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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



ILLUSTRATED



The Destruction of Emaum Ghur

BATTLES
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

And other Well-known Writers

VOL. IV.

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH COLOURED PLATES AND NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| GRAVELOTTE (ST. PRIVAT). AUGUST 18, 1870. By A. Hilliard Atteridge | 383 |
| THE FIRST BURMESE WAR. 1824. By G. A. Henty | 396 |
| THE END OF THE NILE CAMPAIGN. JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1885. By Charles Lowe | 405 |
| THE BELGIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE : BRUSSELS. AUGUST—SEPTEMBER, 1830. By John Augustus O'Shea | 416 |
| THE JANISSARY REBELLION AT WIDDIN. MARCH, 1801. By William V. Herbert | 430 |
| BERGEN-OP-ZOOM. MARCH 8—9, 1814. By Colonel Percy Groves | 436 |
| THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. JULY 11, 1882. By Max Pemberton | 447 |
| THE SIEGE OF LA PUEBLA. MAY, 1863. By A. Hilliard Atteridge | 456 |
| THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL : PART II. APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1855. By Major Arthur Griffiths | 464 |
| THE LIBERATION OF NEW GRANADA : BOYACA. AUGUST 17, 1819. By W. B. Robertson | 473 |
| THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA. AUGUST 21, 1808. By Major-General Sir E. F. Du Cane | 479 |
| THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN FINLAND. 1808. By A. Hilliard Atteridge | 491 |
| THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION. 1870. By Angus Evan Abbott | 500 |
| THE CONQUEST OF SCINDE. SEPTEMBER, 1842—MARCH, 1843. By Archibald Forbes | 508 |
| "REMEMBER THE ALAMO!" THE TEXAN INSURRECTION OF 1836. By Stoddard Dewey | 518 |
| THE BATTLES IN THE PYRENEES. JULY, 1813—FEBRUARY, 1814. By Major Arthur Griffiths | 527 |
| THE BATTLE OF MAIDA. JULY 14, 1806. By A. J. Butler | 542 |
| THE BATTLE OF KIRKEE. NOVEMBER 5, 1817. By C. Stein | 549 |
| THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO. MAY 10—12, 1809. By Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis | 556 |
| THE BATTLE OF NOVARA. MARCH 23, 1849. By Major G. Le M. Gretton | 564 |
| THE BATTLE OF ASPERN-ESSLING. JUNE 21—22, 1809. By D. H. Parry | 573 |
| THE SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN. AUGUST, 1813. By Major Arthur Griffiths | 582 |
| WÖRTH. AUGUST 6, 1870. By Archibald Forbes | 590 |
| THE BATTLES AROUND SUAKIM. I.—EL-TEB, FEBRUARY 29; AND TAMAI, MARCH 13, 1884. By Charles Lowe | 600 |
| OMAR PASHA AT CHETATÉ AND CALAFAT. 1854. By William V. Herbert | 613 |
| THE INDIAN MUTINY : LUCKNOW. PART II. SEPTEMBER, 1857—MARCH, 1858. By G. A. Henty. | 620 |
| THE BATTLE OF BARROSA. MARCH 5, 1811. By Archibald Forbes | 627 |
| THE BATTLES AROUND SUAKIM. II.—HASHEEN; TOFRIK. MARCH 20—22, 1885. By Charles Lowe | 634 |
| CHRYSTLER'S FARM. NOVEMBER 11, 1813. By C. Stein | 646 |
| THE LAST SORTIE FROM PARIS : BUZENVAL. JANUARY 19, 1871. By John Augustus O'Shea | 653 |
| A ONE DAY'S WAR : MAHARAJPORE AND PUNNIAR. DECEMBER 29, 1843. By Herbert Compton | 660 |
| THE BATTLE OF LIGNY. JUNE 16, 1815. By Archibald Forbes | 669 |
| THE WAITARA WAR : KOHEROA, JULY 12; RANGARIRI, NOVEMBER 30, 1863. By Major-General T. Eland Strange | 681 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| TOULOUSE. APRIL 10, 1814. By D. H. Parry | 687 |
| THE FINAL STAGES OF THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR. AUGUST—SEPTEMBER, 1880. By Archibald Forbes | 693 |
| THE ACTION OFF PULO AOR. FEBRUARY 15, 1804. By A. J. Butler | 706 |
| MORGAN'S RAID. JULY 2—26, 1863. By Angus Evan Abbott | 710 |
| GETTYSBURG. JULY 1—3, 1863. By Major Arthur Griffiths | 720 |
| IÉNA. OCTOBER 14, 1806. By D. H. Parry | 730 |
| THE BATTLE OF FERKEH. JUNE 7, 1896. By A. Hilliard Atteridge | 742 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| "The roads were encumbered with retiring convoys and long trains of ambulance waggons" | 384 | General Bosquet | 470 |
| Gravelotte: Plan | 385 | General Simpson | 472 |
| General Steinmetz | 389 | Bolivar's Campaign of 1819: Sketch Map | 476 |
| "A thick German firing-line was blazing away at the French garrison" | 389 | "The roads ran along the edge of precipices" | 477 |
| German Hussar | 392 | The Campaign of Portugal: Sketch Maps | 480 |
| An incident in the Battle of Gravelotte | 393 | "The French had possession of two small buildings on the hill" | 481 |
| Battle of Gravelotte: Plan | 394 | "Two English battalions . . . poured in a murderous volley on their reaching the summit of the hill" | 485 |
| Under fire | 395 | Sir Hugh Dalrymple | 488 |
| "He and his officers repeatedly charged the British line" | 397 | "It turned out to be Kellerman with a flag of truce" | 489 |
| The first Burmese War: Sketch Map | 400 | The Campaign in Finland: Sketch Maps | 492 |
| "The way was cleared for them by the artillery" | 401 | "The strange spectacle was seen of a fierce cavalry fight upon the frozen waters" | 493 |
| Burmese idol-house | 404 | Sweaborg | 496 |
| Embarkation of General Earle's force at Korti | 406 | General Suchtelen | 497 |
| The Casualty of the Birti Cataract | 408 | A Finnish Pilot | 499 |
| General Earle | 409 | A Portage | 501 |
| Battle of Kirbekan: Plan | 410 | Route of the Red River Expedition: Sketch Map | 504 |
| Colonel Coveney and Colonel Eyre | 412 | A Hudson Bay Company's Post | 505 |
| Convoy of Wounded | 413 | "Napier, in full uniform, was borne into Hyderabad in a magnificent palanquin" | 509 |
| Burial of General Earle | 415 | Lord Ellenborough | 512 |
| "It was the revolution—the smouldering embers which were soon to be roused into flame" | 417 | Battle of Meanee: Plan | 513 |
| Brussels in 1830: Plan | 419 | The Battle of Dubba: Plan | 516 |
| A view in Brussels | 420 | "With a deafening shout the soldiers swept down into the midst of the swordsmen" | 517 |
| "The Commandant fell dead with a bullet through his brain" | 421 | Ancient Mexico: Sketch Map | 519 |
| Hôtel de Ville, Brussels | 424 | Mexican Filibusters | 520 |
| "Where his gun was needed, there sprang the 'Jambe de Bois'" | 425 | "He issued, wayworn and triumphant, from the mezquit thickets" | 521 |
| "Each time the enemy fired, the head of the figure was lowered with a cord" | 428 | Plan of the Alamo Mission Buildings | 524 |
| The Park, Brussels | 429 | "The Mexican soldiers charged with fixed bayonets, only to be met by the clubbed rifles and flashing knives" | 525 |
| Wallachia: Sketch Map | 432 | "The wounded were thrown down in the rush and trampled upon" | 529 |
| "The Janissaries rushed to the attack at full speed" | 433 | Pampelona | 532 |
| "We got into some confusion in labouring through this horrible slough" | 437 | "Lord Wellington had come up from Lanz" | 533 |
| Bergen-op-Zoom: Plan | 440 | Battles of the Pyrenees: Sketch Map | 536 |
| "We soon succeeded in cutting the lock out of the post" | 441 | San Sebastian | 537 |
| "Several men were still hanging on to other pieces of ice" | 445 | "Cole, with the 4th Division, had advanced with scaling-ladders" | 540 |
| Bergen-op-Zoom | 446 | Lesaca | 541 |
| The Square of Mehemet Ali, Alexandria | 448 | The mountains of Calabria from Sicily | 543 |
| The Bombardment of Alexandria: Sketch Map | 449 | Battle of Maida: Plan | 544 |
| Admiral Seymour | 451 | "They broke and fled in the direction of Maida" | 545 |
| Lord Charles Beresford | 452 | Catanzaro | 548 |
| Clearing the streets of Alexandria | 453 | Battle of Kirkee: Plan | 552 |
| The Palace of Ras-el-Tin | 455 | "Some detached bands galloped round the flank" | 553 |
| La Puebla | 457 | Oporto | 557 |
| Puebla: Plan | 460 | Oporto: Plan | 559 |
| "Fell upon the Mexican position in the grey dawn" | 461 | The Passage of the Douro | 561 |
| The City of Mexico | 463 | Montserrat Convent, Oporto | 563 |
| "A terrible carnage ensued upon the overcrowded bridge" | 465 | The University, Pavia | 565 |
| General Niel | 467 | Novara: Sketch Map | 568 |
| Marshal Pelissier | 468 | Marshal Radetzky, after the Battle of Novara | 569 |
| "Our men never got near the Redan; they were swept away in hundreds by a storm of grape" | 469 | | |

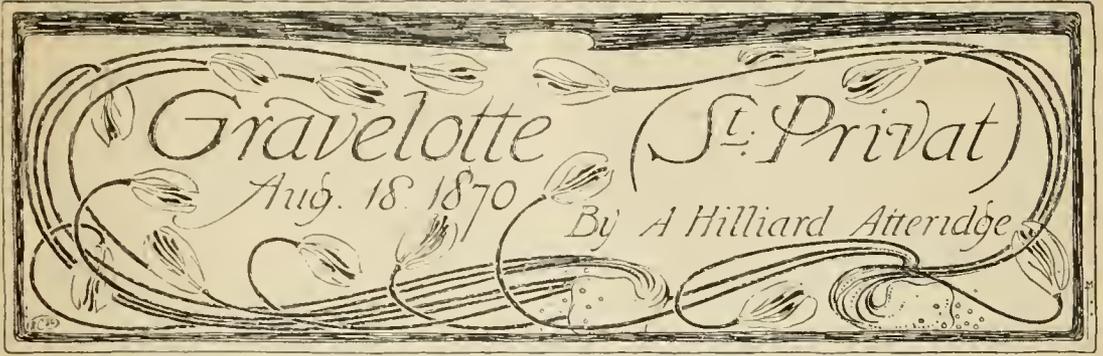
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|--|------|
| The parting of Charles Albert and Victor Emanuel after the battle of Novara | 572 | " The flames, spreading with great rapidity, soon enveloped everything in smoke " | 665 |
| Marshal Masséna | 576 | Gwalior | 668 |
| Aspern-Essling : Sketch Map | 577 | Battle of Ligny : Plan | 671 |
| The Young Guard in the churchyard of Essling | 580 | " The General's horse fell into a ditch " | 673 |
| The Franzensring, Vienna | 581 | " Column after column forced its way into the village, only to be hurled back " | 677 |
| St. Sebastian : Plan | 584 | " They encountered a hollow way " | 680 |
| " The garrison met the bombardment bravely " | 585 | The Waitara War : Sketch Maps | 682 |
| " The brave garrison marched out with drums beating " | 589 | Maori Children | 683 |
| " The batteries passed through the streets encumbered with troops " | 593 | Rangariri Camp from the Waikato | 684 |
| Wörth : Sketch Map | 596 | " The gunners found a narrow opening in rear of the work " | 685 |
| Marshal MacMahon | 597 | Rangariri after the capture | 686 |
| The Battles around Suakim : Sketch Map | 600 | " The French rushing forward with triumphant yells and firing down into the hollow roads " | 689 |
| Sir Gerald Graham | 601 | Toulouse : Plan | 691 |
| Hicks Pasha | 602 | Toulouse | 692 |
| Baker Pasha | 603 | Action of Maiwand : Plan | 695 |
| El-Teb : Plan | 604 | Sir Donald Stewart | 696 |
| " They were harassed throughout the night by a dropping fire " | 605 | The Last Eleven at Maiwand | 697 |
| Tamai : Plan | 607 | The Second Afghan War : Sketch Map | 699 |
| " The Arabs crouched amongst the scrub, hamstringing the horses " | 609 | Battle of Candahar : Plan | 700 |
| Admiral Hewitt | 611 | Candahar | 701 |
| Private T. Edwards, on the 42nd, at Tamai | 612 | General Macpherson | 703 |
| Chetaté and Calafat : Sketch Map | 616 | " It was carried at the bayonet point after a very stubborn resistance " | 704 |
| Omar Pasha | 617 | The Action off Pulo Aor : Plan | 707 |
| The Slaughter Ghat, Cawnpore | 621 | The Action off Pulo Aor | 708 |
| Lucknow : Plan | 624 | Commodore Nathaniel Dance | 709 |
| " Gradually they drove the Sepoys back " | 625 | Morgan's Raid : Sketch Map | 711 |
| Tarifa, looking west | 628 | Cincinnati | 712 |
| " Dilke's brigade of guards came up " | 629 | " Behind the rough breastwork lay the Michigan men " | 713 |
| Barrosa : Sketch Map | 632 | Louisville | 716 |
| General Sir Thomas Graham | 633 | " The city was taken with a desperate panic " | 717 |
| Shoeing-forge of the New South Wales artillery at Suakim | 636 | Escape of Morgan | 719 |
| " Two squadrons of the Bengal lancers were launched against them " | 637 | Richmond | 721 |
| Hasheen : Plan | 638 | On the Shenandoah | 723 |
| McNeill's Zereba : Plan | 639 | " The prize was hotly contested steel to steel " | 725 |
| " Friendlies " | 640 | Battle of Gettysburg : Plan | 727 |
| The terminus of the Suakim-Berber Railway, Suakim | 644 | " The sight of his form stirred the hearts of his veterans " | 728 |
| Chrystler's Farm : Sketch Map | 648 | General Meade | 729 |
| " Captain Armstrong did his best to withdraw his pieces " | 649 | Iéna : Sketch Map | 731 |
| Old Battery, St. Helen's Island, Montreal | 650 | Iéna : Plan | 732 |
| A Settler's Shanty | 652 | " The battery was assisted by Napoleon with a lantern " | 733 |
| The Sortie from Paris : Plan | 656 | Murat at Iéna | 737 |
| " On the first attempt it carried the position " | 657 | " Murat's cuirassiers and dragoons slashing and slaying " | 740 |
| " Lady Gough and the wives of several officers mounted their elephants as usual " | 661 | Marshal Davout | 741 |
| The Mahratta War : Sketch Maps | 664 | The Battle of Ferkeh : Sketch Maps | 744 |
| | | " It was stormed by the infantry " | 745 |
| | | Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener | 748 |



LIST OF PLATES.

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| THE DESTRUCTION OF EMAUM GHUR | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| "THE CHASSEPOT FIRE FROM THE CREST ROSE INTO A WILD STORM" | <i>To face p. 391</i> |
| THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA | <i>To face p. 450</i> |
| THE DEATH OF MARSHAL LANNES AT ESSLING | <i>To face p. 578</i> |
| "THE HUGE CONCOURSE OF ANIMALS SHIVERED, SWAYED, AND THEN BURST INTO MOTION" | <i>To face p. 641</i> |
| SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND | <i>To face p. 694</i> |



GRAVELOTTE—or, as the French call it, St. Privat—was the decisive battle of the Franco-German War. When night put an end to the fighting around Mars-la-Tour and Rezonville on Tuesday, August 16th, Everyone expected that the conflict would be renewed with the first light of the morrow's dawn. But on the Wednesday morning the Germans, who were expecting reinforcements, showed no disposition to immediately resume the attack, and Marshal Bazaine ordered his five corps d'armée to withdraw from the positions they had held on the previous evening, and to fall back upon a line of heights that extends in front of the western forts of Metz, from the Moselle to the villages of Amanvilliers and St. Privat. These orders dispirited men and officers alike. They had met and withstood the fierce onset of the day before; when night fell their line was still unbroken. Could it be that, after all, the terrible battle of the 16th had been one more defeat, seeing that they were thus ordered to abandon their positions to the enemy?

Through the blazing heat of the summer day the long columns plodded back towards Metz. Frossard's Corps, on the left of the line, had the shortest march to make, and was soon in position on the hills behind the deep ravine, through which the Mance Brook flows down to the Moselle. But Canrobert with the 6th Corps, on the extreme right, did not occupy all his positions till evening, for his was the outermost and longest march in this gigantic wheel of a great army 140,000 strong. The roads were encumbered with retiring convoys and long trains of ambulance waggons full of wounded men. Still more of these victims of the strife were left in the farms and villages along the rear of the battlefield. There was hardly a group of buildings on which the Geneva flag was not flying, roughly improvised, in most cases, by

sewing two pieces of red stuff crosswise on a napkin. Gangs of farm labourers were at work burying the dead. In the village church of Doncourt two coffins of rough deal boards lay before the altar. Scrawled in chalk on the lids were the names of "General Legrand" and "General Brayer." Legrand had led the cavalry of the 4th Corps into action the day before, and Brayer had fallen at the head of its first infantry brigade. In the evening a farmer's cart, followed only by a priest and the *maire* of Doncourt, conveyed the coffins to the village cemetery.

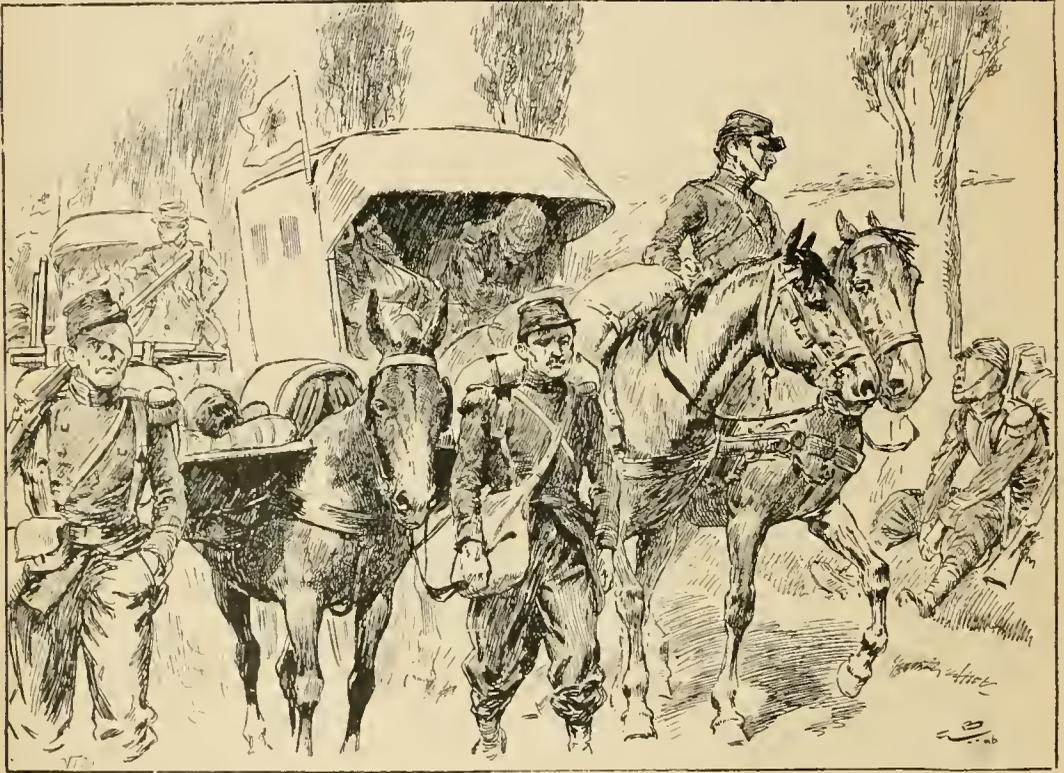
As the troops reached the positions assigned to them, the little shelter-tents were pitched, fires were lighted, and cooking began. The baggage-waggons were unloaded, and sent off towards Metz for a further supply of provisions and forage. The ammunition columns of the artillery distributed cartridges. Then came orders that the position was to be entrenched, and working parties were soon busy with pick and spade, under the guidance of engineer officers, along the French left. But on the right, where the work was most needed, little or nothing was done, for Canrobert's Corps reached the ground late, and there was a deficiency of tools, the waggons of his engineer park having, for the most part, got no nearer the frontier than the great camp at Châlons.

In the late hours of the afternoon, strong patrols of the enemy showed themselves along the edges of the woods opposite the French left, and there was some desultory firing, the mitrailleuse batteries of Frossard's Corps being particularly active. Their rattling fire broke out whenever a spiked helmet was seen among the trees, but this long-range shooting did very little damage, and the Germans seldom took the trouble to answer it. So the long summer day went by; and when night fell, the French lay down beside their thousand bivouac fires,

fully assured that next day would witness a great battle.

Bazaine slept in the village of Plappeville, with the regiments of the Imperial Guard camped close by in the hollow, between the two fort-crowned heights of Plappeville and St. Quentin. Curiously enough, the marshal told his staff that he did not anticipate a battle. He would give his men a day's rest, and then resume his march to the north-westward and rejoin MacMahon.

French positions. There is something of this legendary view of the war to be traced even in the German official account of the campaign ; but since the staff history was published, a whole literature of the war has come from the printing-presses of both France and Germany, and the evidence thus made available has done much to discredit the traditional view of what happened on many important occasions. It is now tolerably clear that on the 17th the Germans were



"THE ROADS WERE ENCUMBERED WITH RELIEVING CONVOYS AND LONG TRAINS OF AMBULANCE WAGGONS" (p. 383).

And what were the Germans doing all this time? After the war, there grew up a kind of legend about the way in which the victors had conducted their operations. According to this story they were always doing something, and it was always the right thing to do. They had a plan of campaign which worked out with the precision of an approved chess-opening, and made victory a certainty. Their cavalry was always in touch with the enemy. The Uhlans were everywhere, watching every move of the French, and when their reports reached headquarters, they were made the basis of orders that directed overwhelming masses with the certainty of fate against the weak points of the

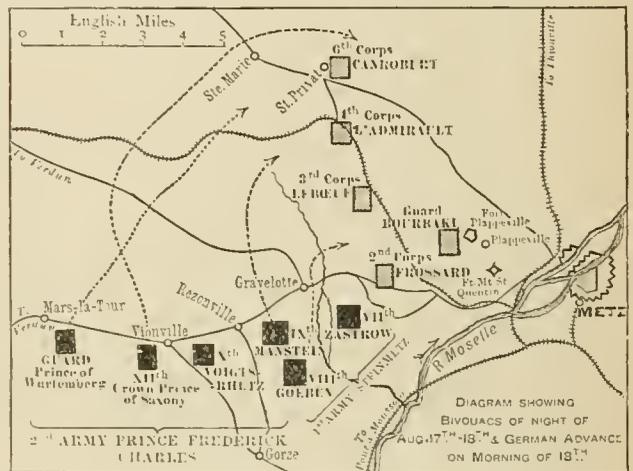
acting in a way that was hardly worthy of such past-masters in the art of war. On the right the outposts of the First Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, were in sight of the French left on the hills beyond the Mance Brook, and were, indeed, occasionally exchanging fire with them ; but no attempt had been made to keep in touch with the retiring corps on the French right, though there was a strong force of cavalry available for this purpose. On the extreme left of the Germans, the Crown Prince (now the King) of Saxony, one of the best leaders in the invading army, pushed forward some of his cavalry to Pasondrup, on the Metz-Verdun road, and ascertained that there were no French

troops in that direction. But nothing was done to make sure that the greater part of Bazaine's army was not in retreat across the Orne river, by the Metz-Briey route. Nor were the hills held by the corps of the French right and centre reconnoitred, so that next day a very serious loss of time and of life resulted from a mistake as to where the French right really lay. The orders for the movement which resulted in the battle of Gravelotte were, indeed, drawn up before 2 a.m. on the 17th, on the basis of insufficient information. It was only through the superiority in numbers of the Germans, and the general soundness of their position compared with that of the French, that these orders worked out so well next day.

When night fell the two armies, therefore, were in bivouac in the same order in which they fought on the morrow; but, instead of facing each other, the two lines formed a right angle, the French left and the German right being in touch near the Moselle, while the other extremities of the lines were about nine miles apart. Next day the German armies were to be flung against the French position by a great wheel to the eastward, across the same ground that had been traversed by the French on the morning of the 17th. The annexed sketch map shows, more clearly than any description, the position of the two armies on the night before the great battle, and the movements of the morning of the 18th.

The night was clear, and starlit overhead. It was warm, and the men hardly needed their bivouac fires. In the French lines there were two alarms during the hours of darkness. The first was about 2 a.m., when the cry "To arms!" started somewhere in the middle of the outpost lines, and ran like lightning all through the bivouacs. The men sprang up, and seized their rifles; many of the batteries hooked in their teams, ready to gallop up their guns to the front. But in a few minutes the word was passed that it was nothing. There was another alarm a little later, and after this in many of the bivouacs the men sat chatting and smoking round the fires. At four o'clock the sky was already whitening with the dawn, and then bugle and trumpet began to sound the *réveille* along the plateau from Rozerieulles to St. Privat; and after the morning roll-call the men got their breakfasts, while the sun rose brightly in the clear sky.

The Germans were already in movement. Some of the corps marched off at four o'clock, others had not to start till six; but some of the divisions had been marching all night. The Pomeranians of the 2nd corps had left their bivouac near Pont-à-Mousson soon after midnight, and had been tramping northward by starlight ever since, the guns and cavalry on the high road, the infantry moving by tracks among the vineyards on the slopes above it. Towards morning they had cheered the old King of Prussia as he passed their columns on the road in his carriage, driving from Pont-à-Mousson, where he had had a short sleep, to Flavigny, where he was in the saddle with



Moltke and the head-quarters staff by six o'clock.

Prince Frederick Charles, who commanded the Second Army, forming the German left, had slept at Mars-la-Tour. At half-past five he was in the saddle, directing the march of his corps to the northward. The Saxons were the first to move off at six o'clock, but such is the space occupied by an army corps, that it was not till nine that the last of their battalions was clear of Mars-la-Tour and the Guards began their march. The corps under Steinmetz on the right had not so far to go. Their business for the present was to close up and watch the French, and to issue from the woods to attack them as soon as the sound of cannon from the northward told that Frederick Charles was in touch with the enemy.

So the great wheel, first to the northward and then to the eastward, went on through the summer morning, 220,000 Germans, with 800 guns, pushing on to the line of heights that runs

from Habonville by Gravelotte to the ravines above Gorze, facing the corresponding line held by Bazaine. It was the first great battle in which troops from every part of Germany were to fight side by side. Here flew the black and white flag of Prussia; there the black, white, and red colours of the North German Confederation, or the white and green banner of Saxony; and the white and red pennons of Hessian contingents; and the flags of Mecklenburg, Brunswick, and Oldenburg; and the historic colours of the Hanseatic League.

At ten the cavalry in front of the German left reported that the enemy had not retired to the northward. French tents were standing along the hills about Amanvilliers, and there was an advanced detachment holding the village of Ste. Marie aux Chènes. At first it was supposed that the French line of battle extended no further than Amanvilliers village. Later it was ascertained that there were also troops in St. Privat; but where precisely the French right lay was not clearly known until the attack had made some progress. Reports sent to the royal headquarters at Flavigny brought back orders for the German left to march eastwards against the French positions. But even before these orders reached him Prince Frederick Charles was directing his columns toward Amanvilliers and St. Privat, the Saxons and the Guards moving on his extreme left, expecting to find nothing but weak detachments in their immediate front, and to turn the French right without much fighting.

Marshal Bazaine spent the morning with his chief of the staff, General Jarras, in a house at Plappeville, busy with preparing a list of promotions to replace the officers killed and wounded in the battles of the 14th and 16th. At half-past nine an officer of Marshal Lebœuf's staff arrived with a report that masses of the enemy were moving in his front, and asking for orders. The commander-in-chief of the French army sent word to Lebœuf that in the position he held he ought to be quite safe if he was attacked, and that meanwhile he had better push on the work at the shelter-trenches and other field-works planned and begun the day before. When the staff officer went away Bazaine told Jarras that he doubted if the enemy would venture on a serious attack, for the ground held by the Imperial army was so strong as to leave few chances of success to such an enterprise. To messages from other corps commanders he sent much the same reply he had given to Lebœuf. So the

morning was spent in mere routine duties at the French head-quarters. A better soldier than Bazaine would have been early in the saddle, seeing for himself what was the state of affairs along his line of defence. But he had apparently deluded himself into the idea that all that was necessary had been done when he had placed his five corps in position along the plateau of Amanvilliers. Even when, about noon, the sound of cannon came echoing along the hills from the westward he remained at his desk, and it was not till two o'clock that he mounted and rode up the hill of St. Quentin, taking only two of his officers with him, and again telling Jarras that he was sure the affair would not be serious.

But by two o'clock the battle had been some time in progress over miles of country. The first shots were fired a few minutes after noon by the 9th German Corps—Schleswig-Holsteiners and Hessians—commanded by Von Manstein. As his vanguard reached the farm of Champenois just before twelve o'clock, a French camp could be seen on the opposite slope of the valley. He thought it was going to be another surprise—a Wissemburg on a grand scale—so he gave the word, and promptly a couple of batteries galloped up, unlimbered, and sent a shower of shells bursting among the French tents. Manstein was acting against orders in thus precipitating the attack, for Moltke had intended that the French should be assailed simultaneously on the left and right, as soon as Prince Frederick Charles had begun to seriously develop his flank movement north of Amanvilliers, but not till then. But now, as on more than one previous occasion, the eagerness of the subordinate commanders hurried on the battle. Manstein could not resist the temptation of suddenly opening fire on the camp in front of him. But the French were not surprised. The infantry rushed to their shelter-trenches. The artillery promptly replied to the German guns from the higher ground beyond.

Moltke, sitting on his horse beside the king, on the hill near Flavigny, heard the roar of Manstein's guns. He knew the Guard and the Saxons could not yet be in a position to cooperate in the attack, and he did what he could to prevent Steinmetz from flinging the troops on the right prematurely against the French left. He hurriedly wrote and sent him an order telling him that the action which he could hear beginning near Verneville was an isolated affair, and there was no need yet of showing his troops. If he must act, let it be only by using his artillery

as a prelude to the attack which would come later. But Steinmetz, on the heights beyond Gravelotte, had heard Manstein's guns before Moltke's galloper reached him, and had not only brought his batteries into action, but had begun to push on his infantry through the woods in his front. So it was that about noon the great battle began, as it were, by an accident.

A few words as to the character of the battlefield:—The high ground to the west of Metz is made up of three nearly parallel ranges of hills, running north and south, those nearest the city being the highest. The valleys between them are from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles wide from crest to crest, and the slopes are gentlest towards the northern end of the heights, where also the valleys are more shallow, all the forms of the ground being bolder in the southern part of the region. In the hollows there are extensive woods—those near Gravelotte village, the Bois de Vaux and the Bois de Genivaux, being at the time of the battle so full of thick undergrowth that they could only be traversed by following the paths and a few narrow glades. The hills are sufficiently elevated above the valleys to enable one in most places to see across from ridge to ridge over the trees. The central line of heights was that held by the French. The Germans advanced to the attack across the western ridge. On their right, at Gravelotte village, the Verdun-Metz road drops into the valley, passing through a defile with steep rocks on either side, traversing a narrow belt of wood by a clearing, and ascending the opposite slope, having on one side a mass of quarries that made a ready shelter for the defence, and on the other the farm-house and stables of St. Hubert, which the French had occupied, as well as the quarries and the belts of wood below. But all these were only the advanced posts of their left. About 250 yards eastward of St. Hubert their shelter-trenches ran along the upper slope of the hill; and in places, where it was steepest, they were arranged in double and triple tiers. A wall at the bend of the road was lined with rifles. The farms of Moscou and Point du Jour had been prepared for defence, and just above them at the crest of the hill there were three groups of cannon and mitrailleuses. These were pointed at the opposite ridge beyond Gravelotte, while the rifles of the infantry could sweep all the slopes down to the edge of the woods. Frossard with the 2nd Corps held this splendid position. An officer of Engineers, he had carefully entrenched all his front, and made the most of the natural advant-

ages of the ground. To his right Marshal Lebœuf with the 3rd Corps, chiefly made up of the garrison of Paris, prolonged the line along the ridge by the farm of Leipzig and La Folie to Montigny la Grange. Here, too, the spade had been busy providing shelter for the defence. Behind the left centre the Imperial Guard and the reserve artillery were stationed near Plappeville. General Ladmirault with the 4th Corps came next to Lebœuf, the strong point of his position being the large walled village of Amanvilliers, which he had carefully prepared for defence. Then on the right Marshal Canrobert with the 6th Corps occupied St. Privat, with a strong detachment in Roncourt to guard his flank, and an advanced post in the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes. Here on the right, where such work was most needed, very little had been done to entrench the position, chiefly because there was a deficiency of tools. But even without such help it was strong, for St. Privat was partly hidden from view and fire by the crest of the long slope which descends to the westward and north-westward, a gentle slope of open fields, which the chasseur bullets could sweep with that grazing fire which is always far more deadly than the plunging fire from a bolder slope. For two thousand yards there was practically no cover for the attack. It was a huge natural glacis, destined to be the scene of terrible slaughter before the day was won.

Begun on the centre at noon, the cannonade spread rapidly to the southward. Steinmetz had opened with his guns against the French left, and Frossard's artillery was replying. The shells were screaming high above the trees in the Mance valley, as they flew from crest to crest. Battery after battery came galloping up on the German side, and in twenty minutes Von Goeben, who commanded the 7th Corps (the first of Steinmetz's to come into action), had more than a hundred guns in line on the slope above Gravelotte, while his infantry were pushing into the thick belt of woods in the valley below and exchanging rifle fire with the French advanced posts. It was soon evident that the Germans were going to have the best of this artillery duel. To begin with, they had more guns than the French. Then the German guns were breech-loading cannon, while the French were rifled muzzle-loaders of the same type that they had used eleven years before in Italy; and the result was that the German gunners fired faster, were less exposed as they worked their guns, and shot better. Finally, the Germans had better

ammunition. Their shells, fitted with percussion fuses, almost invariably burst on contact with the hot hard ground of the ridge at which they fired; while the French time fuses acted irregularly, sometimes burst the shells too soon, and, oftenest of all, failed to explode them at all, so that the projectiles were practically solid shot. Frossard's gunners made very fair practice, but they were handicapped from the very outset. Near some of Von Goeben's batteries, as the day went on, the ground was scored with long furrows cut by the grazing but unburst shells from the French batteries. But on the opposite side of the valley, in and around the farms at which the Germans chiefly directed their fire, as soon as they had got the upper hand of the French artillery, the results were fearful.

St. Hubert was early in the day a mass of ruins, and a little later Moscou and Point du Jour were set on fire by bursting shells. To quote a German account of the appearance of the two farms after the fight, Major Hoenig tells us how:— "At these points hardly any French were found killed or wounded by infantry bullets; almost all had been destroyed by the fire of the guns. In the large heaps of ruins the defenders, especially in Moscou, lay all around, fearfully torn and mutilated by the German shell; limbs and bodies were blown from thirty to fifty paces apart, and the stones and sand were here and there covered with pools of blood. In Moscou and Point du Jour some French were found burnt in their defensive positions, and a large number of the wounded showed marks of the flames, which had destroyed both uniforms and limbs. All around there lay rifles and swords, knapsacks and cartridges, the remains of limbers which had been blown up, broken gun-carriages and wheels, and a large number of hideously torn and mangled horses. The ground was

changed by the German artillery fire into a desert covered with many corpses. The interiors of Point du Jour and Moscou were not passable after the battle until they had been cleared."

Such was the storm of fire which the French had to face once their own artillery was partly silenced. And along the left of their position they faced it successfully. Driven from the blazing farms, they held the entrenched slopes none the less doggedly. Up to a certain point the Germans made progress, that point being

within close range of the French main position. Thus at one o'clock—when, after an unaccountable delay, Moltke's aide-de-camp reached Steinmetz and told him not to precipitate his attack—the infantry were already in the woods in the hollow. The French had no intention of making a prolonged resistance here, and in the next hour they let go the woods and drew back: their advanced troops to the slope beyond, though not till they had made the Germans pay dearly for their success. St. Hubert then became the object of attack. Two German corps, the 7th and 8th (Von Goeben



GENERAL STEINMETZ.

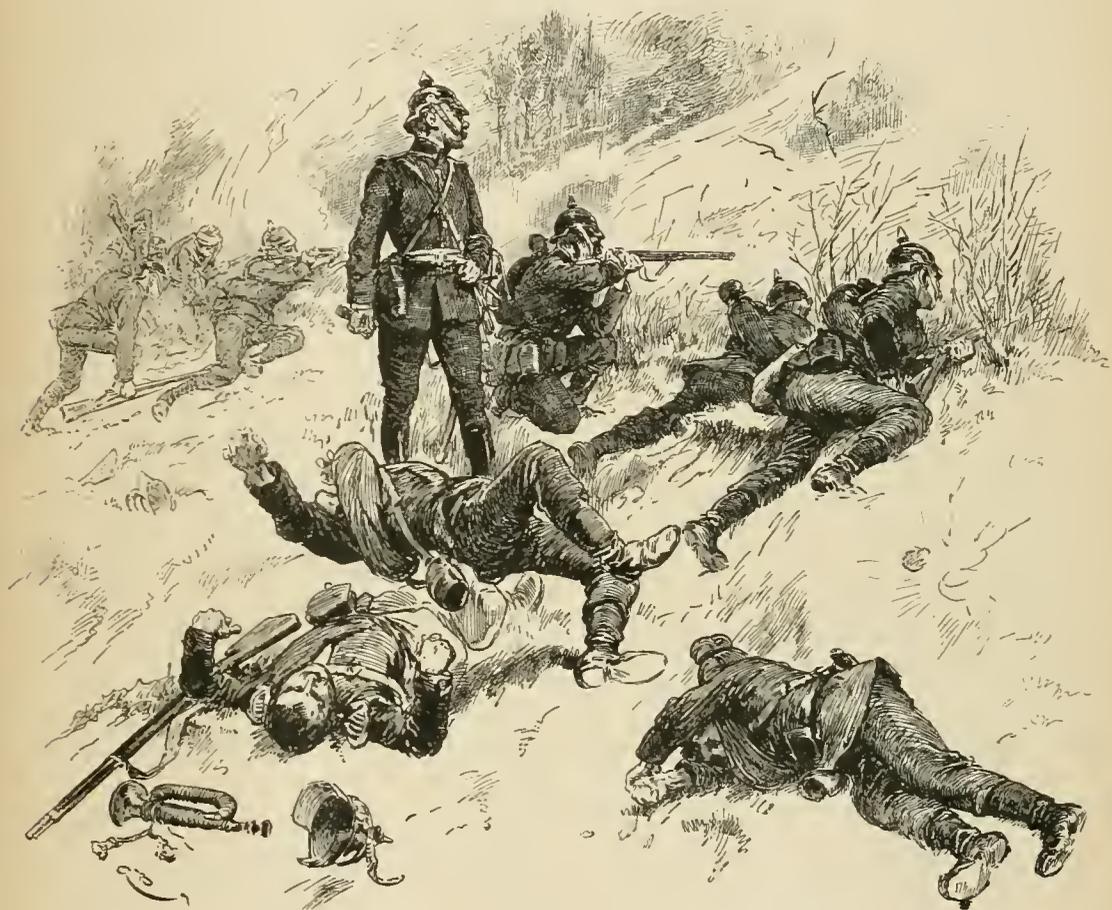
and Zastrow), had now their artillery in position. St. Hubert was crumbling under the shower of shells. The batteries further back on the crest of the French slope were all but silent. Forced to change their position continually, sometimes after firing only a single gun, they hardly counted for anything in the struggle. It had become a fight of French rifles against German rifles and cannon.

The quarries and gravel-pits south of St. Hubert were occupied after a sharp fight. Regiment after regiment, each company working independently under its captain, pressed up to St. Hubert, till at last a thick German firing line was lying down two hundred yards from its ruined walls, blazing away at the French garrison, the German artillery now devoting its energies

to prevent their being reinforced or supported from the main position. At three o'clock the 60th Infantry pushed up from the woods, and, thus reinforced, the firing line surged forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of the French garrison were made prisoners or driven out by the east gate of the farmyard. The capture of St. Hubert had cost the lives of so many of the

and Frossard's main line was not only intact but victorious.

Meanwhile, how had the first three hours of the battle gone on the rest of the field? In the centre Manstein's Corps had made little or no progress. When he opened fire upon the French near Amanvilliers, the ground in front had been so badly reconnoitred, and his view was so



"A THICK GERMAN FIRING LINE WAS BLAZING AWAY AT THE FRENCH GARRISON" (p. 388).

senior officers that the troops who had stormed it, belonging as they did to three regiments, found themselves under the command of a major of the 60th, the sole survivor of the regimental or battalion commanders. In and around the buildings the victors found some shelter, and opened fire on the French position about Moscou and Point du Jour. But it was only the superiority of their own artillery which, by crushing the French fire, enabled them to retain possession of St. Hubert for a single hour. They got no further; for hours the ruined farm was the high-water mark of the German advance,

limited by the woods to the northward, that he thought he was engaged with the extreme right of the enemy. He therefore boldly pushed forward the left of his own line of guns, with the result that it was promptly taken in flank, and enfiladed by the batteries of the French 6th Corps between Amanvilliers and St. Privat. Thus the German gunners had to face a heavy fire, while another storm of shells raked their line from the left. Outnumbered and badly posted, it was no wonder that for some time Manstein's artillery had decidedly the worst of the fight. Some of the batteries were silenced. The teams were

brought up to withdraw them, but the horses were shot down in struggling heaps in front of the limbers. And now swarms of French skirmishers pressed forward. At one point they had for a while several guns in their possession, though they were unable to carry them off. The German infantry came to the rescue. Three times the French rushed forward, and three times they were driven back; and then the artillery of the Prussian Guard began to come into action in support of Manstein, and made the conflict more equal.

The Prussian Guard, led by the Prince of Württemberg, had been marching northward and eastward to the left rear of Manstein's Schlessigers. When the "cannon thunder" began, its artillery hurried up to the front. But it was soon discovered that, instead of being in a position to turn the enemy's right, the Guards had French troops in their front at St. Privat, and an advanced detachment on their own flank at Ste. Marie aux Chênes. This village, a mass of stone houses, with gardens surrounded by walls and hedges, and with very little cover for the attack within a thousand yards of its outer fences, was held by a French regiment, the 94th of the line, two and a half battalions strong, and commanded by the veteran Colonel Geslin. The Germans waited to attack it until the heads of the Saxon columns, moving still further to the westward, began to appear beyond the village. Meanwhile, it was shelled by the batteries of the Guard. When at last the Saxons were ready to co-operate, seven of their battalions moved against the village from the west, while four battalions of the Guard attacked from the south. Advancing by successive rushes, lying down to fire, and then pushing on again, the attack reached a point two hundred yards from the village. Then, after a long burst of rifle fire, Saxons and Guardsmen dashed in with the bayonet. The Frenchmen made a hard fight, especially at the head of the village street, where Von Eckert, the colonel of the leading Guard battalion, was killed. But to have protracted the defence would have been to risk being cut off, and Geslin withdrew the bulk of his force to the main French position, his defence and retreat in the face of such superior forces being alike honourable. This was at half-past three, the capture of Ste. Marie, on the German left, coming just after that of St. Hubert, on their right, both being alike advanced posts outside the French main position.

And now the crisis of the fight was approach-

ing. The artillery began to concentrate its fire on St. Privat, and while the Guards waited for the order to attack it in front, the Saxons were sweeping round to the northward by Roncourt, in order to outflank it, and, perhaps, even take it in rear. As the heads of the Saxon columns gained the Orne valley, the Crown Prince sent some of his squadrons away towards the Moselle to cut the railway and telegraph lines between Metz and Thionville. They did their work effectually. There certainly should have been French cavalry watching the valley, but Bazaine's troopers were standing idly by their horses here and there at various points behind his long line.

For nearly an hour and a half the storm of hursting shells descended upon St. Privat, and swept the crest of the heights around and beyond it. The French artillery was gradually silenced, some of the batteries because they were already running short of ammunition. On the other side more than two hundred guns, drawn up in a line a mile and a half long, were hurling destruction and death upon the devoted village. House after house collapsed. Of the *mairie*, in the centre of the village, only a few fragments of the walls were standing. Towards five o'clock the lull in the French rifle fire, the silence of Canrobert's batteries, the sight of a column moving southwards near St. Privat, all suggested to Württemberg that the 6th Corps was ready to let go its hold of the village under any serious pressure. So the word was given for the leading divisions of the Guard, 15,000 strong, the picked soldiers of all Prussia, the men who had broken the Austrian centre at Sadowa, to advance to the attack.

On they went, drums beating, battle-flags waving in the sultry air, their generals and field officers mounted, at the head of brigades and regiments. General von Pape's division marched on the left of the St. Privat road, General von Budritzki's on the right to the south of it, each in its massive column of half-battalions; and as they moved out, they looked not as if they were upon a fire-swept battlefield, but as if they were drawn up for some grand parade under the eyes of the king, on the dusty Tempelhof Platz at Berlin. Before them, with gentle unbroken slope, a mile and a half of open ground rose up towards the hill-top where St. Privat just showed its first houses and its church tower above the crest. The poplar avenue of the high road linked it with Ste. Marie. There had been of late only a dropping fire from the village, but now from the houses and the hill-top came the sharp



"THE CHASSEPOT FIRE FROM THE CREST ROSE INTO A WILD STORM" (p. 391).

volleys of the chasseur, and a rain of lead began to patter on the sunburnt slope. But as yet the range was too long for the fire to do much damage. Then the leading companies broke into lines of skirmishers, replying to the French volleys, while the columns pressed on behind them, continually reinforcing them. But as the range lessened, the chasseur fire from the crest rose into a wild storm, the levelled rifles pouring out their bullets as fast as deft hands could work levers and triggers. The Guardsmen were falling fast. In a few minutes all the mounted officers were down. Of the Jäger battalion which led the left attack seventeen officers had fallen, and a young ensign found himself in command of the handful of riflemen that were still marching onwards. "Forward! Forward!" rang out the voices of the leaders, as with waving swords they moved in front of their men, and dropped one by one. Now there were only 600 yards to the crest, but here the Guards were going down like grass before a scythe. They could advance no further, but they would not go back. They lay down, and replied to the fire of the defenders. Many of them never rose again. Along that terrible hillside there stretched before long a broad belt of dead, wounded, and dying, piled up in places three and four deep. Of the 15,000 who advanced to the attack, 4,500 were struck down. It was an heroic failure, and it taught the lesson that against the modern rifle even the best infantry could no longer advance in the massive columns that had decided the fate of many a European battlefield.

To the right of the Guards, Manstein had begun to push forward an attack against Amanvilliers, but when he saw the failure before St. Privat he checked his own advancing battalions. It was clear that nothing more could be done against the French on this part of the field until the turning movement of the Saxons had begun to tell upon them. Meanwhile the fire of nearly three hundred guns, ranged in a vast semi-circle, was concentrated upon St. Privat.

On the German right, where the First Army under Steinmetz faced the French left under Frossard and Lebœuf, fortune had been equally adverse to the invaders. The 7th and 8th Corps had, it is true, silenced the French artillery, and captured the farm of St. Hubert and the quarries of Rozerieulles to the south of it, but the French main position was as solid as ever; and though the farms of Moscou and Point du Jour were bursting into flames under the German shell

fire, the men who held the crest of the hill between and on either side of them were not of the kind that can be driven from their position by a mere bombardment, however terrible. But Steinmetz, seeing the farms blazing, and noticing that the French artillery was absolutely silent and their rifle fire seemed dying away, came to the conclusion that they were about to retreat. He wrote an order to his cavalry commander telling him that he was to push through the Gravelotte defile, wheel left at St. Hubert, and charge the enemy, "who was inclined to give way." The charge was to be continued "right up to the glacis of Metz." Several batteries were to cross the valley with the cavalry, and to open fire from near St. Hubert at close range, and the infantry was to advance over the ground swept by the victorious squadrons. So nearly a third of the guns limbered up, and began to trot down the narrow road that led across the valley. With them went a regiment of Uhlans (the 4th), and a great mass of heavy cuirassier cavalry, and at the same time the infantry already engaged with the French began to push forward from St. Hubert. But Steinmetz had made a bad mistake—a mistake that cost him his command. The enemy was not in the least inclined to give way.

On the contrary, the temporary silence of so many of the German guns gave them the chance they wanted to bring back their own batteries into action. As the head of the column of German artillery, lancers, and cuirassiers began to come up the slope out of the defile, a hurricane of shells and bullets swept down from the opposite crest. Between the blazing farms, and right and left of them, the white smoke of cannon, mitrailleuse, and chasseur rose in a dense bank, torn here and there by the long flashes of the guns. A crowd of wounded and unwounded fugitives from St. Hubert struggled to pass the advancing column. The teams of a couple of artillery tumbrils in the first battery took fright, and madly plunged down the defile. Bursting shells and showering bullets began to strike down men and horses, and the narrow way was blocked by a struggling mass of horses, men, waggons, and guns. Out of the confusion four batteries and the lancer regiment pushed up to St. Hubert; but in one battery the first gun stopped short with all its horses killed, the other five were no sooner in position than their teams broke away in a mad gallop down the crowded road. Then the guns opened against the French, only to lose rapidly the greater part of the

brave officers and men who served them ; while the Uhlans, seeing that a charge would have been mere madness, halted at the edge of the wood as an escort to the artillery, and there lost men and horses, without being able to attempt anything against the French line.

Rearwards the Cuirassiers and the other batteries moved back to Gravelotte, but they were followed by a confused crowd of broken infantry, for Frossard had charged with the bayonet, recaptured the quarries, and for the moment broken the front line of the German attack. The woods in the hollow were full of wounded and unwounded men who had given up the fight. Others, many of them un-helmeted and without their weapons, straggled back to Gravelotte, where efforts were made to rally them. Thus at St. Hubert four German

batteries were being destroyed, while about Gravelotte the rest of the guns were working to regain their superiority over the French artillery, and along the valley a number of isolated attacks on the French front were breaking uselessly like waves upon a reef. So far it did not look like victory for Germany ; but then only half the infantry and not all even of the artillery had been brought into action.

On right and left two huge masses were approaching the scene of action. Northwards the Saxons were closing in upon Roncourt, and behind the German right the French saw, about six o'clock, what looked like a great sea of

moving helmets flashing in the western sun. It was the 2nd Corps, the Pomeranians, under Franzecky, hurrying up in three columns to the rescue of the First Army. Canrobert, on the French right, was terribly short of ammunition. His men had fired so fast in the repulse of the Guard that their pouches were empty. They

were looking for cartridges in the pouches of the dead and wounded, and they got a small supply and a few shells for the guns from the 4th Corps. Bazaine had done little all day but watch the fight on the left from near St. Quentin. In response to a pressing request from Lebœuf and Frossard, who had seen, from the high ground near Point du Jour, the advance of the Pomeranians, he sent the Light Infantry of the Imperial Guard to their help, and a little later moved some of the other regiments and part



GERMAN HUSSAR.

of his reserve artillery towards the right. If he had had the insight and energy to throw the Imperial Guard and the artillery somewhat earlier, either against the German left or across the Mance valley against their right, Gravelotte might easily have been a great French victory. But he frittered away his reserves or kept them idle till it was too late.

What a vigorous counter attack towards Gravelotte village might have done was shown by the wild scene of confusion that followed the charge of a single French brigade down the slope south of St. Hubert and towards the woods in the valley. Everything gave way before

them. The only battery still in action near St. Hubert was saved chiefly because the wave of the French advance rolled past it on its flank. But everything on the slope was swept away. The German artillery from the opposite side of the valley checked the French rush with its well-placed shells, but out of the woods there came a mad, panic-stricken rush of German infantry, several regiments mixed together. The mob poured directly towards its own artillery, silencing its fire for the moment, heedless of the

before the tidings of defeat and victory would reach King William at Gravelotte or Bazaine at Plappeville, such is the vast scale of a great modern battle. Between six and seven the Saxons, after a sharp fight, had driven the French out of Roncourt, and closed in upon St. Privat from the north and north-eastward. This was the signal for the Guards, reinforced by a fresh brigade, to renew their advance against the west side of the village, now a mass of ruins, with many of the houses burning fiercely. But



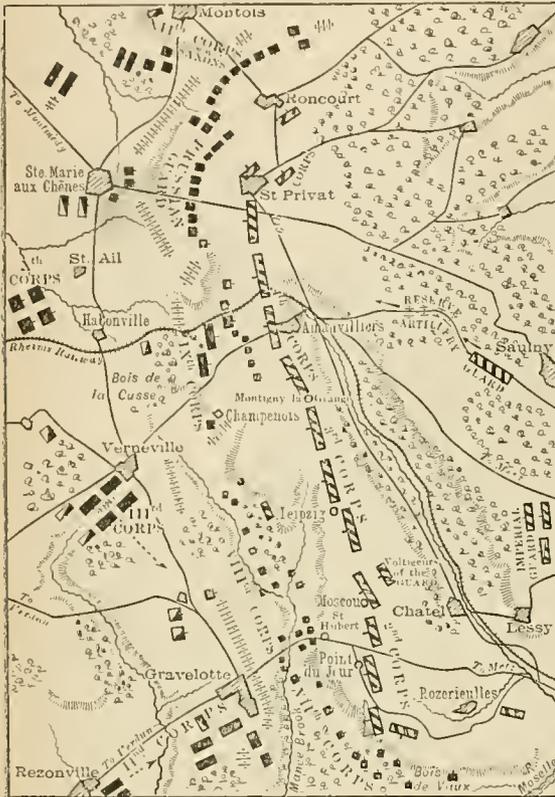
AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

threats of officers, who menaced them with sword and pistol. Even behind the guns they could not be rallied, and the old king and his staff were nearly swept away by the crowd. The French, checked by the shell-fire, withdrew up the slope, but a few minutes later there was another panic as a stampede of frightened horses cleared the Gravelotte road and thundered through the village. Well might Moltke and the king welcome Franzecky's hardy Pomeranians as the cheering column of dust-stained men marched with a springing step down the slope of Gravelotte to restore the fight in the brief interval of summer twilight that remained.

But far away to the northward the tide of battle had turned, though it would be hours yet

against this new advance there was nothing like the storm of fire that had repelled the first assault. For a few minutes the chassepots poured out their deadly hail; then there was only a dropping fire, and the Saxons and Guardsmen were able to close with Canrobert's lines. But there was still a fierce struggle. In the burning streets and the ruined church of St. Privat, bayonet, revolver, and sabre were busy, and the Frenchmen only gave way as they were forced back by superior numbers. A rumour had spread that the Imperial Guard was close at hand, and they held on doggedly in the hope that once more the Guard would bring victory with the onward rush of its eagles. As the Prussians approached the village cemetery, there

was not a shot fired from its wall, and they thought it was abandoned; but they found there the 6th Chasseurs, who held it with the bayonet long after the rest of the place had been captured. It was in the gathering darkness that the 6th Corps fell back along the heights towards



Battle of GRAVELLOTTE (ST. PRIVAT) Aug. 13. 1870.
Position about 7 p.m.

—■— Germans B German Batteries ▨ French

Metz, some of Bourbaki's regiments of the Imperial Guard helping to cover their retreat.

The capture of St. Privat made Amanvilliers untenable. Manstein, supported by the 3rd Corps, advanced upon the village as soon as the attack of the Guards had pushed into St. Privat. Amanvilliers was by this time in flames. But L'Admirault held his ground until his colleague's retreat made further resistance impossible. Even then he checked the German pursuit with more than one bold counter-attack, the last of these, a bayonet charge by the light of the burning village, being made by the 41st of the line led by Colonel Saussier, now the chief commander of the armies of the French Republic.

But away to the southwards, where the king

and Moltke watched the battle near Gravelotte, the French were still holding their own. Brigade after brigade of Franzecky's corps plunged down into the valley, where what was left of the 7th and 8th Corps were struggling with the soldiers of Lebouf and Frossard, now reinforced by the Guard. Here the French fought with the sense of hard-earned victory. As for the Germans, unaware of the success won far to the north by Prince Frederick Charles, and lately witness of the disgraceful panic round Gravelotte, no wonder the royal headquarters staff watched the fight with anxiety. Mr. Archibald Forbes, who was on this part of the field, has told how he saw the old king resting with his back against a wall, his seat being a ladder with one end resting on a dead horse, while Bismarck, close by, hid his anxiety by reading, or seeming to read, some letters by the light of some houses set on fire by the French shells. Out of the valley below rose the din of the fight. Suddenly Von Moltke rode up the slope with the tidings that all was well—"it was a victory." One wonders what was the precise event on which the great strategist based his comforting piece of news. Perhaps it was the recapture of the quarries near St. Hubert, for no other success was won on the right at this hour. Long after—in fact, till next day—on the German side the valley was held only by detached bodies of formed troops, mostly of the 2nd Corps, who were expecting every moment to have to meet a renewed French advance. Behind them, between them, all around them, were crowds of disorganised men, who broke away more than once in local panics. It was not till far into the night that something like order was restored in this part of the field, and officers and men began to realise that they were not beaten, but victorious.

But on the left the German triumph was clear and unmistakable. Although the French artillery kept up a fire from beyond and above Amanvilliers till long after ten o'clock, the plateau here was held by three German corps, and all the French right was in full retreat. How little there was of either rout or panic among the French is shown by the fact that they did not leave a gun or a standard as trophies to the victors. But for all that they were defeated at the point where defeat was most fatal. It might almost be said that there were two battles that day—St. Privat, won by Frederick Charles; and Gravelotte, lost—or all but lost—

by Steinmetz. But even so the success of St. Privat outweighed the failure at Gravelotte. Bazaine was cut off from Verdun and Chalons and flung back upon Metz. Yet as night deepened over the field he did not realise the extent of the catastrophe that had befallen his army. He rode back to Plappeville, while the sky was reddening with the light of blazing villages and farmsteads, and streaked to the northwards with the flaming curves of the shells flying over Amanvilliers. At his headquarters he told his staff he was satisfied with the way in which the army had held its own. But then came tidings from Canrobert and L'Admirault that they were driven back from their positions on the plateau. Still the marshal affected to treat the great battle as a matter of no importance. "In that case," he said, "we shall merely occupy to-

morrow the positions nearer Metz, which I would have taken up even if there had been no battle"—a curious self-contradiction, for only the previous day he had talked of continuing his march to the northwards.

Towards midnight the Germans were aware everywhere of their success, though its full extent was not grasped till next day, when the retreat of the French to the ground covered by the forts of Metz left the victors in possession of the battlefield, strewn with thirty thousand killed and wounded, the victims of the great battle, so great that in all our warlike century only two other days—those of Leipzig and Sadowa—saw such vast armies set in battle array. Of those who fell two-thirds belonged to the invading army, so dearly had the victory been bought.



UNDER FIRE.

THE FIRST BURMESE WAR
1824
BY G. A. HENTY

NEVER was a war more unwillingly entered upon than was the first struggle with Burma. So far back as 1756 there had been a strained state of relationship between the British in India and Burma. It began with the massacre of the English merchants and employes established in the island of Negrais. At that time Clive was founding our Indian Empire, and the authorities of Calcutta had their hands too full to undertake a war with a great Eastern Power. While England was consolidating her hold on India, Burma was extending her dominions as rapidly. It had annexed Ava, Arakan, Pegu, and a portion of Siam, and the Burmese frontier and that of the British had become conterminous. In 1794 a messenger was sent by the Bengal Government to the Court of Burma to establish amicable relations, and save that the British merchants were exposed to much oppression and exaction, things went on quietly until 1811, when the Burmese, under the belief that a rebellion in Arakan had been instigated by us, laid an embargo on all British vessels at Rangoon. But at that time the Marquis of Wellesley was carrying on a war with Nepaul and the Mahrattas, and had neither men nor funds to spare for other purposes.

Our disinclination for war was mistaken by the Burmese for fear. Assam was invaded, Muni-poor overrun, and the Burmese made incursions into our territory. Still the Indian Government was forced to abstain from hostilities; but in 1823 Lord Amherst came out as governor-general, and as for the moment we were engaged in no great operations in India, he turned his attention at once to the Burmese question. His remonstrances did not even elicit a reply from the court at Ava, and on the 5th of March, 1824, war was declared.

Never did India enter upon a more difficult undertaking. Beyond the port of Rangoon

nothing whatever was known of the country or of its pestilential climate in the wet season. The country was, however, known for the most part to be covered with almost impenetrable forests, intersected with marshes, and the Burmese army was a very numerous one and flushed with the confidence engendered by a long series of unbroken success and conquest at the expense of its neighbours.

Roads there were practically none, the river being the great highway of the country. Unfortunately, the preparations were made in great haste, and were characterised by an absolute want of foresight. It was assumed that the natives of that part of the country, who had been but a very short time under the rule of Burma, would join us against their conquerors, and that ample means of transport would be found in the shape of boats at Rangoon.

The war began by some engagements on the frontier in which our success was not unbroken, and the Burmese massed their troops in that direction under the belief that it was from there that our attack would come. This was not so. Transports for the troops were got together, and the contingents of Bengal and Madras rendezvoused at the Andaman Islands; thence two parties were detached to take possession of two islands off the Burmese coast, while the main body under Sir Archibald Campbell sailed up the Rangoon River, and to the stupefaction of the Burmese arrived before the town.

A sixteen-gun battery at once opened on the ships, but this was speedily silenced by their fire, and the troops then landed and took possession of the town without having occasion to fire a single gun. In fact, the place was found to be deserted, the inhabitants having been entirely driven out by the Burmese troops. The British traders had all been made prisoners as soon as the ships came in sight, and their

execution was determined upon; but while the authorities were discussing about the manner in which they should be put to death, a 32-lb. shot passed through the building. The meeting dispersed in confusion, the chiefs all left the city, and the prisoners were marched off under a guard. Fortunately, however, some bodies of the troops were pushed out from Rangoon as soon as possession was taken, and the guard were so alarmed for their own safety, that they lodged the prisoners in a house and made off, and our countrymen were rescued by a reconnoitring party on the following morning.

The troops were greatly disappointed in the appearance of the town, which was merely a great assemblage of wooden huts surrounded by a stockade of from 16 to 18 feet in height. At a

The rainy season set in a few days after we landed, and the health of the troops began at once to suffer. In the meantime the enemy remained invisible, but from all parts of the kingdom troops were being poured down to meet us: beyond the fact, however, that the great forest was occupied by the enemy, no information of their force or intentions was obtainable. The Burmese had the advantage of a magnificent water carriage for the supply of the great force gathering round Rangoon, for in every town and village on the river a certain number of war boats was maintained, each carrying from forty to fifty men, at the expense of Government, and as many privileges were bestowed upon their crews, the flotilla constituted a very formidable arm of the Burmese forces, as some 400 or 500 of these



"HE AND HIS OFFICERS REPEATEDLY CHARGED THE BRITISH LINE" (p. 399)

distance of two miles and a half from the town rose a great pagoda known as the Golden Dragon—it stood upon a conical hill rising 75 feet above the road. The pagoda was some 350 feet in height. For some time the troops remained in Rangoon, hoping that the capture of the place would lead the Burmese to approach us with proposals of peace: this, however, was far from being the case. In spite of the promise of protection circulated, the population did not return, no supplies whatever were brought in, and it was found that the whole of the boats had been taken up the river.

craft were at the disposal of the emperor. Skirmishing was frequent, and our pickets at night were constantly harassed by the enemy, who crept up and murdered our sentries. It was evident that no general movement could be made against the unseen foe, and the English general's plan of operation was to remain upon the defensive, save for attacks upon posts dangerously near to our lines, and to leave it to the enemy, encouraged by our inactivity, to make a general attack and so afford us an opportunity for striking a heavy blow.

On the 28th of May the first operation in any force was undertaken: the enemy had erected a strong stockade within musket-shot of our lines: and Sir Archibald Campbell took four companies of the 13th and 38th Regiments, and with 400 native infantry moved out against the work. It was still unfinished, and the Burmese, taken by surprise, hastily retreated. The column followed by a path along which but two men could march abreast. At every turn of the road breast-works and half-finished stockades were met with; but, after following the path for five miles, the force arrived at some rice-fields. The enemy attempted to oppose a resistance to our crossing the passage across the swamp, but were soon dispersed by the fire of the field-pieces. The rain was now pouring in torrents, and the guns could be dragged no further. The native force was left to guard them, and the Europeans pushed on a mile further to a plain, where they had been informed that a large number of the inhabitants of Rangoon were kept under the guard of the Burmese.

A great force of the enemy now moved out from the jungle beyond, but the little body of British troops moved forward to attack two strongly-stockaded villages. These were held by a considerable force of the Burmese, who, confident in their number, shouted jeeringly, "Come on! come on!" The invitation was accepted. Leaving one company to hold in check the Burmese on the plain, the other three rushed forward against the enemy's works and soon forced their way in. The Burmese fought desperately (it was contrary to their usages either to give or ask quarter), and maintained their resistance to the last, no less than 400 of them being killed. The British force then fell back slowly, unmolested by the enemy, who appeared too surprised at the capture of their works by so small a body of men to venture upon an attack.

On the 10th of June a column marched out to the attack of a formidable work the Burmese had erected on an elevation known as Kemmideen, some three miles away. As the operation was a much more serious one than the former, 3,000 men took part in it. The road ran parallel to the river, and was skirted on one side by rice-fields down to its bank, and by the other by a thick jungle and forest. On a gently-sloping hill halfway from the town a formidable stockade was met with: it was from 12 to 14 feet high, protected in front by abattis and obstacles of all kinds, and defended by a numerous garrison, who cheered lustily as the British advanced. In a

few minutes, however, two guns made a gap in the stockade; a column dashed forward at the breach, while other parties climbed the stockade at various points, and in a short time the whole work was in our possession. The Burmese left behind them 200 dead, including the officer who commanded the post.

The force now continued its march, passed through rice-fields, and reached the jungle, through which glimpses could be caught of the extremely formidable works erected to defend the rising ground. A way was made through the jungle for a distance of a mile and a half; but, as glimpses obtained through the trees showed the strength of the position, it was seen that it could not be carried without the assistance of the ships unless with great loss of life. Accordingly a halt was ordered, and the troops were ordered to camp where they were until morning.

It was a trying night indeed. The rain fell in torrents, the enemy made repeated attacks in rear, and their sharpshooters kept up a continuous fire through the trees. Morning came at last, and, as soon as it was light enough for the gunners to take aim, a shell fire was opened into the Burmese position. The effect of these—to them—novel missiles, raining down into the crowded encampment was so great that before the columns of attack could move up to the stockade, the Burmese had already evacuated.

These affairs taught the enemy caution: they no longer pushed their approaches beyond the jungle, and the troops had a comparatively quiet time of it. But, though abstaining from attack, there were no signs that the determination of the Burmese to drive us into the sea was in any way damped. No communications whatever were exchanged, the country was devastated over a great extent, and none of the natives returned to the town. At the end of June the Burmese received large reinforcements, and one of the great court officials arrived to take command, with positive orders from the king to attack at once. Fortunately, almost at the same time another British regiment from Madras arrived, and the detachments that had been sent off to capture the islands rejoined. Thus the terrible gaps already created in the ranks by sickness were filled.

On the 1st of July large bodies of the enemy issued from the jungle, and marched towards the town in a direction nearly parallel to our position, and upon approaching within half a mile of the town, changed front and attacked that

part of our works nearest to the town. They were, however, speedily checked. The 43rd Madras Infantry dashed forward against them, and soon drove them back to the jungle. The surprise of the Burmese generals was so great that the grand assault we expected never took place. The Burmese army had been lying just within the jungle waiting until the advance force had penetrated our line. This was to be the signal for a general attack, but as that assault failed their general ordered the whole to fall back. He was at once recalled, and a still higher official was appointed to take his place.

Taking lesson by the ill success of his predecessors, the new general stockaded his army in the heart of the forest, five miles from the British position, and also erected strong works on the river above Kemmideen, intending from these to harass our shipping with fire-rafts. At the same time a system of constant and harassing night-attacks was resorted to, and Sir Archibald Campbell determined to force on a battle by attacking the great Burmese camp at Kemmideen, and at the same time to assail their position on the river. The position of the works on the river was well chosen. The stream here separated into two branches: upon the point between them the principal work was erected, armed with artillery, and defended by a strong garrison, while on the opposite banks of both arms strong defences were erected, barring the approach to the principal work. A brig and three of the Company's cruisers dropped up on the tide, and opened a heavy cannonade upon the works. The enemy for a time fought their guns well, but the fire of the shipping presently silenced them and knocked a hole in the stockade. A signal was made, and the troops who had marched up from Kemmideen at once entered the boats prepared for them, pushed across the river, overcame all the obstacles that had been erected to prevent a landing, and carried a strong stockade without a shot.

The operations of the land column were equally successful. The force under Brigadier-General M'Bean was so small that the officer who led the advance, was so confident, that he allowed the little column to come to within a short distance of the main work before opening fire. The British force was unprovided with guns, but dashed at the formidable stockade before them with such speed and determination that, by the aid of the ladders they carried with them, they escalated the work before the Burmese

had time to offer any serious resistance. The main works consisted of three lines of such stockades; but the very numbers of the Burmese were an obstacle to them. A heavy fire was kept up into the mass as the troops advanced; stockade after stockade was carried; and though the Burmese general placed himself at the head of his troops and endeavoured by his example to steady them, he was unable in the terrible confusion to restore order, although he and his officers repeatedly charged the British line with the fury of despair.

The combat was soon over: the general and many of his highest officers and 800 men were killed, and the Burmese army for a time was reduced to a mass of fugitives. Some time elapsed before operations were renewed: the ease and rapidity with which the British had carried positions that they had deemed impregnable, and the heavy loss they had inflicted by their heavy fire, had taught the enemy caution, and impressed them with a wholesome respect for these strangers whom they had at first regarded with such contempt. It was now, too, the height of the rainy season, and a great extent of the country was under water. Successful operations were, however, carried on along the coast, and a detachment sent up the river, where every village was found deserted, the inhabitants being driven out by the police as soon as our boats were seen approaching. A few families who had been forced to leave Rangoon were, however, met with and taken back to their homes, and the kind treatment that they received had the effect, some months after, of inducing a large proportion of the population to return.

Two of the brothers of the king presently arrived to superintend the operations of the war. They brought with them large reinforcements—among them one of several thousands strong, among whom were a body called the King's Invulnerables, who were considered by the people to have a charmed life. With them, too, were many astrologers, who were to indicate the proper time for an attack.

While they were preparing for the grand assault, several small expeditions against their posts were successfully carried out. At length news was obtained that the astrologers had fixed on the night of the 30th of August as propitious, and a body of the last reinforcements, including the Invulnerables, would on that night or the next attack the great Pagoda. At midnight they advanced in a compact body from the

jungle against it. A small picket thrown out at the foot of the mound on which it stood fell back in good order until it reached the foot of the steps, and then ran up to the plateau above where the troops were silently waiting the attack. Shouting and yelling, the Burmese pressed on until suddenly the British cannon opened fire, and showers of grape and musketry swept the crowded mass, and in a few minutes the whole of those who escaped the fire took refuge in the jungle again.

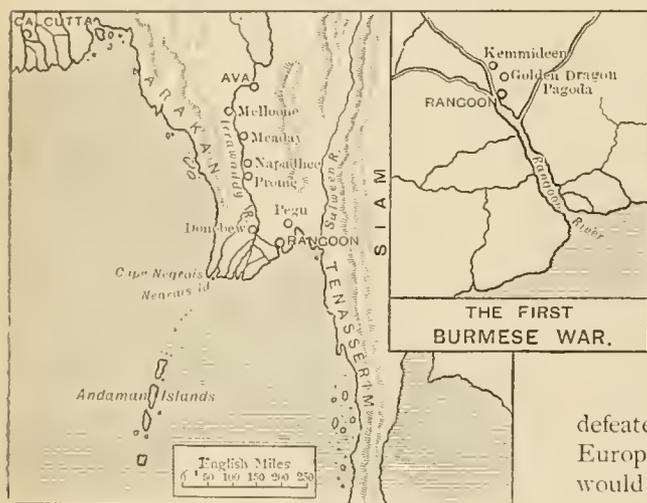
Finding that none of the commanders who had undertaken to annihilate the invaders had met with any success, the king of Burma now sent for Bandoola, who had led the Burmese

paration had been made, several battalions of British and native infantry had arrived with some troops of cavalry, while 500 native artisans had been sent from India to build boats to carry the troops up the river after the attack now pending had been repulsed. On the 1st of December masses of the enemy poured out from the jungle, and advanced against the post at Kemmideen, which was held by the 26th Madras Infantry with a detachment of the Madras European Infantry, supported by a naval force on the river. At the same time other heavy masses of Burmese moved along at some distance from the front of the British position with the intention of entirely surrounding it. A great force also appeared on the other side of the river, where from the edge of the jungle they opened a distant fire on the shipping.

It soon became evident that there was no intention of an immediate attack except upon Kemmideen, for the Burmese had no sooner reached the position assigned to them than their arms were laid aside, and they began the operation, in which they were so skilled, of erecting stockades. It was not the policy of the British general to interfere with them at their work, for they would simply, if

defeated, have fallen back into the forest, where European troops could not follow them, and would be ready to sally out again as soon as we retired. One attack, however, was made upon the enemy's left in order to obtain information as to their exact position. The column was completely successful: they carried the entrenchments at the point they aimed at, killed many of the enemy, and returned with a large number of flags and other trophies.

During the night the enemy advanced nearer our lines, and even gained a height in front of the north gate of the Pagoda, from which, however, they were at daylight driven out with great loss by two companies of the 38th and a hundred of the Madras Infantry. For the next two days the enemy still pushed his works forward, keeping up an incessant fire from his trenches: this was, however, kept down to some extent by our artillery. During the next four days the post at Kemmideen was frequently assaulted, but every attack was repulsed by the garrison, aided by the fire from the ships. The most determined efforts were made by the Burmese to drive away these vessels: great



troops to victory on numerous occasions and had been the means of subduing many provinces to the Burmese rule. Until now he had been in command of the army destined for the invasion of Bengal, and had met with some success and had caused something like a panic in Calcutta itself. So far, however, he had not followed up his success, but had remained near the frontier, clearing the forests and cutting roads, with the evident intention of forming a great depôt and base for his advance. As soon as Bandoola received the order, he marched with his army to Ava. There he himself remained for a time making his preparations, while his troops moved by the various routes thence to the neighbourhood of Rangoon.

The force amounted, upon the most moderate calculation, to 60,000 men with a strong body of artillery and a considerable contingent of cavalry. On the part of the British every pre-



"THE WAY WAS CLEARED FOR THEM BY THE ARTILLERY," (A. 492).

flotillas of boats came down to attack them, and huge fire-rafts were launched against them, but equally without success, H.M.S. *Sophia*, the Company's cruiser *Teignmouth*, with some row-boats mounting guns, defending the passage, sinking many of the enemy's war-boats, capturing others, and diverting the course of the great fire-rafts.

On the 5th the general considered that the guns, ammunition, and stores of the left wing of the Burmese army had been all got into position, and that the time had arrived when he could strike a blow with advantage. During the night a flotilla of gun-boats had taken up a position to open their fire on the enemy's rear, and two columns of troops—the one 1,100 and the other 600 strong—prepared to attack them. The enemy's position was but a few hundred yards from our own, and at seven a.m. both columns moved forward to the attack, while at the same moment the gun-boats opened fire in the rear on the enemy's position. Secure in their great numbers and believing that the comparatively small British force was doomed to destruction, the Burmese had had no thought of our taking the offensive. A hurried fire was opened, but the troops, dashing forward, were very soon within their entrenchments, driving them before them in every direction, their terror and dismay being heightened by the charges of a troop of our cavalry. The loss on our part was very small, while the whole of their artillery, stores, and dépôts, with a great quantity of muskets, standards, and other trophies, fell into our hands.

Bandoola rallied his defeated left, and brought them up to strengthen his right and centre, which was engaged day and night in pushing on the approaches against the great Pagoda: so close were they that the taunting threats of the Burmese could be distinctly heard by our troops. On the 6th the fire of artillery was purposely slackened, and the infantry kept wholly out of sight. Encouraged by what he took for our timidity, Bandoola brought his whole force up to the front that night. At half-past 11 a.m. on the 7th four columns of troops stood in readiness to advance to the attack. Never were British soldiers more anxious for assault: for six months they had done nothing, powerless to advance, and pent up in what was little better than a swamp, more than decimated by sickness, drenched from morning until night by the unceasing rain, suffering from want of supplies of all sorts, and exposed to constant and harassing attacks necessitating the heaviest night-duty.

At last their turn was at hand, the foe was within their grasp, and eager as hounds on the scent they waited the order to attack.

At a quarter to twelve this was heralded by a cannonade from every gun that could be brought to bear upon the Burmese lines. At twelve o'clock it ceased, and the four columns dashed forward against the enemy's works. Two of them had already worked round into the jungle at either side of the enemy's position; the others descended the hill from the Pagoda. The enemy at once opened a heavy fire, but when our men rushed forward without regarding it, and reached their entrenchments, they lost courage and were driven headlong from their positions one after the other. They soon took refuge in the jungle, where our men were unable to follow them. A large quantity of guns were captured, and in the rear of their position was found a great pile of scaling-ladders prepared for the attack on the great Pagoda, and 240 cannon were captured. Bandoola speedily rallied his forces, and with a body of 25,000 men returned to a spot within twenty-five miles of his former position and there proceeded to entrench himself.

The position was strong and well chosen, but on the 15th it was attacked by a column 1,300 strong. The way was cleared for them by the artillery, and in fifteen minutes the British troops were in possession of the enemy's fort, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Bandoola now fell back to Donoobew. On the 13th February the advance against this position commenced. Two thousand strong proceeded by land. A thousand European infantry, with a powerful train of artillery, were taken up the river in a flotilla of fifty boats. It was on the 7th March that the land force arrived near enough to Donoobew to hear the sound of the cannonade, which the boat division, which had first arrived there, had opened on the enemy. The boats had met with much opposition on their advance, and a number of stockades or entrenchments which had been thrown up on their banks, were captured. On the flotilla arriving at Donoobew, Brigadier Cotton, who commanded, at once attacked the outer stockade. This was captured, and, having inflicted a heavy loss upon the enemy, an attack upon the second stockade was made, but with such serious loss that the general was obliged to retreat to the boats and to drop four miles down the river and wait for the arrival of reinforcements.

Believing that the boat division would be able to capture Donoobew without his aid, Sir

Archibald Campbell had marched on against Prome, but when some days after the event a messenger with the news of General Cotton's repulse reached him, he retraced his steps, until he arrived within gunshot of Dalla. Skirmishing went on for some days, but on April 2nd the place was found to be evacuated, for on the previous day Bandoola had been killed by a rocket, and the Burmese were so dispirited by their heavy losses that they refused to fight any longer. The death of this great general was the turning-point of the war. Bandoola possessed great talents, with exceptional courage and resolution. While capable of the most barbarous cruelty, he often performed acts of generosity and kindness. The entrenchments thrown up under his instructions would have done credit to the most scientific engineer. The confidence felt in him by his troops, engendered by his numerous victories, was unbounded; and so long as he remained in command the war would have been continued with vigour.

After the capture of Donoobew the army pushed on to Prome. Every preparation for a vigorous defence was being made, but the arrival of the force took the enemy by surprise, and General Campbell entered the town without having to fire a shot. As the wet season was now coming on again, a long halt was made here. Every effort was used to gain the goodwill and confidence of the native inhabitants, and with complete success, and the population returned not only to Prome, but to all the towns and villages on the river, and there settled to their ordinary avocations. A civil government was established, and during the rainy season all went on quietly. In order to avoid further effusion of blood General Campbell despatched a letter to the Burmese chiefs, urging upon them to advise their king to arrange terms of peace. Some negotiations took place, but these were merely an expedient to delay our advance, for a new army, 70,000 strong, had been organised.

At the end of November it advanced to the gates of Prome, its general sending forward a brief letter: "If you wish for peace, you may go away; but if you ask either money or territory, no friendship can exist between us. This is Burman custom." To oppose the formidable force assembled before the town, the British general could muster only 5,000 men, of whom but 3,000 were British. It was soon evident that the Burmese did not intend to risk a general engagement, but to endeavour to force the town to surrender by blockade. However, on the

1st December, our forces sallied out, and after a hard fight of some hours the Burmese were driven back with much slaughter to a formidable stockade they had erected on the heights of Napabee some miles distant. During this battle they had been inspirited by the presence of three young women of high rank, who fought with brilliant courage among their ranks: two of them were killed, as was their general and many tributary princes. After two hours' march through the forest the troops arrived on the riverside, and then opened communication with the flotilla, which had moved up to aid in the attack on the stockade.

The enemy's position was an extremely strong one: it consisted of three ranges of hills, each commanding the one in front of it. The only road by which an attack could be made lay along the banks, and the first step was to drive the enemy from a series of stockades along the edge of the wood which flanked the river. Six companies of the 87th performed this service, the flotilla then moved forward and opened a lively fire on two strong redoubts at the base of the hill and at some works on the other side of the river. The Madras division had been sent down to endeavour to turn the Burmese position, but the forest and jungle were too thick to be penetrated. The 13th, 38th, and 87th Regiments advanced therefore to attack the enemy in front, while two other regiments, pushing resolutely through the jungle, created a diversion that enabled the main attack to carry the stockades at the foot of the hill. The whole force then advanced, and, pushing steadily forward, drove the Burmese at the point of the bayonet from every one of their positions on the three hills.

While the fighting was going on, the flotilla pushed up the river and captured all the boats and stores that had been brought down for the use of the army. On the following day the stockades on the other side of the river were attacked and carried with equal success. The army now pushed on towards the Burmese capital, the distance by land being estimated at 300 miles. After ten days' march they arrived at Meaday, which the enemy had strongly fortified. They had, however, abandoned it on our advance, and on entering the stockades a terrible scene presented itself, the ground being scattered with dead and dying, the remnant of the defeated army. It was known that the Burmese had concentrated at Melloone.

The British force, which had suffered greatly

from cholera, was now reduced to 2,000 men. When within a short distance of the town, they were met by a commissioner, who stated that he had full powers from the king to conclude a treaty of peace. The army halted four miles from Melloone, the flotilla anchoring abreast of the camp.

The negotiations came to nothing, the object of the Burmese being evidently only to procrastinate. The force therefore continued its march, and on the 10th captured the town after a feeble defence by the 15,000 men engarrisoned there. After another futile attempt at negotiations the king sent forward an army of 40,000 men to check our advance. They took up a strong position, which was attacked on the 9th March and the Burmese army completely scattered. When within forty-five miles of the capital, all the British prisoners who had been taken during the war were sent down, accompanied by two Ministers of State and the first instalment of the amount demanded as one of the conditions of peace which had been laid down by us at Prome. The conquered provinces of Arakan were to be ceded to us, together with those on the coast which we had also captured. The Burmese were to pay a million pounds towards the expenses

of the war, no exactions were to be laid in future on British vessels, and an indemnity was to be granted to all persons who had in any way taken part in the war.

This sum went a very small way towards paying the expenses, which amounted in all to some twelve millions. Our losses had been heavy, but they arose chiefly from disease: during the first year three and a half per cent. of the troops were killed in action, while forty-five per cent. perished from disease. Our total loss during the war was 5,078 officers and men, being no less than seventy-two and a half per cent. of the forces engaged, a proportion very seldom equalled in any war in which British troops have taken part. Burma was humbled and her force crippled, but it needed a second war (in 1852) before the work was completed. But even the loss of the greater part of its dominions failed to put an end to the haughty pretensions of Burma, and it needed the capture of Mandalay, the dethronement of Theebaw, and the annexation of the remaining portion of the Burmese empire to extinguish the power of mischief of what had at one time been the most formidable power we have encountered and vanquished in the East.



BURMESE IDOL HOUSE.



THIS campaign has already formed the subject of two articles—one on "The Desert Fights" (Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru), which detailed the fortunes of Sir Herbert Stewart's Desert Column in its dash across the Bayuda waste from Korti to Metamneh on the Nile; and another on "Khartoum," which showed how Sir Charles Wilson with twenty-five men of the Royal Sussex, after a fatal, if perhaps unavoidable, delay of four days in starting from Metamneh, ascended the river in two of Gordon's steamers, only to learn that the capital of the Soudan had fallen eight-and-forty hours previously and its heroic holder with it. The exciting incidents and disasters connected with the return of the steamers were then described—disasters which Lord Charles Beresford hastened to repair in so brilliant a manner—and the final arrival of Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley in a rowing boat at the camp of the Desert Column with the terrible news of Gordon's doom.

This was on the morning of 1st February (1885); and on this very day the River Column, commanded by General Earle, had reached a point on its up-stream advance on Berber where the enemy were expected to make a stand. For it will be remembered that when Lord Wolseley reached Korti towards the end of the year (1884), he hastened to form two forces—one, the Desert Column, to make a dash across to Metamneh on camels, and the other, called the River Column, to ascend the Nile itself in whale-boats, punish the Monassir tribe for the murder of some of Gordon's English companions (Colonel Stewart, etc.), and then seize Berber as a basis of co-operation with the Desert Column for a general movement on Khartoum under Lord Wolseley's personal command.

The force at the disposal of General Earle consisted of one squadron of the 19th Hussars,

ninety sabres, mounted on Egyptian cavalry horses, the Staffordshire Regiment, the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, a battery of Egyptian Artillery, and the Egyptian Camel Corps under Major Marriott.

The very greatest care had been taken in the organising of this force, which moved off in its boats—the Staffords leading—on 2nd January, making thus a good beginning with the New Year. "On New Year's night," wrote an officer, "we dined outside Colonel Colville's hut. In addition to the *menu* furnished by our rations, we had eggs and chickens, pumpkin, and a plum-pudding, a most delicious melon, a bottle of champagne, and a tot of whisky. The English mail arrived bringing us letters and Christmas cards, and we sat up till late speculating on what the year would bring forth. Then we of the River Column sought our beds on the soft, clean yellow sand by the side of the sleeping troops."

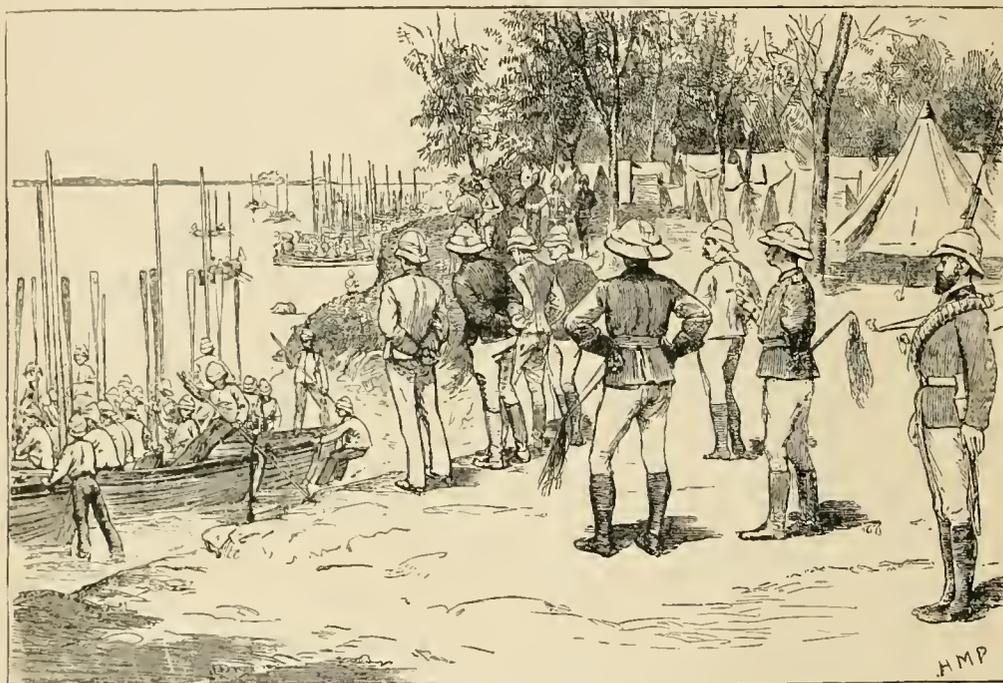
It must not be imagined that the Column in its whalers ascended the Nile in one long, coherent, and continuous flotilla like a procession of boats at a regatta, while the cavalry and the camels trotted alongside on the river-bank as the mounted coaches of 'Varsity crews keep pace with their respective eights on the towing-path of the Isis; circumstances rendered such an armada-like breasting of the Nile both impracticable and inexpedient. The force moved away from Korti in sections and dribbles under the rowing directions of Colonel Denison and his crew of Canadian *voyageurs*—boatmen second to none in their skill at coping with the difficulties and dangers of river navigation.

How great were these perils and impediments may be inferred from the fact that it took the burly muscular chields of the Black Watch four days to work their way through a "cataract," or "rapid," seven miles in length, labouring from

down to dusk, and losing one man and two boats by the operation. This was near Birti, but a previous cataract (Edermih) had also proved very troublesome. Arms, ammunition, and accoutrements had to be "portaged," or taken out of boats and carried along the bank for three-quarters of a mile, while the crews of three boats had to be employed to haul one through.

General Earle had been ordered by Lord Wolseley to concentrate his force at Handab before advancing in search of the enemy. This process of up-stream concentration took about

surprise. The mounted troops did good service by reconnoitring in front on either bank—Hussars on the left, Egyptian Camel Corps on the right shore; while at night the battalions landed and bivouacked in the strongest and safest place they could select. Sometimes the force was in such a state of dispersion caused by the difficulties of the advance up-stream that the heliograph had to be employed to maintain unity of action. But, in spite of all the perils and exertions of the advance, General Earle was able to wire to Lord Wolseley on the 27th:—



EMBARKATION OF GENERAL EARLE'S FORCE AT KORTI.

three weeks, and on the morning of the 24th January—the very day, curiously, on which Sir Charles Wilson at last started from Metamneh for Khartoum—Earle telegraphed back to his chief at Korti: "Just off; all going as well as possible; troops in high spirits, longing for a fight; no sick."

A force of 3,000 of the enemy was known to be within eighteen miles of Earle's command, and in the rocky and difficult country into which this command now entered every move had to be made with extreme caution. The river was tortuous, splitting now and then into various arms full of unexpected rocks and rapids; and as the troops had thus frequently to part company, the greatest care had to be taken to guard against

"Troops in excellent spirits, and only seven slight cases of sickness in whole force."

It was on this day, too, that Earle first got touch of the Arabs. Colonel Butler, while reconnoitring with the mounted troops a few miles beyond the advanced post, sighted about 120 of the enemy, with seven or eight horsemen. Shots were exchanged at about 1,000 yards, and the Dervishes retired. The Egyptian Camel Corps succeeded in capturing four camels, six oxen, and sixty sheep, a welcome addition to the commissariat.

All the force was now in the highest spirits, and simply "spoiling" for a good fight, the more so as it already knew of the dearly-bought victories which had been won by the Desert

Column now in front of Metamneh, where it proposed to wait until the River Column could join it. But of this latter column the situation was rather aggravating. The enemy in force, under the Sheikh Suleiman Wad Gamr—Colonel Stewart's murderer—was known to be only about ten miles in front; while Earle's troops, all burning to avenge this murder by abolishing Suleiman and his tribe, were scattered along the terrible rapids of the Nile, which seemed to grow more and more difficult with each mile of the advance. There was nothing for it but to push on, and concentrate a sufficient force within striking distance of the enemy, who was apparently resolved to give battle about Birti.

"I, for one," said General Brackenbury, the Xenophon of the expedition, "slept lightly that night (29th January). It was bitterly cold, and there was no escaping the wind. A full moon, which we hoped was to light us to victory at Birti, was shining. More than once I walked round the zeriba where our sentries were standing motionless, looking out over the rocks and ravines around. At last I was sleeping soundly, when I was awakened by the field-officer of the Black Watch on duty, who told me that a native dressed in white had crept up, leading a horse to within a few yards of the zeriba, had looked down upon our cavalry below, and then made off again. Did it portend an early attack? If so, we were ready at any moment. The first note of alarm by one of our sentries would have brought all our men, armed and accoutred, to their feet, and have lined the zeriba with a circle of bayonets and of rifles ready to sweep the surrounding space with their fire"—a very impressive midnight scene in the black and rocky deserts of the Nile.

Next morning the white-robed and uncanny apparition of the night was brought into camp by the cavalry patrols, and he turned out to be an Egyptian deserter from the Mahdist side, who gave some valuable information as to the hostile force at Birti. In addition to his rifle and ammunition, he had brought away with him a horse belonging to one Moussa Wad Abu Hegel, who was, however, no connection of the German philosopher of that name, the only thing common to both being that each of them had a "secret."

To discover the secret of the Mahdist Hegel was the task to which General Earle's staff now addressed itself; and for this purpose General Brackenbury, with Colonels Butler and Colville and Major Slade, started off with the mounted

troops to reconnoitre the enemy's position at Birti. Bastioned by hills, and fenced by stone parapets, or "sangars," as they would be called on the Indian hill-frontier, this was an exceedingly strong position abutting on the river, the passage of which it was meant to dispute. It was, therefore, of importance to discover whether this position could be turned, instead of taken in face, by a flank march through the desert, and Brackenbury soon convinced himself that this was possible. But "it struck us at the time as singular that we saw no signs of the enemy's presence—not a man on the look out, not a beast grazing on the shrubs and coarse grass of the wady." Of this the reason was, as Brackenbury afterwards learned from a Mahdist deserter, that the holders of Birti had decamped in the night, and retired to a still stronger position in the Shukook Pass.

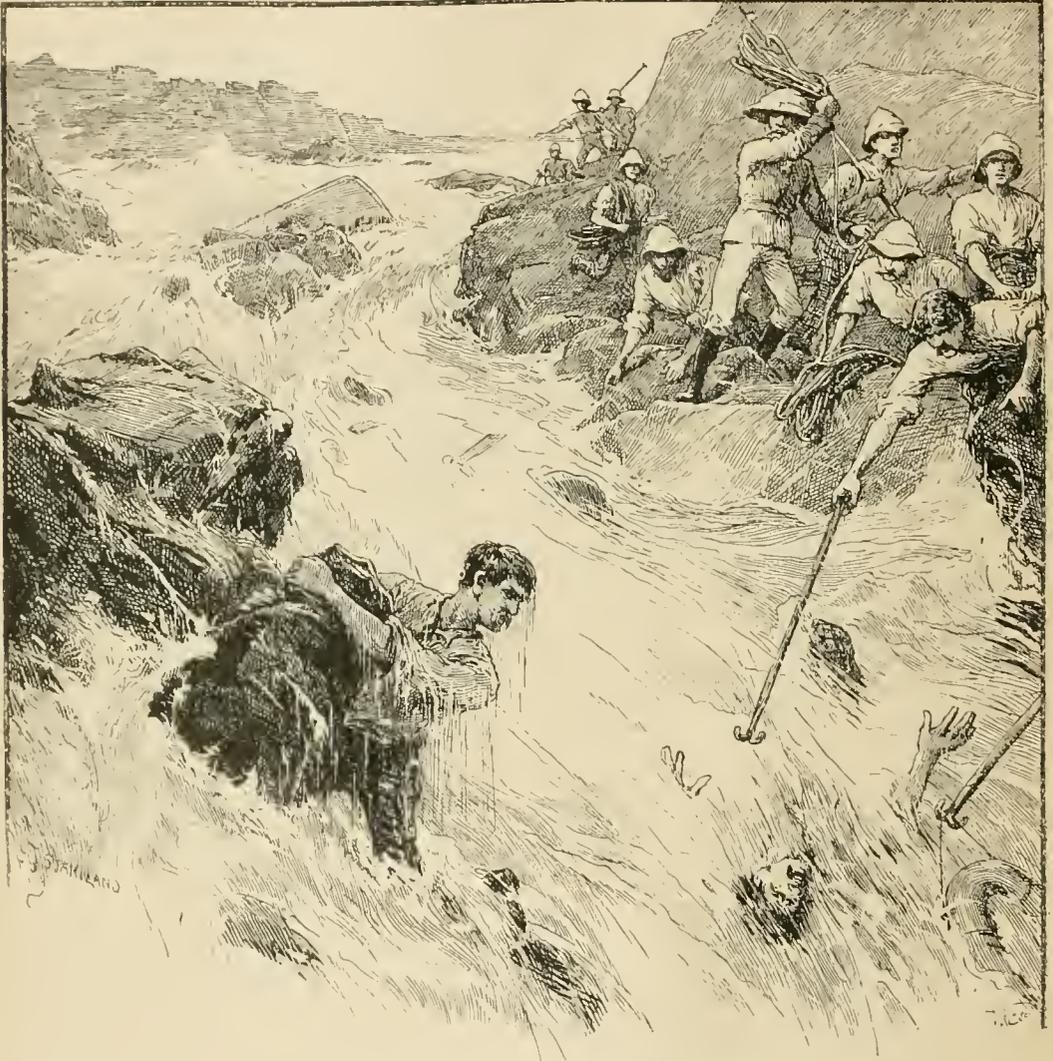
In retiring as he had done from Birti to the Shukook Pass, Suleiman Wad Gamr had been influenced by the fear of a British attack from the desert side, and he had already begun to betray an extreme apprehension for the safety of his own skin; for a reward had been offered for the delivery of Colonel Stewart's murderer, and it was quite incomprehensible to the mind of the Vakeel on the other side of the river why "we could not get through our difficulties by leading Suleiman to believe we were his friends, and killing him afterwards." He seemed incapable of believing we were so stupid as to be in earnest in refusing to adopt such a treacherous course, and threw up his hands in disgust on hearing that the fox had stolen away from Birti to the Shukook Pass.

This was a cause of grievous disappointment to the River Column, who had been making such heroic exertions to reach Suleiman, and hang him on the highest attainable tree. Disappointed of a good fight! But had not the column been in a constant state of desperate combat ever since leaving Korti—a combat with rocks and cataracts, and other riverain obstacles, which only wanted a few more crocodiles to complete their charm? Were the hands of the men not all blistered by perpetual tugging at the strenuous oar? Had the want of soap not produced a plague of vermin, which filled the boats and infested the clothes of men and officers? And was there not sent back to headquarters this moving appeal:—"Men's and many officers' trousers in rags: not sufficient for decency"?

At Birti some few relics of the murdered Stewart and his party were discovered: fragments

of French and English books, a bit of an English "field-boot," the broken case and face of an English aneroid barometer, which had been sold to Stewart an hour or two before his departure from Charing Cross with General Gordon. These were found in the house of Suleiman Wad

when, just as the fruit seemed ripe for plucking, what should reach Earle on the afternoon of the 5th February, but the following message from Lord Wolseley's Chief-of-Staff:—"I am ordered by Lord Wolseley to inform you that, to his deep regret, Khartoum was found by Wilson to



THE CASUALTY OF THE BIRTI CATARACT (p. 406).

Gamr, which was accordingly levelled with the ground, as a first trifling instalment of the retribution which was in store for its murderous owner.

Meanwhile, how to attain to hand-grips with Suleiman and his men was General Earle's constant care; and there ensued several more days of struggling up the river to the point where the enemy was known to have retired,

be in possession of the enemy. Wilson in returning was wrecked, but steamer has gone for him, and there is no apparent danger for him. You are to halt where you are until further orders."

"It is needless to say what we felt," wrote Brackenbury (on receipt of this order). "Any thought of ourselves was swallowed up in grief for what we could only interpret to mean

Gordon's certain death. Both of us felt, too, how great the shock would be to Lord Wolseley, and to me there was a peculiar sting in the fact of this blow coming upon the anniversary of the capture of Coomassie."

All further advance was at once stopped, though the troops were not informed why (soldiers are rarely or never told the why of anything they are bidden to do), Earle and Brackenbury remaining, meanwhile, the sole

depositories of the painful secret. It was all the more painful as the next day (the 6th) intelligence came in that the enemy—stiffened in their courage, as afterwards appeared, by tidings of the fall of Khartoum—had quitted the Shukook Pass, and re-advanced down the river towards the English, taking up a strong position on the Kirbekan ridge running at right angles to the Nile—a position from which they thought they could more easily escape than from the Shukook in the event of their being defeated. A vain calculation, as it proved.

All that day the troops had been enjoying a thorough rest, which was sorely needed after the ceaseless labours of the past fortnight. It gave them an opportunity of washing their clothes and patching into a semblance of decency the parti-coloured rags, still called trousers by courtesy of the camp, which made them look almost as disreputable as the rag-tag-and-bobtail warriors of Sir John Falstaff in their famous march through Coventry. Another day (the 7th) was passed in improving the sanitary condition of the camp, previous, as it was thought, to the return of the force to Korti; but the 8th brought joy with it again to the hearts of all in the shape of a telegram from Lord Wolseley

ordering the column to resume its march and push on to Abu-Hamed.

For the vacillating powers in Downing Street, who were in constant telegraphic communication with Lord Wolseley, had once more changed their minds. "Full steam ahead!" "Ease her!" "Stop her!" "Forward cautiously!"—such were the varying cries with which the temper of the eager Tommy Atkins had been so severely tried in his passage up the Nile; but now again he

gave a deep sigh of relief when gratified with the prospect of "Full steam ahead!" being shortly sung out from the captain on the bridge. By this time English Tommy had begun to resume his scarlet tunic, and the Scotch Joeks of the Black Watch, discarding their rowing rags of tartan trews, to don their waving kilts and array themselves in their full war paint, the pipers seeing to it that their drones and chanters were in proper order. For it was now clear that the Braes o' Kirbekan would



GENERAL EARLE.

(Photo, Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.)

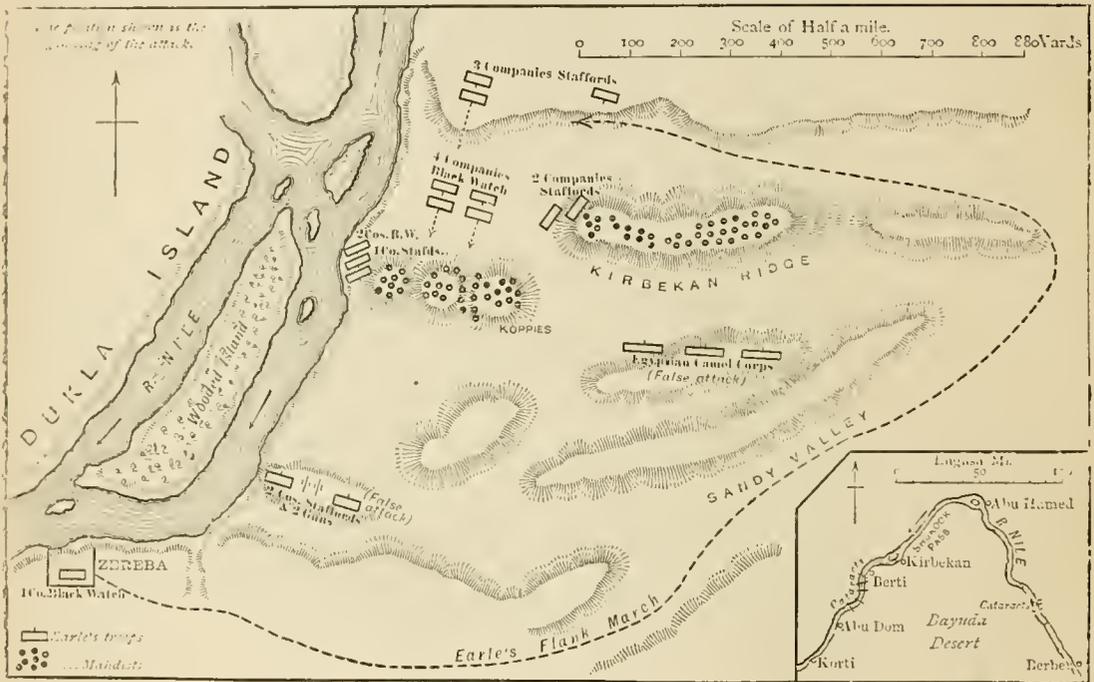
soon be ringing with sounds that erstwhile roused the echoes on the Braes o' Mar.

General Earle had been ordered to march on Abu-Hamed. But between him and Abu-Hamed—straight across the road to it—there intervened the Kirbekan ridge crowned by the enemy; and therefore it was as clear as a pike-staff that this rocky ridge must somehow be brushed clear of its swarthy occupants. The problem was a very obvious one, yet there were several methods of solving it. Earle, for example, might assail the ridge from the front and drive its holders back, or he might march round its left flank—the nature of the ground permitting—and take it in rear so as to complete the ruin of its defenders by barring their line of retreat.

After a careful reconnoissance of the position with all its possibilities, he decided for the latter course. His tactics, in fact, were precisely similar to those which Bonnie Prince Charlie had adopted at Prestonpans, when the clans, marching out from Edinburgh, interposed themselves between General Johnnie Cope and his backward road to England. And again, as at Prestonpans, it was the Highlanders who formed the backbone of the force with which General Earle determined to breast the rearward slopes of Kirbekan—the kilted "Forty Twa's" and their no less

fall, and adding, "I congratulate you on the progress you have made, although I am naturally very sorry the enemy have not tested the temper of your steel. However, let us hope their courage may be stiffened by the fall of Khartoum, and that you may strike them hard yet before you reach Berber." Hope soon to be realised!

It was feared throughout the attacking force that the enemy might again, as at Birti, give it the slip in the night; but with growing daylight the cavalry vedettes went out and returned with the joyful news that the Arabs were still on their



BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

gallant comrades the scarlet-coated men of Stafford—living symbols of the emulous brotherhood-in-arms which had knit together the two nations ever since Culloden.

By sunset on the 9th February Earle's attacking force had reached its bivouac, a short mile from the front of the enemy's position—the Black Watch and the Staffords, two guns, and two sections of the field-hospital, the 10th Hussars, and the Egyptian Camel Corps, which had now been ferried over from the other side of the river. Before turning in for the night General Earle read a letter from Lord Wolesey, informing him of the intention of the Government—*varium et mutabile semper*—to crush the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum in spite of its

hill-top position. After an early breakfast the troops paraded, looking smart and thoroughly workmanlike. Each man carried one day's rations of meat and biscuits, a full water-bottle, with sixty rounds of ammunition, while to each battalion were assigned two camels bearing eight boxes of reserve cartridges, with two ammunition-camels to each gun. Each battalion had eight stretchers, carried by sixteen of its unarmed men, with four men in reserve as bearers. A detachment of the field-hospital, with three camels carrying surgical and hospital appliances, paraded with the infantry, as also two camels bearing water for the field-hospital.

One company of the Black Watch—much to the disappointment of the men—was left behind

in charge of the zeriba with all its baggage, stores, etc., on the river bank ; while a better, if still unsatisfactory, fate befell two companies of the Staffords, who, with two guns, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alleyne, were posted on an eminence about half a mile from the direct right face of the Arabs, so as to engage their attention and threaten them with a frontal attack, while the bulk of the force should march away round by the enemy's left, and, taking them in rear, tumble them off their hill-tops and smite them hip and thigh. A rôle of diversion similar to what had been assigned to the two companies of the Staffords before the right face of the enemy—which extended along the crests of several "koppies," or rocky hillocks, resting on the Nile—was to be executed by the Egyptian Camel Corps in front of the enemy's left half line, which, in prolongation of that of the koppies, ran along a high marble-topped ridge about a mile in extent.

It was about a quarter past seven a.m. when the flanking column of attack, consisting of six companies of the Staffords and the Black Watch respectively, moved off from their zeriba (the other 42nd fellows grinding their teeth at being left behind for mere guard duty); and just before starting, "General Earle sent me [Brackenbury] back to inform the English correspondent of a foreign newspaper, who had made his way up with the Gordon Highlanders, that, owing to the necessity for economising all food for man and beast, and in view of all spare whaler accommodation being required for transport of sick, he could not allow any civilian correspondents to accompany the column"—much to the subsequent disadvantage, perhaps, of that column, *carebat quia vate sacro*.

With the hussars in front, the force marched in line of half-battalion columns, at an interval of two companies—in such a formation, in fact, as would enable it to form square, or rather oblong, in the event of its being suddenly rushed upon by the Arabs. The first mile lay over hard but broken ground; then the troops entered a wide wady of deep, loose sand, through which they waded in a very fatiguing manner until they reached the outer end of the marble-topped ridge. From this ridge the enemy had not yet opened fire on the column, although it must have been visible to them at more than one point of its toilsome march—so toilsome that it now halted for a few minutes to gather its breath.

It was while thus engaged that the column heard the two guns of Alleyne give lusty voice

at the Arabs on the koppies, and, encouraged by the cannon-thunder, it now resumed its march, turning sharp round the eastern, or outward, end of the marble ridge, and through a rocky valley parallel to it running towards the river. The enemy on the ridge now opened fire on the column as it was pushing through this valley riverwards, and several men were hit. The Arabs had rendered their naturally strong—almost impregnable—position doubly so by the construction of loose stone parapets, from behind which they could securely aim. From time to time their ugly black faces could be seen peering over huge boulders on the sky-line.

The fire from the high ridge growing ever hotter, and causing several men to drop, General Earle directed Colonel Eyre—an officer who had risen from the ranks for his bravery in the Crimea—to take two companies of his Staffords and endeavour to seize the ridge by its western shoulder. The Staffords advanced to the assault under a heavy fire, and climbed about one-third of the way up the shoulder till they reached a cluster of rocks where they obtained partial shelter.

At the same time two companies of the Black Watch descended a rocky ridge to the right front, whence the Nile was visible about 600 yards off; and now parties of the enemy could be seen making their way to the water and swimming over to the opposite (right) bank. To cut off their retreat in this direction, Earle ordered the aforesaid companies of the Black Watch to establish themselves on the river bank, while the rest of the Highlanders—four companies—and three companies of the Staffords were likewise advanced and swung round so as to face the koppies. The Arab position had now been effectually turned—taken in rear and overlapped on its right flank; and it only remained for the enemy to be dealt with in the trap in which they had thus so skilfully been enclosed.

First of all, Earle ordered the two river-bank companies of the Highlanders and one company of the Staffords to take the koppie nearest the Nile. Advancing rapidly under cover of the bank, they were quick to seize the lowest rocks and then the summit of this koppie, driving out or killing the rebels there to the last man. Some of them attempted flight by the river in the direction of Alleyne's men and the zeriba, and, though a few got away by swimming, most of them were shot down.

Nothing now remained but to assault the

position from its rear face by the main body of the Highlanders and the Staffords, who, in company front, were posted about 400 yards away,



COLONEL COVENEY.

the ground between them and the koppies being open to the enemy's fire. For this assault the order was about to be given when a body of the Arabs, one of whom bore a banner, the rest being armed with swords and spears, boldly rushed down from the heights in front and charged towards the nearest companies of the Black Watch—under Colonel Green. The Highlanders, though standing in line as at Balaclava, never budged, but met their assailants with such a withering fire that those who were not mowed down by the bullets of the Martini-Henrys turned and fled towards the river. The standard-bearer of the brave Arabs was at once shot down, as well as three of his immediate followers who had in turn seized and borne aloft anew the sacred symbol of the Prophet's faith. Far from fearing the rush of the Arabs—though by this time it was known how they had broken into the British square at Abu-Klea—the Highlanders in some cases even advanced to meet it; and it was only with difficulty that they could be restrained from leaving the ranks to follow the fugitives along the river.

But now the crucial moment was come, after the repulse of this Arab onset. It was now the turn of Earle's men to deliver a counter-assault upon the koppies, and, with the pipes skirling out "The Campbells are Coming," the Black Watch dashed across the intervening space and stormed the heights at the point of the bayonet.

Such of the Arabs as still remained fought to the last with the utmost desperation, and were shot or bayoneted to a man.

"Like beasts of the forest surprised in their lair," said one eye-witness, "the Arabs fought at bay with the courage of desperation, having the vantage-ground everywhere. And thus against desperate odds our gallant soldiers, in spite of a withering fire all round, gained rock after rock, fastness after fastness, behind which the well-directed aim of the Arabs dealt death at every shot. Inch by inch, with fearful odds against them, did the Highlanders on the left and the Staffords on the right press forward and gain ground, while the black granite beneath their feet became red and slippery with gore; but on they pressed over ghastly corpses, over groaning, dying, and wounded."

Gallantly aided by the Staffords, the Highlanders had stormed the heights of Kirbekan as irresistibly as they had forced their way up the heights of Alma; but their victory had only been purchased at the cost of the life of a favourite officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Coveney, and of the serious wounding of another, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Wauchope, of Niddry, in Midlothian, not to speak of minor men. But, heaviest loss of all, General Earle himself fell at the very moment of victory.

The assault was over; the troops were searching the sconces and holes among the rocks for



COLONEL EYRE.

lurking Arabs. Between the crests of the two main koppies there was a depression forming a small flat plateau, on which was built a stone

hut some ten feet square, with a thatched roof. "General Earle," wrote Brackenbury, second in command, "was engaged in forming up the men in the ranks on this plateau, not more than ten yards from the hut, when a sergeant of the Black Watch said :

"There are a lot of men in the hut, and they have just shot one of our men."

"General Earle ordered the roof to be set on fire, but, on it being said that there was a quantity of ammunition in the hut, he ordered the

General Brackenbury, this gallant and accomplished officer directed two companies of the Black Watch to remain as a picket on the captured koppies ; and at the same time sent to the Staffords with the view of assembling them, when it was brought to his knowledge that the two companies of that regiment which had been sent at the outset of the battle to take the high marble-topped ridge, had failed as yet to get further than the cluster of rocks about a third of the way up ; that Colonel Eyre had been



CONVOY OF WOUNDED.

roof to be pulled down, and himself approached the hut.

"I was close to him, and said :

"Take care, sir. The hut is full of men."

"Our men had set the roof on fire, and my attention was attracted for a moment by seeing a native, who rushed out from the side of the hut, bayoneted by one of our men. As I turned my head back towards the general, I saw him fall, shot through the head from a small square window in the hut, close to which he had approached. He lived only a few minutes, tended to the last by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant St. Aubyn, and by the senior medical officer, Surgeon-Major Harvey."

The command now developing on Major-

killed, shot through the heart while heroically leading on his men ; that Captain Horsburgh and Lieutenant Colborne had been severely wounded ; that their loss in men had been considerable ; that their ammunition was exhausted, save four rounds per man, which they had reserved ; and that the defiant enemy were still holding the ridge. But from the top of this ridge it was necessary that they should now be swept, as with a broom of bayonets ; and so, leaving four companies of the Highlanders as a reserve at the foot of the koppies, Brackenbury ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Beale, on whom the command of the Staffords had now fallen, to reunite his regiment, reinforce its two companies on the hill-side with men and ammunition,

and then escalate the heights at the point of the pike.

No order could have been more gallantly and admirably carried out ; and so infectious was the example of the dashing courage displayed by the men of Stafford in scaling the flinty sides of the hill in the teeth of the enemy's fire, that one Egyptian soldier belonging to the Camel Corps could stand by as a passive spectator of the stirring spectacle no longer, and, quitting his own ranks, charged up the hill all alone on the extreme right of the Staffords—a most gallant feat. Ascending the steep, moraine-like hill by alternate rushes, the Staffords, with the loss of only two killed and one wounded, reached the rocky summit and bayoneted the Arabs, who fought with all the courage of desperation, to the very last man, including their leader, Moussa Hegel, whose "secret" had now found him out.

It was now one o'clock. The action had begun soon after nine, and the defeat of the Arabs was complete ; for, while the fighting on the heights had been in progress, Colonel Butler with the hussars had ridden off and captured the camp of the enemy at the entrance to the Shukook Pass.

The Arab loss was estimated by hundreds, while that of the British was 60—viz. 3 officers and 9 men killed, 4 officers and 44 men wounded. But the little force had gained in self-confidence, if it had lost so many of its members ; and it had taught the Arabs a lesson, which was sure to have its effect throughout the whole Soudan—the lesson, namely, that it was not always necessary for British troops to meet their Mahdist enemies in square formation, and that they could beat them even at their own tactics, fighting in loose order and hand-to-hand.

The brave British dead were solemnly interred together by the river bank, near the field where they had fallen, the pipers of the Black Watch wailing out the "Land o' the Leal" and "Lochaber no More" ; while at sunset the bodies of General Earle, Colonels Eyre and Coveney, which had been conveyed back to the camp, were similarly buried side by side, in deep graves near the foot of a solitary palm-tree. "And the hill of Kirbekan," said General Brackenbury, "echoed back the boom of the minute-guns paying their solemn tribute to the memory of three soldiers, each a type of what the English officer should be."

For twelve days more did Brackenbury's victorious force struggle up the river towards its

primary objective, Abu-Hamed ; and there can be no doubt that he would have captured this place, as well as Berber, further on. But again the wise men of Downing Street had been sitting in council, and on February 24th there reached the River Column a telegram from Lord Wolseley, ordering it to return. It was some satisfaction to the men in the midst of their crowning disappointment, that by this time Suleiman Wad Gamr's property had been all destroyed (though this ruffian himself could not be come by), and Hebbeh, the scene of Colonel Stewart's murder, levelled with the ground. But "theirs not to reason why," and the column at once commenced its preparations to return. Whereas it had taken thirty-one days to ascend the cataracts, nine only were needed for the down-stream voyage. But several lives were lost in the operation. For at one cataract "boat after boat came down at lightning speed," while at another Scylla-and-Charybdis point the "boat rose and fell, like a horse jumping a fence."

No more fighting had to be done, though a pursuing force of about 6,000 of the enemy had reached Birti a few hours after the departure of Brackenbury's last troops ; and on March 8th he arrived at Korti, after having two days previously reviewed, for the first time as a whole on parade, "two thousand of the finest fighting-men," as he said, "that it ever was any man's lot to command. . . . The life of the men has been one incessant toil from the first to the last day of the expedition. In ragged clothing, scarred and blistered by the sun and rough work, they have worked with constant cheerfulness and unceasing energy. Their discipline has been beyond reproach ; and I do not hesitate to say that no finer, more gallant, or more trust-worthy body of men ever served the Queen."

Simultaneous with the return of Earle's force, the Desert Column, under Sir Redvers Buller, had also been effecting a masterly retirement from its position on the Nile near Metemnah. Once or twice it very nearly came to hard fighting again, square having repeatedly to be formed to fend off an expected attack of Arabs ; but there was no repetition of Abu-Klea, of which the battlefield of the 17th January now—a month later—presented a most horrible spectacle, with its shrivelled, sun-baked Arab corpses, and flocks of carrion birds.

General Buller's greatest trouble was the transport of the wounded across the Bayuda Desert. But many of those wounded, though

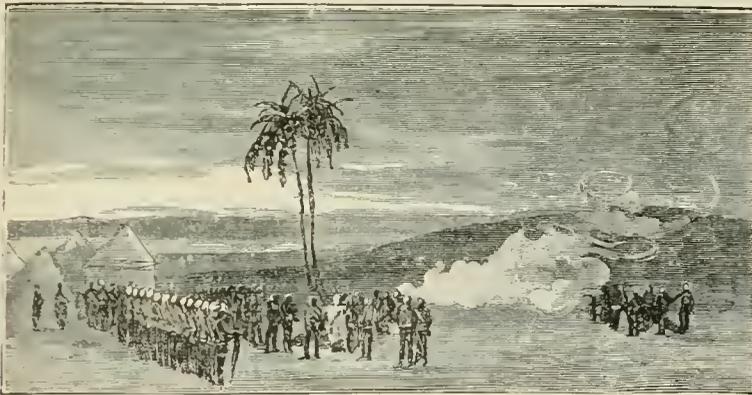
borne with all possible tenderness, succumbed to their sufferings, especially at Gakdul, where they were consigned to a lonely cemetery, in a gorge near the reservoirs.

One of the first to pass away on the return to Gakdul was the brave Sir Herbert Stewart, who, in command of the column during its victorious march to the Nile, had been mortally wounded at Abu-Kru. A more gallant soldier never breathed. His burial was a most impressive scene. The troops formed a procession in the valley, headed by the firing-party and the band of the Royal Sussex, the pall-bearers being several officers. Colonel Talbot read the funeral service, and not an eye was tearless when the remains of the deeply-mourned soldier were consigned to their resting-place among the desert sands.

Soon thereafter, the Desert Column returned to Korti; and to the entire Expeditionary Army,

now again assembled at the point whence it had, more than two months previously, split up into two divergent forces, Lord Wolseley addressed a General Order praising it in the very highest terms for the heroism and endurance it had shown throughout in the vain effort to save General Gordon. "No greater honour," he declared, "can be in store for me than that of leading you, please God, into Khartoum before the year is out . . . but for the moment we must content ourselves with preparations for the autumn advance."

Alas! this autumn advance on Khartoum was to be converted into a summer retirement from the Soudan altogether—yet not before the much-tried troops of England had done some further fighting of a splendid kind around Suakim, on the Red Sea shore, which must form the subject of another couple of stirring battle-stories.



BURIAL OF GENERAL EARLE.



IT is told of Charles X. of France that he took the composer Auber aside early in 1830, and complimented him on his work *La Muette di Portici*, which had been recently produced. It vividly represented the revolt of the lazzaroni at Naples, and their mad attempt at freedom under the leadership of Masaniello. There was genius in it, and his Majesty felt that he must do the great little Norman some service—probably make him director of his court concerts—but he told him confidentially, "From this day forth I shall expect you to bring out the *Muette* very seldom." He was wise in his premonition. The tirades of Masaniello were too warm. They hastened the riot which led Brussels into a successful rising a few months afterwards. Perhaps the Bourbon monarch thought that the music of the Neapolitan fisherman might bring his reign in Paris to a like violent ending.

They say that everything in France ends with a song, as sometimes it begins. "The Marseillaise" heralds most insurrections, and surely a masterly opera might drive a king out of the country, as Lord Wharton's rhyme of "Lillibulero" hurried on the revolution of 1688 in England.

After the fall of Napoleon, Belgium was attached to Holland as a dyke against future encroachments by France, and the two countries got the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The union was ill-assorted. There was a difference of race, of religion, and of temperament. An amalgamation of the nations was attempted and voted by a pretended majority, which declared that Belgium had adopted the fundamental law of the kingdom. But there were many flaws in this agreement. The Dutch language was exclusively adopted, and public careers shut out against two-thirds of the Belgians. Judicial reforms were adjourned, ex-

orbitant imposts were exacted, subsidies granted to Belgian industry were lavished on intriguers from abroad. There was nothing alleged against the Dutch king, who was not an unjust man, and the Belgians, writhing against inequality, bore themselves with patience for fifteen years, and would longer had not an outbreak in the border State of France disturbed their composure. Newspapers were silenced, and commented on French and Spanish affairs, leaving those at home for private interpretation. The minister, Van Maanen, introduced an obnoxious penal code, which was rejected, but its author remained in office. To the credit of the Belgians, not a single native was found to support the arbitrary conduct of the Government, but a Florentine and a forger, who had been sentenced at Lyons, Count Libry Bagnano, was the main auxiliary of Van Maanen at the press. A M. de Potter, who was conspicuous in his assertion of the rights of Belgium, was tried and sentenced to fine and subsequently to banishment, and this caused a profound dissatisfaction. The partisans of the "good king," nevertheless, announced the anniversary of his *fête*, and said it should be celebrated with the liveliest affection and enthusiasm. The royal birthday was nearing. The events which threw the Belgian capital into such a ferment in August of that year were foretold by placards with red letters, secretly posted on the street-corners and defining the following programme: "Monday, fireworks; Tuesday, illumination; Wednesday, revolution." The city was seething with political discontent, cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were smothered in frequent hisses, and on the indicated Wednesday, August 22nd, the bill announcing the *Muette* was up, although warning had been given that the authorities had wished to forbid it through dread of disorders. The scene was memorable. The young folk



"IT WAS THE REVOLUTION—THE SMOULDERING EMBERS WHICH WERE SOON TO BE ROUSED INTO FLAME." (p. 418).

assembled as if they looked upon the representation as a triumph gained over the police and their supporters, and were prepared to applaud all the passages in favour of liberty and to hinder the fifth act from being played, as their desire was that the piece should close with the people in the ascendant. From the very opening of the doors the house was crowded by an eager audience, and those who had been unable to obtain tickets hung around the neighbourhood, awaiting what might happen if the fifth act were interrupted. That was their sole preoccupation at the time. The piece was admirably performed: the artists never declaimed with more animation. Shouts of "Bravo!" and elated salutes welcomed the spectacle of the revolt and the appeal to arms, every allusion was seized with quickness, and at the conclusion of the fourth act a portion of those present burst into the streets with cries of "Liberty!" These cries were repeated outside, and mingled with them were calls from groups of "Hurrah for Potter!" "Down with Van Maanen!" "Justice!" Meanwhile, the fifth act was carried on peacefully until the close. While those in the Place de la Monnaie were filtering away through the adjoining streets, some youngsters gathered before the house of the *National*, the journal of Libry Bagnano, and began hooting the owners and editors by name. From outcries they soon warmed to violence, paving-stones were wrenched from the ground, and the windows were shivered into fragments. Suddenly a voice was overheard advising them not to heed walls but go for Libry himself. In an instant the street was deserted, amid yells for Libry the Rue de la Madeleine was rushed for, and his dwelling was tumultuously entered, but the bird had taken flight. It was high time, for the temper of the mob was visible by a broom with a running noose looped from it hanging from the second storey. Furniture of all kinds, clocks, mirrors, and bedding were sent flying through the windows and trodden under foot. One frantic fellow seized a dressing-gown of the fugitive Libry, and another a kettle. Out of them they at once improvised a flag and a drum. Books and papers were shredded, and the streets covered as with a thick carpet by the wreck, and the cellar was penetrated, the wine handed out, and the liquor tossed off amid a rousing chorus. Then armed men began to show themselves in the assembly.

It was the revolution—the smouldering embers which were soon to be roused into flame. Gun-makers' shops had been pillaged, pistols, poniards,

and costly sabres were to be seen scattered about amidst the midnight rabble, and the armorial bearings and other marks of loyalty to the reigning family were torn from the warehouses of the royal tradesmen.

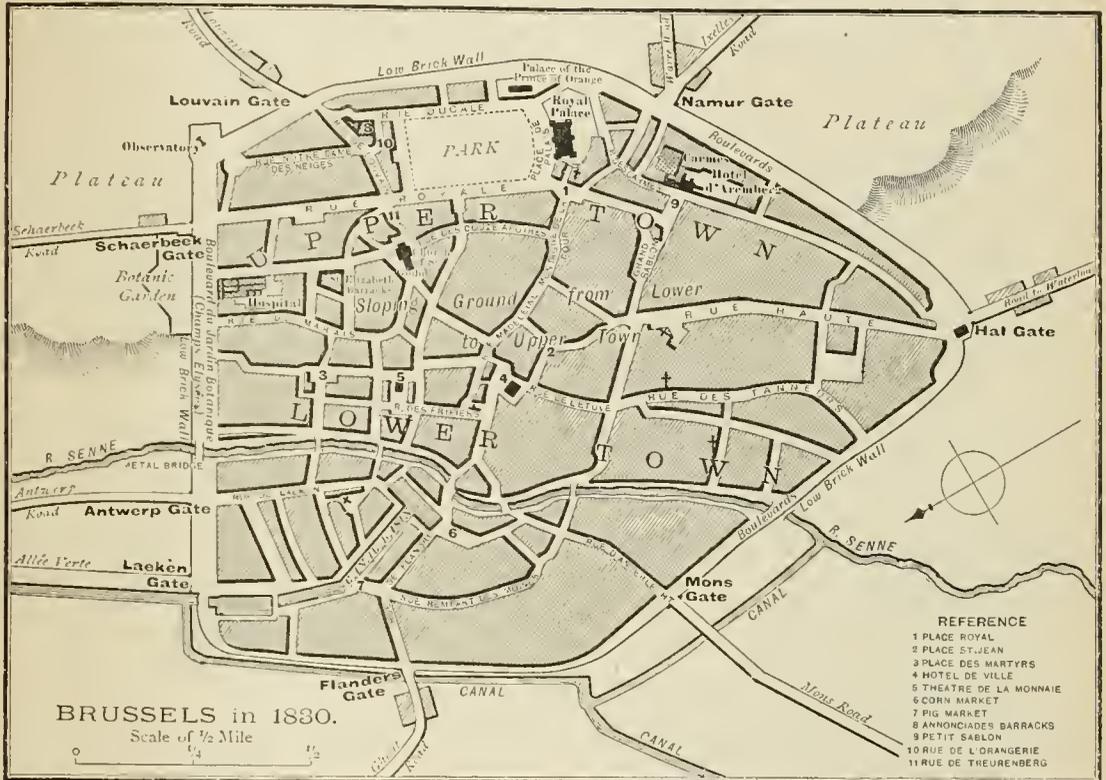
The civil and military authorities were aroused by the uproar. A detachment of grenadiers were marched into the street, when the less disorderly betook themselves homewards; but the more resolute and those worked to fits of madness by wine remained, and a struggle began at the top of the street. Two of the rioters were shot dead, and for the first time Belgian blood empurpled the roadway. Shortly before, the bulk of the rabble had gone towards the hotel of Van Maanen in the Sablon, and set about renewing their frenzied orgie. When the gendarmerie appeared, the crowd cried to them to remain neuter and no harm would be done to them. The gendarmerie obeyed, perhaps frightened by the sight of pikes and bayonets. But meanwhile trees were cut down in the Petit Sablon, barricades thrown up, and a mansion wantonly set fire to and damaged by the multitude, who only let the firemen approach to hinder the flames from spreading. The houses of General Vauthier, commandant of the place, of the director of the police, and of the king's procureur were attacked and ravaged almost simultaneously. The detested words of *roi* and *royal* were stripped from the walls or white-washed over by those who were shortly before so vain of them.

At the sack of Libry's house a child picked up an ear-pendant, but a badly-dressed rioter saw him, and seized it and trampled it under foot without saying a word. Hatred, rather than plunder, was the motive of the masses. By degrees the young folk, as if sated with vengeance on property, diminished, but the number of the lower classes increased. They broke into the hotel of the provincial government, mistaking it for the seat of central government, smashed the furniture, burned the governor's carriage, and cast the archives into the sewers. Sundry citizens armed themselves and went to the posts held by the military, as the sole means to stop the effusion of blood. The troops drew up in line of battle on the Grand Sablon, and in front of the palaces of the king and the princes. At the Café Suisse, in the Place de la Monnaie, a press of armed men entered to refresh themselves. Liquors were served to them in abundance. When a boy of fifteen asked for faro—a cheap, common beer—but was

told it was not sold in the establishment, he lost his temper, clambered on a table, broke a chandelier, and discharged a musket at a mirror, splintering it into atoms. His example was followed by some companions, and the whole place would have been sacked but for the arrival of the bourgeois guard.

In other quarters the presence of the military exasperated the people. Numbers collected on the Grand Sablon, where the grenadiers and the chasseurs were ranged, and at six in the morning

tricolour was visible for a few moments, but to avoid disturbances the ancient Brabant flag of red, yellow, and black was unfurled as the rallying signal, and these were adopted as the national colours. By a singular hazard an eclipse occurred about this period, and the reflection of the earth on the planet brought into relief a black disc edged with red on a yellow base. This was taken as a providential omen for the cause, and welcomed with universal acclamation as an auspicious token. Baron d'Hoogvorst



an officer ordered platoon firing, which soon led to bloodshed. Volleys were repeated at each instant, wounded began to be carried along the streets, the houses were shut and the windows packed with women and the inquisitive; faces grew wrathful, and cries of vengeance were fierce and common.

In the midst of the fever of the populace proclamations by the Regency were posted at corners promising reform, and appealing to the community to arm for the maintenance of order. About noon firing ceased. The troops fell back on the Place de Palais, and hostilities were interrupted. Groups furnished with all species of weapons paraded the thoroughfares. A French

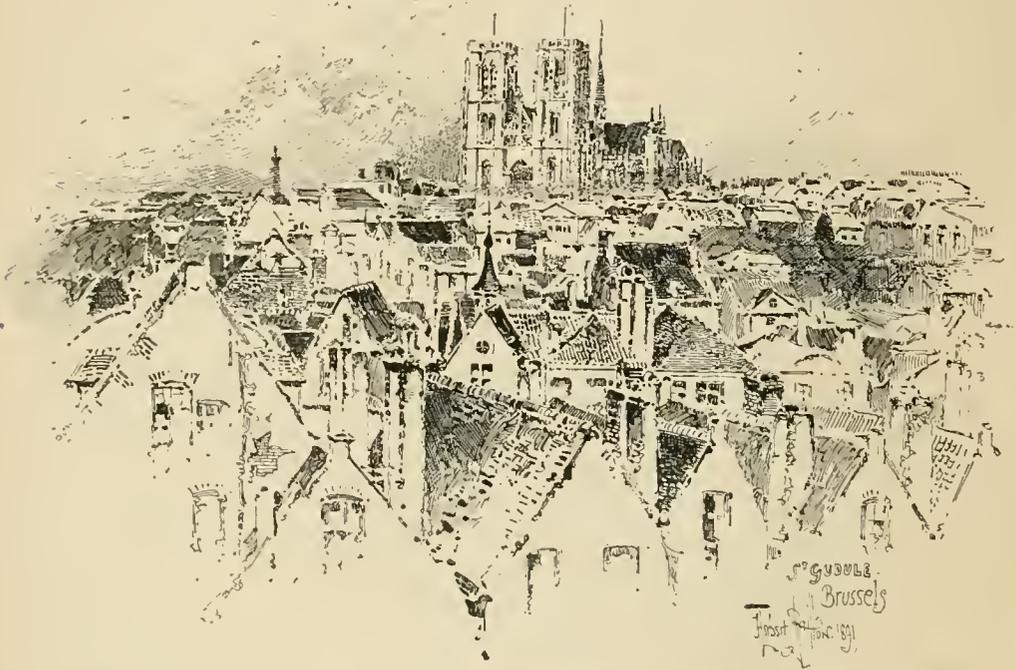
accepted the command of the bourgeois guard, and forthwith began its organisation, which was barely got through in time to save from ruin the magnificent promenade intended for the illuminations.

Events were progressing rapidly throughout the country. The alarm had extended to various towns, where the population had formed civic guards. At Liège and Louvain the citizens had seized the posts held by the troops; at Mons and Namur brute force was employed to subdue the alarm of the people. Ghent and Antwerp were the only places which disapproved of the agitators: it was thought they were seeking to plunge the country into misery and mourning.

At Ghent the Government distributed gold amongst the workmen, who thus got the hint to offer themselves to the highest bidder. The nation divided into two parties, the Liberals and the Ministerialists—the Belgians, or those for the southern provinces, and the Dutch, or the northerns. The dismissal of Van Maanen was loudly demanded, and the abolition of the taxes on grinding corn and slaughter of cattle. These were the points insisted on, or else there would be no submission.

Generals Abason, Vauthier, and De Bylandt

Felix de Merode (that restless family from whom our word "marauders" is derived), and Felix de Sécus, had their passports signed by General de Bylandt, and left with their proposal that the States-General should be at once convoked. But the troops kept tramping onwards from all parts of Holland, and the king's sons, the Prince of Orange and Prince Frederick, advanced by the cordon, ranged ladder-wise, as far as Vuurvorde, at the gates of Brussels. The Prince of Orange from the palace of Laeken invited the bourgeois general, Baron d'Hoogvorst, with his



A VIEW IN BRUSSELS.

were stationed with troops before the palaces, and kept aloft the Dutch flag, which resembles the French tricolour arranged horizontally. It was reported that the Dutch forces were advancing on Brussels and relieving the bourgeois from their care of the posts on the way. Reaction was feared by the Belgians, to whose mind the "three glorious days" of July at Paris were ever present. The Regency was reduced to a nullity. A deputation was sent to The Hague to ask for redress, and pending its return the troops on their road to the capital were countermanded. Two regiments of infantry with eight pieces of cannon were already at Malines, and a hussar regiment at Ghent, when they received orders to halt. The deputation consisting of several notables, such as Baron J. d'Hoogvorst, Count

friends, to come and confer with him. When they arrived the prince, clasping the buttonhole of M. Rouppe in his hand, said—

"Doubtless you know the penal code? You introduce to my headquarters illegal colours." (The black, red, and yellow of Brabant.)

"Prince," replied M. Rouppe, "those are the colours of the bourgeoisie whom I have the honour to represent; this badge is the mark of patriotism and not of rebellion."

Here that topic was dropped, and conference began.

Meantime the rumour had reached the capital that the princes had granted nothing and insisted that the flag and ribbons of Brabant should be laid aside. Immediately a multitude streamed towards the gates, trees were cut down, waggons

requisitioned, water-vessels collected, streets unpaved, and barricades raised in all corners.

At ten that night, the 31st of August, a proclamation was posted on the Hotel de Ville intimating the princes' desire to enter at the head of the troops; but this was refused, and at last they were forced to accept the condition that they would come with their staff only and without troops, the Brussels delegates guaranteeing their personal safety.

Along the passage of the prince silence reigned. He regained his palace, stupefied at his cold reception. The deputation to The Hague returned that evening with their report: it was so unfavourable that copies of it were snatched and cindered at the bayonet's point. The fermentation was growing, but no proper measure was taken to calm it.

The garrison was hunted from Louvain, and deputations of youth arrived at Brussels, and



"THE COMMANDANT FELL DEAD WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN" (p. 422j).

On the morning of the entry, another fruitless attempt to have the Brabant colours removed was made. The civic guard, to the number of ten thousand, with the adopted rebel flags and guidons, marched to the bridge of Laeken. The Prince of Orange, with four of his officers, appeared. Not a cry was heard as arms were presented. His Royal Highness was much struck at the multiplicity of the barricades, and at the phalanx of butchers' boys, axe on shoulder, that preceded him as pioneers. A shout was raised of "*Vive le Prince! Vive la liberté!*" He lifted his hat and said, "Yes, my friends, live liberty; but why not say with me 'live the king'?" The call was saluted with a universal "Sh!"

also from Liége, with five cases of arms. A proposal to separate north and south without other contact than dynasty was now made, and the Prince of Orange promised to convey it to his father, at The Hague. The troops, confined for ten days in the palaces, now left the city. At his arrival at Vilvorde, the prince heard that dragoons had left for Louvain. He issued countermands, but the people of Louvain had sallied out and repelled them, slaying their officer.

The king at length issued a tedious proclamation, full of the hackneyed sentiments which only vexed still more the Belgians, who resolved to establish a provisional government, and to declare frankly for secession. Brussels resumed

its ordinary appearance; the "Brabançonne" was roared at the top of their voices by revelers in the taverns. The entire Walloon county, inhabited by the black-haired, French-speaking portion of the people, was awakening to a passionate yearning for liberty. The manifestoes of the king were derided. Still the Dutch troops were continuously moving. Namur was declared in a state of siege; Brussels was perpetually on the alert, and the advent of de Potter was invoked; skirmishers watched the environs for the approaching Dutch. The Hotel de Ville was broken into by a disorderly crowd, and a store of Orange cockades discovered there; whereat there was an outcry of "Treason!" and the streets were paraded all night to the tuck of drum, and yells of "Down with the Hollanders!" News next day that the Liegeois had stormed the Chartreuse fortress which dominated their city, roused their courage. Brussels gave itself up to the people, who enrolled themselves, and talked of going out against the enemy. Companies of ill-dressed men, armed with pikes, forks, and knives, preceded by a herald armed with the rusty old sword of Saint Michel, were marshalled for the fray. Deserters from the Dutch army, still in their uniforms, joined the ranks of their own countrymen.

By this hour the troops had occupied ground at Dieghem and Ever to the causeway of Schaerbeek, at three-quarters of a league from Brussels. The tocsin was sounded, deep ditches were dug by the city gates, and pieces of cannon placed there, and the citizens mounted barricades and lined the entrenchments. Some of the volunteers went out to meet the troops, and near Dieghem there was an affair of outposts: several soldiers and two volunteers were killed. Prince Frederick was definitely drawing near and the entire population—men, women, and children—were in a state of defence. Vigilance was exercised to bar every reconnoissance of the enemy; and on Wednesday, the 23rd, a proclamation from the king, dated from Antwerp, was known at Brussels, stigmatising the "little number of the factious" who were striving at disorder, and stating at wearisome detail what he was going to do. Two young men who left the Hotel de Ville to remonstrate with the terms of this proclamation were arrested at headquarters, and taken prisoners on the spot to Antwerp. There were desultory conflicts during the day, but it was plain that the time of palavering was over and the hour of stern action was at hand. Brussels was not fortified, its sur-

rounding brick wall being low, and entrance was obtained there by eight gates. It was divided into two towns, the lower and the upper, or aristocratic, which contained the park, a spread of seventeen acres separated into three well-wooded alleys. The princes reckoned without the malcontents. They fancied they were a pack of silly fanatics, whose vapouring would be blown out with the first whiff of powder, like a guttering wick; and they made the mistake of going against this network of streets, sown with obstructions, with cavalry.

At day-dawn on the 23rd September, the alarm was given at the gates of Schaerbeek and of Flanders, that the Dutch troops were advancing in serried columns. At seven the tocsin rang out from the church steeples, and kept up their clangour until the fire had ceased in the evening. Before eight o'clock Colonel Boekorven presented himself at the Flanders gate at the head of 800 infantry, 300 hussars, and 4 pieces of cannon. A score of defenders of the post fired and drew back behind the barricades, which soon proved insufficient to cover them, and were speedily levelled by the enemy's pioneers. Rushing to about one hundred and fifty paces from the Pork Market, the Dutch troops had to halt in front of a stronger and more obstinately contested barrier. Dr. Tremper, followed by some other bourgeois of the town, came forward, and, as *parlementaire*, called upon the military to retire. Threatening language was exchanged, and a discharge from the barricade flung into confusion the foremost ranks of the cavalry, whose commandant fell dead with a bullet through his brain. The infantry replied with volleys from platoons, which did no injury as they were aimed too high, in order to avoid the hussars in front, who were still in their saddles. But the conflict thickened into a regular din, the enraged population laying hold of everything they could procure to turn into weapons of offence. From the windows and the roofs, paving-stones, furniture, logs of timber, iron bars, stoves, and even quicklime, hailed on the soldiers. Horses and men were crushed; the enemy's ranks were flung into disorder, and the Belgian skirmishers, after a lively fusillade, charged with the bayonet, and pursued the enemy beyond Molenbeek.

At the gate of Laeken, which was garrisoned by forty bourgeois, the first cannon-shot was fired by the enemy. The high and strong barricades were exposed to cannon, and enfiladed from the Botanical Garden. The bourgeois retired to the Champs Élysées, and lost three of theirs in the

Belle Vue Hotel. But the enemy did not deem it advisable to try to enter the city, and withdrew without attempting a serious attack, and set off to rejoin the army of Prince Frederick, behind the Botanical Garden.

The Schaerbeek Gate was considered favourable to the decisive onslaught. The army corps which was put in motion numbered more than seven thousand combatants. At the instant of attack there were but sixty citizens at the position, the lost sentinels comprised, and these had no recognised chief. By degrees their effective was doubled, and the gallant Stildorf chosen captain. The three advanced barricades, too feeble and unarmed with guns, offered no resistance.

Sixteen pieces of artillery swept the Rue Royale for its whole length. About nine o'clock the grenadiers and the chasseurs, estimated at a strength of 1,800, under the orders of General Bylandt, doubled forward into the street, but they were brought to a short stop by the sustained discharge by the patriots at the two barricades of Treurenberg, and doggedly responded. Fire not less violent poured out from the Rue de Louvain, and two companies of grenadiers were detached to storm that thoroughfare and make a junction with the troops who had entered by the gate of Louvain. Arrived at the corner of the Rue de l'Orangerie, they were caught by a murderous fire, and made an effort to retrace their steps. But it was too late. The ground was swarmed over by the bourgeois, and, coming on to the noon hour, 150 grenadiers, realising that they ran the risk of being shot to the last private, lay down their arms and surrendered. They were led off prisoners to the barracks of the firemen.

Pretty well a similar scene passed at the Rue Notre Dame des Neiges. Attacked on the Place d'Orange, the Dutch detachment, after having sustained serious losses, arrived at the Park and established itself there, occupying the streets in the neighbourhood and the palaces.

The attack of the gate of Louvain was simultaneous with those of Flanders, Laeken, and Schaerbeek. At the opening cannon-shot the very weak post of bourgeois retired by the Rue de Louvain, knocking over a number of the enemy by a desultory but destructive fire. The gate was forced by cuirassiers and lancers under General Tripe, who, joyous at his entry into the city, brandished his sabre as he shouted "Forward, my children, at the gallop to the Grand' Place!" The 700 horsemen hurried into the

Rue de Louvain, but formidable barricades barred their rush, and, instead of continuing to the Grand' Place, the entire corps turned harum-scarum for the Namur Gate without having succeeded in disengaging the grenadiers, who were cornered and hustled in the prolongation of the Rue de Louvain.

By the interior of the city the Dutch arrived towards the Namur Gate. Seeing that its defenders retired upon Ixelles, they re-entered by the gate of Hal, and started to occupy the gate of Namur. The Dutch several times advanced to the Athénée (the military school), but the bullets and paving-stones forced them to move backward with loss.

At this crisis the aspect of Brussels was woeful. All seemed lost. No defenders were seen but a few isolated knots, and these without concerted action or determined leaders. The grape-shot whistled through the city, the bullets positively spattered, the quick-repeated volleys of the sections filled the air with dismay. From four points of attack—the Hal Gate, the Place de Louvain, near Saint Gudule (the well-known cathedral church on the slope of a declivity), the Mountain of the Park, and the Place Royale—all held by artillery, successive and sustained deafening reports thundered. The peals, lugubrious and redoubled, of the tocsin swelled over the brattle of the drums beating the *générale*. The rumour circulated that the gates of Laeken and Flanders were forced, and that the enemy was advancing by the lower town. About half-past eleven shopkeeper and artisan no longer believed resistance impossible. The bravery of the men placed at the gate of Louvain, the centre of the enemy's communications, decided the impression of confidence. The ninth division of the Dutch forces, following at a distance the drums of the royal guard, which was directing its passage to the Park, was cut and compelled to go back and try the route by the Schaerbeek Gate and the boulevards. This manœuvre forced the detachment in the Rue de Louvain to capitulate. The post of Treurenberg was now rendered impregnable. Afar off the fusillade at the Observatory, held by fifty bourgeois, could be heard, still vigorous in its defence. Stildorf was grievously wounded in the leg before the Botanical Garden. The cry "To arms!" was heard on every side, and volunteers entrenched themselves in the houses of the Place Royale. The main barricade between the hotels Belle Vue and the Amitié was manned by the volunteers from Namur, the company from Tournai led by Renard and the

best-armed of the Bruxellois, as well as the stone balustrade which extended beside the head of the Rue Royale. The citizens planted a piece of ordnance at this point, which commanded the Palace.

Towards the Metal Bridge a crippled hero distinguished himself. This was a notable figure, one whose name is destined to go down linked with the imperishable renown of those crucial days. Charlier of Liège, surnamed "The Wooden-legged," was more active and skilful than most whose limbs were perfect. His zeal and address were only equalled by his cool and resolute



HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

bearing. On all points he seemed to multiply himself, inspiring his comrades with his courage and carrying panic amidst the ranks of the enemy. Where his gun was needed, there sprang the "Jambe de Bois" as if by instinct. This limping warrior hobbled on the road to glory, thoughtless of risk and spurning fatigue, as if he were charmed and revelled in the tempest of lead, brushing through the fumes of pungent vapour as if they were his natural element. At the entrance of the Park he stood with his trusty gun, crammed to the muzzle with grape, and blazed away at all opponents. At mid-day the Dutch were checked and paralysed, the successes gained at the gates of Laeken and Flanders ran from mouth to

mouth, and the first shout of victory was heard in Brussels. The scene of the city at the climax of the stress of the struggle was a genuine pandemonium, recalling some of the terrible pictures fixed on canvas by the weird brush of Weirtz, who painted the local gallery, mad and ghastly. Old men and youths, rich and men of the plebs, broadcloth and blouse, panted and perspired at the carnage; women tended the wounded or picked lint, children shrieked at the novel excitement of the elders, blood was heated with the rapture of combat, and the groans of the stricken were forced out of hearing by the noise of curses or transport, the screams of wrath and the dull overpowering report of bursting gunpowder or the angry bang of brass field-pieces rising over the racket of falling masonry, the rataplan of echoing drum, and the oft-recurring jangle of the tocsin.

At half-past three the Dutch set alight the barrack of the Annonciades, and at sight of the rising smoke the alarm was raised that powder was stored there, and that they would all be blown up. Look alive! The fury of the citizens redoubled. The aged, the feeble, females, and even the very urchins rushed upon the incendiaries, who fell back and were repulsed towards the Place of Orange. The fire was got under. Three-fourths of the barrack was saved, and the barrels of gunpowder carried back almost within reach of the licking flames. In the interior of the town by this time all the barricades and windows were frowning with gunbarrels. It was as if every house was a fortress and every fortress lined with loopholes spouting death. At half-past six the inviolate "Jambe de Bois" had his cannon rolled towards the Place Royale. The Liège captain, the dauntless Pourbaix, hoisted a flag in the middle of the square, and held it erect and scatheless amid a storm of solid balls, large and small.

After the night's interval, a dry fine morning arose on the 24th in comparative peace. The tocsin no longer smote the upper spaces. There was a sort of dangerous tranquillity in the town, where streets were besieged and defended house by house. The three barricades of attack were strengthened against the risks of new assault. Reinforcements of Walloons arrived during the night by the gates of Hal and Anderlecht. And in the morning posters signed by M. d'Hoogvorst were visible making known that the inhabitants of Louvain and of Tirlemont had beaten back and compelled to flight the regular troops of Holland, sent against them by the Prince

Frederick the previous evening. The tidings of this double victory added to the ardour and confidence of the Bruxellois. There were irregular fights all day, and numerous casualties occurred here and there through the town, in spite of every care that was exercised. An unhappy mother passing in the Rue d'Isabelle, bundling her two infants in her arms, was mortally wounded with them, struck by shivering splinters. Of course this was unintentional; but such incidents happen in every conflict of the kind,

which were already beginning to be overrun with cases, there were eighteen provisional ambulances established in various public buildings or private residences. Still there was high hope, and, in answer to M. Engelspach, who made inquiries, it was reported by the bakers and flour-merchants that there were enough provisions in the city for ten days to come.

On the second day the bombardment of the capital was resolved on. At four in the afternoon Prince Frederick, from his camp at the



"WHERE HIS GUN WAS NEEDED, THERE SPRANG THE 'JAMBE DE BOIS'" (p. 424).

and the innocent are marked down for death as relentlessly as those with uplifted weapons. Amongst the combatants there was a fair proportion of killed—upwards of sixty, and thrice the number wounded. The losses of the enemy were set down at 200. The inhabitants were prompt in their succour: lint, medicaments, and food were supplied in abundance. The apothecaries cheerfully gave up their drugs. There was no thought of charge. Comfort came forward to those among the defenders who were mutilated or expiring. Many brave young fellows, pale and blood-streaked, were carried to their doors on mattresses or hastily-made stretchers. And yet in addition to the ordinary hospitals,

gate of Schaerbeek, placed on a height behind the palace of the Prince of Orange a battery of shell-guns (mortars and howitzers) in a position to batter the town. The shells, launched to about two hundred, luckily did not create much damage. Nevertheless the sinister rumour circulated that from the Dutch camp fire-balls were sent and Congreve rockets, and naturally panic seized certain quarters. At the set of the sun both parties occupied much the same positions as on the evening before. At night, when dusk should have been succeeded by darkness, various conflagrations lit up the town, and the noise of cannon and crackling musketry, and the jerky clash of the tocsin swirled in echo from every

point of the compass. The people were kept busy helping to bandage the wounded and save the furniture from the burning houses. But there were others, not so weary of the work, who were strenuous to pile up barricades in every quarter where there was any possibility of their being attacked in turn. The *estaminets* and drinking-shops were thronged—the “Aigle,” for example—and the exploits of the day recounted, and precautions taken that the terrain so valiantly disputed should not be yielded a second time to the surprise of the foe without defence.

After the cessation of fire—that is to say, between ten and midnight—a proclamation was read at the Hotel de Ville to the roll of the drum, which contained a passage counselling the bourgeois to redouble their vigilance and to augment barricade by barricade: “Stones thrown from the windows achieved half the revolution of Paris.” This gave the cue to the patriots. In several districts water was boiling at once; gallons of quicklime were laid in; the wives of the workmen, mechanics, and day-labourers gathered their husbands’ biggest and weightiest tools, picks and crowbars, sledges and hammers; wheels, ladders, hogsheads, tables, barrels, and barrows were raised to garrets and high rooms. M. Juan van Halen—one of the Belgian family emigrated to Spain—was appointed General-in-Chief, and it was determined that the assault on the Park should be delivered on the following day, the close of the week.

At sunrise it was remarked that the Dutch troops guarded their positions intact, but had made some insignificant steps forward on the side of the streets of Namur, the Orangerie and Louvain. Prince Frederick’s cavalry were patrolling along the line of inner boulevards, ready to go to the assistance of the threatened points. At four o’clock, just as the first signs of dawn were pencilling the sky, a few musket-shots were heard. Some grenadiers, crawling out from the Park and the Palace, attempted to get possession of the Bellevue Hotel, whose defenders they imagined to be asleep. But Pellabon and Vereecken, with three men only, were on the alert and repulsed the enemy, forcing him to retreat after a loss of several. At six the fusillade recommenced to tuck of drum and the call of the alarm-bell to all men free, willing, and able to take up arms. At the Town House an offer of armistice was made on the part of Prince Frederick, but rejected, as it did not seem distinct. There was a want of frankness about it,

and accordingly it was received with suspicion. At ten two pieces of cannon arrived at a gallop in the Rue Ducale, unlimbered, and swept the ground with several discharges to the right and left of Wauxhall. At half-past ten the firing was redoubled, and the Park, the Rue Ducale, and the boulevards were wrapped in curtains of smoke. The houses trembled with the vibration, and the reports of the cannon drowned the clanging of the bells. The mortars behind the Prince of Orange’s palace were silent as if in a lethargy during the day; but a flying battery of the Hollanders, composed of six light pieces posted in the Park, revealed itself at the entrance of the alleys and vomited grape on the Belgian skirmishers, amid ferocious outcries. Soon the men of Liège raised impatient shouts that the Park should be attacked with the bayonet—that it mattered not how many were the enemies: it would be time enough to count them when they were dead. Their enthusiasm inflamed some who heard them, and a stripling from Waterloo, bearing the Brabant flag, penetrated the Park. A body of twenty brave fellows followed at his heels. But shortly they were decimated by cannon-shots and obliged to fall back; but the flag was planted anew on the barricade of Treurenberg. A large body of lancers—some say twelve squadrons—trotted about mid-day into the Rue Ducale, dismounted, and flung themselves into the palace of the States-General, occupied by the Dutch infantry, who stood in the most urgent need of reinforcement.

The fight was now maintained with obstinacy by the patriots. They were getting into the spirit of the thing, and vengeance sparkled in their eyes and flushed from their cheeks. The Dutch wounded sought refuge under every roof where they could obtain a shelter, and in their utter state of demoralisation themselves exaggerated their own casualties. Officers affirmed that half of the army had perished; that they had been shot from the windows of the Rue Royale without being able to see to reply; that, not having it in their power to carry away their dead, they had to cast their corpses into the wells in the Park; that the dressings were applied to the wounded in the three palaces, or they were transported to Vilvorde when that was possible; and that already since the opening of this fateful day forty waggons packed with poor wretches had left. The order to “Cease fire” was rung out by the Dutch buglers at three, in the Rue Ducale.

Down on the boulevards, towards the gate of

Namur, there was a fierce combat about noon. The volunteers had succeeded in mounting a piece of ordnance there, which was taken by an irruption of Dutch lancers but recaptured in turn by its own gunners, who lost two men before they could wrest it from the enterprising foe. In all the dwellings in this locality the fighting was bitter. The troops were driven by the skirmishing insurgents from every spot where they thought to ensure safety. This determined pursuit—the most implacable sort of warfare—was carried on, above all, on the boulevard of Waterloo, at the exterior walls of the Petits Carmes, at the Hotel d'Aremberg, and by the whole length of the Rue aux Carmes. Everywhere that the soldiers pushed in they smashed, looted, and tried to set fire to the houses. The truth was these regulars were having their heads turned in their rage, and were loosening and forgetting the bonds of discipline.

