iv. 492—493, 497—499  
 Klinké, the Prussian Pioneer, bravery of, i. 230  
 Koheroa, battle of (New Zealand), iv. 681—682  
 Köllerthal, The, i. 26  
 Kollowrath, General, i. 186  
 Komaroff, General, ii. 484, 486  
 König, General, i. 144  
 Königgrätz, battle of, i. 74—84  
 Königshof, i. 75, 77  
 Korea. (See Chino-Japanese war.)  
 Körner, Colonel Emil, appointed Chief-of-Staff to General Del Canto iii. 245; advises attack on Valparaiso, 245—246;

- position of Concon Bajo, 246; at battle of Concon, 247—248; attack on Vina del Mar, 250; at battle of La Placilla, 250—252  
 Korti, ii. 500  
 Kourgané Hill, The, i. 174—175, 179—180  
 Kremlin, The, i. 316, 318, 320  
 Krüdener, General, captures Nicopolis, i. 101; at second battle of Plevna, 103—104, 106; details of his army, 104, 109; at third battle of Plevna, ii. 684  
 Kutusoff, General, i. 312; at battle of Borodino, 313—315

## L.

- La Belle Alliance, i. 55, 58, 71  
 Laborde, General, at Roliça, iii. 482—484, 486  
 Lacolle Mills, action at, iv. 355  
 La Gancia, convent of, i. 36—37  
 La Haye Sainte, i. 55, 58, 60, 63—64; defence of, 66, 72  
 Lake, General Lord, ii. 372; exploits of, 373; military services of, 374; attacks Mahrattas at Laswaree, 374; his brilliant victory, 375  
 Lalor, Peter, and "The Eureka Stockade," iii. 43—44, 46—47  
 Lál Sing, General, ii. 639, 644, 716  
 La Mar, General, i. 86, 90—91  
 La Marmora, General, i. 247; forces under, 247; advances on Verona, 250; at battle of Custozza, 251—255  
 La Moricière, General, his services, ii. 401; army under, 401—402; marches to Ancona, 404; at battle of Castelfidardo, 406—407; defence of Ancona, 407; capitulation of, 407, 443  
 Lamotterouge, General, i. 166, 170, 172  
 Landaki, battle of, v. 244  
 Landi, General, i. 38  
 Lang's Nek, action of, ii. 431; forces at, 431; defeat of British, 432  
 Lannes, Marshal, i. 1, 183, 188, 190, 192—193; at battle of Aspern-Essling, iv. 573—581; death of, 581; at Léna, 732, 734  
 Lanyon, Sir Owen, ii. 428—429  
 Lanza, General, i. 39  
 La Pena, Captain-General, iv. 629—632  
 Lapisse, General, ii. 394, 398—399  
 La Placilla, battle of, iv. 251  
 La Puebla, events preceding siege of, iv. 456, 463  
 Lara, General, i. 86—87, 90—91  
 Lartigue, General, iv. 597—598  
 Laserna, Viceroy of Peru, i. 85—86, 88, 90  
 Las Guasimas, the fight at, v. 180, 183  
 Las Heras, General, ii. 538—543  
 Las Querasas del Medio, engagement at, iv. 475  
 Laswaree, battle of, ii. 374—376  
 Latham, Lieutenant, bravery of, iii. 284  
 Latour-Maubourg, General, iii. 278—281, 316, 319  
 Laval, General, iv. 630—631  
 Lawrence, Captain, iii. 146—148  
 Lawrence, Sir Henry, i. 11; at defence of Lucknow, iii. 27—31, 126  
 Lawton, General, v. 167, 176, 183, 184—189  
 Lazareff, General, ii. 418—419  
 Labouff, General, i. 15, 164, 166; iv. 386, 391, 394  
 Lee, General Robert E., i. 14, 94; in campaign of the Wilderness, ii. 322—323; retreat from Petersburg, 324; pursued by Grant, 325, at Amelia Court House, 327; at Appomattox, 330—331; his character and services, ii. 720—722; resolves on invasion of the Northern territory, 722; his forces, 722; advances on Gettysburg, 723; first day's battle of Gettysburg, 723—724; Confederate position in second day's battle, 726; his plans, 726; third day's battle, 727—728; defeat of Confederates, 728; his retreat, 729  
 Lefebvre, Marshal, ii. 559—560, 562  
 Legendre, General, iii. 214  
 Leipzig, the battles round, iii. 12—26  
 Leith, General Sir James, i. 260, 263; iv. 587  
 Lemon, Colonel, i. 31  
 Lenon, Lieutenant, i. 34  
 Leshjanin, General, iv. 381  
 Leslie, Colonel, iv. 683—684  
 Lichtenstein, Prince, i. 184, 186, 190  
 Ligny, battle of, 669—680  
 Lima, i. 270—271; capitulation of, 275  
 Linares, General, v. 164, 171, 192, 194, 215  
 Lincoln, President Abraham, i. 92, 205—207  
 Liniers, General, iii. 116, 122  
 Linois, Rear-Admiral, in the action off Pulo Aor, iv. 706, 708  
 Liprandi, General, ii. 527  
 Lissa, battle of, i. 156—163

