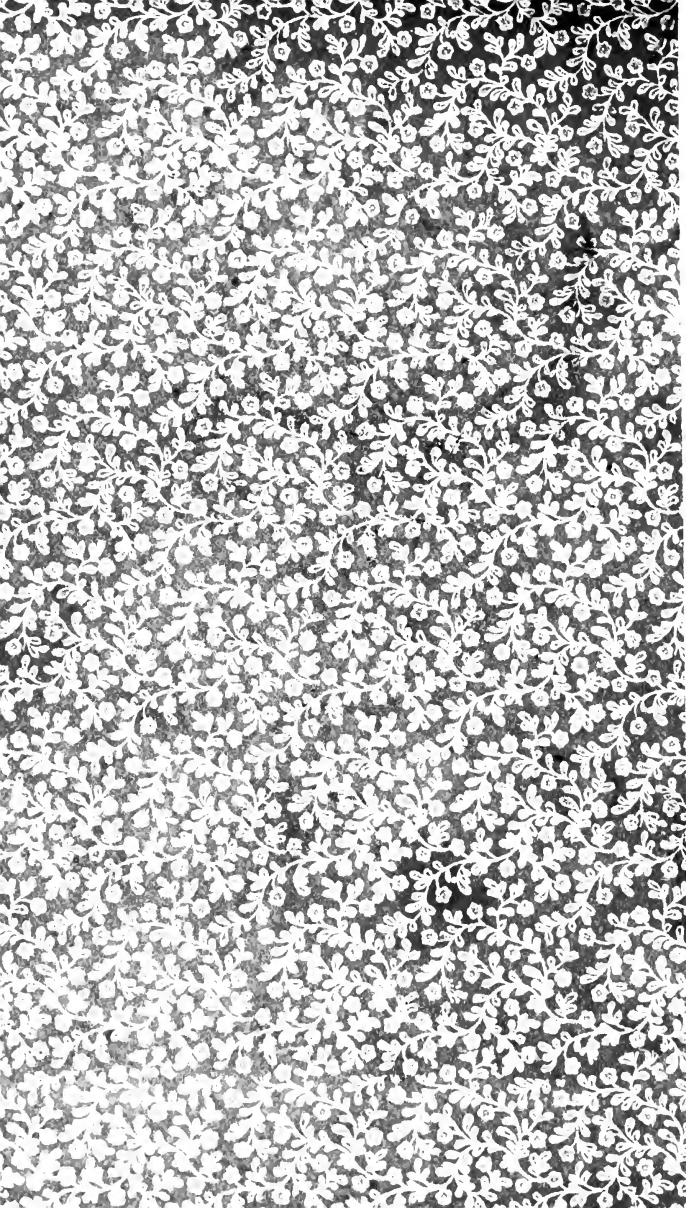
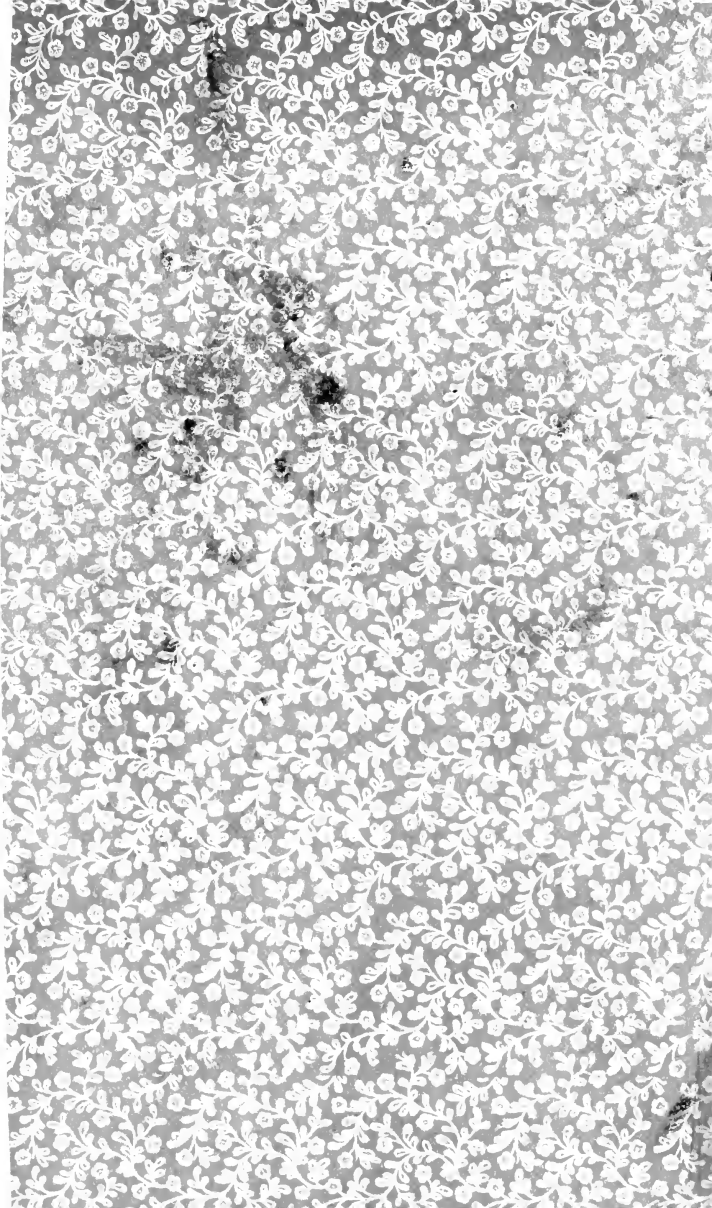




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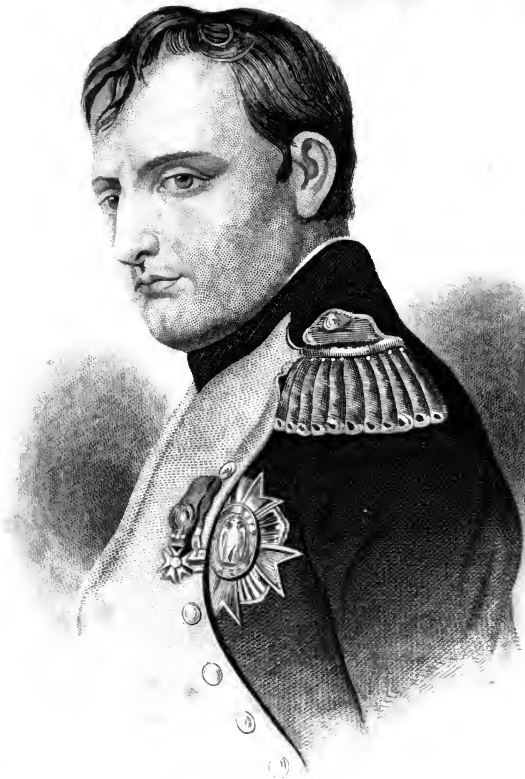
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KINGS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD:

COMPRISING

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED MILITARY LEADERS, OF EUROPE AND AMERICA, WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED THEIR LIFE SERVICES TO ESTABLISH AND PERPETUATE THE FREEDOM OF THEIR FELLOW-MEN AND THE SACRED HONOR OF THEIR COUNTRY.

BY

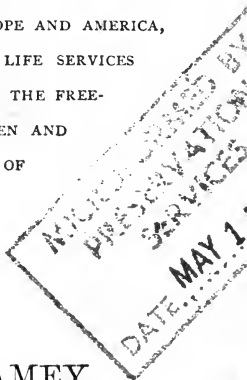
W. SANFORD RAMEY,

AUTHOR OF "MORAL AND SCIENTIFIC CONQUESTS," "OUR NAVAL HEROES,"
"STARS OF OUR REPUBLIC," ETC.

Illustrated.

PHILADELPHIA:
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W. SANFORD RAMEY.

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
MY BROTHER MARION,
MY CONSTANT SHIELD IN BOYHOOD,
WHOSE LAMP OF LIFE WENT OUT ON THE
BATTLE-FIELD OF CORINTH,
AND WHOSE LAST WORDS WERE OF ME AND
HIS COUNTRY,
THIS VOLUME IS SACREDLY INSCRIBED
BY HIS BROTHER,
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WARRIORS have always found admirers. Bravery—the facing of death and danger—excites admiration. To the hero who devotes his services and life to his country for her salvation and perpetuity, we give the highest place in the annals of history.

We are desirous to avoid war, with all its attendant miseries; and it is with anxiety and compassion that we regard the armies who are led to the slaughter on questions which might be more satisfactorily settled by arbitration. But there are occasions when war becomes a terrible necessity. Under such circumstances competent commanders are the best national safeguards. It is not by force of numbers alone, but by strategic skill that great victories are achieved; and we look with confidence, therefore, as to the issue of a battle, not so much to numerical strength as to the sagacity of those in command. The names of those great men who have won laurels on the battle-field are

names cherished as "household words." Their services were great and good, and their memories are held near and dear.

The principal object of this book is to group around the two great nations, Europe and America, those leading warriors who have climbed to immortality in their country's cause, shared its fortunes, helped to win its victories, and remained constant to the end.

Washington, Napoleon, Grant and Wolseley are names that will live forever in our history; not because they were the subjects of a blind adulation, but because they were soldiers, brave of heart and strong of patriotism, who wore the sword that the freedom of their fellow-men and the sacred honor of their country might still be unimpaired.

To the list that I have selected might be added many brave and worthy heroes from the ranks; but the introduction of every meritorious soldier would make the work too cumbersome for my purpose.

Much care has been taken to have these sketches complete without being heavy—to give the leading qualities, peculiar traits and distinguishing characteristics of the subjects presented.

Biographies possess but little interest when not accompanied by a recital of the thrilling adventures that mark such eventful lives. To make each hero stand out clear and distinct, to present living portraits of the greatest military leaders, is the object of my work.

Whatever may be the verdict of the public, the patriots "deserve well of their country," and with successive pride we hand down to posterity the memories of our brave defenders.

W. SANFORD RAMEY.

BOSTON, September, 1883.



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KINGS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

CHAPTER I.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Birthplace and Ancestry—Military Education—Commissioned at Sixteen—Promoted—Marriage—Campaign in 1796—Battling with Italy—Entering Milan—At the Bridge of Arcola—"Are you the Victors of Lodi?"—Peace in 1797—In Egypt—Fighting Mamelukes and the English—Discomfited—Return to France—First Consul—Overtures to the English—"You may destroy France, but you can never intimidate her"—Emperor of the French—Placing the Crown on his own head—Miscellaneous Victories—Distribution of power—Drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard—The "Jewel set in the Silver Sea"—Expedition to Moscow—Famine, Frost, Disorder—Destruction of Moscow—Dethroned—Banished to Elba—In France again—Waterloo.

IN the little town of Ajaccio, on the island of Corsica, August 15, 1769, was born Napoleon Bonaparte, just two months after the conquest of the island by the French. His ancestors were Italians. His father, Charles Bonaparte, had taken refuge in Corsica when the civil war had rent Florence, but the family kept up their intercourse with their native country, and were as much Italians as Corsicans. Letitia Ramolino, wife of Charles Bonaparte, and mother of Napoleon, was a woman of great beauty.

Young Napoleon grew up amid the turmoil and confusion incident to the struggle of the rugged islanders against their French conquerors; and as a child, witnessed the last efforts of his countrymen for independence. In 1789 he wrote:—"I was born when my country was sinking; the cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, and the tears of despair surrounded my cradle from my birth." The recollections of the war for independence were amply engraven on his mind, and no doubt added to the natural seriousness of his disposition, if they were not the cause of his unusual precocity.

While a mere child he had high patriotic ideas which seemed to be his own by instinct, rather than acquired from others. When an aged relative, the Archdeacon of Ajaccio, was dying, he called the children to his bedside to take leave of them. To Joseph Bonaparte he said: "You are the eldest; but Napoleon is the head of his family. Take care to remember my words." Doubtless, the little Napoleon took care to remember them, and one writer asserts that he immediately fell to beating his older brother, as if to show the truth of the archdeacon's dying words.

Charles Bonaparte having the art to ingratiate himself with the French authorities, succeeded in procuring for Napoleon admission into the military school of Brienne, where he was sent at the early age of eleven. On his arrival there he saw in one of the apartments a portrait of Choiseul, the author of the wrongs of his country, and he apostrophised the portrait with angry words, and went into a rage about their keeping at Brienne the portrait of such a man. He was a hard-working scholar, with an especial aptness for mathe-

ematics. He was fond of history, and particularly that of the ancient republics. He loved the poems of Ossian, which were then dear to Europe. The gloomy pictures of heroic actions, passionate deeds, love, battle and victory were well suited to his own heroic and passionate nature. He had little in common with his companions, who were all the sons of the wealthy French nobility, while he was poor and a pensioner upon the king. When taunted by the boys, who were nearly all either young dukes or princes, with being educated at the king's expense, he went into a passion, and with sturdy pride declared that his education was at the expense of the country and not the king.

Probably this inequality in his own condition with his surroundings was the cause of the gloominess of his disposition, and led him to seek solitude rather than the society of his fellow-students, whose wealth and rank made such a marked contrast to his poverty and obscurity. At this early age he took something of the tone of the moralist, and censured the extravagance of his companions, and the lax discipline of the school which allowed the students to lead such lives as would unfit them for military duties. The rancor displayed in his proposed reforms, however, showed that he was actuated by a desire to level all inequalities of wealth and rank among the students, thereby lessening the contrast between his own situation and that of his more fortunate associates.

In 1783 he was sent from Brienne to the Military Academy at Paris upon the recommendation of his masters. Here he so distinguished himself by his acquirements as to be admitted into the society of the celebrated Abbe Raynal. At sixteen he was examined

by the great Laplace, and received his commission as second lieutenant of artillery. He was sent to the garrison at Valance, and assigned to the regiment La Fere.

Through the kindness of a lady he was introduced into society at Valance, and here, amid new surroundings, his character seemed to lose some of its gloomy austerity, and for the first time he showed the insinuating and seductive charm of conversation that he afterwards threw into his discourse whenever he chose to lay aside his blunt and imperious tone.

At Valance he probably first awakened to ambitious aspirations and designs, and there, dreaming of some day rescuing his beloved home, Corsica, from her French conquerors, and cherishing ideas of future greatness as the champion of freedom, the French Revolution found him. He adopted its principles without hesitation, for he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose by the struggle. Napoleon's personal appearance was very striking: though his stature was low, his figure was well knit, slim and active. His face was classic; features clear-cut and beautiful, with eyes deep-set and brilliant. His manners were blunt, and he never courted grace and refinement.

In 1792 he was promoted to Captain of artillery, and witnessed the horrors of the mob at the Tuileries, 20th June. The effect produced upon his mind by the unbridled passions of the populace, the massacre of the brave Swiss Guards, and the sight of the Royal family, insulted and outraged, fleeing for their lives, was to destroy his faith in the principles he had professed to believe in, and he expressed to his friend Bourrienne his regret that he could not "see all this rabble swept

away." But Napoleon saw and recognized the immense power and invincible strength of the revolution, and followed it to the end; seeing in the changes daily occurring the boundless field that was opened to him for his own advancement. While apparently subservient to the passions of others, he really turned them to his own account, and perhaps served France only because he could not devote himself to Corsica. Nearly all of the officers of the French army having emigrated, he saw the sure prospect of speedy promotion, and bound himself the more closely to the destiny of France as he saw others separating from her, in consequence of the excesses that were daily overwhelming her. "Calculating self-interest and ambition had gained ascendancy over every other quality he possessed." Opportunity alone was wanting to his genius, and it came swiftly. The Republican army were besieging Toulon, September, 1793. Paris was in the midst of the "reign of terror." Robespierre was glutting himself with blood. A motley crowd of English, Spanish and Neapolitans were trying to hold the city. The siege was conducted by Cartaux, an artist who knew nothing of fortification and defence. Napoleon arrived at the camp amidst the tumultuous confusion and disorder of preparations for the siege. He was on his way to Nice, the head-quarters of the Italian army, and stopped to see his friend and countryman, Saliceth, who introduced him to Cartaux. He was invited by that officer to visit the batteries he had just erected to cannonade the English fleet.

Napoleon could hardly restrain his contempt at seeing that they were placed at three times the carrying distance from the nearest ship. Cartaux was covered

with confusion and blamed the powder ; but Napoleon's observations showed so much skill, and such knowledge of military affairs, that the commissioners, who were present, immediately put in a requisition for his services, and he was appointed to the command of the artillery, and consequently conducted the principal part of the siege. His great skill in the conduct of the siege of Toulon and subsequent operations won for him the appointment to join the army of Italy, with the rank of chief of battalion. He was already making rapid strides to greatness. A little later he was made second in command of the army, after being called to Paris to defend the Tuileries against the insurgents ; and Barras resigning the command of the army of the interior, " the little Corsican officer " was appointed commander-in-chief of the same.

His position now invested him with the chief military command in Paris, but notwithstanding his prominence as a great general, he led a very modest and quiet life ; seldom going into society, and studying hard all the while. It was at this time that an interesting boy, scarcely twelve years of age, one day presented himself to Napoleon, and stating that he was the son of a general in the Republican army who had been murdered by Robespierre, demanded his father's sword. Bonaparte ordered the sword to be given to him, and the boy's tears of joy as he received and kissed the sacred relic excited his interest and sympathy. His kind treatment of the boy caused his mother to visit Napoleon the following day to thank him. The beauty and grace of Josephine de Beauharnois made a lasting impression upon Napoleon. She was the daughter of a planter in St. Domingo, and after her

husband's death had been imprisoned until after the downfall of Robespierre. Madam Tallien was her warm friend, and had introduced Josephine to her husband's friends. These two beautiful women were the chief ornaments of the court which Barras, the first director, then held at Louxembourg. Napoleon offered his hand and she accepted it. This marriage strengthened his connection with the society at Louxembourg, and with Barras and Tallien, the two most powerful men in France.

Paris being now restored to quiet, the Directory had leisure to look to the army of Italy, and Bonaparte was appointed again to that command. When but three days married he left his beautiful bride and set out for Nice, stopping at Marseilles for a brief visit to his mother. Napoleon was but twenty-six when he assumed the command of the army of Italy, and entered upon the most brilliant scene of his life. During the months of glory that followed, his letters were full of regret and home-sickness, showing how reluctantly he parted from his beloved Josephine so soon after their wedding. But he was full of ambition and exulted in the fact that if his campaigns were successful, the glory would be all his own. He said, "In three months I shall be either in Milan or at Paris."

He made a new departure from the old established modes of war. He saw that his small army could effect but little against the vast and well-disciplined forces of Austria and her allies, unless he could, as it were, bewilder them by the rapidity of his motions, and the concentration of the whole pith and energy of his force against some one point. The soldiers were to give up such useless luxuries as baggage and tents, and

instead of long chains of reserves and stores, they were to find their subsistence in the countries where he should lead them. Everything must depend upon their success, and everything must be sacrificed to it.

The battle of Monte Nolti, fought on the 12th April, 1796, in which "the center of the allied army was utterly routed before either the commander-in-chief at the left, or General Colli at the right of the line had any notion that a battle was going on," was the first of Napoleon's great fields. In less than a month the Sardinian army was almost annihilated. Napoleon had taken possession of Cherasco, ten miles from Turin, and there dictated terms of peace to the King of Sardinia. The two great fortresses, Corri and Tortona, "the keys of the Alps," were in his possession, and indeed every place of consequence in the King of Sardinia's dominions except Turin.

On the 10th of May occurred "the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi," as Napoleon himself afterwards called it. In that fearful conflict Napoleon threw himself into the very midst of the firing, and with his own hands pointed two of the guns so as to cut off the only chance of the Austrians advancing to destroy the little wooden bridge. His reckless disregard of his own personal safety won for him from his soldiers the sobriquet of "the little corporal." Four days afterwards he entered Milan with all the pomp and circumstance of a great triumph, and scarcely pausing to look about him the conqueror hurried on to further victories.

At the bridge of Arcola, where Napoleon again met the Austrian forces, under Alrinzi, he gained a signal victory after three days' severe fighting. On the first

day at Arcola, at a critical moment when he saw the necessity of holding the bridge at all hazards, he seized a standard, and rushing upon the bridge urged the men to the charge. So terrible was the confusion of this battle that Napoleon himself was lost in the fury of the charge, and, sinking in the morass of the Adige, came near losing his life, when his situation was discovered by the French soldiers, who rushed forward with the cry, "Save the general," and rescued him. The battle of Rivoli followed, in which he had three horses shot under him. This was one of the brightest days in his military career; his victory was complete; but scarcely waiting to witness the surrender of the Austrian general, he hurried off, and marching all night and all the next day, reached the neighborhood of Mantua on the 15th of January. The night after this hurried march, which had strained all the energies of his troops, Napoleon scarcely slept at all; but knowing that the utmost watchfulness was necessary, himself patrolled the camp and outposts of his army. Coming upon a young sentinel who had fallen asleep through utter exhaustion, Napoleon took his musket and for half an hour performed sentinel duty for him. On waking and recognizing his commander the soldier fell on his knees before him and asked for mercy. Napoleon returned his gun and said to him, "My friend, you had fought hard and marched long, and your sleep is excusable; but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time."

On the 2d of February Mantua surrendered; and this placed the whole of Lombardy in the hands of the

conqueror. A provisional treaty was signed at Loeben, April 18, 1797, and a final settlement made at Campo Formio, October 3 of the same year. In the ceremony concluding and celebrating this treaty of peace, Napoleon's character shone out in unmistakable colors. At the Te Deum, sung in honor of the occasion, the Austrian envoy essayed to take the place set apart for Napoleon, which was the most prominent in the church. Napoleon drew him back, haughtily saying: "Had your imperial master himself been here, I should not have forgotten that in my person the dignity of France is represented."

On his return to Paris after his brilliant Italian campaigns, Napoleon led a life of retirement in a modest house on the Rue de la Victorie, so named in compliment of its illustrious inhabitant. His manners when he mingled in society were cold and reserved; he seemed always occupied with serious designs. His haughtiness in society was but a repetition of his demeanor in camp. With his officers he constantly maintained the air of a superior; but a trooper in the ranks could address him with a freedom that a brother officer would have hesitated to assume. So great was the popularity of Bonaparte, who was everywhere gazed at and admired as the hero of Lodi, Arcola and Rivoli, that the Directory growing jealous of his rising power, thought it prudent to find occupation for him in his own profession. Accordingly they proposed that he should make a descent upon the English coast; that country being the only great power then at war with France. But Napoleon's mind turned in another direction, and he proposed the invasion of Egypt.

The Directory, only too glad to be rid of so dan-

gerous a rival, assented; and he was given means to carry out his designs. The expedition set sail from Toulon in May, 1798, and comprised 13 ships of the line, 14 frigates, and 400 transports. They carried 40,000 picked soldiers and officers who were accustomed to consider the name of their leader as but a synonym for victory. On the 10th of June the fleet reached Malta. This old fortress yielded an easy conquest to the French forces. From Malta the fleet steered for Candia, and eluding the English admiral, Nelson, who was in the Mediterranean with a powerful navy, Napoleon landed at Marabout, near Alexandria. Egypt was then a province of the Ottoman Empire, and was surprised at this invasion by a nation at peace with them.

The Turks made what resistance they could with a small force, hurriedly got together; but the French soon took the place, and for three hours Napoleon gave the old city up to the plunder of the soldiers, who committed the most horrible excesses. The only pretext made for this atrocity was the necessity for striking terror to the hearts of the populace, and so preventing them from answering to the call to arms of their military leaders.

Napoleon addressed a proclamation to the Egyptians as follows: "They will tell you that I come to destroy your religion; believe them not; answer that I am come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect more than the Mamelukes ever did, God, his prophet and the Koran. Sheiks and imans, assure the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Is it not we that have ruined the pope and the knights of Malta? Thrice happy they who shall be with us!

Woe to them that take up arms for the Mamelukes !
They shall perish !”

Napoleon left Alexandria on the 7th of July, and marched his men over burning sands, at a distance from the river Nile where his flotilla served as a guard to the right flank of the army. Nothing could exceed the agony of this terrible march under a burning sun ; the air swarming with pestiferous insects ; the glare blinding men's eyes ; water scarce and very bad ; and neither beast nor vegetable to be found in the country. Angry murmurs arose among the soldiers, and even brave officers trod their cockades in the dust. Napoleon alone seemed unmoved by the trials and sufferings which befell them ; and it required all that his example could do to keep the men from open mutiny. For some days no enemy appeared ; but at Chebreis the Mamelukes first attacked them in a large body. They were terrible foes to encounter ; swift riders and un-failing marksmen. The character of the soil, so light that the least motion or breath of wind sent up a blinding cloud of dust, added to the miseries of the French. Still Napoleon continued his forced marches, harassed at times by attacks of straggling parties of Mamelukes, until his army came in sight of the Pyramids. “Soldiers,” said Bonaparte, “from the summit of yonder Pyramids, forty ages behold you.” A terrible battle was fought, in which the carnage was frightful. Nothing could shake the courage of the French troops ; the Mamelukes were so stricken with terror, they abandoned their earthworks and threw themselves into the river by hundreds. Many were drowned. The French soldiers repaid themselves for their sufferings and hardships by the rich plunder of the battle-field.

Cairo surrendered and Lower Egypt was conquered. In the meantime, the English admiral was preparing for the encounter which took place at Aboukir, where Nelson gained, as he said, "not a victory, but a conquest." Napoleon is said to have exclaimed with a sigh, "To France the fates have decreed the Empire of the land—to England, that of the sea."

In Egypt Napoleon undertook to organize a system of government, and labored to make the laws respected. His management of the affairs of the conquered country reflected great honor upon him. The battles of El-Arish and Jaffa were followed by the plague, which broke out in the French army; and which was more dreaded by the soldiers than the fierce Mamelukes. The victims of this terrible scourge lost all hope, for the well shrank in nervous horror from attendance upon the sick. Napoleon, undaunted, went through the hospitals, and with his own hands squeezed the loathsome ulcers that no one else would touch. In strange contradiction to such heroism was his foul murder of the Egyptian prisoners, whom he caused to be massacred because he could not spare men to guard them.

After his unsuccessful siege of Acre, and retreat upon Jaffa, the onward march through Egypt was even more fearful than that already recounted. Arriving at Cairo, Napoleon suddenly determined to return to Paris and leave the affairs of Egypt to other hands. News had reached him of the internal dissensions that threatened to overturn the government of France, and Napoleon was too wide awake to his own advancement not to hear the murmurs of the people, and the ominous words of one of the Directory, "We must have a

chief." Among the people, in the legislature and in the armies, there had sprung up a desire for a strong government.

Napoleon landed on the shores of Provence in October, 1799, and at every stage of his journey to Paris he was greeted by the people as their last hope. At Paris, the garrison as well as the populace openly hailed him as the Chief of the State. By the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Brumaire, after a provisional government had been formed, Napoleon was made First Consul. The French Republic had been the mere "offspring of passions," and the reaction had set in. As a military leader, the hearts of the nation had centered on Napoleon; and he was not slow to see his opportunity.

As First Consul he brought all the power of his determined will and great intellect to bear upon the reforms he instantly set in motion. His policy was a wise and healing one. He endeavored to bind together the factions that had distracted France. Some iniquitous laws of the Revolution were repealed; especially those against the clergy and the emigrés; and the country rapidly gained new strength and life from his judicious management of affairs.

But the government of France was only one of the cares of the First Consul. Germany and England were still hostile, and Austria, with a powerful army, was seeking to make sure the conquest she had made in Italy. Napoleon gathered an army of 50,000 men from every part of France, and crossing the Alps, was soon in possession of Milan. The victory of Marengo, June 4th, 1800, restored Italy as far as the Mincio to the French, and has been considered one of Napoleon's greatest successes. The battle of Hohenlinden was

fought December 3d of the same year, and resulted in another victory for the French. A treaty was made at Luneville in February, 1801. Napoleon had twice defeated the great Continental powers. England alone remained to contend with, and she was growing tired of the war. Her navy had indeed maintained its supremacy on the sea, and had recovered Egypt after Napoleon's return to France; but on the continent, his arms had remained invincible, and long negotiations followed before the peace of Amiens was concluded. Malta was the bone of contention between England and France. England threatened a renewal of the war, and when the English ambassador appeared at the First Consul's levee, Napoleon addressed him in angry words upon the subject. "If you arm," he said, "I will arm too; if you fight, I can fight also. You may destroy France, but cannot intimidate her." The treatment of the English ambassador was sufficient excuse for the declaration of war, for which England was ready, and it was made on the 18th of May, 1803.