At the Place Royale the conflict was well sustained. Sharpshooters were stationed on the eaves of the houses commanding the Rue Royale. The volunteers from Liège, from the cover of ambuscades, kept up a fire on the palace and the park with their artillery, while the enemy's cannon did not cease to direct its assaults on the Hotel Belle Vue, from which Pellabon and Vereecken retorted on their ranks with well-aimed gun-shots. The travellers who had sought safety in the vaults of the hotel began to apprehend that the ceiling would crumble on them, or that it might take fire. Under the conduct of Pellabon they quitted their asylum, and traversed the Place Royale to find a refuge elsewhere. Midway a lady found herself ill, but the ready Vereecken lifted her on his broad shoulders, and bore her along in safety to the Palais de l'Industrie. Juan van Halen decided to form a column of attack on the Montagne de la Cour, and supported by the battery of Charlier, of the wooden leg—who was still here, there, and everywhere that his aid was most required—to attempt an entrance into the park. This attack did not succeed, although tried as one o'clock was nearing; but Charlier, acting under the orders of his superior, advanced his piece opposite the Amitié Coffee House, and pestered the enemy with such a pestilent shower of grape that he did not show his nose out of the fosses of the park. A heavy and drenching rain falling, and some inevitable disorders occurring, hindered the execution of a real bayonet attack. About two a battalion of grenadiers attempted to come out, but met by a well-nourished fire, was driven

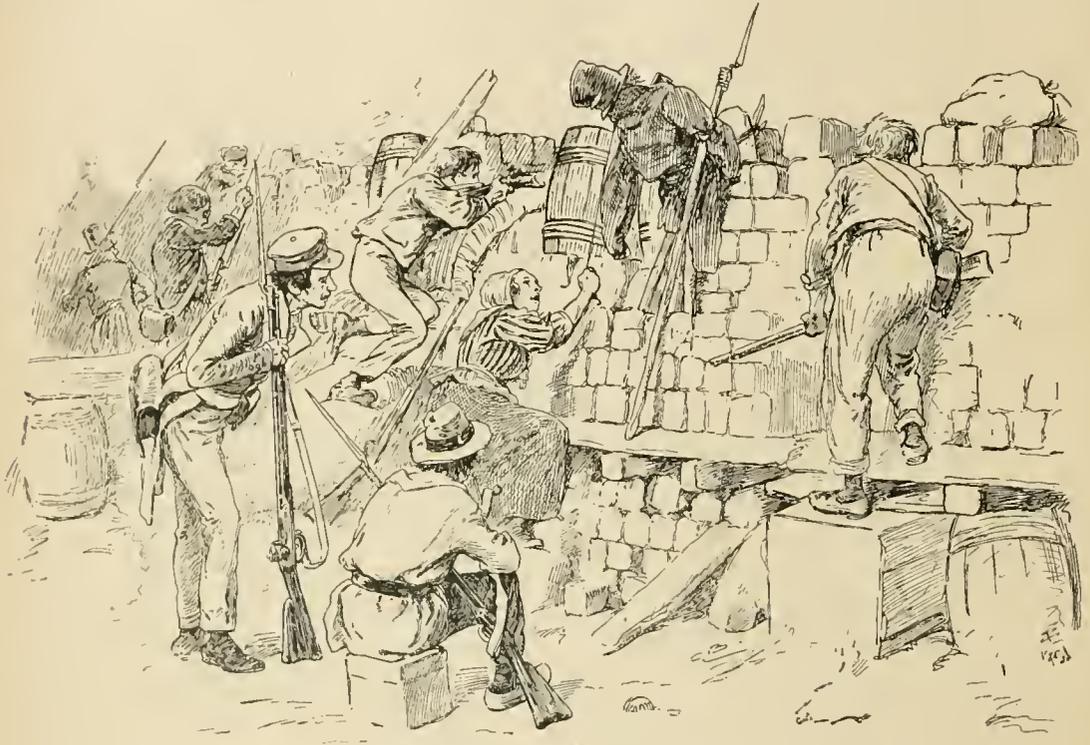
back without having been able to do more than reinforce its comrades, who held the staircase of the Library and some houses of the Rue Isabelle. One hundred and twenty of the Belgians were put *hors de combat* on this day, while the casualties of the Dutch were estimated at far more—it was reckoned that they lost nigh three hundred. Over sixty carts conveying wounded passed the gates of Louvain and Schaerbeek. The great hospitals of St. Pierre, St. Jean, and the Minimes were full at the close of the day's engagements. Those set up at the Chapels of Sainte Anne, of the Madeleine, and the Salazar had to close their doors against further inmates, their accommodation being strained to excess. Before night fell twenty-seven provisional ambulances were working.

Reinforcements began arriving from country towns in the evening; each contingent had a flag at its head, and each volunteer wore the initials of his commune on his cap. Volunteers from Nivelles recounted that the Communal Guard had fired upon their townsmen, slaying three, and wounding seventeen.

The Sabbath rose with the 26th, and from the morning the church bells rang for mass. The Park, which was the battle-ground, as if arranged, had a placid appearance after all the turbulence. Not a person was to be seen there. The Dutch skirmishers were immobile in the Rue Ducale. There was no change in the situation from previous days. Between eight and nine the enemy concentrated his reserves and brought together his artillery, as if about to undertake a twofold attack on the Place and the Rue Royale. His lines were marked by a screen of tirailleurs, to catch the notice of the patriots who were holding themselves in preparation to check the enemy, at the entrance to the Rue Royale. Their volunteers were hidden in the houses or hotels opposite the Park, and were not to fire until they had received a signal. They were strongly posted at the Belle Vue Hotel, the Amitié Coffee House, and Benard's establishment. Pellabon and Vereecken, of Brussels, took up their station there, while the volunteers from Wavre and Gosselies lay in ambush anear, their muskets at the ready. One of them—M. de Lescaille, of Wavre, a very keen sportsman, who had acquired quite a local renown as a dead shot—placed himself in the gutters of the Belle Vue, and laid low to his own trigger more than twenty Dutch grenadiers as they popped their heads out of the ravine of the park. Three of his friends kept him supplied with loaded

muskets as they were wanted: this fortunate fellow escaped with a slight wound. At ten the fracas became terrible in the Rue Royale. The skirmishers with the cannon posted in the Rue Ducale kept up a constant crepitation across the Park, and particularly in the lateral alleys.

was pulled out of range. As the shades of evening descended the barricade was deserted, but the Hollanders cautiously approached it, and incontinently ran as they descried the *mannequins* on the watch. In the Rue du Marais, and elsewhere, the same ruse was employed, and



"EACH TIME THE ENEMY FIRED, THE HEAD OF THE FIGURE WAS LOWERED WITH A CORD."

About mid-day M. Pletinckx, chief-of-the-staff, who held his own stubbornly with a single gun in the barracks of the Annonciades, advanced alone as a *parlementaire*, in the Rue de Louvain. He was arrested and led prisoner to the headquarters of the prince, and sent thence to Antwerp. At the elbow where the Rue de l'Orangerie intersects the Rue de Louvain a barricade was raised, which by an artful device held the soldiers in check. The bourgeois, aided by women, mostly wives of workmen, managed to make two puppets of straw, after the fashion of the effigy of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November in London: these they stuck up, dressed like scarecrows, on the edge of the barricade, and each time the enemy fired, the head of the figure was lowered with a cord. These combatants of straw, who were the butt of the enemy's discharges, kept the soldiers diverted by the belief that they had knocked over an antagonist each time that the make-believe head

with a similar success. In the morning the skirmishers, pursued by a battalion, descended the boulevard of Schaerbeek, and were obliged to set fire to the bridge of the Senne to defend and maintain themselves at the two barricades of the Rue St. Pierre. The Dutch soldiers enkindled the houses at the corner of the Schaerbeek street and the boulevard, and about two o'clock, as the flames did not spread rapidly enough to their taste, they carried torches to them separately; then, posted in the Botanical Garden, they kept up a continual fusillade to prevent aid from being carried to the victims of the fire. Eighteen new houses were a prey to the flames, and sixteen were completely burned: the fire continued far into the night. About six in the evening the shells from the rear of the palace of the Prince of Orange fired the buildings of the city stables, in the Rue des Douze-Apôtres. The conflagration spread with great rapidity, as there were 7,000 trusses of hay or straw stocked

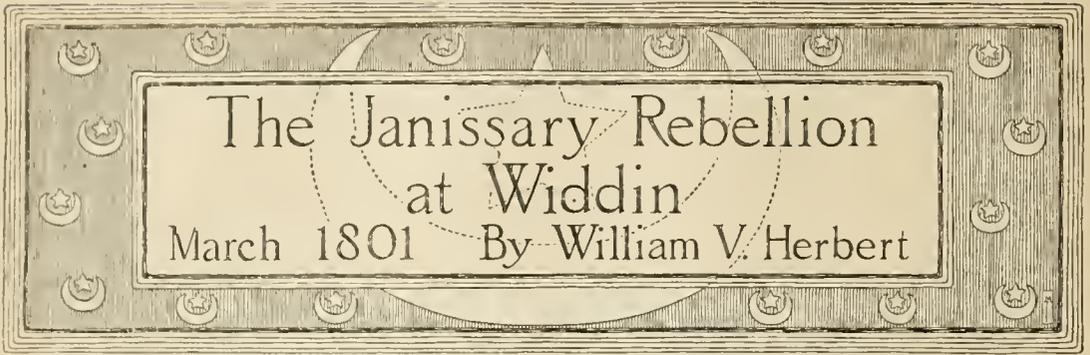
there : the halters had to be cut from the horses, who forthwith started out in terror from their heated and flame-encircled stables. The Belle Vue Hotel and the Amiti  Caf  were occupied by a battery of guns which enfiladed the outlet from the Park, and a piece was held in reserve at the Metal Bridge. Three of the volunteers of Leuze presented themselves as messengers at the foremost of the enemy's barricades, the officer telling them they need have no fear. One of them then summoned the Dutch troops to surrender. The officer refused ; and as the *parlementaires* retired, a round of grape was sent at them at thirty yards without effect. Firing began again in the Rue Royale, and at nine the discharges on both sides were thin, as if the powder was being husbanded. At ten the cannon of the Hollanders made its voice heard, and the left set itself in motion, and the skirmishers advanced in front of the Park, but the general discharge from the Belgian lines compelled them to retreat ; at the same time the volunteers at the Belle Vue Hotel hindered the deployment by a quick fire on the first under-works of the Park. Lurid masses of smoke appeared towards the left, the Hotel de

Torrington was burned to dislodge the Dutch, their grenadiers were chased, and the Rue Royale was in the power of the Revolution. The battery of *obusiers* at the palace of the Prince of Orange resumed the bombardment at noon, but without result. It was a terrible spectacle in the Park : blood streamed in the alleys, corpses were prone here and there, hardly covered with a few leaves ; branches of trees, statues, and railings hampered paths ; here was a barricade of benches, there a redoubt, heaped from half a dozen dead horses. The houses were riddled with shot and bullets, and everywhere floated the flag of Brabant—pledge of success and liberty.

This was the most murderous day's work yet—there was more desperation and contempt for death. Two hundred patriots fell, and were interred in the Place St. Michel, which took the name of the Place of Martyrs ; the losses of the enemy were counted at thrice the number. Seeing themselves in peril of being surrounded, the Hollanders stole away at four in the morning of Monday, abandoning the walls. The fight in the capital was over ; the victory of Belgian Independence was assured.



THE PARK, BRUSSELS.



WHEN I was in the quaint old city of Widdin, on the Danube, in the year of war, 1877, I used to ask, with the triple curiosity of a stranger, a soldier, and a youngster, many such questions as these: Who built this bazaar? Who laid down that street? Who erected this formidable bastion or planned that gun-spiked quay? Whose work is this handsome mosque or yonder fine drinking-fountain? Who endowed the college of law and divinity and founded the public library? Who created that—in a hot summer—thrice-blessed institution the free ice-factory? A hundred more such questions might I quote without once varying the answer, which was, in each case, without exception: "Pasvan Oglu," until I was tempted—after the analogy of Mark Twain's *Innocent Abroad*—to cry out: "Cut it short, and say, once for all: Who created the world?"—"Pasvan Oglu." And, sooth to say, popular sentiment in that ancient and storm-buffed city had hallowed the very name to such an extent that many a good Mohammedan verily believed that it was he, the dead man, who commanded the nightingales to sing so divinely in the leafy shadows of that lonely graveyard, the broad blue Danube to yield its unfathomable wealth of silver-sheen fish, the flowers to bloom luxuriantly in the fertile marshes beyond the weather-beaten city-wall.

"Who was Pasvan Oglu?" is the reader's pertinent question. He was many things: a good citizen, an able governor, a great warrior, the protector of the poor and the oppressed, a man with a big heart and a full purse, a loyal friend to cherish and a terrible foe to contend against, for seven years pasha of Widdin, and the hero of the Janissary Rebellion of 1801, the central episode of which—the great battle of

Widdin—constitutes the earliest noteworthy bellicose action of the present century, and the subject of this humble memoir.

Pasvan Oglu was the scion of a family of grandees of purest Tartar blood. His ancestors had "come over with the Conqueror," to apply this well-worn phrase to Turkey—that is, they had been among the first Ottoman invaders of the Balkan Peninsula, and his grandsire in the twelfth generation had helped the Sultan, Bayazid I., to conquer Widdin in 1398. Since that sanguinary event the family had lived in the city, and had acquired great wealth, local influence, and a reputation extending far beyond the boundaries of the pashalik. Pasvan Oglu (Oglu means son) was the son of Pasvan, who had been, about the year 1770, pasha of Widdin, and at that period our hero saw the light of day. He fought, as a youngster, with distinction in the war of 1788 to 1791 between Turkey on the one hand and Russia and Austria on the other. When peace was made he returned to his native city and "waited for something to turn up," the something fervently expected being the chance to employ once more his arms, and with a better personal result to his ambitious nature.

Now, there reigned in Stamboul at that time Sultan Selim III., who, like his predecessors on the tottering Turkish throne, had the ardent desire to abolish the corps of Janissaries, but differed from them in so far as he lacked not the courage to carry his intention into execution. Consequently, he decreed (about 1795) that the Janissaries be for ever done away with, by Imperial will and command. But this did not at all suit the other party interested, the Janissaries, who were almighty in the empire, were the real masters of the situation, and had ever been in the habit of making and unmaking pashas, princes, commanders, and even sultans, according to their own sweet will and pleasure.

The Janissaries, the professional soldiers of Turkey, formed at that time the country's standing army, and numbered some two hundred thousand men, all trained, disciplined, equipped, with a magnificent *esprit de corps*, renowned and feared throughout Europe for their bravery and their dash in attack, hated for their cruelty, execrated even by their own compatriots for their unscrupulousness and lawlessness. The two centres of this powerful body of men were Constantinople and Belgrade. The latter was the capital of the Western Janissaries, who numbered about eighty thousand, and were distributed over Servia, Herzegovina, Bosnia, and the Western portions of Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, and Macedonia.

Pasvan Oglu saw his chance. He identified himself with the Janissary movement, and from all parts of the country the proscribed soldiers flocked to Widdin. The sultan declared Pasvan and his followers to be outlaws; Pasvan responded by having his own name enrolled among the Janissaries. He collected an army of fifty thousand men, and, backed by the feeling of force, addressed a demand to the sultan to the effect that henceforth the pashalik of Widdin be semi-independent, like Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripolis, and Tunis, and that he, Pasvan Oglu, be acknowledged as Pasha of Widdin, with the distinction—the highest in the empire—of three horsetails. Needless to say, the sovereign declined peremptorily and contemptuously, and Pasvan Oglu, in the year 1797, announced the independence of Widdin from Stamboul, called himself Kral (king), and actually had the audacity to declare war upon his lawful liege and master. The latter collected an army of a hundred thousand men to subdue the rebellious vassal, and entrusted its command to the Fanariot, Michael Sutsos, Hospodar of the Danube Principalities (Moldavia and Wallachia, the present Roumania). The Sutsos are a renowned and ancient family of Greek nobles, which has produced many distinguished men.

The Fanariots, the Christian Greeks of Stamboul, were thus named after the Turkish word *Fenar*, meaning lighthouse, from the fact that at one time they had been the Turkish equivalent of the Trinity Brethren of England. Originally slaves, they had risen in the empire to enormous wealth and influence, the latter equalled only by that of the Janissaries. Indeed, it may be justly said that at that period, and until Mahmoud II. exterminated that all-powerful Prætorian Guard by sword and fire in the streets of Stamboul

(1826) and, simultaneously, the Hellenic war of liberation proved disastrous to the influence of the Greek subjects of the Porte, the Sultanic crown was suffered to be only by reason of the rivalry and the jealousy that existed between the two dominant factors of the empire—the Janissaries and the Fanariots—either of which was strong enough to kick the quaking throne of the Ottoman sultans into eternity, but was debarred and prevented therefrom by the other. And this is not by any means the only occasion in modern history that a monarchy has been kept alive by the rivalry of opposing factions. But whereas the power of the Janissaries lay in terror and physical force, that of the Fanariots consisted of the subtle but far more dangerous influence of cunning courtiership, intrigue, and diplomacy.

The third mighty factor in Oriental affairs—the harem, with its concomitants of eunuchs and petticoat pashas—had not acquired, at that time of blood and iron, the sly but tremendous influence which it exercises in these latter degenerate days of jabber and "soft soap."

At about the beginning of the present century the Fanariots were at the zenith of their power. Certain high offices were always filled from among their ranks, one of these being the post of Hospodar (or Vice-Regent) of the Danube principalities. Michael Sutsos, the newly-appointed commander-in-chief of the Imperial army, held this dignity. His troops consisted for the most part of the native soldiers of his domain. He had also some battalions of the Stamboul Janissaries, who had remained faithful to their sovereign, and a large number of levies among the loyal Turkish populace. Both sides had in their ranks many adventurous vagabonds and outcasts—Austrians, Italians, Germans, Englishmen—for the French Revolution had fired the world; the First Consul was full to repletion of military projects and enterprise; Europe formed coalitions against the impertinent upstart; France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, Sweden, England were all busily engaged in warfare: in short, this whole miserable little globe of ours wallowed in blood.

Michael Sutsos and his great army marched slowly Danube upwards, the bulk on the right, a small detachment on the left bank, and as they proceeded they ate the country bare, behaving like enemies in a conquered land, and leaving desolation and famine in their wake.

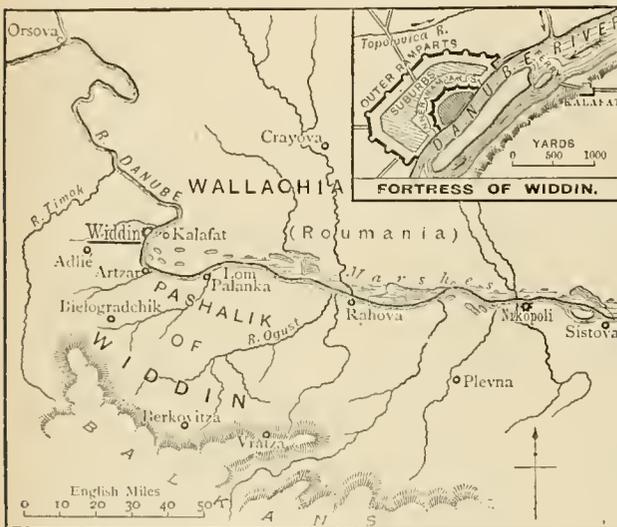
Pasvan Oglu did not wait to be attacked in Widdin. He had a fine and well-entrenched

position some fifteen miles below his capital, on the right bank, near the spot where the Danube turns westward, whilst on the opposite shore Calafat was occupied and fortified. The collision took place in March, 1801, and resulted in the crushing defeat of the Imperial army.

By a lucky chance, the present author has obtained an interesting document, which for nearly a hundred years had lain dormant between lavender and rosemary, among letters, the paper of which has darkened to a deep yellow and the ink faded to a like hue with age, and with many other sentimental mementoes of the past, in an oaken box belonging to some good housewife in a German city. The document

among which were many thousands of irregular horsemen, the peasantry of the province.

The first encounter took place near Artzar. The vanguard of the Imperials, attacked both in front and in the left flank, was "rolled up." The Janissaries, true to their traditions, disdained to wait for the orthodox "preparation by artillery," but rushed to the attack at full speed and with fixed bayonets, uttering their well-worn battle-cries: "Bismillah!" (In the name of God), "Allah Akbar!" (God is great), "Inshallah!" (Please God), and other phrases from sacred writings. In accordance with an old custom, they carried their cooking vessels into combat, the big company-copper being the most sacred of their emblems—like the standard of our modern regiments—to defend which whole *ortas* (the tactical units of the Janissary, of five hundred men each) would lay down their lives cheerfully. Before such a wild-cat rush the raw levies of the Imperial army were as banks of sand to the swell of the incoming tide, and crumbled away. The vanguard was almost annihilated, and the front portion of the main body was routed, battalions by battalions, as they came up in marching order, whilst the Janissaries were in battle formation, which gave them a tremendous advantage. But toward the centre of the column the assailants encountered the best troops of which the Hospodar disposed—the Stamboul Janissaries and the Imperial Guards—who made so brave a stand



—an epistle written by a young German of the international vagabond type to his mother—describes fully the battle of Widdin of 1801, in which he, the writer, took part on the Imperial side.

The quaint and shrewd observations in this letter fill much of what was hitherto a complete blank in the records of history; and for most of the following details the author has drawn upon the contents of the said epistle.

In the early morning Pasvan Oglu's mounted outposts, who for weeks had scoured the country, brought the news of the approach of the long-expected Imperial army. Pasvan rightly conjectured that his best chance lay in attacking the enemy before he had recovered from the fatigues of the march and formed for battle; consequently, he left his camp in charge of a small detachment, and sallied forth with the bulk of his force,

that Pasvan Oglu's forces received a decided check, which almost threatened to become fatal. The rebels were thrust back as far as their camp, and whilst behind their trenches they restored the lines and formations, the Imperial army had leisure—the first during the day—to deploy and shape itself into solid battle array.

This happened about noon. So far, the combat had been between infantry: the cavalry had done little, whilst the cannon on both sides had hardly fired a shot, for the rebels had left the greater part of their ordnance behind in their camp, and the Imperial artillery, forming the central portion of the march-column, had never had the chance to deploy and enter into action. But now, as the slowly approaching Imperials came within range, both parties let loose a hailstorm of bombs and shells, and when this had lasted for an hour or so the two forces, each



"THE JANISSARIES RUSHED TO THE ATTACK AT FULL SPEED AND WITH FIXED BAYONETS" (p. 432)

forming a compact mass, a solid whole, came into awful collision. There was no pretence of tactical science, no display of cunning and skill; it was simply a furious rivalry for mastership. The rebels struggled for their existence; the Imperials fought—or imagined that they did, which is much the same thing—for the integrity of the empire. For many hours the combat swayed to and fro from one part of the vast battlefield to another; now forward, now backward went the lines; now to the left, now to the right spread the tumultuous devilry; now this side, now the other had the best of it. Finally, towards dusk, a last and desperate rush of Pasvan Oglu's best Ortas spread disorder among the Sultanic ranks, and the battle—which had lasted from dawn to sunset with only one brief interruption—ended not only in the defeat but practically in the annihilation of Michael Sutsos's army.

Meanwhile, a battle of its own, equally furious and sanguinary though on a smaller scale, had been fought on the other side of the river, near Calafat. Here the positions of assailant and defender were reversed: the right flank column of the Imperial army had the offence, and Pasvan Oglu's detachment in charge of Calafat had enough to do to hold the place. Again and again the Roumanian levies charged, but the stolid tenacity of the rebels was not to be denied.

When toward the close of the day, messengers in swift boats brought tidings from the other bank, the Janissaries sallied forth, and here, too, the majority of the Imperial troops perished, the rest dispersed. Many hundreds were drowned when trying to cross the river in order to gain the fancied protection of the larger body on the other side.

I have confined myself to the broad outlines of the battle, and even these I cannot affirm to be positively accurate, since these events are treated with scant attention in the records of history. My most diligent search has revealed the deplorable fact that five volumes out of ten—good, standard works—make the barest mention of Pasvan Oglu and his rebellion, while the rest ignore both man and incident completely. What I have stated above is gathered from that German letter, preserved for nearly a century in sweet-smelling dried herbs, and from tradition, such as I ascertained by intercourse with the natives of Widdin in 1877, when it was fresh and strong among them.

The Turkish records are quite silent. "The Turks write inflated bombast and call it history," says Moltke. Civil war and defeat do not lend

themselves to the enunciation of cheap sentiment and pothouse valour; therefore, *conticuere omnes*. Moreover, the words "Yeni Seri" ("new troops," corrupted by European writers into "Janissaries" and the like) were cursed in 1826 by the Sultan Mahmoud II. with a solemn and awful anathema, and are banished for ever from all Turkish books, records, and prints.

For campaigning purposes, the Imperial army was wiped out. On either side no quarter had been asked or given. Thirty thousand Imperials and 20,000 rebels are said to have been slain, which would mean a loss of exactly one-third of the fighting forces—an occurrence almost without a precedent in the whole history of warfare; and granted even that these figures are somewhat exaggerated, we cannot doubt but that the battle was of the most sanguinary description. The whole immense train of the Imperial army and almost its entire artillery—over a hundred pieces—fell to the victors. The ordnance Pasvan Oglu utilised for placing Widdin—already a formidable stronghold—into a thorough state of defence.

What was the result of this terrible civil strife? Simply that Selim III. was left without an army, and that Pasvan Oglu was master of the situation. This he proceeded to demonstrate *ad oculos*.

Tainted as he was with the predominant malady of his time—love of bloodshed—and imbued still with the good old Turkish notion as to the rights and privileges of victors and conquerors, he made it terribly manifest to the country at large that he had the upper hand. First he crossed the Danube with a large following, and devastated Wallachia as far as, and including, Crayova in the most thorough-paced and ultra-Turkish fashion. Then he returned to his own side, and did the same kind office to Bulgaria. Downstream his troops marched, with death and ruin in their train. Rahova, Plevna, Sistova, and many other towns were conquered and sacked, and finally Pasvan actually besieged, stormed, and destroyed the Danube fortress, Nikopoli, one of Turkey's finest and most renowned strongholds.

The whole country was literally aflame; everywhere anarchy, murder, and arson reigned supreme, and Stamboul was totally helpless. At last Selim III. offered peace (end of 1801), consenting to the continuance of the Janissaries, granting his enemy the pashalik of Widdin for life, with the coveted three horsetails, and promising complete oblivion of all that had happened and unconditional amnesty to all who

had participated in the revolt, entreating, as sole counter-claim, that Pasvan Oglu should nominally acknowledge his (the sultan's) suzerainty. The rebel acquiesced, returned quietly to Widdin, dismissed his troops, laid down his battered arms for ever, and henceforth devoted himself exclusively to the welfare of his native city, to which he was attached with the most tender and—in such a man—quite incomprehensible affection. The Janissaries withdrew to Belgrade and their other homes, and the Widdin citizens, who had all along been in complete sympathy with the rebels, acclaimed Pasvan Oglu, with much pride, pomp, and circumstance, as their leader and governor.

Both parties to the contract kept their bargain honourably: Pasvan Oglu never again rebelled against or quarrelled with Stamboul, and was at all times quite willing to acknowledge freely the sovereignty of the sultan, although he was shrewd enough to take care that in practice he was independent; while Selim III. forgave everybody and everything. The destroyed homesteads and hamlets, towns and villages, were rebuilt, and the fugitive survivors of the Imperial army returned to their homes and their occupations. Thus ended this singular revolution, the total cost of which in human life must have been close upon a hundred thousand beings, whilst the material loss to the commonwealth of the nation is simply inestimable.

For six years Pasvan Oglu reigned as Pasha of Widdin, wisely and well, respected and beloved by his subjects, feared by his enemies, almost worshipped by the poor. His pashalik extended from the Ogust in the east to the Timok in the west, and from the Danube in the north to the Balkans in the south. He kept a regal court, dispensed a sumptuous hospitality, and lavished his great wealth with a free hand. He made many important concessions to the oppressed Rayabs, who in return served and obeyed him with a never-failing loyalty; he was *persona grata* with the Jews, because of the tremendous increase in the trade and the prosperity of Widdin, brought about by his wise measures; and that his co-religionists venerated him goes without saying. He had a perfect mania for building, introducing many Western innovations; and, unlike British speculators of these latter days, he did not attempt to shift the responsibility on the shoulders of poor deluded dupes, but paid for his passion out of his own pocket in solid coin. Although the most orthodox of Turks and a bigoted Moslem, he was quick to see and ready

to adopt the advantages of European culture and civilisation. He never lost sight of what is due to one's native land, and made Widdin so formidable a fortress that in the great wars of the century (1828, 1853, 1877) the city was one of the mainstays of the empire, and proved to be impregnable.

Although in reality the last of the grand pashas in the old style, with their semi-autonomy and their courts of barbaric splendour, with their affection for the time-honoured turban and their hatred of the new-fangled fez (which two headgears were at that time the symbols of conservatism and progress in Turkey), he was also the first of the succession of the wise modern pashas who have governed that city so well, until, in 1878, the Turkish reign in Widdin came to a close.

With his rigid affection for the old and his lavish introduction of the new, his love and aptitude for war, and his splendid *régime* in peace; his reign of terror and devastation when a foe, and his heart that would melt, his eyes that would swim, his pockets that would open, at the appeal of the most pitiful beggar, of the most despised and abject Christian "dog"—he was made up of contrasts. The man was a living paradox, but that made him what he was: a factor that helped to shape the history of his country. The influence for good of a single man—of a single deed of such a one—will sometimes spread over empires and last through decades; and I, in Widdin, seventy years after his death, felt the influence, in every hour that I spent within the city gates, of Pasvan Oglu, the last of the great Janissary leaders.

Pasvan died in 1807, in the zenith of his power and popularity, worshipped throughout a province. He was buried within the city walls, in the luxuriant vegetation of a peaceful little graveyard attached to his favourite mosque. There I saw his tombstone in 1877—a simple column crowned by a turban—and thither pious Moslems used to make leisurely pilgrimages in the cool of the evening. But the old order of things changed, and the Bulgarian Government made away with that humble memento of a great man and a stormy period.

By his revolt, Pasvan Oglu had saved the time-honoured institution of the Janissaries; but only for a while. It found its end in 1826 in the streets of the capital at the hands of Sultan Mahmoud II., amid incredible horrors, the like of which modern history has, happily, not often to record.



AFTER the defeat of the French at Leipzig, on the 16th and 18th of October, 1813, and the consequent advance of the allied armies towards the Rhine, the Emperor Napoleon found himself compelled to withdraw a considerable number of his troops from Holland and the Low Countries. Seizing this opportunity, the Dutch resolved to make an attempt to free themselves from the yoke of France; and on the 15th of November the inhabitants of Amsterdam rose *en masse*, with the cry of "*Orange Boven!*" hoisted the Orange flag, and proclaimed the Stadtholder. The example of the Dutch capital was quickly followed by other towns, and in a few days the long-oppressed Hollanders were in open revolt.

On receiving intelligence of this rising, the British Government decided to afford material assistance to the Dutch, both in asserting their independence and in driving the remainder of the French troops from their country; so an expedition was organised, and several regiments received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

This expedition, which consisted of some 8,000 men, including three battalions of the Foot Guards, was placed under the command of General Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), who had just recovered from an illness, on account of which he had been invalided home from the Peninsula.

The Guards' Brigade sailed from Greenwich on the 24th of November, and, disembarking at Scheveling early in December, marched to The Hague. Having seen the Prince of Orange firmly re-established on his throne, the Guards proceeded to Willemstad, and on the 6th of January, 1814, they reached Steenberg— which lies a few miles north of Bergen-op-Zoom—where Sir Thomas Graham was enabled

to effect a junction with the allied troops cantoned on his left at Oudenbosch and Breda.

The weather at this time was very inclement, and the British soldiers suffered severely from the bitter cold.

Early in January, 1814, the French had assembled all their available forces at Antwerp, and, after various movements, Sir Thomas Graham, in concert with the Prussian general, Bülow, made an attack, on the 2nd of February, on Mexem, with the object of moving against Antwerp. The village of Braachstad was quickly captured, and next day batteries were erected and fire opened; but, unfortunately, the mortars and ammunition, which had been brought from Willemstad, proved so defective that after three days the troops returned to their cantonments. The investment of Antwerp was, however, continued.

While investing Antwerp, General Graham conceived a scheme for carrying, by a *coup de main*, the important fortress-town of Bergen-op-Zoom, which was held by a strong French garrison.

Bergen-op-Zoom, a fortified town of old Dutch Brabant, is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and derives its name from the little river Zoom, which, after supplying the defences with water, discharges itself into the Scheldt. It lies some five leagues north of Antwerp, and seven south-west of Breda. The old channel of the Zoom, into which the tide flows towards the centre of the town, forms the harbour, and is nearly dry at low water. There were four principal entrances into the town—three by land, through the Steenberg Gate in the north face of the fortifications, the Antwerp Gate in the south face, and the New Gate in the east face; and one by a canal—which communicated with the river Scheldt, and, in fact, formed a part of the harbour—through the

Waterport Gate, in the west face. The fortress was garrisoned by 5,000 or 6,000 French troops, under command of General Bizonet, a very able officer.

Sir Thomas Graham and his colleagues calculated that the severe frost would prevent the sluices from being used to raise or lower the water, and that the ice in the ditches of the fortress would only be partially broken; so Sir Thomas determined to carry into execution his plan, which was certainly a daring one, and well considered.

Graham's command had recently received reinforcements — including a strong draft for the Guards' Brigade; the 4th Battalion 1st Royal Scots, which had marched from the north of Germany, and was cantoned at Rosendal; and the 2nd Battalion Royal North British Fusiliers, stationed at Tholen.

Having decided on the attack, Sir Thomas lost no time in making the necessary arrangements, and on the 8th of March 4,000 troops were detached from the army investing Antwerp, and marched secretly to the neighbourhood of Bergen-op-Zoom. This force was told off into four "columns of attack," as follow:—

1st Column. — Detachments of the Guards' Brigade (1,000), under Colonel Lord Proby, 2nd Battalion 1st Foot Guards.

2nd Column. — 33rd (600), 55th (250), and 2nd Battalion 69th Foot* (350), under Lieutenant-Colonel Morice, 69th Foot.

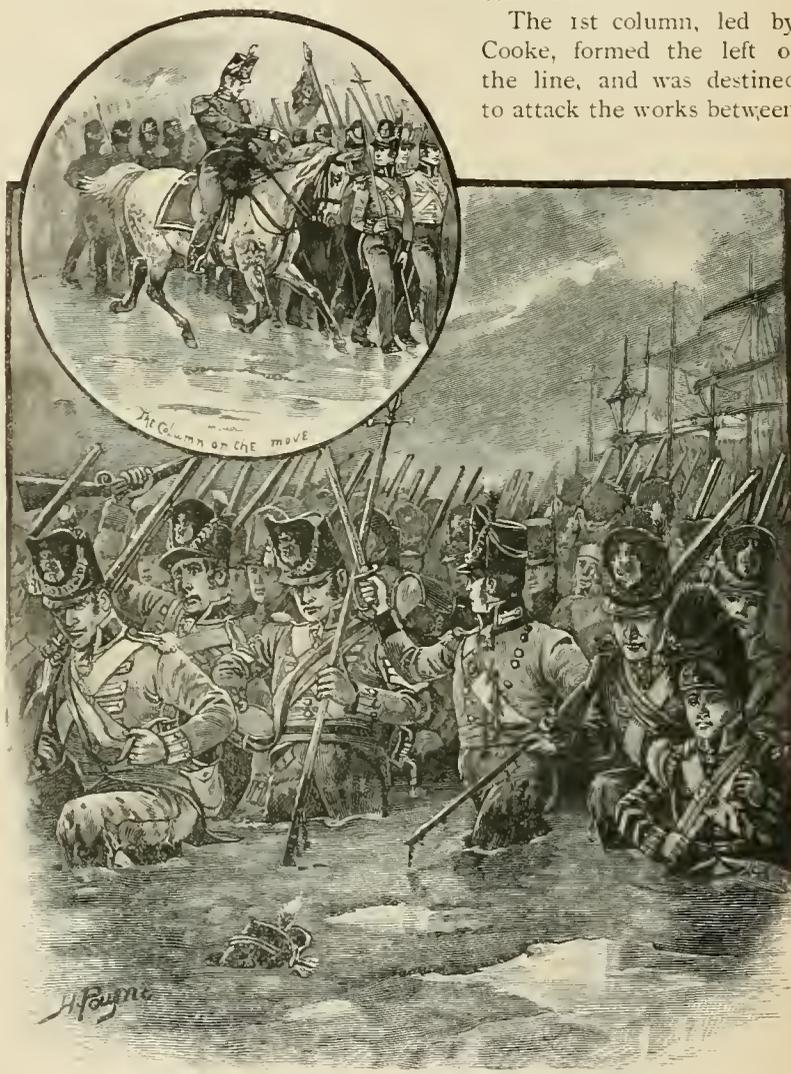
* *The 2nd Battalion 69th Foot.* — This battalion was raised in 1803, and disbanded in 1816 or 1817. The 69th is now known as the 2nd Battalion the Welsh Regiment.

3rd Column.—2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers (100), 37th (150), and 2nd Battalion 91st Foot (400), under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, 21st Fusiliers.

4th Column.—Flank Companies of the 21st and 37th (200), 4th Battalion Royal Scots (600), and 2nd Battalion 44th Foot (300), under Brigadier-General Gore and Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable G. Carleton, accompanied by Major-General Skerrett.

Major-General George Cooke was in supreme command.

The 1st column, led by Cooke, formed the left of the line, and was destined to attack the works between



"WE GOT INTO SOME CONFUSION IN LABOURING THROUGH THIS HORRIBLE SLOUGH" (A. 438).

—*The 2nd Battalion 21st Royal North British Fusiliers* (now Royal Scots Fusiliers), raised in Ayrshire in 1804, and disbanded in 1816.—*The 2nd Battalion 91st Foot*, raised in 1804 and disbanded in 1816. The 91st (raised as the 98th) is now styled the "1st Battalion Princess

the Waterport and Antwerp Gates. The 2nd column was to attack the right of the New Gate; while the 3rd column made a feint on the Steenberg Gate, to call off the attention of the enemy from the more serious attacks, and to be disposable according to circumstances. The 4th—or right—column, accompanied by the gallant Skerrett—the former temporary Brigadier of the Guards in the Peninsula—was to force the entrance of the harbour, which was fordable at low water.

A detachment of the Royal Sappers and Miners—about forty men in all—provided with axes, saws, crowbars, and a few scaling-ladders, was distributed between the four columns.

As soon as the 1st (Guards) and 4th columns gained an entrance to the fortress, they were to push along the ramparts, and, having effected a junction, proceed to clear them of the enemy and assist the other attacks.

Such was the general plan of attack: we shall now see how it was carried out.

The hour for the assault was fixed for 10.30 on the night of the 8th of March, and at that hour the four columns advanced.

We will first follow the movements of the 4th column, of which the following graphic account is given by a subaltern officer of the 21st Fusiliers, who, having missed his own regiment, attached himself to the Royal Scots, and thereby came in for the very hottest of the fighting:—

"We had all become thoroughly sick of the monotony of our duties at Tholen," writes this young officer in the *United Service Journal* for 1830, "when we received orders to march the next day (the 8th March, 1814). As the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom which took place that evening was, of course, kept a profound secret, the common opinion was that we were destined for Antwerp, where the other

division of the army had already had some fighting.

"It was nearly dark when we arrived at the village of Halsteren, which is only three or four miles from Bergen-op-Zoom, where we took up our quarters for the night. On the distribution of billets to the officers, I received one upon a farmhouse about a mile in the country, where I was presently joined by four or five officers of the 4th Battalion Royal Scots, who told me that they believed an attempt to surprise Bergen-op-Zoom would be made that night.

"Learning from my new acquaintances that the grenadier company of their battalion, which was commanded by an old friend of mine (Lieutenant Allan Robertson) whom I had not seen for some years, was only about a mile further off, I thought I should have time to see him and join my regiment before they marched, should they be sent to the attack. However, the party of the Royal Scots whom I accompanied lost their way from their ignorance of the road, and we in consequence made a long circuit, during which I heard from an aide-de-camp, who passed us, that the 21st were on their march to attack the place in another quarter from us.

"In these circumstances I was exceedingly puzzled what course to take: if I went in search of my regiment, I had every chance of missing them in the night, being quite ignorant of the roads. Knowing that the Royal Scots would be likely to head one of the assaulting columns, from the number of the regiment, I took what I thought to be the surest plan, by attaching myself to the grenadier company of the Royal Scots under my gallant friend.

"After mustering the men, we marched to the general *rendezvous* of the regiments forming the 4th column: the Royal Scots led the column, followed by the other regiments according to their number. As everything depended on our taking the enemy by surprise, the strictest orders were given to observe a profound silence on the march.

"When we had proceeded some way we fell in with a picket, commanded by Captain Darrah, of the 21st Fusiliers, who was mustering his men to proceed to the attack. Thinking that our regiment must pass his post on their way to the false attack, he told me to remain with him until they came up. I, in consequence, waited some time, but, hearing nothing of the regiment and losing patience, I gave him the slip in the dark, and ran on until I regained my place with the grenadier company of the Royal Scots."

On nearing the point of attack, the column

Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." *The 2nd Battalion 37th Foot* (now "1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment"), raised in 1811 and disbanded in 1815-16.—*The 4th Battalion 1st Foot, or "Royal Scots,"* embodied at Hamilton, North Britain, on Christmas Day, 1804, and disbanded at Dover on the 24th of March, 1816. This ancient regiment, which traces its origin to the Scots Guards in the service of the king of France in 882, was in 1684 styled the "Royal Regiment of Foot," and some years later was numbered the 1st of the British Line. In 1812 it was styled the 1st or "Royal Scots," and in 1821 the "Royal Regiment." The designation "Royal Scots" was restored to the regiment in 1871, and it is now known as the "Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment)."—*The 2nd Battalion 44th Foot,* raised in Ireland in 1803-4, and disbanded at Dover early in 1816. The 44th is now known as the "1st Battalion the Essex Regiment."

crossed the Tholen-dike, and entered the bed of the Zoom, through which our troops had to make their way before reaching the wet ditch. It was terrible work pushing through the thick deep mud of the river : the men sank nearly to their waists, and as they advanced, fell into some confusion—the various companies getting mixed up. Many poor fellows were trodden down and smothered in the mud, but the more fortunate pressed on, and a considerable portion of the column succeeded in passing through this veritable “Slough of Despond,” and entered the ditch.

So far the French garrison had not taken alarm, but now some thoughtless men raised a cheer, probably to encourage their comrades. General Skerrett, who was at the head of the column, was furious with rage, and passed word to the rear for strict silence to be observed. Unfortunately, the mischief was done : that one cheer had alarmed the garrison, who at once opened the sluices and sent a torrent of water down upon their assailants, while almost at the same moment a brilliant firework was displayed upon the ramparts, showing up every object as clear as if it were daylight.

In spite of this, General Skerrett, with a good number of his men, cleared the bed of the river, and gained the ditch.

“The point at which we entered,” continues the Fusilier officer, “was a bastion to the right of the harbour, from one of the angles of which a row of high palisades was carried through the ditch. To enable us to pass the water, some scaling-ladders had been sunk to support us in proceeding along the palisades, over which we had to climb with each other’s assistance. So great were the obstacles we met with, that had not the attention of the enemy fortunately (or rather most judiciously) been distracted by the false attack under Lieut.-Col. Henry it appeared quite impossible for us to have effected an entrance at this point.

“While we were proceeding forward in this manner, Colonel Muller of the Royal Scots was clambering along the tops of the palisades, calling to those who had got the start of him to endeavour to open the Waterport Gate and let down the drawbridge to our right ; but no one, in the hurry of the moment, seemed to hear him. On getting near enough, I told him I should effect it, if it was possible.

“We met with but trifling resistance on gaining the rampart : the enemy being panic struck, fled to the streets and houses in the town, from

which they kept up a pretty smart fire upon us for some time. I got about twenty soldiers of different regiments to follow me to the Waterport Gate, which we found closed. It was constructed of thin paling, with an iron bar across it about three inches in breadth. Being without tools of any kind, we made several ineffectual attempts to open the gate : at last, retiring a few paces, we made a rush at it in a body, when the iron bar snapped in the middle like a bit of glass. Some of my people got killed and wounded during this part of the work, but when we got to the drawbridge we were a little more sheltered from the firing.

“The bridge was up, and secured by a lock in the right-hand post of the two which supported it. I was simple enough to attempt to pick the lock with a bayonet, but after breaking two or three, we at last had an axe brought us from the bastion, where our troops were entering. With this axe we soon succeeded in cutting the lock out of the post, and, taking hold of the chain, I had the satisfaction to pull down the drawbridge with my own hands.

“While I was engaged in this business Colonel Muller was forming the Royal Scots on the rampart where we entered ; but a party of about one hundred and fifty men of different regiments, under General Skerrett—who must have entered to the left of the harbour—was clearing the ramparts towards the Steenberg Gate, where the false attack had been made by the 3rd column under Lieut.-Col. Henry ; while another party, under Colonel Carleton of the 44th Regiment, was proceeding in the opposite direction along the ramparts to the right, without meeting with much resistance.

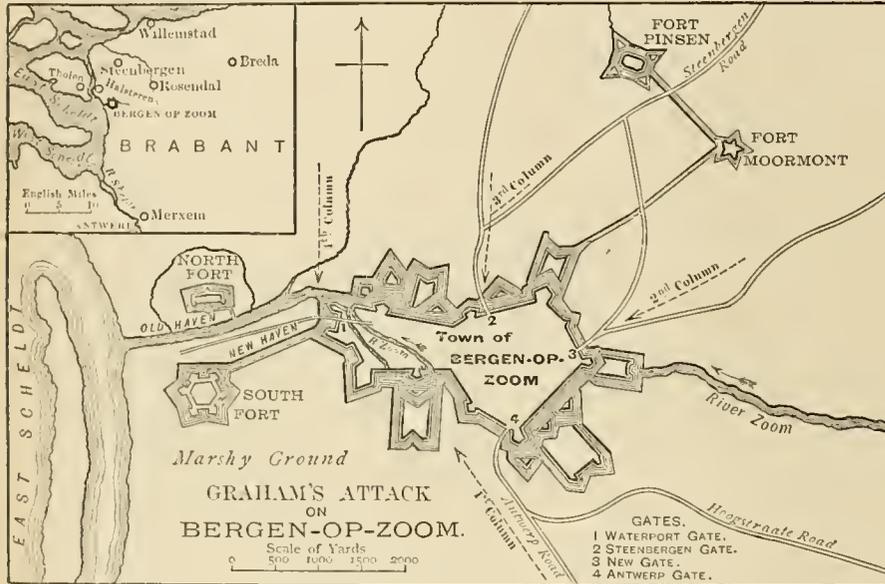
“Hearing the firing on the opposite side of the town from General Skerrett’s party, and supposing that they had marched through the town, I ran on through the streets to overtake them, accompanied by only one or two men ; for the rest had left me and returned to the bastion after we had opened the gate. In proceeding along the canal or harbour which divided this part of the town I came to a loopholed wall, which was continued from the houses down to the water’s edge. I observed a party of soldiers within a gate in this wall, and was going up to them, taking them for our own people, when I was challenged in French, and had two or three shots fired at me. Seeing no other way of crossing the harbour but by a little bridge which was nearly in a line with the wall, I returned to the Waterport Gate which I found Colonel Muller

had taken possession of with two or three companies of his regiment. I went up to him, and told him that I had opened the gate according to his desire, and also informed him of the interruption I had met with in the town, and he sent one of his companies up with me to the wall already mentioned, ordering the officer in command of the company to drive the enemy away, and hold the wall and gate until further orders.

"On coming to the gate we met with a sharp resistance, but, after firing a few rounds and preparing to charge, the Frenchmen gave way, leaving us in possession of the gate and bridge.

was doing. Here I found my friend Robertson, with the grenadier company of the Royal Scots, and I learned from him that the party—which was now commanded by Captain Guthrie, of the 33rd Regiment—had been compelled by numbers to retire from the bastion, which the enemy now occupied; and that Guthrie intended to endeavour to hold the one he was now in possession of, until he could procure a reinforcement. Robertson also told me that General Skerrett had been dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner, which was an irreparable loss to our party, as Captain Guthrie was ignorant of the general's intentions.

"In the meantime the enemy kept up a sharp fire on us, which we returned as fast as our men could load their firelocks. Several of the enemy who had fallen, as well as of our own men, were lying on the ramparts. We presently discovered a large pile of logs of wood on the ramparts, and these we quickly disposed across the gorge of the



Leaving the company here, and crossing the little bridge, I again set forward alone to overtake General Skerrett's party, guided by the firing on the ramparts. Avoiding any little parties of the enemy, I had reached the inside of the ramparts where the firing was, without its occurring to me that I might get into the wrong box and be taken prisoner. Fortunately, I observed a woman looking over a shop door on one side of the street. I asked her where the British soldiers were, and she told me without hesitation, pointing at the same time in the direction. I shook hands with her, and bade her 'good night,' not entertaining the smallest suspicion of her deceiving me; and, following her directions, I clambered up the inside of the rampart and joined General Skerrett's party.

"The moon had now risen, and though the sky was cloudy we could see pretty well what

bastion, so as to form a kind of parapet over which our people could fire, leaving, however, about half the distance open towards the parapet of the rampart. On the opposite side of the bastion were two 24-pounders, raised on high platforms, and these guns we turned on the enemy, firing along the ramparts over the heads of our own party. But, however valuable this resource might be to us, we were still far from being on equal terms with the French, who, besides greatly exceeding us in numbers, had brought up two or three field-pieces, which annoyed us much during the night. There was also a windmill on the bastion the Frenchmen occupied, from the top of which their musketry did great execution among us.

"In the course of the night the enemy made several ineffectual attempts to drive us from our position; but on these occasions—of which we

were always made aware by the shouts they raised to encourage each other—as soon as they made their appearance on the rampart, we gave them a good dose of grape from our 24-pounders, and had a party ready to charge them back. I observed our soldiers were always disposed to meet the enemy half-way, and the latter were soon so well aware of our humour, that they invariably turned tail before we could get within forty or fifty paces of them.

“The firing was kept up almost continually on both sides until about two o'clock in the morning, when it would sometimes cease for more than half-an-hour together. During one of these intervals of stillness, being exhausted with our exertions and the cold we felt in our drenched clothes, some of us lay down along the parapet together, in hopes of borrowing a little heat from each other, and presently fell into a troubled, dozing state, when I suddenly felt the ground shake under me, and heard at the same time a crash as if the whole town had been overwhelmed by an earthquake; a bright glare of light burst on my eyes at the same instant, and almost blinded me.

“A shot from the enemy had blown up our small magazine on the ramparts, on which we depended for the supply of the two 24-pounders which had been of such material use to us during the night. This broke our slumbers most effectually, and we had now nothing for it but to maintain our ground in the best way we could, until we received a reinforcement from some of the other parties.

“Immediately after this disaster the enemy, raising a tremendous shout, or rather yell, attempted to come to close quarters with us, in hopes of our being utterly disheartened; but our charging party, which we had always in readiness, made them wheel round as usual. In the course of the night we had sent several small parties of men to represent the state of our detachment and endeavour to procure assistance; but none of them returned, having, we supposed, been intercepted by the enemy. Discouraged though we were by this circumstance, we still continued to hold our ground until the break of day.”

While the events described in the above narrative were taking place, the main portion of the 4th column had also met with disaster: after all their toil and gallantry, the Royal Scots and their comrades of the 33rd—which regiment had been sent to reinforce Colonel Muller during the night—saw the prize which they had gained at such frightful cost snatched from their grasp.



“WE SOON SUCCEEDED IN CUTTING THE LOCK OUT OF THE POST” (p. 439).

We have already seen how Colonel Muller, with the battalion companies of the Royal Scots, took possession of the ramparts round the Waterport Gate. Before very long the battalion found itself exposed to a murderous grape and musketry fire from a couple of howitzers, and a small detachment of French marines stationed in the vicinity of the arsenal. Colonel Muller at once detached two companies to keep the enemy in check, and these detached companies—which were relieved every two hours—were actively engaged in this arduous service from 11 p.m.

until daybreak, when the enemy made a furious attack in strong columns which bore down all before them.

The detached companies were now quickly driven in by overwhelming numbers, while the battalion, being exposed to a terrible fire from the guns of the arsenal, was forced to retire by the Waterport Gate, only to receive the fire of a detached battery. Finding himself thus placed between two fires, with a high palisade on one hand and the Zoom filled with tide on the other, Colonel Muller preferred to surrender rather than throw away the lives of his soldiers. The colours of the battalion were first sunk in the river Zoom by Lieutenant and Adjutant Galbraith; the battalion then surrendered, on condition that the officers and men should not serve against the French until exchanged, and on the following day it marched out of Bergen-op-Zoom "with all the honours of war."

In this disastrous affair the 4th Battalion Royal Scots lost 4 officers and 37 non-commissioned officers and men killed; 4 officers and 71 non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

The 33rd also suffered severe losses.

We left the small party, under Captain Guthrie of the 33rd, holding the position they had so gallantly won, and hoping against hope that, sooner or later, they would be relieved from the terrible predicament in which they found themselves; but the first dawn of day plainly showed the devoted men the utter hopelessness of their situation. By this time the firing had entirely ceased in other parts of Bergen-op-Zoom, and so, in absence of all communication, Guthrie and his comrades could only believe that the British troops had been driven from the place, and that there was nothing for them but to surrender, or die where they stood. The former alternative, however, does not appear to have entered their minds.

The French now brought an overwhelming force against them, but they still hoped, from the narrowness of the rampart, to be able to hold their own. In this they were deceived. The bastion was extensive, but only that portion of it near the gorge was furnished with a parapet. At this spot, and behind the logs which Guthrie and his men had piled up, the now greatly diminished party was collected. Keeping up a hot fire, in order to divert attention, the French detached part of their force, which, skirting the outside of the ramparts, and ascending the face of the bastion occupied by Guthrie,

suddenly opened a murderous fire on his left flank and rear. From this fire Guthrie's men were entirely unprotected, while the French were sheltered by the top of the rampart.

"The slaughter was now dreadful," continues Lieutenant —, "and our poor fellows, who had done all that soldiers could do in our trying situation, fell thick and fast. Just at this time my friend Robertson, under whose command I had put myself at the beginning of the attack, fell. I had just time to run up to him, and found him stunned from a wound in the head, when our gallant commander, seeing the inutility of continuing the unequal contest, gave the order to retreat.

"We had retired in good order about three hundred yards when poor Guthrie received a wound in the head, which I have since been informed deprived him of his sight. The enemy, when they saw us retreating, hung upon our rear, keeping up a sharp fire all the time, but they still seemed to have some respect for us from the trouble we had already given them. We had indulged the hope that, by continuing our course along the ramparts, we should be able to effect our retreat by the Waterport Gate, not being aware that we should be intercepted by the mouth of the harbour, and we were already at the very margin before we discovered our mistake and found ourselves completely hemmed in by the French; so there was no alternative left to us but to surrender as prisoners of war, or to attempt to escape across the harbour by means of the floating pieces of ice with which the water was covered.

"Not one of us seemed to entertain the idea of surrender, and in the despair which had now taken possession of every heart we threw ourselves into the water, or leaped for the broken pieces of ice which were floating about.

"The scene that ensued was shocking beyond description! The canal, or harbour, was faced on both sides by high brick walls, and in the middle of the channel lay a small Dutch vessel, which was secured by a rope to the opposite side of the harbour. Our only hope of preserving our lives, or effecting our escape, depended on our being able to gain this little vessel. Already many had, by leaping first on one piece of ice and then on another, succeeded in getting on board the vessel, which they hauled, by means of the rope, to the opposite side of the canal, and thus freed our obstruction; but, immediately afterwards being intercepted by the Waterport redoubt, they were compelled to surrender.

Among the rest, I had scrambled down the face of the canal to a beam, running horizontally along the brick-work, from which other beams descended perpendicularly into the water, to prevent the sides being injured by the shipping. After sticking my sword into my belt (for I had thrown the scabbard away the previous night), I leaped from this beam—which was nine or ten feet above the water—for a piece of ice, but, not judging my distance very well, it tilted up with me, and I sank to the bottom of the canal.

“However, I soon came up again, and after swimming to the other side of the canal, and to the vessel, and finding nothing to catch hold of, I returned to the piece of ice upon which I had first leapt, and, swinging my body under it, managed to keep my face above water. I was not the only survivor of those who had got into the water: several men were still hanging on to other pieces of ice, but one by one they let go their hold and sank as their strength failed, until only three or four, besides myself, remained. All this time some of the enemy continued firing at us, and I saw one or two poor fellows shot in the water near me.

“So intent was everyone on effecting his escape, that though they sometimes cast a look of commiseration at their drowning comrades, no one thought for a moment of giving us any assistance. The very hope of it had at length so completely faded in our minds that we ceased to ask the aid of those who floated past us upon fragments of ice; but Providence had reserved one individual who possessed a heart to feel for the distress of his fellow-creatures more than for his own personal safety. The very last person who reached the Dutch vessel was Lieut. McDougal of the 91st Regiment, and by his assistance I, too, succeeded in getting on board.

“While assisting McDougal to save two or three soldiers who still clung to pieces of ice, I received a musket-ball through my wrist; for the enemy continued deliberately firing at us from the opposite rampart, which was not above sixty yards from the vessel. After this I went down to the cabin, where I found Lieut. Briggs of the 91st * sitting on one side with a severe wound through his shoulder-blade. The floor of the cabin was covered with water, for the vessel had become leaky from the firing. I managed to bind up my wounded wrist with my

neckcloth so as in some measure to stop the bleeding, and we remained, cold and miserable, in the cabin for several hours. During that time the water continued to rise higher and higher, until it reached my middle.

“Fortunately, the vessel grounded from the receding of the tide, and, escape in our condition being now quite out of the question, my companion and I were glad, on the whole, to be relieved from our truly disagreeable position by surrendering ourselves prisoners of war.” *

Having described the disasters which befell the 4th column, we will now turn to the movements of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd columns, whose efforts, unfortunately, met with no better success.

The 1st, or Guards, column, under Colonel Lord Proby, was, as we have already stated, destined to attack the works between the Waterport and Antwerp Gates. Between the point of attack and the Antwerp Gate the enemy had a strongly entrenched camp. At the appointed hour the Guardsmen, accompanied by Major-General Cooke, advanced from the Antwerp road, and, skirting the salient of the *lunette* of the entrenched camp, they reached the broad wet ditch of the unrevetted fronts (between the Waterport Gate and the *lunette*) without being discovered by the enemy. So far all had gone well; but now it was found that, owing to the rise and fall of the tide, the ice at the point where the ditch was to have been crossed was not sufficiently thick to stand the passage of the column. Lord Proby at once reported this untoward circumstance to General Cooke, who ordered him to move his men more to the right, towards the ditch of the “Orange Bastion,” where a *batardeau*, preventing the action of the tide, allowed the ice to form strong enough to support them.

This spot reached, the advanced and ladder parties of the Guards, under Captain Rodney and Ensigns Gooch and Pardoe, quickly crossed the frozen ditch, followed by the rest of the column. Under the direction of Lieutenant-

* The officer who wrote the above narrative was taken to a hospital in the town, where his wounds were dressed. He was subsequently released, and rejoined the 2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers at Wouw. We cannot, with any certainty, identify this officer; but as only two subalterns of the 21st appear in the casualty list as wounded and taken prisoners at Bergen-op-Zoom, he must have been one of the two—namely, 2nd Lieut. J. W. Dunbar Moody, or 2nd Lieut. David Rankine. The 21st lost nine officers killed, wounded and missing, including Brevet Lieut.-Col. Henry, who commanded the 3rd column.

* Lieutenant James Briggs, 91st (afterwards Major Sir James Briggs, K.H.) exchanged to the 63rd Foot, and retired in 1837. He was reported killed.

Colonel Smyth, R.E., and Captain Sir G. Hoste, the ladders were placed against the demi-revetment (seventeen feet high), and the Guardsmen, swarming up, gained possession of the ramparts without meeting with much opposition beyond a slight musketry fire from the flanks. Major-General Cooke, with the officers commanding Royal Artillery and Engineers, entered the place with the Guards.

Owing to the delay caused by the unavoidable change in the point of attack, it was 11.30 p.m. before the 1st column established itself on the ramparts of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Though surprised by the first assault, the French garrison was not thrown into confusion, and was soon again in a position to resist the British troops.

Suspecting from the quiet that reigned at the French posts opposite the other intended points of attack that the several columns had not yet entered, Cooke formed the Guards on the ramparts in column of sections, and also occupied some houses in front, and in the adjoining bastion, from which his men might otherwise have been seriously annoyed. The ladders by which the Guards had entered were left standing against the scarp, so that a ready communication with the exterior was ensured.

A strong patrol was now despatched to the left, towards the Waterport Gate, to ascertain whether the 4th column had entered; and a detachment of the 1st Foot Guards, under Lieut.-Col. Clifton, was sent along the ramparts to the right, with orders to secure the Antwerp Gate, and to support, or at least gain some intelligence of, the 2nd column under Lieut.-Col. Morrice.

"Lieut.-Col. Clifton," writes General Cooke in his despatch of the 10th March, 1814, "reached the Antwerp Gate, but found that it could not be opened by his men, the enemy throwing a very heavy fire upon a street leading to it. It was also found that they occupied an outwork commanding the bridge, which would effectually render that outlet useless to us. I heard nothing more of this detachment, but considered it as lost, the communication having been interrupted by the enemy. Lieut.-Col. Rooke, with a party of the 2nd Foot Guards, was afterwards sent in that direction, and driving the enemy from the intermediate rampart, reached the Antwerp Gate; but he found it useless to attempt anything, and ascertained that the outwork was still occupied."

Rooke was thus compelled to rejoin the main

body of the column, after his party had been pretty severely handled, without having gleaned any tidings of the missing detachment, whose fate, as we shall see, was learned later on.

After making a most gallant charge on the enemy, and capturing a field-piece at the point of the bayonet, Colonel Clifton and his men had found themselves cut off by a very superior force. The Guardsmen offered a most determined resistance, but being exposed to a destructive fire on all sides, which placed many officers (including Clifton himself) and men *hors de combat*, they were at length obliged to surrender. Amongst the officers taken prisoner was Lieut.-Col. Jones, upon whom the command of the ill-fated detachment devolved after the gallant Clifton's fall.

While the Guards were engaged in their attack the 2nd column had made an unsuccessful attempt on the works to the right of the New Gate, in which it lost upwards of 200 men killed and wounded, including its leader, Lieut.-Col. Morrice, and Lieut.-Col. Elphinstone, of the 33rd Foot.

The 33rd, 55th, and 69th were driven back in some confusion, but they quickly re-formed, and, leaving the left wing of the 55th to remove their wounded, they moved off to the support of the 1st column. It will be remembered that the scaling-ladders used by the 1st column had been left in position, and by this means the men of the 33rd, 55th, and 69th gained the summit of the ramparts, joined the 1st column, and were formed up to the left of the Guards, who still held their position, though they had for hours been exposed to a galling fire from those houses which still remained in possession of the enemy.

Though thus reinforced, General Cooke—who was still uncertain as to how matters were going on in other quarters of the town—did not think it expedient to make any further attempts to carry points which he might not be able to maintain, or to expose his troops to certain loss by penetrating through the streets; but on receiving intelligence that Colonel Muller was holding the Waterport Gate against heavy odds, he sent the 33rd to his assistance.

Throughout that long night the French garrison kept up a hot fire upon General Cooke's position, and at one time they held an adjoining bastion, from the angle of which they completely commanded his communication with the exterior. They were, however, charged, and driven away from this point of vantage in a very spirited style by the 55th and 69th, under Majors Hogg and Muttlebury.

At length, finding that matters were becoming serious, and being still without any certain information from other quarters, General Cooke determined, at the suggestion of Lord Proby, to let part of the Foot Guards withdraw, which

from that position without being able to render them any assistance. At the same time the French gunners opened a heavy cannonade upon the Guards and the 55th and 69th, who still remained on the open ramparts.



"SEVERAL MEN WERE STILL HANGING ON TO OTHER PIECES OF ICE" (p. 443).

was done by means of the ladders at the point where they entered. At daybreak, the enemy again possessed themselves of the bastion commanding the communications, from which they were again driven by Hogg and Muttlebury with their weak battalions. About 6 a.m. the enemy directed their first attack in force upon the British troops holding the Waterport Gate, and General Cooke had now the mortification of witnessing the Royal Scots and the 33rd retire

Seeing that all was lost, General Cooke ordered the rest of the Guards to retire. The retreat was conducted in the most orderly manner, covered by the 69th and 55th; the latter corps, led by the general in person, repeatedly driving the enemy back. These weak battalions as they crossed the ditch were so much exposed to an incessant concentrated fire of musketry and artillery, that the general saw it would be impossible to withdraw them; and he was contemplating a

surrender, when Lieut.-Col. Jones, of the 1st Foot Guards—who had been taken prisoner after the destruction of Clifton's detachment—arrived on the scene, accompanied by a French officer, with a flag of truce.

"Lieut.-Col. Jones," says Cooke, in his despatch, "informed me that Lieut.-Col. Muller and the troops at the Waterport Gate had been obliged to surrender, and were marched prisoners into the town. I now also learnt the fate of Lieut.-Col. Clifton's detachment and of Major-Generals Skerrett and Gore and Lieut.-Col. Carleton (Major-General Skerrett was dangerously wounded; Brigadier-General Gore, of the 33rd, and Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G. Carleton, of the 44th, were killed); and that the troops who had followed them had suffered very much, and had been repulsed from the advanced points along the ramparts, where they had penetrated to. I was now convinced that a longer continuance of the contest would be a useless loss of lives, and I therefore consented to adopt the mortifying alternative of laying down our arms."

It is strange that no mention is made in the despatches of either Generals Graham or Cooke of the movements of the 3rd column, and we can find no details of the part it played in the attack—beyond the fact that it made a feint on

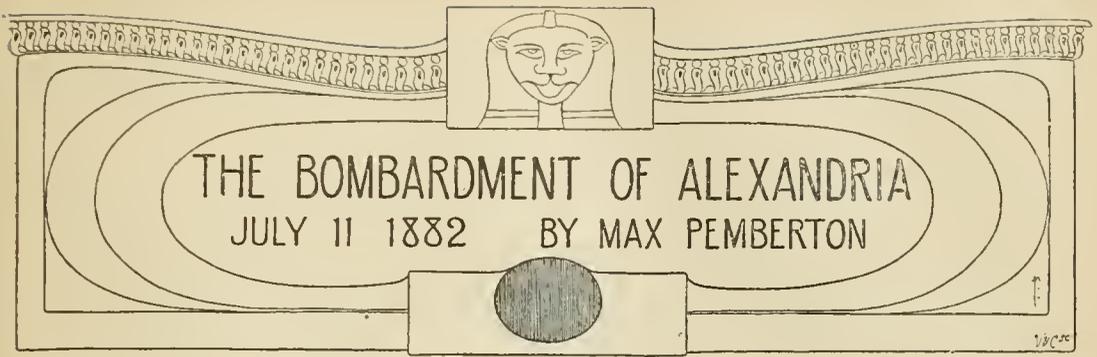
the Steenberg Gate. Whether Lieut.-Col. Henry turned this false attack into a real one, or whether he joined the 4th column, we cannot say for certain; but it is evident that the 3rd column entered Bergen-op-Zoom, and was hotly engaged, for Lieut.-Col. Henry and his second-in-command, Lieut.-Col. Ottley, were both wounded, and the corps (21st, 37th, and 91st), composing the column, suffered heavy losses.

The total loss of the British in this disastrous affair was about 300 killed and 1,800 prisoners, many of the latter being wounded.

Thus ended the memorable attack upon Bergen-op-Zoom, in which, though defeated, the troops engaged were not disgraced. The failure of the enterprise was due, in a great measure, to circumstances over which General Cooke had no control: unforeseen difficulties cropped up which would have tended to frustrate the very best concerted plan of operations; and however much the disastrous termination was deplored, it was freely acknowledged that there had been few occasions during the long war with France in which the courage and energies of British soldiers were put to a more severe test, or were met by a more gallant and successful resistance on the part of the enemy.



BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.



I DO not know precisely how many years it is since the fringe of the East became a fashion for the man with the coupons; but I am convinced that fashion has done very little for Alexandria. It may be that the finer glories of Cairo and the Pyramids have conspired with the keepers of the most expensive hotels in the world, to rob the city of the Ptolemies of her due share of eulogy and of cheap trips; it may be that the tourist is unwilling to admit the lesser fascination when he has experienced the greater. Certain it is, however, that he permits himself to be hurried from the bazaars of Alexandria, and carried swiftly from the streets while yet his eyes are dazed with the first and insurpassable impressions of the East. "All this you shall see, and more when you come to Damascus." The claim is true—it is also misleading.

My own memories of Alexandria are chiefly those of '87 — more particularly, they cling about a fast run I made upon a schooner-yacht from Malta to the Pharos of the later-day but unremembered Ptolemy. We were then in charge of an exceedingly careful amateur, who sailed his own ship, and was not a little proud of the exactness of his mathematics. I remember well the language he provoked when he fetched us out of bed at three o'clock in the morning to assure us that we had made the light at the precise moment of his promise. We had gone to bed with the dark surging water of the Mediterranean for our horizon. No ship was to be seen; no point of sight but the dull and gloomy clouds looming up heavily from the African coast. But when we came on deck at the invitation of the master, the scene was beautiful beyond experience. A generous moon made lakes of golden light upon the darker background of the resting seas; a big steamer, whose many lamps shone like the lights of a

moving city, flashed by on her way to Malta; the glowing lantern of the Pharos stood up like a beacon on a hill.

"Gentlemen," said the skipper, waving his arm with a lordly sweep, in sublime unconsciousness of the fact that he wore a dressing-gown, "yonder is the city of Cleopatra. I will put you on the quay when the sun rises."

To step from the boat of a yacht to the quay at Alexandria is to step from the West to the fringe of the East. All about you are porters, guides, beggars, loafers, thieves, cut-throats, and impostors. Bales of cotton, barrels, hampers, trollies lumber the wharves. The din and babble are beyond description. A hundred rogues strive and push if thereby they may touch the hem of your garment and claim *backsheesh*. Pass through the Customs, and so out to the native quarters and to the bazaar, and the scene is scarce to be described. Men of every Eastern nation seem here to congregate. Turks curse Greeks; Greeks, in their turn, curse Jews and Copts, Hindoos, Nubians, and Albanians. The blaze of colour is dazzling, yet ever picturesque. Dirks are sheathed in gorgeous girdles; the butts of pistols protrude upon richly embroidered vests and amazing tunics. Black men and white men, brown men and yellow men; some with jackets, some with long flowing robes, some almost naked, urge you to the deal or throw themselves upon your pity. Donkey boys hasten to show you how well they understand your tongue, in the polite and well-meant invitation to "have a — donkey, sir." Often you step aside to avoid the lurch of the camel; your eyes follow the stately swing of the Arab from the desert as he paces some narrow alley, with head bent and his long gun in his hand. Priests abound—Greek priests, Coptic priests, Roman priests. No nation seems unrepresented in this medley

of sound and strange colours; of narrow, crooked, unpaved lanes and gorgeous modern enterprises.

If this be a description rather of the Alexandria of fifteen years ago than of the Alexandria of to-day, it is the better suited for the purposes of my paper. Any endeavour to make clear the sequence of events which led up to the

a first impression was one of many peoples and many creeds, a rough division was easy to make. Christian and Mohammedan—between these lay the Egyptian question, so far as this city was concerned with it. Side by side the strongholds of the two powers stood—one, the dirty unpaved streets, the booths, and kennels and bazaars; the



THE SQUARE OF MEHEMET ALI, ALEXANDRIA.

bombardment and subsequent sack of the city must include some attempt to describe that curious coupling of West to East which has been a feature of the place since Mehemet Ali sought to restore its greatness, and to rear up a new fabric upon the ashes of decay which the Turk had left. In the year 1882 you found many races in the seat of the Ptolemies; but a broad line of demarcation between the two forces was clearly laid down. While Copts and Greeks and Hindoos and Arabs swarmed in the bazaars, and

other, the great square of Mehemet Ali, with the cafés and commercial buildings, the *Palais de Justice*, the churches, the theatre, and the houses of the merchants. Everything which tends to promote racial hatred and national instability was here to be discerned, when in the earlier months of the year 1882 the dangerous problem became ripe for partial solution. A national party strove for so-called freedom; a Christian party strove for more stable guarantees. Arabs hated Greeks and Copts; Christians

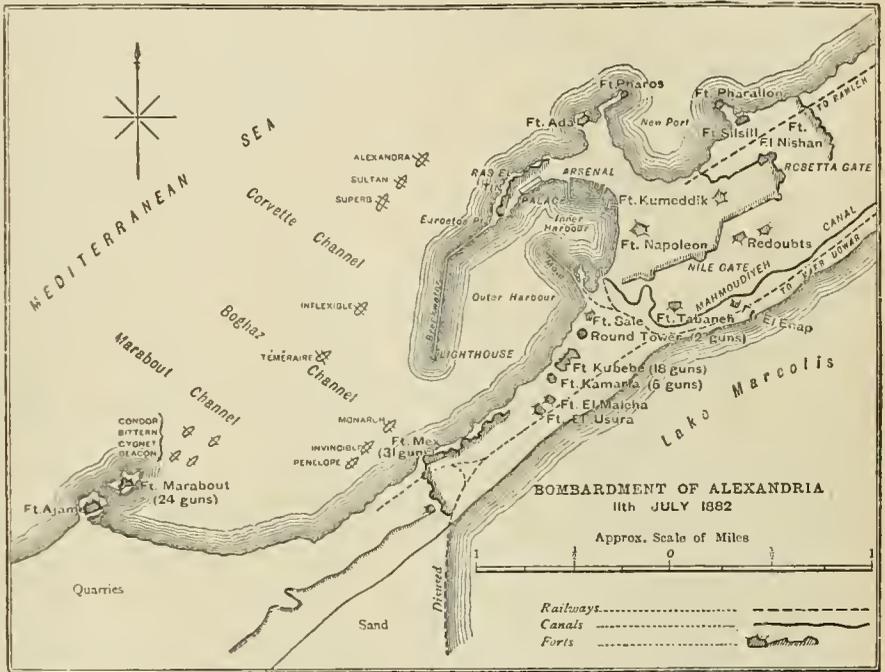
warred against the Arab in turn, and went in fear of him. Year by year the beacons of revolution were plied, until, in the last moments of Arabi's power, the flicker of a crisis was sufficient to light them; and these beacons being kindled, gave the signal for the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

I am not concerned in this paper with the defence of Arabi Pasha, nor with the discussion of those large claims made on his behalf by Mr. Scawen Blunt and others at the beginning of the Egyptian war. It is sufficient for me to remember that he was War-Minister to the Khedive in the earlier months of the year 1882, and that he was the spokesman of all those turbulent elements of Mohammedan dominion which threatened at one time to make him the most successful dictator of the latter half of the century. Patriot possibly he was; but that pure patriotism was not the ultimate goal of his ambitions all the events of that

strange year made manifest. No doubt, the antipathy to European influences, and general hatred of the European colony in Egypt, helped Arabi largely in his demand, in the year 1881, for a general increase of the army, and for a more popular and purely Egyptian ministry. But once he found the Khedive pliant in his hands, the step from agitation to action was a short one. Early in the next year we find the weak Prince Tewfik nominated by the Powers, and Arabi setting up practically as the dictator of the Egyptian peoples. His cry that the foreigner should be driven out of the country brought thousands to his banner. That he had the sympathy of his countrymen there can be no question. That it was impossible for us as a Power to submit to his authority, and to the

government by arms which he sought to set up, was equally apparent. Thus in June of the year 1882 we found ourselves fighting for the Khedive against his own Minister of War, and engaged in an undertaking which could end only in our final expulsion from the country or our temporary occupation of it.

The first sparks of war were to be observed in Alexandria in the June of the last-named year. A sudden rioting and massacre of Christians—principally Greeks—added to an insult to the British Consul, sowed the seeds of that which



was to mature so quickly. For many weeks our Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, lay off the harbours of the city as a visible token of our determination to uphold the Khedive against Arabi, and of our intention to protect the Christian population. Hundreds of the latter meanwhile fled from Alexandria—some to Greece, the majority to Italy. It became dangerous for a European to venture abroad alone even in the earlier hours of day. Robberies were frequent, and assassinations common. Arabi himself waxed bolder every day. He boasted that he could, with the forces at his command, hold the city against the fleets of all Europe. He busied himself with the training of engineers; he began at the last to

strengthen the forts and to throw up new earthworks. It was an anxious moment for "Jack" when, on the night of July 6th, 1882, the search-light was turned upon the fortifications near the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and two hundred of Arabi's sappers were seen busy with pick and shovel. The result was the immediate demand for the cessation of all works upon the forts, and, finally, for the temporary surrender of them. Arabi, seeking discreetly to temporise, neglected to furnish the necessary guarantees—met us practically with a point-blank refusal. Our reply was the issue of an ultimatum on the morning of July 10th. Either the forts were to be surrendered, or the city was to be bombarded. Arabi chose bombardment, and our ships were cleared for action.

This was the situation in the town; let us see what was our own position in the harbours before it. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was then in command of eight battleships and of eleven gunboats; the latter principally of the smallest class. Nearly all these ships would be regarded as more or less obsolete to-day, though the flagship *Invincible* carried four 80-ton guns and boasted a speed of 12.6 knots an hour. Of the others, the *Inflexible* was the largest, this being the biggest ship in the engagement, and one which carried, like the flagship, four 80-ton guns. With her were the *Sultan*, the *Superb*, the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, the *Penelope*, and the *Monarch*. The latter ships, built in the years 1867 and 1868 respectively, were then comparatively old; but the *Superb*, the *Inflexible*, the *Téméraire*, and the *Alexandra* represented us in our then most recent naval phase. That was the day of a belief in big guns. Europe had watched the building of 68-, 80-, and even 100-ton guns, and had asked expectantly, "What of the results?" The revolt of Arabi promised us that which we had speculated upon, and discussed, and weighed up for forty years—the spectacle of our fleet in action. When at last the crisis came—when the ultimatum went forth, and French, American, and Italian warships steamed from the harbours of Alexandria, while refugees fled from the city as from a pestilence—the excitement waxed strong. As for our own Jack Tars, they were sick with hope. For weeks they had been saying, "To-morrow, to-morrow is the day!" For weeks they had borne with disappointment and postponement as they lay under the shadow of the great forts, and waited for the booming of the signal gun. But now, surely, the hour was at hand.

Small wonder if they doubted that such a good thing could ever be.

For the fuller understanding of the engagement of the famous July 11th, let us take our stand upon the flagship *Invincible*, anchored outside the harbour of the city. If we study the map which accompanies this chapter, the scene will be clearer to us. We see at a glance that there are really two harbours before us—an inner harbour and a large outer basin defended by the breakwater. To the south-east there stands up the great Marabout fort, this forming the southern point of the bay, whereon the city is built. To the north-east is the Pharos fort, boasting more than a hundred guns of all calibres, and conspicuous for its massive tower. Roughly speaking, you may regard the shape of the shore of the Alexandria of to-day as that of a pair of horns sticking out into the sea with the Pharos Light as the north tip and the Ras-el-Tin Palace and lighthouse as the southern tip. Southward of this palace, and in the curve of the southern bay, lie the famous Mex forts, and from these to Fort Marabout the whole of the shore bristles with guns. It was against these guns that our men thirsted to try their luck, when on the night of July 10th they turned in like excited children, and almost prayed that the morrow would find them listening to the music of the great artillery.

The *Condor* was the first ship to be about on the following morning, but long before six o'clock the whole fleet was moving and active. At that hour the men were already stripped to their flannel jerseys, the great guns were charged, the decks were cleared for action. The admiral's plan was now known to all. He had determined upon three attacks—the *Invincible*, the *Monarch*, and the *Penelope* to begin work from the harbour; the *Inflexible* to attack the Mex forts; the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra* to operate from outside the harbour, and to centre their fire first upon the forts by the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and then, steaming to the north-east, to demolish Fort Ada and the Pharos. As for the puny gunboats, they were to lie behind the warships, and to act as occasion required. That they were permitted soon to depart from this inglorious position the whole record makes manifest.

Six o'clock in the morning, and the men were at the stations. Forbiddingly and majestically, the dark hulls of the eight ironclads stood up above the sunlit water. Scores of merchantmen, which had showed their heels to the harbours



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

directly bombardment was threatened, now lay securely at anchor, eager to be spectators of so glorious a sight. On shore no unusual signs of activity were at first apparent. There was no ostensible signal of truce. Lieutenant Smith, who had been sent to report upon the truth of the story that Arabi's men were busy with armaments near the Slaughter-house, returned to tell of active work and of sappers busy. Throughout the fleet, excitement was at its zenith. Jack had stripped himself for the fray with the zest that a schoolboy strips for football. Wound up by long weeks of expectation, he scarce dared to believe that the cup was at his lips, even though the muzzles of the 80-tonners showed grimly above his decks, and any moment might bring the thunders of discharge. For nearly an hour he stood at his post, hoping against hope. Half-past six came, and still the guns were silent; a quarter to seven was marked, and no note of command was heard. Ten minutes later, and in a measure unexpectedly, the *Alexandra* fired a shell at the Pharos, and the bombardment had begun. The smoke of this shot had scarce floated away on the breeze when the flagship hoisted the signal "All vessels engage batteries."

Such a signal was like the bell of a prompter rung to raise the curtain upon a stage play. In a moment the quiet and the expectancy had given place to the thunder of cannon and the heat of battle. An American officer who witnessed the action from a warship in the offing, declared that a hurricane of sound seemed to rush up over the sea. Instantly, clouds of smoke and leaping fire began to veil the forts. Crashing reports, the sharper noise of smaller guns, even the singing of bullets, made the music of the morning. While our own heavy guns were fired at long intervals, while there were pauses when you might have said that the fleet was resting, the rolling reports from the shore were never still. Fort Marabout, with its two 18-ton guns and its host of smaller weapons, emitted a continuing cloud of fire; the guns by Ras-el-Tin—two of them of twelve tons—pounded bravely at the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra*. The heavy weapons of the Pharos, joined anon to those by the

Ras-el-Tin, belched smoke and flame unceasingly. Our own attack was concentrated upon Fort Marabout, the Mex forts, and the fortifications near the palace. At this time the value of fore and aft guns upon our big ships was illustrated humorously. The mighty *Inflexible*, standing off the outer harbour, thundered away with her fore guns at Ras-el-Tin, while from her stern she pounded Marabout. If the shooting of some of the ships was not particularly good, that of others was admirable. Every shot from the *Invincible* either burst in the forts or struck the parapets heavily. Clouds of dust and earth, heavy lumps of stone rolling seawards, spoke eloquently of the accuracy of her gunners. A middy, named Hardy, tucked up in her main-

top, helped with signals whose value was beyond praise. Never did a marker at Wimbledon follow the path of a bullet with keener eyes than those with which Midshipman Hardy watched the flight of the great shells. Though a hail of shot fell all about him, and the smoke was so heavy over the decks that the gunners were like men walking in the dark, the accuracy of the lad's judgment was unflinching. Even the admiral thanked him; and as hit after hit was recorded, the whole crew fell



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.

to cheering with voices that were heard by every sailor in the fleet. "It was Eton and Harrow over again," said an observer. And that was true.

If this plucky lad deserves a line of special eulogy, we must not forget that others were at the same time displaying courage worthy of the highest traditions of Jack in action. The story of the *Condor* has been written many times. It will bear writing again and yet again wheresoever the record of our navy is laid down. I have said that this gallant little ship, whose only armament was two small 64-pounders and one 7-inch Woolwich rifled gun, had been the first to be moving on that memorable day. She was also the first of the gunboats to get into action. Though the instructions of the admiral were that the gad-flies should be more or less spectators, acting as the occasion required, it was not many minutes before Lord Charles Beresford determined that the occasion required him to try his three small guns upon the massive

fortifications of Marabout. The idea, bold to the last point of courage, was not lacking method. It was Lord Charles's notion that the Gatling might tickle up the gunners of Marabout, and send so many of them to an honourable grave that the bigger guns would find no servants. With this in his head, he took a liberal view of the general instructions, and bringing the *Condor* to within twelve hundred yards



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
(Photo, the London Stereoscopic Company.)

of the fort—the shoal prevented him from getting nearer—he began his merry attack. Never did a crew follow a daring skipper more resolutely. The men of the *Condor* had been near to shedding tears of rage in the early morning when an order from the flagship compelled them to go to the assistance of the *Téméraire*, which had floundered upon the shore. They had thought that they must do the work of a mere tug, and miss such glorious fun as was to be had in the neighbourhood of Arabi's guns. From that degradation Lord Charles saved them swiftly. The rattle of the Gatling, the crack of his larger weapons, seemed at first like the music of a mere

farce. His shot, said observers, would be as a hail of peas to the gunners in the great fort. That the gunners took the same view was proved by their action. They continued to concentrate all their fire upon the three warships which were troubling them. As for that toy-boat which menaced them, they regarded it as a fine stimulant to laughter.

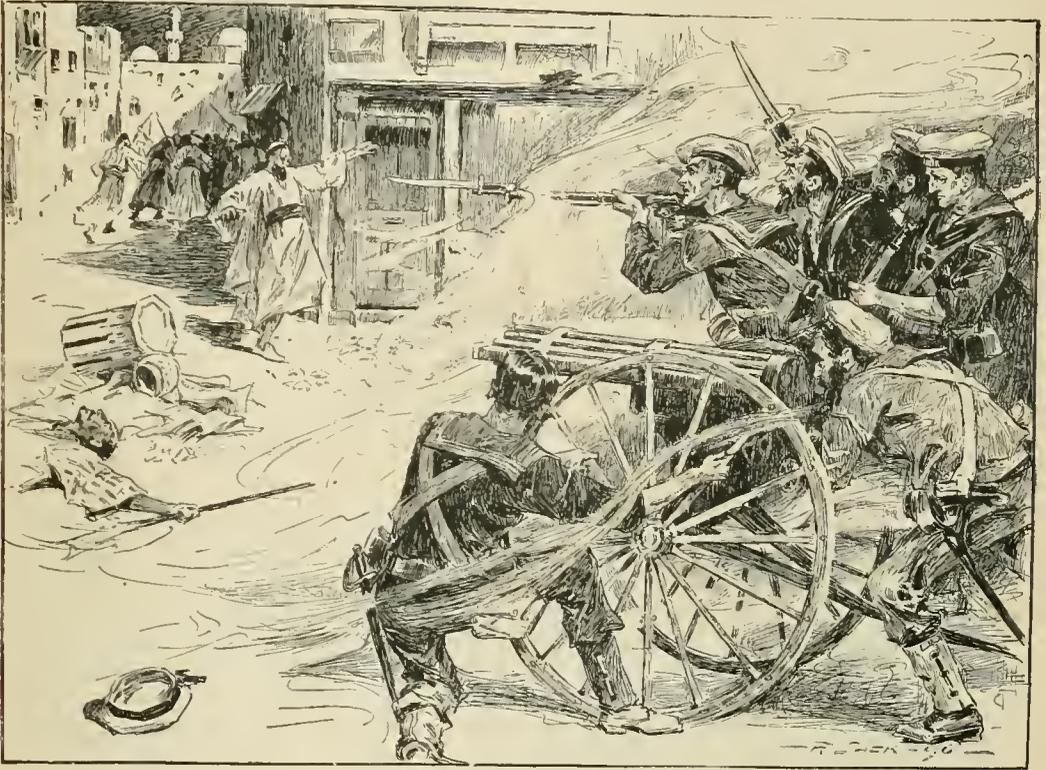
It is not recorded how soon these laughing gentlemen changed their opinion. Certain is it that three of their guns were disabled, and that many of them must have paid the penalty of their humour when at last they awoke to the situation, and concentrated all their fire upon the wasp whose sting they had felt so sharply. Shell after shell then hissed over the plucky little ship. One struck her heavily, but not in a vital line. Shot seemed to rain near her decks, and still she stuck to her work, while other gunboats came to her assistance, and the *Bittern*, the *Beacon*, the *Decoy*, and the *Cygnets* were all barking merrily. Soon the fire from Marabout began to slacken. The telling shooting from the *Invincible*, whose huge shells went home every time, coupled to the merry attack of the gunboats, finished the work. The admiral signalled, "Well done, *Condor*." Cheer after cheer—British cheers—rang over the waters. The *Inflexible* took up the cry. Men roared like savages in their delight. The fleet declared that a deed of surpassing bravery had been done that day.

The hour of action is not the fitting hour to meditate upon individual deeds, and the attention of Jack was soon called from the *Condor* to new scenes. It was plain to him that the hours of "Horrible Pasha" were numbered in Alexandria. Marabout was done with; the guns of the Mex Forts were so far silenced at one o'clock that a force was despatched to land and, if possible, finish the business speedily. This force consisted of Lieutenant Barton Bradford in command, of Flag-Lieutenant the Hon. Mr. Lambton, of Lieutenant Poore of the *Invincible*, of Major Tullock, and of Mr. Hardy. So great was the impatience of its members to get ashore, that Major Tullock sprang from the launch and swam to the outworks—an act of bravery surpassed by no act upon that memorable day. But the Egyptian soldiers made no reply: 2

fact for which no one has accounted satisfactorily to this day. While our men expected every moment to hear the hiss of their bullets, or to see them sweeping to the charge, not a sound was raised nor a uniform discerned. Dexterously and quickly the two 10-inch guns were burst and the others spiked. A shot from the *Invincible* had already destroyed the powder magazine, and half-past two had not come when Mex was done with.

killed by that single discharge. The *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra* helping the end, rained great shot upon the rapidly succumbing forts. When two bells in the first dog-watch was struck, the voice of Arabi was no longer to be heard. The admiral caused the "Cease fire" to be signalled. The bombardment of Alexandria was a victorious fact.

We can well imagine in what spirits Jack turned into his bunk that night. To say that



CLEARING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA.

From that hour until half-past four, when the career of "Horrible Pasha" in Alexandria was practically closed, the account of the bombardment is chiefly an account of the silencing of Fort Ada and of the Pharos. To the *Inflexible* was given the greater part of the latter task, and right well did she acquit herself. The shells from her 80-ton guns thundered upon the doomed town like a visitation from the heavens. Earth and mortar and *débris* rose in blinding clouds. The neighbouring buildings suffered heavily; even the English Consulate was threatened. Anon, a terrific explosion spoke of the wrecking of her powder magazine. Two hundred men, an authority computed, were

he was excited is to use a commonplace where a commonplace will not suffice. Few in that fleet had seen a shot fired in earnest from a great battleship. Few had been permitted to witness a beaten and cowed city in the first hours of its destruction. When Jack turned in, flames were still to be seen in the European quarters of the town. Like beacons of the defeated, they flared up at many points, kindled as much by the looters, whom Arabi had left as his legacy, as by the shells which our guns had dropped. While they burned, and after the question, "What of to-morrow?" Jack fell to discussing to-day. Already it was whispered that the fleet had lost only ten men. Two were killed upon the *Sultan*,

which had been hit no less than twenty-three times. The *Alexandra*, which had fourteen shells in her, had lost one man. The *Superb* and the *Inflexible* each mourned one brave fellow. Of wounded there were twenty-seven: the unfortunate *Sultan* nursing seven of these, the *Invincible* six, the *Alexandra* three, the *Inflexible* two, the *Superb* one. To the list of dead, unhappily, there was added subsequently the name of Lieutenant Jackson, who was struck and mortally wounded by the same shell which killed the carpenter of the *Inflexible*. But, viewed in any light, the loss was amazingly small. Granted that the gunners of Arabi were unworthy of the officers who led them so gallantly, none the less did it seem miraculous that our ships should face the fire of some hundreds of guns for ten hours, and that three of them should not have a dead man to show. The little *Condor* had no casualty of any sort. The crews of the other gunboats were without a scratch. Jack told his mates this, and his jubilation was unbounded. Nor could he forget that rewards were ripe for plucking. The name of Lord Charles was upon many tongues. Midshipman Hardy was a hero of the night. Major Tullock's plucky swim through the surf before Fort Marabout, the daring of his comrades when spiking the guns, were things to tell and tell again. It was good to hear that Gunner Harding, of the *Alexandra*, had picked up a live shell from his maindeck and soused it in water, with the coolness of a man rinsing a rag. None knew at that time that Arabi had withdrawn his forces and retired upon Rosetta. "The morning gun will be a signal for resumption," said Jack. In which hope he lay down at last upon a night to be for ever memorable among the nights which he would live.

On the morning of the 12th an early observation made it clear that the survivors of Arabi's force had not been altogether idle during the night. Fort Moncrieff, whose two barbette guns, mounted on the Moncrieff system, had offered such a stubborn and lasting resistance to the fire of the *Alexandra*, the *Superb*, and the *Sultan*, obviously had been repaired. Elsewhere, however, there was no sign either of activity or of truce; and when this was plain, the *Inflexible* and *Téméraire* opened fire again, their first three shots practically laying low all that Arabi's men had done in the night. With these shots the whole work of the morning ended. A white flag, displayed upon Ras-el-Tin, caused the admiral to signal the

"Cease firing" almost with the echo of the first gun. For the rest of the day our men lay idle, while in Alexandria herself awful scenes of massacre and of pillage were being prepared for. Nearly the last act of Arabi had been to let loose his so-called Bedouins—in reality cut-throats and robbers of the finest brand. When night fell on the 12th, these men were already busy. How many Christians they slaughtered in the streets, what was the sum total of their pillage, will never be known. All that our men could surmise was the story of the leaping flames which rose up in clouds of lurid fire from every quarter of the city. Alexandria was burning—destroyed by those who had boasted of their desire to become a nation and to save their country.

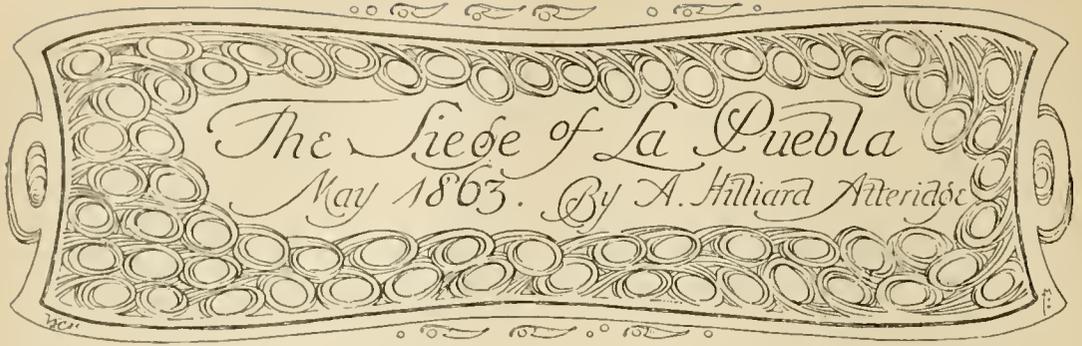
Throughout the night the nameless horrors were at their zenith. The tremendous holocaust lighted the devils at their work of murder and of pillage. How many defenceless men cried for mercy and were not answered, how many were stabbed or ripped open and shot, history will never tell us. We can only imagine the scene so full of terror and of dread. No sack of modern times is to be named with this sack of the city of the Ptolemies. During two days the riot, the incendiarism, and the murder were unchecked. Lack of instruction held the admiral's hand. For forty-eight hours he felt it impossible to send help to the hunted Christians, whose brothers' blood was running red in the alleys and in the squares. When, at last, a landing was effected, and an heroic attempt was made to grapple with the situation, Alexandria was no more. Empty rocking shells marked the spot where houses had been; smouldering heaps of cinders stood for churches and for *cafés*. In the European quarter there was hardly a building which had not some scar to show. The French Consulate was a heap of ruins. In the Rue Chérif Pasha, only the Anglo-Egyptian bank stood up. So great a space had been cleared by fire around the statue of Mehemet Ali that those most familiar with the centre could not tell where they were. Ras-el-Tin had been looted with a fine appreciation of finish. In the Rosetta Road the very pavements were littered with the broken clock-cases, the remnants of jewel-boxes, the splinters of the plunder and the loot. An early examination of the forts—one of the first tasks of our men—spoke of a success for our guns beyond any which had been looked for. Jack heard with wonder that every engineer or gunner in the service of Arabi had been killed. The famed Pharos fort

was a heap of ruins woeful to see. The great tower had become a crumbling mass of ruins. Of the hundred weapons of all sizes, not one had escaped. Two great 12-ton guns had been so shelled that they stood straight up on end, their muzzles pointing to the sky. In Fort Ada the destruction was even greater. The Mex forts were so many acres of shattered batteries sown with the dust of parapets. In Marabout itself there was fresh testimony to the skill of the *Invincible's* gunners. They had espied from their decks a building in the nature of a tomb rising up in the centre of Marabout. The word was given that this tomb should be held sacred, if that were possible. When our men entered the fort they found the sarcophagus absolutely unharmed, though shell had fallen all around it, and the environing destruction was appalling. Nor may I forget, when speaking of these details, that in Fort Ada, Jack came upon the customary cat, yawning and prowling, as though inexpressibly bored by the whole thing.

Once our bluejackets were in possession of the city, their task of battling with the flames and with the marauders was quickly accomplished. How Sir Archibald Alison and his companies grappled with the looters bequeathed to us by Arabi, is a story belonging rightly to him who speaks of the subsequent campaign in Egypt. It is sufficient to remember here that our ships stood up for ten hours to forts that would not have disgraced any port in Europe; that our men proved themselves to be possessed of all those qualities which gave to our forefathers the supremacy of the sea; that our navy vindicated itself before Europe as a force worthy of a nation to whom the kingship of the deep implies all that makes for national greatness. These things we record, and must ever record, with a deep sense of gratitude. Whenever the history of our navy is written, then must the historian beware lest he turn aside lightly from the memorable events of that memorable 11th of July.



THE PALACE OF RAS-EL-TIN.



THE capture of La Puebla de los Angeles, in 1863, may be said to have been the high-water mark of the fortunes of Napoleon III. It opened the gates of Mexico to his army, and enabled him to pose as the founder of an empire in the New World. Strange to say, it was the defeat of the Confederates at Gettysburg, and the fall of Vicksburg only a few weeks later on in the same year, that decided the fate of this new-made conquest of France, which could only be maintained on condition that the great Republic beyond the Rio Grande was no longer in a position to assert its traditional policy of excluding European interference from the American continent. But on the day that Puebla fell many of even the shrewdest observers thought that the Southern Confederacy had come to stay, and that thus a power friendly to France was being built up on the frontiers of Mexico. The siege of Puebla is also notable on account of the determined valour with which it was held against the French. The veterans of the Crimea and of Italy, the victors of Sebastopol and Solferino, were held at bay for weeks by a half-irregular force, inspired by the ardent courage of the heroic Ortega.

First a word as to the events which brought the eagles of the Second Empire to the Mexican plateau. In 1861 England, France, and Spain formed an alliance to occupy the city and port of Vera Cruz, in order thus to compel the Republican Government of Mexico to pay the interest on its loans, the bonds of which were chiefly held by the subjects of the three allied Governments. At that time Vera Cruz was the only important port in Mexico, and the allies proceeded to collect the revenues of its custom-house in order to pay their own expenses and make up the default on the Mexican bonds. There had been no resistance to their landing, but the Republican army held Orizaba and Puebla, on

the road to the capital, ready to resist any advance into the interior. The alliance between the three Powers did not last long. Napoleon had entered into relations with the anti-Republican or Conservative party in Mexico, and flattered himself that with their aid he could make himself master of the country. But neither England nor Spain had any such projects in view, nor would they co-operate in them, and their troops and ships were withdrawn from Vera Cruz, leaving the French corps, under General de Lorencez, in sole possession.

After some fruitless negotiations the French plenipotentiaries issued, on April 16th, 1862, a proclamation of war, not against the Mexican people, but against the Republican Government under President Juarez. Three days later Lorencez began to march towards the highlands, starting from Cordova, to which he had moved up during the negotiations. On the 20th he occupied Orizaba, after a brief skirmish with some Mexican horsemen, the main Republican army retiring to the pass of the Cumbres, where the road to Puebla and Mexico city ascends the rocky wall of the plateau, by a series of loops and inclines, commanded by strong positions on the upper slopes.

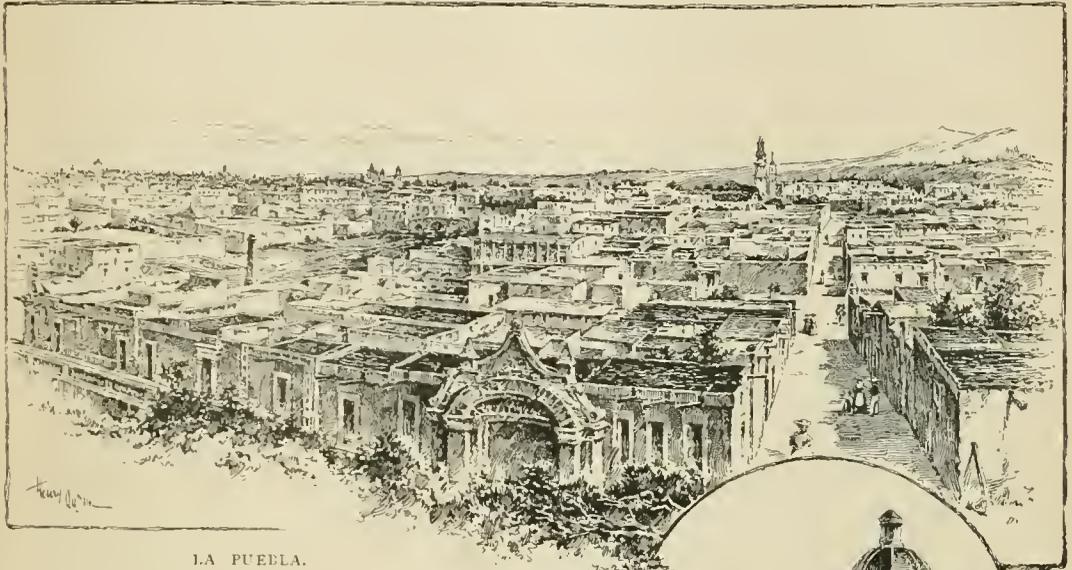
Lorencez marched out of Orizaba on the 27th at the head of 7,500 men, with ten guns. He had a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique with him, and his infantry was made up of a regiment of the line, a regiment of Zouaves, a battalion of Chasseurs, and a naval brigade of marines and seamen. On the 28th he drove the Mexicans from their strong position on the Cumbres Pass, General Zaragoca, who commanded there, retreating to Puebla. Lorencez pursued him, and on May 4th the French bivouacked at Amozoc, less than three miles from the eastern side of the city.

La Puebla de los Angeles ("the town of the angels"), to give it its full name (derived from

that of an old mission station), was in 1862 the second city of Mexico. It had a population of 74,000 inhabitants. Its streets cross each other at right angles, dividing the solidly built stone houses into square blocks; in several of these blocks there are churches and monasteries, with thick and lofty walls. The French were led to believe by their Mexican friends that it was only the terror inspired by Zaragoza's 10,000 or 12,000 soldiers that prevented the good people of

culties presented by the Cerro, and resolved to attack Puebla from the eastward. He flattered himself that the capture of the ridge would cost only a short sharp fight, and that, once he had got his guns to the top of it, the city would not offer any further resistance.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of May 5th the French advanced to the attack of the Cerro. It was held by the Mexican general Negrete, with 1,200 men and two batteries. The French guns

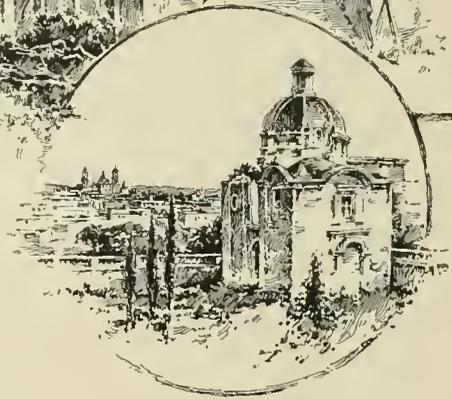


LA PUEBLA.

La Puebla from coming out to welcome them and strew their path with flowers. But although there was a French party in the place, the majority of the inhabitants were so loyal to the Republic, that they were working night and day to barricade the streets, and to improvise a kind of citadel by linking together, with solid barriers, several large buildings in the centre of the town near the cathedral.

On the south-east side of the city ran the Rio San Francisco. On its further bank rose a bold rocky ridge about 300 feet high and about three-quarters of a mile long. The road from Amozoc crossed it, coming up sharply from a ravine on its eastern side, the ascent being commanded by a large fortified monastery on one side and the fort of Loreto on the other. When the Americans took Puebla in 1846, they had avoided this ridge—locally known as the Cerro de Guadalupe—by a flank march to the south side of the city. But Lorencez had been so easily successful against the Mexicans at the pass of the Cumbres, that he despised the diffi-

opened with shell at a range of 2,000 yards, the Mexicans replying from the ridge. The fire of the Mexicans was slow and ineffective, and after about three-quarters of an hour of this artillery duel, Lorencez, supposing that the Mexicans had been sufficiently shaken, gave the signal for the assault of the position. As a matter of fact, the Mexicans had suffered very little loss, and were quite ready to meet the attack. The 2nd regiment of Zouaves formed the storming party. A battalion of Chasseurs covered their right. A battalion of bluejackets with some mountain-guns was on their left. The marines were to support the sailors. The linesmen were held in reserve.



Negrete had been reinforced from the town, and now had five battalions at his disposal. As the French rushed up the steep slopes they were received with a withering fire, but they came on pluckily, until their further progress was stopped by the ditches of the fort and the fortified monastery. Even here, under a cross-fire from the fort on the right and three rows of loopholes on the left, and with hostile infantry barring the road above them, they tried to struggle across the ditches. Roblot, a bugler of the 2nd battalion of the Zouaves, stood for some time on a heap of earth on the edge of the ditch sounding the charge while the bullets whistled round him, yet he escaped untouched. At last the order was given to retire, just as a terrible thunderstorm burst over the battlefield. The Chasseurs on the right were charged by the Mexican cavalry, and two companies had to form square, and were for a few minutes completely surrounded by the rush of horsemen. The French had lost 156 killed and over 300 wounded. The Mexican loss was only 83 killed and 132 wounded. The invaders retired to Amozoc, where they waited for some days, in the hope that Zaragoza would come out and attack them. But the Mexican knew better than to risk the fruits of his victory. The French were suffering from sickness, encumbered with wounded, and unable to collect any supplies from the country, while their Mexican allies had failed to join them. Lorencez at last decided that it was better to retire by the Cumbres to Orizaba, and Zaragoza issued a proclamation to his army, congratulating them on having repulsed "the best soldiers in the world."

The failure at the Cerro de Guadalupe was a stain on the French arms that had to be wiped out at any price. Napoleon determined that next time the march on Puebla should not be attempted by a mere brigade. Thirty thousand picked troops were shipped off as reinforcements for the army of Mexico, and in September General Forey, the victor of Montebello, landed at Vera Cruz to take command. On October 24th he went up to Orizaba, and proceeded to organise his army for the field. Its effective strength was about 26,000 combatants. The infantry were organised in two divisions, each about 8,000 strong, under General Bazaine and General Félix Douay. There was, besides, a brigade of marines and colonial troops. The cavalry, 1,500 strong, were commanded by General de Mirandol. The advance upon Puebla was not really begun till the following February. In December the advanced guard was pushed

forward to secure the pass of the Cumbres, but three months in all were given up to collecting supplies and organising a series of posts to secure the communication of the army with Vera Cruz. At this time Napoleon was in close relations with the Khedive of Egypt, and one curious result was that he was able to obtain the loan of a negro battalion of the Egyptian army, which arrived at Vera Cruz in February, and was employed to garrison some of the posts in the lowlands between Vera Cruz and the hills—the flat *tierras calientes*, or "hot lands," so fatal to Europeans.

When the French again approached Amozoc on March 4th, Zaragoza no longer commanded at La Puebla—he had died during the winter—but the most daring and energetic of his lieutenants, General Ortega, had taken his place. During the winter the place had been strengthened with an earthwork rampart. Each of the blocks of houses within the city had been converted into an improvised fortress, the forts of the Cerro de Guadalupe had been strengthened, and the fort of San Xavier on the west, between the Mexico and Cholula roads, had been armed and put into a thorough state of defence. The French sympathisers, so far as they were known, had been expelled from the town, and with them went most of the women, children, invalids, and old men. Ortega had resolved that La Puebla should be held against the French, with the same desperate courage and determination that had animated the defenders of Saragossa in the Spanish war of independence.

Strong as he was, Forey would not venture to repeat the tactics of Lorencez by attacking the Cerro de Guadalupe. Halting near Amozoc, he summoned Ortega to surrender, and the reply was a defiance. Then, after some skirmishing with the Mexican cavalry, he pushed Bazaine's division to the north of the place, with orders to barricade the bridges on the road to Mexico and Cholula; for in this direction the Mexican general, Comonfort, was in the field with an army that, although it might not be able to raise the siege, might easily harass the besiegers and cut off their convoys. Douay's division moved round to the south and west. The marines held Amozoc. Forey established his own headquarters on the north-west near the road to Mexico, in some buildings on a low ridge known as the Cerro de San Juan. The fort of San Xavier was directly opposite to him. But to have effectually closed all the approaches to the place, and made the investment a real blockade, Forey would have required, not 25,000,

but at least 60,000 men. This was how it was that, on the night of March 21st, Ortega was able to send out half his cavalry to reinforce Comonfort's army. He had not much further use for them in the defence of the city, and 1,500 of them rode through a gap in the French lines almost without firing a shot or losing a man. Mirandol, Forey's cavalry commander, pushed his force to the northward in pursuit of them, and in the course of the following day, Colonel du Barail, with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, encountered the Mexican horsemen at Cholula and scattered them in a splendid charge.

With the city thus incompletely invested, and with the evidence experimentally obtained the year before at the Cerro de Guadalupe, that mere bombardment was not likely to shake the nerves of Ortega's soldiers, Forey had to make up his mind that if La Puebla was to be taken it must be by sheer hard fighting. He chose as his point of attack the salient formed on the western side by the fort of San Xavier, and proceeded to work his way up to it by a regular system of parallels and saps. In the darkness of the night of March 23rd the engineers opened the first parallel, the trench being only seven hundred yards from the western angle of San Xavier. There were few guns in the fort, and none of them were of heavy calibre, while to right and left there were no formidable batteries to support it, otherwise the French would have had to begin much further off. Under officers who had learned their business well in the trenches before Sebastopol, the engineers pushed the saps forward so rapidly that in the night of the 25th the heads of the trenches were united by the second parallel at a little less than four hundred yards from the rampart. The siege batteries were established in the parallel, and in the next two days their fire had silenced the guns of the fort, the Mexicans withdrawing the cannon to the barricades in the streets behind it. The angle of the fort was in ruins, and a mass of the ramparts on both sides of it had been brought down into the ditch. The third parallel was constructed at one hundred and fifty yards from the breach; but in order to still further diminish the distance to be crossed by the storming column, the sappers went to work again, and a fourth parallel was opened only eighty yards from the steep slope of ruined rampart that was to be the way by which the French would rush the town.

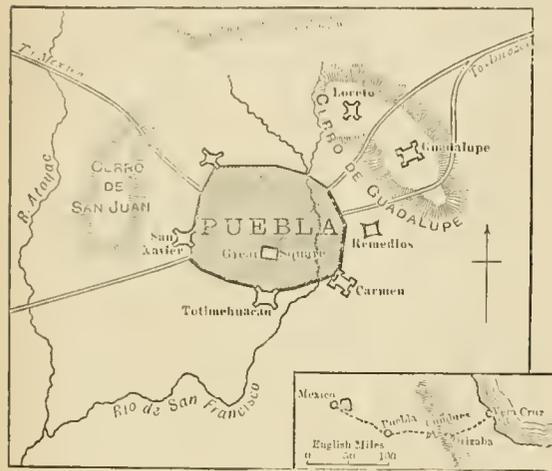
The 20th of March, only six days after the opening of the trenches, was the date chosen for

the assault. The troops detailed for the storming party were the same regiments which had led the unsuccessful attack upon the Cerro de Guadalupe in the previous month of May. They were given this chance of avenging that defeat. General Douay directed the operations, the Zouaves being under the immediate command of Colonel Gastalet, and the Chasseurs under Commandant de Courcy. In the afternoon the stormers were gradually collected in the fourth parallel, while the batteries directed a storm of shells upon San Xavier. At five o'clock the artillery was suddenly silent, and General Douay gave the signal for the assault. Led by Gastalet, the Zouaves, with the fierce yell imitated from the Arabs, sprang over the breastwork of the parallel, poured down into the ditch and up the breach, the Chasseurs covering their advance with their rifle fire, and then dashing on to support them. But the Mexicans had rushed to the ramparts and the head of the breach the moment the artillery had ceased firing, and it was only after a fierce bayonet fight that the French cleared the fort. Even then it was seen that it could not be held unless the Mexicans were driven from the neighbouring houses and the streets between them, and until darkness closed in there was a series of desperate combats in the houses and at the barricades. At last the French were in secure possession of San Xavier. Over 600 of the Mexicans had been bayoneted. The victors had lost 230 killed and wounded, General de Laumière, of the artillery, being among the dead.

In most sieges the opening of a practicable breach is followed by a surrender. In nearly every case, once the stormers penetrate the ramparts resistance ceases. But it was not so at La Puebla. The successful assault marked, not the end, but the beginning of the real defence of the place. The French had secured beforehand excellent plans of the city, and on these they had numbered off the blocks of houses. There were 158 in all, each bounded by four streets, and it looked as if each block would cost a little siege of its own. Thus, on March 31st, Blocks Nos. 2 and 9 were stormed by the Chasseurs, one of the boundary walls of No. 9 being blown in with gunpowder. Next day an attack on Block No. 26, which was a large barrack, was repulsed. In the night between the 2nd and 3rd of April an attempt was made to run a mine under its walls, but it was soon stopped by a mass of hard rock. Close by, at Block 24, a section of the engineers were carried off by a vigorous sortie of

the Mexicans from the neighbouring barricades. Soldiers and citizens were fighting against the invaders side by side, and this struggle in the streets was a costly business. On the 7th of April only the houses near San Xavier had been captured, and already more than 500 of the French had fallen. Gunpowder had been so freely used by the engineers that the supply was running short. General Douay gave up for the present the attempt to advance further into the town, and was content to hold his own.

Next day Forey, the commander-in-chief, sent down to Vera Cruz a despatch which showed what he thought of the situation. Addressing the naval officer in command of the squadron, he said: "Write at once to the Minister of War, in



my name, that the siege of Puebla is a *serious* operation; and tell him that I beg that he will send us, without loss of time, siege material, men, and munitions of war, with which to replace what are already expended and further provide for the eventualities of the future; and let him take as the basis of his calculations the fact that the means hitherto put at my disposal are quite insufficient." This was written ten days after the breach had been stormed, and yet Forey evidently felt that the end was still far off, otherwise he would not have expected supplies to reach him from France in time to be of any use.

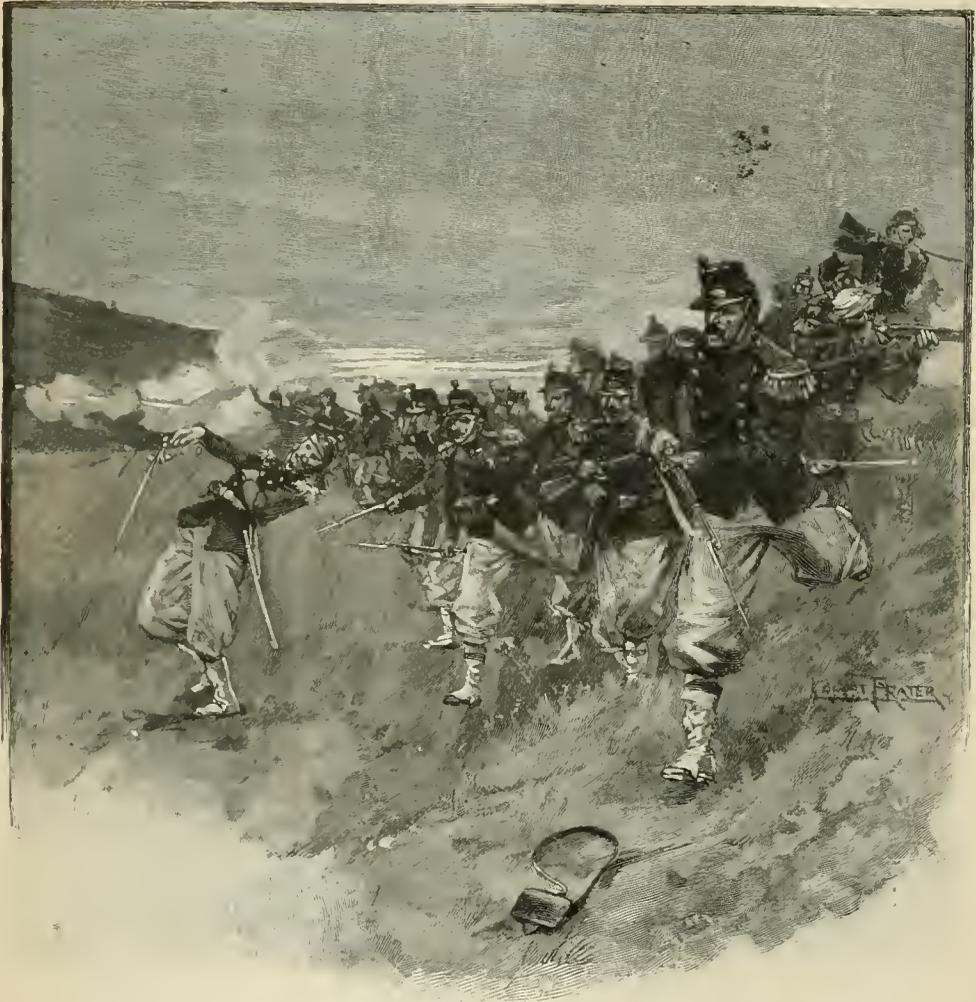
Meanwhile, on the south side of the town, Bazaine, with the first division, began a new attack, in the hope that progress might be more rapid in this direction. He had first to deal with the outlying forts of Carmen and Totimhuacan, on the banks of the river below the town. His engineers opened the first and second parallels and began to sap up to the forts. In the second

week of April supplies began to run short in the town. Ortega had still 1,500 horsemen with him, and in order to economise his provisions, and in the hope of their bringing in a convoy, he sent them out through the French lines. They got away safely, but when they tried to bring in a convoy the enterprise ended in failure, and they had to gallop off, leaving the waggons to the French. A sortie from the south side against Bazaine's trenches was repulsed, with considerable loss to the garrison; but they renewed their attacks, and thus delayed the progress of the engineers. Then, a supply of powder having arrived from Vera Cruz, Douay began again the desperate street-fighting near San Xavier. He attacked the monastery of Santa Inez. The massive building was loopholed, and its walls and those of the adjacent blocks were manned with some 2,000 Mexicans armed with all kinds of weapons, from modern rifles to shot-guns and blunderbusses. The French were repulsed with the loss of 350 killed and wounded, and 130 prisoners. Douay again gave up the attempt to advance, and encouraged by the success at Santa Inez, the Mexicans assumed the offensive and made a fierce attack on the houses and barricades held by the French. This counter-attack failed; and then there was a lull in the street-fighting, both parties being temporarily exhausted.

So the month of April ended. Bazaine's siege-guns were battering the southern forts, and on the west side Douay held a mere corner of the city. The 5th of May, the anniversary of the French defeat at Cerro de Guadalupe, was approaching, and President Juarez resolved that, if possible, it should be signalised by the relief of La Puebla. He joined Comonfort's army, and sent in word to Ortega that he was to make a vigorous sortie on the morning of the 5th, while Comonfort with the field-army would attack the besiegers from the south-west. The attack was made entirely by the Mexican cavalry, but they were met and dispersed by the better-trained squadrons of the French Chasseurs d'Afrique. At the same time the garrison poured out upon Bazaine's trenches, and within the town attacked Douay's barricades. Everywhere the French held their own. But Forey felt that it would be dangerous to allow Comonfort to combine a more serious attack with another sortie of the garrison. The Mexican field-army of about 8,000 foot and 2,500 horse was entrenching itself at San Lorenzo, in the Atoyac valley, about seven miles north of La Puebla. Bazaine was ordered

to make a night march and break up the Mexican camp. Leaving at midnight the lines before La Puebla, with a small column made up of four battalions of infantry, eight guns, and four squadrons of cavalry, Bazaine marched up the valley, and making a wide sweep to the west-

Fort Totimehuacan and the fort of Remedios, between the town and the Cerro de Guadalupe. The siege works were pressed forward, and an assault on the south side was being prepared, when on the 17th several loud explosions were heard in the town just before dawn, and when the sun



"FELL SUDDENLY UPON THE MEXICAN POSITION IN THE GREY DAWN."

ward, fell suddenly upon the Mexican position in the grey dawn of the 8th of May. The attack was a complete success, and after a brief struggle the Mexicans dispersed, leaving in the hands of Bazaine 3 standards, 8 guns, 1,000 prisoners, and a large convoy of supplies which Comonfort had hoped to throw into Puebla.

The victory of San Lorenzo sealed the fate of Ortega and his brave garrison. Bazaine was back in his trenches the same morning. On the 12th his batteries had silenced the fire of both

rose, the white flag was seen flying on all the forts. After a defence of sixty-two days, La Puebla was on the point of falling into the hands of the invaders. It had held out for just seven weeks from the storming of San Xavier, which Forey had hoped would put the whole place in his possession.

On the evening of the 16th, General Ortega had decided that further resistance could only last a few hours, and would entail a useless sacrifice of brave men's lives. His provisions were

exhausted; his men and the citizens who acted with them were already half-starved. Ammunition was running short: it was doubtful if there were enough rifle cartridges for another day's hard fighting. It was true that the French only held a corner of the town on the western side, but on the south Bazaine's approaches had been pushed close up to the forts, and Ortega thought he saw signs that an assault was being prepared for the early morning of the 17th. Under these circumstances he would have been quite justified in capitulating, but the brave soldier was determined that the invaders should obtain as little advantage as might be from his surrender.

Shortly after midnight he issued an order to his officers telling them the end had come, and that further resistance was impossible. The order then went on to direct that, "in order to save the honour and dignity of the army," the hour from 4 to 5 a.m. was to be devoted to a rapid destruction of all the arms in the town. All the cannon mounted on the walls and at the barricades were to be, not simply spiked, but broken up with heavy charges of powder. "This sacrifice," he said, "our native land demands of her faithful children, in order that these arms may not be in any way of service to the enemy who has invaded our country." This done, the generals commanding divisions and brigades were to declare to their soldiers that the army was disbanded and no longer existed. The men were to be told that after their gallant fight their officers were not going to hand them over as prisoners to the French. There was no complete line of investment round the city, and nothing could prevent a considerable number of them from making their way to the national armies that still kept the field, if they chose to do so. As they were released from their service, they need not take such a step unless they wished; but as there was no capitulation the laws of war left them free to fight for Mexico again at the first opportunity. The funds in the war-chest of the army were to be divided among the men. Officers and soldiers alike were told that they had reason to be proud of their defence. Only the want of food and other supplies had put an end to it; "for," wrote Ortega, "at this moment we hold the city and its forts, with the exception only of the one fort of San Xavier and a few blocks of houses in its neighbourhood."

He further announced that the white flag would be hoisted on the forts and at the barricades facing the French near San Xavier at 5 a.m. At the same hour the officers would

assemble in the square before the cathedral, where he would meet them. He would not try to make any terms for them with the conqueror, nor would he bind them in any way: each was free to take whatever line his own honour and conscience prescribed. Those who remained with him would doubtless be made prisoners.

By 4 o'clock the preparations for the destruction of the arms and the burning of all the standards were completed. In the next hour the work was carried out, the series of explosions giving the French at first an idea that the garrison was attempting a great sortie. By 5 the proclamation dissolving the army of La Puebla had been read, and the disarmed soldiers had broken their ranks with a last cheer for Mexico and for Ortega. The general with his officers, none of whom wore their swords, and most of whom had broken the blades, were assembled before the old cathedral. There was to be no laying down of their arms at the feet of the conqueror. An aide-de-camp had ridden out with a flag of truce to Forey's headquarters on the west of the town. He handed the French general the following letter:—

"La Puebla de Los Angeles,

"May 17th, 1863.

"MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL,—As it is no longer possible for me to continue to defend this place, through the want of ammunition and provisions, I have disbanded the army placed under my orders, after having destroyed its armament, including the artillery.

"The place is therefore at your disposal, and you can proceed to occupy it, taking, if you judge fit, such steps as prudence may dictate to avoid those evils which might result from a sudden and forcible occupation, for which there is now no reason.

"The generals and officers of the army are now assembled on the Plaza del Gobierno. These individuals will become your prisoners. I cannot, Monsieur le Général, prolong the defence. If I could, you may take my word for it that I would.

"ORTEGA"

It was not till early on the 19th that Forey rode in triumph into the captured town. The 17th and 18th were devoted to quietly taking possession of the forts and walls, and then searching the blocks of houses one after another for arms. It was not till this had been thoroughly done that the victors felt safe. They made prisoners of all whom they could identify as having taken part in the defence in the ranks of the regular army. In all they thus captured 26 generals, 1,432 officers of lower rank, and about 11,000 soldiers. The generals and other officers refused to give any kind of parole, and

more than half of them succeeded in escaping either from Puebla or from Orizaba, or other points on the road to Vera Cruz, down to which they were marched in order to be sent to France. Of the Mexican officers 530 were actually shipped across the Atlantic to Brest, but 650 escaped, most of them rejoining the national army, where some thousands of the defenders of La Puebla had preceded them. Amongst those who thus regained their liberty was the brave Ortega.

Juarez, having lost Puebla, made no attempt to defend the capital against the French. He retired to San Luis de Potosi, and on June 10th, three weeks after the fall of La Puebla, Forey entered the city of Mexico. The capture of La Puebla, and the occupation of the old capital of the Aztec monarchy, won Forey his marshal's baton. But the honours of the fight were really with the

Mexican general, who had made of Puebla another Saragossa. Perhaps the most striking testimony to his merits is the fact that a French soldier who saw his first campaigns in Mexico, and who now commands an army corps on the eastern frontier of France, has told the story of Ortega's gallantry, and set forth the very words of his last order to the garrison of La Puebla as an example to French soldiers of what a brave man should do when fortune is no longer on his side. In his great work on the art of war, General Pierron cites a series of "Heroic examples to be imitated rather than surrender," and he groups together "Ortega at Puebla" and "Taillant at Phalsbourg," as types of the iron courage and determination which refuse to leave to the victor any advantage of his success that can be wrested from him, even in the depths of defeat.



CITY OF MEXICO.



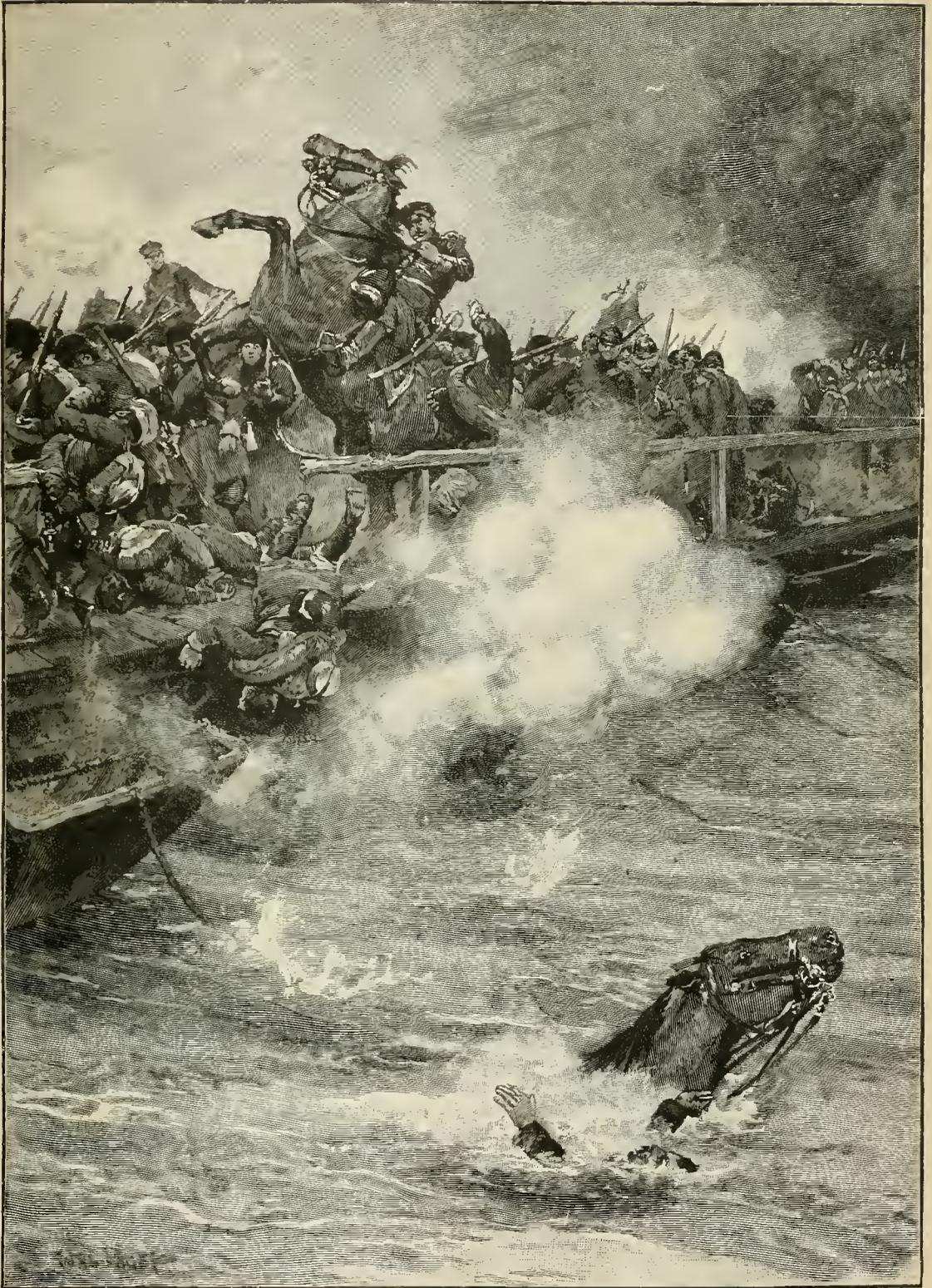
PART 2
 THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL
 April—Sep^r 1855 By Major Arthur Griffiths

ON the 9th September, 1855, the present writer was standing at day-dawn on a high point of vantage, surveying a scene so strange and striking that its memory can never be effaced. Sebastopol at last was ours. On the day previous the final assaults had been made. The French, attacking with fiery courage and in overwhelming numbers, had captured the Malakoff; we, on the other hand, using but meagre forces, had failed at the Redan. Watching from the left attack, at no great distance, I had seen our men go forward, a mere handful, had noted anxiously the hurry-scurry of the advance, the crash of conflict, the struggle, long time in doubt, within the great earth-heap, the final retreat; stricken soldiers dropping back regretfully by twos and threes, still tormented by fire and often overtaken by death. Everyone who watched was strongly affected, not so much indeed by the failure, but because no supreme effort was made to retrieve it. At that time the English trenches were swarming with troops; whole divisions lined them; the Guards had been brought up, and the Highlanders—the 3rd and 4th Divisions—were close at hand, yet nothing was done. The day ended in deep despondency and disgust; the guards in the trenches were not relieved, and our particular party returned for a second night to the Cemetery, an advanced post in front of the Creek battery, always much harassed by the enemy's guns.

What next? Grave anxiety prevailed, at least amongst us of the junior ranks, for the completeness of the French success in the capture of the true key of the fortress was scarcely appreciated, nor was the utter discouragement of the Russians known. On the contrary, a general sortie upon our lines was expected, and strict orders were given to maintain the utmost vigilance, to post our sentries well to the front, and by constant visitation make sure that they were always on

the alert. All about this Cemetery lay vineyards loaded with grapes, free to all who would gather them undeterred by the dropping fire that did not cease till long after midnight. There, as we lay dozing between the reliefs of sentries or enjoying the luscious fruit, a tremendous concussion filled the air, and the ground on which we rested seemed shaken to its very depths. A mine! The prelude to a vigorous attack! The guards stood to their arms; messages came and went; officers collected together, taking counsel, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation. Soon, however, the Russian fire ceased entirely. The vexed air grew calm, and in the growing stillness a distant murmur of rattling wheels, the hum of voices, the trampling of feet reached us, but with no distinct impression of their meaning.

Morning presently broke—the dawn of a splendid autumn day—and in the growing light everything was explained. The evacuation had commenced; the garrison was in full retreat by a bridge of boats constructed weeks beforehand. Now our batteries on the higher level above had got the range of the retiring columns, and opened a furious fire. A terrible carnage ensued upon the overcrowded bridge: whole sections of men were swept away, numbers were blown into the air, and the dropping fragments, bodies and limbs, and bits of exploded shells, tore up the water like monster hail. More awful still was the ruin that soon spread over the doomed city. There, under our very eyes, it crumbled away into formless and chaotic elements; the great forts blew up one after the other with thunderous explosion, vomiting clouds of black smoke into the blue vault, to hang there or fall again, brooding thick and low upon the shapeless wreckage, while darting flames quickly shot up and gradually embraced the whole town in one general conflagration.



"A TERRIBLE CARNAGE ENSUED UPON THE OVERCROWDED BRIDGE" (A. 464).

So ended Sebastopol, in a horror of carnage and fire, after a siege of nearly twelve months' duration, in which three great European Powers had put forth all their military strength. Every credit is due to those engaged upon either side; but the tardy success was achieved after such a stubborn resistance, that the greatest glory was, if anything, to the losing side. The issue was never in doubt, perhaps: it was only a question of time, although it might be wearily, almost indefinitely, postponed. But the more strenuous the attack, the more noble was the defence, and as the allies, rising slowly to a full appreciation of the magnitude of their task, gathered together men and material in overwhelming proportions, so the Russians, undismayed, developed such indomitable tenacity, mixed with such enterprising skill and boldness in engineering, that at times the besiegers became the besieged. Through the terrible winter the defenders were certainly stronger and more numerous than their assailants, better fed and better found. Mentschikoff's field-army had been practically broken up; a large contingent had been drawn in to reinforce the garrison; the vast storehouse of the arsenals and the warships seemed inexhaustible, supplies of all sorts reached the fortress unimpeded along its always open communications. Thus all losses were speedily made good; there were troops enough to man all the works, and yet leave from 6,000 to 10,000 free to labour continually upon the fortifications. Every battery was armed anew; hundreds of heavy guns were moved easily through the streets from the arsenal and wharves to the works. Nothing could be finer, more worthy of admiration, than this resolute defiance.

And yet no one can understand why Todleben did not do more: why he did not convert defensive into offensive operations; why, in the plenitude of his superior strength, he did not essay to drive the allies from their trenches back to their ships, or into the sea. He was fully aware of their wretched condition. In the first place, his spies, daring and pertinacious, kept him always well informed. Moreover, he learnt much from the garrulity of his foes. These were the early days of war-correspondents, of those fluent and irrepressible writers, ever active in the service of an anxious public at home, but not as yet restrained by the modern military censorship, which nowadays secures a certain reticence at least on all vitally important matters. There was such an eager and insatiable thirst in England for news, that much was published in

the English papers that might more safely have been withheld. Everything that went on before Sebastopol reached Todleben in the course of a few weeks. There were few secrets kept, and certainly those which betrayed the weakness of the besiegers were not among them. Todleben, thus encouraged, might surely have made a bold stroke to deliver the fortress. By concentrating superior numbers on one or more points in the ill-defended trenches he might, in all probability, have succeeded in raising the siege. That he did not do so is explained by one or both of two suppositions: one is that he did not dare to risk the tremendous failure involved by thus putting all upon the throw; the other that he and his soldiery had fared so badly in hand-to-hand conflicts that they had no stomach for further fighting in the open field.

The gallant and intrepid engineer did not, however, go beyond the *rôle* of defence; but in this he was incomparable, untiring, unyielding, full of ingenuity and endless resource. Todleben bent everything to his purpose, turned everything to account, made the most of every opportunity. By this time he knew by heart the ground he held, every inch of it, and tried all he could to render it impregnable. All through the winter months, while we were in such sore straits, he was continually increasing our difficulties. With consummate skill he devised many new and harassing processes in military engineering. Such were the rifle-pits pushed forward within easy reach of our trenches. Each of these was a hole containing a single marksman who, being safely screened by sandbags, picked off our gunners and inflicted perpetual loss. When mining was tried by the French, Todleben countermined, and so effectually that he had the best of this underground warfare. He was continually stealing ground, too, wherever he could thus annoy us or strengthen his own lines. One day new earthworks appeared upon the slopes facing the Inkerman battlefield; then the Mamelon was seized and fortified as an outwork of the Malakoff, and this at a time when we had ourselves recognised the importance of this commanding knoll and were about to occupy it. The Russians, by forestalling us and crowning the hill with strong earthworks, struck a serious blow at the besiegers, especially on the English Right Attack, for the Mamelon looked into these trenches, and forbade any further advance against the Redan. Another obstacle thrown forward to bar our progress was the work established in the Quarries before the Redan, ere long to be

nobly contested, but yet carried with great courage by the English troops.

As time passed, however, the balance became more even between attack and defence. Still, fresh complications arose, caused by the ambitious interference of Napoleon III., who began to hanker after military glory, and actually contemplated taking the command of the French army of the Crimea. He was at this time much under the influence of General Niel, an engineer officer who disapproved of the methods hitherto

employed against Sebastopol, and had been sent out to the seat of war in order to impress his views upon the general commanding. Niel's contention was that the proper scientific procedure was to invest the fortress completely—to surround Sebastopol on every side, and cut it off from all communication with the outer world. In theory this argument was perfectly sound, but the principle should have been adopted at an earlier date. There are many who incline to the belief that the whole strategical plan of the allies was unsound, and that, if it had been controlled by a higher military genius, our aim would have been to isolate Sebastopol by seizing the throat or isthmus which connected the Crimea with southern Russia. Active field operations would then have been substituted for a tedious siege; and the wisdom of this course was seen when it was tried by the occupation of Kertch at the eleventh hour.

But when General Niel reached the Crimea, the allies were too far committed to the siege to abandon it for other doubtful operations elsewhere. Better weather had greatly improved the situation before Sebastopol. Abundant transports of all sorts, rail and wheeled vehicles, kept the troops at the front well fed, well clothed, and well housed; huts had replaced tents, and stores

of all kinds were plentiful, especially war material. The allied artillery had grown portentously strong: there were now 378 French guns in position, and 123 English—numbers not really disproportionate, seeing that now the English trenches were far less extensive than the French; but withal, the English ordnance was generally of weightier metal, and we had up at the front 500 rounds per gun and 300 per mortar. The Russians, it is true, were equally strong: they had a thousand guns mounted on their works,

and could directly oppose us with 466, well placed. But it was confidently expected that in the next battle of the guns the allied artillery would have a distinct advantage.

For a new bombardment was obviously imminent, the prelude, as everyone believed, to a general assault. The former began on the 8th April, but the latter never came off, for the reason already given. The great enterprise which should soon have ended the siege was robbed of all pith and purpose by the insistence of the French Emperor

continually harping on field operations. Nevertheless, the cannonade commenced at the date given, and was continued for ten days almost without intermission. It was a terrific storm of projectiles, and it inflicted immense damage. The Russians, who were short of powder, replied slowly and ineffectively. Ere long many of their batteries were put out of action. The French breached the salient of the Central Bastion, and greatly injured the Flagstaff Battery; our guns silenced one face of the Redan; the French and English guns overpowered the Mamelon; the Malakoff was silenced, so were the White Works. The Russians suffered horribly. Believing that the bombardment would be followed by assault, large bodies were kept close up to repel it, and



GENERAL NIEL.

so were fully exposed to this incessant, murderous fire. The carnage was frightful. Sebastopol became a shambles; all its great buildings were converted into hospitals and crowded with dead and dying; the floors lay half an inch deep in coagulated blood; great piles of severed limbs filled tubs around the amputating tables in the churches; funeral dirges were chanted all day long. It is calculated that in this April

now well known that this amiable and, according to his means, most excellent soldier was undecided in action—ready enough to promise beforehand, slow to execute when the critical moment arrived. This want of vigour was heightened by the presence of General Niel, and Canrobert's perplexity reached its climax when detailed instructions reached him for giving effect to the emperor's plan. This plan, as has been said, meant the subdivision of the whole allied forces—one to maintain the siege, the other to take the field—a scheme that did not commend itself to anyone, least of all to the allied commanders at the seat of war. But Canrobert did not feel strong enough to criticise and resist the emperor: he preferred to resign his command. With true nobility of soul, he strongly urged that Pelissier, a general junior to him, should replace him, as more competent to deal with the crisis. Canrobert's magnanimity did not end here, and he begged to be allowed to take a back seat—to return to his old division, and continue to serve under the new commander-in-chief.

With Pelissier's appointment, the siege entered upon a new stage: it was to be prosecuted henceforth with extraordinary vigour. He was a man of unbounded resolution and self-reliance, thinking only of the end in view, nothing of the cost by which it was to be obtained. An old Algerian comrade, comparing himself to Pelissier, said if Paris was in insurrection he would not mind burning down a quarter of the city to repress it, but "Pelissier would not shrink from burning the whole." Although of humble origin, and once a private soldier in the ranks, he had studied the science of war deeply,



MARSHAL PELISSIER.
(Photo, Brawn, Paris.)

bombardment the Russian garrison lost in killed and wounded 6,000, as against 1,585 French and 265 English.

If ever an assault had been duly prepared, it was now. Yet none was delivered. A feeling that the bombardment was a wasted effort produced deep disappointment and chagrin throughout the allied camps. Canrobert, the French general-in-chief, was principally blamed. The constant interference of his imperial master, either by direct communication or through his confidential agent, General Niel, greatly increased that native irresolution which was the one weak point in Canrobert's character. It is

and was a great strategist, his knowledge being supported by life-long experience, and improved by great natural sagacity. Nothing shook him from his purpose when he had once made up his mind, and he was as fearless in expressing his opinion as he was bold in forming it. Not even the respect he owed his imperial master—an absolute sovereign, the fountain of all honour, who had first raised him to the highest post in the French army, and who might dispose of him by a stroke of the pen—could deter him from taking his own line, and that was not Napoleon's. Pelissier, after mature thought, rejected the emperor's scheme, and "without regret." He

was determined not only to hold on to the siege in preference to all other "unknown adventures," but to push it forward resolutely. Niel, at his elbow, still sought to recommend the other course, but was at once put down with a high hand. Pelissier plainly told him at one con-

with the general commanding in the field, and Pelissier, with the rare courage of an unusually strong but wisely obstinate man, persisted in having his own way.

Within a week two important events showed the direction of the new current. One was the



"OUR MEN NEVER GOT NEAR THE REDAN—THEY WERE SWEEPED AWAY IN HUNDREDS BY A STORM OF GRAPE" (p. 471).

ference to hold his tongue; at another he warned Niel that if he dared go beyond reading aloud a formal memorandum he would resort to vigorous measures—meaning, no doubt, to put him under arrest. Even the distinct and positive orders, issued in the most peremptory terms by the emperor himself, could not divert Pelissier from his purpose. The sovereign might suggest schemes from Paris, flashing them by wire, but the responsibility of conducting operations rested

French attack upon a newly-constructed earthwork, planted by the enterprising Todleben between the Central Bastion and the sea. The other was the despatch of an expedition to Kertch, to strike at the Russian communications by the Sea of Azof. Both were eminently successful. The first, after victory had changed sides more than once, ended in the gaining and including this new work in the French line of trenches; the second "struck deep into the

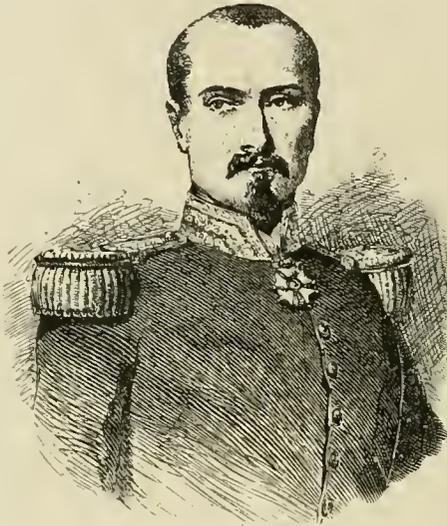
Russian resources," so Pelissier reported. "Their chief line of supply is cut." Other decisive steps followed, and the allies by the end of May had gained air and space, by pushing back Liprandi's army, which had long hung round our flanks in the Tchernaya valley; and the river of that name once more became our boundary, as it had been before the battle of Balaclava.

The main efforts of the allied commanders were now directed to closing in upon the defences of the town, and as a first step it was necessary to gain possession of the various outworks and advanced posts still maintained by Todleben in front of his inner line. These—the White Works, the Mamelon, and the Quarries—have already been mentioned, with the important influence they exercised in delaying the progress of the besiegers. It was on June the 6th that a fresh bombardment was undertaken in order to reduce them, both the English and French guns being actively engaged—to the number of 544. The Mamelon was soon crushed, the White Works greatly damaged, and only the Malakoff was able to return our fire at the close of the day. The cannonade was continued all through next day and towards dusk. Bosquet sent forward two brigades, and took possession of the White Works without serious opposition, which during the night were incorporated with the French trenches. On that same evening, the 7th June, about 5.30, three French columns moved out boldly to attack the Mamelon, headed by a brave colonel, Brancion, who was slain just as his men triumphantly crowned the parapet. Another column of Turcos took the works by the rear, and this combined attack was for a time perfectly successful; then the Russians, reinforced, made a counter-attack, retook the Mamelon, held it for a time, and were in their turn again expelled. The entry of the French into this work was the signal for our attack upon the Quarries, and this tough job was entrusted to detachments of the 2nd and Light Divisions, the whole under

Colonel Shirley. These Quarries were soon carried, but, being at the rear, they were searched through and through by the enemy's guns, and proved untenable until the Russians came out and were mixed with the assailants. Then the fight rolled back and forward, the victory now inclining to this side, now to that. In the end, however, when dawn broke, the whole of the works we had attacked remained in our hands.

This substantial triumph greatly elated the allies. All who were engaged in it hoped that a turn was approaching in this wearisome siege, and impatiently awaited the final attack, which must now, surely, be soon made. This, indeed,

was the fixed intention of the allied generals, and in the days following the last-named captures, measures were concerted to assault the inner and chief works of the town. Even now the Emperor Napoleon persisted in advising field-operations, and continued to telegraph orders to Pelissier to that effect. The sturdy French general protested, pleading how impossible it was for him to exercise his command "at the end, sometimes paralysing, of an electric wire"—and still went his own way. To the



GENERAL BOSQUET.

emperor's last peremptory message he replied: "To-morrow, at daybreak, in concert with the English, I attack the Redan, the Malakoff, and their dependent batteries. I am full of hope."

Yet this great attack was foredoomed to failure. Everything went wrong, especially with the French commander-in-chief. It is now believed that Pelissier, although outwardly firm, was greatly harassed in mind by the continual interference of the emperor. Whatever the reason, he made mistake upon mistake. In the first place, he removed Bosquet from the command of the troops that were to attack the Malakoff, and substituted a general but lately landed, and quite ignorant of the ground, which Bosquet knew, as the French say, "as well as his own pocket." In the second place, although it had been arranged with Lord Raglan that the attack should be preceded by a two days' cannonade, the fire of the 17th June was not

resumed by the French on the fatal morning of the 18th, and Pelissier suddenly decided to attack at daybreak without it. This, the anniversary of Waterloo, when two old foes now were to fight side by side, had been chosen on purpose, and yet it was to be associated with disaster. The French columns intended to assault the Malakoff found themselves mixed up and confused in the trenches. It was a brilliant starlight night, and the Russians, seeing them plainly, brought up all their strength to resist. The assailants, when they moved forward, encountered fierce opposition from dogged men posted behind works rapidly repaired, and the French presently retreated with considerable loss. The same misfortune met the English, for Lord Raglan, although aware of the French failure, felt bound to also attack. Our men never got near the Redan—they were swept away in hundreds, as they crossed the open, by a storm of grape. Their leaders were killed, General Campbell and gallant Lacy Yea, and the remnant fell back disheartened. Only at one point, down by the Creek battery, that fiery leader Sir William Eyre had penetrated the defences and entered the town. But he was wounded himself, and the lodgment made was relinquished, failing proper support.

From this grievous disaster Lord Raglan, who was already in failing health, never recovered. The noble English soldier, who had long borne unmerited contumely in proud silence, content to do his duty to the utmost of his power, was now heartbroken at this defeat, and sinking gradually, he died ten days after the 18th of June. How greatly his fine character had impressed all who were joined with him in this chanceful campaign was shown by Pelissier's great grief at his death. The rugged, stern, intractable Frenchman had from the first evinced the highest respect and affection for his English colleague; and it is said that when Lord Raglan was no more, General Pelissier came and "stood by his bedside for upwards of an hour, crying like a child."

But although Pelissier could thus yield to his generous emotions, he never weakened on the business in hand. Defeat only redoubled his dogged determination to succeed in his own way. This indomitable attitude at last won him the respect of his hitherto hostile superiors, and even the Emperor Napoleon, surrendering his beloved projects, admitted that now every effort must be concentrated on the siege. The affront of failure must now be wiped

out—speedily, if possible, but at any rate surely. Progress was still slow, but still the sap crept steadily forward, until it approached in some places the very foot of the enemy's defences, while, without intermission, the war of weapons continued. We had established an overwhelming superiority of fire, and our guns worked frightful havoc in the garrison. "Losses!" said a young Russian officer who had accompanied a flag of truce; "you don't know what the word means. You should see our batteries: the dead lie there in heaps and heaps." The Russians during the last bombardment lost from 1,000 to 1,500 a day.

Yet two more months passed, and the allies were still outside. Neither Pelissier, with his strong and masterful spirit, nor Sir James Simpson, Lord Raglan's successor—a much poorer creature—was disposed to risk failure again by another premature or ill-considered attack; and while they waited to make all sure, the enemy took his fate in both hands, and sought to relieve the nearly ruined fortress by one last great counterstroke.

The battle of the Tchernaya, or of Tractir Bridge, fought on the 15th of August, was a despairing but most vigorous attack upon the French right flank, where our newly-arrived Italian—or, more exactly, Sardinian—allies were also posted. Thirty thousand Russians, under Generals Read and Liprandi, with a reserve of 10,000 more infantry, the whole supported by cavalry and a numerous artillery, came on at daylight, but attacked too soon the heights held strongly by the French, and were driven back with great slaughter. The Sardinians also fought well, and some horse artillery also took part in the fight.

The *dénouement* still tarried, but all hope of holding Sebastopol was at an end. Since the commencement of the Crimean campaign the Russians had lost hundreds of thousands of men in the fortress and in the field, and their condition was nearly desperate. Preparations to evacuate the city were at last begun—the great bridge of retreat across the harbour, barricades and obstacles in the streets and approaches. Yet Prince Gortschakoff still hesitated, and wished at the eleventh hour to prolong the defence in spite of the tremendous sacrifices it would entail.

But now, at last, opportunity was ripe: the French most advanced trench was within five-and-twenty yards of the Malakoff, and the hour of attack was at hand.

Once more, and for the last time, the guns reopened fire and blazed away incessantly on the 6th and 7th September, doing, as usual, infinite injury; but in the early morning of the 8th the Russians stood ready, their reserves in hand, their guns loaded with grape. It was not Pelissier's intention to attack the Malakoff—the principal point—before noon. He had observed that at that hour the old guards were relieved by the new, but that the one marched out of the works before the others replaced.

This was the plan which the French general hugged so closely to his heart that, as he himself put it, he would not whisper it to his pillow. The general control of the attack was placed under Bosquet, but the actual assault of the Malakoff was entrusted to MacMahon, that fine soldier who, years later, became President of the French Republic. Other troops filled in the line towards the Redan, where the English, under General Windham, were to come into play;

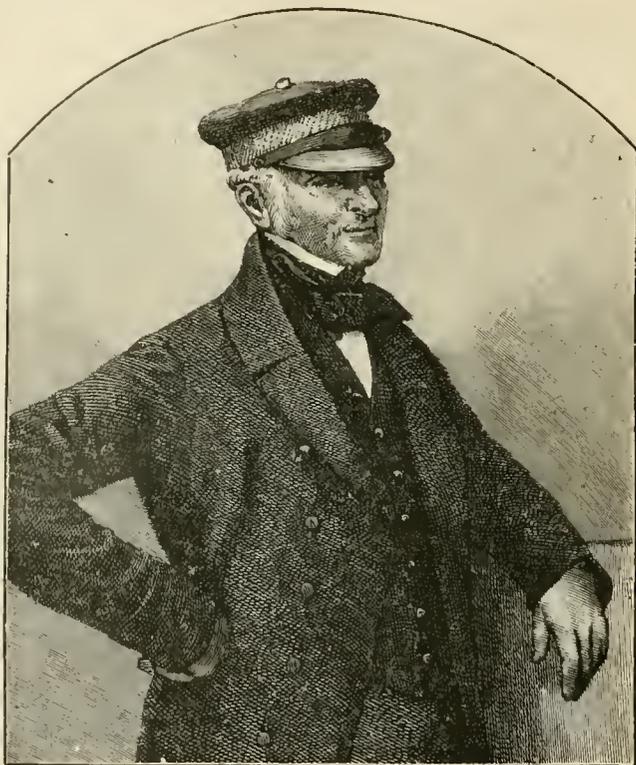
but theirs was essentially an inferior and subsidiary rôle, for under no circumstances should we have attacked the Redan alone. Further subordinate moves were to be made by the French on the Flagstaff Bastion, while the Central Bastion was to be dealt with by the Sardinians.

At noon exactly, MacMahon's first brigade crossed the open at a run, and found the Malakoff nearly empty; but then the Russian relief came up, and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle began. Every traverse, every coign of vantage, was taken and retaken, the Russians fighting with desperate courage; and it was not until the French had broken into the work by its eastern face that victory inclined to their side. Still, the

conflict was maintained till late in the afternoon, the Russians bringing up every reserve, but all to no purpose, and finally the tricolour waved over the Malakoff. The key to the fortress was won.

Elsewhere fate had been adverse. The French columns on the left of the principal attack had not greatly prospered, while we English at the Redan had distinctly failed. No doubt we were more or less doomed to failure

from the first; for the Russians, retiring from the Malakoff, swarmed into the Redan and soon filled it with vast numbers, while the English assailants at best were few. Yet they went up undaunted; many boldly climbed over the huge parapet, and for some time maintained a firm front inside. Unfortunately, support in sufficient strength was not promptly sent forward, and General Windham went back in search of them. This ill-advised step left the combatants, already hardly

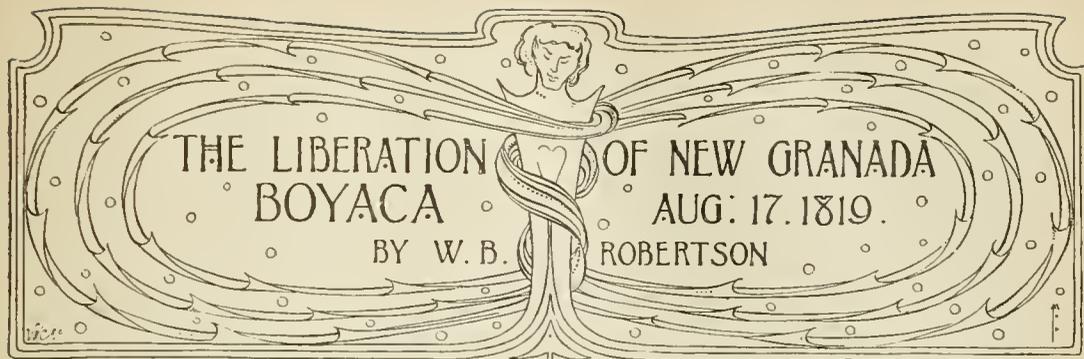


GENERAL SIMPSON.

(Photo, Fenton.)

pressed, without the guidance of any leader of rank, and the unequal contest was not long maintained. Had the French, it is said, turned the Russian guns they had captured in the Malakoff on to the Redan, that work would have been quite untenable, so that its assault—except, perhaps, as a feint—was really unnecessary.

Thus Sebastopol, or its principal part—smoking ruins and an empty shell—fell at last to the allied forces of French and English. Probably the assault upon the Malakoff, if it had not been successful, would have been renewed; for everybody agreed that if the fortress was not taken before the second winter arrived, it would have been necessary to raise the siege.



FOR deeds of fiendish cruelty we are accustomed to turn to those pages wherein are recorded the butcheries of savage arms. Such are untrammelled by any of the rules which are supposed to govern civilised warfare; and, though we may be shocked, yet are we not surprised when they are vengefully stained with unnecessary and innocent blood. The fact that barbarities are so named shows them to be regarded as characteristic of the barbarian. They are, however, unhappily, not confined to the barbarian, as we shall see in seeking to exemplify the bloody nature of the struggle between Venezuela and New Granada, fighting, on the one hand, for independence, and Spain fighting, on the other hand, for dominion.

It seems to be generally agreed that Spain was the first to depart from the ordinary usages of war. Her generals treated the colonists as rebels, and as such shot them, or committed them to loathsome dungeons when taken captive. They would also, on entering upon an engagement, place prisoners in the front rank, so that they might be shot by the bullets of their own friends. Of course, the other side retaliated, and war "unto the death" was proclaimed in impassioned strains like these:—

"The executioners, who entitle themselves our enemies, have violated the sacred rights of nations in Quito, La Paz, Mexico, Caracas, and recently in Popayan. They sacrificed in their dungeons our virtuous brethren in the cities of Quito and La Paz; they beheaded thousands of them, prisoners in Mexico; they buried alive in the subterranean vaults and pontoons in Puerta Cabello and La Guayra our fathers, children, and friends of Venezuela; they have immolated the president and commandant of Popayan, with all their companions in misfortune; and ultimately, oh God! as it were in our very

presence, they have perpetrated a horrid butchery in Barinas of our fellow-soldiers made prisoners of war, and of our peaceful compatriots of that city. But these victims shall be avenged; these executioners shall be exterminated. Our gentleness is already exhausted; and, since our oppressors force to a mortal struggle, they shall disappear from America, and our soil shall be purged of the monsters that infest it. Our hatred shall be implacable, *and the war shall be unto death.*"

In 1815 Ferdinand of Spain determined to put an end once for all to the movement for independence that, in varying forms, had been agitating for five years the whole of Spanish America. Accordingly, strong reinforcements to the Royalist armies were sent out, under General Morillo. These arrived at Porto Cabello, and, besides ships of war, comprised 12,000 troops—a force in itself many times larger than all the scattered bands of patriots then under arms put together. Morillo soon had Venezuela under his thumb, and, planting garrisons throughout it, proceeded to lay siege to Cartagena. Capturing this city in four months, he marched unopposed to Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of New Granada, ruin and devastation marking his progress. In a despatch to Ferdinand, which was intercepted, he wrote:—"Every person of either sex who was capable of reading and writing was put to death. By thus cutting off all who were in any way educated, I hoped to effectually arrest the spirit of revolution."