- Little Big Horn, fight of the, 43—50; losses at, 50  
 Littler, General Sir James, ii. 639, 641—643, 645; iv. 664, 667  
 Lobau, General Count, iv. 670  
 Lobengula, Matabele King, i. 110—111, 113, 115—119  
 Lockhart, General Sir W., in command of the Tirah expeditionary force, v. 257—284  
 Lockier, Captain, ii. 449  
 Logan, Corporal, gallant conduct of, iii. 279  
 Loison, General, iv. 482, 484, 558, 562  
 Lomakine, General, ii. 417—421  
 Longfield, Brigadier, i. 132  
 Longstreet, General, ii. 327, 330—331; at battle of Gettysburg, iv. 723—728  
 Lonsdale, Commandant, i. 150, 154—155  
 Loon Lake, The, fight at, ii. 735  
 Lorencez, General, iv. 456—457  
 Los Santos, cavalry action near, iii. 280  
 Louis, General Prince, of Prussia, iv. 732—733  
 Louis XVIII., i. 51  
 Low, General Sir Robert, in Chitral campaign, iii. 170—180  
 Lowe, General Sir Drury, i. 198—200; ii. 627  
 Lucan, General Lord, i. 177; ii. 527, 531  
 Lucknow, the siege of, iii. 27—37; the relief of, 620—636  
 Lumley, Major-General Hon. W., iii. 282, 286  
 Lundi Kotal, taken by the Afridis, v. 249  
 Lundy's Lane, battle of, iii. 352—360  
 Lutzen, battle of, 186—193  
 Luu-Vinh-Phuoc, Chief of "Black Flags," ii. 389, 391—392  
 Lyttelton, Brigadier-General, v. 41  
 Lytton, Lord, i. 234
- M.
- McBean, General, iv. 399  
 McClelland, General, i. 210—211, 214; ii. 382—386  
 McDowell, General Irvin, commander of Northern forces, i. 94; services of, 94; organisation of his army, 95; his march to Bull Run, 95; first plan of battle, 96; at battle of Bull Run, 98—100  
 McGiffen, Commander, iii. 80, 83, 86—87  
 McLeod, Colonel, i. 219  
 McNeill, General Sir John, iv. 639—641, 643  
 McPherson, General, in Atlanta campaign, ii. 382—385, 692—700; his death, 700  
 MacDonald, Major-General Sir Hector, v. 1, 6, 8, 23, 46, 62, 64, 75—78  
 Macdonald, Marshal, i. 308, 329; iii. 186—187, 191—193, 314  
 Macgregor, General Charles, i. 234, 238; iv. 698, 704  
 Mackinnon, General, ii. 676, 679, 681  
 Maclaine, Lieutenant, iv. 694—695, 697, 705  
 Macmahon, Marshal, i. 1, 15, 164, 166—170; at battle of Turbigo, 166—167; at attack on Buffalora, 171; at battle of Magenta, 171—172; created Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France, 173; 341; at Solferino, ii. 631—637; at Sedan, ii. 90—104; 472; at battle of Wörth, 590—592, 595, 598—599  
 Macnaghten, Sir William, ii. 565—566, 568  
 Macon, fight at, iii. 3  
 Macpherson, General Sir Herbert, i. 234, 237, 239, 242; iv. 698, 702—704  
 "Mad Mullah," The, v. 234, 284  
 Magdala, ii. 409—414; storming of, 415  
 Magenta, battle of, i. 164—173  
 Maharajpore, battle of, ii. 662; battle, 668  
 Mahdi's Tomb, The, v. 82—83  
 Mahmoud, The Emir, and the battle of the Atbara, v. 1—24  
 Mahmud Bey, v. 342, 344, 359  
 Mahomed Jan, Afghan General, i. 236—237, 239, 246  
 Maharratas (Maráthas), The, war with, in 1803, ii. 371—379; war with, in 1817, ii. 549—555  
 Maida, battle of, ii. 547, 548  
 Maillardoz, General, i. 141  
 Maipo, battle of, ii. 535—543  
 Maiwand, march to, iv. 694; defeat of British, 696—697, severe losses, 697  
 Majzar, disaster at, v. 228  
 Majuba Hill, rout of, ii. 436—438  
 Makris, General, v. 333, 348, 355  
 Malakand, the rising at, v. 234, 239  
 Malakand Pass, forcing of the (Chitral Campaign), iii. 172, 174  
 Malam, battle of, iii. 208, 210  
 Malstatt, i. 26  
 Mamund Valley, action in, v. 254  
 Mandora, battle of, ii. 605—606  
 Manila, battle of, v. 118—127; siege and capture of, 219—228  
 Maniscalco, Director of Police at Palermo, i. 36—38  
 Manley, V.C., Surgeon, i. 281  
 Manners-Smith, V.C., Lieutenant, i. 266—298  
 Marbot, Colonel, iii. 14; iv. 577, 581  
 Marchand, Captain, v. 32—39  
 Marcognet, General, i. 61—62, 67  
 Margarita, Island of, iv. 474  
 Marmont, Marshal, i. 183; at Salamanca, ii. 151—155; at Lutzen, 187—188, 190—192, 316—317, 320  
 Maro-Jaroslavetz, battle of, i. 319  
 Mars-la-Tour, battle of, i. 34, 351  
 Martin, Colonel, and the charge of the 17th Lancers at Omdurman, v. 69, 74  
 Massena, Marshal, i. 1—2, 188; at Aspern-Essling, iv. 573, 575—576, 578  
 Massy, General Dunham, i. 234, 237—238  
 Mastrapas, Colonel, v. 327, 330, 331, 333, 347, 359  
 Matanzas, bombardment of, v. 114, 118  
 Mathias, Colonel, at Dargai, v. 263  
 Mati, battle of, v. 331—332  
 Maucune, General, iii. 154, 156—158  
 Mazzola, Captain, at Gislhkon, i. 144  
 Meade, General, at battles of Gettysburg, iv. 722—729; forces under, 722  
 Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Duke of, i. 344  
 Medellin, combat of, iv. 556  
 Medici, General, ii. 579, 581, 583  
 Meerut, mutiny at, i. 120, 121—124, 126  
 Mehemet Ali, Pasha, iii. 137—138  
 Melikoff, General Boris, at storming of Kars, ii. 484, 486—487  
 Mellinet, General, i. 167, 170—171, 173  
 Melville, Captain, i. 154  
 Memdhuk Pasha, v. 333, 337, 346, 347, 349, 351, 352, 355, 358  
 Mendez, Don Louis, iv. 475  
 Menelek, King of Abyssinia, v. 36, 38  
 Menitz, Lake, The, i. 185—186, 192—193  
 Menou, General, ii. 601, 604, 612—613  
 Mentana, Garibaldi's defeat at, iii. 160—168  
 Mentschikoff, Prince, i. 174—176, 527; iii. 253, 365—366  
 Mercer, Captain, i. 55, 64—65, 70; iv. 683—685  
 "Merrimac," The: Lieutenant Hobson's enterprise, v. 147, 152  
 Merritt, General Wesley, v. 222—224  
 Messina, i. 38, 42  
 Metz, i. 56  
 Mexico, occupation of city of, iv. 463  
 Michael, Grand Duke, at Kars, ii. 484  
 Michel, General, iv. 597—598  
 Michelet, General, i. 25  
 Middleton, General, forces under, ii. 666; marches to attack Riel, 667—670; divides his command, 670—671; fight at Fish Creek, 671—672; losses, 672; 722  
 Milam, Ben, iv. 518  
 Milan, King of Servia, iii. 371, 373, 376, 378, 381  
 Miles, General, v. 100, 128, 166, 197, 214—216, 218  
 Milhaud, General, i. 63, 190  
 Miller, General, i. 86—91, 269, 270  
 Miloradowitch, General, i. 323  
 Mincio, passage of the, i. 249  
 Minon, General, ii. 595—599, 598  
 Mitchell, V.C., Samuel, bravery of, i. 281  
 Möckern, battle of, iii. 15—16  
 Modlin, surrender of Poles at, i. 289  
 Moharem Bey, Admiral, i. 367  
 Mohmund Campaign, The, v. 253—256  
 Mojaisk, action at, i. 315  
 Moltke, Field-Marshal Count von, i. 1, 14, 15; at battle of Königgrätz, 75—84; at Mars-la-Tour, 341—343; at Nisib (his first battle), iii. 137—145; iv. at Gravelotte, 386, 393—394  
 Monnet, General, ii. 663  
 Montauban, General de, i. 31—32  
 Montbrun, General, i. 314  
 Monte Orgullo, iv. 583, 588—589  
 Monte Rotondo, action of, iii. 104  
 Montzambert, Colonel, ii. 666, 668  
 Montojo, Admiral, v. 97, and the battle of Manila, 113—127  
 Mont St. Jean, i. 54—55, 58  
 Mooers, Surgeon, iii. 292, 297  
 Moolraj, at siege of Mooltan, iii. 127  
 Mooltan, siege of, iii. 127  
 Moore, Colonel Orlando, iv. 713—714  
 Moore, General Sir John, i. 2, 5; army under, 354; retreats on Corunna, 354—359; at battle of Corunna, 363—367; death of, 361—362; in Egyptian expedition, ii. 600—604, 606—607  
 Moreau, General, death of at Dresden, ii. 318