During the interval of peace, after the treaty of Amiens, Napoleon still pursued his plan of reforms. He gave to the nation, at this time, the system of laws known as the Code Napoleon; which, though they were in the main the work of professional lawyers, bear marks of his own genius. The Concordat was his next great work, whereby the civil and ecclesiastical powers were reconciled, and religious freedom guaranteed to all sects. The church was re-established in France, and the aisles of the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the Goddess of Reason had a few years before been set up, again resounded with songs

of Christian worshippers. He reorganized the army and created the Legion of Honor. The consulate, at first created for ten years, became one for life; and the government of France was entirely under the control of Napoleon.

Before long, rumors of a conspiracy against the life of the First Consul began to be heard. There was disaffection in the Republican party, and many of the emigrés, to say nothing of the English, were suspected of being in the plots. The unfortunate Duke d'Eng-hien was executed with a mere shadow of trial, and other executions, less shocking, because with more show of reason, followed. These events hastened a movement which had, no doubt, been contemplated by Napoleon from the beginning of his career as a ruler. The sentiment of the nation was to surround their leader with all the glory of regal power; and now with as much enthusiasm as they had hailed the republic, they greeted the proclamation that made the First Consul "Emperor of the French." The proclamation was made May 18th, 1804.

In December, all Paris flocked to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to witness the coronation. The Pope, departing from the established usage, had come to Paris to hallow the ceremony with the benediction of the church. At the altar, with Josephine by his side, Napoleon received the emblems of sovereignty, the sceptre and the consecrated sword, from the hands of Pius the 7th; but with a significant gesture, he seized the crown and placed it upon his head with his own hands.

The Italian Republic, following the lead of France, sent a deputation to Napoleon asking that their

President might also be crowned king in Milan. For answer Napoleon crossed the Alps and placed the iron crown of the old Lombard kings upon his own head. Henceforth he styled himself "Emperor of the French and King of Italy."

In 1805 a coalition was formed against the power of Napoleon, consisting of England, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Naples. Prussia, it was hoped, would also join. With his transcendent genius for war, the emperor of the French baffled this entire host by the concentration of his strength upon the Austrians at Ulm. Here the whole vanguard of the allied army was annihilated by a "simple manœuvre."

This magnificent success was followed by the destruction of the French fleet in the battle of Trafalgar. But Trafalgar was soon forgotten in the joy of the great victory at Austerlitz, when the allied army was shattered to fragments. Prussia now declared war against France, and the battles of Jura and Armstadt, fought on the same day, October 14, 1806, reduced the Prussian army to a mere wreck.

The suddenness of these victories surpassed all that Napoleon had before achieved, and astonished the world, while it impelled the conqueror to further triumphs. He now turned his attention to Russia, who before the rout of Jura had declared war. At Eylau an indecisive battle was fought, but at Friedland the "Grand Army" was again victorious. A treaty of peace was made at Tilsit, July, 1807, and an alliance formed with the Czar Alexander, so lately Napoleon's deadly foe.

Bonaparte may now be considered at the height of his power. His rule extended "from the pillars of

Hercules to the furthest limits of Eastern Germany," and he was master of the fairest portion of the continent. Austria was humbled, and Prussia overwhelmed by his power. To his brothers he distributed crowns. Louis was made King of Holland, Joseph King of Naples, and Jerome King of Westphalia. Having enticed the imbecile King of Spain to Bayonne under the pretext of acting as arbiter in the dissensions of the Bourbons, he caused the old king to abdicate his throne, and then conferred it upon his brother Joseph.

The Spaniards rose vigorously against this usurpation, England came to the rescue, and the French were driven out of Spain before the autumn. Europe was astonished, and Napoleon indignant. Rumors that the Austrians were arming reached Napoleon, and drawing together his scattered forces he defeated the Archduke Charles in Bavaria. The battle of Wagram was the decisive blow to Austria, and peace was made by the treaty of Vienna, October 14, 1809.

Napoleon had already strengthened his power by the marriage of several members of his family into the royal families of Europe, and he now proposed to further cement the compact with Austria by allying himself to the daughter of the emperor. Josephine, the wife of his youth, was divorced, and on the 11th of March, 1810, his marriage with Maria Louisa was celebrated with unusual splendor. Spain and England were not the only declared foes of the emperor, but the German States were chafing under the French yoke. Italy was discontented, and Napoleon had quarrelled with the Pope. Even in France murmurs of discontent were heard. In March, 1811, a son was born to Napoleon. This event, so earnestly desired as the sure prop of the

empire a few years ago, scarcely created the enthusiasm that might have been expected.

Napoleon, still intoxicated with success, did not see the clouds that were gathering.

A rupture having occurred with the czar, Napoleon prepared to invade Russia. These preparations were on a greater scale than any he had before made. Immense stores of ammunition, and subsistence for more than half a million of men were sent to the fortresses in Northern Germany. Austria and Prussia were coerced into his support, and the gigantic enterprise was set on foot slowly and with the greatest care. In the spring of 1812 the plains of Northern Germany were swarming with the conqueror's hosts; 450,000 men, with 60,000 cavalry and 1,200 guns, crossed the Niemen and entered Russia. The army of the czar slowly retreated before the French, laying waste the country, and rendering Napoleon's advance the more difficult.

Over bad roads, with insufficient supplies, his army depleted one-third by desertions, Napoleon moved on in pursuit of victory, which ever eluded him. At Borodino the first encounter took place, and it was "terrible beyond all past experience." The Russians were driven from their position, and on September 15, 1812, the "Grand Army" entered Moscow. To his utter surprise, Napoleon found the city in flames, the governor having set fire to it that it might not afford shelter to the conqueror. This was a terrible blow. Napoleon made a short delay, hoping the czar would treat for peace. The soldiers loaded themselves with the rich spoils of the old city, and then began the terrible retreat. The severities of the Russian winter had

set in, and all the horrors of frost and famine were encountered; and to these were added constant attacks from the bristling swarms of Cossacks that hovered round them.

Two armies were gathering to cut off their retreat. Slowly the French toiled along the Lithuanian wastes, perishing by thousands from cold and hunger, and arriving at Beresina a mere wreck of the army found itself surrounded by relentless foes. The only wonder was that it was not annihilated. But Napoleon with marvellous skill saved what remained of his once "Grand Army," and conducted it as far as Smorgoni. Here, giving the command to Murat, he left them and hurried off to France to raise new levies. Of the 550,000 men who had entered Russia with the emperor, scarcely 50,000 remained.

Napoleon fled in disguise through Germany into France, and there met with a very different reception from that on his return from Egypt. During his absence a malicious person had spread the report of his death, and he found to his chagrin that no thought of his infant son as his successor had been so much as mentioned. He declared his empress Regent in case of his death, and turned his attention to matters of more imminent importance.

Following the disastrous retreat from Moscow there was a general uprising in Germany. Insurrections broke out in the Hanse towns, and even in Austria and Saxony loud threats were heard against the aggressions.

Napoleon with incredible skill and craft raised another army, which seemed to spring from the earth by magic at his imperious summons. In a few weeks

half a million of men were under his command. But they were not the men of Austerlitz, though they bore the name of the Grand Army.

Napoleon took the field in April, and encountered the Russians and Prussians on the plains of Lutzen, where the allied armies retreated before him. Pursuing them to the borders of Silesia, he again defeated them in a great battle at Bautzen. Austria proposed terms of peace, which Napoleon rejected, and she joined the formidable coalition against him. And now, hemmed in by foes on every side, he still met them on many a bloody field till they forced their way to the very gates of Paris, and compelled the surrender of the capital.

The condition of France, exhausted by the long struggle, and weakened by internal dissensions, seemed to invite invasion, and the fall of Paris was immediately followed by the dethronement of the emperor and the re-establishment of the Bourbons in the person of the Count of Provence.

Napoleon, now deserted by those whom he had raised to greatness, was given the little island of Elba for his empire in exchange for the vast dominion he had called his own.

Notwithstanding the defection of his ministers and dignitaries of state in his hour of humiliation, the army were ever loyal to their great chieftain, and he was followed into exile by a little band of picked men, who took on themselves the military duties of the miniature court he held at Elba. Even here in his retirement the "eagle eye" never lost sight of the movement of events in Europe. The restoration of the Bourbon dynasty was quickly followed by its overthrow. France disliked her position as a conquered

power, and when, in the spring of 1815, Napoleon again landed in Provence, near the very spot where he had landed years before on his return from Egypt, he was again welcomed with acclamations of joy, and in a few hours regiment after regiment sent to check his progress laid down their arms. By the 15th of June his army numbered 130,000 men, and with these he set out to meet Wellington and Blücher, whose armies represented the combined strength of all Europe. The decisive contest was made at Waterloo. Volumes have been written upon this great struggle, upon the fate of which hung the destiny not only of Napoleon, but of Europe. Though the emperor still showed himself to be a master in the art of war, and wielded his forces with consummate skill, the tide of battle turned against him, and the French army was utterly routed.

After Waterloo Napoleon formally abdicated his throne, and put himself under the protection of England. He was banished to the distant island of St. Helena, where he died May 5, 1821.



NAPOLÉON AT WATERLOO.



CHAPTER II.

CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Illustrious Ancestors—Early Education—As a Page—Putting his Bucephalus through his paces—In the service of King Charles—Personal merits—Heroic conduct at the Battle of Formosa—Duel with the Spanish Knight—Fighting two hundred Spaniards—"I have always loved men better than money"—Battle of Ravenna—Bayard seriously wounded—At home—Again in the field—"Battle of the Spurs"—Captured by the English—Novel surrender—Paroled—Fighting the Germans—The Stone Bullet.

STANDING out in vivid contrast to the dark characters stained with selfish passions, deceit, avarice and treachery, that marked the century in which they lived, the name of Bayard is as a gleam of light upon the moral darkness of that time. The chivalry of Europe had lost all that had once characterized it as the defence of the defenceless, the safeguard of honor and virtue, save its name.

Sunk in hopeless depths of passion, sloth and all manner of evil, the knights of England, France, Spain and Italy were a reproach to the manhood they were supposed to ennoble; and it was for the name of the Chevalier Bayard to redeem the now decaying remnant of chivalry from its taint of perfidy; and show to the world that, in a time when princes and nobles scrupled not to deceive and to betray, there lived a man

whose name could be handed down to posterity as the knight "sans peur et sans reproche."

The Chevalier Bayard was descended from one of the oldest and most illustrious families of France. For five generations the House of Tenail had been distinguished for the valor and intrepidity of its lords. Philip, the great-great-grandfather of our hero, had perished in the battle of Poitiers; and Pierre, his son, had fallen likewise on the field of Agincourt. Bayard's grandfather, also named Pierre, won for himself the name of "The sword of Tenail" by his distinguished prowess in the war with England. He also died on the battle-field; while his son Aymond, the father of Bayard, following too the profession of a soldier, was disabled at the battle of Guinegate, by the loss of the use of his arms. He is represented as a man of large stature and unusual vigor, while his wife, Helene des Allemans, was quite *petite*, but possessed of a great heart and courageous spirit.

Bayard was born in 1476 in the province of Dauphiny. He grew up a bright, frank and open-hearted lad, commending himself to all who knew him by the unusual wisdom of his deportment and conversation—a wisdom which his boyish face in some degree concealed. He was but thirteen years old when he was called to the bed-side of his father, then eighty, to receive his dying words, and there make choice of his profession. His brothers, one older and two younger than himself, had decided; two for the church and the other to remain at the castle. Without hesitation, Bayard, with the spirit of his brave ancestors stirring in his soul, answered that he would be a soldier. He said, "I should like to remain with you, my

father, to the end of your days; but your own discourses daily, in my hearing, of the noble men by whom our house has been distinguished in times past, lead me to desire, with your permission, that I may also embrace the profession of arms. This is the pursuit I most affect, and I hope with the grace of God to do you no dishonor."

These words, uttered with modesty and with the perfect freedom of a mind untainted with duplicity and bent upon one aim, viz., the determination to uphold the fame of his illustrious house, so touched the heart of the old soldier that he shed tears of joy. "God grant that it may be so, my son," he replied; "already in face and figure thou lookest like thy grandsire, who was one of the best knights in Christendom. I will put thee in the way of obtaining thy desire."

The Bishop of Grenoble, a relative of Bayard, and all the leading gentry of the neighborhood were immediately invited to dinner at the castle; and after the meal was served their advice was asked by the Lord of Tenail, as to the best disposition to be made of the young Bayard, who had declared so decidedly for the life of a soldier. Several powerful houses were mentioned, whose patronage might be secured for so promising a youth; and even the King of France himself was named as the proper master. The Duke of Savoy had always been a friend of the house of Tenail, and by the advice of the Bishop of Grenoble it was decided to place Bayard as page in his household, if the duke were willing to receive him. The very next day after this conference the boy was fitted out in the dress and style suitable to a page in such a noble house, and went in company with his uncle, the Bishop of Greno-

ble, to be presented to the duke. Before setting out on his journey his father gave him his blessing, and charged him never to forget that the King of France was his sovereign; and that his claim must take precedence of all others, and that he should never bear arms against France. His mother, the gentle sister of the Bishop of Grenoble, while pleased with the bright prospect in store for her boy, could scarce restrain her tears at parting with him. She called him aside from the gay company assembled in the court, where Bayard had been performing some wonderful feats of horsemanship, upon a fine charger which his uncle, the bishop, had presented him with, and thus addressed him: "Pierrie, my son, you are going into the service of a noble prince; now, as much as a mother can command her child, look, there are three things which I commend to you. First, you love and serve God in all things without offending Him; night and morning recommend yourself to Him. Second, be you mild and courteous to all, casting away pride. Be humble and obliging. Be not a liar nor a slanderer. Be temperate in eating and drinking. Avoid envy; it is a mean excess. Be neither tale-bearer nor flatterer—such people never excel. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succor the widow and orphan, and look for your reward to God. The third is, be bountiful to the poor and needy."

Never were a good mother's parting injunctions more faithfully carried out than by this bright, heroic youth, now starting upon a career in which every species of temptation would assail him. But so spotless did he keep his soul, so free from soil of avarice, pride and corruption of every sort, that he won for himself the

name of the "Good Knight; without fear and without reproach."

The Duke of Savoy was delighted with Bayard's manly bearing, and at once received him into his household as a page, where he was soon so great a favorite that he was treated as if he were the duke's own son. He was given in charge of one of the duke's most faithful equerries; and here he was to serve a sort of apprenticeship in all manly exercises, and to receive that thorough training and discipline which was to fit him for the life of a soldier. He was to learn "to wait, and to obey"—two very important lessons in those days—ere he could be promoted to the rank of "man-at-arms" in the service of his king and country. While the page performed the duties of a domestic, there was nothing menial in his office; but his position was rather a school in which he learned not only good manners and pleasant address by conversations with his superiors, but he was also taught, in particular, religion, and his duty to the gentler sex. As a page, he was required to choose from the young maidens of the court one who should be to him the representative of all that was pure and lovely, and whose name should be to him as a talisman in moments of danger and temptation. The warm-hearted, impetuous boy soon attached himself to a young lady in the service of the duchess. She was of noble birth, but poor like himself. "I will make myself famous," he said to her one day, "and when I have acquired distinction, I will return and make you my wife."

The young lady was more prudent than her generous lover, and replied, "Alas! we must not entertain such projects. I am without fortune, and you may reason-

ably pretend to the greatest. In accepting your affections, I would destroy your hopes."

She gently urged him to subdue his passion for her to a friendship which could bring them no reproach. He declared that he would speak to the duchess upon the subject; but destiny decreed that the lovers should soon be separated. Before he could carry out his intention of speaking to his mistress, the duke set out for Lyons with his retinue, including Bayard, where he was to meet the king, Charles VIII. The Count de Ligny was sent with an escort to conduct the Duke of Savoy to the king's presence. He was so struck with the bearing and splendid horsemanship of Bayard that he instantly advised the duke to present both horse and rider to the king. Glad of so good an opportunity to further the advancement of his favorite page, the duke at once expressed his willingness to transfer the boy to his sovereign. The king, after witnessing Bayard's spirited manœuvres on horseback, exclaimed, "It is impossible to do better!" "I will not wait till you give me your page and horse—I beg them at your hands. It is impossible that he should not become a man of worth."

"The master himself is yours," replied the duke, "and the rest may well be so. God give the boy grace to do you some great service;" and so in six months from the time he had entered the service of the Duke of Savoy, Bayard was transferred to the care of the Count of Ligny, whom he served faithfully for three years as page. During that time he gained the sincere affection and approval of his master by his noble and generous disposition; as well as his confidence in his future greatness, by the unerring and faithful discharge of his duties.

At the early age of seventeen he was promoted to the rank of man-at-arms, and was assigned to the immediate command of the Count de Ligny. This was not simply a place in the French army, but gave Bayard a position in the household of the count, and he became an attendant about his person—a post very like that of the aide-de-camp of the present time, except that the man-at-arms held retainers of his own. It was a rank much sought after by the gentry of France, and was conferred only by special favor. The man-at-arms bore a lance with sword or battle-ax, and was attended by three archers, a page, and an esquire. Thus early in life had he begun to reap the benefits of his fidelity, courage and noble demeanor. No trait was more conspicuous in Bayard's character than his modesty. He never spoke of his own achievements, though he early distinguished himself in jousts and tournament, where he invariably carried off the prize. He was generous to a fault; always sharing with his comrades whatever good fortune threw into his hands. One biographer says of him, "He never suffered any rivalry in grace and generosity; his successes never made him forget his moderation and his wise regard for the feelings and pride of others. He was the most gracious and liberal of gentlemen; he was, indeed, the *gentle man*. In short, Bayard entered upon manhood with all the promise that his childhood had given, and when the Count de Ligny sent him into garrison at Picardy, he parted from Bayard with the affectionate regard of a father sending his son forth to carve out for himself a name in the world's rolls of honor.

The first two years of his military life were spent pleasantly enough amid "the shadows and images" of

war, practicing all manner of manly exercises, and in not a few tournaments contending with the bravest and most renowned knights of Christendom. Now he was to taste something of the realities of war. Charles VIII., flattered by the idea of extending his dominions, and becoming, in fact, another Charlemagne, determined upon the conquest of Naples; some shadowy right to which he pretended to assert by force of arms. Our "good knight" took the field under the Count de Ligny. At first the war seemed to promise nothing to our ambitious hero but a triumphal march into the enemy's country; for Charles entered Naples after passing through Florence and Rome, with scarcely a show of resistance.

The Italians were chagrined at the easy conquest of their country by the French king, and still more deeply mortified by the indignities they suffered at the hands of the conquerors. According to their own historians, the French behaved in the grossest and most licentious manner. The king himself is said to have acted "like a school-boy suddenly possessed of an abundance of novel playthings." Yet amid all the disorders that disgraced the French on this occasion, the chronicles all acquit Bayard of taking any part in the excesses. A writer says of him, "The noble propriety of his deportment toward the people among whom he moved as an enemy, proved him to have forgotten none of his early lessons of gentleness and good faith." The Italians, roused at last to indignation against their foe, forgot for a time their petty quarrels and leagued together to drive the invader from their soil. Charles was unexpectedly informed amidst his carousals that an army of 40,000 men were ready to

take the field against him. His position was critical, and he resolved to retreat with part of his army, leaving a part behind to hold possession of the fortresses of the kingdom. Bayard was with the retreating army that attended the king. Passing over the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, Charles' little army of 9,000 encountered the Italians, 40,000 strong, under the Marquis of Mantua, at Fornovo. The battle began upon the attempt of the French to cross the river Taro. The Italians fought with such courage under the Marquis of Mantua that they forced themselves into the very presence of the King of France, who did the duty of a common soldier in this battle, and was only saved from captivity or death by the most heroic actions of his guard. Very little artillery was used in this battle. It was fought almost wholly by sword and lance. Although the Italians were so greatly superior in numbers, various circumstances conspired to give the victory to the French.

Bayard showed such valor in this, his first battle, as to attract the attention of his superior officers. He rushed impetuously into the thickest of the fight in the very beginning, and bore himself bravely through every charge. He had two horses shot under him, and received from the king a present of five hundred crowns for his gallant service. In return he presented Charles with the standards of the Italian cavalry he had taken.

During an interval of quiet that followed the battle of Fornovo, Bayard made a short visit to the house of the Duchess of Savoy, now a widow. There he again met the lady who had won his boyish affections, and whom he seems never to have forgotten, for he re-

mained all his life unmarried. She was now the wife of the Lord of Thexas. After a brief visit, during which he found time, amid the gayeties of the little court which the duchess held, to seek out and reward some of his former servants who were still in the household of the duchess, he returned to his command.

Charles had been succeeded on the throne of France by Louis XII. The Italians had regained many of their principal cities, among them Milan, their capital. It was held by a crafty and treacherous Italian. Bayard, chafing under the inaction of the French king and longing for adventure, persuaded forty or fifty of his companions to join him in a reconnoissance of the little town of Binasco, where his spies had reported a small garrison of Italians stationed. Cazache, the Italian commander at Binasco, was on the alert, and, when the little party of French knights came upon him with their war-cry of "France! France!" he was ready for them.

The shock of the battle was terrible. The odds were fearfully against the little band of Frenchmen, and the combat lasted more than an hour, when Bayard, feeling the necessity for concentrating all his strength upon a final struggle, called out, "How, comrades, shall they keep us at work all day?" and, without waiting for answer, or pausing to see if he were supported, dashed forward to renew the combat. The Italians were wholly discomfited, and, in his eagerness to follow up the victory, Bayard pursued them into the very city of Milan before he discovered that his companions had more prudently retired after the last shock of battle was over. The gates of Milan were closed behind him, and he found himself a prisoner in

the hands of the Italians. When brought before the Italian prince, his bearing was so courageous and noble, so fearless, and withal so gentle, that the crafty Italian was struck with admiration for him and at once gave him his freedom and a safe escort back to the French camp. He was at this time but twenty-three years old.

For various reasons the French had suffered many reverses in Italy. In the kingdom of Naples but one stronghold was left them—the fortress of Gaeta. Here the remains of the French army were collected, under a leader in whom they had but little confidence. The conduct of the “good knight” at this time was in startling contrast to the general behavior of the French, who were utterly dispirited by their reverses. The safety of the entire French army depended at one time upon the defense of a bridge which the Spanish force under Gonsalos attempted to cross. Bayard, well armed and well mounted, happened to be near the bridge at the moment. He had but a single companion, one of the king’s equeries, and not a single follower. Hearing the tread of horses, he looked toward the side of the river where the enemy were and saw two hundred horsemen making directly for the bridge. “To dream of arresting the torrent by the single will and resistance of one man would scarcely be thought of by one person in a million. Yet such was the instinct of our chevalier, that he considered it a thing of course to keep the post at all hazards. Sending the equerry instantly back for help the dauntless knight spurred his horse for the bridge, and, choosing an advantageous position, set his lance in rest and charged the head of the advancing column. Two were in-

stantly tumbled headlong over the bridge, and two more thrown against the river-bank at the first thrust of his weapon. By adroit exercise of his lance and horse he hurled the enemy back by threes and fours till they were appalled at his wonderful feats. His powerful, well-trained horse seemed to share his own spirit. The Spaniards could make no headway against him, and they began to look upon him as a fiend rather than a mortal they had to encounter. Help came at last, and he no sooner heard the ring of the horses' hoofs behind him and the war-cry of his faithful gens-d'armes than he spurred his horse forward, ceasing to act merely on the defensive, and led his followers to a furious charge, which sent the enemy back in rapid retreat. Unfortunately for the French the army were unable to keep the bridge that one man had so bravely defended. The main body of the French were soon after withdrawn from Italy. Before Bayard was recalled, however, he received a visit from an Italian noble, who, with many flattering speeches, brought our hero proposals from the Pope, Julius II., that he should enter the service of the Church and take command of its armies, with the title of generalissimo and a large salary. The offer seemed not to tempt Bayard for a moment. His answer was respectful, and he expressed his gratitude to the Pope, but said that he would rather be a common soldier under the King of France, his natural sovereign, than the head of the army of a foreign prince.

The Genoese had for some time been restive under the French yoke, and they were stirred up into open revolt by the intrigues of Julius II. and Maximilian. The French king was preparing to march against





them. "Our knight" had been suffering from serious illness, and was at Lyons when he heard this news. Though feeble and still a victim to ague, he lost no time in joining the army before the old city of Genoa. His presence was very welcome to Louis. At a council of war the king appealed to Bayard for advice as to the practicability of taking a fortress of considerable strength which the Genoese had manned on the top of a mountain. He answered that he knew not what to say, as he was ignorant of the strength of the enemy, but offered to make a reconnoissance. "Give me but an hour's leave," he said, "and I will ascend the mountain and see what the strength of the place is. In that time, unless I am taken or slain, I will bring you the necessary information." He gathered a small body of picked men, some of whom were distinguished nobles who knew that he would lead them only through paths of glory, about a hundred and twenty in all, and began the ascent of the mountain. It was so steep that in places they had to go on hands and knees, clinging to the low shrubbery to assist them in their ascent. Reaching the top they met a small force of Genoese, which was quickly dispersed, and he proceeded to take a survey of the fort. It was full of men, three hundred in number. His men were eager for a contest, and he knew they could be relied on. Taking all precautions to lessen the disparity of numbers, he brought on the fight, which was sustained nobly by the Genoese, but they were finally overcome and fled precipitately down the mountain and into the city of Genoa. They made no further resistance, and the French army entered Genoa, whose fall was **due** entirely to the courage and prompt action of the

Chevalier Bayard. This was in 1506, just fourteen years after one of Genoa's illustrious citizens had, by his intrepidity and perseverance against all opposing obstacles, succeeded in finding for a Spanish monarch a New World.

In 1509 we find Louis XII. leagued with Maximilian, the Pope, and the King of Spain against the little republic of Venice. In various encounters with the Venetians Bayard bore himself bravely, and in the great battle of Agudello he again distinguished himself by his intrepid valor in the face of obstacles that would have deterred a less determined man. When the fate of the battle was doubtful, and the king's troops staggered for a moment, Bayard seeing the situation of the king, who was leading his troops in person, made one of those bold, sudden movements which so often characterized him. He plunged into a morass, and, calling to his troops to follow, waded breast-deep through mud and water to the rescue of his sovereign. This movement brought him unexpectedly upon the Venetians, and routed them utterly.

At the siege of Padua, when the French troops under Bayard were making an assault upon the city, our hero, fighting on foot in a terrible hand-to-hand conflict, is described by a quaint old chronicler as bearing himself "like a she-lion robbed of her whelps." The city was defended by four barricades, and all well manned and bristling with cannon. Bayard with his gallant followers, all gentlemen of France, and "each one," says the old chronicler, "fit to be a captain of a hundred men," carried them by assault in the face of a deadly fire. "On, comrades, they are ours!" he cried, as he bounded over the last barricade, followed by thirty or

forty knights crying, "France and empire!" The trumpet sounded, and a general advance soon put the Venetians to rout. "The deeds of every warrior could be seen, but the palm was borne away from all by Bayard. He led the assault, and was first everywhere in the front of danger."

In 1512 we find the brave knight fighting for France against the Pope. Once he actually planned the capture of His Holiness, and was only defeated in his enterprise by a sudden fall of snow, which caused the Pope to return from an expedition on the road from San Felice. His Holiness heard something of the plot, and lost no time in escaping from our wary knight. "Had he only lingered while one should murmur a paternoster," says Bayard's quaint chronicler, the loyal Serviteur, "he had surely been snapped up."