An insight into Morillo's methods of coping with the "spirit of revolution" is furnished by his treatment of those he found in the opulent city of Maturin on its capture. Dissatisfied with the treasure found there, he suspected the people of wealth to have anticipated his arrival by burying their property. To find out the supposed

buried treasure, he had all those whom he regarded as likely to know where it was hidden collected together, and, to make them confess, had the soles of their feet cut off, and then had them driven over hot sand. Many of the victims of this horrid piece of cruelty survived, and were subsequently seen by those that have narrated it. "In another city," proceeds a writer, "I saw several women whose ears and noses had been cut off, their eyes torn from their sockets, their tongues cut out, and the soles of their feet pared by the orders of Monteverde, a Spanish brigadier-general." Instead of quenching the "spirit of revolution," such inhuman treatment was only calculated to fan it into a fiercer flame. Hence Morillo himself, after boasting of "cutting off all who were in any way educated," in the hope of effectually repressing revolution, had to confess:—"Twelve pitched battles, in which the best officers and troops of the enemy have fallen, have not lowered their pride or lessened the vigour of their attacks upon us."

Take one final picture from the pen of an English officer, who served, with many others of our countrymen, under the Venezuelan flag:—

"The people of Margarita saw their liberties threatened and endangered; their wives, children, and kindred daily butchered and quartered; and the reeking members of beings most dear to them exposed to their gaze on every tree and crag of their native forests and mountains; nor was it until hundreds had been thus slaughtered that they pursued the same course. The result was that the Spaniards were routed. I myself saw upwards of seven thousand of their skulls, dried and heaped together in one place, which is not inaptly termed 'Golgotha,' as a trophy of victory. Each of these skulls bears the deep cuts of the machetti—a long knife resembling a sabre in shape, and of admirable temper, which is used in time of peace to cut sugar-cane and for other agricultural purposes, and in war as a weapon of defence, being a very formidable one in the hands of an expert native. These skulls are still preserved by the order of General Arimendez, whose hatred and vengeance have ever been implacable."

Meanwhile, Simon Bolivar, who in 1813 had been proclaimed "Liberator of Venezuela," had been obliged to seek refuge in Jamaica; and here he was now engaged devising plans for delivering his country a second time from the oppressor. Though the achievements upon which Bolivar's fame rests were not yet accom-

plished, his patriotism and his energy had shown him to be the enemy that, above all others, Spain had to fear. Bolivar once removed, there was not then above the political horizon a man with sufficiently exalted aims to attract around him the scattered and sometimes antagonistic forces of the revolution. Hence it was that a Spanish spy was despatched to Jamaica, with the sinister object of taking the Liberator's life. This spy, after familiarising himself with Bolivar's movements, bribed a negro to assassinate him. In the dead of the night, the negro stole up to Bolivar's hammock and plunged his dagger into the sleeper's breast. It was not Bolivar's breast, however, but his secretary's. The negro was caught, tried at Kingston, condemned for murder, and executed.

Leaving Jamaica, Bolivar proceeded to San Domingo, where he found a warm supporter in the president, Peti6n. Here, too, he met Luis Brion, a Dutch shipbuilder of great wealth. His zeal for the principles of liberty infused Brion with a like zeal. The result was that Brion fitted out seven schooners and placed them at Bolivar's disposal, supplied 3,500 muskets to arm recruits with as they joined Bolivar's standard, and devoted his own life and services to the sacred cause. Thus slenderly equipped, Bolivar commenced operations in 1816 at the port of Cayos de San Luis, where the leading refugees from Cartagena, New Granada, and Venezuela had sought sanctuary. By them Bolivar was accepted as leader, and Brion, with the title of "Admiral of Venezuela," was given command of the squadron he had himself furnished. The growing expedition now made for the island of Margarita, which Arismendi had wrested from the Spanish governor; and here, at a convention of officers, Bolivar was named "Supreme Chief," and the third Venezuelan war began—began with many a disaster to the patriot arms, and was marked throughout its course with so many vicissitudes that, until the culminating triumph of Boyaca on August 7th, 1819, it remained ever doubtful upon which side victory would ultimately decide to rest.

At the commencement of the war, excepting the little band on the island of Margarita, the patriot cause was represented by a few scattered groups along the banks of the Orinoco, on the plains of Barcelona, and of Casanare. These groups pursued a kind of guerilla warfare, quite independently of one another, and without any plan to achieve. They were kept together by the fact that submission meant death. The

leader of one of these groups, Paez by name, presents one of the most picturesque and striking characters that history has produced. He was a Llanero, or native of the elevated plains of Barinas, and quite illiterate. As owner of herds of half-wild cattle, he became chief of a band of herdsmen, which he organised into an army, known as the "Guides of the Apure," a tributary of the Orinoco, and whose banks were the base of Paez's operations. Only one of his many daring exploits can be here recorded. That occurred on the 3rd of June, 1810, when Paez was opposing the advance of Morillo himself. With 150 picked horsemen, he swam the river Orinoco and galloped towards the Spanish camp. "Eight hundred of the royalist cavalry," writes W. Pilling, General Mitre's translator, "with two small guns, sallied out to meet him. He slowly retreated, drawing them on to a place called Las Queseras del Medio, where a battalion of infantry lay in ambush by the river. Then, splitting his men into groups of twenty, he charged the enemy on all sides, forcing them under the fire of the infantry, and recrossed the river with two killed and a few wounded, leaving the plain strewn with the dead of the enemy."

This illiterate though brave warrior was in 1831 elected first constitutional President of the Republic of Venezuela, and again elected in 1838, being presented by Congress with a sword of honour, and also by King William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland. Yet he was banished from his country, and died an exile in New York in 1874. Hence it was that that city in January, 1891, was presented by a number of Venezuelans with a painting commemorative of the engagement just recorded. In the painting is pictured the scene at the moment when Paez suddenly turned and charged the Spaniards whom he had drawn into the ambush. The general is mounted on a superb horse, which he has pulled sharply back on its haunches, as he gives the order: "Vuelvan cara!" (face about). On one side are his troopers, rough-looking fellows carrying long spears; their clothing, saddles, trappings, and equipments are all characteristic of their country. In the distance the Spanish cavalry are seen charging, in ignorance of the trap into which they are about to fall.

While Paez's dashing exploits were inspiring the revolutionary leaders with fresh courage, which enabled them to at least hold their own, a system of enlisting volunteers was instituted in London by Don Luis Lopes Mendez, representative of the republic. The Napoleonic wars

being over, this enabled the European Powers to reduce their swollen armaments, and English and German officers entered into contracts with Mendez to take out to Venezuela organised corps of artillery, lancers, hussars, and rifles. On enlisting, soldiers received a bounty of £20; their pay was 2s. a day and rations, and at the end of the war they were promised £125 and an allotment of land. The first expedition to leave England comprised 120 hussars and lancers, under Colonel Hippisley; this body became the basis of a corps of regular cavalry. The nucleus of a battalion of riflemen was taken out by Colonel Campbell; and a subaltern, named Gilmour, with the title of colonel, formed with 90 men the basis of a brigade of artillery. General English, who had served in the Peninsular War under Wellington, contracted with Mendez to take out a force of 1,200 Englishmen; 500 more went out under Colonel Elsom, who also brought out 300 Germans under Colonel Uzlar. General MacGregor took 800, and General Devereux took out the Irish Legion, in which was a son of the Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell. Smaller contingents also went to the seat of war: these mentioned, however, were the chief, and without their aid Bolivar was wont to confess that he would have failed.

Now it was that a brilliant idea occurred to Bolivar. He had already sent 1,200 muskets and a group of officers to General Santander, who was the leader of the patriots on the plains of Casanare. This enabled Santander to increase his forces from amongst the scattered patriots in that neighbourhood. He thereupon began to threaten the frontier of New Granada, with the result that General Barreiro, who had been left in command of that province by Morillo, deemed it advisable to march against him and crush his growing power. Santander's forces, however, though inferior in number, were too full of enthusiasm for Barreiro's soldiers—reduced to a half-hearted condition from being forced to take part in cruelties that they gained nothing from, except the odium of the people they moved amongst. Barreiro, accordingly, was driven back; and, on receiving the news of Santander's success, Bolivar at once formed the conception of crossing the Andes and driving the Spaniards out of New Granada. The event proved that this was the true plan of campaign for the patriots. Already they had lost three campaigns through endeavouring to dislodge the Spaniards direct from their strongest positions, which were in Venezuela; now, by gaining

New Granada, they would win prestige and consolidate their power there for whatever further efforts circumstances might demand.

Thus, as it has been described, did the veil drop from Bolivar's eyes; and so confident was he of ultimate success, that he issued to the people of New Granada this proclamation:—"The day of America has come: no human power can stay the course of Nature guided by Providence. Before the sun has again run his annual course, altars to Liberty will arise throughout your land."

Bolivar immediately prepared to carry out his idea, and on the 11th of June, 1819, he joined Santander at the foot of the Andes, bringing

gena, and in the valley of Cauca were other detachments, and there was another royalist army at Quito. Bolivar, however, trusted to surprise and to the support of the inhabitants to overcome the odds that were against him. As the invading army left the plains for the mountains the scene changed. The snowy peaks of the eastern range of the Cordillera appeared in the distance, while, instead of the peaceful lake through which they had waded, they were met by great masses of water tumbling from the heights. The roads ran along the edge of precipices and were bordered by gigantic trees, upon whose tops rested the clouds, which dissolved themselves in incessant rain. After four days' march the horses were foundered; an entire squadron of Llaneros deserted on finding themselves on foot. The torrents were crossed on narrow trembling bridges formed of trunks of trees, or by means of the aerial "taravitas."* Where they were fordable, the current was so strong that the infantry had to pass two



with him four battalions of infantry, of which one—the "Albion"—was composed entirely of English soldiers, two squadrons of lancers, one of carabiniers, and a regiment called the "Guides of the Apure," part of which were English—in all 2,500 men. To join Santander was no easy task, for it involved the crossing of an immense plain covered with water at this season of the year, and the swimming of seven deep rivers—war materials, of course, having to be taken along as well. This, however, was only a foretaste of the still greater difficulties that lay before the venturesome band.

General Santander led the van with his Casanare troops, and entered the mountain defiles by a road leading to the centre of the province of Tunja, which was held by Colonel Barreiro with 2,000 infantry and 400 horse. The royalists had also a reserve of 1,000 troops at Bogotá, the capital of New Granada; at Carta-

by two with their arms thrown round each other's shoulders; and woe to him who lost his footing—he lost his life too. Bolivar frequently passed and re-passed these torrents on horseback, carrying behind him the sick and weakly, or the women who accompanied his men.

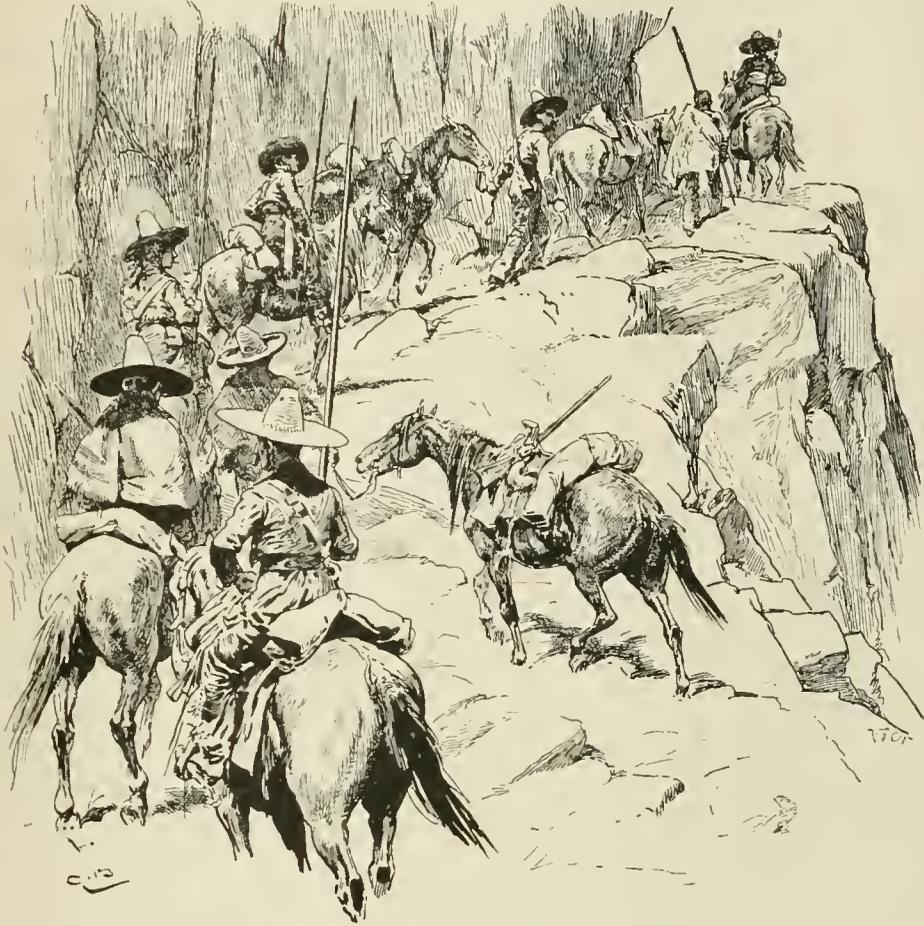
The temperature was moist and warm; life was supportable by the aid of a little firewood; but as they ascended the mountain the scene changed again. Immense rocks piled one upon another, and hills of snow, bounded the view on every side; below lay the clouds, veiling the depths of the abyss; an ice-cold wind cut through the stoutest clothing. At these heights

* Bridges made of several thongs of hide twisted into a stout rope, well greased and secured to trees on opposite banks. On the rope is suspended a cradle or hammock to hold two, and drawn backwards and forwards by long llnes. Horses and mules were also thus conveyed, suspended by long girths round their bodies.

no other noise is heard save that of the roaring torrents left behind, and the scream of the condor circling round the snowy peaks above. Vegetation disappears: only lichens are to be seen clinging to the rock, and a tall plant, bearing plumes instead of leaves, and crowned with yellow flowers, like to a funeral torch. To make the scene more dreary yet, the path was

still greater difficulties lay before them, and asked if they would persevere or not. All were of opinion that they should go on, a decision which infused fresh spirit into the weary troops.

In this passage more than one hundred men died of cold, fifty of whom were Englishmen; no horse had survived. It was necessary to leave the spare arms, and even some of those that were



"THE ROADS RAN ALONG THE EDGE OF PRECIPICES" (p. 476).

marked out by crosses erected in memory of travellers who had perished by the way.

On entering this glacial region the provisions gave out; the cattle they had brought with them as their chief resource could go no further. They reached the summit by the Paya pass, where a battalion could hold an army in check. It was held by an outpost of 300 men, who were dislodged by the vanguard under Santander without much difficulty.

Now the men began to murmur, and Bolivar called a council of war, to which he showed that

carried by the soldiers. It was a mere skeleton of an army which reached the beautiful valley of Sagamoso, in the heart of the province of Tunja, on the 6th July, 1819. From this point Bolivar sent back assistance to the stragglers left behind, collected horses, detached parties to scour the country around and communicate with some few guerillas who still roamed about.

Meanwhile, Barreiro was still in ignorance of Bolivar's arrival. Indeed, he had supposed the passage of the Cordillera at that season

impossible. As soon, however, as he did learn of his enemy's proximity, he collected his forces and took possession of the heights above the plains of Vargas, thus interposing between the patriots and the town of Tunja, which, being attached to the independent cause, Bolivar was anxious to enter. The opposing armies met on the 25th of July, and engaged in battle for five hours. The patriots won, chiefly through the English infantry, led by Colonel James Rooke, who was himself wounded and had an arm shot off. Still, the action had been indecisive, and the royalist power remained unbroken. Bolivar now deceived Barreiro by retreating in the daytime, rapidly counter-marching, and passing the royalist army in the dark through by-roads. On August 5th he captured Tunja, where he found an abundance of war material, and had now cut Barreiro's communication with Bogota, the capital. It was in rapid movements like these that the strength of Bolivar's generalship lay. Freed from the shackles of military routine that enslaved the Spanish officers, he astonished them by forced marches over roads previously deemed impracticable to a regular army. While they were manœuvring, hesitating, calculating, guarding the customary avenues of approach, he surprised them by concentrating a superior force upon a point where they least expected an attack, threw them into confusion, and cut up their troops in detail. Thus it happens that Bolivar's actions in the field do not lend themselves to the same impressive exposition as do those of less notable generals.

Barreiro, finding himself shut out from Tunja, fell back upon Venta Quemada, where a general action took place. The country was mountainous and woody, and well suited to Bolivar's characteristic tactics. He placed a large part of his troops in ambush, got his cavalry in the enemy's rear, and presented only a small front. This the enemy attacked furiously, and with apparent success. It was only a stratagem, however, for as they drove back Bolivar's front, the troops in ambush sallied forth and attacked them in the flanks, while the cavalry attacked them in the rear. Thus were the Spaniards surrounded. General Barreiro was taken prisoner in the field of battle. On finding his capture to be inevitable, he threw away his sword, that he might not have the mortification of surrendering it to Bolivar. His second in command, Colonel Ximenes, was also taken, as were also almost all the commandants and majors of corps, a multitude of inferior officers, and more than 1,600

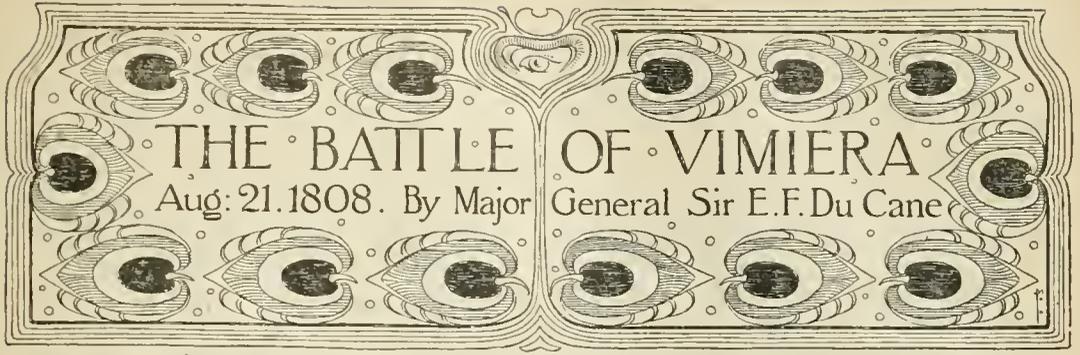
men. All their arms, ammunition, artillery, horses, etc., likewise fell into the patriots' hands. Hardly fifty men escaped, and among these were some chiefs and officers of cavalry, who fled before the battle was decided. Those who escaped, however, had only the surrounding country to escape into, and there they were captured by the peasantry, who brought them in tied. The patriot loss was incredibly small—only 13 killed and 53 wounded.

At Boyaca the English auxiliaries were seen for the first time under fire, and so gratified was Bolivar with their behaviour, that he made them all members of the Order of the Liberator.

Thus was won Boyaca, which, after Maipo, is the great battle of South America. It gave the preponderance to the patriot arms in the north of the continent, as Maipo had done in the south. It gave New Granada to the patriots, and isolated Morillo in Venezuela.

Nothing now remained for Bolivar to do but to reach Bogota, the capital, and assume the reins of government, for already the Spanish officials, much to the relief of the inhabitants, had fled. So, with a small escort, he rode forward, and entered the city on August 10th, amid the acclamations of the populace. Here we get a glimpse of him as seen by an English officer, who arrived soon after with despatches from the Venezuelan Government at Angostura.

"I went into a room," says the officer, "which was large, but dirty, and scantily provided with furniture. At the further end sat Colonel O'Leary, then one of his Excellency's secretaries, on the ground with a small writing-desk in his lap, writing despatches of a military nature at the dictation of Bolivar, who, at the other end of the room, was sitting on the edge of a large South American cot, slung from the ceiling. To avoid the inconvenience of the heat, he was quite unencumbered with apparel or covering of any description, and was swinging himself violently by means of a coquita rope, attached to a hook driven into the opposite wall for the purpose. Thus curiously situated, he alternately dictated to O'Leary and whistled a French republican tune, to which he beat time by knocking his feet laterally. Seeing him so circumstanced and employed, I was about to retire, when his Excellency called to me, in very good English, to enter, and desired me to be seated if I could find anything to sit upon, which was not an easy matter; but, looking round the room, I espied an old portmanteau, upon which I sat until he was disengaged."



NAPOLÉON'S great project for the invasion of England, in 1805, was frustrated by the failure of De Ville-neuve to carry through the profound naval strategic operations which were intended to procure for him the necessary command of the Channel. It was indefinitely postponed by the subsequent destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, on the 21st October, 1805. His persevering and fertile mind at once was directed to devising some other plan for humbling and ruining the nation whom, ten years later, he called "the most powerful, the most constant, the most generous of my enemies."

England was turning to account her preponderant sea power by carrying out a blockade of the whole line of French coast. As Napoleon could not retaliate by a naval blockade of the English ports, he believed that her commerce might equally be interrupted and blockaded at the other end of the voyage, if she was not allowed to land her goods at their destination. He therefore conceived the plan, called "the Continental system," of closing the ports of the Continent against us, which his superior power on land would, he thought, enable him to do. He hoped by this means to distress and impoverish her; and that, gradually building a new navy, and possessing himself of those of other Powers, he might obtain command of a fleet large enough to overwhelm the English force, and ultimately carry out his scheme of invasion. This Continental system was embodied in the Berlin decree of November, 1806, and the Milan decrees of 1807. It required, in order to its full success, not only the obedience to his decrees which he might expect from those countries in which his power and influence were direct and predominant, but also the co-operation of other Continental Governments which still retained their independence; and his course of action for

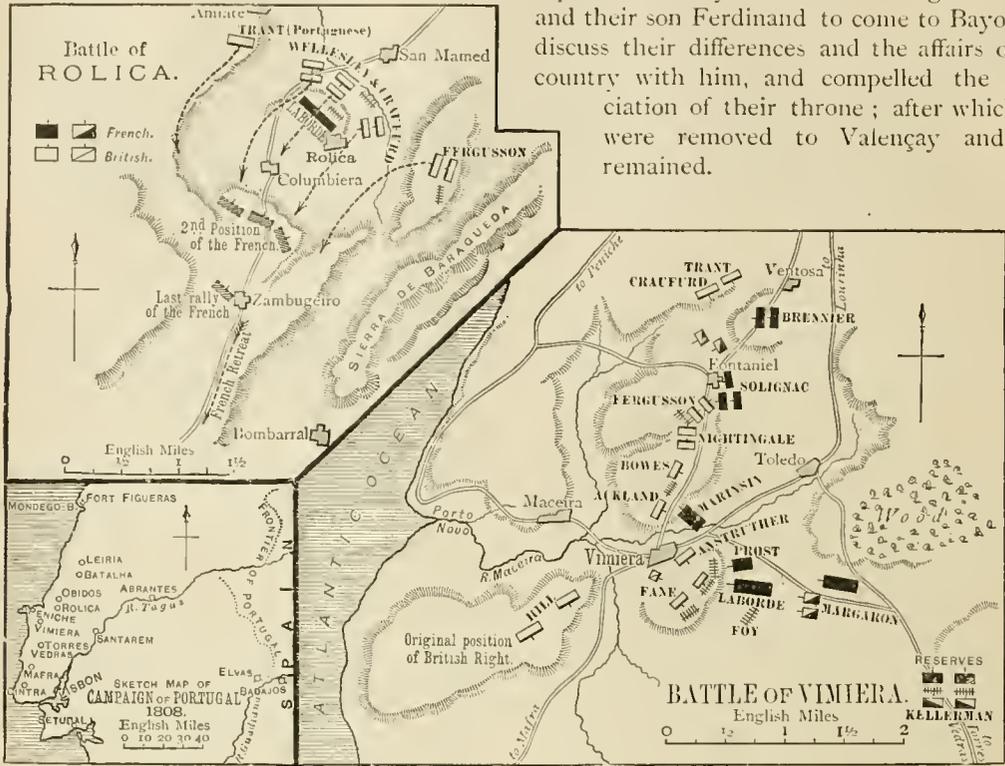
the rest of his career was largely influenced by his determination to force them to follow his policy in this respect.

Great Britain naturally resolved that countries which excluded her trading ships from their ports should not obtain the merchandise they needed in any other way, and her command of the sea enabled this resolution to be effectually carried out; with the result that all the countries which submitted to Napoleon's influence endured the hardship of being deprived of all commerce, of having no outlet for their own surplus produce, and no means of obtaining the comforts and necessities they had been accustomed to obtain from other countries. These hardships were so unendurable that they came to be corrected by a system of licences—or tolerated smuggling—which was employed on both sides; but the feeling they gave rise to had a large share in the ultimate combination which led to Napoleon's overthrow. Meanwhile the system of compulsion, to which Napoleon found it necessary to resort, had to be applied to Portugal, whose ports had always been open to Great Britain. This advantage he determined that she should no longer enjoy, and this not only in order to carry out his Continental system, but because he was conscious that an attack on his frontier on the side of the Peninsula might receive much assistance from troops and stores brought by sea and poured in through the ports of Portugal.

In 1806 he had already assembled an army at Bayonne intended to subjugate Portugal, but his project was postponed because his troops were required for his wars with Prussia and Russia in that and the early part of the following year; but, after he had settled matters to his satisfaction at Tilsit and elsewhere, he resumed his designs on Portugal and, secretly, on Spain, calling on the former to close her ports against Great Britain and declare war against her; and,

not content with forcing the Prince Regent to adopt these measures, further required him to confiscate the property of British merchants. The Portuguese Government refused to comply.

Catalonia, and Bessières held the north-east and the communications with France. Napoleon resolved to dethrone the Bourbons, and set one of his own brothers on the throne of Spain. In April he craftily induced the king and queen and their son Ferdinand to come to Bayonne to discuss their differences and the affairs of their country with him, and compelled the renunciation of their throne; after which they were removed to Valençay and there remained.



Napoleon thereupon announced that "the house of Braganza" had "ceased to reign." On 27th October, 1807, he entered into a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal, under the provisions of which Junot, at the head of 29,000 men, made his way by forced marches through Spain to Lisbon, which he reached at the end of November, and took possession of the country. The Prince Regent fled to Brazil, in a fleet got quickly ready by the aid of British seamen. The Portuguese were then disarmed, the army disbanded—except a part, who were sent to France—and the country was plundered—officially through forced contributions, and privately by Junot and his officers. Following shortly on these measures, Napoleon, early in 1808, without any pretence of right, marched his armies into Spain, surprised and seized the principal frontier fortresses, and by the beginning of March had possessed himself of all the country north of the Ebro, the cession of which he demanded from the Spaniards. Thence Murat marched, in the same month, to Madrid; Dupont was directed on Cadiz, Duhesme on

The Spanish authorities of Madrid, and 150 notables assembled at Bayonne, were prevailed upon to elect Joseph Bonaparte king of Spain, and he proceeded to Madrid to take up the government.

The removal of the royal family caused an insurrection in Madrid, which broke out on the 2nd May, and was suppressed by Murat with great barbarity.

The news of this spreading through Spain, a general insurrection broke out all through the country. The Spanish regular army had been weakened by drafts sent to join the French troops in Germany, so numbered only 70,000 men; but by the middle of June 150,000 men enrolled themselves to support the regular army, and the French forces were attacked on all sides with varying success. Saragossa succeeded in repelling Lefèvre, and other towns in Catalonia were equally successful. Moncey was compelled to retreat from Valencia, and the French retained nothing in Catalonia but Barcelona and Figueras. Bessières obtained a great victory over Cuesta at

Rio Seco, but the Spaniards struck a resounding blow against Dupont, who, with 20,000 men, surrendered as prisoners of war on the 19th July, at Baylen, in Andalusia.

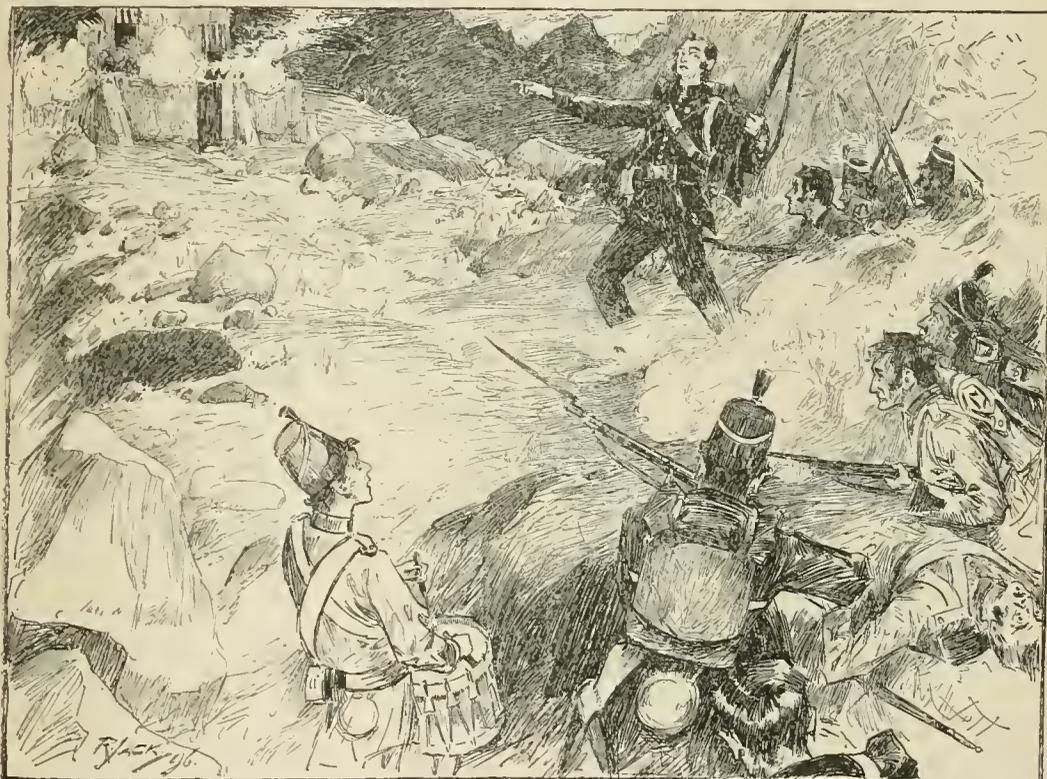
The effect of this last victory was prodigious, for it destroyed the reputation for invincibility which had attached itself to the French troops all over Europe, and the more so because the victorious army was principally composed of untrained levies. It forced King Joseph to abandon Madrid and retire to Burgos, and Castaños, the successful general, entered Madrid in triumph.

The news of the revolt of the Spaniards was received with great satisfaction in England, which was increased by a deputation from the Asturias to solicit help. With the hearty approval of all

ments in both countries. A suitable force was ready to hand when the determination was come to. A corps of 10,000 men, after assembling in the Downs, had been brought together at Cork, with a view to operations in South America; and here the force lay in transports for about six weeks, during which time most of them were not allowed to disembark, the delay being due, probably, to the change of circumstances which suggested a change in their destination.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was put in charge of this little army. He was the junior lieutenant-general on the list, and was not designated for the chief command of the expedition. This position was given to Sir Hugh Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard as second in command.

This force sailed on the 12th July, with sealed



"THE FRENCH HAD POSSESSION OF TWO SMALL BUILDINGS ON THE HILL." (p. 484).

parties, it was determined to aid the movement in every practicable way.

Portugal had not been behindhand in following the example of Spain, and had risen against her conquerors, largely under the guidance of the Bishop of Oporto.

It was determined to send an expedition to co-operate with and reinforce the popular move-

orders. Sir Arthur went on in advance, to settle the point of disembarkation. He had an interview with the Spanish authorities at Corunna, but they were not anxious that the British force should disembark near their strong post of Ferrol, and encouraged him to land in Portugal, which, indeed, was the most desirable course, for it enabled them to support and connect the

operations of the Spanish armies of the north and south from behind the curtain which the Portuguese mountains afforded.

Sir Arthur, after consulting Admiral Cotton at Lisbon, decided that it would not be prudent to disembark near that city, where the French were in force. He therefore directed the transports on Mondego Bay, which is about 110 miles north of Lisbon, and commanded only by Port Figueras, which was held by some English marines.

Here, then, they arrived, after a propitious voyage, on the 30th July, and heard the encouraging news of the surrender of Baylen.

This brief sketch is necessary for the understanding of the position of affairs in the Peninsula when our army landed in Mondego Bay to commence the war which lasted six years, with momentous results to our own country and to Europe. It is now necessary to give some description of the country, with a view to the proper understanding of the plan of campaign.

The Peninsula may be roughly described as being a square of about 500 miles north and south, and approximately the same distance east and west, surrounded by the sea on all sides excepting where it joins on to France on the eastern portion of its northern side, the boundary between the two countries being formed by the Pyrenees. A mountain chain, continuous with the Pyrenees, runs parallel with the northern coast, and cuts off the narrow provinces of the Asturias and Biscay.

Portugal, on the west, is not cut off from Spain by a similar continuous mountain chain, for the large rivers Douro, Tagus, and Guadiana, which rise towards the eastern side, run a generally east and west course through the whole of Spain and Portugal, and are separated by mountain chains; but the spurs of the separating mountain chains interlace so completely at the lower part of the courses of those rivers that they practically constitute a continuous rocky boundary, enclosing a width of a little more than 100 miles from the Atlantic seaboard, which constitutes the kingdom of Portugal. The mountains thus form such an effective obstacle as to have enabled that kingdom always successfully to resist forcible annexation by Spain.

To a country which had command of the sea, as Great Britain had, Portugal afforded a most favourable position to act against an enemy in Spain and France; for its ports afforded many secure landing-places for troops and munitions of war, which could be transferred by sea from one

part to the other of the theatre of war, to issue from behind the rocky screen which the mountains afforded, and attack the enemy on the north or south, as might be desired.

The first object, then, was to obtain possession of this country and its ports, or, in other words, to turn the French armies out of it. The operations by which this object was attained afford a very remarkable illustration of the advantage gained by the power of free movement by sea, secure from any interruption by the enemy, and they are given in some detail in order to show how the sea-coast of Portugal formed one prolonged base of operations, at any point of which reinforcements, victuals, and stores for the army could safely be delivered.

Junot was more or less isolated by the effect of the insurrection in Spain; he was further hampered by the insurrection in Portugal, and by the presence, as part of his force, of a contingent of Spanish troops. Those under his immediate command in Lisbon he disarmed and placed in hulks in the Tagus, but those who were in Oporto took the French general prisoner and marched for Galicia. Junot then took measures to concentrate his army at Abrantes, on the Tagus, holding the frontier fort of Elvas, which ensured his line of retreat to Spain by the basin of the Guadiana, and guarded him against attack on that side, and Almeida, which served the same office in the north in the basin of the Douro. He also kept possession of the forts of Setubal and Peniche, on the coast. The total force he held at his disposal numbered, on 26th July, 26,000 men.

He detached Laborde with 5,000 men, of whom 500 were cavalry, and six guns, northward, to suppress the insurrection—in which he was not successful—to cover the concentration of the French troops, and also to watch and check the English army, of whose anticipated arrival Junot had heard. Loison, with 7,000 foot and 1,200 horse, was operating against the insurgents in the south, and had gained a victory over them at Evora, when he was directed to join Laborde and concentrate against the new enemy. This they intended to do at Leiria, but were forestalled, as will be seen; and the two divisions were therefore separated by a mountainous and difficult country.

The army above referred to as having sailed from Cork, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, formed only a part of that which was destined to operate in the Peninsula. Five thousand men, under Generals Anstruther and Acland, sailed to join

Wellesley—the former from Ramsgate, the latter from Harwich.

General Spencer had brought 5,000 men from Egypt to Sicily and thence to Gibraltar: it had been proposed to employ them at Cadiz, but, as their assistance was refused at that point, they were ordered to join Sir Arthur Wellesley's force, and disembarked at Mondego Bay.

A force of 12,000 men, under Sir John Moore, was recalled from Sweden and directed to join the British army in Portugal. The total British force, therefore, considerably outnumbered that which was at Junot's disposal, without taking into account any assistance the Portuguese could supply; but it was at first very deficient in cavalry, having only one squadron of the 20th Light Dragoons.

The disembarkation commenced on the 1st August by the landing of the Rifles, and was not completed until the 8th. The shores of Mondego Bay are open and shelving, and when there is any wind a heavy surf is formed, just enough to make disembarkation difficult. Several boats were upset, and the cavalry found the advantage of the orders which had been given them, to stand upright in the boats with bridle in hand, ready to leap into the saddle.

On the 9th, Sir A. Wellesley moved off with 12,300 men and 18 guns, carrying eighteen days' provisions—three in haversacks and the rest on mules. On that day and the 11th the army assembled at Leiria, on the main road from Lisbon to Oporto, forestalling and preventing the junction at that point which Laborde and Loison had arranged. Here the baggage and tents of the army were left. They followed the high road for some days, marching in burning sun and hot sand, and bivouacking in the open. On the 13th they were at Batalha, where Laborde had spent the 11th and 12th looking for a defensive position, but, finding it too extensive, had fallen back on Obidos.

It was observed that the Portuguese did not help the British very heartily. They had only 6,000 men, and refused to co-operate unless they were supplied with food, money, and arms from the English stores, so that no more than 1,400 joined under Colonel Trant, and about 300 cavalry came in by four and five at a time, with a few officers. They were well equipped and mounted, and some had belonged to the Lisbon police. On the 15th, the army first felt the French at Brillhos, in front of Obidos, and a few men fell in a skirmish, among them Lieutenant Bunbury, of the Rifles, who was shot in the head

and died immediately—the first English officer killed in the Peninsular War.

On the 17th August the army, comprising 14,000 men and 18 guns, left Obidos. Sir Arthur reconnoitred Laborde's position from a steep rock about two miles west of the Roliça road, and found him, with 5,000 men and six guns, occupying isolated ground of moderate elevation near the village of Roliça, which closes in the valley three miles south of Obidos. Laborde's great care was to hold on to the mountains on his right, in the hope of Loison joining him with his 6,000 men. The British, on the other hand, wished to keep them separate, and to drive Laborde back before Loison could come up. Sir Arthur, therefore, formed his force in three parts. The centre, consisting of 9,000 infantry with twelve guns, he himself commanded, having Craufurd under him. On his left he sent Fergusson, with a division and six guns, to make a movement through the mountains by which he could turn Laborde's right. On the right he sent Trant's Portuguese to turn the French left. The cavalry were not engaged, but disposed so as to look more formidable than they really were.

General Foy, who was present with the French army, notices the fine appearance presented by the English, who marched slowly, regaining at once their compact order whenever it was broken by the obstacles of the ground, and ever converging towards the narrow position of the French. This, he observes, would much strike the imagination of the young French soldiers, who had hitherto only had to deal with bandits and irregulars.

As the movements were developed, Laborde found it prudent to retire to the heights of Zambugeiro, about a mile in rear, where the two mountain spurs join. The British general, who now further reinforced his left wing, continued the same tactics as before—namely, a centre attack, assisted by turning movements on both flanks, which his greatly superior numbers made possible—but Fergusson's force, instead of marching round the French right so as to take them in rear, inclined towards their own right, and thus came upon and attacked them in front, crowding the centre. The centre also attacked before the Portuguese, on their right, were in a position to give much assistance.

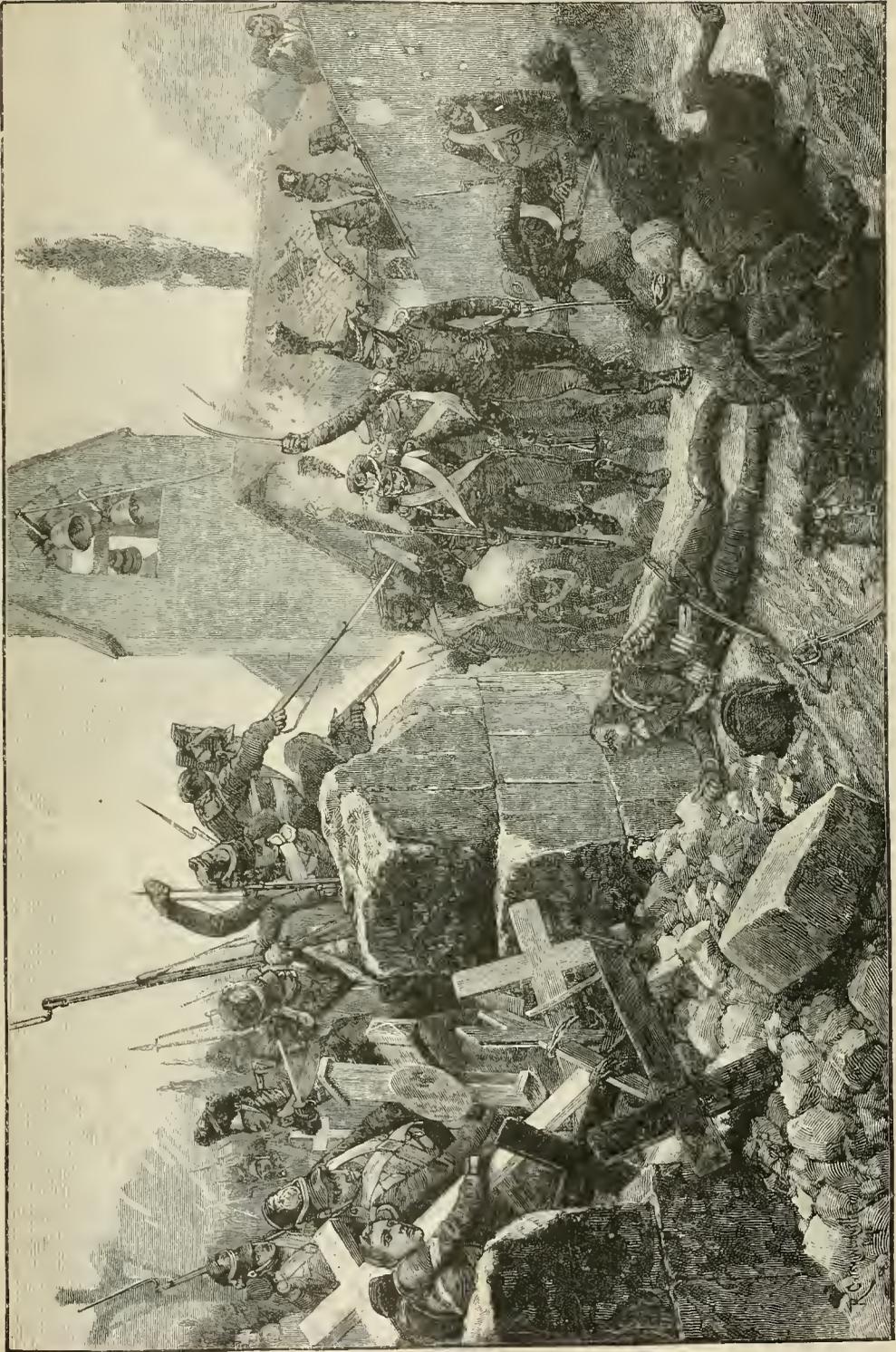
The whole British force was, therefore, crowded into a space of less than a mile of very broken and craggy ground—so broken that the different bodies of troops were unable to keep up effective connection. The advantage of numbers was

therefore entirely lost, while the French retained the advantage of a very strong position. The right wing of the 29th Regiment, now taking a wrong direction, came upon a point in Laborde's line to which he was drawing in the troops from his left. The regiment was therefore taken in flank while it was attacking in front, and its right wing was almost annihilated, losing its colonel—Lake—and a major and some men prisoners; but General Hill (afterwards Lord Hill) galloped up, rallied them on their left wing, and on the 9th joining them, put himself at their head and charged the enemy, who resisted strongly, and Colonel Stewart of the 9th fell fighting with great vehemence. The French had possession of two small buildings on the hill, from which they annoyed the skirmishers of the 95th Rifles very much. They became angry, and one of them, jumping up, rushed forward crying "Over, boys, over!" to which the whole line responded "Over, over!" and dashed in, fixing bayonets as they ran. The French turned tail and evacuated the buildings, in which were some wine butts. These being pierced by bullets, the wine ran out and mingled with the blood of the wounded men lying there while they were being tended by the surgeons. A man of the 95th Rifle Brigade named Harris, who relates this incident, describes the French soldiers as wearing long white frock coats and bearing the imperial eagle in front of their caps. Laborde now found himself strongly attacked in front and both his flanks being turned, cutting off his line of communication with Loison. Retreat was therefore absolutely necessary, and this movement he carried out steadily, attacking his enemy three times with half his force and with cavalry charges, so as to enable the other half to retire. At the village of Columbiera, where the ridge of hill widened out, but was protected by ravines on the flanks, he made another stand, but finally was forced to retreat into the mountains, ultimately reaching Torres Vedras. The British bivouacked at and round Zambugeiro. In this action Laborde was wounded, and lost 600 men killed and wounded; the British loss was 500.

The high road towards Lisbon was now clear, and it was the intention of Sir A. Wellesley to march for Torres Vedras, and so cut off Loison and Laborde from that capital; but in the night he heard of the arrival of a fleet off the coast with reinforcements, so, relinquishing the high road, he moved by one nearer the coast, so that he might cover their disembarkation. On the 18th August,

therefore, he marched to Lourinha, and on the 19th to Vimiera, a small village on the Maceira, nine miles from Torres Vedras, and two or three miles from Porto Novo at its mouth, where the troops brought by General Acland were to disembark, which they did on the night of the 20th. General Anstruther's troops disembarked on the 19th at Payo Mayor, at the mouth of the river which runs by Lourinha. They landed without camp kettles, and apparently with little baggage; for Captain Dobbs, of the 52nd, says: "We used to wash our shirts in the nearest stream and sit by watching till they were dry; but the men had great joy, for they were relieved from hair-tying, which was an operation grievous to be borne." Among the officers who landed with Anstruther's brigade was Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—who says in his diary, "Lay out that night for the first time in my life." On the day of the battle his captain thought it well to commence his instruction, so, being in a rear company, he took him out and walked him about under fire, which he says was "the greatest kindness that could have been shown me, and through life I have been grateful for it."

Junot, meanwhile, marched from Lisbon, with Loison, to join Laborde at Torres Vedras, where he assembled a force of 14,000 men, including 1,300 cavalry under Margaron. Hearing that large reinforcements for the British were off the coast, he desired to attack them before the disparity in numbers became too great. The British force now amounted to 16,000 men, and while Junot designed to march on the night of the 20th, in order to attack the British on the 21st, Sir Arthur Wellesley intended to march at 5 a.m. on the 21st round his flank, avoiding Torres Vedras and marching on Mafra, thirteen miles nearer to Lisbon than Torres Vedras. By this movement he would cut the French off from the capital. But at this juncture Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the port, in company with Clinton, the adjutant-general, and Murray, the quartermaster-general. Sir Arthur had an interview with him on board the *Brazen*, in which he communicated his proposed march. Sir Harry Burrard disapproved the project. Sir Arthur therefore issued the order on the 20th: "The army will halt tomorrow, the men to sleep accoutred to-night in readiness to move out, and to be under arms at three o'clock in the morning." Sir Arthur's project was, perhaps, risky. The road he would have to follow was narrow and rocky, the troops would have to move on a single line with the French on their flank, and there was no good



"TWO ENGLISH BATTALIONS . . . Poured in a murderous volley on their reaching the summit of the hill" (A. 487).

fighting-position available. Sir H. Burrard therefore observed, with some reason, that it would be more prudent to await the arrival of Sir John Moore and his large force, by which he would much outnumber the enemy. The position the army now occupied was not taken up with a view to a defensive battle, as Sir Arthur had not intended to stop there. Near the village of Vimiera the little river Maceira breaks through a chain of hills, the southern portion of which runs about east and west, and joins the sea above Porto Novo; the northern part runs almost parallel with the coast—or, say, north-east and south-west—and has an intermediate ridge between it and the sea. In front of these, and in front, too, of the little village of Vimiera, is a lower and isolated hill, which covers the opening in the chain of hills and the plain through which the Maceira runs. The bulk of the army—six brigades, commanded by Generals Hill, Nightingale, Bowes, Craufurd, Fergusson, and Acland—besides artillery, was placed on the southern hill, which formed the right of the position, with advanced posts on the Mafra road. The lower hill in front was occupied by two brigades—Fane's on the left, and Anstruther's on the right—with six guns. The northern hill, forming the left, was protected by a difficult or impassable ravine in its front, and being without water, besides being out of the direct line of an enemy's attack, it was occupied only by Trant's Portuguese and some of the Rifles. The commissariat stores were posted on the plain behind the central hill, and here the cavalry were stationed, facing south, to protect the level opening between the centre and right.

The advance of Junot's army was detected during the night by a cavalry patrol posted about two miles south of Vimiera, who heard from an innkeeper in a village in front that his young man had that day come from Lisbon, and had passed the French army in full march. This news was shortly confirmed by the noise of horses and guns passing a wooden bridge in front of the village, and the patrol took back the information to Sir Arthur, who was found with his staff sitting back to back on a table in the hall of his house, "swinging their legs." Sir Arthur took the necessary precautions, though he did not quite believe the report, and this incredulity was confirmed by the continued failure of the French to appear, for indeed they did not advance that night beyond the village near which they had been heard. About seven o'clock in the morning clouds of dust disclosed the approach

of the French: drums and bugles sounded, and the troops took up their positions. In an hour the French cavalry crowned the hill eastward of the English position, and, as no advance was made against the hill forming the English right, it became apparent that Junot intended to attack them on the left. He had, in fact, reconnoitred their right, which was the more direct point of approach, quite up to the mouth of the river, and having found them strongly posted on that side, he had decided to leave it entirely alone and to assail the centre of the position, at the same time marching round them to capture the hill on the left, which, as has already been described, was very scantily furnished with troops. If he got possession of this hill he would take in reverse all who were on the right of the position, as well as those who were in the centre, who were posted on the little hill in front of the village.

As soon as Sir Arthur Wellesley perceived this movement, and that no attack was to be made on his right, he withdrew all the troops on that hill except three regiments under General Hill, which he retained there as a reserve for the centre, and marched them across the valley, concealed by the ground from the French, to take position on the hill on the left, which they believed to be unoccupied. Trant's Portuguese, and one brigade of British under Craufurd, were posted on the ridge intermediate between that hill and the sea. Fergusson commanded on the extreme left. Bowes and Acland, with five regiments, were posted to form a column on the hill overlooking Vimiera, so as to be a reserve to Fergusson. General Laborde was directed, with 6,000 men, to attack the centre hill, supported by Loison. Each division was in column, with two brigades in front and artillery in the intervals. Laborde led at the head of the 86th French, which crossed bayonets during the action with the 50th English. Brennier, with a brigade, was at the same time sent directly at the hill forming the English left. Kellerman with his grenadiers was held in reserve.

The morning was bright and sunny, tipping the bayonets of the advancing French and of the steady British line, with the colours floating over them and the dark cannon on the rising ground. About eight o'clock a cloud of light troops, followed by a strong column of the enemy, entered a pine wood in front of our position, in which some Rifles were posted on picket, and drove them in on the 97th, who were in support. In this fight three brothers of the name of Hort, in the 95th Rifles, pressed on the French with such

darling intrepidity that Lieut. Molloy, who himself was never far from his opponents in action, had to rebuke them repeatedly. "D—n you," cried he, "get back and get under cover. Do you think you are fighting with your fists that you run into the teeth of the French?"

The line, seeing the Rifles retiring, cried out, "D—n them: charge!" but General Fane interfered. "Don't be too eager, men—not yet. Well done, 95th! Well done, 43rd and 52nd!" As soon as the riflemen had cleared the 97th, passing by their right flank to the rear, the latter regiment poured a steady fire upon the advancing column and held it in check, while the 52nd took it in flank and drove it back in confusion.

With this attack began the battle of Vimiera. There was so little wind that the smoke from the rifles hung about and prevented the men from aiming. Anstruther then detached the 43rd to take up its position in a little churchyard on the edge of the declivity on Fane's left, in order to meet Kellerman's grenadiers, who were reinforcing the attack on that side.

This battle was remarkable for another innovation besides the absence of pigtails—viz. that shrapnell shell were first used there by the battery under Colonel Robe. Foy remarks on the shot first knocking over the leading files of French and then bursting among those in the rear. General Fane, on the left centre, soon made use of a discretionary power which had been given him, and increased the artillery force on the hill by ordering up the reserve, and the French, on coming within a hundred yards of the summit, were met by the converging fire of six regiments. The artillery tore lanes through the advancing columns, and each time the English soldiers shouted; but the French closed up and marched steadily on. All the horses of the French artillery were killed, two colonels wounded, and two pelotons of grenadiers disappeared—being, in fact, wiped out. Soon they had to contend with the fire of another battery of artillery—for Acland, whose brigade was ascending the left-hand ridge when the battle began, halted his guns, unlimbered, and poured their fire into their right flank; and, again, of two English battalions who moved forward to meet them, and poured in a murderous volley on their reaching the summit of the hill; they were besides charged in flank by the 50th, who were wheeled to their left by Colonel Walker. They were also charged by the 43rd in mass, and driven back with strenuous fighting, in which the regiment lost 120 men. The French then turned

and fled down the hill, with the loss of many prisoners and seven guns.

The moment had now arrived for making use of the small force of cavalry. General Fane therefore directed the 20th Light Dragoons to advance and charge the retreating troops. "Go at them, lads," he said, "and let them see what you're made of." The cavalry, therefore, went threes about and swept round the elbow of the hill, forming into half-squadrons on the way—the 20th in the centre, the Portuguese on the flanks. "Now, 20th—now!" shouted Sir Arthur Wellesley, and his staff clapped their hands and gave them a cheer, on which the whole force put their horses to speed. The Portuguese, however, soon pulled up right and left, and no more was seen of them till the 20th returned, when they were found still standing where they had been left. The 20th are said by Foy to have made two officers prisoners and to have taken some guns, and that the charge reached the Duke of Abrantes, who was with the reserve. He says, too, that they were charged in their turn by the general's guard—the 26th Chasseurs, led by Prince Salm-Salm, and the 4th and 5th Dragoons, a formidable force against the small English body.

The charge is thus described in a letter written from Belem, on 28th Sept., by Lieut. Du Cane, of the 20th Light Dragoons. It differs curiously from the account given by the historians:—

"I rather suspect my information will be more correct than the despatches, for they describe our being overpowered by the enemy's cavalry. Certainly they were strong enough to have cut us up if they'd known what they were about, but not one of them, although within fifty yards of us, ever attempted to come amongst us; and a few of our men, thinking they were Portuguese, by being so quiet nor offering to molest us, went in amongst them, by which they got either killed or taken. Otherwise, they were the only men we lost by the French dragoons, the rest being shot by the infantry. Poor Colonel Taylor was shot by them by pressing the broken infantry too far, without support. Captain Eustace was taken in the same manner by following them up too far, and was severely wounded in the thigh, but is getting a little better since he got out of the hands of the French. I thought it was a toss-up whether we were not all taken or destroyed; for we charged too far amongst them, and never was there a more unequal contest, on account of the ground. We first of all charged through a vineyard and got into a

wood, which was intersected from the vineyard by immense large dykes, in which several horses fell, unable to extricate themselves."

Our infantry on the hill seemed disposed to follow the 20th to repair its check, but Sir Arthur forbade them to leave their position without his order, and the cavalry returned with their white leather breeches, hands, and arms all besmeared with blood. Lieut. Du Cane's letter proceeds:—

"When Eustace, my captain, was taken—which is the second time now—he was taken to General Junot, who appeared exceedingly pleased to see him, gave him refreshments out of his own canteen, and, after paying him several compliments, declared to him that he had seen a good deal of service, but that he never was a witness before of a detachment like ours of dragoons doing their duty so well. He gave us wonderful praise, and certainly not undeservedly."

While this attack on the English centre was going on—to end in a complete repulse—Brennier, who was trying to force his way to the hill which formed the English left, was faring very badly, for want of knowledge of the ground.

The attack was directed on an impassable ravine, and his force for a long time produced no effect. Junot, perceiving this, sent Solignac with a column of all arms to make a wider sweep, so as to turn the ravine, and come upon the English left more on a level. Having effected this movement, he expected to find himself on the flank of the English, but instead of that he found himself opposed by a front, three lines deep, consisting of Fergusson's, Nightingale's, and Bowes's Brigades, which faced across the ridge, with skirmishers on their flank, relying for protection on one flank on the steep rocky ravine which had baffled Brennier, and on the other on a force of Portuguese, who, with one brigade of English under Craufurd, were so posted as to be able to cut him off if he advanced, and place him between two fires. As Solignac approached, Fergusson met him with a determined and im-

petuous bayonet-charge, which drove the French down the hill and destroyed the whole front line of one regiment. Solignac was wounded and his force cut off from their line of retreat, with the loss of six guns, of which the 71st and 82nd took charge. But at this moment Brennier, who had found an accessible place in the ravine, worked his way up to the ridge behind Fergusson, beat back the above regiments, and recaptured the guns. The English troops, however, rallied, charged, and broke the French, making Brennier a prisoner. Craufurd's brigade arrived and attacked them on their right.

The English had now gained a complete

victory on all parts of the field, and their trumpets and bugles sounded all along the line. The French left had been completely driven back, leaving only Margaron's cavalry and half Kellerman's grenadiers unbroken. Solignac was cut off, and on the verge of having to lay down his arms. Brennier's brigade was completely broken. When that general was taken prisoner he anxiously inquired whether the reserve had attacked. Sir Arthur Wellesley heard him make the



SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE.
(From the Picture by J. Jackson, R.A.)

inquiry, and questioned the other prisoners on the subject, who declared that it had. Knowing then that the French were beaten and exhausted, while he had still a large force, fresh and available for further operations, and that owing to the movement of the French to his left, which was the side furthest from Torres Vedras and from Lisbon, the troops which formed his right were some two miles nearer to those towns than the French, he planned a combined movement which should finish the campaign at a stroke.

Solignac's division was, as has been related, on the point of laying down its arms. Sir Arthur proposed to assail the weakened French troops on his front, and drive them into the mountains away from Lisbon, and at the same time to detach the fresh troops from his right and centre, under General Hill, to march on Torres Vedras,

and so effectually to bar the French from the capital. Unfortunately, at this time Sir Harry Burrard thought fit to assume the direction of affairs. He had landed about 9 o'clock, and finding the army engaged, considered it right not to interfere, but to allow Sir Arthur Wellesley to complete the operations he had commenced; but now he sent orders to Fergusson to halt, and thus allowed Solignac's force, of which Junot's chief-of-the-staff, General Thiebault, had been sent to take command, to escape and rejoin the main body; nor would he sanction the operations which Sir Arthur had designed. This decision is thus referred to in the letter from which a quotation has already been given, which exemplifies the feeling in the British army. "There is not the smallest doubt but if the enemy had been pursued by us—for but a half of our force were in action, and all the French nearly—for an hour, they would have surrendered at our discretion, and which was Sir Arthur's intention; but he was ordered not by Sir Harry Burrard, to whom much blame is attached, as well as Sir Hugh Dalrymple, for making terms. As it was, we certainly gained a very signal victory over the common enemy, and never had the English so fine an opportunity of gaining one of the most decisive victories ever known, as that on the 21st August: they would have made no less than 20,000 men prisoners of war." The justice of this view is confirmed by General Foy, who says that by 12 o'clock, though the action had lasted but two and a half hours, all the French army had fought, and had lost 1,800 killed, wounded, and taken; the English reserve infantry had not fought, and their artillery was intact. There was nothing for it, however, but to halt. Junot quickly recovered his position between our army and Torres Vedras, and the opportunity of ending the campaign was lost. The unfortunate wounded

had still to be attended to. Two long tables were arranged end to end in the churchyard, and on these were placed the men whose legs were to be amputated. Private Harris relates how he saw as many as twenty legs lying on the ground, many of them still having on the long black gaiters then worn by the infantry. Less tragical



"IT TURNED OUT TO BE KELLERMAN WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE" (p. 490).

was the loss suffered by Major Travers, commanding the 95th Rifles, who was seen riding about the field, calling: "A guinea to the man who will find my wig."

On the 22nd of August Junot assembled a council of war, and in conformity with its decision, Kellerman was sent to treat for terms. By this time another remarkable change had taken place in the British side. Sir Harry Burrard, who had superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley, was himself superseded by Sir Hugh Dalrymple. Sir

Harry Burrard's action in this campaign seems to have been confined to forbidding the fine strategic movements which Sir Arthur Wellesley planned. Two instances of this have already been related, but another had previously occurred. On reaching Mondego Bay he found letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley recommending that Sir John Moore's division should, on its arrival, be directed on Santarem, where he would close the French line of retreat from Lisbon, while Sir Arthur attacked him with superior forces in front, thus ensuring their surrender. Sir Harry Burrard would not, however, accede to this, and directed Sir John Moore to proceed to Maceira Bay, though he afterwards gave him the option of marching on Santarem. Ultimately this force landed at Maceira after the 21st.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple, who commanded at Gibraltar, had been given general directions of the operations in Portugal and the south of Spain, with the option to act personally, where he thought most advisable, but with a special recommendation of Sir Arthur Wellesley to his confidence, which probably was meant as a hint not to interfere with him. He thought fit, however, to set off on the 13th August for the scene of operations in the *Phæbe*, and hearing at Lisbon from Admiral Sir A. Cotton that the army had landed at Mondego Bay, he made for that point, intending to join the reinforcements expected with Sir H. Burrard, but on the 21st they descried the fleet of transports in Maceira Bay and heard of the victory. On the 22nd Sir Hugh Dalrymple landed and saw Sir H. Burrard. Sir A. Wellesley soon after arrived, and expressed much anxiety that the army should advance. Sir Hugh acceded to this. It was determined that they should march next day, but between 1 and 2 p.m. the enemy seemed to be again advancing, and Sir Arthur was directed to take up his position as before. It turned out to be Kellerman with a flag of truce. Kellerman was a keen observer, and he at once concluded, from the defensive attitude so quickly taken up by the English army, that their chiefs did not feel the confidence and security of victory. He observed also that Sir Hugh Dalrymple was hardly able to conceal his satisfaction that the French were ready to treat, and further, he noted the conversation aside of the British generals, who did not reckon on his understanding English. They

expressed their fear that Sir John Moore's army might not be very near—possibly might not be able to land on such a bad coast—that bad weather might prevent the armies from receiving provisions from the ships, and that nothing was to be hoped for from the Portuguese. All these imprudent revelations suggested to him to hold high language, and to extol the energy of the French and the help they could get from the Russians. A suspension of arms was finally agreed upon, and an agreement came to for a convention, on the basis of the French giving up Lisbon and all the strong places in Portugal, the French army to be transported in English ships to France, and the Russian fleet to be taken to England. This convention was signed at Lisbon on the 30th August, and confirmed by Sir Hugh Dalrymple on the 31st at Torres Vedras; but, having been transmitted to Lord Castlereagh on the 3rd September from the headquarters at Cintra, has always been called the Convention of Cintra. This triumphant result of the operations, by which Portugal was freed and became available as a fortified base for further operations against the French in Spain, was, nevertheless, most unfavourably received in England, as it seemed to compare disadvantageously with the Spanish success at Baylen; and the sensationalists of that day would gladly have seen a Marshal of France and 20,000 French troops arrive as prisoners in England.

A commission of inquiry was therefore held, on which Napoleon remarked that he was about to send Junot before a council of war, but that the British got the start of him by sending their generals to one. To him, indeed, the result was in disastrous comparison with his successes elsewhere. Of 29,000 troops sent to Portugal, 3,000 had perished, either from fatigue or in hospital, or assassinated; 2,000 fell in battle or were made prisoners; 2,000 who were embarked never returned, having been either wrecked or, being Swiss, taken service with the English; 22,000 only returned to France. The English, however, were not satisfied. All the principal officers concerned were summoned home to give evidence on the subject, leaving Sir John Moore in command of the British forces. This general commenced in December the operations in Spain which ended at Corunna, and closed that chapter of the Peninsular War.



THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN FINLAND

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

1808

IN the opening years of the century, when Europe echoed with the thunder of Napoleon's great battles, many minor campaigns passed almost unheeded. Yet some of these have had more lasting effects on the world's history than some of the more famous battles with which they were contemporaneous. How few have ever heard anything of the war between Sweden and Russia in 1808, the marches and battles amid the northern snow and ice, and the siege of Sweaborg! Yet the result of these operations was the annexation of Finland to the imperial crown of Russia, and the predominance of that Power on the shores of the Baltic.

The war was brief but eventful. If success finally rested with Russia, notwithstanding hard-fought Swedish victories in the field, it was because the policy of King Gustavus made the efforts of his generals unavailing, and because a weak and irresolute commandant prematurely yielded the chief fortress of Finland and of the Swedish crown to the invaders. Sweaborg, a mass of granite forts and ramparts, built on a group of five rocky islands, in the midst of the sea, was till then supposed to be impregnable. It was the chief arsenal both of the Swedish armies in the north end of the kingdom and of the flotilla maintained for operations in the shallow waters of the gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. In war time a fleet stationed there was already at the gates of St. Petersburg, and could blockade and menace the Russian capital. No wonder that its possession had long been coveted by the Czars.

By the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, it was agreed between Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander that Russia should take possession of Finland. The ministers of the Czar proceeded at once to press various complaints against the conduct of the court of Stockholm. Gustavus Adolphus, the king of Sweden, was warned by

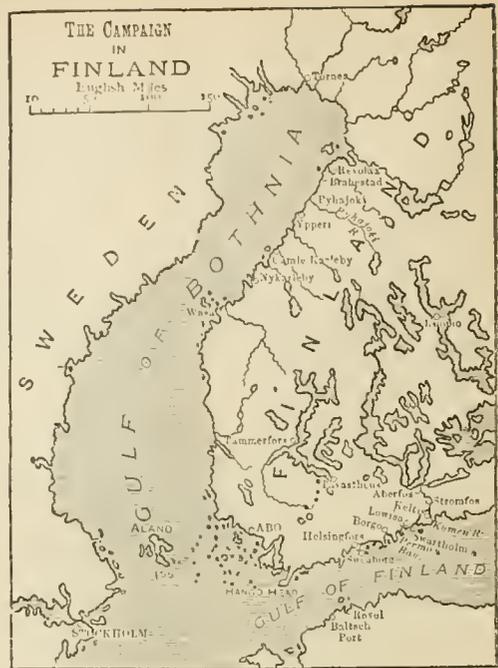
friends that he was to be attacked in Finland; but he obstinately refused to believe that there was anything more serious than diplomatic friction with Russia. In any case, he expected that there would be no war till the summer. But the Russians had planned a winter campaign. In the summer they would have had to reckon with the opposition of the Swedish fleet, probably reinforced by a British squadron; but in the winter months, the frozen northern seas made naval warfare impossible. It is true that on the land the intense cold would add to the difficulties of campaigning; but the advantage of being secure from an attack by sea was so great that the winter campaign was decided upon.

The banks of the frozen river Kymen, which then formed the frontier of Swedish Finland, were only held by a feeble line of detached posts, the usual guard maintained in time of peace for Customs and police purposes, and nothing more. On the Russian side of the frontier in the first half of February, 1808, 16,000 men were concentrated under the command of General Count Buxhoevden. The troops were specially equipped for winter campaigning. The infantry were provided with snow-shoes, the guns and stores were mounted on sledges. As soon as everything was ready war was declared, and the little army of invasion crossed the Kymen in three columns at Aberfos, Stromfos, and Keltis.

The Swedes were in no position to make an effective resistance on the frontier. Everywhere they fell back before the Russians. The first blood was spilt at Aberfos, where the Swedish post fired upon the cavalry of the Russian vanguard, and killed a dragoon officer who was anxious to distinguish himself by being first across the Kymen bridge.

The left column of the invaders, under

General Gortschakoff, moved parallel with the shore of the Gulf of Finland. The little town of Lowisa was occupied; a detachment of 1,800 men was left to besiege the fort of Swartholm on an adjacent headland; and Gortschakoff pushed on towards the defile of Fosby, strongly held by Swedes under Colonel Painfeld, who hoped to stop the Russian advance at this point where the coast road passed through a rocky ridge. In summer the position would have been a good one; but now the ice on Permo Bay enabled the attacking force to work round the headland and turn the defile. As the Russians marched out upon the ice, a squadron of Swedish dragoons attempted to check them by threatening a charge, but they were in their turn charged by the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard; and the strange spectacle was seen of a fierce cavalry fight upon the frozen waters of the bay. The Swedes were thus forced to abandon their position, and on February 26th the Russian left occupied Borgo, the most ancient town in Finland. Two days later the right, under Prince Bagration, made a night attack upon Artsje, held by a Swedish detachment, and captured the place after a hard struggle in the snowy streets. The Russian centre column met with no resistance worth noting. In summer the numerous lakes and marshes would have rendered the Russian advance more difficult, but now they were able to move across lake and marsh more rapidly than through the rocks and woods of the solid land between the lakes.



The Swedish Government was taken by surprise. There were about 15,000 regular troops and some 4,000 local militia in Finland, but they were scattered in various garrisons, and no army was ready to act against the Russians. Seven hundred men were blockaded in Swartholm, 7,000 held Sweaborg, and about 4,000 under General Klercker were at Tavastheus, the principal town in the south-west. To Tavastheus General Count Klingsporr, whom King Gustavus had appointed to the command in Finland, hurried as quickly as relays of horses could convey his sledge. When he arrived there he heard that the Russians were already in possession of all the south-east of the country. They had occupied Helsingfors without resistance, seizing a number of guns and a quantity of valuable stores in the town. The siege of Sweaborg had begun; a column of invaders under General Touchkoff was overrunning the east of the country; throughout nearly one-half of it the reserve men and the militia could not be called out; Bagration was advancing upon Tavastheus with a force superior to that under Klercker and Klingsporr, so that the Swedish commander had to begin his campaign by retiring northwards to Kurvola, while the Russians occupied Tavastheus on March 6th. By a bold initiative, a series of forced marches and a few unimportant engagements, they had secured enormous advantages. At first Klingsporr had an exaggerated



idea of their numbers, for the detachments they pushed forward in so many directions acted so boldly, that the Swedes took them for the vanguards of strong *corps d'armée*.

Boukhoevden, the Russian generalissimo, while maintaining the blockade of Swartholm and of Sweaborg, sent a detachment to seize Abo, the old capital of Finland, and with his main body pursued Klingsporr. The latter could not do

him. His hope was to prolong the campaign until the break-up of the ice in the spring would enable the Swedish fleet first to relieve Sweaborg, and then to co-operate with him against the invaders.

Swartholm surrendered on March 18th, after five or six days' bombardment. The garrison had plenty of corn, but they were short of water, and sickness had broken out in the crowded and



“THE STRANGE SPECTACLE WAS SEEN OF A FIERCE CAVALRY FIGHT UPON THE FROZEN WATERS” (p. 492).

more than delay the Russian advance by some show of resistance. His rearguard made a stand at Bjorneborg, but the place was stormed by Bagration's division. Tammerfors was abandoned, after a cavalry fight on the neighbouring lake. Klingsporr could have retired from Wasa (now known as Nikolaistadt) across the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia into Sweden, but he decided rather to draw the Russians after him to the northward, retiring along the west coast of Finland, and receiving his supplies from Sweden through Tornea at the head of the gulf, by which route also some reinforcements reached

ill-ventilated casemates. Seven hundred prisoners and 200 guns and mortars were the prize of the victors. The detachment under Chepeleff occupied Abo, and seized sixty-four galleys which were ice-bound in the harbour. Finally, on April 12th, the Cossacks marched across the ice of the Baltic and occupied the Aland isles. Klingsporr all the while was retiring slowly northwards, skirmishing among the rocks and woods. It was not till the middle of April that he felt strong enough to make a serious stand. Meanwhile, all unknown to him, the fate of Sweaborg had been sealed—Sweaborg, on

which his hopes for the defence of the province finally rested.

The defence of the famous fortress had been entrusted to Admiral Count Cronstedt, a veteran officer of the Swedish navy, although the force under his command included only about 200 sailors among more than 7,000 combatants. Half the garrison were Swedes, the rest Finns. A large flotilla of galleys and gunboats lay in the creeks between the islands, protected by the works, but themselves unable to take any part in the defence of the fortress, for they were frozen fast in the ice. The same thick ice joined the islands to the coast, and extended in a solid sheet far out to seaward.

The Russian force which was detached from the army of invasion for the siege of Sweaborg, was directed by an engineer officer, General Suchtelen. When he approached the place in February he had not quite 3,000 men at his disposal, but he was gradually reinforced until, in the first week of March, he commanded eleven battalions of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, four field-batteries, a company of garrison artillery, and two companies of engineers. Heavy guns for the siege-batteries were taken from the Russian fortresses on the frontier of Finland, packed on sledges, and dragged slowly across the snow ice to Helsingfors, the busy commercial town which stands on a point of the mainland west of Sweaborg. Naturally, there was a limit to the number of guns that could be thus brought up, especially as for every gun a quantity of ammunition would have to be conveyed to the front in the same laborious fashion. Thus it was that Suchtelen had never more than thirty heavy guns and sixteen mortars in his batteries, though there were some 2,000 cannon, mounted and unmounted, in the forts and arsenal of Sweaborg. Nor was the want of ordnance the only difficulty of the attack. Suchtelen had to construct the batteries for the few guns he possessed with logs, bundles of brushwood, gabions filled with snow, and other light materials; for the bare rocky ground of the islands and capes made it impossible to dig, and between the capes and the fortress there was only the level ice of the Gulf of Finland, covered with frozen snow, and broken here and there by a ridge of rocks. To carry parallels and zigzags across such a surface, and erect breaching batteries upon it, was out of the question. Suchtelen, therefore, decided that this singular siege should be chiefly a blockade, varied with an occasional bombardment, when his limited supplies of

ammunition would permit of such a display of fireworks.

He mounted his heavy guns and mortars at Cape Helsingfors and on Skandetlandet island, and some adjacent rocks. Back Holm, on the east of Sweaborg, was held by a detached force, and the expanse of ice to the northward covering the great roadstead was continually patrolled by night and watched by day. There was not much chance of the garrison breaking out to the southward, where the ice covered the open sea for miles. At first Suchtelen had thought of attempting a *coup-de-main*, in the shape of a sudden assault with scaling-ladders; but, considering the great risk and the certain cost in life of such an enterprise, he decided that it should be attempted only if other means failed.

The first cannon-shots were exchanged on March 6th. At daybreak a Swedish working party, several hundreds strong, was seen to be busy on the west side of Sweaborg, breaking up the ice in front of the fortifications. It was a difficult piece of work; for blocks of ice had to be sawn out and carried off, so that it was more like quarrying than the ice-breaking we see on an English pond or river. Count Cronstedt was trying to secure a barrier of open water, or at least of thin ice, for the forts that he believed to be most exposed to attack. A Russian battery on a rocky island between Sweaborg and Helsingfors opened fire on the ice-cutters, and they ran back behind the nearest forts, which promptly replied to the Russian fire. Laid with a high elevation, the Swedish guns sent most of their projectiles over the Russian battery and into the town of Helsingfors behind it, where roofs and walls were soon crashing down. On this Suchtelen ceased firing, and sent an officer with a flag of truce across the ice to Sweaborg. The officer was brought to Admiral Cronstedt's quarters, and told the Swedish commander that he had been sent by General Suchtelen, out of motives of humanity, to remonstrate with him as to the damage his guns were doing to the peaceful inhabitants of Helsingfors. Most of them, he pointed out, had relations and friends in the garrison; and if, nevertheless, the governor was so unfeeling as to destroy their homes and expose them to the horrors of a northern winter, the Russian army would make reprisals on Swedish towns that were already in its possession. The old sailor replied that the destruction of Helsingfors was necessary for the security of his garrison; and, sorry as he was for the poor

people of the town, he must think first of the defence of the fortress. But Cronstedt was anything but a determined man, and after giving this decision he consented to take the advice of a council of war on the point. Now, councils of war, almost without exception, avoid strong measures and disagreeable courses, so the result was that later in the day Cronstedt agreed to a compromise suggested by Suchtelen. On the one hand, the Swedes agreed not to fire upon Helsingfors; on the other, the Russians pledged themselves not to erect any batteries in the direction of the town. There was to be no fighting on the north-west front of Sweaborg, "from motives of humanity."

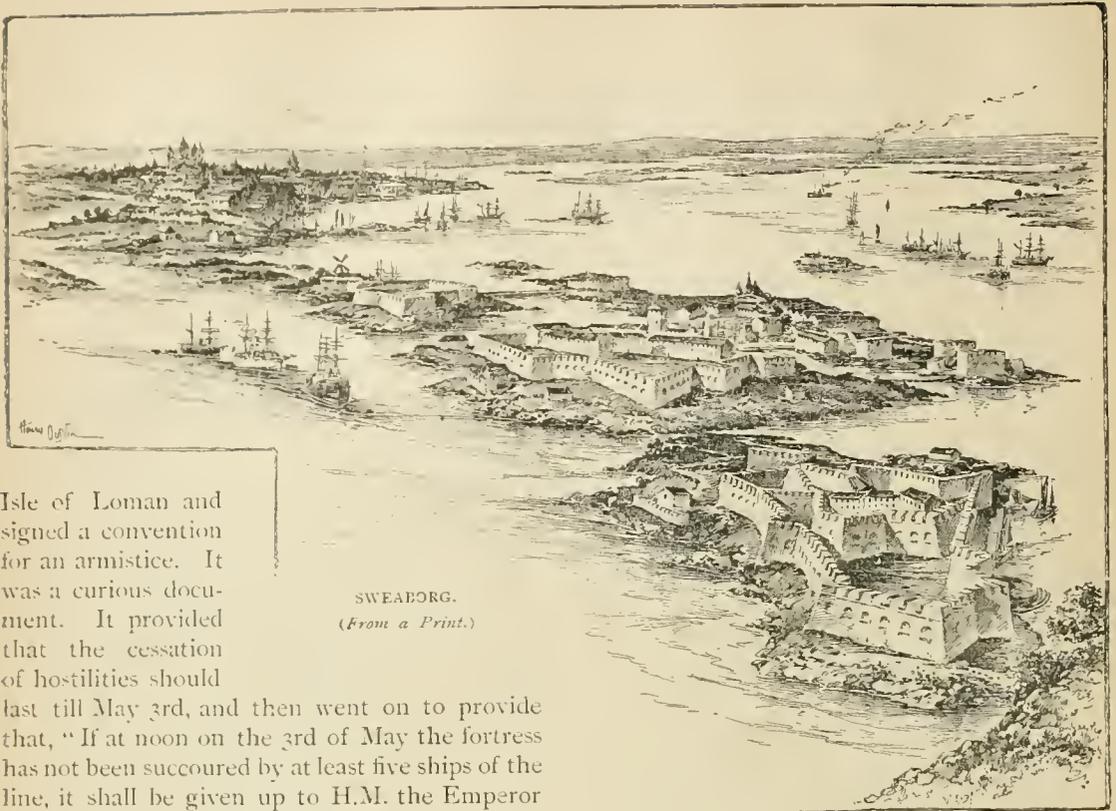
But the old sailor had been outwitted by the wily Russian, who had gained a tremendous advantage out of this humanitarian compact. To quote Suchtelen's own words in his report on the siege:—"Our ammunition trains, our hospitals and stores, could thus be placed in perfect safety at Helsingfors. The town afforded at the same time to the headquarters, and to the troops carrying on the siege, the only shelter from the weather that was to be found in the neighbourhood."

Having thus secured a base of operations, the Russians proceeded to harass the garrison by day and by night. The heavy batteries bombarded the fortress, taking aim at the mills and the masts of ships that rose above the ramparts, and especially firing at the great snow-covered roofs of the shipbuilding-slips and workshops of the arsenal. Day after day fires broke out in the place. Even at night the garrison was allowed no rest. Troops would march out upon the ice from the Russian lines, with drums beating and torches flaring, only to disappear as the first gun was fired from fort or rampart. The Russian field-artillery added to the alarms of the garrison. Colonel Argoun, who commanded it, was always playing a gigantic game of hide-and-seek among the rocks around Sweaborg. His guns would slip along from rock to rock, appear suddenly where they were least expected within point-blank range of the ramparts, send a shower of grape over them, and retire just as the garrison beat to arms to repel a supposed attempt to storm the works. For, with all this activity in the Russian lines, Cronstedt was persuaded that Suchtelen was meditating an assault. The result was that the garrison turned out to its alarm posts several times every day and night, besides having to work continually at putting out the fires in the dockyard and arsenal. Exposed to

bitter cold, working hard by day, deprived of proper rest at night, no wonder the men began to break down. Cronstedt had no idea of the weakness of the force opposed to him, or of the strength of his own position. To his mind, Sweaborg was an island fortress depending on the sea for its security; and now, thanks to the ice, the sea was traversed even by field-artillery, and a column of assault could march right up to the ramparts. Yet all the while, if he had abandoned his attitude of passive and irresolute defence, he was himself in a position to seriously menace the besiegers with disaster.

Soon he began to be anxious about the supply of food. On the approach of the invaders a large number of the people of Helsingfors had fled to Sweaborg. Cronstedt would have liked to get rid of these "useless mouths," and he sent some of them out to try to reach their old homes. The Russian outposts drove them back at the point of the bayonet. But General Suchtelen sent in a courteous message to the admiral under a flag of truce. He could not allow him to increase his supplies by sending out hundreds of the civilian inhabitants of Sweaborg, but he would be happy to give a safe conduct and an escort to the admiral's own family, in order to spare them the sufferings of the siege. Cronstedt nobly replied that he and his must share the lot of the garrison. He would accept no special privileges for his wife and children.

The Russian general further showed his courtesy by sending into the Governor gazettes, newspapers, and letters for the families of officers and men. But all the papers and letters had been carefully examined beforehand, and only those were allowed to pass out of Helsingfors which contained depressing news for the Swedes about the progress of the Russian arms and the sufferings of the rest of the country. All good news was carefully kept back. Flags of truce were thus always coming and going, and the Russian staff arranged, on one pretext or another, to have as many conferences as possible with the admiral and his officers. They soon found out that he had no confidence in his position, no expectation of the siege being raised, and that he was particularly suspicious of the promised English naval succour in the spring. He thought that if the British came it would be to get possession of the Swedish fleet. Hopes were artfully held out to him that it might be possible to save the flotilla at Sweaborg by negotiating a separate capitulation for the fortress, and on April 3rd Suchtelen and Cronstedt met on the



SVEABORG.
(From a Print.)

Isle of Loman and signed a convention for an armistice. It was a curious document. It provided that the cessation of hostilities should last till May 3rd, and then went on to provide that, "If at noon on the 3rd of May the fortress has not been succoured by at least five ships of the line, it shall be given up to H.M. the Emperor of Russia. Be it understood, that it is necessary such succour shall at that hour have actually entered the harbour of Sveaborg, and that if it should only be in sight of the fortress it shall be considered as not having arrived."

On the ratification of the armistice, the Swedes were to give up to the Russians, as a guarantee, the island of Langorn, with its batteries. The one advantage which was held out to the old admiral as the price of this convention was the preservation of the flotilla. But even this was only conditional, for the article referring to it ran thus:—"The flotilla shall be restored in its actual condition to Sweden, after the peace, provided always that England shall restore to Denmark the fleet taken from that Power last year."

Next day the Russians were given possession of Langorn, the batteries of which commanded the entrance to the great harbour, and they immediately took precautions to prevent any rescuing squadron from getting in when the ice broke up. Additional guns were mounted. Furnaces were prepared and kept ready day and night for firing red-hot shot, and the gunners slept in shelters beside their guns. But the ice held on, and no relief appeared; so on May 3rd

Admiral Cronstedt surrendered, and the Russians took possession of the fortress, with 2,000 guns, over 300,000 projectiles, and a great store of arms and ammunition, 2 frigates, 19 transports, and 100 galleys, sloops, gunboats, and small craft, besides a considerable supply of rigging and naval stores. Two hundred and eight officers and 7,368 men laid down their arms.

"The Russians," wrote Suchtelen, "had hardly enough men to occupy the place and see to the dispersion of the enemy's garrison." There were rumours that Cronstedt had been bribed to surrender the fortress, but both Russian and Swedish writers deny that there was any ground for such a charge against him. Without supposing anything of the kind, his conduct is explained by the fact that, though a brave sailor, he was quite out of place as the commandant of a mixed garrison of soldiers and militia in an ice-bound fortress; and, above all, the simple-minded old man was no match for a soldier diplomatist like Suchtelen. Cronstedt was weak and vacillating at a time when victory was within reach of a determined man, and so the great prize of Sveaborg fell into the hands of adversaries who were full of resource, enterprise,

and determination, the very qualities in which he was deficient. On May 8th the Russian flag was hoisted on the forts, with a salute of 101 guns, and a *Te Deum* was solemnly celebrated in the great square of the citadel. The Black Eagle has flown there ever since. In the Crimean War Sweaborg defied the attacks of our Baltic fleet.

Its surrender to Suchtelen came at a most unfortunate time, for not only was the ice breaking up, so that very soon a joint Swedish and British fleet would have been in the Gulf of Finland, but the Swedish armies in the field, under Klingsporr, had been winning decided victories over the Russian army of invasion. The first serious fighting took place in the second week of April. On the 13th the Swedes were in and about Pyhajoki, at the mouth of the river of the same name. Klingsporr's headquarters were in the town, and Colonel Gripenberg, with about 200 men, covered it by holding the strong position of Ypperi, on the coast a little to the south. On the

13th, Gripenberg was attacked in front by the Russian vanguard, while another column, led by General Koulneff in person, moving on the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia, turned his right flank. In this way Gripenberg was driven out of three positions in succession. His fourth stand was made close to Pyhajoki, and here Klingsporr came to the rescue of his rear-guard. His artillery checked the Russian advance on the coast road, while his chief-of-the-staff, Colonel Count Löwenhjelm, with a brigade of infantry and some squadrons of dragoons, charged Koulneff's Russians on the ice. In one of these charges, which he led sword in hand, Löwenhjelm had his horse killed, and was himself wounded and taken prisoner. This caused some confusion among his followers, but the result of Klingsporr's attack was that he disengaged his rear-guard, stopped the Russian

pursuit at the mouth of the Pyhajoki, and was able to continue his retreat unmolested.

The Russians occupied Brahestad on April 18th, and drove the Swedish rear-guard out of Olijoki. But a few miles to the northwards, near the church of Sikajoki, Klingsporr made a more determined stand than he had yet ventured upon. At the mouth of the Sikajoki river, the Russians tried to repeat the manœuvre which they had so often found successful, by moving out on the ice to turn the position of the Swedes on the land. But this time Klingsporr was ready for them, and they were beaten back with

heavy loss by the Swedish artillery and cavalry. The frontal attack made no more progress. The Russians came on again and again, but the Swedes doggedly held their ground. The fight went on for eight hours, the whole length of the short northern day. Towards sunset General Adlerkreutz, who was now acting as Klingsporr's chief-of-the-staff, noticed that the Russian fire was slackening, and abandoning the defensive attitude for the attack, charged



GENERAL SUCHTELEN.
(From a Print.)

them all along the line, and drove them from the field. The fight had cost a loss of about 1,000 killed and wounded, among the former the Swedish general Fleming. One of the chivalrous incidents of the struggle is worth noting. In those days of smooth-bore flintlocks, men fought at a range of from 100 to 200 yards, and so it was that Koulneff, who commanded the Russian attack, noticed a Swedish officer who was recklessly exposing himself to danger, and, admiring his courage, he told the Cossack sharpshooters not to fire at the brave fellow. The officer bore a name now famous in Scandinavian literature—he was a Captain Björnsterne. But the Swedes were equally generous, for, in the same fight, Adlerkreutz was so struck by Koulneff's intrepid bearing, that he gave orders that care should be taken not to shoot down the Russian general.

Klingsporr withdrew next day northwards to Lumijoki, where he waited for reinforcements, which soon gave him the advantage of numbers over the Russians, who now made no further attempts to disturb him. In the last week of April he felt strong enough to assume the offensive. He had good information, for the peasants were all friendly to the Swedes, and he learned in this way that two Russian columns, under Generals Boulatoff and Touthkoff, were marching to unite their forces near Revolax in his front. He resolved to delay one of them while he overwhelmed the other with a sudden attack, and on April 27th he set in motion two columns. The smaller, under Adlerkreutz, was to keep Touthkoff engaged, while the larger, under General Cronstedt (a relative of the admiral), was to interpose between his force and Boulatoff, and try to break up Boulatoff's corps. The attacks were to have been simultaneous, but Cronstedt's march was delayed by deep snow drifts, and Adlerkreutz was in a very serious position, engaged with Touthkoff's force (which repelled all his attacks), and at the same time exposed to the danger of Boulatoff's corps coming up. But in the afternoon, when Boulatoff, marching towards the sound of his colleague's guns, was approaching Revolax, he suddenly found himself attacked by a Swedish column, which, to his utter surprise, debouched not from a road, but from the hollow of a frozen stream, the ice of which it had used as a roadway. At the same time a sharp fire from the edges of all the firwoods on both his flanks told him that Cronstedt, before showing his hand, had lined all available cover with his sharpshooters. He saw he was caught in a trap. Forming his brigade into a solid column, he tried to bear down the Swedish main attack, but as this first effort failed, he cut his colours from the staff, and giving them to one of his officers, told him to try to get through to Touthkoff, and tell him that the brigade would fight to the last. Wounded several times, Boulatoff did not give the word to cease fire till he was actually dying. In this condition he fell into the hands of the Swedes, who took 800 prisoners and four guns. Some hundreds more of the Russians got away in the gathering darkness, and the wreck of the brigade rallied to the standard of Touthkoff, who, on hearing of his colleague's fate, retreated to Pyhajoki, leaving a rear-guard at Brahestad. His force was a little over 5,000 men, with nineteen guns. Klingsporr had now 12,000, but there was a good deal of sickness in his army.

He followed the Russians with his main body, sending a flying column under Colonel Sandels to recover possession of the lake-land of central Finland. The Russians had declared that they came to deliver the Finns from Swedish tyranny, but now the peasants were rising in insurrection on the flank and rear of the invaders and cutting off their convoys. It was thus difficult for them to get supplies, or to maintain their communications. The Russians abandoned Brahestad and retreated to Gamle Carlabý before the advancing Swedes, Klingsporr crossing the Pyhajoki in triumph, while the insurrection spread eastwards, supported by Colonel Sandels' column, and the Russians had to rapidly take precautions for the defence of their own frontier.

Then with the first days of May there was a pause in the operations. For the thaw had begun, and every river was a torrent of rushing water and whirling masses of ice; the streams of melting snow made watercourses of the roads; and marsh and lake were no longer passable for the flying columns. To Count Klingsporr it must have seemed that victory was now assured for Sweden. He had recovered the north of the kingdom. Even with the forces at his command he could drive the Russians back to the south, where, as he supposed, Sweaborg was defying their attacks. The thaw would bring to his aid not merely the Swedish fleet, but the English squadron, which had reached Gothenburg, escorting transports that conveyed 14,000 British troops under Sir John Moore. It looked as if the summer would see the disastrous retreat of the invaders from Finland.

But all these hopes were dashed to the ground when news came, first that Sweaborg was in the hands of Russia, and then that King Gustavus was quarrelling with his English allies. He was dreaming of vast schemes of conquest—of repeating the exploits of his great namesake, the Gustavus of the Thirty Years' War, by throwing himself into Denmark at the head of his Swedes and Sir John Moore's troops, and intervening in Germany with decisive effect. When Sir John would not listen to these wild schemes, the king refused to co-operate with him in any other direction, and after useless debates, the British troops re-embarked, and Sir John Moore sailed away to find victory, death, and fame in the Spanish peninsula. Even the king's Swedish forces, after a long delay, were frittered away in ill-directed enterprises against the Russian fortified positions in the south of Finland. In the shallows among the islands Gustavus carried on,

with varying success, a kind of amphibious warfare, where his own galleys and troops acted against the Russian batteries and the galleys and gunboats taken by the invaders from his own arsenals. Had he used his resources to reinforce Klingsporr, that brave and capable soldier would have accomplished more.

Even as it was, Klingsporr inflicted further defeats on the invaders, recovered all the west of Finland from them, and, co-operating with Sandels, freed the centre, where at one time all the Russians held was the fortified town of Kuopio, strong in its position in the midst of a labyrinth of lakes and creeks.

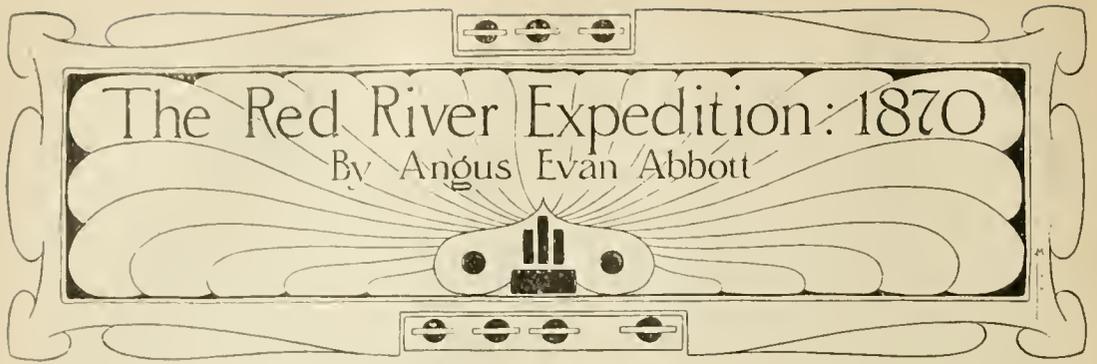
Meanwhile the joint Swedish and British fleet had defeated the Russian fleet off Hango

Head, and blockaded it in Baltich Port till the autumn. It lay there under the protection of some shore batteries, until one day a violent storm forced the blockading squadron to stand out to sea, when the Russians ran out also and got safely into Cronstadt. No attempt was made by the allied fleet to recover Sweaborg, or even to menace it. With the key of Finland thus in their hands, the Russians held the south of the country through the summer.

Then came an armistice; divided counsels among the Swedes, quarrels and dissensions among the leaders, which were the prelude of the revolution in the following year; and 1809 saw the fall of Gustavus, and the treaty signed which gave Finland to Russia.



A FINNISH PILOT.



SOON all the mystery of the great North-West of Canada will have disappeared for ever. Even now the cry of the ploughman to his unruly beasts startles the prairie chicken, and the click-and-purr of ten thousand machines is heard reaping, where but a few years ago numberless buffalo and deer and Indian ponies cropped the prairie grasses. Snug houses now stand where once the smoke from the wigwam lost its blue in the blue of the sky; wheezing steamers have crowded the birch-bark canoe from river and lake; the grimy stoker and thrashing screw are taking the place of the painted brave and his white-ash paddle, and the black locomotive, vomiting smoke, rocks shrieking across the plains, swinging its comet-tail of carriages, where, in days not long past, the Indian courier dug his bare heels into the ribs of his lean pony and urged the beast over the rough ground. And the red man? He has gathered his flaming blanket about his shoulders, and is stealing into the land of the unknown.

When Canada, on payment of £300,000 to the Hudson's Bay Company, acquired the great North-West, she acquired a kingdom.

Up to the date—1869—of this transfer of authority from "the governor and company of adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" (as King Charles's Charter described the company) to the Dominion of Canada the vast region was little else than a howling wilderness. True, dotted here and there on the banks of scarcely known rivers, and by the shores of lakes as yet unexplored by white man, were busy posts or forts belonging to the great fur-trading company; but between these lay vast stretches of prairie and forest, hundreds of miles dividing post from post. To these forts came the Indian, the Half-breed, and French-Canadian trapper, so like the Indian in habits, dress, and complexion

as to be hardly distinguishable from the pure Indian. These brought with them the product of their winter's hunt, the result of months spent in the solitudes of lonely stretches of wildernesses. Strange, gloomy, taciturn hunters and trappers frequented the posts, men imbued with the silence of the pine forests from long months passed in solitude when the snow lay banked like white clouds in the woods, and the Frost King smote with his clenched fist on the bosom of unnamed lakes until the ice burst into ribbon-like splits of translucent blue that ran for leagues away. The short days in that northern region were spent by these trappers, white and red, in thridding the wood, noting the tracks in the snow of furry beasts, and examining their craftily-set traps for the silver fox and sable, and the long nights were passed sitting alone in a log hut crouching close to the log fire, while the storm roared down the chimney like an ogre struggling to get in. To such as these the Hudson's Bay Company was the motive of life. At its posts they sold their furs, and bought clothing, food, tobacco, and powder.

Some years before the transfer of authority to the Dominion, settlers, from Ontario principally, having discovered the richness of the prairie land, began to drift into the territory. In the older provinces of Canada the land was heavily wooded, and consequently required much sore labour to bring to a state of cultivation; but in this new region the prairie rolled flat and clear, and all ripe for the plough.

These settlers, assured of justice at the hands of the Dominion authorities, were favourable to the transfer of the rich wilderness from the rule of a chartered company to that of a responsible colony. Not so, however, the Half-breeds. Pretending that they feared that their rights to certain lands staked out by various individuals of them would not be protected, they first

opposed the entrance into the North-West of a surveying party, and then refused to allow the Hon. William McDougall, who had been appointed Governor of the newly-purchased territory, to set foot upon his domain. For some long time the people of Canada were hugely diverted by the spectacle of a Governor forced to stay outside the domain he had been appointed to govern. He made no serious attempt to enter the territory, having no sufficient force behind him, but resided for months on the safer side of the boundary.

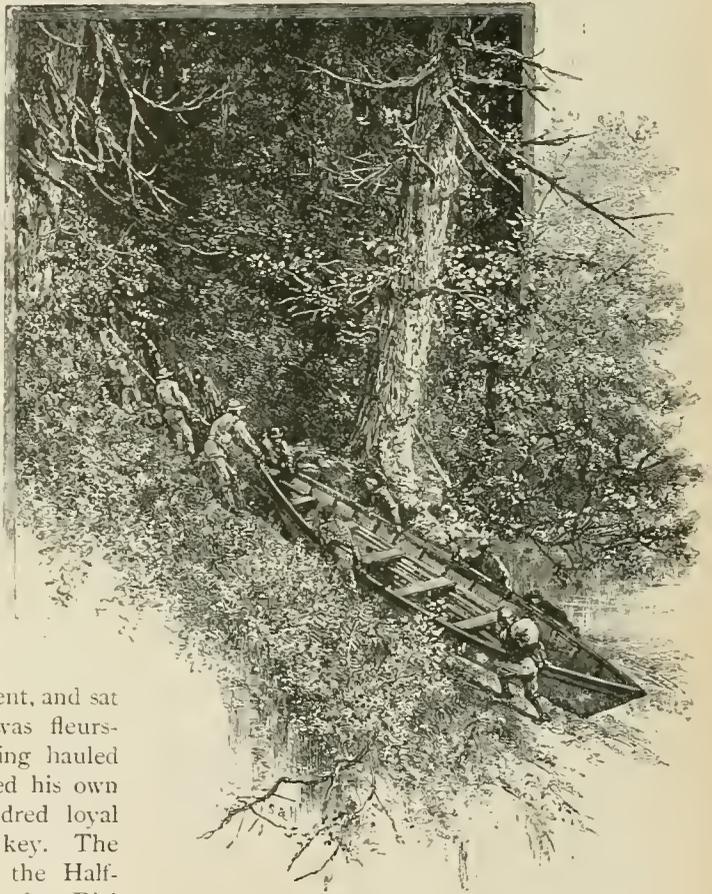
The demonstration of the Half-breeds was planned by one Louis Riel, a man of considerable energy and shrewdness, and a right-down scoundrel, who tried his best to stir into action the numerous strong Indian tribes of the North-West. Had he succeeded, one of the greatest of Indians wars must have followed, a war that would have been heralded by massacre of unprotected settlers, their wives and children; this succeeded by many months of bitter bloody fighting. That these calamities were avoided was in no way owing to Riel.

After an effective period of agitating, Riel whipped the Half-breeds into line, seized the Hudson's Bay Company's posts—the Company's officials seem to have been not ill-disposed to the rebels—formed a provisional government, and with an army of 400 or 500 men, prepared to meet with force any attempt on the part of Canada to take possession of the North-West.

The Ottawa Government tried conciliatory measures. Commissioners were sent to interview Riel, who had assumed the title of President, and sat under a flag the design of which was fleurs-de-lys and shamrocks. Besides having hauled down the Union Jack and substituted his own flag, he had more than half-a-hundred loyal subjects of the Queen under lock and key. The commissioners made little effect on the Half-breeds. During the early months of 1870, Riel spent his time in making an impression on the credulous French Half-breeds, frequently sentencing loyal citizens to be shot, only to pardon them after the poor fellows had suffered all the agonies of looking into the face of an inglorious

death. Unfortunately for all concerned, Riel committed one horrible crime. On March 4th, 1870, the "President" ordered that Thomas Scott, an Ontario man and a prisoner, should be tried by court-martial, on what charge it is difficult to say. The fact of the matter was that Riel had determined to show his power, and at the same time to commit his followers irrevocably. The court-martial sentenced Scott to be shot the same day.

It was a ghastly crime. Scott, poor fellow, was led out of Fort Garry, knelt in the snow and was shot. He was not killed outright by the volley, and the *coup de grâce* proved to be no *coup de grâce*, for the bullet striking him in the eye passed around the head without penetrating to the brain. Probably sickened by the horror of these proceedings, it is said the Half-breeds had



A PORTAGE.

the victim bundled into his coffin and deposited inside the Fort, where he lay moaning for eight hours before someone put an end to his suffering—some say by shooting him, others

that he was stabbed to death with a butcher's knife.

A thrill of horror ran through Canada. Such crimes could not be countenanced by a justice-loving people. All idea of negotiations and conciliatory measures left the minds of the people of Ontario. A shout went up for energetic action, for effective action, and action without delay. In answer to this call, and to take practical possession of the country, the famous Red River Expedition came into existence.

Now, it so happened that when these events were taking place, one Colonel Wolseley, since become famous in the world, was Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada. Colonel Wolseley had made himself conspicuous, not only by the comprehensive view he took of his profession, but also by his intimate acquaintance with the least particular of the service. He soon attracted the attention of the authorities both in England and Canada. So it came about that when in April, 1870, Lieutenant-General the Honourable James Lindsay reached Canada to take over the position of commander-in-chief, he found no difficulty in selecting his commander for the expedition. Wolseley received word that he had been appointed to conduct the little force which must make its way through the strange region of lake, forest, river, and prairie. Toronto, capital of the rich province of Ontario, was chosen as a rendezvous for the various battalions then being raised for the work ahead.

This little force consisted, in round numbers, of 1,200 men. Of these one-third were regulars—350 men of the 60th Royal Rifles, 20 men of the Royal Engineers, and 20 Royal Artillery, and small detachments from the Army Service Corps and Army Hospital Corps. The other two-thirds of the force were volunteers from the militia of the twin provinces, Ontario and Quebec, and were formed into two battalions—the 1st or Ontario Rifles, and 2nd or Quebec Rifles.

For service such as lay before this little band of volunteers and regulars, no commander could have wished for a finer stock of people from which to draw his men than were the citizens of the broad provinces Ontario and Quebec. Ontario, which supplied by far the greater proportion of the volunteers, although by this time well "settled," nevertheless was peopled by those who had felled the forest, and who had allowed the sun's rays after untold centuries of darkness to sweeten the loam into life. Towns, even villages, were few, and the broad stretches of rolling lands lay like a great chess-board, the

squares alternate clearings and forest. The highways were cut in long straight lines through the woods, and dotted along these, often miles apart, were the farmers' houses, built for the most part of unhewn logs; and over the door, supported by the antlers of a buck itself had slain, lay the rifle, for the settler and his sons could use with equal skill rifle and axe. Through great stretches of the province the deer still browsed. In the early morning when the first frosts of autumn caused the beech-burrs to open, the strange exuberant call of the wild turkey-cock, as with trailing wings and feathers puffed in pride he led his flock under the trees, sounded on the air. The lynx, the wild-cat, and in parts the wolf, still lurked in the swamps. Small wonder then that the Ontario backwoodsman was hardy, skilled in woodcraft, and a deadly shot. The pick of these (for a rigid medical examination was insisted upon) Colonel Wolseley led into the great North-West.

On the morning of May 21st, 1870, Colonel Wolseley took train from Toronto to Collingwood, a little port at the southernmost point of Georgian Bay—a bay which rides, like the hump of a camel, on the back of Lake Huron. This section of ninety-four miles was to be sure the least eventful of the whole journey, and the trains rapidly spilt the little expedition into the town. At the wooden piers running out into the bay lay the steamers *Frances Smith* and *Chicora*—the latter, I believe, famous during the years of the American War as a successful blockade-runner. The night of the 21st was one of infinite bustle and excitement.

Georgian Bay is a wonderful sheet of water. Islands almost without number dot its bosom, raising their heads in sizes varying from a handful of earth—only large enough to furnish a precarious hold for a clump of green trees—to the Grand Manitoulin, which is 100 miles long by thirty miles broad, and now contains a population of 10,000 souls. Between the islands are many curious channels of great depth, and waves of the deepest blue break on the ribbons of white sand which girdle the islands, whereon to this day the she-bear leads her chubby cubs to play in the moonlight, and wet their fat paws in the lake. Many of the islands are uninhabited, but all are rich in trees and grasses, and in summer are green blotches in the rolling waters. But when winter closes down the Great Lakes freeze to an incredible depth, and the fierce north wind sweeping across the leagues of ice-piled lake, the islands are

indeed, inhospitable dwelling-places for white man or red.

However, the troops of the Red River Expedition made the journey under most favourable conditions of time and weather. The steamers sped across the beautiful bay winding in and out among the islands, occasionally stopping at some out-of-the-way settlement to take on fuel. The soldiers sat on deck watching with curious eye the many strange sights, and gazing with admiration at the light birch-bark canoe and the picturesque brave, who held his paddle deep in the water while he glanced stoically at the passing steamers. On the 23rd the *Chicora*, the leading steamer, made her way up the narrow Ste. Marie River and passed the famous "Soo" Rapids. Here were picked up four companies of the Ontario Rifles and a large party of Iroquois Indians—splendid fellows, who proved of great service to the expedition, for they were capital at handling the boats and canoes. At the "Soo" the first real hard work of the expedition was encountered. A portage had to be made of most of the stores, and although everyone worked with a will it turned out to be a heavy job. Here, too, the transport department was increased by the addition of the propeller *Shickluna* towing two schooners. Out upon the Lake Superior the steamers made their way, and early on the morning of the 25th the bold outline of Thunder Cape loomed against the sky, and a few hours afterwards Thunder Bay was entered and the fleet brought to an anchor. The second stage of the journey had been won.

On the shore of this great bay and surrounded by mountains, the pioneers of the expedition under Dawson had already prepared a landing-place and erected a few rough shanties. All round the land-side of the spot stretched hundreds of miles of forests, inhabited only by the bear and wolf, and which furnish the fuel for those tremendous fires that roll over the land, their flames leaping high into the heavens and flinging their smoke in clouds so dense that the sailor on Lake Superior has to feel his way along the decks of the craft he is speeding from shore. On landing, Colonel Wolseley named the place Prince Arthur's Landing (now Port Arthur) in honour of the Prince then in Canada. From this port ran a road cut for the expedition, a forty-miles-long slit in the green forest.

Those of the expedition who were shipped on the *Frances Smith* began the disagreeable experiences of the journey early. On the

voyage across Georgian Bay, the captain of the steamer, having got himself into a proper condition to do so, hopelessly lost his way among the islands. It was only by the greatest of good luck that the steamer was saved from shipwreck, and every soul aboard considered himself fortunate when, after an anxious time, the captain finally happened on the mouth of the Ste. Marie River. It was probably just as well that when he navigated his vessel to the "Soo" he demanded such an outrageous sum of money before he would consent to proceed out upon Lake Superior, that the authorities decided to dispense with the services of his ship. Thus the troops were forced to disembark and take other steamers, hastily chartered for the emergency, to their destination.

A strange scene, indeed, the tiny speck of clearings on the lake shore, the little fleet rocking to the swell that rolled in from the bosom of Superior, the great forest blasted by the flames that had but a short time before swept across the face of the land, and the thin highway in the forest, as if a giant plough had passed from the lake shore away for the north. Indian squaws parted the underbrush, stole out of the forest, their papooses strapped to their backs and flame-coloured blankets drawn round their shoulders, and stood in picturesque groups watching the strange company of white men who were swinging the battering-ram of civilisation against the barricades of the great North-West.

Between the vessels and the shore plied a wooden scow some fifty-five feet long, this under the charge of a Mr. Mellish—whom the light-hearted volunteers at once nicknamed "the Admiral"—and his cumbrous scow the *Water-Lily*. On the *Water-Lily* men, horses, oxen, stores, cannon, everything, were conveyed to the shore. While this was going on, Colonel Wolseley personally inspected the road that ran from Prince Arthur's Landing to Lake Shebandowan. Probably not until he had made this inspection did he realise the grave difficulties that he was called upon to surmount. A more primitive highway it would have been difficult to find.

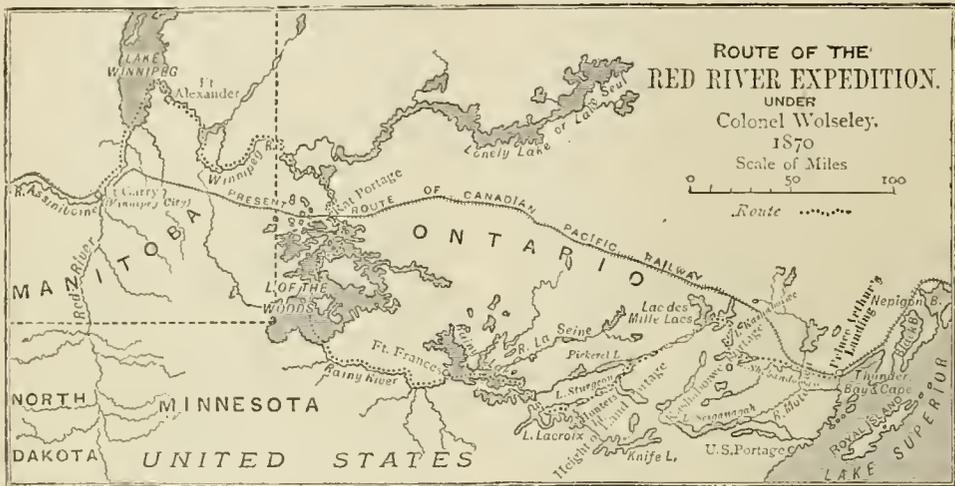
Under the best circumstances a newly-constructed road through a Canadian forest is but a sorry highway. The trees that are felled to clear the way are usually cut into lengths of a dozen feet or so, and rolled into position check-by-jowl, the crossways of the highway. For this purpose—and, in fact, for all work in the bush—oxen are used in preference

to horses on account of many qualities, among others their great strength, their ability to scramble unhurt over logs and through brush, their cleverness in passing over bog-land and through mire, and their coarse appetites which allow them to thrive on rank grasses and brush-wood. Moreover, their very slowness of movement is a virtue. The road formed of logs is called "corderoy," and it will be readily understood that it makes a jolting, wracking way for vehicles, only preferable, in fact, to loose undrained earth.

When Colonel Wolseley rode on his visit of inspection, matters looked far from promising. Ahead one-fourth of the distance to Shebando-

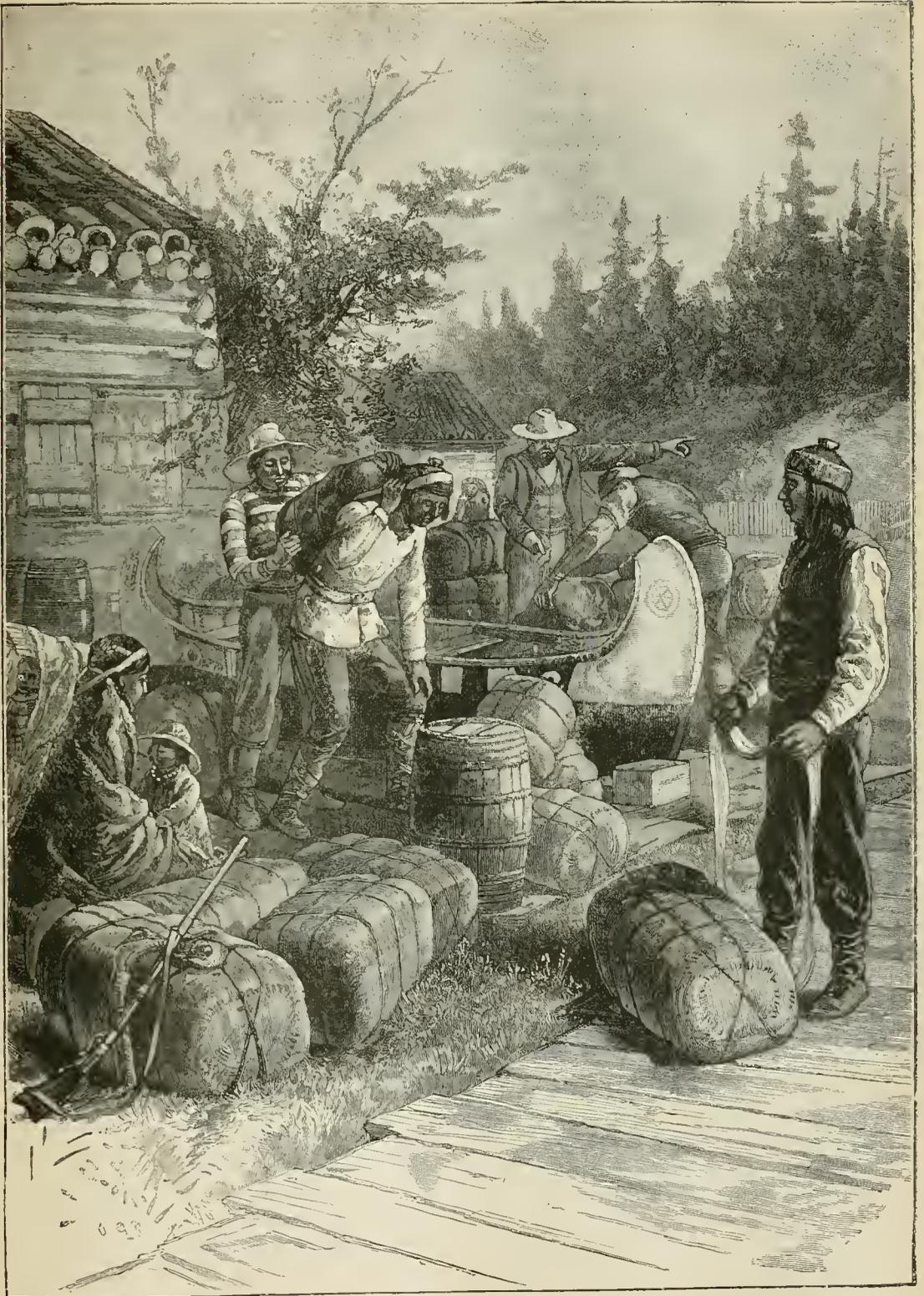
obey orders, turned obstinate and discontented. Wolseley and his officers were well-nigh at their wits' ends over the matter. The guns—for the expedition took out a battery of bronze muzzle-loading 7-pounders, weighing 200 pounds apiece—were heavy baggage, and the boats required for navigating the hundreds of miles of lakes and rivers had to be transported through the forest on waggon-wheels, attached by chains to bow and stern. As there were a hundred and fifty boats to be transported, and as the waggons were urgently needed for the removal of the general stores, Colonel Wolseley cast about him for other means of sending forward the boats.

A few miles from Port Arthur stood a Hud-



wan, where the expedition was to embark in canoes, had not even been cleared of the trees, and the remainder which had been "corderoyed" was in a bad way owing to a forest fire which ten days before had raged, burning bridges, setting fire to the "corderoy," and entirely destroying the barricades of timber that had been reared to support deep cuttings, allowing miniature landslides to blockade the road. But these grave difficulties were surmounted in the most energetic manner. Every man worked like a nailer. Soldiers lay aside their arms to ply the spade and swing the axe, and parties commenced work on burnt culverts and filled-in cuttings. Strange to tell, in a country abounding in young men who thoroughly understood the management of horses, the expedition was seriously retarded by the incapacity of the teamsters. The horses, badly handled, were soon knocked up, and the teamsters, not having been regularly enlisted and so not bound to

son's Bay post, and the factor of this suggested that an attempt be made to propel the boats up the Kaministiquia River, a stream full of rapids, which, after taking a wide sweep through the bush, crossed the road some twenty-two miles from the landing. On June 4th Captain Young and Lieutenant Fraser, commanding thirty-four men of the 60th in two heavy boats built at Quebec and four raftsmen's boats, set out to make the attempt. They found the river quiet only when it was gathering force for a run down wild rapids or a plunge over great falls. Before they reached the bridge that carried the highway across the river, the men of the 60th had made seven portages, one of them around the Kakabeka Falls, a mile in length. Indians who knew every foot of the way piloted the flotilla, and the men, by wading waist-deep, hauling at ropes, pushing and paddling, managed to send forward the boats, while the waggons laboured along the primitive highway with the stores.



A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST.

But the heavy and wet work was by no means the only hardship encountered. The forests of this district are the homes of the most aggravating, maddening flies, diminutive and vicious : black flies that rise like clouds in the air, sand flies, mosquitos ; at high noon or at midnight it is the same—nipping, biting, stinging, burrowing under the skin until hands and face are raw and tingling and swollen. Veils were served out to the men, but one might as well spread a tennis net to catch a shoal of minnows as hope to keep the black fly from the face by means of a veil. The poor horses and oxen came in for their share of trouble from flies. Nor were the elements a whit more kind. Several times forest fires swept across the rough road, burning the bridges, and after the fires subsided frightful thunderstorms turned streams into raging torrents, carrying away bridges and roadbed. But all the time the little army battled bravely against its strange foes : forests, floods, fires, and—flies.

This was indeed a trying stretch of road for the young commander, and at one time the success of the expedition was in grave danger. But Wolseley by judicious compromises, here keeping to the road, there trusting all to the rapidly-running rivers, at last succeeded in reaching Lake Shebandowan. When the expedition was trailing its length across this section of brush, the lieutenant-general paid Colonel Wolseley a visit, and was received in proper style, as the following extract will show.

Captain Huyshe of the Rifle Brigade, who has written a good-humoured and entertaining account of the Red River Expedition, says :—

“At the time that the lieutenant-general arrived at the Matawan”—a river which the road crossed twenty-seven miles from Thunder Bay—“on his visit of inspection, I happened to be present, and was much amused at the dress in which the inspecting officer was received by Captain Young, who was then at his daily work in the boats taking supplies up the river. His dress consisted of but three articles : a red woollen night-cap, a flannel shirt, open at the throat and chest with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pair of duck trousers tucked up to the knees and confined round the waist by a leathern belt and sheath knife ; no shoes or stockings, and a pipe in his mouth, which he politely removed to shake hands with the general.”

This terribly hard stage of the journey proved a good sifting ground. The idle and inexperienced were soon marked men, and all such were left behind at McNeil's Bay.

Before the little expedition now lay a great stretch of waterway, and from this point the *voyageurs*, Indians for the most part and French-Canadians, became the all-important men. These were under the leadership of Ignace, a splendid old Indian who had been to the Arctic regions with Dr. Rae, and who knew the North-West well. A beautiful evening was that of July 16th, calm and clear, when the little fleet of boats—a short time before the cause of many heart-burns, but now to repay for all such by safely bearing the expedition to its journey's end—put out upon the bosom of Lake Shebandowan. The army was now quite out of touch of civilisation. The forest stood with its toes in the water, the wild fowl rose in long thin lines, leaving beaded ripples where their wings trailed their red feet from the water, and far and near sounded the cries of the loon. Until this time the waters had never been ruffled but by the boats of the *voyageurs*, the canoe of the red man, or the buck that had plunged into the lake to escape the pack of wolves steadily overtaking him in a long hard run, or to answer a challenge sounding from the forest on the other side of the river or lake.

Six hundred miles away stood Fort Garry, the goal of the expedition—six hundred miles of lake and river, through picturesque scenery entirely novel to the great majority of those in the boats, bivouacking at evening under the pines on the banks, and paddling all day. From Lake Shebandowan the foremost boats came to Kashaboie portage, passed it (heavy work it turned out to be, everything having to be carried on the back. There were no horses or oxen now) and into Lake Kashaboie. At Height-of-Land portage the expedition passed over the “back” or water-shed of the country. On one side of this “back” lay the Lac des Mille Lacs, whose waters run away to the north to finally flow into Hudson's Bay ; on the other side the waters flow into the Great Lakes and down to the St. Lawrence.

The stage of the journey from Height-of-Land portage to Fort Frances need not be described in detail. Every man of the force, now that the serious obstacles offered by the pine forests had been overcome, worked with a lighter heart. Instead of the monotony of blasted pine and miry way, each stroke of the paddle now opened up a new view—beautiful islands, glassy reaches of water, wooded banks. While the *voyageurs* piloted the boats down the rapids, the volunteers strolled in the woods

or along the bank, pestered only by the flies. Pickerel Lake was passed, Dorá Lake (where Colonel Wolseley—who had remained behind to see the whole expedition safely into canoes and boats—now caught up with the pioneers, having been brought forward in a gig rowed at a great pace by Iroquois Indians. He kept ahead of the expedition from here on), Sturgeon Lake, Lac Lacroix, Loon Lake, and Rainy Lake—where the wind blew so violently as to “hold up” the expedition for a day—and into Rainy River. Three miles down this splendid river stood Fort Frances, an old Hudson’s Bay Company’s post. This was reached on August 4th.

After six days spent at this important post, Colonel Wolseley took his place in a birch-bark canoe paddled by Iroquois, and made off down the Rainy River. At the mouth of the river messengers from the North-West were encountered. They had come to meet the expedition and to implore all speed, as the danger of an Indian uprising was great; but as the expedition was making the best time possible, nothing more could be done. Here, too, the troops heard of the declaration of war between France and Prussia. The next stretch of water that lay before the boats was the beautiful Lake of the Woods, which was with difficulty crossed owing to storms, and the innumerable small islands offering great inducements to lose the way—which many of the boats accepted.

At Rat Portage the turbulent but grand Winnipeg River begins its course of more than one hundred and sixty miles. It is a river of many dangers—cataracts, rapids, whirlpools, rocks, and numerous channels—and it flows through a wild, picturesque country. It took but four days for the boats to do the distance between Rat Portage and Fort Alexander. During the journey down the river the men experienced all the thrilling sensations of shooting the rapids. A wild Indian as pilot, the foam flying high in the air, waves roaring around and over stubborn rocks, and the canoes and boats shivering and shuddering like steeds at the scent of blood. On the 19th the “Seven Portages” were passed, and the next day Colonel Wolseley reached Fort Alexander. Two miles further on spread out the inland sea, Lake Winnipeg. The last stage of the journey now had been reached.

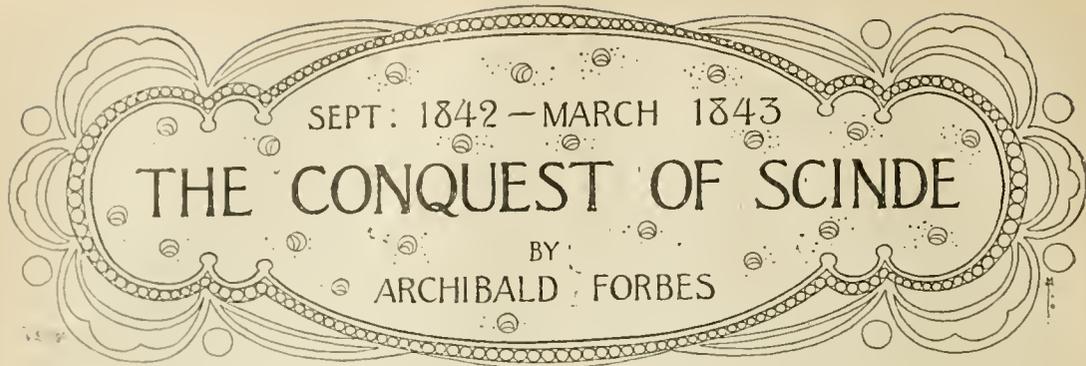
No rest at Fort Alexander! Colonel Wolseley was determined to push ahead, and so next day he set out with all the boats that had arrived, and the little flotilla was soon sailing around Lake Winnipeg for the mouth of the

Red River. Here the boats were formed into proper order in case of opposition being met with from Riel and his Half-breeds, and canoes were sent ahead to act as “scouts.” Farther up the river troops were “unshipped” and marched along the bank of the river, the rebel-infested country thus being entered with all proper caution. The two 7-pounders were mounted in boats, and when camp was pitched, some six miles below Fort Garry—a strong post held by Riel—pickets were thrown out and sentries posted. While all this was going on, no definite news of the march was brought to the rebel leader. Indeed, Riel seems to have altogether disbelieved in the existence of the expedition, which was soon to be a very patent fact to him.

On the 24th, Point Douglas was reached, and here the whole party disembarked and formed in battle array, expecting that at length fighting must begin. Through deep mud the little army advanced on Winnipeg; but when the followers of the Half-breed saw the Canadian army advancing they refused to fight, and instead took to their heels, deserting Fort Garry by the south gate. Riel and his chief men made good their escape to the United States, floating across rivers on rafts made of fence-rails, and doing long marches barefoot. Some years later he returned to the North-West, stirred up a second rebellion, was captured, and, together with a number of Indian chiefs, suffered death by hanging.

When Wolseley entered Fort Garry “the Union Jack was hoisted, a royal salute fired, and three cheers given for the Queen.” So happily ended the first Red River Rebellion and the active work of the Red River Expedition.

Trace on the map the route followed by this enterprising little force and you will realise that perhaps never in the history of armed expeditions has an army shaped a more devious way and did its work under a greater variety of circumstances of travel. From Toronto to Georgian Bay sped by locomotives, up the great lakes in churning steamers, through the woods on waggons, wracking over corderoy roads, and then by portage, river and lake on to Fort Garry, 1,280 miles of ever-changing scenery and conditions, and hard work, always in danger from fire and flood, invading a hostile region, plunging down foaming rapids, losing the way among unnamed islands, riding the waves like a strange flock of wild fowl, and ever pushing on cheerful and confident, the expedition—a mere handful of brave men—did the duty set for it expeditiously, effectively, and without the loss of a man of them all—



"LADY SARAH LENNOX," wrote Horace Walpole, "was more beautiful than you can conceive. No Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive." So thought the young King George III., who sent her a proposal of marriage through a common friend. On the next Court-day the king took Lady Sarah aside, and asked what she thought of his message. "Tell me," he pleaded, "for my happiness depends on your answer." "Nothing, sir," replied the lady, who just then had someone else in her head. "Nothing comes of nothing," said his Majesty, as he turned away in manifest vexation; but he never ceased to treat the lady with marked distinction.

Had Lady Sarah accepted George, there had been no Sir Charles Napier to conquer Scinde. But fate and politics marred the proposed romantic union, and Lady Sarah, after a most unhappy first marriage, became in 1777 the wife of Colonel George Napier. She became the mother of a numerous family, in whose veins flowed illustrious blood; for on the paternal side the pedigree went back to Montrose, the Napiers of Merchiston, and the Scots of Thirlestane; on the maternal side it descended from Bourbons, Stuarts, and Medicis.

The family was reared in the village of Celbridge, a few miles from Dublin. The three eldest sons—Charles, George, and William—became distinguished and gallant soldiers: William in his later years was the author of the famous "History of the Peninsular War." In that war they were all repeatedly wounded, and performed prodigies of valour. As the eldest son, Charles was the first to receive a commission, which he obtained in 1794, when he was just twelve years old. He had interest, and rose rapidly—mostly employed on staff duty. All three brothers served under Sir John Moore when, in the Snærncliffe camp in 1805, that great soldier taught

the principles and practice of war to the three regiments which, a few years later, became Wellington's famous "Light Division" in the Peninsular War. The three Napier brothers took part in Moore's retreat to Corunna in the winter of 1808-9, and fought in the battle which was the brilliant ending to the disastrous retreat. This campaign was Charles Napier's first experience of active service, yet he was then a major, in command of the 50th Regiment. When the noble Moore was struck down in the heart of the fighting at Corunna, the 50th was suddenly recalled, when Napier and four soldiers were left in the extreme front. They were immediately surrounded, and the four soldiers were instantly bayoneted; Napier was struck down, repeatedly stabbed, and struck as he lay with clubbed muskets. A French drummer saved his life and was assisting him to the rear when a lone soldier of the 50th was met. Napier himself must recount the sequel.

"He (the soldier of the 50th) instantly halted, recovered his arms, and cocked his piece, looking fiercely at us to make out the situation. Then he levelled at my French drummer; but I struck up his musket, calling out, 'For God's sake don't fire! I am a prisoner, badly wounded, and can't help you; surrender.' 'For why would I surrender?' the soldier shouted, in the deepest of Irish brogues. 'Because,' said I, 'there are at least twenty men upon you.' 'Well, if I must surrender, there!' he exclaimed, dashing down his firelock across their legs and making them jump—'there's me firelock for ye.' Then, coming close up, he threw his arm round me, and giving the drummer a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against a wall, he shouted out, 'Stand back, ye bloody spalpeens!—I'll carry him myself. Bad luck to the whole of yez!'"

On the second day after the battle Charles

Napier was brought into Corunna a prisoner of war, and treated most kindly by Soult and later by Ney, Soult's successor. His family mourned him dead, but after two months' importunity induced the Government to send to ascertain his fate. What happened then illustrated the chivalry of the French of that period. Clouet

and friends as one risen from the grave. His brother George and his sisters met him as he entered Exeter on the top of the Plymouth coach, still in the old, threadbare red coat he had worn in the battle, out at elbows, patched, and covered with the stains of blood and time. Charles Napier was one of the few men who ever



"NAPIER, IN FULL UNIFORM, WAS BORNE INTO HYDERABAD IN A MAGNIFICENT PALANQUIN" (p. 511).

received the flag of truce and informed Ney, who replied, "Let him see his friends and tell them he is well and well-treated." Clouet looked earnestly, but did not move; and Ney asked him why he waited. "He has an old mother," said Clouet, "a widow, and blind." "Has he?" exclaimed Ney; "let him go then, and tell her himself that he is alive!" In Sir John Hope's despatch Napier had been reported among the "killed" at Corunna, and when he recovered his liberty on 20th March, 1809, he was to his family

recovered their own will after its having been probated. I have in my possession an extract from the Reports of the Court of Probates, dated May 3rd, 1809, of the following tenor:—

"In the goods of Charles James Napier, Esq., heretofore supposed to be dead.

"In February last probate of the last will and testament of the above was granted to Richard Napier, Esq., as brother and sole executor named in the said will, Richard Napier having made an affidavit deposing that he had received intelligence,

which he believed correct, that the said Charles James Napier had been killed in battle at Coruña on the 16th of January last. On this day, Bogg, proctor for Richard Napier, brought into Court and left there the said probate, and the Judge revoked the said probate granted in error, and declared the same to be null and void. At the same time Charles James Napier appeared personally; and the Judge decreed the original will, together with the probate, to be cancelled, and delivered either to him or the said Bogg for his use."

Ever after Corunna, Napier's manner was eager and restless, with sudden spasmodic movements, springing from his wounds. "His countenance had assumed a peculiarly vehement, earnest expression, and his resemblance to a chained eagle was universally remarked." Ney, on releasing him, had exacted his parole not to serve until exchanged, and it was not until May, 1810, that he was enabled to return to the Peninsula, when he joined the Light Division as a volunteer, and presently took part in the action of the Coa, where his brother William was dangerously wounded. At Busaco he himself was shot through the face when on Wellington's staff, and had to go into hospital at Lisbon. "My jaws are crooked," he wrote, "and will always be so; my mouth opens but stiffly." He was returning to the front in the spring of 1811, when he heard the noise of battle and met a litter borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket. "What wounded officer is that?" he asked. "Captain Napier, of the 32nd—a broken limb." Another litter followed. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier, of the 43rd, mortally wounded"—it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at his two brothers, and passed on to the fight in front. The Napiers were always getting hit. Charles himself had seven wounds; his brothers had some sixteen between them.

Promotion was slow—Charles Napier, after two years' hard fighting was still a major; but in the summer of 1811 he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 102nd Regiment—a corps just returned from Botany Bay with a bad character for insubordination and mutiny. In the beginning of 1812 he took the regiment to Bermuda, where he restored it to order by firm, yet not tyrannical, resolution. Years passed without employment, for the wars were over. For eleven years he was in the Ionian Islands, for the most part as Military Resident of Cephalonia—a pleasant, useful time, the happiest

period of his life; diversified occasionally, however, by friction with the home authorities. Canning, then Prime Minister, had been listening to statements that Napier had been using his position to negotiate with the Greek chiefs. The story was wholly untrue, and in as many words he said that it was so, adding—"For my part, I scorn to deprecate the wrath of any man who suspects my integrity. If you doubt my conduct, or wish my place for a better man, in God's name use your power to employ the men you think best calculated for the king's service." Brave, if rash, words to come from an elderly half-pay lieutenant-colonel, with nothing but his half-pay to rely on. It need not be said that Napier was recalled.

When he was in his fifty-sixth year and had been unemployed for eight years, Lord John Russell gave him the command of the Northern district, a post for which he was now eligible, having become a major-general. He did much, at once with resolution yet with discreet moderation, to hold within bounds the Chartist agitation. But home duty, with its continuous quill-driving, was irksome to him; rumours of war in India rekindled his military ardour; and on his fifty-eighth birthday we find him writing—"I dare swear few men have had more adventures than myself; and yet, eventful as my life has been, my present position and the threatening state of the country render it probable that the short portion of life which is left to me may be the most eventful of the whole." This anticipation turned out a true prophecy. In the autumn of 1841, in his sixtieth year, he was voyaging to India. With a body worn with wounds and toil, with two children unprovided for, he was on his way to expose himself to fresh dangers and undertake arduous duties in a land where the climate alone, in the opinion of those who knew him, would be more than he could bear. When he had paid for his passage, he landed in Bombay with just two pounds in his pocket.

Sir Charles Napier—the Queen in 1838 had made himself and his brother George Knight-Commanders of the Bath—was in command of the Poona division for nearly a year. On September 3rd, 1842, he sailed from Bombay for Kurrachee in a vessel carrying 200 European troops. She was scarcely clear of Bombay harbour when virulent cholera broke out. When next morning dawned, twenty-six bodies had been thrown overboard. "The darkness of the night," wrote Napier, "the pouring rain, the roaring of the waves, the noise of the engine and

the wheels, the dreadful groans of the men dying in horrid convulsions, the lamentations of men and women who were losing wives, husbands and children, the solemnity of the burial service read by the light of a solitary lantern, presented altogether a dreadful scene." Fifty-four lives were lost during the three days' voyage; eighty men more were down on the filthy, reeking deck. Of the survivors brought ashore a dozen more unfortunately perished. In eight days sixty-four soldiers—one-third of the detachment embarked—had died, besides sailors, women, and children.

Three days after landing at Kurrachee, when reviewing its garrison, Napier tried some rockets he had brought from Bombay. The second rocket burst, and he was cut clean across the calf by a sharp splinter of the iron case—the injury was to the same leg which he had broken when a boy, and which had been subsequently damaged at Corunna. Nevertheless, within a week after arriving at Kurrachee, he was steaming up the Indus—the great river on whose shores he was soon to become the central figure in a series of great events.

The population of Scinde in 1842 numbered rather more than a million souls. It consisted of four distinct elements—Scindians proper, Hindoos, Beloochees of the plain, and Beloochees of the mountains. The two former were the helots of the territory. The chieftainship was vested in the Belooch clan of Talpoorees, and was divided among the Ameers of Kyrpoor, or Upper Scinde; the Ameers of Hyderabad, or Lower Scinde; and the Ameer of Meerpoor, on the border of the eastern desert. The Beloochees of the plain held their lands by military tenure; those of the hills regarded the Ameers as their feudal superiors. During the march in 1838-9 from British India through Upper Scinde of the British army proceeding to Afghanistan to replace Shah Sooja on the throne of Cabul, the Ameers of Scinde had been forced into compliance with our demands, which included cession of territory and strong places, payments of treasure to Shah Sooja, annual subsidies to ourselves, and rights of passage for troops and supplies. Roostum, the head of the Khyrpoor Ameers, declared his territory a British dependency; but no sooner had the British army moved forward than Lower Scinde broke out into open violence. The British stores at Hyderabad were plundered, and the British agent was driven from the Residency. The Ameers, however, did not find themselves strong

enough to fight, and in March, 1839, was signed the treaty which, along with that with Roostum, formulated the relations existing between the British Government and Scinde when Sir Charles Napier came on the scene. Its main stipulations were: That a British force of a strength specified by the Governor-General was to be quartered in Scinde; that three specified Ameers should pay £10,000 annually towards the maintenance of the force; that the Ameer's territory should be under British protection; that the Ameers should be absolute in regard to their own subjects, but quarrels among themselves were to be referred to British mediation; that their foreign policy was to be sanctioned by the British Government, and that they were to furnish a defensive force at call; and that tolls on trading boats on the Indus should be abolished.

At the date of Napier's arrival in Scinde, Major Outram, "the Bayard of India," was Resident at Hyderabad. Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, communicated to him his fixed determination to punish, cost what it might, the first chief who should prove faithless, by the confiscation of his dominions. Outram temporised, because of his knowledge that the Ameers as a body were so conscious of treasonable designs that Lord Ellenborough's menacing tone might drive them to extremities. It was at this stage when Sir Charles Napier, on 25th September, arrived at Hyderabad, had his first interview with the Ameers of Lower Scinde, and took over the management of affairs, as Lord Ellenborough's instructions directed him to "exercise entire authority over all political and civil officers within the limit of the military command."

Napier, in full uniform and wearing his decorations, was borne into Hyderabad in a magnificent palanquin—his wound preventing him from riding—surrounded by an escort of Scinde irregular horsemen: wild picturesque figures in brilliantly coloured trappings. At the city gate he was met by the Sirdars, mounted on lean but active horses caparisoned fantastically. When the procession reached the quarter in which were situated the palaces of the Ameers, he was carried to a seat on the right hand of Nusseer Khan, the chief Ameer, and compliments were exchanged. Next day Napier was off on his further voyage up the Indus to Sukkur, where his political work began. Apparently at this time he had the conviction that the practical annexation of Scinde by peaceful

means was neither difficult nor far distant. But it was not long before he discovered serious breaches of the treaty on the part of the Ameers, and he became aware also that they were entering into secret compacts against the English, and were sending messages to their feudatories and the chiefs of the hill tribes. Matters came to a head when Napier had to present a new and more stringent treaty than that previously in force. Violent remonstrances came from the Ameers, followed quickly by assurances of submission which were only meant to gain time. The military strength of the Ameers was variously estimated from 30,000 up to double that number. The total British force in Scinde amounted to 8,000 men, of whom about 2,000 were in garrison at Kurrachee. If Napier meant fighting, he had no time to lose, for no military operations could be carried on in Scinde later than the beginning of April. A garrison was left in Sukkur, and the Indus was crossed in the middle of December.

"It is rare," wrote Sir William Napier, the historian, "to see great prudence in war tempering the heroic valour and confidence of a youthful general; more rare to find the sanguine daring of early years untamed by age and its infirmities." Charles Napier was both prudent and daring. The Ameers thought to harass the veteran by petty warfare, and by watching for opportunities to assail his base and annoy his communications. But that sort of hostilities did not commend itself to Napier. When they were hesitating and trifling, he was acting. He had heard of the fortress of Emaum Ghur, a hundred miles out in the great eastern desert. The Ameers believed that it was invulnerable, and that a hostile force could not reach it;

while, should he assemble a large force, they could fall back on the desert fortress and so be safe. While this assurance existed, they held Napier light; but he believed that he could reach Emaum Ghur, and so convince the Ameers that they could find no refuge from the British power, and no resource but good behaviour. He was aware of the risks involved, but he was the man to surmount them.

The site of the desert fortress was unknown to Napier, but it was believed to be about eight long marches from Khyrpoor by vague, ill-defined tracks. The scouts, for whose report he had halted, brought in so dismal accounts of arid sands and empty wells, that he determined to go only with a picked body, consisting of 350 men of the Queen's 22nd Regiment on camels, two soldiers on each, two 24-pound howitzers, with double teams of camels, and 200 troopers of the Scinde Horse, with provisions for fifteen days and water for five. The march began from Dejee on the night



LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

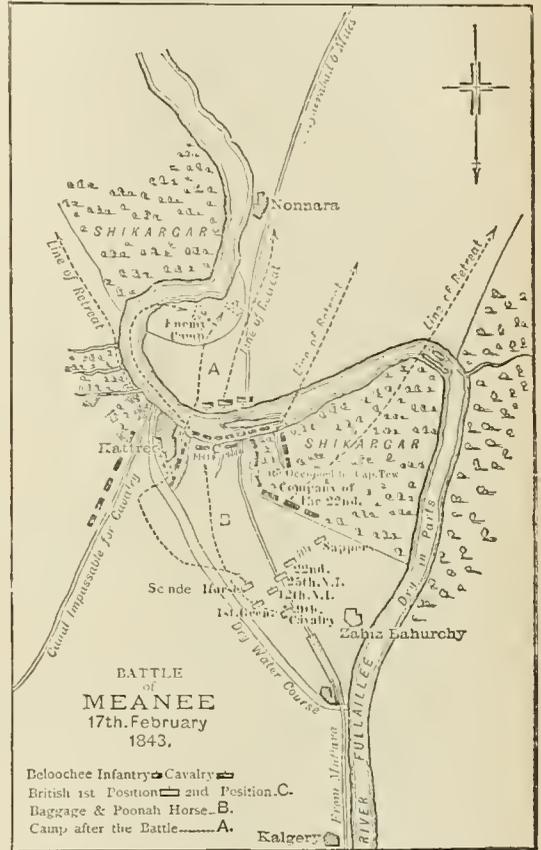
of 5th January, 1843. Two marches brought the little force to the springs of Dom, where were water and trees; but at Choonka, on the confines of the desert, 150 troopers were sent back. For eight days the gallant little band pressed on, sometimes finding water, sometimes not, but always cheery and resolute; and on the 12th, Emaum Ghur was reached. From a sandy eminence Napier looked down on a strong and well-built fort in the hollow. The complete silence about the place had a strange weirdness. Emaum Ghur had been evacuated; the clatter of Napier's horses' hoofs in the courtyard awoke only echoes. On the battlements were loaded cannon with the priming freshly laid; for the garrison, numbering,

it was said, 2,000 men, had gone off but a few hours before. Thus the impregnable refuge of the Ameers, the fortress which no European had ever before seen, fell into British hands without the loss of a single man. During the three days of rest twenty-four mines were loaded with gunpowder; and just before the departure the fortress was blown up. "Emaum Ghur," wrote Napier, "is shattered to atoms with 10,000 lb. of powder. The explosion was grand and hellish beyond description; the volumes of smoke, fire, and embers flying up were a throne fit for the devil!"

The little force, without losing a life, returned to the vicinity of Dejee, to wait for the coming up thither of Napier's main body—his position one from which he could fall on the Hyderabad Ameers or on those of Khyrpoor. Of the desert expedition the Duke of Wellington wrote:—"Sir Charles Napier's march on Emaum Ghur is one of the most curious military feats I have ever known to be performed, or have ever read an account of, in my life. He moved his troops through the desert against hostile forces; he had his guns transported under conditions of extreme difficulty, and in a manner the most extraordinary; and he cut off a retreat of the enemy which rendered it impossible for them ever to regain their position."

After issuing in vain a proclamation calling on the Ameers to assemble at Khyrpoor to complete the treaty, Napier put his army in motion and marched slowly southward, still inclined to yield to his natural desire to avoid bloodshed. Outram, at his own request, went to Hyderabad, the general writing to him:—"I am sure the Ameers will not resist by force of arms, but I would omit no one step that you think can avert that chance." The time for signing the treaty was extended again and again. Outram's chivalrous feelings had a deep sympathy with the Ameers in their approaching downfall, which he was striving in vain to avert. So unwilling was he to admit the truth of reports of warlike preparations on their part, that he informed Napier that not a man in arms was in Hyderabad, and that a peaceful arrangement could be concluded if the general would leave his army and come in person into Hyderabad. But Napier's spies reported that 25,000 men were gathered within a few miles of Hyderabad, and that 25,000 more were rapidly converging on the general rendezvous. On the 12th February the Ameers signed and sealed the treaty with full formalities in Outram's

presence. But two days later a deputation informed him that the chieftains and tribesmen were determined to fight, and that the Ameers could not restrain them. Outram had already been threatened and insulted by the turbulent populace of Hyderabad; on the 15th the Residency was assailed; Outram and Conway, with their gallant band of 100 men, withstood the attacks of 8,000 Beloochees with six guns for



four hours, and then effected a retreat to the steamers, which bore them off to rejoin the main force.

Napier waited at Nowshera until 6th February. Delays occurred at Outram's instance, who still pleaded hard in favour of the Ameers. On the night of the 12th, Napier's cavalry seized some Beloochee chiefs passing his camp. On the leader of the band was found a letter from Ameer Mahomet of Hyderabad, calling on him to assemble all his warriors and be at Meanee on the 9th. Ameer Mahomet was the person foremost in assuring Outram that there was no intention on the part of the Ameers to resort to hostilities. The discovery of this message

decided Napier: he would march straight on Meanee. On the 10th he was at Muttara, 16 miles from Hyderabad. Towards evening he heard that the enemy were near Meanee—a ten-miles' march further south—entrenched in the dry bed of the Fullaillee river, from 25,000 to 30,000 strong, and as many on the British flanks and rear. Napier made his arrangements. He would march early in the morning, so as to arrive in front of Meanee about 9 a.m. The coming battle, his first in the high and responsible position of commander-in-chief, might also be his last as husband and father. The old man wrote his letters and closed his journal with a message to his wife and children, and then he made his round of the outposts. Then he slept until at 3 a.m. the "fall-in" sounded, and the march on Meanee began.

The lowest estimate of the opposing strength was 22,000 fighting-men; according to the Ameers' pay-roll subsequently found, it amounted to 40,000. On Napier's side, when the baggage-guard over the camel-laager and Outram's detachment were deducted, there were but 2,200 men under arms, of whom less than 500 were Europeans. It was plain to Napier at a glance that there was no chance of manœuvring to gain the Beloochee flank, and that he had no alternative but to attack the enemy's centre directly in front across the bare white plain, narrowed as it was by the dense and rugged "shikargas," or hunting-forests, bounding it on either side. He would, indeed, have barely scope to deploy when the time should come for that evolution; meanwhile, with the enemy's eighteen guns pouring their shot on Napier's troops, the order of battle was deliberately framed. On the right were Lloyd's twelve guns, flanked by 50 Madras sappers. On Lloyd's left stood, less than 500 strong, the 22nd Queen's under Colonel Pennefather, consisting in great measure of Irishmen, "strong of body, high-blooded soldiers, who saw nothing but victory." On the left of the 22nd were the three Bombay native regiments, of which the 25th was immediately on the left of the 22nd, then in succession towards the left the 12th, and the 1st Grenadiers; the whole force in *échelon* of battalions from the right. Closing the extreme left, but somewhat held back, rode the 9th Bengal cavalry under Colonel Pattle, on which flank also the gallant Jacob with his Scinde Horse were out to the front, along with the Grenadier and light companies of the 22nd in front of the centre and right, taunting the enemy to show his strength.

When the Beloochee front, just showing above the hither bank of the hollow, was distant about 1,000 yards, the order was given to advance. Napier with his staff joined the skirmishers, he conspicuous in blue uniform and helmeted head-dress; and rode forward under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. As he passed near the high containing wall of the shikargah on his right, he observed a gap in it through which his right rear could be taken in reverse. He instantly thrust into this gap Captain Tew's company of the 22nd, with orders to hold it to extremity. His orders were obeyed. Tew was slain but the gap was maintained, and 6,000 Beloochees were paralysed by the constancy of a single company. The main body advanced in columns of regiments. When within a few hundred yards of the Fullaillee the 22nd rapidly deployed into line, and all the columns formed in succession, each company as it came up directing its fire on the top of the bank, over which the faces of the Beloochees could just be discerned, bending with fiery glances over their levelled matchlocks. The British front was still incomplete when the voice of the general rang out shrill and clear as he stood out to the front ordering the charge. Then rose the answering British shout, as, bending with the forward rush of a mighty movement, the red wall of the 22nd fronted with steel came rushing on at the charge. If to the Beloochee foemen the sight and sound of a British charge must have been strange, not less terrible was the scene as it all at once opened on the British regiment. Below, on the wide bed of the dry river, a dense mass of warriors stood ready to withstand the shock. With flashing tulwars and shields held high over turbaned heads, 20,000 fighting-men, shouting their war-cries and clashing sword and shield together, gave fierce welcome to the enemy. For a moment the vast numerical superiority of their opponents checked the ardour of the British advance. The red wall seemed to stagger and then momentarily recoiled, when the eager and animated figure of the brave veteran chief was seen out in front of his soldiers, as with pealing voice and vigorous gesture he urged them to fight forward into the furious *mêlée*. The young soldiers of the 22nd—it was their first battle—responded gallantly to the old leader's call. The sepoy regiments prolonged the line of fire to the left, coming into action successively with ardour and resolution.

But the Beloochees did not yield. They closed in denser masses, the rush of their swordsmen

was fierce, and their shouts, answered by the pealing musketry-fire, were heard along the line. Such a fight ensued as has seldom been told of in the annals of war. For ever those wild fierce warriors, with shields held high and blades drawn back, strove with might and valour to break through the British ranks. No fire of small arms, no sweeping discharges of grape, no push of bayonets could drive them back: they gave their breasts to the shot, their shields to the bayonets, and, leaping at the guns and gunners, were blown away by scores at every discharge, their dead rolling down the steep slopes till the corpses rose in piles; but the gaps were continually filled from behind, and sword and bayonet clashed in maddened and furious conflict. The antagonists fought hand to hand, often indeed intermingled, and several times the British regiments were forced violently backward, staggering under the might and passion of the Beloochee swordsmen. But always the brave old general was there to rally and cheer his people.

For more than three hours this storm of war continued, until every British officer was either wounded or killed. Things were going wrong on Napier's left. But the general could not quit the right, so stern and dreadful were still the Beloochee onslaughts, so wearied and exhausted were his men. In this dilemma, he sent orders to Colonel Pattle to charge the enemy's right with the whole mass of the Bengal and Scinde cavalry. It was the command of a master in battle, and it was obeyed with brilliant courage. The troopers dashed through the Beloochee guns, crossed the deep bed, gained the plain beyond, charged with irresistible fury, and spread confusion along the rear of the masses opposed to the British infantry. The barbarian swordsmen abated their fury and looked behind. Then the 22nd leaped forward with the shout of victory, and pushed their antagonists back into the deep ravine. The Ameers had lost the battle, and their dogged tribesmen slowly and reluctantly retired, the conquerors following closely, pouring in volley after volley. So threatening still was the Beloochee attitude that the general thought it expedient to recall his cavalry and form a square round the baggage and followers.

Meanee was one of the fiercest actions of modern times. The loss of the Beloochees was about 7,000 men. Twenty British officers fell, of whom six were killed; 250 men went down, of whom more than fifty were killed. No

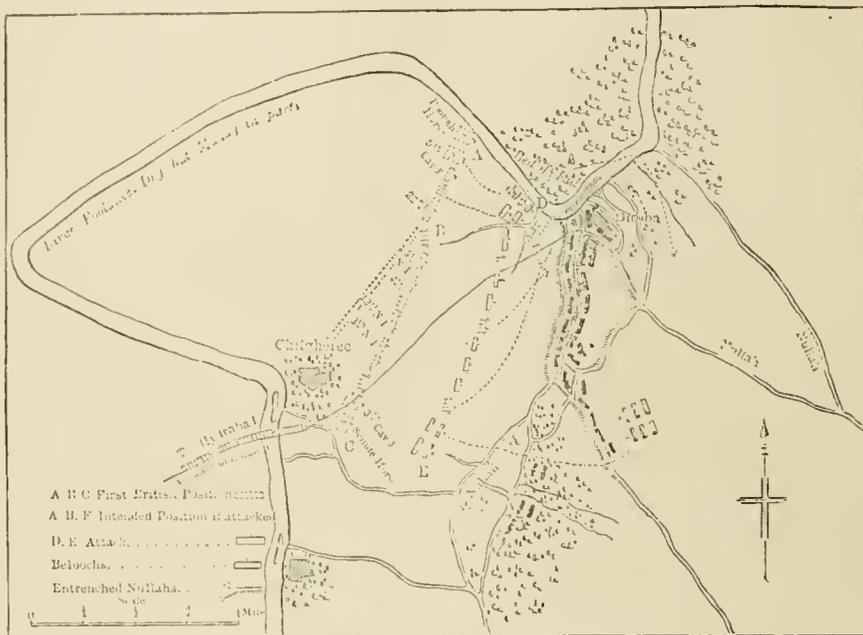
quarter was given or taken. When the old general, emerging uninjured from the strife, exclaimed, "The enemy are beaten! God save the Queen!" the army, with an unanimous shout, hailed him the hero of the day. He was in so great pain from a maimed hand that he could scarcely hold his reins; yet he had never ceased to walk his horse slowly up and down in the thick of the fighting. At one time he was alone for several minutes in the midst of the enemy, who "stalked round him with raised shields and scowling eyes; but none lifted weapon against him, and he got away unharmed."

Immediately after the victory of Meanee, Napier summoned Hyderabad to surrender. In answer to the question of terms, he offered "Life, and nothing else"; adding that the decision must be taken before mid-day, "for the dead will then be buried, and my soldiers shall have had their breakfasts." Six Ameers promptly came and laid their swords at Napier's feet. Napier instantly returned them. He learned that the "Lion of Meerpoor," Shere Mohammed, had been within a few miles of Meanee during the battle, with 10,000 men. So confident had the Ameers been of victory that he had purposely stood aloof to avoid swelling their anticipated triumph. Napier was desirous to attack the "Lion" while as yet astonished at the result of Meanee; but Outram believed the "Lion" to be friendly. The result was that the "Lion," thankful for the respite, retreated on Meerpoor, found himself in a few days at the head of 25,000 men, and presently rekindled the war.

Napier was a man who could strike quickly, but who also could wait patiently. The heat of Scinde in March is terrific, and Napier determined to remain quietly on the defensive in a fortified position on the Indus, leaving to the "Lion" the time to recruit to himself the beaten Beloochees of Meanee, and then come down and offer battle to the British general. Meanwhile the Ameers were detained as prisoners of war, having, of course, free intercourse with the city and the country. They abused the indulgence, whereupon Napier confined them on a river steamer until they were sent to Bombay. The "Lion" was approaching, and Napier would fain have his reinforcements arrive. He had just resolved to fight the "Lion" next morning, when the reinforcements from down-stream were seen steaming up; and almost immediately afterwards there came into view from up-stream his troops from Sukkur.

In the evening the whole force was drawn up in front of the camp, to accustom officers and men to their posts and duties. Just as the line was formed, envoys came from the "Lion" with a final summons to the British general to surrender. Napier simply bade them report to their master what they had seen, and then dismissed them. By three o'clock next morning he was in the saddle, marching straight on the enemy. After a ten-miles' march Napier found himself in sight of the enemy, and of the battle-

in *echelon* of battalions. But the Beloochees were too quick for him, and the village was found full of men. The general recognised that he had underrated the "Lion's" skill. He was riding to the attack of Dubba at the head of the 22nd—this day on the left of the infantry line—when tidings came to him from the right that all the cavalry on that wing was charging prematurely. He ordered Major Poole of the 22nd to continue the advance on Dubba, and himself galloped to the right. Yes, the whole body



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF DUBBA (MARCH 24, 1843).

field of Dubba. The "Lion's" right rested on the Fullaillee at the village of Dubba: that flank could not be turned because of a great pond of soft mud in the river bed. From Dubba there stretched along a nullah for two miles to leftward a double line of Belooch infantry as far as a wood which appeared to be the left flank, but in reality a single line was prolonged further to the left behind another nullah somewhat retired. The enemy's position was skilfully chosen and utilised: it was held by at least 26,000 men with matchlocks and artillery; while Napier's force consisted of 5,000 men, of whom 1,100 were cavalry, with 19 guns, five of which were horse-artillery pieces.