- Morgan, General, his famous raid, ii. 710—719  
 Morillo, General, iv. 473—475, 478  
 Moriones, General, at Puente de la Reyna, ii. 495—498  
 Morland, General, i. 193—194  
 Morocco War, The, cause of, iii. 105; Moorish tactics, 106;  
 Spanish forces in, 107; close of, 115  
 Morris, Samuel (Moussa Bey), iv. 615, 618  
 Morrison, Lieut.-Colonel, iv. 648—652  
 Mortara, battle of, iv. 563—570  
 Mortier, Marshal, i. 184, 316, 318, 320; at Leipzig, ii. 15;  
 318—320  
 Moscow, campaign of, i. 307—329  
 Múdkí (Moodkee), march to, ii. 639; battle of, 640  
 Muir, Captain, i. 282  
 Mukwanpur, battle of, iii. 211—212  
 Muller, Colonel, iv. 439, 441—442, 444, 446  
 Murat, Marshal Prince, i. 183—190, 192; in Russian campaign,  
 307—328; at battle of Eylau, ii. 547; at battle of Leipzig,  
 iii. 13, 18; at Dresden, 318—320; iv. at Léna, 731—738  
 Myers, Colonel Sir William, iii. 288—289
- N.
- Nagdu, Dogra sepoy, daring exploit of, i. 295—296  
 Nana Sahib, i. 10  
 Nansouty, General, i. 190; ii. 316—317, 576  
 Napier, Ensign, i. 126  
 Napier, General Lord, of Magdala, i. 16; at storming of the  
 Taku Forts, 34; forces under, ii. 409; march to Magdala,  
 409—410; at battle of Arooghee, 413—414  
 Napier, General Sir Charles, i. 4, 6, 8; family of and military  
 services, iv. 508—510; arrival at Kurrachee, 511; Emaum  
 Ghur blown up, 512—513; arrival at Meeanee, 514;  
 Ameer's army; 514; at battle of Meeanee, 514—515; at  
 battle of Dubba, 516—517; end of war in Scinde, 517  
 Napier, General Sir William, account of battle of Vittoria,  
 ii. 590; on battle of Salamanca, ii. 153, 157, 159; account  
 of battle of Albuera, 277  
 Napier, Major George, ii. 676, 678, 680  
 Napiers, The, ii. 676  
 Naples, i. 35, 37  
 Napoleon, Prince, i. 176, 178, 182  
 Napoleon I., The Emperor, i. 1, 4, 21, 51; at Ligny, 54; at  
 battle of Waterloo, 58, 62, 66—68, 70; at Austerlitz, 183  
 —194; in campaign of Moscow, 307—329; crosses the  
 Niemen, 307; retreat of Russians, 308—309; combat of  
 Witepsk, 309—310; Battle of Krasnoë, 311; capture of  
 Smolensk, 311; battle of Borodino, 313—315; entry into  
 Moscow, 316; burning of Moscow, 316—317; retreat  
 from, 318; battle of Malo-Jaroslavetz, 319; horrors of  
 Gjat, 321; battle of Wiazma, 322; Ney's retreat with the  
 rear-guard, 324; battle of Katova, 325; passage of the  
 Berezina, 326—327; arrival in Paris, 354—356; at battle of  
 Eylau, ii. 546—547; at battle of Friedland, 548—550; at  
 Leipzig, iii. 12—26; line of battle and forces, 14; battle of  
 Wahan, 15; storming of the Kolmberg, 16; proposals to  
 allies, 18; furious artillery duel, 19; losses, 21; leaves  
 Leipzig, 23; allies enter Leipzig, 24—26; at battle of  
 Lutzen, 186—187; puts army in motion, 187; position of  
 Ney, 188; opposing armies, 189; furious assault, 190;  
 gallantry of Ney, 191—192; end of battle, 193; on capitu-  
 lation of Baylen, 214; at battle of Dresden, 313—321; at  
 battle of Aspern-Essling, iv. 573; occupies Vienna, 573;  
 takes Lobau, 574; beginning of fighting, 575; extreme  
 peril of, 576; Aspern taken by Austrians, 577; second day  
 of battle, 578; retreat of French, 579; desperate conflicts  
 in Essling, 580—581; defeat of Napoleon, 581; at battle  
 of Ligny, 669—680; at battle of Léna, 731—740  
 Napoleon III., The Emperor, i. 26, 164—168, 170—173; ii. 402,  
 407; in Italian campaign, 628, 637  
 Navarino, battle of, i. 363—368  
 Nawagai, night attack at, v. 254  
 Negrete, General, iv. 457—458  
 Neil, General, iv. 622  
 Nélaton, Dr., i. 306  
 Nelson, Admiral Lord, at Copenhagen, ii. 472—481; at Trafal-  
 gar, preparations for battle, iii. 57—60; commencement of  
 battle, 61—62; progress of, 63—64; incidents of, 65—66;  
 his death, 66—67  
 Nemours, Duc de, ii. 442—443  
 Neshat Pasha, v. 328, 330, 333, 337, 346, 347, 348, 349, 355, 357  
 Newdigate, General, ii. 626  
 New Granada, The liberation of, circumstances leading up to,  
 iv. 473—474; cruelties of Spaniards, 473—474; Bolívar  
 made leader, 474; dashing exploits of Paez, 475; Bolívar  
 crosses the Andes, 475—477; fight at Tunja, 478; battle  
 of Boyaca, 478; success of patriots, 478  
 New Hope, battle of, ii. 666  
 New Orleans, campaign of, ii. 446—458  
 New South Wales, contingent from, in the Soudan, iv. 635, 645  
 Ney, Marshal, i. 1, 4, 54, 60, 62, 67—68, 71, 183; in campaign  
 of Moscow, 307—329; at Eylau, ii. 546—547; at the battle of  
 Friedland, 548—550; at Leipzig, iii. 14—19; at battle of  
 Lutzen, 186—192; at Dresden, 314, 316—317, 320; iv. 673;  
 at battle of Léna, 731—738  
 Nicholas, The Grand Duke, i. 101, 103, 109  
 Nicholls, General, ii. 334, 339—340, 342—343  
 Nicholson, General, at battle of Nujuf-guhr, i. 130; at storming  
 of the Cashmere bastion, 132—133; mortally wounded, 135  
 Nicholson, Brigadier-General G. W., v. 257  
 Nicopolis, capitulation of, i. 101  
 Niel, Marshal, i. 167, 631; at Solferino, ii. 632—637  
 Nightingale, Miss, iv. 369  
 Nilt forts, The, i. 290—298  
 Nisib, Moltke's first battle, ii. 137—144; events leading to,  
 137—143  
 Nivelles, battle of the, iv. 539—540  
 Nolan, Captain, iv. 531—532  
 Norman, Lieutenant von, his perilous ride before the battle of  
 Königgrätz, i. 77—78  
 Nott, General, ii. 575—577  
 Novara, 564, 572  
 Nugent, General, ii. 742  
 Nujuf-gurb, battle of, i. 130  
 Nury Pasha, v. 354, 355  
 Nuttall, Brigadier, iv. 695
- O.
- O'Brien, Captain, ii. 595  
 Ochsenein, Colonel, i. 139, 141  
 Ochterlony, General Sir David, in the Gurkha (Goorkha) Wars,  
 iii. 202—213; at Bhurtapore, 332—333  
 O'Donnell, Marshal, iii. 107, 109—112, 115  
 Ogdensburg, capture of, by the Glangarries, iii. 238—239; losses  
 at, 239  
 O'Hare, Major Peter, i. 262  
 O'Higgins, General, i. 267; ii. 538—541, 543  
 O'Leary, Colonel, his account of Bolívar, iv. 478  
 Ollo, General, ii. 491—492; men under, 492; at Puente de la  
 Reyna, 495—498  
 Oltenitza, battle of, iv. 615  
 Omar Pasha, antecedents of, iv. 613—614; appointed to com-  
 mand Ottoman forces, 614; at battle of Chetaté, 615—616;  
 at action of Calafat, 618; later military services and death,  
 619  
 Omdurman, battle of, v. 60—78  
 Ompteda, General, i. 66—67  
 Orange, Prince of, i. 52, 54, 66  
 Ordóñez, General, ii. 539, 542—543  
 O'Reilly, Major, i. 401, 403—404  
 Orsini, Colonel, i. 39  
 Ortega, General, at defence of Puebla, iv. 458—463  
 Oshima, General, v. 285, 286  
 Osman Digna, iv. 601, 602, 607, 608, 611, 612, 634—636, 639,  
 645, v. 20, 87  
 Osman Pasha, occupies Plevna, i. 101; defeats Russians at first  
 battle of Plevna, 102—103; at second battle of Plevna,  
 103—109; at third battle of Plevna, ii. 683—691; at fourth  
 battle of Plevna, 744—752; in Servian campaign, iii. 195—  
 196  
 Osorio, General, ii. 538—539, 541—543  
 Ostralenska, battle of, i. 284  
 Ostrowno, action of, i. 309  
 Otter, Colonel, ii. 667, 670, 674—675  
 Oudinot, General, i. 186, 307—308  
 Oueme River, fight at the, Dahomey, 1892, i. 654  
 Outram, General Sir James, i. 11; iii. 36—37; iv. 511—515, 621  
 622, 626  
 Oyama, Marshal, v. 293, 296
- P.
- Paez, Venezuelan patriot, iv. 475  
 Paget, General Lord, i. 355—356, 359  
 Paladines, General Aurelle de, ii. 459  
 Pakenham, General Sir Edward, ii. 453—457; iii. 155—158  
 Palermo, i. 35—42  
 Palestro, battle of, ii. 630  
 Pallavicini, General, i. 304—306  
 Palmer, Thomas, last survivor of Corunna, i. 362