At Brescia our brave knight was severely wounded leading a charge, as usual, for he was ever in the front of the battle. As he fell he cried to the Lord of Molait, "The town is gained, companion; on with your people. As for me, I am slain, and can go no further." Fortunately, the wound was not mortal; but it was painful and serious, and kept him confined nearly five weeks in the house of a lady of Brescia, who carefully attended him. On his recovery the good lady offered Bayard a large sum of money as ransom for herself and her daughters, the city having been taken by the French; she and her daughters were in fact prisoners. "On my honor, madam," said he, "had you brought me a hundred thousand ducats I should not be so much beholden to you as I am for the kindly treatment and careful attendance I have had at your hands. Be sure, madam, that wherever I

may be, and while God permits me to live, you shall always have a gentleman at your service. As for your ducats, take them back. All my life I have loved men better than money." Seeing that the lady was offended at his refusal to take her gift, he accepted it, and sending for her daughters, immediately bestowed it upon them as a marriage portion.

Easter day, 1512, found Bayard, scarcely healed of his wounds, in camp with the army at Ravenna. At early dawn the French were in motion, for a terrible battle was imminent. Arrayed against France were the allied powers of Spain, Venice, the Pope, and even Maximilian, who had been bought up by His Holiness. It was a fierce struggle. The gallant commander of the French army, Gaston de Foix, was slain, and Bayard's horse, a noble animal that he had taken at Brescia, was so badly wounded that Bayard was obliged to fight on foot. The victory was with the French, but it was dearly bought with the loss of many of the bravest knights of France. In the retreat from Parma, which the French were soon obliged to make, Bayard was again wounded so seriously that he had to retire from the army to Grenoble, where he was kindly received and cared for by his venerable uncle, the bishop, whom he had not seen for many years.

Henry VIII. of England invaded France with a large army, and Bayard was again in the field. At the battle of Guinegatte, where the English with 6,000 archers, 4,000 lancers, and eight pieces of artillery, laid in ambush for a small detachment of French, 400 in all, Bayard was made prisoner in a novel and original way. Seeing that in such an unequal contest nothing but certain death or surrender awaited them, he called

to his troopers to surrender each one to the best man he could find. Seated under a tree was a hostile cavalier, who, thinking the fight was over, had thrown himself down to rest, and had removed his helmet. Bayard rushed upon him with his sword and cried out, "Yield, cavalier, or you die!" Astonished and chagrined, the knight could do nothing but yield, whereupon Bayard said, "I am Captain Bayard, and now I surrender to you." The knight lodged him in his own tent, and treated him with great courtesy. In a few days Bayard desired to be allowed a safe-conduct to return to his command. "We have not yet treated of your ransom," said the knight. "My ransom!" exclaimed Bayard, "*your own*, you mean, for you surrendered to me." The *ruse de guerre* was a new one, and the knight carried our chevalier to the king for his decision in the matter. When it was known in the English army that the chevalier "*sans peur et sans reproche*" was a prisoner, "there was such rejoicing," says the loyal Serviteur, "that to hear them speak of it you would think they had gained a battle." This battle is sometimes called the "Battle of the Spurs," from the good use which the French made of their spurs in the retreat. Henry decided that the two knights were quits with each other, and he released Bayard upon his parole not to fight against him for six weeks.

On the accession of Francis I. to the throne he made our chevalier lieutenant-general of his native province of Dauphiny. In an expedition over the Alps three distinguished officers, all his superiors in rank, served under him. Francis himself was knighted by him on the field of battle at Marignano. He would receive the

accolade from no other hands than those of the best knight in Christendom.

Mezieres, a weak and badly fortified place, was committed to his keeping. Others had urged its abandonment, but Bayard opposed it, saying, "No place is weak which has good soldiers to defend it." He worked day and night upon the defences himself, and spent his money in strengthening the place. It was besieged by 35,000 of the enemy, and the herald that was sent to demand its surrender represented to him that it was impossible to hold the place against such a force. Bayard smiled. "Tell your captains," he said, "that they shall sooner weary of the assault than I shall of its maintenance. The French Bayard has no fear of the German War-Horse." He held the place till Francis was able to send him relief. The king visited him afterwards in his camp and conferred upon him the collar of St. Michael, and gave him the command of a hundred men-at-arms. This honor had hitherto only been bestowed upon princes of the blood.

Soon after his noble defence of Mezieres he was again called to a position of unusual danger, viz., the conduct of the retreat of the French army, which, through the weakness of the king and the imbecility of his generals, was fast being overthrown. In one of the brilliant charges which he made during this retreat he was struck by a stone bullet and mortally wounded. His friends would have borne him off the field to a place of safety, but he would not allow it. "Let me die in peace," he said. "I would not in my last moments turn my back upon the enemy for the first time in my life!"

He was calm and brave to the end. He requested

to have his sword stuck into the earth that he might look upon the cross which formed its handle—a rude, soldierly emblem of the faith—and, gazing upon it, with the name of Christ upon his lips, the spirit took its flight.

He was buried in a convent near Grenoble, and all France mourned his loss.

CHAPTER III.

ALPHONSO OF SPAIN.

Birthplace—Early Life—Seizure of supreme authority at sixteen—Expelling his Mother from the Palace—Personal appearance at manhood—His country invaded by the Moors—Fighting the Moors for eight hundred years—Alphonso's Army—The advice of the Holy Hermit—Battle on the Plain of Ourique (The Bunker Hill of Portugal)—Marriage—Siege and Conquest of Lisbon—Seventy years old and still a Warrior—Death Tribute to his Memory.

THE reigning sovereigns of the kingdom of Spain had not a little to do with encouraging the bold navigator of Genoa, to whom the world is indebted for the discovery of this continent.

Many years before the birth of Columbus, while yet Portugal was ruled by dukes and counts, the subject of this sketch was born, in 1110, at the Castle of Douro, near the river of that name. His father was Henri of Besançon, Count of Toulouse; his mother was Terèse, Countess of Portugal.

His father died when he was little more than two years of age, and not much is known of his early life, beyond the fact, that, in the dissolute court of his mother, he was rigorously excluded from all knowledge of and participation in public affairs. His personal appearance was wonderfully prepossessing at an early age, and as he grew older he became the idol of the

people. With advancing years and maturing intellect he could not fail to observe how weak and irresolute was the government administered by his mother, and from the age of twelve, he was revolving plans, and consulting with the nobles, for the benefit of his country.

With a wisdom quite remarkable he counseled with the most sage among the courtiers, to whom the intimacy of his mother with Don Fernando Perez could not fail to be known, and excite jealousy among those who were less favored.

At the age of sixteen, in accordance with the advice of his nobles, and at their instigation, troops were raised by him, and the disaffected flocked to the standard of the youthful count.

The armies of Terèse and Alphonso first met at or near the fortress Vimaraens, where the countess was utterly routed, and fled for refuge to the Castle Leganoso. Not content with this defeat, Terèse sought help from the youthful King of Castile, who was her nephew; another army was raised by him, but the daring Alphonso was again victorious: he expelled his mother from the palace, and compelled her to remain in close confinement during the remainder of her life, while Don Fernando fled to Galicia.

If any of my youthful readers is shocked at this proceeding, feeling that it involves a lack of filial reverence, let him remember that the welfare of many thousands demanded that Terèse should not be allowed to hold sway. Not only was she weak and vacillating, but intriguing and ambitious; caring little for the welfare of the Portuguese, but mainly for herself, and the profligate courtiers by whom she was surrounded.

One of the first principles of political economy is, that the greatest good of the greatest number should ever be paramount. The few must give way to the many, when the highest good is involved.

In our own Commonwealth we have recently had an illustration of this same principle; when the Legislature ordered the seizure of a certain property, worth more than one hundred thousand dollars, because the public good required it. True, in accordance with our high civilization, the owners of this property will be paid a just price for their house and land. They refused to sell at reasonable figures, and the State, needing the building, took it. As this has been done in the year 1883, I leave my young readers to look up the particulars of the transaction which so well illustrates and defends the course which the young Count Alphonso pursued towards his mother.

History and tradition give to this young warrior the most wonderful personal appearance. Erect in stature, towering, like Saul, above his fellows, to the height of six feet ten inches, with piercing eyes and curling hair, graceful in carriage—an athlete—victorious in all manly sports, he well might be a favorite with the people, who looked upon him as their deliverer from oppression, and early gave to him the title of Alphonso the Conqueror.

During the first years of his administration the youthful count was at variance with his cousin, who had helped his mother. He would not acknowledge his supremacy, but invaded his Galician territories, and with whose enemy, the King of Navarre, he made an alliance.

Together they made several conquests in Galicia, but

were turned from their purpose to annoy the King of Castile, by attacks from the Moors. In fact, to repel these attacks, and expel them from the country, had, for eight hundred years, been the main object of the rulers of Portugal.

In 1139 Alphonso assembled an army at Coimbra, resolved to reduce all infidel strongholds west of the Guadiana. The Moorish governor summoned all his brethren of neighboring provinces to arms.

Not content with this, he procured vast reinforcements from Africa, and made every exertion to fortify by art a position made strong by nature. Five kings came to the rescue, and together they commanded a force of two hundred thousand men.

But Alphonso had an army of only thirteen thousand men, and valiant though their leaders were, they sought audience of the count, on the day preceding the battle, and begged him to fall back to the vicinity of the Tagus. The vast plain of Ourique, bordered by forests and rocky eminences, afforded an exceptionally favorable place for combat. Alphonso had gathered his army on an eminence at the western side of the Moorish encampment, overlooking the plain. Is it strange that his great heart grew faint as he thought of the handful of men that he would lead to an apparently certain death?

We may imagine the valiant commander, as the western sun was sinking on the evening of July 24th, 1139, pacing restlessly to and fro before his tent, and as he surveyed the vast encampment of swarthy warriors, doubting if it were possible, with his small force, to succeed against them.

The Moors were proverbially brutal in their methods

of warfare, and he shrunk from exposing his people—his beloved army, to the tortures of the infidel dogs.

While thus pondering the question, to fight, or not to fight, a holy hermit, whose life was devoted to prayer and helpful counsel to those who sought his aid in the forest where he dwelt, came to meet him, and Alphonso laid before him his doubt and distress. "Fear not, my son," was his reply, "go forth to battle, when the bells ring for early matins. Keep thy face to the East." In the gloaming of the following morning, he addressed those who had begged him to retreat to the Tagus. Their hearts became infused with his own courage, and elevated by the faith so strong within himself they were ready to follow him to a victor's or a martyr's crown.

Obeying the voice of his counsellor, with dauntless valor the brave count led his cohorts toward the East, when suddenly a wondrous vision appeared to his eye. The figure of Christ stood out upon a cloud in the sky, and a voice bade him go forward, with good courage, for though hard the struggle, the victory was insured to him—he should receive as a reward a kingly crown, which would be worn by sixteen generations of his descendants.

We may not suppose that the Divine Redeemer did actually make himself visible to the devout Alphonso. But rather, that in seeking help from the God of battles, inspired with a firm belief in the words of the holy hermit, his imagination became so highly excited, that the vision in his mind took actual bodily shape before his eyes, and he believed that he saw the Saviour and heard his voice, speaking to him the words of cheer that animated him through all that bloody day.

Thus inspired, and with devout trust in Him who was his leader, what wonder that the giant form of Alphonso led that small army to victory? The contest raged fiercely all the day: now it seemed that the infidels would triumph; again the rallying cry from the lips of their leader infused a new courage into fainting hearts. The sight of his bright armor flashing in the sunlight, towering above all surroundings, was a fresh incentive to a new effort.

The day closed in the wildest panic; the Moors were utterly routed, and the plain of Ourique is to-day called "The Bunker Hill of Portugal." 160,000 Moors are said to have perished on that day, the kings were all slain, and the armor which Alphonso wore is still preserved in the half-ruined castle of a small city near his birthplace.

The battle of Ourique was fought July 25, 1139, and amid the wildest clamor over the destruction of the enemy the grateful and enthusiastic army proclaimed Count Alphonso to be their king. The action of the people was soon confirmed by the Pope, who at that period held undisputed sway of Portugal, as God's vicegerent upon earth.

For a time peace reigned in the new kingdom, and the king, being now thirty-seven years of age, married Matilda, the daughter of a neighboring Christian prince. Six children were born to him, who were reared in a manner worthy of their noble father, as Matilda was, in all respects, suited to be the wife of the king who had chosen her.

After this, Alphonso was more than ever the favorite of the people. Believing as they did that a special revelation from heaven had been granted him, what

wonder that he was looked upon as almost a representative of that divine being who had stood out upon the cloud at the plains of Ourique, and bade Alphonso go forth in face of fearful odds, to victory?

At this time Lisbon was a Moorish city, and the king longed to conquer it for his country. He could raise only a small army, but while he was casting about for means to accomplish his purpose, a fleet of crusaders came to anchor in the bay, near the mouth of the Tagus. It did not take long for the silver-tongued Alphonso to persuade them that God would be equally honored by the conquest of the infidels in Portugal, or in Palestine. They were in command of William Longsword, and were composed of English, French and Flemish warriors, each with a blood-red cross upon his helmet and his breast.

They may have been influenced by a hope of plunder, as Lisbon was known to contain fabulous amounts of gold and silver, in coin, ingots, and highly wrought utensils; be that as it may, the crusaders joined the army of Alphonso, thus greatly strengthening it numerically, and giving them new courage to attack this strongly fortified city.

For five months the besieged Moors resisted all attacks from their enemies, until Alphonso appointed a special day to storm the walls. At the close of a hard day's fight, when the besieged were well nigh exhausted, the besiegers rushed upon them with fresh troops reserved for the purpose, and triumphantly entered the city of Lisbon. The crusaders were greatly enriched by the plunder which was freely allowed them, and their vessels, laden with precious freight, turned their prows toward England.

From time to time King Alphonso received more help from the crusaders, and by their aid no less than twelve Moorish strongholds were conquered and permanently subdued.

In 1171 Alphonso assaulted the famous fortress of Santarem. The fortifications were very strong, and the defenders numerous and valiant. But nothing daunted by repulse the assault was for many days continued; at length it was resolved to scale the walls by night. In less than an hour an entrance was effected, and to the shame of a king whose record is, in other respects, so honorable, by his order every man of the garrison was put to death by the sword. The year following this transaction Portugal was declared free.

The martial character, not only of the king, but of the age in which he lived, inclined him to perpetual warfare. In 1167 he seized upon Limia, in Galicia, which he claimed to be part of his mother's dowry. In 1168 he advanced upon Badajoz, whose Moorish governor was a vassal of the King of Lèon. Fernando II. hastened to the relief of his dependent, but so rapid had been the action of Alphonso that the Portuguese banner floated from the towers ere the rescue arrived.

Fernando paused before the gates and challenged the king to mortal combat. As he was issuing through the gates, mounted upon his charger, the animal shied, bringing his rider violently against the stone wall. His thigh was so seriously injured that he never again mounted a horse.

At this time he was taken prisoner, but was treated with the utmost courtesy, and released, on the promise that he would relinquish all his Galician acquisitions, which promise he faithfully performed.

A period of five years of peace succeeded at this time, during which Alphonso devoted himself with untiring energy to the good of his people. He invited to his kingdom the Knights of St. John and the Knights Templar, besides establishing other orders, which were of benefit to those connected with them.

He was also a wise legislator, ordaining a code of laws, relating to the privileges of the nobility, the order of succession, as well as to the ordinary business transactions of life.

These laws are in force at the present day, and are called "The Cortes of Lamego." Geraldo the Dauntless, a neighboring count, who had his stronghold among the mountains, had long been the terror both of Moors and Christians.

Having, in some way of which history does not inform us, incurred the displeasure of King Alphonso, he began a free-booting life among the wilds of Alemtejo. At length visited by remorse, in consequence of a vision, he determined to attempt some feat which should win his pardon from a king whom everybody loved and honored. Perceiving that the stronghold of Evora was negligently guarded, Geraldo, having succeeded, partly by strategy, and partly by prowess, in obtaining entrance and routing the Moors—presented the stronghold to Alphonso, who freely pardoned the outlaw.

Alphonso reigned for fifty-nine years, until he was seventy-five years of age, dying, full of honors, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen as the "most adorable king."

His name will be remembered as long as the kingdom exists, not only as its first sovereign, but as one

who cheerfully endured great hardships, filled with zeal for the people whom God had committed to his charge. We may not judge of his character in the light of the civilization of the present time, but remember that he lived in an age when methods of warfare were in vogue, which would now be considered to be barbarous. His unassuming goodness caused him to be looked upon as a model for all who should succeed him.

With the superstition which characterizes the age in which he lived, his mantle was thought to possess healing power, and for many years it was used in the churches, and by the bed-sides of the sick as a curative for the afflicted.

It is said, and devoutly believed by the Portuguese, that, a century after his death, he appeared clad in white armor, in the choir of Santa Cruz at Coimbra, and informed the holy brotherhood that he and his son, Sancho I., were proceeding to Cento to assist the Portuguese army then in danger.

He died at the fortress of Coimbra in December, 1185, and was succeeded by his oldest son, Sancho I.

CHAPTER IV.

KING RICHARD (LION-HEARTED).

Flower of Plantagenet Chivalry—Noble Lineage—The ambitious youth—Count of Poitiers—Warfare with his sire—Open espousal of the Gaulic cause—No retreat—Battle of swords—Death of his Father—King—Selling the kingdom—Expedition to Jerusalem—Seizure of Cyprus—Treaty with the Saracens—Return to Gaul—Seizure at Vienna—In prison—Liberated—“The devil broke loose”—Re-crowned—Visit to Robin Hood—War with the French—The poisoned Arrow—Mortality.

WHEN Richard Plantagenet was born at Oxford, September, 1157, there seemed before him only the career of an ordinary prince. He had two older brothers, and two were born afterward. Henry II., his father, was of the rather new house of Plantagenet, royal only on one side, and his mother was Eleanor of Aquitane, the divorced wife of Louis VII., a woman of imperious character, yet with many charming traits.

His eldest brother William having been born in France, had been acknowledged heir apparent by the great English nation, but being of weakly constitution, Henry, the second son, was named next in the succession.

Eleanor had brought with her immense French possessions. Indeed, for several centuries France was a well-fought battle-ground, the scene of conquest, of sacrifices for peace, and the peace but an empty name.

When Richard was but an infant his father affianced him to the daughter of Raymond of Barcelona, and promised to bestow upon him the duchy of Aquitane. This project, however, came to nought by the death of the princess. After long and exhausting conflicts with France, at the treaty of 1169 he was betrothed to Adelais, youngest daughter of the King of France. He was twelve years of age at this time, and the duchy was formally transferred. Meanwhile his brother William died, and his brother Henry was crowned, as was not infrequently the case, in his father's lifetime, to prevent disputes in succession. He had been wedded to Margaret, Princess of France, when he was seven and she but four years of age. Archbishop Becket was tutor to both boys during the early years of his ascendancy over their father, but after the quarrel began they were transferred to Theobald, the new primate.

The barbarism of past ages was giving way to the graces of chivalry. During the tender years it was the nurse and the mother who gave the training in religion and the aspirations to honor and renown. There was then some scholastic culture, with much of the athletic, when the young noble became a page in some great house or at court. Henry was remarkably handsome in person and winning in manner, though rather weak, vain and haughty, while Richard at an early age developed a fiery eagerness and impatience of control, though frank and brave in a high degree. They were much at the court of France; indeed, Richard received his degree of knighthood from King Louis, which pained his father extremely, as he was very fond of his sons.

Eleanor found herself no happier with Henry of England than with Louis of France. The Plantagenet race were not famous in domestic life. She was jealous, and sought to gain the ascendancy over her sons, and array them against their father to punish him for his infidelities to her.

Louis much incensed that the younger Henry should have been crowned without Margaret, instantly took arms to avenge the insult, and attacked Normandy. The trouble was settled by a recoronation, and immediately the young couple proceeded to France, where Richard rejoined them. Louis stimulated the ambition of the young princes in their desire to gain entire possession of their respective estates. Henry demanded that either Normandy or England should be resigned to him. "Have patience," said his father, "you will have power enough after I am gone."

Richard began his warlike career by taking Poitou and Aquitaine, heading a formidable insurrection, but Henry marched against him and partially restored order. Hearing the Scottish king had made a descent on his borders, he immediately set sail, taking with him Queen Eleanor and his son's wife, the Princess Margaret. The Scots were conquered and their king made a prisoner. The Earl of Flanders gathered an army and made ready to invade England, but the prompt return of the king disconcerted him. With Louis and Henry's eldest son they laid siege to Rouen, but the rapidity, genius, and good fortune of the king soon humbled the allies and forced them to sue for peace. Henry and Geoffrey submitted, but Richard's warlike nature had been roused by the glory of warfare, which was henceforth to be the pride and pleasure

of his existence. The rash boy joined with the famous Bertrand de Born and persisted in open war. He lost castle after castle, and presently was fain to throw himself at the feet of his forgiving parent. Henry made the conditions of peace easy, and assigned noble possessions and revenues to both his sons. The youths engaged henceforth to love, honor and obey their father.

When Richard was called upon to do homage to his elder brother he arrogantly refused. Upon this, Henry marched against him, but after one or two encounters, the king flew to put an end to such disgraceful hostilities, and made an apparent reconciliation. Eleanor, their mother, was now in captivity, and Bertrand de Born, at the head of the Troubadors, with Richard of Poitiers, made her woes the theme of many a song.

“The day is at hand when thy sons shall deliver thee, poor prisoner,” run one of these lays. “Thy foes shall fly before the face of bold Richard of Aquitane, who shall bring thee to thine own land.”

With these, and the intrigues of Louis, no wonder the fiery nature of Richard was inflamed. However, after the family reconciliation in 1183, Richard, grown more manly, kept his oaths with his father. But Prince Henry revolted with his younger brother Geoffrey, and the king and Richard marched against them. The treaty was short-lived, for twice again Henry took up arms, but stricken with illness at Chateau Martel in 1183, he expressed the deepest contrition and begged for his father. King Henry, warned that it was but a plot, and not supposing it a severe illness, sent him his ring. The young prince made a public confession of undutifulness, ordered himself laid on a bed of ashes, and died with the ring pressed to his lips.

Richard was now heir to the throne, but this seems to have influenced him very little. Louis of France was dead, and his son, Philip II., anxious to diminish the power of England, invited Richard to his court, and lived with him on the most affectionate of terms, Richard eating at his table and sharing his bed at night. Henry sent frequently to recall him, but, instead of returning, Richard raised again the standard of revolt and seized his father's treasures at Chenou. The dispirited people did not flock to his standard, however, but a reviving interest in the Crusades brought Henry to France. There was peace again between the English monarchs, Philip and Richard; and the young prince returned to England after having taken the cross to go to the Holy Land.

The war was renewed in Aquitaine by Geoffrey, and Richard proceeded to defend his own territories. He then entered Toulouse and captured several strongholds. Philip retaliated by taking Vendome and Auvergne. Richard marched to encounter him at Berri, but he retired and ravaged the frontiers of Normandy. The English monarch came over with some Welsh troops and marched to Ivry. Richard fought a battle in the vicinity of Nantes, in which it is said he "stood like a tower of iron." The French king presently proposed peace, but Richard objected strongly to restoring the towns he had taken.

It is said that a report was now rife that Henry was planning to exclude Richard from the succession and bestow the crown upon his young son John. Philip demanded that Richard should espouse Adélais, who was now of marriageable age, but Henry, for some cause, evaded it. This fomented a discord between

them, much to Philip's satisfaction. Enraged at tales that were brought him, Richard turned to the King of France, unbuckled his sword and handed it to the French monarch, doing homage. Henry, much incensed, prepared again for battle. The allied forces made an onslaught on Henry, and he was forced to fly. A number of important cities fell into the hands of the allies. He caused the nobles of Normandy to swear to deliver that place into the hands of John in case of his death, for he was ill in both mind and body. On the day of the fall of Tours the Archbishop of Rheims and some nobles proposed a mediation.

Peace was made between the two sovereigns. Adalais was to return to France, Richard was to go to the Holy Land, the king was to pay France twenty thousand silver marks, and Richard was to keep the towns he had gained. Henry demanded a list of such knights and nobles who had openly or secretly espoused Richard's cause, and to his horror he beheld that of his favorite son John. The king gazed wildly around; then fell back on his bed. "Let every one go," he cried; "I have no longer any desire to live." He died a few days after at Chenon, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

On the way to the church of Fontevrault Richard met the funeral procession. He knelt down beside the bier and wept bitterly. Evil counselors, a fiery temper and remorseless fierceness had led him from the path of duty and filial respect. He hastened to solicit absolution for his sins—his wars upon his father, especially after having taken the cross.

One of his first deeds of kingly prerogative was setting his mother at liberty and making her regent in

his absence, for his soul was still absorbed in his crusading vow. He was crowned at Westminster in his thirty-second year.

At this time he was tall, strong and active, graceful in form and powerful in frame. His hair was fair or auburn, his features determined and resolute. No man was more skilled in martial exercise, and he had also obtained much celebrity in the gay science, as music and the composition of verse was called.

That he was possessed of generosity and clemency was shown in various ways, but no instance shines brighter than that of the unhappy Benedict of York, who had been compelled to abjure his faith on the day of the coronation. When the king found he had done this to save himself from the fury of the multitude, he was permitted to abjure his new faith.

And now he made great preparations for his departure. To raise money he sold castles, manors and estates and the royal lands that his father had rescued from private parties and re-annexed to the crown. Even places of trust and honor were publicly sold to the highest bidder. When remonstrated with, he declared he would sell London itself if he could find a purchaser.

Yet Richard the Lion-hearted was not so much moved by a spirit of exalted enthusiasm as that of military glory. Chivalry was beginning to have a life and aim of its own independent of religion. In the Holy Land vast renown was to be acquired free from the stain of warring with friend or relative. His experience had taught him that wealth only could command the vigor and activity with which to prosecute a successful war in the East.

A very general conclusion in men's minds was that he never intended to return, or that he would not so strip the crown of all certain revenues and dignity. Animated with great enthusiasm, he answered all strictures with a jest. On the other hand, prelates urged him to hasten to the deliverance of Jerusalem, and Philip of France was making great preparations. The Christians in the East were giving up stronghold after stronghold, and it seemed as if the famous Saladin might soon be master of all.

The fleet sailed at length with a gallant display of banners and painted shields. But Richard's chivalry was to be soon called upon. They stopped to assist the King of Portugal against the Moors, and then pushed on to Sicily. Here they met the King of France and his retinue, and the old dispute about the hand of the princess was renewed. Richard refused to marry her on account of a scandal with his father. The matter was finally settled, and Richard soon after espoused Berengaria, a princess of Navarre, whom he must have loved, as the bride brought him no great dowry or power by alliance.

Tancred, the King of Sicily, and Richard exchanged vows and presents at parting. Richard gave him the enchanted sword, Excalibur of King Arthur, and Tancred presented Richard with a magnificent ring. From here they set sail for Acre, the fleet being the most gallant armament ever seen. But a storm befell them, and they were scattered. Richard, after some perils, reached Rhodes, where he was ill for several days and sorely troubled about the ship that bore his wife and sister, the dowager-queen of Italy, still in her youth. The people of Cyprus, it seems, had re-

fused the royal galley entrance, and barbarously plundered two wrecks that had been driven ashore. Richard demanded satisfaction of the emperor, but he threw out some armed galleys and drew up his troops along the shore. Richard's steel-clad warriors made short work of them, and they fled in dismay. Isaac sent to sue for peace. Richard demanded an indemnity in gold that the emperor should do homage to him and follow him to the Holy Land with a thousand men. He was also to give his beautiful daughter, of whom he was extravagantly fond, as hostage to Richard, to be restored on their return from Palestine. But the Greeks made another effort at resistance, which ended in Richard's conquering the island and taking possession of the capital and the emperor's daughter. Isaac, who had fled to a monastery, now came out to sue for his child. Richard ordered him to be loaded with chains made of silver, in consideration of his rank, and sent him to Syria to be confined in a castle. The daughter he gave to Berengaria for a companion. Then he collected treasures and provisions and left rulers of his own to govern the place.