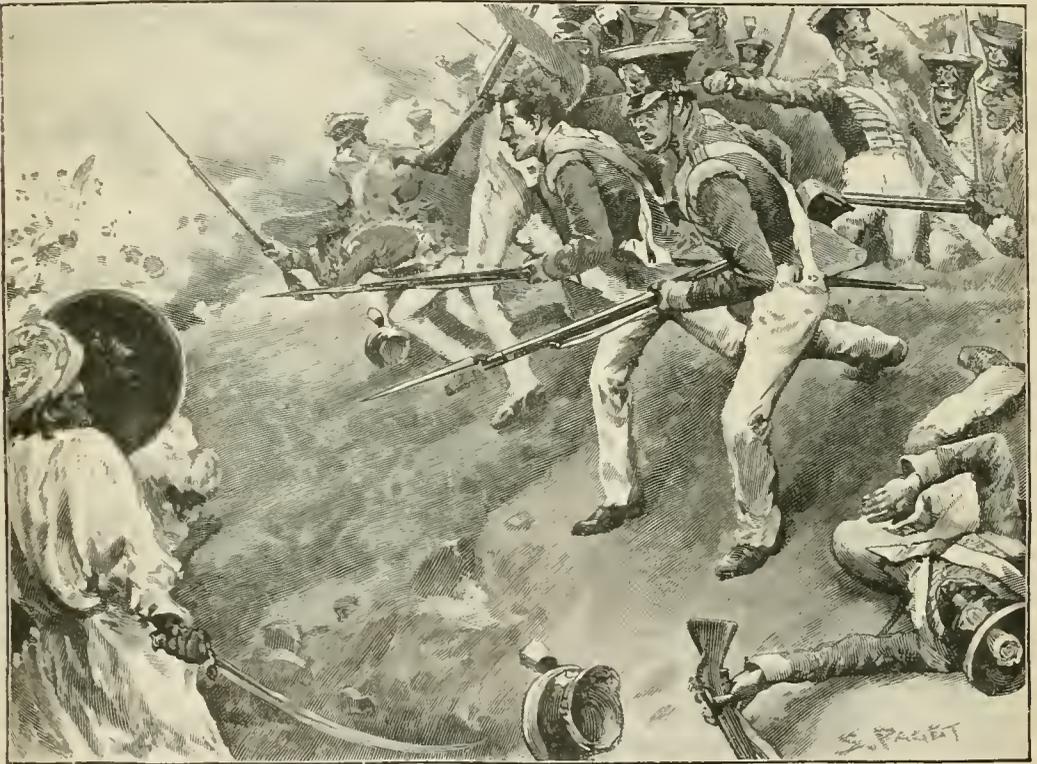
The village of Dubba did not seem occupied, and Napier hoped to seize it in advance of the enemy. He sent forward his horse artillery in its direction, and advanced with his infantry

of cavalry was at full speed, dashing across the smaller nullahs, the riders shouting triumphantly and waving their swords. The general, having ascertained that his horsemen on the right were doing well, galloped back to his left and gave the order for the infantry charge. With deafening shouts the soldiers swept down into the midst of the swordsmen. Murderous was the fire of the British guns and musketry, and the bayonets drove back the bravest of the Beloochees, until the struggling throngs were forced into the second or deeper nullah, where with desperate fury the fight was renewed. Soon the victorious troops passed the second nullah, pressing fiercely on the rear of the retreating swordsmen until the village of Dubba was reached, where the most warlike tribesmen of Scinde were found entrenched in the houses. Two of Napier's regiments lapped round the nearest point of the

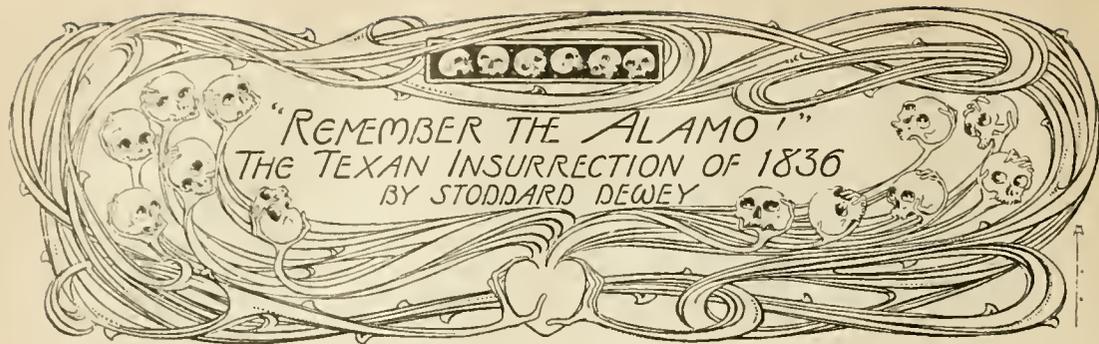
village, while the cavalry of the left wing turned the place. In a few minutes more Dubba was completely invested by the infantry, while the cavalry and horse artillery repeatedly charged the retiring masses in the plain beyond. The "Lion" himself was very nearly captured. The general, after leading the storm of Dubba, and pursuing with the cavalry on the left for several miles, returned, to be greeted with ringing cheers by the infantry. Of the enemy 5,000 lay dead; Napier's loss amounted to 270 officers and men,

of whom 147 were of the 22nd Regiment. The "Lion of Meerpoor" ultimately escaped across the Indus, and took refuge with the Beloochees of Khelat and the Afghans. He ended his days at Lahore, sunk in fatuous sloth.

The war was now at an end, and the conquest of Scinde was complete. "We have taught the Belooch," wrote Napier, "that neither his sun, nor his deserts, nor his jungles, nor his nullahs can stop us. He will never face us more." And in this respect Sir Charles Napier was a true prophet.



"WITH A DEAFENING SHOUT THE SOLDIERS SWEEPED DOWN INTO THE MIDST OF THE SWORDSMEN" (p. 516).



“WHO will join old Ben Milam in storming the Alamo?”

The speaker was little past forty, not old as a peaceful and civilised generation would have reckoned him. But he and the men who listened lived in troublous times, in which the experience of many years was crowded into one. They were American frontiersmen, mainly of Anglo-Saxon race, who had drifted over from the Southern United States on to the limitless prairies of the Mexican province of Texas. And they were now in full revolt against the authority of General Santa Ana, the President of the Mexican Republic.

Ben Milam was a good sample of his class. Born in Kentucky, with rifle-shooting and horsemanship for his sole education, he fought before he was out of his 'teens, with General Jackson against the British forces at New Orleans. Then he went trading for several years with the wild Indians around the headwaters of the Texan rivers. When Mexico rose against Spain, he was among the Revolutionists. After the independence, he took part in the first of the many uprisings against the newly-established government. Being captured, he served his time in prison until another revolution freed him and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Texas.

The Texans had now risen in their turn. It was the year 1835, and first blood had been shed on the 29th of September. Ben Milam was once more captured, and hurried off in a caravan of prisoners toward the city of Mexico, a thousand miles away. At Monterey he escaped, and, finding a horse, rode back alone six hundred miles to rejoin his comrades. On the 9th of October he issued, wayworn and triumphant, from the mezquit thickets where the little band of Texans was preparing an attack on a Mexican post. He was in time to share in their victory.

A month later a provisional government was organised, and reinforcements of sharpshooters from the Mississippi valley arrived daily. With December the insurgents moved forward to San Antonio, the chief place of Texas. It was there the Mexican general Cos had concentrated his troops. In case of need, he could shut himself up behind the walls of the fortified Alamo mission to the north-east of the town.

It was the Alamo which Ben Milam proposed storming first, but the leaders decided to begin by the town. They entered it successfully on the 5th of December, advancing under shelter from house to house by breaking through the walls between, instead of trying to force their way down the open street. Two days later Ben Milam was shot through the head as he crossed an unprotected space. But the next day General Cos took to the Alamo, and on the 11th surrendered. He marched away on parole with all his troops to the loyal provinces across the Rio Grande, and there was not a Mexican soldier left on the soil of Texas.

The heroic days of the Alamo had only just begun. Santa Ana at once made ready all his forces to crush out the rebellion. What Thermopylae was to the Greeks against the Persians, this mission fortress was to be in the long conflict between Anglo-American immigration and Spanish-American rule.

I.—THE STRUGGLE OF MANIFEST DESTINY.

The map of North America in this year 1835 had a very different look from that which it has to-day. The United States, instead of stretching across the continent from ocean to ocean, were stopped short not far west of the Mississippi river by the boundary line of Spanish America. This ran gradually north and west from the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Besides the entire present State of Texas, it took in a part of what is now Kansas on the eastern

slope of the Rocky Mountains, all the elevated plateau which is now divided among New Mexico and Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, and on the Pacific coast that empire of boundless wealth in itself, California. The rights of Spain over this immense territory were conceded by the United States in a treaty ratified only a few months before the former country lost for ever her possessions on the North American continent. The independent Republic of Mexico, by the revolution of 1821, succeeded to her claims.

Spain had long recognised the danger to these northernmost provinces from the continual advance westward of "settlers" from the United States. To avert it, she first tried the policy which European nations are now renewing in other quarters of the globe by constituting neutral or "buffer" States between the rival territories. In the year 1800 she made a cession to France of Louisiana. It had been originally colonised by the French, and separated the United States along the whole southern course of the Mississippi from the Spanish province of Texas. The cession was made on the express condition that Louisiana should never be turned over to the United States.

Three years later, Napoleon, who was conquering too many lands in Europe to remember his promises in America, sold Louisiana outright to the United States. The question of the boundary at once came up, and another effort was made to constitute a buffer. Political negotiations failed, and by 1806 Spain had 1,500 soldiers watching the hardy militiamen of Louisiana. War nearly broke out; but the two opposing generals, on their own responsibility, agreed that a broad band of territory west of the Sabine river should be considered neutral ground. Their governments accepted this arrangement for the time being.

Spain—too late in the day, as it proved—now adopted the policy of colonising the desolate regions which she claimed to the exclusion of all others. At that time there was in Texas a settled population of only 7,000 souls for 7,000 square leagues of land. It was made up of Spanish and French "creoles" (the name given to men of European race born in America), of "Anglo-Americans," as those from the United States were called, and of a few civilised Indians

and half-breeds. All these were huddled around San Antonio, far inland toward Mexico to the south, Espiritu Santo (or Goliad) on the Gulf, and Nacogdoches in the north. The two former settlements were the scenes of heroic fighting when the final revolution came; the latter was the general rendezvous of immigrants from the United States. Besides these, there were a few military posts and about 14,000 wild Indians. Some of the Americans (to use the name which has been attributed to the settlers from the United States) were pursuing agriculture under difficulties on their ranches. Others, like Ben Milam, belonged to a sharpshooting generation of Westerners drawn hither by the chase of buffaloes and wild horses, or by mere restlessness



and love of adventure. The lawful trade of the province was with the cities of Mexico—many days' weary journey to the south. The contraband trade, by the easier and more profitable way of New Orleans, flourished more, and consisted in the exchange of horses and mules for good silver and gold.

Until the end of the Spanish domination Texas had all the experiences of a troubled borderland. In 1811 Zambrano, the priest of San Antonio, captured for the Spanish authorities the embassy and money which the revolutionary priest Hidalgo was sending to the United States for men and arms, in his abortive attempt to secure the independence of Mexico. Two years later the same warrior *cura* decoyed an expedition composed of 850 Americans, 1,700 Mexicans, and 1,600 Indians into a fan ambush, from which only 93 Americans escaped.

The pirate Lafitte took possession of the bay of Galveston, which furnished a safe harbour for privateers and slave-traders with the southern United States. In the latter, popular feeling ran high against the treaty which confirmed Spain in her rights over Texas. A favourite officer of General Jackson led 300 armed men

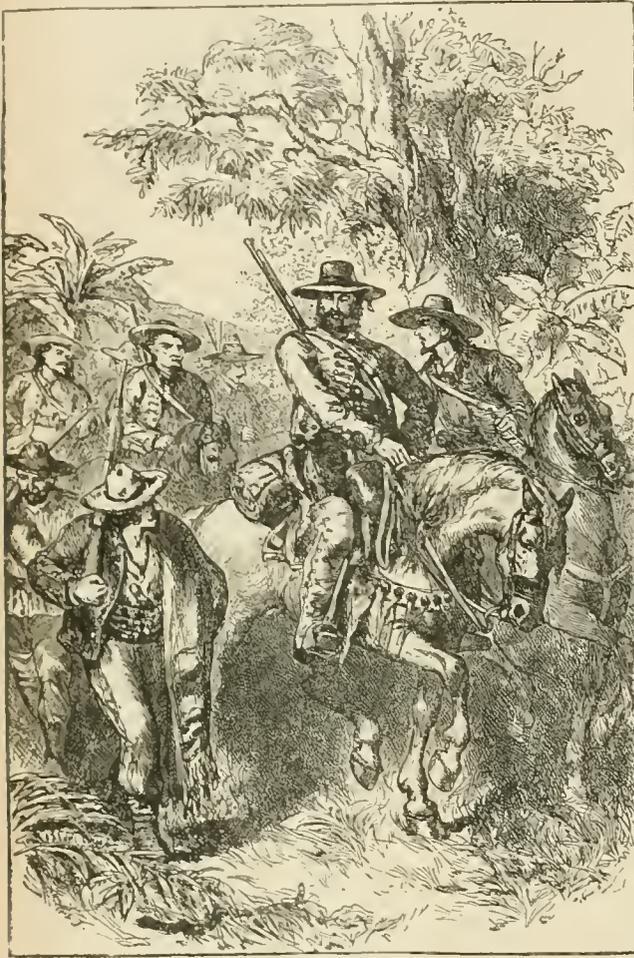
cautiously persevered in for a dozen years by the new Mexican Republic and then suddenly reversed with a veritable persecution of the American settlers, which brought about the final conflict.

Moses Austin, a New Englander of education who had been a successful mine-projector in Virginia and Missouri, obtained a grant of lands from the Spanish authorities in 1820, through the good offices of the *alcalde*, or mayor, of San Antonio. This was the Baron de Bastrop, who served as a young soldier of fortune under Frederick the Great, and then wandered in the love of adventure and science as far as this obscure colony of Spain. Moses Austin died, and his son Stephen was delayed in the proper working of his grant by the outbreak of the revolution. For the next two years Mexico played at government by an elected emperor. At last General Santa Ana established by force a republic on the model of the United States. He renewed the grant of lands to Austin, whom he named civil governor, administrator of justice, and commander of the militia, with power to make war on the Indians, subject only to the Mexican governor and general commanding in Texas.

In 1824 the 300 first families of settlers arrived. The grant allowed one square league to each family, with 177 acres of tillage. It was surveyed by Bastrop, who did not live to know the fate of a colony which he had laboured sincerely to plant in the interests of the Mexican Republic. In 1825 permission was given to bring in 500 more families, and soon other extensive grants were made to American immigrants. By 1827, there were 10,000 of these new

inhabitants of Texas living widely separate on their ranches and developing the natural resources of the country. In 1830 the civilised population of the province rose to 20,000.

These new-comers believed in the manifest destiny of their race—as their favourite statesman, Henry Clay, expressed it in the United States Congress—to occupy the vast regions which the Spanish-Americans seemed neither able nor willing to colonise and bring under settled law and order. For the most part they sympathised with the intense desire of the slaveholders of the



MEXICAN FILIBUSTERS.

The last act of Spain had been to open the country in a measure to agricultural colonisation from the United States. It was this policy,

Southern United States to extend their system of negro slavery to this vast territory, and so strengthen their own position against the abolitionist North. They were not inclined to submit tamely to government annoyance from Mexico, for which they had neither respect nor fear. The Mexican Republic soon recognised that, in peopling this desolate province of the frontier, it had simply Americanised large portions of its territory.

appease the exasperation of a people who had so long been a law to themselves. Only the settlements of Austin and two others were recognised by the government as existing on a legal basis.

An irritating attempt was also made to enforce other colonising laws, which weighed heavily on thousands of American settlers. It was exacted of them that they should profess the Roman Catholic religion, like the other citizens of the Republic. Where religion counted for so little.



"HE ISSUED, WAYWORN AND TRIUMPHANT, FROM THE MEZQUIT THICKETS" (p. 518).

President Bustamante, who came into office in 1829, said publicly that the only law recognised by these frontiersmen of the two Republics was *la razon del rifle* (musket right). He excepted Austin, who seems loyally to have fulfilled his obligations as a Mexican official, and who protested loudly against the agitation of the "Nacogdoches madmen." The next year Alaman, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, introduced laws which excluded all further immigration from the United States into Texas. Under pretext of levying taxes and controlling the ports, he sent troops to a dozen places. These soldiers were mainly convicts liberated from the Mexican prisons, and their presence was not calculated to

this requirement ended in a mere formality. A more serious matter was the positive discrimination made in favour of native Mexican settlers. The Americans, who now made up the immense majority of the population of Texas, were not like the old fugitives of the frontier. They were serious-minded citizens, intent on working their land and inclined to resent any interference with their liberties. Their growing discontent was shown in partial insurrections breaking out in sympathy with the constant conflict of parties all through the Mexican Republic.

The Federal system of the United States, in which each separate State is free and independent to legislate for its own internal affairs, and

subject to a central government only in what is of common interest to all the States, could not work well in a country so unsettled and ill-organised as Mexico. Bustamante was accused of encroaching on the rights of the frontier States; and Coahuila, to which Texas officially belonged, rose against him. Arms were smuggled into Texas, and an outbreak was imminent. Bradburn, an English sea-captain who had been pirate, privateer, and slave-trader, was sent by the President to put the coast under martial law. Suddenly Santa Ana, who for thirty years to come was to be President or professional Revolutionist by turns, declared against Bustamante. He had the soldiers of the frontier on his side, and the Texans, to be rid of the intolerable stress, consented also. The troops went off to aid Santa Ana, as the settlers had hoped, and the latter had a breathing-space in which to plan their future action.

In 1833 Austin called a Convention, which demanded the rights of Statehood and Home Rule for Texas. Bearing these resolutions, which protested loyalty to Santa Ana's own Constitution of 1824, he set out to meet the latter, who had triumphed in the Civil War. To his surprise, he found that the new President, after winning his office in the name of State rights, was already turning back to the party of the Centralisers, who were more powerful to support him in his arbitrary rule. Santa Ana received Austin without giving satisfaction to the Texan demands. Time passed, and in 1834 he suddenly ordered that Austin should be thrown into prison. The news only strengthened the party of agitation in Texas, and Austin wrote in vain from his confinement in the capital to implore those settlers who had fixed homes and led laborious lives "between plough handles" not to give ear to dangerous counsels.

Santa Ana, meanwhile, marched steadily with an armed force through the States which held out against his centralising policy. From Zacatecas, where he won after a bitter struggle, he sent General Cos to dissolve the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas, and to take up a position to watch the American settlers in the latter province. The governor of the city of Mexico joined with the governor of Coahuila in urging a coalition of States against this dictatorship of Santa Ana. All over the territory of the Republic there were constant small outbreaks in favour of State rights. Santa Ana, aided by the rich religious corporations and land proprietors, was able to overcome all opposition. On the

31st of July, 1835, he ordered that the revolting governors and the leaders of the *Norte-Americanos* should be seized. There were also persistent rumours that he was sending troops to dispossess the American settlers of their lands.

The Americans of Texas had now to make their choice—either to submit to Santa Ana or to fight for their independence. They were tired of the unceasing revolutions of Mexicans among themselves; and they felt a general antipathy of race against the Mexican minority in the territory which their own superior enterprise had developed. Besides; they were constantly encouraged by promises of assistance from land speculators and slaveholders in the United States.

At last Santa Ana deemed it prudent to release Austin, with specious promises that might allay the growing discontent. The two Mexican governors had already joined the Texans; and this time the fighting priest Zambrano declared against the authorities of Republican Mexico, just as he had before supported the Spanish rule. In September, after an imprisonment of many months, Austin arrived in Texas, only to find "all disorganised, all in anarchy, and threatened with immediate hostilities." General Cos marched forward to San Antonio; and, on the 20th of the month, 168 Texan volunteers fought at Gonzalez with 100 of the Mexican troops. On the 4th of October Austin issued a proclamation against military despotism in behalf of State rights.

Through all the succeeding months the Texans still fought under the tricolour flag of the Mexican Republic, protesting their willingness to submit to the Federal Constitution of 1824. But General Santa Ana was unable to undo by force of arms the manifold blunders of his centralising policy. The Alamo was to decide the struggle of manifest destiny in favour of Texan independence.

II.—THE STORMING OF THE ALAMO.

On the 22nd of February, 1836, Santa Ana arrived at San Antonio with the first brigade of the Mexican army, which he was commanding in person. He had had a painful march of seven days across the plains. The other brigades were following close behind. It was now the turn of the Texan troops to retire to the Alamo. Their commander, Colonel Travis, had only 145 men, and little provision against an energetic siege. But when Santa Ana summoned him to surrender, he answered by a cannon shot. The

Mexican general at once hoisted the red flag, as a signal that no quarter would be given.

The Alamo, in spite of the peaceful purpose of its original building, had been made strong enough to resist any attack except from artillery. Built in 1744, it was the last of a line of Franciscan missions established along the San Antonio river for the conversion of the wild Indians. The neighbourhood of the Spanish military post was not sufficient to guarantee the friars and their converts against sudden raids; so they began by enclosing an oblong space, from two to three acres in extent, in the midst of the cottonwood trees (*alamo*—a kind of poplar), which gave the name to the mission. This Mission Square, as it was called, was more than 450 feet long from north to south and 150 feet wide. Its wall was 8 feet high, and nearly a yard thick. On the east side was the convent, a two-storey building of *adobe* (sun-dried clay), 191 feet long and 18 feet deep. In front was the convent yard, 180 feet deep, and surrounded by another strong wall. At the south-east corner was the church, with walls of hewn stone 4 feet thick and 22½ feet high. In the southern wall of the Mission Square was the great gateway, beside a one-storey prison 115 feet long by 17 feet deep. Outside the wall a ditch and stockade went from the prison to the corner of the church. There was no lack of shelter from which the sharpshooting Texans might fire their guns, so long as the Mexican artillery made no breach in the outer walls; even then a retreating fight might be kept up through the various enclosures.

The friars had disappeared with the Spanish domination, and the mission had since been used for military purposes. In the roofless church were installed the magazine and soldiers' quarters. The friars' apartments in the convent building had also been divided up into armoury and barracks. There was plenty of water from two *acequias*, or waterways, which passed under the walls, one at the north-west corner of the Mission Square and the other to the east of the church. To strengthen the position, fourteen guns had been mounted at different parts of the walls. The three heaviest pointed north, south, and east from the church. There were two for the stockade, two for the gate of the Mission Square beside the prison, one for each of the corners of the square, and two each for the exposed walls to north and west. The mere fortification of the place promised well against any ordinary attack.

That lack of foresight and union which is common to raids and revolutions led by adventurers, destroyed these advantages of defence. On the 14th of February Colonel Travis had already complained to General Sam Houston, the commander-in-chief of the Texan army, that he had been left destitute in face of the threatened attack. Several hundred men and the greater part of the ammunition had been withdrawn for distant expeditions, which could not even turn aside the march forward of the Mexican army.

The provisional government which had been organised in November was not working well. Austin's loyal policy had been put aside; but the new governor and the council quarrelled among themselves. The commander-in-chief was himself little more than an improvised soldier, and was powerless to take independent action. When the governor remonstrated about the unprotected state of the Alamo, the Council refused to listen. Time was frittered away in the oratory which pleases the popular assemblies of new countries, or in mutual recrimination and vaunts of personal bravery.

Travis himself was careless about the service of his scouts, and knew little of the real strength and organisation of the enemy's forces. It is also supposed that he had little control over his men, who were accustomed to the reckless skirmishing of the frontier and had never faced a disciplined body of troops. At the last moment, when the coming of Santa Ana was already forcing them to retire from San Antonio, they hurriedly stocked the Alamo with the scant provisions which came to hand. For food they had to rely on twenty beeves and eighty bushels of Indian corn. Their supply of ammunition was more unsatisfactory still.

Santa Ana, while waiting for the remainder of his troops, was unable to complete the siege of the Alamo. On the 24th of February Colonel Travis sent out a final desperate appeal for help across the prairies. The messenger succeeded in reaching Gonzalez, where the first battle of the revolution had been fought. Captain Smith, with more than thirty men, responded to the appeal; and, at three in the morning of the 1st of March, they made their entrance into the Alamo. Besides the soldiers of the garrison, they found the wives of two of the officers with their two children, a Mexican woman, and the negro boy of Travis.

The second in command bore a name of might in frontier warfare. It was James Bowie, the

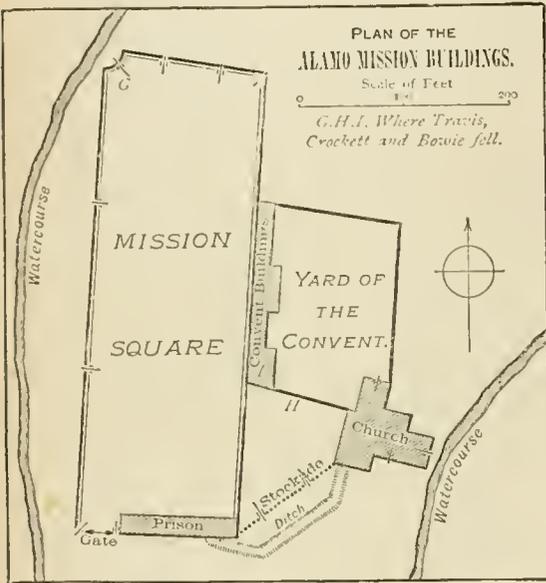
eldest of three brothers, the second of whom was the inventor of the long-bladed "bowie-knife" used by the hunters and desperadoes of the plains. They had been engaged in buying negro slaves for the Southern United States from the men of Lafitte, the pirate. When the pirate's haunts were broken up, James Bowie remained to take due part in the Texan struggles. On the 27th of October he had already fought a bloody battle, with ninety-one others of his kind, against four hundred Mexicans. With him was Davy Crockett, who is remembered as one of the earliest of the "American humorists," but whose share in the tragedy of

he began throwing shells, and by the 3rd of March the Texans counted two hundred which had fallen inside their works. Not a man had been injured and little effect had been produced on the walls. On their side, they had picked off a number of Mexicans who showed themselves within range of their sharpshooting rifles. But it had already become necessary for them to economise their small store of ammunition. Moreover, their strength of endurance was sorely tried. Besides the skirmishing by day, they were harassed by constant fears of an attack by night.

On the 4th March, the third Mexican brigade arrived. This brought Santa Ana's forces to the number of 5,000 men, well trained and organised. The next day was passed in making ready to storm the Alamo. Two thousand five hundred men were chosen for the attacking force, divided into four columns, which were to engage the garrison on every side at once. At the head of one of these columns Santa Ana placed General Cos, who had broken his parole and marched back to revenge his own recent defeat on this spot. All the columns were supplied with ladders, crow-bars, and axes. The cavalry was stationed around, so as to cut off every chance of escape.

The next day (March 6th) was Sunday. At four o'clock in the morning the Mexican columns took their positions. They advanced in silence, but the strained senses of the besieged could hear their doom drawing nigh amid the darkness. Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the Mexicans made a first rush forward. The twelve cannons and all the rifles of the garrison spoke together, and the assailants fell back in disorder. On the north side, their leader had been wounded, leaving his men in confusion. The officers rallied their troops, and again drove them forward to the foot of the walls; but they could not scale them. Then a united attack was made from the north, and again the Texan fire wrought havoc and carnage in the dense mass of troops. But this last move had brought the attacking party below the range of the cannon on the walls. The garrison had fired only two shots, and a small breach had already been made in the north wall. Travis, struck in the head, had fallen beside his gun at the north-west corner.

General Santa Ana at once began work by setting up two batteries of artillery in the *alameda* (cottonwood grove) by the river. He also disposed five entrenched camps to command the mission from different points and guard against all attempts to force a way out. Then



the Alamo should not be forgotten. He was a tall, powerful, fearless hunter from Tennessee; Irish by descent, with all the wit and careless courage of his race, and a thorough frontiersman, trained to use the rifle from his childhood. He had been elected once to the United States Congress; but he had not the sonorous eloquence required by his half-primitive constituents, and they chose another for the post when his term of office was over. Shouldering his rifle in disgust, he made his way to the Texan frontier, just in time for this last adventure.

A third assault was at once made. This time the wall was scaled and the breach enlarged. The soldiers poured into the Mission Square faster than the Texan rifles could pick them off. On another side one of the columns forced the

stockade, and captured the two guns at that point. The outer walls were now abandoned by the garrison, who retired to the shelter of the barracks and the church. Soon their own cannon were directed against them, amid the increasing fire of the Mexican musketry. Apart-

move from the bed where he had been laid in an upper room of the convent barracks. But he was still able to die as he had lived, firing the pistols which had been placed by his side before he was finally run through with a bayonet.

The church was the last to be taken. One of



"THE MEXICAN SOLDIERS CHARGED WITH FIXED BAYONETS, ONLY TO BE MET BY THE CLUBBED RIFLES AND FLASHING KNIVES."

ment after apartment was forced. There ensued a series of hand-to-hand fights, ending in death-struggles, as the successive groups of Texans were overcome by superior numbers. Through the convent cells, built for peace, the Mexican soldiers charged with fixed bayonets, only to be met by the clubbed rifles and flashing knives of their victims driven to bay. Early in the fight Bowie had fallen from a scaffolding by the walls, and received such injuries that he was unable to

its guns bore directly on the Mexicans in the Mission Square, and did valiant execution until all who manned it had fallen. When the church itself was carried, its defenders, too, fell back inch by inch, fighting till each man was slain. Davy Crockett was among the last to fall, close to the passage which the friars had made long ago to lead from their convent to the sacred precinct.

In less than an hour all was over. General

Santa Ana, during the fight, had kept to his safe post by the southern battery. By his orders the bands played incessantly the shrill *deguello*—the signal that no quarter should be given. When he entered the Alamo at last, a search of the now silent rooms brought to light five men of the garrison who had hidden away. The under-generals begged the President to spare their lives, now that victory was complete. Santa Ana turned implacably to the soldiers, who ran the captives through before his eyes. Thus perished to the last man the defenders of the Alamo.

There were left to tell the tale only the two widowed American women, with their two children; the Mexican woman, who was torn from Bowie's side by his murderers; and the negro slave-boy of the dead commander. The widow of Lieut. Dickenson was given a horse and sent across the plains with an arrogant proclamation from Santa Ana to the Texan rebels, summoning them to surrender at discretion.

The inhabitants of San Antonio—Mexicans and Americans alike—asked leave to bury the dead bodies of the Texan victims of the massacre. Santa Ana, following up his barbarous policy, refused, and ordered that the corpses should be burned. They were heaped together in layers, with wood and dry brush between. One hundred and eighty-two bodies were counted before the torch was applied. Under cover of the night, men of San Antonio gathered up the ashes and few bones which were all that remained of the little garrison. A year later these were buried reverently in one coffin near the Alamo, which was left standing as a memorial of Texan independence, now definitely won.

On the Mexican side, Santa Ana gave a lying account of his victory, reporting the number of the Texans at 600, and assigning only 1,400 to his own attacking columns. Of these he admitted only 70 killed and 300 wounded. His more truthful secretary, when the speedy reverses of his master unsealed his lips, gave numbers which are confirmed from other sources. One hundred and eighty-two Texans, who were slain to the last man, had been besieged by 5,000 Mexicans, of whom 2,500 engaged in the attack. Of the latter, 300 were killed on the spot, and 100 afterwards died of their wounds. The Alcalde of San Antonio, who was charged with the burial of the Mexican dead, thought even this estimate far too low.

The first news of the siege had roused the

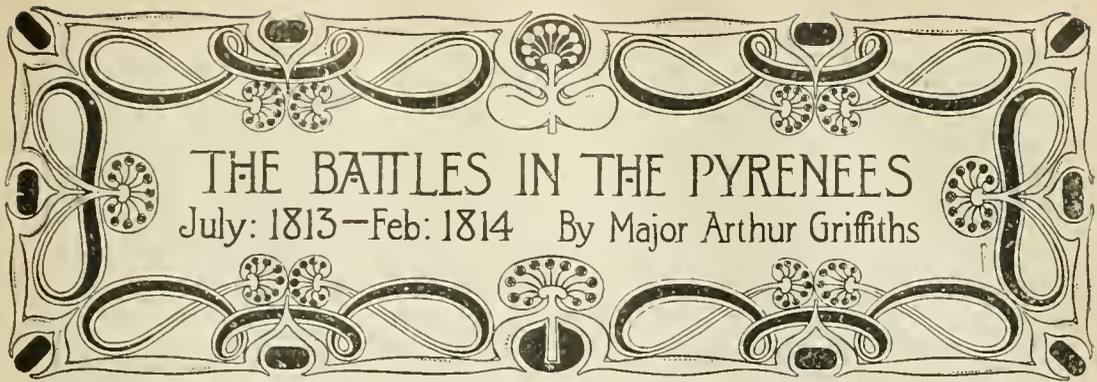
Texan authorities to action. On the 2nd of March the Convention proclaimed the absolute independence of Texas as a nation. On the 11th of the month, General Houston, who was still without news from the Alamo, arrived at Gonzalez with 400 men. The next day Mrs. Dickenson, worn out with emotion and fatigue, rode into camp. In a single village twenty women learned that they were widows like herself. Houston, panic-stricken, retreated, after burning the town lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

Santa Ana marched straight on Goliad by the coast. Texans could not yet believe in the military power of the despised "greasers," and several hundred men fell into his hands. He again ordered a massacre, but this time it was after a surrender had been made. There could be no further doubt of his policy of extermination.

The triumphant army continued its march northward toward the heart of the American settlements. At San Jacinto, near Galveston, the Texan troops at last ventured on a pitched battle. Their training had been accomplished; they entered the fight to the cry of "Remember the Alamo!"

The Mexican President, and what remained of his army after the battle, were taken prisoners. It was with difficulty that the Texan officers prevented their men from revenging in kind the massacres of the Alamo and Goliad. Santa Ana, after the independence of the Texan Republic had been recognised, was handed over to the Government of the United States, who restored him to a diminished Mexico. After ten years, when Texas was definitely to be annexed to the United States, he was again at the head of the Mexicans. This war—against the whole United States and not, as before, with the single province of Texas—formed the bloody end of the strife begun at the storming of the Alamo. The Mexican Republic lost for ever its immense northern territory from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1876 the aged widow of Lieut. Dickenson revisited the Alamo. She had seen its heroic defence of the liberties of 30,000 souls; she had lived to see the State of Texas with a population well on towards 3,000,000. In the State House of Austin, capital city of Texas, on a monument made of stones of the ruins of the mission fortress, are inscribed 166 names—all that were known of the men whose death gave the Anglo-American race eternal reason to remember the Alamo.



THE BATTLES IN THE PYRENEES

July: 1813—Feb: 1814 By Major Arthur Griffiths

ONE of the most striking incidents in the long struggle for victory in the Peninsula was when Wellington met Marshal Soult, his great antagonist, face to face among the rugged mountains of the Pyrenees. It was at a critical moment. Soult had made a brilliant advance, and, by clever concentration of all his forces, was in greatly superior strength; he might count upon inflicting a crushing defeat upon the English opposed to him before their supports could arrive. Wellington was hurrying them up, with the consciousness that they were well placed and near at hand. How was he to gain time? Alone he rode up to the front and showed himself conspicuously to both friends and foes. His nearest troops, some Portuguese, raised a shrill and joyful cry at seeing him; it was taken up by the next regiments, and "soon swelled as it ran along the line into that stern, appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved." On the other side of the valley were the enemy, and at their head their great commander, Soult: he was so near that a spy at Wellington's stirrup pointed him out. The two generals plainly saw each other's features; and Wellington quickly drew his own conclusions as he carefully studied Soult's appearance. "Yonder," he said aloud, "is a great commander, but he is cautious, and will delay his attack until he can ascertain the cause of those cheers; that will give time for the 6th Division to arrive, and I shall beat him"—which he did, and handsomely, as we shall see.

This was in the early part of the great struggle in the Pyrenees—the longest, most arduous, most fiercely-contested campaign in the whole Peninsular War. It was fought out from first to last among the mountains; some of its most terrible episodes occurred at altitudes of five and

six thousand feet. The warfare was incessant and greatly varied, comprising skirmish, combat, and set battle, the attack and defence of rocky positions, the forcing of narrow defiles, advance alternating with retreat, always by rugged flinty roads, by goat tracks and mountain paths, through crooked and winding valleys, across difficult hills intersected with deep glens and chasms and tremendous precipices, their flanks clothed frequently with impenetrable forests. To travel over such a country called for the greatest exertions from the troops. Marches were long and toilsome, more suitable to Alpine climbers than foot soldiers hampered with knapsacks, guns, and cartridges. Both sides were taxed severely, and were subjected to the most frightful hardships. The weather, even in the summer, was inclement; great heats were followed by terrific thunderstorms. As winter drew on, snow fell heavily; and the British, still in the hills, under tents or in the open, were exposed to great suffering. It was difficult to bring up the commissariat supplies; food was scarce; work—and such work!—had to be done constantly on a half-ration of biscuit, eked out with such morsels as the starving soldiers could forage for themselves in a poverty-stricken district and only by setting discipline at defiance, for the hangman's rope certainly awaited every detected marauder.

Here is a graphic picture, drawn by an officer of the Light Division, at the end of a long day, when his men, now in pursuit of the flying French, had marched nearly forty miles, mostly up hill, and for nineteen consecutive hours. "We had nearly reached the summit of a tremendous mountain, but nature was quite exhausted; many of the soldiers lagged behind; many fell heavily on the naked rocks, frothing at the mouth, black in the face, and struggling in their last agonies, whilst others, unable to

drag one leg after the other, leaned on the muzzles of their firelocks, looking pictures of despair, muttering in disconsolate accents that they had never fallen out before." Down below were the French. "We overlooked the enemy at stone's throw," records the same officer, "and from the summit of a tremendous precipice. The river separated us, but the French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks on the one side and the river on the other. Confusion, impossible to describe, followed: the wounded were thrown down in the rush and trampled upon; the cavalry drew their swords and endeavoured to charge up the pass of Echellon [Echellar], but the infantry beat them back, and several, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; some fired vertically at us, while the wounded called out for quarter, and others pointed to them, supported as they were on branches of trees, on which were suspended great-coats clotted with gore, and blood-stained sheets taken from different habitations to aid the sufferers."

"On these miserable supplicants brave men could not fire," Napier says speaking of this incident, and thus doing due justice to the chivalrous spirit which animated both British and French alike in this campaign. They had so long faced each other, had met in so many sharp encounters, that mutual respect and a certain noble *camaraderie* had sprung up between them. They were foes, pledged to fight in their masters' quarrel, but having no special enmity of their own. A hundred stories could be told in proof of this—of friendly hobnobbing at the outposts, the interchange of compliments, of water-bottles, even of grog and wine. There was a regular code of signals between the picquets; when one side intended to advance or to occupy ground further forward, notice thereof was given by tapping the musket-butt, and, unless a serious move was expected, the other side withdrew. Sentries never fired wantonly or causelessly. One stormy night Colonel Alexander, when going round the advanced picquets, missed his way, and his horse fell over an unexpected obstacle with much noise. Instantly a French sentry near at hand cocked his musket, and Alexander, hearing the ominous click, called out quickly: "Don't fire! It is only the English field-officer of the day." "All right, mon Colonel," quickly responded the gallant Frenchman. "I only hope you're not hurt." The same Colonel Alexander was able to do a kindly turn for another French soldier, to

whom his attention was called by one of our own sentries. It was a bright moonlight night, and the French sentry was plainly seen to be sound asleep on his post—an offence punishable in the French army with death. Colonel Alexander at once went across, and, first taking possession of the man's musket, waked the sleeper, who was, naturally, much terrified to find himself disarmed and in the hands of an English officer. The poor fellow soon expressed the deepest gratitude at finding he was still to go free, and that he had escaped the terrible retribution that must have overtaken him if he had been caught by his own people. He was yet anxious to excuse his unsoldierlike conduct by declaring that he had been put on outpost duty after a long and most fatiguing march. Another pleasant story may be told before passing on to the sterner operations of war. When the Light Division, after the march above mentioned, regained the heights of Santa Barbara, in front of the pass of Vera, they came upon two Frenchmen left behind in the retreat. One was a corporal, whose leg was broken; the other a comrade who had stayed with him to protect him from the knives of the implacable Spaniards. He had, however, no fear of the English, and cheerfully resigned his friend, for whom he had risked his life, to their care. Then, shouldering his musket, he walked off—of course, unmolested—with a parting "Au revoir, bons camarades Anglais." Such incidents as these do much to brighten the inevitable horrors of war.

To proceed now with the narrative of military events in the Pyrenees.

After the crushing defeat of Vittoria, Napoleon, although sorely pressed elsewhere, was resolved to make a last desperate stand on the frontiers of Spain and France. Unable to take command in person, he sent thither his most trusted lieutenant, Soult, the doughtiest antagonist—except Masséna—that Wellington, in his own judgment, had ever encountered in Spain. Marshal Soult travelled post-haste, and reached Bayonne early in July, where, with characteristic energy, he strained every nerve to reorganise his shattered forces. He gathered up reinforcements as he went, hurrying troops forward by every kind of conveyance, and soon got together upwards of 100,000 men. Marshal Suchet, it must be remembered, was yet in the eastern province of Spain, so that the French could still make a good show. Wellington at this time was in about equal strength with Soult; but his army, as usual, was made up of three nationalities



"THE WOUNDED WERE THROWN DOWN IN THE RUSH AND TRAMPLED UPON" (A. 528)

—English, Spanish, and Portuguese. Of the first-named he had little more than 30,000 infantry, with some 7,000 cavalry. According to the muster-rolls, the numbers actually facing each other, although not always available, in the Pyrenees were, roughly, 82,000 under Wellington, against 78,000 under Soult. The latter could also count upon a number of foreign battalions and a large body of National Guards, all fierce and hardy mountaineers.

Soult, as has been said, was a man of indomitable and indefatigable activity. Within four days of his arrival at Bayonne he had worked out a new plan of operations on the boldest and most extensive scale. He was now resolved to take the offensive—that is to say, he meant to attack, not await attack—and his scheme was very admirably and elaborately devised. The initiative or first move gave him, as he knew, a very distinct advantage: he could choose his own line of advance, moving along it in strength, while his enemy, until fully alive to his direction and meaning, could not safely risk concentration to meet him. Wellington's position in the Pyrenees, it must be understood, was at this time defensive. He held all the passes along this long range of mountains, being obliged thus to cover the two sieges he had in progress—those of San Sebastian and of Pampelona, sixty miles apart. To hold passes in this way is considered the most hazardous undertaking in war. The only safe plan is to concentrate well to the rear of the passes, only leaving at them strong bodies to check the advancing enemy and give time to collect against him wherever he shows in strength. The run of the mountain ridges southward from the great central chain forbade this by cutting off lateral communication, or making it too tedious to be quickly effected. Soult believed, and rightly, that if he could throw his whole weight upon the centre or either end of the long line of English defence before he was expected, he would gain an early and signal success. He could do this by good beaten roads. All he had to consider was the best line of advance—right, centre, or left.

He decided to move by the last-named, and he came to this conclusion partly because he feared for Pampelona on this side, and partly because he knew or hoped that San Sebastian upon the other could long hold its own. Moreover, he knew that Wellington's principal force was gathered towards San Sebastian, and held on that side singularly strong positions of defence. The English centre could also more quickly reinforce

its left than its right: two marches would suffice for the first, three long days for the last. Again, the English right, although posted in the mountains, was in more or less isolated bodies; while, as has been said, the support of the centre and left could not be obtained for three or more days, and then much further to the rear. Wherefore Soult resolved to move with all his available force by his own left against Wellington's right, counting, and with reason, upon being much stronger there than his opponent. Great consequences would follow a first success. He expected to easily overbear all resistance, to succour Pampelona, then seize the great road that came from Bayonne through Irun, Tolosa, Lecumberri, and Izurzun. Here he would be firmly established directly in the rear of the English, and could operate with marked advantage against each British division piecemeal, as it came tumbling back from its now hazardous position in the advanced passes and foremost hills.

A full comprehension of the close and intricate fighting now imminent can only be gained by studying the map, and acquiring an exact knowledge of the positions occupied by the troops on either side at the outset of the campaign. Then the movements should be followed as they occurred, and I propose to give these briefly in a more or less military way.

The general position of the English was along the whole of the Western Pyrenees from opposite St. Jean Pied de Port on the extreme right, through the valley of the Bastan by the line of the Bidassoa river to Irun and the sea, on which rested the left. Speaking more in detail, and taking the forces as they stood from right to left, there were—

1.—Byng's British brigade in front of the pass of Roncesvalles in the main chain of mountains.

2.—Next, Campbell's brigade of Portuguese was in the Aldudes on the north side of the chain.

Behind 1° and 2° was Sir Lowry Cole with the 4th British Division at Viscayret, in the valley of Urroz, south of the chain. Farther to the rear was Sir Thomas Picton with the 3rd Division at Olague, in the valley of Lanz.

3.—The pass of Maya was held by the 1st Division, under Stewart, and part of the 2nd, under Sir Rowland Hill.

4.—The pass of Vera, in front of Echellar and the mountains of Santa Barbara, was held by the Light and 7th Divisions, under C. Alten and Lord Dalhousie.

Behind 3° and 4° stood the 6th Division at St. Estevan, in a central position, ready to move in support to either side.

5.—On the southern bank of the Bidassoa the Spaniards took up the line of defence from Lesaca to the sea at Irun.

Behind them Sir Thomas Graham, with the 5th Division and the Portuguese, was in support and carrying on the siege of San Sebastian.

Pampelona was blockaded by a Spanish force.

The British cavalry and the heavy guns were held about Tafalla, a long way to the rear of Pampelona.

Recapitulating briefly: the allied Anglo-Portuguese right was about 12,000, counting advanced troops and supports; the centre, 24,000; the left, including the troops besieging San Sebastian, 21,000. This was in the middle of July, just before Soult began his advance.

Let us take the French next. Soult had formed his forces into three principal bodies, or *corps d'armée*, as we should call them nowadays.

First Corps: Clausel's, at St. Jean Pied de Port, destined to operate against Roncesvalles.

Second Corps: Reille's, withdrawn from the line of the Nivelle towards Clausel, whom he was to reinforce and second in his move against the English right.

Third Corps: D'Erlon's, occupying a central position at and about Urdax. He was first to cover the concentration at St. Jean Pied de Port; then when Clausel and Reille, under the supreme direction of Soult in person, had driven back the English right, he was to force the pass of Maya, and manœuvre to his left, so as to join hands with Soult.

At the same time a Fourth corps of reserve, under Villatte, stood firm on the Bidassoa, so as to occupy and distract Wellington's attention with threatenings of laying bridges and of vigorous attack on this side.

Heavy rains and floods delayed the march of the French, which began on the 20th July, and lasted four days. It was not until the 24th, therefore, that Clausel, Reille, and D'Erlon were ready, 60,000 men in all, to operate in overwhelming strength against the relatively weak right and right centre of Wellington's defensive line.

We will now follow the movements with the map, day by day.

25th July.—Clausel fell on Byng, in front, 16,000 against 1,600. At the same time Reille attacked his right, and sought to cut him off from Campbell. Byng stood fast; Campbell came up on

his flank, where he encountered and stoutly resisted Reille, until Sir Lowry Cole arrived with the 4th Division in support. That night Cole drew off, surrendering the passes and his hold on the main chain, reaching Zubiri next day, where he halted and offered battle.

26th July.—Clausel followed Cole, but slowly; Reille, detained by mists and want of guides, made little progress. The English, however, were not yet concentrated; Picton, although at no great distance, had not come up, nor had Campbell made good his retreat. For about five hours Cole was in some danger. Alone and unsupported he might have been obliged to withstand Soult's whole strength. But the French marshal delayed his attack till next morning, and by that time the whole of the English forces in this direction had effected a junction.

Meanwhile, on the 25th and 26th, D'Erlon with 18,000 had been on the move, but in a dilatory fashion; yet he was at first successful. On the 25th he forced the pass of Maya, whereon Hill retreated to Vellate, a pass in the main chain of the Pyrenees. D'Erlon should have followed up his advantage, manœuvring, as instructed, to his left towards Soult; but he paused to incorporate new reinforcements, and only followed Hill on the 28th, too late to be of service in the forward movements.

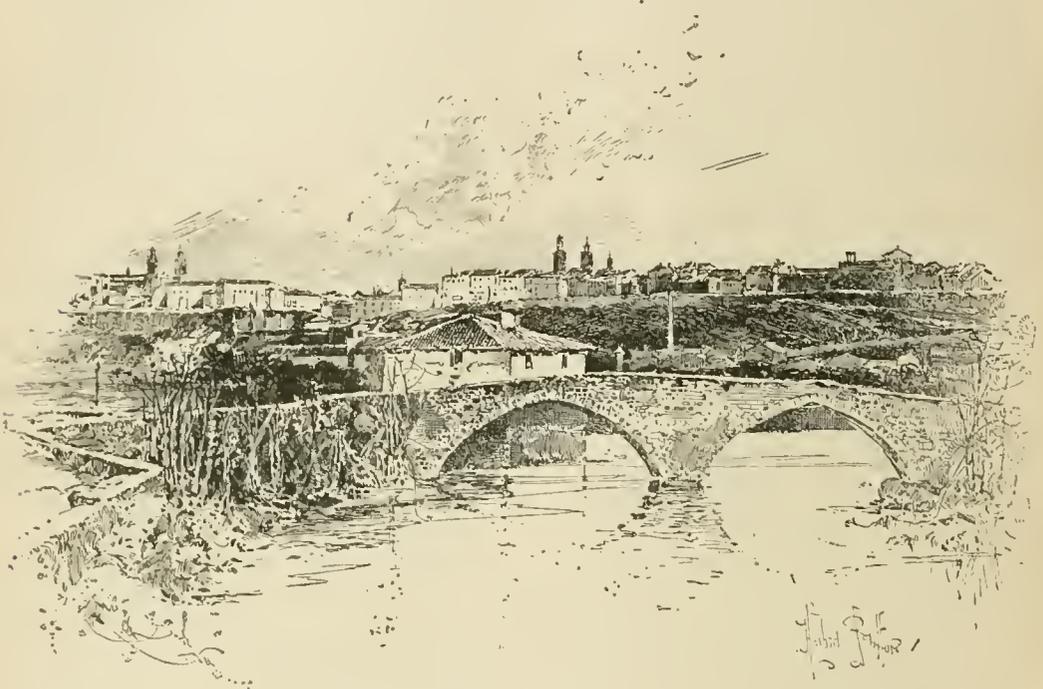
So much for Soult: now for Wellington.

The English general-in-chief was at San Sebastian when he first heard of Soult's general advance, and fully understood its purport. His proper place now was with his fighting divisions; and on the 26th, as he rode rapidly to the right, he ordered everyone he met to march towards Pampelona by the valley of Lanz. He counted upon Picton holding his ground in front of that fortress, and so instructed him, promising to come up with all possible support at once.

27th July.—The 6th, 7th, and Light Divisions were moving from St. Estevan, Echellar, and Vera respectively, towards Pampelona. It was a general retreat, very demoralising, and the confusion was greatly increased by vague rumours of terrible disasters everywhere. Picton, however, had turned, as Wellington expected, on the steep ridge of St. Christoval, and there assumed a strong position, which Cole, now under Picton's orders, rendered more secure by seizing some heights on his right. Soult, who was now up with his advanced troops, promptly decided that he must assail Picton at once in front and on both flanks

This was the movement he suspended on the sudden advent of Lord Wellington in the manner already described. The great English general, a splendid horseman, had come up from Lanz literally at racing speed, and with unerring instinct had fathomed the dangers that threatened, had dismounted, written his own orders, hurrying everyone forward, had despatched them by the only staff-officer still with him, Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards the Lord Raglan of Crimean history), and ridden on,

divisions, nor yet Reille's, restore the fight, although they behaved with superb courage, assaulting again and again the craggy heights occupied by the English. On the other flank Reille tried to dislodge the Spaniards on the Zabaldica hill; but they were reinforced by the British 40th, "that invincible regiment," which awaited in stern silence the French attack, then charged down and drove all before them. Four times the French remounted the steep slope, being at last so wearied that their officers were



PAMPELONA.

hoping to delay the action. In this he succeeded, as has been told.

28th July.—On this day was fought the first battle of Sorauren, a fierce encounter, when such great valour and determination were displayed on both sides that Wellington in his despatch called it "bludgeon work." About midday, Soult having heard that the English reinforcements were approaching, resolved to attack Cole and Picton without delay. Clausel's 1st Division turned the left, and would have gained the rear, when Pakenham, with the 6th Division—the first to come up in obedience to Wellington's pressing orders of the day before—appeared in strength over the ridge and delivered a counterstroke which has been compared to that of Salamanca. The French were caught on both flanks, and severely handled; nor could Clausel's other

seen to drag up many by their belts; four times they were repulsed, and at last, "with thinned ranks, tired limbs, hearts fainting and hopeless from repeated failures, they were so abashed that three British companies sufficed to bear down a whole brigade."

20th July.—The whole of the British divisions, with the exception of the Light, which had gone astray in the mountains, were now well in hand, and Wellington was on the safe side. But Soult was feeling the pressure of events, and, realising that he must soon retire, had already sent off his guns, his wounded, and part of his cavalry to the rear. Now, however, he heard of D'Erlon's approach; 18,000 fresh troops had come up to Ostiz, within a few miles of him, and with these reinforcements he thought to extricate himself without entirely losing the reward of his

hold advance. His plan was to hold his left in seeming strength about Sorauren, then under cover of D'Erlon, draw off behind his right into the Bastan valley, where he would be once more in touch with the frontier and his reserves.

30th July.—Wellington was not to be out-mancœuvred. He quickly penetrated Soult's design to detain him with an inferior force, and,

however, Wellington's divisions, pushing steadily forward, drew closer and closer round the French, and Soult was nearly caught in a net from which there could be no escape but to surrender or disperse. It would be tedious to detail the various encircling marches made by the British, but on the

31st July, the situation was this:—Soult, with



“LORD WELLINGTON HAD COME UP FROM LANZ” (p. 532).

dashing forward at once with two divisions, attacked Sorauren in front and flank, thus bringing on the second battle of that name. It was hardly contested; but the determined gallantry of the British broke the French resistance, with frightful loss. Two French divisions were completely disorganised; a third, swollen with fugitives, was quite cut off from the main body. Meanwhile Soult had carried out the rest of his programme, and, acting against Hill's left, had opened for himself a retreat through the pass of Doña Maria which he threaded in safety, protected by a strong rear-guard. Now,

the remnant of his army, barely 35,000, many of them dispirited by defeat, occupied St. Estevan, a town in a deep narrow valley hemmed in by high hills, the exits from which were all closed. Wellington had three British divisions and one Spanish behind the mountains; the pass of Doña Maria was held by another; the Light Division, with more Spaniards, was blocking the pass of Vera, Byng that of Maya, Hill was in strength at Vellate. The French were in complete ignorance of their critical condition, and knew nothing of the dangerous proximity of Wellington. Now happened one of those small vexatious

incidents that will mar the best dispositions in war. While the English general was still most anxious to hide his presence, forbidding all straggling or the lighting of any fires, "three marauding English soldiers entered the valley and were instantly carried off by the *gens-d'armes*: half an hour afterwards the French drums beat to arms and their columns began to move out of San Estevan towards Sumbilla. Thus the disobedience of three plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success and saved another from the most terrible disaster." Soult escaped, but his further retreat was a rout: he was torn and harassed at every step, and when he at last regained the comparative security of the frontier it was in great disorder and after incalculable losses. His invasion of the Pyrenees, with its nine days of continual movement and ten serious engagements, had cost him from 13,000 to 15,000 men killed and wounded, and 4,000 taken prisoners. On the other side the allies—British, Spanish, and Portuguese—lost 7,300 killed, wounded, and taken. Wellington himself was nearly included in the latter; for on the very last day's fighting, near Echellar, the English general was closely studying his map under the protection of a half-company of the 23rd, when the French came upon him suddenly and sent a party to cut him off. He was only saved by the intrepidity of an active young sergeant of the escort, Blood by name, who, "leaping, rather than running, down the precipitous rocks," warned him of his danger, and he galloped away, followed by a volley from the enemy, now close at hand.

Soult was beaten badly, but not cowed. In the weeks that followed his first disasters in the Pyrenees he strove hard to restore strength and spirit to his scattered forces, Wellington the while being busily employed on the now renewed siege of San Sebastian. Nearly a month so passed; and as the condition of that fortress grew more and more critical, the French commander felt constrained to strike a fresh blow for its relief. Soult in his weakness was not very hopeful of success; but he assumed a bold demeanour, and made a very desperate effort to raise the siege. For this, after all, it was only necessary to reach Oyarzun, behind the great mountains south of the Bidassoa and on the royal road from Bayonne and Irun. Three days before the second storming of San Sebastian he embarked upon this momentous enterprise.

Soult resolved this time to concentrate against the English left. He thought to gather here, as he had previously done upon the right, more quickly than his enemy, and forestall him, with 40,000 men all told, upon the line of the lower Bidassoa.

30th August.—Clausel with 20,000 men and 20 guns was behind the hills above Vera; Reille with 18,000, and having Foy with 7,000 in reserve, was posted in rear of high points on the north of the river. D'Erlon farther back held Sarre and Ainhoa, whence he could check any wide outflanking movement by Wellington, or reinforce Clausel and Reille.

Wellington's army was at this time stationed as follows:—

1.—The Right—composed of the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th Divisions—at Roncesvalles, Maya, and in the valley of the Bastan.

2.—The Centre, of the 7th and Light Divisions, had the first-named at Echellar, the second occupying the heights of Santa Barbara, facing Vera.

3.—The Left, on the lower Bidassoa, was entrusted to the Spaniards in the position of San Marcial—heights that rose abruptly from the river-bank, and so steep that an eye-witness declared they could only be mounted by swinging from bough to bough. Behind San Marcial rose a four-ridged mountain called the Peña de Haya, and upon its lower slopes on the right were more Spaniards under Longa, while two British brigades were in support on the left. Higher up the Peña de Haya the 4th Division, of both British and Portuguese, stood in reserve; and as the mountain was so enormous that all these troops were insufficient to guard it, a brigade of the 7th Division was also brought across for the purpose from Echellar.

31st August (the day of the capture of San Sebastian).—Reille, covered by artillery fire, crossed the fords of Biriatu and stormed San Marcial. Clausel was to attack Vera simultaneously, and the two French corps, uniting on the Peña de Haya, were to force their way forward, driving the allies from ridge to ridge until they reached their objective point, Oyarzun.

Reille, moving out at daylight, attacked the formidable heights with great intrepidity, and, although the Spaniards fought well, they were near defeat when Wellington appeared in person. His presence was acknowledged by loud shouts, and, acting as an incentive to renewed and more gallant efforts, encouraged the Spaniards to drive the French down headlong. Soult stiffened his

columns by drawing up his reserves, but forebore to renew the attack until that of Clausel was further developed.

On the side of Vera, Clausel sent three heavy columns across by the fords and up against the Portuguese, fighting his way forward amidst the asperities of the Peña de Haya but very slowly, so that it was two in the afternoon before he had gained much ground. But now Wellington had strengthened the defence of this mountain by the rest of the 7th Division, while the whole of the Light threatened Clausel's left flank and rear. Fearing for his communications, that general now paused and informed Soult of his condition. This was the turning-point of the action. Almost at the same moment news from D'Erlon reached Soult that he was threatened by the whole weight of Wellington's right wing.

The English general, with true military sagacity, had penetrated Soult's intention from the first. Seeing that his left was to be attacked in force while his right was held in check by D'Erlon, he promptly resolved to throw his right forward, and so disturb Soult's plan. On the 30th he directed three lines of attack against D'Erlon, and these were made with such fierceness that that general believed a great movement was in progress against Bayonne. Wellington had in reality no such aim: it was only a masterly strategical move, which, by unsettling Soult, changed the face of the battle at the most decisive point. The French commander at once drew Foy's division from Reille to reinforce D'Erlon, and ordered Clausel to withdraw behind the Bidassoa. Reille himself was still on our side of the river, under the position of San Marcial, and opposed only by the Spaniards, who were losing heart; but any fresh engagement was rendered impossible by the outburst of a terrific storm of wind and rain, in the teeth of which no man could stand, while the thinnest streams swelled rapidly into raging torrents. Reille retreated under cover of and uninjured by the elements; but Clausel's last division was half-drowned at the fords, and the rest were nearly cut off at the bridge of Vera.

Next day, the 1st September, Soult learnt that Wellington's advance towards Bayonne was only a feint, and he was disposed to organise a fresh attack upon San Marcial. But now came the news that San Sebastian was captured, all but the citadel, and it was deemed hazardous to continue the forward movement. Already Soult had lost, in the five different combats of the 31st

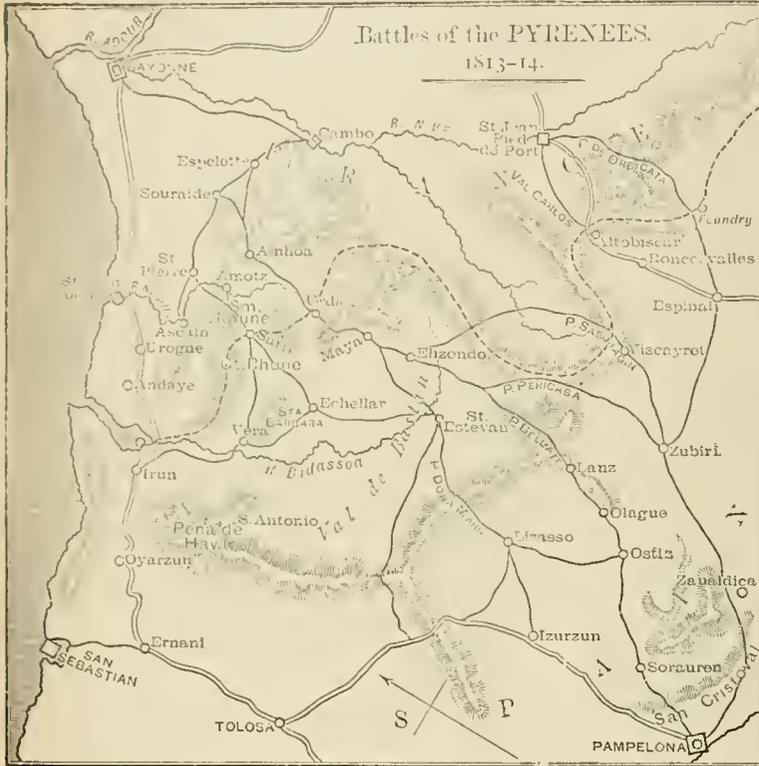
August, some 3,600 men, and many generals and other officers. In the seven last weeks he had fought in all twelve battles, and he felt now that the tide was turning against him, that he must relinquish offence for defence, and limit himself to a stubborn resistance. He was well placed strategically for defensive warfare, and his army held many strong positions; moreover, "his vast knowledge of war, his foresight, his talent for methodical arrangement, and his firmness of character peculiarly fitted him" for operations of this kind. We enter now upon the second great period in the Pyrenean conflict, when the initiative passed from Soult to Wellington, and the English general, at the head of the allied troops, invaded France.

All through September and into the first days of October the opposing armies remained inactive. Both sides were reorganising, replenishing, regaining strength. It was an especially trying time for Wellington and his troops, most of whom were still among the mountains, exposed to the wet and cold of an inclement autumn, while down below the fertile plains of France glittered in the warm sunshine, a veritable Promised Land. Duty was severe and unremitting, the outposts were ever on the alert, and a most stringent, irksome discipline was always maintained. The troops were discontented and lost heart; desertions became frequent; the provost-marshal was kept constantly busy; the halberds and the gallows found many victims. The forward move came not a day too soon, and was hailed with delight by all ranks as a prelude to brighter days.

All this time Wellington was being continually worried by the politicians to invade France, and so hasten the overthrow of Napoleon, now sorely pressed on every side. But the English general was reluctant to advance; the time was not yet ripe. Soult, undismayed, with abundant forces, stood based upon two fortresses, Bayonne and St. Jean Pied de Port, holding strongly-entrenched positions between them. Another French marshal, Suchet, was in Catalonia with an army of 60,000, ready to act against Wellington's flank and rear if he made any forward move. There was much to impose caution; yet the English general, yielding at length to the persistent pressure from home, resolved at least to place his left in a menacing attitude within the French territory. His right and centre, occupying the passes from Roncesvalles to Maya, were already well situated for attack, and it was on this side that Soult naturally looked for the next move.

To deceive your enemy is one of the first and most important of all military maxims, and Wellington did everything to encourage Soult's idea, although he had no intention of so acting. He continually disquieted Soult with feints in this direction, while he was preparing serious operations in the other. His plan was to move by his left, to force the passage of the lower Bidassoa, to drive the French out of their entrenchments there, and at the same time

covered his left front, and his right flank was behind the Great Rhune; finally, Reille occupied two long ridges that ran from the main chain of La Rhune towards the sea, one constituting the northern bank of the Bidassoa and rising sheer above the river's bed, the other in rear of it, and both crowned with many formidable earthworks. Behind all, about Ascain, was Villate in reserve and keeping up the connection between Reille and Clausel.



move to the right, attack and, if possible, capture the Great Rhune mountain, a rocky peak rising some three thousand feet above the sea. This enterprise has been justly deemed by the historian to be "as daring and dangerous as any undertaken during the whole war." Let us now see how it was accomplished, briefly considering first the positions of the opposing armies.

Taking the French first from left to right, from Pied de Port to the sea: Foy was at that town and fortress, having, however, power to reinforce the right by the bridge of Cambo; D'Erlon stood next at Anhoa, with an advance at Urdax and his right at the bridge of Amotz, on the Nivelle; then came Clausel, reaching as far as Serres on the same river, while redoubts

covered his left front, and his right flank was behind the Great Rhune; finally, Reille occupied two long ridges that ran from the main chain of La Rhune towards the sea, one constituting the northern bank of the Bidassoa and rising sheer above the river's bed, the other in rear of it, and both crowned with many formidable earthworks. Behind all, about Ascain, was Villate in reserve and keeping up the connection between Reille and Clausel.

Wellington, on the other hand, kept his extreme right still at Roncesvalles, but with a preponderating weight towards his centre about Maya, where was Hill with the 2nd Division, having the 3rd a little to its left front. The 7th Division was at Echellar, with the 6th in support. More to the left was Giron's Spanish Division, backed up by the Light Division, and that again by the 4th, on the heights of Santa Barbara. Beyond Vera and on the farther or southern side of the Bidassoa were Longa's Spaniards, while the rest of the river was held by the 1st and 5th Divisions, with Freyre's Spaniards and two independent brigades, Aylmer's British and Wilson's Portuguese.

This was the plan of battle. Giron was to take the right of the Rhune mountain, with Alten next and in the centre, while Longa, crossing by the ford of Salinas and the bridge of Vera, was to assail the left. These troops numbered 20,000 in all, and they had much stiff climbing with hard fighting before them. Wellington held 24,000 more for a perhaps tougher job, the passage of the river lower down, where it was unbridged and where its few known fords were raked by artillery placed on purpose in entrenchments strongly garrisoned. But Wellington had heard of other fords, three of them secretly discovered near the mouth of the river; and it was on the existence of these that he based the main part of his hazardous operation. These last-named fords were only practicable at

low water. The tide hereabouts rose and fell sixteen feet ; but when quite out, it left broad sands firm for half a mile, good going, but in full view of the French positions on the northern shore. To cross so near the mouth of the river was deemed impossible, and the French were thus lulled into false security, never dreaming of attack on that side. They had in consequence established themselves most strongly about the centre, where the Bildox or Green Mountain overlooked the known fords. Soult was himself

towards Andaye, on the right flank. Both passed the river before a shot was fired ; then the English signal went up—a rocket, fired from the steeple of Fuentarabia—the English guns began to play, and the remaining columns entered the water. Now the French awoke and gathered slowly, but all too tardily, to the defence. Their artillery in the nearest redoubts—the “Louis XIV.,” the “Café Republicain,” and the “Croix des Bouquets”—opened fire, and the struggle commenced. The 1st British Division, with



SAN SEBASTIAN.

deceived. He had been warned by spies and deserters of the movement contemplated, yet he would not believe it, and his subordinate generals were as negligent as he was incredulous.

The 7th of October was the day fixed for the passage, and just before daylight a terrific storm burst over the French positions, which with tempest and darkness helped to cloak Wellington's movements. He had left all his tents standing, so as to further deceive the enemy ; and his seven columns of attack, embracing a front of five miles, approached their several points of crossing without being observed. The 1st and 5th Divisions took the sands at the lowest fords—pointing the one towards the great redoubt of “Sans Culottes,” to the right rear of the French position, the other

Halkett's Germans and Wilson's Portuguese, quickly drove the French out of the two first-named redoubts into the third, which was really the key to the position, and here the fight raged fiercely. Both sides brought up guns and troops in reinforcement, but the day was gained by Colonel Cameron at the head of the 9th Regiment, who charged with such astonishing courage and impetus that he carried all before him. Meanwhile Freyre with his Spaniards had gone up against the Bildox and neighbouring heights, had gained them, and thus turned the French left ; while the unopposed advance of the 5th Division towards the “Sans Culottes” equally compromised the French right. Reille, who was now in chief command, found himself beaten in

the centre and menaced on both flanks. A precipitate retreat followed; only the arrival of Soult with some of Villatte's reserves saved the flight from degenerating into a disastrous rout.

On this lower side Wellington triumphed easily; his losses were trifling, his success extraordinary. Yet with less masterly skill in disposition, less unhesitating boldness in execution, this "stupendous operation," as Napier calls it, might have had a far different ending. Had Soult guessed Wellington's real design and prepared to meet it, he could have opposed him with 16,000 men securely posted and protected with artillery sufficient to resist, or greatly delay, the passage. Any prolonged check would have been fatal, "because in two hours the returning tide would have come with a swallowing flood upon the rear."

The attack on the Great Rhune has still to be described; and here, although the French were also taken unawares, the fight was closer, more nearly balanced, and much more prolonged. The French general Taupin occupied the long saddle from the Rhune to the river, and had in his front a lesser hill, called the Bear's Back, which must be taken first. It was carried most gallantly by Colborne of the 52nd, who passed on to attack Taupin's right; while Kempt's brigade and, farther back, Freyre came up on the left, and all pressing forward, in spite of the steep incline and the enemy's desperate courage, succeeded at length in driving the French out of their entrenchments. Meanwhile Giron, higher up, had assailed the Great Rhune, where he was met with a stout resistance, and might have been repulsed but for the intrepid bravery of a young Englishman, Havelock, General Alten's aide-de-camp, who came to Giron with a message, and stayed to see the fight through. Havelock, seeing the check, nobly pushed to the front, and gave the Spaniards fresh spirit; with loud cries of "El Chico Blanco!" ("The fair-haired boy!") they willingly followed him, and were led on to victory. Now the French drew higher up the mountain, where bold staring crags just below the summit had gained the name of The Hermitage, and in this impregnable fastness made a last determined stand all through the night. Next day Wellington ordered a flanking movement, a strong demonstration by the Sixth Division round the rear of the Rhune, whereupon Clausel, fearing for his communications, abandoned the mountain and drew off entirely behind the Nivelle. Later on he vindicated his position and again occupied the Lesser Rhune,

movements that had an important bearing upon the next battle.

Wellington had now entered France, but he was still in the Pyrenees; victory had improved his military situation, but his troops, posted mainly on high bleak mountains, suffered terrible privations. Supplies came up with such difficulty that the men were often half-starved; their clothing was insufficient, and their tents but poor protection against the snow and cold on the hills. Many reasons urged Wellington forward; the politicians were still clamorous for advance, but a stronger argument was the necessities of the troops. The next great effort promised great reward. "The plains of France, so long overlooked from the towering crags of the Pyrenees, were to be the prize of battle; and the half-famished soldiers in their fury broke through the iron barrier erected by Soult as if it were but a screen of reeds."

For Soult, after the passage of the Bidassoa, was more than ever limited upon a strict defensive, hoping, behind a strong line of fortifications, to revive the spirit of his troops. Since the loss of the Bidassoa he had taken up a more concentrated position between the Nive and the sea, and had strengthened it to the utmost with redoubts and forts and entrenched camps. These formidable works, hardly inferior to Wellington's celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, which had stopped Masséna in Portugal in 1810, had been thrown up with incessant labour and at great expense; they were strongly armed, and held by 60,000 men. To understand the situation and follow the operations on both sides it is once more necessary to examine the positions of the opponents with the aid of the map.

Soult's line of defence was in three great portions, the Right, Centre, and Left, all more or less inter-dependent, although each French commander had a special position assigned to him.

1.—The Right, under Reille, in front of St. Jean de Luz, was nearly impregnable in strong fortifications upon the lower ground, extending from the sea towards Ascain.

2.—The Centre, under Clausel, occupied a range of hills from Ascain to the bridge of Amotz, and as the Nivelle described a great curve behind him, both his flanks rested on that river. In front a brigade held the Lesser Rhune, and another the redoubts of St. Barbe and Grenada, both of which acted as advanced posts, covering his front and his entrenched camp at Sarre.

3.—The left, under D'Erlon, was beyond the Nivelle, on its right or northern bank, and between that river and the Nive, so that his flanks rested also on rivers. His right connected with Clausel at the bridge of Amotz, his left was on the Mondarrain mountain, and in between these he had two lines of defence—the first, and most forward, a continuation of the Mondarrain range; the second was a broad ridge farther to the rear, its right flank at Amotz, where it touched upon Clausel.

Soult's weakest point was at this junction, between D'Erlon and Clausel, and Wellington knew it—knew that from the lie of land it could not be so strongly fortified as the rest of the line; knew, too, that if he could smash in there with considerable numbers he would separate these commanders, turn the right of one, the left of the other, and by the sole direction of this victorious march oblige Reille on the right to retire by taking him in reverse. This was how it struck the great strategist, and his adoption of this, the true line of movement, was no less a mark of his military genius than were his masterly dispositions to give it due effect. Throughout the intricate combinations which followed he showed himself Soult's superior in war, and a most successful exponent of its unalterable principles.

It is a leading axiom in generalship to bring masses to bear on an enemy's fractions; and whenever and wherever the allies had met the French, Wellington had always the advantage of numbers on his side at the decisive point.

All through October the English general had been minded to attack Soult's entrenched camps, which he realised were growing stronger day by day; but want of supplies had delayed him, and then the weather. It was not until the first week of November that he began his movement, by drawing Hill from the right to the centre behind the pass of Maya. It should be mentioned here that, in anticipation of the coming offensive operations, the whole allied force had been organised anew into three great army corps, composed and commanded as follows:—

1.—The Right Corps, under Sir Rowland Hill, with whom were the 2nd and 6th British Divisions, also Morillo's Spaniards, Hamilton's Portuguese, and some light cavalry.

2.—The Centre, under Sir William Beresford, in two bodies—the 3rd, 4th, and 7th Divisions composing the right; while the left was made up of the Light Division, Freyre's and Giron's Spaniards, and the cavalry under Victor Alten.

3.—The Left, under Sir John Hope, consisting mainly of the troops who had forced the lower Bidassoa—namely, the 1st and 5th Divisions, with Aylmer's British and Wilson's Portuguese.

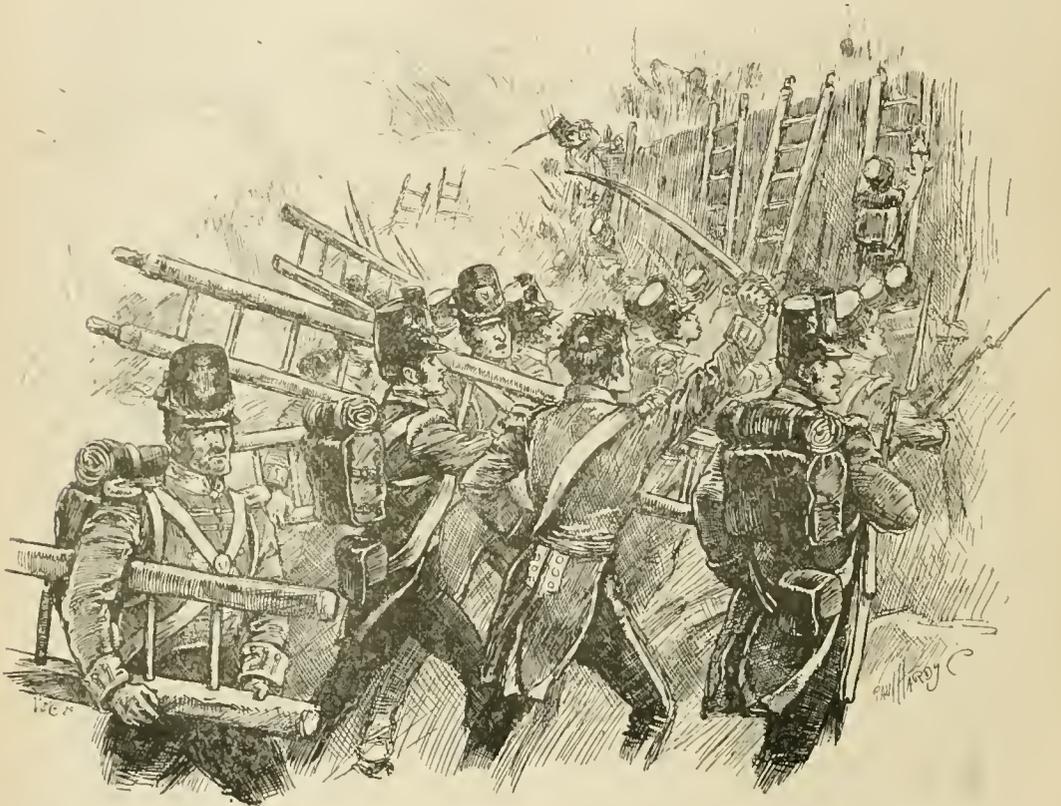
Wellington's plan being to thrust in at the centre, as already described, he collected some 40,000 men for the purpose on the night of the 9th November. Hill, with the 2nd and 6th Divisions, was to go against D'Erlon, striking him on his right or inner flank in the direction of Ainhoa and Amotz; Beresford, with the 3rd, 4th, and 7th Divisions and Giron's Spaniards, assembled on the mountains from Zagaramadi to the slopes of the Greater Rhune on the left, was to aim at the entrenched camp of Sarre and press on against Clausel's left, where it was strongly posted in redoubts above Amotz; C. Alten with the Light Division (part of Beresford's corps) were designed to attack Ascain and Clausel's right, and were to be aided therein by the Spanish generals Longa and Freyre. On the far left, beyond the range of the principal engagement, Hope had the less glorious but vitally important *rôle* of occupying Reille and Villatte all day, thus preventing them from working to their left to reinforce Clausel.

The battle began at daylight, when Alten, who had gained his positions during the darkness, sprang forward to assail the Lesser Rhune, the capture of which must necessarily precede any movement against Ascain. The 43rd went forward at a run, but were exhausted before they gained the summit; pausing there to recover breath, they pressed forward and drove all before them. The 52nd next turned the flank of the Rhune, and gained the Star fort behind. Meanwhile Cole with the 4th Division had advanced with scaling-ladders to the attack of Sarre, which, with the advance redoubt of St. Barbe, was speedily abandoned by the French, and then, the 7th Division joining in, the whole pressed forward against the main position and line of redoubts above. Hill with the 2nd and 6th Divisions, after a difficult night march, neared the enemy about 7 a.m.; the 2nd Division soon drove the French out of Ainhoa, while the 6th Division aimed at D'Erlon's right on the bridge of Amotz. Three divisions in all now attacked D'Erlon in his second and rear-most position, and the defence was but feeble. D'Erlon was, in fact, feeling the pressure of events on the other side of the river, where Clausel's approaching extremity was uncovering and weakening D'Erlon's right. Beresford's 3rd Division, under Colville, had edged away to the

right, while the rest assailed the front, and, aiming at Amotz, joined hands with the 6th Division, the two thus forming the wedge thrust in between the French commanders at the most vital and decisive point. Now D'Erlon yielded, and, fearing to be cut off, retreated upon St. Pé, where he was no longer of value in the fight.

But Clausel was not yet beaten, and still showed a bold front. He had two divisions intact: Morransin's, which held fast to the front

his garrison from the signal redoubt, and then left it to its fate. Through the mistake of a staff officer the 52nd were wasted in useless attacks upon this redoubt, which presently surrendered to Colborne. This was the last hostile act in the fight; the French were in full retreat; and although Soult came up with reserves and tried to rally the fugitives, the victory could no longer be withheld from the allied troops. In the night Soult availed himself of the darkness



"COLE WITH THE 4TH DIVISION HAD ADVANCED WITH SCALING-LADDERS" (p. 539).

of the redoubt Louis XIV., but, being attacked in front and flank, was presently hurled headlong down the ravines; Taupin's, still firm on the right. With the latter Clausel essayed to form a new battle around the signal redoubt, and drawing his reserves to him from the right beyond the river. Now Alten with the Light Division, whom we left on the inner slopes of the Lesser Rhune, had shot forward to his front and smote Taupin, who tried to stand; but the Spaniards, under Freyre and Longa, had made an enveloping movement round by Ascain, and the noise of their battle in the rear struck Taupin's men with such panic that many fled. Clausel made a last unsuccessful effort, to withdraw

to draw off Reille from the right, a delicate manœuvre impossible in daylight, for Hope would have pressed the retreating columns, and Wellington could have struck with effect upon their flank.

The battle of the Nivelle was, strictly speaking, the last fought among the Pyrenees. It was a decisive defeat, very costly to the enemy, who lost 50 guns, 4,000 killed and wounded, and 1,500 prisoners. On our side there were but 500 killed. No doubt this brilliant result was mainly due to good generalship. Wellington had superior numbers, but he wielded them with superior skill. Yet he was ably seconded by the bravery of his troops; no others would

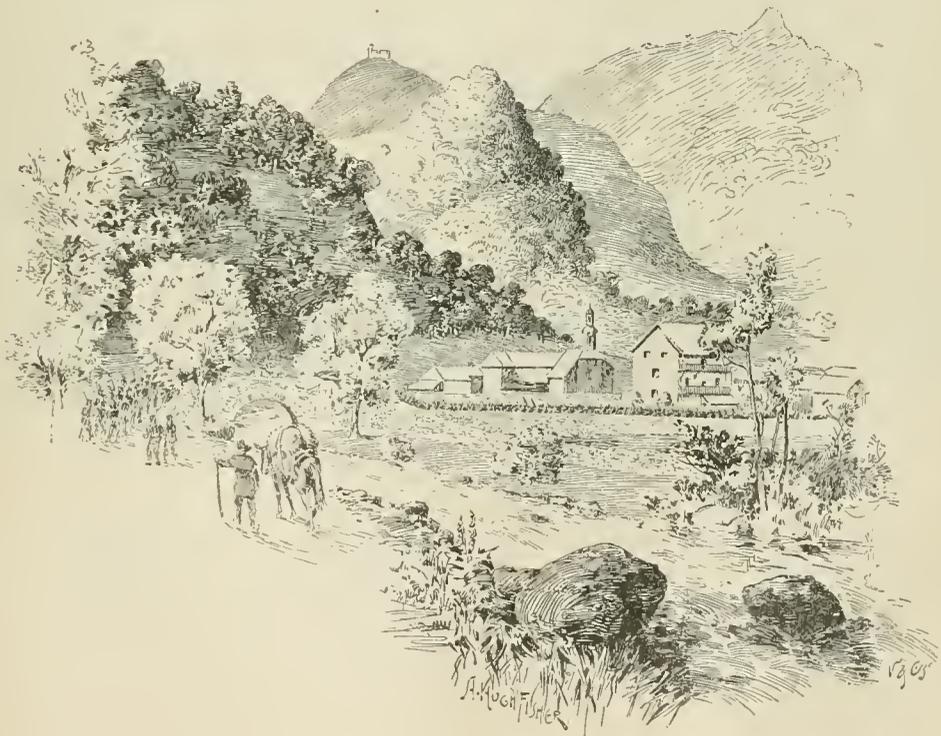
have so easily won works which Soult confidently expected would have repelled them or cost them at least five-and-twenty thousand men to force. As to the French, it was no discredit to troops dispirited by successive disasters that they should be overmastered when both outnumbered and outmanœuvred.

Other battles were still to be fought, and soon; but they hardly belong to the campaign in the Pyrenees.

Early in December Wellington felt constrained to throw his army across the Nive river, in order to have access to the more fertile country beyond. Hill moved by the fords at Cambo and the bridge at Ustaritz, followed by Beresford; while Hope, still occupying the left, advanced close under the walls of Bayonne. Soult was now well placed in the centre, and could act by the radii of a circle, on the outer circumference of which the allies were distributed at some distance apart. He sought to profit boldly by this advantageous position,

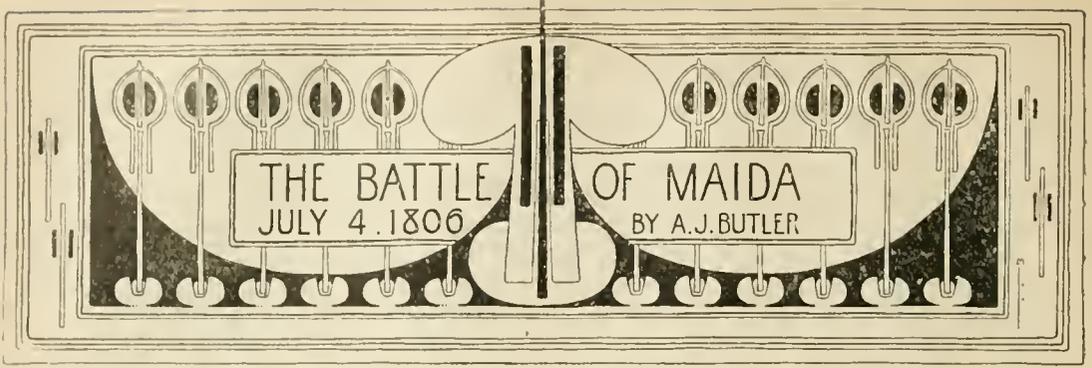
and sallied forth in strength to first overwhelm Hope. Foiled in this, after a hard-fought engagement, he turned next upon Hill, whom he hoped to find isolated upon the north of the river Nive. Wellington, anticipating this attack, had sent reinforcements across; but Hill's situation was for a time critical, and he had to stand the shock alone. The battle of St. Pierre, which he fought and won on the 13th December, was generally agreed by both French and English to have been one of the most desperate in the war. "Wellington said he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead; nor can the vigour of the combatants be well denied, when 5,000 men were killed and wounded in three hours upon a space of one mile."

After this the opposing armies went into winter quarters; the allies occupied cantonments, the French withdrew behind the lines of Bayonne, and nothing of interest occurred till the middle of February, when the spring weather returned.



LESACA.

(After a drawing made from nature by Colonel H. Maurice Scott, 6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment, during the operations.)



WHEN the year 1806 opened, it is probably not too much to say that the state of affairs on the continent of Europe was the most momentous which the world has ever seen. The victory of Austerlitz had, for the time at all events, laid all the lands from the North Sea to the Pyrenees, and from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, at the feet of one man. Half the old monarchies of Europe had gone down, and on their ruins new dynasties were being set up, new boundaries traced at the pleasure of a soldier of fortune whose name a dozen years before was unknown beyond the limited circle of his comrades and kinsfolk. In no part of Europe was the pressure more acutely felt than in Italy. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, not for the first or second time in history, French armies had overrun and pillaged that unlucky country. Compelled to withdraw for a time, they had soon returned in stronger force; and in 1805 Buonaparte assumed the title of King of Italy. For a while the Kingdom of Naples, which had always been regarded as a separate State, was allowed to remain under its former sovereign of the Bourbon family, Ferdinand IV., but in the early days of 1806 he, too, was expelled and forced to take refuge in Sicily. The kingdom was given by Napoleon to his own brother Joseph, and French armies were sent to overcome any objections which the inhabitants might have to being transferred without their own consent from one sovereign to another. The Bourbon government had indeed been about as bad as it well could be; but this fact did not make the task of the French appreciably easier. Under the lax and corrupt rule of their old kings the wild mountainous country of Calabria swarmed with brigands, with whose aid the partisans of the expelled monarch had no

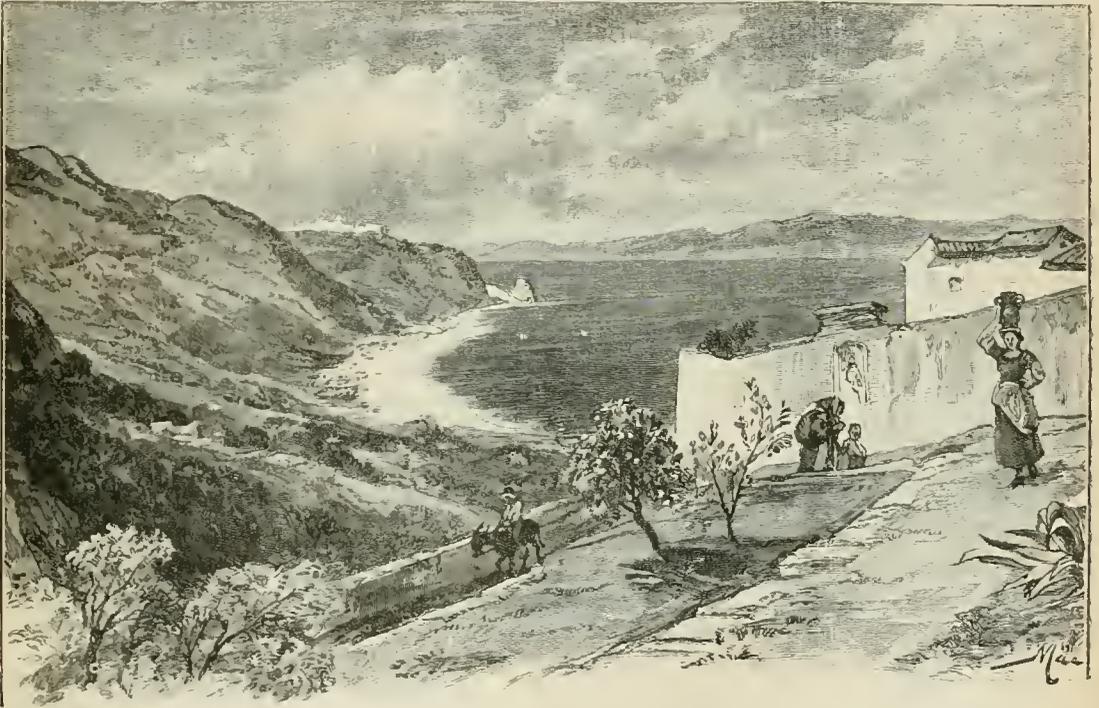
difficulty in keeping up a guerilla warfare. A clever French man of letters, who by one of the odd turns of chance not unusual in troubled times was then serving as an officer of artillery in Calabria, gives the following picture of the kind of opposition which the French had to face, and of the way in which they met it. "Imagine on the slope of some hill a detachment of our people, a hundred strong or so, marching carelessly along beneath rocks covered with myrtle bushes and aloes. Why take any precautions? We have not had a soldier murdered in this neighbourhood for the last week. At the foot of the slope runs a swift torrent which has to be crossed; part of the line is in the water, some have got across, some are still on this side. Suddenly a thousand men jump up in every direction; peasants, brigands, escaped convicts, deserters, all under the command of a sub-deacon. Well-armed, good shots, they open fire on our men before they are themselves seen. The officers are the first to fall; those who die on the spot are the lucky ones; the others serve for the next few days to furnish sport for their captors. Then the general or whoever he may be, who has sent the detachment without taking the trouble to ascertain the state of the country, takes it out of the nearest villages. He sends an aide-de-camp with five hundred men; they pillage the place, ill-use the women, cut the men's throats; and whoever escapes goes to swell the sub-deacon's forces."

In this fashion General Reynier's army made its way to the city of Reggio, which stands at the tip of the "toe" of Italy. Sicily, of which Ferdinand was still king, lay on the other side of the narrow strait, only a mile or two away. But for Reynier that strait was as impassable as if the blue Mediterranean water had been a stream of fire. Here, as at Boulogne, the effect of Trafalgar was felt, and the Straits of Messina

marked no less surely than the Straits of Dover the limit of Napoleon's power. Sir Sidney Smith, the brilliant yet wary admiral, whom Napoleon feared and hated perhaps more than any other man on earth at that time, held the Tyrrhenian Sea with his squadron—small indeed, but sufficient to prevent any French transport from putting out so long as he was within striking distance. Moreover, not very far up the coast, just where the "toe" passes into the "instep," the fortress of Amantea still held out for Ferdinand. Presently, too, Reggio itself was recaptured, and Reynier thought it better to turn back.

Some English troops, under Sir James Craig, had been sent to co-operate with a Russian

Before the end of June, Stuart was in command of about 5,000 men, including a certain number of Corsicans, Sicilians, and others. Of English troops he had the 20th, 27th, 58th, 78th, and 81st Regiments. The flank companies of these regiments, after the fashion of the time, were detached and formed into a grenadier battalion and a light battalion respectively, the latter with the Corsican Rangers forming the light brigade under Colonel Kempt. Stuart's total force amounted to 4,795 men, with a strength of artillery consisting of ten 4-pounders, four 6-pounders, and two howitzers. Of cavalry he had none, unless some of Sir Sidney Smith's "young gentlemen"—who are said to have accompanied the army after its landing, on



THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA FROM SICILY.

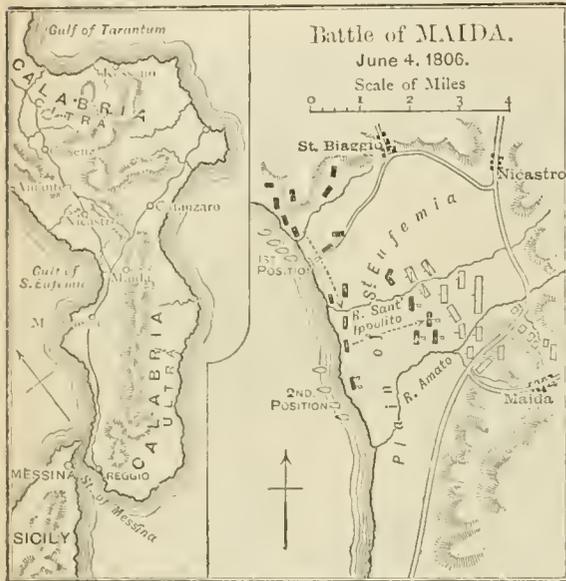
army in aiding the Neapolitans to resist the first entry of the French upon their territory; but the news of Austerlitz showed the hopelessness of checking their advance at this point, the Russians withdrew, and Craig saw that the stand could best be made in Sicily. Thither he accordingly transferred his force; but, being himself invalided, he was in the course of the spring of 1806 replaced by Major-General Sir John Stuart, a gallant and able officer who had distinguished himself in the Egyptian campaign of 1801.

donkey-back — may be reckoned under that head.

On June 30th, the 20th Regiment was sent off from Messina, in some large open boats, to cruise along the coast to the south of Reggio, in order to draw off the attention of the French commander while the main body was preparing to land in the Bay of St. Eufemia, some fifty miles further to the north, and close to the still uncaptured fortress of Amantea. With a view of still further deceiving the enemy, the regiment was distributed among a much larger number

of boats than would have sufficed to carry the whole number; a ruse which may possibly have contributed to the exaggerated estimates of Stuart's strength which French writers have chosen to put forth.

The general himself, with his main body, reached St. Eufemia Bay, on the evening of July 1st, and began at once to disembark his troops. No opposition was offered. A sand-bag redoubt (afterwards magnified by French reports into an entrenched camp) was thrown up to protect his stores and supplies, of which a considerable quantity had been brought, with the intention of equipping the Calabrian insurgents.



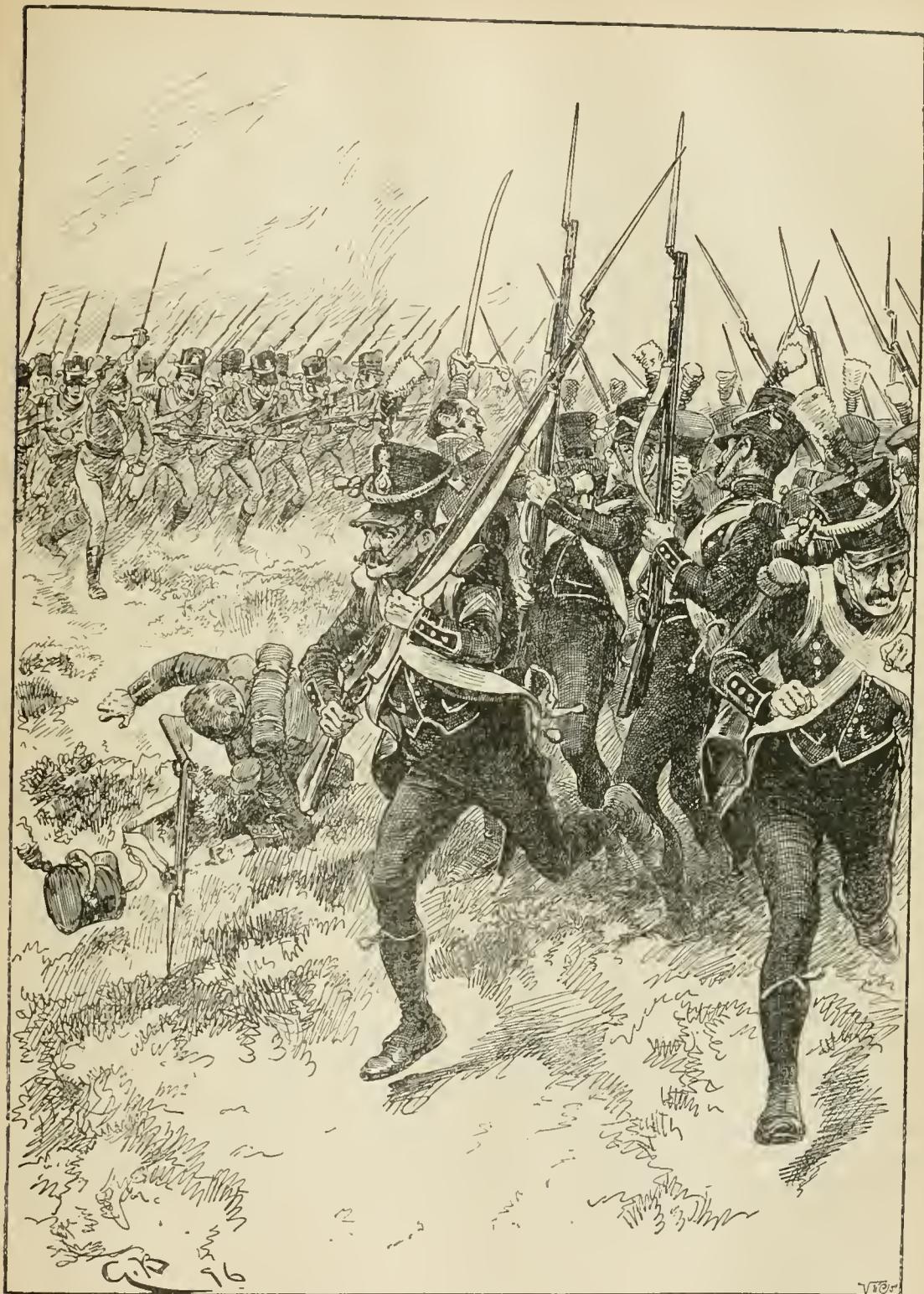
Four companies of the light, and an equal number of the grenadier battalion, covered the landing; and by daylight, or soon after, on the 2nd, the whole force was on shore, the stores being landed in the course of the day. On the same day the advance-guard pushed forward, dispersing a detachment of French and Poles, clearing the wooded hills on the British left, and establishing outposts as far as the village of San Biaggio.

The army was now encamped near the north-west angle of a horseshoe-shaped plain facing westward, and about six miles across in either direction. Mountains covered with forest and brushwood rise all round, sending down on the south side two considerable spurs into the plain. The plain itself is intersected longitudinally by two streams, the Sant' Ippolito and the Amato, which flow nearly parallel from the upper end of

the horseshoe in a W.S.W. direction, and fall into the sea about a mile apart; the Amato, which is much the larger stream, skirting the foot of the southern hills. Besides these there are a number of smaller watercourses, and the whole plain is marshy and covered with thickets of myrtle and scarlet geranium. Behind the more easterly of the two spurs above-mentioned lies the town of Maida, through which a road runs to Cotrone, at the south-west corner of the Gulf of Tarantum; while another and more direct road to Naples crosses the plain diagonally, and leaves it at Nicastro. In the other direction both roads unite a little south of the point where the River Amato falls into the sea, and runs near the coast toward Reggio. By this road Reynier was retreating, as already stated; and he had got as far as Monteleone, just south of the Bay of St. Eufemia, when he heard that the British force had landed. Hastening his march, the French commander took up a strong position on the more westerly and larger of the two spurs. Below him and on his flanks were woods, and the Amato flowed through marshy ground at the foot of the hill. He could hardly have posted himself better.

Towards evening on the 3rd, General Stuart, while making a reconnaissance, discovered his enemy in this strong position. It was hardly to be expected that Reynier, who seemed to hold nearly all the cards in the game, would deliberately choose to meet his adversary on even terms. The French commander had only to stay where he was, and allow the Calabrian sun and the exhalations from the marshes to produce their inevitable effect on the English army. Moreover, though at that moment his force was probably not superior to Stuart's—that is, between 4,000 and 5,000 men, including cavalry—his second division, numbering 3,000 more, was on the way from Monteleone, and might join him at any moment. It was, therefore, his interest to stay where he was, while Stuart's object was rather to force a battle as soon as possible.

At dawn on the 4th, accordingly, the British troops were under arms and starting to march along the coast in close column of subdivisions: Sir Sidney Smith, in the *Apollo* frigate, with two smaller vessels, sailing abreast of them, ready to give any assistance that might be in his power. As a matter of fact, however, the



"THEY BROKE AND FLED IN THE DIRECTION OF MAIDA" (P. 547).

action was fought nearly three miles inland, quite out of the longest range of any gun that went to sea in those days.

On reaching the mouth of the Sant' Ippolito the troops halted for a while on the long spit of land lying between the river and the shore. At this point they were in full view of the opposing army, and they were at once surprised and delighted, one may suppose, to see that it was moving. It is not easy to conjecture Reynier's motive in having thus thrown away the immense advantage that his initial position had given him. He may have feared that Stuart would turn his flank, and get him between the English army and the ships. The French writer above quoted thinks that the presence of Lebrun, the Imperial Commissioner, had a good deal to do with Reynier's decision to fight. "Reynier," he says, "found himself in presence of an overlooker, with directions to report. If he had won the battle, it would have been the emperor's genius, the emperor's idea, the emperor's orders. As he lost it, it is all our fault." Another French writer, writing some years later, mentions a belief current at the time that Reynier was decided by personal motives. He and Stuart had been opposed to each other during the Egyptian campaign in 1801, and Reynier had got the worst of it. Possibly all these reasons, combined with a sort of chivalrous feeling that so pointed a challenge ought not to be declined, may have urged him to take what proved so disastrous a step.

Crossing the stream, which is everywhere fordable, the English force deployed, and proceeded across the plain in echelon, the right wing in advance. The formation was as follows:—On the right was the light brigade, made up, as has been said, of the light companies of the various regiments, with the Corsican Rangers, under Colonel Kempt. To the left of them, and in rear of all the other brigades, came the 3rd, commanded by Colonel Oswald, and consisting of the 58th Regiment, and the foreign auxiliaries under Sir Louis de Watteville. In the centre, at the regular echelon distance to the left rear of the light brigade, was the 2nd brigade, comprising the 81st and 78th, under Brigadier-General Acland; while the left wing—that is, the 1st brigade—under Brigadier-General Lowry Cole, was made up of the 27th Inniskillings and the grenadier battalion.*

* This account of the disposition of the force is taken from an admirable plan of the battle, published in the following April, a copy of which is preserved in the

While Stuart's men are advancing through the myrtle-scrub, it may be worth while to call attention to a point which is apt to be overlooked. The long subsequent series of battles between British and French troops which culminated at Waterloo, proved to the world that our soldiers could, as a rule, hold their own against Napoleon's veterans. But in 1806 this was far from being the case. It was, indeed, five years since an English and a French army had met in the Alexandrian campaign; and though on that occasion our arms had been successful, their success was hardly enough to cancel the impression produced by the disasters which mismanagement had brought upon our forces in Holland and on the northern frontier of France during the early part of the war. The enormous "prestige" which the collapse of the great military monarchies of Europe had conferred on the French armies must also be taken into consideration. Sir Sidney Smith, writing about this time, had spoken of the idea—which, though he calls it mistaken, he admits was much too prevalent—"that the progress of the French armies is irresistible." It will be seen, then, that Stuart's little force had no reason to think lightly of the task that lay before it.

By half-past eight the French had descended into the plain, and formed line on their right; and it was then seen that the expected reinforcements had come up, and that Reynier had little short of 8,000 men at his disposal. His force was as follows:—(It must be remembered that a French regiment contains many more men than one of ours, and in those days the difference was even greater.) On the right was the 23rd Regiment, then the 42nd, next to them a brigade of Poles and Swiss, while the left was held by one of the crack regiments of the French service—the 1st Léger. The cavalry, 300 in number, was at the beginning of the action posted on the left wing. Thousands of Calabrian peasantry thronged the surrounding hills, and anxiously awaited the result of the struggle.

Some skirmishing seems to have taken place before the main armies were fully engaged, between the light company of the 20th Regiment—which, as has been explained, formed with other light companies a part of Kempt's brigade on our right—and some of the French troops, who were still fording the Amato when our men

library of the Royal United Service Institute. I must here express my thanks to the Secretary and Librarian of the Institute for kindly allowing me to make use of it.—A. J. B.

came up. Here Captain Malcolm McLean fell at the head of his company shot through the heart: the only British officer who lost his life in the battle.

Reynier began by a demonstration against the British left; but the first really serious development of the action took place on the other wing, and on that wing it was practically decided. As the light brigade advanced, the shakoes of the 1st Léger appeared through the brushwood. At this moment it must probably have been, that one of the most dramatic incidents in modern warfare took place. Kempt's men had been marching for some hours over rough ground, under the blazing sun of a Calabrian midsummer. The uniform of those days was not designed with much reference to the soldier's ease in marching, and, in addition, each man had his blanket strapped on his shoulders. Light companies, it must be remembered, were besides composed for the most part of smaller and lighter men, whose activity would be seriously hampered by having to carry bulky objects on their backs. Kempt, himself a little man, was doubtless all the more alive to the state of affairs, and ordered his men to halt and throw down their blankets. The Calabrian spectators, as one of them told an English visitor ten years later, "sweated cold; for," he added, "we thought the English were going to run." The 1st Léger thought the same and pressed forward with a cheer; but the English troops, freed from their encumbrances, were already coming to meet them. Neither side fired till they were within a hundred yards of each other; then a few rounds were exchanged, and the two corps, in perfect silence, advanced upon each other with the bayonet. Of late years this had been the favourite weapon of Napoleon's veterans. Our readers will not have forgotten the advance of Suchet's division at Austerlitz. But this time they had met their match; and though bayonets are said to have been actually crossed, the 1st Léger as a body shrank from the shock, nor could they be rallied by any efforts of their officers. They broke and fled in the direction of Maida, pursued by the light brigade.

Almôst simultaneously Acland's brigade had routed the corps opposed to it; and Reynier, seeing that his left wing was hopelessly beaten, made an effort to retrieve the fortune of the day on his right. Bringing his cavalry up to that wing, where Cole's brigade was offering a sturdy resistance to the 42nd Regiment of Imperial Grenadiers, he attempted to outflank and turn the British left. But an opportune succour was

at hand. As has been mentioned, the 20th Regiment had been despatched on a special duty, from which it had not returned when the expedition started. Just when Stuart's men were standing to their arms, the transport bearing the 20th had anchored in St. Eufemia Bay, it would seem, off the mouth of the river Sant' Ippolito. Here it was hailed by Sir Sidney Smith and informed of General Stuart's intention to attack that morning. An officer of the 20th (or XX, as its members like to write it) describes what followed:—"Without waiting for orders, our gallant chief, Colonel Ross, gave directions for the regiment to disembark soon after daylight. General Stuart had landed with a small army a few days previously, and they were now engaged, for we could hear the firing and see the smoke. We therefore cheerfully obeyed the order, and landed forthwith, after filling our haversacks and canteens; for officers as well as men carried their three days' provisions, and their blankets and change of linen. We hurried across the country through woods and marshes, in the direction in which the music of cannon and musketry was heard, and we reached our little army just at the nick of time, for we came through a wood upon the left of the British line which the French cavalry were trying to turn. We immediately formed, and they attempted to turn our left; but Colonel Ross threw back the left wing of the 20th, and after giving them a few shots, they relinquished the attempt. For a long time, however, they kept hovering about us, and made us change our position several times, but we were always ready to receive them." In fact, the 20th contributed very materially to the success of the day, and the sprig of myrtle which for years afterwards used to ornament the caps of the regiment on July 4th, in memory of the Calabrian myrtle thickets, was a well-earned decoration. Maida, it is interesting to observe, is the only pitched battle that British troops have ever fought on Italian soil.

The repulse of the French cavalry ended the action. Reynier, in spite of the intrepidity with which he exposed himself in the effort to check defeat—for if he was an unlucky and injudicious commander, he was a thoroughly brave man—could only join in the flight of his routed army, leaving over 3,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, the English loss being barely 300. Headlong they fled, losing many stragglers, and scarcely halting till they reached Catanzaro, at the head of the Gulf of Tarantum, and well on the other side of the Apennines. For the moment, the

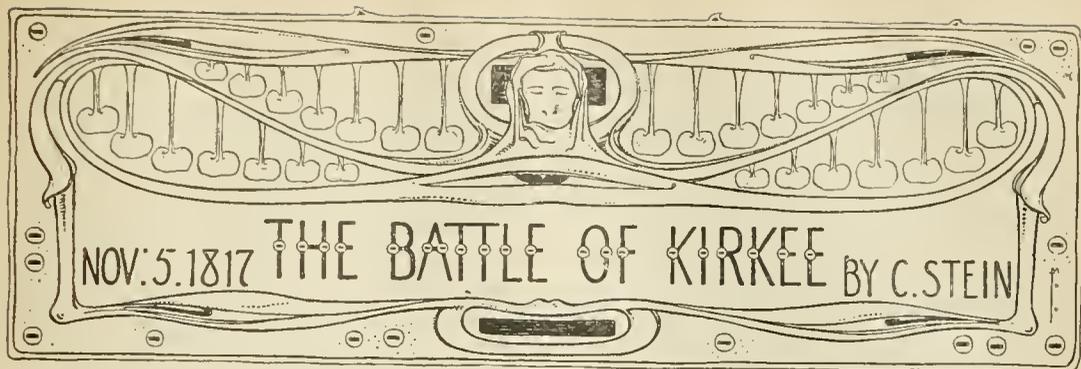
district known as Further Calabria was abandoned by the French. Several of the smaller fortresses on the coast fell into Sir John Stuart's hands; and with an adequate force he might have cleared South Italy of the invader, and possibly anticipated or accelerated the results of the war which was soon to begin in the other peninsula; but divided counsels still prevailed in England. It had not yet become clear to our statesmen that until Napoleon was crushed Europe could not be tranquil or England safe, and no steps were taken to reinforce the heroic little army until just after it had been compelled, for want of support, to quit Calabria. Before many months had passed, the total collapse of the Prussian monarchy at Jena and Auerstädt had withdrawn attention from the remoter parts of Europe; and then the French invasion of the Peninsula pointed to that region as the vulnerable point upon which all efforts must be concentrated.

Yet Maida was not a battle without results. When Parliament met in December, the thanks of both Houses were voted to General Stuart, his brigadiers, and the whole army; and on this

occasion Mr. Windham, the Secretary for War, pointed out how the victory of Maida had broken the spell of invincibility that for so long had been attached to French troops. The effect was all the greater that just at that moment no fighting was going on elsewhere, so that the armies which had been engaged on the little Calabrian plain might be regarded as the champions of their respective causes. The news, we know, had the effect of making Napoleon extremely angry; and French writers were for a long time driven to distort the facts considerably in order to account for what seemed to them, on any supposition even of equality of forces, an inexplicable disaster. On the other hand, the spirit Maida inspired in English troops had no small share in producing the confidence which, in spite of untoward events at the outset, never failed them throughout the Peninsular campaign; and the half-forgotten and apparently almost isolated battle fought in a remote corner of Europe, when rightly understood, takes its place in the glorious roll which comprises Vimiero, Talavera, Salamanca, and Toulouse.



CATANZARO



THE Mahratta power, founded in the seventeenth century by the great freebooter Sivaji, was one of the most formidable opponents to the extension of English sovereignty in Hindostan, and, in successive wars, severely taxed the best energies of the ablest and most daring generals and the staunchest troops that could be put in the field against it. Assaye, Argaum, Alighur, Delhi, and Laswaree are glorious names in Anglo-Indian history; and in all these great battles, besides many minor conflicts, Mahrattas were the foes whose courage and pertinacity only yielded to the most heroic efforts. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the control of the Mahratta kingdom had fallen from the hands of Sivaji's descendants into those of the hereditary Peishwas—originally ministers or *Maires de Palais* of the sovereign—and, in all subsequent time, the Peishwa of the day was the real ruler. In the territories conquered by the Mahrattas, four leading feudatories had established themselves as independent chiefs—the Gaekwar, Holkar, Sindia, and the Bhonsla rajah—but the nominal seat of central authority was at Poona. Here the Peishwa dwelt, and here was the origin of every intrigue and every warlike movement which menaced other Indian States. In 1817 the Peishwa was Baji Rao. Still the head of a semi-independent State, he was now obliged to allow the presence of an English Resident at Poona, who watched his policy, and he was obliged to maintain in his dominions a subsidiary force, under English officers, which dominated his military power. The Resident was Mountstuart Elphinstone, an Indian civil servant whose duties had, almost continuously through his career, brought him in contact with Mahratta States, and had given him full experience of the wiles and treachery practised by a most astute people. We shall see how he conducted himself

at a very critical time, and we shall be able in some degree to gauge the character of one who was later known among the most eminent men whom our Indian Civil Service has ever produced.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most fertile and prosperous districts of Hindostan were yearly scourged by raids made by a large and formidable agglomerate of freebooters called Pindarris. These Pindarris had originally been a class of irregular hangers-on of the great Mahratta armies; but, when the wars conducted by Lake and Wellesley had curbed the Mahratta power, they still formed separate and independent bodies, following the fortunes of any turbulent chief or lawless adventurer and occupying lands in Central India which had been assigned to them by Sindia and Holkar. Pindarri raids were for some years made by bands varying from 1,000 to 4,000 men, and were confined to the Deccan and the territories of the Nizam and the Rajah of Nagpore. Emboldened by success, and increased in numbers by the addition of every villain in India who had been expelled from his native community for crime or was disgusted with an honest and peaceable life, the freebooters of Central India had in 1815 begun to insult the British territories. One body of 8,000 horsemen swept southwards as far as the Kistna river, and another horde, numbering 25,000, entered the Madras Presidency, plundered and destroyed 300 villages on the Coromandel Coast. These outrages were repeated in 1816 and 1817, and Lord Hastings, who had just arrived as Governor-General, found it his imperative duty to take measures for the crushing of their formidable and savage perpetrators. The task before him was no easy one. The Pindarris sheltered themselves in the dominions of Sindia and Holkar, and it was more than suspected that the rulers of all the Mahratta States not

only winked at their enormities, but also profited indirectly by the large and valuable booty which they collected. The Governor-General, therefore, began at once to make preparations for a campaign on such a large scale as would ensure the destruction, once and for ever, of the marauding hordes. Besides his own military arrangements, he tried to form such a league with the Mahratta powers as might secure their assistance in his intended operations, or at least prevent them from interfering on behalf of the Pindarris. It is not now our purpose to follow the fortunes of the Pindarri war. Sufficient to say that the whole available forces of the three presidencies were put into the field, and that, among other troops set in motion, was the subsidiary force from Poona which marched northwards under command of General Smith.

Baji Rao, the Peishwa, was at this period smarting under the provisions of recent treaties with the English—provisions which were the result of previous enmity and duplicity on his part. His power had been greatly curtailed, three of his fortresses had been given up, and he was pledged to disband a large portion of his army. He still nourished hopes, however, that circumstances might turn in his favour, that he might be able to take the English at a disadvantage and that he might re-establish himself as an independent prince. He found himself compelled to disband his soldiery, but in doing so he still secretly retained their services; for, when he sent them to their village homes, he gave them seven months' pay in advance and bound them to reassemble in arms whenever he should send them a summons.

In August, 1817, he besought Sir John Malcolm, the famous soldier-statesman, to visit him and by specious protestations of friendship induced him to recommend that the three fortresses should be restored. Malcolm was at the time making political arrangements with regard to the Pindarri war and allowed himself to be persuaded that the Peishwa intended to assist cordially in the Governor-General's plans. Mr. Elphinstone, the Resident at Poona, had, however, lost all faith in Baji Rao; and, though he acquiesced, in deference to Sir John Malcolm, in the return of the fortresses, he remained thoroughly on his guard and prepared for the treacherous hostile movements which he was convinced would not be long delayed. As time went on, Mr. Elphinstone's foreboding became more and more grave. Baji Rao began putting his fortresses in a state of defence, strengthened

their garrisons and stored them with provisions. Under the pretence of collecting men to act against the Pindarris, he recalled to his standards not only all the men whom he had recently disbanded, but took large numbers of horsemen into his pay; and yet he would not allow any of them to march to the Nerbudda river, where it had been hoped that they would join the English army. It was discovered also that he was tampering with the small English force at Poona, making splendid offers to all men who would desert. Nothing in the annals of the Bombay native infantry is a prouder tradition than the story of the fidelity then shown by the Sepoys. Some refused indignantly sums of money which to them represented great wealth; some pretended to acquiesce in the offers made to them and at once told their officers; all remained steadfast and true to their allegiance.

But Mr. Elphinstone had already provided that he should not be altogether dependent on the fidelity of the Sepoys and had secretly ordered a battalion of the Company's Europeans to come to him by forced marches from Bombay; and he knew, moreover, that he could depend upon the assistance of Captain Ford's battalion of the subsidiary force, which had been left behind by General Smith when he quitted Poona. When the Europeans should arrive, the total force actually disposable to check the Peishwa, if he carried out the intention of attacking the troops under the English flag, of which he was with good reason suspected, was about 2,000 Sepoys and 800 Europeans. The officer in command had Colonel Burr, a man whose constitution had prematurely broken down (he was only forty-five) from the effects of twenty-seven years' continuous campaigning. Few men had done so much valuable work as he, or had more distinguished themselves by ability or daring; but now, only partially recovered from a stroke of paralysis, he was only the wreck of his former self and apparently in little case to lead in the turmoil and anxieties of active operations. Let us glance at the characters of the Mahratta chiefs, with whom Mr. Elphinstone had now chiefly to deal, whose doings he was keenly watching, while they still protested friendship, even at the moment that they were obviously treacherous in their intentions. Baji Rao, the Peishwa, was in the most marked degree a coward. Fear and indolence were his two ruling passions. Insincere, vindictive, and dissolute in his private life, he was capricious and changeable in his humours, but steady in the pursuance of his various

designs. He never forgot an injury, and spared no machinations to ruin the object of his resentment. To balance his bad qualities, it must be said that he was a devotee in his religion, though his religion was amply tinged with a belief in magic, prodigies, and omens. He was scrupulously just in pecuniary transactions, humane when not actuated by fear or revenge, courteous and dignified in his manners. In short, he was an example of many of the worst and a few of the best qualities which are to be found among the natives of Hindostan. The man on whom the Peishwa at this time most depended, both in civil and military affairs, and to whom he had given full powers of action, was a Mahratta of the best type, Bappoo Gokla. The son of a warrior father, he was personally brave and had considerable ability in handling the ill-disciplined levies that composed a native army. He had served his master with distinction for long years and had lost an eye in war. He could dissimulate for political purposes, and with him originated the plan of attempting to corrupt the British Sepoys. But he had a strong feeling of soldierly honour, he never forgot old friendships and kindnesses and he disdained personal treachery.

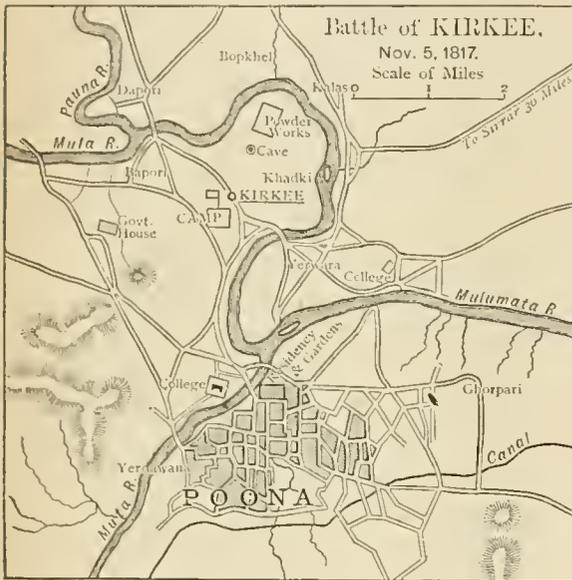
While the Peishwa's attitude was in the highest degree suspicious, though he was collecting troops ostensibly to aid the English Government but without moving a man in the direction whither their assistance was required, Mr. Elphinstone clung to the hope that the Mahratta Prince would not commit himself to any overt act of hostility unless something went wrong in the campaign against the Pindarris—a most improbable contingency when the vast forces in the field were considered. He therefore maintained an appearance of perfect confidence, gave no orders which could betray uneasiness and himself remained at the practically unguarded English Residency in the Peishwa's city of Poona.

The scheme for corrupting the English Sepoys having met with small success, the Peishwa formed the wish to rid himself of Mr. Elphinstone by inviting him to a conference, and then taking the opportunity of murdering him. Such a plan, however suited to the disposition of the ruler, was utterly repugnant to his most trusted servant. To his honour be it said, Bappoo Gokla strongly opposed it and, in consequence of his influence, no such dastardly attempt was made. The Peishwa's ill-feeling was, however, sufficiently apparent by the public

slights which he put upon Mr. Elphinstone and the menacing attitude of the large number of armed followers which he had assembled. We have said that the Resident had boldly resolved to continue as long as possible in his defenceless official home in Poona. The cantonments of the weak brigade of native infantry, all the troops on which he was able to rely, were also, in a military point of view, defenceless and exposed. They almost joined the environs of the city. Gardens and enclosures with high prickly pear hedges ran in many places within half musket-shot of the lines, affording every opportunity for easy attack, if attack was made. The Mahratta soldiery now showed every intention of making ready to throw themselves on the cantonments when the signal should be given. Large bodies of cavalry encamped in the neighbourhood and a strong corps of Gossein infantry took up a position on one of the flanks. Besides these, a mixed force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery encamped between the Residency and the cantonments. At the end of October the position of Mr. Elphinstone and the British force was critical in the extreme. On the one hand, it was most undesirable, for diplomatic reasons, to precipitate a rupture, which, after all, might be peaceably avoided. On the other, the Resident had grave fears that his troops might be attacked in their lines unprepared and be sacrificed to no purpose. It was a question whether it might not be best, in self-defence, to anticipate the threatened attack by a decided movement; but Mr. Elphinstone's knowledge that every day of prolonged quiet at Poona was of importance to the Governor-General's plans of operation in the north of India induced him to strain his patience till the last moment. He knew that the European battalion from Bombay was hurrying to his support and that its near arrival was yet unsuspected by the Peishwa, on whose lack of resolution he also counted in deferring the day of action as long as possible. But though he was a civilian official, Mr. Elphinstone was none the less a man of the highest military instincts and ability. It is one of the most remarkable features in our progress in India, how often soldiers have laid aside the sword and proved themselves the ablest of administrators and rulers; and how often, equally, civil officials have shown the greatest mastery of war, and both fought personally and directed operations of soldiers. Mr. Elphinstone would have been a remarkable man in any profession, and, in the position in which he now found

himself, he acted as the most prudent of generals, the ablest of tacticians. He had previously decided on moving his troops to a defensible position when it should become certain that they could no longer remain at Poona, and this had been found on a rising ground near the village of Kirkee, about four miles distant. He carefully reconnoitred this position, with all the approaches to it from Poona, satisfied himself that it had every advantage that he looked for and forecast with certainty the use that he would make of it.

The nagaras (war drums) of the Mahrattas daily and nightly sounded their roll of defiance to



the British troops; daily fresh contingents joined the Peishwa's army, and ever the threatening bodies of cavalry and infantry crowded their camps nearer and nearer to the British cantonments. But Bajji Rao still delayed the treacherous attack which he had so long meditated. Two powerful chiefs had not yet joined him and still he hoped that some of the Sepoys might be corrupted by his lavish offers of gold and advantage. Gokla tried to induce him to move, but still he hesitated. His only chance of success finally passed away when the European regiment, after extraordinary efforts, marched into the British cantonments on the 30th October and gave to the native infantry brigade that confidence which, in Sepoy troops, the presence of European soldiers always inspires.

Mr. Elphinstone had sent a message to the Peishwa, requesting that the Mahratta troops

should be withdrawn from the vicinity of the British lines, and received in reply a haughty and insulting answer. This was almost equivalent to a declaration of war, and the Resident judged that the time had at last come to move his little army to Kirkee. Colonel Burr had for some days kept all his men in readiness, and on the 1st November the old cantonments were quietly and steadily evacuated. Treasure, stores and provisions were all removed and even the flagstaff at headquarters was dug up and taken to the new position, lest a trophy of that nature, falling into the hands of the Peishwa's warriors, might be regarded by them as an auspicious omen. Mr. Elphinstone's mind was now at rest as to the safety of his force, but he himself, in pursuance of his policy, continued boldly to remain at the Residency until the Mahratta Prince would give a further sign of his intentions. Nor had he long to wait. An insolent message was sent to him, demanding the meaning of his preparations, and calling upon him to send away the European regiment that had lately arrived. This was, of course, well understood as a declaration of war. The long-expected conflict was at hand and the party at the Residency had barely time to mount their horses and start in flight for Kirkee, when the Peishwa's masses of armed men began to pour out from their quarters in the city and its neighbourhood.

It was only by reason of his thorough preparedness that Mr. Elphinstone and his immediate staff were able to evade their numerous enemies, who had thought that they would cut off all egress from the Residency. As it was, he, by his loyal resolution to remain at the post of duty till all hope of a peaceful issue failed, gave up to sack and destruction the whole of his personal property, including a magnificent library of books and manuscripts which no money could restore.

It was towards the afternoon of November the 5th—a calm sultry day—that, as he rode along the line of slight eminences which bounds the richly fertile plain lying between Poona and Kirkee, Mr. Elphinstone looked upon the masses of cavalry, already arrayed for battle in all the picturesque panoply of Eastern war, and the endless streams of armed men which were sallying out by every avenue. As the overwhelming force swept over the land, it was like the advancing wave of some great inundation, levelling and crushing all before it. Hedges and every

barrier gave way; the standing corn was trampled down by the countless squadrons; the peaceful peasantry fled from their work in the fields, the bullocks broke from their yokes in the ploughs, and the wild antelopes in the pastures, startled from sleep, bounded off, ever and anon

facilitate the junction with Captain Ford's battalion of the subsidiary force, which, when the alarm spread, with three guns would march to fall into line with Colonel Burr.

Then followed one of those scenes with which we are so familiar in Indian history. The few



"SOME DETACHED BANDS GALLOPED ROUND THE FLANK" (p. 555).

turning to watch the glittering host which came on with the rushing and neighing of horses, the exultant shouts of men and the low rumbling of gun-wheels. But the civilian-soldier appraised all this threatening appearance at its real worth and showed that he had grasped the true principles of war with Orientals by ordering Colonel Burr to advance and attack the enemy, instead of encouraging their audacity by remaining on the defensive. By this movement, also, he would

and weak Sepoy battalions, which had resisted steadfastly all attempts to corrupt them, now—supported by the presence of European troops and led by their own British officers—advanced with alacrity to meet the coming host and to add to the list of triumphs of discipline over irregular forces, however apparently overwhelming in numbers. Captain Ford's battalion was approaching, Mr. Elphinstone's party had joined, and all on the English side were ready

and eager for the shock of battle. Not so with the Mahrattas. The craven spirit of the Peishwa had had its influence on the courage of his troops. They had been told that the movement to Kirkee indicated fear and now they were surprised by this confident advance on the part of men whom they had believed to be panic-stricken. A damp had been spread over their army, also, before they left the city, by the accidental breaking of the staff of the Juree Putka, the national banner; and when their advanced skirmishers met a sustained and scathing fire from the British Sepoys, there was everywhere a wave of hesitation and distrust.

The Peishwa had betaken himself to the Parbuttee hill, where was one of the temples to which he was wont to resort for religious observance, and from that safe position intended to observe the combat in which he had not the heart to engage. Bappoo Gokla, in the true spirit of a soldier, was riding from rank to rank in the Mahratta army, animating, encouraging, or taunting his warriors, and striving to make them encounter the struggle before them in his own bold spirit. Even then, when he saw before him the powers which he had been at such pains to collect; when they were opposed to a weaker British force than they could ever hope again to have in front of them; when he knew that he had hopelessly committed himself to hostilities with the English Government, the Peishwa's heart failed him; and, before the conflict commenced, he sent a message to Gokla desiring him "to be sure not to fire the first gun." At this moment the English advance had momentarily stayed, to give time to their few artillery for unlimbering and coming into action. There was a pause of preparation and high-wrought anxiety on both sides—the lull before the storm would break forth in its fury. Gokla saw his master's messenger coming towards him and, divining that he was the bearer of some pusillanimous message which would hamper his action, he instantly gave the order to engage all along the line. A Mahratta battery of nine guns opened fire, a strong corps of rocket-camels was sent to the right and the cavalry masses, pushed rapidly forward, swept upon both flanks of the British brigade, threatening to charge it an opening became visible in the slender formation. Colonel Burr's force was almost lost to sight among the surging clouds of horsemen that wheeled and hovered around. But the Mahratta infantry had, in the rapid movements of their army, been left some distance in the rear and

were not yet deployed, with the exception of a strong battalion under the command of a Portuguese officer, Da Pinto, one of those soldier-adventurers who were so often found serving in native armies and forming them into formidable troops of the European model. This battalion had been led by its commander under cover of some enclosures, and was now steadily formed in line opposite to the first battalion of the 7th Bombay Infantry. The Sepoys, eager to close with the enemy, whose standards flaunted in their front, advanced rapidly, keeping up a heavy fire; and Da Pinto's men, shaken by the disciplined volleys and cowed by the long, stern line of levelled bayonets, began to give way. The whole front of battle was now ablaze. The roar of the artillery, the weird shriek of rockets, the measured rattle of British musketry and the scattered discharge of Mahratta matchlocks filled the air and stirred the distant echoes; and if in the centre the English force seemed to be gaining ground, the cool observation of Mr. Elphinstone could not help noting that for a time the fortune of the day was evenly balanced.

The crisis of the day was at hand and on the manner in which that crisis was met depended British prestige and influence in the south of India. The 7th Bombay Infantry, following up its advantage over Da Pinto's battalion, had in their eagerness moved unduly far to the front and detached themselves from the immediate support of the rest of the line. The opportunity for which Bappoo Gokla had been on the look-out seemed to have arrived. He had prepared a reserve body of his choicest horsemen, 6,000 strong, and held it in readiness on the left of his line. The bravest and ablest of the Mahratta chiefs were its leaders, and over it waved the folds of the sacred Juree Putka. This formidable force was now ordered to charge. The Mahratta artillery ceased firing to leave the plain free for the action of the cavalry, which swept down at speed in a diagonal direction across the British front. But Colonel Burr had seen the coming danger and provided that the storm should not burst unprepared for. The 7th had long been his own regiment. He had formed it, and had led it in many years of war. To the men in its ranks he was more than a commanding officer in whom they had confidence; he was the beloved chief, the father of his followers, whose greatest pride was to fight, and if need be fall, under his eye.

In this moment of stress, he made his way to the centre of the battalion, and took his post by

the colours. There was no time to form and dress the ranks, disordered by their rapid advance, but halting them, he made them cease firing and reserve their volleys till he himself gave the order for another discharge. He called upon his "children to show themselves worthy of his care in bygone days." Truly, it seemed as if the instant annihilation of the 7th was inevitable as the thousands of their enemies drove straight at them with the rush of horses, the waving of flags, and the brandishing of spears. Many of the Mahrattas were armed with carbines and long horse-pistols, which they fired in their advance with some effect, but they provoked no return from the immovable Sepoys.

Unknown to both British and Mahrattas, there was a piece of heavy ground immediately in front of the 7th, and in this some of the leading horses stumbled and fell, creating a confused break in the charging risals. The delayed infantry fire was at last poured forth and the shattering volleys hurled man and horse to the earth. The force of the Mahratta attack was completely checked, the confusion became extreme, and only a few of the mighty force which had charged so confidently came in contact with the bayonet line which steadily presented itself. Some detached bands, finding their main attempt hopeless, galloped round the flank and threatened the camp at Kirkee, but, easily driven back by the slender campguard and two small iron guns, they joined the rest of their comrades in disheartened retreat. Colonel Burr and the 7th had for a time been entirely enveloped and hidden by the furious tide of foes which had poured itself upon them and it was with relief from intense anxiety that Mr. Elphinstone saw them falling back slowly on their supports, their ammunition expended and their ranks thinned, but with the pride of duty nobly done, and the memory of another victory to blazon on their colours.

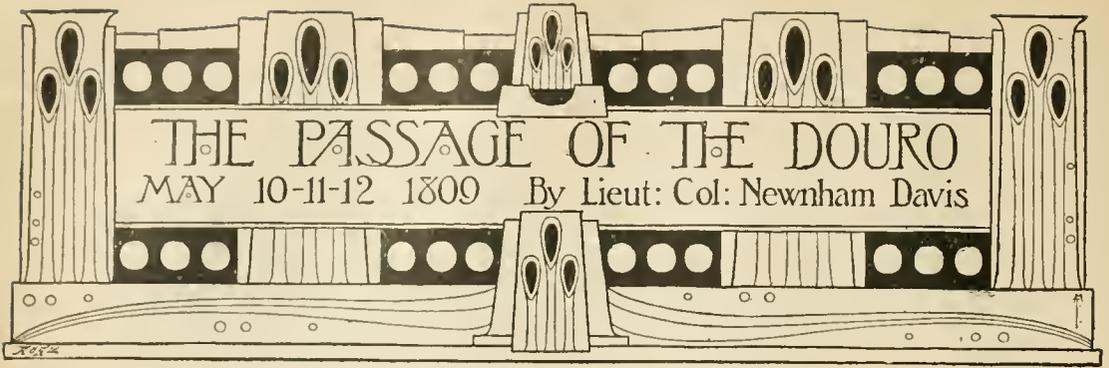
The failure of the great charge completely disconcerted the Mahrattas. They hastily began to limber up the guns and withdraw them from

the field; the whole of their infantry fell back on Poona and their great masses of horsemen melted away. If Mr. Elphinstone had had even a small body of cavalry at his disposition, he might have struck such heavy blows in pursuit as would have at once ended Baji Rao's power for harm and saved the necessity for further hostilities. As it was, Colonel Burr's brigade followed the beaten foe up to the gates of Poona. Then, the sun having long since set, it was considered prudent to fall back to the camp at Kirkee and not to commit a weak force in the streets of a large city thronged with armed men.

It has been given to few men to show a finer example of soldierly conduct than that of Colonel Burr, when he, a crippled and suffering veteran, stood bravely by the colours of his old regiment in the shock of battle. The two men who stood by him were struck down, his horse was wounded, and a bullet went through his hat; but his infinite coolness and courage were never shaken, and he had the proud satisfaction of seeing that the men whom he had trained emulated his warlike resolution. But the real hero of the day was Mr. Elphinstone, and, by common consent of his contemporaries, its honour was assigned to him. His position as Resident gave him complete control over the troops. All the preliminaries of the battle were arranged by his direct initiative and authority, and even the ground where it was fought was of his choosing. He it was who had resolved to attack instead of remaining on the defensive, and, though he in no way interfered with the handling of the troops during the action, he shared in all their dangers, and showed himself worthy of their confidence as a supreme leader.

Baji Rao had collected round him at Poona 23,000 horse and 10,000 foot, but of these only 18,000 horse and 8,000 foot were actually engaged. The whole British force in the field, including the European battalion, numbered 2,800 rank and file. Seldom have armies so unequal in strength met in conflict, and never has disciplined courage more completely shown its mastery over the brute force of mere numbers.





LISBON shone with light on the night of the 22nd April, 1809, for a deliverer had come; and when the news of the landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the young general with the glory of Roliça and Vimiero still fresh upon him, spread through Portugal, every city not held by the invading French was illuminated for three successive nights.

Never was there a deadlier hate than the Portuguese, townsmen and peasants, had for the soldiers of Napoleon's armies. No Red Indians ever dreamed of more fiendish tortures than those that a straggler from the line of march, a wounded man left in the whirl of a skirmish, or a forgotten sick man, suffered at the hands of the Portuguese before he met his death; and for hate, hate was returned with interest. The olive trees were cut down, the ripe crops trampled, the farm animals and domestic pets slain and cut or torn limb from limb in wantonness; the blackening corpse of many a priest swung from a tree hard by the deserted village where he ministered and wherever the fierce peasants stood; and the might of the trained legions of France crushed their savage resistance, the cavalry killed and killed in the pursuit so long as horse could gallop and sword arm be raised to strike.

And now this stern young English general was come as a deliverer, and the Portuguese, ever variable as a weathercock, went mad with joy at his advent.

It was to a despairing country that he had come.

Up in the north, Soult, charged by Napoleon to hunt the English leopard into the sea, had swept like a whirlwind after Moore, to be mauled when the hunted turned and stood before Corunna; and now, rearmed and equipped from captured British and Spanish magazines,

had swooped down on Oporto, captured and held the town. The shrieks of the dying wretches on that day of storm, of murder and rapine, when the flying Portuguese cavalry trampled a red way through the streets of the town glutted with frightened women and children, and the great gap in the bridge of boats was filled with the heaped corpses of drowned, pushed on to their fate by the maddened crowd behind, when forty thousand Portuguese perished by sword or fire or drowning, still rang in the country's ears.

On the eastern frontier Victor had been joined by Lapisse, and their joint armies, distant only some eighteen marches from the Portuguese capital, were being weakly watched by the rickety old Spaniard Cuesta, that strange mixture of tenacity, faithlessness, pride, incapacity, who, clothed in a mediæval uniform, looking like the spectre of Don Quixote, held upon his horse by two pages, or commanding his army from the heaped pillows in his coach drawn by eight mules, ever defeated, often the leader of the runaways, yet held a power no other Spaniard of the day had, and, however sorely buffeted, always appeared again with a fresh army, ready to run anew. On the 28th of March at Medellin his wavering line, advancing over the edge of the ridge, had been pulverised by Victor, three-fifths of his men had been slain, and Latour-Maubourg's and Lasalle's dragoons wore, many of them, their sword arms in slings for days afterwards, so strained were they with the smiting of the flying Spaniards.

Sir Arthur, however, entered on the campaign under circumstances that at least promised a chance of success.

Beresford, fiery, impulsive, full of energy, by his genius and a stiffening of British officers, had shaken the Portuguese uniformed rabble—those desperate partisans whose fierceness went waste

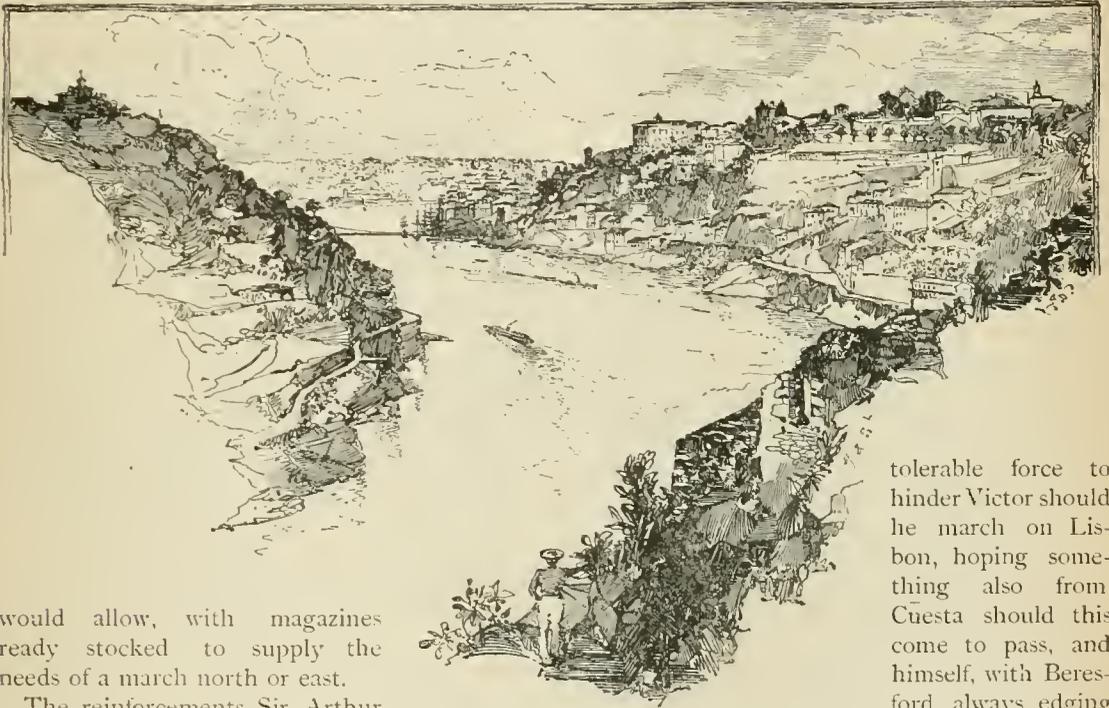
through feeble leadership, and who always shrieked "Treason!" as they fled, pausing only to murder their generals—into troops who with each day gained confidence in their officers and discipline, and, with their eyes turned north, longed to cross bayonets again with Soult's Frenchmen.

Craddock—a badly treated man, who had kept his head, though hustled by the impulsive Beresford, plucked by the sleeve by Frere, our representative with the Spaniards, and by the Portuguese regency, threatened by the rabble of Lisbon, and now superseded by a younger man—handed over to his successor a British army as ready for campaigning as the circumstances

telling him that the ship, then off St. Catherine's Head, had missed stays several times and must go ashore, and advised him to hold to the ship until she went to pieces; but as Sir Arthur came on deck a sudden slant of wind from the shore bellied the sails, and the great vessel tore away in the darkness to carry him to safety and glory.

And now in Soult's camp treachery was fighting for him, for Argenton, Soult's adjutant-major, of old days his aide-de-camp, had been to Beresford, and was strong on a plan for seizing Soult and carrying him back into France.

Sir Arthur, a little doubtful whether he had chosen the wiser course, left Mackenzie and a



OPORTO.

would allow, with magazines ready stocked to supply the needs of a march north or east.

The reinforcements Sir Arthur had asked for had been given him. The confidence of the ministry at home, who had at last made up their minds to hold to Portugal, was his. The rank of marshal in the Portuguese service had been bestowed on him, in acknowledging which he wrote "a very fine letter"; and, above all, there was the Genius of the man, a Genius waited on by her handmaid Luck.

For luck was with the taciturn young general. As he slept in his cabin aboard the *Surveillant* frigate his first night out from Portsmouth—to which town he was not to return until in 1814 he landed there as Duke of Wellington, Sir George Collier came down to him and awakened him,

tolerable force to hinder Victor should he march on Lisbon, hoping something also from Cuesta should this come to pass, and himself, with Beresford always edging forward on the east of him, set forth

against that noble adversary, Soult.

A few words as to the country in which the fighting had to be done, and as to the troops who had to do it.

The rivers in Portugal, speaking in general terms, run from north-east to south-west, with mountainous country in between them. Four rivers only are of importance in connection with the fighting I am going to write of: the Tagus, the most southerly of them; the Mondego next, south of which Sir John Craddock had been gathering troops and stores; the Vouga next, the right bank of which was held by the French

outposts; and the most northerly, the Douro, near the mouth of which is Oporto.

The troops with which Sir Arthur moved against Soult were a division of horse under General Payne, two divisions of infantry under Lieutenant-Generals Edward Paget and Sherbrooke, the German Legion, and twenty-four guns—sixteen thousand combatants in all, of whom fifteen hundred were horsemen. Beresford, who was to cut off Soult's retreat to the east, the only road by which he could take his train and artillery, had six thousand Portuguese, two British battalions, and some heavy cavalry.

Sir Arthur wasted no time in setting to work. Six days he stayed in Lisbon to get a firm hand on the strings that set the puppets dancing, and then rode up the north road, through villages where he was hailed already as a conqueror, to Coimbra, south of the Mondego, where the ladies showered rose-leaves and confetti down on him from the balconies.

On the 6th of May Sir Arthur reviewed his forces on a sandy plain some two miles from Coimbra, and his staff scanned anxiously enough the appearance of the men who had to meet Soult's veterans. It was by no means the *beau idéal* of an army. The Guards and the German Legion were all that any general could desire, but the ranks of the infantry of the line had been filled by drafts from militia regiments, and there were as many knapsacks with the names of counties on them as with the numbers of regiments. The Portuguese, four regiments of whom had been added to the force, were considered by lenient critics to present a "sombre" appearance, their dark complexions and single-breasted blue coats showing unfavourably alongside the fresh-coloured faces and red uniforms of their British brothers-in-arms; but Sir Arthur wrote to Beresford in stronger terms than that, telling him that his men made a bad figure at the review, that the battalions were weak, the body of men very bad, and the officers worse than anything he had seen. He spoke in kindlier terms of them when the three days' fighting which ended in the capture of Oporto were over.

In the early morning of the 10th May the two forces first came into contact. The country folk were with us and against the French—all their movements were known to us; ours were concealed from them. We were, guided by the peasants, to have surprised Franceschi, the French cavalry general, whose quarters were some eight miles to the north of the Vouga at Albergaria Nova, while Mermet with a

division of infantry was a march further north at Grijon. Hill had been ferried across the lake of Ovar, and was in rear of Franceschi. Cotton with the light cavalry was to attack in the grey of the morning, thrust Franceschi back on to Mermet, and when the defeated troops made for Oporto, Hill with his fresh troops was to keep up with them and seize the bridge of boats.

The lake of Ovar lies on the sea-coast, and its northern end was well behind the French outposts. That it was not guarded by the French was discovered by an officer who went by night to meet Argenton, the traitor in Soult's camp, half-way across the lake. In the darkness their boats missed each other, and the British officer found himself unchallenged behind the French picquets.

Hill, aided in every way by the Portuguese boatmen, landed at Ovar at sunrise, but Cotton's men failed in their attempt—most of them were young fighters, a night march is always difficult, and the Portuguese guides were desperately afraid of falling into the hands of the French. The neighing of the horses of the Portuguese cavalry put Franceschi's vedettes on the alert, the 16th Light Dragoons lost their way, and when Cotton came on Franceschi in broad daylight, the Frenchman was quite ready for him. There was a volley from the advanced French troopers, a charge on the English side, which the young officers compared in its harmless effect to a field-day manœuvre, and then Cotton found Franceschi waiting for him flanked by a wood that swarmed with the tirailleurs of the infantry regiment that Mermet had lent him.

Cotton dared not risk the charge. Sir Arthur himself brought up Paget's division, and drove the enemy from the wood, and Franceschi, always showing his teeth, retired in good order upon Mermet, seeing Hill's troops, whom he thought had been landed at Ovar from the British fleet, on his way.

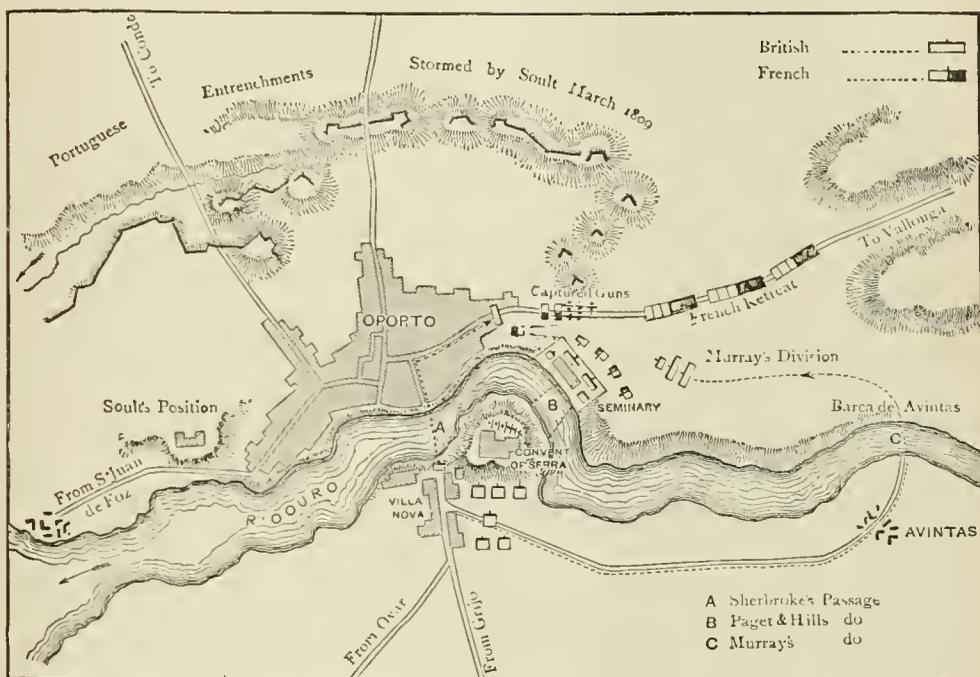
Soult learnt that night that the British were advancing upon him in force. He also learnt that he had treason in his camp; for Argenton had confided in Lefebvre, and the marshal heard from that general for the first time of the pit that had been dug under his feet.

On the 10th, too, though neither Soult nor Sir Arthur was to hear of it till after the battle of Oporto had been fought, Beresford had driven back *Maneta* ("the one-handed"), Loison, the most hated Frenchman in Portugal, and held the only bridge by which Soult could retreat to the eastward.

At Grijon the next day Mermet fought a rear-guard action. He held a ridge covered with olive and fir woods, and held it so stoutly that Sir Arthur had to send the 29th British to support the 16th Portuguese, who were skirmishing in the woods. The French were so strong, indeed, that they pushed a column down the road through the village of Grijon, and the young officers on the staff heard for the first time the calm distinct order from Sir Arthur's lips to close on them with the bayonet. It was not needed, for the German Legion had already

little hairdresser, a refugee from Oporto, was brought before Sir Arthur by Colonel Waters, of the Adjutant-General's department; and as the force slipped away into the grey mist, a ghostly army of silent battalions and squadrons, the little trembling man told his story. And he had reason to fear should Wellington fail; for just outside the headquarter camp there swung in the cold morning wind nine shrivelled things that had once been Portuguese peasants.

Sir Arthur, stern and silent as ever, muffled in that white cloak that served him through his



turned the French left, and Mermet retired to stand again on the heights of Carvalho, where two squadrons of the 16th, forcing their way out of a deeply-wooded ravine lined by the French skirmishers, charged and broke the 47^{ème} de ligne, who stood in line to receive the cavalry.

Fighting and retreating, Mermet wore out the day, and under cover of dark retired across the Douro into Oporto.

Sir Arthur halted at dark; his men slept on their arms. During the night Hill's brigade was startled by a distant roar and the shaking of the earth like an earthquake. Soult in Oporto had destroyed the bridge of boats, and was getting rid of his spare powder.

At the grey of dawn on the misty morning of the 12th as the troops stood to their arms, a

Spanish campaigns, listened. Soult had destroyed the bridge—he expected that; but, what was worse news, all the boats on the river had been secured, were moored under the fire of French sentries, and the only boat on the near side was the little skiff in which the barber had rowed himself over during the night, and which, half filled with water, was hidden in some reeds.

That boat was to be found, and it was that frail little bark that lost Soult the day.

The discovery of the conspiracy had shaken Soult for a moment only. He assured himself that the men immediately about him were faithful, and then turned his mind to the preparations for delaying Sir Arthur's passage of the Douro. He knew that he could not hold on to Oporto for long, and intended to retire at his ease to the

eastern frontier of the country. During the night of the 11th-12th he had personally superintended the breaking up of the boat-bridge, and did not leave the quay to take rest until 4 a.m.

His quarters were on the seaward side of the town, and he believed that the next day he would see at the river's mouth the white sails of that fleet—of Franceschi's imagination—that had landed the troops at Ovar, and that with the fleet's help Sir Arthur would try to force a passage below the town. He intended to hold Oporto during the 12th, and then to retire leisurely with Franceschi as his rear-guard.

The mist had thinned and lifted, and the morning sunshine of a fine spring day was pouring on a landscape beautiful, except where the smoke still hung above the villages burnt by the retiring French, as Sir Arthur mounted, and, with the staff clattering behind, rode after his troops.

At 8 a.m. he was at Villa Nova, the suburb on the south side of the river from which the boat-bridge had stretched across to Oporto, and found its narrow streets choked with his troops. Sherbrooke and Paget were both there waiting.

Sir Arthur rode at a walk through the crowded streets, and, turning to his right, set his horse at the hill on which the Serra convent stands, and round the rocky cliffs of which the broad rapid stream of the Douro makes a bend.

Walking through the convent garden, the staff and monks following a dozen paces behind, he stood on the highest point and looked across the river to where the terraced town clustered round its granite cathedral.

It was almost as if it had been a city of the dead. His quick eye caught the boats moored on the far shore, the sleepy sentinels mechanically pacing their beats, the leisurely patrols, the silent squares, the deserted streets, the houses where no trace of life was seen. No Portuguese dared show at the windows, and the Frenchmen were waiting in their billets for the call that was to send them marching towards the river's mouth to beat back the English.

Sir Arthur's eye rested on an unfinished building, a long brick palace for the bishop, three storeys high at one part, which stood on high ground across the river. On the water side it was reached by a zigzag path up the rocky cliff; on the other three sides it was enclosed by a stone wall, with one iron gate leading on to the *prado*, now a cemetery, on the side farthest from the river. The French had left this building

unguarded, and as he looked a daring project formed itself in the great general's mind.

He saw the long column of dust rising from the baggage waggons that Soult was sending off eastwards; he feared for Beresford's safety, and until the river was passed he could give no aid to the fiery commander of the Portuguese. It was a time for a gambler's throw, and he was ready to risk it.

He ordered Waters to go with the barber, and a priest, the Prior of Amarante, who was anxious to help against the French, to find the little skiff and, crossing over, by some means to bring boats from the other side.

The strangely matched trio, with two peasants rowing them, passed over the rapid stream, and Sir Arthur made his dispositions. Murray, with the German Legion, the two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons, and two guns, was sent three miles up the river to attempt a crossing at the Barca de Avintas, should he find boats there; Paget massed behind the convent hill; Sherbrooke was ready in Villa Nova.

The sun climbed up the heavens; the city across the swirling yellow river, which jostled the rising tide from the ocean, slept in false peace. Behind the solitary figure of the commander who stood and waited and watched there was the rumble of wheels as the gunners brought eighteen guns into position, screened by the fir-trees of the convent enclosure.

The bells of the Serra convent struck the hour of ten, and the bells of half a hundred churches across the river echoed them.

It was reported to Sir Arthur that some boats had been secured, and that one of them was already at the landing-place.

"Well, let the men pass," was the laconic order that he gave, and Paget with the Buffs, the first regiment of Hill's Brigade, went cautiously down the rocks to the water's edge.

Twenty-five men and an officer were passed over, and, reaching the further bank, went up the zigzag path and into the seminary—as the great unfinished building was called; and the enemy took no notice. A second boat passed, and then a third, which had Paget on board of it; and as the men from this toiled up the steep ascent, the drums beat the *générale* in the city, and Oporto woke to sudden life.

The crossing of the boats had not been unnoticed; a *chef de bataillon* had told his general that the English were crossing the river, and had been laughed at for his pains. Soult, himself, hearing that against his orders there were



THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

boats passing, had asked the French governor of the city for an explanation, and had been told that stragglers left on the far side when the bridge was destroyed were being ferried over; but it was not till Foy climbed a steep pointed hill that overlooked the seminary and saw the redcoats moving in the building, that Sir Arthur's bold plan of thrusting a handful of Englishmen into the heart of the French army was discovered, and that, rushing in masses from the town and throwing forward *tirailleurs* as they advanced, Soult's men dashed at the building to drive the redcoats back again into the river.

On the British side as well all was life. Hill's men crowded down to the river's bank waiting to pass, Sherbrooke's men showed themselves at Villa Nova, and the eighteen guns amongst the fir-trees spoke. The Portuguese, here and there, waved an encouragement from the windows of the town.

The Kentish lads in the seminary held firm, though the 17th, led by Foy and supported by the 70th, with a fury of musketry and artillery fire attacked the building. The iron gate in the enclosure wall was where the storm of lead struck fastest. The French brought a gun up to it and through it to batter the building, but were charged and driven back.

The odds were tremendous, though as each minute passed the English grew stronger. All the Buffs were across, and the 48th and 66th and a Portuguese battalion were crossing; but it was more than doubtful whether the men in the seminary could hold out against the fierce attack, and anxious eyes were directed up the river in the direction whence Murray, who had found boats at Barca de Avintas, should come.

Paget had been deeply wounded while directing the defence from the roof of the seminary, and Hill took his place. Sir Arthur, feeling how critical the moment was, would have crossed himself, but his staff were urgent that he should not, and, knowing that Hill, in whom he had the firmest confidence, was commanding on the other side, he forbore.

Sharper and closer grew the conflict as attackers and attacked increased in numbers; when, moving along the river bank, his files opened out to make as much of a show as possible, Murray appeared, and at the same time a great burst of cheering and a waving of handkerchiefs from the windows told that the French had evacuated the lower town, and the inhabitants, rushing down to the quays, rowed their boats over to Sherbrooke.

It was an impressive sight. The tide was up and the river full; the boats laden with Guardsmen and men of the 20th covered the broad stream; from every window facing the water handkerchiefs were waved; the cheering was continuous; and on the left bank amidst the clustering troops a great white banner bearing the sign of the cross was hoisted and flapped lazily in the breeze blowing up from the sea.

Hill advanced his men from the building to the stone wall of the enclosure, and rained bullets on the stream of fugitives that poured out of the town; for Sherbrooke was hunting them through the narrow streets, and 10,000 men were flying for their lives in full rout. The army of Soult was beaten and retreating.

Five guns caught between two fires were taken, and when the stream of fugitives swept past Murray, giving him an opportunity which "might have tempted a blind man," his cavalry, fretting under his inaction, charged with Charles Stuart at their head, unhorsed Laborde, wounded Foy, and took two hundred prisoners.

That night in the Carrancas Sir Arthur sat down to the banquet that had been cooked for Soult; the town was illuminated as for a great public holiday, though the streets were strewn with the bodies of dead horses and men; and in the darkness beyond the savage peasants prowled like wolves, stripping the corpses and murdering the wounded men.

The sequel is soon told:—

Sir Arthur halted at Oporto the night of the 12th and during the 13th to bring up his guns and baggage.