- Pandoo, fight at, iv. 622  
 Paparatu, fight at, iii. 266  
 Paris, the great sortie from, Champaigny: Nov.—Dec., 1870, ii. 459—470; the last sortie from, Buzenval, Jan., 1871, 653—659  
 Parker, Admiral Sir Hyde, at Copenhagen, ii. 472—475; fleet under command of, 472  
 Pasaron, General, ii. 709  
 Paskewitsch, Marshal, i. 284—288  
 Pasvan Oglu of Widdin, his antecedents, iv. 430; identifies himself with the Janissary movement, 431; encounter near Artzar, 432; at battle of Widdin, 432, 434; reigns as Pasha, 435; his death, 435  
 Patterson, Major-General Robert, i. 92, 94, 96—98  
 Pattle, Colonel, iv. 515  
 Pauloff, General, iii. 255, 258  
 Pavia, General, ii. 706  
 Pearson, Colonel, ii. 614—615, 618  
 Pearson, Lieut.-Colonel, iv. 648, 650—652  
 Peel, Captain Sir William, iv. 623—624, 626  
 Peh-tang, landing of allied forces at, i. 31  
 Peiho River, battle on the, i. 27—31  
 Pekin, i. 27, 34  
 Pelissier, Marshal, at Sebastopol, iv. 468—  
 Pemberton, General, ii. 382—387  
 Pennefather, General, i. 9, 177; iii. 252, 257—259; iv. 514  
 Pennycuik, General, iii. 131  
 Permo Bay, fight on, iv. 492  
 Perron, General, i. 371—372  
 Perrone, General, iv. 571  
 Perry, Commodore, iv. 242  
 Persano, Admiral Count, placed in command of Italian Fleet, i. 156; ordered to take Lissa, 158; attacks Lissa by land and sea, 159; at battle of Lissa, 159—163; dismissed from navy, 163  
 Pestel, Major von, i. 23—24  
 Petersburg, iii. 322—324; abandonment of, 326  
 Pfiffer, Corporal, i. 144  
 Pharsala, battle of, v. 346—349  
 Phayre, Colonel, ii. 410  
 Philippon, General, i. 3; force under his command at Badajoz, 256; 258, 264  
 Philippines, The, insurrection in, v. 114, 127,  
 Philippopolis, revolution at, iii. 370  
 Pickard, V.C., Lieut., iv. 684—685  
 Pickett, General, iii. 323, 326, 328; iv. 727—728  
 Picton, General Sir Thomas, at battle of Quatre Bras, i. 54—55; death of, 62; 72, 256, 258—259, 261; at Vittoria, ii. 588—590; iv. 530—532, 688, 690  
 Pimodan, General de, ii. 405—406  
 Hindarris, The, raids of, iv. 549—550  
 Pine Mountain, battle of, i. 206  
 Ping Yang, battle of, v. 285—291  
 Pirot, battle of, iv. 378—380  
 Pisco, capture of, i. 270  
 Plat, General du, i. 231  
 Platoff, The Hetman, i. 308, 319—320  
 Plevna, first battle of, i. 101; defeat of Russians, 102—103; losses at, 103; second battle of, 103; desperate fighting, 106—108; losses at, 109; third battle of, ii. 683—691; losses at, 690; fourth battle and fall of, 744—752; Turkish army at, 746; Russo-Roumanian army at, 746; last stand of Osman Pasha, 751—752; total losses, 752  
 Polish Insurrection of 1863, The, iii. 69; cause of, 69—70; preparations made, 71; description of insurgents, 72—73; entry into Volhynia, 74; force of cavalry in, 75—76; officers in, 76—77; battle of Brody, 78  
 Pollock, General Sir George, ii. 575—577  
 Poniatowski, Prince, at Leipzig, iii. 14, 22; his heroic end, 24  
 Ponsonby, General Sir William, i. 52, 63  
 Pontchartrain, Lake, ii. 447—448, 450, 452  
 Pontiac, Indian Chief, iii. 239, 243  
 Ponzet, General, iv. 580—581  
 Poole, Major, iv. 517  
 Popham, Admiral Sir Home, iv. 116—117  
 Port Arthur, The Attack on, v. 292—300  
 Portugal, campaign of, of 1808, iv. 479—490; Napoleon's attempt to subjugate, 479—480; expedition to, under Wellesley, 481; features of country, 482; battle of Roliça, 483—484; Junot joins Laborde at Torres Vedras, 484; position of armies, 486; battle of Vimeira, 487—488; French losses in, 490  
 Pouget, General, i. 25—26  
 Pourere, fight at, iii. 274  
 Poverty Bay, massacre at, iii. 270—271