Sailing between Cyprus and the Syrian coast he fell in with a ship of Saladin's carrying treasures and stores. After a gallant action, in which the Saracens defended themselves with Greek fire, to which Richard's followers were unused, the English conquered. Thirty-five souls only escaped, and some fifteen hundred, many of whom were high in rank, were either massacred or drowned.

Early in June Richard and his followers appeared in the roadstead of Acre. The crusaders were in a deplorable condition. For nearly two years they had

been besieging the town. What with the plague and fighting, many a stalwart soul had gone down to Hades. Operations were now vigorously renewed, but in a little while the leaders quarreled, as usual, and the French and English factions were arrayed against each other. Richard's more brilliant valor and larger command of men and money rendered him the stronger of the two. Philip made an ungracious and tardy peace, jealous of Richard's personal and warlike attractions. The renewed effort caused the brave Musulman garrison to capitulate. The city was surrendered, and the Saracens, to save their lives, were to restore the wood of the Holy Cross, set at liberty the Christian captives and pay 200,000 pieces of gold. Thousands of Saracens were detained as hostages. Saladin retired a short distance in the interior, surprised, it is said, at the intrepidity of his foe. Richard's name spread terror and consternation among the Moslems.

The King of France was mortified that he, being first on the ground, should have been able to do so little, and was much irritated at the superior prowess of Richard. Pleading ill-health and the necessity of returning to his kingdom, he left Richard, though most of his troops remained under the Duke of Burgundy.

The forty days of the capitulation expired. Saladin, unable or unwilling to fulfil the terms, begged a delay, and ten days were given. Richard waited in stern tranquility, but when the 20th of August arrived the prisoners were marched out in the sight of the Saracen camp and put to death. Richard's cruelty had been severely commented upon, but perhaps he had in mind the Christian captives who had been slaughtered.

Then Richard determined to march upon Ascalon. Luxury and debauchery had demoralized the troops, but the king's warlike spirit roused and infused vigor into them, and his renewed discipline held them in subjection. Every night the religious enthusiasm of the soldiers was kept up by a solemn cry resounding through the camp, "Save the Holy Sepulchre." Every tongue echoed it from tent to tent, and every hand was raised to heaven.

Saladin dealt his enemies many a blow on their march, and gave them battle on the plain of Assur. It was hotly contested, but he displayed a calm intrepidity that inspired his army. Sore at heart, Saladin destroyed Ascalon and marched on to Jerusalem. Richard made every effort to overtake them, and two light battles were fought.

But difficulties multiplied in the path of Richard. The French and German leaders jealously thwarted his plans, and Conrad of Montferrat began, treacherously, to treat with the Saracens. Richard displayed extraordinary moderation, patience and gentleness. He even consented to place the crown of Jerusalem on Conrad's head. Conrad was killed shortly after, but the spirit of enmity divided the Crusaders. Still, tremendous battles were fought, until Saladin was worn out and Richard ill, when a three years' truce was agreed upon with various conditions, amongst others free access to Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre.

Saladin and Richard the Lion-heart have adorned many a page of romance and been the theme of stirring and tender verse. They were firm admirers of each other, and, when not in arms, exchanged the courtesies of noble souls.

Tired, worn and pained by the inconstancy and deceit of those who should have been friends, Richard turned his steps homeward. John, his brother, was menacing his power in England. Philip was feeding dissensions in Normandy. Perhaps, too, the world was weary of crusading or engaged in less heroic matters.

Richard is thought to have been driven up the Adriatic by storms, and from thence he traveled in the disguise of a merchant of Damascus. His German page was warmly attached to him, and, while in Vienna, he sent the boy out to make purchases, well knowing the enmity of the Duke of Austria. One day the boy betrayed himself, it is said, by a Syrian coin, and was questioned as to his master's rank and name. Refusing to betray the king, he was put to torture, and finally the threat of having his tongue torn out overcame him. So great was the terror of Richard's name that the house was surrounded by night and the king surprised in his sleep.

The Emperor, Henry IV., claimed the prisoner. He was confined in a rocky castle on the bank of the Danube, but the poor boy who had suffered for his sake was permitted to share his captivity. Even here romance surrounds Richard. Verses are still extant of his composition, and his heroic mind, unquelled by misfortune, found both exercise and amusement while he languished in his dreary prison. From Durenstein he was taken to Trifels secretly. Philip and John, it seems, made no demand that he should be released or effort to raise his ransom. Eleanor his mother, to her honor, did all she could to oppose the ambitious plans of her younger son.

The world has heard the story of Blondel de Nesle,

who set out as a troubadour to seek his royal master. He and Richard had often sung together a lay of the king's composing, and now Blondel traveled from fortress to fortress singing it. How often he must have listened vainly for an echo! But hark! here in this wild, romantic spot, so secluded, one would hardly dream it the abode of human kind, a voice takes it up, the voice of the hero of the Holy Land. And now Christendom is in arms demanding his release.

Still it was some time before negotiations could be concluded. The king had to defend himself from several serious charges, and the Emperor of Germany demanded an immense ransom. The queen set about raising it. It is said that John and Philip of France offered to pay the emperor a thousand pounds of silver every month as long as he would keep Richard in captivity. John made vigorous efforts to have himself proclaimed King of England. But in February, 1194, the Archbishop of Rouen and other notable personages came with the first instalment of the ransom. Philip wrote to John: "Look to yourself; the Devil is broken loose."

Richard landed at Sandwich after a four years' absence from England. The nation received him with enthusiasm and honest joy, and gave him a magnificent reception. On the 30th of March, Easter, he was recrowned at Winchester. He immediately prepared to move against France, the people being as eager for war as he. In May he landed at Barfleur, Normandy. His craven-hearted brother John threw himself at his feet and implored forgiveness. His mother joined her intercession. "I forgive him," said Richard, with quiet grandeur, "and pray that I

may forget his injuries as soon as he will forget my pardon."

The campaign began with great spirit, but terminated in a truce in July. Richard then turned his attention to some of the abuses in his own land, and to the punishment of the most treacherous of his enemies. But in 1198 the war broke out with renewed fury. Near Gesers Richard gained a great victory. Philip in his flight was nearly drowned in the river Epte. With a grim humor Richard said: "This day have I made the King of France drink deep of the waters of Epte." Richard himself had unhorsed three knights, and showed plainly that his valor had not departed.

He was to bear arms once more. The Viscount of Limoges had found a treasure in his domains, which Richard as his lord demanded. The viscount sent an insolent answer, offering one-half. The king proceeded against him. Near the place where his father had once received the arrows of ingratitude, a youth discharged his bow and hit the king in his left shoulder. The castle was taken by assault, the garrison put to death, all but the youth who had wounded him, who was brought before the king.

"Wretch," said the king, "what have I done to thee that thou shouldst seek my life?"

"Thou hast slain my father and my two brothers," replied Bertrand de Gurdun, raising his head proudly. "Torture me as you will, I shall die content since the world will be rid of an oppressor."

"Strike off his chains!" ordered the king, struck by his heroism, which appealed to what was highest in his soul. "Give him a hundred shillings in his purse and let him go free."

Whether, as romance has it, the arrow was really poisoned, or, as more sober history declares, the arrow-head was unskilfully removed, mortification set in. Then Richard the Lion-heart prepared to meet his last enemy with penitence and a noble courage. Wife, mother, brother and nephew were far away. Calmly, as a hero should, he resigned himself to death, while the world still looked fair and ambition was unquenched; and in the forty-second year of his age, and the tenth of his reign as King of England, Richard the Lion-hearted, flower of Plantagenet chivalry, breathed his last.

CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Early History—Scotch Ancestry—Description of Personal Appearance—Fishing in the River Ayr—Defending his Trout-Basket—Fleeing for his Life—Marriage and Residence in Lanark—Murder of his Wife—Collecting an Army—Devastation in England—Battle and Defeat near Falkirk—Seizure of Wallace at Robroyston—His Trial and Conviction at Westminster Hall—Execution at Smithfield.

WAS probably born in 1270, the son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie. Absolutely nothing authentic is known of his early youth. His principal historian is a Scottish bard—"Henry the Minstrel;" and all that can be learned of him, apart from "Blind Harry," is less than a fragment.

A portrait of Wallace, painted in France and handed down through many generations, shows that his personal appearance must have been noticeable. A low forehead and Grecian nose, remarkably full large brown eye, curling auburn hair, with a stature of six feet five inches, and a corresponding breadth of chest, gives us the picture of a man whose *personelle* would excite interest of all who saw him.

The early history of Scotland is so much involved in fable, given us in quaint poems and Gaelic rhymes, that it is a difficult task to discern what is true. But at the name of Wallace, as Burns has well expressed,

“What Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?”

His early years were spent with an uncle, a wealthy ecclesiastic, by whom his mind was richly stored with classic lore.

While at school at Dundee, near his eighteenth year, he killed the son of the English governor of the Dundee castle in revenge for an insult. Wallace was compelled to flee to the mountains. Being hotly pursued by soldiers, he took refuge in the cottage of a peasant. The good-wife, instantly comprehending the situation, arrayed him in a suit of her own clothing, binding up his head in a matron's coif, and seated him at the wheel to spin; so that he was busy with spindle and distaff during the time while the house was being ransacked by soldiers, who seemed quite positive that they had traced him to this dwelling.

Leaving this friendly shelter Wallace proceeded to the house of his uncle, Sir Richard, of Riccarton, which stands on a gentle eminence near Irvine water. In February, 1292, Wallace was warmly welcomed here, and in April of the same year he left the castle in the morning to amuse himself by fishing, accompanied only by a lad to carry his basket. He was very successful, and not long after ten o'clock Lord Percy rode past, attended by a numerous retinue. They stopped to admire the fine fish, when five horsemen rode out from the rest, and demanded the fish in a very arbitrary manner. Wallace bade his lad give to them a portion, but the arrogant Southron refused to be served by the boy, and, leaping from his horse, took the whole away from him. Wallace said, “Indeed, thou art wrong,”

and prayed him to leave a portion, as it was Lent, and there were guests at the castle. The Southron replied that he served a lord: Wallace might take more; and, angered at his reply, he assaulted with his sword the young fisherman, who dealt him a blow from his "pout-staff" * which felled him to the ground. As he fell the sword dropped from his hand, and Wallace seizing it, killed his opponent before he had time to rise. He was then set upon by the other four, two of whom he laid prostrate; the other two fled after Percy, now nearly across the ford. On learning their story he treated them scornfully, asking if five men could be so easily routed by one lad, and refused to return in search of him. Wallace's uncle decided that it was not prudent for him to remain longer at Riccarton, and, giving him money and his blessing, sent him on his way.

He rode straight to the banks of the Ayr, some two miles north from the town which Burns has since made famous as

"Old Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men or bonnie lasses."

Here he was well received, and the Laglan wood, in its immediate vicinity, often sheltered him from his enemies.

In one fray, where he is said to have killed seven of his opponents after a protracted struggle, he was overpowered and taken prisoner. Lodged in the old jail at Ayr, a portion of which is still seen, he was fed on salt herring and water till he became so ill that his

* A pole used when fishing with a net.

keepers, thinking him near death, threw him over the prison wall, landing him in a fosse. An old nurse, coming to view his remains, got permission to remove the body to her cottage for burial; but, thinking she discovered signs of life, she had a mock funeral-service, and with the utmost secrecy, assisted only by her daughter, she nursed him back to life and health. When sufficiently recovered, Wallace, under shelter of a dark night, betook himself to Riccarton, to be supplied with horse, armor, and money. Here he was greeted with a warm reception, not only from his uncle and his three sons, but from his mother, who was summoned in haste from Ellerslie to welcome the son whom she supposed was dead.

A cursory survey of the condition of Scotland may be helpful to the better understanding of the subsequent life of our hero. The feudal system at this time prevailed, and lands were granted by the crown. Many Norman and Danish barons were settled in Scotland, each with his own adherents. The court of the Scottish king was held north of the Clyde, and great care was taken lest anything should be construed into an acknowledgment of feudal dependence upon England.

The line direct of Scottish kings failed on the death of Alexander III. in 1285, and his granddaughter, styled the "Maid of Norway." The succession devolved upon one of three men, descendants of David I., viz., John Baliol, Robert Bruce, and John Hastings.

Six regents were appointed to rule until a king was chosen, and for two years after the death of Alexander a civil war raged between the factions of Bruce and Baliol.

The rival claimants at length agreed upon Edward I. of England as umpire. He consented to act as such on condition that he himself should be acknowledged as lord paramount of Scotland. The Scottish nation never agreed to this claim, and no act of parliament ever sanctioned their promise.

After a protracted and capricious deliberation, Edward decided in favor of Baliol, who was the grandson of the eldest daughter of Alexander III. In 1293 he ascended the throne, being crowned at Seroon, and acknowledged himself as liegeman to Edward, surnamed Longshanks.

From this period we have historic accounts which are reliable regarding the life of William Wallace.

The Scottish barons had found it needful, in order to check license from the crown, to stand forward in vindication of popular rights. Magna Charta, signed by King John at Runnemedede, in 1215, is a proof of this statement.

Becoming embroiled in some trouble with France, Edward of England summoned John of Scotland as his liegeman to attend him with an army. This act first opened Scottish eyes as to what their king had done in acknowledging Edward as lord paramount. Edward had so drained his treasury that he was constrained to levy extraordinary taxes on the people, thus violating Magna Charta in its most vital principle.

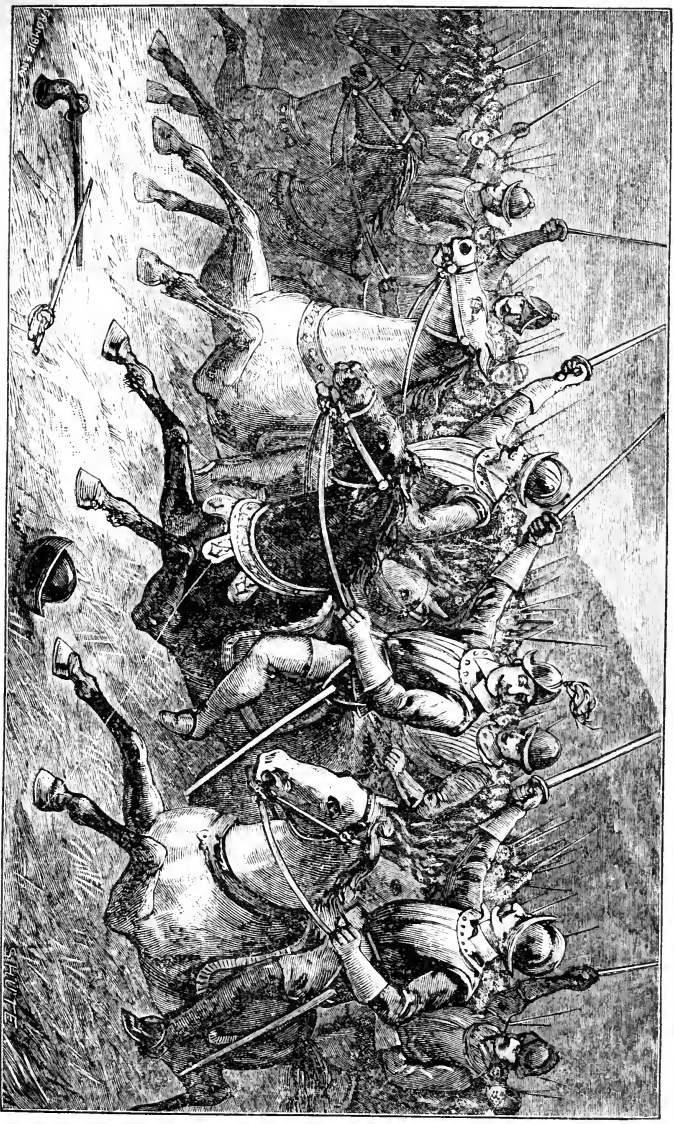
Having learned thus much of the then outlook in Scotland, we are not surprised to find Wallace after his recovery forming associations among his fellows for the purpose of defending themselves from the lawless outrages of the English. By a series of adventures, at which our limits will not permit us to glance,

the name of Wallace became famous in Ayrshire. Deeds of blood were uncongenial to his nature, but his patriotism could not brook the indignities of Edward's soldiers.

In 1296, King John, with the sanction of the Parliament, solemnly renounced the fealty to Edward, and as a direct result Edward invaded Scotland with a large army and with triumphant success. During this invasion the father of Wallace lost his life at the hands of Lord Fenwick, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity.

The breast of Wallace was fired with anger, and by his efforts, in 1297, the insurrection against England became general.

Bent on revenge, Wallace took leave of Riccarton accompanied by his cousin Simon, the youngest of his three cousins, but much the largest. He soon learned that Fenwick was on his way from Carlisle with a convoy for Lord Percy at Ayr. The two Wallaces with a company of fifty picked men took up their position in a wood near night. In the gray dawning this small band, devoutly kneeling, asked God's blessing upon this righteous revenging of a brutal murder. Wallace addressed his companions, giving a detailed account of the slaughter of his father, and after each man had again sought pardon for all past sins, in view of the deadly peril in which he was entering, they awaited Fenwick's approach. In the early sunlight the encounter took place. The onset was fierce in the extreme; the English on horses rode rudely over their assailants on foot, but Wallace drove his spear quite through the foremost rider, breaking it at the shaft. Fenwick, on a huge white horse, was easily distinguished, and against him Wallace directed his fiercest



ROBERT NAY

SHUTE



endeavor. He fell from his steed, pierced through and through. The English, disheartened at the loss of their leader, fled in dismay, leaving one hundred dead upon the ground. They were hotly pursued, and the entire convoy captured and put to death, leaving the valuable spoil to be divided among the victors. A few soldiers escaped to Ayr and communicated his loss to Percy, who supposed that Wallace was buried behind the prison at Ayr.

This is the first recorded action in which Wallace had sole command. The noise of the victory spread throughout Scotland, giving new life to the oppressed. Percy called a council of English lords at Glasgow, to whom the chief question presented was, "How shall we rid the country of Wallace?" Sir Ranald was summoned from Riccarton, but he confessed himself unable to control his bold nephew. A series of skirmishes not unlike the one detailed, led by Wallace, were each one in succession a victory for the Scots, loosening the hold of Edward, and infusing new courage into the people. The name of Wallace seemed a synonym for victory.

In 1297 he was married to the heiress of Lamington, and took up his abode with her in the Castle of Lanark; but, notwithstanding the domestic happiness which he here enjoyed, his mind constantly reverted to the depressed condition of his country, and he could not live at ease.

Leaving his wife and young child at the castle with only nine companions, he went to hear mass at a kirk among his mortal foes. He was joined by his friend, Sir John Graham, with fifteen followers. Heisilrig, the English sheriff of Lanark, resolved to annoy Wal-

lace on his return from devotions. Unwilling to have any disturbance, Wallace bore patiently a war of words, but at length Heisilrig and his party began to draw their daggers and assault their persons. A grand me-lee ensued. Fifty English lay dead in the streets of Lanark, and the Scots were glad to flee. In some mysterious way they disappeared, finding a refuge in a cave at Cartlaine Crags, which is to-day pointed out to the tourist as "Wallace's retreat."

The sheriff, convinced that the lady of the castle had a hand in the disappearance of the Scots, had her seized and put to death without shrift.

Though his soul was rent with anguish at the loss of his wife, intelligence of whose death was brought by a woman from the castle who supplied them with food, Wallace, seeing how distressed and disheartened were Sir John and his followers by the loss of the Lady of Lanark, hid his own breaking heart, and endeavored to encourage his friends.

"Cease, friends! this is a bootless pain;
We cannot now restore her life again,"

are the words which "Blind Harry" puts in his mouth. His whole heart was bent on revenge. He entered Lanark with his followers soon after midnight, and seeking the house of Heisilrig, burst down the door by blows from his boot. The sheriff, alarmed at the noise, rushed from his bed-room to meet Wallace on the landing, and was instantly killed by his sword; his son met a like fate. The townspeople rallied to the assistance of Wallace, and more than twelve-score of English who retired to rest that night in Lanark never saw the morning sun.

Great preparations were made by Edward for another invasion of Scotland. Wallace also collected an army to the number of 3,000 horse and a vast concourse of foot. These two armies met at Biggar. Edward caused two heralds to proclaim that if Wallace would yield to his grace he should be pardoned; otherwise he should be hanged. Wallace replied in the most scornful terms, and the two heralds were hanged. We must remember that these were barbaric days, and that acts which could not be justified now were looked upon at that time as quite consistent with the rules of warfare. The brave leader of the Scots conceived the bold design of going through the entire English camp. Purchasing the horse and clothing of a hump-backed crockery merchant, and arraying himself in his strings of mugs and pitchers, he passed through the entire camp, experiencing every indignity from the soldiers, who made sport of his great height, of his hump, and broke his wares. Amid ribaldry and noise he fled to his own forces, much wiser for his dangerous expedition. As early as the light permitted, on the next morning, he carefully led his army to the distant part of the English camp, where the royal party were resting. The attack was furious and unexpected. After hours of fierce fighting Edward's force gave way and retreated, bearing away their leader, leaving four thousand dead on the field. Seven thousand more lost their lives during the retreat, hotly pursued by the victorious Scots. After the fatigues of this campaign Wallace took a rest of three months at the castle of Black Crag.

He now held all the south country and Galloway. Percy was still in possession of Ayr, and Bishop Bek (English) ruled in Glasgow.

In June, 1299, a council of English lords was called at Ayr, and many Scottish lords and barons were invited; among them Sir Ranald Wallace and his nephew William. The purpose of the meeting, according to the invitations, was to devise some method by which the two nations could dwell together in peace. The barrack, a long, low building, was designated as the place of meeting. Sir Ranald first entered, and was immediately seized, a running noose slipped over his head, by which he was suspended to a beam. No less than thirty Scots met their death by this infernal treachery. Meanwhile Wallace arrived, but was hailed by his niece and prevented from entering the death-trap. He turned his horse to Langlane woods, where a trusty band awaited him, who cast lots to decide who should be the leader in avenging their compatriots. Five times they cast lots, and three times it fell to Wallace, who upon his knees took oath neither to eat or drink till vengeance should be executed.

In imitation of the destroying angel of the Israelites, he had every door-post in Ayr chalked wherein dwelt an Englishman; then he deployed a force, twenty to each marked house, to prevent the dwellers from coming out. In the middle of the night the doomed dwellings were fired. The scene was appalling, but the English had caused such indignation that the act was sustained by the people. It is said that five thousand persons met death during that awful night at Ayr.

Early in the ensuing year Wallace was appointed by the barons governor of Scotland, each one making public allegiance to him.

Quite soon after this public recognition he learned that Edward was arranging for another invasion of

Scotland. He soon raised an army of forty thousand men, assembled them at Roslyn Moor, and without further preliminaries he crossed the Tweed and ravaged Northumberland and Cumberland; destroyed Durham Castle by fire, sparing only the churches and abbeys. Passing south on his journey of destruction, he rushed through Yorkshire, burning and pillaging as he went. Here he was met by a message from Edward, demanding a truce for forty days. Wallace agreed, and encamped his army. With his characteristic treachery, Edward sent Sir Ralph Raymont with an army to surprise Wallace and rout him out.

But news of Edward's order had been brought to Wallace by a faithful Scot, and Sir Ralph found himself so resolutely set upon that he lost three thousand of his small army, and his own life.

Margaret of England, Edward's queen, came on horseback to Wallace, to sue for peace, crowned, accompanied by fifty ladies of honor, but her mission failed; the chieftain refused to treat with women. But subsequently a treaty for five years' cessation of hostilities was concluded with Edward. After a visit of a few months to France, Wallace was compelled again to take the field in Scotland. A series of victories at Dundee, Stirling bridge, and other places, was succeeded by a disaster at Falkirk, occasioned, no doubt, by the treachery of his barons, jealous of his continued success. Soon after the defeat at Falkirk he resigned his office, gave up the great seal of Scotland, and retired to Robroyston, near the city of Glasgow.

On the 5th of August, 1305, Wallace was basely betrayed by Sir John Monteith, captured in the middle of the night as he was entering his dwelling, and taken on horseback to London.

He was allowed the merest form of a trial at Westminster Hall, and doomed to death. Wallace asked for a confessor, which Edward scornfully refused. The Bishop of Canterbury boldly stepped forth, and offered his service, after the performance of which he rode away to the country, unwilling to witness the cruelty about to be enacted in the name of the state. Edward ordered his arrest, but no sheriff was found to obey his mandate.

The noble and heroic chieftain, William Wallace, to the lasting shame of England, was executed at Smithfield in August, 1305.

CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT BRUCE.

Birth and Parentage—Youthful Employment—Ambitious Designs of his Father—Trouble with Baliol—Disappointed by King Edward—Enters a Conspiracy against Edward—Betrayed—Flying from the English Court—Crowned King of Scotland—Preparing for War—Defeated—Calamities in Scotland—His Queen Captured—Bruce imprisons Lord Percy in Turnberry Castle—Retreat—Pursued by Bloodhounds—Dangerously Ill—Captures Aberdeen—Invades Lorn—Meeting King Edward's Army at Bannockburn—In Ireland—In Scotland—Fighting his Enemies—Retreats—Last Illness—Observations on Life and Character.

THE names of the Scottish heroes, William Wallace and Robert Bruce, are names that awaken memories of daring deeds by heroic soldiers—memories that will find an echo in centuries yet to come, and, reverberating down the pages of history, cease not to stir to action the ever-present elements of liberty.

Robert Bruce, the hero of this sketch, was born at Carrick, in 1274. He early evinced a desire for distinction by bursts of sudden enterprise, which were taken up and abandoned in such rapid succession as to afford little hope of stability for the future. The first quarter century of any man's life is not only initiative and preparatory, but in it usually can be traced those characteristics which, in after years, distinguish the individual. But in Robert Bruce this was not so. The

fickleness, so prominent while he was in his teens, entirely disappeared before his twenty-fifth year, and in middle and later life we find a man persistent in purpose and bold in action; not overcome by obstacles, but, dashing every impediment from his path, he rushes bravely on to victory and renown.

The inheritors and representatives of the Baliol family in Scotland bore the name of Comyn. Bruce, naturally influenced by a spirit of ill-will toward the conservators of the Baliol interests, allowed his zeal to cool whenever it was apparent that success to Scotland would aid the Comyns.

About this time (1293) Baliol (of Scotland) declared war against England, but none of the Bruce family joined him. The elder Bruce had hoped that Edward would have preferred him to the crown on the deposition of Baliol; but, checked by the scorn with which Edward met his pretension, he retired to his estates in Yorkshire, leaving to his grandson, a youth of twenty-two, his earldom of Carrick. Edward, noticing that self-interest was the key-note to Bruce's actions, and allowing nothing for those strong impulses which often change the whole character, gave comparatively little thought or notice to Bruce; however, he enjoyed a fair share of the royal favor. The sagacious monarch fancied that through Bruce he might secure Scotland forever. Far from this were the intentions of the young earl. From this point in his life we begin to note the change from an impetuous, fickle youth—a being of impulse—to a man with a purpose—a man governed by a ruling motive, to which all else was subordinate.

In the insurrection of Sir William Wallace the name of Baliol had been used as the sovereign of Scot-

land, in whose behoof the nation were in arms, and for whom they defended their lands against the English. The Comyns kept the claims of Baliol before the public. But Baliol, in his disgraceful submission to Edward, had lost all respect of the people, who named him "Toom Tabard" (empty coat). It was now true that Scotland's crown lay open to any claimant brave enough to defy the king. The middle classes in Scotland were now ready to enlist under almost any banner raised against Edward of England, the weight of whose yoke became more galling day by day.

Bruce now entered into a secret treaty with William Lambreyton, the primate of Scotland, binding each to stand by the other against all enemies. It was considered needful to discover this league to John Comyn, and he was given to understand that its purpose was the destruction of the English power in Scotland. Bruce and Comyn were leaders of two great factions, and therefore stood directly opposed each to the other. Two standards were raised, and there seemed to flock about them many adherents.