Soult, moving eastwards and reorganising his forces as he went, heard on the 13th that Loison had been beaten back by Beresford, and that the only line of retreat by which he could take his guns and waggons was in the hands of his adversaries. "The weather was boisterous, the army, worn with fatigue, was dismayed, and voices were heard calling for a capitulation. But in that terrible crisis the Marshal Duke justified fortune for having raised him to such dignity. He had accidentally fallen from his horse, and his hip, formerly broken by a shot at the siege of Genoa, was severely injured; but neither pain, nor weakness of body, nor peril could shake the firmness of his soul." With a fierce will he silenced the traitors, he destroyed his guns and baggage and military chest, put his sick men and ammunition on the mules, ordered Loison and some outlying cavalry to join him, and took to the mountain paths.

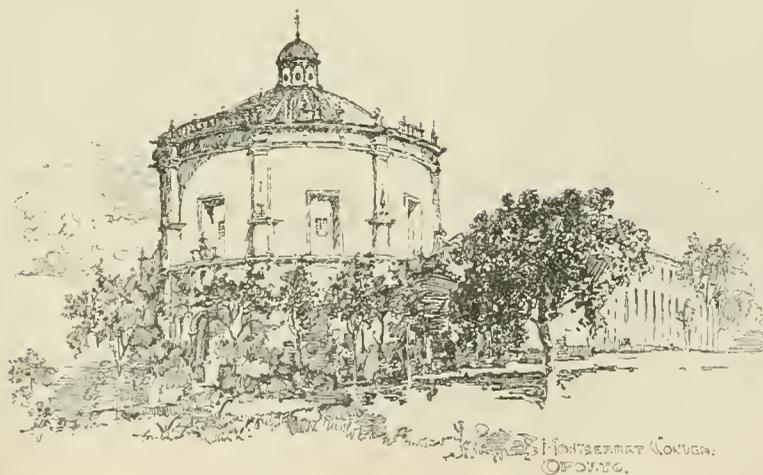
On the morning of the 15th he drew up his troops, now 20,000 strong, in battle array on the field of Braga, where, two months before, he had scattered the Portuguese, and then, with Sir Arthur and Beresford at his heels, continued his retreat. Sir Arthur, when he heard that Soult had destroyed his guns and baggage, knew that Beresford must have succeeded, and pressed the pursuit, while Beresford, anticipating orders, joined the chase.

Through torrents of rain, along paths on the mountain side where the waterfalls came streaming down to the thundering torrent in the abyss below, Soult forced his men, starving and shoeless; and the peasants from the heights swept down whole files to death by rolling stones, and murdered every straggler and sick man left on the march. Behind, the British cavalry pressed hard, and the guns opening on the massed

Frenchmen crowding to cross the Ponte Nova—where Sir Arthur stayed the pursuit—heaped the bed of the torrent with corpses.

Sir Arthur, with a pardonable touch of pride that Moore had been avenged, wrote that "in everything, even weather," Soult's retreat was a pendant of that to Corunna, and then with the characteristic wish as to his own men—"I hope this army will not lose their heads"—turned his thoughts towards Victor.

Soult, with his men bowed with fatigue, without shoes, many without accoutrements or muskets, his artillery, baggage, and military chest destroyed, with a loss of 6,000 good soldiers out of the 25,000 he had led into Portugal, reached Ney in the north. "He had entered Portugal with fifty-eight pieces of artillery, he returned without a gun: yet his reputation as a stout and able soldier was nowise diminished."





ON the night of the 21st of March, 1849, the Piedmontese and the Austrians lay facing each other in the Lomelina, a fertile province of Piedmont which lies along the western bank of the Ticino. On the Piedmontese left there had been sharp fighting throughout the day, and the bivouac of the King of Piedmont was formed near the village of Sforzesca, on a plain covered with the bodies of the dead. The villages were filled with wounded men; the sky was red with the glare from burning farms and from the camp-fires, round which the troops waited for daylight to recommence the fray. As far as the king had been able to learn the result of the various scattered combats which had taken place during the day, his troops had been successful; his infantry had shown steadiness, his cavalry great dash. A Savoyard regiment, though much harassed by the enemy's skirmishers, coolly reserved their fire until the main body of their enemy were within easy range. Then they poured in a storm of bullets, which they followed up with a charge so desperate that the Austrians fled, panic-stricken, before them. When the officers succeeded in halting the Savoyards, the men had angrily inquired why they were not allowed to pursue; and, in reply to the explanation that there were no regiments in support, they had retorted proudly: "Do Savoyards ever need supports?"

Close to Sforzesca there had been a brilliant little *mêlée*. A battalion of Piedmontese, after routing a body of Croatian infantry with the bayonet, were caught in disorder by Hungarian hussars, who, charging like a whirlwind, compelled the Italians to take refuge behind a battery of artillery. So straight did the Hungarians ride that they were almost among the guns when, in their turn, they were defeated by a well-delivered counter-stroke. In

the very nick of time two squadrons of heavy cavalry took them in flank, and, after emptying many saddles, drove the survivors headlong back.

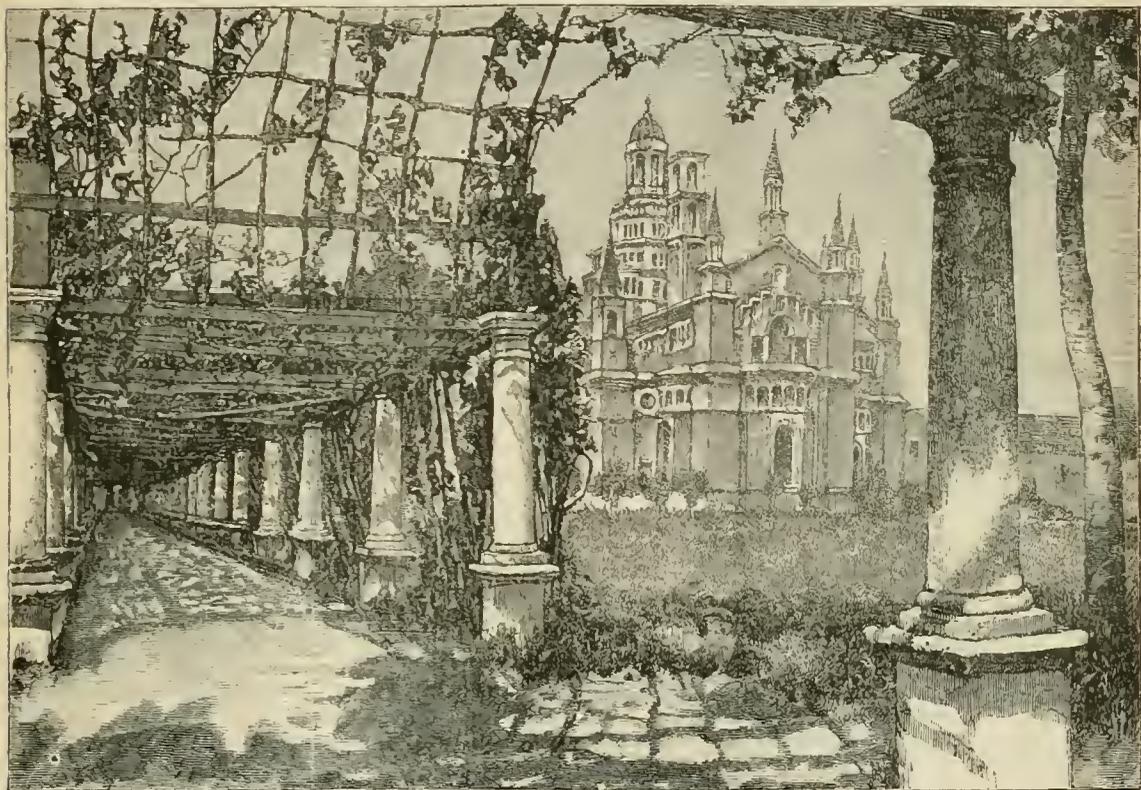
But Charles Albert and his staff were racked with anxiety about their right. Early in the day two divisions had been ordered to seize the town of Mortara before the Austrians could occupy it; and although heavy firing in the afternoon and evening showed that his troops were hotly engaged with the enemy in the neighbourhood of this town, no news came to him of the result of the fighting. Determined to set a good example to his men, the king lay down on the bed of empty sacks which had been extemporised for him; and he even slept, though ill and fitfully. At his head stood two faithful servants, whose Court livery of crimson and gold looked strangely out of place amidst the horrors of the battlefield. An aide-de-camp sat by him to replace the rug which the king constantly threw off, as he tossed and muttered, and thrust his right arm out threateningly in the direction of the Austrian army. Around him lay the staff, encircled by a ring of sentries, who, leaning on their arms, watched the disordered slumbers of their monarch with superstitious awe.

In order to understand the short campaign which ended at Novara, it is necessary for a moment to glance at the state of Italy in 1848-9. Early in his career the Great Napoleon had overrun and conquered the peninsula. Much to the advantage of her people, he had replaced the miserable princelings who tyrannised over her various States, by a strong and energetic government, under which Italy became more prosperous and more contented than she had been for centuries. In 1815 the Congress of Vienna had undone the material good which Napoleon had accomplished. The temporal power of the Pope was restored; Lombardy and Venetia

were placed under the Austrian yoke; and Modena, Piedmont, Naples, and Tuscany were returned to their former kings or dukes. As these princes were all connected by blood or marriage with the house of Hapsburg, Austrian influence was predominant at their Courts, and Italy became in all but name a province of the Austrian Empire. Like their Bourbon cousins, the Italian princes returned from exile "having learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Their only idea of government was a despotism. In their States there were no parliaments or representative institutions, and as the press was gagged there was no means of calling attention to the

because they marked what the populace termed "French time." Throughout the peninsula the police and their spies were omnipotent, and sought to regulate men's thoughts and actions, from their political opinions down to the cut of their coats.

The Austrian officers of to-day, as we see them in their own country, are high-bred and courteous men of the world. But in the first part of the century their manners were by no means as agreeable as they are now, and their conduct towards the Italians, whom they chose to consider as a conquered race, was brutal, and greatly increased the hatred of the population



THE UNIVERSITY, PAVIA.

injustice and the abuses which everywhere were rampant. Every possible difficulty was placed in the way of those who wished to visit other parts of Italy, as it was considered undesirable that men should upset their minds by travelling. In some States it was made penal to pronounce the name of Napoleon! In Rome it was proposed to give up lighting the streets at night because the custom owed its origin to the French, and the faces of the public clocks were altered

towards the rulers who surrounded themselves with foreign bayonets in order to be able to oppress their native-born subjects with impunity. A shrewd English traveller thus describes a typical scene in one of the many towns garrisoned by Austrian troops:—

" Several white-coated Austrian officers came into the dining-room of the hotel clanking their swords and speaking in a loud overbearing tone. They were, fortunately, too

far off for us to be annoyed by overhearing their conversation, except when they raised their voices to abuse the waiters, which they did in execrable Italian, but with a surprising volubility of expletives. These remarks were generally prefaced with 'You beast of an Italian,' or something equally remarkable for good taste and feeling. After a little time their mirth grew louder, and reached an unwarrantable height when one of the party, loudly apostrophising the unfortunate waiter, asked him if he could tell him in what light he and all other Austrians regarded the Italians. The man's sallow cheek grew a shade paler, but he made no reply as he busied himself in changing their plates. 'Do you not know, you beast?' reiterated the officer, stamping as he spoke, 'then I will tell you: we all of us look upon you Italians as the dust beneath our feet—as the little creeping beasts we crush at every moment of our lives, at every step we take. Ha! ha!'"

The degradation of their position raised among the Italians a passionate desire for liberty and for national unity. To this yearning for freedom is due the long series of wars against Austria, which, though at first unsuccessful, finally achieved the complete independence of the Italian people, and changed a country formerly contemptuously termed "a mere geographical expression" into one of the Great Powers of Europe.

In 1847-8 Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, astonished the world by granting to his people a constitution modelled on that of England. By this act he at once placed himself at the head of the movement for national unity; and early in 1848 he proclaimed war against the Emperor of Austria, and invaded Lombardy with the avowed intention of expelling the Austrians from Italy. At first things went well with him, but after a few weeks the tide turned in favour of Radetzky, the war-worn veteran who commanded the emperor's troops in Italy. After a series of reverses, which culminated in a severe defeat at Custoza (name of ill-omen for the Italians, for the Austrians again defeated them there in 1866), Charles Albert was compelled to sue for an armistice, while the remnants of his army—a mere mob of starved, demoralised, and ragged men—painfully regained the frontier of Piedmont.

By dint of immense exertions during the truce, which lasted for seven months, the King of Piedmont partially reorganised his troops and rendered them (in point of numerical strength)

respectable for a little country of about five million inhabitants. In March, 1849, just before the commencement of the five days' campaign which ended at Novara, 148,000 men served under Charles Albert's colours; but though they presented a creditable appearance on parade, the composition of the infantry left much to be desired. A third of them were reservists, who, after about a year's service in the ranks, had been allowed to return to their homes. Of these, 30,000 were married; and all most strongly objected to the idea of active service. Another third of the infantry were absolutely raw recruits. The remainder had been a year or eighteen months under arms, and had, no doubt, profited by the experience gained in the campaign of 1848; but they had not shaken off the feeling of disbelief in themselves and in their officers engendered by defeat. The cavalry, artillery, and engineers were good, but the commissariat and transport services were indifferent, the medical corps was inadequately supplied with ambulances, and there was a deficiency of no less than 400 officers in the various branches of the service. Not only among a large number of the soldiers, but also among many of the higher ranks, the idea of recommencing the conflict was unpopular—with some on political grounds, with others because they recognised the impossibility of waging war single-handed against the Austrian Empire. The king recognised the difficulties of the military position; but he knew that if he did not renew the war with Austria the whole of Italy would consider he had betrayed their cause, and the majority of his own subjects would rise against him. He, therefore, chose the lesser of the two evils—a war in Lombardy rather than a revolution in Piedmont; and although after deducting from his strength 18,000 men in hospital and 40,000 for garrison duty he could only count on some 85,000 troops for service in the field, he "denounced the armistice," and intimated to the Austrians that hostilities would recommence on the 20th of March, 1849.

The king's military capacity had been so much questioned since his defeats in the campaign of the previous year, that he decided to delegate the supreme command to some general of wider experience than his own. The choice fell not upon a Piedmontese, but upon a Polish adventurer, Chrzanowski, who had served with the Russians in their Turkish campaign in 1829, and against them in the Polish insurrection of

1831. Deeply did the Piedmontese generals resent their supersession by a foreigner, and grievous was the friction between the general-in-chief and the commanders of his divisions throughout this short and mismanaged campaign.

Although the Emperor of Austria possessed many provinces each as large and as populous as Piedmont, he was unable to send any reinforcements to Radetzky, for the rebellion in Hungary absorbed all the resources which the Court of Vienna could then command. Therefore, after providing for the investment of Venice, which had risen against her Austrian oppressors, and securing the safety of his lines of communication, Radetzky could only place in the field an army of the same strength as that of the Piedmontese. But though the numbers were equal, in *moralé* the Austrians were greatly superior. Proud of their victories in 1848, they entered upon the campaign of Novara with thorough belief in themselves and with the utmost confidence in their old general, who, at the age of eighty-three, was still strong in body and vigorous in mind. The knowledge of actual warfare which Field-Marshal Radetzky possessed was remarkable. Towards the end of the eighteenth century he first saw active service in a campaign against the Turks, and encountered Napoleon at Montenotte during the future emperor's Italian campaign of 1796. He was present at Marengo; he shared in the disaster of Hohenlinden; he commanded divisions at the battles of Eckmühl, Aspern, and Wagram, where the Austrians fought with their usual courage and their usual ill-success. At Kulm and Leipzig he held important positions on the general staff; and he served in France in 1814, when Napoleon displayed such marvellous skill in his campaign against the overwhelming masses of the Allies.

As many of Radetzky's troops were Hungarians—men whose brothers were then at death-grips with the Austrians on the plains of Hungary—their fidelity would have been doubtful had the old general not been the idol of his soldiery. His personal influence kept them so true to their colours, that on the resumption of hostilities the Magyars sent him a deputation to ask to be allowed to go to the front at once, so that they might show their loyalty to the emperor by deeds and not by words!

When the armistice expired, the hostile armies were separated by the swift, deep current of the Ticino, a river which in its course from Lake

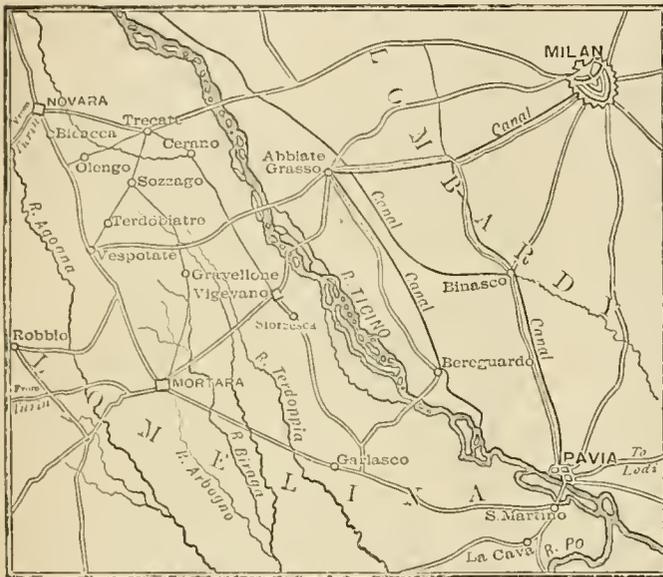
Maggiore to the Po forms the frontier between Lombardy and Piedmont. As the objective of the Piedmontese army was Milan, the greater part of Charles Albert's forces were concentrated about Novara, a prosperous country town from which the white spires of Milan Cathedral can be seen glittering in the sun. A division of 8,000 men, under General Ramorino, had been detached to the south-west, with orders to watch the bridges near Pavia, the old university town which stands close to the junction of the Ticino and the Po. Pavia is about thirty miles from Novara, and about halfway between them a little town, Mortara, marks the point where most of the important roads in the district converge. Two or three considerable streams flow parallel with the Ticino, and feed the numerous canals which irrigate the country to the westward of this river. Plantations of mulberry trees, with vines trained in festoons between their trunks, mark the boundaries of the soft deep rice-fields; and causeways, often raised above the level of the ground, connect the solidly-built towns and villages which dot the surface of the fertile plain.

Radetzky's Intelligence Department was far superior to that of Charles Albert; for, while the Austrian staff was fully acquainted with all the movements of the Piedmontese, the king obtained no tidings of the rapid concentration which the old field-marshal had effected at Pavia. On the morning of the resumption of hostilities 60 battalions, 40 squadrons, and 186 guns arrived outside its gates, and streamed through the dark and narrow streets which lead towards the Ticino. As the troops defiled past the balcony in which the old general had placed himself, German artillerymen, Polish lancers, Tyrolese riflemen, Hungarian hussars, and Croatian infantry vied with each other in the enthusiasm with which they cheered their octogenarian chief.

Greatly to their surprise, the Austrians passed the frontier without difficulty. They were not even seriously opposed at the strong position of La Cava, which Ramorino had been specially ordered to defend; for this general, who was either a traitor or a fool, had left his post and transported nearly all his division to the southern bank of the Po, where they were absolutely useless for the rest of the campaign. After the war was over, Ramorino was tried for disobedience of orders and shot; but his death in no way atoned for the injury he had inflicted upon the Piedmontese cause. Owing to his

misconduct, the Austrians gained so great a start that by the afternoon of the 21st, Radetzky had been able to direct the main body of his army on Mortara, and thus seriously threaten Charles Albert's communications with Turin, his capital. Chrzanowski sent off two divisions to hold Mortara, while with the rest of his troops he attempted to make his way southward, down the right bank of the Ticino, and thus menace the field-marshal's line of communication with Pavia. To paralyse this movement, Radetzky covered the roads between himself and the Ticino with detachments of all arms, with orders to drive back the Piedmontese wherever they

guns should have sufficed to hold the Austrians in check until Chrzanowski could attack them in flank from his own left; but, owing to their neglect of proper military precautions, the Piedmontese lost the day. Durando took up a position too close to the town, and intersected by canals which rendered it difficult for him to reinforce his fighting line or to move his reserves from one flank to another. The Duke of Savoy's division, in second line, was drawn up to the right of the town, where it could be of little use in the battle. The outposts were badly placed and badly handled. No adequate steps were taken to fortify Mortara—no loopholes pierced,



encountered them. In several places along the line, as has already been stated, there was sharp fighting; and not only at Sforzesca, but in other points on Charles Albert's left, the troops of Piedmont distinctly held their enemies in check.

And now to resume the account of the five days' campaign. In the middle of the night of the 21st the Duke of Savoy—Charles Albert's eldest son, best known in history as Victor Emanuel, the first King of Italy—rode into his father's bivouac to break to him the disastrous news that Mortara had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Chrzanowski had entrusted to the young prince and to General Durando the defence of this town, an all-important spot on the series of roads between the army and the fortresses from which it drew supplies. The strength of their combined divisions was respectable. Twenty-nine battalions, 16 squadrons, and 48

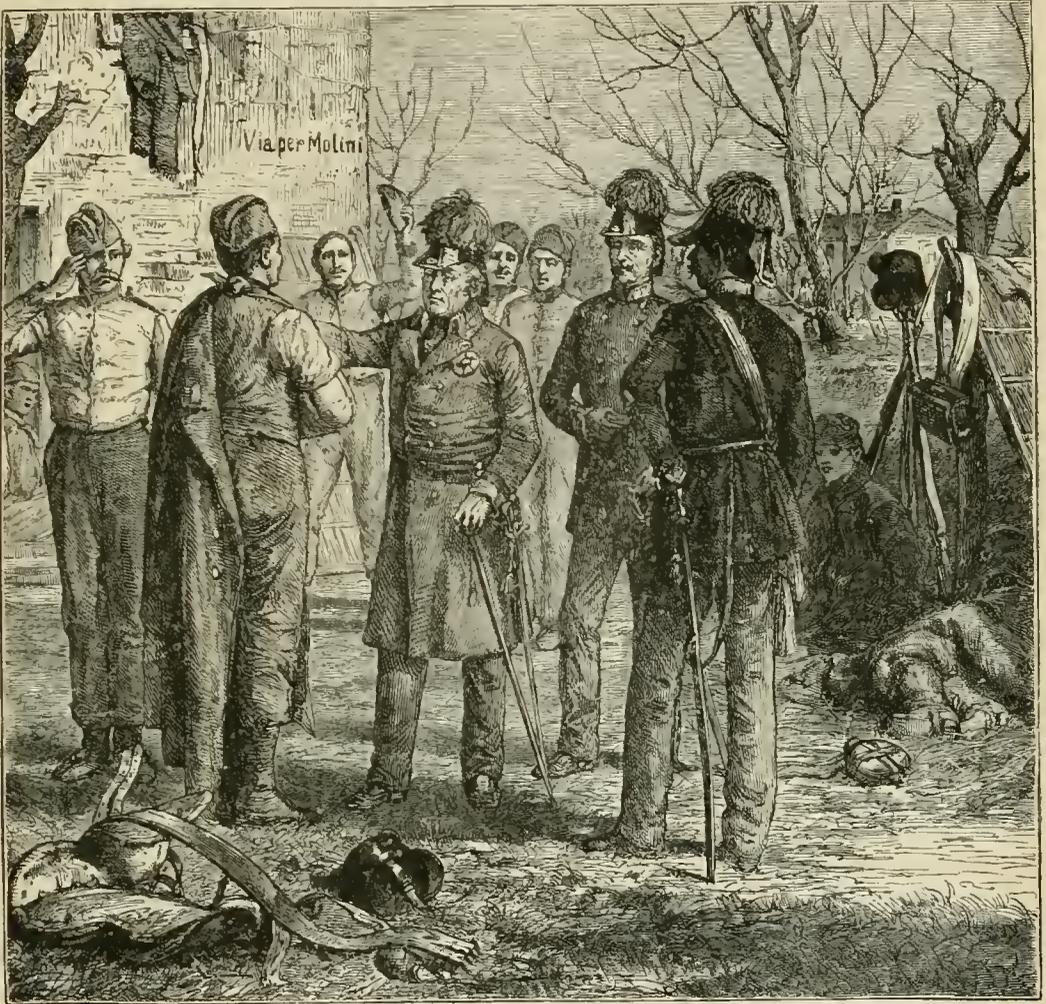
no walls crenellated, no barricades prepared to defend its streets against a sudden rush. Invalids, stragglers, muleteers, camp followers, and all the non-combatants of the army were allowed to congregate in the little town, and to impede the movements of the troops through its narrow streets.

Although heavy firing had been heard at intervals during the day on the Piedmontese left, by a curious infatuation the generals came to the conclusion that the Austrians would not attack Mortara till the morrow. Discipline became relaxed; many of the officers left their regiments to dine at the village inns; the men were foraging on their own account, when suddenly a picket of Nizzard cavalry galloped wildly into the

camp, shouting that the Austrians were upon them. From the south and south-east heavy columns of white-coated infantry could be seen converging upon Mortara, and before the Piedmontese troops had all been collected, a heavy fire of artillery was poured into their disordered ranks. The Duke of Savoy and Durando were as completely surprised as were the French at Beaumont in 1870, and with the same result. After several hours' fighting they were badly beaten, and the Austrians obtained possession of one of the most important strategic points in Lombardy. In this engagement, begun at dusk and continued till late at night, the generals soon lost all control over the troops, and each colonel fought entirely for his own hand in the combats which raged from field to field and from house to house. The stress of the fighting fell on Durando. A convent on

which the right of his line rested was stormed by the Austrians, retaken by the Piedmontese, and again recaptured by the Austrians. His infantry, demoralised by the fire of guns of which they could see nothing but the flashes, gave way, and in their retreat fired heavily upon the regiments which the Duke of Savoy was

walls. Benedek instantly flung part of his men into the buildings which commanded the street, down which he slowly led the remainder to the attack, when suddenly a fresh danger burst upon him. Out of the murky darkness of the side streets appeared the gleam of bayonets, warning him that other columns of the



MARSHAL RADEZKY AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

bringing to their aid, and then fled in panic to the town. They were closely pursued by two battalions of Hungarians, who had already penetrated some distance into its dark and winding streets before Benedek, who commanded them, discovered that six fresh Piedmontese battalions were advancing upon him. In the small Lombard towns the houses are well adapted for defence, for they are strongly built, with small low doors and few windows set high upon the

enemy were threatening him in flank and rear. The position was desperate, but Benedek was equal to the occasion. The streets and lanes were encumbered with broken carts and with the bodies of dead horses, and with these materials his handy troops rapidly extemporised barricades, behind which they entrenched themselves, while with sublime audacity their chief sent an officer to summon his assailants to surrender, as "further resistance

would be useless!" This *ruse de guerre* was successful, and 1,700 men laid down their arms to Benedek at the very moment that they should have been making him and his brave men their prisoners. Two squadrons of the Nice regiment, however, scorned to surrender; and selecting the moment when the Austrian ranks had become disordered by victory, cut their way safely out of the town and joined the Duke of Savoy. Durando's division had melted grievously away in this engagement, but Victor Emanuel, by dint of immense exertions, succeeded in keeping in hand a large number of his troops.

In this affair the Piedmontese lost 2,000 prisoners, 500 killed and wounded, and 5 guns; while the Austrians had only 300 soldiers placed *hors de combat*. The decisive character of the action, which greatly affected the *morale* of the Piedmontese two days later at Novara, was chiefly owing to Benedek's resolute conduct. It earned for him the Cross of Maria Theresa, the highest military decoration which an Emperor of Austria can bestow.

During the 22nd the whole of the Piedmontese army fell back upon the town of Novara, where Chrzanowski decided to give battle to the Austrians. For a defensive action the ground to the south of the town presented considerable advantages. On the flanks the position was protected by canals and rivulets; while to the front was cultivated land, much cut up by wet ditches, strong stone walls, and long rows of mulberry trees, with farms and country houses, each capable of being converted into a little fortress, dotted over the surface of the plain, which sank gently towards Mortara. The main road, which connects Novara with Mortara and along which the Austrians must of necessity advance, was commanded by rising ground near the hamlet of La Bicocca.

So rapidly had Charles Albert's army dwindled away under mismanagement and defeat, that not more than 50,000 men could be brought into the field on the morning of the 23rd. Three divisions were placed in the front line: Durando commanded on the right, Bes in the centre, and on the left the veteran Perrone was entrusted with the defence of La Bicocca and the Mortara-Novara road. Behind him in second line stood the Duke of Genoa, while the Duke of Savoy supported the divisions on the right and centre. Three battalions of sharpshooters (*bersaglieri*), extended as skirmishers, covered the front of the position, which was not much more than

3,000 yards in length. These dispositions were completed by nine o'clock, when, in drizzling rain, dispirited by their reverses and half-starved by the breakdown of their commissariat, the Piedmontese formed up to await the Austrian attack. In less than two hours their outposts were in contact with the advance-guard of the three army corps, commanded by D'Aspre, who was marching along the Mortara-Novara road. At first D'Aspre imagined he had only to deal with a rear-guard, covering a retreat, but soon he discovered he was in presence of the whole of the Piedmontese army. He instantly informed the generals who were moving on the roads to his right and left; and then, remembering the ease with which before he had conquered at Mortara, without waiting for reinforcements, he boldly attacked the army of Charles Albert.

On the Piedmontese right and centre, though there was desultory skirmishing all through the day, nothing of importance took place; for the battle was fought out on their left, round the villages which command the Mortara road. Chrzanowski's plan seems to have been to tire out the Austrians at La Bicocca. He forgot that mere passive resistance never gains a decisive victory, and that a general must be prepared to counter-attack his enemy with vigour. A brilliant opportunity for such a counter-stroke presented itself in the course of the engagement; but Chrzanowski, too slow of intellect to appreciate it, lost his chance and, with it, the battle for Charles Albert.

The engagement began with a vigorous assault upon Olengo, a hamlet on the road a few hundred yards to the south of La Bicocca. Perrone had strongly occupied it as a detached post, to bar the approach to the more important village in its rear. By a sudden dash, the Hungarian battalions of Prince Albrecht's advance-guard seized some of the outlying houses; then, turning fiercely upon a regiment of Piedmontese, they captured their colours and drove them in confusion out of the village. But before the Hungarian officers could restore order after this hand-to-hand combat, the tables were turned. A corps of sturdy mountaineers from Savoy fell upon them, and handled them so roughly that, to save his favourite Magyars from destruction, the archduke had to thrust the whole of his reserves into the fray. For several hours reinforcements reached D'Aspre very slowly, for the narrow roads were blocked by the baggage-waggons of his army corps. As fresh troops came up they were

hurried into the fight, which eddied round the villages on the Novara road. Early in the afternoon the Austrians stormed La Bicocca, and so nearly took Charles Albert prisoner that his escort crossed bayonets with the Hungarian infantry. Soon the Duke of Genoa, with two fresh brigades from the second line, recaptured the hamlet at the point of the bayonet; and then, bringing up several batteries, he poured so fierce a fire upon Olengo, that the Austrians who occupied it became demoralised, and made but a feeble resistance to the bayonet attack with which he followed up his cannonade. During the shelling of this village incidents occurred which show of how good material the Piedmontese officers were made. The captain of a battery fell, hard hit, with his arm carried away by a round shot. He did not leave post, he refused to be carried to the ambulance, and he steadily fought his battery as long as the action lasted. A young subaltern, fresh from the artillery school, was laying a gun on a rapidly-approaching infantry column, when he staggered and almost fell. His father, a general officer, called to his son to ask if he was hurt. The lad gave the order to fire with a steady voice, then, raising the bleeding stump of his arm above his head, he shouted, "*Viva il Re*" (God save the King), and fell senseless upon a heap of corpses.

The Duke of Genoa was arranging his troops for a further advance against the Austrians, who were much weakened by their losses and badly supported by their reserves, when Chrzanowski, far too stupid to realise that the crisis of the battle had arrived, peremptorily ordered him to retire to La Bicocca. Had the young general been allowed to continue his attack, he might have won the day; for Radetzky himself has stated that at this moment he had thrown his last available man into the fight, and had no further reserves at hand with which to meet the Piedmontese, "who fought like devils."

When Italian soldiers forty years ago were unsuccessful in war, or when they received an unexpected or unwelcome order, they instantly concluded that there was treachery at work among their ranks. The troops at Olengo saw that victory was within their grasp; they knew that not half the army had yet been under fire; they realised that a general advance along the line would have completely overwhelmed the Austrians. Therefore, this inexplicable retreat roused their suspicions against the foreigner who commanded them. From that moment the men lost heart; and though many of the

regiments fought on most gallantly, others cried "Treason," and, disbanding themselves, fled to the town. Charles Albert, seeing one of the doubtful regiments wavering on their march, rode up to them and, taking their standard in his hand, offered to lead them to the front—in vain!

"Sire, it is too late," muttered the colonel, "half an hour earlier, they would have followed you anywhere!"

The officers—high and low, old and young—set a brilliant example to their men, and showed how soldiers should fight for the honour of their country. The aged General Perrone, the commander of the left wing of the army, while rallying his men for a charge fell mortally wounded. He ordered the men who supported him to lay him at the feet of the king, to whom he murmured: "Sire, I offered to you and to my country the last days of my life. My duty is accomplished."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, some time after the pressure on the Austrians had been removed by the recall of the Duke of Genoa, Radetzky's reinforcements began to arrive from all directions; they relieved D'Aspre's overtaken troops, and formed up in heavy columns for the final assault upon La Bicocca, the luckless village which had changed hands already so often during the day. They carried it, but not without fierce fighting and heavy loss. The king and his sons were in the thick of the combat, urging their men to do their duty to the last. Near Charles Albert two gunners were shot dead, the head of one of his escort was carried away, three of his aides-de-camp were killed, and a soldier was pierced by a musket-ball close to his horse's head. In his despair at seeing the Austrians sweeping like a torrent through the left of his line, the king cried out: "Is there no cannon-ball left for me?" The loss of La Bicocca and the rout of Perrone's division were fatal to the Piedmontese, for their centre and right were enfiladed from the heights on which the village stood; there was a general retreat, which the efforts of the Duke of Savoy were utterly unable to prevent. It is said that late in the evening he sat on his horse and faced the enemy in dumb despair. The Austrian guns were briskly shelling his troops to hasten their flight, as they streamed past him, a hopelessly broken army; behind him was the little town of Novara, where Piedmontese stragglers, throwing discipline to the winds, had already begun the work of

plunder. Suddenly he raised his sword above his head, and swore a mighty oath that Italy should yet become a free and united nation.

After experiences more remarkable than those which usually fall to the lot of kings in the nineteenth century, he lived to see his oath

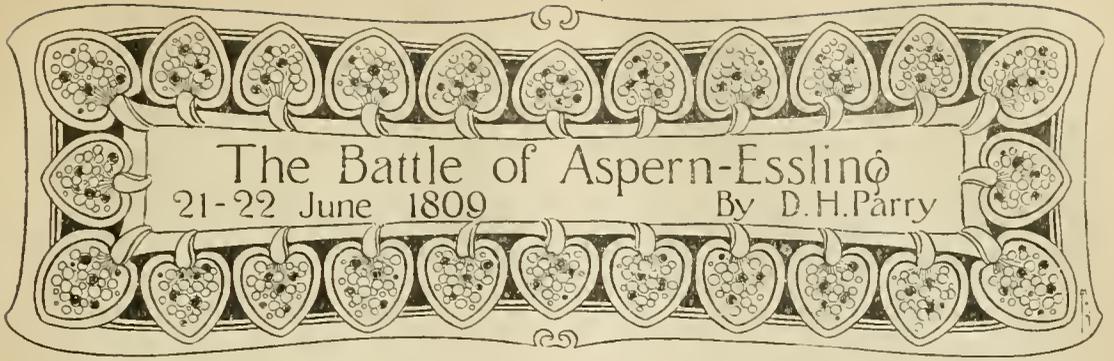
one faithful aide-de-camp, quitted the army, and passing unrecognised through the Austrian outposts, reached the Mediterranean and took ship for Portugal, where in a few months he died of a broken heart. When his successor realised that he had inherited a demoralised army, an empty



THE PARTING OF CHARLES ALBERT AND VICTOR EMANUEL AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

fulfilled. His reign commenced in the most picturesque manner, for on the very night of the defeat Charles Albert summoned all his surviving generals to Novara, to announce to them that he had abdicated in favour of his eldest son, Victor Emanuel. Then bidding an eternal farewell to the young king, who knelt weeping before him, Charles Albert, accompanied by only

treasury, and a population ripe for revolution, he can have had but little hope of ever seeing the Italians freed from the Austrian yoke; but he did not despair, and, thanks to his own steadfast courage and the help of Cavour and of Garibaldi, twenty-one years later he was crowned at Rome, as Victor Emanuel, first King of Italy!



WITH Austria's gigantic preparations for war, presuming upon the absence of the bulk of Napoleon's veteran troops in Spain; with Napoleon's wild gallop from Valladolid to Paris, during which he is said at one time to have accomplished seventy-five miles in five hours and a half; with the complicated political considerations; the masterly activity of the French emperor; the short campaign, opened by Austria, that laid her capital at Napoleon's feet in a month—we have little to do in the scope of this article. Our mission is to describe the battle named from the two little villages of Aspern and Essling, in and about which a series of sanguinary combats was waged during two nights and two days, resulting in a severe check to the *Grande Armée*, which check had a wide influence among German-speaking peoples; a battle fought now in the blaze of the hot May noon, now in the river-mists of early morning, and continued into the dark hours by the light of burning houses and the silver moonshine—all the while under a cannonade that strewed the growing corn with countless slain!

After the French victories of Abensberg, Landshut, Eckmühl, and Ratisbon, there had been a race between Napoleon and the Austrian commander, Archduke Charles, with Vienna as the goal; Napoleon pressing along the southern—or right—bank of the Danube to take it, the archduke hastening from Bohemia on the other side to its defence.

Foolishly halting for three days at Budweis, the Austrians arrived to find the French in possession, with more than 80,000 troops about the city, consisting of Lannes with the 2nd Corps; Masséna with the 4th, the Imperial Guard, and Bessières' cavalry reserve; while Davout held St. Polten with the 3rd Corps; Vandamme, farther

away at Enns, Ebersberg, and Lintz, only waited for Bernadotte to relieve him; and Prince Eugène was expected from Italy with 40,000 more.

It was not sufficient to have seized the Austrian capital, to dictate his despatches from the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where twenty-three years later his then unborn son was destined to expire; a decisive battle was necessary for Napoleon's aims and projects, and the "god of war" set about without delay to cross the Danube and meet the enormous Austrian army on the opposite shore.

Rising in the Black Forest, and fed by a thousand tributaries, the mighty Danube rushes through some of the grandest scenery in Europe until it enters the plain above Vienna, where, broken by innumerable islands, it flows down past the city.

Like all rivers that receive the melted snow of the mountains, it is subject to sudden risings; and it lay, with its myriad isles and channels, a formidable barrier between the two enemies.

At Nussdorf, a mile and a half above Vienna, were the remnants of a broken bridge, but the stream was very rapid there. A better spot suggested itself, in front of Kaiser-Ebersdorf, about six miles below the city, where the river flowed in four channels, its fury somewhat broken and divided, and having the large island of Lob-awe, or Lobau, in its centre, where the whole army could find shelter in the event of a reverse.

At first it was decided to make the passage at both places; but two battalions being taken by the enemy in an island near Nussdorf, the operations there were only conducted as a feint, to cover the real site in front of Ebersdorf, where Generals Bertrand and Perneti began to construct a series of long and difficult bridges, with very imperfect material at their command.

It has been said that the great arsenal of Vienna furnished every means required, but, as a matter of fact, there was a dearth of cordage ; and, having no anchors to moor the structure against the current, boxes of shot and huge boulders had to be utilised, with very imperfect results, as will be seen hereafter.

Long lines of waggons wound over the dusty roads to the bank of the river ; grey-coated drivers of the *train des équipages* conducted their teams to where the blue pontoniers hammered and sawed at piles and trestles ; field-forges glowed, and all was hum and bustle, for Napoleon himself rode hither and thither, with a keen eye to the smallest detail ; and the scene was one of the most picturesque activity.

Sixty-eight large boats—some say eighty—were discovered sunk in the river, and these were hauled out and brought along-shore, with nine huge rafts.

Marshals, generals, aides-de-camp, smart light cavalry, and heavy cuirassiers covered the plain in all directions ; the sun shining brightly on a multitude of uniforms and gigantic plumes, on the mighty blue Danube, the wooded islands that everywhere dotted its surface, and the myriad spires of that land of churches peeping above the tree-tops on every side.

It was the second time the French army had spread itself about Vienna ; the second time that Napoleon's escort of gay chasseurs had clanked their brass scabbards on the steps of the summer palace of the Austrian emperor. It was a remarkably ubiquitous army, finding itself in Berlin to-day, at Madrid to-morrow, visiting most of the capitals of Europe in turn, but, as even its most devoted admirers are obliged to admit, not greatly regretted by any of these cities when it had taken its departure.

The engineers found that no easy task awaited them, for first they had to encounter an arm of the river, five hundred yards wide, between the Ebersdorf shore and a small island, beyond which flowed the main channel, very swift and turbulent, and divided into two branches of three hundred and twenty and forty yards respectively ; while beyond Lobau, again, was the last branch, a hundred and forty yards in width ; and to cover the construction of this bridge, which was in reality a succession of four bridges, Molitor's troops were passed into Lobau in boats as soon as darkness fell on the 19th May.

The Austrian sentries gave the alarm, but their post retired, and the French were in possession of the island, which was two miles

and a half in length by a mile and three-quarters in breadth, well wooded and full of pheasants, the gamekeeper's lodge being the only habitation.

As boat after boat put off and steered straight for Lobau, Napoleon himself superintended the arrangements, saw that muskets were loaded, and spoke to many of the soldiers : it is even recorded that when reconnoitring on the bank, Marshal Lannes fell in, and the emperor sprang to his assistance, waist deep, and helped him out before the staff could get to them.

Although the river was rough, the night was a glorious one, and Savary, who had been rowed over by two pontoniers, brought the good news that Lobau was occupied, without resistance.

On the morning of the 20th, intelligence came that the enemy had landed on the right bank at Nussdorf, above Vienna ; and Savary was sent post-haste with a brigade of cuirassiers, to find that they had recrossed again.

The bridge was not finally completed until the 21st, but at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th the scarlet *flammes* of the *escadron d'élite* of the 3rd Chasseurs passed over to the enemy's side to join Molitor's men ; and as soon as their green jackets had penetrated into the undergrowth of briars that fringed the shore, the last bridge, made in three hours by Colonel Aubry with fifteen Austrian pontoons, parted, and the squadron bivouacked in the wood separated from the rest of Marulaz's division, which remained in Lobau until next morning.

That night Napoleon and Lannes slept in the gamekeeper's lodge, the staff camping on the turf outside in the brilliant moonlight, singing among things " *Partant pour la Syrie.*" Captain d'Albuquerque's fine voice rising in what was to prove in a few hours his " swan's song " !

The gurgling waves rolled unceasingly along the alder-fringed shore ; the bridges from the right bank resounded all through the short night with the tramp of infantry and the clatter of the horses' hoofs as division after division poured into the island ; and with the first faint gleam of morning, which came about two o'clock, they crossed the now repaired pontoons and debouched on to the battle-ground.

An English mile apart, and each about half that distance from the Danube's edge, were the villages of Gros-Aspern to the left, and Essling to the right, the land sloping gently up to them and merging into the level pastoral plain known as the Marchfeld.

The corn was growing green and very high in

places, and instead of the circle of fires that all night had spread along the wooden Bisamberg, to the left beyond Aspern, nothing was seen of the foe but a few cavalry patrols dotted on the horizon.

Lannes declared his conviction that only a curtain of ten thousand men lay before them ; but wily Masséna, whose powers of vision were as marvellous as the emperor's were defective, had been to the summit of Aspern steeple, and affirmed that the whole of the Austrian army would have to be faced, to which correct opinion the emperor also inclined.*

The first day's battle may be roughly summed up as a succession of attacks on the villages, the cavalry drawn up between the two, and cutting in to their comrades' relief time and again.

Masséna held Aspern ; Lannes was responsible for Essling, and Bessières, who commanded the cavalry, was placed under him, to Bessières's intense chagrin.

Aspern, a stone-built village with a walled churchyard overhung by fine trees, was rather nearer to the bridge than was Essling, which latter village had a large enclosure, a three-storeyed granary, and was more closely built than straggling Aspern ; while connecting the two and running from Aspern into the river was a double ditch, cut for drainage.

Molitor's division had occupied Aspern on the 20th, and was the first attacked ; for about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st the Austrians appeared in five massive columns, supported by cavalry and the fire of 288 guns !

Hiller, Bellegarde, and Hohenzollern rushed on Aspern, Rosenberg made for Essling, and the fifth column, also under his command, moved by a circuit round Essling to take Enzersdorf in rear of the French right flank.

To meet this force the French had between 30,000 and 50,000 men on the left bank during the first day's battle ; for though the others were hurrying up with all speed and passing into Lobau, the bridges broke no less than three times ; while the Austrian numbers were 80,000, with a magnificent artillery which played most of the time at musket range !

Exactly at one o'clock, with loud cheers and bursts of Turkish music, the archduke's army began its march under a hot sun that poured down fiercely on the plain dotted with white-

walled hamlets and glistening spires, and an hour or so later smoke was rolling across the marshy meadows as the guns opened, and the skirmishers slowly retired.

"The principal object in view," says the archduke's plan of attack, "is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arms of the Danube, destroy the bridges he had thrown over them, and occupy the bank of the Lobau, with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers."

Dust, shouts, and grape-shot drew closer and closer to Aspern, and when the bayonets crossed, which they soon did, the struggle became terrific.

Masséna, "cherished child of victory" as they called him, who combined the bravery of Ney with much of Napoleon's own skill, was seen everywhere, sword in hand. The heavy Austrian columns poured over the banks and hedges into the village street, and Molitor's weak regiments had their work cut out !

The trumpets of Marulaz's light cavalry sounded the charge, and the Chasseurs spurred on the enemy with flashing sabres—again, again, a third time ! The baron's horse fell under him in an Austrian square, but his men brought him off, and the same thing was repeated so often that the number of the charges has been lost !

Language has little power to render any adequate description of the carnage—the hand-to-hand *mêlée* in the gardens and houses at Aspern, all through that long day !

Leaves fell in showers over the combatants as shot tore incessantly through the trees ; sword, bayonet, gun-butt, even teeth and fists were used for hours with barely a moment's pause, varied only by the sudden rush of the cavalry into the fields, an instant of mingled shakoes and bearskins, or the yellow schapskas of Meerfeldt's uhlands, and a disordered return to their former position, riderless horses tearing madly back among the shattered squadrons, and the whole under that whistling storm of balls from the Austrian batteries, 18 of which were of brigade, 13 of position, and 11 of horse artillery, and which dealt havoc among friends and foes alike.

The first attack by the advance-guard was partially successful ; but the gallant French linesmen drove Guylay's battalions out again, only to be pressed back to the lower end of the village by sheer weight and numbers.

Again they rushed forward and cleared the streets, but the 2nd Austrian column joined in, and also the 3rd, while in the marshes on

* Some authorities say that it was Berthier who ascended the steeple, and, as he had himself injured Masséna's left eye out hunting not long before, there would seem to be some grounds for the statement.—D. H. P.

Masséna's left a stubborn fight was in progress among the woods and ditches, where the 16th of the Line strove to keep the enemy from a small island which commanded the pontoons.

Aspern caught fire, but they fought on in the flames; Masséna had orders to hold it at all costs, and anxious glances were cast to rearward for the reinforcements so long delayed by the breaking of the bridges.

Meanwhile, the 4th column, under Prince Rosenberg delayed its attack on Essling, to allow the 5th time to work round on Enzersdorf.

Enzersdorf fell an easy conquest to Stipsic's hussars, and the Wallachollyrian Frontier Regiment, who found it partly evacuated and only took thirty prisoners, which done, both columns flung themselves on Essling, held by Boudet with the 3rd Light Infantry, some guns, and the 93rd and 56th of the Line, the attack taking place about five o'clock.

The defence of Essling was as gallant as that of Aspern, and the odds there were, if anything, greater.

The cuirassiers of Nansouty and d'Espagne went in with a roar of shouting and a mighty whisk of horsetailed helmets against the Czaritorisky, Archduke Louis, and Cobourg Regiments; but though they smote deep with their long swords, they were twice repulsed, and the wood behind the village being also cleared of the French by two battalions of the Bellegarde Regiment, the fighting there was concentrated immediately about Essling itself.

Napoleon's position was one of extreme peril: attacked with great fury at each extremity of his line, with nothing but cavalry to connect those extremities and cover the bridge, which was in so precarious a condition that it retarded the approach of succour from Lobau and the right bank, he had to maintain himself with

three divisions of infantry and four of horse against the whole Austrian army, led by a man of whom the Duke of Wellington once said, when asked whom he considered the greatest general of that epoch: "The Archduke Charles, until attacked by fits of epilepsy, which afterwards altogether changed his character and his fortunes."

The bridge-head, it is true, had been partially protected by entrenchments hastily thrown up, but the Danube rose and brought huge trees and other *débris* against the pontoons and piles that formed the bridge itself, and the enemy also floated out fireships and heavy baulks of timber for the current to dash against it.

Aspern was blazing fiercely, and the Austrians had carried the churchyard and part of the village; Boudet held Essling with difficulty, and the enemy began to advance his centre.

About this time a splendid charge was made by General Marulaz, by Nansouty's orders, and the general, who had entered the hussars

thirty-one years before, led in with the 23rd Chasseurs, followed by the 3rd, 14th, 19th, and two German Regiments.

In the middle of the enemy his horse went down, Marulaz beneath it; but raising his powerful voice, he encouraged his men, who rallied and extricated him, and Lieutenant Carron of the 14th lending him his own charger, the general killed two dragoons, wounded another, and upset a fourth, himself bareheaded, for his hat lay slashed to ribbons on the ground.

When this, to English readers, little-known officer died at his château of Filain in 1842, his record was nineteen wounds and twenty-six horses killed under him!

Bessières, by Lanres's direction, poured his cavalry of the Guard, Lasalle's light horsemen,



MARSHAL MASSENA.

and the Cuirassiers on the advancing columns, which had repeatedly to form square; and these charges across the water-ditches and through the tall corn, checked, although they could not wholly break, the enemy.

Essling, like Aspern, began to blaze as shells fell into it; but Boudet retained his post all night, and the flanking fire from the two villages arrested the general advance as evening approached.

About the time when the sun was slowly setting, Marshal Lannes sat in his saddle receiving reports from his aides-de-camp, who were ranged in a circle before him with their backs to the enemy, when a shot struck Captain d'Albuquerque—he who had sung Hortense's song so gaily the night before—and taking him in the loins, flung him over his horse's head, stone-dead at the marshal's feet, a shattered mass of crimson and gold and braided jacket!

"There is an end of the poor lad's romance," said Lannes, "but he has, at any rate, died nobly."

Almost immediately a second ball passed between the spine of another aide-de-camp's horse and the back of the saddle without touching either, but driving part of the saddle-tree into his thigh and inflicting a painful wound.

Marbot, another of Lannes's aides, who tells the story, left for assistance to remove La Bourdonnaye, when, a messenger from the brave Boudet taking his place, a third ball carried off his head, and the marshal rode away to a place of greater safety.

The Austrians had practically taken Aspern, from which dense columns of smoke rolled over the trampled plain. Boudet was forced into Essling, and held his ground, and, seeing a disposition on the part of the enemy to retire

their left, Lannes sent to Bessières to charge with his cavalry again, a command that gave rise to a serious quarrel between the two marshals.

For years they had been unfriendly, and Lannes chose the present moment to inflict a decided snub upon the Duke of Istria.

"Tell him I order him to charge home!" he said to an aide; but on questioning the officer he found that he had softened down the message on his own responsibility, and consequently

Lannes despatched another in his place, who also gave the command in gentler phrase.

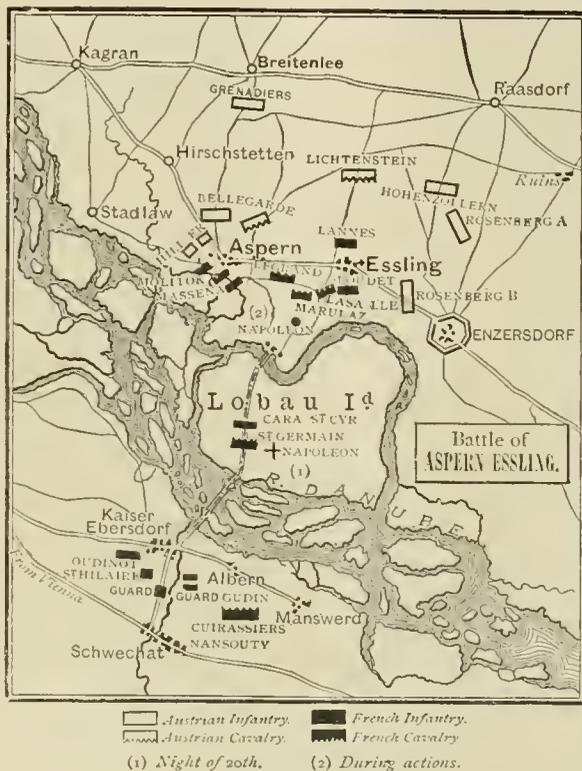
Turning to Marbot, the marshal repeated the message, laying stress upon the words *order* and *home*; and Marbot rode off, hoping, as he tells us, that a shot might bowl his horse over, and so rid him of the unpleasant task.

But it was to be. The message was given correctly. The Marshal Duke of Istria stormed in his saddle, vented his wrath on Captain Marbot, and launched his squadrons on the enemy.

They charged home with a vengeance, Lasalle's chasseurs and hussars, under Bruyère and Piré, and the splendid cavalry of General D'Espagne's division, the 4th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Cuirassiers, against the Austrian cuirassiers of Kroyker, Klary, and Siegenthal.

Dressed in white, with black breastplates, on the Austrian side, the French wearing the familiar uniform of their arm, which hardly changed during the whole of the Empire, the heavy horse met together with a terrific shock in the mellow glow of evening.

Guns there were in the corn, and the French claim to have taken fourteen. However that may be, they lost the brave D'Espagne, and many more beside him, for the Blankenstein



and Riesch Regiments attacked their flank ; and they had to retire after inflicting heavy loss upon the foe.

It was growing dark, to the relief of both sides. Masséna had recovered Aspern with the exception of the churchyard, Molitor's shattered regiments having been put in reserve about eight o'clock, and their place taken by the 1st Division ; Boudet was still in Essling, but the gardens were full of corpses : if anything, the advantage was with the Austrians—certainly Napoleon had gained nothing up to that time.

Sleep there was little that night ; for though the battle ceased about ten, as if by mutual consent, the firing was continued at intervals, especially at Aspern. Men lay down among the dead, and the wail of pain was blended with the murmur of the river, hidden in the mist.

Napoleon bivouacked in the sand ; and Lannes, going over to the left, found the angry Bessières pouring out his tale to Masséna.

Lannes—who once, when enraged with Napoleon himself, deliberately slashed a glass chandelier to atoms—strode forward, and there was a violent scene.

"When did you ever find me neglect to charge home ?" demanded Bessières, both marshals drawing their swords, and restrained by Masséna with great difficulty from using them !

There were only a few short hours of darkness at that season, and the pontoons creaked and trembled as the remainder of the Guard, together with Lannes's corps, came out of Lobau and marched up the left bank ; but even then another delay occurred, as the bridge broke again at midnight, and the river was rising.

Archduke Charles, on his side, ordered up the Grenadier Division to Breitenlee, and the red glow from burning Aspern faded away as dawn came.

Creeping stealthily up with the first pale breath of morning, before the sun rose, the Austrians burst into Essling with bayonets fixed at the same moment that Masséna rushed the churchyard of Aspern with St. Cyr's division and four guns.

The second day's battle had begun by simultaneous action on each side, and, strangely enough, for the moment each attack was crowned with success.

The white-coats swarmed through the yards and alleys of Essling, driving Boudet into the granary for shelter ; while Cara St. Cyr's brass drums kept up a dull roll as Vacquant was pursued out of Aspern into the meadows.

This, however, did not last long. Napoleon, reinforced by the Guard, Lannes's corps, and Oudinot's men, had something like 80,000 troops in hand on the 22nd, and was, in consequence, superior in numbers to his adversary, whose losses had been heavy.

St. Hilaire, to whom the French applied Bayard's sobriquet of "*sans peur et sans reproche*," rode up with his infantry, among them the renowned 57th, known as "the terrible," and the 105th (who afterwards lost an Eagle at Waterloo), and Essling was retaken, remaining in Lannes's hands until almost the climax.

Heavy fog hung about the bridge and the river, as Napoleon inspected the battalions ranged in waiting there ; the soldiers raising a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" heard far over the plain above the musketry, and drawing the fire of the Austrian batteries, a shot from one of which killed General Monthion, who was riding in Napoleon's suite.

The fire was terrible, and did shocking execution, being concentrated for two days on so small a space, crowded with men and horses ; but those men stood firm, waiting their turn, and it soon came when the emperor assumed the offensive a little after seven in the morning.

Essling, we have said, had been recaptured by St. Hilaire, but Aspern was still the theatre of a continued struggle.

Scarcely had St. Cyr bayoneted Vacquant out than the regiment of Klebeck forced its way among the burning houses and held its ground for an hour ; and when Klebeck had been disposed of, Benjovsky took his place, seizing the ghastly graveyard, which without exaggeration was covered with dead in every attitude of agony just as they had passed away, writhing on the steel or stricken down by the balls that lay everywhere, thick as apples on a windy day.

Orders were given by the Austrian general Hiller to throw down the walls and burn the church and parsonage, and Bianchi supporting, the head of the village was held for some time.

To follow the varied fortunes of each brigade, division, and column would be tedious and difficult ; but a new phase of the battle was commencing—a grand advance by Lannes to break the enemy's centre, which Napoleon saw was too much extended.

Between the commands of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern was the weakest spot, and forming in *échelon* the French army advanced, Lannes's corps leading on the right, Oudinot



THE DEATH OF MARSHAL LANNES AT ESSLING.
(By permission, from the Picture by E. Bontigny.)

a moment later, followed by the cuirassiers, the Imperial Guard in reserve, and the whole preceded by the crash of 200 cannon!

It seemed at first that the tide had turned in Napoleon's favour: Lannes broke through the enemy, took five guns, a colour, and captured a battalion. The Austrians at that point slowly retired, in good order at the outset, but afterwards in disorderly fashion, their officers being distinctly seen using their canes to keep the men together.

St. Hilaire, Tharreau, Claparède, were marching proudly on, dealing destruction right and left, and opening a path for the cuirassiers, who had yesterday's scores to repay.

The French cavalry even penetrated as far as Breitenlee, a good four miles off, where the Sous-Lieutenant Bertin was taken prisoner with his *peloton* of the 23rd Chasseurs, and the heavy horsemen raged round the enemy's squares as they afterwards did about our own at Waterloo.

The Austrians had adopted a novel formation for the first time—the chequer of squares, of which Archduke Charles had read in Jomini only a few weeks before. Marulaz—who, hardened *sabreur* as he was, had wept the previous night at the death of Adjutant-Commandant Ransomet—charged with Lasalle under Aspern, and then sat exposed to a fearful fire for three hours. Aspern was still contested, but Masséna had the best of it; Boudet remained in the granary of Essling, and the Austrian rear was crumbling.

Victory was within the French grasp, but the tables were to be turned again for the last time, and Lannes received orders from Napoleon to retire and take up a position between the two villages. *The bridge behind them had broken again*, the best part of Davout's corps was still across the river on the other bank, and, what was of vital significance, ammunition began to run short.

The advance became a retirement—masterly, as were all Lannes's movements in the field, but a retirement notwithstanding—of which the enemy made good use. The archduke rallied his reserves and the fugitives that had been carrying panic to the rear, seized the standard of Zach's regiment, and surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, brandishing their swords, led it back against the French, waving the folds above his head.

A perfect hurricane of white dragoons, their helmets surmounted by nodding plumes, swept upon St. Hilaire's division, the most advanced of

all; and as Marbot reined up with a message from Lannes, a discharge of grape-shot hissed into the staff, felling them in all directions, brave St. Hilaire among them, who died afterwards under amputation.

The marshal galloped to the division and withdrew it, under a fearful fire, often facing round when Lichtenstein's troopers came too close; and about the same time, when the French cuirassiers and cavalry were vainly slashing among the chequered squares, Hohenzollern espied a flaw in the enemy's front on the right near Essling, and penetrating with Frölich's regiment, maintained himself until the grenadiers of the reserve arrived to his assistance.

Matters were growing very serious. Never had Austria fought better. The magic spell that had hung about the very name of the Grande Armée seemed to have lost its power, and the "Kaiserlicks" were pressing it closer and closer to the river.

Masséna's hold over Aspern was now relaxing. The remains of Molitor's division protected the island that commanded the pontoons, warding off the logs and dangerous masses sent down on the current by the Austrian engineers; but their loss alone had been 79 officers, 2,107 *sous-officiers* and men, and not a regiment or a squadron but had its bleeding quota under the trodden crops, mangled by the battery wheels or charred and smoking in some corner of the burning villages.

At half-past eight Napoleon had learnt of the disaster that had befallen the bridge across the main arm of the Danube. Boats full of stones, fireships, everything that ingenuity could suggest, had come whisking against the piles; the river foamed angrily and had risen; in spite of the ceaseless efforts of the pontoniers the largest section of the bridge was destroyed, and the army cut off from the right bank!

A whisper reached the enemy that all was not well with Napoleon: his troops were retiring, and the attack upon them was redoubled.

Grand as had been Lannes's onslaught, it had not sufficiently crippled the Austrian resources. The French, moreover, being in column, were not able to deploy, and every shot that struck did terrible havoc. The plain was hideous with the carnage. Horses of all colours were piled up where the cavalry had charged. How the wounded fared is better left to those who care to dwell on it.

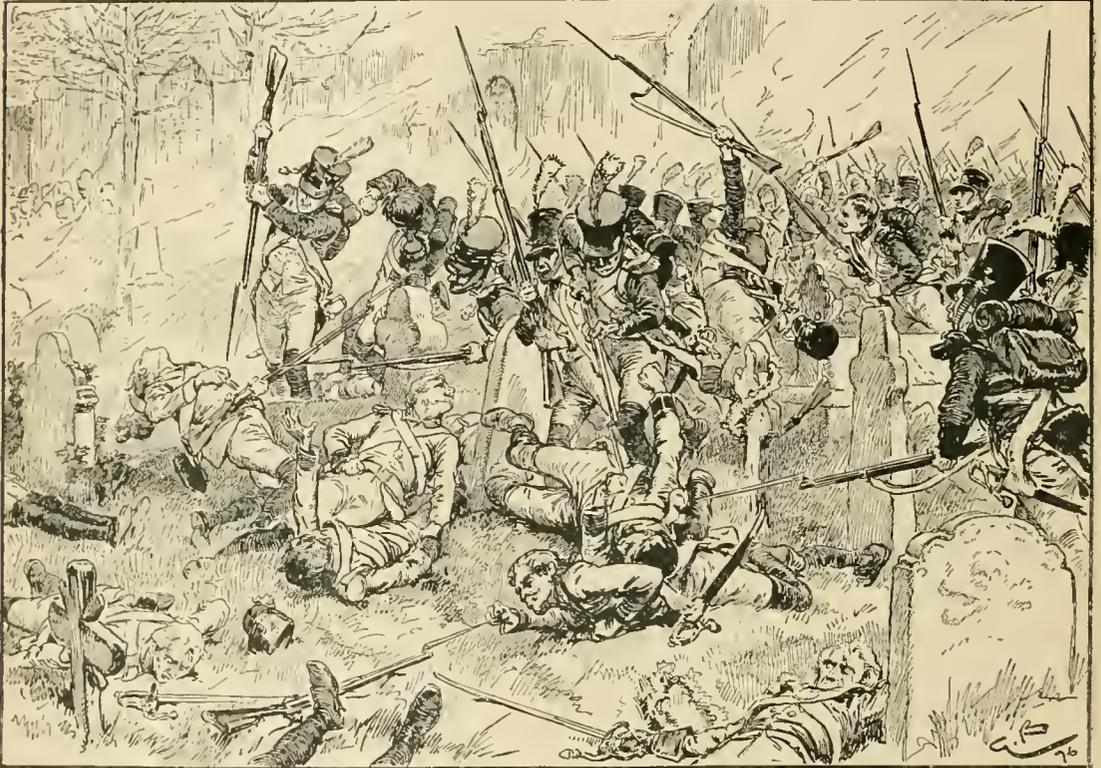
Instead of a triumphal return, the columns

brought the foe back on their heels, and, to crown all, a sudden Austrian renewal on Essling was successful, and again the three-storeyed granary was all that remained in Boudet's hands!

Heroic had been defence and attack; barricades were made of furniture and even corpses; Essling ran blood, and its gallant garrison were black as negroes from biting cartridges.

volunteered to storm it again, it was useless, as the French were then in retreat.

Lannes faced the foe like a lion, and kept him back. Davout, unable to come with his corps, sent boat after boat with cartridges, but the guns were many of them mute, unable to reply to the redoubled fury of the Austrian cannon, now drawn in a semicircle nearer than ever;



THE YOUNG GUARD IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ESSLING.

Then the Young Guard went up to the rescue, led by Mouton, who won his title there; four battalions of the "Fusiliers Grenadiers," with the narrow red piping round their shakoes to distinguish them, their epaulettes of red and white, the rest like the grenadiers; and the first thing they did was to stretch seven hundred Hungarians dead in the churchyard there!

Desperate, hideous, diabolical were those last fights in Essling; for five times the grenadiers of Kirchenbetter and Scovaux, Scharlach and Georgy, penetrated to the very walls and thrust their bayonets through the loopholes.

Other battalions of the Guard came up under Rapp; Gros was wounded, Mouton was wounded, few indeed escaped, but they held Essling; and when the gallant Austrians later in the day

and under these terrible conditions, the frail bridge into Lobau threatened every moment by the boiling torrent, the rear-guard kept its post from nine until midnight.

After repulsing the last attack by a tremendous volley of muskets, which taught the Austrian grenadiers a lesson and burnt their fierce moustaches, Marshal Lannes dismounted, weary from so many hours in the saddle, and walked to and fro a little in advance of the tile works near Essling, talking with General Ponzet, an old comrade, who, when sergeant in the regiment of Champagne, had been Lannes's instructor.

A ball came by, struck Ponzet in the head, and in a moment his earthly troubles were over.

Greatly affected, the marshal walked towards Enzersdorf for a hundred yards and sat down

deep in thought on the edge of a ditch ; but a quarter of an hour later four soldiers rested a burden they carried before him, and, the cloak falling open, Lannes saw the features of General Ponzet again !

"Is this terrible sight going to follow me everywhere ?" he exclaimed ; and, getting up, he went to another ditch, where he sat with his hand over his eyes and his legs crossed.

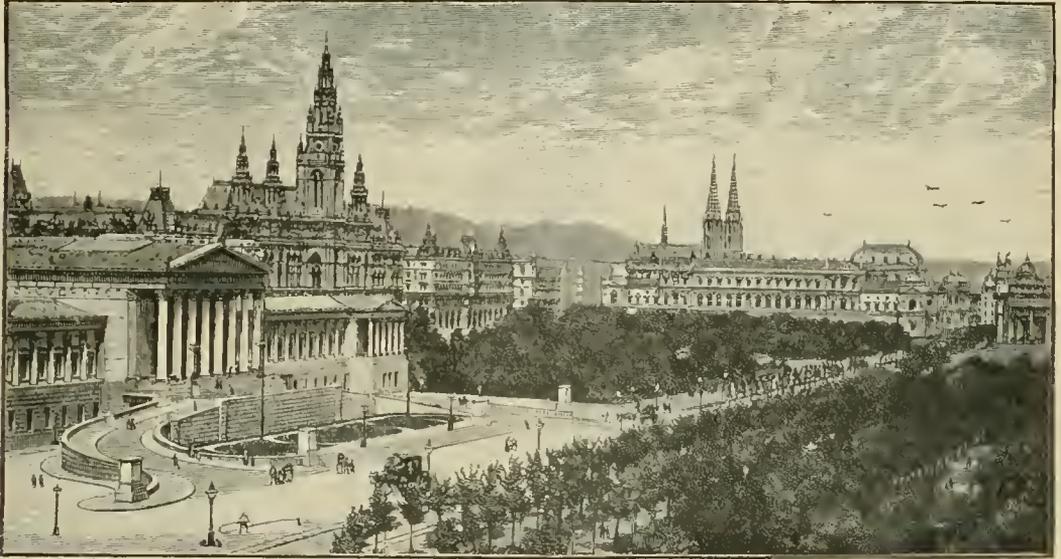
A small three-pound ball fired from Enzersdorf ricocheted and struck him exactly where

and, the weather being very hot, the Marshal Duke of Montebello died.

At his obsequies they played Beethoven's sublime "Funeral March of a Hero," a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

The Tenth Bulletin, which describes the battles of Aspern and Essling, is more amusing than instructive. Like all Napoleon's narratives, it is an official lie, and the truth is not in it.

Fifteen hundred is the number of slain given



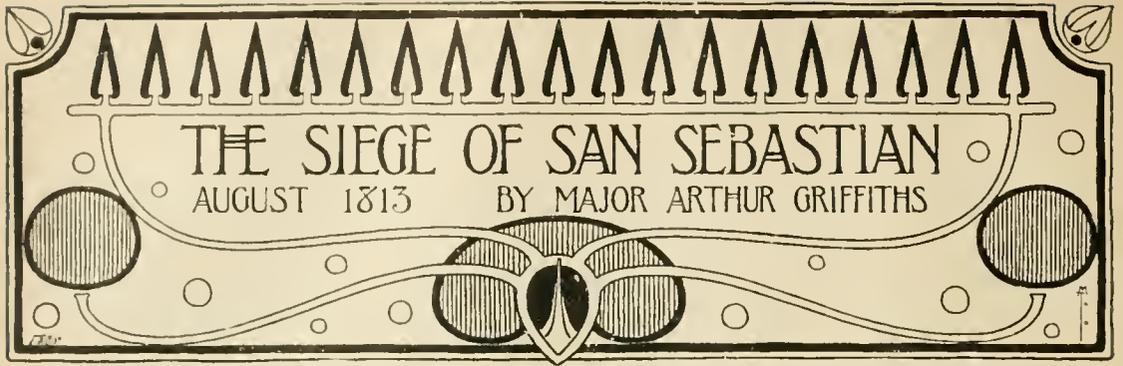
THE FRANZENSRING, VIENNA.

one leg rested on the other, tearing the back sinews of one, smashing the knee-pan of the other. Jean Lannes had fought his last battle !

Marbot will tell you how they carried him on a litter into Lobau ; his interview and fine farewell of his beloved master the emperor are historic. Nowadays he would not have died, but those were times of kill or cure. Larrey wanted to amputate one leg ; another surgeon was anxious to take off both ; Yvan was opposed to either opinion. But Baron Larrey prevailed,

in it for those two days of carnage. As a matter of fact, 7,000 were buried on the field alone, and 20,773 wounded were conveyed to the hospitals of Vienna ! Of the Austrians, 87 superior officers and 4,200 privates were killed, and 16,300 wounded.

Although the archduke did not succeed in capturing Lobau, Napoleon was decidedly beaten, and, passing into the island, his army remained there six weeks, binding its wounds and filling up its gaps until the July day when it issued forth to write Wagram on its standards.



THIS was the last and not the most creditable of the many great sieges of the Peninsular War: it was long protracted: the first serious assault failed; if the second proved successful, it was more through good luck than good management—a happy accident, the chance ignition of a quantity of explosives behind the French line of defence, which turned the scale just when the British stormers were on the verge of a second defeat. Finally, capture was followed by pillage and plunder and a series of atrocities, of “villainy which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity.” The horrors of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were outdone; murder, rapine, the most revolting cruelty signalled the taking of San Sebastian; cruelty which, as Napier puts it, “stagger the mind with its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity.” Discipline disappeared in universal drunkenness. The men when checked chased their officers away with volleys of small arms. A Portuguese adjutant who dared to interfere was deliberately put to death by a party of English soldiers. The sack did not cease until a general conflagration, following in the footsteps of the brutal and abandoned soldiery, completely destroyed the town.

The possession of San Sebastian, or of some good seaport upon the Bay of Biscay, became absolutely necessary to Lord Wellington in the closing campaign of the Peninsular War. When he left Portugal to march across Spain, driving the French before him, he abandoned his only base of supply at Lisbon. A new and nearer port was now needed; a good harbour at which food, stores, and reinforcements coming from England could be landed, and by which he could keep up his direct communication with home. The small port of Pasages he held already, but it was inconveniently near his active

and enterprising enemy, Soult, who, after the crushing defeat of Vittoria, had replaced King Joseph as the French commander-in-chief. There were Bilbao, Santander, and further off Corunna, all very remote; Santoña was in the hands of the French. San Sebastian was the most suited to Wellington's purpose, and sooner or later, cost what it might, San Sebastian he meant to have. He made no secret of this determination, and his anxiety no doubt stimulated those entrusted with the siege—for Wellington was not constantly present in personal command—to premature efforts and an unwise departure from the instructions he gave. Had the plan of which he approved been followed exactly, history would not have to record the delays, disappointments, and disasters which have made San Sebastian memorable among the sieges in Spain. Wellington wished to lose no time in gaining the fortress, but he still wished it to be besieged according to rule. Sir Thomas Graham, who was in chief command, although one of his ablest lieutenants, was sometimes over-persuaded into errors that caused an undue and costly expenditure of men and material.

And first as to San Sebastian itself—nowadays the most fashionable of Spanish watering-places, the favourite resort of the Queen and her youthful son, and occupying the whole frontage of its spacious bay. In 1813 it was limited to the low peninsula running north and south, on which stood the small town surrounded by its fortifications. These defences to the landward or southern side of the isthmus were the most important, and consisted of a high rampart, or “curtain,” 350 yards in length, at each end of which were half-bastions giving flanking or side fire along the ditch. In the centre of the curtain a complete bastion was pushed out to the front, and in front of that again was

a more salient, more advanced work, called a horn work, which was covered by a ditch and glacis in the regular way. East and west of the town the only defence was a simple wall, indifferently flanked and unprotected by obstacles in front of it, while the waters washed its base—to the westward those of the sea, to the eastward of the river Urumea, a tidal shallow stream that ran out twice a day, and left a long firm strand exposed. The latter undoubtedly constituted the weakest part of the fortress, and it was within full view and easy reach of high land and commanding sand-hills, the Chofres, on the far side of the river.

San Sebastian had a second and a third—an outer and an inner line of defence. The first was the high ridge called San Bartolomeo, which crossed the isthmus at its throat; the other was the rocky height of the Monte Orgullo, or "Mountain of Pride," that rose steeply behind the town at the end of the peninsula. San Bartolomeo had been fortified directly the siege became imminent. A redoubt was constructed on the plateau connected with the convent buildings, and this redoubt was supported by a second made of casks nearer the town, and by strengthening the houses in the suburb just under and on the inner side of the ridge. The Monte Orgullo was crowned by the castle of La Mota, a small enclosed fort with batteries on each flank, the whole raised on such an elevation as to command the town and the length of the isthmus beyond. This La Mota formed the last refuge, the innermost kernel and key of the whole defence. It will be seen, then, that there were practically three lines of fortification to be overcome and taken, one after the other—the San Bartolomeo ridge with its supporting works, the main body of the place, and lastly the Monte Orgullo with its citadel.

San Sebastian sprang into sudden and great importance directly after Vittoria. When the fortunes of the French were at their lowest, any chance was seized of restoring them, and General Emanuel Rey, returning from the battlefield with the escort of a convoy he had taken to King Joseph, entered San Sebastian, determined to hold it at all hazards against the victorious English. Rey was a man of strong, soldierlike character. Although of a stout habit of body, fat and unwieldy in figure, there was nothing indolent in his nature, and his somewhat harsh, overbearing demeanour had a backbone of indomitable energy well suited to the present crisis. He was, like Phillipon of

Badajoz and many other French governors of fortresses, the product of Napoleon's famous ordinance that a place of arms must never be surrendered until it has endured at least one open assault. Stirred and sustained by this doctrine, and knowing full well the value of San Sebastian to both sides, Rey strained every effort to reconstitute the fortress and develop its resources. The war commissary was sent off to Bayonne in an open boat, braving the English cruisers, to beg for substantial help. San Sebastian itself had been nearly dismantled. Many of its guns had been removed to arm other smaller places along the coast. It was very short of ammunition, food was scanty, the wells were mostly foul, brackish, and thick with mud, the only fit drinking-water was supplied by an aqueduct which was very soon cut off by the besiegers. Fortunately for the French, the British blockade in the Bay of Biscay was very ineffective, and sea communication was maintained between the fortress and Bayonne almost to the very end of the siege. In this way munitions of war, reinforcements, food, and all other necessaries were constantly received.

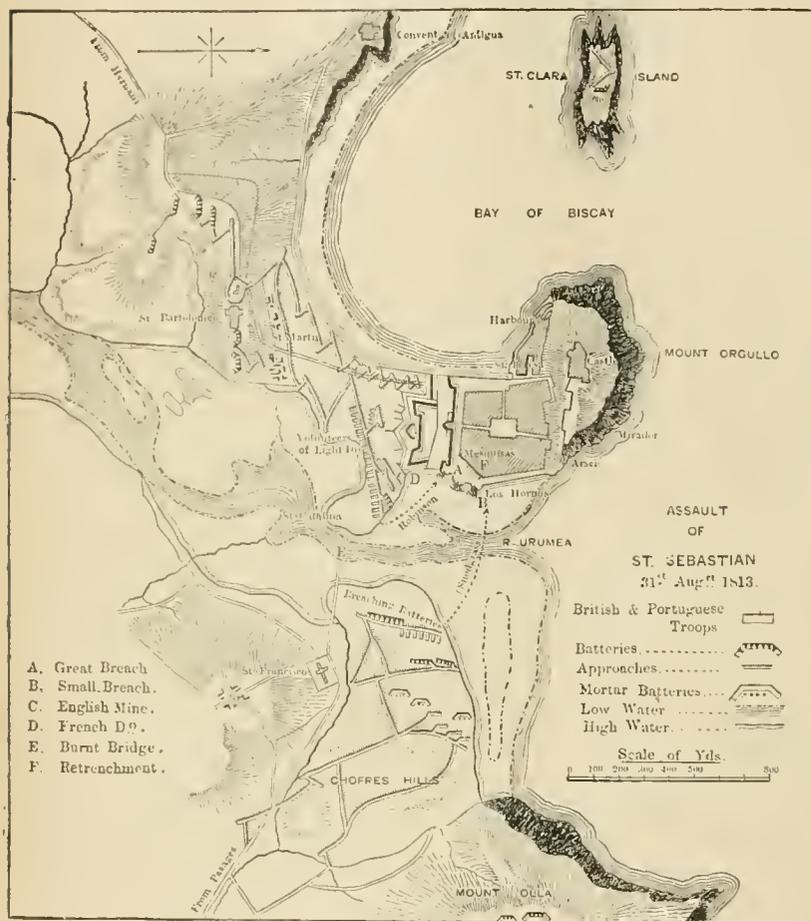
At the same time Rey set his garrison, which was now continually being strengthened by the arrival of fresh detachments, to labour on the fortifications. It was now that the redoubt was built on San Bartolomeo; the bridge across the Urumea was burnt down; and as guns began to arrive the batteries were armed and strengthened. When the siege actually began Rey could dispose of 76 pieces of artillery: 45 were in the main works, 13 on Monte Orgullo, 18 were held in reserve. Gunners were short; so drafts from the infantry were instructed in artillery drill. Still the garrison was without bomb-proof cover and very much exposed; so were the magazines. Another drawback which Rey dealt with in a very peremptory fashion was the non-combatant population. San Sebastian had been filled with a crowd of refugees from Madrid, the fugitive grandees of King Joseph's Court, and these helpless people—so many useless mouths encumbering the town and adding nothing but trouble to the defence—were promptly expelled.

Rey was pursued within a few days by small parties of Spaniards, but just a fortnight elapsed before the besiegers appeared in force before San Sebastian. Wellington, accompanied by his senior engineer officer, Major Smith, visited and reconnoitred the place upon the 12th of July, and with him concerted the plan of operations; but the actual conduct of the siege was

given to Sir Thomas Graham, who had under his orders the 5th Division of British troops, two brigades of Portuguese, some bluejackets from H.M.S. *Surveillante*, and a party of sappers and miners—the first occasion on which these valuable soldiers were employed in a siege in Spain. The total force amounted to 10,000 men, being about three times the strength of the garrison.

advancing at low water between the walls and the river. It was soon afterwards seen that the San Bartolomeo ridge must be wrested from the enemy: its works would have greatly harassed the attacking columns; moreover, its possession was an indispensable preliminary to the opening of trenches and forming a left attack on the isthmus or landward side. The capture of San Bartolomeo was accordingly

the first enterprise undertaken. It was duly bombarded, then attacked on the morning of the 17th July by two columns—one of British, the other of Portuguese troops. The latter moved so slowly that Colonel Cameron, leading the 9th and Royals, raced forward and charged with such impetuosity that the French were driven straight out of the redoubt. Down below in San Martin they rallied, but, Cameron being reinforced, the suburb was presently won. Not so the case redoubt beyond, which was next stormed by all the troops in hand, but without success. It was, however, taken a couple of nights later. The net result of the first affair was the capture of the ridge and room to work on the isthmus.



Forty pieces of artillery were available, part of them belonging to the battering-train prepared for Burgos, the whole being under the command of Colonel Dickson, a favourite artillery officer of Wellington.

The plan of attack was to be the same as that adopted by Marshal Berwick nearly a hundred years before. The weakest part of the defences was to be breached—namely, a point in the eastern wall of the town, which was, moreover, within easy range of the Chofres, or sand-hills, beyond the river. When the breach was formed, the assault was to be delivered, the assailants

The fire from the breaching batteries was continued without intermission, and effected great damage; the stone embrasures were destroyed, the guns dismounted, the walls shaken severely. Meanwhile the garrison met the bombardment bravely, and laboured hard to repair damages or neutralise them. On the 22nd a breach which appeared to be practicable was formed, although to foil the besiegers inner cuttings or retrenchments had been formed. Moreover, General Rey had posted guns to bear upon the open points and impede movement along the breach. On the 23rd a second breach was commenced beyond

the first. Sir Thomas Graham had heard that the wall here was weaker (as it was), and he hoped by this second opening to "turn," or get round the inner entrenchment. About this time our shells ignited certain houses in the town, and a general conflagration was imminent, but it came to nothing, beyond delaying the British attack, which had been fixed for the 24th.

Everything seemed ready for this the last act in the siege. It was, of course, to be made by the breaches in the eastern flank wall. The storming

opening and followed the passage right up to the counterscarp of the hornwork, where he was stopped by a closed door. Returning to report, it was decided to form a mine at the end of the drain: the explosion in this confined space of thirty barrels of powder lodged amongst sand-bags would, it was thought, force the dirt and rubbish into the ditch and so help the upward climb of the attacking column (Portuguese) on this side.

Mistake and misadventure waited on this first



"THE GARRISON MET THE BOMBARDMENT BRAVELY" (p. 584).

party, 2,000 strong, was composed of General Hay's brigade of the 5th Division, for the first breach, while another battalion went at the second beyond. The whole of the stormers were to assemble in the foremost trench on the inner or right side of the isthmus. The signal for the advance was to be the explosion of a mine or "globe of compression" on the far left flank, a device due to the intrepid conduct of a young officer of engineers, Lieutenant Reid. On the 21st, while digging at a parallel across the isthmus, he had come upon a pipe or drain four feet by three wide, which was actually the aqueduct conveying the water into the town. Reid had entered the mouth of this narrow

attack from the very outset. Its postponement alone did great mischief, for it unsettled the minds of the stormers and gave them an impression that the delay was due to the dangerous and desperate nature of the business before them. Again, the tide would have served well at daylight on the 24th: it was then, according to the local fishermen, to be at the lowest ebb, and the wide strand would have given ample space for the advancing columns. By moving to the attack too early on the 25th in the night, practically all such advantage was lost; the tide at that hour was only falling. Moreover, Wellington had expressly ordered that "fair daylight should be taken for the assault," owing to the intricacies

of the fortifications. Nevertheless midnight found the whole body assembled in the advanced parallel. The troops employed were the Royal Scots, under Major Frazer, intended to assail the great breach, supported by the 9th Regiment, and the 38th, whose goal was the lesser breach beyond; in front of the Royals was a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Campbell, and a ladder party under Lieutenant Machel, of the Engineers.

About 5 a.m. the column filed out of the trench on the signal given by the exploding mine. There were three hundred yards of the open to cover, and so great was the confusion caused by the mine that the assailants suffered little from the enemy's fire; but the signal had not been heard by our batteries on the sand-hills, and all the way our own batteries continued to play upon our own men. The advance was very arduous, the ground most difficult, much narrowed between the wall and the waters, very slippery from the receding tide, which left the rocks covered with sea-weed and here and there deep pools; besides, the fortifications on the flanks were still entire and were now lined by sharpshooters, who kept up an incessant and most telling fire. The first to reach the breach were Major Frazer of the Royal Scots and Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Harry) Jones of the Engineers; a few men closely followed, but only a few, and they came up in disorder, straggling and out of breath. On the far side, down below was the yawning breach, filled with smoke and flames of the burning houses beyond. By this time a small handful of the most intrepid had gathered round their leaders, but quite two-thirds of the main column had turned aside on their road to the breach, and were engaged in a musketry battle with the enemy on the rampart. The rear was thus already in confusion, and the van would not advance. Frazer now was killed, so was Machel with the ladders; Jones was wounded and taken prisoner; the rest of the leading assailants were either slain or dispersed. The Colonels of the 38th and 9th, Greville and Cameron, and Captain Archimbeau of the Royals, strove hard to encourage and urge on their men; but all were dispirited and in inextricable confusion, and now a perfect hail of shot and shell fell upon them from the whole of the enemy's artillery, while continuous musketry fire with showers of grape and hand-grenades smote the struggling pent-up mass, which could neither advance nor retire, causing the most frightful slaughter. Some of the English wounded were stabbed where they lay by the infuriated French.

Jones was only saved by the intervention of a humane sergeant, and soon afterwards another generous enemy, a captain of the Grenadiers, lifted him from the ground, kissed him, and had him carried off to hospital. Such are the stern contrasts, the barbarities and the amenities of war.

According to the French account, at this last supreme moment, when defeat was unmistakable, "the bravest English rushed upon the French bayonets to find an honourable death; the rest sought safety in flight, still decimated by the furious fire, so that few escaped alive."

The attack had proved a most signal failure, costly in valuable lives, of officers out of all proportion to men. Many reasons and some excuses were offered for the disaster; the most plausible were that the attack had been badly planned and feebly executed. Jones in his "Sieges of Spain," says, "The efforts in the breach were certainly neither very obstinate nor very persevering," and his is the verdict of an eye-witness; but Sir Thomas Graham, in reporting to Wellington, declared the troops behaved "with their usual gallantry, and only retired when I thought a further perseverance in the attack would have occasioned a useless sacrifice of brave men." Napier, the great historian, is, however, of opinion that "a second and more vigorous assault on the great breach might have been effected by a recognised leader; but no general or staff officer went out of the trenches, and the isolated exertions of regimental officers failed."

Lord Wellington, although full of other pressing anxieties, repaired at once to San Sebastian and was inclined to immediately renew the attack. But the besiegers were short of ammunition, which was daily expected from England, and he thought it better to await its arrival. Then momentous events followed elsewhere. Soult advanced and began the serious movements that produced the first set of the battles of the Pyrenees, and Wellington was peremptorily called away from San Sebastian. The siege was suspended for several weeks and converted into a blockade. Now the French, elated at their respite, were constantly alert and made many mischievous sallies; moreover, while the siege operations languished, the garrison was actively engaged in preparing for the next attack. Reinforcements and supplies came in continually from France. At the same time under Rey's energetic impulse the damaged defences were repaired and strengthened, the magazines were refilled, guns were got up on the batteries, and

sound fresh troops made up a garrison of 2,600 good soldiers, all animated with the sturdy, defiant spirit of their stout-hearted commander. Their unabated confidence was shown on the occasion of the emperor's birthday, when a great trophy, with the words "Vive Napoleon le Grand," was exhibited in fiery letters in front of the fortress and was plainly legible to the besiegers.

At last, however, Soult was beaten. On the 24th of August the trenches were reoccupied and the siege was resumed on much the same lines as before. The new battering train had arrived from England, although very scanty supplies of ammunition had been sent with it, and the batteries were enlarged to take more guns. Such diligence was employed that on the 26th, 57 pieces of ordnance of all kinds opened fire from the two attacks. The points selected for breaching were much the same as in the previous bombardment, and the results were soon and satisfactorily apparent. Rey reported to Soult that great damage had been effected both on the fortifications and town, and this went on steadily increasing as the hot and incessant firing was kept up. Yet the blockade was so ineffective that help constantly came in from France, and to check this the island of Santa Clara, lying to the westward of the peninsula, was attacked and captured. A battery placed on this island caused very great annoyance to the castle, which it enfiladed, and with additional batteries on the isthmus contributed greatly to prepare the attack. On the 30th August it was found that the eastern flanking wall and the left or eastern half-bastion of the main rampart were in ruins, and that the breaches were practicable. That afternoon about 3 p.m. Lord Wellington arrived, and having made a close examination of the condition of the fortress, he ordered that the second assault should be made at 11 a.m. next day.

Yet the way even now was by no means open and easy for the assailants. Throughout the terrible bombardment, in the teeth of a murderous fire, the garrison had laboured indefatigably. The courage of the troops had been stimulated by ample rewards of the kind that Frenchmen love—crosses of the Legion of Honour were freely distributed, and many were promoted to the *Corps d'Élite*. Moreover, their spirits were kept up by the feeling that they were not cut off from France, with which a daily communication was now maintained. Yet they endured many terrible hardships—the want of

hospitals, and the constant exposure of the sick and wounded to the enemy's fire, the scarcity of good rations, and especially of water.

The second assault of San Sebastian, like the first, was of the kind called *brusquée*, or abruptly made, as distinguished from the attack *en règle*, which is deliberate, and according to rule. There was the risk of a second failure, of course, but Wellington was prepared to take it, while sparing no effort to succeed. His eagerness in this respect led him to do a grave injustice to the brave but unfortunate men who had been beaten back in the first attack. He would not again trust to the 5th Division alone, but he called for volunteers from the 1st, 4th, and Light, asking for "men who could show others how to mount a breach;" and 750 under intrepid officers at once responded to the appeal. But the commander of the 5th Division, Sir James Leith, who had general charge of the assault, would not suffer his own men to be put aside by the volunteers, and gave the main attack to one of his own brigades. Some of the volunteers he distributed along the line of the trenches to keep down the enemy's fire; the rest were in reserve with Leith's second brigade, held to support the attacking column. A diversion from the main attack was to be made by a body of Portuguese, who would ford the Urumea at low water, and go up against the further and most distant breach in the eastern wall. At the same time the rear of the castle was to be threatened by a battalion embarked in the boats of the squadron.

In this second attack there was to be no doubt about daylight. The hour fixed was 11 a.m., when the tide was low, and there was room for the troops to move between the walls and the water. The British batteries were to have harassed the garrison from early dawn, but a thick fog hung like a screen till 8 a.m., and only from that time until the columns started was all possible mischief done. The first to move out was a brave sergeant, who, with a dozen men, had volunteered to run forward and cut off the slow match of a mine the French had ready to fire. These heroes failed; the train was exploded prematurely, and a mass of wall fell upon the advancing column, killing many. The forlorn hope had, however, got past before this catastrophe, and made for the breach, headed by Lieutenant Macguire, who, "conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness," soon, alas! met his death, and the stormers swept onward over his corpse. The main column

now followed and ascended the breach, but their foremost ranks were at once annihilated by the destructive musketry from the inner re-trenchment. Those behind pressed forward undaunted, to suffer terribly, for there was no clear road, no descent possible, into the body of the place. Inner defences had been thrown up to bar progress beyond the breach, and the stormers when thus detained were exposed to a fierce fire from the ramparts, and from the far-off guns on the castle heights. The most favourable inlet was found at the breach in the left half-bastion; but here the dense masses of the assailants offered a fine mark, and hundreds were shot down. At the breach in the wall the sappers vainly strove to throw up some cover, and the loss was appalling.

Fresh troops were, however, sent constantly forward to keep the attack alive, and ere long more than half the 5th Division and all the volunteers were either actively engaged in the breaches or were already stricken down. About 1 p.m. the Portuguese made their attack: they crossed the sands in beautiful order and gallantly assaulted the third breach. This successful passage was speedily followed by that of a second column, who reinforced the assailants at the main breach.

And yet no substantial impression was made. All these heroic efforts proved fruitless. "The French musketry," says Napier, "still rolled with deadly effect; the heaps of slain increased, and once more the great mass of stormers sank to the foot of the ruins unable to win. Success seemed more than doubtful. Nothing but a happy accident could give us the victory, and every moment failure loomed nearer, for the tide was rising, the reserves were all engaged, and no greater effort could be expected from men whose courage had already been pushed to the verge of madness."

In this desperate situation Sir Thomas Graham, having consulted with the chief of the artillery, determined to concentrate the fire of all our available guns upon the high curtain or rampart above the breached bastion. Forty-seven guns thus brought to bear spread dire havoc, and cleared away the defenders: they did far more, for being now well practised, the gunners knew the exact range, and pitched their shot and shell plump into the magazines and stores of combustibles—live shells, fire-barrels and hand-grenades—which speedily took light, explosion followed explosion, and a general conflagration ensued. "Hundreds of the French defenders

were destroyed, and the rest were thrown into confusion, and while the ramparts were still enveloped with suffocating eddies of smoke, the British soldiers broke in." But the garrison, although at a disadvantage, were not yet conquered: a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensued; the French held their ground inch by inch, and only yielded to the overwhelming numbers of their assailants. About the same time the Portuguese made good their entrance at the lesser breach. Then the stormers swept forward irresistibly; although the streets and squares were barricaded, the French, being instantaneously attacked in every direction, made no further resistance in the town. Several hundreds were taken prisoners; the rest were withdrawn by the still indomitable Rey into his citadel on the Monte Orgullo.

The last phases of this stubborn struggle had been fought amid the most terrific war of the elements; the thunder-clouds that had lowered all the day, producing pitch darkness at 3 p.m., broke at last in a fury of thunder and lightning and blinding drenching rain. Still worse was the unchaining of the ungovernable passions of humanity which now disgraced the conquerors, and soon made San Sebastian a shambles, the scene of the most hideous debauchery. If the valour that won the fortress was a proud record, the wild excesses that followed capture were an everlasting disgrace to the British arms. Plunder and rapine stalked rampant; drunkenness was universal, and it was said that had the French come down from the castle above, they might have retaken the town. Next morning the wreck was terrible to behold: houses in ruin, the furniture smashed, rich hangings torn down, clothes, rags, refuse thrown here and there amid corpses and starved cats, and drunken soldiers decked out in any tawdry finery they had picked up in their pillage. The town was in flames, even the churches, now converted into hospitals, were on fire. The wretched inhabitants—friends and non-combatants—steeped in misery, went about pale and squalid with a look of glazed horror on their faces, or stood undisturbed with lack-lustre eyes, when a house crashed down close to them and others fled away. To show how all were enveloped in the recklessness of the marauders the story may be quoted of some master of a transport ship, who came on shore and fell among the thieving captors. He complained that the soldiers had robbed him of his coat, shoes, money, everything but his shirt. "What shall I do?" he

asked piteously. "Hurry back to your ship, or you will lose your shirt too," was the answer.

The siege was not ended, however, with the capture of the town. Rey, with the remnant of his brave garrison, held out for many days in

now at San Sebastian in person, and he resolved to assault the castle by escalade, after concentrating on it the fire of all his guns. Fifty-nine heavy pieces opened simultaneously from all parts, and within a couple of hours nearly

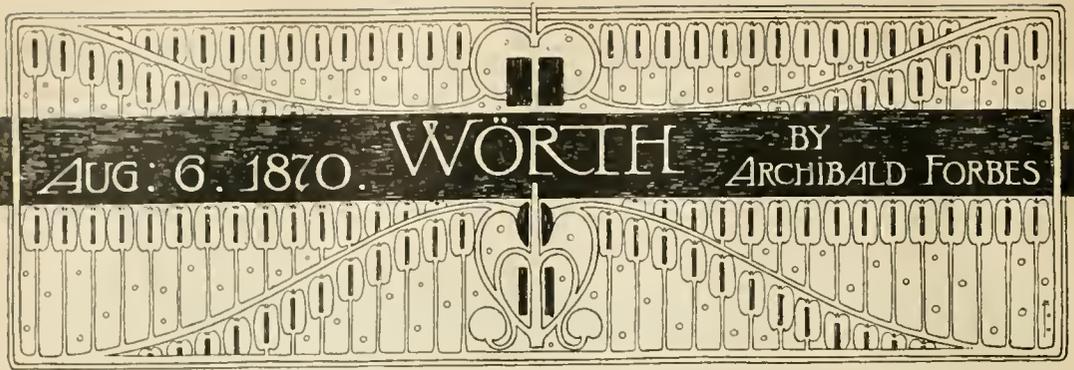


"THE BRAVE GARRISON MARCHED OUT WITH DRUMS BEATING."

the citadel, and he would neither surrender nor could he be dislodged. He might have resisted longer, but his strength was shattered; his engineers had been slain, the troops had no cover or protection, and water was scarce. A murderous vertical fire was vigorously maintained, and did terrible execution, not only among the French, but amongst the English prisoners, of whom there were many in the castle. Wellington was

destroyed the works on the Orgullo hill; the batteries were broken down, magazines exploded, the ground around was torn and furrowed with shot and shell; the castle itself was untenable.

Then, at the eleventh hour, Rey surrendered and was granted the most generous terms. The next day he and his brave garrison marched out of their last stronghold with drums beating and flags flying, and all the honours of war.



WHEN France was whetting her sword in the reckless July days of 1870, it was not in the nature of things—notwithstanding that the emperor had an ignoble grudge against him, and that he had haughtily held aloof from the courtly coteries of Compiègne and Saint-Cloud—that the brilliant soldier who had stormed the Malakoff and had saved the day at Magenta should not hold high command in the impending struggle. MacMahon was no heaven-born general—indeed, his true place was that of a divisional commander—but he had long and varied experience of war, and France had no more prompt and staunch fighting soldier. He carried with him to his sphere of duty in Alsace the knowledge, which he shared only with Le Bœuf, of the emperor's plan for an offensive campaign, which was destined never even to be begun, but in which, had it taken shape, he was to have led the van. Appointed, meanwhile, to the command of the 1st Corps, in course of concentration about Strassburg, where he arrived on July 22nd, it befell him but too speedily to realise how faint was the prospect that he should head an invasion into the hostile territory on the further bank of the Rhine.

On paper his command was imposing, with its four infantry divisions, its cavalry division three brigades strong, and Bonnemain's reserve cavalry division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers. But, with the line troops coming in from the eastern departments he had the task of incorporating, as they arrived piecemeal from Algeria, wild regiments of Zouaves and battalion on battalion of half-savage Turcos; and he had also to requisition, beg, discover, or invent the mass of *matériel* and equipment requisite for a campaign. Presently, with the object of giving the marshal unrestricted disposal of all the forces in Alsace, the 7th Corps,

whose headquarters were in Belfort, was placed under his orders. This nominally substantial reinforcement proved curiously delusive. An infantry division and a cavalry brigade belonging to this corps were detained at Lyons to quell the seditious population of that turbulent city; another division, garrisoning Belfort, was merely in course of formation; and its third division, gradually filling its ranks at Colmar, was still poorly prepared to take the field.

By the end of July the offensive intention on the part of the French had been wholly abandoned, and the emperor had ordered MacMahon to close in from Strassburg to the north-west upon De Faily, commanding the 5th Corps in the neighbourhood of Bitche. In doing so, he had to approach the point of the angle where the French frontier on the Lauter struck the Rhine, thus exposing his outward flank to a hostile stroke from beyond the former river, where the German 3rd Army was suspected to be massing. To guard against this, Abel Douay's division was pushed out a day's march to Wissembourg—a feeble and inadequate protection, as the event speedily proved. On the morning of August 4th the army of the Crown Prince crossed the frontier in strength, and surprised Douay's division in the act of breakfasting. Wissembourg was shelled and occupied after several repulses; and the adjacent heights of the Geisberg, which were occupied by the mass of Douay's staunch soldiers, were furiously assailed by a couple of German divisions, supported by a heavy artillery fire. General Douay had early ordered a retreat from the manifestly untenable position, but that retirement was seriously obstructed by the vigour of the German assault on the Geisberg; and the château of that name—a very defensible building—was most stubbornly defended by its garrison to cover the movement. The King's Grenadier Regiment—one of the most

famous of the German line—assailed it furiously, but was repulsed with heavy loss; nor did the gallant defenders of the Geisberg surrender until artillery had been dragged up on to the height. The brave Douay fell fighting, 1,200 of his 8,000 men were struck down; and the Germans, who owned to a loss of 91 officers and 1,460 men, made 1,000 unwounded prisoners. The responsibility for the virtual destruction of this fine division does not rest on MacMahon, who had not yet quitted Strasburg, but on Ducrot, who was provisionally in command in the absence of his chief, and who, when Douay complained of his exposed and unsupported position, gave him the peremptory order to accept a combat there.

Stung by this misfortune, and in utter ignorance alike of his enemy's strength and of his line of approach, MacMahon resolved to fight a battle in front of the northern passes of the Vosges. He moved his troops into a position on the undulating spurs which, clad with vineyards and hop-gardens, extend between the Sauerbach and the Eberbach. His front line—from Neehwiller, on the north, to Albrechtshäuser, on the south—had a length of about three-and-a-half miles. During the greater part of this length MacMahon's front was covered by the Sauerbach—a stream very difficult to cross except at the bridges. The meadow-land, averaging 1,000 paces in breadth, through which it flows, afforded no cover in the approach, so that the French infantry could profit by all the advantages of their superior position and superior weapon. The eastern slope of the valley is commanded at all points from the western. In front of the French centre lay the town of Wörth, with its bridge over the Sauer. That country town, as also the other villages within the position, contains many spacious and well-built houses, capable of being strongly defended. Thickly-planted gardens and vineyards extend up the heights from the western exit of the town.

The village of Fröschwiller formed the crowning feature of the French position. Commanding the ground in all directions, situated at the highest point of the hilly plateau, it constituted with its spacious church and other strong buildings a bastion-like redoubt to the entire line of defence. To the southward, on somewhat lower ground, lay the village of Elsasshausen—a very defensible point. The undulating character of the ground, and the cover it afforded, favoured the employment of a large number of skirmishers, and concealed the position and movements of

the reserves from the enemy's view. The French, moreover, had not neglected to strengthen the position by well-placed field entrenchments and other obstacles. Morsbronn, a village south of the extreme right, did not at first form part of the position, but was perfectly commanded. The passages of the Sauer at Gunstett and Dürrenbach, on the enemy's left flank, were within effective cannon-range. Both of the French flanks were somewhat re-fused.

MacMahon had summoned up from Colmar the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, which reached him on the morning of the 6th; and, having the 5th Corps also placed at his disposition, he called on De Failly, its commander, to make haste to join him—none of whose troops, however, could arrive in time to take part in the battle. The troops actually in the marshal's hand for the impending fight consisted of the four infantry divisions of the 1st Corps and the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, and of the following cavalry: the cavalry division of the 1st Corps, composed of Septeuil's brigade of hussars and chasseurs; Michel's cuirassier brigade; Nansouty's brigade of lancers and dragoons, employed as divisional cavalry; and Bonnemain's reserve division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers.

The disposition of MacMahon's forces was as follows:—The 1st Division, commanded by Ducrot, formed the right of the line. It faced almost due north, and, therefore, constituted the defensive flank against Lembach, its left wing resting on the Grosswald, its right wing on the village of Fröschwiller. Beyond its extreme left, the villages of Neehwiller and Jägerthal were each occupied by a company. The 3rd Division, commanded by Raoul, faced due east, its left brigade resting on Fröschwiller, its right on Elsasshausen. The dense forest of the Niederwald made a gap in the line of front; behind the forest was posted in reserve the 2nd Division, now, in consequence of Douay's death on the 4th, commanded by Pellé, and materially weakened by its losses at Wissembourg. South of the Niederwald stood the 4th Division (Lartigue's), its left brigade facing Gunstett on the opposite bank of the Sauer, its right brigade looking south-east towards Morsbronn. In rear of Pellé's division were the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, just arrived from Colmar, and Michel's cuirassier brigade. Further northward, about the sources of the Eberbach and behind Raoul's division, were Bonnemain's reserve cavalry division and Septeuil's brigade of light cavalry. This was the French disposition on the morning

of the 6th. The heights eastward of Elsasshausen gave the best *point de vue* of the entire neighbourhood, and it was here that MacMahon remained during the greater part of the battle.

It was a curious coincidence that neither side had intended to engage until the 7th. But MacMahon, standing on the defensive, was ready on the morning of the 6th; and that same morning a subordinate commander of the hostile army, part of which was within striking distance, took the liberty of forcing the hand of the commander-in-chief, with the ultimate result of an unpremeditated battle. Major-General von Walther, commanding a brigade of the 5th German Army Corps, while making a reconnaissance at daylight, remarked an unusual noise and movement in the French camp, which led him to suppose that MacMahon was evacuating his position. In quest of information on this point Walther pushed his reconnaissance in force beyond Wörth. He found the bridges destroyed and the town unoccupied; but his skirmishers waded the Sauer and presently found themselves involved in an engagement with very superior forces. Walther therefore broke off the action and withdrew into bivouac. Meanwhile a French detachment had taken the initiative against Gunstett; but no real attack resulted and the affair was merely an interchange of artillery and musketry fire.

The 2nd Bavarian Corps held the right of the German army. Its 4th Division had been in readiness at Mattstall since daybreak, charged with the specific duty of outflanking the French left and of participating in any action which might take place on the part of the German centre opposite Wörth. Hearing the sound of a cannonade, which covered the withdrawal of Walther's reconnaissance, and regarding that sound as the signal for his advance, General Hartmann, the commander of the 2nd Bavarian Corps, ordered his 4th Division to move forward from Langensulzbach and engage Ducrot's division in position on the extreme left of the French line. The fighting in this quarter soon became very hot; for a time the Bavarians seemed to have the best of it but later were able only to maintain a defensive attitude against the French division, and that with difficulty. Meanwhile a French detachment had retaliated by a counter-stroke in the direction of Gunstett against the vanguard of the Prussian 11th Corps, which had come up into position on the German left. The French effort was repulsed; but the cannon-thunder on his right and left inspired

General Kirchbach, commanding the 5th Corps, which constituted the German centre, with the conviction that he must strike in vigorously to hinder the enemy from concentrating his strength against one or other of the German flanks. Kirchbach, therefore, took it upon himself to engage in the serious offensive; and by 10 o'clock a hundred German cannon were in action on the eastern slopes against the French centre behind Wörth, while, after sharp fighting, considerable bodies of German infantry had already gained a foothold beyond the Sauerbach stream and were in occupation of the town of Wörth.

The Crown Prince, as Kirchbach knew, did not wish to fight a battle until his forces were concentrated, which was far from being the case on the morning of the 6th. Informed that an incipient action was already in progress, the Prince sent from his headquarters in Sulz, several miles behind the front, a firm order to General Kirchbach, and also to Hartmann, the Bavarian commander, "not to continue the struggle, and to avoid everything which might bring on a fresh one." Kirchbach then took upon himself an almost unique responsibility. On one hand was the specific command that he should desist from further action. On the other hand, he recognised that the fighting could not be broken off under existing conditions, without entailing heavy losses to no purpose, and that his withdrawal would give the adversary undisputed right to claim a material victory, involving loss of prestige to the German arms at the outset of a momentous campaign. He considered that with his own corps alone he could expect decisive results, even without co-operation from the force on either flank. Accordingly, after mature consideration, he ordered his troops to continue the offensive, reporting this decision to the Crown Prince, and desiring the corps on either hand to afford him their co-operation.

Kirchbach had greatly dared; and fortune for a time was only partially propitious. Von Bose, commanding the 11th Corps, reached the front at Gunstett about 11 o'clock. He had been informed of the commander-in-chief's prohibition against continuing the fighting, and presently there came to him Kirchbach's request for co-operation in the continuation of the fighting. Von Bose calmly disregarded the order of the Crown Prince. He promptly assured Kirchbach that he would not fail to support his comrade; and he proved his comradeship by ordering up his corps artillery, and by sending word to his



‘THE BATTERIES PRESSED THROUGH THE STREETS ENCUMBERED WITH TROOPS’ (p. 595).

leading division to cross the stream and assail the right flank of the enemy's position. Kirchbach, therefore, was at ease as regarded prompt and full co-operation on his left ; but he had to undergo a disappointment in respect to the Bavarian Corps, on whose support on his right he had also considered himself entitled to rely. Following on his determination to put aside the order of his superior and to continue the fighting, he had sent to Hartmann, the Bavarian Corps-commander on his right, a request for the latter's co-operation. But this request reached Hartmann tardily. Already, at half-past ten, a Prussian staff officer had brought him verbal instructions to suspend the contest and fall back from the positions which he was holding. With great skill and celerity Hartmann conducted the unpalatable duty, and the larger part of his troops were withdrawn out of action by half-past eleven o'clock and were retreating behind Langensulzbach. But, while those movements were only partially completed, a communication reached him from Kirchbach at a quarter past eleven, intimating that the battle was to be prosecuted vigorously, and that the co-operation of his Bavarians against the French flank was expected. Hartmann replied, not without a little temper, that he had broken off the action by superior orders, but would resume the attack with the least possible delay. But it was not until the afternoon that Hartmann's command was able to make itself again present in the front.

Soon after ten o'clock, when the infantry of the 21st Division were engaged in the action about Gunstett, when the other portions of the 11th Corps were fast coming up, and when the superiority of the German artillery was apparent, Kirchbach considered that the time had come for the advance guard of the 5th Corps to cross the Sauerbach, occupy Wörth, and attempt the seizure of the heights beyond. The leading companies of the 37th Fusiliers crossed the stream on an improvised bridge in lieu of the one previously destroyed, and found Wörth again unoccupied ; while other companies waded the stream above and below, the men breast-high in the water and exposed to a heavy musketry and shell-fire. At first, although suffering from a crushing fire, the companies climbed the heights beyond the town, and met with success until the enemy brought up strong reserves and drove them back into Wörth. The reinforcements sent across lower down took up a position in a hop plantation ; but the enemy dislodged them, and they had to incline to the left and

connect themselves with the battalions of the 50th Regiment, which had crossed between Wörth and Spachbach. Those battalions fought their way under fire on the Hagenau road, on the upland ; and one battalion advanced to the attack of the Elsasshausen heights, but was forced back as far as the Hagenau road. One company connected itself with the right flank of the 11th Corps, but all the others were driven down on to the road, in the ditches of which the battalions found cover and checked the hostile advance with an effective fire. Several companies of the two gallant regiments of the advanced guard—the 37th Fusiliers and the 50th—held on to Wörth and its vicinity with great difficulty, under the murderous fire and the repeated and violent onslaughts of the enemy. The latter had a firm hold of the slopes beyond the town, whence they were able to baulk the Prussian infantry whenever they tried to advance, and to overwhelm them with withering showers of projectiles. At no point were the Prussians successful in making any progress beyond Wörth, and their rearward movements were attended with especially heavy loss. Once Major von Sydow gathered all the available men of the Fusiliers in Wörth for an offensive attempt ; he succeeded, indeed, in ascending the slopes and advancing some hundred paces beyond, but was promptly hurled back on the town by a powerful counter-attack on the part of the French. Attempt after attempt to do more than hold the town proved futile, and the occupancy of it was maintained with no little difficulty against the pressure of the enemy, notwithstanding that a whole brigade was added to the previous defence of the place. By 12.30 the aspect of affairs became more and more threatening, and a fresh battalion had to be brought up in support.

Of the 11th Corps, the first troops to cross the Sauer were six companies of the 87th Regiment, having first advanced to Spachbach, whence some waded, others scrambling over hastily felled tree-trunks. The enemy's fire was severe, there was no cover at the landing-place, and the officers, with rapid resolution, rallied their men and hurried them across the meadows, over the Hagenau road, and into the Niederwald in pursuit of the French skirmishers who had been holding its fringes. A battalion followed, but halted after having crossed the stream. The companies of the 87th fared ill in the Niederwald, having encountered very superior hostile detachments ; and after strenuous and bloody fighting in which several officers were slain, the

dislocated companies were repulsed from the forest, and there occurred a headlong rush back across the Sauer and as far as Spachbach. A later attempt to cross the stream at the Bruch Mill, near Gunstett, was temporarily successful, but ultimately failed, the detachment making it being impetuously attacked and driven back to the left bank, the occupants of which were continually annoyed by the French musketry fire on the other side.

At 1 p.m. the Crown Prince—who, on his way to the front, had received General Kirchbach's report—reached the high ground opposite to Wörth, his position, which dominated the whole battlefield, being under a tree on a little hill about midway between Spachbach and Gunstett. The Prince realised that, independently of the fact that the struggle could not at this advanced stage be now broken off, he could scarcely indulge the expectation of fighting later under more advantageous conditions than now presented themselves. He might well apprehend, on the contrary, that Marshal MacMahon should have recognised the danger which threatened his position, and would evacuate it as soon as there occurred some relaxation of the German attacks. The Crown Prince, after a short study of the situation, decided on pressing the battle to a conclusion. Prior to his arrival, Kirchbach had been contented with utilising merely his leading brigade in the fighting about and beyond Wörth, until the whole of the German army should have come up. The Crown Prince's first task was to infuse harmony into the attacks of the foremost fighting line, and to direct reinforcements as they arrived to the points where their exertions would be most effective. He gave orders that the 2nd Bavarian Corps should reoccupy its position of the morning, and press on the French left flank so as to gain a position on the latter's flank and rear. The 1st Bavarian Corps came into line between the 2nd Bavarian and the 5th Corps, while the 11th Corps was directed to cross the stream, turn the French right, and advance by way of Elsasshausen and through the Niederwald upon Fröschwiller, the Würtemberg Division to follow the 11th Corps. Kirchbach was instructed to delay his main attack on the heights beyond Wörth for some time, until the 1st Bavarian Corps and the mass of the 11th Corps should have come up.

The whole of the infantry of the 10th Division of the 5th Corps, with the exception of detachments left in reserve, was already employed in

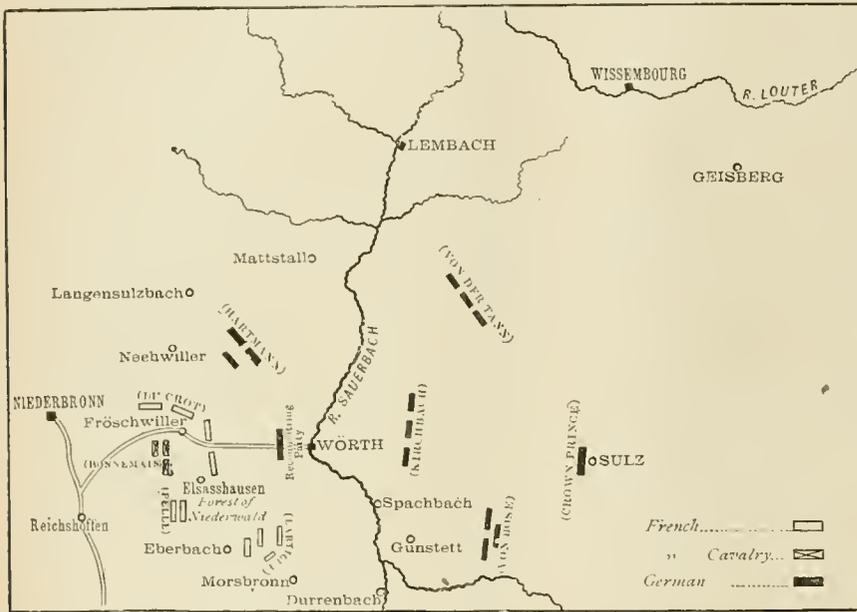
the foremost fighting line beyond Wörth. The 9th Division was brought forward, and of its two brigades the 18th crossed at Spachbach, the 17th at Wörth. The leading regiment of the former advanced across the meadow-land, but its attempts to gain the Elsasshausen heights and the Niederland forest were checked by a forward movement of superior hostile forces. But the repeated offensive movements of the French towards the Hagenau road were nullified by the resolute bearing of the four battalions holding that road, which with great tenacity held the enemy's superior force at bay. On the arrival in the field of the 1st Bavarian Corps, Kirchbach determined to lead forward the whole of his troops now on the western bank of the Sauer to the attack of the heights in possession of the French. The advance was made in company columns, under the hottest fire from the enemy. The skirmishers succeeded in gaining a firm position on the slopes; but all attacks on the heights were fruitless, until a fortunate diversion was made on the right flank of the broken and jagged line. A fusilier battalion drove in the enemy's skirmishers lining the slopes, and with a charge reached the heights, where it received a murderous fire at close quarters from two half-moon breastworks. Those were both stormed and occupied, and the gallant fusiliers chased their adversaries at the bayonet-point to the edge of the opposite wood. As the open crest of the heights was everywhere within close musketry range, and the intervening valley was swept by mitrailleuse fire, no further progress was at this juncture possible; but the captured breastworks were maintained, and the crest remained in German possession. Successes were also achieved on the other flank, and in the centre the upper edge of the sloping vineyard ground was surrounded by German skirmishers. In order, however, to maintain the ground gained so dearly against the unceasing and energetic French attacks, Kirchbach found himself compelled to bring up his last reserves from the eastern bank. The whole of his infantry was brought over and drawn into the foremost fighting line. Hitherto his artillery had been in a great measure masked by the advance of his infantry on the western bank. Now the divisional batteries of the 10th Division, and half his corps artillery, crossed the hastily-restored bridge of Wörth, and pressed to the front, through the streets encumbered with troops, dead and wounded men, scared townspeople, and miscellaneous wreck. The artillery of the

9th Division remained on the eastern bank, opposite to the Wörth position, and was reinforced subsequently by batteries of the 1st Bavarian Corps. Thus, the whole strength of the 5th Army Corps, constituting the German centre, was employed in gaining a firm footing on the western bank of the Sauer, and in occupying the adversary in front until the corps on either flank should attain positions enabling them to operate effectively against the hostile flanks.

It had been only by degrees and by dint of hard fighting and bloody sacrifices that Kirchbach's brave and staunch soldiers made any

skirt of the forest was carried, and its northern edge was reached in rather loose order. In the woodland, between the Niederwald and Elsasshausen, retreating detachments of the enemy made a successful stand against the German efforts to expel them. From the centre of the 11th Corps at Gunstett, six companies of the 95th Regiment crossed the stream by the Bruch Mill, and headed in the direction of Eberbach. The skirmishers, followed by the main body in line, gained the Hagenau road at the first rush. The French of Lartigue's division made an obstinate defence on the heights, the slope from

which favoured their free range of fire, while the massive buildings of the Albrechtshäuser - Hof afforded them a strong defence. The German attack, therefore, progressed but slowly; but the left wing, reaching the cover of the hop plantations on the Morsbronn - Fröschwiller road, at length succeeded thence in outflanking the Albrechtshäuser - Hof. The enemy



progress. Their battalions had become mixed; the greater part of the officers had been killed or wounded; while, on the other hand, the enemy brought up fresh reserves unceasingly. The successful attack of the 11th Corps against the French right flank, now to be briefly described, was to be the first signal to the sorely-tried 5th Corps of the long-looked-for support.

It has been already told how in the morning the 41st brigade of the 11th Corps had been driven back to the east bank in considerable confusion. Towards the forenoon the 88th Regiment crossed the Sauer at Spachbach, having rallied the companies of the 80th and 87th, which had been driven back into that village; and the united body advanced across the meadows, under a brisk fire of musketry and shrapnel, towards the eastern border of the Niederwald, which was lined by hostile skirmishers. The

did not evacuate the place until the buildings had been fired by the German artillery, and until a musketry fire at close range had been brought to bear on the stubborn defenders.

From the left of the 11th Corps the 32nd Regiment marched through Dürrenbach, and headed for the village of Morsbronn, an outpost on the extreme right of the French position. The advance against the place was made by the 32nd and 94th Regiments, the left of the movement covered by the 13th Hussars. The village, which was but weakly occupied, was captured at the first rush by a battalion of the 32nd, another battalion of which regiment seized the heights further to the left. Morsbronn and the Albrechtshäuser-Hof thus in German possession, preparations were in progress to move in a north-westerly direction against the Niederwald, into which the French right wing was gradually

withdrawing, when the German troops about Morsbronn had suddenly to confront a furious attack on the part of hostile cavalry. General Lartigue, commanding the French right flank Division, recognised that a German advance from Morsbronn would seriously compromise the French position, and had given orders for Michel's Cuirassier brigade, which was posted

The ground to be traversed, which had not been reconnoitred in advance, was extremely unfavourable for cavalry. Rows of trees cut down near the ground and deep ditches were calculated to dislocate the movements of large bodies in close formation, whereas the fire of the German infantry had a free range over the gentle slopes of the comparatively bare heights.



MARSHAL MACMAHON.

(Photo, E. Appert.)

in the bottom eastward of Eberbach, to send forward a regiment against the left flank of the German force about Morsbronn.

Michel's massive troopers were burning with impatience for the fray, and their officers, the chivalry of France, were yet more ardent than their men. "A regiment" was Lartigue's order; but Michel read "brigade" for "regiment," and acted on his own version of the order. His brigade consisted of the 5th and 9th Cuirassiers; and, whether by intent or by chance, there had linked itself to the Cuirassier brigade the 6th Regiment of Lancers from Nansouty's command.

Behind Michel there rode in first line the 8th Cuirassiers in column of squadrons; on their right rear three squadrons of the 9th Cuirassiers in line, the fourth squadron in column of division behind; still further to the right rode the Lancer regiment—in all a serried mass of more than a thousand horsemen. Michel's loud word of command had for response a wild shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and then the massive squadrons, glittering in their steel, swept headlong down, through and over the incumbrances of tree-stumps and ditches. The devoted troopers rode swift and straight to their ruin. As the avalanche

of mail clad riders and straining chargers came thundering on, the German companies halted and braced themselves. Only when the leading cavalry column was in close proximity, when the fierce breath from the nostrils of the war-horses was dimming the sheen of the bayonets, were the lines of infantrymen veiled for the moment in flame and smoke. As the wind wafted the smoke aside, a weltering mass of men and horses was disclosed covering the ground. It was a strange and lurid spectacle. The French infantry were pouring showers of Chassepot bullets on the German linesmen; while the latter, disdainful of the obsolete order of "form square to prepare for cavalry," stood in open order striking down into the dust the mail-clad French horsemen. Michel's Cuirassiers and the Lancers were almost utterly destroyed; the losses of the German infantrymen were very inconsiderable.

The devoted charge of Michel's cavalry had enabled Lartigue's infantry of the French right wing to withdraw unmolested towards Eberbach and the contiguous portion of the Niederwald, toward which they were presently followed by the German troops from Morsbronn and its vicinity. This advance was headed by the 32nd Regiment in line. One battalion of the 94th captured the village of Eberbach, but could get no further until later, and its other two battalions followed the road leading from Morsbronn to Fröschwiller. The line thus constituted encountered no resistance at first, and joined the troops about the Albrechtshäuser-Hof, where, in all, there was a German force of about the strength of a brigade, but in a very mixed-up state owing to constant hard fighting. The final assault of the French on the Albrechtshäuser-Hof position was ultimately repulsed, and MacMahon's troops or the right wing were thrown back into the Niederwald. The foremost fighting line of the German 11th Corps followed, and, to support it, General von Bose threw into the fight his last reserves brought across from Gunstett, and also brought up the whole of his artillery. With stubborn fighting, ground was gradually gained in the Niederwald, until at last its northern edge was attained; but between it and the hamlet of Elsasshausen there was an intervening copse, occupied in strength by the French, with strong reserves between the copse and the village. The battle hereabouts swayed to and fro with great slaughter. At length von Bose brought up into line seven batteries, whose fire crushed the French guns and overwhelmed the village and its staunch occupants. Elsasshausen was set on

fire, yet its defenders still held out. At length von Bose gave the order, "The whole will advance!" and a dash was made on the village, some detachments of the 5th Corps taking part with troops of the 11th in the attack. The village was carried, but the French promptly made a counter-stroke, which drove the German captors of Elsasshausen back into the shelter of the Niederwald. But there the counter-attack was checked; the German troops were re-formed, and the blazing village finally remained in the possession of von Bose's forces.

From Elsasshausen the advance battalions of the 11th Corps, having in a measure re-formed the dislocation in their ranks, were following up the French withdrawal in the direction of Fröschwiller. As a last resource, MacMahon called on Bonnemain's cavalry division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers, to stem the tide of French disaster. It was an heroic but forlorn expedient. When the order to attack reached Bonnemain, his division was in a fold of ground somewhat northward of the source of the Eberbach, his 1st Brigade on the right front of the 2nd—both brigades in close column of squadrons. The ground over which he had to attack was extremely unfavourable, as the numerous ditches and tree-stumps were calculated to impede the movements of bodies of horse. But the gallant horsemen recked not of obstacles. A sudden thunder of horsehoofs dominated for the moment the roar of the cannon, as the mail-clad squadrons came crashing through the vineyards and hopfields. Shells tore through the serried ranks, and at every stride men and horses went down. Still the squadrons rode straight to their doom, until the belching volleys of case-shot swept down the files in great swaths of dead and dying. Of the four splendid regiments, no single squadron cohered to strike home, so deadly was the file-fire encountered, yet many a trooper who came out from that massacre carried a bloody sword. The division was all but destroyed; while the German infantry did not care to form square, but shot down the horsemen in group-formation, supported by cannon fire.

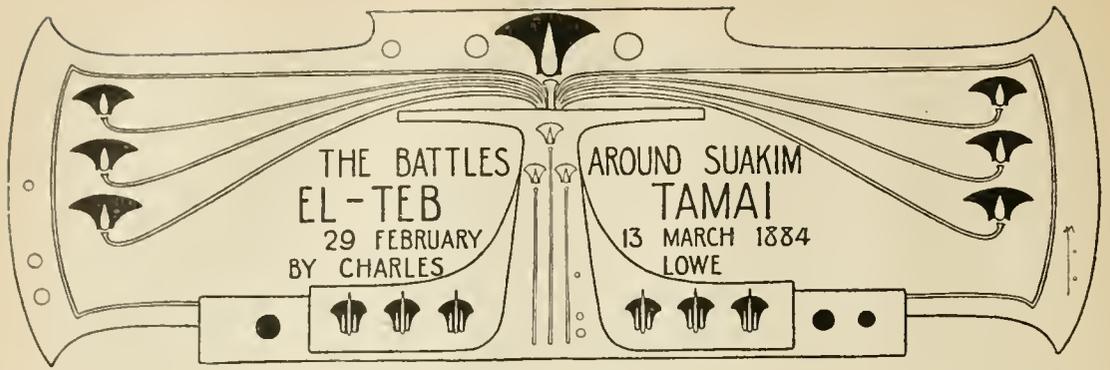
The end of the long, fierce struggle was not yet. Although MacMahon's valiant soldiers must have realised that the situation was desperate, they were none the less resolute to fight to the bitter end. After several hours of deadly strife the Germans, with their great preponderance of numerical strength, had succeeded in driving in the French army on the keystone of its position at Fröschwiller, in

wrecking the French cavalry, and in threatening the line of French retreat upon Reichshoffen. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, save for a gap to the westward, the entire German line of battle, from Eberbach and Morsbronn, on the south-east and south-west, round to the Neehwiller heights on the north-west, was engaged in encompassing the French army in and about Fröschwiller in a ring of German soldiers, with arms in their hands which they were plying vigorously; and in forming an almost entire cincture of batteries from which poured steadily upon the French position a rain of shell-fire; while the French fought on the defensive with a resolute constancy which elicited the admiration of their adversaries. Many details of the momentous struggle for this final stronghold of the French army defy all description; for German troops in broken detachments reached and stormed in upon the common goal almost simultaneously, and the convulsive surging of intermingled friend and foe precluded any precision in fixing the hours of events, and in attempting with any accuracy to establish any cohesion of recollection between the various isolated collisions. Von der Tann and Hartmann, the commanders of the 1st and 2nd Bavarian Corps, on the right-centre and right of the German line of battle, carried their respective commands through the broken ground on the slopes stretching upward towards Fröschwiller, to where Ducrot was still showing a resolute front on the partially refused French left flank. At length, by four o'clock, the Bavarians succeeded in overcoming Ducrot's vigorous resistance on the slopes of the Fröschwiller heights, and in forcing him back on the village; and they reached its northern and eastern confines almost simultaneously with the retreating foe.

The French maintained for some time a fierce but hopeless street-fight in the village of Fröschwiller, a part of which was already in German possession. It ended in a general storm on the part of the Germans, as the result of which the French troops who had not been taken prisoners in the village fled in complete disorder along the Reichshoffen and Niederbronn road, in doing which they came under the guns of the German batteries, the fire of which swept that main line of the French retreat. By five o'clock the obstinate struggle at Fröschwiller was at an end. The prisoners—who amounted to some

9,000—stood downcast and sombre in the village street, many engaged in roughly bandaging their wounds. Dead and severely wounded lay thick, and blood was running in the gutters. Von der Tann came riding in at the head of his 2nd Division, having despatched in pursuit, by way of Niederbronn, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The Württemberg infantry halted at the south-western exit, until they got their orders to intercept the retreat by way of Gundershoffen. But the chief line of retreat was by Niederbronn; and the Crown Prince, when assured that the issue of the battle was no longer doubtful, gave immediate instructions for a vigorous pursuit in that direction. The Württemberg cavalry were early on the track of the rout, and their batteries soon followed. The pursuit presently degenerated into an utter *débâcle*. The Bavarian cavalry spurred fast in chase of the fugitives. The disintegration of the French army was complete, and there was no halt in the panic-stricken rout until Saverne was reached. The Prussian 4th Cavalry Division was a march in the rear, and could not, therefore, immediately take part in the pursuit. But after a hard ride from Wörth Prince Albrecht overtook the rear of the fugitives on the evening of August 7th, near Steinberg, at the foot of the Vosges. The sight of his troopers imparted to the panic-stricken fugitives a fresh impulse of flight, and a hasty and scattered retreat on Luneville followed.

The German victory was a decisive one. The prisoners of war were 200 officers and 9,000 men. The trophies were an eagle, 4 standards, 28 guns, 5 mitrailleuses, 23 waggonsful of rifles and side-arms, 158 other carriages, and 2,000 horses. The German losses were 489 officers and 10,153 men. Wörth was an unquestionable victory, but scarcely a triumph. MacMahon's strength, at most, was under 50,000; the German strength actually engaged did not fall short of 90,000. MacMahon, it is true, had a commanding position, of which he made the most; but it had serious defects, of which in this their earliest important battle, the Germans did not take full avail. Moltke was not present at Wörth, and Blumenthal, the military adviser of the Crown Prince, did not appear to advantage. The man who really won the battle was old Kirchbach. In any other service than the German he would have been broke for disobedience to orders.



IN three previous articles on the Nile campaign it was shown what heroic but unavailing efforts were made by a picked expeditionary force of British troops under Lord Wolsley to relieve Khartoum and save General Gordon from the vengeance of the rebellious Mahdi, the usurper of the Khédive's rule in the Soudan.

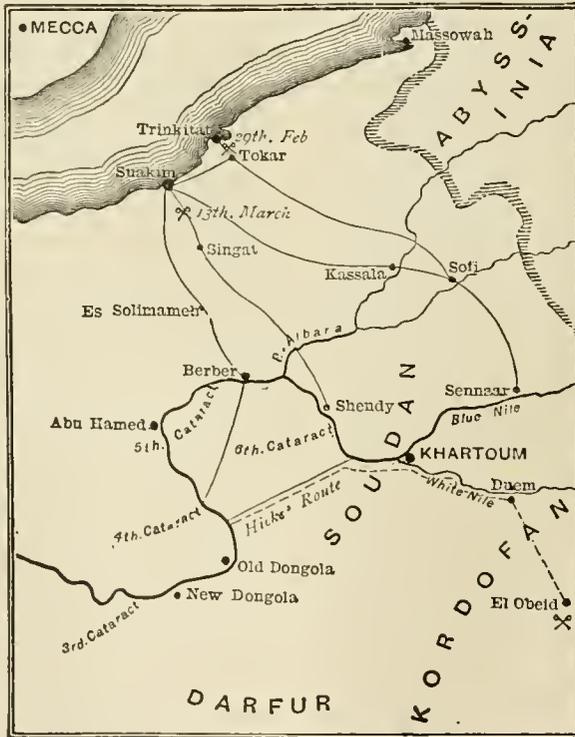
But several months before it was decided to send this expeditionary force under Lord Wolsley to the relief of Khartoum, it had been necessary to de-patch a little British army to the relief of Tokar, near the port of Suakim, on the Red Sea shore. For everywhere throughout the Soudan the Mahdi, or False Prophet, had been triumphant in his rebellion against the authority of the Egyptian Government, of which England, ever since she crushed Arabi Pashi at Tel-el-Kebir, had become the guarantor and the guide. The Soudan had always been the stronghold of the accursed slave trade; and, as Lord Wolsley said, if any part of God's earth was dyed with human blood, it was this.

But it had recently been ensanguined by more

than the gore of slaves. For at El-Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, a large Egyptian army under Hicks Pasha, and several other English officers had been treacherously led into an ambush, and, after three days' hard fighting, it had been as completely annihilated as were the legions of Varus by the German warriors of Hermann, the chief of the Cherusci. Mr. O'Donovan, the daring correspondent of the *Daily News*, was one of the victims of this

general massacre. But Hicks and his Englishmen all died like heroes. "General Hicks," said a writer in the *Times*, "charged at the head of his staff. They galloped towards a sheikh, supposed by the Egyptians to be the Mahdi. Hicks rushed on him with his sword, and cut his face and arm; this man had on a Darfour steel mail-shirt. Just then a club thrown struck General Hicks on the head and unhorsed him. The chargers of the staff were speared, but the (English) officers fought on foot till all were killed.

Hicks was the last to die." The Mahdi himself was not in the battle; but he came to see the body of Hicks, through which,



according to Arab custom, every sheikh thrust his spear.

The rebellion, thus triumphant in Kordofan, was quick to spread to the Eastern Soudan, where Osman Digna, *i.e.* Osman the Ugly, hastened, on behalf of his master, the Mahdi, to raise the blood-red standard of revolt. Osman was a slave-trader and general merchant of Suakim, who had been ruined by the Khedive's prohibition of the traffic in human beings; and he soon appeared in the field with a following of ferocious Haden-dowas, who slaughtered and slew like the exterminating hordes of Attila. Force after force of Egyptian troops was wiped out of being by Osman and his warriors as completely as if they had never existed. This, for example, was the fate which befell 500 soldiers of the Khedive who, accompanied by Commander Moncrieff, R.N., British Consul at Suakim, were on their way from that port to Tokar; and this was followed by the massacre of 700 Nubian troops at Tamai.

After that Osman Digna invested Sinkat and Tokar, and then the Government at Cairo began to bestir itself in earnest. To relieve these two towns it hastened to despatch Baker Pasha with a force of 3,650 men and 6 guns. Then commanding the Egyptian gendarmerie, Valentine Baker had formerly been Colonel of the 10th Hussars; nor had any more daring and accomplished officer ever won the affections of British soldiers.

Disembarking his troops at Trinkitat, some distance to the south of Suakim, Baker, without loss of time, at once commenced to move on Tokar; but he had not gone far before his whole force was overwhelmed with disaster as complete almost as that which had overtaken the army of Hicks. After an advance of about three miles, the Arabs were seen about 3,000 yards off, and the Egyptian scouts at once began firing wildly. The cavalry were then ordered to charge a small body of the enemy on the right flank, but, seeing the scouts returning, also turned tail, and rushed back in confusion on the main body. This latter at once became stricken with panic-terror,

and could not even form square properly. The enemy, about 1,200 strong—Baker's force was 3,650—then rapidly rushed and surrounded the Egyptians, when there ensued a scene of butchery which has probably never been equalled.

"Inside of the square," said an eye-witness, "the state of affairs was almost indescribable. Cavalry, infantry, mules, camels, falling baggage, and dying men were crushed into a struggling, surging mass. The Egyptians were shrieking



SIR GERALD GRAHAM.
(Photo, Fradelle & Young, Regent Street.)

madly, hardly attempting to run away, but trying to shelter themselves one behind another." "The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful," said another English officer. "Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, without an effort at self-defence, by savages inferior to them in numbers and armed only with spears and swords."

No efforts of the gallant Baker and his British officers could induce these Egyptian poltroons to rally and face the foe; so, seeing that matters were utterly hopeless, he himself and his staff, including Colonels Burnaby, Sartorius, and Hay, Major Harvey, Mr. Bewlay, etc., put spurs to

their steeds and charged the enemy, hewing their way out towards the shore through a forest of Arab swords and lances. The Egyptians



HICKS PASHA.

fled and were slaughtered by their pursuers as they ran, leaving a long trail of corpses from the main shambles to the shore. The Egyptians lost no fewer than 112 officers and 2,250 men killed and wounded, besides their machine- and Krupp-guns and 3,000 rifles.

Such was the massacre of El-Teb (4th February, 1884), and four days later it was capped by the butchery of Sinkat. Refusing to yield or to capitulate on terms, the brave defender of this town, finding his provisions on the verge of exhaustion, resolved to fight his way out; so spiking his guns, burning his camp, and destroying all his spare ammunition, he sallied forth with his garrison of 400 men, encumbered with women and children, and was soon engulfed by the enemy. He himself fought with most exemplary valour, but he was overpowered by numbers, and of his whole force only about six men and thirty women were left to tell the tale.

Quousque tandem? How long was massacre of this sort to be endured? Were Osman Digna and his ferocious tribesmen to be thus allowed an unbroken record of butchery and victory? Was the authority of England's *protégé*, the Khedive, to be thus for ever flouted and set at naught by Osman the Ugly?

Holla there! Highlanders to the front! The Black Watch and the "gay Gordons," and burly Bluejackets, and the Royal Irish, and the 60th King's Own Rifles, and the York and Lancaster men—all our three nationalities shall have an equal share in quelling the pride of Osman and

his hordes, and showing that courage, in spite of John Bright's dictum, was a thing that could *not* be bought in lots of equal quality for a shilling a day on any market-place of the world.

In Cairo at this time there was a British army of occupation under General Stephenson, C.B., and to him, after the massacres of El-Teb and Sinkat, there was flashed a London telegram directing him to detach a portion of his force, under Sir Gerald Graham, a man of Herculean stature, for the purpose of relieving the still beleaguered Tokar, and otherwise inflicting vengeance condign upon the Hadendowas.

This order reached Cairo on the 12th of February, and by the 28th of the same month, Graham's little army of chastisement was concentrated at Trinkitat. Drawn from the British garrison at Cairo, the squadron under Admiral Hewitt at Suakim, and the home-coming troopships from India, this little army was organised with a speed and completeness which vividly impressed other nations with the power of the British Empire to prepare and deliver a crushing blow at any given point in a wonderfully short time. Among the home-coming troops from India were the 10th Hussars, Baker Pasha's old regiment, who were waylaid in their passage up the Red Sea in the *Jumna*, and landed to whet their sabres on the heads of the Hadendowas; and it was a never-to-be-forgotten scene when the Hussars, on landing, were met and welcomed by their old commander, whom they greeted with such a rousing British cheer as had never before rent the sky in those wild Arabian parts.

When massed at Trinkitat, Graham's force consisted of 2,850 infantry, 750 mounted troops, 150 Bluejackets, 100 Royal Artillery, 80 Royal Engineers, 6 machine-guns, and 8 7-pounders.

This eager force, on landing, was depressed by the news that Tokar had already surrendered, but the gallant Graham nevertheless decided to push on and give Osman the Ugly a lesson which it would take him long to forget.

Yet the rules of war demanded that he should give the rebellious Arab butchers a fair warning how to escape the wrath to come. With this intent he sent out Major Harvey, of the Black Watch, under a flag of truce, with a letter to the sheikhs, summoning them to "disperse your fighting-men before daybreak to-morrow, or the consequences will be on your own heads." This letter, writ in choice Arabic, was tied to a pole fixed in the sand and left there, as one might bait a hook at night with intent to haul it up next day. On the following morning, 29th

February, it was found that the summons had been taken from its staff, but that its place had been supplied by no answer from the sheikhs. So "*Vorwärts im Gottes Namen!*" as old Marshal Blücher used to sing out to his soldiers, was the effect of the order which General Graham now addressed to his eager troops.

Several days had already been occupied in making preparations and in feeling for the foe, and on the morning of the 29th of February Graham advanced to lure them on to battle. His point of departure was Fort Baker, situated on the landward side of Trinkitat, from which it was separated by a salt marsh; and across this lagoon the troops had previously had to swash and welter to their bivouac of the 28th as best they could.

The force advanced in the form of a square, or rather of an oblong, having an interior space of about 200 by 150 yards. In front were the gay Gordons, in rear their kilted comrades of the "Forty-Twa"; on the right the Royal Irish Fusiliers, supported by four companies of the King's Rifles (60th); on the left the York and Lancasters, supported by 380 of the Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry.

Intervals were left at the angles for the guns and Gatlings, the Bluejackets occupying the front and the Royal Artillery the rear corners. The men marched with their water-bottles filled and one day's rations. The only transport animals were those carrying ammunition and surgical appliances, all being kept together in the centre of the square.

A squadron of the 10th Hussars was thrown forward to scout, the rest of the cavalry (10th and 19th Hussars) being on the rear of the square under Brigadier Herbert Stewart, who was afterwards, during the Nile campaign, to command the Desert Column, and receive a mortal wound at Abu-Kru.

As the huge square continued its advance over the barren sandy soil, it came upon ghastly vestiges of the butchery of Baker Pasha's Egyptian force. The corpses studded the route to Teb, lying about in hundreds and polluting the air. "Swarms of carrion birds," said an eyewitness, "flew off on our approach. By half-past ten we had marched three miles from Fort Baker, and here we could plainly see that the enemy had built some sort of earthworks, in which they had mounted guns and set up standards. Their outpost fire had almost ceased; only a few shots were popping off on our extreme right and left, and these were aimed at our

scouts. It was a fine sight to see our fellows step out as if on holiday parade. It gave a grand idea of the power and pride of physical strength. The bagpipes played gaily, and the Highlanders, instinctively cocking their caps and swinging their shoulders, footed the way cheerily."

Forward—with General Graham, Admiral Hewitt, and Baker Pasha in its centre—steadily tramped the square, keeping well together and halting from time to time in order to give the men a little rest. At last it reached a point, about 800 yards from the Arab position. An old sugar-mill had evidently once stood here—a building of sun-dried bricks and a large three-flued boiler marking the site—with a number of native huts; a kind of fort was also discernible. The mounted infantry and the Hussars, having done their work and run the foe to earth, fell back on the remainder of the cavalry half a mile in the rear. The square was halted. Many of the men sat down, quite indifferent to the presence of the rebels, whose black faces could be seen peering from behind every knoll of sand.

Having now decided on his plan of attack, Graham again ordered the square to advance by making something of a détour to the right, his object being to turn the left of the enemy's entrenchment. As the bugles sounded the advance and the bagpipes struck up again, a storm of bullets was poured on the square, accompanied



BAKER PASHA.

by shrapnel shells thrown by the Krupp guns which had been taken from Baker Pasha's massacred force, and which were served by gunners

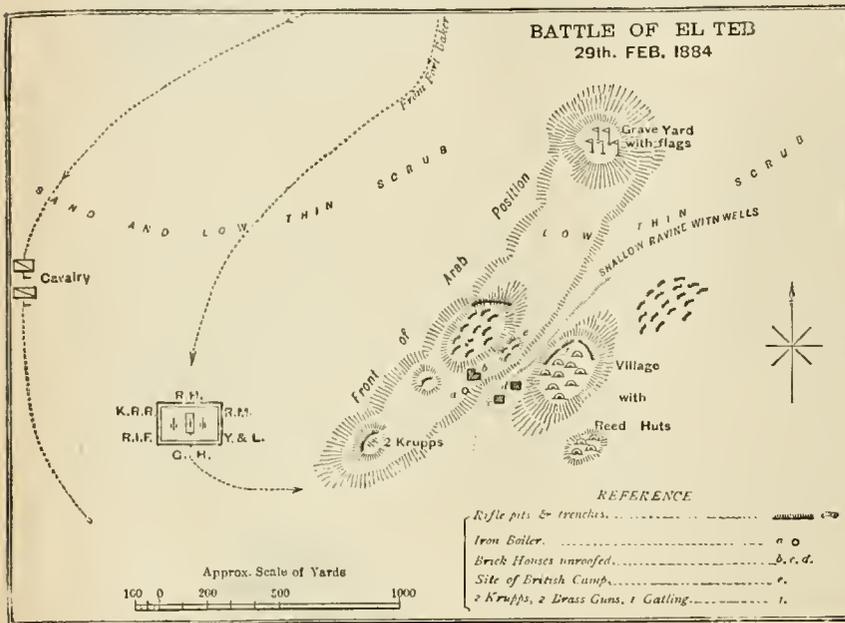
from the very Tokar garrison which Graham's expedition had been despatched to relieve.

The first shell went wide over the square, and threw up a cascade of sand half a mile beyond it, but the correct range was soon found, and the shrapnel began to burst over the oblong, striking down several men. Baker Pasha himself was severely wounded in the cheek by the fragment of a shell, but he managed to remain in the saddle till the end of the fight. The square meanwhile reserved its fire till the north face of the enemy's earthworks was passed; then after it had moved on about a thousand yards, a halt

grouped about among the wells, village, and earthworks of El-Teb, while clouds of others hung about on either flank of the square, which now, to the stirring notes of the bugle, made straight for the Arab position. "It is not a charge," wrote an eye-witness, "but a steady, solid movement in the formation which has all along been observed. It looks, however, all the more formidable, for enthusiasm and discipline are equally marked, as the whole of the troops are cheering, while the square sweeps down towards the enemy."

The brunt of the enemy's onset fell on the

Black Watch, who, by the wheeling manœuvre which the square must needs execute, had now become the front instead of the rear face as at first. It was with no slight feelings of mingled envy and disappointment that the Gordons had observed the tactical situation of the square thus suddenly change to the advantage of their kilted comrades of the "Forty Two," whose pipers now lifted up their loudest notes of exultation on the



was ordered and the men were directed to lie down. During the flanking movement the York and Lancasters on the left flank had become the front side of the square, and suffered rather severely, the stretcher-men and the doctors having their hands already full.

It was now about noon, and several guns were brought into action at a range of about 900 yards. The practice with these guns was carried on with great deliberation and remarkable accuracy, and with the help of the machine-guns, which poured in a stream of bullets, the two Krupps of the Arabs were completely silenced. Graham's soldiers were now becoming impatient as the stretchers got filled with the wounded, and some were heard to exclaim, "If they won't attack us, why don't we attack them?"

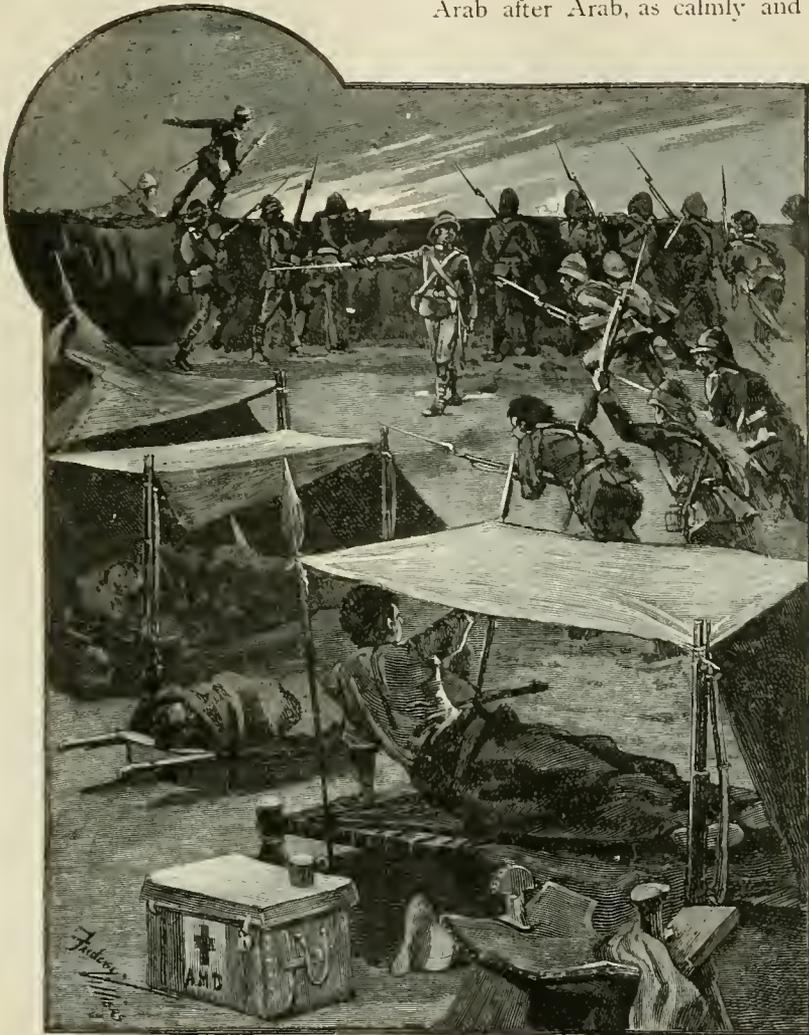
Thousands of the enemy were there in front—

regiment thus accidentally falling into the forefront of the battle.

When the square had attained to a distance of about 200 yards from the main position of the enemy the latter ceased firing. Throwing aside their rifles, they grasped their spears or big cross-hilted swords, and, starting up in a body, hurled themselves upon the advancing square. Yelling and brandishing their weapons and waving their banners, they flung themselves like a human flood straight on the levelled bayonets of the square, and many came within five paces of it ere they fell. "So hotly do the Arabs press forward," wrote Cameron, of the *Standard*, "that the troops pause in their steady advance. It becomes a hand-to-hand fight, the soldiers meeting the Arab spear with cold steel, their favourite weapon, and beating them at it. There is not

much shouting, and only a short, sharp exclamation, a brief shout or an oath, as the soldiers engage with their foes. At this critical moment for the enemy, the Gardner guns open fire, and their leaden hail soon decides matters."

of the Grecian leaders at the siege of Troy, his huge and broad-shouldered figure—six feet four in his stockings—towering like a beacon-light among the roaring breakers of the battle. His only weapon was a double-barrelled shotgun, and with this he kept on bowling over Arab after Arab, as calmly and with as much



"THEY WERE HARASSED THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT BY A DROPPING FIRE" (P. 608).

When the Martinis had cleared the front, the square resumed its onward march at the *pas de charge*, and "went for" the Arab position. The gigantic Colonel Fred Burnaby, of ballooning fame, was the first to clear the breastwork with several men of the Black Watch. The colonel's horse had been shot under him, while he himself was wounded in the arm. But, heedless of these mishaps, the heroic guardsman had banged up to his feet again and burst forward with the Black Watch, laying about him like one

intense enjoyment of sport as if he had been engaged in a battue in some game-abounding glade of sylvan England.

Burnaby had a worthy compeer in the person of Captain Knyvet Wilson, of the *Hecla*, who was present as a volunteer. As the advancing troops closed on the Arab battery, the rebels moved out on the corner of the square against the detachment who were dragging the Gardner gun. At this moment Captain Wilson sprang to the front and engaged in combat with five or

six of the enemy, in the course of which he broke his sword at the hilt—it had probably been “made in Germany”—over the head of one of them. The others closed round him, but he kept them at bay with his fists, and did terrible execution with his sword-hilt till aid arrived and he was rescued. By almost a miracle he escaped with a sword-cut on the head which laid open the scalp, but after having his wound dressed he kept on with the troops. For this special act of bravery Captain Wilson, on returning home, was publicly decorated with the coveted Victoria Cross at Southsea.

The first position of the Arabs having now been won, the square was halted and readjusted preparatory to an assault on their second line, from which an active, galling fire was still kept up. This second position consisted of trenches and numberless holes or rifle-pits, each containing two, three, or four men. Out of these holes the Arabs started as the column advanced slowly but steadily, and flung themselves upon the bayonets to die; and now so confident had Graham's men become, that their square formation was abandoned, the flank forces were deployed, and the attack was continued in two long lines. The Black Watch fell somewhat out of hand in their eagerness to close with the foe and to pour a converging fire on a house—the old sugar-mill before referred to—which continued to be held with the utmost desperation by the enemy.

As the guns proved to be of too light a calibre to break down the walls, the building was at length carried by a brilliant charge of the Blue-jackets, those ubiquitous and irresistible sea-dogs, under Lieutenant Graham. The adjacent ground was contested inch by inch by the Arabs, who seemed to swarm behind every bush, springing out of the ground like rabbits in a warren, and they could only be killed, but not driven off. Scores were waiting under cover to charge with sword or lance, but only to get shot down or bayoneted. Their death-despising bravery was beyond the power of words.

Ever pressing them, Graham's men headed towards the wells of El-Teb, where the Arabs made their last stand—in a position protected by a breastwork of sandbags and barrels. It was crescent-shaped and facing south; but as the troops advanced on it from the north, the guns with which it was mounted were wheeled round in that direction. But they had scarcely begun to belch forth death and destruction, when two companies of the Gordons, under Captain Slade,

were upon them like the Philistines; and, while the pipers now skirled up a loud pæan of victory, the enemy were at last seen, with all the starch taken out of their magnificent courage, streaming away towards Suakim and Tokar.

But during the latter portion of the infantry fight the cavalry had not been idle—had, in fact, contributed in no small degree to the complete and crushing victory won by Graham. When the square had begun to advance to the second attack, Stewart swept round its right flank, and in three lines went slap-dash at a mass of the enemy away on their right front. Beholding this triple hurricane of horsemen coming down upon them, the rebels split into two large bodies—one to the right, the other to the left; and it cost the Hussars a gallop of three good miles before they could come within sabre's length of the retreating foe. The Arabs themselves opened out as the cavalry rushed on, crouching among the scrub, hamstringing the horses, and slaying their dismounted riders. It was almost impossible for the Hussars to reach the crouching or prostrate Arabs with their sabres; and it was felt that the proper kind of cavalry to employ against such foes were Lancers. Recognising this, after the fight, General Stewart procured about 600 of the Arab spears and armed his troopers with them. These spears were like Zulu assegais in form, save that, being weighted with a roll of iron at the extreme end of the shaft, they had greater momentum and piercing power.

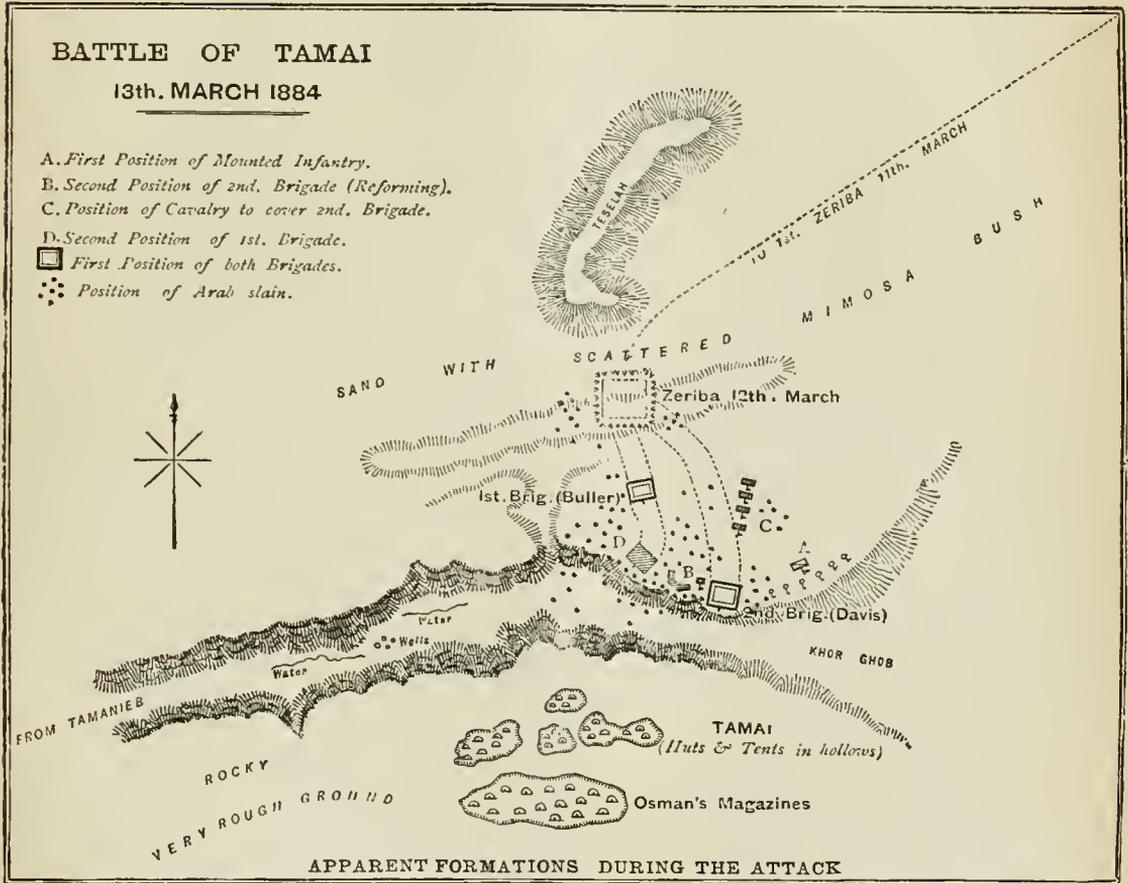
Colonel Barrow, while charging with his Hussars, was struck down by a spear that pierced his arm and side, yet on he rode until his horse came down. The trumpeter coming to his rescue was so terribly cut about with spears that he was only brought out of the *mêlée* to die. Two sergeants and a trooper, however, with great courage succeeded in saving their colonel's life. One, Sergeant Marshall, caught the colonel as he fell, and, seizing a loose horse, sought to place him upon it. The horse, however, fell, and at this moment its owner, Trooper Boosley, came up, and on foot, under a heavy fire, aided by Sergeant Fenton, he supported the wounded officer through masses of the enemy into the infantry lines. A corporal of the 10th had four horses killed under him—three by bullets and one by spears.