## Q.

Queenston Heights, ii. 515; battle of, 519—525

## R.

- Radetzky, Field-Marshal, ii. 740—742; iv. 566; military services of, 567; operations before Novara, 568—570; at battle of Novara, 570—571  
 Raglan, Field-Marshal, i. 4, 5, 8, 10, 175—176, 178, 180, 182; ii. 527, 531; iii. 254—255, 257, 259, 260—262; at siege of Sebastopol, 364, 369  
 Rait, Captain, i. 216, 218, 221  
 Ramghur, storm of, iii. 206  
 Ramnuggur, action of, iii. 129  
 Ramsden, Mr. Frederick W., British Consul at Santiago, v. 139, 152, 153, 154, 156, 193, 198, 210, 212, 215  
 Rangariri, battle of, iv. 683—685  
 Rangoon, capture of, iv. 397  
 Ranjit Singh, King of the Punjab, ii. 638; his generals, 638  
 Ránjur Singh, General, at Alival, ii. 714—715  
 Rapp, General, i. 191, 311, 314, 319  
 Rassam, Mr., ii. 408  
 Raven, General von, i. 231  
 Raymond, battle of, i. 383  
 Redan, The, assaults on, iv. 467—471  
 "Red Jacket," Indian Chief, iii. 355  
 Red River Expedition, The, iv. 500—507  
 Reid Major, i. 132, 134  
 Reille, General Count, iv. 531—532, 534, 536, 540, 670, 672, "Remember the Alamo," iv. 518—526  
 Renault, General, ii. 461, 464  
 Reno, Major, i. 46, 48—50  
 Rensselaer, General van, ii. 518—520, 523—525  
 Repnin, Prince, i. 191, 194  
 Reppertsberg, i. 22—23, 25—26  
 Resaca, battle of, ii. 694  
 Residency, defence of the Lucknow, iii. 27—36  
 Revolax, battle of, iv. 498  
 Rey, General Emanuel, at San Sebastian, iv. 583—584, 586, 588—589  
 Reynell, Major-General, iii. 334—335, 340, 342  
 Reynier, General, at Maida, iv. 542—547  
 Reynolds, General, iv. 722—723  
 Reynolds, Surgeon, i. 330, 332, 340  
 Rheinischer, Hof, The, Saarbrück, i. 22, 26  
 Rhodes, Mr. Cecil, i. 119  
 Riall, General, iii. 356, 359  
 Ribotti, Admiral, i. 162—163  
 Richmond, iii. 322, 324—325; surrender of, 326  
 "Ridge," The, description of, at Delhi, i. 127, 135  
 Riel, Louis, story of revolt of, ii. 664—675, 721—739; iv. 501, 507  
 Rigny, Admiral de, i. 364, 366—367  
 Riley, Mr. Patrick, i. 115—116, 118  
 Riou, Captain, i. 478  
 Roberts, V.C., Field-Marshal Lord, i. 18, 21, 131, 135; assumes command of Kurum Valley force, 235; at battle of Charasiah, 235; enters Cabul, 235; in Sherpur cantonment, 242; in second Afghan War, iv. 693, 698—705  
 Robertson, Dr. (afterwards Sir George), iii. 169—170, 180—182  
 Rogers, V.C., Lieutenant, gallant exploit of, i. 34  
 Roliça, battle of, iv. 483—484  
 "Roman Nose," Indian Chief, at Arickaree Fork, iii. 290, 294, 296—297  
 Rome, siege of, i. 302  
 Roon, Field-Marshal von, i. 76  
 Roosevelt, Colonel Theodore, and his "Rough Riders," v. 158, 176, 179, 181, 192  
 Ropata, New Zealand Chief, ii. 271—274  
 Rorke's Drift, i. 150, 152, 155; the defence of, 330—340  
 Rosen, Baron von, i. 26  
 Ross, Colonel, iv. 547  
 Rottenberg, Major-General de, iv. 648