The natural question asked by those whom they would have for followers was, "What king do you mean to propose?" and Bruce proposed to Comyn that, if he would support his (Bruce's) title to the crown, Bruce should make over to Comyn all his patrimonial estates. Comyn ostensibly agreed to this proposal, but in secret resolved to betray the whole intrigue of Bruce to the king. Bruce was still in attendance at the English court. On a favorable occasion, soon after the above events transpired, Bruce received from his kinsman, the Earl of Gloucester, a piece of money and a pair of spurs, which to a man of his acuteness was a

hint sufficient that his liberty was in danger. He instantly hastened toward Scotland, fully realizing who had betrayed his secret to the king, and, meeting a messenger of Comyn's, killed him, securing his despatches, thus enabling him to show the full extent of Comyn's treachery to Edward. As yet Bruce, unprepared for an open rupture with England, found Comyn at Dumfries, and having invited him to a private interview in a church, where they were alone, accused him of the treachery. Comyn giving him the lie, Bruce stabbed him with his dagger and hastened out from the sanctuary, when two of his friends, noticing his bloody appearance, inquired the cause. "I doubt I have slain the red Comyn," answered Bruce. "Do you trust to that doubt?" "I make sure," was the reply, and, rushing into the sanctuary, Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, despatched the wounded man. Sir Robert Comyn, an uncle, vainly interfered, and was slain with him. The English justiciaries, hearing the tumult, barricaded themselves in the hall where they administered justice; Bruce compelled them to surrender, by putting fire to their place of retreat, and dismissed them in safety.

This act of Bruce cut off his last chance of reconciling affairs with Edward, who was now aware (through Comyn) of schemes of insurrection, and regarded Comyn as a victim to fidelity to him or the English government. The circumstance of Comyn's death occurring in a sacred place rendered it sacrilege, and an act to be abhorred by every one. Those alone who, from a strong feeling of interest, might be inclined to make common cause with the perpetrator of this homicide, could excuse the act. Among Scottish patriots

only could such interest exist, and who might see in Bruce the vindicator of his country's liberty and his own rights to the crown—claims so sacred as to justify him for enforcing them against the treacherous confidant who had betrayed him to the foreign usurper, even at the foot of the altar. Bruce stood in a critical position. It was as if he were midway up a mountain precipice, with the path behind cut off! He could but go on! Scotland's crown hung just above him; there was hope that he might reach it; there was great risk of failure; yet retreat was certain ruin—inevitable destruction!

Quite aware of the perils of his choice, he resolved to claim the throne of Scotland, determined to achieve success or perish in the attempt.

He retired into the adjoining wilds of Nithsdale, to the hut of an obscure peasant, near the hill called the Dun of Tynron. Sending messengers in every direction, he collected followers and warned such nobles as he knew to be favorable to his cause. But they were few, and by no means prepared for a hasty appearance on the battle-field. His own family supplied four brave men of skill in arms and most vigorous constitutions.

With his nephew, afterwards the celebrated Thomas Randolph, Abbot of Scone, and fourteen barons, he proceeded to Dumfries, thence to Glasgow, whither he was joined by James of Douglas. Devoted to the cause of Scottish independence, Douglas remained till death his best and most disinterested friend; and on March 26th Bruce was crowned at Scone with a slight coronet of gold, hastily made to supply the place of the royal crown of Scotland, which had been carried

off by Edward. For placing this crown on his head, as, in the absence of her husband, was her duty, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, was afterwards cruelly punished by Edward.

On taking the field many of Wallace's old followers joined him. Edward, then so ill as to be scarcely able to sit his horse, made a vow that he would forthwith set out for Scotland to punish the rebels and avenge the death of John Comyn. He adjured his son that, should he die on the expedition, his bones should be borne at the head of the army till Scotland should be fully subdued.

Bruce in the meantime was unsuccessfully engaged in strengthening his army. His enterprise was regarded as desperate. Even his wife said to him: "You are indeed a summer king, but you will scarcely be a winter one." Bruce sought an encounter with the Earl of Pembroke, who, with an English army, held the town of Perth. He arrived before the town with a force inferior to that of the English earl, and challenged him to come forth to fight. Pembroke replied that he would meet him on the morrow. Bruce retired to the neighboring wood, making a bivouac for the night. But the treacherous Pembroke, sallying forth from Perth, attacked the Scots, who were taken unawares, at ease. They fought long and well; Bruce was thrice unhorsed—once he was taken prisoner by Lord Seaton, who shouted aloud that he had captured the king; but his brother struck Seaton to the earth, rescuing Bruce.

Now that his small army was almost broken up by this defeat at Methvyn Woods, our hero was obliged for a time to get subsistence for himself and his family

by the chase. From Athol Bruce took his followers to Aberdeen, thence to Argyle. In a hostile country, battle was daily expected. Winter was drawing near, and Bruce was guided in his plans by Sir Neil Campbell, of Loch-awe, founder of the house of Argyle, who had undertaken to procure refuge for his force on the land of Cantire. The female portion of Bruce's family were no longer able to endure the rigors of the cold season.

John of Lorne, who was an uncle of the "Red Comyn," full of ardent desire to avenge the death of his nephew, attacked Bruce's little band at a place called "Dalry" (near the head of Strathfillan), when the knights, being unable to manage their horses, were compelled to fall back. Bruce himself protected the retreat personally, killing a father and two sons who had attacked him. John of Lorne said, in unwilling admiration: "Look at him—he guards his men from us as Gaul, the son of Moni, protected his host from the fury of Fingal." Forced to turn back, Bruce sent his queen and her attendants, under charge of his younger brother, to his strong castle of Kildrammie, in Aberdeenshire. Reaching the banks of Loch Lomond, he was obliged to cross his force of two hundred men in a boat which would only carry three persons at a time. Here, while waiting, he met the Earl of Lenox (who recognized the bugle blast), by whose guidance and assistance they were able to reach the province of Cantrym, subject to Arago, Lord of the Isles, who had been in advance propitiated by Sir Neil Campbell, the founder of the house of Argyle.

Received kindly by the Lord of the Isles, he could but be aware that his residence might draw upon his pro-

tector the vengeance of Edward. Therefore he resolved to bury himself in the remote Isle of Rachrin, where he lurked in concealment during the winter of 1306. By this means he effected his purpose of concealing himself from the search made for him by the creatures of Edward of England. His friends and adherents were suffering all the miseries which the rage of a malicious and exasperated king could inflict. His wife and daughter were seized and confined in separate prisons, where for eight years they remained. Some gallant and accomplished gentlemen, whose only crime was adherence to Bruce, were subjected to a mock trial and executed. The Earl of Athol suffered the same fate. Simon Fraser, being defeated at Kirk-in-Cliffe, near Stirling, was made prisoner, exposed on London bridge loaded with iron chains, and executed with every possible ignominy and cruelty of treason law. Bruce, deprived of all civil and religious rights, was patiently biding his time.

Thus passed the winter of 1306. With the return of spring new hope sprung up in the dauntless soul of Bruce. Crossing to Arran, he had arranged with a faithful vassal in his earldom to watch when a landing could with success be made. A lighted beacon on a headland was to be the signal, which at length appeared to his longing eyes. But the beacon had been lighted by some one else, and Bruce learned that the English had been reinforced, and nothing like success could now be hoped for.

Robert Bruce hesitated, but his brother Edward, a man whose courage amounted to temerity, protested that he would not again go to sea, but that having arrived in his native country, he would take his

chances, good or bad—anything which heaven might send him. Robert was easily persuaded to the same bold course, when a sudden attack by the English, who were quartered near the town, gave them an easy victory and rich booty. Lord Percy lay in the castle near by, but did not dare to venture forth to the relief of his men.

This advantage was followed by others. It seemed, actually, as if heaven regarded Bruce as having been sufficiently punished for the murder of Comyn, and that fortune had exhausted her spite on him.

He was at once joined by friends and followers, compelling the English to keep their garrisons, until Lord Percy deemed it wiser to evacuate Turnberry Castle and retreat to England.

The dauntless James Douglas, who had been visiting his own country in disguise, collected his ancient followers about him, and, surprising the English garrison, he slaughtered the inmates, set fire to the mingled mass of provisions and bodies, and then marched away. There ensued a most terrible conflagration, and to this day the place is known as "The Douglas Larder."

Edward, having for nearly twenty years exerted to the utmost his bold and crafty faculties, now poured out his wealth with lavish hand to accomplish the one darling object of his ambition—the subjection of Scotland. Stung with the most acute sense of wounded pride, mortified ambition, and goaded by the constant reports of the increasing reputation of Bruce, and the rumor of his wonderful exploits, the English king, who had been detained the whole winter at Carlisle, was now doomed to see from his sick-bed the hills

of Scotland, and know that they were still free. Apparently trusting to rage and resentment to return to him the strength that age and disease had destroyed, he hung up in the cathedral his litter, deeming that he should no longer need it, and, mounting his war-horse, proceeded northward. He only succeeded in reaching Burgh-on-the-Sands, where he expired July 7, 1307.

In 1310 Edward, aroused to action, assembled a large army at Berwick and entered Scotland; but his wily antagonist avoided a general engagement and contented himself with harassing their march, cutting off their provisions, and thus augmenting the distress of their progress through a hostile and desolate country, until the patience of Edward and the supplies of his army were alike exhausted. A second, third and fourth army met with no better success, and the Scots pushed boldly after them into England, where, after a fifteen days' sojourn, the northern provinces were glad to purchase—instead of attempting to force—their retreat.

King Robert, presenting himself before Perth, which was strongly fortified, and finding a shallow place in the moat, after a pretended retreat, suddenly appeared at the head of a chasm with a storming party. Completely armed, and bearing a scaling ladder, he waded through the water up to his chin, and was the second man to mount the wall. A French knight, who was with the Scotch army, exclaimed, at sight of this daring action: "Oh, heaven! What shall we say of the delicacy of our French lords, when so gallant a king hazards his person to win such a paltry hamlet?"

On the eve of Shrove Tuesday, when the garrison were full of a drunken wassail, Douglas and his followers, approaching the castle, crept in on hands

and feet—simulating a herd of cattle; nor did the revellers discover their error until the shout of “Douglas! Douglas!” announced that they were prisoners!

The success of Bruce and his followers was not limited to the mainland of Scotland. He pursued the McDougeel of Galloway to the Isle of Man, where he defeated him, stormed his castle, and subjected the island to Scottish rule.

Bruce now made (1314) preparations for a decisive engagement. He took great precaution to avoid the trouble entailed on him by his lack of cavalry, as compared with his antagonist. He was also much inferior in number, and in respect to his archers, whose long shafts were the artillery of that period, he was especially deficient.

Imperishably associated with one of the most memorable events in English history is the village of Bannockburn. In its immediate vicinity, on the 24th of June, 1314, was fought the great battle, between the English under Edward II. and the Scotch under Robert Bruce, which secured the permanent independence of Scotland, and established the family of the conqueror on its throne. The forces of the English were 100,000, while that of the Scots was less than one-third that number. A detailed account of the combat, however pleasant, is not here permitted. Suffice that the engagement resulted in disaster to the English, who lost many prominent leaders and, falling into inextricable confusion, fled. The loss of the Earl of Gloucester and the flight of Edward, the depletion of forces by death and imprisonment, together with the spoils of warfare, seriously crippled the forces of

Edward. The victory of Bannockburn was followed by consequences which show how entirely the energies of a kingdom depend upon the manner in which its government is administered and its resources directed. The indolence of Edward II. is beyond all record in history, and it was a relief to all when his successor, Edward III., was called to the throne. The ambition of Edward Bruce was too impatient to wait until the succession to the Scottish crown should become open to him by the death of his brother.

A party of Irish chiefs, discontented with the rule of the English, sent to Edward Bruce to come and expel the English from Ireland. By consent of Robert, Edward invaded Ireland at the head of 6,000 Scots. He threatened Dublin, went as far as Limerick, until, compelled by scarcity of provisions, he retired, convinced that he was engaged in a fruitless enterprise.

Bruce seemed only to wait for the final deliverance of his country to close his heroic career. At this time, however, a disease not unlike leprosy began to prey upon his strength.

He summoned his barons and affectionately commended his son to their care. Of the good Sir James Douglas he entreated that he would cause his heart to be taken from his body after death, conjuring him to take charge of transporting it to Palestine, in redemption of a vow which he had made to go thither in person when disentangled from the cares of English wars. At the early age of fifty-five Robert Bruce died. He was buried at Dunfermline.

In glancing over the life and character of Robert Bruce, we may see that his life is divided into three distinct parts. His youth was thoughtless, hasty, fickle,

and from the moment when he began to appear in public until the slaughter of "The Red Comyn" he seemed to have no thought above the other barons around him—to drift with the shifting tide.

Again, in a short period of life he displayed the utmost steadiness, firmness and constancy, sustaining with unabated patience and determination the loss of battles, death of friends, disappointment of hopes, and an uninterrupted series of disasters.

Can we doubt that the misfortunes of the second period of his life had taught him lessons of prudence and constancy which were unknown to his early years? Happy is the man whose middle and later life can thus be guided by lessons learned from the vicissitudes of earlier years!

The third and latest period of the life of King Robert Bruce was passed upon the broad tableland. Secure in the possession of an independent throne, he planned and labored for the good of that country for which he had been content to pass his life in turmoil and conflict, happy if, at life's close, he saw the fruition of his hopes.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS PIZARRO.

Birthplace—Education—Early Life—Embarkation for America—Visit to Peru—Return to Spain—Sent to Peru as Colonizing Governor—How he was received—Movement upon effecting a Landing—His Law—Description of Caxamarca—Pizarro's Scheme—Seizure of the Incas—The Ransom—Pizarro's Treachery—Death of the Incas—Conspired against—Murdered.

AMONG the brilliant adventurers who left Spain for the New World, in the fifteenth century, one of the most daring, unscrupulous and successful was Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. Born under unfortunate and degrading circumstances, he achieved a splendid renown as a soldier, which, however, was tarnished by dishonorable and cruel conduct through all his career. His birthplace was Truxillo, a city in Estremadura. He was the son of Colonel Gonzalo Pizarro, but, born out of wedlock, he was deserted by both parents, and, it is said, was left as a foundling at the door of a church. His boyhood received but little care, he was never taught even to read, and when old enough, he was employed as a swineherd. But the stories of the New World beyond the sea, which were then rife, reached even him in his obscurity. His fancy dwelt on these reports, until he decided to escape from his menial occupation, and, going to Seville, he embarked with a number of other Spanish adventurers.

The dates of his birth and of his leaving his native land are unknown. In the New World, we first hear of him in 1510, in Hispaniola, where he served as a lieutenant under Alonzo de Ojeda. Afterwards he accompanied Balboa to Darien, and was one of the first Europeans whose eyes rested on the vast Pacific.

In 1515 he was commissioned to cross the Isthmus, and traffic with the natives. Some years were spent in this way, but Pizarro had not acquired, so far, either wealth or fame. At the age of fifty, he still possessed only a tract of unhealthy land.

Reports of a land of gold and diamonds lying south of the great mountains that bounded their vision reached the adventurers from time to time. A confederacy was formed, consisting of Pizarro, Almagro (a captain), and Luque (a priest), the object of which was to cross the mountains and obtain possession of El Dorado (the land of gold.) Pizarro was to lead the expedition, for which the funds and supplies were to be furnished by the others. Two small vessels were purchased; a body of one hundred men were assembled, of whom Pizarro assumed command, and left Panama in the middle of November, 1524. Almagro was to follow in another vessel, as soon as it could be fitted out.

Steering almost due south, the expedition moved for many weeks along the shores of the unknown ocean. Several times they landed, but were compelled to return to their boats. The shores were one vast forest, and from the ground to the tops of the huge trees hung gigantic vines and creepers, making a net-work that could only be cleared by the axe. The season of heavy rains was just over, and the ground, saturated

with moisture and heaped with fallen leaves, presented an insuperable obstacle to progress. Among all this luxuriant vegetation, no edible thing could be found, except unwholesome berries ; and the adventurers began to fear that they would perish of famine, for, counting on finding supplies as they went along, they had brought with them no great quantity of provisions.

Pizarro's pride revolted at the idea of returning unsuccessful to the Spanish colony. He decided to send back a vessel to obtain provisions, while he, with about half his men, remained where they were. Here they suffered extreme hardships, and as days and weeks passed, bringing no relief and no tidings of the vessel, the courage of the band gave way to despondency. Twenty of their number died, and many of the survivors were ill. During this period of suffering, Pizarro one night descried a light in the distance. It was the first sign of human existence that had appeared in this wilderness, and he at once started to reconnoitre, taking most of his followers with him. Pushing their way through a tract of shrubs and brushwood, they came upon an Indian village. The half-starved Spaniards rushed into the huts, and seized all the food they could find. It consisted principally of maize and cocoa-nuts. When their hunger had been satisfied, they observed that the Indians wore ornaments of gold. This led them to believe that their promised El Dorado had at last been reached, and questioning the Indians, they learned that across the mountains, about ten days' journey, there was such a country. A few days later their ship returned bringing supplies, and the band of adventurers set out to continue their

search. They moved along close to the shore, landing occasionally and having serious encounters with the natives. The men had grown seriously discouraged; many clamored to return to Panama. Pizarro called them together one day when they had landed at Tacamez, on the borders of the Peruvian empire; and, drawing his sword, he traced a line on the sand. "Comrades and friends," said he, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, storms, desertion, perhaps death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru and its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go south." Then he stepped across the line. Thirteen men followed him, and the rest returned to Panama. It is impossible not to admire the daring of this small band, who, in the face of innumerable obstacles, pursued their way, traversed the whole of northern Peru, and were at last rewarded for their toils by the discovery of numerous towns which were almost as rich in gold as they had ever imagined. They were received in a friendly manner by the natives, but Pizarro, although outwardly returning their friendship, determined on conquering this rich territory for Spain, and was only deterred by the want of forces. Having spent some fifteen months in these explorations, he decided to return to Spain, in order to obtain the means of conquest, and, embarking at Nombre de Dios, he reached Seville in 1528.

Here he was graciously received by the Emperor, Charles V. His stories of the land of gold were received with attention and belief, for he had brought with him immense quantities of the golden ornaments worn by the natives, which proved the abundance of

the precious metal. But Charles was then on his way to Italy, and he dismissed Pizarro, strongly recommending him to the protection and patronage of the King and Queen of Castile. In July, 1529, the queen signed the capitulation, an instrument which secured to Pizarro the right of discovery and conquest in Peru, or New Castile, as it was called. He was to be governor of the province for life, with the rank and privileges of a viceroy.

Pizarro then left Toledo for his native town, where he believed he could procure volunteers for his cause. In this he was successful; followers flocked to his standard, among them four of his own brothers, of whom one was his father's legitimate heir. It was a singular position for the formerly neglected and despised Francisco.

He sailed with his companions in three vessels, in 1530, and reached Santa Marta, on the northern shore of South America. Having made a visit to Panama, he at last set out on his career of conquest in 1531. The first place which they attacked was a village called Coaque, of which the inhabitants fled to the forest. In their deserted dwellings the invaders found great quantities of gold and silver ornaments, besides heaps of precious stones, for this was the region of the emeralds, and these valuable gems were very abundant there.

The treasures were brought together in heaps, of which one-fifth was reserved for the crown, and the remainder divided among the adventurers. In this one small town the share of the crown amounted to over twenty thousand castellanos. They continued their march, meeting little resistance from the inhabi-

tants, who no longer considered them as friends, but regarded them with superstitious terror, and fled to the woods, leaving them to pillage the towns unmolested. They suffered much, however, from sickness and unfit food. At length the inhabitants of Puna, in the bay of Guayaquil, set the example of resistance, and a succession of furious combats took place. The Spanish commander was glad when two vessels arrived, under charge of the famous De Soto, bringing a hundred soldiers, besides horses for his cavalry.

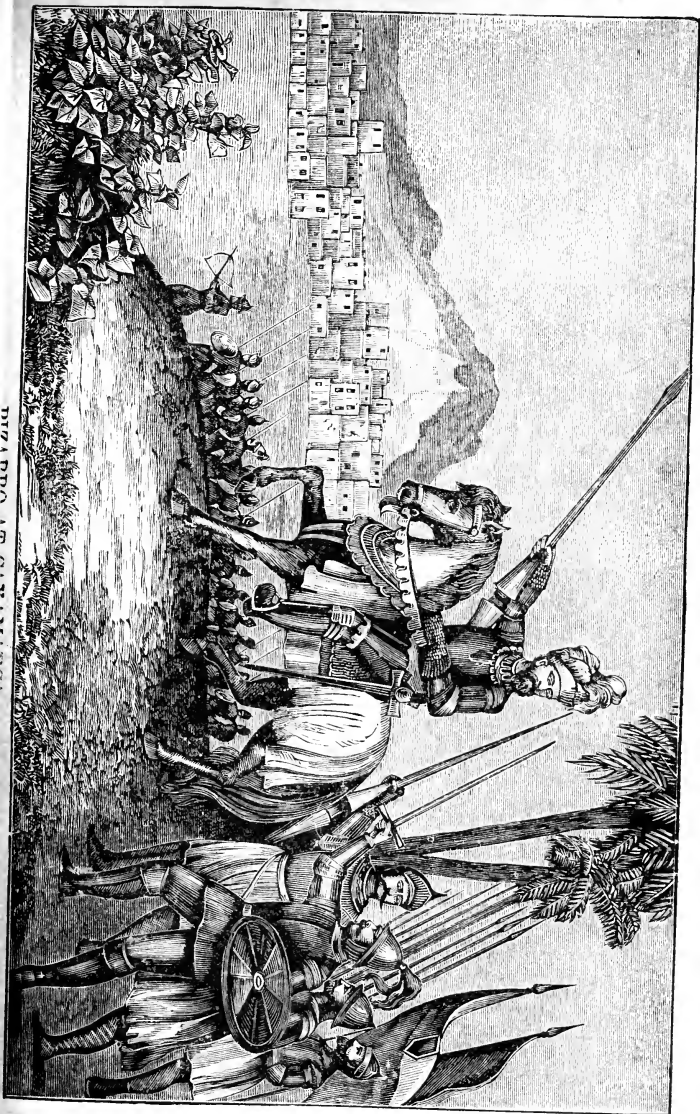
At this time the great Peruvian empire had completed the conquest of Quito, and both had been united under the rule of the Inca, Huayna Capac. This monarch left two sons, to one of whom, Atahualpa, he willed the ancient kingdom of Quito, and the rest of the empire to Huascar. For five years the brothers reigned in peace, but dissensions had sprung up, which at last culminated in war, which was carried on in the peculiarly savage and bloodthirsty manner practised by all the South American nations. A few months before the Spaniards landed Huascar had been captured, and a great massacre of his followers had taken place in Quito. The victorious Atahualpa declared himself Inca of the whole empire, and assumed imperial state at his residence in Caxamalca, the city now called Caxamarca. Pizarro with his followers determined to visit the victorious Inca. The city surpassed in wealth even the most dazzling visions of the adventurers. It was well built and fortified. In its centre was the residence of the monarch. In an open court-yard stood a light building surrounded by galleries. The walls were covered with a shining plaster; gold and silver were used in profusion in the construc-

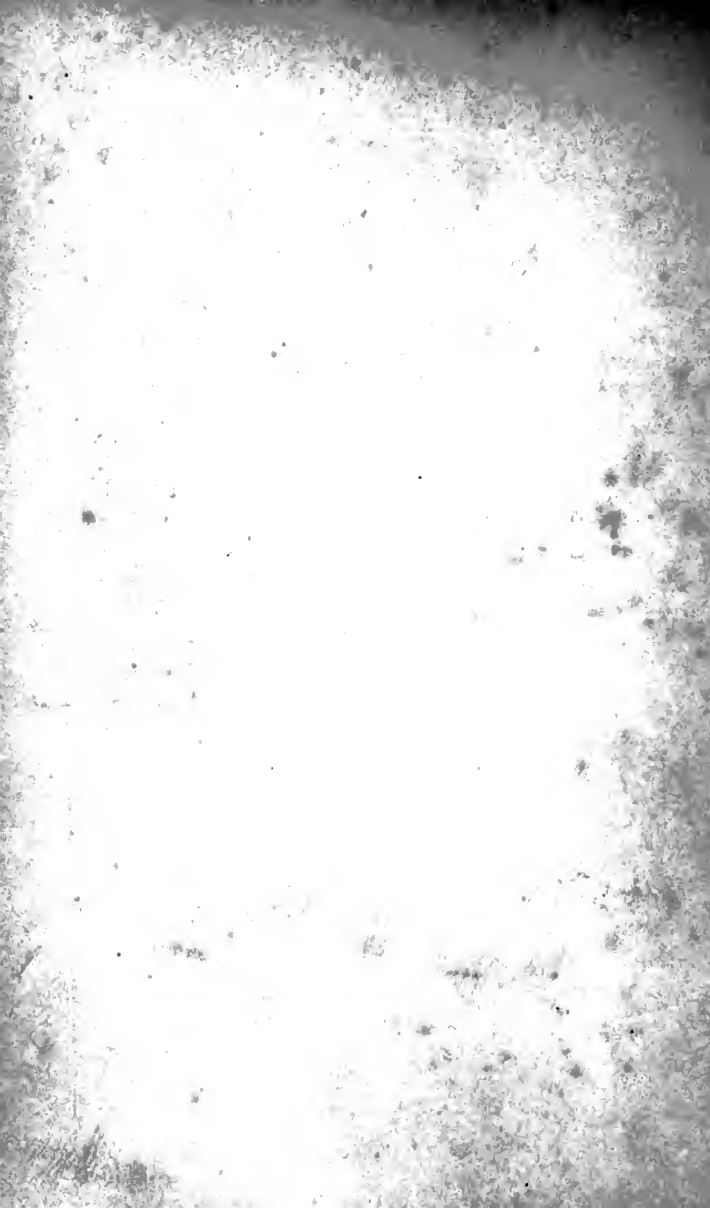
tion and adornment of the palace; the court-yard was filled with richly dressed nobles and women of the royal household. The Indian prince sat in the midst of the assembly, but though he must have felt great curiosity as to the dreaded white strangers, his impassive countenance betrayed no emotion. They, on their side, having heard much of the cruel and cunning character of this prince, were surprised to find in him a calm and grave demeanor, which showed nothing of the savage passions he had displayed in war.

Hernando Pizarro and De Soto, with only a few followers, rode up to the Inca, and the former announced to Atahualpa that his brother, the commander of the white men, desired to visit him. The Inca, in a somewhat imperious manner, appointed an interview for the next day.

When his messenger returned, Pizarro went round among his men begging them not to become discouraged now, when the prize they had so long desired was almost within their grasp. He had formed the daring plan of seizing the Inca in the midst of his own people. The remainder of the day and night was spent in plans for battle, and at the first light of dawn the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms. Mass was said and the aid of the God of battles was invoked. The complex character of the Castilian soldier, who was capable of every kind of perfidy and cruelty, contained also a very genuine piety of the fashion of that period. Both he and his soldiers believed that they were serving the cause of God, and this religious ardor served at times as a pretext for their worst actions.

Towards noon the Inca appeared, sitting on a throne of solid gold, borne on the shoulders of his nobles, and





followed by a multitude that spread over the country as far as the eye could reach. The Inca and his attendants were so covered with gold and diamonds that they blazed "like the sun." When the monarch had entered the plaza, the Inca demanded to meet the white strangers.

Pizarro's chaplain came forward and briefly explained the Christian beliefs to the Inca, adding that the popes, as successors of the apostles, had been commanded to rule the world. He ended by adjuring him to embrace the Christian faith, and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself the tributary of the Emperor Charles.

How far the Indian prince followed this train of argument is doubtful, but he vehemently refused to acknowledge himself a vassal, and seizing a Bible which was in the hands of the monk, he flung it on the ground. The indignant friar hastened to Pizarro and urged him to attack the infidels; a white scarf, the appointed signal, was waved high in the air, and the whole Spanish force rushed on the Indians. The latter, trampled down by the cavalry and stunned by the report of the cannon, were seized with panic. Both horses and cannon were unknown to them, and filled them with terror. The struggle raged fiercely around the Inca, but at length, most of his nobles being slain, the monarch literally fell into the hands of Pizarro and his cavaliers.