The three lines of Hussars did not long maintain their original formation, but opened out, parted, and attacked according to the varying exigencies of the moment, so that the cavalry portion of the battle resolved itself into several

charges. Some thirty rebel horsemen, armed with two-edged swords, rode fearlessly against one whole advancing squadron. Three came straight through safely, and undismayed by the shock they had survived, or the equal peril of the second line sweeping down on them, wheeled their horses, which they were riding bare-backed, with wonderful rapidity, and hesitated not to dart

The action had lasted three hours, and resulted in a complete victory for Graham, though at the cost of 34 killed (including Quartermaster Wilkins and Lieutenant Royds, R.N.) and 155 wounded; while the Arabs, who were estimated at about 6,000, left considerably more than a third of this number dead upon the field.

In addition to running up so long a slaughter-



off in pursuit of the squadrons whose superior power they had so narrowly escaped.

The most mournful casualties occurred among the 10th Hussars during one of their charges, when Lieutenant Probyn, of the 9th Bengal Cavalry, was among the first to fall. Of General Stewart's four orderlies, one was killed and two wounded. Major Slade, as gallant a soldier as ever breathed, was found lying dead, pierced with seven spears, and his horse hamstrung to the bone. Another promising young officer who fell was Lieutenant Freeman, of the 19th Hussars, who had just passed "with distinction" for his troop.

list of the foe, Graham's men had captured four Krupp guns, two brass howitzers, and one Gatling, besides great store of arms and ammunition, the spoils of El-Teb, Sinkat, Tokar, and other Arab victories.

Osman the Ugly explained his defeat by saying that he had given his men the wrong fetish against steel and lead, but he was presently to be furnished with another opportunity for repairing this disastrous error of judgment.

On the 4th of March, after reaping all the harvest of his victory at El-Teb, General Graham and his force returned to Trinkitat, bringing with them the inhabitants of Tokar. On the

following morning the force embarked for Suakim, where the Government had resolved to concentrate it with the view of giving effect to a proclamation issued by General Graham and Admiral Hewitt, denouncing Osman Digna, and calling on the rebel chiefs to submit. To this came a defiant reply signed by a large number of sheikhs. Accordingly on the 12th of March the force, which had been marched out to a zareba formed by Baker Pasha about eight miles from Suakim, advanced on Tamai and bivouacked about 1,400 yards only from the enemy's position, whence they were harassed throughout the night by a dropping fire, as well as by "excursions and alarms" on the part of the foe, the casualties on the British side being one man killed and an officer and two men wounded.

Sunrise brought no relief from the enemy's fire, whilst the immunity they had hitherto enjoyed from retaliation now emboldened a considerable body of them to advance within three or four hundred yards of the square. This was more than British flesh and blood, however patient, could endure; and at about six o'clock a Gardner and a 9-pounder were brought into play, which soon had the effect of dispersing the Arabs, who now retired to their main position near the wells of Tamai.

At seven o'clock, after the troops had breakfasted, the cavalry were sent on ahead to reconnoitre, and after searching the bush well in front, and discerning only small parties of the foe, the opinion began to prevail that, after all, the tribesmen did not mean to fight. Erroneous inference!

An hour later the infantry formed up in two echeloned squares—*i.e.* one in advance of the other, like the black and white checks of a chess-board, the distance between them being about 1,000 yards. At El-Tebe, Graham had formed his force into but one square, or oblong; but now, owing to the different nature of the ground and for other tactical reasons, he preferred dividing it into two, each square being composed of one brigade. Foremost on the left in the line of advance was the 2nd Brigade, under General Davis, consisting of the Black Watch, the York and Lancasters, and the Naval Brigade, Graham himself and his staff being in the centre of this square; while the 1st Brigade—under General Redvers-Buller, a very cool and capable leader—which followed on the right rear of the other, was made up of the Gordons, the Royal Irish, and the King's Rifles.

The squares moved steadily on over ground

intersected by watercourses, towards a deep hollow full of boulders and rugged rocks, called a nullah. When the cavalry, pressed back by the Arabs, retired on the left, Davis's brigade halted and opened a heavy fire with rifles and machine-guns on the advancing mass of Arabs. As the edge of the ravine was won, the British fire became inconceivably hot, while the Arabs now began to make rushes with sword and spear. Despite the bugle-calls and orders of the officers, the men could not be got to reserve their fire or aim steadily. Thus, in a few minutes, all the troops became hidden in the dense smoke of their own rifles, and under its cover the enemy crept up the rocky side of the ravine and made a succession of furious rushes at the front ranks.

"And now, as the pressure increased, the weak points of a square formation became visible," said an eye-witness. "The companies of the York and Lancasters and Black Watch, forming the front face, swept forward against the foe; but the remaining companies of those regiments, which formed the sides of the square, and were also expecting an attack, did not keep up with the rapid movement of those in front, the consequence being that many gaps appeared in what should have been a solid wall of men."

Every effort was made to close the gaps and steady the men to receive the Arab charge; but the rolling fire which now burst forth from front and flank drowned the voices of the officers and even the notes of the bugle. "The 65th (York and Lancaster) gave way," wrote Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and fell back on the Marines, throwing them into disorder, though many men disdained to turn their backs, but kept their faces to the foe, firing and thrusting with the bayonet. But both regiments were inextricably huddled together, and through the smoke at this dire crisis the dark and demon-like figures of the foe could be seen rushing on, unchecked even for a moment by the hailstorm of bullets, and then the fight became hand-to-hand." Crawling on their hands and knees beneath the bayonets and muzzles of the Gatlings and Gardners, the Arabs got into the square, when they commenced stabbing and slashing, doing terrible execution. At close quarters with the cold steel the troops in general were no match for these powerful savages, who would dodge the bayonets or turn them aside with their shields and then deliver two or three spear-thrusts before the wielder of the bayonet could recover.

But in some of the Highlanders the Arabs



"THE ARABS CROUCHED AMONG THE SCRUB, HAMSTRINGING THE HORSES" (p. 606).

found more than their match. The officers of the Black Watch slew several of the enemy with their claymores, running their blades up to the hilt; and one of the finest and strongest men of the regiment, "Big Jamie Adams," with nineteen of his comrades, having charged up to the brink of the ravine where the bulk of the Arabs had been lying concealed, opposed steel to steel, fighting with a prowess superior even to the swarthy savages opposed to them. He and Colour-Sergeant Donald Fraser made over a dozen of their adversaries bite the dust before they fell from loss of blood due to wounds from spears thrown at them.

Another man of the same company, Private Drummond, was in the act of bayoneting an Arab when he was cut over the head by a horseman wielding a huge cross-hilted sword. Drummond's helmet and the swerving of his assailant's horse saved him, and though partially stunned, he instantly rallied and drove his bayonet through the body of the horseman, who was afterwards identified as Sheikh Mahomed, a cousin of Osman Digna. While tugging to withdraw his bayonet, Drummond was set upon by another savage, spear in hand, but his comrade—Kelly—shot the Arab. Kelly himself was killed almost immediately afterwards, and Drummond had his work cut out to get away.

The breaking up of the square by the recoil of the York and Lancasters (on its right face and flank) threw both the Black Watch and the Marines in rear into confusion; and in spite of the strenuous efforts of the officers, who, *mente manue*, strove to rally and reorganise their men, the whole body of troops began to fall back. But there was no panic-terror such as had seized upon the Egyptians of Baker Pasha at El-Teb and made their extermination an easy task for their assailants. No; the Highlanders and their comrades, pressed back by the wild rush of the ferocious savages, retreated in good order, and mowed down their assailants as they went.

This retirement allowed the enemy to capture the machine-guns, though not before they had been locked by the heroic Naval Brigade, who stood by them to the last, losing three officers—Montessor, Almack, and Houston-Stewart—and many brave bluejackets. A battery of four guns under Major Holley, R.A., was equally left without protection owing to the backward movement of the chaotic square, but, though assailed by crowds of the foe, officers and men stood firm to their guns, mowing down the onrushing Arabs with inverted shrapnel.

Soon after Davis's Brigade had thus been pressed back in confusion, the fortunes of the day were brilliantly retrieved by Buller's Brigade, which, about 500 yards on the right rear, was advancing with the steadiness of troops on parade. And now was seen the wisdom of Graham having split his force into two columns. Buller's square had been assailed in the same furious manner as that of Davis, but had blown away all impediments to its advance. No living thing could long remain in front of Buller with his triune Scottish Gordons, Royal Irish, and English Rifles, who now moved up to the support of the disastered Davis.

Encouraged by the splendid steadiness of this advancing square, Davis's Brigade rallied at once, and his troops, burning to retrieve the temporary disorder into which they had been thrown, re-advanced manfully in line with Buller's virgin force. So terrible was the united fire which the two brigades now poured into the enemy, that the progress of the latter was checked. On reaching the point where the Arabs had charged down upon the 2nd Brigade, the abandoned guns were recovered within a quarter of an hour of the time when they had been lost.

Almost at this moment a fresh body of the enemy were seen issuing from a broad, deep, rocky ravine, in which they had been lying concealed—this time in even denser numbers than before. The troops met the new onslaught with the utmost steadiness. It was a repetition, to some extent, of El-Teb; only the Arab charges were fiercer and more determined than before. But all in vain. The masses of the enemy melted away under the terrible fire of the two squares, leaving a trail of dead bodies behind. Thus the breechloaders prevailed over valour as brilliant and heroic as was ever displayed. The defeat of the Arabs in this part of the field was now completed by the cavalry, who, sweeping round the left flank, dismounted and poured volley after volley in among the retreating foe.

The fight was virtually over, yet it was dangerous to move about the battlefield, owing to the wounded natives lying thickly among the bushes. They positively refused to accept quarter, and such as were able continued loading and firing at any one who came near them, or thrust with their spears at all who passed by. In the bush, too, were many unwounded men, who, when they saw an opportunity, leapt to their feet and attacked any soldiers who came sufficiently close.

"All our officers," wrote an officer of the

Black Watch to a friend at home, "fought like devils, and how we lost only one I cannot tell. God is good, and must have put His shield around them. The colonel is a splendid man: he shot two Arabs dead, and would have shot more only the Government ammunition missed fire. An Arab threw a spear, and this passed the colonel; another threw a stone, wounded him on the head and knocked his helmet off, and he was bareheaded under a burning sun, till gallant Norman MacLeod gave him his helmet, and wrapped a cloth round his own head. When we rallied and formed line, I imagined I must be the only officer alive, but to my joy we all met: old Charlie Eden, as cool as if on partridge-shooting; little Brophy, lame, but pretending to be sound; Sandy Kennedy, with eyeglass in his eye, and his wife's watch round his neck; Bald, a gigantic subaltern, sweating, with a sailor's hat on—he had lost his helmet; Sir John MacLeod's son, Duncan, wounded; old Bob Coveney, smiling with confidence; and Norman MacLeod, with his firm lips; Speid, looking calm as a judge; and young Macrae, an Argyllshire lad, who had only joined us the day before, armed with a spear. All our officers had hand-to-hand fights with the Arabs, who pulled the kilts off our men. One of them tore the green ribbons off mine, but I killed him."

The officer referred to in this extract as lost was Major Aitken, in attempting to save whom Ronald Fraser died fighting to the last. But while the Black Watch lost only one of its officers, it had to deplore the death of no fewer than eight of its sergeants—McClay, Fraser, Campbell, Reid, Duncan, Gray, Johnstone, and King. These numerous casualties among the non-commissioned officers arose from the circumstance that they were supernumeraries in rear of the fighting line (front of square), and that consequently, when the Arabs burst into the square, they were taken in rear, and cut down before the men in front could realise what had happened. There remains one feat which deserves a special mention—the gallant defence of a gun and some mules loaded with Gatling ammunition by Private T. Edwards of the "Black Watch" single-handed, the naval officer and blue-jacket in charge of the gun having been disabled by the enemy. Edwards fought splendidly against a dozen Soudanese, and succeeded in retreating safely with the ammunition. His achievement won him the Victoria Cross.

At half-past ten Graham re-formed his troops

preparatory to advancing on the wells of Tamai, about three miles from the battlefield, the capture of which was the immediate object of the expedition. Parties of the enemy were visible on all points of the horizon, equally loth, as at El-Teb, to quit the spot where they had maintained such a gallant struggle. When after a short rest the troops resumed their advance, the enemy gathered again, and it seemed as if they intended to renew the battle.

A halt was ordered, and the guns opened fire on the distant foe. The latter attempted to reply with their rifles, but the distance was too great. The gunners continuing to shell the



ADMIRAL HEWITT.

enemy with neat precision, the troops soon had the satisfaction of seeing the hostile groups break up and disperse, the greater part taking to the hills. Ere long a few scattered bodies of retreating Arabs were the sole remains of the forces with which Osman Digna had so confidently awaited an attack.

While Davis's sorely battered brigade returned to the zereba, where it had spent the night, Buller's force remained behind to destroy the camp of Osman, who, by the way, had only watched the battle from a distance, and on seeing that his forces were beaten, had retreated to some holy spot among the hills to pray for the success of his tribe. From this secure elevation the rebel chief could lift up his eyes and behold the towering flames and volumes of smoke which indicated the complete annihilation of all his encampment—tents, huts, and stores—and the reduction of all his glory, all his worldly goods, to dust and vapour.

Two of his standards were preserved by Buller

as a trophy of the crushing victory which had been won, but it had only been won at the cost of 5 British officers and 104 men killed, with 8 officers and 104 men wounded. On the other hand the Arab loss was considerably over 2,000 killed, not to speak of wounded. Six hundred bodies were counted at the spot where the square was broken, and where the united brigades had advanced they lay in heaps. Alongside of them were the skeletons of the Nubian regiment annihilated three months previously, and now terribly avenged.

At the zereba, near the battle-field, a dismal night was passed. The air was full of melancholy sounds. First there were the low moanings of wounded men and animals; then came the volleys fired over the dead, who were buried near the camp; then, later on, parties of Arabs could be seen in the moon-light, wandering over the field, and giving vent to the most heartrending cries of grief as they came across the heaps of dead and dying. These sounds continued all night long, with scarce a minute's interruption, but in the morning none of the enemy were visible, all having dispersed before daybreak.

As the Governor of Suakim, Admiral Hewitt issued a proclamation offering 5,000 dollars for the body, dead or alive, of "the rebel Osman the murderer," but as this gave great offence in certain sentimental quarters in England, it was withdrawn. By Osman and his sheikhs, on the other hand, it was treated less with indignation than contempt, so that Graham resolved to make one more attempt to bring to bay the still defiant lieutenant of the Mahdi. With this intent he advanced to the village of Tamanieb, but after some desultory firing it was evacuated by the enemy, Osman the Ugly stealing away to the mountains and leaving all the honours of the situation to the gallant Graham.

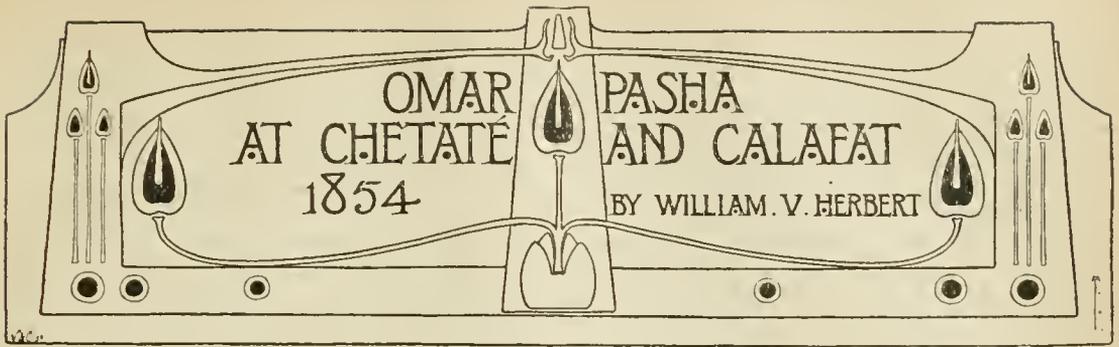
The campaign was at an end, and Graham's troops were now wanted for those operations on the Nile to relieve Gordon which have already formed the sub-



PRIVATE T. EDWARDS, OF THE 42ND, AT TAMAI (P. 611).

ject of three separate articles.

But yet another will be necessary to describe the fights at Hasheen and MacNeil's zereba near Suakim, after the failure to relieve Khartoum in the following spring, when the hordes of Osman Digna once more sought to brave the force of British bayonets.



IN the years 1820 to 1834, when Hussein, the blood-stained exterminator of the Janissaries, of European notoriety, was Pasha of Widdin, there lived in the latter town an obscure personage, a fugitive foreigner from across the Croatian border, a deserter from the Austrian army, a convert to Islam, who was known to the townspeople by the assumed name of Omar, and the additional courtesy-title of Effendi, his real name, known to none, being Michael Lattas. He earned a precarious living as clerk to the pasha aforesaid, with which despised office he combined the even humbler one of teacher to his master's children of the rudiments of history and geography, and of an elementary knowledge of Italian and German. He made a little "overtime" (not much, for the grim pasha was a hard taskmaster) by writing the letters of illiterate persons.

A strange person was this Omar Effendi—taciturn, coarse, unsociable, uncouth, shabby, and always in pecuniary difficulties; a young man (he was not twenty-three years yet when he first came to Widdin) with the demeanour of a sexagenarian. He was not married, and seemingly desired not to be; for never did he cast amorous eyes on any one of the many fair maidens of the town—the so-called "Spanish" Jewesses, the Bulgarians, the Roumanians—whose beauty was renowned throughout the country. He had no friends, and never tried to make any; he lived for himself and by himself, books being his only companions—records of wars and great deeds, which he begged or borrowed of the wealthy Greek and Armenian traders, if he could not obtain them in the public library of the town, the creation of Pasvan Oglu, the last of the great Janissary leaders. To his master he was useful in many ways: he spoke Turkish without the trace of an accent, knew the tongue of the

despised Rayahs and several Western idioms, and, by means of a very fair education, was clerk, interpreter, secretary, translator, business-man, and steward all rolled into one. An intelligent observer—there were not many in Widdin—must have gained the impression that this mysterious young man was suppressing himself. Such was the case. He played a waiting game, and, being endowed with stupendous latent power, could rise grandly to the occasion when such a one proffered itself.

But before this occurred, some more years of degradation and adversity had to be gone through. In 1834 Omar left the town, in the middle of the night, to many clamouring creditors' disappointment, his only possessions in the wide world being a small bundle, a few silver coins, and a letter of recommendation from his master—who favoured his plans—to the Seraskier of Stamboul. He partly tramped, partly worked his way as a carter, to the capital, the El Dorado of many an adventurer whom the Occident had cast out.

Now there was at that time—and there is, in a smaller degree, now—no place in the world so paved with gold to a man of abundant energy and a conveniently small dose of scrupulousness as Constantinople. Granted that you possess a knowledge of two or three European languages, can read and write Turkish, possess latent power, strength of purpose, and an individuality of your own, employment by Government and quick advancement are certain, if only you know how to make yourself agreeable, and understand the art of closing your eyes and keeping your mouth shut when occasion requires it. In 1834 Omar was clerk in the Seraskierat; in 1835 teacher of writing to the Sultan's eldest son, with the honorary title of captain. In 1837 he exchanged the reed for the sword and entered active service, having already

had a few years' military training in the battalion of Austrian frontier-guards which he had left in disgrace. In 1830 he fought under the eyes of Moltke in the disastrous battle of Nisib against the Egyptians; and later in the same year he, then a colonel, established his fame by his victory at Beksaya in Syria. Thenceforth his promotion was rapid, and his warlike experience manifold. There is no necessity to enumerate either; suffice it to say that when in October, 1853, the ninth Russo-Turkish war broke out, which was so soon to develop into a European struggle of huge dimensions and unequalled horrors, known to history as the Crimean War, Omar, then forty-seven years old, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Ottoman forces in Europe, with the rank of Mushir or marshal, the highest military grade of the Empire.

Twenty years after the despised Omar Effendi, literary hack and absconding debtor, had sneaked out of the Plevna Gate of Widdin's fortifications like a thief by night, the far-famed soldier Omar Pasha, the hope of the Ottoman nation in the impending struggle, made his state entry by the same gate, with pride, pomp, and circumstance, surrounded by a brilliant staff, escorted by a gallant cavalcade, acclaimed by the populace, greeted by the "*Selam dur*" ("Present arms!") of Turkey's best battalions. An hour after his arrival he went to pray, ostentatiously, at the grave of his former master and the founder of his fortune, Hussein Pasha, now dead six years; and towards dusk on the same day (17th October, 1853) a brigade with several batteries occupied the large island situated between Widdin and Calafat, roughly fortified it, and pitched camp there.

The die was cast, and it was Omar who had boldly thrown it. Russia had not complied with Turkey's reasonable and moderate demand for the evacuation of the Danube Principalities, at that time the latter's undisputed property, and the high-handed Mushir, who had addressed a solicitation to that effect to Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian commander-in-chief, then in Bucharest, had anticipated by six days the grace which the young Sultan, Abdul Medjid, Omar's former pupil and actual patron, had accorded to the Czar Nicholas I.

The Turks had taken the precaution to concentrate a large corps (20,000 men with 40 guns, not counting the stationary ordnance, and 5,000 irregular horsemen) in and around Widdin during September and October. The Russian detachment destined to operate in this quarter was commanded by General Fischbach, consisted

in the beginning of only one division, with its complement of cavalry and artillery, and was, at the commencement of hostilities, still quartered, with the bulk of the Russian forces, in and near Bucharest, whence it sallied forth on the 25th October towards Crayova.

At that time Calafat was rather a strong place. It had a complete semicircle of redoubts, trenches, and ditches flooded with Danube water, many of which dated from the campaign of 1790, when the Austrians had stormed and captured them. A pontoon-bridge connected the place (then a village, but both more extended and more populous as a village than to-day as a town, counting some 4,000 inhabitants) with the large Danube island; another, between the latter and Widdin, provided with a closable aperture for passing vessels, completed the communication. The total length of the two bridges was 2,200 yards; that of the communication from shore to shore was close on 3,000 yards. The Roumanian bridge-head was situate three miles south of the present site of the town, but well within the Calafat fortifications; the Turkish lay within Widdin's inner *enceinte*.

On the 23rd October the respite elapsed, and the Sultan's decree of war became absolute. Four days later the general of division, Ismael Pasha—hitherto commander of Widdin, but now subject to Omar and to the latter's adjutant-friend, and factotum, Ahmed Pasha, a Vienna-trained man—crossed over to Calafat with twelve battalions and some artillery, and on the morrow the Turks were in full and undisputed possession of the place, which, well equipped and fortified, strongly armed and manned, and ably commanded, was to give the ruthless invader such an amount of trouble as nobody in Europe had foreseen or suspected. A day later Omar took up his residence in Calafat, but Widdin continued to be the base and centre of operations, the *viz-â-viz* being merely the fortified bridge-head of the larger town. Ceaselessly Omar and Ahmed added to and strengthened the defences of Calafat, having in their service several trained Austrian and Polish engineers.

"If the mountain will not come to Muhamed, Muhamed must go to the mountain," thought the restless Omar. The enemy seemed inclined to allow him undisturbed possession of the dirty Wallachian village; so he went forth to seek and beat him.

Leaving Ahmed in command of Calafat, he travelled post-haste to Turtukai, a fortified little town on the right bank of the Danube, half-way

between Rustchuk and Silistria. He arrived on the 2nd November, and two days later he had fought and won the battle of Oltenitza, the first encounter in the war. This accomplished, he returned with the same speed to Calafat.

Here, during November and December, more troops were concentrated, and with the new year Omar counted on this spot 25,000 regulars, 10,000 irregular cavalry, and 50 field-guns. The defences of Calafat, having been extended to a semicircle with a radius of over three miles, had been strengthened in such a manner that the town, supported as it was by Widdin with its heavy ordnance and huge stores, was practically impregnable. And such the Russians found it when, at the reiterated command of their exasperated Czar, they made that series of futile attempts on the place, extending over a period of nearly five months, which is known to history by the somewhat misleading name of the Siege of Calafat, and which was inaugurated by the battle of Chetaté, on the 6th January, 1854, the subject proper of this memoir.

The action of Oltenitza had already made a great stir in Europe, and placed Omar Pasha's name on everybody's lips; the fight of Chetaté aroused the whole newspaper-reading world to the highest pitch of excitement and enthusiasm. Owing, however, to the total lack of impartial onlookers in this quarter, the versions which have reached the Western public are garbled, exaggerated, and misleading; even to this day the historians give each other the lie direct. I cannot do better than record the details of the action as I collected them on the spot. I had speech in Widdin in 1877 with participators and eye-witnesses, and with many citizens who were old enough to remember the events of twenty-three years ago. The following is, in substance, the account which I gathered as the harvest of my investigations:—

To commence with, Chetaté was at that time a large, straggling, dirty, poverty-stricken village of Little Wallachia, situate on the left bank of the Danube, about nine miles upwards of Calafat, and eighteen miles below the Timok mouth. It consisted of a single street over a mile long, and counted some 1,200 inhabitants (a populous place for that part of the world), mostly Wallachian fishermen and petty farmers of the poorest class, with a small sprinkling of Turks. The surroundings are flat, green, and fertile, but so sparsely inhabited as to be almost a wilderness, even at the present day. There was at that time no direct communication, not even track or path, between

Calafat and Chetaté; the road led *à* Golentzé, a *détour* of ten miles or more.

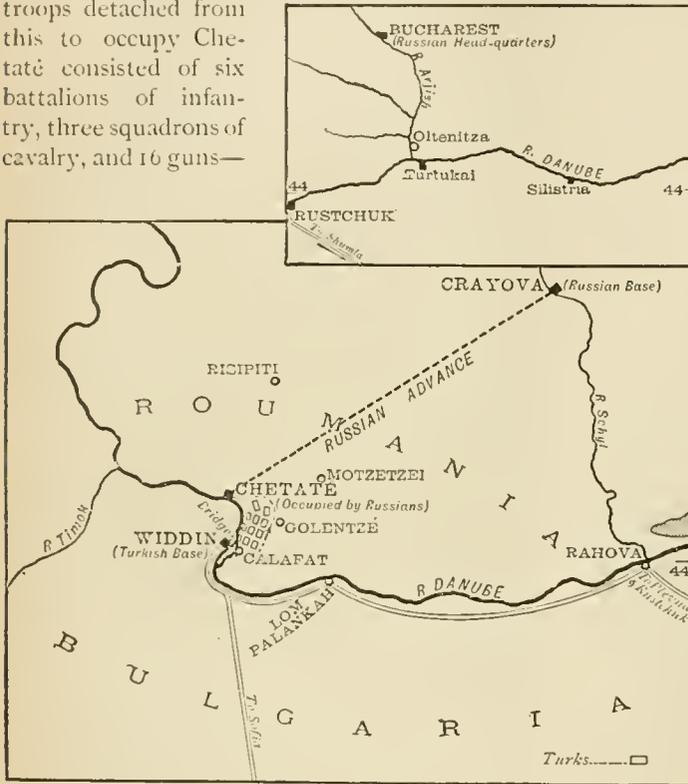
It was late at night on the 5th January when the outposts of irregular cavalry brought into Calafat, *ventre-à-terre*, the astounding and wholly unexpected news of the occupation of Chetaté by the Russians, who were supposed to be still in Crayova, fifty miles to the north-east. Omar Pasha, who happened to be in Calafat, called at once a meeting of his principal officers, and an expedition for the early morrow was decided upon.

This was to be twofold. A force of 1,000, mostly regular infantry, with a few guns of light calibre, set out from Widdin before the 6th January had dawned, in craft which the far-seeing Mushir had caused to be got ready some time before, equipped with oars and Danube experts in the persons of local fishermen. There were some fifty of these boats and barges, and they rowed slowly upstream in the cold grey dawn of a bitter winter day. An hour later—in time to keep tryst with the river force—three battalions of infantry, 2,000 irregular cavalry, and three field-batteries of six guns each, started from Calafat along the river meadows.

The force in the boats was led by Ismael Pasha, the land force by Ahmed Pasha, who, being also commander-in-chief of the undertaking, deserves to survive to posterity as Victor of Chetaté. Omar himself followed at a march-hour's distance with a strong reserve of regular cavalry, and a battery of light guns. With Ahmed's detachment was a body of Polish and Hungarian volunteers, led by two noblemen of the former nationality, named Constantin von Yacoubowski (Yakub Bey) and the Count Alexander Illinski (Iskender Bey), while the large horde of irregular cavalry was officered by Ishmahil, a notorious Circassian chief. The artillery was under the command of an English adventurer by name Samuel Morris (Moussa Bey), who was popularly supposed to be a deserter from the British army, and who proved himself to be a clever, capable, and courageous leader. The following men—all, like those already mentioned, conspicuous characters in the peninsula at that time—also took part in the fighting on the Turkish side:—Halim Pasha, to be mentioned hereafter; Sami Pasha, the civil governor of Widdin, the well-known advocate of an alliance between Turkey, England, and France, who later brought his powerful influence to bear upon the Sultan in this direction; two Austrian military engineers, Holzwege and Teutsch; and

lastly, a renowned Kurdish chief and warrior named Iskender, who, having been captured by Omar Pasha some years before, and, at the instigation of England, banished to the Danube swamps to atone for countless atrocities committed upon the Armenians, asked, and was allowed, to take part in the fighting.

The Russian force then in possession of Crayova was composed of two divisions (23,000 men) with 48 guns, and was commanded by General Anrep. The troops detached from this to occupy Chetate consisted of six battalions of infantry, three squadrons of cavalry, and 16 guns—



about 6,000 men; the Turkish force which came into action had about the same strength. The Russian leader at Chetate was General Fischbach.

The appointment was admirably kept by the two separate Turkish forces, and the plan to surprise the enemy succeeded completely. Hardly had the river force landed unperceived and commenced to attack the village on that side, when the land force arrived and assailed at once impetuously on the other. Most of the Russians were still resting in the houses from the exertion and the fatigue of the previous day's exhausting march from Crayova, when the first shots exchanged, between the *têtes* of the Turkish columns and the sleepy sentries, posted at both ends of the village, alarmed them. Many of the

soldiers took part half-dressed in the ferocious fighting that ensued. The open ends of the street had been hastily barricaded and entrenched the evening before; but what the Russians trusted most to for protection against surprise was the river on one side and a large pond with some swamps on the other. Both these natural defences turned out to be imaginary; for as to the former, we have seen that the Turks utilised it for transport, and as to the latter, the obstacles were successfully circumvented.

The struggle was of the most desperate description. Hardly ever has action exhibited greater personal bravery of either combatant. As if conscious that the eyes of Europe were upon them—which, indeed they were—both sides fought ferociously, and the result was simply murderous. Each house, hovel, and shed was converted into a fortress and staunchly defended; each foot of ground was contested. In the end the Turks were left masters of the village, having carried it almost entirely at the point of the bayonet. The action, which had commenced at about an hour after daybreak—that is, at 9 a.m.—was over shortly after noon, and the surviving Russians fled hastily across country north-eastward, leaving two guns in the hands of the enemy and nearly one-half of their force, dead or dying, on the ground and in the burning houses. So desperate had the fighting been that the Russians lost all the horses

and almost all the men of their two batteries; the guns had to be served by infantry and removed by Cossacks. That fourteen pieces out of sixteen were saved in the turmoil and confusion of such a defeat is to their credit.

The Turks had lost 1,000, the Russians 3,000 men in killed and wounded; thus the casualties amounted to 25 per cent. of the forces actually engaged. The former had taken many hundreds of wounded prisoners: what they did with them is not recorded. The village was almost destroyed by fire, and it is to be feared that many disabled men of both nationalities perished in the flames.

The weather on this day, as well on the three fighting days that were to follow, was

bitterly cold, with the peculiar icy north wind of the Bulgarian winter; the ground was soaked by many weeks of incessant rain, and although snow and slush came down at intervals, the frost was not sufficiently severe to create a hard crust on the ground, which latter is always preferable for fighting purposes.

As in almost all the countless victories which the arms of the Crescent have won in the course of five centuries, pursuit of the beaten enemy by the Turks was sad to seek. That means, the victory was not utilised, and might as well have been non-existent for all the difference it made in the progress of the campaign. This is the more astonishing in the case of Chetaté, as Omar disposed of a splendid body of horsemen, greatly exceeding that of the Russians at Crayova in numbers.

That there was not even the faintest attempt or semblance of a pursuit is made manifest by the fact that on each of the three following days (7th, 8th, 9th January) the Russians sent large detachments from Crayova for the purpose of recovering Chetaté—first a fresh brigade, then an entire division, and finally almost the whole of Anrep's corps. But the Turks clung to their newly acquired possession with all the obstinacy which is their distinguishing characteristic in warfare, and the Russians were beaten off each time. The Turks lost another thousand men, the Russians nearly double that number. Thus the four days' fighting at Chetaté (which was said to have exasperated the Czar in no small degree) involved a total loss in life and limb of 6,000 human beings, the aggregate of fighters actually engaged having been below 25,000.

In Turkey the four days' battle of Chetaté made an enormous sensation, and Widdin celebrated the victor of the first field-day, Ahmed Pasha, by building a huge mosque and dedicating it to him in naming it Ahmed Djami.

To such an extent grew Omar Pasha's popularity in Europe, that countless volunteers or all nationalities flocked to Widdin to join his banners. Wherever there was an adventurer, a runaway, a social outcast, a *blasé*, any man with a love of fighting and no other opportunity for exercising it—Austrians, Germans, Italians, French, or English (for these events happened three months before the consummation of the French-English-Turkish alliance)—he found it incumbent upon him to link his fate to that of the now famous renegade. For at that time Russia was heartily disliked by all countries and peoples, and her Czar, Nicholas I., was held in

particular execration, although whether rightly or wrongly cannot here be determined.

We have now arrived at the second portion of our subject—the struggle for Calafat, January to May, 1854.

It has already been intimated that the Calafat of 1854 was a very different place from the clean and sober European town which I was to behold in the year of war 1877, when it was quite a modern creation, built on the site of the historic objective of many a sanguinary struggle. That which Omar's force defended so bravely was a long, extended, squalid, poverty-



OMAR PASHA.

stricken Wallachian village, of which no trace remains at the present day. The strategical importance of this place, considered by itself, was *nil*; but in conjunction with its neighbour across the road, the impregnable fortress of Widdin, it was of enormous value to both belligerents, since the latter city was the key to the Danube and the door which barred the two great roads into the heart of the country—that to Sofia in the south and the other to Rustchuk in the east. Widdin was a thriving town of 12,000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom were Christian Bulgarians. But the sympathy of the latter, from causes which can find no space in the present narrative, was wholly with their Turkish masters throughout that war. Widdin had two concentric lines of fortification on the land side and many gun-spiked quays on the river-banks, was armed with some 400 guns of heaviest calibre, held huge warlike stores of every

description, was in easy and uninterrupted communication with the heart of the country, and was altogether a most formidable foe to tackle. In the campaigns of 1737 and 1790 against the Austrians, and in that of 1828 and in 1829 against the Russians, it had stood unconquered, although in 1790 and 1828 the enemy had possessed himself of the bridge-head, Calafat. In conjunction with the latter it was impregnable, which fact Omar Pasha recognised with his wonderful gift of mental farsight (hence his determination to retain Calafat at any cost), and which the Turkish wirepullers would have done well to remember in the later war—that of 1877.

General Anrep received reinforcements from Bucharest shortly after the disaster of Chetaté, and, having in the first instance concentrated his forces (three divisions, with a large body of Cossacks and other cavalry, and 100 pieces of artillery) in Crayova, he moved slowly up to Calafat. The Turks, too, were reinforced from Sofia, and counted presently 35,000 men—about 5,000 less than their opponents.

A number of minor actions were fought in this district during January and February, 1854 (at Golentzé, Motzetzei, Risipiti, Chiupercheni, and other places), all of which were more or less successful for the Turkish arms; nevertheless, the Russian belt of investment approached and pressed hard upon Calafat. The Turks had to abandon the outlying positions (among them Chetaté) and concentrate their strength. Soon (middle of February) the place was surrounded by a semicircle of entrenched Russian bivouacs, concentric with that of its fortifications.

Omar Pasha, by virtue of his office as commander-in-chief, found it impossible to devote himself to the details of the defence of the now practically invested Calafat (or, rather, semi-invested, for the communication with Widdin remained open), and he ceded the conduct of operations to his bosom friend, Ahmed Pasha, continuing to reside, however, for the greater part of the winter in Widdin, which he considered, erroneously, to be the objective of the enemy's movements in the principalities.

All through the winter and the spring the senseless struggle for Calafat dragged its weary length. The stubborn Turks yielded not an inch of ground, and both sides suffered severely from cold, exposure, privations, and disease. Ahmed, although at that time probably the most highly educated officer of the Ottoman army, was not so resolute in his sallies and sorties as the rabble wished: ugly and persistent,

though quite unfounded, whispers of corruption made themselves heard. Omar, responding to popular clamour, replaced him by the less-educated but more dashing Halim Pasha, Ahmed retaining, however, the command of the artillery and the engineering operations. This compromise worked well. Instigated by the constant pressure emanating from the vain, ambitious, and energetic Omar—whose European reputation was at stake, and who knew his person to be the focus of the eyes of the newspaper-reading world—driven also by the lash of an acclaiming and presumptuous populace, the two leaders, in command of brave and spirited troops, harassed the enemy to such an extent by frequent petty sallies—although after Chetaté only one action worthy of the name was fought, outside Calafat on April 19th—that the Russians had sacrificed over 20,000 men (nearly half of their number) by death or disablement from shot or disease, before they finally (in May, 1854) gave up all attempts to capture Calafat. But the Turks, too, had lost severely: their defence cost them, from first to last, 12,000 men—a third of their strength.

The Englishman, Morris, was badly wounded in the action of April 19th, and was brought to Widdin, where he died a few weeks later. The Turks, with whom he had been *persona grata*, caused him to be buried in one of the *intra-muros* cemeteries (recently demolished), where his grave was shown to me in 1877. A crude stone slab, erected—so I was told—by Sami Pasha, a sworn Anglophile, exhibited the following extraordinary epitaph—

SAM MORRIS
KAPITAIN OF ARTILRIE
30 year old
FELL IN BATAILLE
AT
KALAFATU
AVRIL MDCCCLIV,

with the addition of a Turkish sentence, which, translated, ran thus—

"He loved, but death came."

Vividly I recall the impression of sadness and utter desolation which the fertile desuetude of that lonely graveyard, the curt testimony of that neglected tomb, wrought upon my youthful fancy. Who was he that died in a foreign land, fighting for an alien race, and what tragedy is so imperfectly indicated by that forgotten grave?

The gun-spiked quays on their own shore, all cleverly utilised; the well-fortified islands; the threatening ordnance of Widdin; the con-

viction — constantly demonstrated — that the harder nut to crack awaited them on the other side of the river, induced the Russians to abstain from a general assault on the Calafat position. And if such a one had been undertaken and had succeeded—*cui bono?* The ease to swing a pound weight does not presuppose the ability of lifting a hundredweight. It would have required a stronger force, and a better, than that which Generals Anrep and Fischbach commanded to carry Widdin.

If the reader will reflect upon the *locale* of this struggle — the defenders but a bridge-length removed from their base, which was in uninterrupted communication with the interior of the empire, the assailants operating hundreds of miles away from their stores in an ill-cultivated, sparsely populated, alien country—he will perceive the uselessness of this “siege,” will understand its failure, and grasp the difficulties the beleaguers had to contend against. As a matter of fact, Calafat could never have been besieged—in the proper sense of the word—as long as Widdin stood unconquered.

For the Turks the episode was highly creditable, and Omar Pasha became one of the most popular men of the day, in the Orient as well as in the Occident. But a great deal of bombast and arrant nonsense was written ament both man and event—for and against—in the contemporary press, as also by later chroniclers; and to the historian it is extremely puzzling to find the truth that lies midway. I have endeavoured to hold the balance of contradictory records, and have soberly stated events as the result of my researches, my discrimination applied thereto, and information locally collected have painted them to me.

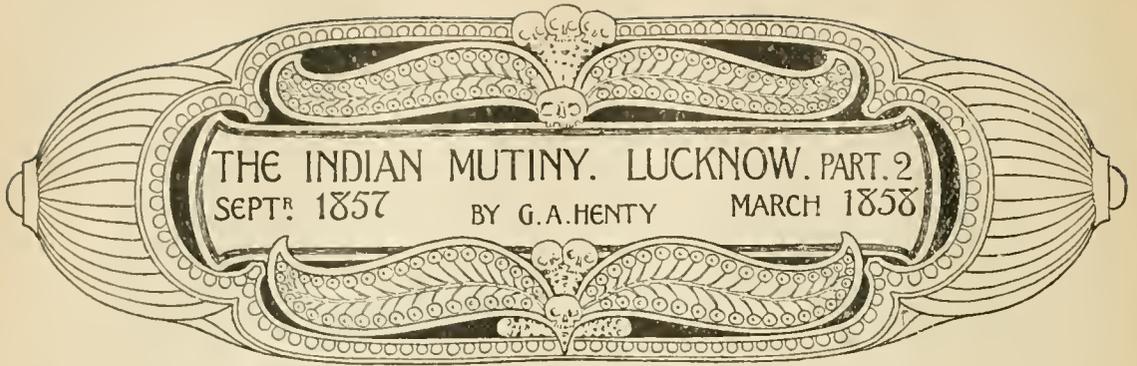
In May General Anrep withdrew his forces from the neighbourhood of Calafat and retreated on Bucharest, leaving Fischbach and his division in observation at Crayova. On the 15th of June the bulk of Omar Pasha's Widdin army commenced its eastern march to help to defend Silistria against its besiegers.

Ismael Pasha was left in Widdin and Calafat, having 6,000 men (half of them irregulars) to hold the towns against a renewal of the enemy's attack. But none was undertaken, and in this quarter operations were at an end. Soon afterwards the Russians evacuated the principalities, retreating before the Austrian occupation. Calafat received a small Austrian garrison, which was not withdrawn until after the peace (1856).

Omar Pasha had already in April gone to Shumla to hold a consultation with the French and English commanders, and Widdin knew him no more. By clever concentration of troops he effected the raising of the siege of Silistria, and by allowing the Russians unchallenged possession of the fever-haunted Dobrudcha swamps he inflicted upon them losses more severe than pitched battles would have had in their train, without the cost of a single life to his own army. When the Russians retreated he followed them to Bucharest.

The theatre of war was shifted to the Crimea, and Omar commanded the Turkish troops which accompanied the allied armies. He led his forces to victory in the battle of Eupatoria (March 21st, 1855), and assisted in the siege of Sebastopol. When this town had fallen (September 8th, 1855) he repaired to Batum in Asia, and commanded the corps sent for the relief of beleaguered Kars, but was not in time, through which fact he incurred, momentarily, the imperial displeasure. That fortress succumbed to the Russians (November 27th, 1855), who, their military honour being now vindicated, were ready to listen to pacific proposals, and lay aside their battered arms. The treaty of Paris (March 30th, 1856) put an end to the useless war. But it terminated not the military career of the Renegade of Widdin, who was destined to employ his courage, prowess, and cruelty in the interests of the Crescent for eleven years longer, chiefly in the congenial task of quelling the rebellions of his former co-religionists. But in 1867, having been unsuccessful in suppressing the revolt of the Cretan Christians, in spite of merciless rigour, he was compelled to retire from active service. The imperial ill-will did not last long. He died in Stamboul in 1871, at the age of sixty-five, in possession of wealth, honours, world-wide fame, and his sovereign's fullest favour.

That the Renegade of Widdin was a great general cannot, in the face of history, be doubted. But personally he was not an amiable or even estimable man, being, indeed, unscrupulous, brutal, and ruthless to a degree, fond of inflicting pain, innocent of even the faintest vestige of love, pity, or humanity. Next to cruelty greed was his ruling passion. He was also hypocritical, licentious, and not free from the old Ottoman taint—sowing corruption. Many traits in his sordid character, many deeds of his heavy hand, many events in his stormy career, are best forgotten.



THE important part played by Lucknow in the course of the great revolt was long and sustained, and after the fall of Delhi it became the centre and focus of the struggle. The magnificent defence of the beleaguered garrison attracted towards it the mutinous regiments from a wide district. The hosts that gathered there were swollen by the addition of large numbers of those who escaped from Delhi, and as there the mutiny received almost its first check, it was there that it met with its crushing and decisive blow. The great military drama was naturally divided into four acts—the defence, the relief, the rescue, and the revenge. The defence has already been told of in these pages, but no less thrilling and absorbing, and equally illustrative of our national qualities of courage, energy, and dogged resolution, was the first of the three advances to Lucknow—that led by Havelock and Outram—which was, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope. It was a desperate attempt to aid the sorely pressed garrison. The end was very nigh when, on the 25th of September, Havelock's troops—a mere handful—made their way through a tempest of fire from the bridge over the canal through the streets of the city to the gates of the Residency.

Had they arrived a few days later they might have found but a heap of ruins and the bodies of those who had so long and sternly defended them. Even when the end was attained it was a relief and not a rescue; for although now the garrison was strong enough to defend itself from attack, it was far too weak to fight its way back, with a crowd of women and children, through the circle of foes.

The second advance—that in November—was still too weak to crush the immense force of mutinous Sepoys and of fighting-men of Oude, but strong enough to inflict terrible punishment

upon them as it fought its way through the line of palaces to the Residency and carried off the original garrison and the force that had relieved it.

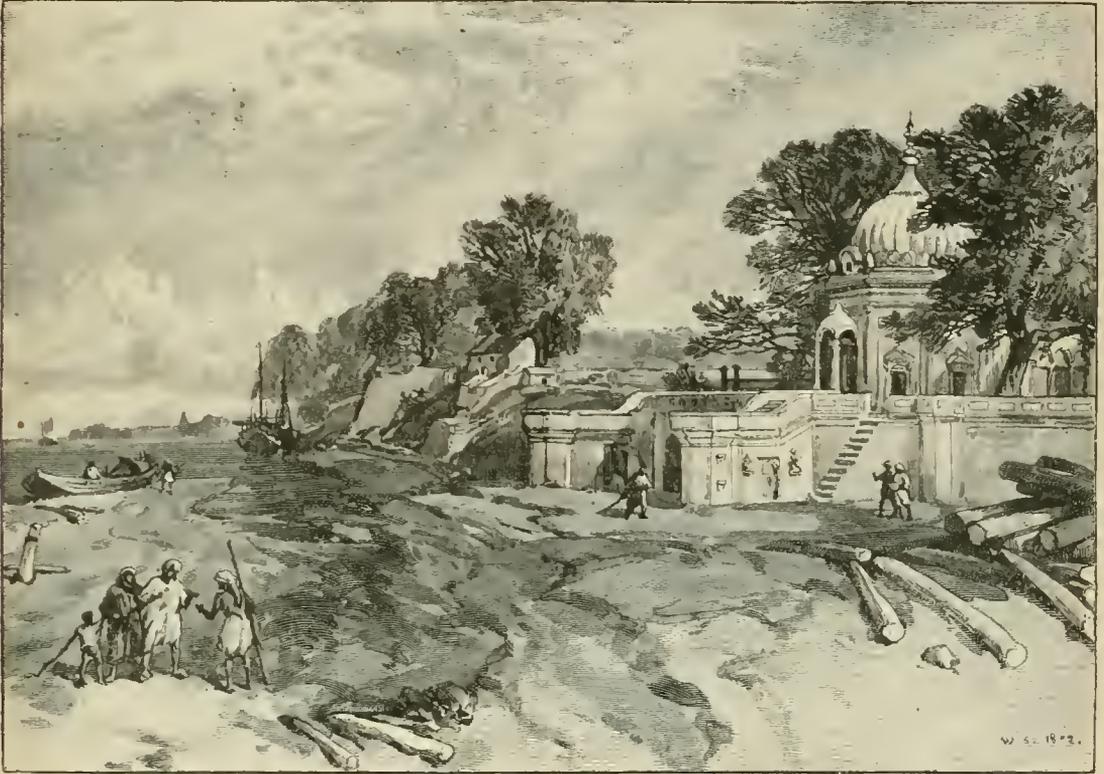
Then for a time Lucknow remained in the hands of the Sepoys, and there was silence where for so many months, night and day, rifles had cracked and cannon roared. The mutineers held possession of the Residency, but it was but an empty triumph, for their victims had escaped them, and in exchange for thousands of lives they had gained but a heap of ruins. Then came a pause, and for four months the rebel host lay sullen and silent while the storm gathered at a distance. They knew now that their dreams of expelling the British from India were at an end, that the army that had proved itself well-nigh invincible when led by British officers, and which had rivalled British regiments in gallantry, was unable, however superior in numbers, under its native officers, to stand for a moment against British troops; and the expectation of triumph had been succeeded by that of despair, by the knowledge that the day of retribution was slowly yet surely approaching, and that the next time a British army advanced it would be to punish and destroy. All energy, all enterprise, had left them; leaders they had none; and although their numbers were vast, they made no single attempt to utilise them, but remained sullenly waiting the coming of the end. That end was not so complete nor so final as it should have been. Owing to some error of direction, some failure to understand instructions, a way was left open for a retreat, but although great numbers escaped, it was no longer an army but a host of fugitives dispirited and despairing; and there remained only the task of hunting down in detail those who still clung together, although by far the greater number threw away their arms and uniforms and sought their native

villages, and so escaped the fate that fell upon all who resisted.

The force with which Havelock started from Allahabad with the object of saving the women and children, the sole survivors of the massacres at Cawnpore, of punishing the army of revolted Sepoys there and the treacherous Rajah of Bithoor, and of then pushing forward to the relief of the garrison of Lucknow, was totally inadequate to the tremendous task that it had

was scarcely less heroic to undertake such an enterprise than to achieve it.

But the general knew that each man of the force was animated by a spirit that multiplied indefinitely his fighting power and made him unconquerable. It was not merely the sense of duty, the determination to win or to die, nor the natural pugnacity of the race that alone inspired the troops; each man burned with an overpowering hatred of the enemy, a fierce desire for



THE SLAUGHTER GHAT, CAWNPORE.

set itself. At Cawnpore were some 10,000 Sepoys, besides the large and turbulent population of the town. At Lucknow was a still larger Sepoy force and no small portion of the fighting-men of Oude. As yet Delhi was uncaptured. A little British force with difficulty held their position on the ridge near the city. The confidence of the Sepoys was unbroken, and they still looked to assured victory over the handfuls of white troops that could be brought to oppose them. The total force under Havelock's command was less than 1,400 British troops with eight guns and 450 Sikhs—a force so disproportionate to that of the enemy that it

revenge for the acts of treachery and atrocity that they had committed; and no one reckoned his own life as aught so that the work of revenge and of rescue could but be accomplished.

On the 12th of July, 1857, they first met the enemy at Futtehpore—1,500 Sepoys, 1,500 Oude tribesmen, and 500 rebel cavalry with twelve guns—strongly posted in a position that could only be approached by a road through a swamp. The British column had marched twenty-four miles without resting or eating when the enemy opened fire and forced on an engagement; but hunger and thirst and heat were forgotten when the order was given to advance, and without a

check the British troops forced their way knee-deep through the swamp, drove the rebels before them like chaff before the wind, and took Futtehpoore, where the enemy endeavoured to make a stand.

With a rush the twelve guns were captured, and the victory won without the loss of a single man killed, although twelve fell dead from sunstroke during the fight. After a day's rest the troops went on again, and the next day found the enemy entrenched at Dong. This time they were much more numerous than before, and fought stubbornly; however, they were driven back, and two of their guns captured. As Havelock had no cavalry, the fugitives reached the bridge at Pandoo, where heavy guns had been placed in position to sweep the bridge, and another strong force was gathered. The shrapnel shells of the artillery silenced their heavy guns, the steady fire of the Madras Fusiliers demoralised their infantry, and when the troops rushed across the bridge, the enemy, massed to defend it, lost heart and fled. The next morning the column marched fourteen miles, halted, and cooked their food; then in the heat of the day they advanced again, and were soon engaged hotly. Nowhere throughout the war did the Sepoys fight more obstinately than here, and, though position after position was carried by the bayonet, it was not until after five hours' fighting that resistance ceased, and just as night fell, after a twenty-two miles march and a fight under a tremendous sun and defeating 11,000 of the enemy, the troops reached the parade ground at Cawnpore.

The next morning the enemy blew up the magazine and retreated, and the troops learned that they had arrived too late, and that the whole of the women and children, the survivors of Cawnpore with seventy or eighty other fugitives from Futtehgur, had been massacred in cold blood. The terrible news raised the fury of the troops to boiling-point, and thenceforth no quarter was given, no prisoner taken. On the third day after their arrival at Cawnpore they received a reinforcement of 220 men of the 84th under General Neil, who had hurried forward in bullock-carts, and these filled up the vacancies that had been made by disease, sunstroke, and battle; but in view of the ever-increasing stubbornness of the enemy's resistance and the fact that large forces of Oude irregulars with many guns were gathered to dispute every foot of the way, it was impossible for Havelock with but 1,800 men to fight his way to Lucknow and penetrate a great city held by a very powerful

force; moreover, it would be necessary to leave at least a third of the little army to hold Cawnpore.

Receiving some reinforcements, however, they crossed the Ganges, but were met with a desperate resistance. Every village was fortified and obstinately defended. The country swarmed with the enemy's skirmishers; and although in every instance the troops defeated their assailants, it very soon became evident that success could not possibly be attained until they were largely reinforced; and therefore they fell back to Cawnpore, where their ranks were further thinned by an outbreak of cholera, and in a short time, owing to overwork and sickness, there were seventeen officers and 466 men on the sick-list. It was not until two months after the column had left Allahabad that the reinforcement so urgently required arrived. It consisted of 1,700 troops under General Outram. On September 20th the force, now amounting to 2,700 men, with seventeen guns and a few volunteer cavalry, again advanced, and, sweeping aside all opposition, reached the Alumbagh, a country palace surrounded by a high wall, situated within three miles of Lucknow. The enemy here were routed, and, leaving the sick and wounded, the baggage and animals, in the palace enclosure, with 300 men to protect them, the main body of the force, after two days' rest, advanced on the 25th to the relief of the Residency. Driving the enemy through a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, they arrived at a bridge over the canal. The direct road to the Residency was known to be cut up by trenches and defended by palisades and loopholed walls; they therefore kept along for some distance on the banks of the canal, exposed to a heavy artillery fire.

Crossing a bridge, they fought their way through the streets, under a terrible fire from window, roof, and loopholed walls. Darkness was already falling when the serious fighting began; and it is probable that this saved the gallant force from annihilation. It was late in the evening before the head of the column reached the entrance to the Residency. The greater portion of the troops had to maintain themselves in the positions they held all night; but at daybreak they made their way, with the wounded and guns, into entrenchments, having lost in killed and wounded 464 officers and men, being fully a fourth of their number. Their arrival placed the Residency beyond risk of capture. Fortunately, the supply of grain there

was sufficient for all now assembled there; but it was evidently beyond their power to retire from the position that they had won.

Six weeks after Havelock advanced across the Ganges, the rescuing column, under Sir Colin Campbell, consisting of 2,700 infantry, 700 cavalry, Captain Peel's 8 naval guns, 16 field-guns, and a heavy field-battery—in all about 5,000 men—advanced from Cawnpore, and reached the Alumbagh on the 10th of November without serious opposition.

The general had been furnished with a plan of the city, brought out by Mr. Kavanagh, a civilian who had volunteered for the dangerous service, and who was able to explain the exact position and point out the best method of approach. The eastern side of the town was devoted to royal residences and other great buildings, standing in large enclosures and extensive gardens. Although some of these buildings would have to be stormed, the operation was likely to be attended with very much less loss than would be suffered by adopting the route before followed and fighting through the narrow streets. Skirting the suburbs, the force reached the palace known as the Dilkoosha. This was situated on the crest of a hill that sloped gently down towards the town. It stood in a large park, and from it an extensive view could be obtained; the Residency, with the flag still floating over it, rising prominently over the mass of low buildings surrounding. It was therefore possible to open communications by signal between the palace and the Residency. The park was occupied by rebels, but their number was not large; the men were conscious that they had no supports near, and in consequence, as soon as an attack in earnest was made they gave way, and the Dilkoosha was occupied without difficulty.

The great train of waggons, with supplies of all sorts for the use of the force while engaged in the intended operations, and for the supply of the Residency should it be determined to continue to hold the post, was parked near the palace, and here the general established his headquarters. The nearest building was the college known as the Martinière, which stood half a mile down the slope towards the town. The masters and boys of the school formed part of the garrison of the Residency, and the place was now occupied by the enemy. This, however, was easily carried. Advancing onwards, the troops approached the first really formidable obstacle. This was the Secunder Bagh, a

building of strong masonry, standing in a large garden surrounded by a high wall, which had been loopholed. It was held in force, and the rebels also occupied a village in front of it. As the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier Hope Grant, advanced towards the latter it was met by a murderous fire both from the village and the building behind. The troops moved forward in skirmishing order, but made little progress, until the horse artillery and powerful field-guns were brought up, and a heavy fire opened upon the village. The enemy nevertheless maintained their position obstinately, until the impatient troops received the order to charge, and, dashing forward, carried the village at the point of the bayonet, the rebels retiring to the Secunder Bagh. The Sikhs had been directed to lead the assault upon the garden, and were to attack by a small breach in one of the walls. The European troops, however, who were to support them, were too eager to be kept in hand, and, while the Sikhs strove to enter by the breach, the others rushed forward towards the gates at the entrance.

The fire from the loopholes was incessant, and the men had no means of breaking in the gate. There was, however, a barred window by the side of it: some of the men crept under this, and raised their caps on their bayonets. Every musket was discharged by the Sepoys inside. The soldiers sprang up and seized the bars, and by sheer strength and weight of numbers pulled them down, and then dashed in through the opening. Both here and at the breach the Sepoys fought fiercely; but nothing could withstand the fury of the soldiers. Gradually, as reinforcements kept pouring in behind, they drove the Sepoys back. The fight was long and desperate: the soldiers, maddened by the tales that they had heard of outrage and massacre, gave no quarter; and when, at the end of three hours, the fight ceased, over 2,000 of the mutineers lay dead in the garden. Before the entry into the Secunder Bagh had been effected, the troops outside had been harassed by a heavy fire from a large mosque standing nearly opposite to it. The mosque had the usual dome; the parapet round this had been loopholed. Four lofty minarets commanded the whole; and a high wall, also loopholed, surrounded the garden, the only entrance having been blocked up with masonry.

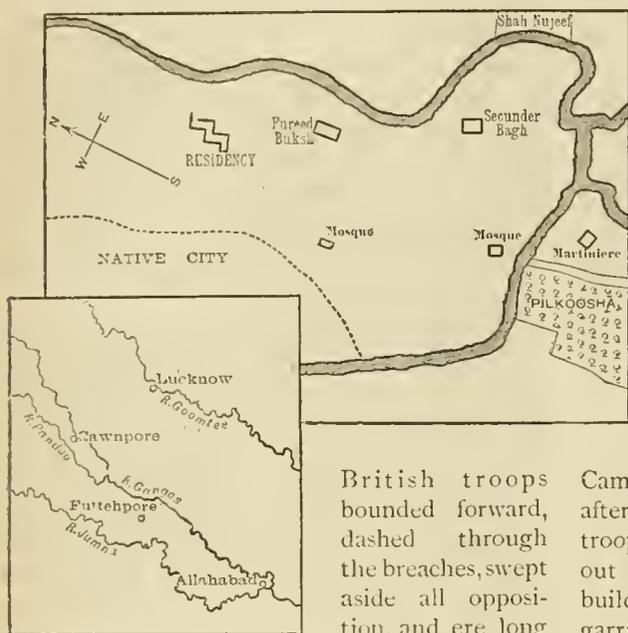
As soon as the capture of the Secunder Bagh was completed the troops were called upon to assist in the attack upon the mosque. Captain

Peel and his sailors brought up their 68-pounder guns, and opened fire against the wall at a distance of a few yards, the infantry covering the operation by keeping up an incessant musketry fire against the defenders, who crowded the walls and directed their fire at the sailors working at the guns. A field-battery aided the heavy guns, and a mortar-battery pitched shells into the enclosure. So strong were the walls that it was not until after some hours that breaches sufficiently wide for the troops to enter were effected; then the order was given, and the

Palace, of which they had taken possession after the relief by Havelock. When the heavy battery had done its work, the troops were ordered to storm the place, and rushing forward with impetuosity through the heavy musketry fire of the defenders, passed through the breach, carried all obstacles, and forced their way into the building and cleared it of the enemy. In the rear of the mess-house stood the observatory; this was carried by the Sikhs, who fought with a valour and determination rivalling that of their European comrades. While this struggle was

going on, the garrison, who had prepared several mines under the wall of the garden of the Fureed Buksh, facing the direction in which Sir Colin Campbell was advancing, exploded them, and as the wall fell, opened fire upon the insurgents in front of them with two powerful batteries. After the guns had prepared the way for an advance, Havelock's troops dashed forward and carried the two buildings known as the Herm Khana and the Chuttur Munzil at the point of the bayonet.

There was now no obstacle of importance between the two British forces, and although the enemy kept up a heavy fire from both flanks, Sir Colin



British troops bounded forward, dashed through the breaches, swept aside all opposition, and ere long the rebels holding

the mosque were annihilated. It was now late in the afternoon, and the troops halted in the position they had won. The next morning the other brigade headed the advance. It had been arranged, by means of signals, that, as soon as the Secunder Bagh and the great mosque had been captured, the garrison of the Residency should on their part begin to advance.

There were still four great buildings fortified and strongly garrisoned interposing between the two British forces. The most formidable of these was the mess-house, which stood on an eminence; it consisted of a large two-storeyed, flat-terraced house, flanked by two square turrets, and protected by a deep ditch and a loopholed mud wall. Captain Peel began the action by opening fire upon the mud wall, while the garrison of the Residency afforded some assistance by throwing shell into the enclosure from the Fureed Buksh

Campbell and General Havelock met that afternoon amid loud cheers of the triumphant troops. Another day was spent in clearing out the insurgents from some of the flanking buildings and preparing for the retreat of the garrison, which had been determined upon. It was a painful necessity. The loss of Sir Colin Campbell's force had been 122 officers and men killed and 325 wounded. It was true that the loss of the enemy had not been less than 4,000; but there were still at least 50,000 fighting-men in Lucknow, and the desperation with which they defended themselves at the Secunder Bagh and the Shah Nujeef Mosque, and the bold face which they showed, proved that every house and street would be defended, and that the town, if taken at all, could not be captured without immense loss by the 5,000 men of the united British forces. Had a garrison been left to hold the Residency, they would have been again besieged, and must again have been relieved; the consequence was that, to the regret of those who had so long and nobly defended the post it was determined to abandon it altogether.

The operation was performed at night and with great secrecy. Though the journey of five



"GRADUALLY THEY DROVE THE SEPOYS BACK" (A. 633).

miles to the Dilkoosha, across rough ground, which at several points was exposed to the constant fire kept up night and day by the insurgents, was very trying to the ladies, weakened by long suffering, privation, and confinement, it was performed in safety, only one person being wounded. From the Secunder Bagh, the ladies were carried in palanquins to the Dilkoosha, where tents had been prepared for their reception. The treasure was carried off from the Residency, but all other stores and effects of the residents had to be left behind. It was not until three months and a half later that Sir Colin Campbell, having dealt out punishment to the mutineers at many of the stations where they still kept together, and having received large reinforcements of men and artillery from home, prepared for the crowning attack upon Lucknow. On the 4th of February he advanced from Cawnpore to the Alumbagh—which had been held by a force under Sir James Outram—with three divisions of infantry, a division of cavalry, and fifteen batteries, including that of Captain Peel with his sailors.

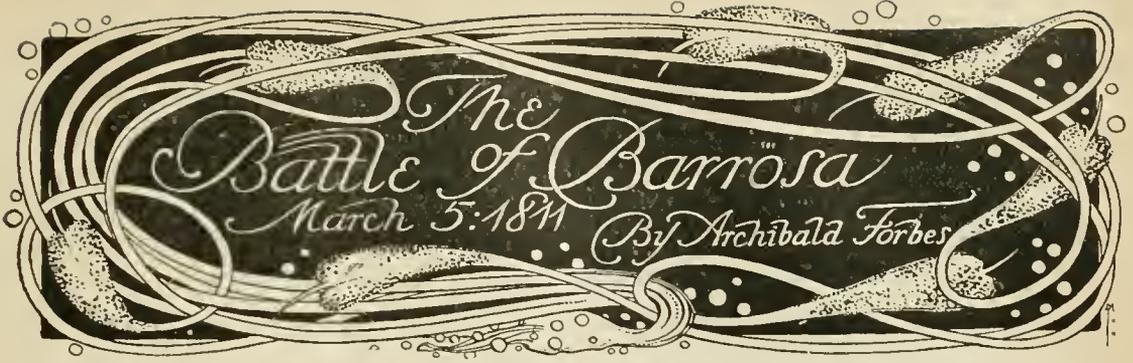
On the 1st of March operations began, General Outram, with a force of 6,000 men and thirty guns, crossing the Goomtee, and reconnoitring the country as far as Chinhut. On the following day he invested the Chukkur Kothi, or King's Race-house, which he carried the next day by assault. Sir Colin Campbell's main force occupied from the Dilkoosha, and on the 9th captured, with a slight loss, the *Martinière*, and pushed on to the bridges across the river and carried, after some hard fighting, the Begum's Palace. Two days later the Immaumbarra, which had been converted into a formidable stronghold and was held by a large force, was breached and stormed, and the captors followed so hotly upon the rear of the flying foe that they entered with them the Kaiserbagh, which was regarded by the rebels as their strongest fortress. Its garrison, taken wholly by surprise, made but a slight resistance. The loss of these two positions, on which they had greatly relied, completely disheartened the enemy, and throughout the night a stream of fugitives poured out of the town.

The success was so unexpected on our part that the arrangements necessary for cutting off

the retreat of the enemy had not been completed, and very large numbers of the rebels escaped, to give infinite trouble later on. Many were cut up by the cavalry and horse artillery, who set out the next morning in pursuit; but, to the mortification of the army, a considerable proportion got away. The next day a number of palaces and houses fell into the hands of the advancing troops without resistance, and by midnight the whole city along the river bank was in their hands. In the meantime Jung Bahadoor, our ally, was attacking the city with his Goorkhas from the south, and pushed forward so far that communications were opened with him half-way across the city. The following day the Goorkhas made a further advance, and, fighting with great gallantry, won the suburbs adjacent to the Charbach bridge.

The hard fighting was now over: the failure to defend even one of the fortresses upon which for months they had bestowed so much care, completely disheartened the mutineers remaining in the city. Numbers effected their escape; others hid themselves, after having got rid of their arms and uniforms; some parties took refuge in houses, and defended themselves desperately to the end. The work was practically accomplished on the 21st, and Lucknow, which had so long been the headquarters of the insurrection, was in our hands, and that with a far smaller loss than could have been expected from the task of capturing a city possessing so many places of strength, held by some 20,000 desperate men fighting with ropes round their necks. All three advances were distinguished by the irresistible bravery with which our troops fought. The first operation was not remarkable for the military skill with which it was performed, and undoubtedly, if Havelock had followed the course afterwards taken by Sir Colin Campbell, and entered by an open suburb, avoiding the fortified places in it, he could have entered the Residency with far less loss than that encountered in fighting his way through the narrow lanes and streets of the city. The subsequent operations were conducted by Sir Colin Campbell with consummate skill and judgment. Altogether the story of Lucknow is one of the most glorious pages in our military history.





The Battle of Barrosa
March 5: 1811
By Archibald Forbes

AN almost unique example of steadfast perseverance, crowned at length by success after long years of disappointment, presents itself in the career of the brave old fighting-man whose prompt resolution and ready daring won the battle of Barrosa against desperate odds. Thomas Graham of Balgowan, a Perthshire laird of old family, was born in 1748. In youth he was passionately fond of horses and dogs, but gave no indication of a liking for the career of a soldier. While he was an undergraduate at Oxford in 1766 his father died, leaving the young laird in possession of a handsome and unencumbered rent-roll. According to the custom of those days he made the grand tour, remaining for several years on the Continent, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the French and German languages. In 1774 he married a daughter of Lord Cathcart and for nearly twenty years afterwards lived the life of a country gentleman, shooting and farming in his own county, hunting in Leicestershire, travelling and yachting with his wife until her death on board ship in the Mediterranean in July, 1792. Striving to dispel the melancholy caused by his bereavement, Graham accepted the position of volunteer aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, who had arrived at Toulon in September, 1793, to take command of the troops employed in the defence of that fortified city. In this service he distinguished himself so highly and displayed a military capacity so marked, that Lord Mulgrave urged him to become a professional soldier and to raise a regiment which should serve under his command.

Returning to London in the spring of 1794, Graham obtained from the commander-in-chief a letter of service to raise a regiment at his own expense, with the temporary rank of colonel during its continuance on the establishment.

So successful was Colonel Graham's effort that within four months he was in command of the 90th Regiment (Perthshire Volunteers) with the full number of 1,000 rank and file. Presently he was induced by his first success in recruiting to raise a second battalion of the same strength. But when he applied to be permitted to obtain permanent rank in the service, he was informed that it was the king's determination not to make permanent the temporary rank held by an officer who had not served regularly and for a stipulated time in the several ranks.

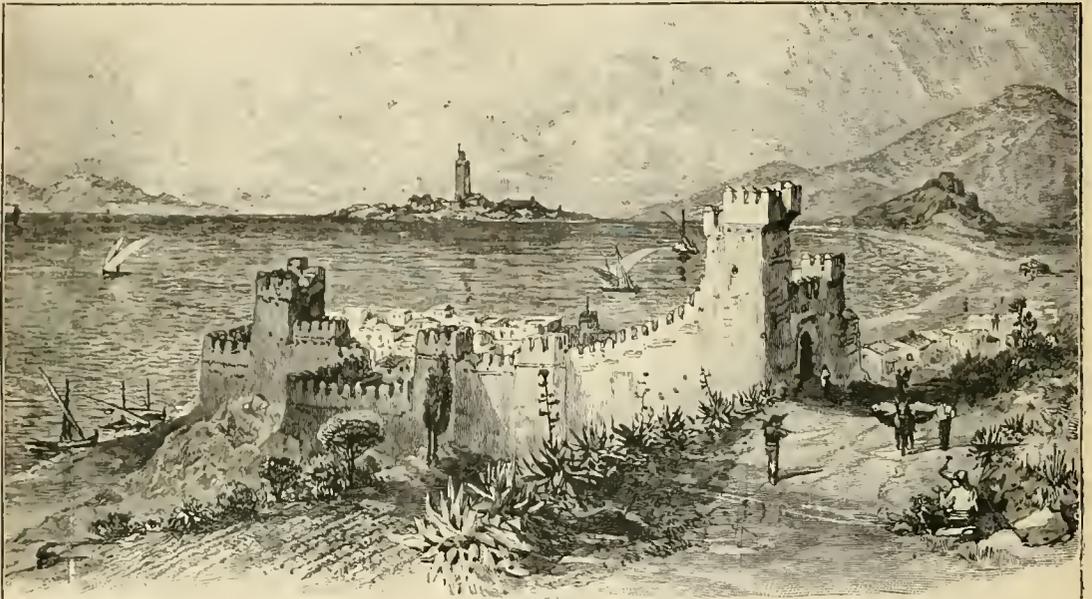
Most men would have been discouraged by this rebuff; but so keen for active service was Graham that he accepted the position of British military attaché to the headquarters of the Austrian army in Italy, where he saw a great deal of hard fighting against Napoleon and other French commanders. After a year's service with Beaulieu, Wurmser, and finally with the Archduke Charles, he returned to England in 1797. In the Mediterranean in 1799 he had much intercourse with Nelson, who sent him, with the rank of brigadier-general, to Malta, there to blockade the fortress of Valetta, held by a superior French garrison. With a much inferior force he carried on the blockade with steady perseverance until the arrival of Sir Ralph Abercromby in July, 1800, when Graham arranged the terms of surrender with the French commander. From Malta he hurried to Egypt, where his regiment had greatly distinguished itself in the battle of Alexandria, and he accompanied it home at the Peace of Amiens in March, 1802.

After the eminent services performed by Graham and the distinguished conduct of the regiment he had raised, the treatment which he had received and was still receiving at the hands of the commander-in-chief roused his long-suffering nature, and he determined that he

would not give up the command of the 90th while it continued to exist. Now a man of fifty-four, he was as keen for soldiering as if he had been looking forward to his first campaign. When Sir John Moore in 1808 took command of the expedition destined to co-operate with the Swedish forces, Graham solicited and obtained permission to serve as a volunteer, and was appointed to act as aide-de-camp to the commander of the forces. Moore withdrew without delay from an impracticable service, and returned with his force to England accompanied by Graham, who retained his appointment near

services performed by you in Spain; and his Majesty, in testimony of the zeal you have upon several occasions manifested, has been graciously pleased to direct that the established custom of the army may be departed from by your being promoted to the rank of major-general. Your appointment as major-general in the army has accordingly taken place, and you stand among the major-generals in the situation you would have held had the lieutenant-colonelcy to which you were appointed in 1794 been a permanent commission."

For years Graham had known the hope de-



TARIFA, LOOKING WEST.

his friend during the disastrous Coruña campaign, at the close of which a life was lost so precious to his country. Sir John Moore, as he lay dying, felt sure that any recommendations from him would be given effect to by his Sovereign, and he charged Colonel Anderson with his latest breath to bring to the king's notice those officers whose services he deemed most worthy of reward. Among others whom their dying chief wished to honour was Colonel Graham, who on 4th March, 1809, received a letter from the Horse Guards which ended all his anxieties as to promotion and gave him a recognised position in the army. The commander-in-chief wrote, "I have not failed to submit to the king the communication made to me by General Hope, at the dying request of the late Sir John Moore, regarding the eminent and important

ferred that maketh the heart sick. He bore a stout heart within his broad breast; but, and little wonder, there must have been many moments when his feelings were very bitter against a Government which could promise freely, but, when the hour of danger was seemingly passed, had refused everything. Yet disappointments had not soured his fine nature. On the subject of his unexpected promotion, the veteran wrote, "To have merited in so high a degree the approbation of so distinguished an officer as the late Sir John Moore—whose loss was deplored by the whole army and felt by me as having deprived me of the best of friends—and at last to have gained this distinction by such a recommendation was indeed ample compensation for the bitter disappointment I had so many years laboured under." Major-General Graham served

in the disastrous Walcheren expedition, having taken part in the bombardment of Flushing, and he returned to England thoroughly disgusted with the mismanagement of the enterprise. He received his first independent command in February, 1810, when he obtained the command of the British garrison in Cadiz with the local rank of lieutenant-general. He reached his post on the 25th March, and immediately set about strengthening the position.

Busche; detachment of artillery, Major Duncan; detachment of engineers, Captain Birch; brigade of guards with detachment 95th Rifles, 1,221 bayonets, Brigadier-General Dilkes; 28th, 67th, and 87th regiments, with two companies Portuguese, 1,764 bayonets, Colonel Wheatly; flank battalion of detachments 95th Rifles and two companies 47th regiment, 594 bayonets, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Barnard; two companies of 9th, 28th, and 82nd regiments, 475 bayonets,



"DILKES'S BRIGADE OF GUARDS CAME UP" (p. 631)

In December, 1810, Soult was withdrawn from the vicinity of Cadiz to co-operate with Masséna in Estremadura. The force under Victor engaged in the blockade of Cadiz, nevertheless, in February, 1811, had a strength of about 20,000 men. Graham therefore considered that it would be extremely difficult to force the French lines by a direct frontal attack; and a naval expedition composed of British and Spanish troops sailed from Cadiz on 21st February. The British contingent, passing its destined port in a gale of wind, landed at Algeiras and marched to Tarifa, arriving there on the afternoon of the 24th. The strength and detail of the British force at Tarifa on the 25th were as follows:—Two squadrons German horse, 180 sabres, Major

Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, 25th Regiment; Company Royal Staff Corps, 33 bayonets, Lieutenant Read: total of sabres and bayonets, 4,314, with 10 guns. This force is described by Napier as "all good and hardy troops, their commander a daring old man, and of ready temper for battle."

On the 27th the Spanish captain-general La Peña landed at Tarifa with 7,000 Spanish troops; and Graham, to preserve unanimity and flatter Spanish pride, ceded to him the chief command, although this was contrary to his instructions. On the following day a march of twelve miles carried the allied army over the ridges between the plains of San Roque and those of Medina and Chiclana; and being within four leagues of

the enemy's positions, the force was reorganised. The advance-guard was entrusted to Lardizabel; the centre was commanded by the Prince of Aglona; the reserve, consisting of the British troops and the two Walloon regiments, was given to Graham; and the cavalry was under Colonel Whittingham, a British officer in the Spanish service. Victor had to maintain his lines of blockade; but he was able, nevertheless, to hold in position some 9,000 of good troops near Chiclana, where he awaited the unfolding of the project of the allies. In the first instance La Peña's objective seemed to point to Medina, and on the 2nd March his advanced guard stormed Casa Vieja, where he was reinforced by General Beguines with 1,600 infantry and several hundred irregular cavalry. With a strength, then, all told of quite 13,000 men, he bent towards the coast and drove the French from Vejer de la Frontera. After a long and straggling night march which greatly wearied the troops, he continued his movement, and on the morning of the 5th, after a skirmish in which his advanced guard of cavalry was routed by a French squadron, he reached with the head of his force the height of Barrosa. Before the whole of the long straggling column had come up, La Peña, without disclosing his own intentions or communicating in any way with Zayas, pushed forward Lardizabel straight to the mouth of the Santi Petri. Zayas had duly constructed his bridge connecting the mainland with the island, but on the night between the 4th and 5th he had been surprised and driven in by the French. Lardizabel, however, after some hard fighting in which 300 Spaniards fell, forced his way through the French posts and effected a junction with Zayas.

La Peña desired that the British contingent should follow Lardizabel, notwithstanding that, as the reserve, its place was in the rear: Graham, however, recognised the possible value of the Barrosa height and was fain that it should be held in strength. His argument was that Victor, the French commander, could not molest Lardizabel and Zayas in their position on the Almanza creek, since in attempting to do so he would expose his left flank to the allies holding the Barrosa height. Lacey, La Peña's chief of staff, roughly controverted this reasoning, and La Peña gave Graham the peremptory command to march to occupy the long narrow ridge of the Bermeja, through the pinewood on the slope in front of that position. With admirable self-control Graham obeyed the discourteous order,

and moved in the prescribed direction; but he left on the Barrosa height the flank companies of the 9th* and 82nd regiments, under Major Brown of the 28th, to guard his baggage. Graham moved as ordered with the less reluctance, because of his impression that La Peña would remain on the Barrosa height with Aglona's division and the Spanish cavalry, and because also of his knowledge that another detachment was still behind in the vicinity of Medina. But Graham did not know of what poltroonery La Peña was capable. The British force had scarcely entered the wood in front of the Bermeja, when the Spanish commander suddenly and without even the courtesy of a notice, carried off with him his main body, and directing the cavalry to follow, hurried by the sea-road in the direction of the Santi Petri, leaving the Barrosa height covered with baggage protected only by a weak rear-guard of four guns and five battalions.

Barrosa—or, as the Spaniards call it, the Cerro de Puerco—is a low ridge trending inward until its farthest and loftiest extremity is about a mile and a half from the coast. It overlooks a high broken plain of small extent, bounded on the left, as one looks towards Cadiz, by the cliffs of the seashore, on the right by the forest of Chiclana, and directly in front by the pine-wood on the hither slope of the Bermeja. Victor had not as yet shown himself from his cover in the forest of Chiclana, and Graham, as he entered the Bermeja pine-wood, saw no adversary. But Victor was skilled in the ruse. He was waiting until Cassagne's infantry from Medina should come up; and, momentarily expecting its arrival, he felt so sure of success that his mass of cavalry had been directed on Vejer and other points to cut off the fugitives after the anticipated victory. He had fourteen guns and 9,000 excellent soldiers in three divisions, commanded respectively by Laval, Ruffin, and Villatte. The division under Villatte was posted on the extreme right on the Almanza Creek to cover the camp and watch the Spanish forces at Santi Petri and the vicinity; Laval's division was in the centre, with a reserve battalion of grenadiers out on the right flank; and the left consisted of Ruffin's division, on the left flank of which were two reserve

* It was in this battle that General Graham took favourable notice of Lieutenant Campbell of the 9th, afterwards Lord Clyde, then a lad of nineteen, for his conduct when left in command of the two flank companies of his regiment, when all the other officers had been wounded.

battalions of Grenadiers and three squadrons of regular cavalry.

Cassagne had not yet arrived; but Victor, awake to the seeming opportunity, sallied out on to the plain and began the battle. Leading Ruffin's troops in person he climbed the rear of the Barrosa ridge, drove the Spanish rear-guard off the height in the direction of the sea, swept away the baggage and followers in all directions and took three guns. Major Brown, however, was a resolute man: he maintained a stout front, and, although unable to hold his ground against odds so overwhelming, he retired into the intervening plain slowly and in good order, and sent across it to Graham for orders. The general, then in the pine-wood, gave the laconic command, "Fight!" then he faced about and regained the plain with all speed, expecting to find La Peña with his main body and artillery on the Barrosa height. As he emerged from the wood the spectacle before him was in the nature of a sudden and great surprise. In front he beheld Ruffin's division, flanked by its two grenadier battalions, on the summit of the Barrosa height; down the slope towards the seaward the Spanish rear-guard and the baggage in full rout, the French cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives; Laval close on his own left flank, and La Peña—"nowhere"!

Well did Napier describe Graham as "a daring old man, and of ready temper for battle." In a situation of seemingly utter despair, he was cool and dauntless. Recognising that a retreat to the Bermeja would bring the enemy pell-mell with the allies on to that narrow ridge and must result in complete disaster, Graham resolved to spring to the attack, notwithstanding that the key of the battlefield was in possession of the enemy. Major Duncan with his 10 guns hurried across the intervening plain, and bringing up his right shoulder, poured a fierce fire into the face of Laval's column; while on his left Colonel Barnard with his detachments of riflemen and two companies of the 47th Foot, dashed forward at the double and huried his gallant men against Laval's front, simultaneously shaken by Duncan's artillery fire. So sudden was the call to arms that there was no time to form regiments or brigades with any approach to regularity; but two separate bodies were roughly and hurriedly thrown together. Wheatly with his three line battalions and with two companies of Portuguese, pushed forward in support of Barnard against Laval's front, already undergoing severe ravages from Duncan's guns. Laval's artillery

in position on the left flank of his column retaliated furiously on Barnard and Wheatly as they hurried forward to get to close quarters, in the course of which advance they were suffering from the fire of Ruffin's batteries, which, from the edge of the Barrosa height, were taking them in flank. On both sides the infantry pressed forward eagerly, the musketry fire pealing louder as the interval became shorter. But as the hostile masses closed in one upon the other, a fierce and prolonged charge of the 87th Regiment overthrew at the bayonet-point the first line of Laval's troops; and though the latter struggled stoutly, they were dashed violently by the gallant Irishmen upon the second French line, with the result that Laval's column was broken by the shock and sullenly retired, the reserve battalion of Grenadiers which had been posted on the right alone remaining to cover Laval's retreat.

While Victor's centre was thus fighting hard with the ultimate result of being discomfited and forced to retreat, a bitter contest was being waged on his left with an issue not less disastrous. Major Brown had lost no time in acting on Graham's curt order to fight. With his improvised battalion of detachments he fell headlong upon the face of Ruffin's column, posted as it was on the summit of the Barrosa height; and although nearly half of his command went down under the enemy's volleys, he stubbornly maintained the fight until Dilkes's brigade of Guards, which had hurried across the plain, scrambled through a deep ravine and never stopping even for a moment to re-form the battalions, came up. Without halting, and with but little order, but full of ardour for fighting, the Guards charged up towards the summit, where Ruffin's column grimly waited for the assault. At the very edge of the ascent the gallant opponents met each other in close and bitter strife; and a fierce, and for some time doubtful, combat raged. The contest was sanguinary; but the dauntless perseverance of the brigade of Guards, and the brave hardihood of Brown's battalion and of Norcott's and Acheson's detachments, overcame every obstacle. Finally, Ruffin himself and Colonel Chaudron Rousseau, who commanded the two battalions of reserve Grenadiers, fell mortally wounded; then the English bore strongly forward and their slaughtering fire forced the French from off the height with the loss of three guns and many men.

The discomfited French divisions, retiring concentrically from the respective points of the

recent fighting, presently gathered *en masse*, and with a gallant resolution endeavoured to reconstruct their formations and renew the struggle; but the steady and crushing fire of Duncan's guns rendered any such attempt impossible. Victor withdrew from the field with his broken and discomfited troops; and the conquerors, who had been for four-and-twenty hours under arms without food, were too much exhausted to engage in a pursuit.

During those fierce infantry combats on and about the Barrosa height, La Peña looked on with a strange indifference, sending no assistance of any sort to his gallant ally, nor even menacing Villatte's division, which was within easy reach of him and comparatively weak. It was without any orders from him that the two regiments of Walloon Guards, the regiment of Ciudad Real, and some guerilla cavalry, came up at the close



of the action. Whittingham, it was true, was an officer in the Spanish service; but he was an Englishman, and in command of 800 regular cavalry; yet he remained supine while his countrymen were fighting out a mortal combat. No stroke was struck by a Spanish sabre that day, although the French cavalry did not exceed 250 men; and although it was evident that Whittingham's force, by sweeping round Ruffin's left, would have rendered Victor's defeat utterly ruinous. That this might have been so was evidenced by the conduct of Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, who subsequently fell at Waterloo; and who, carrying away from the ignoble Whittingham 150 German Hussars belonging to the British contingent, charged and overthrew the French squadrons in their defeat, captured two guns, and assailed Rousseau's chosen Grenadiers.

The actual fighting in the battle of Barrosa lasted only an hour and a half. During that

period of time 4,000 British soldiers defeated a French army having a strength of at least 9,000 men. The action was exceptionally bloody in proportion to the strengths engaged. Fifty officers, 60 sergeants, and 1,100 rank and file were killed or wounded on the British side; the French loss exceeded 2,000 officers and men. The trophies of the victory were six guns and an eagle; 400 prisoners fell into the possession of the victors.

After the battle had ended, Graham still remained some hours on the height of Barrosa, in the hope that La Peña would at last awake to the prospect of glory opened to him by the success of the British arms. He had been largely reinforced from Cadiz by fresh troops, and before him were the remnants of the French troops retreating in utter disorder from Chiclana. But soldierly feeling did not live in the breast of the Spanish dastard who posed as an officer;

and Graham, no longer able to endure the scene, left La Peña on the Bermeja and filed the British troops over the bridge into the Isla.

Subsequently, in an address to the Cortes, La Peña had the insolence to claim the victory for himself: maintaining that the arrangements previous to the battle were made with the knowledge and approbation of the English general, and that the latter's retreat to the Isla was the real cause of the failure. Graham, disgusted by those unworthy and untruthful statements, wrote a letter to the British envoy at Cadiz in which he exposed the misconduct of La Peña; he refused with contempt the title of grandee of the first-class voted to him by the Cortes; and when the chief of staff of La Peña used expressions relative to the action which were personally offensive to Graham, the latter promptly enforced an apology with his sword. Having thus shown himself superior to his opponents at all

points, the gallant old man relinquished his command to General Cooke, and joined Lord Wellington's army.

Graham in 1811 was sixty-three years of age, but there was any amount of fighting still in him. When Wellington advanced in the spring of 1813 towards the Ebro, Graham commanded his left wing during its long and difficult march through the mountainous region of Tras-os-Montes and onward to Vittoria, in which memorable battle he took an important part. He was entrusted with the task of reducing the strong fortress of San Sebastian. On the day of its reduction the stern old man concentrated the cannonade of fifty pieces immediately over the heads of the British troops gathered at the base

of the breach, strewing the rampart with the mangled bodies of the French defenders. His last military service was at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814, which unfortunately miscarried. In May of the same year Sir Thomas Graham was created Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, with a pension of £2,000 a year. He lived in full haleness of body and mind to a very great age. In the spring of 1843, he presided at the annual dinner attended by the surviving officers who had served under him at Barrosa. In autumn of the same year, he was shooting over a moor which he had rented in Forfarshire. When at length the tough and brave old warrior succumbed in November, 1843, he was on the verge of attaining his ninety-sixth year.



GENERAL SIR THOMAS GRAHAM, G.C.B. (AFTERWARDS LORD LYNEDOCH).
(From the *Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.*)



A PREVIOUS article was devoted to the sanguinary battles of El-Teb and Tamai, which had the temporary effect of crushing the power of Osman Digna in the Eastern Soudan and making this redoubtable champion of the Mahdi take at once to his heels and to his hills. But the vanquishers of this slave-trading rebel were to experience the truth of the saying that—

“He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.”

After Osman's ferocious hordes had been disposed of at El-Teb and Tamai in the spring of 1884, most of Sir Gerald Graham's troops were taken back to Egypt, there to wait until wanted, later in the same year, for the Nile Expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum.

But when this expedition resulted in failure—despite the bravery and endurance of the picked British soldiers who took their orders from Lord Wolseley—then affairs in the Eastern Soudan began to assume a very different aspect. During the progress of the River Expedition Osman had lain comparatively low; but when the news of the fall of Khartoum reached his ears—and scarcely even over the electric wire does intelligence of this kind travel more swiftly than across the wireless desert—then the Ugly one started to his feet again and bethought him of how he could best gratify his master the Mahdi by baiting the British while they were thus down in their luck. They had experienced the bitterest of disappointments at Khartoum, and now he would do what he could to create disaster for them around Suakim.

It was therefore with no small glee that Osman heard of the coming of another British expedition to the Red Sea port, near which, in the previous spring, his ferocious tribesmen had received such a terrific smashing down from

General Graham and his gallant men—Highlanders (Black Watch and Gordons), York and Lancasters, Royal Irish, King's Rifles, Marines, and Bluejackets, etc.

Khartoum had fallen, and both the Desert and the River Columns had returned to Korti, their point of divergent departure. All Lord Wolseley's force had gone into summer quarters along the Nile to prepare for a grand autumn advance on the stronghold of the Mahdi.

But it was deemed a most important part of this scheme that the British line of communication with Egypt by the river should be supplemented by another such line from Suakim on the sea to Berber on the Nile; and accordingly it was resolved to run a railway across the desert between these two places.

On the other hand, it stood to reason that a condition precedent to the construction of this railway line was the sending of such a military force as should render impossible all interference with the progress of the work at the hands of Osman the Ugly and his Hydra-headed tribesmen, who, since their partial extermination at El-Teb and Tamai, had seemed to multiply and spring out of the ground like crops of dragon's teeth.

Orders to this effect went forth from London soon after the fall of Khartoum (26th January, 1885); and on the 12th March Sir Gerald Graham—who was again appointed leader of the expedition—reached Suakim and took over the command of the force which had meanwhile been marshalled there, a force numbering about 13,000 men, or more than three times the strength of his previous one.

Of this force the flower of the infantry this time consisted of a three-battalioned Brigade of Guards—Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots—under Major-General Lyon-Fremantle, with a four-battalioned line Brigade—East Surrey,

Shropshire, Berks, Royal Marines—commanded by Major-General Sir J. McNeill. Then there was a cavalry brigade, consisting of two squadrons respectively of the 5th Lancers and 25th Hussars, a battalion of Mounted Infantry, Engineers, etc.

But a novel feature in the composition of General Graham's present force was the addition to it of a native Indian brigade under Brigadier-General Hudson, consisting of the 15th Sikhs, the 9th Bengal Cavalry, the 17th and 28th Native Infantry, with a company of Madras Sappers. Never before had the imperial nature of the British army been so picturesquely typified as now, but a further addition to its character in this respect was soon to be made in the shape of a contingent of 600 volunteers, officers and men, all the way from the plains of the Southern Cross.

For when the news of Khartoum had been flashed throughout the world, the hearts of all Mother England's sons in distant climes were stirred to their depths; and while the ill-wishers of that England secretly rejoiced at seeing her in such a dire predicament and with such a heavy bill of failure to her debit, all those, on the other hand, who spoke her language and owned her sceptre yearned to comfort and assist her in her hour of sorrow and of stress. What, therefore, were the feelings of all to hear that, on learning of the new Suakim expedition, the Governor of New South Wales had telegraphed to London offering to send an auxiliary force of two batteries and a battalion of infantry, 500 strong—citizen soldiers of the Southern Cross! And what was the delight of all Englishmen on hearing that her Majesty's Government had accepted this patriotic offer!

Truly that was an epoch-marking moment in the history of the Empire. Never before had it been so vividly realised that blood is thicker than water. What a scene of patriotic enthusiasm when the volunteers embarked! What a scene of cheering and handshaking when they landed on the Red Sea shore—too late, unfortunately, to take part in the couple of engagements about to be described, but yet early enough to seal their filial devotion to their Motherland with the lives and limbs of some of their number.

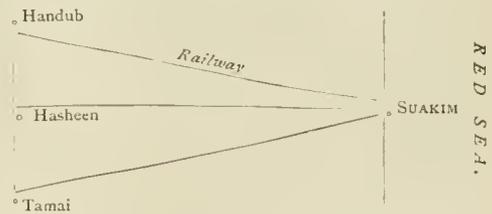
Never in all its history had the port of Suakim presented such an appearance as it now did, crowded as it was with men-o'-war, troopers, transport-ships, hospital-ships, and vessels—nine in number—for condensing water for the troops at the rate of 85,000 gallons per day. No fewer than 6,000 baggage and 500 riding camels—with

a corresponding number of headmen and drivers—had to be gathered from India, Egypt, Berbera, and Aden, as well as mules from Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus; and the fighting-men were almost lost sight of in the multitudes of camp-followers, camel-drivers, muleteers, bhistis, or water-bearers, dhooly-bearers, and labourers for the railway who came pouring in to Suakim from Egypt and India. Never had our war authorities done such a swift and splendid piece of organisation as now. Even the Germans had to own that it was beyond all praise.

On the day after General Graham's arrival at Suakim the laying of the railway-line was commenced, the direction followed being the caravan route to Berber.

A little later Sir Gerald received a most defiant letter from Osman Digna; who, in reply, was duly warned of the results that would ensue from any attitude of hostility on his part. He was bidden beware, but he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto the warning that was given him.

From his spies Graham soon learned that Osman's forces were mainly concentrated at three points on a line extending north to south, or parallel with the sea-coast—viz. at Handub, through which the railway was to run, Hasheen, and Tamai. Suakim was the apex of the triangle of which a line passing through the above-mentioned places formed the base, thus:



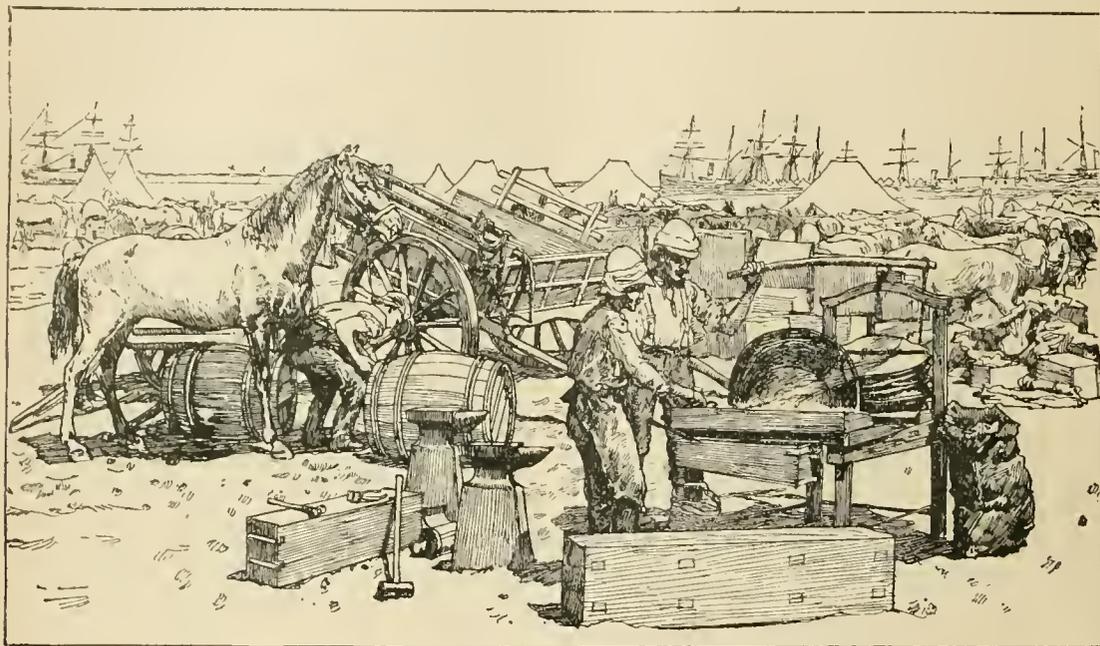
Graham soon discovered that the greatest Arab force was at Tamai; and as Osman's power had to be crushed before the construction of the railway could be proceeded with *viâ* Handub, it was necessary to make two distinct and successive advances—one to Tamai, and then, after the return of the victorious column to Suakim, another along the line of railway.

As, however, the occupation of Hasheen by a smaller force of the enemy threatened the right of any advance on Tamai, it first of all behoved Graham to break up the concentration of the foe at the former place—the more so as this place formed so convenient a trysting-ground for those nocturnal raids which had become so distressing to the troops in Suakim, surrounded

though this town was by redoubts, and defended by the guns of our battleships. In this matter of alarming garrisons Osman Digna was even worse than the German Emperor, William II.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 10th March, Graham ordered a preliminary reconnaissance to be made as far as the village of Hasheen, about eight miles distant, he himself and his staff accompanying the force, which consisted of the cavalry brigade, supported by the infantry of the Indian contingent. Starting about 8 a.m., this force returned to Suakim

shires, and Surrey men forming the front face; while the right and left sides respectively were composed of the Guards and Indian contingent. Inside the square were the rockets and Gardner guns, the Engineers, and the transport camels, etc. The cavalry covered the front and flanks, while in front of them again pushed on the mounted infantry, in crescent form, as scouts. The march was over rough ground, pebble, small boulders, and prickly mimosa bush, rendering it a very fatiguing one.



SHOEING FORGE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES ARTILLERY AT SUAKIM.

half an hour after noon with the loss of one hussar killed, an officer and a sergeant wounded, but with the gain of having achieved its object, which was to examine the wells of Hasheen and avoid an engagement if possible.

Early next morning Graham marched out his whole force—with the exception of the Shropshires, who remained behind as garrison of Suakim—to take and hold the Hasheen wells; for it was clear that if the Arabs could get nothing to drink there, they would have to go elsewhere. Everywhere in the Soudan the masters of the water are the masters of the situation. Numbering over 8,000 officers and men, with 1,192 horses, 210 mules, 735 camels, and 10 guns—Graham's force advanced as three sides of a square—the Marines, Berk-

Starting soon after 6 a.m., the column about 8.30 reached the foot of the detached group of hills to the east of Hasheen, and on one of these General Graham and his staff took their stand, remaining there throughout the action. About a mile and a half in front, on the left, rose the Dihilbat and Beehive Hills, looking down on the wells of Hasheen, which lay in the centre of an amphitheatric kind of valley.

On the right of Graham's knoll rose a three-peaked ridge parallel to his line of advance; and on these the Royal Engineers and the Madras Sappers, supported by the Surreys, at once proceeded to throw up redoubts and zerebas. In the meantime the enemy, on the arrival of the advance-guard, had fallen back across the open valley on Dihilbat and Beehive Hills,

commanding the wells ; and from this position Graham resolved to oust them.

Advancing through a pass, the column debouched upon a spacious plain, encircled by craggy hills which had crater-like summits. And now the Arabs were seen, with weapons flashing and banners waving, posted in great strength on a spur to the left front. "Within the next five minutes," wrote an eye-witness,

some hillocks on the right of the ridge occupied by the foe. The Marines were the first to reach the crests of these earth-waves, from which they covered the advance of the Berkshires by well-directed fire, the roiling volleys of musketry echoing among the surrounding hills. "Volley succeeded volley on both sides," wrote one who was present, "and bullets began to fall unpleasantly thick around us, the sand puffing



"TWO SQUADRONS OF THE BENGAL LANGERS WERE LAUNCHED AGAINST THEM."

"the bushes seemed alive with riflemen. They crowded on the Hasheen hill ; they swarmed through the underwood ; and nothing could be seen but little puffs of smoke rising over the mimosa trees. Here and there a shriek, a groan, a gap in the ranks—instantly filled up—showed that some of the enemy's bullets had found a billet. But for one that hit, a thousand whistled harmlessly over us."

The Berkshires and the Marines were first sent forward to assault the enemy's position : and this they did in the most gallant style, making it look like a race between the two corps to reach

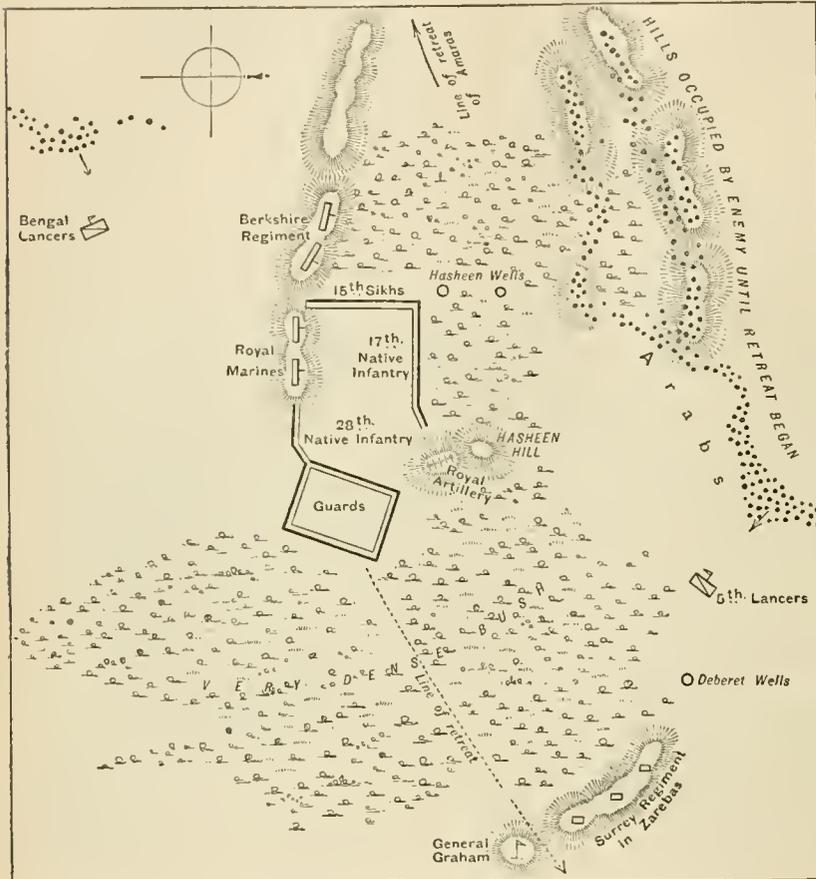
up in spits beneath the horses' legs. Where I stood with the Sikhs, the leaden hail was by this time whistling all round. The enemy appeared thoroughly plucky ; but after a while our disciplined fire proved too hot for them."

The Arabs were gradually forced from their position on the summit of the hills, which was in turn occupied by the Marines and the Berkshires, who were now able to pour an effective fire on the tribesmen as they retired across the plain towards Tamai. Two squadrons of the Bengal Lancers—making a gallant show with their turbans, streaming pennons, and flashing

spears—were launched against them, and some desperate fighting now took place in this part of the field. One of the squadrons was dismounted for the purpose of firing volleys, but being taken at a disadvantage was driven back, with a loss of nine men. An old sheikh, mounted on a camel, led the Arabs on, waving his spear frantically; and his equally fanatical followers rushed round the Bengalese flank to their rear. One Lancer

beneath their picturesque turbans, vied with their fresh-complexioned English comrades to carry away the chief honours of the charge; and it was very hard to say to whom these premier honours were due.

On the left, where the two isolated squadrons of the Bengal cavalry first charged, the Arabs had massed in such numbers that the Lancers were at last forced to retire on the Guards' square, which had been posted as a reserve in rear. Racing after the retiring horsemen the Arabs suddenly came upon this square, and without a moment's hesitation rushed down upon it with diabolic yells. Vain yells! Ineffectual rush! Little did these brave sons of the desert reck of what they were rushing down upon—a living square of English Guards, steady and unshakable as the rocks around. They fired as coolly as if in Hyde Park, while jokes and laughter were heard in their ranks up to the moment of the charge; executed upon them by a force of about 2,000 spearmen and 800 riflemen, none of whom ever got nearer the outer fringe of bayonets than fifteen or twenty yards. A



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN.

officer—an Englishman—was seen to hew down two Arabs in quick succession; while the life of another officer was only saved by a steel breastplate underneath his tunic, which, before his departure, his wife had entreated him to wear.

On the right, too, about the same time, a similar charge was made by the other two squadrons of the Bengal cavalry and the 5th Lancers, completely checking and scattering a body of the enemy who were advancing down the Hasheen valley with evident intent to turn the British flank. The swarthy-faced Indian troops, with eyes flashing friendly rivalry

no less picturesque than pathetic incident of this attack was the death of an Arab youth upon a white camel, who led the furious charge, the said camel having become a regular "ghost" in the course of the recent night assaults of the Arabs on the British camp at Suakim. Rider and camel were riddled by the bullets of the Coldstreams.

The cavalry having in the meanwhile reformed, once more rushed at the Arabs after their brave but futile attack on the Guards, and scattered them among the hills, but only for the time being. For towards one o'clock, when the

bugles sounded the retire—the object of the engagement having now been gained—the in-comitable Arabs came on again, rallying to the frantic exhortations of their sheikhs; and more than once the regiments had to pour in thick and rapid volleys to check the onrush of the foe. The Horse Artillery had come into action, doing very good service; and under cover of its fire, the various brigades, formed again into squares, began to retire in the most perfect order, followed by the galling fire of detached parties of the Arabs concealed among the bushes.

It was during this retiring movement that Captain Dalison of the Scots Guards was shot through the heart, to the great sorrow of his men, who now doubled the intensity of their Parthian volleys among the scattered ranks of the splendidly daring foe. Their strength was estimated at 3,000, and of these they must have lost well on to a third. Graham, on the other hand, had purchased his victory at the cost of one officer and eight non-commissioned officers and men killed, and three officers (Majors Harvey and Robertson and Surgeon-Major Lane), and 36 non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

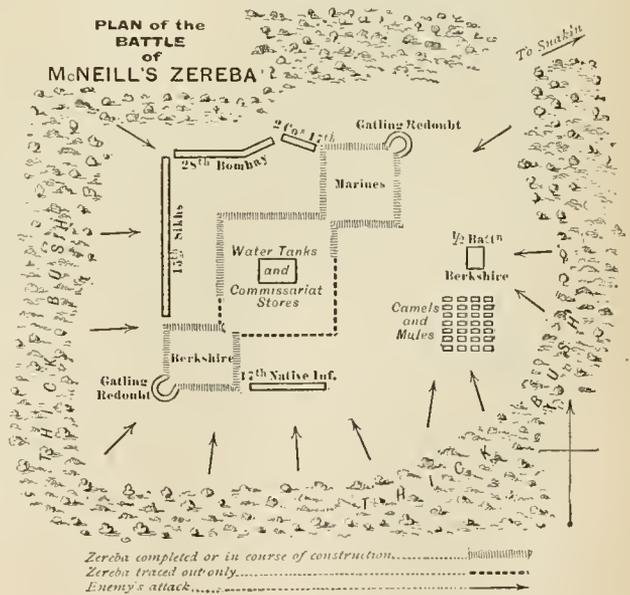
On returning to Suakim—from which he had been absent eleven hours—General Graham telegraphed to Lord Wolseley, eulogising the behaviour of all alike, especially the Sappers and the Surreys, who had planned and executed the defensive works with great skill and coolness, although repeatedly threatened with attack by the enterprising enemy, who at one time swarmed on all sides. These defensive works—several hill-top redoubts—which gave Graham complete command of the Hasheen wells, were left in charge of the Surreys; and that the object of the engagement had otherwise been secured was proved by the fact that the harassing night attacks on Suakim were now discontinued.

Having broken up the enemy's concentration at Hasheen, and established a fortified post there protecting his right flank, it now behoved Graham to march upon Tamai and annihilate any forces of Osman the Ugly which he might find there. Before doing this, however, it was necessary, for reasons of supply, to establish an intermediate post in the desert; and for this purpose, accordingly, on Sunday, 22nd March, the second day after the engagement at Hasheen, Graham despatched, under

the command of Sir J. McNeill, a force consisting of one squadron 5th Lancers, the Berkshire Regiment, one battalion Royal Marines, some Engineers, a detachment of the Naval Brigade (Bluejackets) with four Gardner guns, and the Indian brigade of infantry. The force was formed up in two squares at 7 a.m., and moved off in a south-westerly direction, the British square being in advance under McNeill. Graham accompanied the force for about two miles and a half, and then returned to Suakim.

McNeill's orders were to advance about eight miles, and there construct three zerebas—one capable of holding 2,000 camels, with flanking ones to be held by one battalion each. The British troops were to remain behind in these zerebas, while their Indian comrades should march back to Suakim with the empty transport, and construct another depôt zereba half-way. But owing to unforeseen difficulties of the advance through the dense scrub—at the rate of only a mile and a half an hour—McNeill determined to make his zereba at a point six, instead of eight, miles from Suakim. The cavalry scouts reported the enemy to be in front in small parties, retiring towards Tamai.

About 10.30 the force reached the halting ground, known as Tofrik, a horseshoe-shaped clearing, of which the part corresponding to the toe pointed to Tamai. On halting, the troops were disposed, roughly, thus:—

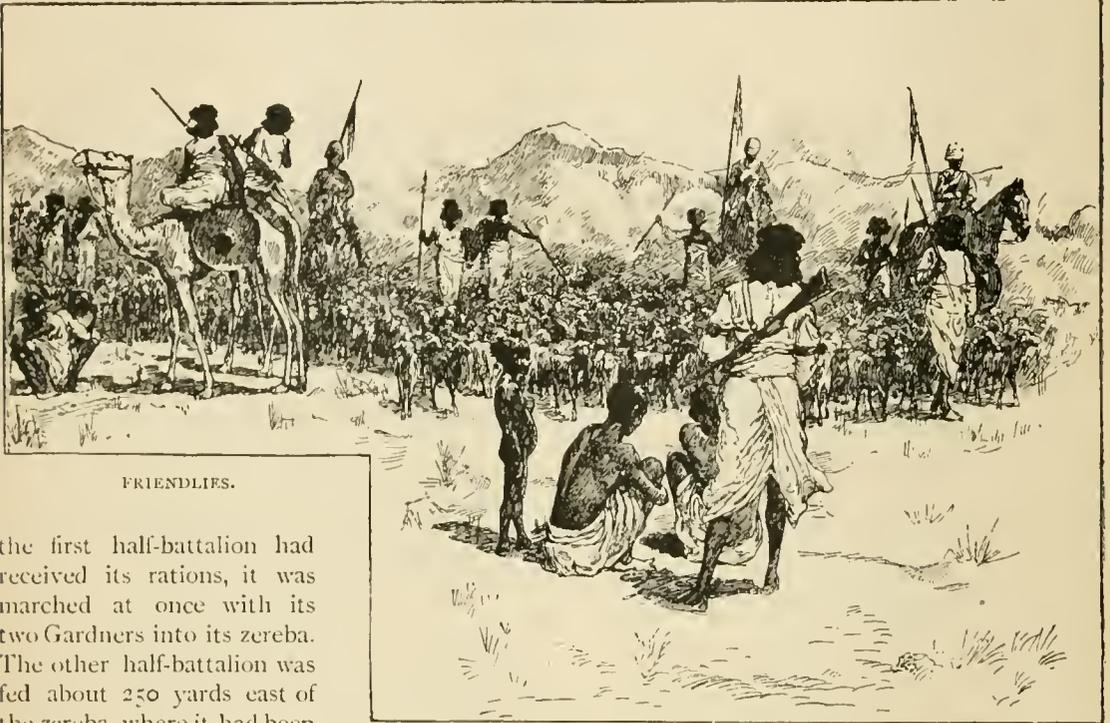


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About 1.30 the Suakim-ward zereba had been all but completed ; and then McNeill turned his attention to the Berkshire or Tamai-ward zereba, which it was desirable to complete as rapidly as possible, so as to relieve the Indian Brigade and let it return to Suakim. Shortly before 2 o'clock Colonel Huyshe of the Berkshires represented that his men had had no food since 4 a.m., and had been marching and working in the heat since sunrise. They were therefore ordered to receive their dinner by half-battalions ; and when

whelming disaster. Not a man of us had any idea that thousands of rebels were quietly stretched among the scrub, and behind boulders and rocks quietly watching us as we innocently and jovially (in our shirt-sleeves) worked at our zereba. A few pickets were out, and cavalry scouts as well, I believe—eighteen all told—we were content !”

Here is the evidence of Major E. A. de Cosson, of the Commissariat, who was in the fight : “ Around me was the busy hum of voices,



FRIENDLIES.

the first half-battalion had received its rations, it was marched at once with its two Gardners into its zereba. The other half-battalion was fed about 250 yards east of the zereba, where it had been posted to prevent camels and followers from straying back to Suakim.

About 2.30 Generals McNeill and Hudson were conferring at the north-east angle of the Berkshire zereba, when an orderly spurred in to report “ the enemy collecting in front,” followed by another with the news that they were “ advancing rapidly.” While McNeill was questioning these messengers, “ the air,” said an officer, “ was rent with the most frightful yells. The cavalry outposts came clattering in, dashing through the working parties, and a heavy fire was poured in from the enemy, who seemed all at once to have sprung out of the earth.”

“ It is impossible to disguise the fact,” wrote another eye-witness, “ that we were most completely surprised, and that only the superb courage of our troops saved us from an over-

laughing and chatting confidently as if they were at a picnic. The working parties were mostly in their shirt-sleeves, with their braces hanging down behind, and Tommy Atkins was busy cutting down trees in that methodical manner peculiar to him when on fatigue duty.

. . . An English soldier hardly ever labours alone ; if a bucket has to be carried twenty yards, two men go and march it off solemnly, keeping in step one on each side, as if it was a prisoner of war. So, in cutting down mimosa trees, one man throws a rope over a tree and bends its head on one side, another takes an axe and gives two or three chops at the stem ; two more stand on the right and left waiting till the tree is down, and then all four set to work to haul it to its place.





"The huge concourse of animals shivered, swayed, and then burst into motion" (p. 64).

"It was eight minutes to three o'clock; the water-camels had been formed into a close column and were just beginning to move. I turned my horse's head towards the central zereba, intending to ride back and report to the general that everything was ready, when a strange, shrill, startled cry rose from the rear of the camels behind me, and I saw some twenty or thirty of the native drivers running towards me as fast as they could. I had not heard a single shot fired, and so little was I aware of any imminent danger that I supposed the Somali and Indian drivers were fighting among themselves, and were running to me to have their dispute settled. I therefore turned round, and then, for the first time, the truth flashed across me, for a glance showed the dark forms and gleaming swords and spears of the Hadendawas, hacking and stabbing right and left as they charged.

"Almost simultaneously a great shout rose from the south-west side of the zereba, and a few shots were fired. The shrill cry soon changed into a frantic yell, the hoarse roar of five thousand tongues, and the black swarm seemed rising up like the sands of the desert all round us: so numerous were they, that the very stones might have been transformed by the stroke of a magician's wand into warriors armed with spear and sword. The huge concourse of animals (the camel train) shivered, swayed, and then burst into motion, pouring down with irresistible force, like the waters of some mighty dam. Those who were watching the plain from Suakim said that at this moment a gigantic column of dust rose in the air, which they took for a charge of cavalry; then the whole of our little force appeared to burst asunder amid smoke and fire, like an exploding shell, and the plain was instantly covered with riderless horses, camels, and mules tearing towards Suakim in mad terror."

When the alarm had been given, General McNeill was just outside the Berkshire zereba, into which he attempted to spur his horse. But it shied, the brute, and began to back towards where the Arabs were rushing on. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant the Hon. Alan Charteris (son of the Earl of Wemyss), gallantly rushed to his rescue. One Arab had his rifle levelled at the general, but Charteris turned the barrel aside with his sword, and cut down a second assailant, though he was speared in the arm by a young Arab, a boy of some ten or eleven years, who fought like a tiger's cub till he was shot.

It was the Berkshire zereba which attracted the fiercest and most voluminous onrush of the Arabs. Howling like fiends and hacking and slashing everything that came in their way—camels, mules, horses, and camp-followers—the Hadendawas burst into the Berkshire fence-square, which now became a frightful scene of mutual massacre, in the course of which Lieutenant Seymour of the *Dolphin* and five of his brave bluejackets were slaughtered, all being terribly stabbed by spears. Captain Domville, in command, had his horse killed, as also had Colonel Kelly. The latter was fiercely attacked. He killed one of his assailants, but another was just about to spear him in the back when Captain Domville shot the Arab dead. Lieutenant-Colonel Huyshe, commanding the regiment, set a fine example of cool heroism to his men; and being fiercely set upon by three Arabs, he shot them dead in succession with his revolver.

After the fight there was a terrible scene at this corner of the zereba. The dead lay thick. Ten bluejackets, some Indians, and Lieutenant Seymour, with dead mules and horses and wounded camels, were seen mingled up in one horrible heap. No fewer than 120 of the enemy had been sent to their account within the Berkshire zereba; and, indeed, of the brave and steadfast men of this county it might with double truth have been said what Wellington once affirmed of his invincible troops: "Whenever I made a mistake and got into a hole, my men always pulled me out of it"—words which General McNeill may well have repeated of himself.

One of the most striking features of the fray was the gallant defence made by the "F" and "G" companies of the Berkshires. At the first alarm Captain Edwards was serving water to his men of the "F" company, which had just come in from covering the men who were cutting bushes. Captain Edwards called to his men to stand to arms; the other company did the same, and the two formed a rallying square outside the middle, or store, zereba—which was quite 200 yards away.

Only a rough square was formed round the officers—Colonel Gillespie and the rest; and at this gallant little band the Arabs fiercely rushed from all directions, but were met with a terrific and wonderfully steady fire, which mowed them down in swarthy swathes. The men were well in hand, and reserved their fire until the Arabs were within thirty yards. Two of the latter fell

dead under the bayonets, one of them hurling his spear before he died and wounding Private Campbell. After fighting thus for about twenty minutes, the heroic little square slowly fell back upon the Marines' zereba, halting at times to give another dose of bullets to their assailants, of whom they slew over 200.

Meanwhile at the Marines' zereba, Suakimward, a "murder grim and great" as that of the Berkshire square had also been going on. For both zerebas had been simultaneously submerged, as 'twere, with a roaring flood of savages who had seemed to spring out of the ground like the whistle-summoned warriors of Roderick Dhu. Captain de Cosson and the *Times* correspondent—Mr. Wentworth Huyshe, a brother of the Berkshires' colonel—who happened to be watering their horses outside at the moment of the Arab onrush, only saved their lives by jumping their horses into the zereba, in the same way as the Duke of Wellington had done at Quatre Bras.

"As for the 17th Bengal Native Infantry," wrote Mr. Huyshe some time afterwards, "they could not face the music, the terrific scream which burst upon the air at the moment of attack, and which those who heard it will never forget, and they broke and fled; the gallant Beverhoudt was killed within a few yards of me in an attempt to rally his men, and in the next moment the whole space which had been marked out for the central zereba, and where the water-casks and biscuit-boxes were stored, became a hideous chaos of demoralised men, shouting and firing in the air, frantic camels and mules struggling, plunging, kicking, while through the immense cloud of thick dust which marked the course of the stampede, the forms of the Haden-dowa warriors flitted like armed spectres, hacking, hewing, thrusting. Many of us were swept along in that terrible rush; some were forced clear through the northern zereba out into the bush, and so towards the town; these could only save themselves by swiftest flight.

"I heard some one shout, 'They're on us!' and I had just time to say to my friend with whom I had made the voyage to Suakim, 'Mount, G—, mount quick!' when I was jerked out of my own saddle by the cord which joined two camels (a cord with the power of a catapult!) dashed to the ground, and then galloped over by a mule! Dragged along by the reins some yards, I struggled to my feet, half-blinded, got into the saddle, put my horse (an excellent beast which I had bought from

Major Collins of the Berkshire) at the (fortunately for me) incompleting hedge of the Marines' zereba, and, having landed inside, found the enemy there also! swinging sword and hurling spear, while Walter Paget, of the *Illustrated London News*, was calmly making an admirable sketch of a single combat between a Haden-dowa swordsman and a poor little Tommy Atkins of the Commissariat. Tommy was doing his best with his regulation sword (made in Germany?) against the tremendous two-handed sidelong sweeps dealt out by the swordsman; but it occurred to him to deliver cut No. 7, which, much to the surprise, probably, of both combatants, cut the Arab's head down through the skull. Next moment poor Tommy himself fell dead at our feet, shot through the lungs by our own fire, I think, from the rallying square of a detachment of the Berkshire which had been caught outside, and was being desperately and incessantly charged by the enemy.

"Meanwhile, the Berkshire, and we in the Marines' zereba, were firing terrific volleys *into our own transport animals*, behind and among which the enemy was in great force. A sight it was to see those poor beasts, stung by the deadly hail, rear their great bodies into the air! In the Berkshire zereba, at the diagonally opposite end of the position, the hand-to-hand fight was in full swing. The Gatling-gun redoubt had been rushed by the enemy, all our poor fellows near it slain, and the Berkshire working parties who had run towards their stacked rifles, which were between them and the charging enemy (a notable deed!), were fighting hard, bayonet and bullet *v.* spear and sword. Not a man of the enemy got out of the zereba alive; they died there, a hundred brave men and more, under the shadow of the sacred banner which they had planted on the redoubt."

In the first terrific rush some sixty Arabs had got into the square of the Marines, but they were instantly shot down or bayoneted. Outside in the central zereba the Arabs simply ran amuck at the helpless camp-followers, slashing at them right and left and inflicting some ghastly wounds, while numbers of poor gashed and hamstrung camels and mules were seen hobbling all about on their knees. Large bodies of the enemy rushed round in every direction, charging at the zereba fence—mere hedges of thorny bush laid on the ground—with the utmost courage. The native bearers and servants fared badly, seeing that it was impossible to distinguish them from

the enemy, and many of them were killed or wounded by the concentrated fire from the Marines' and the Berkshire squares.

All the troops stood their ground with splendid steadfastness—all, perhaps, save the 17th Bengal Native Infantry (called the Loyal Poorbeahs) above referred to, who were standing aligned with the south side of the Berkshire zereba. The right flank of this Indian regiment had been somewhat disordered, it is true, by the scouts of the 5th Lancers rushing back through it; but after firing one volley at the onrushing hordes of Osman, it broke and "retired"—a movement which might perhaps have been characterised by a less indulgent word. Some of the Loyal Poorbeahs fell back on the Berkshire zereba, others in a "more regular formation" on the Marines' zereba; while others still rightabout-faced and headed for Suakim, whence they had come.

These Loyal Poorbeahs might surely have plucked up a better courage at the spectacle of the behaviour of the Rev. Reginald Collins, Roman Catholic chaplain to the force, who was seen standing back to back in one of the squares with Major Alston, "the reverend combatant having seized the nearest available weapon—a revolver—which he wielded as if to the manner born." On the signs of unsteadiness becoming apparent among the ranks of the aforesaid Poorbeahs, Mr. Collins, like the gallant representative of the Church militant that he was, volunteered to cross the bullet-swept ground that intervened, and convey the major's message to "Cease firing!" seeing that aimless, unsteady shooting was worse than none at all.

"Stepping forward," wrote an eye-witness, "calm and collected in demeanour, the chaplain walked, his life in his hands, across to the Indians, to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square which he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the dreadful risks he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer, and placing their helmets on their bayonets, waved them frantically in their enthusiasm."

Yet the cool heroism of this peaceful man of God sufficed not to stiffen the backs, steady the fire, or stay the backward movement of the Loyal Poorbeahs. On the other hand, however, all their Indian comrades budged not an inch from the line whereon they stood. The 15th Sikhs and 28th Bombay Native Infantry remained firm, maintaining an intact line, receiving

and repulsing successive assaults with a heavy fire. There never was a doubt as to the result of the attack on these regiments. The Sikhs were most severely assailed, and hundreds of dead Arabs were afterwards counted in front of their position. The Bombay regiment was less directly attacked, but it fought steadily, and added its quota to the slain.

Two soldiers of the Berkshire were saved from certain death by the magnificent daring of Subadar (Captain) Goordit Singh, commanding the left flank company of the 15th Sikhs, who, placing himself between the pursuers and their prey, slew three Arabs in succession by as many rapid sword-cuts. This was only one among many feats of personal prowess which this day called forth; but for this very especial act of bravery Lord Wolseley subsequently gave the gallant Subadar a sword of honour.

But simultaneously with all this desperate fighting at the zerebas an engagement of another kind had been going on nearer Suakim. About 1.30 p.m. Major Graves, with a squadron of the 20th Hussars, had left the camp for Suakim so as to ensure the safety of the telegraphic wire which connected Graham with McNeill. He had only proceeded about two miles, and had met a squadron of the 9th Bengal Lancers advancing to relieve him, when he heard heavy firing behind at the zereba. Taking command of the two squadrons with the splendid promptitude of the true cavalry officer, he at once hastened back, and came upon a number of camel-drivers, some native infantry (our Loyal Poorbeah friends, to wit), and, worse than all, "a few British soldiers," with camels, mules, etc., all in full retreat to Suakim, closely pursued by the enemy, who, in much greater force, were cutting them down in large numbers.

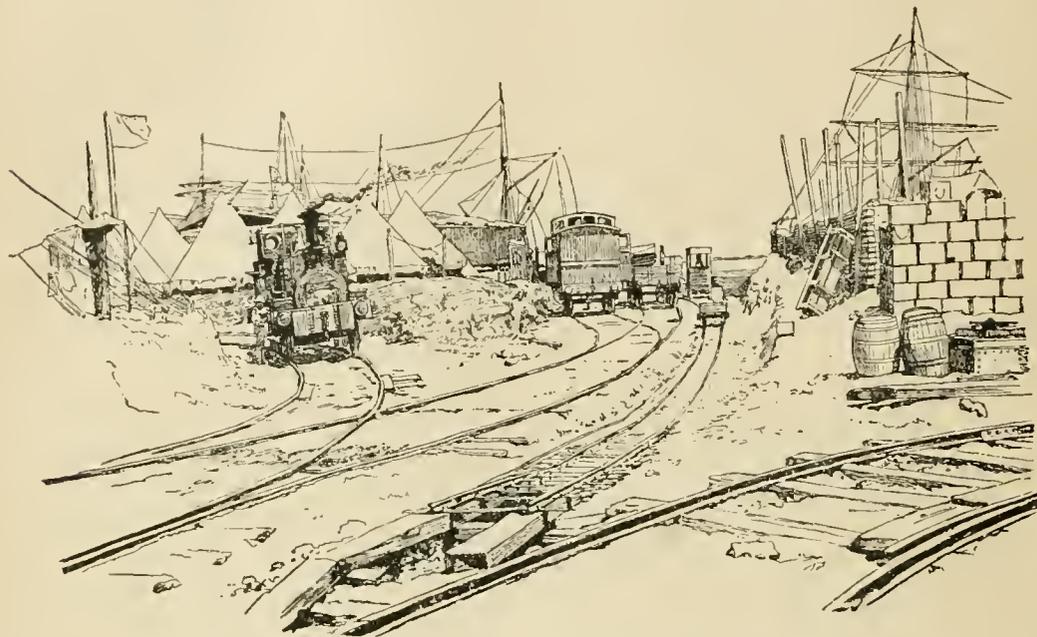
But now—in the twinkling of an eye—Graves was upon these pursuers like a thunderbolt with his couple of scragged-up squadrons: the ultimate result being that the Arabs turned and retreated towards McNeill's zereba, leaving a number of dead and wounded on the ground. Some feigned death, and jumping up close to the troopers, were killed in hand-to-hand combat.

The first shot at the zereba had been fired at ten minutes to three p.m., and at ten minutes past that hour McNeill ordered the "Cease fire!" to be sounded. Yet in that short space of twenty minutes no fewer than 1,500 Arabs had been killed, and probably a large number wounded, out of their attacking force of about 5,000.

On the other hand, the British loss had been

very severe—amounting to 6 officers killed and 3 wounded, 3 sergeants killed and 3 wounded, 55 rank and file killed, 14 missing (what became of them?), and 57 wounded; while the Indian brigade lost 2 English and 2 native officers killed, 49 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 10 missing, and 00 wounded; 33 camp-followers

brightly; and a walk round the zereba by its light makes the battlefield even more ghastly and impressive. Here, within the zereba, the ground is encumbered with dead and wounded camels and horses, and is littered with clothing and portions of the kit of the dead and living. In the centre of the zereba a few water-barrels, arranged



THE TERMINUS OF THE SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY, SUAKIM.

killed, 124 missing, and 10 wounded. But the heaviest slaughter-bill fell to the poor camels, of which no fewer than 500 were returned as killed or missing. Among the killed were Captain Romilly and Lieut. Swinton of the Berkshires, who were out working when attacked; and Lieut. Seymour of the Naval Brigade.

"At 6 p.m.," said the *Times* correspondent, "in the Berkshire zereba, the dead were laid out in rows. I counted 13 privates of the Berkshire Regiment and Royal Engineers, 6 of the Naval Brigade, and 2 of the Army Hospital Corps. Near them lay Lieutenant Swinton and Lieutenant Seymour; the total number killed in this zereba being 23. In the Marines' zereba there were 6 dead. An hour and a half later the sky was overcast, and a deep darkness shrouded the zerebas, the silence, too, being only broken by the moans and cries of the wounded—one mutilated Arab shouting out 'Allah!' and being answered from a distant part of the field by a friend's cry of 'Allah-il-Allah!'"

"About ten o'clock the moon shone out

in line, form a rendezvous for the officers. All over the ground are patches of blood and brains. In one corner of the zereba lie the two rows of our dead. Looking from our zereba over the plain, which is nearly free from bushes for a distance of one hundred yards, the moonlight reveals a fearful spectacle. The bodies of the enemy lie thick over the plain, in every imaginable attitude. Immediately beneath the zereba hedge they are most numerous—a proof of the desperate gallantry with which they came on, with spear and shield, knobkerry and camelstick. But there were others still more brave, for from our zereba alone 70 or 80 bodies were dragged out into the plain by our men before nightfall."

Vereschagin, the Russian battle-painter, ought to have been there with his realistic brush. Occasionally during the night a broad band of electric light from H.M.S. *Dolphin*—six miles away at Suakim—would sweep weirdly across the plain where the dead, the dying, and the weary lay side by side; and the sight of its long

and brilliant beam cheered the hearts of the men who had so nobly sustained the character of British soldiers for unflinching staunchness in the hour of stress.

When day broke, a sickening odour of blood filled the air, and burial-parties were detailed. But the enemy were still swarming in the bush, and ever and anon their long-range bullets would come whizzing and pinging over the camp. Three banners were found, one with the mocking, lying inscription: "From the Mahdi, the true Prophet of God—Whoever fights under this banner shall be victorious"; while another standard had been captured by the brave Berkshires, on whose sandbag redoubt the onrushing Arabs had made bold to plant this embroidered banner of their pride.

The broad, wandering stream of the electric light from the masthead of the *Dolphin* had flashed fresh courage into the hearts of the wearied holders of the Tofrik zereba; but brighter even and more inspiring than the glare of this light was the gleam of the sun on the bayonets of the Guards, who, accompanied by General Graham himself, tramped up to the zereba next morning from Suakim in serried and magnificent array. And loud were the cheers that greeted the Grenadiers, Cold-streams, and Scots as they came to a halt abreast of the Marines' zereba, looking like roughly affectionate lions who had come to see about their imperilled cubs.

Osman Digna and his ferocious hordes might do their utmost now; but never again did they

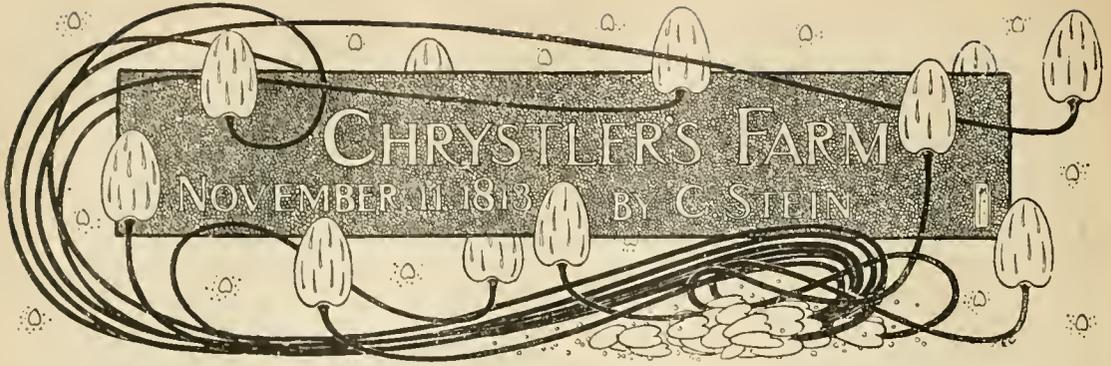
make bold to repeat the tactics which they had employed with such splendid daring at El-Teb, Tamai, Hasheen, and Tofrik. The campaign tailed off in a series of further marchings and counter-marchings, convoy-escorting, zereba-forming, and skirmishes, none of which rose to the dignity of a proper engagement, except, perhaps, the fight at Dhakdul, in which the New South Wales contingent—which only arrived a week after the affair of McNeill's zereba—took part and comported itself with the utmost gallantry. Previous to this, Graham had advanced on New Tamai, Osman's headquarters, and destroyed the nest on finding the bird flown; and the rest of the fighting took the form of little more than mere skirmishing with the natives, who did all they could to bar the progress of Graham's railway-making by burning the sleepers.

The laying of the line had reached Otao, a point about fifteen miles from Suakim, when Lord Wolseley, who had meanwhile arrived at Suakim from the Upper Nile (2nd May), announced that the Government had resolved to suspend the work and retire from the Soudan altogether, leaving only a garrison at Suakim.

It was but a poor consolation for this sudden and capricious dropping of the fruits of all their fighting that Lord Wolseley, on the 16th May, addressed a farewell order to the troops, expressing his deep sense of their admirable conduct in language of the warmest eulogy. "The deeds of the force in the Soudan," he said, "have added one more chapter to the glorious records of our national prowess."



DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT.



AFTER the successful issue of their struggle for independence, the United States of America increased in wealth and importance with greater rapidity than any other nation of the time. The long continuance of war had caused much distress in Europe, and many emigrants of all nationalities, carrying with them their arts and experience, had betaken themselves to the great new Republic, which offered countless openings for energy and ability. Besides the numerical force and political weight which were thus gained, the circumstances of the time threw a vast amount of neutral commerce into American hands, bringing profitable employment to ship-owners and seamen and an increasing revenue to the Republic. This condition of affairs in itself caused considerable jealousy in Great Britain, and the fact that France was deriving great benefit from the carriage of its seaborne commerce in American ships forced the British Government to adopt defensive measures. England also asserted her right of searching neutral merchant vessels on the high seas and of impressing English subjects found in them for service in the navy, as it was denied that the nationality of such men could be cancelled by easily obtained American acts of naturalisation and certificates of citizenship. The United States, with more or less justification, then declared war on the 18th June, 1812.

The Dominion of Canada was the only British possession open to the invasion of the American land forces, and, though its long frontier line from Lake Superior to the Bay of Fundy gave many points against which enterprises might be undertaken, the settlements and strongholds were so far apart, separated from each other by stretches of wilderness and impassable natural features, that such enterprises could, for the most part, only be isolated blows, and could have no great strategical effect. The most important

feature of the frontier was the series of lakes, or vast inland seas, connected by mighty rivers, and no movements of troops could be made unassisted by armed vessels and boats. Both sides, therefore, in the coming campaign relied for success quite as much on their navies on the lakes and rivers as on the land troops which they could put into the field.

The theatre of war was little adapted for the exercise of the best qualities of the English army of the day. As has been said, the settlements, small and few as they were, were separated by great tracts of virgin forest and wilderness. Soldiers had to be conveyed by water from one field of action to another, and when they were landed they had seldom an opportunity of executing such manoeuvres as would have been possible in almost any part of Europe, but they were called upon to fight in districts broken by woods, precipices, creeks, and morasses, where their discipline and stiff, steady training were useless and their courage and determination were more likely to lead them into an ambush or to entangle them among insurmountable obstacles than to ensure their victory. They were opposed to an enemy to whom the character of the country was familiar, men who from their youth had been accustomed to the use of the rifle in the pursuit of game, who were initiated into all the expedients of life in the backwoods, and were hardened by hunting toils into the handiest and most enduring of soldiers for irregular campaigns. Small wonder if the English regular battalions often found themselves at a disadvantage from the very excellence of their military training, and were unable in the wild regions of America to show proofs of the high value at which they were appraised on the battlefields of Europe. It was fortunate for the defence of Canada that it was possible among the loyal inhabitants of the Dominion to enrol a considerable force of militia, which, composed to a great extent of

settlers or their sons, possessed a knowledge of the country's features, enabling them to act efficiently when regular troops might be at a loss. There were also some tribes of friendly Indians who could be utilised as light troops and scouts, and of whose chiefs some, and especially the famous Tecumseh, were warriors of the highest merit, combining gallantry in the field with the utmost loyalty to the English flag and great ability in the operations of war.

During 1812 and the greater part of 1813 the war was carried on by Americans and British with varying success, but, as has been seen, it was impossible for either side to attempt any great strategical operations. Detached raids were made by each Power upon more or less isolated positions of its enemy, but no crushing blow was struck which could have a decisive effect on the ultimate issue of the struggle. The Americans had, however, been so far successful that they had for the time secured complete command of Lake Erie. It was therefore possible for them to devote all their resources to operations on Lake Ontario, and their War Department conceived the idea of making a combined movement on Montreal by two armies, one starting from Lake Ontario and one from a post on the Chateaugay river near the boundary line of Lower Canada. The first was to consist of 7,000 men under General Wilkinson, and the second of 8,000 men under General Hampton. If these two forces could unite on the lower St. Lawrence, it was believed that they would be sufficiently strong to overcome any probable resistance, and that they would be able to take up their winter quarters in Montreal. This scheme promised well, and the whole energies of the Republic were devoted to carrying it out.

On the 21st October General Hampton commenced his march along both banks of the Chateaugay river, and, after some preliminary skirmishes, was encountered on the 25th by a weak force of Canadian militia under Lieutenant-Colonel de Saluberry, which, covered by breastworks formed of felled trees, was able to receive with a well-sustained and deadly fire the American attack, and finally to succeed in checking it and driving it back. General Hampton, believing that he was opposed by greatly superior numbers, though in fact his repulse was accomplished by not more than 800 men, fell back to his original starting-point, and had not the resolution again to cross the frontier.

Meantime General Wilkinson had concen-

trated his force at Grenadier Island, on Lake Ontario, near the St. Lawrence, and was preparing to move down the river towards the point of proposed junction with General Hampton. In making his dispositions he allowed it to be supposed that his object might be an attack upon Kingston, to which place all the troops which had occupied the Niagara peninsula had been moved; but he made no actual demonstration in that direction. As a matter of fact, the English and American fleets neutralised each other on Lake Ontario, and no successful attack could have been made upon Kingston while the English armed vessels were still unsubdued. In Kingston also were almost all the regular troops available for the defence of Lower Canada, and it was very obviously a more feasible operation to move on weakly protected Montreal than to make an attack on a town strongly guarded by land and on the lake.

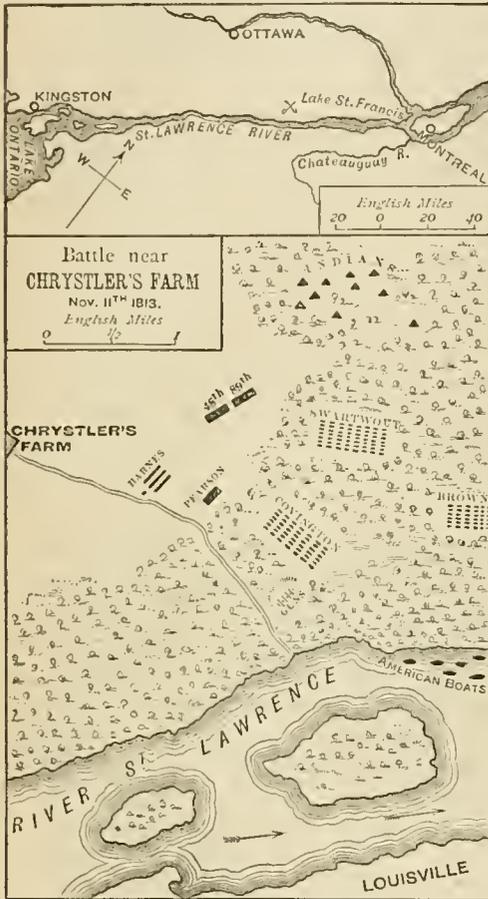
The transport of General Wilkinson's force down the current of the St. Lawrence could not be made in the comparatively large vessels which navigated Lake Ontario, and he caused a number of small craft, scows and boats, to be prepared, sufficient for its accommodation. On the 25th October all was ready, the men were embarked and the flotilla dropped down the river to a point on the southern bank called French Creek. The American armed vessels, under Commodore Chauncey, covered the movement, and watched the English fleet in Kingston Harbour; but in spite of their vigilance, some English brigs, schooners, and gunboats managed to slip past them unperceived, and took up a position off the creek, from which they were able to fire on Wilkinson's army, and to do it some damage. The Americans had erected a battery of 18-pounders on shore, but these were able to do little or no harm to the English ships, which maintained their position until Commodore Chauncey's fleet, which they had evaded, suddenly made its appearance, and forced them to retire to Kingston.

On the 5th November the camp at French Creek was broken up, and, General Wilkinson re-embarking his men, the flotilla continued its voyage till midnight, when it again anchored after passing over forty miles of the river's course. Six miles lower down the St. Lawrence its channel was commanded by the guns of Fort Wellington on the Canadian bank, and it was a matter of anxiety to General Wilkinson how his flotilla should pass this fort unscathed. He met the difficulty by disembarking his ammunition

and placing it in waggons. Every man who was not required to navigate the boats was also landed, and the whole marched along the American bank by night to a point two miles beyond the threatening fort. The flotilla itself was placed in charge of General Brown, who took every precaution to enable it to move undiscovered by muffling the oars and causing the boats to keep as close as possible to the bank.

him to make every effort to effect the proposed junction of the two armies.

Major-General de Rottenberg, who was commanding at Kingston, quite alive to the object of Wilkinson's expedition, had directed a force under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison to follow and watch it on the St. Lawrence. Little could apparently be done in direct opposition to it. Only about 1,500 men were at Kingston, and it was inadvisable to leave that place wholly unprotected. It was expected that a militia army might be gathered to cover Montreal, but the best that could now be hoped for was to harass Wilkinson's march, and to watch for opportunities of causing loss to his army. Morrison could only take with him eight very weak companies of the 49th Regiment, and nine equally weak companies of the 89th, with a small detachment of artillery and artillery drivers, having in charge two 6-pounder field-pieces, the whole amounting to about 560 rank and file. This little band embarked on some gunboats and small craft manned by men of the Ontario fleet commanded by Captain Mulcaster of the Royal Navy, who had the audacity to stand out of Kingston Harbour in view of Commodore Chauncey's blockading squadron, and the skilfulness to evade his enemy by slipping down the north channel, which, as presenting great difficulties of navigation, had fortunately been left unguarded. On the 8th November Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, the commander of Fort Wellington, with all his available men, consisting of the two flank companies of the 49th, some detachments of Canadian militia, a few artillerymen with a field-piece, about half-a-dozen provincial dragoons, and thirty Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. Morrison's whole force now numbered 800 men all told, and with it he followed in the wake of the American flotilla as far as Fort Iroquois on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, where he left the boats and prepared for land operations. Wilkinson's army had been delayed by the necessity of landing in order to pass Fort Wellington, and its commander was now informed that difficulties might be expected at every point where the channel of the river narrowed, as the Canadian bank was occupied by militia and artillery. The reports which came to him were greatly exaggerated, however, and there was really no force then in the field which could have offered any effectual opposition to his passage. On the forenoon of the 7th he had landed 1,200 men under Colonel McCombe to clear away any possible resistance,



General Wilkinson himself in a light gig reconnoitred the river and piloted the leading boats. Fortunately for him a heavy fog spread over the river's channel, and under its cover the greater part of the flotilla dropped silently down stream unobserved. A sudden shift of wind, however, caused the fog to lift, and the garrison of Fort Wellington detected the boats and the marching column on the American bank. Fire was opened by the English guns, but too late to check the success of General Wilkinson, who effected his movement with little loss. Pressing orders were now sent to General Hampton, whose repulse on the Chateauguay was yet unknown, directing

and to cover the flank of his flotilla, which, thus secured, pursued its way down the river. On the 8th, General Brown with his brigade was sent by Wilkinson to reinforce McCombe, and the 2nd Dragoons, part of the army's cavalry, which had been marching along the American bank, were ferried over to the Canadian side. On the afternoon of the 9th the American flotilla arrived at Williamsburg, near to Chrystler's Farm,

arms, and a considerable proportion of his artillery.

The American commander-in-chief had been for some days ill, and was now completely incapacitated. General Lewis, the second in command, was also ill; so the direction of the troops devolved upon General Boyd, who, besides other senior officers, had with him Generals Covington, Brown, and Swartwout. The Americans com-



"CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG DID HIS BEST TO WITHDRAW HIS PIECES" (A. 651).

and a further force of 400 men was sent on shore *en reconnaissance*. General Brown was now ordered to take command of the whole of the landed forces, and to make good the possession of the bank as far as the head of the "Longue Saut," a long rapid a short distance down the river. On the 10th November, General Brown on shore and the heavily laden boats on the river had both arrived at the "Longue Saut." General Wilkinson now judged it advisable, with the view of holding the Canadian shore, and also to lighten all the boats as much as possible before undertaking the passage of the rapid, to land every man capable of bearing

menced their march on the morning of the 10th, and near the village of Cornwall the advanced guard was opposed by about 300 of the Glogarry Militia under Captain Dennis of the 49th, who, by breaking down a bridge over a creek in his front and distributing his men in concealment round a wide semicircle, was able by their fire to delay General Brown for three hours, and finally to withdraw with little loss, carrying away also all the stores which were in his charge. But Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison's small force was now in touch with and harassing the American rear, and some skirmishing had taken place in which the advantages were evenly balanced.

The English gunboats also were so threatening the flotilla that it was unable to leave the shelter of the bank, where a strong battery had been erected for its protection. General Boyd therefore resolved to turn upon and attack Morrison, and, his force being so superior in numbers, he believed that he could have no difficulty in crushing his audacious foe. A belt of forest surrounded the ground occupied by the English and hid from the Americans their strength and

took up a position from which it was hoped that they would be able to enfilade the right of the British line of battle.

Let us examine the ground occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, and see how he marshalled his men to meet the overwhelming numbers which were about to be brought against them. Chrystler's Farm was a large clearing in the forest surrounding the log-built homestead, from which a rude track led down to the bank of the St. Lawrence.

In November the crops were all off the ground, which was thus quite open to the movement of troops, though it was cut up by occasional drains and fences, and the soil, from long-continued rain, was a mass of deep adhesive mud. Such as it was, however, it was better adapted to the steady manœuvres of English infantry than many of the previous scenes of combat during the war. We have seen that the little English army was only about 800 strong, including regular infantry, artillery, and Canadian militia, and that it had with it thirty Indians. Its artillery consisted of three field-pieces, and its cavalry of half-a-dozen dragoons, who acted as orderlies. Its advanced guard under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson was posted *à cheval* of the road near the belt of forest which intervened between the clearing and the river. Behind it, *écheloned* in support on its right rear, were three companies of the 89th with a field-piece under Captain Barnes, while on its left rear the remainder of the 49th and 89th with a field-piece were both main body and reserve. The woods on the



OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL.

disposition; and General Boyd, thinking that he had only to show his strength to ensure complete success, formed his men in three columns, each commanded by one of his generals, with a reserve under Colonel Upham. One of the battalions of General Swartwout's brigade, the 21st American Regiment, was sent forward as an advanced guard to cover the movement and bring the English to action. This advanced guard, moving in open order through the forest, emerged upon Morrison's leading troops, the 49th flank companies, some Canadian militia, and one field-piece under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. The 21st Americans were accompanied by four guns, which

left of the position were occupied by the Indians and the Canadian militia. Every fighting-man was in the place which best suited his peculiar capabilities. Everywhere the handfuls of infantry were formed in line so as to give the fullest effect to their fire and the utmost freedom to their powers of tactical movement. Grimly determined, they awaited the advance of General Boyd's army, for they felt that on them depended the safety of Lower Canada. The three American columns followed their advanced guard through the forest, General Covington being directed against the right of the English position, General Swartwout against its left, while

General Brown was still some distance in the rear.

The action commenced at 2 p.m. by the attack of the 21st Americans, over 600 strong, on Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson's advanced post. The power of the swarm of men was too much for Pearson, who fell back, steadily fighting and disputing every inch of ground, until his assailants were checked by the supporting fire of the 49th and 89th. The four American guns failed to give to the 21st all the support which was expected from them, as they had taken up a position too far behind the fighting line, from which, ill served and ill laid, their action was little effective. At half-past two General Swartwout's brigade had pushed forward, and tried to turn the British left; but, weary from being under arms all the previous night under an incessant rain and from their march to the attack almost knee-deep in mud, the men lacked vigour and determination. The fire of the Indians and militia, whom Swartwout had neglected to drive out of the wood on his right, made itself felt with fatal effect, and when the 89th, wheeling to their left, presented a stern, unbroken front, the Americans, deficient in training and discipline, paused, staggered, and gave way. The 49th and 89th, re-forming their proud line and with colours uncased, followed them with confident step, firing volleys by platoons and effectually prevented them from making an attempt to rally their disordered ranks. Meanwhile General Covington had led an assault against the English right, and, forcing Captain Barnes with his three companies of the 80th to fall back, nearly made good his way to the farm-house; but Morrison, seeing his right thus in peril, moved to the help of their comrades the main body of the 49th and 80th, flushed with their success against General Swartwout. These gallant soldiers then gave a brilliant example of that power of cool manœuvre in battle which in so many wars has been displayed by England's infantry. They halted in their victorious pursuit of their first antagonists, and, crossing the field from left to right in *échelon* of companies, re-formed their line in front of Covington, and, recommencing their crushing fire by platoons, struck confusion into his brigade. General Covington, who, sword in hand, was leading his men with a courage and determination worthy of the young Republic's army, was struck down mortally wounded and carried from the field, and on the right of the British position, as on the left, the Americans were driven back discomfited. The

American battery of four guns was still in position, covering the movements of their infantry, and the 49th prepared to capture it with a bayonet charge. Ere they were in motion, however, Morrison's wary eye had marked the movement of mounted men behind the disorganised crowd that was falling back before him. It was the 2nd American Dragoons, who, hitherto impeded by the belt of forest near the river, were now able to form in the clearing, and, under the command of the Adjutant-General, Walbach, were about to make an attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Fortunately for Morrison's force the intersecting ditches and deep mud of the battlefield prevented the charge from being delivered with the impetus and cohesion which give three-fourths of their power to attacking cavalry, and Captain Barnes had time to form his three companies and to receive the dragoons with calculated volleys. Like Swartwout's and Covington's brigades, Walbach's men failed to make good their purpose, and turned rein. The last serious danger to the English army was past. General Brown's third column and Colonel Upham's reserve did little more than show themselves, and took no part in the fight. Their comrades were defeated, discouraged, and in retreat, and all that could be done was to shield them from complete demoralisation.

Morrison had hitherto fought the action of the day with conspicuous completeness and success. His men had stood the brunt of a struggle with a greatly superior force, and in cool courage, disciplined manœuvre, and ready response to his initiative, had failed their commander at no moment in the trying hours of that November afternoon. Now, however, he was unable to reap the full advantage of his victory for want of that cavalry which might have swept down upon his foe's retreat, and added crushing disaster to their disheartening failure. But, if cavalry were wanting, the sturdy British infantry, which had held its own so long and so stoutly and adapted its tactical formation to every mood of battle, now dashed forward eager to do what in it lay to secure trophies of mastery. Captain Barnes's companies, with levelled bayonets, charged upon the four guns which so long had been in position before them. Captain Armstrong, who commanded the American battery, did his best to withdraw his pieces; but, impeded by the tumultuous retreat of the infantry, and by the deep mud in which the wheels were sunk, he only succeeded in saving three. The fourth was captured, Lieutenant

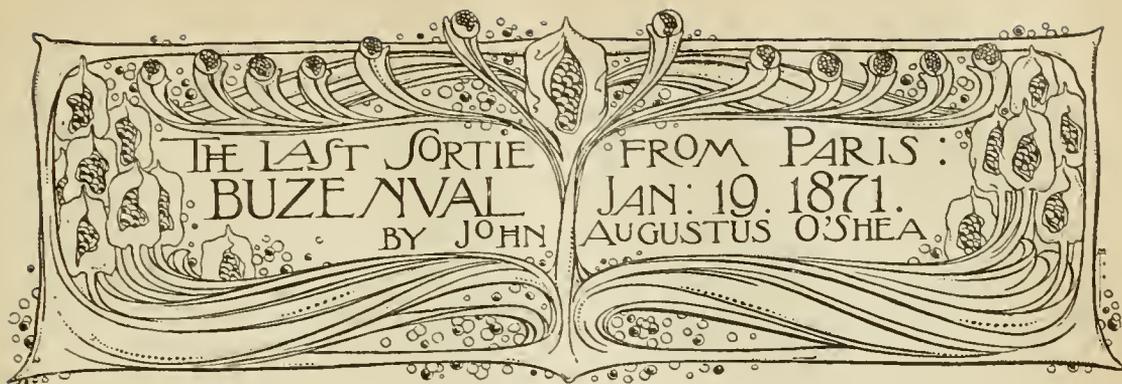
Smith, the subaltern in charge, lying dead at the post of duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, who, with the flank companies, had at the beginning of the action formed the English advanced post till he was driven back by the American 21st, now again pressed forward and fell on the enemy's light infantry, which was covering their retreat. Victorious in his turn, his advance was irresistible and opposition melted away before him. The line of the 49th and 80th followed Barnes and Pearson. The shrill war-whoop of the Indians rang through the forest, the artillery was hurried forward to hurl some last shots into the woods, in whose shelter General Boyd's columns were received, and the whole English force stood triumphant on the edge of the clearing where they had given such proofs of valour. But Morrison could do no more. Night was falling, and disparity of numbers forbade further pursuit of the Americans, who, falling back to their boats on the St. Lawrence, had the means of reinforcing themselves to such an extent as would give them a dominant superiority, which it would have been folly to encounter.

The Americans hurriedly re-embarked and

formed their camp about four miles lower down the river on its southern bank. Here the tidings of Hampton's defeat on the Chateauguay reached them, and they learnt of that commander's resolution to make no further attempt to effect the proposed junction of the two armies. There was nothing for it but to consider the advance against Montreal at an end. De Saluberry on the Chateauguay and Morrison at Chrystler's Farm had broken the force of the two American columns of invasion and had saved Lower Canada for the British Crown. The American losses in the action of the 11th November were 102 killed and 237 wounded, besides a field-gun and more than 100 prisoners. In proportion to their numbers the casualties among the English force were nearly equally severe, amounting to 21 killed and 182 wounded. The opposing forces met in open champaign, where the incomparable discipline of trained English infantry gave to them signal advantage. The Americans were defeated not by superior valour, but, though fourfold superior in numbers, they fell before prompt and regular tactical movements executed by professional soldiers who were handled by a commander of consummate ability.



A SETTLER'S SHANTY.



PARIS had been besieged by the Germans for four months, and was now approaching the last extremities. The only bulletin issued on the 18th of January, the one hundred and twenty-second day of the tedious beleaguering, was that the Invalides—the Chelsea Hospital of France, in whose chapel under a tomb of porphyry lie the remains of the First Napoleon—had been struck by a shell. Trochu had not yet developed his long-threatened plan which was to relieve the city from the toils. Provisions were getting scanty by palpable degrees, for on the 13th instant the rationing of bread was finally decided on by a Government Council, and M. Magnin, the Minister of Commerce, had obtained permission to requisition all the remaining flour he could lay hands on. Five days later M. Jules Ferry limited the supply to ten ounces daily, one pennyworth, for which the inhabitants had to call at the shops with their tickets and form a *queue* outside as at the theatre in ordinary times. Children under five were only entitled to half the quantity, and even that meagre allowance was of a mahogany colour, sour and gritty, a compound of bran, rice, barley, oats, vermicelli, and starch, with a thin admixture of wheaten flour. The bakers were prohibited from selling the ration to any but their usual customers.

The Germans had a capitally served Intelligence Department. It is worthy of note that the bread was rationed on the very day that they said it would begin to be scarce in Paris.