- Ruakituri Gorge, fight in the, iii. 267—268  
 Rueda, combat of, i. 355  
 Ruffin, General, iv. 630—632; v. 227  
 Rundle, General, v. 45  
 Russell, General Sir Baker, i. 216; ii. 618, 619  
 Russell, Sir William H., iii. 362  
 Ryan, Major, i. 278, 281
- S.
- Saalburg, action of, iv. 731—732  
 Saalfeld, battle of, iv. 732—733  
 Saarbrück, battle of, i. 22—26  
 Sadoolapore, action of, iii. 130  
 Sadowa, *vide* Königgrätz  
 Sailors' Creek, battle of, iii. 328—329  
 St. Arnaud, Marshal, i. 175, 182; ii. 443—445  
 St. Cyr, Marshal Gouvion, at Dresden, ii. 314—317, 320  
 St. Hilaire, General, i. 189, 191; iv. 578—579  
 St. John, Colonel, iv. 694, 700  
 St. Pierre, battle of, iv. 541  
 Salamanca, battle of, iv. 151—159  
 Sale, General Sir Robert, ii. 566, 573—574, 576  
 Salis-Soglio, Colonel Ulrich, commander of Sonderbund forces, his services, i. 140; numbers of forces under, 141; at battle of Gislikon, 142—145  
 Salzano, General, i. 36  
 "Sammy House," The, Delhi, i. 127  
 Sampagha Pass, battle of, v. 502—505.  
 Sampson, Admiral, v. 94, 103, 104, 105, 128, 130, 135, 144, 153—165, 193, 213, 215, 217  
 San Jacinto, battle of, iv. 526  
 San Juan, The bombardment of, v. 134—138; the fight for the hill of, 190—194.  
 San Lorenzo, battle of, iv. 461  
 San Martin, General, i. 275; ii. 535; address to the army of the Andes, 536; forces under, 536—537; his strategy, 538; rout of Talca, 539; at battle of Maipo, 541—543  
 San Sebastian, ii. 582—589  
 Santa Anna, General, ii. 592—593; forces under, 594; at battle of Buena Vista 595—598; iv. 522—524, 526  
 Santander, General iv. 475—476  
 Sant, Angelo, fight at, ii. 402  
 Santiago, The siege of, v. 139—144, 153—165; the fighting near, 166—209; the fall of, 210—218  
 Santon, The, i. 186, 188,  
 Saragheri, taken by tribesmen, v. 250  
 Savannah, evacuation of, iii. 6  
 Savary, General, iii. 217, 220  
 Savin, Nicholas, i. 327  
 Scarlett, General, ii. 527—528, 530—531  
 Schahofskoy, General Prince, repulsed at second battle of Plevna, i. 103—109  
 Scherrer, Major, i. 144  
 Schilder-Schuldner, General, at first battle of Plevna, i. 101—103  
 Schleswig-Holstein, Duchy of, seized by Prussia, i. 74  
 Schley, Commodore, v. 94, 95, 141, 201—209, 213  
 Schmettow, Colonel, von, i. 345, 347  
 Schmitz, Commandant, his daring ride, i. 167—168, 170  
 Schofield, General, in campaign of Atlanta, ii. 692—703  
 Schwartzburg, Marshal Prince, at Dresden, ii. 314—317, 320  
 Scinde, conquest of, iv. 508—517  
 Scindia, Dowbut Rao, ii. 371—378  
 Scindia, Madhaji, ii. 371  
 Scindia, The Maharajah, his defiant attitude, iv. 660; his army, 660; 662, 666—668  
 Scott, General Winfield, iii. 355, 357—360  
 Scott, Thomas, murder of by Riel, iv. 501  
 Scully, Conductor, i. 122  
 Seaton, General Lord, iii. 278, 280, 282—283, 287  
 Sebastiani, General, i. 190, 307  
 Sebastopol, The siege of, iii. 361—369; iv. 464—472  
 Second, James, iii. 232—234  
 Secord, Laura, exploits and adventures of, iii. 232—235; visit of Prince of Wales to, 235  
 Sedan, composition of armies before, iii. 90; description of fortress, 91; battle of, 92—98; incidents, 93—96; surrender of, 99; losses in battle of, 102; capitulation of, 103—104  
 Selim III., Sultan, iv. 430, 434  
 Senigaglia, affair of, ii. 402  
 Serres, Monsieur de, iii. 223—224, 230  
 Servo-Turkish War of 1876, The, iv. 194—201; opposing armies, 195; occupation of Zaichar, 196; march to Alexinat, 196—197; attacks on fortress of, 199—201  
 Servo-Bulgarian War of 1885, The, Slivnitza and Pirot, I. 370—382  
 Seymour, Admiral Sir Beauchamp, i. 195; at Alexandria, iv. 449—450  
 Shadwell, Captain, i. 31  
 Shafter, General, v. 171, 174, 178, 184, 187, 190, 192, 195, 197, 211—218  
 Shakhot Pass, fight at the, iii. 171—172  
 Shah Soojah, Ameer, ii. 565, 567  
 Shangani Patrol, The, i. 110—119  
 Shaw, Corporal, death of, i. 62  
 Sheaffe, General, ii. 522—525  
 Sheehan, Mr. Smith, ii. 490  
 Shelton, Brigadier, ii. 566—567, 569, 571, 573  
 Shepstone, Captain George, i. 152; gallant death of, 154  
 Shepstone, Sir Theophilus, ii. 427—428  
 Shere Ali, Ameer, i. 234  
 Shere Singh, General, iii. 127, 129, 131—133  
 Sheridan, General, i. 14, 44—45; iii. 323, 326—328, 330  
 Sherman, General, i. 14, 95, 98—99, 205, 209; at battle of Shiloh, 210—211, 214; in campaign of Vicksburg, ii. 381—386; in Atlanta campaign, 692; troops under, 693; entry into Resaca, 694; position at Casville, 695; battle of New Hope, 696; battle of Kennesaw, 698; movement against Atlanta, 699; battle of Atlanta, 699—701; entry into Atlanta, 702; battle of Allatoona, 703; leaves Atlanta on march to the sea, iii. 1; his strength, 1; at Milledgeville, 3; enters Millen, 4; summons Hardie to surrender Savannah, 6; burning of Columbia, 8; battle of Bentonsville, 10; details of march, 11  
 Sherpur, cantonment of, i. 236, 239—240, 242—246  
 Shiloh, i. 205, 207—209; battle of, 210—214; Federal and Confederate losses at, 214  
 Siah Sung Heights, The clearing of the, i. 239; casualties at, 239  
 Sichrow, battle of, i. 76  
 Sickles, General, iv. 722, 724, 726  
 Sikhs, The, the first war against, ii. 638—646, 714—720; the second, iii. 126—136  
 Simpson, General Sir James, iv. 471  
 Sin-ho, Chinese army defeated at, i. 31  
 Sinkat, iv. 602  
 Sirtori, Colonel, i. 39; ii. 578—579  
 Sirtori, General, i. 250  
 "Sitting Bull," Chief of the Sioux, i. 43—45, 47  
 Skerrett, Major-General, iv. 437, 439—440, 446  
 Skinner, Colonel, i. 338  
 Skipwith, Mr., iii. 265  
 Skobelev, General, i. 104, 109; military services of, ii. 423; marches to Geok-Tepe, 425; parallels opened, 425; capture of Geok-Tepe, 426; at third battle of Plevna, iii. 684—690  
 Skryznecki, General, i. 285—286  
 Slatin Pasha (afterwards Sir Rudolf), iv. 744; v. 51, 54  
 Slivnitza, position of, iii. 371; battle of, 372—378  
 Smith, Admiral Sir Sidney, ii. 603, 608; iv. 543—544, 547  
 Smith, General C. F., i. 207, 209  
 Smith, General Sir Harry, i. 7; at Aliwal, ii. 714—716; at battle of Sobraon, 716—719  
 Smith, Rev. G., Chaplain, i. 340  
 Smolensk, capture of, i. 311  
 Smolenski, General, v. 328—330, 334, 339, 343—347, 350, 355  
 Sobraon, battle of, ii. 716—720  
 Soimonoff, General, iii. 255, 257—258  
 Solferino, march to, ii. 631; battle of, 632—637  
 Solignac, General, iv. 488—489  
 Son-Tai, garrison of, ii. 388; assaults on, 390—392  
 Sophie, Fraulein, story of, i. 26  
 Sorauren, battles of, iv. 532—533  
 Sotow, General, ii. 683, 685, 690—691  
 Soudan: Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, i. 195—204; Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru, ii. 499—513; Khartoum, iii. 300—312; end of the Nile Campaign (1885), iv. 405—415; El-Teb and Tamal, 600—612; Hasheen and Tofrik, 634—645; Ferkeh, 742—748; the reconquest of, v. 1—90  
 Soudan, The Italians in the, iii. 48—56  
 Souham, General, iii. 189—190, 192  
 Soul, Marshal, i. 2—3, 94, 183—184, 188—189, 191—192, 356, 358, 361; ii. 546; career of, iii. 277; at battle of Albuera, 281—287; in battles of the Pyrenees, iv. 527—541; at passage of the Douro, 556—563; at battle of Ligny, 670, 678; at battle of Toulouse, 687—692  
 Spichen Heights, The, i. 22—23, 26  
 Stacey, John, of German Legion, i. 73