The Spaniards treated the captive monarch kindly, but proceeded at once to pillage his pleasure-house. The enormous masses of gold and the quantity of emeralds found there astonished the Spaniards. This gave Atahualpa the idea of purchasing his freedom,

and he told Pizarro that if he would set him at liberty he would not merely cover the floor, but fill the room with gold. Pizarro acquiesced. A line nine feet high was drawn on the wall of the room, which was seventeen feet long by twenty-two broad. This space was to be filled with gold, and another to be twice filled with silver. The treasures began to pour in, but the distances whence they had to be carried were sometimes very great, and months were consumed in collecting it. The plate was melted down and recast in bars, which also took time. One-fifth of the treasure was sent to Spain, and the rest divided among the adventurers. The Inca now demanded his freedom, but his prayer was disregarded. The Spanish commander said the safety of his troops required that the Inca should be held until reinforcements arrived.

He managed at last to find pretexts for bringing the Inca to trial. The principal charge was that he had usurped the crown of his brother, Huascar; that he was guilty of idolatry and adultery, and that he had incited his subjects to rebel against the Spaniards. On these charges he was condemned to death by fire. When bound to the stake, he was told that if he became a Christian he should die by the milder method of the garrote. This he accepted, and after the ceremony of baptism had been performed he was strangled by the executioner. Thus died the last Inca of Peru.

The next important step in the conquest of Peru was the taking of the city of Cuzco. The whole vast country passed into the possession of Spain in the course of years. It is impossible to admire Pizarro's conduct in this conquest. He found a beautiful and

prosperous country, a contented people, living under a mild government and religion, and in a condition which closely approached civilization. He carried terror and devastation everywhere he went; he was absolutely merciless to the unfortunate natives, and even his own officers were frequently shocked at his cruelty. His brother, Hernando Pizarro, who possessed some of Francisco's characteristics, had caused the execution of Almagro, one of the bravest leaders of the Spaniards. The young son of Almagro and a number of his friends, thirsting for revenge, formed a plan to assassinate Pizarro, who now, at the age of sixty-five, had been created marquis, and was in the enjoyment of absolute power and vast wealth. But through life he had been more feared than loved; and his enemies were so convinced of this that they determined to attack him openly, instead of assassinating him, as had first been planned.

Pizarro was seated at dinner in his palace, with about twenty friends, when the assailants entered the corridor leading to his apartment, with loud cries of "Death to the tyrant!" He coolly ordered Chaves, one of the cavaliers, to fasten the door while the party should put on armor. Chaves made the mistake of attempting to parley with the conspirators, but was killed almost immediately. A frightful struggle followed, Pizarro and his companions fighting desperately. But the chief received a wound in his throat, and, sinking on the floor, was pierced by the swords of a number of the conspirators at once. Tracing a cross on the floor, he bent to kiss it, when a final sword-thrust ended his life.

That night, in silence and darkness, a grave was

dug in an obscure corner, a brief religious service was held, and the body of Pizarro, wrapped only in a shroud, was consigned to earth. Neither love nor pity presided over that miserable burial. "There was none even to say, 'God forgive him!'" says a writer of that period.

In 1607, when time had softened the animosities he had incurred, his remains were disinterred and removed to a tomb in the cathedral.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN CHURCHILL (DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH).

Ancestors—Birth and Education—Love for Military Studies—Page to King James—Commissioned at Sixteen—Sent to the Continent—Publicly Commended—Return to London—Marriage—Created Peer—The “One Blot”—Possible Extenuation—Commanding the Horse-Guards—Duke of Marlboro’—In Ireland—Arrested by the New King—Retired to Private Life—Restored to Rank—Intrusted with Public Affairs—Death of King William—Churchill Promoted—At the Head of the English Army—Narrow Escape from Captivity—Battle of Blenheim—A Hero’s Honors—Fighting his Old Enemy—Narrow Escape—Crowning Glories—Retirement—Last Appearance in the House of Lords.

JOHN CHURCHILL, afterward Duke of Marlborough, made in his day a powerful impression on the continent of Europe. The Dutch found in his conquering arm the stay of their sorely-pressed country; the Germans beheld the ravages of war rolled back from the Rhine to the land of their enemies; the Lutherans regarded him as an instrument of divine vengeance to punish the perfidy and cruelty of the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and the French saw the glory of triumph torn from their *grande monarche*, and for years afterward frightened their children with stories of “Marlbrook.”

His father was Sir Winston Churchill, a gallant cavalier who had been driven into exile by Cromwell, and

his mother claimed descent from the great navigator, Sir Francis Drake. John was born at Ash, in Devonshire, July, 1650. The family were uncompromising Protestants, and from the parish clergyman John received the first rudiments of education and a still stronger religious bias.

At the school of St. Paul's, where he was next entered, he discovered the bent of his mind was toward military life. The stories of the old-time heroes moved him powerfully. His father obtained for him the position of page to the Duke of York, afterward King James II. His handsome figure and the elegance of his manners attracted no small share of attention from the beauties of the court of Charles II., but his inclination for arms was so evident that the duke procured him a commission in the Guards when he was but sixteen, but he soon afterward embarked as a volunteer in the expedition against Tangiers, and so distinguished himself that the Duchess of Cleveland, the king's favorite, made him a gift of five thousand pounds, and evinced so much admiration that Charles hastened to remove the handsome young soldier by sending him to the continent to aid in subduing the United Provinces. Thus it was that, under such masters as Turenne and Condé, he acquired the art of scientific warfare that was one day to be turned against the French so destructively. Turenne gave him the sobriquet of "the handsome Englishman." He had the good fortune to save the life of his colonel, the Duke of Mounmouth, and acquitted himself so heroically during a siege that Louis XIV. publicly thanked him at the head of his army.

Upon his return to London his brilliant reputation

and distinguished beauty of person rendered him the idol of the day. The Duke of York showered upon him many favors, and he married Sarah Jennings, the favorite of Princess Anne, and between whom for the greater portion of their lives existed a most romantic friendship. At this period he also obtained command of a regiment, and laid the foundation of future greatness and fortune.

In 1665 the Duke of York ascended the throne, and Churchill was raised in military rank and created a peer, beside being of the confidential advisers of the king. But he soon saw the perilous course in which the monarch embarked in his attempt to bring about a re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, to which James and his young wife, Mary of Modena, were strongly attached. At first he remonstrated in respectful terms, but the headstrong monarch persisted in his plans of overturning the religion and the constitution. The temper of the people and their recent struggle, as well as the enlightenment of the times, would have prevented the success of such a movement.

Churchill wrote to Lord Galway that if James persisted in his course he must leave his service. There was already a movement in favor of William of Orange, the Princess Mary's husband, and the blot on Churchill's fame must always be his treasonable correspondence against his friend and patron while he was in his service. James was warned, but would believe nothing against his favorite, and sent him with a corps of five thousand men to oppose the prince. Instead he joined the forces of William at Salisbury, and his influence, with that of his wife, induced the Princess Anne and her husband to forsake the falling monarch.

“My God!” exclaimed the king, “my very children have forsaken me.”

It may be urged in extenuation that any other course would have precipitated a civil war; that England would not again have submitted to the See of Rome. William seems to have reposed the utmost confidence in Churchill at first. He was despatched to London to assume command of the Horse-Guards, and while there the famous Act of Association, that seated William and Mary on the throne, was signed. At the coronation he was created Duke of Marlborough.

William sent him to Flanders to assume command, where the king with heroic courage was contending with the armies of France. Churchill, not being in love with the cause, made slow progress with the enemy, and was at length recalled and sent to take command in Ireland, which was the scene of frequent insurrections in favor of James. King William, becoming impatient at seeming delay and inactivity of Churchill, and rumors of bad faith having reached him, caused the arrest of the commander and several noblemen of distinction, and had them confined in the tower on the charge of conspiring to restore James. William had already made himself obnoxious by his partiality for Dutch troops and the severity of his government.

Sir John Fenwick was executed, but there was not found sufficient evidence against Churchill, who on being liberated retired to private life, where his prudent and exemplary conduct weakened William's resentment.

Churchill was restored to his rank at court, and made privy counselor and preceptor to the young Duke of Gloucester. “Make my nephew to resemble yourself,”

said the king, "and he will be all that I can wish."

During William's absence in Holland, he was intrusted with great civil and military power. The king returned to prosecute a threatened invasion of the Chevalier St. George, who on the death of his father laid claim to the English throne, with the advice and assistance of France. But a fall from his horse brought about a dangerous illness. The king soon after died, and Queen Anne ascended the throne. Marlborough was confirmed in all his former offices, and advanced to that of plenipotentiary to the Hague.

At this time, 1702, commences the great and memorable period of the life of the Duke of Marlborough. For a proper understanding of the war in which his share was a series of brilliant successes, it is necessary to state that at this time the power of France threatened the safety of Europe as greatly as in the later time of Napoleon. The court of Louis XIV. was at this time not only the most powerful, but the most elegant, in Europe. Statesmen, poets, preachers and artists thronged Paris. Greatness seemed to have blossomed in every department at once. Vauban, the prince of engineers, was the terror of fortified cities and the bulwark of defence. Turenne, Boufflers and Conde were generals whose names filled their adversaries with dismay. Germany and Austria made strenuous efforts, but could not defy the mighty power. Conquest and annexation, carrying on war in her neighbors' territories, was the system France had rendered a success. Half of Holland was subdued, and the French forces were marching to the very gates of Amsterdam.

Prince George of Denmark was wise enough to see that William's foreign policy must be continued, or the liberties of Europe and the Protestant faith would alike be lost. Marlborough was sent at once with an English army to the help of the allies. Marlborough reached headquarters when the French lay before Nimeguen, elate with recent victories. He at once laid siege to Venloo, which was carried by storm, and then marched upon Liege, one of the strongly fortified cities, which was taken, to the utter surprise of the French, who were thus driven back a considerable distance.

Marlborough, in company with some Dutch officers, embarked on the Meuse, but was captured by a band of French marauders. His servant, with great presence of mind, thrust into his hand an old passport, made in the name of General Churchill. They seized the plate and valuables, but, ignorant of the great prize in their grasp, allowed the men to proceed on their way.

The people at Hague received Marlborough as their deliverer, and were wild with joy at hearing of his narrow escape. He returned to London, where Queen Anne conferred upon him new honors; but as soon as spring opened he rejoined the army, having by his great influence and engaging manners succeeded in persuading the allies to unite on some basis of war that would be best for all. Bavaria had joined with France, so in the very heart of Europe was an enemy to menace Hungary, Austria and Italy. Marlborough marched up the Rhine, capturing several of the smaller outposts, and then took possession of Friburg, ravaging the country with his troops. The Elector of

Bavaria applied to Tallard for assistance, but Marlborough and Prince Eugene united their forces and resolved to give battle. Their defeat in this case would be total ruin, but Marlborough's intrepidity and perseverance defeated one important move of the French army, and the loyalty of the Tyrolese opposed a furious resistance that delayed their march; but on the morning of the battle they were posted in splendid force from the Danube with Blenheim on their front, and the river between them and the allies, their lines extending as far as Sutzingen. The French were a veteran army, splendidly equipped, animated by faith in their own prowess and in their leaders, while the allies were of different nations and languages, between whom there had always existed petty jealousies. Only the splendid talents, sagacity and conciliatory manners of Marlborough could so have smoothed differences, infused courage and agreement. Between him and Prince Eugene there was no rivalry, but a noble emulation to do all that was possible for the cause they had espoused.

The battle of Blenheim must always stand as one of the great European victories, one of the three great victories that were destined to change the face of the continent for many years, and to be fought over again for nearly the same purpose.

The battle lasted nearly all day, with the utmost courage and daring on both sides. Marlborough's eagle eye had seen in the morning the one weak spot in the long array, but he purposely refrained from attacking that until he had engaged nearly the whole army at different points. Once, indeed, it seemed as if Eugene and the right wing of the army might be

cut off, but Marlborough, hastening to the spot, not only recovered the army, but turned it to a decided advantage. The weak center was driven back. Tallard could not unite the broken columns, and the French, unused to defeat, were filled with dismay. Tallard, with a small body of horse, was taken prisoner. With a shout, the allies turned to Blenheim, and though the resistance there was vigorous, it could only be brief, as they were cut off from succor and compelled to surrender.

The allies took thirteen thousand prisoners, over a thousand of whom were officers, and immense stores of cannon, provision and standards. The French loss was estimated at forty thousand. A transcendent victory, that thrilled Europe then, and gave courage everywhere, now that the invincible enemy had suffered a defeat.

Marlborough sent his own carriage for Tallard, and all the prisoners were treated with the utmost kindness. On the parapet of the bridge over the Danube he penciled a note to his wife, whom he seems to have loved with the utmost devotion.

“I have not time to say more, but beg that you will give my duty to the queen, and let her know that her army has had a great victory.”

Marlborough followed up the remnant of the French army. Ulm and Landau were forced to capitulate. The result of this campaign was the delivering of Germany and the utter humiliation of France.

Honors of every kind were showered upon the English hero. He was created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the courts of Berlin and Hanover received him with triumph, even the people thronging about to honor him with shouts of joy.

Nor was England unmindful. The queen and parliament granted him the extensive manor of Woodstock, famous for the romance of fair Rosamond. A magnificent palace was begun, which is still an enduring monument of a nation's gratitude.

But the conqueror was destined to feel bitterly the effects of petty jealousies, and the want of support that prevented him from following up the victory and marching on to Paris, where he might have made such a peace that later wars could have been avoided. But for a while matters languished, and he had to try his conciliatory and persuasive arguments in courts, instead of striking vigorous blows upon the field.

Meanwhile the French recovered from their dismay, and the wrangling of the allies was joy to them. A new army was collected, and Pillerri at the head of seventy-five thousand once more struck terror to the hearts of the Dutch, who appealed to their powerful friend. Without a moment's hesitation Marlborough marched his army, hoping to surprise the enemy, but he found them strongly entrenched directly across their line of march, on a lofty plateau. Marlborough at once prepared for battle, and in the first charge the allied forces were much shaken and reduced to considerable disorder. Marlborough saw the great danger, and leading the reserve with his wonted gallantry was recognized by some French troops, who made a sudden rush and surrounded him. And now, indeed, the fortunes of the day seemed almost in the grasp of France, if the allies should lose their intrepid leader. Like the knights of old, he fought his way through, sword in hand, until leaping a ditch his horse fell under him. His aide-de-camp instantly substituted another; but as

his equerry held the stirrup a cannon ball carried off the brave fellow's head, but the leader was safe. The incident served to renew the intrepidity of the troops, and some reinforcements coming up, the French gave way a little. Villeroy was able and determined, but Marlborough's eyes seemed everywhere, and bent upon every advantage. He gave him no time to reform when the line was once broken, and the French, finding themselves divided into sections, amazed, panic-stricken, gave way, and streamed over the plateau, leaving the allies masters of the hard-fought field of Ramillies.

The trophies of the battle-field were immense. The large number of the slain showed how desperate the struggle had been. The result of this splendid victory was the recovery of Austrian Flanders. Marlborough made a triumphant entry into Brussels, where public transport knew no bounds.

There was still to follow the victory which at last compelled Ghent and Bruges to open their gates, and thus broke the mighty power of France. And now the hero hoped the war would be brought to a close, but jealousies threatened to undo all. Louis, taking advantage of this, prepared to invade England and place the Chevalier St. George on the throne. Marlborough was recalled to England, but this danger over he was again summoned to the continent, where the battle of Malplaquet and the siege of Lille added the crowning glories.

And now, when the brave soldier might reasonably look forward to a time of peace, dissensions at home arose, which were still harder to conquer. The Duchess of Marlborough, grown irritable and proud, had been

displaced in the queen's favor, who was led to believe that the duke would attempt to rule England, indeed did rule it. He was accused of wasting money and lives in useless battles, of perverting funds intrusted to him for the army. The Tories had resolved upon his downfall, although one offer was left open to him, which he rejected with scorn. Disdaining to make any defence, he retired from public life, wounded to the quick by a treaty that the queen had made without his knowledge, and which undid much that he had gained. Though exonerated from the charges against him, his opponents were too strong and too many for him to conquer, and in 1713 he retired to the continent, where crowds of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, thronged to do him honor, struck with his noble air and demeanor, and softened by the approach of age.

Marlborough remained firm to the act of succession and the house of Hanover through all intrigues for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. On the death of Queen Anne he returned to England, and aided in the settlement of the new King George I., who restored him to some of his old positions and honor. But the brave veteran had learned not to covet earthly glories. His two daughters, Lady Bridgewater and the lovely Countess of Sunderland, died within a year of each other, and he was seized with a severe illness from which he partially recovered, but even travel could not restore him. In November, 1721, he made a last appearance in the House of Lords, where his friends were in force and his enemies quite dispersed. Some months later another attack followed, and in the following June he calmly breathed his last, in the seventy-second year of his age.

His body lay in state at Marlborough house, with the standards and shields of the towns he had taken and the fields he had won. Seeing these England had no cause to blush for her hero, but rather for the manner in which she had allowed his detractors to assail him.

Prince Eugene, whose love and admiration for Marlborough had never waned, in answer to some one who said in his downfall that he had once been fortunate, answered: "It is true he was *once* fortunate, and it is the greatest praise that can be bestowed upon him, for as he was *always* successful, that implies that all his other successes were owing to his own conduct."

CHAPTER IX.

KING CHARLES (MAN OF IRON).

Ancestral Lines—Birth and Education—Early Characteristics—On the Throne at fifteen—Impatience—Coronation—The Leagued Enemy—Early Display of Power and Genius—Attacking his Enemies Individually—Battle of Narva—Instance of Bravery—Defeat at Pultowa—Flees to Turkey—Charles Threatens the Sultan—Returns Home—At War with Norway—Second Campaign—Last Battle—The Fatal Shot.

AT the beginning of the sixteenth century, a new era, both in politics and religion, dawned upon Europe. The feudal system had long been on the decline. The Reformation, in recognizing the right of freedom of thought, had become its deadly enemy. The soil of Sweden was not favorable to the old plan of feudalism, which required large tracts of fertile land to sustain it.

The ancestors of Charles XII. were warriors, and his immediate predecessor had been the most despotic of all. He abolished the authority of the Senate, declaring it was not the Senate of the people, but of the king.

In June, 1682, at the palace in Stockholm, Charles XII. was born. His first years were passed under the guardianship of his mother, a woman of great virtue and integrity. The remarkable talent of the young Prince was early developed, and his progress was rapid

in most subjects, particularly in mathematics and the classics. But in 1693 his devoted mother was removed by death, and this was to Charles the greatest possible loss. His grief was so intense as not only to affect his health but to threaten his life; but youth and a robust constitution soon restored him to vigor, and his physical development, from that period, was so rapid that, when fourteen years of age, he had well-nigh attained the size of a full-grown man.

He was extremely fond of military studies and exercises, in addition to which he passed through a course of study at the University of Upsala. He was very much interested in the German language, which he spoke with the same fluency as his own.

He portrayed a disposition of most inflexible obstinacy, which is illustrated in the following incident, which could only be managed by awakening his sense of honor. It is said of him that in childhood he was one day examining two plans, one of a town in Hungary, under which was written, "The Lord gave it to me, and the Lord hath taken it from me; blessed be the name of the Lord." The Turks had taken this Hungarian town from the Emperor. The other plan was of Riga, a Livonian province, which the Swedes had conquered about a century before; the young prince, having read the inscription penned by his father, took a pencil and inscribed on the second plan: "The Lord hath given this to me, and the evil one himself shall not take it from me."

Charles XII. nominally ascended the throne in 1697, when only fifteen years old, and found himself master not only of Sweden and Finland, but of Livonia, Carelia, Ingria, and Wibourg, besides the islands of

Rugen and Oesel, the finest part of Pomerania, and the duchy of Bremen. By the will of his father, whose mother, no doubt, instigated the scheme, a regency was appointed, of which she should be chief, which should govern during the minority of the young king. The impatience of Charles would not brook this restraint: he scorned to receive orders at the hand of a woman.

There was, in addition, throughout the country, a desire to be ruled directly by its youthful sovereign.

Three things combined to hasten the following result: 1st, a general famine, the most severe from which the country ever suffered. 2d, the threatening aspect of European affairs. 3d, a terrible fire at the palace in Stockholm. After grave consultation with his nobles, on November 8, 1697, Charles appeared in the Council of Regents, and baring his head, uttered these words—“By the help of God, and in the name of Jesus, I now assume the government.”

On the 24th of the succeeding month he made entry into Stockholm on a sorrel horse, shod with bright silver, amid the acclamations of the people. The ceremony of consecration and coronation belonged, of right, to the Archbishop of Upsala. After he had anointed the prince, as he held the crown in his hand before the kneeling king, Charles suddenly snatched it from the prelate, and placed it upon his own head! The multitude applauded this action; arrogant though it was, they failed to hear in it the key-note of his coming reign.

At this period no one knew the real character of Charles. He appeared as indolent as he was haughty, and the neighboring kings doubted not that Sweden would fall an easy prey to the attacks of their troops.

Frederick IV., of Denmark, Augustus, of Poland, and Peter the Great, of Russia, combined against the boy king. Words fail to express the scorn with which Peter should be regarded, in the light of this transaction. Only three days before entering into alliance with Augustus to war upon Sweden, Peter had concluded a friendly treaty with Charles. The confiding young monarch had, at the request of the Czar, supplied him with Swedish guns, in one short week to be turned against himself. The perfidious Augustus had, a few days before, sent a congratulatory address to Charles on his accession to the throne.

Suddenly, with no preparation, Sweden became aware of this union between the three powerful potentates, and was assured that they intended to advance at once upon the youthful monarch; as Peter had determined to obtain control of all territory between the Gulf of Finland, the Baltic Sea, Poland and Russia. Especially did the councilors of Charles experience the most profound alarm, as the older generals were dead, and no one, tried in emergencies, remained upon whose counsel they could rely. Imagine their astonishment when the youthful king rose with innate majesty to the occasion. He immediately assumed the grave air of a man of superior ability, and issued his orders with the deliberation of well-digested plans.

. As the main body of Danes was posted at Gleswig, with the king (Frederick) in command, Charles, by an impulse which was nothing less than the inspiration of genius, decided upon his course. When the Swedish fleet entered the sound from the south, and two squadrons of Dutch and English ships appeared in the north, the Danes did not dare to venture out of their harbor.

Charles had only 6,000 troops, but TIME was of the greatest importance, and at once he decided to push across and take possession of Denmark. The Swedish fleet rapidly stood over the sound, and advanced toward land under shelter of the fire from their cannon. When as yet the boats were 300 paces from the shore, Charles, impatient at their slow motion, leaped into the water, sword in hand, and steadily marched to the land. So daring an example was quickly imitated by his ministers, his officers, and many of the soldiers. The sheer audacity of this movement appears to have been his protection—his victory was almost bloodless. He immediately sent his vessels back for reinforcements of 9,000 men, and Charles became master of the enemy's entrenchments. He fell upon his knees and returned thanks to God for this first success to his arms. Copenhagen, thoroughly frightened, sent deputies, begging him not to bombard the town. He received them, in the saddle, at the head of his troops, and the deputies threw themselves on their knees before him.

This first campaign and military manœuver has been described at greater length than its importance seemed to warrant, but, considered as the exponent of the future, it may not be as insignificant as at first glance it seems. Under the walls of Copenhagen Charles granted an armistice to the treacherous Frederick, on payment of \$400,000, and the promise to furnish his army with provisions, for which he agreed to pay. The promises were faithfully fulfilled on both sides.

The strict discipline of the Swedish army was too noticeable to be passed by without comment. Not a soldier dared to forage for himself; not a follower was

allowed about the camp; not a man dared to search or strip a dead body without permission; twice a day prayers were said—at 7 A. M. and 4 P. M.—at which his majesty failed not to assist in person, thus giving to his soldiers an example of homage to the King of kings, as well as of personal valor at the landing on Danish soil.

The czar was much the more formidable of the two enemies which now remained to Charles.

Not one, even of his most trusted counsellors, was allowed to become cognizant of his plans. He received, at this point in his career, many proposals of assistance from foreign envoys, but, declining all, he proceeded early in July of 1700 to embark his troops at Carls-
hamm, on the Baltic. They were landed at Pernau, a town in Livonia, and before the Russians had even time to learn the result of his campaign in Poland, he was pushing on toward Narva, which was at this time hard pressed by the Russians. At this remarkable battle of Narva the Swedish troops achieved one of the most signal victories recorded in the annals of history. Charles attacked the greatly superior force of Russians without giving them time to become acquainted with his small numbers, and in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, which rendered the surprise complete. The number of prisoners was so great that his small army, overcome with fatigue, could not guard them, and on the day following the battle he ordered them all to be set at liberty. During the battle the king's horse was killed as he sat upon it. Loosing his feet from the stirrups as his steed sank, he sprang upon another horse, exclaiming, "These Muscovite gentry do make me take exercise!" It must be re-

membered that Charles was at this time only eighteen years of age.

During the year 1700 the military forces of Sweden had been entirely reorganized. The winter of 1700-1 was devoted to exercising and disciplining his troops. About midsummer 1701 Charles broke his camp, crossed the Dwina into Poland, and, after an obstinate and bloody battle, achieved a complete victory. At this period he was assailed by a new temptation, in the person of the lovely Aurora Königsmark, an ambassadress before whose charms many noble and crowned heads had bowed. It is said by historians of that day that Charles feared, and absolutely refused, to see her; the principles of stern morality in which he had been reared, and which bound him as with chains from any indulgence against which his conscience warned him, forbade him to treat with this lady, whose beauty had been so fatal to others, and who was possessed of more wit and talent than any minister in the north of Europe. Chagrined at her lack of success with the Swedish king, she amused herself in writing some verses, in which she recited his history, concluding thus:

“Nay! All the gods to sound his fame combine
Except the deities of love and wine.”

Determined that he should not escape her, she one day met him in a narrow path; descending from her carriage as soon as she saw him coming, she stood awaiting his approach. Charles bowed to his saddle-bow, wheeled his horse and instantly rode back, giving her the poor satisfaction of saying that he retreated before her. The Countess Königsmark was trying to influence the king in the interests of Augustus of

Poland, who desired a treaty of peace; but Charles, remembering the past, had no faith in him, and refused all negotiations. The crown of Poland was his only price for peace. In March, 1702, Poland was invaded, and Charles, at the head of his army, pushed on toward Warsaw, which fell into his hands, and Augustus fled to the south.

In February, 1704, it was declared at Warsaw, by the cardinal primate, that King Augustus had forfeited the crown of Poland, and thus Charles had accomplished his object before he had entered his twenty-third year.

The following year he marched into Saxony, meeting little opposition, and at the castle of Alt-Ranstadt Charles received the envoy sent by the Elector of Saxony to negotiate terms of peace; there, also, assembled the representatives of several foreign powers to do homage to the Lion of the North.

Charles was now twenty-four years of age, and in the zenith of his power and fame. Chief among his admirers were the protected Protestants of Saxony and Silesia. When leaving the country with his troops the inhabitants followed him for miles, and it is easy to imagine whither the overflowing eyes were directed, when peasants and soldiery were singing :

“ Our own poor strength is weak indeed,
And foes would soon o'erpower,
But with us stands the Man we need,
A strong, unyielding tower.”

Charles now resolved to march his victorious armies into Russia, and beard the czar in his own strongholds.

At the close of 1707 he bade a final adieu to Poland, and with an army of 34,000 men, late in the year, they went into winter quarters at Minsh. The spring of 1708 was unusually hot, and disease, to a fearful extent, prevailed among the soldiers, so that, in self-defence, he was forced to move to a more healthful location. In June he was on the march, and his first encounter with his formidable foe occurred at Hollosin, near the river Dneiper, when the Muscovites were completely routed, to the astonishment of the czar, who now began to desire a truce with this all-conquering foe. For this purpose Peter sent an envoy to Charles, who returned the haughty answer, "I will treat with the czar at Moscow."