There were only enough cattle left to furnish a clear day's supply of meat, and milch cows were jealously withheld for the consumptive and those otherwise ailing, babes, and women recovering from the throes of child-birth. Another day's supply was counted on from preserved food. The reserve of horses was diminishing,

and those which had to be kept for transport and the indispensable necessities of war were few and deplorably out of condition. It was short commons everywhere. There was now no more oats or barley in the mangers, and straw and hay were stinted. Even the staff of life on which those required for field-artillery and ambulance purposes were fed, was lacking; the other horses were dieted on a quarter of their usual fare. The bombardment of the city proper had lasted for ten days, and the roar of the enemy's besieging guns, whose shells fell like hailstones, resounded through the outlying districts, whose inhabitants had fled for refuge to more protected quarters. Fuel was failing, and the people shivered from want of firing, and at night the once gay boulevards were lit by oil-lamps few and far between. Gas was a luxury husbanded for the balloons. Benches had been torn up on the side-walks and the wreck flung on the stoves, and the branches of trees full of sap were used instead of charcoal and gave out a stifling smoke when they were enkindled instead of a cheerful blaze. Green-stuff was grubbed up in the area beyond the ramparts within range of the German outposts. Eggs were shown in goldsmiths' windows in the caskets formerly reserved for jewels; rabbits fetched thirty francs and turkeys ninety each; and the wild animals in the two zoological collections at Bercy and the Bois de Boulogne were killed and sold to speculative restaurateurs at fancy prices only suited to the purses of millionaires.

Funerals were frequent and added to the general depression of the community cut off from the world and driven to itself for enjoyment. Wilhelm, King of Prussia, was proclaimed German Emperor before an altar surmounted with a gilded crucifix in the Hall of Mirrors in the

Palace of the Bourbons at Versailles, which rang with the exultant cheers of princes and generals of the Fatherland and the joyous blare of trumpets. Unless a sortie was made with success, starvation was imminent or surrender. There was little hope of success among military authorities, for the troops were dispirited by their continued ill-luck, and the bulk of the unruly and ill-disciplined National Guard was not to be counted on as fit for serious hostilities. Still as there were discordant elements amongst them who were very dangerous for internal tranquillity, and would insist on fight as long as they had not been led out against the Prussians, it was felt that before an armistice could be hinted at their martial fever should be lowered by judicious blood-letting.

On the morning of the 19th of January there was an eruption of a fearful crop of placards, the white betokening that they were official, on the walls. Firstly, there was one prescribing the rationing of bread; next, one demanding the residences of absentees for the accommodation of the wounded and the inhabitants driven out of their ordinary domiciles by stress of the siege; a third levied combustibles and comestibles of non-residents for the public service; a fourth exacted secreted stocks of seed within three days under penalty of confiscation, £40 fine, and three months' imprisonment; a fifth offered a reward to anyone giving information of the existence of hidden cereals. General Trochu had placarded some time previously that the Governor of Paris would not capitulate, but to avoid in a literal sense the probability of surrender in case of the failure of the new attempt to pierce the German lines, he determined on the evening of the 19th of January to exchange his quarters at the Louvre for the fortress of Mont Valérien. Accordingly among the sheaf of Government notices on the walls on the damp morning of the appointed eventful day was an order from General Le Flô announcing that during General Trochu's absence he had been invested with the supreme command of the troops for the defence of the city and St. Denis, and beside it appeared a proclamation that those amongst them who could offer their lives on the battlefield would march against the foe. In these words it concluded: "Let us suffer; let us die, if necessary; but let us conquer." To this was affixed the names of all members of the Government except the President.

The sortie of despair had been resolved upon, and the National Guards were at last to have an opportunity of proving the virtue that was in

them, by contact with the enemy. Throughout the previous day there had been going on a series of rendezvous and drills in every square and broad street of the end of the city nearest to the Versailles side, and it was evident from the commotion and the drum-beating and the passing and repassing of armed men that exciting operations were at hand. The duty of marching out of the beleaguered city had been assigned to three corps d'armée forming a body of more than 100,000, consisting of troops of the line, mobiles and citizen soldiery, supported by 300 guns, commanded by Generals Vinoy, Carré de Bellemare, and Ducrot respectively. The value of this force may be thus estimated: the troops of the Line were generally of excellent material but demoralised by their experiences of former brushes, and but half-made when they were not seasoned; the mobiles were of the proper fighting age and spirited but undisciplined; the National Guard, as a rule, was an armed mob and liable to panic from causeless alarms. Altogether the force lacked vigour and go.

The three inferior generals were closeted with Trochu the evening before the action. The position which he took on the highest point of the terrace-like roof of Mont Valérien gave him a commanding, almost unique view of the movements of his army which he could direct as a theatrical manager from a stage-box. Surrounded by his staff, he had only to issue his orders to the aide-de-camp on duty, who descended from his horse at the postern gate and, followed by one of the crowd of waiting orderlies, conveyed his message to the body of troops put in motion, who carried it out in sight of the commander himself. Versailles was the objective point to which the offensive was to be directed, the hopelessly mad aim being to dislodge the Prussian headquarters from the Imperial seat and the nucleus of their organisation. To Vinoy was assigned the conduct of the attack on the left, which was to be pressed on Montretout and the villas and grounds bordering St. Cloud, belonging to Messieurs Béarn, Pozzo di Borgo, Armeingaud, and Zimmerman. In the original plan for the fortification of Paris there had been an intention to construct a redoubt at Montretout, but this intention had never been carried out. With an acute appreciation of the value of the position, one of the first cares of the enemy had been to seize on it, as he had on Châtillon. It was of vital importance to retake Montretout. From it the wood of St. Cloud and the highway of Versailles could be raked, and the Prussian

batteries of Meudon, which spread trouble in Grenelle and the Point du Jour, could be turned. The centre of the attack under de Bellemare was to start from Courbevoie at the right rear of Mont Valérien, and had for objective the eastern portion of La Bergerie opposite Garches. The right was to operate on the wooded eminence to the west of the park of Buzenval, and make a simultaneous attack on Longboyau, and, if possible, penetrate to the Lupin stud-farm in front of Celle St. Cloud and to the left of Garches.

The line of front, when battle was joined, did not extend quite four miles English across. The task of bringing together and handling such numbers, most of them new to the shock of arms, within such a narrow compass, was arduous and delicate; the concentration was not effected without considerable anxiety and some bungling; and, to make matters worse, the night was obscure, and the morning of the 19th was darkened by a curtain of thick fog, Thames-like in its consistence and clayey hue. Along with the darkness the ground was soaked with a long-continued rain, and horses sank to their hocks in the mud, and waggons were trundled painfully along. Six in the morning was fixed for the attack, but owing to a delay in the advance of the army-corps of the right it was retarded for several hours. Ducrot's delay was explained by the circumstance that he had some seven-and-a-half miles English to traverse in the dark on a railway hampered with obstructions, and a high-road occupied by a train of artillery which had lost its way.

This occurred not in Cochin-China but a short drive from Paris, on a bit of country every feature of which could have been mastered in half an hour by an intelligent huntsman with the aid of the staff-maps and a reconnoitring glass.

Nor was the delay the only blunder which dislocated Trochu's conception. The men of the National Guard had been kept under arms—packs on their backs and four days' provisions, making in all a burden of four stone weight—from two in the morning. The Line, too, were haggard and worn with fatigue, and marched without elasticity of step when they got the word to go forward at ten o'clock. Their officers—a finer body of officers seldom stood—had to goad them to their work, in some cases by putting revolvers to their ears. Vinoy's command emerged from behind Mont Valérien by the road parallel to the Seine, skirting the right of a brickyard, and concealed for a space by the

hillock of La Fouilleuse. The column of assault consisted of the Zouaves, the 136th of the Line, and several battalions of the National Guard, notably the 107th. By eleven it had taken possession of the heights of Montretout and the adjacent villas without excessive difficulty. The foemen, pounced upon unexpectedly, resisted stiffly for a while, but were overpowered by numbers. Sixty of them, mostly belonging to a regiment from the Grand Duchy of Posen, were disarmed. They pleaded that they had been taken unawares, and they looked it. It was a new sensation to catch soldiers of their army unawares. The Zouaves repolished their sullied escutcheon here; they were foremost in the onset, and careered over three entrenchments at accelerated pace. The French, having secured their prisoners, descended to St. Cloud and scoured the village, taking particular pains in searching the cellars. They had profited by the lesson of Ville-Evrard. Skirmishers pushed forward and crackled at the retreating enemy, who had sought refuge in the closer growths of the plantations.

While the left was thus successful, the centre marched down the slope of Mont Valérien unopposed until it reached the farm of Fouilleuse to the west of the brickyard, and there its advance was blocked by a withering fire of small-arms. Twice the column had to fall back, but on the third attempt it cheered, rushed forward with the bayonet, and carried the position. The National Guards who took part in this onslaught were full of ardour. This, the left wing of the centre, moved on to the elevated cross-road between La Fouilleuse and St. Cloud, where it had been instructed to form a junction with the left front. Inflamed with the glow of combat and confident from its progress hitherto, it carried this position also with the white arm, but de Bellemare's right was stopped by the park wall of the château of Buzenval. Dynamite was brought into requisition to burst open a breach, as it was used to blow up some of the houses which served as shelter to the enemy. It was a great success—as useful as a company of sappers, and much cleaner and speedier in its destructiveness. Through the shattered masonry the red trousers penetrated the grounds of the country-house, clambered the heights of La Bergerie, and spread themselves over the tangled and broken tract of vineyards, groves, and gardens stretching to the right towards Celle St. Cloud by the lakelet of St. Cucufa. Support from Ducrot's corps was looked for in vain, and de Bellemare

had to bring up part of his reserve to hold his grip. Alignment was no longer preserved: it was a series of isolated struggles; men "fought for their own hand," like Hal o' the Wynd; they lost sight of their officers, or were lost sight of by them. The independent firing was incessant; most of it was lamentably useless. The enthusiastic but untrained men in front blazed away at the trees, and were laid low in sections by the Prussians safe behind their breast-

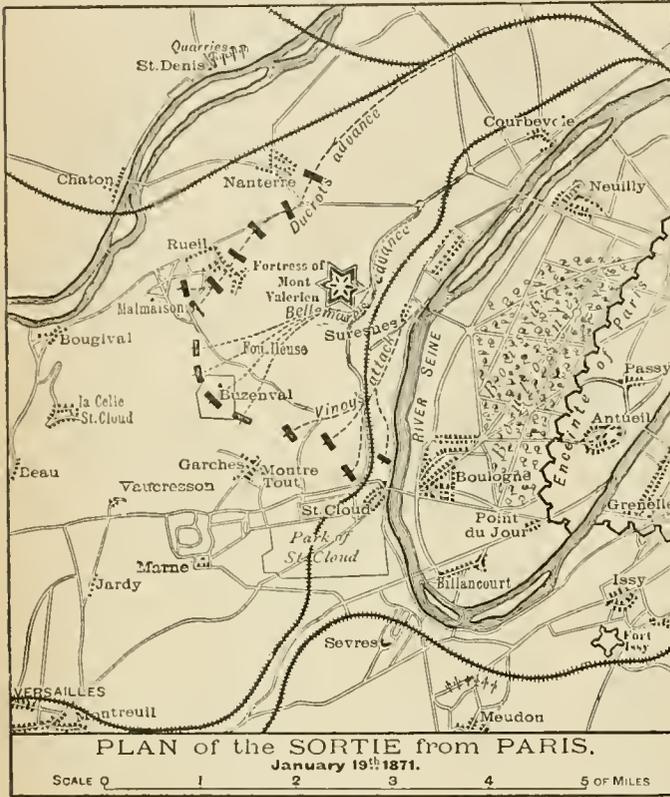
in the forehead by a bullet from one of the loopholes in the wall.

A corporal dashed forward, hoisted himself up somehow, and clubbed his Chassepot to knock aside the muzzles of the guns of the defenders, but he soon toppled over in their midst a corpse. The Prussians did not expose their heads, but to take aim or to *make grimaces* at the French!

"The only one I saw," a man of the 116th told me, "was a joker who put his fingers to his nose for me."

My informant, a law-student, had a narrow escape in the retreat. A bullet cleft through his knapsack, flattened itself against his belt, and dropped into his pouch. Eight comrades of his squad of ten were shot down.

What was Ducrot doing all this time? The same ill-luck which attended him on the 29th November, when his bridges disappointed, pursued him still. His troops were on foot at three in the morning, but had to march from St. Denis in the mirk of a black night and a muggy dawn. The road by which they had to pass, leading by Nanterre and Rueil, was swept by a Prussian battery at the Quarries of St. Denis, on the other side of the Seine, as with a besom. They could not stand the hail of mitraille; the field artillery was ineffective to check it, and finally the passage of Ducrot's extreme right was only guaranteed by salvos from Mont Valérien and the novel aid of a cuirassed locomotive with heavy



works, and in some instances were shot in the back by their own comrades scattered too much to the rear. A story was told of a colonel—of the Line, it was said, but I trust not—asking the 116th battalion of the civic force to take a loopholed wall in front.

"How! Don't you see we are certain of death if we face it?" answered M. Baker, a lieutenant of the National Guard.

"You are here to die," said the other grimly.

"And the Line?" retorted the lieutenant. "But I'll show you the National Guard know how to die. Come on, my lads!" and he whirled a stick over his head. At the same moment he turned on himself and reeled on the sod, smitten

guns on two armour-clad waggons, which came gliding along the St. Germain line of rail. But Ducrot arrived two hours too late, and the simultaneity of the attack was marred. When the three corps were in action together an attempt was made to converge them on La Bergerie, while the bastions of the 6th Secteur opened on Sèvres and the Park of St. Cloud. There was a dogged tussle at the Porte de Longboyau (a mile south of Malmaison), and Ducrot, who was a good die-hard general of brigade and no more, had repeatedly to lead his troops to the onslaught, but was unable to gain ground. It is one of the freaks of war that this man who thrust himself continuously into the gap of danger got



"ON THE THIRD ATTEMPT IT CARRIED THE POSITION." (p 655).

off without a scratch. His was the luck that is handmaid of temerity. Less favoured of fate was Rochebrune. He who had led the "Zouaves of Death" in the struggle for Polish independence was dismissed to death by a Polish hand. His end was in keeping with his daring and adventurous character. He was cheering on the 10th of Paris, one of the newly organised regiments, of which he was colonel, close by Rueil. They had been maltreated by a deadly rifle-spatter, when Rochebrune, thinking the plucky thing the safest thing, gave the order to advance with the cold steel. Hardly had the word of command passed his lips when he dropped from the saddle; he was lifeless before he touched the sod.

That dreadful unanticipated battery at the Quarries was not to be silenced or circumvented. A shell swinging from it burst right under a waggon of the American ambulance on the highway between Rueil and Nanterre, roughly capsized the vehicle, and dispersed the hospital staff, which had made this point their headquarters. As a consequence the conspicuous distinctive flags were removed in the afternoon from all the ambulances.

By two o'clock the Prussians had brought up reinforcements of infantry and a formidable artillery. For a couple of hours a tremendous duel of cannon was waged, but the French guns were overmastered, particularly by the powerful battery at Garches.

At four o'clock the enemy made an impetuous advance on the French left and centre, and drove them back; "nevertheless," ran the official report, "the troops returned to the front at the close of the day." The crest of the heights was once more reached, but night approaching and there being no facility for advancing the artillery, these troops had to be withdrawn out of danger of an offensive return. At half-past six Montretout was abandoned, and the French, wearied with long hours of march and combat, had to retire to the trenches of Mont Valérien or inside the ramparts of Paris. The sortie, which never had the faintest chance of creating outlet, was an admitted failure. The idea of evacuating Montretout must have been precipitate, for Commander de Lareinty and three hundred of the Mobiles of the Loire-Inférieure were forgotten there, and were quietly taken prisoners by the Germans, as compensation with interest for the sixty captured Poseners. This ultimate operation had one wholesome effect—the National Guards, who were yelling, "Let us go

forth and break the jaws of the wicked, and pluck the spoil out of their teeth," were taught that it was easier to brag than to do. Instead of returning spoil-laden they had, too many of them, flung away their impedimenta, food and all, to the wicked but indomitable foe when the supreme moment arrived.

Two battalions of the King's Grenadiers and one of the 50th threw back the French at Garches and at Montretout at 2 p.m.; but the entrenchment of Montretout was taken earlier, about an hour before noon, by a massed attack of a column consisting of the 47th, 58th, and 82nd regiments. The loss of the Germans is officially stated at 616 men and 39 officers, while that of the French, as far as can be ascertained, was 7,000. Trochu maintained, and possibly he was right, that the National Guards in their awkwardness had continually fired on their own troops. This was their baptism of blood, so to speak, and besides the clumsiness inseparable from novelty, many of the detachments were clad in green or any uniform that could be made up from the remnants in store, and it was hard for amateur soldiers to have that coolness necessary to distinguish friend from foe. At night when they were drawing off fatigued and faint from failure, a disorderly corps of National Guards raised the cry of "The Uhlans!" as the general and his escort were crossing a field, and incontinently fired into them in their fright. A Chassepot bullet hit Lieutenant de Langle in the throat, and he fell dead on his horse's neck, but the point-blank volley otherwise was unattended with loss, such was the uncertainty of aim in the gloom. Here is another episode of the day which tells an instructive tale of insubordination. A private in the 116th of the Line shot his captain in the field, and was ordered by the general in command to be shot on the spot. He was wounded, and an ambulance party came to pick him up, not understanding the cause, but were warned not to interfere, and left him without succour. A man of his regiment arrived, had two miss-fires at his head, then borrowed a Chassepot from another private, blew out the brains of the faithless soldier, and rejoined his comrades coolly relighting his pipe.

The butcher's bill in this deplorable, deliberately rash adventure was costly. In mere numbers the losses were serious, but in quality they were more serious. Many who had passed scatheless through the vicissitudes of dozens of campaigns met their fate. For not a few it was not only their first but their last fight. The National

Guard suffered heavily, especially the battalions recruited from the quarters of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Bourse. Regnault—he who had painted that weirdly realistic Moorish execution, and whose striking picture of Juan Prim, on a horse that seemed to leap from the canvas, was a feature of the Salon of 1868—had been mowed down by the merciless reaper. The master—for such he was—who held such a bold, original brush and gave such roseate promise, was but twenty-seven. Horrid war! Sandbags were piled round the picture-galleries to protect the great works they contained, and the men whose genius had produced them were sent out to fruitless death amid the hovering vapours of the battlefield. Literature had its losses to deplore too. Marius Topin, author and historian, was slain at the head of a battalion. The Faubourg St. Germain had more than its share in the mourning. The Marquis de Coriolis, captain of the Royal Guard under Louis XVIII., had enrolled himself in the 15th Parisian Regiment, though sixty-seven years of age. He fell, pierced by a ball in the forehead and another in the chest. Vrignault, editor of the *Liberté*, who was acting courageously as lieutenant and standard-bearer of the 16th, was beside him, and called the chaplain of the corps to the spot.

"We can do no more for him now than recite the 'De Profundis'" said the priest.

M. d'Estournel, familiar in the Corps Législatif, was likewise amongst the slain, and Gustave Lambert, the explorer who had set his heart upon winning for France the renown of discovering the North Pole. De Cevennes, the painter, and Maurice Bixio, nephew to M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, were desperately wounded; and Victor, the son of the pioneer of civilisation, who was an orderly officer to General Ducrot, was struck by a ball in the thigh while standing by his chief. The colonel of the 109th of the line was also amongst the severely wounded, and Count de Montbrison, commandant of one of the battalions of the Loiret. In the same sad catalogue were Langlois of the 116th and Saugé of the 78th. Young Séveste, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français, had to be conveyed—a grievous spectacle—to the ambulance in the playhouse where he had so often mimicked grief. He had to undergo amputation of a leg to save his life. Gennaro Perelli, a Sicilian pianist and composer, who had been chosen captain of a free corps, was struck, and the surgeons were forced

to cut off his right arm. The needle-gun was not tender for the arts.

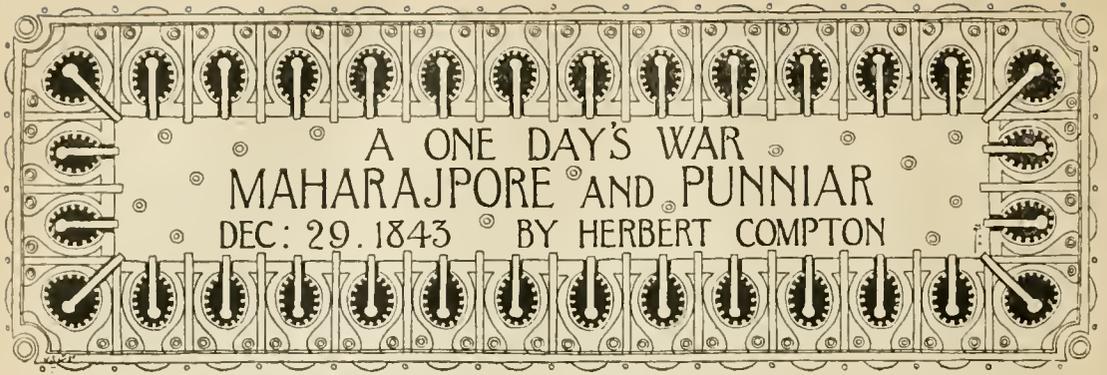
Among the episodes of the day was related the killing of a German officer of high rank by Corporal Houdan, of the National Guards of Passy, who was decorated on the field by General de Bellemare. Another, of a kind more affecting, was the arrival of Madame Rochebrune from Paris at Rueil to inquire after her brave husband. He had just been brought in dead, and it was only by the pious fraud of a friend, who ran into her house under pretext of escaping shells, that she had not the awful trial of suddenly alighting on his blood-stained corpse.

Among the battalions of the civic force that bore off most honours were the 35th and 71st, and the 116th, which lent goodly help in rescuing the Government from the Communists. There were occasional natural falterings—for example, in the 13th, raised in the neighbourhood of the Central Markets; but their lieutenant-colonel, Mosneron-Dupin, a fearless man into whom a breath of Ney seemed to have entered, kindled them with the heat of his own courage. They had wavered, but they resumed the advance at the double with bayonets lowered, and the Prussians thought it prudent to scurry to cover.

The evening papers published a funereal despatch from Trochu at Mont Valérien, praying his representative at the Louvre to exert himself to obtain a suspension of arms for *two days* to bury the dead, and demanding that solidly constructed carts and volunteers in large numbers should be sent out for the purpose.

By degrees the vexing truth leaked out as to the failure of the final attempt at riving the hoop—we were hermetically sealed in—and ugly recriminations were bandied. To add to the sense of boding misfortune that was settling gloomily over Paris, came a pigeon with a message from Bordeaux up to the 14th instant narrating the defeat of Chanzy, with a loss of twelve guns and 10,000 men, by Prince Frederick Charles, and his subsequent retreat behind Mayenne, and an inauspicious fight of Bourbaki at Villersexel, near Belfort.

All hope was abandoned, the siege was virtually over, there was no hope of deliverance from the provinces, and before a week had expired volcanic Paris had to submit to the humiliating terms of capitulation to save the wearied inhabitants from the dangers of impending famine.



IN the crowded century of conquest which distinguished the career of the East India Company, and of all the heterogeneous Indian races with whom they came into conflict, no nation opposed such a stout and prolonged resistance to the expansion of British rule as the Mahrattas. Four times within a period of sixty-five years these daring warriors of the Deccan faced our armies in the field, and on every occasion acquitted themselves as staunch and worthy foemen. Our first contest with them occurred in 1778, when our possessions on the western coast of the peninsula were confined to the cities of Bombay and Surat, and necessity compelled us to seek an increase of territory for the support of those settlements. The war brought us little credit. Our army of 2,500 men, despatched to attack Poonah, was compelled to retreat, after abandoning its guns, which were ingloriously thrown into a tank at Tulligaon; and although General Goddard succeeded shortly afterwards in retrieving the disgrace, the Treaty of Salbye, entered into in 1781, left us in much the same position as when we began the campaign.

Our next conflict with the Mahrattas was in 1803, when the signal victories of Lake and Wellesley at Laswaree and Assaye humbled Scindia, the leading spirit in their Confederation, and brought us considerable territorial acquisitions. Fifteen years later war broke out again during the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, and the brilliant campaigns of 1817 and 1818 once more reduced these turbulent folk to order. A quarter of a century of comparative quiet followed, and then came the short, sharp tussle of 1843—a One Day's War—when our troops fought the two battles of Maharajpore and Punniar on the same day, and vanquished Scindia's famous disciplined army, which had

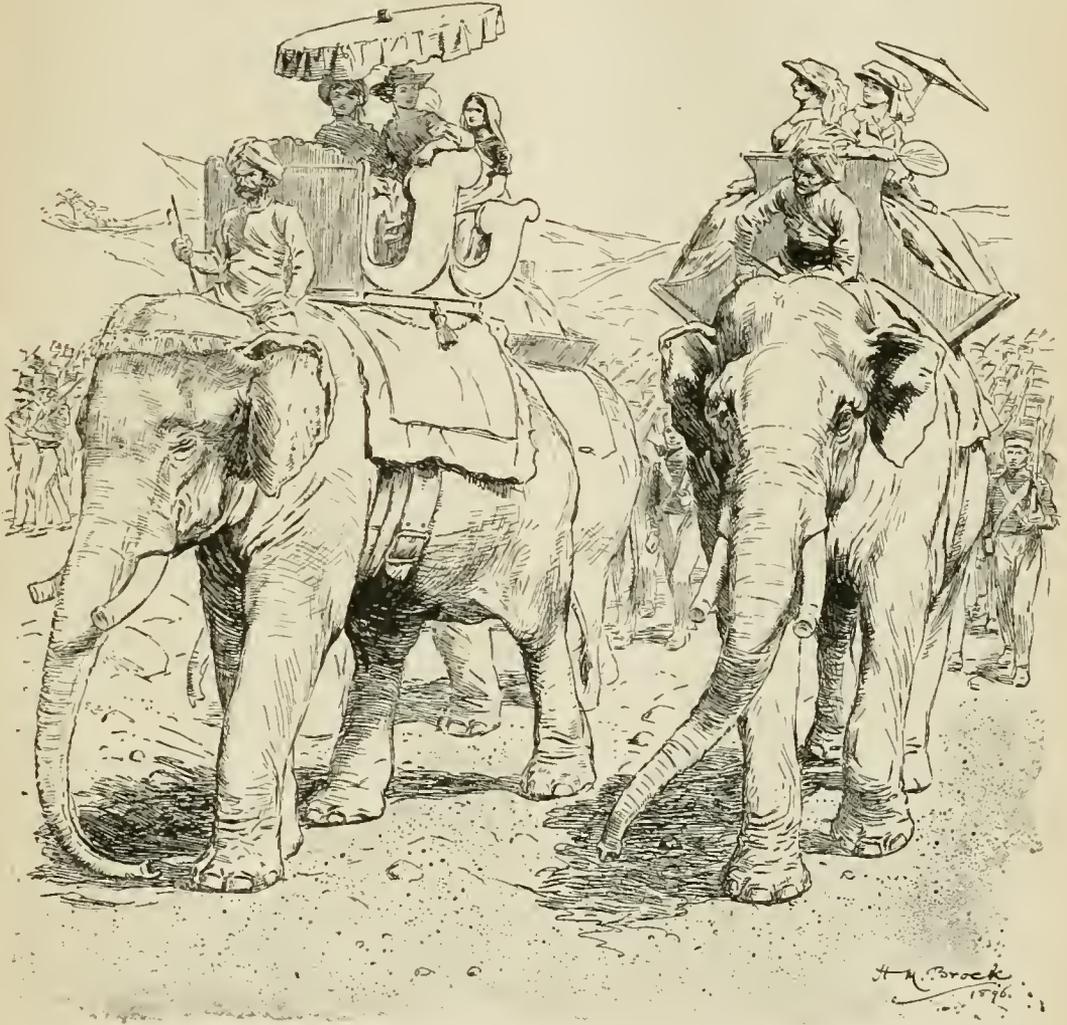
been in existence for upwards of sixty years and a standing terror to its neighbours in Upper India.

The year 1843 was one full of uneasiness and anxiety to those responsible for our rule in India. In the previous year our prestige as the paramount power had been shattered by the annihilation of the flower of our Indian forces in Afghanistan. It is true the Armies of Retribution under Pollock and Nott revenged that great national humiliation, and that in the following spring Napier, by his splendid victories in Scinde, carried our standard to the fore again. But the memory of the overwhelming disaster we had suffered in the snowy defiles of the Khyber Pass suggested possibilities highly dangerous to our dominion, and was vivid in the minds of the independent Indian princes around us, whose tone became haughty and insolent. The antagonism we could have afforded to despise before our Afghan defeat, assumed another and a serious aspect when it was founded on the supposition of our national decadence as a fighting people. This defiant attitude was more especially noticeable in the Punjab and Scindia's state. In the former a magnificent army of 80,000 trained men and 300 guns made no disguise of its desire for action as it crouched on our north-western frontier, waiting its opportunity. A few miles southward of Agra, and within easy political touch of the Sikhs, stretched Scindia's territory, garrisoned by a military force of 30,000 disciplined infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 guns. The Governments of both Lahore and Gwalior rested in feeble hands, and the real power lay with these two standing armies, which completely overawed and controlled the civil authority of the states they belonged to, and, in practice, dictated the policy to be followed.

A combination of the Sikhs and Mahrattas

would have brought 120,000 men and 500 guns into the field against us. Such a combination was probable, for war and hatred of us were in their hearts, and, as events proved, we were destined within two years to meet and defeat both nations in battle. But fortunately we were

our territories. A boy of nine years of age was on the throne: he had recently been adopted by Tāra Bye, the thirteen-year-old widow of the late Maharajah, who had died childless. Tāra Bye ruled through the agency of a powerful minister, but Gwalior was ever a hotbed of plot



"LADY GOUGH AND THE WIVES OF SEVERAL OFFICERS MOUNTED THEIR ELEPHANTS AS USUAL" (p. 663).

able to do so in detail and secure a success that would have been much more doubtful of realisation had the two nations been in alliance and their armies acted in union against us.

The internal condition into which Gwalior had fallen at this time rendered possible the policy Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General, desired and decided to follow. Its main aim was directed against the standing army of the state, which imperilled the independence of its own Government and threatened the tranquillity of

and intrigue, and under the weak regency rival factions and internal jealousies raged and reduced the capital to a condition of tumult and anarchy. It was no longer safe for our Resident, who, after fruitlessly trying to assert our influence, was compelled to quit his post. The minister in power was disaffected towards us, and rallied round him all the elements antagonistic to the British, chief amongst them the military, whose hostility was based on the well-grounded conviction that our aim was to secure the disbandment

of the standing army. Its ranks were filled with men whose sole profession was that of arms. They had no means of livelihood except that which military service afforded. The extinction of their force meant absolute ruin, for no other employment was open to them. They were the survival of old fighting days, when the soldier's calling ranked next to that of the priest's and took precedence of trader, artisan, and agriculturist. It was a calling handed down from father to son, and cherished as honourable, necessary, and righteous. But it was inconsistent with the civilisation we were spreading over India, and wherever our power reached we stamped it out. Little wonder that the Mahratta soldier was the first to join in—nay, to insist on—resistance to our advance.

Matters went from bad to worse in Gwalior. All remonstrances on the part of the Governor-General were ignored. Our interference in its internal affairs was resented, and our paramount authority set at defiance. In the city itself the most warlike councils prevailed, and letters were sent to the neighbouring chiefs urging them to join in a crusade against the Feringhee. More ominous even than this was the discovery of a secret intercourse with the Court of Lahore, which threatened the very coalition it was imperative to avert.

Such was the aspect of affairs in Upper India when Lord Ellenborough decided to take the initiative, and ordered the assembly of an Army of Exercise on the frontiers of Scindia's territory. It was divided into two wings, the right being collected on the north under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, and the left on the eastern boundary under General Grey. When these two divisions were ready to act the Governor-General addressed a definitive letter to the Maharajah, and on the 17th December, 1843, set the armies in motion with orders to converge on Gwalior for the purpose, as he stated in a public proclamation, of effecting the establishment of complete order in that city.

This decided action created consternation in the Mahratta Court, and the minister in power was deposed and sent a prisoner to the British camp, the army sullenly acquiescing. But this was not sufficient, and Lord Ellenborough required that the Maharajah in person and Tara Bye should attend him to discuss and settle the future on a permanent basis. They were ready to comply, but were prevented from doing so by the army, who, rightly suspecting the intention

of disarming and disbanding them, threw off all vestige of control, asserted they were being betrayed, and, declaring their intention of resorting to the test of battle, marched out of Gwalior in the highest spirits, anxious and eager to cross swords with us.

Lord Ellenborough, who had joined Sir Hugh Gough's force, was but imperfectly informed of the spirit and determination of the mutinous Mahratta army. The Gwalior envoy, who was in his camp, protested that the Maharajah was willing to conform to the Governor-General's wishes, and was coming to meet him. The surrender of the obnoxious minister seemed to give a semblance of sincerity to these protestations. To the last it was believed the object in view would be attained without a recourse to arms, and that the advance of a British army on Gwalior would be sufficient to overawe the troops of the state. So strong was this overweening self-confidence, this false sense of security, that our heavy guns were left at Agra—a grave error, as subsequent events proved—and ladies were permitted to accompany the army into the field.

The crossing of the Chumbul river, the boundary on the north between Scindia's territories and ours, was accomplished without any sign of opposition, and Sir Hugh Gough, at the head of 12,000 men and 40 light field-pieces, directed his march towards the Mahratta capital. Simultaneously General Grey, with 4,000 men, crossed the Jumna at Calpee, and advanced against the city from the south. Thus we had two small armies converging on Gwalior from opposite directions and acting quite independently of one another.

This division of our strength has been severely criticised, for it left it open to the Mahrattas to concentrate their troops and attack either division in detail. But they neglected the opportunity, and decided to show a front to both invasions of their territory. To this end they despatched 14,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 100 guns to a place called Chounda, twelve miles north of Gwalior, to oppose Gough, whilst another force of 12,000 men and 40 guns marched southward to meet Grey.

On the 28th December Sir Hugh Gough left Hingona, where the army had been halted during the final, but fruitless, negotiations, and resumed his advance towards Gwalior. Late in the afternoon his small advance-guard under Colonel Garden, whilst reconnoitring, suddenly found itself cannonaded by the Mahrattas. But not

even this proof of active hostility could convince our leaders that real opposition was meant, the incident being regarded merely as a demonstration. Garden contented himself with completing his reconnaissance, and then fell back on the main army, which had encamped for the night.

In the evening information was received that the Mahrattas were in force at Chounda, eight or ten miles distant, and Sir Hugh Gough drew up a plan of attack, and issued his orders to the various brigadiers. But self-confidence and contempt of the enemy still prevailed in an extraordinary degree, for when morning came the troops resumed their march as usual and in the ordinary route, and it was not even deemed necessary to make a further reconnaissance! No one dreamed that we were on the eve of a great battle, or that the march was anything but a promenade. The presence of the ladies on the scene confirmed this general impression, for Lady Gough and the wives of several officers mounted their elephants as usual, and, in order to avoid the dust, actually rode along at the head of the army, which was marching in three parallel columns.

It is the unexpected which always happens. The craven foe, who at the first glint of British scarlet would, it was confidently assumed, retreat in terror, did no such thing. On the contrary, instead of falling back, they advanced during the night, and took up a strong position four miles nearer to us than Chounda, in two villages named Maharajpore and Shikarpore. These and the intervening space between them, which was well adapted for defence, they fortified with twenty-eight guns of heavy calibre, supported by several regiments of infantry.

The line of country through which our army had to march was one of extreme difficulty. Deep ravines, cut away by the tropical downpour of the monsoon season, but dry at this time of the year, scored it in every direction. The troops started at daybreak, and about sunrise reached the Kohari river. Some time was occupied in crossing, and the elephants conveying the ladies passed over first, and climbing the brow of the further bank, proceeded onwards, their huge forms towering high above the plain which lay on the further side of the river.

They were descried by the Mahratta outposts, who were on the alert to mark and give notice of the approach of our army. A gun was instantly trained and fired at them. And in this way it happened that a half-spent cannon-ball, rolling under the feet of the very elephant on

which Lady Gough was seated, was the first intimation the British general received that a battle was imminent.

It was a complete surprise. We had been caught napping. The army was in column and totally unprepared. The long baggage-train was slowly struggling through the river; the troops were marching at ease, some of them halted and watching their comrades complete the crossing. But with that ominous boom, and the daring challenge it flung in our teeth, all was instantly changed. The elephants conveying the ladies retired to the rear, the commander-in-chief's wife behaving with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. Rapid orders were issued by the general; aides-de-camp were sent galloping hither and thither carrying messages to the commanders of brigades; trumpet and bugle sounded; words of command rang out in quick succession; and the various regiments deployed into line and took up their several stations under a well-directed and increasing fire. For by this time the Mahrattas had found the correct range, and dropped shot and shell into our ranks with destructive accuracy.

A battery of horse artillery was ordered to the front to try and silence the enemy's guns. Right nobly they discharged their duty, but at the cost of many valuable lives; for in their advanced position they afforded a prominent mark and drew the enemy's fire upon themselves. It was soon evident the duel was an unequal and hopeless one. Our six- and nine-pounders—"pop-guns" as one writer calls them—could effect nothing, being completely outweighed by the superior metal of the Mahratta eighteen-pounders. In all our wars with these people they far excelled us in this arm. It was one they prided themselves on, and Scindia's Grand Park, which was opposed to us at Maharajpore, enjoyed the reputation of being the finest and most powerful in India. For sixty years the Mahrattas had been casting cannon, and the art had been brought to great perfection in their arsenals. Moreover, their guns were held by their artillerymen as objects of worship and fanatic affection, and the service of them was accomplished almost as an act of religious devotion.

As the full line of the Mahratta batteries opened fire, the position they had taken up, and which had hitherto been concealed by the trees of the villages, could be traced. It extended in the shape of a horseshoe, and dominated their entire front. Between them and us stretched what was to all appearance a lovely and level

green plain, with the tender crops just sprouting from the soil. But on approaching it the ground was found to be intersected with countless ravines, and on the smoother stretches between them there was not a stone or shrub to afford shelter. The enemy, aiming low and serving their guns with astonishing rapidity, swept it

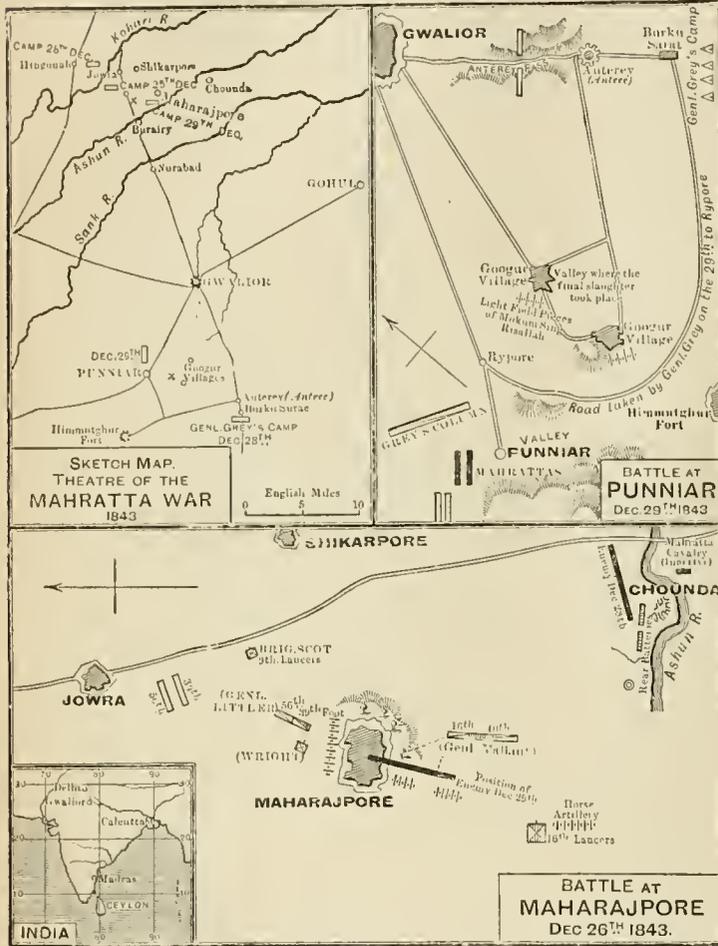
chain and grape and canister, and all down the line our men were falling. Something had to be done—and that something to be accomplished by the infantry.

Under the altered conditions the plan of attack which Sir Hugh Gough had drawn out on the previous evening was impracticable. There was no time to take counsel what to do. The fiery old general had an abiding faith in the British bayonet: more than thirty years before, he had seen it at work in the Peninsular War. He determined to trust to it now, and gave but one laconic order—"On and at them."

It fell on willing ears. General Littler was on the left with her Majesty's 39th Foot and the 56th Native Infantry; in the centre Brigadier Wright with his brigade of three Sepoy corps was posted; on the right General Valiant had drawn up her Majesty's 40th Foot and the 2nd and 16th Grenadiers, both fine stalwart native regiments. At the word of command the entire line advanced with alacrity and spirit. Nearly a mile had to be traversed before the death-dealing batteries could be reached, and over it the 39th and 40th led the way with shouts and huzzas. But it was a long and trying distance for troops to struggle over when exposed to a hot artillery fire their own guns could not return.

Soon the difficulties of the ground obstructed their progress. Ravines yawned before the advancing line and broke it up as the companies clambered down and up their sides. In the opportunity of delay thus afforded there were some who lagged, notwithstanding that the commander-in-chief had galloped to a commanding position in front and was cheering the army forward.

On the left the 39th soon outstripped all others, "rushing to their work like lions let loose, with their officers at their head." It was a glorious regiment, with precious traditions to



from end to end with a murderous and withering fire.

The broken surface of this plain rendered it impossible for the cavalry and artillery to act with effect, and for a short space our line halted in uncertainty and inaction. The distance from the villages was about fifteen hundred yards, and it will be remembered these were the days of Brown Bess when the range of musketry fire was restricted. The failure of our artillery to silence the opposing batteries was obvious to all; not for a second did the Mahratta cannonade slacken. Their fire filled the air with shot and

uphold, of which it was justly proud. Clive had looked down on it after Plassey's field was won. *Primus in Indis* was the legend emblazoned on its colours. These colours were carried on this day by Ensigns Scarnan and Bray, the latter the son of the officer who commanded the corps. The two lads were amongst the first to be shot down. But eager hands snatched the

a measure, a disappointed one. After twenty-eight years' service he had only within the last few months obtained his regimental majority, and his recent splendid services in Afghanistan had been entirely overlooked. But he was a soldier before all things and ever foremost where soldiers' work was to be done. No sooner had Gough spoken than he spurred his horse forward and



"THE FLAMES SPREADING WITH GREAT RAPIDITY SOON ENVELOPED EVERYTHING IN SMOKE" (p. 666).

treasured emblems from their listless fingers, and bore them aloft and to the front again. Far away to the front, as Sir Hugh Gough observed: for carried on by the impulse and emulation of battle, the 30th had out-distanced the 56th Native Infantry with whom they were brigaded, and were perilously isolated in advance.

As he noted this Gough grew anxious. "Will no one," he cried, "get that native regiment along?" Close at hand happened to be Henry Havelock, and he heard the appeal. He was at this time a comparatively unknown man and, in

reached the native infantry regiment to whom the general had referred.

"What corps is this?" he called out.

They told him the 56th.

"I do not want its number. What is its native name?" he demanded.

"The Lamburun-ke-Pultun" (Lambourne's Regiment), came the reply.

Then Havelock placed himself at their front, and, taking off his cap, addressed them by that designation. In a few short, spirited words he exhorted them to uphold the honour of their name, to behave as he who raised them would

have had them behave, and to remember that they were fighting under the eye of their chief.

He had judged the character of the native Sepoy well. The numerical designation of the 50th had no association for them—it merely ranked them as one of many others. But “Lamburun-ke-Pultun”—Lambourne’s Regiment—that they knew and understood and cherished. The appeal to their traditions had an almost magical effect. In a moment their demeanour was changed. The laggards became eager warriors, and with Havelock at their head rushed forward to overtake the 30th.

With heavy loss the plain was crossed, our men falling by scores as they pushed on to the mouth of the Mahratta batteries in grim determination. Not until they had arrived within a distance of sixty yards was the order given to fire a volley and then charge. With a wild cheer the 30th obeyed and dashed forward in all the recklessness of pent-up excitement. But the enemy was not to be intimidated. Seven regiments, the very pick of their force, were stationed behind the guns; and no sooner had our men discharged their muskets than they swarmed out sword in hand to meet them. There was no sign of fear or flinching, and stern and desperate was the struggle that ensued. But by this time the 56th had come up in support, Havelock still leading them, and their advent turned the scale. The Mahrattas fought with resolute valour, but our men were invincible. Little by little the swarthy foe gave way, hurled back by a tenacity that excelled their own. Slowly and fighting every step, they were driven on to the muzzles of their own guns, and then with a furious rush our men made good their footing within the entrenchments, and bayoneting the artillerymen at their pieces, carried the battery, whilst the defeated foe fell back and sought temporary shelter in the outlying gardens and houses of the village of Maharajpore.

Meanwhile General Valiant’s brigade on the right had stormed the village of Shikarpore with equal success. Then he wheeled round towards Maharajpore, which he attacked in reverse, the 40th ever leading, but admirably supported by the two Grenadier regiments as they fought their way through it. It was now a scene of the wildest fury and confusion as the British attack closed in on front and flank. The village was fired, and the flames spreading with great rapidity, soon enveloped everything in smoke. Scores of the Mahratta soldiery perished in the burning

houses; others gathered in small knots for desperate resistance; the less resolute fled and joined their comrades in the rear. The *mêlée* was indescribable; and by the time Maharajpore was finally cleared, Valiant’s brigade had crossed Littler’s line, and when they emerged their positions were reversed, the former being now on the left and the latter on the right.

The strongest Mahratta position had been stormed and its twenty-eight guns captured, but it was only one of three that had to be taken. Twelve hundred yards behind the village another formidable battery of twelve guns was posted, and some distance behind that again lay the enemy’s entrenched camp at Chounda. No sooner had our troops emerged from Maharajpore than the twelve-gun battery opened a brisk fire on them. The men were still in disorder, but at the word of command they halted, formed up and readjusted the line as steadily as on parade, notwithstanding the galling storm of grape- and chain-shot poured into them by the beautifully served guns of the enemy. Then they moved on to the attack again. The Mahratta refugees from the front had by this time joined their comrades in the twelve-gun battery; it was defended “with frantic desperation,” for the first defeat had spread dismay in their ranks, and Scindia’s soldiers were fighting for their life as well as for honour.

At no period of the action did our troops suffer more than at the storm of this battery. Major Bray, commanding the 39th, was shot down at the head of his men, as his son, the ensign, had been at an early stage of the attack. The 40th also lost their commanding officer, Major Stopford, and the one who succeeded him, in quick succession, and were finally led forward by General Valiant in person. The ground was even more difficult than that which the troops had already passed, being encumbered with country carts, baggage, and impedimenta of every description that had been abandoned by the enemy as they fell back from their front line. Our leading regiments suffered terribly, the men being literally mowed down by sections. But they never faltered for an instant, and overcoming all obstacles, mounted the trenches shoulder to shoulder, and with bayonet and clubbed muskets drove the Mahrattas out of them.

And now, without halt or stay, the line was once more re-formed and directed against the enemy’s main camp at Chounda. There was a little lull in the fighting, for it was two miles

distant. As they neared it the cannonade burst out again, and appeared even more destructive than the previous ones. It was supported, too, by a hailstorm of musketry, for here several Mahratta infantry regiments were massed. Our men had been fighting for over three hours, and were terribly exhausted with thirst and fatigue; but with the devotion of heroes they responded to the call of their leaders, and, reckless of everything but victory, charged forward.

Grant's battery of horse artillery had managed to skirt round and reach the scene, our cavalry having driven off the enemy's horse that protected his wings. As the guns drew up in position, two of the tumbrils exploded, but the pieces were unlimbered and opened fire. The moral support of these guns animated our infantry, and under cover of their fire the line advanced with renewed energy. And now, as before, the enemy came gallantly sallying forth to meet the attack, and with steady insistence held their ground for a space. But it was their last effort: the doom of defeat was hanging over them, and they realised it. Slowly but irresistibly the wave of British victory swept over them until at last they yielded to fate, and, turning, fled from the field, abandoning camp, standards, guns, baggage, and ammunition, and leaving us masters of the hard-fought day.

Maharajpore was essentially a soldiers' victory, won with the bayonet alone. There were no tactics, no strategy, no manœuvring, no generalship displayed. The single order given had been—"On and at them;" and on and at three formidable lines of defence, bravely and resolutely defended, our soldiers had rushed. How brilliantly they were led the casualties amongst their leaders testified. The three generals of brigade—Littler, Valiant, and Wright—were all wounded. The 39th lost twelve officers and 150 rank and file; the 40th eight officers and 177 men. In some of the native infantry regiments the slaughter was almost as severe, and both the 56th and the 16th Grenadiers left over a hundred men on the field. Our total casualties exceeded 800. The Mahrattas suffered far more heavily: over 3,000 were killed or wounded, and of their hundred guns fifty-six fell into our hands.

All accounts concur in praising the gallantry of the foe. "The enemy," writes one observer, "deserved the greatest credit for selecting so strong a position, and defending it so well. Their numerous and most powerful batteries swept the plain from end to end. They behaved with heroic courage, firing round, chain and

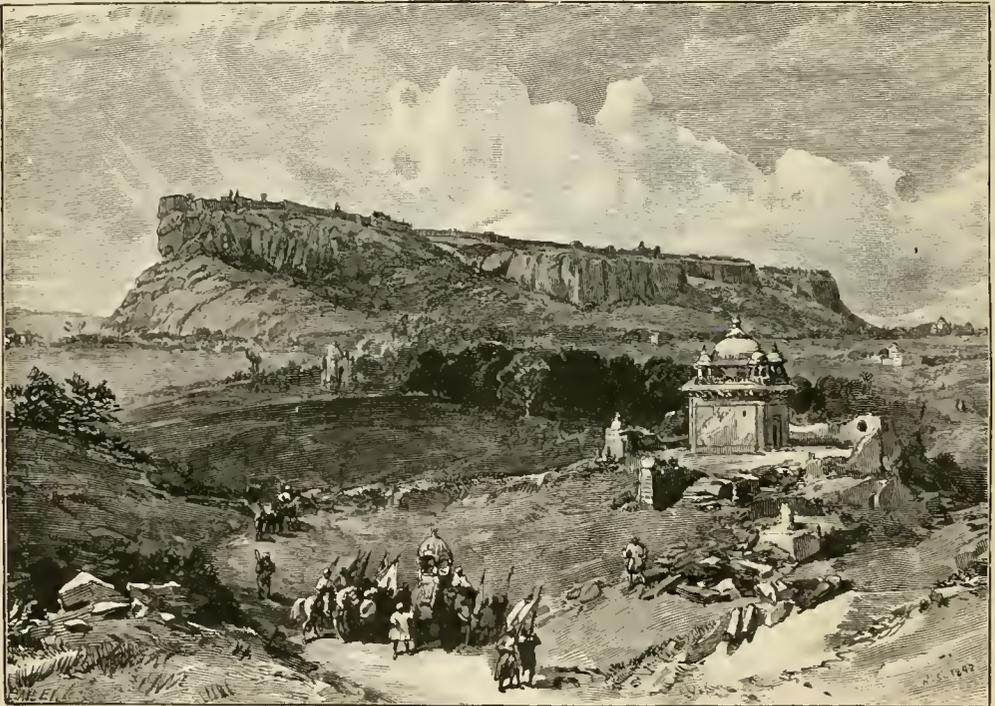
grape shot, supported with withering volleys of musketry, until our gallant fellows drove them from the very muzzles of their guns, where the bodies of their artillerymen lay heaped in death." Sir Hugh Gough did them equal justice in his despatch. "The position of the enemy was particularly well chosen and obstinately defended," he writes. "I never witnessed guns better served, nor troops more devoted to their protection. I regret to say our loss has been very severe, infinitely beyond what I calculated. I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents."

The battle of Maharajpore was fought and won by noon of the 29th December, 1843, but by a curious coincidence the Mahrattas were destined to sustain another defeat at our hands on the same day. Whilst Gough was fighting them twelve miles north of Gwalior, Grey was preparing to engage them twelve miles south of that city. He had crossed the Jumna and entered Scindia's territory on the 24th. On the 28th he learnt that the enemy were in position at Antree, seven miles in front of him, and premeditating a night attack on his camp. Dispositions were made to repel it, but the Mahrattas changed their plan, and it did not take place. In front of Grey stretched a long, narrow valley extending from Himmutghur to Punniar, which he was anxious to pass, and he ordered a forced march for the 29th. The Mahrattas, who were closely watching him, made a parallel movement on the farther side of a range of hills which hid them from his view, and took up a strong position at the end of the valley, and in the immediate vicinity of a fortified village called Mangore, near Punniar. Allowing Grey's army to reach the latter place, the foe detached a force to attack his long and straggling line of baggage which was coming up in his rear. It is probable they anticipated his returning to its aid, which would have given them a good opening for attack; but Grey contented himself with sending a troop of horse artillery and some cavalry under Brigadier Harriott to assist the baggage. The enemy now determined to force an action, and at half-past three in the afternoon took up a threatening position on a chain of high hills to the east of the British camp. Grey immediately saw the necessity of dislodging them; and sent her Majesty's 3rd Buffs and some sappers and miners to attack their front, and the 30th Native Infantry to turn their left flank, whilst the second brigade, containing her Majesty's 50th Foot and the 38th and 50th Native Infantry, was held in reserve.

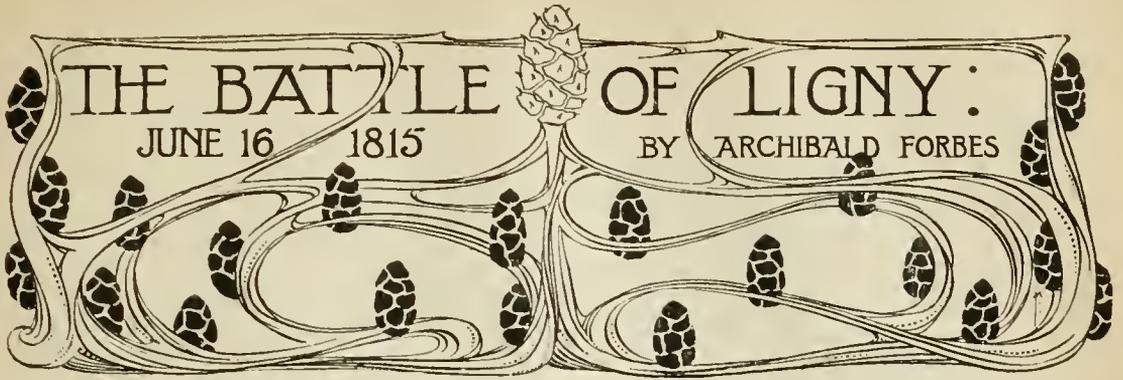
The Buffs, led by Colonel Clunie, climbed their way up the steep hillside in the teeth of a heavy fire, and reaching its crest, drove the Mahrattas from height to height, in a succession of gallant rushes, capturing eleven of their guns. Meanwhile, the 39th occupied the summit of a hill commanding the enemy's left, and after pouring a destructive fire on to them, rushed down and captured a battery of two guns. Lieutenant Cunningham of the Engineers, collecting some men, loaded the guns thus captured and turned them on the foe. The success of these movements and the nature of the ground now gave an opening for the second brigade to act, and they made a determined attack on the enemy's right flank, where eleven guns were still in position. These they carried after a short but spirited struggle. Then the whole line advanced, and although the Mahrattas still contested the field, they were out-manœuvred, and after losing a thousand killed and wounded, secured by retreat the safety of the sixteen guns that still remained to them.

The battle of Punnar was won by skilful generalship, and afforded no striking opportunity for the display of individual regimental valour, such as had distinguished the victory of Maharajpore; nor was the resistance anything like as resolute. The chief interest attached to it lies in the fact that it was fought and won on the same day as Maharajpore, and that it completed the defeat of the Mahratta standing army. Between the rising and the setting of the sun, at two points widely distant, our arms triumphed, and with that double triumph the fate of Scindia's famous battalions was sealed. They never paraded again, and when, a few days later, our two victorious armies united at Gwalior, Lord Ellenborough dictated to the Maharajah terms of peace, one of the leading conditions of which was the disbandment of his army.

A decoration in bronze, cast from the metal of the captured Mahratta guns, was conferred on all ranks that participated in this one day's war, and fitly commemorates an event that is almost unique in our military history.



GWALIOR.



THE BATTLE OF LIGNY:
JUNE 16 1815
BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

HAVING quitted Elba, the place of his temporary exile, on February 26th, 1815, Napoleon landed in the Gulf of St. Juan on March 1st; and on the following day he began his march on Paris at the head of a single weak battalion, General Cambonne, with forty grenadiers, moving as an advance-guard. After the week immediately following his debarkation, his march was an ever-swelling triumph, and he entered Paris on March 21st, only a few hours after Louis XVIII. had hurriedly quitted the Tuileries. With characteristic energy he at once set about the stupendous task of the re-organisation of the French army, the strength and character of which had been greatly impaired in his later campaigns, as well as during the short period of the first Restoration of the Bourbons. Such was the marvellous vigour and capacity of this extraordinary man that by June 1st he had organised forces amounting in all to about 560,000 men, capable of taking active part in the national defence against the openly declared determination of the allied Powers of Europe to combine all their efforts towards the accomplishment of the complete overthrow of the resuscitated military strength of Napoleon, with whom they had resolved to enter into neither truce nor treaty. Of this number, the effective strength of the troops of the line reached a total of about 217,000 men, of whom there were available for an immediate campaign in Belgium an estimated grand total of 122,400 men, consisting of 84,235 infantry, 21,665 cavalry, 10,000 artillerymen and 5,600 train and engineers.

Some French and many English historians of the campaign of Waterloo have described Napoleon's army as being "the finest he had ever commanded." This assertion is quite unwarranted, except as regarded the stature and

endurance of the old soldiers who had returned in 1814 from captivity in foreign lands. They, it is true, were grand fighting-men; but they formed only a part of Napoleon's forces, among whom were many young and immature men. Sir Evelyn Wood has calculated that about one-half of the line troops were raw recruits, and that of the Imperial Guard, 18,500 strong, between 4,000 and 5,000 were untrained men. But it was not only the rank and file who were less efficient than of yore; the losses in previous campaigns had enabled many men to become company and battalion commanders who were unfitted for such posts; and thus regiments could not be successfully employed when fighting outside of the scope of the supervision of superior officers. Many of the senior officers, again, although still in middle age, had become gross in body, sluggish in enterprise, and incapable of hard and prolonged exertion; and Napoleon had to realise, though when too late, that he should have entrusted the more important commands to the hands of younger and more ardent men. Sir Evelyn Wood remarks that this slackness on the part of the senior officers had become apparent during the later campaigns in Germany; as an instance of which, at Leipzig, Napoleon observed through his field-glass one of his marshals riding up to join his troops for the first time, after they had been engaged for several hours. Napoleon had adjured every man "to conquer or die"; and this spirit doubtless animated the great majority of the old soldiers in the ranks. But the same exalted sentiment was not by any means universal among the generals, several of whom, though young in years, were prematurely aged in *esprit* and physique, and had lost that confident daring which had won for France so many victories under the Republic and the Empire. Unfortunately for Napoleon.

most of them no longer believed that the Emperor could succeed ; and there were indications that his own confidence in his star was not altogether unimpaired.

The appointment of Marshal Soult to the position of chief of the staff has been generally regarded as an unfortunate selection ; but now that Berthier had gone so tragically, Napoleon had but a circumscribed scope of choice ; and Soult was a man of very considerable capacity, although it is obvious that after having held independent command during more than one campaign, he must have found it difficult to be content in an inferior capacity. There was not a little of intestine ill-feeling in the higher commands of Napoleon's army. Excelmans and Vandamme were not on speaking terms with Soult. Soult omitted to inform Vandamme that he was to pass under the command of Grouchy, and when Grouchy demanded his services, Vandamme, with his usual flow of expletives, refused to take orders from him. An illustration of the slackness of duty even in the higher ranks of the army is given by Sir Evelyn Wood in the Waterloo Campaign. On the evening of the 14th June an officer was sent with an order for Vandamme to advance at three o'clock on the following morning. That general could not be found : he had gone off to a house at some distance from his corps, and had not left word where he was sleeping. The officer wandered about during the night in a futile search of Vandamme, and eventually fell from his horse and broke his leg. He lay helpless for some time, and the order thus never reached Vandamme, who started only at seven a.m. on the 15th instead of at three, with the result of a serious dislocation of Napoleon's dispositions.

The troops constituting the Grand Army with which the Emperor resolved on taking the field against the allied forces in Belgium consisted of five army corps : the 1st, commanded by General Count d'Erlon, containing four infantry divisions and Jaquinot's light cavalry division ; the 2nd, commanded by General Count Reille, made up of four infantry divisions and Piré's light cavalry division ; the 3rd, commanded by General Count Vandamme, comprising three infantry divisions and Domont's light cavalry division ; the 4th, commanded by General Count Gérard, consisting of three infantry divisions, and Morin's light cavalry division ; and the 6th, commanded by General Count Lobau, containing three infantry divisions. The command of the Imperial Guards

had been given to Marshal Mortier, in which position he would have fought at Waterloo but for a sudden attack of sciatica at Maubeuge, where, oddly enough, he had already been wounded in 1793. His presence in the battle would have prevented the over-reckless use made by Ney of the cavalry of the Guard. Of the infantry of that force, the 1st division, consisting of four regiments of grenadiers, was commanded by General Friant ; the 2nd, consisting of four regiments of chasseurs, by General Morand ; and the Young Guard, two regiments of voltigeurs and two of tirailleurs, by General Duhesme. The cavalry of the Guard consisted of the 1st division, under General Guyot—two heavy regiments ; and of the 2nd, under General Lefèvre-Desnouettes—three light regiments. The reserve cavalry, commanded by Marshal Grouchy, was made up of four corps, each of two divisions ; the 1st corps commanded by General Pajol, the 2nd by General Excelmans, the 3rd by General Kellermann, and the 4th by General Milhaud. The reserve cavalry mustered 12,800 men with 48 guns.

The junction of the several corps on the same day (June the 13th), and almost at the same hour, was a triumph of Napoleon's skill in the combination of movements. The Emperor himself, who had quitted Paris at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th and had passed the following night in Laon, was now with the army. On the 14th, the French army was concentrated at Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Philippeville. In all those three positions the troops bivouacked under cover of low hills within a short distance behind the frontier, so dexterously hidden that the enemy remained unaware of the proximity of the large masses of troops almost within striking distance. The headquarters were at Beaumont, in the centre of the army, the force there consisting of the corps of Vandamme and Lobau, the Imperial Guard, and the reserve cavalry, amounting altogether to about 66,000 men. The left, consisting of D'Erlon's and Reille's Corps (1st and 2nd), aggregating about 44,000 men, was in position on the right bank of the Sambre at Solre-sur-Sambre. The right, composed of Gérard's corps and a division of heavy cavalry, amounting to about 16,000 men, was in front of Philippeville. On the evening of the 14th the army received from its chief the following spirit-stirring appeal :

“Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz,

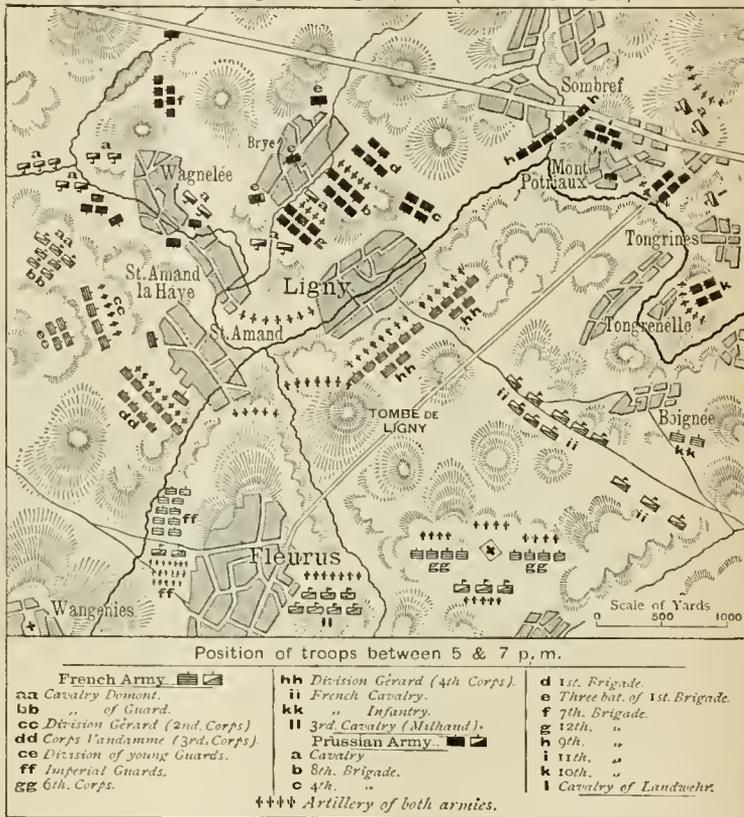
as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us, then, march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men? Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but, with firmness, victory will be ours. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived to conquer or to die!"

The Prussian army which Napoleon was to fight and defeat at Ligny on the 16th was commanded by the gallant old warrior Prince Blücher. Its total strength amounted to about 117,000 men, and was composed of 99,715 infantry, 11,879 cavalry, 5,300 artillerymen, train, and engineers, with 312 guns. It was divided into four army corps. The 1st corps, commanded by General Zieten, had its headquarters at Charleroi, its right extending along the left bank of the Sambre as far west as Thuin, with brigades at Marchiennes, at Châtelet, Fleurus, and Moustier; the reserve cavalry at Sombref, and the reserve artillery at Gembloux. The 2nd corps, commanded by General Pirch II., had its headquarters at Namur, where the Meuse and Sambre unite; the mass of the corps in rear. The 3rd corps, commanded by General Thielemann, had its headquarters at Ciney, behind the Meuse, and rearward to Huy. The headquarters of the 4th corps were at Liège, the most rearward position of all. Prince Blücher had his headquarters at Namur. His four corps were so disposed that each could be concentrated at its own headquarters within twelve hours; and it was possible to effect the concentration of the whole army at any one of those points within twenty-four hours. Blücher had decided, in the probable event of Napoleon's advance across the Sambre at and about Charleroi, to

concentrate his army in a position in front of Sombref, a point on the high road between Namur and Nivelles, about fourteen miles from the former place, and about eight miles from Quatre Bras, the point of intersection of that road with the *chaussée* leading direct from Charleroi to Brussels.

Napoleon's project was to cross the Sambre at, and to east and west of, Charleroi; then to bend rightward towards Fleurus with the mass of his

BATTLE OF LIGNY—(June 16 1815).



army, fight and defeat the Prussian army in the position which he was aware it was taking up in front of Sombref; and this accomplished, to attack Wellington's army before it should be collected in sufficient strength to prevent his further progress towards Brussels. In accordance with the Emperor's orders, Pajol's cavalry corps, at 2.30 a.m. of the 15th, began the advance on Charleroi. Vandamme, with the 3rd army corps, should have followed close behind Pajol; but owing to the *contretemps* already referred to he did not start until four hours later, delaying also the Imperial Guard, which was to follow the same road. The left column advanced from Solre-

sur-Sambre by Thuin, heading for the bridge of Marchiennes, and the right column from Philippeville through Gerpinnes upon Châtelet. Zieten was fully on the alert; and his vigilance on the morning of the 15th, and the arrangements made by Blücher during that night, afford a complete refutation of the charge so frequently made against the Prussian commanders, that the French attack took them by surprise. Everywhere Zieten made a good and stubborn fight against overwhelming numbers, and fell back steadily and with resolute coolness. So far out as Ham-sur-Heure a Prussian battalion had barricaded that village, and made a stout stand against one of Pajol's brigades. Attacked by the advance-guard of the left French column, a Westphalian Landwehr battalion defended the village of Thuin with great obstinacy. Another battalion maintained the barricaded bridge of Marchienne against several attacks, and finally retired in good order. But nevertheless, the French by eleven o'clock were in full possession of Charleroi, and Reillé's corps was effecting its passage over the river. Gérard's column of the right, having had a longer distance to travel, had not as yet reached its destined point at Châtelet.

In the early morning there had occurred in Gérard's command an unhappy and ominous occurrence. The commander of one of his divisions was a certain General Bourmont. Although a distinguished soldier, his career had not been without stain; and Napoleon, suspecting his loyalty, consented to employ him only when Gérard promised to be personally responsible for him. His return for this kindness was an act of abominable baseness. On the early morning of the 15th, Bourmont rode ahead of his division accompanied by two officers of his staff, and he and they deserted to the enemy. When the traitor was presented to Blücher, the latter could not refrain from evincing his scorn for the faithless soldier; and when an attempt was made to ingratiate him with Blücher by directing his attention to the white cockade which Bourmont conspicuously displayed, the blunt old Marshal bluntly remarked, "It matters nothing what a fellow sticks in his hat—a scoundrel always remains a scoundrel." Old "Vorwärts" never minced his meaning. The French soldiers were furious at the desertion of Bourmont, and they suspected many other generals of Napoleon's army as being capable of similar conduct. There is no doubt that in the Waterloo campaign the soldiers disbelieved everything which was not confirmed by their

own eyesight; nor was this difficult of explanation, since the Emperor had never hesitated to give such colouring to his statements and reports as he thought would best effect the object he had in view.

Owing to the absence of infantry at the heads of the French columns, two Prussian brigades were able to retard the French advance for several hours. Reillé's advance-guard, having crossed the Sambre at Marchiennes, was moving by the Charleroi-Brussels road on Gosselies. But Steinmetz with the 1st Prussian brigade stoutly held that place for a considerable time, supported by Lütow's gallant dragoons; and it was not until the main body of Reillé's corps, followed at some distance by the head of D'Erlon's column, had come up, that the Prussians moved aside to Heppignies, and left the Charleroi-Brussels road open to Reillé and D'Erlon. When, in conformity with Zieten's orders, Pirch I. found it necessary to abandon Charleroi, he retired up the gradual rising ground with his brigade (the 2nd), and soon after two o'clock Zieten took up a defensive position behind Gilly, along a ridge in rear of a rivulet. About three, Napoleon reached Gilly, where he found Grouchy and Vandamme halted, in the belief that there was a large force in their front. Napoleon promptly recognised that the Prussians were in no great strength, and directed on them a heavy cannonade, after which the French column moved to the attack. Zieten did not await the attack; but Napoleon, angry that the enemy should escape him, ordered General Letort, his aide-de-camp, with some squadrons of the Imperial escort, to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, and at the same time Pajol sent part of his cavalry to seize a defile in the woods of Fleurus. The Prussian infantry withstood repeated attacks of the French cavalry, and aided by the devoted exertions of a dragoon regiment, succeeded in gaining the wood of Fleurus. A fusilier battalion, however, was broken by the French cavalry. It had been ordered to withdraw into the wood, but in the course of the attempt it had been overtaken by the enemy's cavalry, by which it was furiously assailed and suffered a loss of two-thirds of its strength. Another regiment, in square, was attacked by the French cavalry. Letort and the escort squadrons crashed home into it and it was broken with the loss of half its numbers, but the rest escaped through the wood. This success, however, was attained at the cost of the life of the gallant Letort, who fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory.

Meanwhile, Excelmans' dragoons had deployed on the far side of the wood, and successfully charged the enemy when retreating across the plateau in the direction of Fleurus.

While the Emperor was still at Gilly about five o'clock, before the end of the combat just described, Marshal Ney, who had just overtaken the army on the march, came to Napoleon, having ridden over from Charleroi, and received from him the command of the 1st and 2nd corps

him from his old master, the fighting spirit revived in him, and he hurried forward, buying at Maubeuge Mortier's horses—presumably the ill-fated animals which one after another were to be killed under him at Waterloo. He reached the army just in time to be given the command of the left wing; with which henceforth this article, treating as it does almost solely of the battle of Ligny, has scarcely any further concern.



"THE GENERAL'S HORSE FELL INTO A DITCH" (p. 675).

with Piré's cavalry of the 2nd corps, and the division of Bachelu—troops with which, the same evening, he drove from Frasnes the allied brigade commanded by Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The old cordial relations between Napoleon and Ney existed no longer. The Emperor was aware that Ney, when Napoleon was marching on Paris after his return from Elba, had pledged himself to the Bourbons that "he would bring Napoleon back in an iron cage." Subsequently, and it was little wonder, he had kept so aloof from the Emperor that when he appeared on the Champs-de-Mai the latter affected surprise, saying that he thought Ney "had emigrated." Ney had no intention of making the campaign. But when Mortier fell ill and an urgent summons came to

Late in the afternoon of the 15th, Napoleon left Gilly before the conclusion of the fighting about that place, and went back wearily to Charleroi, where he spent the night. Before quitting the front at Gilly he had decided on altering the organisation of the forces with which he intended to fight the Prussians on the morrow. Grouchy, who until now had been in command of the reserve cavalry, was given the more important command of the 3rd corps (Vandamme) and of the 4th corps (Gérard); the Emperor taking into his own hand the command of the Imperial Guard, the reserve cavalry, and the 6th corps (Lobau). As the Emperor rode off he ordered Grouchy to push forward as far as possible towards Sombref, and the cavalry of Pajol and

Excellmans continued to advance in that direction. When, however, Grouchy ordered Vandamme to follow the cavalry in support, that rugged commander strenuously refused to obey, no intimation having reached him that he was to come under Grouchy's command; and he ordered his corps to bivouac where it stood.

Napoleon had expected that all his troops would have been across the Sambre before noon of the 15th, but the staff arrangements were faulty, and at nightfall of that day the whole of the 6th corps, half of the 4th corps, half the cavalry of the Guard, and two corps of the reserve cavalry were still south of the river. The tardiness of the French rearward columns was in marked contrast to the alert activity of the Prussian soldiers of Zieten's corps, who from early morning had been constantly under arms, in continual motion, and almost as constantly engaged, pursued and assailed by an overwhelming superiority of hostile force. It was not until near midnight that the corps effected its concentration in position between Ligny and St. Amand, at a distance varying from fifteen to twenty miles in rear of its original line of outposts, after having gallantly fulfilled the arduous task of gaining sufficient time for the concentration on the following day of the main body of Marshal Blücher's army. The loss sustained on the 15th by Zieten's corps reached a total of 1,200 men, and two of its battalions were reduced to mere skeletons.

Late on the 14th, Zieten had ascertained that strong French columns were assembling in his front, and that everything portended an attack on the following morning. This intelligence reached Blücher at Namur at ten o'clock on the night of the 14th; and an hour later simultaneous orders were despatched for the march of Bülow's corps (4th) from Liège to Hannut, of Pirch's (2nd) from Namur upon Sombref, and for Thielemann's (3rd) from Ciney to Namur. The orders to Bülow miscarried, and eventually he did not reach Gembloux, within a few miles of the field of Ligny, until after the battle was over, although in time to be of service to the other three corps retreating from Ligny. By the afternoon of the 15th the 2nd corps had taken up a position in the immediate vicinity of Sombref; the 1st corps, as has been mentioned, was concentrated by midnight of the 15th between Ligny and Amand; and the 3rd corps arrived at Sombref on the morning of the 16th. Blücher had established his headquarters in that village on the previous evening.

The result of the operations of the 15th had been highly favourable to Napoleon. He had effected the passage of the Sambre with slight loss; he was operating with the main portion of his forces directly on Blücher's preconceived point of concentration; and he was already in the immediate front of his adversary's chosen position before that concentration could be completed. No doubt, after their exertions of the previous day, his troops were fatigued and widely scattered. Siborne, the historian of the campaign, argues that because Lobau's corps and the Guard were halted in rear at Charleroi, and part of Gérard's corps at Châtelet in the early morning of the 16th, there was a laxity of dispositions indicating the absence of that energetic perseverance and restless activity which had characterised Napoleon's operations in his previous wars. But it may be argued that every hour of rest was of value to his troops; while, on the other hand, the whole strength of his adversary was not yet visible. It was all-important to Napoleon that he should gain a crushing and decisive victory over the Prussians. To assail them prematurely would not bring about this result; and it was sound wisdom on his part to wait patiently with the whole of his own strength until the moment should arrive when he might hope to wreck and destroy his opponent's forces to the last company and the uttermost squadron, prior to turning to rend the British ally of that shattered opponent.

Prince Blücher, supported by the advice of General Gneisenau, his able chief-of-staff, resolved on accepting battle in the Sombref-Brye position confronting the higher ground of Fleurus—a position previously chosen in the event of the enemy's adoption of that line of operations to which that enemy had now distinctly committed himself. This position (*vide* map) comprised the heights of Brye, Sombref, and Tongrines, contiguous to the high road between Namur and Nivelles. These heights are bounded on the west and south-west, the right of the position, by a shallow ravine, through which winds a petty rivulet skirting the villages of Wagnelée, St. Amand la Haye, and St. Amand. Near the lower end of the last-named village, this streamlet unites with the greater rivulet of the Ligny, which flows through a deeper valley along the whole of the south or main front of the position. In this valley, partly bordering the stream itself, partly built on the gentle acclivities of the northern slope, lie the villages of Ligny, Pont Potriaux, Tongrenelle and Boignée.

From a tactical point of view, the Prussian

position was unquestionably defective. Nearly the whole of the terrain between the line of villages of Ligny, St. Amand and Wagnelée, and the great Namur *chaussée*, was in full exposure to the view of the enemy; and as there was a virtual certainty of protracted village-fighting along the front of the position, the supports and reserves required to feed a struggle of that character would obviously be subjected to the full play of the batteries on the opposite more commanding heights. Upon the sloping ground of the Prussian position every movement could be discerned from the French side; on which, on the contrary, the undulations admitted of the concealment of considerable bodies. It was this defect which chiefly caused Wellington—who had ridden over from Quatre Bras to consult with Blücher at the windmill at Bussy before the battle of Ligny began—to regard Blücher's dispositions for battle as objectionable. "If old Vorwärts fights here," was his comment to Hardinge, "he will get most damnably licked!" The same defect was strikingly manifested later, by the fact that the gradual weakening of the Prussian centre and left for the purpose of reinforcing the right was closely observed by Napoleon, who took advantage of the insight thus attained into his adversary's designs by collecting the force with which, when he discerned that the Prussian reserves were expended, he so suddenly assailed and broke the centre of Blücher's lines.

There has been any amount of controversy regarding the strengths of the armies which fought at Ligny. In attributing to Blücher a force 97,000 strong for the three corps engaged, Sir Evelyn Wood, generally so correct, is manifestly in error. Thiers and Dorsey Gardner, both good authorities, are at one in stating the Prussian strength at 84,000, and the French at 60,000, after deduction of Lobau's 11,000, who were not engaged. Those also are approximately Siborne's figures. But counting heads is not always a correct method of computation. There was a large leaven of green youngsters in the Prussian ranks; and probably the two armies were of about equal fighting value, although Wellington always held that Napoleon in a battle was equal to 40,000 men.

The preliminaries of the battle began about noon, when the French light artillery cannonaded the Prussian cavalry posts. Von Röder, as soon as he saw the advancing French array, ordered the retreat of his cavalry to the further side of the stream, remaining himself until withdrawn

with two regiments near the Tombe de Ligny. Meantime the main body of the French army advanced imposingly in columns of corps. Vandamme, with Girard's division attached, moved forward against St. Amand, the most salient point of the Prussian position. While deploying, the corps was fiercely cannonaded by the Prussian batteries behind the village. Girard prolonged Vandamme's corps to the left, and Domont's light cavalry division took post beyond Girard. The centre column, under Gérard, moved out along the Fleurus high-road, and presently manned the heights fronting the village of Ligny, its left near the Tombe de Ligny, its right resting on a knoll south of Mont Potriaux. The right column, comprising Pajol's and Excelmans' cavalry corps, took post on Gérard's flank along with Morin's light cavalry of the 4th corps, the whole showing a front to the eastward against the villages of Tongrines, Tongrenelle, Boignée, and Balatre, to watch any hostile movements on their left and to divert their attention from the centre.

Gérard, during the deployment, had an awkward adventure. Ordering his men to fall out—the actual fighting had not yet begun—the general himself went forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position, accompanied by his staff-officers and a few hussars as escort. When near the Prussian line of front a body of Prussian cavalry advanced rapidly against him, and Gérard and his escort retreated at full gallop. During the flight the general's horse fell into a ditch which was hidden from view by the high-standing wheat crops, and the whole of the escort, seeing that their chief was down, turned back to defend him. His aide-de-camp, Lafontaine, having killed two Prussian lancers and broken his sword on the head of a third, was struck in the side by a bullet fired from a pistol close to his body. The chief-of-staff, Saint Remi, was dangerously wounded by seven lance-thrusts. Another aide-de-camp, Captain Duperron, dismounted and tried to put Count Gérard up into the saddle, but in the hand-to-hand fighting then being waged this became impossible, and the general must have been killed or taken prisoner had not a cavalry regiment, led by the son of General Grouchy, who was attracted by the firing, galloped up and driven off the Prussian horsemen.

Soon after three o'clock Napoleon gave the signal for his troops to advance to the attack; and for the next five and a half hours a continuous and desperate struggle was carried on in and about the villages bordering the ravine.

There remained out of action in the earlier phases of the fighting, the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's cuirassiers halted in reserve, the former on the left, the latter on the right of Fleurus. Those troops were held back for the final stroke, which Napoleon himself was intending to administer. Lobau had not yet come up, and his command never fired a shot.

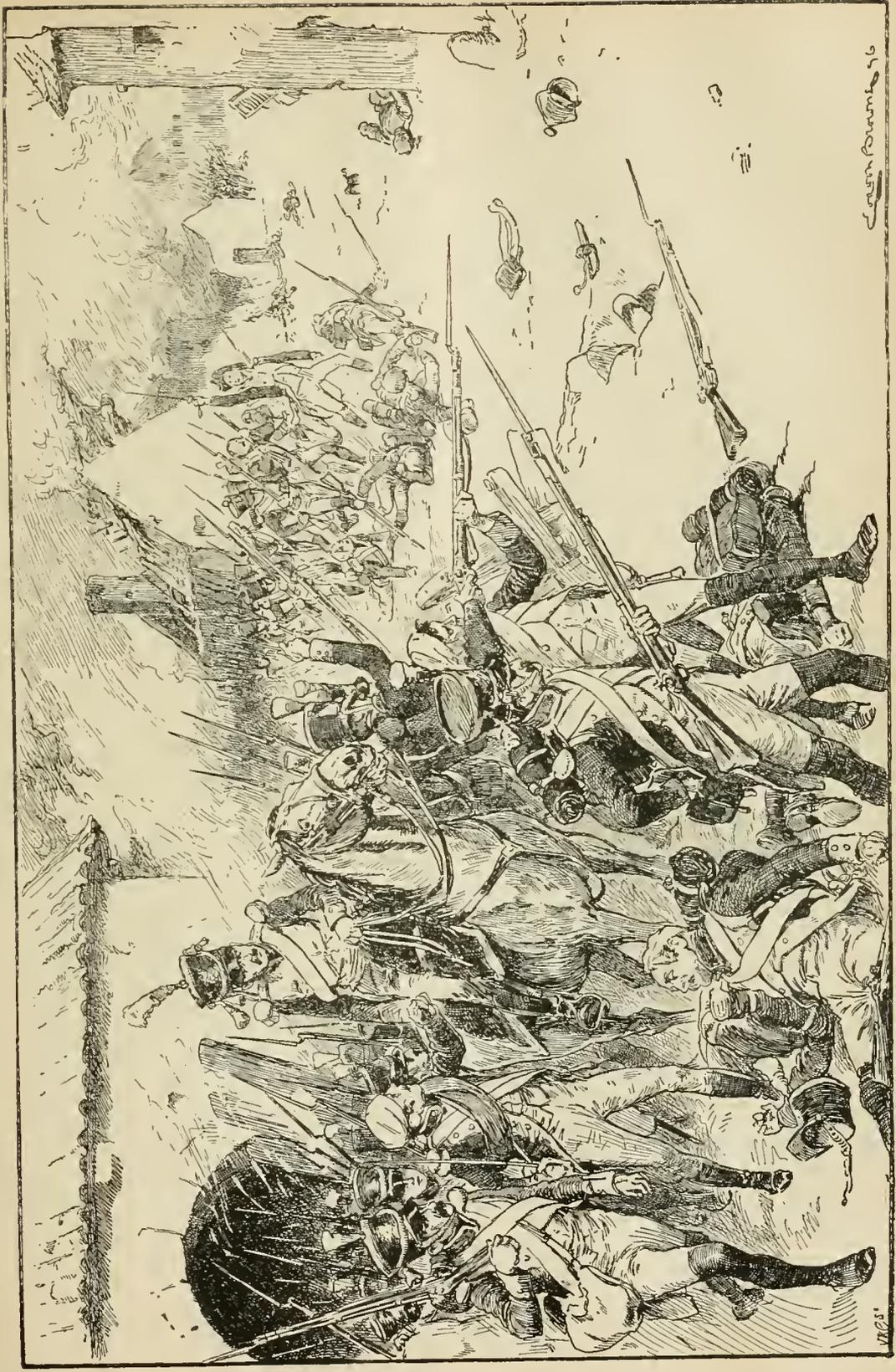
When his assailants came on, Blücher was quite ready for them. He had marshalled his forces betimes. Zieten with the 1st corps occupied the right and centre, that portion of the position included in the villages of Brye, St. Amand la Haye, St. Amand, and Ligny. The brigades of this corps had been greatly mixed during the night when occupying those villages, and the battalions were distributed rather promiscuously during the battle. Its main body was drawn up on the slope between Brye and Ligny, near the farm and windmill of Bussy, the highest point of the whole position. Seven battalions stood in rear of it, two more linking Bussy and Ligny, and four battalions were specially charged with the defence of Ligny itself. Three battalions were posted in the vicinity of the village of Brye; and several companies were distributed in the intersected ground between that village and St. Amand la Haye. Four battalions were posted on the high ground in rear of St. Amand, their right resting on St. Amand la Haye, and the defence of St. Amand itself was entrusted to three battalions of the 3rd brigade. The remaining six battalions of this brigade were posted in reserve northward of Ligny. The 2nd army corps, commanded by General Pirch I., was formed up in reserve to Zieten; and to the 3rd corps (Thielemann) was assigned the left, in that part of the field lying between Sombref and Balatre.

The actual battle was begun by an attack on St. Amand on the part of a division of Vandamme's corps. Made in three columns with great vigour, it proved successful, and after a stubborn resistance the Prussians were driven from the village. But when the French attempted to debouch from it, they were met by showers of grape and canister from the Prussian guns; the Prussian infantrymen hurled themselves forward strenuously, and, as the result of a prolonged and bloody *mêlée*, regained possession of the village, and held it for a while. This, however, was but a prelude, bloody though it was. St. Amand was a place of great importance, constituting as it did the strength of the Prussian right, and, from the intersection of

gardens and hedges, was very capable of defence although so much in advance of the rest of the Prussian position. Continued desperate fighting for two hours had the result that the French were in possession only of half the village. But Vandamme was not content with this half-success. Before the furious onset he now made the Prussian troops, who had lost most of their officers, gave way with a loss of 2,500 men, and withdrew into position between Brye and Sombref, while loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" proclaimed the triumph of the French infantry.

The village of Ligny was long and stubbornly held by the Prussians. Its defenders sheltered by stone walls, hollow ways, and banked-up hedges, remained quiescent under the hurricane of French shot and shell; but as the French infantry were visible descending the slope, they quitted their concealment, sent forward their skirmishers, and once and again threw into disorder with their fire the advancing adversaries. Column after column forced its way into the village, only to be hurled back. Gérard himself headed one of the French attacks, and almost penetrated within the precincts of the old castle in the upper part of the village; but he was repulsed again and again with great slaughter by the four Prussian battalions of Henkel's brigade, which gallantly maintained the post of Ligny. As the discomfited French troops withdrew, their batteries played with redoubled energy on the village, and fresh columns prepared for another assault. That presently came, and a desperate struggle ensued. Mingled with the din of musketry-fire throughout the whole extent of the village rose from the French fierce shouts of "*En avant!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" responded to by the Prussians with counter-cries of "*Vorwärts!*" and the wild "*Hourra!*" whilst the batteries on the heights poured destruction into the masses descending either slope to join in the desperate struggle in the valley, out of which arose from the old castle volumes of thick dark smoke with occasional flashes of lurid flames. Once again the Prussian defenders succeeded in clearing the village of the French, who in retreating abandoned two guns; and four fresh Prussian battalions were thrown into shattered and bloodstained Ligny, whose streets and gardens were heaped with the slain.

Vandamme, on the French left, held possession of St. Amand, but was unable to debouch from it. Napoleon then ordered General Girard, on the extreme left, to carry the village of St. Amand la Haye, which he accomplished after



Column forcing its way

"COLUMN AFTER COLUMN FORCED ITS WAY INTO THE VILLAGE, ONLY TO BE HURLED BACK" (p. 676).

a bitter struggle. Blücher then ordered General Pirch II. to retake the place; but his brigade, closely pressed by the French occupants, and having got into great confusion, was forced to withdraw its scattered remnants and to re-form. In this combat Girard, whose division had so gallantly held the village, fell mortally wounded. Blücher resolved on a renewed attack; and when the preparations therefor were accomplished, aware how much depended on the result, he galloped to the head of his column, and addressed some rough, stirring words to his young soldiers. "Now, lads!" he shouted, "behave well! Don't let the *grande nation* get the better of us again! Forward—in God's name—Forward!" Pirch's battalions dashed into the village at a charging pace, sweeping the enemy completely before them. Sallying forth on the other side, they pursued the enemy with an impetuosity which the officers had difficulty in restraining; and many plunged into the very midst of the French reserves. The cavalry caught the enthusiasm of their brethren of the infantry, and supported the attack on the village by a headlong charge on the enemy's cavalry. Almost simultaneously the adjacent village of Wagnelée was assailed by the Prussians; but the attempt, although sustained with vigour, ultimately failed. For hours a constant struggle was maintained until darkness, on the Prussian right flank, every village taken and re-taken with immense slaughter.

Meanwhile the village-fighting in Ligny was at its hottest. The place was utterly congested with combatants ablaze with excitement, and its streets and enclosures were choked with dead, dying, and wounded. Every house that was not in flames was the scene of a hand-to-hand contest. Order had long been lost, and men fought furiously in little groups; the bayonet, and even the butt, being freely used in adding to the dreadful carnage. A dense pall of smoke overhung the whole village and settled on it with a darkness almost of night; but the incessant din of musketry, the crashing of burning timbers, the smashing of doors and gateways, the yells and imprecations of the combatants, gave dread indication to the reserves on the slopes beyond the gloom of the savage and ruthless character of the bloody struggle being waged under the overhanging darkness. Long did this desperate strife continue without material results on either side. Then fresh Prussian batteries from the rear came into action; as did also a reinforcement, on the French side, from the artillery of the Imperial Guard. The earth

trembled under the tremendous cannonade; and as the flames from the burning houses shot upwards through the volumes of smoke, the spectacle seemed some violent convulsion of nature, rather than a conflict between man and man.

Neither in the villages on the right nor in the key of the centre at Ligny did the contest slacken for a moment during this long afternoon of blood and death. Fresh and eager masses from both sides poured into the blazing villages as soon as the diminished strength and utter exhaustion of the combatants required relief. So equally balanced were the courage, energy, and devotion of either side that the obstinate struggle seemed likely to desist only when the utter exhaustion of the one should yield to the greater command of reserves possessed by the other. Napoleon's eagle eye discerned that the Prussian reserves were nearly exhausted; and he considered that the time to end the sanguinary fighting along the chain of villages, and to bring the battle to an issue by breaking in upon the centre of the Prussian front with the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's corps of cuirassiers in support. Soon after 5.30, these troops were in march towards Ligny, when they were suddenly halted by an order from the Emperor. At two o'clock Soult had despatched an officer to Ney at Frasnes, carrying the order that the 1st corps (D'Erlon) should join Napoleon in the Ligny position. The messenger on his way to Ney had already given the order to the head of the column to wheel to its right; and the new direction had been taken up by D'Erlon about 4.30. Several officers about an hour later had reported to the Emperor the appearance of a column of about 25,000 men, marching apparently in the direction of Fleurus. It did not seem to have occurred to anyone about Napoleon that this distant body might be D'Erlon's corps; and the suspicion arose, confirmed by the reports of several of Vandamme's officers, that the column was English. The Imperial Guard and Milhaud's corps were therefore kept in hand, and several staff-officers were sent off at a gallop in the direction of the unknown army corps. According to Sir Evelyn Wood their intelligence was simply that "the column had disappeared"; whereas Siborne states that the Emperor's aide-de-camp, returning from his reconnoissance, reported that the column which had caused uneasiness proved to be D'Erlon's corps.

The strange adventures of D'Erlon's corps on the afternoon of Ligny are narrated by Sir Evelyn Wood. Having first got on the wrong

road, D'Erlon eventually took up a position in rear of Brye, so near to the Prussians that the men at the head of the column could read distinctly the numbers painted on the backs of the Prussian soldiers' knapsacks. D'Erlon's artillery came into action and was just about to open fire, when General D'Elcambre, Ney's chief-of-staff, arrived with a positive order from Ney to D'Erlon to bring his corps back immediately to Quatre Bras. Had D'Erlon disobeyed and fallen on Blücher's rear while Napoleon was attacking him in front, nothing could have saved the right wing of the Prussian army.

As the twilight was gathering on the lurid scene, the fortune of the battle was gradually becoming adverse to the Prussians. It was only by dint of extraordinary exertions that the defenders of Ligny were holding out against an adversary who was continually throwing in fresh reinforcements. In reply to their appeal came Gneisenau's stern reply, that at whatever sacrifice the village must be held for half an hour longer. Then came tidings to Blücher that the brigade in St. Amand la Haye had expended the whole of its ammunition, and that even from the pouches of the slain the last cartridge had been taken. Blücher curtly answered that the brigade must not only maintain the post, but take the offensive with the bayonet. But there is a limit even to the most resolute endurance. Officers and men, overcome by long exertion, were falling from sheer exhaustion. The protracted struggle in the villages took on a yet more savage and relentless character. The animosity and exasperation of the combatants were uncontrollable. Every house, every court, every wall was the scene of bitter fighting. An ungovernable rage had seized on the soldiers of both sides—a strife in which every man sought an opponent in whose slaughter he might glut the hatred and revenge which were maddening him. Quarter was neither begged nor granted.

At about eight o'clock Napoleon arrived near the lower extremity of Ligny with eight battalions of the Imperial Guard, the regiment of the Grenadiers à Cheval of the Guard, and Milhaud's eight regiments of cuirassiers—a force perfectly fresh, having hitherto been in reserve. When the Emperor noted the comparatively bare space in rear of Ligny, he remarked to Gérard, "They are lost: they have no reserve remaining!" The defenders of Ligny saw, on the French right of the village, a massive column issuing from under the smoke of the batteries which had opened on them, and whose fire was tearing

lanes through their ranks; and as the mass rapidly descended the southern slope they could not fail to realise by its order and solidity, as well as by the dark lofty front of bearskins, that this new adversary was the redoubted Imperial Guard. Ligny was turned; and it only remained for its defenders to effect an orderly retreat from the bloodstained ruins which they had held so long and so staunchly. But their courage was not daunted, notwithstanding their exhausted condition and their knowledge that a body of fresh and chosen troops was advancing against them. The battlefield would soon be in darkness; hence they needed but a brief term of perseverance to secure the means of effecting a retreat unattended with the disastrous consequences which an utter defeat in the light of day would have entailed on them.

The Prussian infantry, compelled to evacuate Ligny, effected its withdrawal in squares with perfect order although surrounded by the enemy, stoutly repelling the hostile attacks made in repeated but vain attempts to scatter it in confusion. One battalion withstood the assault of Milhaud's cuirassiers, which had crossed the stream on the other side of the village. Blücher, panting to stem the further advance of the enemy, called to him the three cavalry regiments immediately at hand—the 6th Uhlans, the 1st West Prussian Dragoons, and the 2nd Kurmark Landwehr Cavalry. General von Röder sped the Uhlans to make the first charge. It was led by Colonel von Lützow, the chief of the famous "night-riders" of the War of the Liberation. As his squadrons were galloping down the slope against the French infantry, they encountered a hollow way hidden by the standing corn. The formation was broken up, and during the check caused by this obstacle the colonel, eleven officers, and some seventy men were shot down. A second volley completely repulsed the attack, and as the regiment went to the rear it was followed up by the French cuirassiers, and Lützow was captured. Another attack made by the Prussian Dragoons and Landwehr Cavalry was on the point of penetrating a battalion of French infantry, when the Prussian regiments were suddenly struck in flank by Milhaud's cuirassiers and completely dispersed. Later a mass of twenty-four squadrons was collected, but the attack which this body made was without success. Blücher, realising that the only hope depended on the possibility of his cavalry still succeeding before the darkness in hurling the French columns back into the valley, rallied his

troopers, and, placing himself at their head charged in his old hussar style *ventre à terre*. The French stood fast and the charge failed, Blücher and his horsemen hotly pursued by the French cuirassiers. His charger, a fine grey—a present from the Prince Regent of Great Britain—was mortally wounded and began to falter in his stride. Looking back at the pursuing cuirassiers Blücher exclaimed to Nostitz, his staff-officer: "Now I am done for!" Presently the gallant horse went down and rolled over on its rider. Nostitz promptly alighted and with drawn sword stood over his revered chief. As the struggling masses surged backwards and forwards in the *mêlée*, Blücher was several times trampled on by galloping horses. Nostitz threw a cloak over his master, who lay half-stunned for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the devoted staff-officer, with the help of some dragoons, pulled aside the carcase of the grey, and eventually in the darkness got Blücher up on another horse and led him out of the focus of the strife.

Meanwhile Excelmans and Pajol rode through St. Amand and fell on the flank of the Prussian infantry while simultaneously attacked in front by Vandamme's regiments. Spent by long fighting, there was little resistance left in them; and

by 9.30 the Prussians were everywhere in retreat and resistance ceased in the open country, although Brye, Sombref, and Point du Jour were occupied by rear-guards until after midnight. The French did not push a pursuit—they did not even cross the Namur-Nivelle *chaussée*; and by daybreak of the 21st the Prussian army was several miles away from the battlefield on which it had fought gallantly if unsuccessfully. The Prussian losses in the battle of Ligny were over 12,000; those of the French about 8,000.

Blücher was carried to Gentinnes, a village about six miles in rear of Ligny. As soon as his fall was known, Gneisenau—the energetic chief-of-staff—undertook the direction of affairs, and promptly issued his orders for a retreat on Wavre. Blücher was himself again on the day after the battle, having dosed himself with his favourite nostrum of gin and sulphur. He kissed Colonel Hardinge, the British Commissioner with his army, remarking apologetically in his blunt way, "*Ich stinke etwas*"; and the tough old warrior was in the saddle on the day of Waterloo, and headed the pursuit of the French army on the evening of that day, having previously kissed Wellington on horseback, not at Belle Alliance but at Rosomme.



"THEY ENCOUNTERED A HOLLOW WAY" (p. 679).



AT first a little cloud and then a tempest—thus did it seem with the Maori War, which lasted ten years from 1860. A few acres of land were in dispute, and when the Crown surveyors came they were opposed by some old Maori women. But the causes lay deep and inevitable, as the conflict between white and savage races must ever be when the real object is land and supremacy—the result always the same.

The missionary takes the Gospel to heathen lands, to which, in this world at least, it is not always a message of peace. In a few years the heathens have the Bible and the white men the land.

The Maori, noblest of native races, took Christianity readily, but he fought, nevertheless, for his land. Of the Bible teachings he selected the fiercest of Old Testament fights, its polygamy and its cruelty, and added to it a recrudescence of his old habit of cannibalism. Hence the Pai Mariri or Haw faith, more suitable to his strife for life and land than the mild teaching of Christianity. How well he fought, and with what consummate skill, is shown in the graphic details of the taking of the Gate Pah, told of by Hilliard Atteridge in the first volume of "Battles of the Nineteenth Century." The hidden causes of this and other disasters to the British arms—such as the indiscriminate mixture of detachments of different regiments, and even of land and sea services, in an assaulting column—cannot here be discussed.

Let mine be the more pleasant task to select a couple of typical battles—Koheroa, 12th July, 1863, and Rangariri, 30th November, 1863—which reflect equal credit on the brave barbarian fighting for freedom, of his own sort, in his own way, and the disciplined soldier, obedient to duty.

At Koheroa the Maoris had selected an

admirable position, the only approach to which was along a narrow, densely-fern-covered ridge, about five miles in length, and with precipitous sides, which allowed no extension or turning movements to the assailants. Here (with the native genius for fortification, which far surpasses that of the Royal Engineer, who is said, like the Bourbon, to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing since Vauban) they had constructed three continuous lines of rifle-pits, or rather warrens, covered and concealed by flat roofs of hurdle, with earth and fern on the top. The timber supports of the flat roof rested on the ground, leaving a space of four inches at the ground-level, from which the muzzles of their double-barrelled guns protruded: weapons more quickly loaded than (and thus at short ranges superior to) the muzzle-loading Enfield rifle of the British soldier of that day, which fouled rapidly, sometimes leaded, and was then difficult to load.

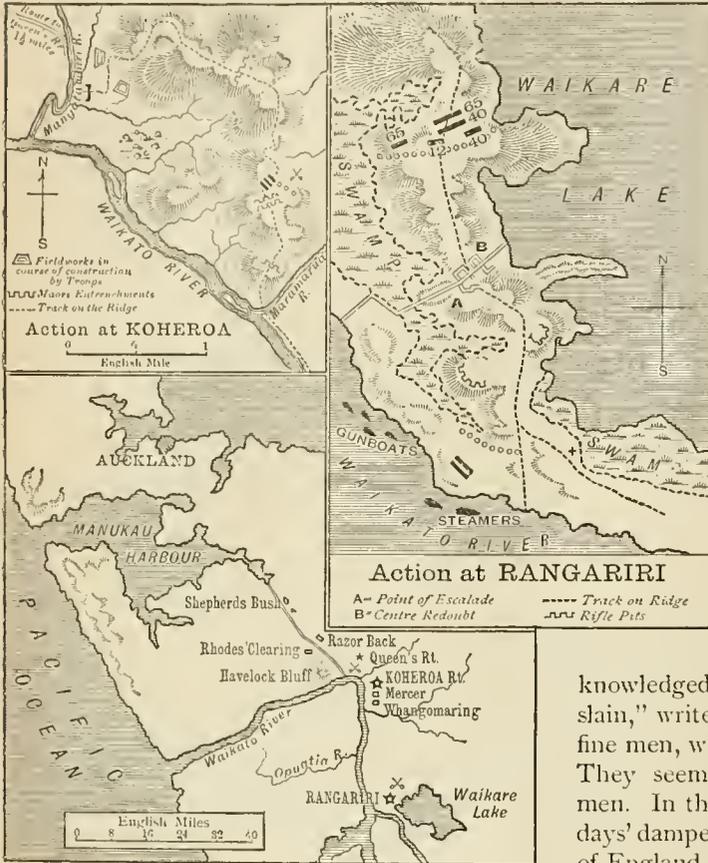
To reconnoitre the position was impossible: it was necessary to go at it blind. General Cameron, a fine old Scotch soldier, sent forward the second battalion of the 14th, a newly raised regiment of Irish boys, supported by detachments of the 12th and 70th Regiments. Colonel Austin led his lads along the narrow fern ridge, under a dropping fire from unseen enemies, until he fell severely wounded. His boy battalion staggered at the fall of their colonel. "Captain Strange (14th) with his company ran rapidly forward and occupied a ridge on the right of the enemy's retreat, the latter halting immediately under cover of the crest, and opening a sharp fire across the intervening gully on the skirmishers, who immediately replied. The main body followed the line of the enemy's retreat, and on reaching a small knoll within a hundred yards of the second line of rifle-pits, was received with a rattling volley, which by its suddenness again

checked the advance. The enemy here stood well and kept up a heavy fire, but General Cameron, galloping to the front, gave the word to charge and led on, cap in hand. The men, led by their officers, gallantly dashed on and drove the enemy in confusion before them." As the troops advanced, the Maoris, running to the nearest cover, sprang into the ravine at their right. At this juncture the British, having formed a semicircle

The numbers were about equal—500 on each side. "For the first time in the annals of New Zealand warfare the Maori was defeated in fair combat and driven from a series of fortified positions by troops in the open without the aid of artillery," to the presence of which alone in former fights were to be attributed the British superiority.

In this case the weapons were about even, for in the thick fern at close quarters the double-barrelled guns of the Maori were most effective: they often kept the bullets loose in their mouths, from which they dropped them into the barrels; the saliva and a tap of the butt on the ground sent the bullet home without the use of a ramrod. They had no bayonets, but fought desperately at close quarters, wielding the meri, a short, flat, sharp, double-edged stone club. The jade-stone or obsidian meri was the weapon of the chief. The steel tomahawk of the ordinary Maori warrior, fixed to a handle about five feet long, with a point at the butt for extreme close quarters, was a formidable weapon in the hands of an athletic savage. About forty dead were found on the field. They ac-

knowledged a very heavy loss in wounded. "The slain," writes General Alexander, "were all very fine men, whom one could not help regretting." They seemed Waikato, Rangatera or gentlemen. In the haversack of each were found three days' damper (flour-cakes) and a Gospel or Church of England Prayer-book in Maori. Our casualties were only twelve, including Colonel Austin. General Cameron in his despatch spoke highly of "the conduct of the officers and men, ably led by their commanding officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Austin (14th), Major Ryan (70th), Major Miller (12th)." Among the officers who had the good fortune to have the opportunity to distinguish themselves by conspicuous forwardness in the attack were Captain Strange (14th), who led the advanced skirmishers, Captain Phelps, who led his company to the charge, and Lieutenants Armstrong, Glancy, and Green, all of the 14th Regiment. At the risk of being prolix I have thought it best to follow the official record in this and the subsequent typical battle of Rangariri.



round them, poured in a converging fire on the enemy, who retired along the bottom of the ravine to a further ridge, where they again opened fire from a third row of rifle-pits on the ever-advancing British, who finally drove them from their last vantage-ground. Broken and disheartened after a gallant but ineffectual resistance, they fled to the Maramarwa River, which some of them crossed in canoes, others swimming.

The fight lasted over two hours, and covered about five miles from the first defence to the last stand. The enemy had every advantage in their knowledge of the ground and the skilful construction of their triple line of rifle-pits.

RANGARIRI.

ANGRY HEAVEN, as the native name has it.

The Waikato river, flowing out of the sacred Taupo Lake under the volcano Tongariri and snow-capped Ruapehu, proceeds with a full stream, some 250 yards wide and never less than ten feet deep, through bush and swamp.

The Maoris had constructed a strong line of entrenchment across the narrow isthmus which divides the Waikato river from the Lake Waikare, completely blocking the road up the right bank of the river.

On November 18th, 1863, General Cameron reconnoitred the position as far as practicable from the steamer *Pioneer*, and decided to land a force in rear of the retrenchment to cut off retreat while attacking in front, hoping thus to close the war.

Colonel Leslie, with 300 men of the 40th Regiment, embarked in steamers to land south of the entrenchments, while 860 officers and men under General Cameron marched from the north by the right bank of the river. Both arrived at the same time—3 p.m. The force from the north halted about 600 yards from the entrenchment, and formed for attack under cover. On the right were Colonel Wyatt and 200 men of the 65th, a veteran regiment in New Zealand wars. They carried the scaling-ladders and planks to cross the ditch. A detachment of the 12th Regiment under Captain Cole formed the centre, and the 14th under Colonel Austin, now recovered from his wound (received at Koheroa), prolonged the line of skirmishers and supports to the left.

Captain Mercer's detachment of Royal Artillery with two Armstrong 6-pounders, and a naval 6-pounder under Lieutenant Alexander, R.N., advanced with the centre of the line of skirmishers. Detachments of the 40th and 65th were in reserve.

The enemy's works consisted of a line of high parapet and double ditch with the usual Maori palisading, the ends sunk in the ground and bound together by tough withes, instead of rigid with nails. To attempt to breach such works with the 6-pounder Armstrong pop-gun and its high velocity 2-inch calibre shell and pinch of powder for bursting charge, was absolutely futile.

These formidable entrenchments stretched right across the isthmus between lake and river. The centre was strengthened by a square redoubt of very formidable construction, its ditch being twelve feet wide and eighteen feet deep from bottom of ditch to top of parapet. The strength of these works was not known before

the assault was delivered. Behind the left centre of the main line, at right angles to it, facing the river, and so sweeping much of the ground in rear, was another strong line of rifle-pits, and yet a third about five hundred yards in rear on the summit of a high ridge. But it was thought the left of the straight line of works could be enfiladed and taken in reverse by the gunboats and steamers; therefore the general selected that part for attack.



MAORI CHILDREN.

The troops were hardly in position before the enemy opened fire, but without much effect, the northern attack having formed under the brow of a hill.

It had been arranged with Commodore Sir William Wiseman that the Royal Artillery and the gunboats should open fire simultaneously by signal, and the steamers land the 40th to the south. But the strength of the wind and current rendered steamboats and gunboats alike almost unmanageable, and when the general gave the signal, only one of the gunboats was ready to open fire, and the steamers were far from the place selected to land the 40th Regiment.

After shelling the works for an hour and a half, the day being well advanced, and but

little prospect of the remainder of the gunboats getting into position, General Cameron gave the order for the assault. The whole line of

the 65th, after passing the main line of entrenchments, joined the 40th in this attack.

Leaving a detachment to hold the ridge,



RANGARIRI CAMP, FROM THE WAIKATO.

skirmishers and supports rushed down the slope of the hill as rapidly as the rugged ground permitted, exposed as they were to a heavy fire. Colonel Austin was again wounded, Captain Phelps (14th), and many others, but nothing checked the advance.

The skirmishers of the 65th having reached to within fifty paces of the entrenchment, the ladder party planted their ladders, and the skirmishers, followed by the supports, mounted the parapet and forced the first line; then wheeling to the left and charging up the hill, they carried the second line of rifle-pits, and drove the enemy before them until the advance was checked by the deadly fire from the centre redoubt. The remainder of the troops on the left, finding it impossible to penetrate the position on that side, joined the attack of the 65th, and with them almost enveloped the centre redoubt.

Meanwhile the 40th had been landed from the steamers, and Colonel Leslie, without waiting for the companies to form, ordered Captain Clarke to take the first fifty men landed to attack the ridge in rear of the enemy's position, while he moved round its base with the remainder. The ridge was honeycombed with rifle-pits, yet it was carried at once, and a great number of the enemy killed or drowned in attempting to cross the swamp. A portion of

Leslie with the remainder joined the force engaged at the centre redoubt, where the Maoris fought with desperation; and the ladders being rather short for this part of the work, it seemed impossible to carry it. But Captain Mercer of the Royal Artillery offered to lead his men where all others had failed. Leaving the almost useless field-guns they had been serving, and armed only with their short swords and a few with revolvers, the gunners followed their daring captain, who had found a narrow opening in rear of the work just wide enough to allow one man to squeeze through at a time. Here he fell shot through the head, and every man who attempted to pass the opening was shot down, except Lieutenant Pickard, R.A., who followed his chief and brought back his body, for he still lived. He then masked the opening with planks and earth so that the other gunners who had fallen near it could be attended medically. For this he gained the Victoria Cross.

A second assault was made by ninety seamen with cutlasses and revolvers, under the direction of Commodore Wiseman and Commander Mayne, R.N., but they also failed. And a third attempt by the sailors, under Commander Phillemore, was even less fortunate, for the bluejackets preceded their assault by throwing hand-grenades, which mostly fell short, and rolled off the parapet back into the ditch, wounding some men of the 14th,

who were attempting to pull down a stockade along the ditch. Captain Strange kicked one of the unwelcome grenades into a puddle in the ditch, where he tried to stamp out the burning fuse in the mud. It exploded without injury to anyone, but another officer lost his life in exposing himself to make known the situation. At last the fiery curves of the hand-grenade fuses ceased to illumine the darkness of the already fallen night, and the general ordered the troops to hold the ground they had gained until daylight. With the dawn the Maoris showed a white flag and surrendered unconditionally, 183 Maoris giving up their arms. Seven hundred fighting-men had originally manned the works. There is always some hesitation about brave men giving up their arms, but Te Ori-ori, the chief, set the example. In handing his rifle to the general he said: "We fought you at Koheroa, and fought you well; we fought you here at Rangariri, and fought you well; now we are friends, aké, aké, aké!" (for ever and ever).

killed and eleven wounded, thirty-seven men killed and eighty wounded.

The loss of the Maoris must have been heavy. Forty-one bodies were found in the works, but a great many were shot or drowned in the swamps. The Maori wounded must have been removed during the night, as none were found among the prisoners.

Captain Mercer still lingered, and his wife came up to the front. As he could not speak, being shot through the jaws, he wrote with a pencil: "Do not grieve for me. I die contented and resigned to the will of God"; and so passed away a brave Englishman. Colonel Austin and Captain Phelps, of the 14th, both died of their injuries. The latter, being wounded in the groin, knew it was fatal, and when Surgeon Temple, R.A., came to him he said: "Attend to the other fellows; they may have a chance—I know I have none." Surgeon Temple had passed unscathed by the fatal opening to attend to Captain Mercer and those who had fallen there.



"THE GUNNERS FOUND A NARROW OPENING IN REAR OF THE WORK" (p. 684).

And Thomas Atkins promptly fraternised with his gallant foe.

The British casualties were four officers

Like Lieutenant Pickard, Surgeon Temple well earned his Cross for valour. But the war was not popular with the troops, who admired the

courage and rude chivalry of the Maoris, while they suffered from desperate assaults on underground fortifications, which the new artillery was powerless to touch.

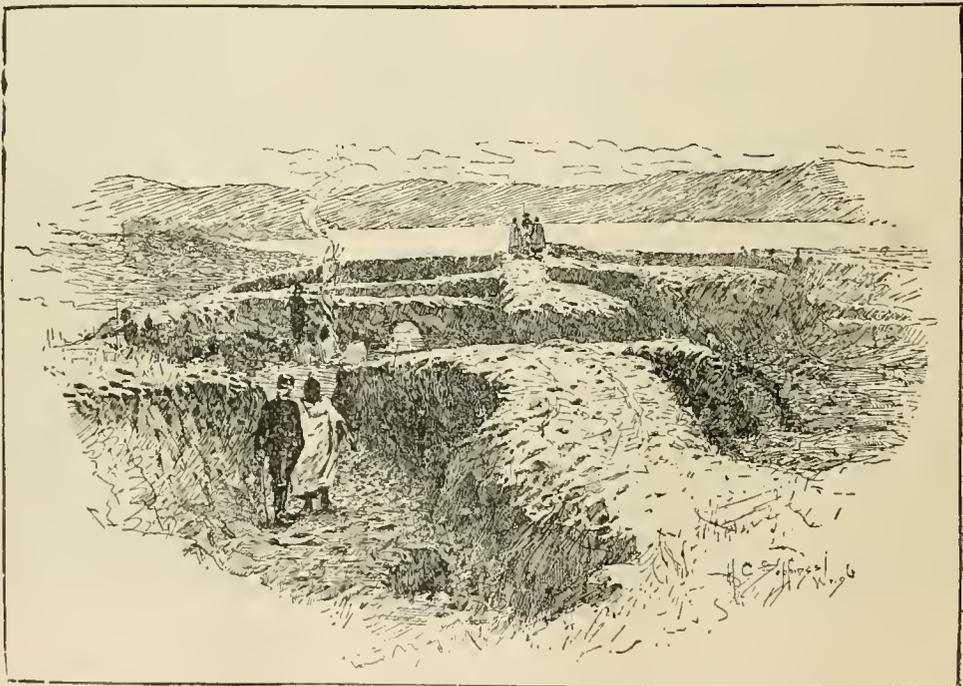
There was but barren honour in capturing Pahs, to find the bulk of the defenders, after inflicting heavy loss, had disappeared under cover of night to assume a fresh position.

The Home Government disliked the expense, and desired to shift it and the responsibility to the colonists, whom they unjustly accused of wishing to prolong the war for the sake of the money expended in the country, and of ulterior designs of confiscating native lands, ignoring the fact that the losses were far greater than any prospective gains, and that the war was a terror to colonists, necessitating the abandonment of farms and the crowding of women and children into towns, while the men were in the field, as militia or volunteers.

The New Zealand finances would have been ruined but for the timely discovery of gold in the south island, where there were no natives. These resources enabled the colonists to raise troops of their own, and to bring the

war to a successful issue, when abandoned by an Imperial Government without imperial ideas; difficult of comprehension to a man in a Downing Street office, but quite patent to "the man in the street." The Colonial Empire has been built in spite of the Colonial Office. When left to themselves the colonists conquered the Maoris, and then treated them not merely with justice, but generosity. The native-king movement has died out, but the King Country, a large and fertile territory, is still the property of the Maoris, for whose wants it is ample; many of them are comparatively wealthy, and will be more so. The Maori representatives sit in the New Zealand Legislature. In the rough ways of the world, those races which can fight for their rights generally deserve and get them.

The warrior Maori has become fairly industrious, civilised, and happy; he was always a gentleman. The statistics of drunkenness and crime show a very low and ever-decreasing figure, though there is but a trifling decrease in the native population; not more than was to be expected from the assumption of European habits—both clothes and morals.



RANGARIRI AFTER THE CAPTURE.



THE day before Waterloo a Peninsular veteran of the 52nd was overheard to remark, "There'll be a great battle to-morrow," and when questioned by an officer as to his meaning, said, "All the Duke's great battles are fought on a Sunday!"

To a large extent the man was right: Vimiera, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Orthez, were all waged on the Sabbath day, and Toulouse, as desperate an engagement as any in the war, was fought on Easter Sunday.

It was a last stand by a brave general, turning at bay before the gates of the third city of his country, ignorant that the cause for which he struggled was already lost, and that his master had abdicated several days before.

Standing in the centre of a flat and pastoral country, liable to frequent inundations from the streams that intersected its meadows and corn-fields, the city of Toulouse was protected on three sides by the river Garonne and a large canal, and girdled by a massive old wall flanked at regular intervals by pointed turret towers, above which rose a forest of spires and the quaint gables of the houses, many of them built of wood.

Soult lost no time in raising works and strong bridge-heads, and did all that skill and ingenuity could accomplish in seventeen days to make the place impregnable. Its natural features offered every facility for the purpose, and he compelled the somewhat reluctant citizens to assist in forming redoubts on the heights to eastward, which heights ran for two miles roughly parallel to the city wall, between the canal and the swollen Ers, all of whose bridges, save one at Croix d'Orade, were purposely broken or mined.

On the west the Garonne formed a strong barrier, with the outlying suburb of St. Cyprien beyond it. The canal, lined with troops, curved from the Garonne round the north of the city,

and then along its eastern side, where several clustering suburbs were capable of being strongly garrisoned, so that the only weak spot was to the southward, and even there another suburb was full of troops. The walls were manned with guns. The heights—divided by the Lavaur road into two distinct elevations or platforms, the Calvinet and St. Sypière—were steep, and held by Harispe's division. Darricau defended the canal; Reille occupied St. Cyprien; and a detached hill between the northern end of the heights and Croix d'Orade, called the Pugade, was garrisoned by St. Pol.

Artificial inundations covered the approaches in many places, cavalry were on the look-out about the river Ers, and the roads themselves were no contemptible allies, sodden by the heavy rains.

In an unpublished journal I have before me, kept by an officer of the 2nd Queen's (Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, J. A. Wilson), the following entry occurs: "Roads actually up to my middle in mud; walked into a river to wash my clothes!"

Under these conditions, and to oppose this formidable resistance, Wellington attacked St. Cyprien on the 28th of March, and made several attempts to cross the Garonne *above* Toulouse.

The floods, however, retarded us, and it was not until the 4th April that Beresford passed over, fifteen miles *below* the city, with the 3rd, 4th, and 6th Divisions and three brigades of cavalry, the 4th Division crossing the pontoons first, their bands and drums playing "The British Grenadiers," and the sun coming out as they halted on the enemy's bank to sponge arms and loosen ammunition.

They marched to La Espinasse without opposition, the French patrols retiring at the first passage of the river, and a large body of cavalry menacing us without coming to blows. "At four o'clock," to quote the above-mentioned journal,

"our regiment sent with the Rocket Brigade to support the cavalry. At eight o'clock got squeezed into some poor houses, having been forty-eight hours without resting to sleep."

"April 8th.—Marched at three in the afternoon. At five my company sent on picquet. Ordered by the general to load and go to a church, where I should find a picquet of the French, and to drive them out and keep the church. A company of the 53rd sent to support me . . . Found the French had just retired, and left both doors of the church open for me, for which I was much obliged to them."

Napier has cleverly shown how Soult left the bridge intact at Croix d'Orade to entice Wellington into the marshy ground between the heights and the river Ers, and then he shows what Wellington did when he got there, which was not at all what the French marshal anticipated.

On the 8th the 18th Hussars made a brilliant dash at the bridge against the French dragoons, after a pause on both sides.

The advance of our infantry set them in motion simultaneously. The trumpets rang out the charge together; but our fellows in blue and white were too sharp for the brass helmets, and jamming the dragoons between the stone parapets, broke them after a moment's sabring, and spurred over in pursuit led by Major Hughes, Colonel Vivian being incapacitated by a carbine bullet.

Wellington wished to attack on the 9th, but owing to the removal of the pontoon bridge closer to Toulouse, it was necessary to postpone until the day after.

The allied army occupied a peculiar position, and one which indicated in a marked degree the place Napoleon had won in the hearts of his people.

In the north, where the population had suffered more severely from the ravages of war, from the conscription, and the devastating passage of troops, the peasants rose and helped the tottering emperor; but in the hot, impressionable south they not only refrained from armed resistance, but welcomed the "perfidious" English; and Soult, fighting a last battle for the cause, fought it unaided by his countrymen, who were even reluctant to help him dig his trenches, and had probably more sympathy with the success of the invaders than with that of the bayonets that upheld the Tricolour.

The weather had improved a little, but there was still much water out over the country, and

the Garonne, flowing swiftly in a deep channel, threatened our pontoons as it foamed on its way to the Atlantic.

Wellington's plan, the result of personal observation carried out with great care the previous days, was to deliver two feint attacks, one by Sir Rowland Hill against St. Cyprien across the Garonne, the other upon the outposts along the canal north of Toulouse under Picton, while Freyre's Spaniards carried the isolated hill of Pugade, and Marshal Beresford stormed the French right on the hilly platform of St. Sypière, the cavalry moving along each side of the Ers to watch Berton, whose horsemen roved over the marshy fields before and beyond St. Sypière.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 10th April our troops mustered under arms in the darkness, and the hussars passed to the head of Beresford's columns, which they were to precede on their toilsome two-mile march along the front of the enemy's position.

After many halts, until everything was in proper order, the army got under weigh about six o'clock, and with the sun shining on its war-worn ranks, stepped boldly forward to begin that useless and unnecessary battle.

While Hill began his attack against St. Cyprien, and Picton, seconded by Baron Alten, opened on the French skirmishers in front of the canal, the Spaniards advanced under a fire from two guns and took speedy possession of the Pugade. St. Pol having orders to fall back to the Calvinet, the first of those two platforms which formed the main strength of Soult's position; while Beresford, leaving his clattering batteries in the village of Monblanc, turned to his left, and soon clearing the protecting barrier of the Pugade, marched ahead under a terrible flank fire between the platforms and the river.

Advancing in three columns through the swamps, the heights on their right became alive with smoke and flame, and we learn from the journal already quoted that the men had to run by companies to escape the fire, the soft mud having one advantage—that it put out the falling shells, and when a round shot struck it did not rise again.

Still the 4th and 6th Divisions suffered severely in their long tramp, and were destined to suffer more before the day closed, the 6th especially, the "Marching Division," as their comrades of the war designated them.

The Spaniards occupying the Pugade, the Portuguese guns were dragged up the hill and opened on the Calvinet, keeping up a thunderous



THE FRENCH RUSHED FORWARD WITH TRIUMPHANT YELLS AND FIRING DOWN INTO THE HOLLOW ROAD" (p. 690).

roll against the enemy across the valley; and about an hour before noon, while Beresford was still splashing on through the mud and mire, an unfortunate mishap befell.

Don Manuel Freyre, flushed with his first success, descended into the gorge below and attacked the hornwork on the Calvinet platform in two lines with a reserve in his rear. Advancing boldly at first, they soon came under a withering fire of artillery and musketry, a battery on the canal also raking their right flank; and, turning to an officer beside him, Wellington is reported to have said, "Did you ever see nine hundred men run away?"

The officer addressed admitted that he had never done so, and Wellington said, "Wait a minute, you will see it now." As he spoke, the right wing wavered, and the leading ranks flung themselves into a hollow road, twenty-five feet deep, for a shelter it could not afford them. Leon de Sicilia's Cantabrians alone stood their ground somewhat sheltered by a bank; but the left wing and the second line turned and fled helter-skelter, a terror-stricken mass, the French rushing forward with triumphant yells and firing down into the hollow road, which was soon a hideous lane of dead and dying.

The Spanish officers with great courage rallied their men and led them back again, but the sight that met their gaze as they reached the edge of the hollow put the finishing touch to their valour, and breaking rank they fled for the open country, hotly pursued by the enemy, who were only brought within bounds again by the reserve artillery and Ponsonby's Heavy Dragoons, a battalion of the Light Division taking the fugitives' place in splendid order.

More than fifteen hundred Spaniards were killed; but Wellington, as he sat on his charger Copenhagen, afterwards to carry him at Waterloo, had more serious news brought to him.

General Picton, whose eagerness for combat was so well known that his orders had been given to him both verbally and in writing, had disobeyed them, and turning his feint attack into a real one, had been defeated for the moment.

Successful at first, the Fighting 3rd Division had driven the French outposts back about three miles on to the Jumeaux bridge; but their fiery leader, not content with this, sent six companies of the 74th Highland Regiment—a corps which had lost the "garb of old Gaul" five years before, and had then twice as many Irish as Scots in its ranks—against the palisade at the bridge-head across an open stretch of plain.

Brevet-Major Miller and Captain McQueen led them bravely forward; but the work was too high, and they had no ladders, and although the whole brigade made the attempt, they were heavily repulsed, losing nearly four hundred officers and men, among them Colonel Forbes, of the "Old Stubborns," killed, and General Brisbane, who was wounded.

It was a severe repulse, and, taken together with the Spanish failure, might have proved serious, for Wellington had now no reserves. Hill was checked by the second line of entrenchments at St. Cyprien, and the French marshal was able by these reverses to withdraw about 15,000 men to reinforce the rest on the platforms, where Beresford now had victory or defeat in his own keeping.

On the other side of the Ers our cavalry made two bold dashes—one against the bridge of Bordes, which sent Berton *ventre à terre* to the left bank with barely time to destroy the roadway before the troopers were upon him; the other by the 1st King's German Legion Hussars, who would have won half-a-dozen Victoria Crosses in our own day.

The bridge of Montaudron, beyond the French right, had been strongly barricaded with barrels filled with earth, and the 22nd Chasseurs-à-cheval lined the barrier with loaded carbines, shouting derisively as the Hanoverians rode up.

The squadron halted; several men swung out of their saddles and walked up to the bridge; the carbines whistled, but the dismounted men paid no heed, and in a few minutes had torn down casks enough to let Potemkin in at the head of the others. When the squadron came back again their sabres were dripping, and the bridge was ours!

Meantime, Beresford's three columns had pursued its deadly march along the foot of the heights until its rear had passed the Lavaur road, which led between the platforms to the suburbs of Toulouse, and then, in accordance with Wellington's orders, the two divisions wheeled into line to attack St. Sypière. What says our journal?

"Having arrived at their right (the French right), we were wheeling into line when a column of cavalry came down towards us and would most likely have charged us, but our rockets dispersed them.

"The second rocket thrown went through the body of a horse, and left two men on the road! Just as they retired, a column of infantry came down another road near to us, beating their

drums and seeming very determined; but on our again wheeling up into line they halted and commenced a running fire, by which no harm was done.

"Colonel Henderson was shot through the coat. We returned the salute by a regular volley; as soon as the smoke cleared away, and while the men were loading, I could see the French commander's horse lying down in the road and six or eight men carrying the unfortunate colonel's body off. They put about immediately, and we, having given them five or six rounds as they were going, followed them up the hill in three lines, ourselves in the front, the Portuguese in the second, and left Brigade the third.

"The hill was so steep, and the road running through it over which we had to pass, that I was glad to lay hold of a sergent's pike to help me up. They kept up a smart fire upon us. The right-hand man of my company was shot through the breast, and fell at my feet (he recovered and joined in about six weeks afterwards). When we had cleared the hill (for the enemy flew before us), we came in sight of their whole army and of the town of Toulouse, a noble sight."

So much for the present for the 4th Division. Their comrades of the 6th, upon whom more brunt of fighting fell, found a mass of infantry about to descend from the hill, while a strong body of horse trotted down the Lavaur road to intercept any retreat.

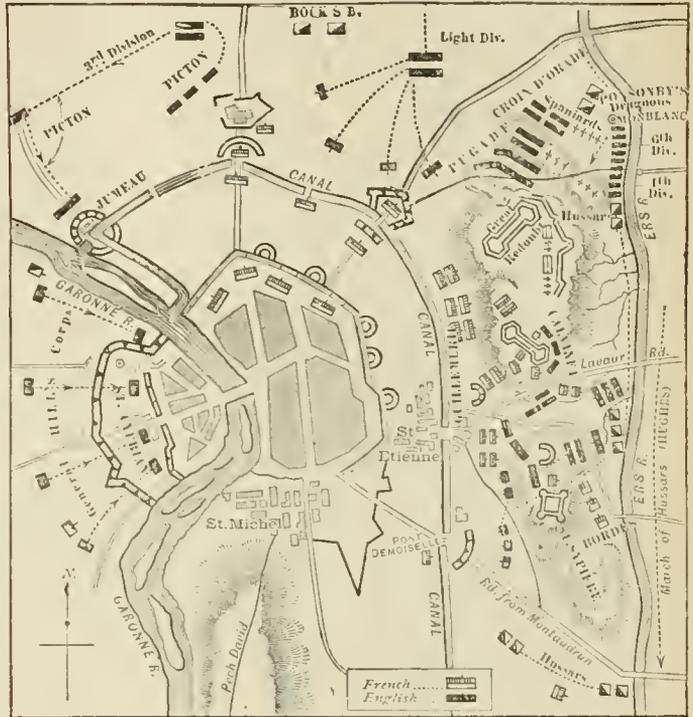
The whole of Beresford's command—which at the outset had not mustered 13,000, and which had suffered severely on its march—was hemmed in in a narrow difficult position, the enemy strongly entrenched above them, an unfordable river in their rear, Berton menacing the left flank and Vial the right!

Soult, up on the rocky hill, had brought Taupin and D'Armagnac up to reinforce the rest—the latter general himself a native of Toulouse—and, after some stirring words to Taupin, ordered them to descend with fury!

Unfortunately for themselves, they waited and gave Beresford time to wheel into line, were met with Congreve rockets as they came shouting down, and, part of the 6th Division repulsing

Vial in square while the 4th Division behaved as already narrated, the tables were completely turned, and instead of an utter annihilation of the little red mass below, that mass followed up its first successes by mounting the hill, drove the French before it, and half the formidable heights were ours.

"Their infantry ran in the greatest disorder," says the journal, "and cavalry in armour protected them. We kept advancing in line till, drawing near them, a regiment of their cavalry



BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

rode up towards us. We then wheeled back by divisions and formed the solid square in double quick time; at the same time the rockets commenced again and did great damage, obliging them to withdraw. They left their guns at the end of the town to play on us, and we could see their baggage and many troops hurrying out of the other end. We had to halt here for the 6th Division, which was warmly engaged at a redoubt, and we were shortly afterwards ordered to lie down."

The town mentioned by the captain was evidently the suburb of Guillemerie, immediately below the heights, where a bridge crosses the canal to the suburb of St. Etienne, and about this time, the 18th Hussars and the 1st King's

German Legion coming round the south end of St. Sypière to menace another bridge, known as the Demoiselles, Soult's position grew critical.

Beresford's artillery, which had been expending its fire against the Calvinet platform, was brought up through the marshes about two o'clock, the Horse Artillery having arrived earlier but without tumbrils and only seven or eight rounds of ammunition; and about half an hour later the 6th Division made a furious attack.

Sheltered from the fire under the hill, Pack's Scotch Brigade and Douglas's Portuguese swarmed up the steep banks, wheeled to their left by wings as they got out of the hollow road, and charged so successfully, in spite of a storm of shot and shell at close quarters, that the Black Watch and 79th Highlanders were masters of all the breastworks and in possession of the Colombette and Calvinet redoubts in a few minutes!

Then gallant Harispe led a mighty stream back upon the intruders; it burst with overwhelming force of numbers upon the Highlanders, slew or wounded four-fifths of the Black Watch, and cleared the captured works.

An eye-witness has left us an account, which though often quoted will well bear repetition, of how the French came down like a torrent, darkening the whole hill-top, officers riding in front waving their men on with hat in hand "amidst shouts of the multitude resembling the roar of the ocean."

Then in that moment of mad suspense, half in defiance, half in admiration, their voices hoarse with the lust of slaughter, the Highlanders took off their feather bonnets, giving three British

cheers as they waved the ostrich-plumes in the sunlight! And, when the redoubt was retaken—for we *did* retake it, helped by the 11th and 91st—there were only ninety of the Black Watch left out of five hundred who went into action!

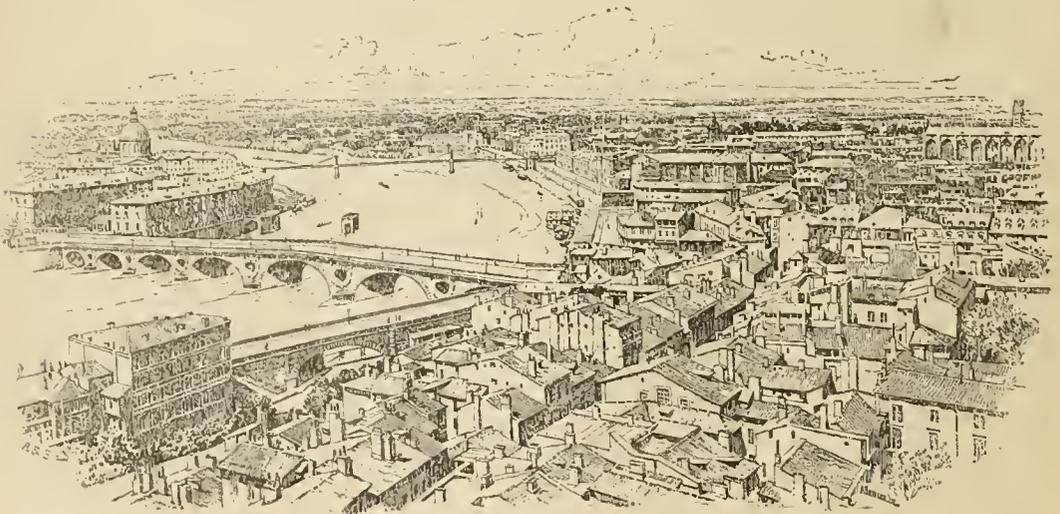
With dogged resolve our men stuck to the summit of the hill, a weak line facing terrible odds, and yet it was the kind of conflict they had learned to love in that war whose last battle they were then fighting!

They kept the Calvinet, and later on the Cameron Highlanders—there were only sixty-three of the name in the regiment, strangely enough—retook the Colombette. Harispe was down, and about four o'clock the enemy withdrew; Soult retiring behind the canal somewhere about five, beaten, yet still full of resource and ready to renew the combat.

Happily for human life, he thought better of it, retreating in admirable order on the night of the 11th, further hostilities being suspended a few days later by news of Napoleon's abdication. Had it arrived before, five generals and 3,000 men on the French side, and four generals with close on 5,000 men on ours would have been spared to their respective countries.

Dr. Jenks of the 10th Hussars, who died in 1882 at a very advanced age, was one of the last survivors of Toulouse.

The sortie from Bayonne on the 14th, by the French garrison who disbelieved in Napoleon's fall, caused more unnecessary bloodshed; it was the last actual conflict before our army sailed, and with it the greatest war we have ever seen came to a sudden and most glorious termination.



TOULOUSE.



THE FINAL STAGES OF
THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR
AUG.—SEP. 1880. BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

I.—THE DISASTER OF MAIWAND.

IN the early days of August, 1880, it seemed that the long, bitter struggle was at last on the eve of being ended. Sir Frederick Roberts was the master of the region around Cabul. Sir Donald Stewart, having marched up from Candahar and fought on the way the brilliant battle of Ahmed Kehl, was now at Cabul in chief command. Mr. Griffin had announced the recognition by the Viceroy of India and the Government of the Queen-Empress, of Abdurrahman Khan as Ameer of Cabul. The date of the evacuation of Cabul by the British troops had been approximately fixed, and it seemed all but certain that before the end of the month both Stewart and Roberts should have re-entered British India with their brave but war-worn regiments. But those arrangements were suddenly and ominously dislocated by the tidings which reached by telegraph the British headquarters at Sherpur, intimating the utter defeat at Maiwand of the force commanded by General Burrows in the region between the Helmund and Candahar.

In the early spring of 1880 Sir Donald Stewart had quitted Candahar with the Bengal division of his force, leaving there the Bombay division, to the command of which General Primrose acceded, General Phayré assuming charge of the communications. It was known that Ayoub Khan was making hostile operations at Herat. Shere Ali Khan, who had been Governor of Candahar during Sir Donald Stewart's residence there, had been nominated hereditary ruler of the province, with the title of "Wali," when it was determined to separate Candahar from North-Eastern Afghanistan. On June 21st the Wali, who had some days earlier crossed the Helmund and occupied Girishk with his troops, reported that Ayoub was actually on the march towards

the Candahar frontier, and asked for the support of a British brigade to enable him to cope with the hostile advance. There was warrant for the belief that the Wali's troops were disaffected, and that he was in no condition to meet Ayoub's army with any likelihood of success. After Stewart's departure the strength of the British forces at Candahar was dangerously low, amounting to but 4,700 of all ranks; but it was of great importance to arrest Ayoub's offensive movement, and a brigade consisting of a troop of horse artillery, six companies of the 60th Regiment, now the 2nd battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment), two Bombay native infantry regiments, and 500 native troopers—in all about 2,300 strong, under the command of Brigadier-General Burrows—reached the left bank of the Helmund on July 11th. On the 13th the Wali's infantry, 2,000 strong, mutinied *en masse*, and marched away up the right bank of the river, taking with them a battery of smooth-bore guns which was a present to Shere Ali Khan from the British Government. His cavalry did not behave quite so badly, but in effect his army no longer existed, and Burrows's brigade was the only force in the field to resist the advance of Ayoub Khan, whose regular troops were reported to number 4,000 cavalry and from 4,000 to 5,000 infantry, exclusive of the 2,000 deserters from the Wali, with thirty guns and an irregular force of uncertain strength.

Burrows promptly recaptured from the Wali's infantry the battery they were carrying off, and punished them severely in their retreat. The mutineers had removed or destroyed the supplies which the Wali had accumulated for the use of the British brigade, and Burrows therefore could no longer remain in the vicinity of Girishk. It was determined to fall back upon Khushk-i-Nakhud, a position distant thirty miles from Girishk and forty-five from Candahar—a point

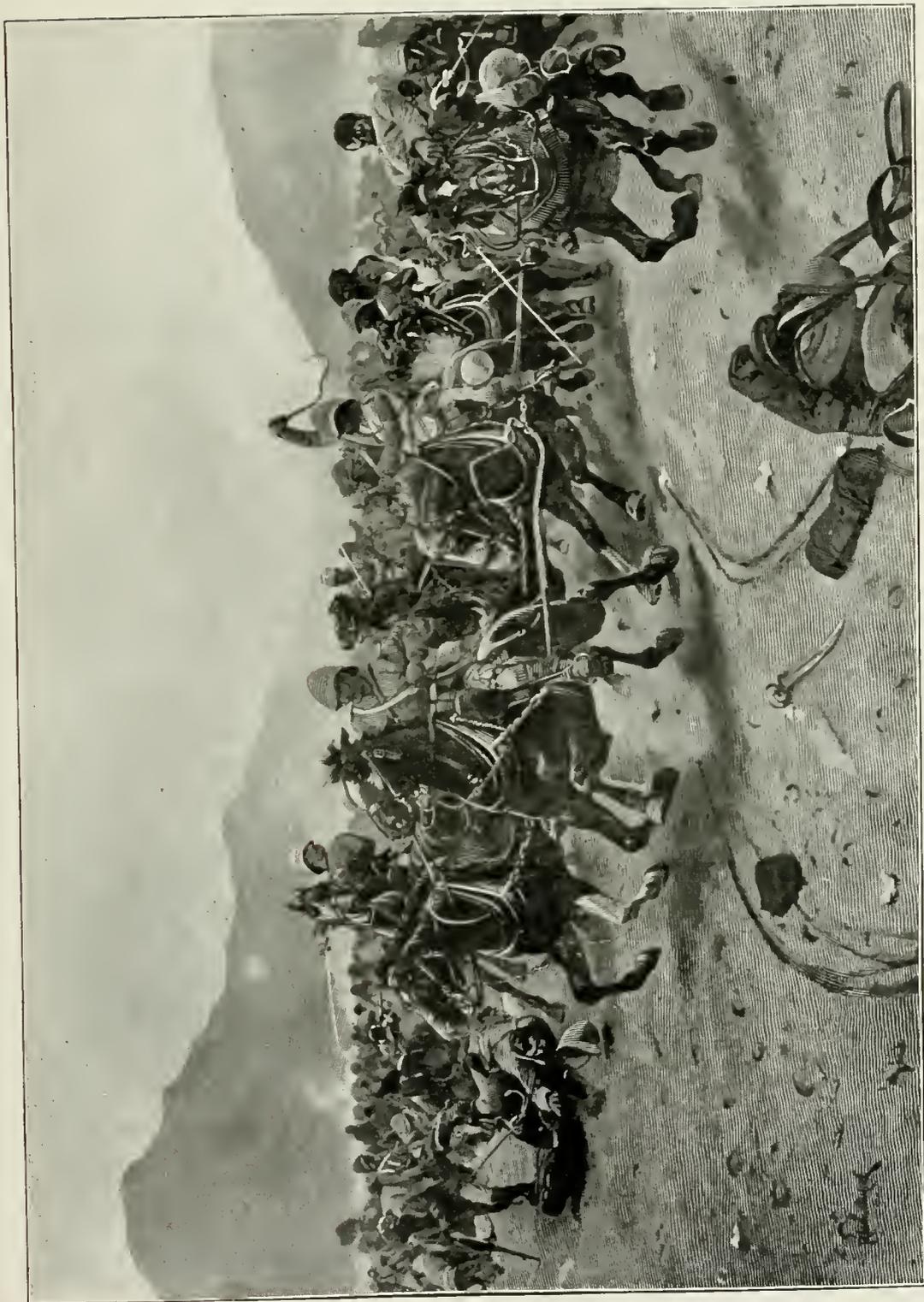
where several roads from the Helmund converged, and where supplies were plentiful. At and about Khushk-i-Nakhud the brigade remained from the 16th until the morning of the 27th July. While waiting and watching there, a despatch from army headquarters at Simla was communicated to General Burrows from Candahar, authorising him to attack Ayoub if he considered himself strong enough to beat him, and informing him that it was regarded of the greatest political importance that the force from Herat should be dispersed and prevented from moving in the direction of Ghuzni. Spies brought in news that Ayoub had reached Grishk, and was distributing his force along the right bank of the Helmund between that place and Hyderabad. Cavalry patrols failed to find the enemy until the 21st, when a detachment was encountered in the village of Sangbur on the northern road about midway between the Helmund and Khushk-i-Nakhud. Next day that village was found more strongly occupied, and on the 23rd a reconnaissance in force came upon a body of Ayoub's horsemen in the plain below the Garmao hills about midway between Sangbur and Maiwand.

Those discoveries should have afforded tolerably clear indications of Ayoub's intention to turn Burrows's position by moving along the northern road to Maiwand and thence pressing through the Maiwand Pass until at Singiri Ayoub's army should have interposed itself between the British brigade and Candahar. Why, in the face of the information at his disposal and of the precautions enjoined on him to hinder Ayoub from slipping by him towards Ghuzni through Maiwand and up the Khakrez valley, General Burrows should have remained so long at Khushk-i-Nakhud, is not intelligible. He was stirred at length on the afternoon of the 26th by the report that 2,000 of Ayoub's cavalry and a large body of his Ghazis were in possession of Garmao and Maiwand, and were to be promptly followed by Ayoub himself with the main body of his army, his reported intention being to push on through the Maiwand Pass and reach the Urgandab valley in rear of the British brigade. Later in the day Colonel St. John, the political officer, reported to General Burrows the intelligence which had reached him that the whole of Ayoub's army was at Sangbur, but credence was not given to this important information.

It was on the morning of the 27th that at length the tardy resolution was taken to march

upon Maiwand. The expectation was indulged that the brigade would arrive at that place before the enemy should have occupied it in force; and that this point made good, there might occur an opportunity to drive out of Garmao the body of Ayoub's cavalry in possession there. There was a further reason why Maiwand should be promptly occupied: the brigade had been obtaining its supplies from that village and there was still a quantity of grain in its vicinity, to lose which would be unfortunate. The brigade, now 2,600 strong, struck camp on the morning of the 27th. The march to Maiwand was twelve miles long, and an earlier start than 6.30 a.m. would have been judicious. The soldiers marched smartly, but halts from time to time were necessary to allow the baggage to come up: the hostile state of the country did not admit of anything being left behind, and the column was encumbered by a great quantity of stores and baggage. At Karezah, eight miles from Khushk-i-Nakhud and four miles south-west of Maiwand, information was brought in that the whole of Ayoub's army was close by on the left front of the brigade and marching towards Maiwand. Burrows's spies had previously proved themselves so untrustworthy that little heed was taken of this report, but a little later a cavalry reconnaissance found large bodies of horsemen moving in the direction indicated, and inclining away towards Garmao as the brigade advanced. A thick haze made it impossible to discern what force, if any, was being covered by the hostile cavalry. About 10 a.m. the advance guard occupied the village of Mahudabad, about three miles south-west of Maiwand. West of Mahudabad and close to the village, was a broad and deep ravine running north and south. Beyond this ravine was a wide expanse of level and partially cultivated plain, across which, almost entirely concealed by the haze, Ayoub's army was marching eastward towards Maiwand village, which covers the western entrance to the pass of the same name. If General Burrows's eye could have penetrated that haze, probably he would have considered it prudent to take up a defensive position, for which Mahmudabad presented not a few advantages. But he remained firm in the conviction that the enemy's guns were not yet up, notwithstanding the reports of spies to the contrary; he believed that a favourable opportunity presented itself for taking the initiative, and he determined to attack with all practicable speed.

Lieutenant Maclaine, of the Horse Artillery, a



SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND.
(From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., by permission of the Council of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

flanks, and the brigade was all but surrounded, whilst a separate attack was being made on the baggage. Heat and want of water were telling heavily upon the Sepoys, who were further demoralised by the Afghan artillery-fire.

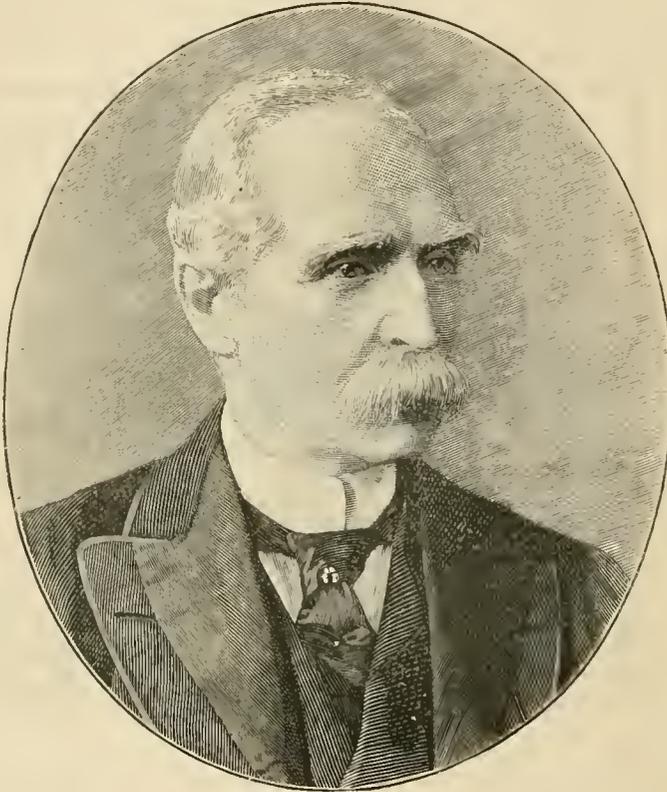
A little later the smooth-bore guns had to be withdrawn because of the expenditure of their ammunition. This was the signal for the general advance of the Afghans. Their guns were pushed forward with great boldness; their cavalry streamed round the British left; in the right rear were masses of mounted and dismounted irregulars who had seized the villages on the British line of retreat. Swarms of Ghazis soon showed themselves threatening the centre and left; those in front of the 66th were still held in check by the steady volleys fired by that regiment. At sight of the fanatic Ghazis and cowed by the heavy artillery fire and the loss of their officers, the two companies of Jacob's Rifles on the left

flank suddenly fell into confusion, and broke into the ranks of the Grenadiers. That regiment had behaved well, but now it caught the infection of demoralisation; the whole left collapsed, and the Sepoys in utter panic, surrounded by and intermingled with the Ghazis, rolled in a great wave upon the right. The artillerymen and sappers made a gallant stand, fighting the Ghazis hand-to-hand with handspikes and rammers, while the guns poured canister into the advancing Afghan masses. Slade reluctantly limbered up and took his four horse-guns out of action; Maclaine remained in action until the Ghazis were at the muzzles of

his two guns, which fell into the enemy's hands. The torrent of mingled Sepoys and Ghazis broke in upon the 66th, and overwhelmed that gallant and devoted regiment. The slaughter of the Sepoys was appalling: so utterly cowed were they that they scarcely attempted to defend themselves, and allowed themselves without resistance to be dragged out of the ranks and slaughtered. A cavalry charge was ordered in the direction of the captured guns, but it failed,

and the troopers retired in disorder. The infantry, assailed by hordes of fierce and triumphant fanatics, staggered away to the right, the 66th alone maintaining any show of formation until the ravine was crossed, when the broken remnants of the Sepoy regiments took to flight towards the east, and the general's efforts to rally them proved wholly unavailing. The 66th, with some of the sappers and Grenadiers, made a gallant rally round its colours in an en-

closure near the village of Khig. There Colonel Galbraith and several of his officers were killed, and the little body of brave men becoming outflanked, continued its retreat, making stand after stand until most were slain. The Afghans pursued for about four miles, but were checked by a detachment of rallied cavalry, and then desisted. The fugitive force, forming with wounded and baggage a straggling column upwards of six miles long, crossed the waterless desert sixteen miles wide to Haur-i-Madat, which was reached about midnight and where water was found. From Asu Khan, where cultivation began, to Kokoran, near Candahar, the retreat was harassed



SIR DONALD STEWART.

(From a photo by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.)

by armed villagers, and the troops had to fight more or less all the way. Officers and men were killed, Lieutenant Maclaine was taken prisoner, and five of the smooth-bore guns had to be abandoned because of the exhaustion of the teams. About midday of the 28th the shattered remains of the brigade reached Candahar. When the casualties were ascertained, it became evident how disastrous to the British arms had been the combat of Maiwand. Out of a total of 2,476 engaged, no fewer than 964 were killed. The wounded numbered 167; 331 followers and 201

burned and the vicinity of Candahar swarming with armed men. The whole Afghan population, amounting to about 12,000 persons, was compelled to leave the city, and then the work of placing it in a state of defence was energetically undertaken. Buildings and enclosures affording cover too close to the enceinte were razed, communication along the walls was opened up, and gun-platforms were constructed in the more commanding positions. The weak places as well as the gates were faced with abattis, the defects were made good with sandbags, and wire



THE LAST ELEVEN AT MAIWAND.

(By Frank Feller. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall.)

horses were killed, and seven followers and sixty-eight horses were wounded. Since Chillianwallah the British arms in Asia had not suffered loss so severe.

The spirit of the Candahar force suffered materially from the Maiwand disaster, and it was held that there was no alternative but to accept a siege within the fortified city. The cantonments were abandoned; the whole force was withdrawn into Candahar, and was detailed for duty on the city walls. The effective garrison on the night of the 28th numbered 4,360, including the survivors of the Maiwand misfortune. So alert were the Afghans that a cavalry reconnaissance made on the morning of the 29th found the cantonments plundered and partly

entanglements and other obstacles were laid down outside the walls. The covering parties were in daily collision with the enemy, and occasional sharp skirmishes occurred.

On August 8th Ayoub opened fire on the citadel from Piquet hill, an elevation north-westward of the city, and a few days later he brought guns into action from the villages of Deh Khoja and Deh Khati on the east and south. This fire had little effect, and the return fire gave good results. It was not easy to invest the city, since on the west and north there was no cover for the besiegers; but in Deh Khoja on the east there was ample protection for batteries, and the ground on the south-west was very favourable. Deh Khoja was inconveniently near

the Cabul gate of the city, and it was always full of men. So menacing was the attitude of the Afghans that a sortie was resorted to against the village, which was conducted with resolution but resulted in utter failure. The attempt was made on the morning of the 10th. The cavalry went out to hinder reinforcements from entering the village to the eastward. An infantry force, 800 strong, commanded by that gallant soldier Brigadier-General Brooke, moved out later covered by a heavy artillery-fire from the city walls. The village was reached, but was so full of enemies in occupation of the fortress-like houses that it was found untenable. In the course of the retirement General Brooke and Captain Cruickshank were killed. The casualties were very heavy: 106 were killed, and 117 were wounded.

II.—THE GREAT MARCH.

THE tidings of the Maiwand disaster reached Cabul on 29th July by telegram from Simla. The intention of the military authorities had already been intimated that the Cabul force should evacuate Afghanistan in two separate bodies and by two distinct routes. Sir Donald Stewart was to march one party by the Khyber route; the other, under Sir Frederick Roberts, was to retire by the Kuram valley, which Watson's division had been garrisoning since Roberts had crossed the Shaturgardan in September, 1879. But the Maiwand news interfered with those dispositions. Stewart and Roberts concurred in the necessity of retrieving the Maiwand disaster by the despatch of a division from Cabul. Roberts promptly offered to command that division, and as promptly the offer was accepted by Stewart. By arrangement with the latter, Roberts telegraphed to Simla urging that a force should be despatched from Cabul to Candahar without delay; and recognising that the authorities might hesitate to send on this errand troops already under orders to return to India, he took it on himself to guarantee that none of the soldiers would demur provided he should be authorised to give the assurance that after the work in the field was over they would not be detained in garrison at Candahar. The Viceroy's sanction came on August 3rd. The constitution and equipment of the force were entrusted to the two generals; and in reply to questions his Excellency was informed that Roberts would march on the 8th instant, and expected to reach Candahar on 2nd September. Sir Donald Stewart chivalrously gave his junior

full freedom to select the troops to accompany him, and placed at his disposal the entire resources of the army in transport and equipment. It cannot truly be said that it was the *élite* of the Cabul field force which constituted the column led by Roberts on his famous march to Candahar. Of the native infantry regiments of his own original force which he had mustered eleven months previously in the Kuram valley, only two followed him to Candahar—the 5th Goorkhas and 23rd Pioneers. The second mountain-battery adhered to him staunchly. Of his original white troops the 9th Lancers, as ever, were ready for the march. His senior European infantry regiment, the 67th, would fain have gone, but the good old corps was weak from casualties and sickness, and the gallant Knowles denied himself in the interests of his men. Roberts's two Highland regiments, the 72nd and 92nd, had done an infinity of marching and fighting; but both had received strong drafts, were in fine condition, and were not to be hindered from following the chief whom, though not of their northern blood, the stalwart sons of the mist swore by as one man.

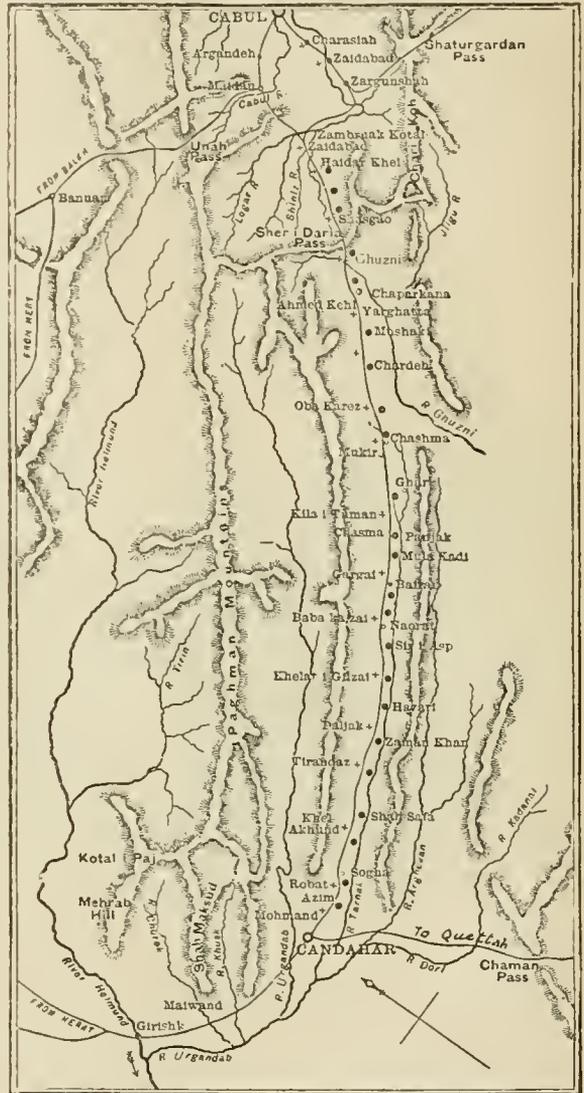
Sir Frederick Roberts had already represented that it would be impolitic to require the native regiments to remain absent from India and their homes for a longer period than two years. In the case of many of the regiments that term was closely approached, and the men after prolonged absence and arduous toil needed rest, and were longing to rejoin their families. It was not with eager desire that the honour of marching to Candahar was claimed. The enthusiasm which carried Roberts's force with exceptional rapidity to Candahar was an aftergrowth evolved by the enterprise itself, and came as a response to the unflinching spirit which animated the leader himself. The force for the march consisted of three batteries of artillery commanded by Colonel Alured Johnson, of a cavalry brigade of four regiments commanded by Brigadier-General Hugh Gough, and of an infantry division of three brigades commanded by Major-General John Ross. The first brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Herbert Macpherson, the second by Brigadier-General T. D. Baker, and the third by Brigadier-General Charles Macgregor. Colonel Chapman, R.A., who had served in the same capacity with Sir Donald Stewart, was now Roberts's chief-of-staff. The marching-out strength of the column was about 10,000 men, of whom 2,835 were Europeans. Speed was an object, and since the column might have

to traverse rough ground, no wheeled artillery or transport accompanied it: the guns were carried on mules, the baggage was severely cut down, the supplies were reduced to a minimum, and the transport animals, numbering 8,500, consisted of mules, ponies, and donkeys. It was known that the country could supply flour, sheep, and forage.