- Staveley, General Sir Charles, ii. 410—411  
 Steinmetz, General von, at Gravelotte, iv. 384—385, 387, 391, 395  
 Stevenson, Colonel, ii. 376  
 Stewart, Field-Marshal Sir Donald, i. 18, 246  
 Stewart, General Sir Herbert, ii. 501; force under, 501—502; March to Abu Halifa, 503; at wells of Gakdul, 504; at battle of Abu-Klea, 506—511; death of, 512; iv. 603, 605—607  
 Stewart, Major-General Hon. W., iii. 282—283, 286, 288  
 Strachan, Admiral Sir Richard, ii. 660—662  
 Strange, Major-General, his story of Riel's revolt, ii. 664—675, 721—739  
 Stuart, General Sir John, at Maida, iv. 543—548; force under, 543; at bay of Eufemia, 544; at battle of Maida, 546—548  
 Stuart-Wortley, Major, v. 41—50, 57  
 Subzee, Mundee, the suburb of, i. 127  
 Suchet, Marshal, i. 190; iv. 528, 732, 741  
 Suchtelen, General, iv. 494—497  
 Sucre, General, i. 86, 90—91  
 Suleiman, Wad Gamr, Sheikh, iv. 407—408  
 Surwar Khan, General, ii. 374—375  
 Sutsos, Michael, Fanariot General, iv. 431, 434  
 Swartholm, surrender of, iv. 493  
 Swat, passage of the, iii. 176—177  
 Sweaborg, siege of, iv. 492—496; capitulation of, 495  
 Symons, General, v. 232, 257, 268
- T.
- Tahir Pasha, ii. 683—689, 746, 752  
 Tahkt-i-Shah, The, i. 238—239  
 Taku Forts, storming of the, i. 27—34; allied forces at the, 31—32; losses at the, 34  
 Talavera, battle of, ii. 393—400  
 Tamai, battle of, iv. 608—612  
 Tang-ku, seizure of, i. 31  
 Tapapa, fight at, iii. 275  
 Tapolovitz, General, iii. 378  
 Tara Bye, iv. 661—662  
 Tatnall, Commodore, i. 30  
 Taylor, General, his reply to Santa Anna, ii. 592; portrait of, 594; forces under, 594; at battle of Buena Vista, 595—598  
 Taylor, Lieutenant, i. 290—297  
 Tchernaya, battle of the, ii. 471  
 Tebri-ori, Maori Chief, iv. 685  
 Tecumseh, Indian Chief, ii. 514, 518—519; early life of, iii. 239; meeting with General Harrison, 240; surprise of Van Horne, 241; at siege of Fort Meigs, 242; his death, 243  
 Tegethoff, Admiral, given command of Austrian fleet, i. 156—157; joins battle at Lissa with Italians, 159; at battle of Lissa, 160—163  
 Teimer, Tyrolese patriot, ii. 555, 558  
 Tej Singh, General, ii. 639, 641, 646, 716, 719  
 Te Karetu Creek, fight at the, iii. 271  
 Te Kooti, New Zealand Chief, his antecedents, iii. 263—264; escape from Chatham Islands, 264; called upon to surrender, 265; his victory at Paparatu, 266; fight in Ruakituri gorge, 267—268; at Pu-Ketapa Pah, 268; raid on Poverty Bay, 270—271; massacre of Europeans, 271; daring flanking movement, 271; retreat on Ngatapa, 272; attack on Ngatapa, 273; raid on Opepe, 274; defeated at Pourere, 274; pursuit of, 275; his death, 276  
 Tel-el-Kebir, i. 195; description of intrenched lines of, 199; order of march of British army, 200; advance on, 201—202; battle of, 202—203; British losses, 203  
 Temple, V.C., Surgeon, iv. 685  
 Terry, General, i. 45  
 Tewfik, The Khedive, i. 195  
 Texas, War of Independence in, in 1835, iv. 518—526  
 Tezeen, battle of, ii. 576  
 Thackwell, General Sir Joseph, ii. 716  
 Theodore, King of Abyssinia, ii. 408—410, 414—415  
 Thesiger, Captain, ii. 478—479  
 "Thousand, The, i. 35; landing of, 38; at battle of Calatamifi, 38; march to Parco and Monreale, 39; descent on Palermo, 40—42  
 Thomas, Captain, iii. 264  
 Thomas, General, ii. 692—693, 695—696, 699  
 Thornton, Colonel, ii. 456, 458  
 Tien-tsin, i. 27, 34  
 Tilsit, treaty of, ii. 544  
 Ting, Admiral, at battle of Yalu River, iii. 79—89; his surrender and suicide after the battle of Wei-hai-wei, v. 305—315  
 Tirah expedition, The, 257—284  
 Todd, Mr., heroism of, i. 121  
 Todleben, General, ii. 747, 752; at Sebastopol, iii. 301—307; iv. 466, 470  
 Tofrik, battle of, iv. 639—643; losses at, 643, 644  
 Toily, General Barclay de, i. 308—309, 312  
 Tombs, V.C., Captain, heroism of, i. 128  
 Toral, General, v. 194, 211, 214—218  
 Tormes River, The, iii. 152—154  
 Torres Vedras, lines of, ii. 584  
 Toulouse, description of city, iv. 687; commencement of battle of, 688; attack on Soult's position, 688; repulse of allies, 690; defeat and retreat of French army, 691—692, losses at, 692; close of war, 692  
 Townshend, Major, v. 14, 16  
 Trafalgar, battle of, iii. 57—63  
 Travis, Colonel, iv. 523  
 Treilhard, General, i. 190  
 Tricault, Commander, French Navy, i. 31  
 Trient, The Gorge of the, fighting in, in 1844, i. 138  
 Triumvirate, The Boer, ii. 429  
 Trochu, General, i. 164, 172—173; ii. 459—460, 462, 467, 469; iv. 653—655, 659  
 Trovich, Von, Nassauer, i. 73  
 Truxillo, i. 85  
 Tukery, Colonel, i. 40—41  
 Tunja, capture of, iv. 478  
 Tur, Brigadier-General, i. 87  
 Tur, Lieut.-Colonel, i. 87  
 Turbigo, battle of, i. 167  
 Türr, Colonel, i. 39—41  
 Tyler, General, moves on Centreville, i. 95; defeat at Blackburn's Ford, 96; attacks Centreville stone bridge, 96—98  
 Tyrol, The, ii. 553; French invasion of, 553—554; annexed to Bavaria, 554; liberation of, 555—564
- U.
- Ulm, capitulation of, i. 183  
 Ulundi, battle of, ii. 626—627  
 Umar Singh, Nepalese General, iii. 203—204, 206—208, 210, 213  
 Umjan, Zulu warrior, i. 110, 116—117; his account of destruction of Major Wilson's party, 118—119  
 Umra Khan, iii. 169, 179, 180, 183  
 Ungar, Major von, i. 77  
 Uxbridge, Lord, i. 52, 55, 70
- V.
- Vacca, Admiral, i. 158—162  
 Valazé, General, i. 25—26  
 Valdez, General, i. 85—86, 88, 90—91  
 Valdivia, capture of, i. 270  
 Valée, General, ii. 442—443, 445  
 Valiant, General, iv. 664, 666—667  
 Valparaiso, fight for, iii. 244—251  
 Valoutina, battle of, i. 311  
 Vandamme, General, i. 189, 191; iii. 314, 319—320; iv. 573, 670—672, 678  
 Vandeleur, General, i. 63  
 Van Horne, General, iii. 241  
 Van Maanen, Dutch Minister, iv. 416, 418  
 Vansittart, Captain, i. 31  
 Vansittart, Hon. Nicholas, ii. 472  
 Velestino, battle of, v. 350—352  
 Velmoes, bravery of young, ii. 481  
 Vicksburg campaign, The, ii. 380—387  
 Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, i. 35—36, 38, 164—165, 167—168, 247, 299, 301—302; ii. 401—402; in Sulferino campaign, 628—631; iv. 571—572  
 Victor, Marshal, i. 394—395; iii. 316, 318—319; at Barrasa, iv. 629—632  
 Vielland, General, i. 264—265  
 Villalobos, General, i. 88, 90  
 Villarey, General, i. 251, 253, 255  
 Villatte, General, ii. 394—397; iv. 630  
 Villeneuve, Admiral de, iii. 57, 62, 65, 68  
 Villerssexel, battle of, iii. 226—230; forces engaged in, 230; losses at, 231  
 Villiers, onslaught on heights of, ii. 464, 466  
 Vimiera, battle of, iv. 479—490  
 Vinoy, General, ii. 460—461, 463; iv. 654  
 Vittoria, ii. 584—591  
 Voigts-Rhetz, General, i. 76—77  
 Volturno, The, battle of, ii. 578—583  
 Von Goeben, General, iv. 387—388  
 Von Manstein, General, iv. 380—389, 391