On September 22, 1708, Charles attacked a large body of Russian Tartars, near Smolensk, and obliged them to fly, after a day of fearful carnage, while he continued his conquering way. The long train of victories had inspired the Swedes with so much confidence that they were always confident of victory. On October 7th they advanced against a force of Russians, throwing them into dire confusion. As Peter saw his troops begin to waver and fly, he sent orders to the rear, where the Calmucks were posted, to fire on every man who should be seen flying from the field. Rallying his disordered lines he retired in order, and the contest for that day was closed. But early the ensuing morning Peter renewed the battle, being strongly reinforced, and for the first time Charles was conquered. This was the turning point in the career of Charles XII. The succeeding winter was of unexampled severity, but on February 1st he renewed, in the midst of snow and frost, his military operations, for he had lost neither

the design nor hope of penetrating to Moscow. Accordingly, in May, he laid siege to Pultowa, upon the river Vorska, knowing that here were stored in immense quantities supplies of every kind. The garrison was stronger than Charles had supposed, but in all probability he might have carried the siege successfully had he not been disabled by a wound in his foot, and compelled, for the first time in his life, to intrust the command to other hands than his own. It was not for some days that the closing battle of Pultowa was fought, ending in utter defeat to the Swedes. Charles narrowly escaped capture, by crossing the river in the boat of a peasant, and, after many adventures, he escaped through the steppes of Russia and entered Turkey as a fugitive in disguise.

There is a greatness which is most strikingly displayed in the hour of trial, when all seems lost. In the highest degree Charles displayed this trait, and it enabled him to triumph over adverse fate. History cannot produce another instance of a fugitive in a foreign land attaining such a position as that in which Charles soon found himself among the Turks. For a full understanding of the situation we must glance at the then condition of Turkey. Achmet III. was on the throne—placed there by a revolution—who had greatly weakened the strength of the nation by putting to death, one after another, the officers, ministers and generals who had placed him on the throne, lest they might some day attempt another revolution. In July, 1709, Charles wrote to Achmet a letter marked by haughtiness of manner, and the most invincible and audacious courage. To this no reply was returned until September of the same year. In the meantime he had

an envoy at Constantinople, and he actually attempted to arm the Ottoman empire against his enemies, and through them subdue Russia. Failing in this, the monarch, disappointed but not subdued, returned to Stockholm in 1714.

We must not regard Charles as exclusively, or even mainly, a soldier. He displayed the liveliest interest in questions bearing on domestic economy, in national education and art. During his residence in Turkey he sent to Stockholm orders for the rebuilding of the palace and for state assistance to men of science.

But from the defeat at Pultowa the lustre of the star of Charles began to wane, and by his misplaced confidence in men of foreign birth, a breach gradually opened between the king and his people.

The Sweden to which the monarch returned was not the Sweden which he left. The people, though still idolizing his person, no longer approved his policy.

The restless mind of Charles now meditated the conquest of Norway, and its annexation to the crown of Sweden. The struggle to realize this was his last enterprise. Before beginning the campaign of Norway he worked faithfully in improving the new legal code, and gave many proofs of his interest in the arts of peace and the progress of science.

In 1716 the first advance into Norway was made, but lack of subsistence for his army obliged him to retreat, with no decisive result. In 1718 a new plan of action was begun. Charles again moved on Norway, laying siege to Frederickshall, a point of great importance, and considered as the key to the kingdom. But the result was fatal to his troops, not only by

reason of the valor of the opposing force, but by the extreme and fatal cold, which caused the death of his hardy soldiers. At length, as the fearless king was exposed on a parapet cheering and encouraging his men, a shot from a cannon struck him on the right temple, causing instant death. Thus fell, at the age of thirty-six and a half years, Charles XII. of Sweden. It is fitting that so gallant a soldier should pass from earth in just this way. He never said "Go" to his troops; it was always, "Come."

He was of commanding stature; his eye of a piercing deep blue; somewhat aquiline nose; towering forehead, and about his beardless mouth there ran lines of defiance. Contrary to the custom of his time, he never wore a wig; his long auburn hair waved in freedom about his proud head. His dress was essentially Swedish. A loose blue coat, turned-down collar, and large, plain, brass buttons, buff waistcoat, and black kerchief folded doubly about his neck, a coarse felt hat, and high, broad-toed riding boots, completed his costume. The name of Charles XII. is a household word in Sweden, while the youth of every age and in every land are taught to emulate his virtues and honor the true nobility of his character.

CHAPTER X.

FREDERICK WILLIAM (LITTLE FRITZ).

Early History—Military Inclinations—The Prescribed Course of Instructions—Discipline—Youthful Hardships—Attempt to Escape—Execution of his Friend—Fritz saved by the Interference of European Sovereigns—Married—Pursuing his Studies—King—What a King should be—Personal Observations—Invading Austria—At Prague—Return to Berlin—Reception—Making a Strong Coalition—In Saxony—Defeat at Kollin—Resigning Command of the Army—Genius to the Front—At Peace—Serving his Subjects—Vain Attempt of his Secretary to arouse him—Peaceful Death.

THE subject of this sketch, better known as Frederick the Great, was born January 17, 1712. He was the grandson of Frederick I. of Prussia, and son of Frederick William and Sophie Dorothea, daughter of George II. of England. The crown prince Frederick William was twenty-four years of age at the time of the birth of "Little Fritz," as he was called. The reigning king, his grandfather, was old and infirm, and the joy with which he greeted the young prince was shared by the Prussian nation. Great rejoicing was made throughout the empire, and with much pomp and ceremony he was christened Charles Frederick. He afterwards dropped the name of Charles, and was designated Frederick only.

His grandfather, the king, died when Frederick was

only fourteen months old, and Frederick William ascended the throne of Prussia. He was a man of coarse, almost brutal nature, uncultured, miserly, of a fierce, ungovernable temper, and "with perhaps a touch of insanity." Army or military organizations seem to have been the chief aim of his life, and he ardently desired that his son Fritz should be an exact copy of himself. To this end he ordered every detail of his son's education. When Frederick was seven years old he was taken from the care of his female teachers, and three tutors, all military men, were provided for him.

These gentlemen were furnished with a document drawn up by the king himself, in a bungling way and badly spelled, setting forth in the minutest manner all that the young prince should learn. After charging that no false religion or sects should be so much as named in his son's hearing, he says: "Let him learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, economy, to the very bottom; history in particular; ancient history only slightly, but the history of the last hundred and fifty years to the exactest pitch. He must be completely master of geography, as also of whatever is remarkable in each country. With increasing years you will more and more to an especial degree go upon fortifications, the formation of a camp, and other war sciences, that the prince may from youth upward be trained to act as officer and general, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. You have in the highest measure to make it your care to infuse into my son a true love for the soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men if he did not love it and seek his glory therein."

In addition to these orders, Fritz was to be subjected to the most rigid discipline, his father even dictating the number of times and the hours that he shall wash himself each day, and stipulating the exact time to be consumed in these duties. The young prince was of a gentle and refined nature, fond of music, and inclined to literary tastes. His father's coarseness and vulgarity were abhorrent to him, and though he seems to have tried with filial duty to accomplish all that his stern and irascible father exacted of him, yet at an early age he incurred his father's displeasure by his peaceful disposition and love of music and literature. This displeasure ripened into actual hatred, and the young crown prince was more than once subjected to the most brutal treatment at the hands of his irate father, being publicly whipped by him with the rattan cane which the king always carried. In a fit of anger he one day tried to hang the young prince with the cord of the window-curtain, and was only prevented by the interference of a chamberlain.

The queen, his mother, and his sister Wilhelmina, three years older than the crown prince, were his warm friends and sympathizers. To them alone he could look for sympathy and help. His life became so intolerable to him under his father's brutal treatment that he determined to make his escape from it. He made the attempt while on a journey with his father through the empire, at a village near Frankfort. He was nineteen years old. The attempt failed, and he found himself at the mercy of his father. His guilt was aggravated by his being an officer in the army, and his desertion rendered him liable to the penalty of death. He was tried by court-martial with his friend

and accomplice Van Katlè. The latter was condemned, and suffered the death-penalty in the yard of the prison where the young prince was incarcerated, and in full view of his window. Frederick was also sentenced to death, and it is supposed he would have been executed had not the sovereigns of Europe and the generals of the Prussian army begged Frederick William not to stain his hands with so unnatural a crime.

The king relented, but more than a year elapsed before father and son met.

From a gentle, pleasure-loving boy he grew into a cold, proud, reserved man, capable of deep dissimulation, but outwardly conforming to all his father's requirements.

It had long been his mother's most cherished wish that a double marriage should be made between the family of her brother, George II. of England, and her own. The princess Amelia she considered the only desirable match for Frederick, and the young prince of Wales for her daughter Wilhelmina. Frederick himself had desired this marriage, and even went so far as to write secretly to England that unless he were allowed to marry his cousin Amelia he would wed no one. The princess was ardently attached to Frederick, and though he afterwards recalled his promise, and never saw her nor gave token of his love for her, she remained faithful to him in her heart to the end of her life. At his father's command, Frederick, now twenty-one years of age, married the princess Elizabeth Christine of Brunswick. She was a peculiarly amiable and virtuous young woman, and much attached to the crown prince, but Frederick was cold and indifferent to her, though very punctilious in all the outward ob-

servances of etiquette due to her as the wife of the crown prince. His real object in consenting to the marriage was to gain the favor of his royal father, and to have an establishment of his own, where he could pursue his studies of literature, music and art, according to his own pleasure, and in the society of his chosen friends.

He erected a palace at Reinsberg, upon an estate which his father purchased for him, and there he led a luxurious life, indulging his tastes for music and philosophy. No one suspected that the easy-going voluptuary, the "flute-player," as his father contemptuously called him, the correspondent of Voltaire, was all the while supplementing his meagre education by closely studying military science and political matters, and so fitting himself for the wonderful career that was before him.

During the last years of Frederick William's life he became reconciled to his son, who seems to have found under the rough and brutal exterior of his father's character something wiser and better than was suspected to exist there.

By the death of his father he became, on the 31st of May, 1740, King of Prussia. He was in his twenty-eighth year, good-looking, rather below the average height, and inclined to stoutness. He was little known except to a few intimate friends, and perhaps only superficially to them. While at Reinsberg he wrote the "Anti-Machiavel," which was published anonymously, though its authorship was an open secret.

In that work he set forth his ideas of what a king should be, and indignantly protested against ambition, arbitrary government and conquest. Strange irony of

destiny, that in less than three months from the time of the publication of these ideas, he was involved in a war, the avowed object of which was ambition.

It was believed that the accession to the throne of a "philosopher king" would usher in a new epoch of peace and plenty. That such a king would make the happiness of his subjects his sole care; that his attention would be given to the cultivation of arts and sciences, rather than to preparation for war. Such expectation was delusive. He did, indeed, make a show of reducing the army by disbanding the celebrated Pottsdam Giants, a regiment of gigantic men whom his father had collected from all parts of Europe, and which Frederick had commanded when a mere boy; but he afterwards increased the army to 16,000. Some noble reforms, however, were accomplished by the young king.

One of his very first acts was to supply the poor of his famine-stricken provinces with corn from the public granaries, at a low price. He abolished legal torture, except in a few special cases. He established perfect freedom of the press, and also declared for absolute toleration in religion. Upon a document presented to him relating to certain Catholic schools, his majesty wrote as follows: "All religions must be tolerated, and the Fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for in this country every man must get to heaven his own way." "Wonderful words!" says Carlyle, and truly they were wonderful in that century.

The power of the King of Prussia was very great, perhaps greater than in any other country of Europe, being less under control of great nobles and ecclesiastics,

and Frederick was an aristocrat at heart, notwithstanding his leaning toward French philosophy and his declarations about equality. He possessed many qualities that go to make a great ruler, viz. : a strong will, great self-reliance, indefatigable industry, love of order. All these were added to a mind of rare capacity for forming great schemes and attending to the minutest details of them. He had, besides, the keenest insight into men and things. His personal character is, perhaps, less to be admired. Soured by the coarse brutality of his father, his nature seemed to harden. The gentle, kindly boy grew into the haughty, reserved, cynical man. He possessed a dangerous gift in conversation, sarcasm, and at times he used it unsparingly. But he was popular with the mass of his subjects, to whom he seems to have shown the genial side of his nature. To them and to his soldiers he permitted the plainest manner of speech, and many stories are told which show the kindly good humor with which he bound their hearts to him. An austere education and severe discipline had given his character firmness and maturity. It had also given him an aversion to much that was usual at that time, and probably led him to adopt the principles of the French philosophy.

His character was made up of opposing traits ; depth of insight and lightness of judgment ; roughness and elegance of manner ; noble resolution and offensive wit ; but at the bottom it was sound and magnanimous. He wrote to Voltaire, for whom he had great admiration, though he fully appreciated the dark side of that philosopher's character : " Since the death of my father, I belong entirely to my country, and in this spirit I have labored to the utmost of my power to adopt as speedily

as possible all measures necessary for the general good."

Frederick saw in the death of Charles VI. and the accession of Maria Theresa to the throne of Austria, his opportunity of making himself a name. Silesia, a fair and fertile province, full of towns and villages, seemed naturally to belong to Northern Germany rather than to Austria, from which it was cut off by mountains. It was Protestant, too, and if conquered would enlarge Prussia by one-third in area, and add one-half to her population and revenue. After four days' consideration of ways and means, and consultation with two of his most trusty ministers, Frederick resolved to seize upon this fair domain. Accordingly, on December 16, 1740, he entered Silesia with an army of 28,000 men. He declared that he had no hostile intentions towards Austria, but intended merely to guard his own interests during the troublous times he foresaw coming in consequence of the dispute about the Austrian succession. The Silesians offered no opposition to his occupation of the country, two-thirds of them being Protestants, and they welcomed him as the champion of their religion. Before the end of January he was master of Silesia, except a few fortresses, which he blockaded. This invasion of the Austrian dominion was a gross insult to the young sovereign, Maria Theresa, and she persistently refused to treat with Frederick so long as he had a man in Silesia. In the spring Glogau was taken; and the battle of Molwitz, fought April 10, 1741, showed that a new power had arisen in Europe. The Prussians were completely victorious. Following close upon the victory at Molwitz came others at Britz and

Neisse, and all Europe was astonished, if not alarmed, at the daring of the "philosopher king."

Frederick at this time entered into an alliance with France; the terms were somewhat vague, but France guaranteed Lower Silesia and Breslau to Frederick, and he promised to relinquish his claim to Juliers and Berg, and to vote for the Elector of Bavaria as emperor. Notwithstanding this compact, Frederick entered into certain secret negotiations with Maria Theresa which were of great advantage to that sovereign. The Austrian allies afterwards gained some successes. Frederick became alarmed about his Silesian possessions, which as yet were not secured by any treaty, and determined to meet the Austrian army, which he heard was advancing against him, and hazard another battle. It was fought at Chotusitz, and again Frederick was victorious. The Austrians were now ready for peace, and a treaty was concluded. The peace of Breslau secured to Frederick his prize, and for two years afterward Maria Theresa had an almost unbroken tide of success. Frederick began to fear she might turn her victorious armies against him in spite of the peace of Breslau, and attempt to recover Silesia. England had become her powerful ally, and Frederick sought to form a union of all the German princes to uphold the emperor and resist the power of Austria.

The first Silesian war was undertaken for conquest, and to make Prussia a position among the great nations of Europe. The second was to secure her influence in Germany. Frederick's scheme for a union of the German princes failing, he again looked to France for help, and concluded a treaty with that nation.

He did not declare war against Austria, but an-

nounced through his minister at Vienna his intention of sending auxiliaries for the defence and support of the emperor. He entered Bohemia with an army of nearly a hundred thousand men, which he commanded in person. On the 4th of September, 1744, he appeared before the city of Prague; on the 16th, the battered and blood-stained old city surrendered. In various operations which followed, Frederick was outwitted by Austria, his army falling back on Silesia and abandoning Prague. Frederick expressed great admiration for Traun, the Austrian general, and said in his "History of My Times," that he regarded this campaign as his school in the art of war, and Traun as his teacher.

The death of Charles VII. put an end to Frederick's pretext of acting in defense of his sovereign, and he endeavored to make peace with Maria Theresa. But Saxony, uniting with Austria, both armies, 75,000 strong, descended upon Silesia, and Frederick with 70,000 men waited their approach. They met at Hohenfriedberg, and the Prussians were completely victorious. After the battle of Hohenfriedberg, when 5,000 of his brave men lay upon the ground weltering in their blood, Frederick exclaimed to the French ambassador, throwing his arms around him: "My friend, God has helped me wonderfully this day!" "There was, after all," says Mr. Valoir, "at times a kind of devout feeling in this prince, who possessed such a combination of qualities, good and bad, that I know not which preponderates."

Frederick followed the Austrians into Bohemia, not to renew the attack, but to lay waste the country, that it might not afford sustenance to the enemy in the





winter. Frederick then attacked Saxony, and after several battles entered Dresden, where he surprised every one by the moderation of his terms and the graciousness of his conduct. Peace was concluded on Christmas day, 1745, and Frederick, on his return to Berlin, was hailed with universal acclamation as Frederick the Great. Ten years of peace followed, during which Frederick built his beautiful palace of Sans Souci, near Pottsdam, and set himself to repair the ravages of war.

Maria Theresa, still unreconciled to the loss of Silesia, the brightest jewel of her crown, determined to recover it. Frederick becoming aware that Russia and Saxony were leagued with Austria to divide his dominions so soon as opportunity offered, made haste to form an alliance with England, and they bound themselves to prevent the passage of any foreign troops through Germany during the expected war with France. Believing he was about to be attacked by a coalition, Frederick determined to anticipate his foes, and in August, 1756, advanced into Saxony at the head of 75,000 men. This was the beginning of the Seven Years' War. Maria Theresa, believing Frederick to be her most dangerous enemy, resolved to crush him if possible, but this was not to be attempted without such an alliance as would render failure impossible. After some delay, and England refusing, such an alliance was made with France. Russia, too, proposed to join the contemplated partition of Prussia.

Frederick gave Austria no pretext for attacking him; but he saw that the American quarrel between England and France might be fought at his very

doors, and that he might be compelled to take part in it. He resolved to fight while he had only Austria to deal with. At the end of the first campaign he took possession of Saxony, and treated it as a conquered country. The war then became general. All the great powers of Europe were allied against him except England, and such was the state of her affairs she was more likely to need help from Prussia than to give it.

The year 1757 was a very brilliant one for Frederick. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes and Imperialists all fell on him at once; but in two great victories he scattered his foes like chaff before the wind. At Prague he won a glorious victory. The battle of Kolin followed, when the Prussians were defeated, though Frederick himself led his troops and fought splendidly. His personal influence with his army was very great, and their enthusiasm for him was unbounded.

Three years passed, and Frederick's enemies showed no signs of yielding. The Prussian battalions were greatly reduced and exhausted, and the king was at his wit's end. He got together an army of 125,000 men, and hazarded a battle at Kunnesdorf. He was at first victorious, but being bent on destroying the Russians, they turned upon him and completely routed him.

For the first time he gave way to despair. "I have no resources left," he wrote, "and to tell the truth, I hold all for lost. I shall not survive the ruin of my country. Farewell forever!" That night he resigned the command of the army and contemplated suicide. But his prospects brightened, and resuming his command, he soon recovered from his defeat.

His constitution was broken down by disease, his army was growing discontented, and to add to his disasters, England threatened defection. As usual with men of his stamp, Frederick's genius asserted itself in his direst need. After many intricate manœuvres, he got into Silesia and gained a victory at Leignitz. At the end of 1761 the king was perhaps the only man in the army that had any hope. At this critical juncture, Peter, the grandson of Peter the Great, came to the throne of Russia, and he immediately sent assurances of friendship to Frederick, who, with wonderful tact, sent home to the czar all the Russian prisoners. The czar made peace with Prussia, and restored to her all her conquered territories.

This peace gave Sweden a chance to retire from the conflict. A truce was made with Austria in October, 1762, and thus ended the Seven Years' War.

Frederick again applied himself to the restoration of his impoverished country. He spent 25,000,000 thalers which had been accumulated for another campaign for the relief of the poor. He distributed seed-corn where most needed, and got the land as quickly as possible under cultivation. In 1772 came the iniquitous partition of Poland, to which Frederick consented with shameless readiness, and which stain will ever rest upon his memory.

His constitution was ruined, and he had now grown old, yet he did not relax his efforts for the public good. His secretaries came to him every morning at half-past four, and again in the evening for his instructions. They came as usual on the 15th of August, 1786, but the king did not waken till 11 o'clock. The next

day at noon he tried to rouse himself sufficiently to give the parole for the commandant of Pottsdam, but he was unequal to the effort, and died the following day.

He was seventy-four years old, and had reigned forty-six years. He came to the throne when Prussia was the weakest of the great European powers. At his death she was the acknowledged equal of any.

CHAPTER XI.

GILBERT MOTIER LAFAYETTE.

Where Born—Date of Marriage and to whom—His Interview with Silas Deane—Visit to England—Sailed for America—His Service at Brandywine—At Monmouth—Return to France—Again in America—In France at the Assembly of the Notables—Meeting of the French Congress in 1789—Lafayette Rescues the King from the Palace—Decline of Lafayette's Popularity—In Command of a French Army—Visit to the Assembly—Return to his Army—Crossing the Frontier and Arrested by Austrians—Five Years in Prison—Liberated through the Influence of Napoleon—Grant of Pensions—Death in 1834.

ONE of the most interesting characters brought into prominence during the stormy period of the French and American Revolutions, and who played a distinguished part in both, was Gilbert Motier de Lafayette. Born in the highest ranks of the nobility, he became a champion and soldier of freedom. His name was an honored one in the annals of France as early as the fifteenth century. The Chateau de Chavagnac, which was his birthplace, was in the province of Auvergne, a region famous for its magnificent mountain scenery. He was born in 1757, and passed the first eight years of his life in Chavagnac, under the sole care of his mother, his father having been killed at the battle of Minden, a few months previous to the birth of Lafayette. At the age of twelve, the boy entered a

college in Paris, and was distinguished for his devotion to study during the first few years of his attendance there. As he grew older, he began to feel the attractions of that brilliant and courtly society to which his high birth and position gave him admittance. He was introduced at court and won the favor of the queen, Marie Antoinette, who appointed him one of her pages. At the age of fifteen he was enrolled among the Mousquetaires du Roi, a body-guard of young noblemen who were appointed specially as personal attendants on the king.

In April, 1774, being but seventeen years of age, he married the Countess Anastasie de Noailles, daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, and one of the greatest heiresses in France. Whether or not this marriage was founded on mutual affection, or was arranged by the relatives of the contracting parties, it proved to be a most happy union. Devoted to each other in the gayety and brilliance of the early days of their marriage, their love grew and strengthened in the darker years that followed, and neither absence nor long imprisonment ever weakened the bond between them. But the boy-husband was sent in 1776 to the citadel of Metz, on military duty, and while there began to watch with absorbing interest the course of the Revolution in America, and gradually his interest in the struggle developed into a determination to join in it. He returned to Paris to consult with his relative, Count de Broglie, who strongly opposed his design. He then appealed to Baron de Kalb, who, being himself strongly in sympathy with the Revolution, seconded his plans, and introduced him to Silas Deane, who had been sent by the American Congress to negotiate with the French

government. Mr. Deane was at first disposed to treat the matter lightly, on account of the boyish appearance of the young soldier. Finding, however, that it was no mere boyish spirit of adventure that animated the marquis, he accepted the youthful volunteer, and acting on his powers as general agent for the American Congress, he conferred on Lafayette the rank of Major-General in the army of the United States.

All his negotiations were conducted with the utmost secrecy. Even his dearly loved wife knew nothing of his plans, for having decided that it was right for him to serve the cause of freedom, he dreaded her opposition to his departure. The French king looked with disapproval on a measure that might not improbably bring him into hostile relations with England, and the latter country kept a jealous watch on all movements in favor of her insurgent colony. Benjamin Franklin, who was then in Paris, strongly advised Lafayette to visit England in order to divert suspicion as to his actual intentions.

Lafayette followed this advice, and spent three weeks in London. He was received with great distinction at court and by the nobility, but was not turned from his design by the strong current of English opinion, nor even by the peremptory prohibition from his own king which met him on his return to France. It is supposed that the English ambassador had remonstrated with the French king on the subject, for an order was issued for the arrest of Lafayette. To avoid this, he left France, and at Passage, a port in Spain, continued the preparations for his expedition. On the 26th of March, 1777, he set sail on the ship "Victory" for

America. The voyage was long and fatiguing. Two months elapsed before the voyagers on the "Victory" came in sight of the shores of America.

At midnight, on the 14th of June, 1777, a canoe bearing Lafayette and De Kalb was sent from the "Victory" to the shore. They landed at Winyan bay, on the coast of North Carolina. The marquis was in high spirits, delighted that the monotonous voyage was over, and the career of action and adventure which he desired open before him. He spent some days at the house of Major Huger, charmed with the novelty of his surroundings. He then went to Charleston, and thence set out on the journey to Philadelphia, where Congress was then in session. But he did not meet the reception he had anticipated, for the administration was somewhat embarrassed by a number of applications from foreign adventurers, and was disposed to look coldly on him. The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs informed him that the government was not disposed to carry out the arrangements proposed by Mr. Deane. Lafayette then hastily addressed the following note to Congress:—

"After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors; one is, to serve at my own expense; the other is, to serve as a volunteer."

This note, proving his earnestness and disinterestedness, caused an immediate reaction in his favor, and in July, 1777, Congress accepted his services, and conferred on him the commission of a Major-General. The next day Lafayette was presented to Washington. The young soldier and the elder one were strongly attracted to each other. Washington invited Lafayette to accompany him to his camp, treating him, however,

rather as a friend and guest than as an officer in command, for the commission given to Lafayette was considered in some degree as being merely honorary.

At the battle of the Brandywine, the young French leader entered on his career of active soldiership. Three divisions, forming the right wing of the American army, had been detached to meet the British troops under Cornwallis. Learning that it was expected that the heaviest part of the day's fighting would fall on these divisions, Lafayette solicited and obtained permission to join the central division. For a time the fortunes of the day were doubtful, but the combined attack of the English and Hessian troops forced the Americans to yield. Lafayette attempted to rally the retreating troops, but in vain; and while still engaged in the effort, a ball struck him and inflicted a severe flesh wound. At this moment Washington with fresh troops arrived upon the field. Lafayette attempted to join him, but was obliged to remount and ride on, in order to obtain the attention which his wound demanded. He was conveyed to Philadelphia the next day, and thence to Bethlehem, where he remained under the care of the Moravian Brethren for several weeks. His anxiety for active service led him to return to the camp, but the commander-in-chief gently reproved his imprudence, and urged him to remain at headquarters. On the 1st of December, 1777, Lafayette was appointed to command a division, and accompanied the army into Valley Forge, where he shared the privations and discomforts of that terrible winter. Although reared in luxury and splendor, he bore uncomplainingly hardships which tried even the endurance of the hardy soldiers of the republic.

We have not space to dwell on the details of the operations of the next few months. In June, 1778, in Monmouth, N. J., the forces met again in conflict, and Lafayette distinguished himself by his heroism in endeavoring to retrieve the disasters occasioned by General Lee's mistake in ordering a retreat early in the day. Lee had ordered all the forces back, and the battle threatened to become a total rout. Suddenly Washington appeared upon the field, and gave utterance to furious anger at the sight of the flying squadrons. Through all the day Lafayette ably seconded the commander-in-chief, and when night fell on the still undecided contest, the two passed it together stretched on the ground, and lying on the folds of Washington's mantle. When morning rose the enemy had departed. At this time Lafayette was but twenty-two years of age.

The storm which had threatened France, even before Lafayette's departure, was now gathering in strength and intensity. The young Frenchman felt that, however intense the interest he felt in the fortunes of the American republic, his first duty was to his native country. He, therefore, obtained leave of absence to revisit it, and in February, 1779, he sailed from Massachusetts Bay. Off the banks of Newfoundland they encountered a terrible storm. Later, when nearing the coast of France, a plot was discovered among the crew to seize Lafayette and surrender him as a prisoner to England. The perils of the voyage past, he landed at Brest; and in the rapturous delight of meeting his wife and family, the pain of their separation was forgotten. His brilliant career had made him famous, and he was received with enthusiasm in Paris. Finding that no

immediate opportunity of serving his own king and country offered itself, he prepared to return to America, and by his unwearied exertions he prevailed on the French government to send six ships-of-the-line and six thousand soldiers to the aid of the American cause. After a sad and affectionate parting with his wife and family, he sailed in the "Hermione," March 19, 1780.