The time named for the departure of the marching column from Sherpur was kept to the day, thanks to assiduous organisation. On August 8th the brigades moved out a short distance into camp, and on the following morning the long march began in earnest. The distance from Cabul to Candahar is about 320 miles, and the march naturally divided itself into three parts:—From Cabul to Ghuzni, ninety-eight miles; from Ghuzni to Khelat-i-Ghilzai, one hundred and thirty-four miles; and from Khelat-i-Ghilzai to Candahar, eighty-eight miles. Ghuzni was reached on the seventh day, the daily average being fourteen miles—excellent work for troops unseasoned to long continuous travel tramping steadily in a temperature of from 84° to 92° in the shade. When possible the force moved on a broad front, the brigades and regiments leading in rotation, and halts were made at specified intervals. The “rouse” sounded at 2.45 a.m., and the march began at 4; the troops were generally in camp by 2 p.m., and the baggage was ordinarily reported all up by 5; but the rear-guard had both hard work and long hours. Nowhere was there any indication of opposition; not a single load of baggage was left behind, comparatively few men fell out footsore, and the troops were steadily increasing in endurance and capacity for rapid and continuous marching.

At Ghuzni there was no rest-day, and the steadfast, dogged march was resumed on the morning of the 16th. The strain of this day's long tramp of twenty miles to Yarghatta was severe, but the men rallied gamely, and the general, by dint of care and expedient, was able to keep up the high pressure. The method of marching employed the individual intelligence of each man composing the masses in motion, and called on all for exertion in overcoming the difficulties of the march, in bearing its extraordinary toil, and in aiding the accomplishment of the paramount object. On the 20th a distance of twenty-one miles was covered—the longest day's march made.

The effort was distressing owing to the heat and lack of shade, but it was enforced by the absence of water. There was no relaxation in the rate of marching, and Khelat-i-Ghilzai was reached on the eighth day from Ghuzni,



Sir F. Roberts' Stages.....+
Sir D. Stewart's Stages.....•

Scale of Miles.
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70

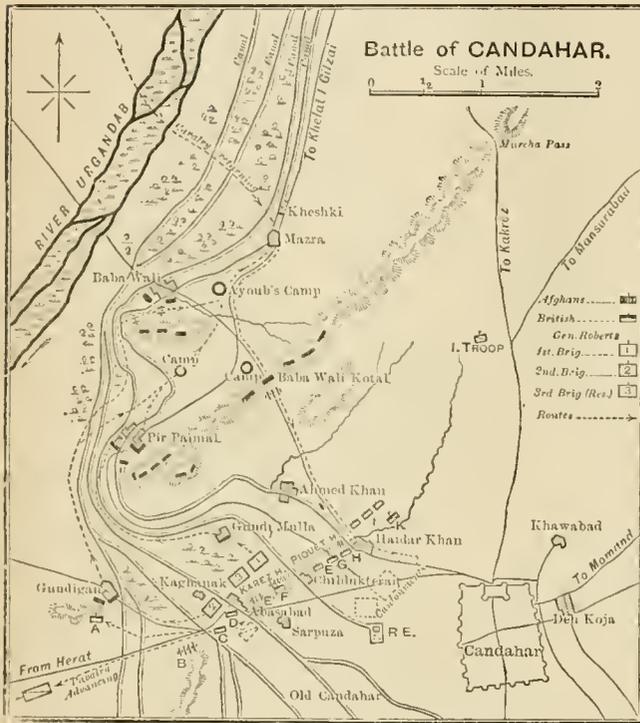
showing a daily average of nearly seventeen miles.

The 24th was a halt-day at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, where Sir Frederick Roberts received a letter from General Primrose in Candahar describing the unfortunate sortie on the Delh Khoja village and giving details of his situation. It was resolved to evacuate Khelat-i-Ghilzai and carry

forward its garrison with the column, which on the 25th resumed its march on Candahar. On his arrival at Tirandaz on the following day, the general found a letter from Candahar informing him that at the news of the approach of the Cabul force Ayoub Khan had withdrawn from his investment of Candahar, and had shifted his camp to the village of Mazra in the Urgandab valley, nearly due north of Candahar. On the morning of the 27th, General Hugh Gough was sent forward with two cavalry regiments a distance of thirty-four miles to Robat,

from Robat to Candahar into two short marches. The long forced march from Cabul may be regarded as having ended at Robat. The distance between those two extremities, 303 miles, had been covered in twenty days. It is customary in a long march to allow two rest-days in each week, but Roberts had granted his force but a single rest-day in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Including this rest-day, the average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. As a feat of marching by a regular force of 10,000 men encumbered with baggage,

transport, and followers, this achievement is unique, and could have been accomplished only by thorough organization and steady, vigorous energy. Sir Frederick Roberts was so fortunate as to encounter no opposition that might delay or hinder his progress. For this immunity he was indebted mainly to the stern lessons given to the tribesmen by Sir Donald Stewart at Ahmed-Kehl and Urzoo while that resolute soldier was marching from Candahar to Cabul, and in a measure also to the good offices of the new Ameer. But it must be pointed out that he had no assurance of exemption from hostile efforts to block his path, and that he marched ever ready to fight. It will long be remembered how, after Roberts had started on the long, swift march, the suspense regarding its issue grew and swelled until the strain became intense. The safety of the garrison of Candahar was in grave hazard; the British prestige, impaired by the disaster of Maiwand, was trembling



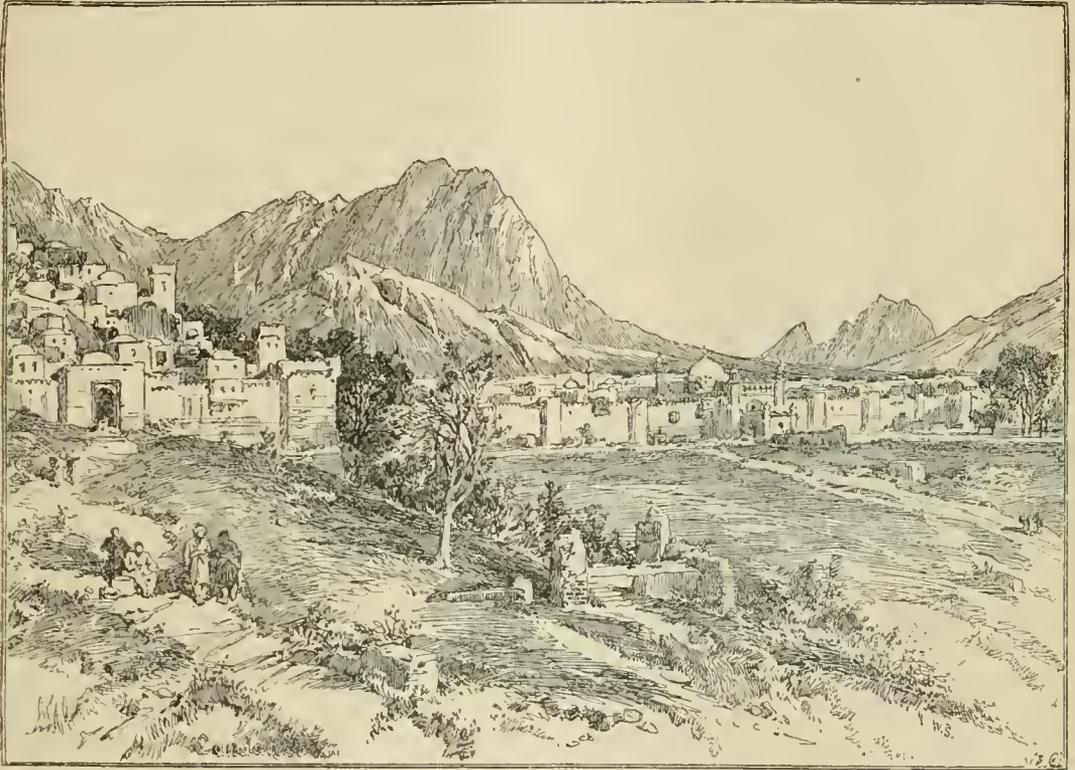
the main column moving on to Khel Akhund, half-way to the earlier-named place. Gough was accompanied by Captain Straton, the principal signalling officer of the force, who was successful in communicating with Candahar; and the same afternoon Colonel St. John, Major Leach, and Major Adam rode out to Robat, bringing the information that Ayoub Khan was engaged in strengthening his position in the Urgandab valley, and apparently had the intention of risking the issue of a battle. On the 28th the whole force was concentrated at Robat; and as it was desirable that the troops should reach Candahar fresh and ready for prompt action, the general wisely decided to make the 29th a rest-day and to divide the nineteen miles

in the balance. The days passed, and there came no news of Roberts and of the 10,000 men with whom the wise, daring little chief had cut loose from any base and struck for his goal through a region of ill-repute for fanaticism and bitter hostility. Not a few of our pessimists held him to be marching on his ruin. But Roberts marched light; he lived on what the country supplied; he gave the tribesmen no time to concentrate against him; and so, two days in advance of the time he had set himself, he reached Candahar at the head of a force in full freshness of vigour and burning with ardour for immediate battle under their trusted leader.

On the morning of August 31st the force reached Candahar. Sir Frederick Roberts, who

had been suffering from fever for some days, was able to leave his dhooly and mount his horse in time to meet General Primrose and his officers to the eastward of Deh Khoja. The troops halted and breakfasted outside the Shikarpur gate while the general entered the city and paid a visit to the Wali, Shere Ali Khan. On his arrival he assumed command of the troops in Southern Afghanistan; and he remained resting in the city while the Cabul force was marching

considerable strength. The Urgandab valley is separated on the north-west from the Candahar plain by a long, precipitous spur trending south-west from the mountainous mass forming the eastern boundary of the valley farther north. Where the spur quits the main range due north of the city, the Murcha pass affords communication between Candahar and the Urgandab valley. The spur, its summit serrated by alternate heights and depressions, is again crossed



CANDAHAR.

to its selected camping-ground near the destroyed cantonments to the north-west of Candahar. A few shots were fired, but the ground was taken up without opposition. Baker's brigade was on the right, in rear of Piquet hill; in the centre was Macpherson's brigade, covered to its front by Karez hill; and on the left among orchards and enclosures was Macgregor's brigade, in rear of which was the cavalry.

III.—THE BATTLE OF CANDAHAR.

ALTHOUGH Ayoub Khan had broken off his beleaguering of Candahar, he had withdrawn from that fortified city but a short distance, and the position which he had taken up was one of

lower down by an easy pass known as the Baba Wali Kotal. It is continued beyond this saddle for about a mile, still maintaining its south-westerly trend, never losing its precipitous character, and steeply escarped on its eastern face; and it finally ends in the plain after a steep descent of several hundred feet. The section of it from the Baba Wali Kotal to its south-western termination is known as the Pir Paimal hill, from a village of that name in the valley near its extremity. Ayoub Khan had made his camp near the village of Mazra, behind the curtain formed by the spur just described, and about 2 mile higher up in the valley than the point at which the spur is crossed by the road over the

Baba Wali Kotal. He was thus, with that point artificially strengthened and defended by artillery, well protected against a direct attack from the direction of Candahar, and was exposed only to the risk of a turning movement round the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill. Such a movement might be made the reverse of easy. A force advancing to attempt it must do so exposed to fire from the commanding summit of the Pir Paimal; around the base of that rugged elevation there were several plain-villages and an expanse of enclosed orchards and gardens which, strongly held, were capable of stubborn defence. In the valley behind the Pir Paimal hill there was the lofty detached Kharoti hill, the fire from which would meet in the teeth a force essaying the turning movement; and the interval between the two hills through which was the access to the Mazra camps, was obstructed by deep irrigation channels, the banks of which afforded cover for defensive fire and could be swept by a cross-fire from the hills on either flank.

Sir Frederick Roberts had perceived at a glance that a direct attack on Ayoub's position by the Baba Wali Kotal must involve very heavy loss, and he resolved on the alternative of turning the Afghan position. A reconnaissance was made on the afternoon of the 31st by General Gough, accompanied by Colonel Chapman. They penetrated to within a short distance of the village of Pir Paimal, where it was ascertained that the enemy were strongly entrenched and where several guns were unmasked. A great deal of valuable information was obtained before the enemy began to interfere with Gough's leisurely withdrawal. The escorting cavalry suffered little, but the Sikh infantry covering the retirement of the reconnaissance were hard pressed by great masses of Afghan regulars and irregulars. So boldly did the enemy come on that the 3rd and part of the 1st brigade had to come into action, and the firing did not cease until the evening. The enemy were clearly in the belief that the reconnaissance was an advance in force which they had been able to check, and indeed drive in; and they were opportunely audacious in the misapprehension that they had gained a success. The information brought in decided the general to attack on the following morning; and having matured his dispositions, he explained them personally to his commanding officers in the early morning of September 1st. They were extremely lucid, and the plan of attack was perfectly simple. The Baba Wali Kotal was to be plied with a brisk cannonade and

threatened by demonstrations both of cavalry and of infantry, while the 1st and 2nd brigades, with the 3rd in reserve, were to turn the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill, force the enemy's right in the interval between that hill and the Kharoti eminence opposite, take in reverse the Baba Wali Kotal, and pressing on up the Urgandab valley, carry Ayoub's principal camp at Mazra. The Bombay cavalry brigade was to watch the roads over the Murcha and Baba Wali Kotal, supported by infantry and artillery belonging to General Primrose's command, part of which was also detailed for the protection of the city, and to hold the ground from which the Cabul brigades were to advance. General Gough was to take the cavalry of the Cabul column across the Urgandab, so as to reach by a wide circuit the anticipated line of the Afghan retreat.

Soon after 9 a.m. on the 1st September the 40-pounders on the right of Piquet hill began a vigorous cannonade of the Baba Wali Kotal, which was sturdily replied to by the three field-guns which the enemy had in battery on that elevation. It had been early apparent that Ayoub's army was in great heart, and, seemingly meditating an offensive operation, had moved out so far into the plain as to occupy the villages of Mulla Sahibdad opposite the British right and of Gundigan on the left front of the British left. Both villages were right in the fair-way of Roberts's intended line of advance; they, the adjacent enclosures, and the interval between the villages were strongly held; and manifestly the first thing to be done was to force the enemy back from those advanced positions. Two batteries opened a heavy shell-fire on the Sahibdad village, under cover of which Macpherson advanced his brigade against it, the 2nd Goorkhas and 92nd Highlanders in his first line. Simultaneously Baker moved out to the assault of Gundigan, clearing the gardens and orchards between him and that village, and keeping touch as he advanced with the first brigade.

The shell-fire compelled the Afghan occupants of Sahibdad to lie close, and it was not until they were near the village that Macpherson's two leading regiments encountered much opposition. It was carried at the bayonet-point after a very stubborn resistance; the place was swarming with Ghazis who threw their lives away recklessly, and continued to fire on the British soldiers from houses and cellars after the streets had been cleared. The 92nd lost several men, but the Afghans were severely punished—

it was reported that 200 were killed in this village alone. While a detachment remained to clear out the village, the brigade, under a heavy fire from the slopes and crest of the Pir Paimal hill, moved on in the direction of that hill's south-western extremity, the progress of the troops impeded by obstacles in the shape of dry water-cuts, orchards, and walled enclosures, every yard of which was infested by enemies and had to be made good by steady fighting.

While Macpherson was advancing on Sahibdad, Baker's brigade had been pushing on through complicated lanes and walled enclosures towards the village of Gundigan. The opposition here was also very resolute. The Afghans held their ground behind loopholed walls which had to be carried by storm, and they did not hesitate to take the offensive by making vigorous counter-rushes. Baker's two leading regiments were the 72nd and the 2nd Sikhs. The left wing of the former, supported by the 5th Goorkhas, the old and tried comrades of the 72nd, assailed and took the village. Its right wing fought its way through the orchards between it and Sahibdad, in the course of which work it came under a severe enflading fire from a loopholed wall which the Sikhs on the right were attempting to turn. Captain Frome and several men had been struck down, and the hot fire had staggered the Highlanders, when their chief, Colonel Brownlow, came up on foot. That gallant soldier gave the word for a rush, but immediately fell mortally wounded. After much hard fighting Baker's brigade got forward into more open country, but was then exposed to the fire of an Afghan battery near the extremity of the Pir Paimal spur, and to the attacks of great bodies of Ghazis, which were stoutly withstood by the Sikhs and driven off by a bayonet attack delivered by the Highlanders.

The two leading brigades had accomplished the first portion of their arduous day's work. They were now in alignment with each other; and the task before them was to accomplish the turning movement round the steep extremity of the Pir Paimal ridge. Macpherson's brigade, hugging the face of the steep elevation, brought up the left shoulder, and having effected the turning movement, swept up the valley and carried the village of Pir Paimal by a series of rushes. Here, however, Major White (now Commander-in-Chief in India), commanding the advance of the Gordons, found himself confronted by great masses of the enemy, who appeared determined to make a resolute stand

about their guns in position south-west of the Baba Wali Kotal. Reinforcements were observed hurrying up from Ayoub's standing camp at Mazra, and the Afghan guns on the Kotal had been reversed so that their fire should enflade the British advance. Discerning that in such circumstances prompt action was imperative, Macpherson determined to storm the position without waiting for reinforcements. The 92nd under Major White led the way, covered by the fire of a field-battery and supported by the 5th



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON

Goorkhas and the 23rd Pioneers. Springing from out a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well; their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes poured in a sharp cross-fire; their guns were well served. But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe, but they took the Afghan guns at the point of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Goorkhas and Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some 8,000 men. No chance was given the enemy to rally. They were headed off from the Pir Paimal slopes by Macpherson. Baker hustled them out of cover in the water-courses in the basin on the left; and while one stream of fugitives poured away across the river,

another was rolled backward into and through Ayoub's camp at Mazra.

While Macpherson had effected his turning movement close under the ridge, Baker's troops on the left had to make a wider sweep before bringing up the left shoulder and wheeling into the hollow between the Pir Paimal and the Kharoti hill. They swept out of their path what opposition they encountered, and moved on the centre of the hollow, where their commander halted them until Macpherson's brigade

looking on while the advance of Macpherson and Baker caused the evacuation of Ayoub's camp and the flight of his cavalry and infantry towards the Urgandab. But the discovery and capture of five more Afghan cannon near Baba Wali village afforded him some consolation for the enforced inaction.

Considerable numbers of Ayoub's troops had earlier pushed through the Baba Wali pass, and had moved down towards the right front of General Burrows's Bombay brigade in position



"IT WAS CARRIED AT THE BAYONET-POINT AFTER A VERY STUBBORN RESISTANCE" (A. 702).

on the right, having accomplished its more active work, should come up and restore the alignment. Baker had sent Colonel Money with a half-battalion away to the left to take possession of the Kharoti hill, where he found and captured three Afghan guns. Pressing on towards the northern edge of the hill, Money, to his surprise, found himself in full view of Ayoub's camp, which was then full of men, and in rear of which a line of cavalry was drawn up. Money was not strong enough to attack single-handed, and he therefore sent to General Baker for reinforcements, which, however, could not be spared him, and the gallant Money had perforce to remain

about Piquet hill. Having assured himself that Burrows was able to hold his own, Sir Frederick Roberts ordered Macgregor to move the 3rd brigade forwards towards Pir Paimal village, whither he himself rode. On his arrival there he found that the 1st and 2nd brigades were already quite a mile in advance. The battle really had already been won; but there being no open view to the front, General Ross, who commanded the whole infantry division, had no means of discerning this result; and, anticipating the likelihood that Ayoub's camp at Mazra would have to be taken by storm, he had halted the brigades to replenish ammunition. This delay gave

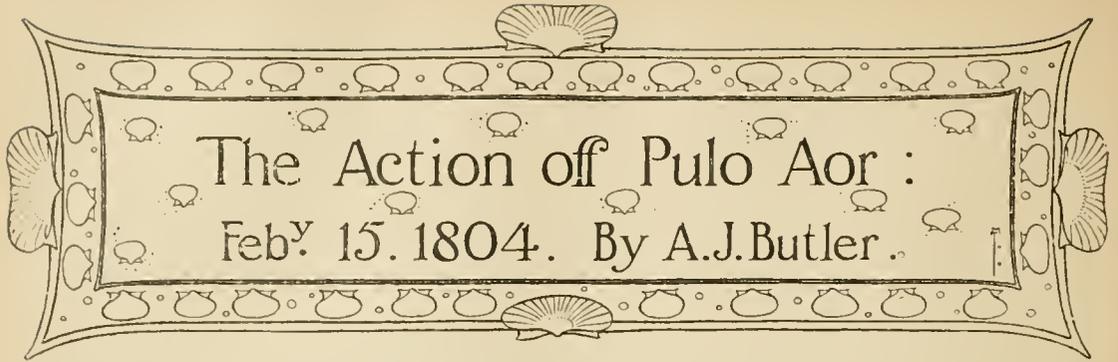
opportunity for the entire evacuation of the Afghan camp, which when reached without any further opposition and entered at 1 p.m. was found to be deserted. The tents had been left standing. "All the rude equipage of a half-barbarous army had been hurriedly abandoned—the meat in the cooking-pots, the bread half-kneaded in the earthen vessels, the bazaar with its *ghee* pots, dried fruits, flour, and corn." Ayoub's great marquee had been precipitately abandoned, and the fine carpets covering its floor had been left. But in the hurry of their flight the Afghans had found opportunity to illustrate their barbarism by the murder of their prisoner, Lieutenant Maclaine, whose body was found near Ayoub's tent with the throat cut. To this bloody deed Ayoub does not seem to have been privy. The Sepoys who were prisoners with Maclaine testified that Ayoub fled about eleven o'clock, leaving the prisoners in charge of the guard with no instructions beyond a verbal order that they were not to be killed. It was more than an hour later when the guard ordered the unfortunate young officer out of his tent and took his life.

The victory was complete, and Ayoub's army was in full rout. Unfortunately, no cavalry was in hand for a pursuit from the Mazra camp. The scheme for intercepting the fugitive Afghans by sending the cavalry brigade on a wide movement across the Urgandab to strike the line of their probable retreat towards the Khakrez valley may have been ingenious in conception, but in practice did not have the desired effect. Ayoub Khan, however, had been decisively defeated. He had lost the whole of his artillery, numbering thirty-two pieces, his camp, an immense quantity of ammunition, about 1,000 men killed; his army was dispersed, and he himself was a fugitive with a mere handful along with him of the army of 12,000 men which he had commanded in the morning.

The battle of Candahar was an effective finale to the latest of our Afghan wars, and it is in this sense that it is chiefly memorable. The gallant men who participated in the winning of it must have been the first to smile at the epithets of "glorious" and "brilliant" which were lavished on the victory. In truth, if it had not been a victory our arms would have sustained a grave discredit. The soldiers of Roberts and Stewart had been accustomed to fight, and for the most part to conquer, against heavy numerical odds, which were fairly balanced by their discipline and the superiority of their armament. But in

the battle of Candahar the numerical disparity was non-existent, and Ayoub had immensely the disadvantage as regarded trained strength. His force, according to the reckoning ascertained by the British general, amounted, all told, to 12,800 men. The strength of the British force, not inclusive of the detail of Bombay troops garrisoning Candahar, was over 12,000. But this army, 12,000 strong, consisted entirely of disciplined soldiers, of whom over one-fifth were Europeans. The accepted analysis of Ayoub's army shows it to have consisted of 4,000 regular infantry, 800 regular cavalry, 5,000 tribal irregular infantry, of whom an indefinite proportion were no doubt Ghazis, and 3,000 irregular horsemen. In artillery strength the two forces were nearly equal. When it is remembered that Charasiah was won by some 2,500 soldiers, of whom only about 800 were Europeans, contending against 10,000 Afghans in an exceptionally strong position and well provided with artillery, Sir Frederick's wise decision to make assurance doubly sure in dealing with Ayoub at Candahar stands out very strikingly. Perforce in his battles around Cabul Roberts had taken risks; but because in those adventures he had been for the most part successful, he was not the man to weaken the certainty of an all-important issue by refraining from putting into the field every habile soldier at his disposal. And he was wisely cautious in his tactics against Ayoub. That he was strong enough to make a direct attack by storming the Baba Wali Kotal and the Pir Paimal hill was clear in the light of previous experience. But if there was more "brilliancy" in a direct attack, there were certain to be heavier losses than would be incurred in the less dashing turning movement, and Sir Frederick, in the true spirit of a commander, chose the more artistic and less bloody method of earning his victory. It did not cost him dear. His casualties of the day were thirty-six killed, including three officers, and 218 wounded, among whom were nine officers.

The battle of 1st September having brought to a close the latest Afghan war, Sir Frederick Roberts quitted Candahar on the 9th, and marched to Quetta with part of his division. On 15th October at Sibi he resigned his command, and, taking sick leave to England, sailed from Bombay on the 30th. His year of hard and successful service in Afghanistan greatly enhanced his reputation as a prompt, skilful, and enterprising soldier. His subsequent career is familiar to all.



The Action off Pulo Aor :
Feb^y. 15. 1804. By A.J. Butler.

THE present writer was once walking through the fields in the spring-time, when he became aware of a great commotion in some trees over his head. Presently a kestrel flew out, hotly pursued by a missel-thrush. It was quite clear that the "bird of prey" had been investigating too closely the opportunities afforded by the domestic arrangements of the other—thinking, no doubt, that he had to do with a peaceable member of the feathered world. Unluckily for him, he had lighted on one who, not by profession a fighter, was quite ready to defend himself if attacked. The same kind of thing now and then happens among our own species; and the following pages describe a characteristic instance. It is not so much the story of a battle as of how a battle which would probably have been disastrous to the weaker force was averted by pluck and promptitude.

In March, 1803, it was pretty clear that the short-lived peace between England and France was not going to last much longer. The Peace of Amiens had restored to France the settlement of Pondicherry, and General Decaen was sent out as governor. On March 6th he sailed in the line-of-battle ship *Marengo*, accompanied by the frigates *Atalante*, *Belle-Poule*, and *Sémillante*, as well as transports taking troops for the garrison of the place. This fleet was commanded by Rear-Admiral Linois. It was obviously stronger than was at all necessary for the service on which it was sent. Nor need we have much hesitation in assuming that Bonaparte in sending it out had ideas of inflicting injury upon English shipping in the Eastern seas, before the news of the resumption of hostilities could reach the English authorities in those parts. The *Belle-Poule*, being a fast sailer, reached Pondicherry on June 16th, Linois with the rest of his squadron following on July 11th. One of the transports arrived the next day, together with another

vessel, the *Bélier*, which had been despatched ten days later, when war appeared imminent.

Pondicherry had not yet been handed over, and a British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Rainier, was at anchor in the neighbourhood. Just before the *Bélier* sailed in, the captain of the French flag-ship had gone on board the vessel of the English admiral with a polite invitation to breakfast next morning with Admiral Linois, which was no less politely accepted. But when the morning came flag-ship, admiral, breakfast and all were gone. It could only be conjectured that the *Bélier* had brought fresh instructions, in pursuance of which the French admiral had departed. That evening the other transport, the *Côte d'Or*, turned up; and as matters looked suspicious, two of the English ships thought it as well to anchor alongside of her. The *Belle-Poule* had been on a private trip to Madras. On the 15th she returned, in company with the English *Terpsichore*; but while the latter remained, the French frigate, after signalling to the transport, stood back to sea. That same night the *Côte d'Or* likewise moved out; but the *Terpsichore* followed, and after some demur, and even the firing of a few shots, prevailed on her to come back. It was then learnt that she had been ordered, doubtless by signals from the *Belle-Poule*, to sail for Mauritius, then a French possession, whither Linois was also gone to refit and provision in preparation for a renewal of the war. She was detained till the 24th, when she was allowed to depart, an English frigate accompanying her for some distance, to make sure that she went the right way.

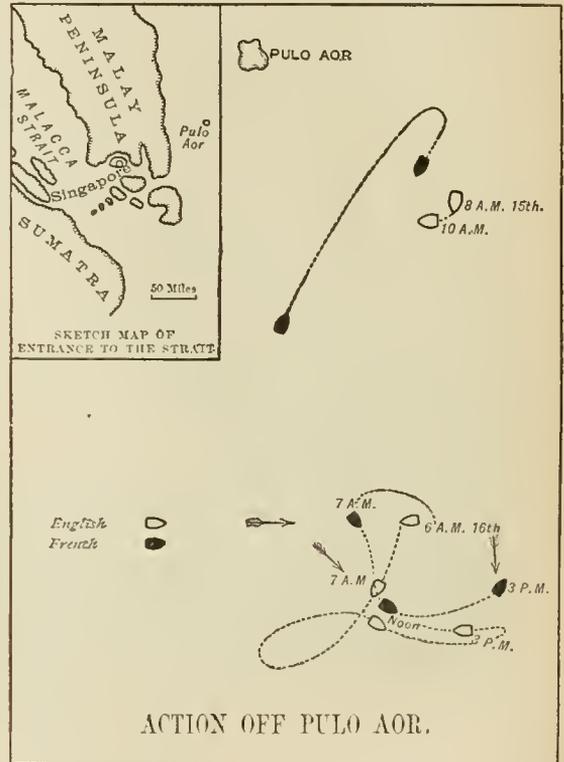
The English squadron proceeded to Madras, when news of the actual declaration of war reached them early in September; but Linois lay quiet at Mauritius until October 8th. Then he sailed for Java and Sumatra, picking up some rich prizes on the way. On December 10th, he anchored off Batavia, in Java, in a convenient

position for snapping up the East India Company's fleet on its way back from China. There he lay till December 28th, when he went on to look out for it. His squadron at this time consisted of the *Marengo* (74), the frigates *Belle-Poule* (40), and *Sémillante* (36), the *Berceau* corvette (22), and a 16-gun brig belonging to Batavia.

On January 31st the China fleet sailed from Canton, under the command of Commodore Nathaniel Dance. It consisted of sixteen great Indiamen, besides eleven "country ships," or vessels hailing from Indian ports, one vessel belonging to Botany Bay and one to Portugal. An armed brig, the *Ganges*, accompanied it. This fleet of thirty ships in all was a good deal better armed than a fleet of merchantmen would be in these days. The Indiamen carried from thirty to thirty-six guns each. But the guns were in many cases of a nearly obsolete class; they threw, as a rule, a much less weight of metal than those on board a man-of-war; and they were hampered by having water-butts lashed between them, and by the general lumber of the decks. But even greater was the comparative weakness of the crews. None of these exceeded 140 men, whereas we know that the complement of even the little *Berceau* was 200. The officers and crews had not been trained to fight, and among the latter were a great many Chinamen and Lascars, who could hardly be depended upon to render much service if it came to action. The "country ships" were apparently unarmed.

Such was the force at the disposal of Commodore Dance for the protection of the enormously valuable fleet under his charge. He was, as it were, the shepherd in charge of a flock of sheep; and sheep, even though they have horns, are a poor match for even a small pack of wolves. Something of this sort Dance must have felt on the morning of February 15th. The island of Pulo Aor, which lies, so to speak, just "round the corner" from the Straits of Malacca, and at no great distance from the entrance to the straits, bore about N.W., at seven or eight leagues' distance, when one of his vessels, the *Royal George*, signalled four strange sail in the south-west—that is, right in their road. Four Indiamen with the *Ganges* were sent to examine the strangers, and soon reported them to be a French squadron. Dance hove to, with head to westward, but the Frenchman, puzzled by the number of ships, which was greater than his advices had led him to expect, and preferring to approach them

with the advantage of the weather-gauge, held on his course till he was well in their rear. In those latitudes the wind at that season blows from the north-westward or northward, though on this particular morning there were light airs from N.E. to S.W., finally settling into the west. Then he about went, and by nightfall the French squadron was close astern of the fleet. Linois, however, seems even by this time to have suspected that his wolves might find the sheep a somewhat tougher morsel than they had anticipated, and accordingly deferred his attack till daylight.



The morning confirmed him in his opinion. As he wrote himself: "If the bold face assumed by the enemy had only been an artifice to conceal their weakness, they might have tried to slip away in the darkness. But I had soon to convince myself that there was no feigning about their confidence; they lay-to all night with lights burning, and in good order." At day-break the French fleet was seen also lying-to about three miles to the windward, the wind being light from west. Both sides hoisted their colours, but as the enemy showed no signs of advancing, Dance resumed his course, proceeding in line under easy sail upon the starboard tack. The three French ships and the brig then filled on the same tack, and bore up with the

intention of cutting the long line of the merchant fleet in two. Perceiving this, Dance made at one o'clock the signal to tack in succession, the effect of which would be to bring his line on to a course more or less parallel with that of the French line, and to windward of it, and to engage on coming abreast of the enemy. The manœuvre was correctly executed, the *Royal George*, Captain John Timmins, leading, followed

those which followed, she again brought her broadside to bear, and with the other vessels kept up a brisk fire. The ships, as they tacked, joined the combatants, and three of those which had been the first to come into action began manœuvring to get into our rear, while the rest of the fleet, making all sail and keeping away, showed a design of surrounding us. By this manœuvre the enemy would have rendered my



THE ACTION OFF PULO AOR.

by the *Ganges*. Dance, in the *Earl Camden* (he had commanded the ship for nearly twenty years), occupied the third place in the line; and so the sheep stood towards the wolves. The French were nothing loth, and in order to hasten the issue, sailed a little more away from the wind, which had now veered to N.N.W. At 1.15 Linois' opened fire upon the *Royal George*, which returned it vigorously, firing eight or nine broadsides in all, the *Ganges* and *Earl Camden* taking up the ball as they came into range, respectively five and fifteen minutes later. The only other vessels engaged were the *Warley* and *Alfred*. Admiral Linois in his report to his own Government relates the rest of the action. "The enemy's leading ship, having sustained some damage, put her helm up; but supported by

position very dangerous. I had ascertained his superior force"—Linois seems all along to have been under the impression that there were some king's ships present—"and I had no further occasion to deliberate as to the steps I should take to avoid the fatal results of an unequal contest. Taking advantage, therefore, of the smoke which hung about me, I wore and went off on the port tack." Then, shaping my course east-north-east, I drew away from the enemy,

* James, following Dance's log, says, "hauled his wind on the port tack," but the word employed by the French admiral seems only to mean "wore." Before the action began both fleets were on the starboard tack. The wind, however, shifted, and had drawn more towards the north after the action began, so as to bring him on to the port tack without any material change in his direction; and it must have been then that he wore.

who continued to pursue the squadron till three o'clock, firing several ineffectual broadsides." The sheep fairly made the wolves turn tail after a fight which had lasted not quite three-quarters of an hour.

The pursuit, though well intended, and forming an appropriate finish to the game of bluff which Commodore Dance had so successfully played, could not have any results, and only took the fleet in the wrong direction. At three o'clock, therefore, after having, as a recent writer says, "enjoyed for two hours the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful squadron of ships of war flying before a number of merchantmen," Dance made the signal to go about, and by eight the ships anchored in a convenient situation for entering the straits next morning. The losses had been very trifling. The *Royal George*, which had been longest in action, was a good deal knocked about in hull and rigging, and had one man killed and another wounded. The other ships had scarcely suffered at all, while on the French side not a man seems to have been injured.

A long "butcher's bill" is, however, not necessary as evidence of courage and resource in action, and so Dance's countrymen felt. The news of his exploit was received with enthusiasm

in England. He was knighted by the king, and well rewarded by those whose property he had so pluckily and effectually defended. His words in returning thanks are worth quoting. Taken in connection with his conduct in command of the fleet, they show that the combination of courage with modesty, which was so characteristic of the best seamen of those days, was not confined to those employed more directly in the service of the nation, and that England has no less reason to be proud of her merchant skippers than of her post-captains. "Placed by the adventitious circumstances of seniority of service and absence of convoy in the chief command of the fleet entrusted to my care, it has been my good fortune to have been enabled, by the firmness of those by whom I was supported, to perform my trust not only with fidelity, but without loss to my employers. Public opinion and public rewards have already far outrun my deserts, and I cannot but be sensible that the liberal spirit of my generous countrymen has measured what they are pleased to term their grateful sense of my conduct rather by the particular ability of the exploit than by any individual merit I can claim."

Sir Nathaniel Dance survived till 1827.



COMMODORE NATHANIEL DANCE.

(From an Engraving by C. Turner, after R. Westall, R.A.)



" But down in Tennessee one night
 Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
 'nd the sergeant allow'd ther'd be a fight
 With the Johnny Rebs some time nex' day.

'nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'an home
 Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me,
 'nd I havin' my opinyin uv him."

EUGENE FIELD.

DOWN in Tennessee in the early summer of 1863, General Bragg realised that he and his Confederate soldiers were in a tight corner. Menaced on every side, and the Federals massing in such numbers on front as to make his destruction inevitable, Bragg knew that he must at once fall back. But how to effect the movement without risking demoralisation, if not annihilation, was the question. Already more than enough soldiers from the North were in position to fall upon him the moment he began his retreat; and as retreat was inevitable, it became necessary that something be done to divert attention from the rearward movement. In this dilemma Bragg sent for General John H. Morgan, leader of a brigade of Confederate Mounted Riflemen.

Already General Morgan was famous throughout the land. In the Northern States, as in the Southern Confederacy, his name had been heralded as that of the hero of many stirring deeds; for on a number of occasions during the earlier years of the terrible struggle between North and South he had acted with wonderful dash and daring, splendidly supported by his fiery Southern cavalymen, every one of them mounted on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse. Morgan had made raiding a specialty, and time and again he set forth on a roving expedition into the heart of the Northern States, raiding, to use an expressive if vulgar phrase, "all over the shop," tearing up railways, cutting telegraph wires, capturing stores, falling upon the Federal army's line of communications, burning bridges, destroying railway stations, driving off horses, mules, and cattle; in short, setting the country ablaze and creating panic and havoc far and

wide. His men were the best mounted in either army. The blue-grass animals, the most noted beasts in the United States, were as full of fire and dash as the gallant men that bestrode them, and so it was that Morgan, when on one of his raids, could continue to march for twenty-one out of twenty-four hours for days at a time. When in the enemy's country he turned up in a bewildering number of places, and travelled incredible distances in short spaces of time, so that to come at him and corner his Rough Riders was almost as impossible a task as to clap hat over a will-o'-the-wisp. The South, in the years of the Civil War, placed many brilliant cavalry leaders into the field, but not one with more "go" and well-balanced determination than Morgan the Raider. During his incursions into the North he never once showed the white feather, but continually fought bitter fights. When he made up his mind to attack an opposing force, he delivered his charge with unparalleled fury. If, on the other hand, he thought it good policy to ward off a battle, he made no bones about avoiding blows by any and every means that came to his hand. Such was the character of the man General Bragg turned to in his trouble, and Morgan proved to be the one for the emergency.

The two generals held a long consultation. Kentucky was in the grasp of the Federal forces; and on the frontier of Tennessee, Rosecrans had his army of men from the North. Generals Bragg and Morgan agreed that something must be done to divert the Federal general's attention from Bragg's retreat. Morgan eagerly jumped at the chance of once more making away on a roving, raiding expedition, to dash through the

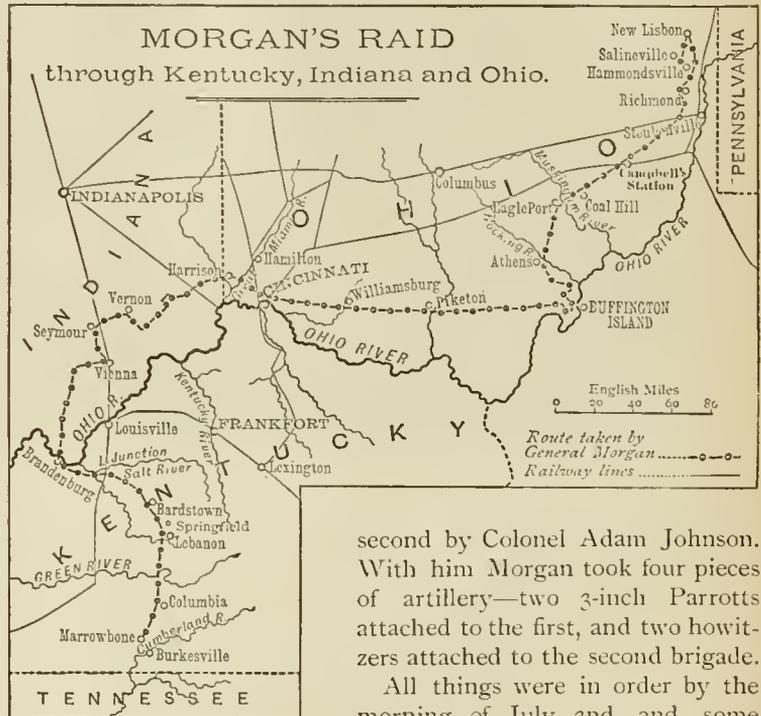
Federal lines, and to set the country in the rear of Rosecrans's army by the ears.

Discussing the plans for this latest raid, the two Southern generals differed as to the extent of the operations. Morgan wished to be allowed to extend the raid into the States—Indiana and Ohio—lying to the north of Kentucky. Bragg was of the opinion that the object of the expedition would be equally well accomplished if Morgan confined himself to the south of the Ohio River, and threatened—or, if practicable, captured—Louisville. These operations would

make it necessary for the Federal cavalry to withdraw from the front, and to exert themselves to check or capture Morgan. Morgan believed that a raid to Louisville would not be enough. He pleaded for permission to carry fire and sword through Indiana and Ohio. These two States were hurrying troops to the front in anticipation of a big battle, and Morgan believed he could make matters so warm that those troops would have to be recalled to their native States to protect their own hearths and homes. Besides, some weighty elections were soon to take place. That there were many Southern sympathisers in the States Morgan well knew, and he thought that if that part of the Union got a sore shake-up, many who were not over-enthusiastic one way or another in regard to the principles at stake in the dispute might be inclined, if they saw war at their doors, to vote for giving the Confederates their freedom. General Bragg, Morgan's superior, however, refused to give permission for the crossing of the Ohio; not only refused permission, but, I believe, gave explicit orders that the Ohio River was on no account to be crossed. When the interview had ended, Morgan sent for Colonel Duke, whom he chose to lead the first brigade, and told Duke there and then that he had no intention of obeying Bragg's orders, and that he was going direct to the Ohio and would cross it at the first opportunity that came to him.

Conscious of the importance of the raid and of

the hardships that lay ahead of him, Morgan took exceptional pains in choosing the men who were to ride with him. These numbered, all told, 2,460 splendidly mounted men who had followed Morgan on many of his pounces into the land of the North; and the record of this remarkable raid will bear out the claim that never were soldiers collected together who proved themselves better fitted for the strain and excitement of long marches and heavy fighting than Morgan's men. The force was divided into two brigades, the first commanded by Colonel Basil Duke, the



second by Colonel Adam Johnson. With him Morgan took four pieces of artillery—two 3-inch Parrotts attached to the first, and two howitzers attached to the second brigade.

All things were in order by the morning of July 2nd, and some time before noon the same day the

two brigades made for the Cumberland River. The first brigade divided and took to the river at two points, Burkesville and Scott's Ferry, places separated from one another by a distance of about two miles. For crossing the broad stream only the most primitive material could be secured. Canoes lashed together so as to form rafts and a few flat-bottomed boats treated in a like manner served to float the men out into the stream, each Rough Rider holding his horse's head above water while it swam by the side of the floats. The river, swollen by heavy rains, ran in a thousand angry swirls and eddies, sweeping the rafts and the splashing, struggling animals this way and that as they slowly edged towards the Northern shore. At

this the very outset the expedition was in grave danger of being wrecked; indeed, it is probable that if the Federals had noticed the movement

and, delivering a furious charge on the massing Federals, routed them before they could place themselves in battle array, and drove them at a



CINCINNATI.

earlier, or taken precautions against the landing of Morgan's men, the raid might have been killed before it had developed sufficiently to be of material account. But Duke succeeded in landing 600 men before the Federals collected force enough to make an attack, which in the end the Southerners found little difficulty in beating back. Johnson at Turkey Neck Bend, several miles down stream from Burkesville, with even slenderer material than the first brigade had laid hold of for crossing the flood, managed the business with considerable dexterity, and soon the 6th Kentucky and 9th Tennessee of the first brigade, with the two Parrotts, marched past Burkesville, and took up a good position, from which they drove back the assembling Federals, and so allowed their comrades to land in peace.

The Federals soon discovered that the movement bid fair to develop into serious dimensions, and at once all available troops were flung across the Southern cavalrymen's line of march. Morgan, who had crossed with the first of his men, placed himself at the head of Quirk's scouts and a few companies of the 9th Tennessee,

gallop right into Marrowbone. But here a strong body of infantry was encountered, and Morgan's advance-guards were compelled to fall back to the main body. However, his vicious charge made the Federal officers careful, and the whole of the two thousand odd cavalrymen got safely to shore. That night, intensely dark, the raiders marched away from the Cumberland.

General Judah, in command of the Federal cavalry in that district, had under him three brigades, and these he hastened to throw across Morgan's path. Meanwhile, telegrams were sent flying in every direction throughout the States of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, telling the military authorities that General Morgan and his determined Southern Rough Riders were once again afoot; that the initial steps of another of his destructive raids had been taken, that he was dashing towards the North and might be expected to appear—anywhere, any time. The news created consternation in Kentucky, for Morgan's movements were likely to be as erratic as a damp squib, and at every cross road, hamlet, and town the people kept anxious watch.

Morgan calculated on meeting with four critical situations on his march, four moments when his force would be dangerously exposed to attack and ruin. First there was the crossing of the Cumberland River. This, the initial difficulty, had been luckily passed. The second was the crossing of the Ohio River. The third his march around Cincinnati; and the final one, the re-crossing, homeward bound, of the Ohio.

Before the break of day the Rough Riders were in their saddles, and, marching by the most direct route on Columbia, carried the town with a rush, sweeping out a detachment of Federals that attempted to check their progress. Without pausing a moment Morgan set his face towards Green River, and near to that stream bivouacked for the night. All through the lonely hours of darkness the sentinels could hear the ominous sound of ringing axe and falling tree, telling that the Federals were working like beavers, obstructing the roads by felling

its northern end stockades had been erected. Behind these stockades lay 400 soldiers, men from Michigan with Colonel Orlando Moore at their head. Here Morgan struck one of the worst snags encountered during the raid.

Green River at this point makes a sweep much like the loop of a rope, and the Federal stockades were enclosed in this loop, while to the north the river in doubling back comes within a few hundred feet of running into itself. The Michigan officer, Moore, realised that the stockades on this peninsula were of no practical value for defence, as they were hopelessly exposed to the guns Morgan was hurrying forward; so without making any attempt to use the stockades for defensive purposes, he quickly withdrew his men from behind them, and, by slashing down some trees, formed a rough-and-ready stockade at the northern end of the narrow neck of land, and determined to make his stand there rather than at the bridge. Morgan marched



"BEHIND THE ROUGH BREASTWORKS LAY THE MICHIGAN MEN" (p. 714).

trees, and throwing up earthworks to retard the Southerners and so give their comrades to the North a chance to close in on the line of march. Across Green River was a good bridge, and at

across the stream by way of the bridge, and prepared to carry the narrow pass with a rush. He first sent an officer to demand the surrender of Moore and his men. Moore called the Raider's

attention to the fact that the day happened to be the 4th of July, and that it was hardly to be expected that a United States officer would surrender without fight on Independence Day. At this part of the raid Morgan made one of his few mistakes. He underestimated the strength of Moore's position and the fighting qualities of the Northern soldiers.

Without further parley Morgan ordered Colonel Johnson to carry the abattis. Johnson, placing himself at the head of the 3rd and 11th Kentucky, delivered a brilliant charge, but when closely jammed together in the narrow pass a storm of bullets swept at them, knocking over horses and men right and left. But, not to be denied, the Southern riflemen rushed towards the stockade with reckless determination. Behind the rough breastworks, however, lay the Michigan men, backwoodsmen who had grown up with a rifle in their hands, and who were noted throughout the whole life of the war as the deadliest of sharpshooters, and these men, cool of head and full of pluck, stood their ground and fired point-blank at their enemy. Duke hurried forward the 5th Kentucky and Smith's Regiment to the support of their comrades, but it was of no avail. The 400 Federals refused to be hustled or driven. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and scarcely a bullet fired by them but found a victim. Hopeless confusion came over the aggressors. The resistance proved altogether too stubborn, and the theatre of action was much too limited to suit the needs of Morgan. Johnson and his riflemen were driven back, and Morgan found that of the 600 men he had sent against the abattis ninety were put out of action in the fifteen minutes' fighting among the fallen timber. Without battering his head any more against such a stubborn stone wall, the raider withdrew across the bridge, marched down the southern bank of the river, and fording the stream, passed around the stockade, leaving the gallant Northerner and his brave men in possession of their little stockade. This was the only severe check Morgan met with on this raid until he met his Waterloo.

After making his forced *détour*, Morgan set out in hot haste for Lebanon, a town held by the 20th Kentucky (Kentucky troops fought on both sides during the Civil War). As he proceeded he learned that a large number of Michigan cavalrymen and a Michigan battery were hurrying to the support of the garrison at Lebanon; so he was under the necessity of detaching a substantial number of his Rough

Riders to retard the "Wolverine" reinforcements and delay them until he could carry the town. Morgan's four guns first opened upon the defences of Lebanon; but without waiting for them to do much execution the raider ordered a general assault. Here again he met with fierce opposition, and in the taking of the town he lost heavily. Half a hundred of his men were knocked over in the fight. Indeed in this action and the fight at Green River a number of Morgan's most valiant officers were left dead on the field, amongst others being his own brother, nineteen years old, Lieutenant "Tom" Morgan, killed at the head of his company, the 2nd Kentucky. Colonel Chenault and Captain Treble of the 11th, Lieutenant Cowan of the 3rd, and Major Brent and Lieutenants Holloway and Ferguson of the 5th Kentucky also fell in those two actions.

Colonel Duke, Morgan's right-hand officer, in a concise and picturesque account of the raid records a number of amusing incidents, but none more pathetically humorous than the fate of the farmer from Calf-Killer Creek. Before the expedition started it was not generally known, of course, whither Morgan was bound. The word passed round was that the Rough Riders were going to Burkesville only. Hearing this an old farmer who wished to lay in a store of salt, mounted his mare to ride to Burkesville under the protection of the Southern cavalymen, for the whole country was infested by bushwhackers, irresponsible slaughterers, heartless and vigilant. The farmer reached Burkesville with the troops, bought his salt, and set out to rejoin the raiders, expecting to ride home again under their wing. His consternation when he heard that instead of returning, his friends were pressing forward on the gallop cannot even be imagined. To attempt to return to Calf-Killer Creek was to condemn himself to certain death at the hands of the bushwhackers, and the prospect of taking part in one of Morgan's furious raids was, to a peaceable farmer, a very unwelcome prospect indeed. But stick to the expedition he must, and to quote Duke: "He made the grand tour, was hurried along day after day through battle and ambush, dragged night after night on remorseless marches, ferried over the broad Ohio under fire of the militia and gunboats, and lodged at last in a 'loathsome dungeon.' On one occasion in Ohio, when the home-guards were peppering us in rather livelier fashion than usual, he said to Captain C. H. Morgan, with tears in his voice, 'I sw'ar if I wouldn't give all the salt in

Kaintucky to stand once more safe and sound on the banks of Calf-Killer Creek.'" "

No pause at Lebanon, and in fact from this time to the last day of the raid the halts were only long enough to allow the horses to get their wind for another dash, and the men to fling themselves at full length on the cool turf. Straight North they rode, every now and again sending small bodies of horse off to one side or other of the route to threaten a town and to mislead and bewilder the Federal authorities, who were straining every nerve to lay an effective trap for the audacious Southerners. Morgan had with him a telegraph operator who continually tapped the wires encountered in the march, and gleaned a good idea of the Federals' arrangements ahead from the orders flashed back and forth. Not only this, but he was able, at Morgan's dictation, to send spurious orders to the officers at various points, orders which soon landed the forces to the North in a tangle. The raider carried in his head a minute knowledge of the country through which he intended to pass and the disposition of the Federal forces in the various districts, and was able to send orders which, on the face of them, bore every appearance of being genuine. In such a muddle did the authorities find themselves over the head of these tricks that when Morgan was known to be on a raid they looked with the greatest suspicion on all telegrams and made use of messengers when at all practicable.

Through Springfield, Bardstown, and Lebanon Junction the raiders proceeded, overwhelming all opposition; and as they approached Louisville the city was taken with a desperate panic. Shutters went up everywhere; banks bundled their bullion, bonds, and bills into boxes, and hurried them Chicagowards by special express trains; women and children scurried away; and the men hastened to place themselves under arms. So widespread was the effect of the raid of these 2,000 Rough Riders, that in the two States Ohio and Indiana 120,000 militia took the field against them, this in addition to three brigades of United States cavalry.

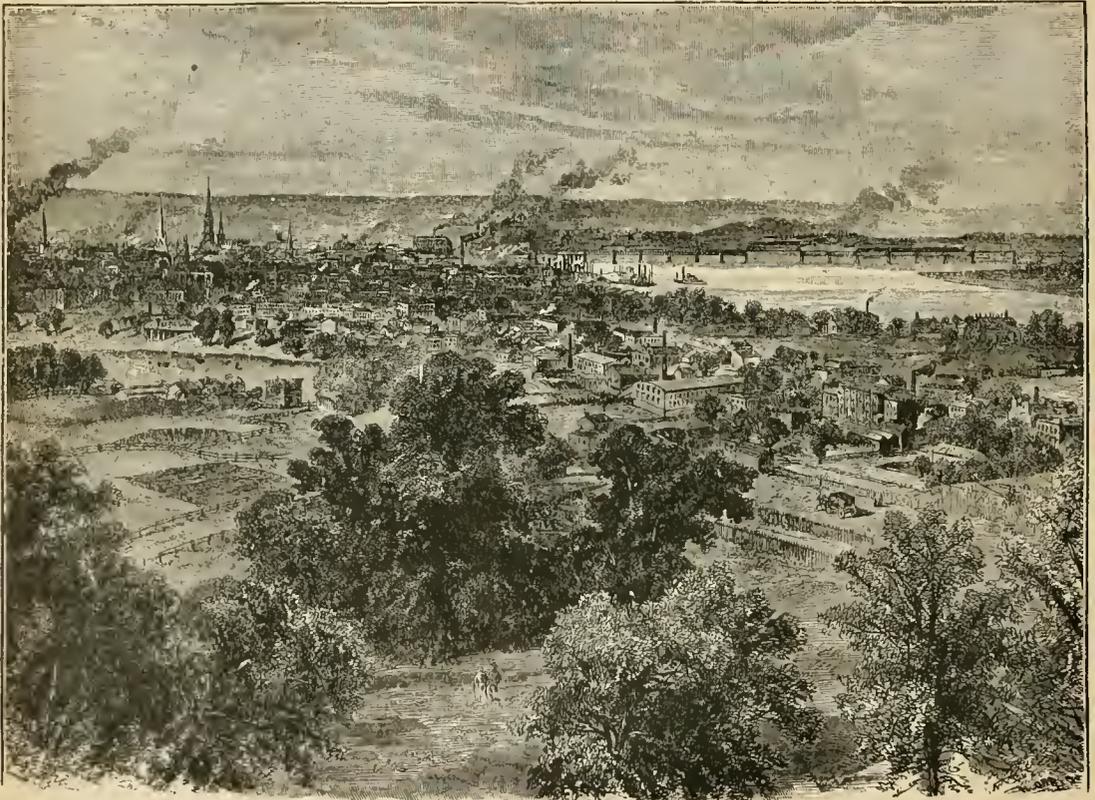
But although Louisville was in such a state of turmoil, Morgan had no intention of doing more than threaten the place. For this he sent a small body towards the city, which, to be sure, was taken to be the advance-guard. The main body pushed ahead, and on the morning of the 8th, just under six days from the time he had stood with his toes on the southern shores of the Cumberland River, Morgan stood on the banks

of the mighty Ohio. He had successfully crossed the State of Kentucky, he had reached the utmost limit his commanding officer had directed him to go, he had fought a dozen bitter skirmishes and overcome all sorts of obstacles, natural and artificial—from felled trees and bushwhackers to swollen rivers and entrenched foes. Moreover, the object of the expedition was in a fair way to be accomplished. Already the whole affected country was in an uproar, and much that had no reason to be affected. The Northern newspapers were full of Morgan's raid, speculating, wondering, and crying aloud to the authorities to check the raiders, and every horseman that the country folk of the three States caught a glimpse of was at once supposed to herald the approach of Morgan's band. Kentucky was totally demoralised; everywhere alarms and rushings to and fro; garrisons standing to arms, scouts on every hill, cavalry hurrying here and there, concentrating at the wrong points, racing this way and that in response to bogus appeals and orders; business, civil and military, at sixes and sevens. And when the news flashed North that the dreaded Rough Riders were indeed crossing the Ohio River, the consternation spread far and wide, for truly the people had good reason to fear the ruthless hand of Morgan. Where his feet trod there the flames leaped into the sky, and the people knew well that in his wake rose the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night.

Before reaching the Ohio, General Morgan had told off the 10th Kentucky, in charge of Captains Meriwether and Taylor, to ride rapidly ahead and try to surprise and capture steamboats to ferry the force over the broad stream. When the raiders reached the Ohio at Brandenburg they found that the captains had succeeded in laying hands upon two useful steamboats, one captured as it lay alongside a wharf, and the other in mid-stream. The river at this point is about two-thirds of a mile wide, and before the steamboats with the first batch of the Rough Riders aboard could leave the wharf, a brisk fire was opened upon the craft from a small battery planted on the opposite bank. The Parrotts had to be brought forward and this opposition silenced before the steamers dared to venture out upon the stream. The two regiments that first set foot in Indiana hastened to move against the small number of Federals who had disputed the passage of the Ohio, and the steamboats had returned to reload, when suddenly round a sharp bend in the river came a Federal gunboat, the

Elk. She steamed rapidly abreast of Morgan's position, and opened fire on his men on the Kentucky shore and those in Indiana, delivering broadsides simultaneously. Behind the Southern leader were Northern cavalry on the gallop in hopes of catching up with him before he managed to cross the Ohio, and now with his forces divided came this gunboat in the middle of the river blazing away. The situation looked black for the raiders. It was quite hopeless to think of venturing upon the bosom of the flood until the *Elk* could be made to turn tail, and the dangers of delay were grave. Once more the four guns were planted in good positions, and most particular pains taken that every shot should count. For a time the *Elk* returned as good as she received, but after an hour's hard cannonading the cavalymen were overjoyed to see her steam reluctantly out of reach of the guns. Morgan made all haste to cross.

uproar, he wheeled to the right and made for Vienna, then towards Indianapolis again as far as Seymour, and again east, pressing close to Vernon and Harrison. The country through which the raiders were now passing was thoroughly aroused and swarmed with militia. Almost every succeeding town brought its skirmish. At Corydon, the first step into Indiana, Morgan lost sixteen men in battle. Now that he had his back to the Ohio, he and his men kept moving with almost superhuman energy. Day after day they continued in their saddles for twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours. By this time scarcely one of the horses that started in the raid but had been abandoned on the road hopelessly knocked up, and the Rough Riders now bestrode less agile beasts picked up from stable and field. These animals were nothing like so useful as the Kentucky blood horses, and a couple of days' marching



LOUISVILLE.

Straight towards Indianapolis, capital of the rich State of Indiana, Morgan shaped his way; but after going far enough to demoralise the city and set the northern part of the State in an

usually did for them, so that Morgan's men were under the necessity of continually scouring the country for fresh mounts. This duty, together with the work of destroying all public

property, stores, and arms, and fighting their way, kept the whole force in continual activity.

As he was soon to come within striking

horses and the dust kicked up by their feet. At every halt which this groping search necessitated scores of tired men would fall asleep and drop



"THE CITY WAS TAKEN WITH A DESPERATE PANIC" (p. 715).

distance of the great city of Cincinnati, Morgan gathered in all his detached parties, so as to have as large a force as possible at his back in case of serious opposition. These concentrated at Harrison. Some miles north of Cincinnati is the town of Hamilton. The raider set out from Harrison as if bound for Hamilton, but once well clear of Harrison he cut all the wires and headed for Cincinnati. To quote Duke's account:—

"We reached the environs of Cincinnati," he says, "about ten o'clock at night, and were not clear of them until after daybreak. My brigade was marching in the rear, and the guides were with General Morgan in the front. The continual straggling of some companies in the rear of Johnson's brigade caused me to become separated from the remainder of the column by a wide gap, and I was for some time entirely ignorant of what direction I should take. The night was pitch dark, and I was compelled to light torches and seek the track of the column by the foam dropped from the mouths of the

out of their saddles. Daylight appeared after we had crossed all of the principal suburban roads and were near the Little Miami Railroad. I never welcomed the fresh invigorating air of morning more gratefully. That afternoon we reached Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati."

The marvel is not that men fell from their saddles in scores, but rather how in the world they managed to sit the saddles at all. But although his men were in such straits, Morgan had no intention of discontinuing his raid. He might easily have seized Cincinnati. The city was at his mercy, quite. Any number of steamboats would have fallen into his hands, and he could have ferried horses and men over the Ohio at his ease. But Morgan had more ambitious designs. He had outwitted all the forces sent to trap him; he had ridden over all opposition in his path; the route he had taken lay across the face of the land like a great serpent—mottled grey ashes and black coals; telegraph wires relaxed

and cut dangled from the poles; the timber of once substantial bridges half-dammed the rushing waters, and rich towns looted of all treasure. Lee was campaigning to the north of the Potomac, and Morgan believed his chances of pushing on through Ohio and Pennsylvania to join the famous general were fairly good. To do so was his intention. But at Piketon disheartening news awaited the Southerners. Vicksburg had fallen, Gettysburg had been fought and lost, and Lee had been battered across the Potomac. This disastrous news put an end to all thoughts of marching through Pennsylvania. There was nothing for it but to make for the Ohio and get back to Tennessee with as great speed as was consistent with the safety of the command.

The Ohio militia swarmed in the way, and every day fighting became more bitter and progress slower. However, Chester was reached at 1 p.m. on July 18th, sixteen days from the start, and Morgan made all speed to cover the eighteen miles between Chester and the Ohio at Buffington Island, where the river could be forded. Unfortunately for the lion-hearted raider, night had closed down upon the land before he reached the brink of the river. Guideless and ignorant of the exact position of the ford, necessity compelled him to await the break of day, although well knowing the risk of the delay. When day at length dawned, Morgan found himself surrounded. Himself and every man of his command knew that the pinch had come. The last of the four crucial points was destined to be the destroying one.

At the earliest moment that daylight permitted, the weary men mounted their jaded horses and prepared to battle for the ford. Duke wheeled the 5th and 6th Kentucky into line, and charged an earthwork which the Federals had thrown up to command the ford, but the Northern men had cleared out. However, the Rough Riders were soon hotly engaged with the advance companies of General Judah's cavalry. These had at length overtaken their enemy after following him for seventeen days through Kentucky and Indiana.

Morgan's men were in a valley, so narrow in some places as to be almost a gorge, and into this along the Chester road galloped Judah's cavalymen, fresh and determined to strike a stunning blow, and over the walls of the valley poured the 8th and 9th Michigan and the 5th Indiana. As if this were not enough, several gunboats steamed to the river end of the valley,

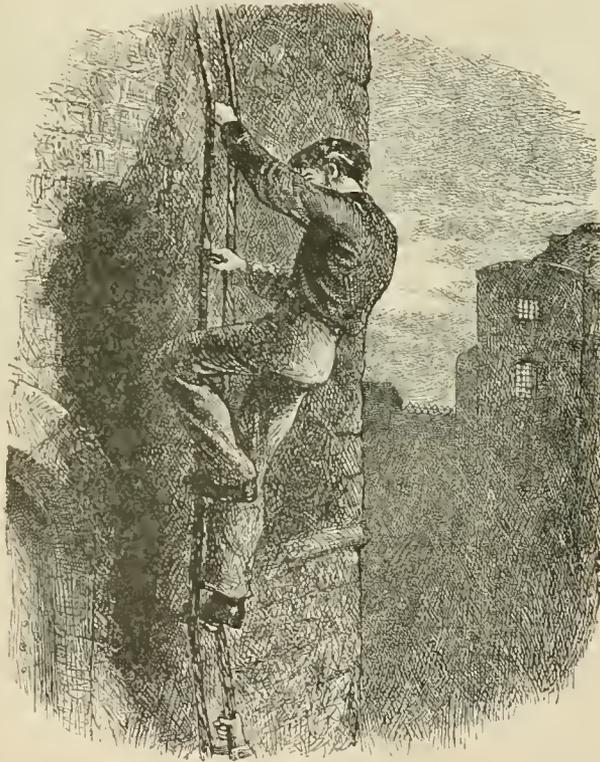
and shot and shell from their broadsides came screaming up from the river, cutting gaps through the closely packed ranks of the Rough Riders. At the first charge delivered by the Federals Morgan's outposts were driven in upon the main body, a substantial number of the 5th Kentucky cut off, and the four guns taken. Even confronted by so serious a situation, the men, exhausted and gaunt after more than two weeks of riding, could scarcely shake clear their brains to act in unison and order, and although Morgan, Duke, and Johnson and many subordinate officers made frantic endeavours to form up and present a bold front to the charges delivered by the Federals, all their efforts were of no avail. The men were pumped by the remorseless march; every ounce of strength in them had gone—so much so, indeed, that many of them were carried helplessly hither and thither by their frightened steeds without the power even to guide the beasts. Moreover, many were without ammunition, having depleted their cartridge-cases in the previous day's fighting, and so could not use their rifles. Duke, in charge of the rear-guard, soon saw that the end had come, and sent a messenger to Morgan telling him just how hopeless matters were, and advising the general to try to make good his retreat whilst there was yet time. The raiders were being steadily crushed towards the river, and the gunners aboard the boats loaded their cannon with grape-shot and fired into the mass, cutting great swaths through the Confederate ranks. After a dreadful time of slaughter Morgan managed to extricate some 1,000 men from the shambles and to make off towards the east. But from this point the raid ceased to be a raid, and became a feverish flight.

One hundred and twenty-five men were left lying in the valley, 700 were made prisoners, and the remainder demoralised. Morgan, however, was nothing like done with. Twenty miles east of the battle-field nearly half of those who remained with him took to the Ohio, and 300 managed to swim across; whilst numbers too worn out to overcome the stream were drowned. Again the gunboats arrived, and Morgan was forced to continue his way still on the northern bank of the Ohio. For six days after the battle of Buffington he and his handful of men managed to elude capture. He passed Athens, crossed the Hocking River, marched to Eagleport and across the Muskingum River, through Coal Hill and Campbell's Station, came near to the Ohio again at Steubenville,

to Richmond, Hammondsville, and almost to New Lisbon. Major Way with a battalion of the 9th Michigan met him at Steubenville, and for twenty-five miles continued to fight him, finally causing the resolute raider to make a last stand at Salineville. Morgan, with his usual audacity, demanded Way's surrender, but the Federal was not to be befooled. He sent back word that unless Morgan came in without more ado he would open fire. Morgan in the running fight of the first twenty-five miles had lost seventy men killed and wounded and 200 men taken prisoners, and his 364 officers and men still with him were unable to go a step farther. So he accepted the inevitable. He surrendered on the 26th of July—twenty-four days from the time he marched from Tennessee.

This proved to be General Morgan's greatest raid. It is recorded that from July 2nd to the 26th he marched as near as might be 1,000 miles, captured a great number of prisoners, and used the weapon "fire" so effectively as to inflict damage to the North to the amount of about \$10,000,000. No wonder that the Federals treated him and his men as marauders, refused to exchange or parole any of them, and locked them up in prisons. But Morgan managed a most ingenious and daring jail delivery, and reached the Confederate lines in safety, to take part in other raids and to be shot on September 4th, 1864, while bravely advancing to attack the Federals at Knoxville.

Such was the end of the most famous of all raiders.



ESCAPE OF MORGAN.



GETTYSBURG ranks with the battles that have decided the fate of empires. Had the issue been different the cause of the Confederacy would no doubt have triumphed and the United States have been split in twain. It was fought when the fortunes of the South were at their highest point. Recent victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had greatly raised their *morale*. Their army had been recruited and was re-organised under efficient and much trusted commanders; they were in a position to carry the war into the enemy's country, to invade the States still faithful to the Union, and threaten the Central Government at Washington. On the other hand, the Federals were weakened and dispirited. The withdrawal of many short-service men had greatly reduced their strength, and they had been but lately twice defeated in the open field. Had the Confederates won at Gettysburg, nothing could well have prevented their occupation of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Other far-reaching consequences all tending to the success of the rebellion were more than probable.

It was the famous General Robert E. Lee, at that time the Confederate general-in-chief, who planned the operations that ended in the battle of Gettysburg. Whatever his ultimate aim, no doubt his immediate object was the defence of Richmond, the Southern capital, by an offensive counter attack. His advance was a wide outflanking movement, a blow boldly and unexpectedly struck so far to the rear that the Federals must at once fall back. Thus Richmond would be immediately relieved, while other decisive results would in all probability follow.

A word or two first about Lee, that fine soldier whom his foes compared to Napoleon, declaring that his presence on the field was worth 20,000 men to his side. He was of noble character, a simple, straightforward soldier,

devout and God-fearing, a true patriot, prepared to give his life for his country, great in every situation, under every condition, unspoilt by success, unshaken by adversity. "A large austere man," Ulysses Grant called him, and he was no doubt clothed with a natural dignity that was most impressive; but he had still a keen sense of humour, and ruled by quiet sarcasm as much as by force and severity. One good story is told of his rebuke to Mr. Hill, the newspaper editor who freely found fault with one of his campaigns. "We made a great mistake, Mr. Hill, at the beginning of the war," he said, "and that was in appointing our best generals to edit newspapers and our worst to command the armies in the field. For myself, I have done my best, but I shall be happy to change places with you if you can do better."

Another story shows him in the finest light, his large-minded chivalry and unstinting kindness of heart. It was after this very battle of Gettysburg about to be described, at which he was defeated, as we shall see. When he had ordered a general retreat and was passing rapidly to the rear, he came close to where a wounded Union soldier lay upon the ground with a shattered leg. The poor fellow, with a fine bravado that no one can condemn, raised himself up at recognising the enemy's general and shouted "Hurrah for the Union!" full in Lee's face. Then Lee—but let the veteran tell his own story. "The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted and came towards me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face that all fear left me and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes he said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the

expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like these to a wounded soldier of the opposition, who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep, there upon the bloody ground."

No wonder that "Mas'r Robert," as he was affectionately called in the army and throughout the South, was the idol of his men. Whenever

he would say that it was his duty to be in the forefront and not theirs. Yet sometimes his people protested when his ardent courage carried him too far. In one of the fierce encounters in the Wilderness he rode up, resolved to lead the charge. Then the officer commanding cried, "General Lee, this is no place for you. Boys! is it necessary for General Lee to show you the way?" "No! No!" was the ringing reply. "We will drive the enemy back if General Lee will only go to the rear."



RICHMOND.

he showed himself he was greeted with that fierce yell that came to be known as the Confederate battle-cry. When any at a distance heard it—if there was no fighting afoot, that is to say—they knew its meaning, and would exclaim, "There goes Mas'r Robert, or old Stonewall Jackson, or a hunted hare." His anxiety for his men was unbounded; his first care was for the sick and wounded. When his grateful fellow-countrymen would have presented him with a house and estate, he refused, begging that the money might be distributed among the sufferers in the war. He chided his officers when they exposed themselves needlessly, and if they retorted that they only followed his example,

It is sad to turn from this splendid old man in his triumphs to the hour when he was forced to surrender the remnant of his gallant band to General Grant. Even then the affection of those he had so often led to victory was exhibited in the most touching fashion. They would have cheered him as he rode by on that same grand war-horse, Traveller, who had carried him almost uninterruptedly through the war, but the sadness of the occasion silenced all. Only "as he rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around their noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting their great affection for him. The general then, with head

bare and tears flowing down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

It was in June, 1863, when Lee was at the zenith of his reputation, that he resolved to follow up the successes already achieved against the North by an invasion of the Northern territory. The strategical operations he now adopted, and which led up to his reverse at Gettysburg, must be described here with a view to a proper appreciation of the coming battle.

At this time the Confederate forces in Virginia numbered 70,000. Opposed to them were about 80,000 Federals under General "Joe" Hooker, a comparatively weak force owing, as has been said, to the action of the Short Service Enlistment Act, under which many had recently left the colours. Besides these 40,000 more were in and about Washington under quasi independent commanders, following the vicious system that then obtained, and none were available for the first line. Hooker's army, covering Washington, was encamped on the Rappahannock River immediately opposite the lines of Fredericksburg, which were at this time held by the bulk of the Confederate army.

Lee was anxious to take the offensive, both to draw Hooker away and to transfer the theatre of war to beyond the Potomac. With these objects he began on the 3rd of June a rapid concentration to his left. First Longstreet's corps, then Ewell's were directed upon Culpepper Court House, while Hill stood fast at Fredericksburg watching Hooker. The latter was long in ignorance of his enemy's movements, but on the 9th June he learnt through a cavalry skirmish that Lee was in force at Culpepper. Hooker meant to follow along the river, but now Lee made a further bold leap ahead and stretched out Ewell's corps north and west, thus thrusting his extreme left into the valley of the Shenandoah. Ewell was at Winchester on the 13th, having accomplished seventy miles from Culpepper in three days. Lee's front now occupied at least a hundred miles. His right corps, Hill's, was still at Fredericksburg; Longstreet with the centre was at Culpepper; the left and most advanced was at Winchester at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, still remembered by the Federals, from the many disasters encountered there, as the "Valley of Humiliation."

Hooker, when he realised that Lee was thus dangerously drawn out, was for striking at once

against his centre, but he was not encouraged therein by the Government in Washington, and he had no alternative but to retire and cover the capital. This released the Confederate general Hill from Fredericksburg, and he quickly followed on to Culpepper, thus relieving Longstreet, who now marched northward, taking the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountain, and pointing for Harper's Ferry on the Potomac. Hill then slipped in behind and threaded the Shenandoah Valley in support of Ewell. Ewell, knowing the others were approaching, now pushed across the Potomac and invaded Pennsylvania. Longstreet and Hill followed Ewell, and then the whole of this Northern territory was at the mercy of the Confederate army.

At this critical moment when grave events were imminent, General Hooker fell out with his superiors and resigned his command. His conduct has been sharply criticised, but he no doubt felt that he was not a free agent, and had been subjected to too much fussy interference. He was immediately replaced by General Meade, a much more practical soldier, who had made his way upward by sterling merit, who was quiet and undemonstrative but strong and self-reliant, knowing his business thoroughly. The President—Lincoln—appears to have trusted in him implicitly, and he was at once given fuller powers than Hooker had enjoyed.

Meade felt that it was incumbent upon him to come to blows with Lee as soon as possible. He guessed the enemy's intentions from the direction of his march, and hoped that by striking promptly at Lee he might turn him back and prevent him from crossing the Susquehanna River.

The Federal army had been converging on Frederick City, and had already reached it when Meade assumed the command. From Frederick he at once moved forward towards Gettysburg.

Meade had seven army corps under his orders. The first (Reynolds) and eleventh (Howard) were directed on Emmetsburg; the third (Sickles) and the twelfth (Slocum) on Taneytown; the second (Hancock) on Frizzleburg; the fifth (Sykes) to Unionville, and the sixth corps (Sedgwick) to Windsor.

This was the 29th June. On that same day General Lee learnt that the Federals were on the move, and with a celerity which they had never before displayed. Fearing for his now greatly extended communications, he desisted from his plan of invasion, and resolved to concentrate rapidly so as to be ready, if necessary, to

cover his line of retreat. Accordingly he at once countermarched Ewell from York back on Gettysburg, and diverted Longstreet and Hill from Chambersburg to the eastward, also on Gettysburg. The opposing armies were thus rapidly approaching each other; a great battle was evidently near at hand, although no one as yet could surely forecast the exact spot on which it would take place.

Lee was pointing for Gettysburg because it was of supreme importance to him. Meade, who had no such strong reason, was also making for it: he had at that time no knowledge of the lie of the land there and the strong features it offered as a position to defend, but he merely

THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

On the morning of the 1st June, Buford with the Federal cavalry stood across to Chambersburg, and was attacked by Hill about 9 a.m. Buford made good dispositions, resolving to hold the Confederates in check until he could be supported: he knew that Reynolds with two whole army corps was not far off, and that it was his duty to detain the enemy as long as possible. Reynolds hurried everyone forward, and soon became hotly engaged with the 1st Corps, which was the earliest and only one to reach the ground for some time. Reynolds had no orders to bring on a general action, but he knew that the bulk of his friends were still to the rear, and he was



ON THE SIENANDDAH.

threw his advance forward to seize and occupy it as a cover for a general line he meant to assume along Pipe Creek. This advanced force consisted of three army corps—the 1st, 3rd, and 11th, the whole under the command of General Reynolds of the 1st Corps. The march of this force was preceded by a division of cavalry, Buford's.

Buford seized Gettysburg on the 30th June, and pushing through it reconnoitred west and north by roads along which Lee was expected. That night Lee's advance, two divisions of Hill's corps, having threaded the passes of the South Mountain, bivouacked within seven miles of Gettysburg; the head of Ewell's corps was at Heidelsburg, nine miles; Longstreet's corps and Hill's third division were still to the westward of South Mountain. General Lee with headquarters was with Longstreet.

anxious to give them time to come up and form in the position south of Gettysburg. The first fight was on either side of the Chambersburg road, especially to the south along a small river called Willoughby's Run, and here while nobly animating his men Reynolds was slain. Next Ewell's corps, arriving from the northward, began to exert pressure on the Federal right, and a portion of the 1st Corps was moved across to meet it; presently the arrival of the 11th Corps under Howard brought further help. Howard was now the senior officer and in chief command. He fell into an error not uncommon during this war—that of attempting to cover too much ground. The result was that the long Federal line was unduly weak and drawn out with dangerous gaps at critical points. One of these was about Oak Hill, a commanding ridge between the right of the 1st Corps and the

left of the 11th. Rodes, with the advance division of Ewell's corps reaching towards his right to join hands with Hill, saw this opening and seized it, thus securing the key-point of the Federal position. While Ewell's other division under Early easily forced back the extreme right, Rodes, thus happily placed, broke through the centre with irresistible force, and the whole of the Federal line was broken, its several component parts retreating in great disorder towards the town of Gettysburg. So serious was the reverse that the Confederates captured 5,000 prisoners, and as many more Federal soldiers were left dead or wounded on the ground.

Meanwhile Meade had hurriedly sent General Hancock forward to assume the command and use his discretion as to the position the whole army should assume, whether it should hold Gettysburg or occupy the proposed line of Pipe Creek. Hancock's first duty, however, was to rally the disorganised 1st and 11th Corps, and, being a calm, self-reliant man whose soldierly qualities were well known to the troops, he soon restored order and established the shaken forces firmly in the new and strong position he found ready to his hand. For Hancock, with true military perception, had taken in at a glance the value of the ground just south of Gettysburg for defensive purposes. He accordingly urged the general-in-chief to occupy it at once and make it his battle-ground. Meade readily concurred, and moved up all the troops he had in hand to support those already in position there.

This ridge of Gettysburg—a name that will be ever famous in military history—is no doubt admirably adapted for defence. It runs due south of the town, but at a point opposite it and near it the ridge trends back to the east, thus forming a salient angle or "erotchet." The centre is known as Cemetery Hill. To the right and east is another higher hill, Culp's Hill, which is rough and rocky, its base washed by a stream. This hill formed the extreme right of the Federal position. South from Cemetery Hill the ridge runs strongly defined for three miles, then ends in two high peaks, rocky and wooded, the most elevated being known as "Round Top," the lesser as "Little Round Top" Hills. The eastern slope of the position was good but gradual, affording excellent cover for reserves and trains. The western front sloped more steeply down to the valley, in which runs the Emmetsburg Road. On the far side is another ridge running parallel with Cemetery Ridge through part of its length; it is known as the Seminary Ridge,

and was the centre of the Confederate position in the coming fights.

General Lee came upon the ground towards the close of the action which ended in the discomfiture of the two Federal army corps. He was greatly hampered at this time for the want of cavalry, and much in the dark as to the enemy's exact movements or intentions. The intrepid Stuart was his cavalry leader, but that famous general by an untoward manœuvre had been quite cut off from him, and only rejoined by a wide *détour* on the 2nd July, his force much jaded and reduced by rapid marching. Lee, however, seems to have realised that a great battle was inevitable. He could see for himself that the Federals were collecting in front of him, and he hoped to be able to strike a blow before their concentration was complete. Military critics have disapproved of Lee's decision to attack at this juncture. It is urged that the wiser strategy would have been to draw off and make good his retreat before he was too gravely compromised at this great distance from his base. He was not now, indeed, very anxious to take the offensive unless his enemy gave him an advantage by some false move. But to have surrendered the invasion, to have recrossed the Potomac without an action, would have been humiliating, for the Confederates were at this time in the ascendant. They had been so uniformly successful in late engagements that to retire now would have meant a terrible loss of prestige. Besides, they had always won hitherto: why not again? "There was not a barefoot soldier in tattered grey" among the Confederates who did not firmly believe then that Lee would certainly lead them to victory whenever he chose.

THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

By the early morning of the 2nd July the opposing armies were gathered together around Gettysburg. All the Federal army corps, except Sedgwick's, had come up, and were thus disposed:—

1. Slocum with the 12th Corps held Culp's Hill on the extreme right.
2. Howard with the 11th Corps was posted at Cemetery Hill in the centre.
3. Hancock and the 2nd Corps came next along the southern ridge and then joined—
4. Sickles with the 3rd Corps on the left.

The 5th Corps, under Sykes, was held in reserve at first behind the right, and later behind the left. On 1st July it was some twenty-three miles to the rear, but it came up after a rapid



"THE PRIZE WAS HOTLY CONTESTED STEEL TO STEEL." (A. 726).

night march. Sedgwick and the 6th Corps was still further off—at Manchester, thirty-six miles distant; but he hurried forward, and covering the whole ground in twenty hours reached the field at 2 p.m. on this the 2nd July.

The Confederates were in positions as follow :

1. Ewell's corps occupied the town of Gettysburg and the ground in between it and Rock Creek. He held thus the left of Lee's line, and was opposed, naturally, to Culp's Hill, the Federal right.

2. Hill's corps was posted along the Seminary Ridge, which, as already described, fronted the Cemetery Ridge and centre of the Federal line.

3. Longstreet's corps had bivouacked four miles to the rear, but he was to circle round, take the right of the Confederates, and open the ball by an attack on the Federal left.

General Lee greatly hoped, as has been said, to commence the action before his opponents gathered up all their strength. An early reconnaissance made of the Cemetery Ridge encouraged this view, and decided him to throw his weight on the left of the enemy's line. He would have been all the more eager for this had he realised then what came out later—namely, that the two Round Top Hills on the Federal left were the keys of the position, and the Confederates, if lodged there, would have taken the whole length of the Cemetery Ridge in reverse. Longstreet, unfortunately, was too slow. That general could easily have covered the four miles that separated him from the battlefield in less than a couple of hours, but he waited and waited for one laggard brigade, a comparatively small body, until the day was nearly spent, and he did not commence his attack till 4 p.m. By this time the whole of the Federal forces had reached their ground.

Now when the hour of impact had arrived the Federal General Sickles gave the first chance to the Confederates. His post with the 3rd Corps was on the left extremity of the Cemetery Ridge, but short of the Round Top Hills. Seeing in front another crest some 500 yards distant and carrying the Emmetsburg road, he pushed forward and occupied it. He thus left a strong position for another, weaker, out of the line of the battle. This mistake was seized upon by Lee, who ordered Longstreet to make his first attack on Sickles's centre. It was done; while Hood, of Longstreet's corps, circled round, penetrated the right, and was within an ace of securing the Little Round Top. The crucial importance of

this hill was very manifest to a Federal general of engineers, who was passing and who forthwith ordered up a brigade of Sykes's 5th Corps to hold it. A race between Federals and Confederates for the Little Round Top followed, not unlike that of the English and French at Salamanca for the Arapiles Hills. The combatants joined issue and the prize was hotly contested steel to steel, but it was in the end retained by the blue-coated Federals and the battle saved. Meanwhile, Sickles was hardly pressed in the centre and had to be continually reinforced, first by Hancock's corps, and then by those of Sykes and Slocum, the last-named being brought up by Meade in person. In the end the Confederates gained the advanced ground taken up by Sickles, and it seemed a very substantial triumph. But this was not a part of the real position on Cemetery Ridge, and its importance was overestimated by Lee. A much greater gain had been achieved on the far right by Culp's Hill.

The plan of the Confederate battle had been to throw the chief burthen of attack upon Longstreet. But Ewell on the other, or extreme left, opposite the Federal right, was to make a vigorous demonstration against Culp Hill so as to occupy the Federals on this side and keep back reinforcements from the threatened left. Ewell delayed his movement till near sunset, and thus failed in his object of retaining the whole of the 11th and 12th Corps in front of him. But this told in his favour. So great had been the drain upon the Federal right to reinforce their endangered left that when Ewell advanced he boldly resolved to change demonstration into attack, and one of his divisions, Early's, all but captured Cemetery Hill. His second division, Johnson's, was sent up against Culp's Hill, where only a single brigade remained in position, and although it held out, bravely seconded by detachments from Wadsworth's division, the earthworks on Culp's Hill were carried and held by the Confederates all through that night. Their possession of this point jeopardised the whole Federal line, and rendered it practically untenable.

So at nightfall on this the second day's fighting, the advantage appeared to be with the Confederates. Longstreet had carried all before him, and Ewell was firmly established within the Federal line. There was much, therefore, to justify Lee in renewing the battle on the following day. Yet Meade was not disheartened. His losses had been terrible, already amounting to more than 20,000 men. But he was certain that

his foes had also suffered most severely; he felt that his position, save at Culp's Hill, was intact, and he was strongly supported by the confidence with which his corps commanders declared that they could recover lost ground and hold their own the following day.

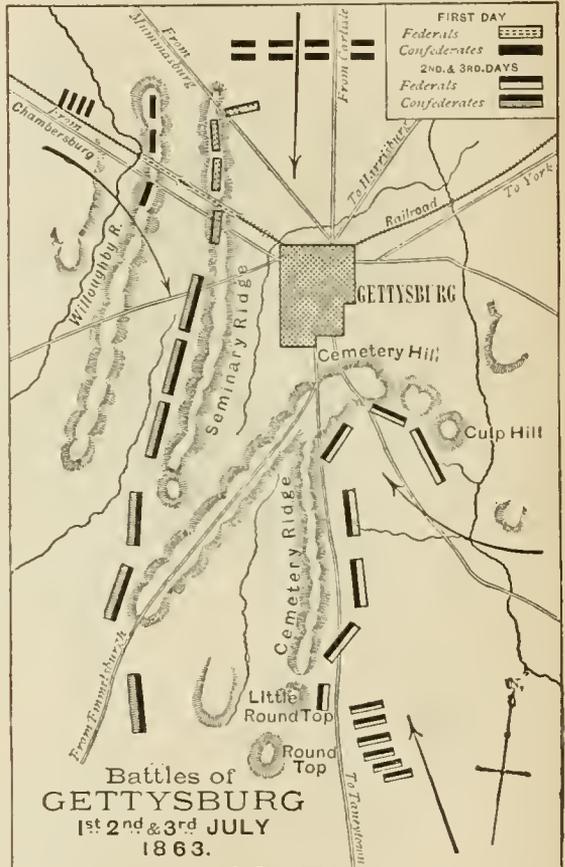
THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

LEE had resolved to follow up his success at Culp's Hill, and to maintain at all costs and against all comers the foothold made by Johnson. But the Federal general was equally determined to turn him out, and during the night collected powerful field-batteries, which at daybreak opened a fierce fire upon the captured breastwork. Then two whole divisions of the 12th Corps and a fresh brigade of the 6th were sent by Meade to recover it. For four long hours the struggle went on until at last the hill was wrested from the Confederates, and the Federal line on this side was once more made secure.

Lee thereupon changed his plan and determined to attack the left centre of the Federal position at a point where the ridge was easier and the Emmetsburg road led through a depression. To prepare for this attack he massed his whole artillery on the Seminary Ridge, and by noon on the 3rd, 145 guns, all field-batteries, were in position. The Federals had not been idle meanwhile. They had gathered together eighty guns to reply to the enemy's cannonade, which commenced at 1 p.m., and is described by General Hancock as the most terrific he ever witnessed, "the most prolonged, one possibly hardly ever paralleled." This fearful artillery duel lasted for a couple of hours, when the fire of the Confederates gradually slackened as ammunition ran short, and that of the Federals was reserved to be directed with more crushing effect upon the attacking column.

The proud but perilous privilege of leading this attack was entrusted to Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, which had only arrived upon the ground that morning, and was therefore fresh and not battle-torn. Pickett was to be supported by a division on the left (Pettigrew's) and a brigade (Wilcox's) on the right. It has since been declared that Lee intended Longstreet's two other divisions and a division of Hill's corps to take part in the attack, and it seems upon the face of it improbable that out of nine divisions Lee would have left two alone to carry out a momentous operation on which his fate and

fortunes entirely depended. However, Pickett advanced 15,000 strong, crossing almost a mile of open "in such compact and imposing order that whether friend or foe, none who saw it could refrain from admiration of its magnificent array." These splendid veterans of Virginia were soon shattered and decimated by such terrible artillery and musketry fire that the supporting columns paused abashed and left Pickett's men to attack



single-handed. Undismayed, undeterred, they still pressed onward, and with one last heroic rush they crowned the heights, burst in upon the defenders, and were for a time victorious. But now the Federals, recovering, rushed in on all sides, the fire of all the neighbouring guns was directed on Pickett's division, its right flank was assailed by a portion of a Vermont brigade. For some time it maintained the unequal contest, but then the Confederates, "seeing themselves in a desperate strait, flung themselves on the ground to escape the hot fire, and threw up their hands in token of surrender, while the remnant

sought safety in flight." Pettigrew's division had essayed to attack, but had been soon discomfited. Wilcox's brigade came on after Pickett's failure, but was soon driven back. Longstreet's divisions did not move.

The battle had now been lost and won. Whether or not the Federal general might have made his victory more complete by counter-

(now General) Fremantle of our Brigade of Guards was also present, and, although he had grave fears of the consequences of a Federal attack, he describes the Confederates as but little broken by defeat. "There was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders than at any ordinary field-day; the men as they were rallied in the woods were brought up in detachments, and lay



"THE SIGHT OF HIS FORM STIRRED:
THE HEARTS OF HIS VETERANS"
(p. 729).

attack was much discussed at the time. The repulse of the Confederates might, it is thought, have been converted into absolute rout had Meade unleashed his legions and sent them out against the beaten Confederates. But his troops were mostly wearied; he had really no reserves in hand except the few fresh men belonging to Sedgwick's corps. Again, Lee and Longstreet both said afterwards they would have liked nothing better than to be attacked in their turn. Foreign officers with the Confederates state that it was well for the Federals that they did not attempt to follow up their advantage. Colonel

down quietly and coolly in the positions assigned to them." General Longstreet long afterwards gave it as his deliberate opinion that attack would have resulted disastrously. "I had Hood's and McLaw's divisions, which had not been engaged; I had a heavy force of artillery; and I have no doubt I should have given those who tried as bad a reception as Pickett received."

General Meade was, however, a cautious commander. He knew that he had gained a great success, that Lee must now retreat, that the cause of the Confederacy had received a crushing blow from which it could never entirely recover.

The cost, too, had been terrible: of Union soldiers no fewer than 23,000 were killed or disabled in the three days, and the losses inflicted on the Confederates rose still higher to 30,000. He was too well satisfied with the achievement to risk its results by any rash adventure.

So Lee was suffered to draw off, which he did that very night, retiring westward by passes through the South Mountain range into the Cumberland valley. Severe storms impeded his march, and the tail of his columns had not quite cleared from Gettysburg till the early morning of the 5th. Then Meade pursued, but still with great circumspection. When he came up with Lee about the 12th July, he found the Confederates in an entrenched position at Williamsport on the Potomac, designed to cover the passage of that river. There is a ford at this point, and Lee's engineers had improvised a pontoon bridge. Meade's forces were not fully collected till the 13th, and he had resolved to attack next morning. But at daylight on the 14th the Confederates had disappeared. Lee had withdrawn his last detachments during the night "with great skill and complete success."

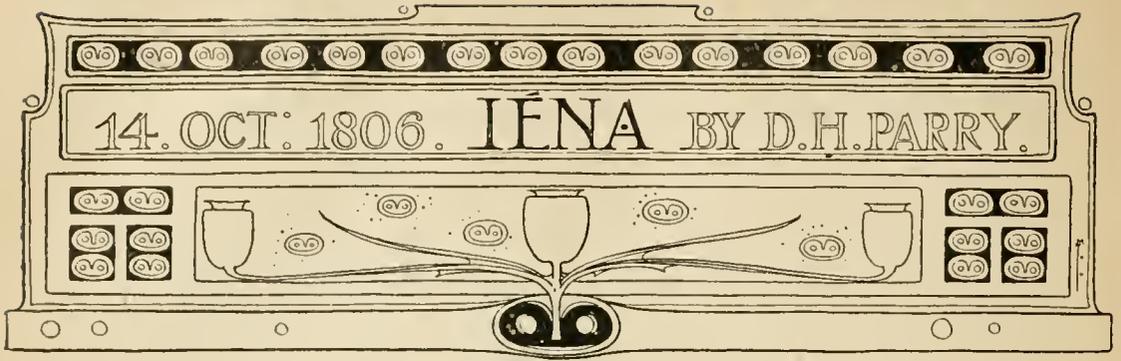
They met, these doughty competitors, Lee and Meade, at the very end of the campaign, just after the Confederate surrender at Richmond. Meade, who was an old comrade in happier days before the fratricidal quarrel had set them in arms

against each other, went to call in a friendly way upon Lee. In the course of a pleasant conversation Lee turned to his visitor and said, "Meade, the years are telling upon you: your hair is getting quite grey." "Ah, General Lee," was Meade's rejoinder, "it is not the work of years: you are responsible for my grey hairs."

He was no doubt a dangerous antagonist. Critics have declared that, while Lee was peerless in defensive warfare, he was not so great in attack, and this judgment is perhaps borne out by the event at Gettysburg. But he attacked with great success at Chancellorsville, also at the second battle of Manassas, and he was ready enough to strike a blow whenever he saw the opportunity. He too is taxed with being now over-cautious now over-bold. The truth was that he adapted himself to the occasion and employed strategy and tactics according to the character of the general opposed to him. He dared much with McClellan, Pope, and Hooker; with Grant he was patiently adroit and unweariedly tenacious. In one respect he was unrivalled. No great soldier outvied him in the power of evoking the enthusiasm of his men. No privations, sufferings, disaster could shake their confidence in him. In the darkest hour the sight of his form or the mention of his name stirred the hearts of his veterans, and they spoke of him with affection and pride to his very last hour.



GENERAL MEADE.



TO the Prussian people 1806 was an *année terrible*, and their subsequent reprisals of 1814, 1815, and even of 1870, have not effaced the memory of Iéna, as the French elect to call the little Saxon town.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the *bona fides* of Napoleon and the Prussian Government respectively in their diplomatic relations, all are agreed that the military spirit of that country hastened on the war; and never did nation undertake hostilities at a more unfortunate moment or in clumsier fashion.

The French army, returning slowly from its glorious campaign of Austerlitz, was close at hand, and flushed with victory; and although in rags, with its pay held advisedly in arrears, it was in high moral feather, and looking forward to the fêtes that were promised it when it should arrive in France.

The Prussian army, on the other hand, while full of undoubted courage, was precisely in that condition one would expect as the result of its ruling system.

Its regiments, like our own in the last century, were farmed by their colonels; class distinction was rife among the officers, and the men were ruled by "Corporal Schlague"—in other words, flogged unmercifully into shape.

Their drill and traditions went back to the days of Frederick the Great, and the only pension granted to the discharged veteran was a *licence to beg publicly!*

So wretched was the condition of the soldier, even when serving, that Marbot was solicited for alms by the grenadiers at the King's gates both at Potsdam and in Berlin; and yet it was this army, with little or no sympathy between its officers and men, strapped up in tight uniforms, hampered with absurd regulations, and in every respect half a century behind the times, that sharpened its sabres on the doorsteps of the

French ambassador, and clamoured wildly to engage the invincible legions of the Emperor.

It had its wish, against the better judgment of its sovereign, and met with perhaps the most crushing defeat recorded in history, being sacrificed to the crass stupidity of its leaders, of whom a word must be said here in justice to the army itself.

The Duke of Brunswick, its actual commander-in-chief, the father of our unfortunate Queen Caroline, was seventy years old, and credited with a great military reputation, though authentic proofs of it may be searched for in vain. He had fought under the celebrated Frederick, who disliked him, and had been beaten by the *sans-culottes* in the wars of the Revolution.

One review-day at Magdeburg, when a field-marshal, he sprang from the saddle, allowed his charger to run loose, and caned a non-commissioned officer for some mistake in a manœuvre; but nevertheless it was into the hands of this egregious old ass that the Prussian fortunes were entrusted.

Associated with Brunswick—and in truth they seem to have been unable to do anything without previously holding a long pow-wow when they ought to have been marching—were Marshal Möllendorf, a worn-out old man of eighty-two; Prince Frederick Louis of Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, an infantry general, whose sixty years had afforded him little opportunity of distinction in the field; Colonel Massenbach, Hohenlohe's quartermaster-general, whose practical advice was not listened to, probably because it *was* practical; and several other officers, some of whom distinguished themselves later on in the War of Liberty, but the majority men of no account, who squabbled at the councils, disobeyed orders, and had nothing but personal bravery to commend them.

At the head of the younger branch of officers

was Prince Louis Ferdinand, a dashing, hare-brained young fellow, whose passion was pretty equally divided between the worship of Venus and Mars, and whose early death was much deplored.

Between the two factions, ancient and modern, there was perpetual strife, and between these two stools, which the energetic French kicked over in an incredibly short time, the Prussian army came heavily to the ground.

"The insolent braggarts shall soon learn that *our* weapons need no sharpening!" said Napoleon, when Marbot told him of the affront to his ambassador; and again, when he read the foolish demand that his troops should cross the Rhine and abandon German territory by a given date, he exclaimed to Berthier, "Prince, we will be punctually at the rendezvous; but instead of being in France on the 8th, we will be in Saxony."

The October of 1806 was a splendid month—a slight frost during the nights, but the days magnificent, with white cumuli rolling across the blue, when the blue was not entirely unclouded; and on the 8th day of that eventful month the French advanced in three great columns into the rocky valleys that led from Franconia to Saxony: an army—when the cavalry and artillery of the Guard joined it—of 186,000 men, led by masters in the art of war.

The Emperor accompanied the centre column, composed of the infantry of the Guard, under Lefebvre, husband of the well-known "Madame Sans-Gêne," Bernadotte's 1st Corps, Davout's 3rd Corps, and Murat's Cavalry Reserve; the whole marching by Kronach on the road to Schleitz and Iéna.

The right column, consisting of Sault's 4th and Ney's 6th Corps, with a Bavarian division, set out for Hoff by forced marches, and the left, made up of Lannes with the 5th Corps and Augereau with the 7th, turned its face towards Coburg, Gräfenenthal, and Saalfeld.

The Prussians, to the number of 125,000, which did not include garrisons and sundry detached forces, were also divided into three bodies: General Rüchel with the right, 30,000,

being on the Hessian frontier about Eisenach; the main army of 55,000, under Brunswick and the King in person, around Magdeburg; and the left wing, under Hohenlohe, 40,000 strong, being advanced towards the enemy round and about the fortified places of Schleitz, Saalfeld, Saalburg, and Hoff, in defiance of Brunswick's orders, which desired Hohenlohe to recross the Saale and take post behind the mountains that rise above that river.

Their motive was to cut off Napoleon from his base in the Maine valley; but directly they heard that his march was directed towards their left and centre, they changed their plans and attempted a concentration about Weimar, which exposed their magazines, threw their flank invitingly open to the enemy, and necessitated marches by cross roads and byways in a country of which, extraordinary fact, their staff possessed no reliable map!

While this movement was in progress the French came upon them, and struck the first blow at the little town of Saalburg, where a portion of Hohenlohe's men under General Tauenzien were entrenched behind the river.

It was the first day of the advance, and Murat, with some light cavalry and the famous 27th Light Infantry, lost no time in falling to.

Some cannon-shots, an advance of the 27th Léger, and Tauenzien melted away in the direction of Schleitz, where on the 9th, about noon, the centre found him drawn up beyond the Wisenthal in order of battle with his back against a height.

While Bernadotte, who commanded, was reconnoitring, Napoleon arrived, and ordered the attack.

Bernadotte sent the 27th Léger forward under General Maisons, and the regiment quickly debouched from the town upon the enemy; but finding himself in the presence of a superior force, Tauenzien again ordered a retreat.

The 94th and 95th of the Line under Drouet followed close on their heels, mounted the height, and hastened down the other slope; while Murat, riding at the head of the 4th Hussars—the regiment in which Marshal Ney



had made his *début* as a private—charged the cavalry that turned upon him.

At the first shock the 4th overthrew the Prussians; but they were reinforced by several fresh squadrons, and Murat sent for the 5th Chasseurs post haste, who coming up at the gallop flung their green and yellow ranks into the *mêlée*.

Tauenzien hurled his hussars and the red Saxon Dragoons against the two regiments, and matters looked serious for Murat, although Captain Razout of the 94th opened from an ambuscade and killed fifty of them; but Maisons arriving with five companies of the 27th L^{éger}

much more important engagement took place at Saalfeld between the French left, under Marshal Lannes, and Prince Louis, who commanded Hohenlohe's rear-guard.

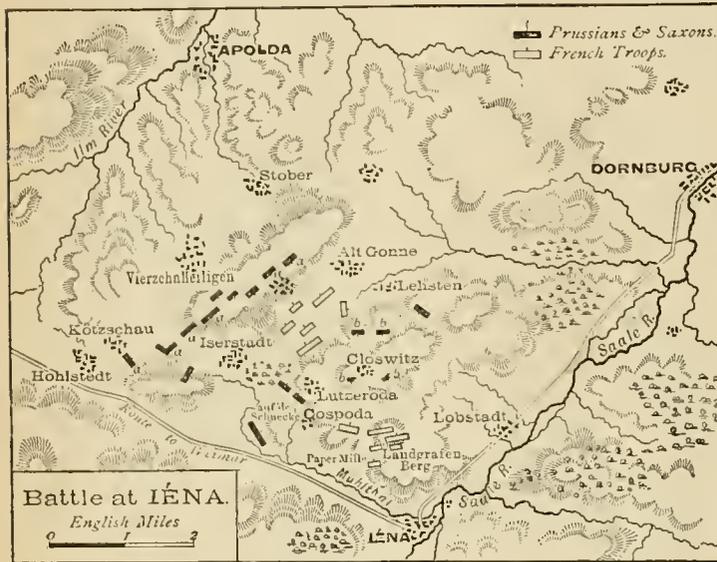
Saalfeld was a little walled town of about 5,000 inhabitants, and partly to allow time for the evacuation of the magazines in its rear, partly from a burning desire to fight, Prince Louis obtained Hohenlohe's permission to remain there.

He was then thirty-four, brave as a lion, but insubordinate, and of very loose morals.

In Prussia he is regarded as a hero, and there is something in his oval face as it hangs in the Hohenzollern Museum with the hair tied in a ribbon, that reminds one of our own "Prince Charlie."

He had eighteen guns, eighteen squadrons of hussars, and eleven battalions of infantry; and with that force he rashly engaged the experienced Lannes, who was advancing with 25,000 troops, although in effect only the artillery, two regiments of cavalry, and the division of Suchet came into action.

The division of Suchet, which comprised the 17th L^{éger}, and the 34th, 40th, 64th, and 88th of the Line, with the 9th and 10th Hussars, found themselves before the enemy at 7 o'clock in the morning.



poured in such a terrible fire that 200 red troopers went down in a mass and the rest bolted.

These dragoons were antiquated-looking fellows, with cocked hats and pigtails, their officers riding with huge canes significantly dangling from wrist or saddle; and as they went about to the rear the 4th Hussars and 5th Chasseurs re-formed and spurred in pursuit, driving them into the woods among their disorganised infantry.

It was short and sharp, but the effect upon the Prussians—who left 2,000 muskets behind them in their flight, nearly 500 prisoners, and 300 killed and wounded—was serious.

Murat still pushed on, and next day, the 10th, Lasalle captured the enemy's baggage, and a pontoon train, Napoleon writing that the cavalry "was saddled in gold"; but on the same day a

Instantly ranging his guns on the heights that commanded the Prussians, Lannes opened fire, and sent part of Suchet's skirmishers through the woods to gall Prince Louis' right.

Until nearly 1 o'clock the Prussians stood their ground, but Suchet working round in their rear and Lannes pouring down upon them in front, they broke and fled, leaving fifteen guns behind them.

Louis charged gallantly with two cavalry regiments flanked by the white-uniformed Saxon Hussars, but Claparède's and Vedel's brigades routed them, and they also retreated.

Rallying them with difficulty, he charged again at the head of the Saxon Hussars, whose tall flowerpot shakoes and bright blue pelisses were soon jumbled together in a confused mass among the willow-fringed marshes by the river bank, where the scarlet and blue 9th, and the

light blue 10th Hussars made short work of them.

Then came the crowning catastrophe of the day ; for as the Prince's charger got into difficulties with a hedge, Quartermaster Guindé of the 10th rode up sabre in hand.

Covered with glittering orders and in general's uniform, he replied to the word "Surrender !" with a slash that laid Guindé's face open ; but the *maréchal des logis* ran him clean through the

Napoleon would make, Massenbach the Prussian defeats, and Napoleon himself, speaking of Prince Louis, said, "As for him, I foretell that he will be killed in this campaign."

So far the French advance had been a succession of triumphs, destined to continue without rebuff for the rest of the war ; and as the Prussian spirit sank at the news of each defeat, that of the invaders rose.

Reviewing the 2nd Chasseurs-à-cheval at



"THE BATTERY WAS ASSISTED BY NAPOLEON WITH A LANTERN" (p. 735).

chest, and he fell dying on to the grass under his horse.

Marbot, to whom he had been very courteous not long before in Berlin, saw his body on a marble table, naked to the waist, next day, and his death sent a thrill of consternation through the Prussian army.

Guindé, ignorant at first of the man he had slain, was awarded the Legion of Honour, and appointed soon after to the Horse Grenadiers of the Guard, in whose ranks he was killed, when a captain, at Hanau in 1813.

The spirit of prophecy would seem to have been present with the men of that age, for Jomini foretold the exact movements that

Lobenstein on the 12th of October, Napoleon asked Colonel Bousson how many men he had present.

"Five hundred, sire," said the colonel ; "but there are many raw troops among them."

"What does that signify ? Are they not all Frenchmen ?" was the angry reply ; and turning to the regiment, he cried, "My lads, you must not fear death : when soldiers defy death they drive him into the enemy's ranks," with a motion of his arm which called forth a sudden convulsive movement among the squadrons and a wild shout of enthusiasm.

The losses of the Prussians at Saalfeld, which are variously stated, seem to have been about

thirty guns, a thousand prisoners, and a similar number of killed and wounded, together with a quantity of baggage; but these were only the shadows of coming events, and the French columns moved on swiftly, learning by the capture of the post-bag that the enemy were moving on Weimar from Erfurt.

Hohenlohe's troops were ordered to place the hills and forests of Thuringia between them and the victorious foe, and, worn out by marching, were struggling on in the midst of waggon-trains and bad roads, when fugitives from Saalfeld spread terror among them, and they fled in disorder across the Saale into Iéna.

Napoleon likewise concentrated his troops, and the map must be studied to understand their movements in and among towns and villages unknown outside the history of this campaign.

Lannes was directed upon Auma, where the headquarters were, by way of Pösneck and Neustadt, with Augereau on his left; Soult was to proceed by Weida to Gera along the Elster; and Ney was to occupy Auma when the *grand quartier général* should have left it.

Davout was sent north to Naumburg, with Bernadotte to follow as support; Murat's cavalry scoured the country towards Leipsic, which fifty hussars afterwards took with true French audacity; and on the 11th, Napoleon set out for Gera, escorted by the brilliant 1st Hussars with their sky-blue white-laced uniforms and scarlet pantaloons, his cavalry of the Guard not having then arrived at the front.

A strong barrier now intervened between the two armies, French and Prussian, the river Saale flowing, roughly, northward to the Elbe through hilly country, and only passable to an army at five points where there were bridges—viz. at Iéna, Löbstadt, Dornburg, Camburg, and Köser, the latter place opposite Naumburg.

The Prussians having gone helter-skelter across that river at Iéna, they were virtually hemmed in an angle, formed by the Thuringian Mountains to the south and the Saale to the west, so that as their fortresses, their remaining magazines, and their very capital lay open to the enemy, they had but two alternatives—either to make another long flank march to the line of the Elbe or to stay where they were and defend the Saale and its fringe of hills.

The Duke of Brunswick, however, seems to have had a genius for keeping himself out of harm's way; and leaving Hohenlohe to defend the heights of Iéna, though with strict orders

not to attack, and Rüchel to collect the outlying forces at Weimar, he set off with his five divisions, bag and baggage, to pass the Saale at Naumburg and reach the line of the Elbe, hastened in this fatal decision by the news of Davout's advance on Naumburg—in other words, he ran away with 65,000 men and left others to do the fighting.

On the 13th of October the army started—ominous date for the superstitiously inclined; and on the same day Napoleon, expecting to find the entire enemy before him, set out from Gera for Iéna, having despatched Montesquiou, one of his *officiers d'ordonnance*, to the King of Prussia with proposals of peace—in reality to gain time for his troops to come up.

It was, to a great extent, a game of cross-purposes; for Brunswick, anticipating a free passage at Naumburg, found Davout and *death*; Napoleon, expecting the whole Prussian army beyond Iéna, found only its rear-guard; and Hohenlohe, looking for Lannes and Augereau, received the full weight of the Emperor himself with the bulk of his forces.

Lannes preceded the Emperor, and had a sharp skirmish with Tauenzien beyond the little university town of Iéna (or Jena), and when Napoleon arrived some of the quaint gabled houses were burning—ignited, it is said, by the Prussian batteries.

Iéna nestles under the lee of a range of hills, the most important being the Landgrafenberg; and the high road to Weimar runs through a difficult valley named the Mühlthal from the paper-mill which stood there.

Having no mind to force that defile, which determined men might have rendered a veritable Thermopylæ, the Emperor made a reconnaissance with Lannes under fire to find some means of carrying the army over the hills on to the plateau beyond, where he should find the Prussians and a natural battle-ground.

Lannes's tirailleurs had captured a pass, but it was useless for artillery; and it was a Saxon parson, exasperated at the sight of the burning town, who pointed out a path on the Landgrafenberg itself, by which, with the help of the sappers, the French could get up their guns.

For this action the worthy man endured such after persecution that he was obliged to leave the country and reside in Paris.

How they cut away the rock and hauled each cannon to the summit with teams of twelve horses apiece, how the battery that was to open fire next morning stuck fast in the dark and was

assisted by Napoleon with a lantern in his hand, is well known, and nowhere is it better told than in the pages of "Tom Burke of Ours," which, in spite of its numerous errors, remains one of the most magnificent pictures of Napoleonic times ever penned.

During the long, cold night the Prussian bivouac fires lit up the horizon beyond the hill-tops, but those of the *Grande Armée* made only a faint gleam high up on the crest of the mountain, and the enemy saw nothing to warn them that 40,000 men were tightly packed there, the crossbelts of one almost touching the cowskin pack of his front rank.

Suchet's division lay waiting for dawn with its right on the Rauhthal ravine; Gazan lurked on the left before the village of Cospoda, 4,000 of the Guard formed a huge square, in the centre of which the Emperor snatched a short repose, and the engineers were busy widening the Steiger path for the passage of the guns.

The Capitaine Cogniet, then a private in the Grenadiers of the Guard, has told us how twenty men per company were allowed to descend into the narrow streets of the deserted town below them to search for food; how they found it in plenty, together with good wine in the cellars of the hotels, each grenadier bringing back three bottles, two in his fur cap, and one in his pocket, with which they drank to the health of the King of Prussia; how they imbibed hot wine all night, carrying it to the artillery, who were half-dead with fatigue; and—ingenious Cogniet!—confessing that the Guard up on the mountain side were all more or less elevated in a double sense.

At last the morning came, but with it a fog so thick that the enemy were invisible.

Napoleon had been astir at four o'clock, and having sent his final orders to his marshals, issued from the curtains of his blue and white striped tent, and passed before Lannes's corps by torchlight.

"Soldiers," said he, "the Prussian army is turned as the Austrian was a year ago at Ulm. . . . Fear not its renowned cavalry; oppose to their charges firm squares and the bayonet."

The cheers of the soldiers still carried no warning to the Prussian lines. Their hussars had intercepted Montesquiou during the night, and arguing from his message of peace that there would be no fighting on the 14th, the army had made no provision even for the day's rations, and lay in the fog in fancied security.

Then, about six, when the mist lightened,

came a rude awakening. The 17th *Léger* and a chosen battalion, under Claparède, crept forward in single line, flanked by the 34th and 40th in close column, commanded by Reille, with the 64th and 88th, under Vedel, in their rear—in short, Suchet's division making silently for Closwitz, while Gazan felt his way towards Cospoda on Suchet's left.

With Gazan were the 21st *Léger*, and the 28th, 100th, and 103rd of the Line, and the two divisions enveloped in the fog drew nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting foe until, after they had groped their way for nearly an hour, Claparède suddenly received the fire of Zweifel's Prussian battalion and the Saxon ones of Frederick Augustus and Rechten, seeing only the flash of musketry from the wood that surrounded Closwitz.

The 17th returned the fire warmly, firing into the vapour before them, but when they saw the trees looming up in front, Claparède charged and bayoneted them out of wood and village.

Gazan was also successful in his attack on Cospoda, and, advancing farther, took the hamlet of Lutzenrode from the enemy's fusiliers; but a withering fire was soon opened on both divisions by Cerrini's Saxons, which they sustained for some time until the 34th, which had relieved the 17th, went at them with the bayonet and put them to flight, a disorder which carried the rest of Tauenzien's corps away, leaving twenty cannon and a host of fugitives in the hands of Lannes, who followed at a swinging pace down hill after the cowards.

In less than two hours they had cleared their front for the army on the heights to deploy. A lull came about nine o'clock, and before the action was resumed Ney had arrived at speed; Soult with one division took post behind Closwitz; and Augereau, who was then lamenting the loss of his amiable wife, after pushing Heudelet, his guns, and cavalry along the Mühlthal towards Weimar, left the Gibbet Hill with Desjardin and placed himself on Gazan's left among the fine fir woods that clothed the plateau.

The mist was rising and promised to break, but it was yet some time before the sun shone brightly.

Prince Hohenlohe, whom disaster seemed to pursue, galloped to his troops, who were encamped on the Weimar road awaiting the French left wing as they thought, where Tauenzien's fugitives soon alarmed him, and called forth his better qualities to prepare for a general action.

Hurrying the Prussian infantry under Grawert

to occupy Tauenzien's lost positions, he posted two Saxon brigades under Burgsdorf and Nehroff, Boguslauski's Prussian battalion, and a strong force of artillery to hold the Weimar road to the death, with Cerrini, who had rallied and been reinforced by four Saxon battalions, in support.

Dyhern, with five battalions, acted as reserve to Grawert. Tauenzien was rallied a long way to the rear, and Holzendorf, who formed Hohenlohe's left, was ordered to attack the French right, while he himself should fall on their centre with cavalry and guns, pending the arrival of Rùchel from Weimar.

The heights above Iéna, the ravines, and the dense woods were capable of the most stubborn defence, and the French would have had to *fight climbing*; but the passage of the Landgrafenberg had altered everything, and as the sun shone out about ten o'clock Hohenlohe saw an astonishing spectacle.

The enemy stretched in dark masses along the high ground on *his own* side of the mountain, outnumbering him in the proportion of two to one, outflanking him to left and right, and prepared to foam down the slope and sweep him off the face of the earth.

Nor did the foe allow him much time to digest the surprise; for the impetuous Ney, who had hurried forward with 3,000 men and deployed in the mist between Lannes and Augereau, flung himself upon the village of Vierzehn-Heiligen in the very centre of the battlefield, and anticipated the Emperor's orders for a renewal of the fight.

Soult with St. Hilaire's division advanced from Löbstadt and constituted the French right; Lannes, with Suchet and Gazan, formed the centre, and Augereau having scrambled out of the Mühlthal, menaced Iserstädt on the left; the Guard and the artillery being in rear, and Murat's cavalry marching to join the army.

Indignant at the firing in his front, Napoleon sent to learn from which corps it proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find that Ney, whom he supposed to be still in the rear, was engaging on his own account.

Ney's troops were the 25th Léger under Colonel Morel, two battalions formed of the *compagnies d'élite* or several regiments, and Colbert's light cavalry brigade, formed of the 3rd Hussars and 10th Chasseurs-à-cheval; and with these the marshal attacked Hohenlohe with his usual bravery, leading them, as his aide-de-camp tells us, "like a corporal of voltigeurs."

Hohenlohe's horse-artillery was in position, and the 10th Chasseurs, forming under cover of

a little wood, darted out upon it, and took seven guns at one swoop under a fearful fire; but while they were sabring away, the Prussian cuirassiers of Holzendorf and Pritzwitz's dragoons came down with a thunderous rush, and the 10th went about.

The 3rd Hussars, forming behind the same trees, spurred on the Prussian flank and checked the cuirassiers for a moment, but had to retreat in their turn; and Ney, throwing his infantry into two squares, found himself in a bad case at the moment when Napoleon reached a height overlooking the conflict.

Sending Bertrand to Ney's assistance with two light cavalry regiments, probably the 9th and 10th Hussars, he ordered up Lannes; and the gallant Ney made an heroic struggle to hold his own, pushing his grenadiers to the clump of trees that had sheltered his horsemen, and flinging his voltigeurs at Vierzehn-Heiligen itself.

Up came Lannes at the head of the 21st Léger, and as Grawert deployed before the village in magnificent order, opening a terrible fire, Lannes led five of Claparède's and Gazan's regiments to outflank him.

In every part of the field the crash of musketry and the boom of heavy cannon resounded. Napoleon still believed he had the entire Prussian army before him, and the stubborn resistance justified that opinion.

The Prussian regiments of Zathow and Lanitz covered themselves with glory before Vierzehn-Heiligen. The cuirassiers were true to their traditions of Seidlitz and the Seven Years' War; but inch by inch the French gained ground, although it was an hour after midday before they obtained a permanent advantage.

Hares fled terrified about the stubble fields, the soldiers cheering them as they fought. The October woods were strewn with dead men among the fallen leaves, and the hollow ways were full of smoke.

Thanks to the Prussian horse, Hohenlohe took some guns, and his hopes were so far raised that he wrote to Rùchel, "At this moment we beat the enemy at all points."

He soon learned, however, that Soult had almost annihilated his left wing, and Augereau and Lannes under his own eyes drove back his right more than half a mile.

The brave man appeared everywhere at once: now heading his cuirassiers, now encouraging the infantry, again peering through the clouds that hung before the batteries; but it was all to no purpose. Grawert was badly wounded,



MURAT AT IÉNA.
(From the picture by H. Chartier.)

H. Chartier, 1855

Dyherrn's five battalions fled before Augereau, and with a tremendous rolling of drums the whole French army advanced down the slope, the Guard included, about two in the afternoon.

Hohenlohe's next letter to Rùchel was significant. "Lose not a moment in advancing with your as yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that through your openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle." In vain Rùchel arrived at last with 20,000 men; Soult fell upon him and they made poor stand, the growing rout already communicating itself to the newcomers.

The French musicians played under the heavy fire; Rùchel was seriously hurt; Hohenlohe's own regiment and the grenadiers of Hahn gave way; and, most terrible of all, Murat and his cavalry came on the scene and overwhelmed everything in a whirlwind of slaughter.

No battle can show a carnage more merciless and horrible than that surge of heavy horsemen among the flying Prussians after Iéna.

They spared nothing in their path, and every one of those fifteen thousand long swords was red with blood from point to hilt.

Rùchel's men had the double misfortune to meet both the victorious French and their flying countrymen in a disorganised mass rolling down hill, and though here and there individual battalions fought bravely to the last, panic seized the whole army and it tore madly to the rear.

Brown-and-gold hussars of Anhalt Pless; light infantry in green jackets piped with red; white Saxon hussars and grim dragoons with the bristle taken out of their moustaches, all mingled in a shocking, terror-stricken mob, covering the roads and fields for miles; Murat's cuirassiers and dragoons slashing and slaying until compelled to halt from very weariness.

Many colours were taken in that pursuit, and two curious incidents are worthy of record: Quartermaster Humbert of the 2nd Dragoons captured a standard, but was killed by three musket-balls, seeing which, the dragoon Fauveau leaped to the ground, rescued the prize, and carrying it to his colonel under a hail of shot, said modestly, "It was the Quartermaster Humbert who took this flag," for which he received the Cross the same day.

The other instance was that of Colonel Doulembourg of the 1st Dragoons, who was unhorsed and momentarily captured, in the confusion his name appearing in the bulletin as killed.

"It is not worth the trouble of alteration,"

said Berthier when he protested; and, oddly enough, the mistake was still further perpetuated after the Polish campaign; for certain squares and streets of Paris being named after the officers who fell at Iéna, a Rue Doulembourg came into existence, and again the colonel protested.

"What!" said Berthier, "would you have me give back to the Emperor an order so honourable to you? No; live in the Rue Doulembourg and establish your family there."

That night Soult bivouacked round Schwabsdorf; Ney at Weimar, where the rest of his corps joined him, the 50th, as an instance of the fatigue they had endured in their efforts to arrive, lying exhausted for half an hour before they recovered energy sufficient to light a fire; Lannes halted between Umpferstädt and Ober Weimar; and Marshal Augereau took up his quarters in the house of the Prince of Weimar's head-gardener, where, after twenty-four hours of fasting and fighting, they found nothing to eat but pineapples and hothouse plums.

Napoleon returned to Iéna for the night, where he received the professors of the university, and rewarded the Saxon clergyman to whom he owed so much; and there he composed the Fifth Bulletin, one of the most mendacious of his productions.

It is also recorded that he crossed the battlefield and administered brandy with his own hands to many of the wounded.

But Iéna, sanguinary as it was, was not *the* battle of the campaign. Another action had been fought near Auerstädt at the same moment, which broke up the main body of the enemy, and covered Davout with a glory for which he was not allowed his full mead of praise.

The Prussian army of the centre marched leisurely towards the Saale, taking no heed to the whereabouts of Davout and Bernadotte, flattering itself that it was out of danger, and bivouacking about Auerstädt on the night of the 13th with empty stomachs.

The Prussian patrols gave warning of their approach to a battalion of the 25th of the Line, which Davout had posted where the great high road winds down the defile of Köser to the bridge across the Saale; and Davout, whose extreme short-sight made him remarkably minute in his reconnaissances, rode up with his staff in the evening to investigate how matters stood.

Learning from some prisoners that the Prussian centre was before him, he ordered his corps to march at midnight and occupy the heights between the enemy and the river over which he

must pass, and went to Bernadotte to concert measures with him.

Then one of those strange things happened which often sully the page of history and the fame of great men. Bernadotte chose to interpret certain orders of Napoleon's to his own liking, an old quarrel existing between the two marshals.

In the belief that a force of 80,000 men (for Brunswick's army was magnified to that number) menaced a post to be held at all hazards, the future King of Sweden carried off his corps of over 20,000 to Dornburg, and left Davout with 28,756 to bear the entire brunt of the battle.

Brunswick's army not having been as yet engaged may be justly estimated at close upon 60,000. Consequently Davout's task was heroic, and he set about it with that methodical care which distinguished all his actions, and earned his title of Duke of Auerstädt nobly.

Between the bridge of Köser and the village of Auerstädt, which lies ten miles south-west of Naumburg and about twelve due north of Iéna, there is a natural hollow intersected by a rivulet, through which the high road runs, and after passing through Hassenhausen on the Naumburg side of the hollow, descends by the defile of Köser to the Saale.

To this position Davout marched in the darkness of the early morning, and formed Friant's division on the edge of the dip at six o'clock as Blücher's advance-guard of cavalry reached the other ridge.

The fog was so dense that the combatants could not see each other, and Blücher's troopers, after crossing the basin and pushing up the opposite slope, fell in with Davout's light horse, and exchanged pistol-shots, losing a few prisoners.

As both sides paused and the French chasseurs fell back behind their infantry, the 25th of the Line unlimbered some guns and fired grape into the valley below.

Blücher's party retreated, leaving a battery in Davout's hands, and the Prussian staff held an anxious council near the rivulet which they had passed with Schmettau's division forming their van.

Brunswick, as usual, advised caution and to wait, but was overruled by the King and Marshal Möllendorff.

Meanwhile, Davout had posted Gudin about Hassenhausen, especially to the French right of that village, and filled a fir plantation with tirailleurs, who gave Schmettau a warm welcome as he deployed and advanced.

When the fog lifted and they saw Gudin on the ridge, Blücher made a détour and charged his flank with a cloud of cavalry; but the 25th, 21st, and 12th of the Line formed square, a general in each, Davout himself hovering about them to direct their efforts, and Blücher led four desperate rushes in vain, getting his horse shot under him and retreating in disorder.

The 25th was one of those regiments which Napoleon had recently clothed in white as an experiment, abandoned after Eylau in consequence of the fearful spectacle the blood-bedabbled field presented. Its facings were bright orange, as were also its towering plumes.

While his cavalry hastened the retreat of Blücher, Davout concentrated Gudin in Hassenhausen, placed Friant on its right and Morand, when he arrived, on the left, an arrangement hardly completed when the Prussians, reinforced by the divisions of Wartensleben and Orange, attacked with great fury.

Wartensleben, in particular, attempted to rush the village, and there was some ghastly work with the bayonet in the street and gardens, but the 85th, 25th, and 21st held it well.

From nine o'clock until ten the attack lasted, both sides displaying magnificent bravery.

Gudin lost half his men, all the divisions suffered severely, but the Prussians had also to lament several of their chiefs.

Schmettau, wounded, refused to leave the field, and was hit a second time, mortally; Brunswick, brave in action if timid in council, received a mortal wound, some say in the mouth, others in the chest, while fighting in the thick of it; and poor old Möllendorff, who had been page to Frederick the Great, was struck down and afterwards captured in Erfurt.

The King of Prussia had his horse killed, and a piece of shell that entered Davout's hat at the cockade tore away some of the marshal's hair.

When Morand came up, leaving one battalion at the bridge of Köser, he dislodged Wartensleben, and was gaining ground on the left when he was charged by the cavalry under Prince William.

Morand formed his men into squares, and, shattered as they were by the terrific fire, Prince William's ten thousand horse could make no impression upon them.

Morand took his place in one square, Davout in another, and so deadly were the volleys from them that they created "around them a rampart of corpses."

The 17th of the Line in particular was noticed

for its coolness ; it was another of the "white" regiments, with scarlet facings, and as the enemy approached it raised its shakoes on the bayonet-points, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"Why not fire, then?" cried Colonel Lanusse.

"Time enough for that : at fifteen paces you will see !" was the answer. Then they fired !

Hohenlohe and Rùchel would join them—for nothing was known yet of the battle of Iéna.

Kalkreuth protected the wreck nobly with his two divisions, and the broken army, encumbered with baggage, set off on its road while Morand's cannon and the other divisions under Davout pressed the rear-guard hotly.



"MURAT'S CUIRASSIERS AND DRAGOONS SLASHING AND SLAYING" (p. 738).

At length, when the mangled squadrons retired behind the shelter of their infantry, Morand formed his squares into columns of attack, and forced Wartensleben back to the stream as Friant advanced on *his* side and drove Schmettau's division and the Prince of Orange's first brigade down the slope, clearing Hassenhausen of all but the fallen.

The fighting was now abandoned on the slope, and was transferred to the marshes in the hollow and to the villages in front of Auerstädt, both sides exhausted with the six hours of combat.

The Prussian reserve under Kalkreuth still remained intact, and the King, backed up by brave Blücher, was disposed to make a final effort ; but, overwhelmed by the many opinions which were allowed expression, a retreat was decided upon—a retreat on Weimar, where

Kalkreuth was obliged to fall back, and the French took 115 guns and 3,000 prisoners ; but Davout having only the 1st, 2nd, and 12th Chasseurs in the field, was unable to produce the same disorder that Murat's horse had effected. He sent to Bernadotte, whose men were quietly cooking at Apolda, but that marshal gave him no aid, and even retained Beaumont's dragoons who had been detached to assist Davout in common with himself.

Unfortunately, there has been but little authentic incident preserved of personal valour at Auerstädt, but the losses on both sides were enormous.

The Prussians had about 10,000 killed and wounded, and the French 270 officers and 7,200 men ; 134 officers and 3,500 privates belonging to Gudin's division alone.

Morand, Gudin, and half the superior officers were wounded, and Davout had kept the bridge as heroically as Horatius of old. Nor was that all; for Hohenlohe's fugitives began to mingle with the retreating Prussians, and the defeated army broke and fled, their king, who had had two horses killed, escaping under Blücher's escort. After that there was an end to cohesion, and the pitiful remnants of the great fighting machine of Prussia were disposed of in detail by the conquerors.

The whole country was covered with fugitives, waggons, guns, and independent parties; the Prussians plundered their own baggage; Bernadotte, or more properly General Dupont, destroyed Eugène of Würtemberg at Halle on the 17th.

Erfurt, Magdeburg, all the fortified places, fell one after the other into French hands, and in twenty days from passing the frontier Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Berlin.

His treatment of the conquered country is unhappily too well known to need much comment here; barbarous, insulting, and mean as it was, it proved the ultimate making of Prussia, for it roused a spirit of national independence, which has borne fruit in our own day, and may do again, unless their Rosbach of 1870 finds another Iéna in the future!

Napoleon's bulletin announcing the double victories of the 14th October is curious as showing the man; for he blends the two battles under the name of Iéna, merely saying of Davout, "On our right the corps of Marshal Davout performed prodigies," etc. And yet Napoleon himself had

only overthrown the corps of Hohenlohe and Ruchel with the bulk of the *Grande Armée*, while Davout with only three divisions, 44 guns, and three regiments of light cavalry, had put the Prussian centre to flight!

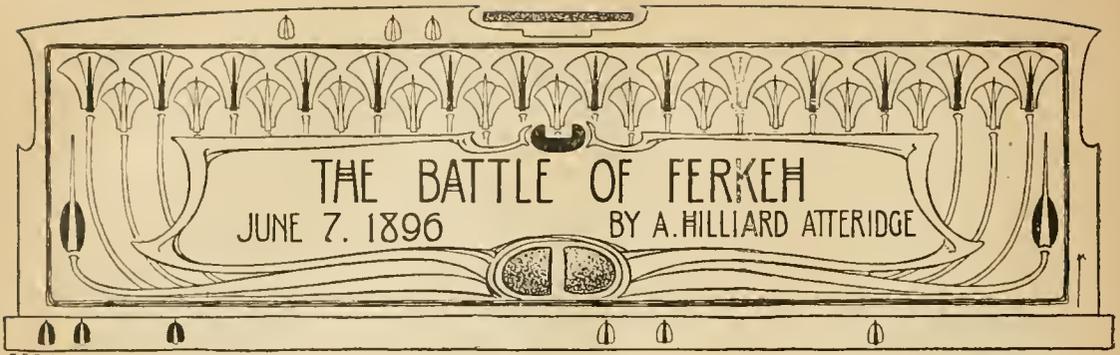
Between Naumburg and Merseburg on the road to Halle the Emperor sent General Savary into the stubblefields to look for a monument of former French defeat, and at the waving of Savary's handkerchief he rode over to him and gazed upon a little stone pillar not above four feet high with an almost illegible inscription commemorating Frederick's victory of Rosbach in 1757, which Suchet's pioneers were ordered to pack in their waggons for transmission to France.

Later on the sword and orders of the Great Frederick, taken from his coffin-lid, shared the same fate, a proceeding decidedly in the *then* French taste, but not easy to reconcile with our own ideas of what should be the attitude of a successful general towards the feelings of the people he has conquered under Providence.

Iéna and Auerstädt, but the former especially, were soldiers' battles: both armies were full of spirit, and on the fields themselves were nobly led. Only to these causes, then, can one ascribe the remarkable breaking down of Prussia in so short a time: the folly of an overdrilled system that refused to move with the times, having no unity in its plan of campaign or harmony at headquarters; the whole machine covered with a fine green mould of ancient tradition which got into the wheels and prevented its keeping pace with modern needs.



MARSHAL DAVOUT, DUKE OF AUERSTÄDT.



ON Sunday, March 1st, 1896, General Baratieri, the Italian commander in Abyssinia, attacked the Shoan army near Adowa. Advancing against a strongly posted enemy through difficult country, where his columns could neither support each other nor find ground on which to deploy rapidly when they came in contact with their opponents, the Italian general suffered an overwhelming defeat, the greatest that a European army had ever experienced in Africa. It was a crushing blow, not to Italy alone, but to the prestige of Europeans generally in the Dark Continent.

Already before Adowa, but after the minor disasters at Amba Alagi and Makalla, which were its forerunners, there had been rumours that the Dervishes were about to take advantage of Italian embarrassments in Abyssinia in order to attempt the re-capture of Kassala. Within a few days of the battle of Adowa the news reached Europe that a Mahdist army, among whose leaders was Osman Digna, was advancing from the Atbara river against Kassala.

A few days more and a telegram in the *Times*, dated from Cairo and published in London on March 13th, announced that it had been decided to make a forward movement from the Anglo-Egyptian outposts upon the Nile, thus attempting a diversion in favour of the Italians, and at the same time recovering for Egypt the valuable province of Dongola, and securing the upper Nile valley between Wadi Halfa and Assouan from the raids of the Dervishes.

The news came as a surprise both to England and to Egypt. Lord Cromer in his annual report on the finances, administration, and condition of Egypt in 1895, published in the first days of March, had spoken of the general security of the Nile frontier, and of the insignificance of the Dervish attempts to disturb it. Even in the

highest circles in Cairo nothing was known of an impending movement till the news came from London. The various military departments were engaged in their ordinary routine duties. The Nile was near its lowest; the hot weather was approaching; it was the worst time of the year for beginning a campaign. The fact was that the expedition had been decided upon, not in Cairo, but in London, and the grounds on which the decision was based were those of British imperial policy, in which Egyptian affairs were only one out of many factors. But there is no need here of entering into the diplomatic history of the campaign, or of trying to disentangle from the mass of conflicting official statements the real reasons that led to the Dongola expedition.

It was close upon midnight on Thursday, March 12th, that the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, then in Cairo, received by telegraph from London definite orders for the campaign. Next morning the Khedive's ministers met in council, formally to vote the decree for an enterprise in the acceptance or rejection of which they had no real voice. All day the Egyptian War Office had been busy preparing to meet the unexpected emergency. On the 14th the reserves were called out. On the 15th the first troops were despatched to the front.

When the Dongola province was evacuated in 1885 the frontier had been fixed at Wadi Halfa, from which a railway ran through the rocky Batn-el-Hagar desert to Akasha. For a while advanced posts were maintained south of the railhead at Akasha, but these were gradually withdrawn until the long sandy hollow of Khor Moussa, five miles south of Halfa, was the actual border-line. North of the Khor a mud-walled fort flew the Egyptian flag, but on the south side of it at times the Mahdist scouts showed themselves almost daily. In 1889, after the

victory of Toski, Sarras, thirty-five miles south of Wadi Halfa, was re-occupied as an advanced post in the desert, and the railway between Sarras and Halfa was kept in working order. South of Sarras, along nearly the whole fifty miles to Akasha, the Dervishes gradually destroyed the line, pulling up the metals and leaving them on or near the roadbed, using the sleepers as firewood, and carrying off most of the smaller and more portable ironwork, such as fish-plates, nuts, and spikes. Sarras Fort, garrisoned by Soudanese infantry and Egyptian gunners, was the extreme southern point held on the Nile in March, 1896, when Colonel Hunter, the Governor of the frontier district, received telegraphic orders from Cairo to reoccupy Akasha without delay, as it had been decided to relay the railway line to that point, and make it the advanced base of operations for the march upon Dongola.

On the 16th a column composed of the 13th Soudanese under Major Collinson, a squadron of cavalry under Broadwood, a battery of mountain-guns, a company of the camel corps, and a long train of camels carrying supplies, started for Akasha. The place was occupied on the 20th. No Dervishes were met with either there or anywhere along the route, though there were signs, some of them ghastly enough, of the destruction they had wrought during their occupation of the Akasha valley. The old British fort and a number of houses erected in 1884 were in ruins; the railway iron lay scattered along the track; and a little beyond the site of the old station, near the river bank, a rail had been fixed nearly upright to serve as a gallows. A piece of cord dangled from one of the holes for the fish-plate bolts, and at its base lay the skull and bones of some poor wretch whose body had doubtless hung there till it fell to pieces. A second column arrived on the 28th, reinforcing the garrison with two more Soudanese battalions, the 11th under Major Jackson, and the 12th under Major Townshend, the defender of Chitral. With this column came Major MacDonald, the commandant of the advanced post, a brave Highland soldier, who fought his way up from the ranks, winning his commission in Afghanistan, and who had since seen much hard service in Egypt and the Soudan. Just before the column arrived a Dervish scouting party showed itself to the south of Akasha. The mountain battery very cleverly dropped a shell among them, and they rode off carrying away one man dead and two badly wounded. It was the first

shot of the campaign. Beyond this there were no signs of Dervish activity, and MacDonald, with his cavalry and camel scouts to watch the difficult country in his front and three Soudanese battalions and a battery for a garrison, could feel tolerably safe at this advanced post, deep in the stony wilderness of the Batn-el-Hagar.

Having secured Akasha, the work of relaying the railway that was to connect it with Sarras and Wadi Halfa had begun. It was difficult work carried out by an improvised railway battalion, under the direction of British engineer officers, who had to teach their men how to do the work, so that at the outset the progress was necessarily slow. Meanwhile supplies were being brought up the river to Assouan, carried thence by the six miles of railway that runs past the First Cataract to Shellal, near Philæ, where they were loaded on stern-wheel steamers and barges, and conveyed to Halfa. Thence they were carried by rail to Sarras, and from Sarras long convoys of camels carried them on to Akasha by a chain of fortified camps formed along the river bank to connect the advanced post with Sarras. It was anxious work escorting the camel convoys through the wild rocky desert, but the Dervishes showed a singular want of dash and enterprise, and never once ventured to attack a convoy. As stores became available more troops were brought up to the front. As the railway was pushed on, the accumulation of stores became easier. At last by the end of May a sufficient quantity of supplies had been accumulated at the advanced depôt in the fortified camp of Akasha to warrant a further advance.

What had the Dervishes been doing during these ten weeks? They had for some years maintained a garrison some thousands strong at Dongola, for they were always expecting that a British army would again ascend the river as it had done in 1884-5. This garrison had an advanced post at Suarda, fifty-four miles south of Akasha, whence occasionally plundering and murdering raids had been directed against the Nile villages to the northward. For many a mile north of Suarda the villages were in ruins and cultivation had ceased along the river bank. In April, when news reached the Dervish leaders that an expedition was being organised for the reconquest of Dongola, the vanguard of the Dongola army was pushed northwards from Suarda first to Mograka, and then to the ruined village of Ferkeh, eighteen miles from Akasha. At Ferkeh the huts were repaired and a large

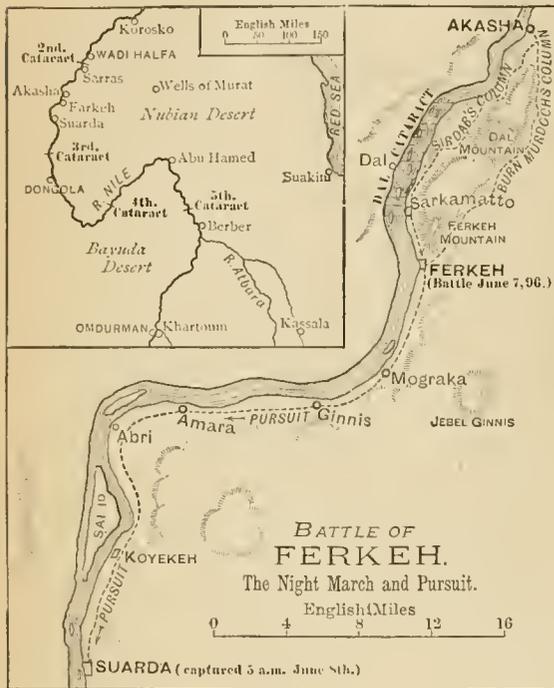
camp was formed under the command of the Emir Hammuda Idris, with Osman Azrak, the leader of many raids against the Nile villages, as his right-hand man.

Meanwhile Osman Digna, with a picked force, had left the Dervish camp before Kassala and attempted a raid into the Suakim territory, where he hoped the tribes would rise at his call. But his forces were very roughly handled by the Suakim garrison, the tribes refused to join him, and before the end of April he had abandoned the enterprise. Hammuda at Ferkeh

positive orders that raids should be made against the railway works, the Egyptian line of communications, and the standing camps on the river. Hammuda was preparing to carry out these orders, and had actually despatched small parties northwards by both banks of the Nile, when to his surprise the Egyptians assumed the offensive. It was apparently the idea in the Dervish camp that nothing would be done by the Sirdar till he had his railway completed up to Akasha, and thus even the large concentration of troops in and near the advanced post in the first days of June did not warn Hammuda and Osman Azrak of the terrible blow that was about to fall upon them.

The Sirdar with his staff left Halfa on Monday, June 1st, and transferred his headquarters to Akasha. Along the river bank from that place to Okmeh there was a great camp formed by the end of the week, for every available man was being pushed up to the front. Even the work on the railway was stopped, so that the Railway Battalion might be available to garrison points on the line of communication, and thus set free better-trained troops, and the engineer officers found themselves temporarily attached to the staff as gallopers. The secret of the precise date and plan of the coming battle was well kept, and it was not till after noon on Saturday that it was generally known in camp that the troops were to march that evening, bivouac in the desert, and attack the Dervishes at Ferkeh at dawn next day, Sunday, June 7th.

Sir Herbert Kitchener had been well served by his Intelligence Department, directed by Major Wingate, with Slatin Pasha (recently escaped from Omdurman) as his right-hand man. To use a familiar phrase, what Wingate and Slatin did not know about Mahdism and the Dervishes was not worth knowing. Thanks to the careful questioning of spies and deserters, they were able to produce a plan of the Dervish camp at Ferkeh, with a list of the tribesmen and black troops assembled there, and of the Emirs who commanded them. They were also able to assure the Sirdar that the Dervish outposts were drawn in at night close to the camp, so that there was good prospect of getting within striking distance of the enemy without coming upon his sentinels or patrols. Captain Broadwood, starting from Akasha, now by the east bank, now by the west, had repeatedly reconnoitred Ferkeh; the ground between it and Akasha had been roughly mapped on a



was doing very little. The fact appears to have been that he was constantly quarrelling with Osman Azrak, and the lesser chiefs were also disunited. On May 1st he sent a force about 1,000 strong up the long sandy valley towards Akasha, but they were stopped by three squadrons of Egyptian cavalry under Major Burn-Murdoch, and retired to Ferkeh after a brief encounter, in which all the honours of the day were with the Egyptians. It was a small affair, but very useful, as it gave the Egyptians confidence in their power of successfully meeting the redoubted Dervish warriors in the open.

After the May-day fight there was again a long period of inactivity in the Dervish camp. Towards the end of May, the Emir Wad Bis-hara, who governed the Dongola province, sent

large scale, and he had ascertained that cavalry could get to the southward of the place over low hills, between which and the river there was a broad strip of fairly level ground running southward for miles. The enemy was known to be about 4,000 strong, picked men, a considerable part of the force being formed of the Jehadia, or

long inactivity, was upon its way, or may even have reached Ferkeh before the fight.

There are two routes from Akasha to Ferkeh, known respectively as "the desert route" and "the river route." Both start by the same sandy valley, the Ferkeh Khor, which runs nearly south out of the semicircle of rocky



"IT WAS STORMED BY THE INFANTRY" (p. 747).

black riflemen, regularly drilled troops under Arab officers. The rest of the force was made up of Baggara, Jaalin, and Dongolese tribesmen, all armed with sword or spear, and many having also Remington rifles. There were some hundreds of horsemen and camel-men, and the riflemen had an abundant supply of ammunition. The Emir Hammuda seems to have been actually in command, though a letter from Bishara at Dongola, transferring the command to Osman Azrak, on account of Hammuda's

hills that surround Akasha. About a mile out another sandy valley, Khor Shargosheh, strikes off to the right towards the Nile, and at this point the river route begins. It runs across the rough rocky ground between Dal Mountain and the Nile, which it touches at three points. At the last of these, north of the deserted village of Sarkamatto, it runs for some distance along a narrow ridge of rock above the rushing waters of the Dal Cataract; then it reaches Ferkeh by a stretch of low ground between the river and

the hills. The desert route winds through the sandy valleys to the east of Dal Mountain, the two routes uniting under the bold slopes and precipices of Ferkeh Mountain, close to the village of the same name.

The whole distance from Akasha to Ferkeh is about eighteen miles. The desert route was fairly easy ground for an army to traverse; the river route must have seemed to the Dervishes all but impossible. This was doubtless one reason why the Sirdar chose it for his main line of advance, for surprise was the very essence of his plan. To drive the Dervishes out of Ferkeh was only one of his objects; he meant to thoroughly break up and destroy Hammuda's force, and to clear the enemy out of the whole country as far as Suarda.

His plan was to attack in two columns. Major Burn-Murdoch, his cavalry commander, was to march by the desert route with a force, chiefly mounted, composed as follows:—

The horse battery (six guns).

Two Maxim guns manned by men of the North Staffordshire Regiment.

Seven squadrons of Egyptian cavalry (800 sabres).

The camel corps under Major Tudway (670 rifles).

The 12th Soudanese infantry (Major Townshend), 717 officers and men mounted on transport camels till they reached the scene of action.

In all Burn-Murdoch had some 2,500 men. Captain Broadwood, who had done so much scouting over the same ground, acted as guide to the column. Burn-Murdoch's orders were to be in position on the hills east of Ferkeh by half-past four on Sunday morning, keeping so far back as to be out of the field of fire of the river column, and opening on the Dervishes with his artillery as soon as he heard the fire of the main attack to the north of Ferkeh at about 5 a.m. He was to use his artillery and Maxims to break up from the flank any attempt of the enemy to mass for a charge, and when Ferkeh was taken he was to have the cavalry and camel corps ready to fall on the flank of the retreating Dervishes, and pursue southward, preventing any attempt to rally. He was to push boldly on and capture first Koyekeh, and then Suarda, at both of which places, according to the information of the Intelligence Department, the enemy had only small garrisons.

The river column, under the personal command of Sir Herbert Kitchener, was about 7,000 strong. It was made up of two mule and

camel batteries (twelve light guns), two Maxims, manned by men of the Connaught Rangers, and Hunter Pasha's infantry division, consisting of three brigades, of three battalions each, composed as follows:—

First brigade, Major Lewis: 3rd Egyptians (Major Sillem), 4th Egyptians (Major Sparks), 10th Soudanese (Major Sidney).

Second brigade, Major MacDonald: 9th Soudanese (Major Hackett Pain), 11th Soudanese (Major Jackson), 13th Soudanese (Major Collinson).

Third brigade, Major Maxwell: 2nd Egyptians (Major Shekleton), 7th Egyptians (Fathi Bey), 8th Egyptians (Khulusi Bey).

The column was to march from Akasha late on Saturday afternoon, and moving in the darkness across the difficult ground of the river route, they were to bivouac in silence and without fires near Sarkamatto, three miles from the enemy's position. There was to be no noise of any kind, and no lights, not so much as a burning cigarette-tip. If by chance any of the enemy's scouts were met with they were to be disposed of with the bayonet, no rifles being discharged on any account. The troops were to move off again from their bivouac before sunrise, and be ready to attack Ferkeh at 5 a.m. The sun rose that day at 5.14 a.m., and the twilight in the Soudan is very short, so that the actual attack was to be made in the half darkness just before the dawn.

The enemy (it was subsequently ascertained) had sent a patrol in close to Akasha early in the afternoon, which returned to Ferkeh reporting all quiet, so that Hammuda and Osman Azrak had not the remotest expectation of the coming attack. The discipline of the troops on the night march was admirable. There was absolute silence, and even the difficult defile, where the track ran across the rocky shelf above the river, was passed without noise and confusion, though it caused a long delay, for even the infantry had to move across in single file, and the mounted men had to lead their animals. Looking at the place in broad daylight next day on my way back to Akasha with a despatch, I found it difficult to realise that nine battalions, two batteries, the staff with their horses, and nearly 200 camels conveying guns, hospital equipment, and reserve ammunition, had been safely and silently got across such a place by starlight. Arrived at Sarkamatto, the three brigades lay down for a short sleep on the sandy ground between the hills and the belt of palms along the river.

As morning approached there was no reveillé sounded. A whispered word of command roused the sleeping soldiers and marshalled the column for battle. Lewis with the first brigade was to attack along the river bank, pushing for the north end of Ferkeh village. MacDonald with his three Soudanese battalions was to form the left attack nearer the hills. Maxwell with the third brigade, held in reserve at the outset, was to take post between the two other brigades as the opportunity offered. The long line was to pivot on its right, wheeling round against the desert front of the village, its extreme left getting touch with Murdoch's desert column on the hills.

Up to five o'clock all was silent in front, and some of us began to think that the enemy had got news of the advance and had slipped away from Ferkeh. But a few minutes after five there was a sharp crack of rifles as the first shots were fired from a Dervish outpost, at a small mud-walled enclosure on the hill slope north-east of Ferkeh. The advancing infantry replied, and almost immediately Burn-Murdoch's guns opened with a deep roar from the hills east of the village. The co-operation of the two columns was complete.

Though surprised and outnumbered, Hammuda's warriors were not dismayed. They swarmed out of their mud huts and straw tukkuls, rapidly taking up position among the rocks that form a kind of natural fortification for Ferkeh on the north and east. The guns of the river column came into action, shelling the Dervish position; and whilst MacDonald's Soudanese, with the 9th in advance, moved against the rocky ridges, Lewis's mixed Egyptian and Soudanese brigade was fighting its way across the cultivated ground near the palm belt by the river. The Dervishes made a stubborn fight. They not only held the rocks, but their black regulars tried to advance to a counter-attack, firing as they came. Happily their fire, though rapid, was wild and high, and did little damage, and they were met and driven back by a storm of bursting shells, hail of bullets from the Maxims, and steady volleys from the well-trained infantry opposed to them. Some doubts had been thrown by military critics on the fighting value of the purely Egyptian element in the Sirdar's army; but at Ferkeh there was little to choose between the Soudanese and the Fellahin battalions. On the right a rush of horsemen and footmen mixed came to hand-to-hand conflict, brief though it was, with Lewis's

brigade, north of the village. Further to the left another party of desperate men had tried to rush Burn-Murdoch's guns, charging up the slope by one of the desert khors. The rifles of the 12th Soudanese and the Maxims soon disposed of them. Further still, and out of sight of the main attack, Tudway's camel corps was in action against a strong force of Dervish riflemen, and Captain Broadwood and Captain Legge, each at the head of three Egyptian squadrons, charged and broke up a force of Dervish camel men that was moving up from the south along the river to reinforce Ferkeh.

Having repelled the Dervish counter-attacks and stormed the outlying ridges, the infantry division, its first brigade on the right, its second on the left, and its third in the centre, wheeled towards the river so as to close upon the village. There was very little artillery preparation before the actual attack, for the Sirdar did not want to waste ammunition; but a few shells from the heavy guns knocked to pieces the clay-built houses and fired some of the straw huts. Ferkeh was a large village, of perhaps a thousand huts, running for nearly a mile along the river bank. It was stormed by the infantry, the first brigade at the north end being the first to get in. Soudanese and Egyptians vied with each other in clearing the enemy out of the houses and the lanes and open spaces between them. There was some bayonet work, but the rifle was most used, even in the village itself. The Dervishes fought to the end, the Emirs refusing quarter and throwing their lives away in desperate attempts to close with the victors. By seven o'clock what was left of Hammuda's army was streaming away to the southward, a few taking refuge on an island, from which they were cleared out by the Soudanese, while those who got across to the west bank were dealt with by the Arab "friendlies," who had moved down along the other side of the river as the army advanced from Akasha.

Then it was that Burn-Murdoch with the cavalry, camel corps, and horse battery started on the pursuit that was to reap the full fruits of the victory. Townshend with the 12th Soudanese following to support the mounted troops. The pursuit lasted just twenty-two hours, from 7 a.m. on Sunday, when the battle ended, till dawn on Monday. The Dervishes never had a chance of rallying. The river bank and the border of the desert were strewn for miles with their dead. Wherever they attempted a stand the lances of the cavalry, the rifles of the camel corps, and the

guns that had spoken so effectively from the slopes below Ferkeh Mountain, were soon upon them. Koyekch was found to be deserted on Sunday evening. Suarda was reached at dawn on Monday, when the last of the garrison were just landing on the west bank of the Nile, after hurriedly evacuating the place and taking across all the boats. Burn-Murdoch was able to send a few shells from his guns in among them before they got away. He then occupied Suarda, fifty-four miles from Akasha, and just about halfway between Wadi Halfa, the starting-point, and Dongola, the objective of the expedition.

The full extent of the enemy's losses will probably never be precisely known; but at least 1,000, and more likely 1,500, of the Dervishes fell in the fight and pursuit, and some 500 were made prisoners. Of the 62 Emirs present at Ferkeh, 44 were found dead on the field, 4 were taken prisoners, and only 14 got away. Some of these fell in the pursuit. Hammuda himself was among the dead. The Egyptian loss was 20 killed and 81 wounded. Only one British officer, Captain Legge, was wounded in the action.

Briefly, the results of the fight at Ferkeh were that (1) in twenty-four hours—from 5 a.m. on Sunday, June 7th, to 5 a.m. on Monday, the 8th—more than fifty miles of the Nile valley had been cleared of the Dervishes and had passed into the secure possession of the Anglo-Egyptian army; (2) all doubt as to the fighting value of the purely Egyptian battalions had been cleared away by their brilliant and steady conduct on the field, while the cavalry had proved their value in the fight and the pursuit; (3) the one fully organised army the Dervishes possessed on the Nile frontier had been utterly destroyed, and some 50 of their fighting Emirs and some 2,000 men killed and captured; (4) Suarda, for years the starting-point of cruel raids on the Nile

villages, had become the advanced post of the Egyptian army, and all the country northwards was safe; (5) the Dongola Expedition had traversed successfully the last of the difficult Batn-el-Hagar country, for Ferkeh is the southern gate of the stony desert, and it had now before it the more open districts of the Dar Sukkot and the Mahassa, where every advantage was on the side of disciplined troops and modern weapons.

Finally, on both sides the moral effect of this ideally complete victory for the one, this crushing defeat for the other, was enormous. It was the first time that the new Egyptian army had taken the initiative in any fighting in the Nile valley. All previous Nile campaigns since Khartoum fell had begun with a Mahdist advance. Here the Egyptian army had both challenged the trial of strength and struck the first blow. The news of the destruction of Hammuda's army was a warning to every tribe in the Soudan that the Khalifa's tyranny was toppling to its fall, and



MAJOR-GENERAL KITCHENER, C.B., K.C.M.G., ETC.
(Photo, Bassano.)

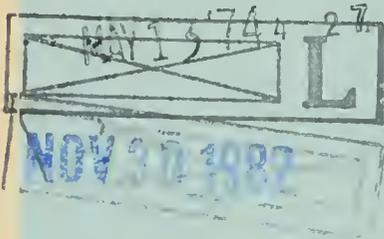
that to stand by the Dervishes any longer was to be on the losing side in the struggle.

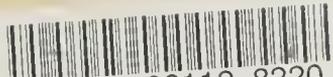
The result was seen in the half-hearted resistance opposed to the Sirdar's force when it advanced upon Dongola in September. There was not another battle. The fortified position at Kerma was abandoned without firing a shot; the Mahdist batteries at Hafir tried in vain to stop the progress of the gunboats, but, once they had passed, abandoned that position, and made no attempt whatever to defend Dongola. Numbers of tribesmen and Jehadia and more than one noted Emir came into the Sirdar's camp and surrendered. Wad Bishara fled southward with a mere handful of his men. The Dongola province had been virtually won back in the two hours' sharp fighting at Ferkeh on that Sunday morning in June

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