## W.

- Waitara War, The, New Zealand, 1863, Koheroa, iv. 681—686  
 Walcheren Expedition, The, ii. 659—663; losses in, 663  
 Wallace, General W. H. L., i. 210—211, 214  
 Walther, General, i. 190  
 Wauchope, Brigadier-General, v. 19, 41, 60  
 "War of 1812," The, New Orleans, ii. 446—458; Queenston Heights, 516—525; episodes of, iii. 232—243; Lundy's Lane, 352—360; Chrysler's Farm, iv. 646—652  
 Waror, battle of, i. 284  
 Warsaw, revolt at, i. 284; town surrounded, 285; massacre of Russians at, 286; attack on, 287—288; capitulation of, 288—289; losses, 288  
 Wassall, V.C., Private, heroism of, at Insandhlwana, i. 154  
 Waterloo, battle of, i. 51—73  
 Watt, Lieutenant, of the *Shannon*, ii. 150  
 Wavre, i. 54, 55  
 Wedell, General von, i. 350  
 Wei-hai-Wei, battle of, v. 305—315  
 Wellington, Field-Marshal Duke of, i. 1, 5, 21; his army in Belgium, 52; at Duchess of Richmond's ball, 52—53; at battle of Quatre Bras, 54—55; disposition of force before Waterloo, 58; at battle of Waterloo, 59—73, 256; at siege of Badajoz, 257; night attack on Badajoz, 259, 261—262, 266; at Assaye, ii. 376; position of army, 377—378; charge of 17th Dragoons, 378; defeat of Scindia, 379; at battle of Talavera, 393—399; at battle of Vittoria, 586—591; at siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, 676—682; at Salamanca, iii. 151—159; at Vimiera, iv. 484—490; at siege of San Sebastian, 582, 585—587; in the battles of the Pyrenees, 527—541; at passage of the Douro, 556—563; at battle of Toulouse, 687—692  
 Westmacott, General, v. 253, 257, 260, 252, 267, 270, 281  
 Werder, General von, forces at disposal of, before Villersexel, iii. 223; ordered to keep Belfort blockaded, 225; at battle of Villersexel, 226—230  
 Westrupp, Major, iii. 266  
 Wheeler, General "Joe," v. 167, 178—179, 183, 190, 193, 215  
 Whish, General, iii. 127  
 White, V.C., General Sir G. S., i. 12, 235, 239; iv. 703  
 Whitelocke, General, at Buenos Ayres, iii. 118—124; trial and sentence on, 125  
 Whitmore, Colonel, iii. 266—268, 272  
 Whittingham, Colonel, iv. 630, 632  
 Widdin, battle of, iv. 430—435  
 Wielopolski, The Marquis, iii. 70  
 Wilkinson, General, iii. 355; iv. 647—649  
 Willes, Admiral Sir George, i. 28—29  
 William I., Emperor, i. 75—78, 81—84, 341, 352; at Sedan, ii. 90—104; at Gravelotte, iv. 385, 393—394  
 Williams, General Sir Fenwick, at Kars, ii. 432  
 Williams, V.C., Private John, devoted bravery of, i. 336, 340  
 Willis, General, i. 200  
 Willoughby, Lieutenant, at Delhi Magazine, i. 122  
 Wilson, V.C., Captain Knyvet, iv. 605—606  
 Wilson, General Sir Archdale, defeats mutineers at the Hindun, i. 124; joins forces with General Barnard, 126; general order to the army before Delhi, 131  
 Wilson, General Sir Charles, ii. 503, 506, 511—512; ordered to occupy Metamneh, ii. 302; arrival of steamers from Khartoum, 303; Gordon's diaries, 304; start for Khartoum, 306; in sight of, 307; death of Gordon, 308; details of massacre, 309; "Beresford to the rescue," 311; arrival at camp of Desert Column, 312  
 Wilson, Major Allan, i. 110—114, 118—119  
 Wilson, Sir Robert, i. 322  
 Wimpffen, General, ii. 632, 637; ii. 96, 98, 102—103  
 Windham, General, iii. 472  
 Wingate, Major, iv. 744  
 Wingate, Major (afterwards Colonel Sir Francis), v. 28, 30, 45, 60  
 Winterberg, i. 23—24, 26  
 Wise, Captain, iii. 44—45  
 Wiseman, Commodore Sir William, i. 277; iv. 683—684  
 Wissembourg, battle of, iii. 90; iv. 590—591  
 Witepsk, battle of, i. 309—310  
 Wittgenstein, General Count, at Lutzen, iii. 188, 193, 315, 319  
 Wolseley, Field-Marshal Viscount, i. 19, 21, 195—196, 199—201, 215, 219—220; ii. 428, 430, 499—501, 503—504; in Red River Expedition, iv. 502—504, 507  
 Wood, V.C., General Sir Evelyn, i. 16, 226, 221; ii. 428, 435—439, 614—615, 618—619, 621—625  
 Woods, Boatswain, i. 30  
 Wool, Captain, daring deed of, ii. 523  
 Wool, General, at battle of Buena Vista, ii. 594—598  
 Wörth, battle of, ii. 90; ii. 590—599  
 Wrangel, Field-Marshal von, i. 224, 230  
 Wright, General, iv. 667  
 Wyatt, Colonel, iv. 683  
 Wysocki, General, iii. 71—72, 74, 76, 78

## Y.

- Yakoub Khan, Ameer, i. 234—235  
 Yalu River, battle of the, iii. 79—89  
 Yea, Colonel Lacy, i. 177—179  
 Yeatman Biggs, General, v. 249, 250, 257, 260, 268

## Z.

- Zaichar, occupation of, iii. 195—196  
 Zakka Khel, submission of, v. 278  
 Zaragoca, General, iv. 456—458  
 Ziegler, Colonel, i. 143  
 Zieten, General, iv. 671—672, 674, 676  
 Zimbabwe Temple, ruins of the, i. 119  
 Zulu War, The, Insandhlwana, i. 147—155; Rorke's Drift, i. 330—340; end of, ii. 614—627



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