It is impossible in the limits of this sketch to give even an outline of Lafayette's important services during the rest of the Revolutionary War. In 1781, desiring again to revisit his native land, he sailed from Boston, and on his arrival in France was received with the most flattering demonstrations by the people, and with unbounded delight by his family. He still took a warm interest in American affairs. Every ship brought him letters from the new world, and when peace was at last declared, Lafayette began to interest himself in establishing friendly commercial relations between France and America. Washington sent him a warm invitation to Mount Vernon, and he decided to pay another visit to America. The period of his stay was one continued ovation. He moved through all the northern cities in a species of triumph, which continued until he re-embarked for France, in December, 1784.

During the following year he was elected a member of the Assembly of Notables. This body was composed of aristocrats, and the French people had for some time been endeavoring to abolish this assembly, and substitute for it a convocation of the states general—that is, a body representing all classes. To this movement Lafayette lent all his influence. The king was at last, under the increasing pressure of popular

opinion, induced to issue an edict convoking the states general. Lafayette was elected a deputy from Auvergne. There were more than a thousand deputies from all parts of France. After several stormy sessions they resolved themselves into a governing body, divided into three orders, and entitled the national assembly.

In this assembly Lafayette presented for adoption his famous Declaration of Rights, resembling in many respects the American Declaration of Independence. A long debate, the opening sounds of insurrection, were making themselves heard; for the people were determined to insist on their rights. The king went in person, unattended, to the assembly, and thus averted the threatened outbreak. The declaration was accepted and peace restored for a time.

But the revolution only slept. The royal family and the court, blind to the wretchedness of the people, banqueted and danced on the verge of ruin, exasperating to madness the almost starving populace. At length, on the morning of October 5th, all Paris, as by one impulse, rose in insurrection. Thousands of infuriated men and women poured through the streets, shrieking for bread or blood, and after some hours of tumult took the road to Versailles. Lafayette, at the head of the national guards, also moved to Versailles, with a view to protect the royal family. Arrived there, he placed guards at every entrance to the palace, and not too soon, for at six o'clock next morning a furious mob surged through the gates. Finding one open which had unfortunately been intrusted to the life guards instead of Lafayette, they soon rushed through the corridors of the palace. Entering the

queen's room but a few minutes after she had left it, they vented their rage by piercing her bed with hundreds of bayonets. Lafayette, who had not slept since the riot broke out, leaped on his horse, and soon appeared among the insurgents. He found them on the point of butchering a number of the king's life-guards whom they had captured, when he sternly ordered them to cease their work of blood. For a moment they wavered ; but Lafayette had long been known to them as the people's friend, and they followed him peaceably while he hastened to the palace. Arrived there, the royal family hailed him as their deliverer with warm gratitude. The mob roared, "To Paris with the king!" Louis came out on the balcony with Lafayette, and calmly stood before them. A moment later the fickle mob was shouting, "Long live the king!"

But soon their voices were heard in angry threats against the queen. Lafayette respectfully entered her room, and asked her to present herself in the presence of the people. He led her to the balcony. In sight of the sea of furious faces, the noble soldier bent before the beautiful queen, and raised her hand to his lips. The effect was electric. The air was rent with shouts of "*Vive la reine! Vive Lafayette!*"

Once more the passions of the mob were roused ; the king's guards had fired upon the people, and cries for vengeance on the guards rent the air. Lafayette again came to the rescue. Beckoning one of the soldiers to his side, he took off his own cockaded hat and shoulder belt, placed them on the guard, and showed him to the people. Their cries of applause told that his sanction could reconcile them even to the detested guards.

Louis and his household now agreed to go to Paris,

and Lafayette escorted them thither. Around them moved on the terrible mob, checked and controlled by the presence of the marquis. We must pass lightly over the succeeding events. The waves of revolution rose and fell. The doomed king and queen were established in the Tuileries, and Lafayette acted as their guard and protector, while they, especially the queen, were inclined to look on him as their jailer. At length the royal family determined to make an effort to escape. In various disguises, one by one, they left the palace by a private entrance, entered carriages which were waiting for them, and were rapidly driven from Paris. But prompt measures were taken. The unfortunate fugitives were arrested and brought back. The attempt at escape added to the king's unpopularity. Lafayette was the idol of the people, and being now generalissimo of the national guards, was for a time virtually the ruler of France.

When at last the excesses of the revolutionists had banded all Europe against them, Lafayette was sent to fight in the cause of France against her foreign enemies. He was taken prisoner by a detachment of Austrian soldiers, and conveyed to the dungeon of Wessel, and thence to Magdebourg, where he passed a year in close confinement, and finally to Olmutz. Here all the rigors of imprisonment were inflicted on him. Efforts for his liberation were made, but in vain, and only increased the determination of Austria to hold him captive. In the third year of his imprisonment his heroic wife implored permission of the emperor to share her husband's captivity, and she, with her two daughters, took up their residence in the fortress of Olmutz. Seldom have prison-walls beheld a more touching

scene than the reunion of this unhappy family, and for twenty-two months they remained together, sharing the privations and miseries of captivity. The two daughters were guarded in separate dungeons, and the family were allowed to be together only eight hours of the twenty-four. Their food was of the coarsest, their clothing scarcely ever renewed, and light and air were very sparingly admitted.

Napoleon, whose victorious armies had by this time swept over the Austrian provinces, demanded as a condition of peace that all political prisoners should be liberated. On the 23d of September, 1797, Lafayette and his family were set free, and were escorted to Hamburg, and with his wife, whose health was greatly impaired, his son George, who had just returned from America, and his two daughters, he took up his residence at Welmoldt, a small town in Germany. France was closed against him until the reign of the directory was over; but as soon as Napoleon was made consul, Lafayette returned to his native country, and the family retired to La Grange, an estate belonging to Madame Lafayette, where for a few years they enjoyed life in tranquility. In 1807 he had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife. Her death called forth from him the most touching expressions of grief.

During the reign of Louis XVIII. he returned for a short time to public life as a deputy from his department. He had a strong desire to visit America once more, and in July, 1824, he sailed from Havre. He was magnificently received in New York and Boston, and travelled extensively through the country. Congress made him a grant of \$200,000 and a township of land, in testimony of gratitude for his services.

Having spent a year in America in almost uninterrupted festivities, he embarked for France, and was met at Havre by his family. Soon afterwards he accepted a seat in the chamber of deputies, and was afterwards called to the head of the national guards. He supported the election of Louis Philippe, although had he been ambitious of his own aggrandizement, it is more than probable that he could have secured his own appointment as chief magistrate of a French republic.

In February, 1834, he was attacked by disease, and in May he passed peacefully away, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. France and America united in sorrow for him who was known as the "man of two worlds."

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY (DUKE OF WELLINGTON.)

His Corsican Ancestors—Birthplace—Education at Eton—At Angiers Military School—Rapid Promotion—Joins Duke of York's Army—First Active Service—In India—"Who shall take Seringapatam?"—Wellesley provokes the Admiration of his Foes—Battle of Assaye—Other Victories—Peace with India—Wellesley Resigns—Leo Africanus in Parliament—The "Sepoy Captain" again in the Field—Peninsula War—Measuring Swords with Napoleon—The famous Torres Vedras—Napoleon Abdicates—Again they meet—Wellington and Blucher Victorious—Monuments of Honor—"The Duke is Dead."

IN the year 1769 two notable children were born, strangely destined to cross each other's lives. One saw the light at Ajaccio, Corsica, the other at Dangan Castle, Dublin, where the family of Lord Mornington had for some time held posts of political preferment. Arthur Wellesley was the second son of a large family of children. His father dying in the very noon of life, left an encumbered estate, but a pure and noble name. The elder son succeeded to the title. Arthur, after a course at Eton, was sent to the military college at Angiers, then under the celebrated engineer Piquerol. Like his great prototype, Marlborough, he learned much of the real science of war in France.

When about nineteen he received his first commission, and in the course of the next two years, after sev-

eral promotions, was returned to the Irish Parliament for the borough of Trim, a rather grave-looking young man, slender and extremely youthful in appearance, evincing no especial promise of the celebrity he was afterward to obtain.

“Does he ever speak?” asked a person who had been remarking him very earnestly for some time. “Ask his parliamentary opponents; they are well informed on that question.”

Being placed in the household of the viceroy, he saw life amid the hospitality, the display, and too often the dissipation, of the Irish court. His own patrimony being small, he had a rather distressing experience of limited means. When he received orders to embark for the coast of France, having now been promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, he found himself considerably in arrears. He immediately proposed to allocate the whole of his disposable income for the discharge of the debt, with the strict integrity that characterized all his after life.

His first campaign in the low countries was far from being a success. There had been a fierce and rapid outbreak of republicanism, which seemed for a brief while to sweep all before it. France was in the hands of the Directory, and in the height of its power it convulsed half of Europe. England, through unwise concessions and bad management, had lost the result of her victories gained by Marlborough.

Lord Mornington's brilliant career had already opened in India. Partly through family influence and his own ambitious desire, Colonel Wellesley was sent thither under the command of Admiral Christian. At this period Indian affairs were in a perilous position.

French influence was inciting native princes to revolt. The greatest alarm centered in the capital of Mysore. Tippoo Sultaun was a deadly enemy, and he continued the war begun by his father, until deprived of foreign assistance he was obliged to accept terms that he hated, and his steady policy was the overthrow of British rule in India by intrigue, cunning, cruelty, and all means in his power. Bonaparte was by this time in Egypt, and he was in correspondence with him for the overthrow of the British in India, while he was also keeping a deceitful truce with Lord Mornington. While he was assuring him of his friendliness a mutiny broke out, in which his intentions were only too evident. The attention and discipline that Colonel Wellesley had bestowed upon the troops so commended him to his superior officer that he was put in an important command, the attack upon Sultaenpet, which was made in gallant style, and the enemy were obliged to abandon their line of defence. Tippoo, with unparalleled effrontery, sent to Lord Mornington for an explanation, and another treaty was presented to him, to which he returned no answer. Orders were immediately given to march upon Seringapatam. The Sultaun would not believe it could be carried by assault, or that the British would make the attack in open day, but the enemy came on triumphantly and carried the ramparts. The Sultaun was still at his dinner, but rising, ordered his horse, and found that his safety lay in flight. But even this could not save him. A random shot struck him, and, falling from his horse, some of his attendants placed him in a palanquin. Another shot killed him, and the body was trampled under foot and covered with piles of slain Musselmans. Colonel Wellesley was so in earnest

that he should not escape that the palace and the jennana were guarded until they could be searched; but the body was finally identified by a talisman that encircled the right arm. The tyrant of Mysore had gone to his last account.

The property and stores found in the town were immense. Colonel Wellesley was then appointed to the command. The victory so raised the reputation of the British in India that the native princes were filled with dread.

Among the prisoners that Colonel Wellesley found in the dungeons was a brother of Tippoo Sultaun, and many who had enjoyed a brief reign of favoritism. He liberated a Mahratta trooper, Doondiah Waugh, a bold and crafty adventurer, who immediately gathered a band of Nearanders and dispersed troops, and in a short time became a terror to the whole country.

Colonel Wellesley sent out a body of troops to capture him. This they were unable to do, although they dispersed his band and took their stores. But the dauntless freebooter was not so easily routed. He soon had a stronger band to menace Mysore, and defeated the next body of troops sent against him. Then Colonel Wellesley marched himself and surprised the camp, but the "King of Two Worlds," as he styled himself, again escaped.

"You are to pursue Doondiah Waugh," he gave orders to his men, "and hang him on the first tree." At some distance beyond the camp he was killed in an action, and his exit was much more heroic than if he had been captured. A beautiful boy of four years, his little son, was brought to Colonel Wellesley, whose pity was so touched that he provided for and educated him.

The successes thus begun were to continue under the brave warrior. He marched to Poonah, valuable as a line of communication, and took Indian strongholds. At this Scindiah, an eminent leader, and the Rajah of Berar put their immense armies in motion, their position extending from Boherden to the village of Assaye, which had a river front and several natural defences. The Marhatta camp presented a most imposing display with its 30,000 horse and immense bodies of infantry. The attack might have appalled any brave soldier; still there was no other course. With careful consideration he changed his point of attack, which compelled a corresponding change in the enemy, valuable to Wellesley, in that it gave him the advantage of a little time. The battle opened furiously, the British being literally swept down. Once the general's horse was shot under him. At a critical moment a bayonet charge gained them a temporary success. Maxwell's brigade cut through Scindiah's right, after a desperate struggle, and reformed. Now the enemy began to weaken, but in the moment of victory the brave Maxwell was killed in the front of the battle. The rout was now complete. It was a battle fought under desperate circumstances against an overwhelming array; a magnificent display of skill, persistence and perfect discipline against native bravery.

Two other victories brought about a brief state of peace. The rajah entered into an agreement, and was soon followed by Scindiah. Two circumstances were remarkable in this series of victories: the large masses of well-organized men with whom he had to contend, and the comparatively small number at Wellesley's command.

Although held in high esteem Wellesley was not quite exempt from jealousy, almost inseparable from such a career with the family influence in India. He resolved to resign his post and return to England, where he had been created a peer of the United Kingdom and received the congratulations of king and parliament.

He was enthusiastically received in England, and immediately appointed to the chief secretaryship in Ireland, which he accepted on condition that it should not interfere with his military pursuits. His old friends hailed his return with delight. But he was soon called upon to take charge of the expedition against the Danish navy, which was being prepared to act in concert with France. Here he again achieved a decided victory, and the thanks of parliament, with a much more substantial reward.

In 1806 he was elected to parliament. Already his qualities as a statesman were making themselves felt in his own country. Firm and uncompromising, he also evinced a patient persistence and a wider range than many of his compeers.

But now Europe was all astir with his great rival's achievements. On the ruins of the republic Napoleon Bonaparte had raised a mighty empire, whose arms were the terror of Europe. What Louis XIV. had dreamed, the Corsican had accomplished. The German empire was dissolved; Prussia humbled and dismembered; Austria, after several struggles, beaten. He was King of Italy; his brothers were on the thrones of Holland and Westphalia; he had carried his victorious arms into Spain, and was about to seat his brother Joseph on the throne. Great Britain alone maintained

her inflexible attitude; Portugal, the next apportioned for dismemberment, appealed to England, and not vainly.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was first chosen as the fittest man to conduct the expedition, yet, by some extraordinary arrangement, he learned after reaching Portugal that Sir Hew Dalrymple was appointed chief in command, Sir Harry Burrard second, Sir John Moore third, and he was reduced fourth in rank. A man with less pride in his country's arms and glory might have yielded to private feeling instead of public principle. But the brilliancy of his course, being one unbroken series of triumphs from Vimeira to Toulouse, and the expulsion of the French from the peninsula, was due in a great measure to his own transcendent exertions.

Although he was received cordially by the Bishop of Oporto, Lord Castlereagh opposed his landing, the enemy's position at the Tagus being so strong. Mondego bay was decided upon. But he soon found that small reliance could be placed upon their divided and panic-stricken allies. He advanced and cut the enemy's line of communication and attacked the French at Rolica. It was a small but brilliant action, and the first trial of the "Sepoy Captain" opposed to European troops—the beginning of victory. Vimeira followed in quick succession, when Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived and the plans were changed. Sir Arthur returned to England on leave of absence, and resumed his duties in Ireland, but was soon again ordered to Portugal on the recall of Sir Hew. Meanwhile Napoleon had taken Madrid, but business of the utmost importance had called him to the heart of

Europe. Sir John Moore's retreat and brave, but fatal victory, at Corunna had taken place when Colonel Wellesley again landed at Oporto, which he wrested from French possession, saving to the wine merchants and people of the town property worth half a million sterling. The lack of gratitude was plainly shown afterward, when, applying for a loan, it was considered a great hardship to let him have twelve thousand pounds.

After entering upon his march he endeavored to effect a junction with the Spanish leader Cuesta. He found the allies irresolute and obstinate, but, nothing daunted, he proceeded to attack Talavera. The contest opened under unfavorable circumstances, and the French advanced so rapidly that Wellesley, who was in the house, had hardly time to mount and ride off, and came near being captured. The first day's fighting gave no advantage to either side, and only at the end of the second day were the English masters of the hard-won field. But the Spanish showed their ingratitude in refusing to care for the wounded or to bury the dead. They even refused rations to the Portuguese auxiliaries. Sir Arthur determined to retire his army from a country so superlatively ungrateful. The junto was alarmed; the people were filled with despair, but he retired with his exhausted troops into Portugal. Napoleon meanwhile had entered into a compact with Austria, and married a "daughter of the Cæsars" and put an immense army in the field.

Arthur Wellesley had been created a peer for his gallant services, and reinforcements were sent him, but it seemed a dark hour to the brave hero. He withdrew to the vicinity of Lisbon and established him-

self in the celebrated passes of the Torres Vedras, fortifying every avenue of approach. British gunboats filled the Tagus; supplies were once more abundant. The French, under Massena, made an attack, but were driven back, and his communication with the Spanish frontiers was cut off. Still he persevered and maintained his army six weeks in this perilous position. Wellesley would not attack, trusting to starvation and sickness to compel a retreat.

On the 15th of November it was found that the French had abandoned some of their posts. Wellesley suspected at first that it might be a feint. But when it became an established certainty he cautiously followed.

Of that brilliant march, crossed by many hardships and temporary defeats, of hours when even the iron heart almost failed him, and nothing but indomitable valor and perseverance sustained him amid the lukewarmness of Spanish allies, and the loss of his own brave men by sickness, hunger and wounds, yet when it was marked by such decisive victories as that of Albuera, Guinaldo, and the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and the conquest and entry into Madrid, where he was hailed with the wildest enthusiasm. Badajos and Salamanca were to see Joseph Bonaparte a dis-crowned fugitive, flying even for his life, and Spain once more freed from her usurper.

Titles and honors were showered upon him. For his intrepidity in the lines he was created Marquis of Torres Vedras by the Portuguese, while the Spaniards created him a grandee of the first rank, with the dukedom of Ciudad Rodrigo; while at home he was raised to the marquisate, with an increase of two thousand

pounds in his pension, and the triple decoration of the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick.

The loss of Joseph at the battle of Vitoria checked the French arms in Spain. His disgraceful flight and the trophies that fell into Wellington's hands, as well as his sword, were a death-blow to all further enterprises. The nations of Europe, seeing the conqueror thus checked at his height, drew a breath of courage, and the allied powers joined for his further humiliation.

Moscow has often been called his death-blow, but Wellington's peninsula campaign and victories were first in the series of calamities, as he was also to give the last and grandest stroke.

Peace and treaties were again the order of the day. Wellington returned to England a hero who had disproved criticisms at home, and won imperishable glory for his country. At Dover he was received with the most intense enthusiasm, and was borne on the shoulders of the crowd, while military salutes and deafening cheers rent the air.

His appearance in parliament was a great event, and he received his elevation to the dukedom, his mother as well as his wife being present.

And now his rare gift of statesmanship was to be called into exercise, as among the magnates of Europe he was to assist in the terms of peace. Honors were paid him on every hand.

It seems now as if the warrior's life might merge into the duties of peace. But suddenly the world was electrified by the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and what looked like a sudden reconquest of France. The history of the hundred days is one of the world's romances. The Duke of Wellington was immediately

placed in command of the army of the Netherlands, and then began the struggle that culminated in the memorable field of Waterloo. Yet as a field for scientific display it hardly ranks with some of the hardly-won Spanish encounters; but for its wonderful system of resistance, the coolness, bravery and valor, it has not been surpassed, and no defeat was ever more terrible to an enemy, or more decisive of results. It was comparative peace for Europe.

The Duke of Wellington was still in the prime of life, with strength, health and activity unimpaired. The keen, gray eyes were brilliant; his demeanor was frank and dignified, but always reserved; extremely simple in his tastes, yet always suiting the honor to the occasion.

In the long after-life allotted to him he was a conspicuous figure. A member of the Congress at Vienna, Ambassador to Russia, and Prime Minister of England; as staunch a supporter to the young Queen Victoria as he had been faithful servant to her royal uncle. Made Lord Warden of the Cinque ports, his residence was at Apsley House, where once indeed the "Iron Duke" was besieged by a mob, when he opposed the Catholic emancipation bill in the interest of the Tories, his own party. Broken windows and street missiles must have amused the brave old soldier, who was standing as firmly now to his principles as he had formerly stood to his nation's colors.

Walmer Castle was the nation's tribute to her soldier. Here he received a visit from his sovereign, Queen Victoria, in 1842, and until nearly eighty years of age the veteran, whose iron nerves neither war nor climate could shake, gave fearless councils in the great

questions of his day and time. The snows of many winters had whitened his honored head, but his eye was still keen and his voice untrembling.

The Duke of Wellington died at Apsley House, after a short illness, in 1862, at the age of eighty-three, and England paid a nation's gratitude, honor and reverent grief at his funeral, one of the greatest of pageants. The whole country mourned her hero, the Iron Duke, whose fame had been hers for more than half a century.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

Parents—Birth and youthful Training—Lieutenant's Commission—Embarks for India—Stationed at Fort William, Calcutta—First Battle—Promotion—Married—In Afghanistan—Back to India—Sales' Reliance—Narrow Escape—Poisoned—"Baptizing his Soldiers"—Ill—Accompanying Outram to Persia—Back to India—Battle of Ferozepore—At Cawnpore—Advancing on Lucknow—Retreat—Enters Lucknow—Terrible street fight—Mining and countermining—"That Mosque must be taken"—His Death characteristic of his Life.

ACCORDING to tradition, the family of General Havelock descended from "Havelock The Dane," whose story is perpetuated in one of the oldest lays of England; he having held sway in the days of Hengist and Horsa, A. D. 446.

William, the paternal grandfather of Henry, was a ship-builder; his maternal ancestors were of gentle breeding and classic culture.

Henry Havelock was born at Bishop Wearmouth, a suburb of Sunderland, England, April 5, 1795. To his mother he owed those early religious impressions which exercised so strong an influence upon his life. She daily read the Word with her children, each one in turn taking his part in the devotional exercise, and to the truths thus imparted, and impressed upon Henry's mind, with his earliest and dearest associations,

he was indebted for the strong religious element in his character.

At the age of ten years, Henry and his elder brother were placed in charge of the curate of Swanscombe; he ever remembered with pride, riding his pony to this school, where he remained for five years. During this period, which comprised the time of Napoleon's triumphs, a part of his daily training consisted in reading the newspapers; there is little doubt that the enthusiasm thus kindled in boyhood contributed in no slight degree to the formation of his strong military predilections. For seven succeeding years, the two lads were pupils at the Charter House, in care of Dr. Raine; as long as he lived, Havelock referred with delight and gratitude to his "master," as having contributed essentially to the formation of his purposes in life. At this school, Havelock's associates were with the more serious portion of the pupils. In one of his Christmas holidays, to the great grief of his loving disposition, he found his mother in delicate health, and when in the February following she was called from earth, we are told that his grief was much more intense than that of his brothers and sisters. In accordance with the cherished wish of his mother, Havelock continued his studies, preparatory to entering the profession of law. But an unfortunate misunderstanding with his father caused him to withdraw support from his son, and Havelock was forced to relinquish his studies.

His elder brother, fresh from the field of Waterloo, inspired in his mind a desire for a military life.

At that battle William Havelock was able to render to Baron Charles Alten distinguished service, and,

having nothing to ask for himself, solicited him in behalf of his brother.

The grateful Baron gladly procured for Henry Havelock a lieutenant's commission. At the age of twenty he became a lieutenant in the rifle brigade, and was soon attached to the company of Captain Smith, one of the heroes of the Peninsula and Waterloo, under whose direction he pursued studies in the practical duties of a soldier, of whom he afterwards spoke as "his guide, philosopher, and friend." Havelock not only mastered the most scientific military works, like those of Vanbau and Jomini, but he devoured military memoirs, examined details of memorable battles, and studied the positions and movements of opposing forces; never being satisfied until he discovered the cause of failure, and what he called the turning point in every engagement.

He followed not the example of his senior officers, who indolently enjoyed the leisure of barrack life, but resolutely applying his mind to study, accumulated a fund of military knowledge which was utilized in later years. Thus he became familiar with the history of every British regiment.

The first eight years of his military life were spent in Great Britain, and in 1821 he made a pedestrian tour through France, Italy and Germany. Obtaining a lieutenancy in the 15th Light Infantry, then under orders for Calcutta, he, to qualify himself for this service, went, in 1822, to London, attending the lectures of a celebrated professor of Hindostanee, the ablest oriental scholar in England, and was by him pronounced, at the close of his pupilage, to be, in Persian and Hindostanee, "up to the mark of a full moonshee."

In January, 1823, at the age of twenty-eight, he embarked for India, where he had been preceded by an elder and younger brother, both in the service.

In personal appearance he was at this time of diminutive stature, a comely countenance, aquiline features, piercing eye and vast expanse of forehead.

On the voyage out he formed acquaintance with a gentleman, through whose influence the seeds of religious truth, planted in earliest childhood by his mother, germinated and threw up the strong, healthful plant which in all subsequent life bore fruit to the honor, not only of that Christian mother, but to the Christ, whose service he at that time entered, and whose banner he never forsook. On landing, Havelock was stationed at Fort William, Calcutta, and during the first year of his residence in India, the Burmese war breaking out, he was appointed deputy assistant adjutant-general of an expedition, 10,000 strong, sent for the invasion of Burmah.

For the first time he was intrusted with a command in the field—a party to which he was attached being sent to capture a stockade in the midst of a jungle, which they succeeded in doing.

On the 8th of July, he, with his own corps, was personally engaged all day. Rains now set in with their usual violence in that climate. Sickness attacked the troops. Havelock, prostrated by liver complaint, was ordered by a medical commission to return to Bengal, and a visit to England was at length prescribed as the only chance of saving his life, but being allowed first to try the effect of a visit to Bombay, he (after passing several weeks with his brother William) progressed slowly but constantly toward health.

In the spring of 1827, at the solicitation of Colonel Cotton, in command of the military department recently established at Chinsurah, he was appointed brevet adjutant.

The next year he published "Campaigns in Ava." The book, though ably written, brought him neither profit nor promotion, but made many enemies. He remained at this post for three years, taking charge of recruits from England. In February, 1829, he married Hannah Shepard, daughter of Dr. Marshman, one of the Serampore missionaries.

In 1839 he was temporarily appointed interpreter to the 16th infantry, and on being succeeded by a lieutenant of that regiment he wrote, "I have every prospect of reaching Agra a full lieutenant of foot, without even the command of a company and not a rupee in the world beside my pay and allowances."

In 1838, nine years after his marriage, he was promoted to be captain of a company, and on the appointment of Sir Willoughby Cotton, his old commander, to the charge of the Bengal division of the army of Afghanistan, he obtained permission to appoint Havelock his second aide-de-camp. In January, 1840, he obtained permission to visit Calcutta for the purpose of preparing for the press his history of the war. He returned to Cabul, reaching there in January of the next year. His old regimental commander, Colonel, now General, Sale was ordered out with the 12th infantry, and Havelock obtained permission to attach himself temporarily to General Sale's brigade.

The general, after an attack in which he had received a severe wound, sent Havelock to General Elphinstone for reinforcements, which, though indifferently equipped,

were at once forwarded. With varying fortunes the war was carried on in Afghanistan until December of 1842, when the army was broken up and returned to India—Havelock rejoining his own corps.

Captain Havelock was the main reliance of General Sale during the entire campaign in Afghanistan. His practical knowledge of the science of warfare had become greatly enlarged, and his judgment matured by the conflicts through which he had passed. There was no recognition of his services on the part of the government. To General Sale and others belonged the credit of the different campaigns. To Havelock is brought only the loss of his position, considered no longer necessary, and he had a prospect of reduction of allowances from 800 rupees per month to 400.

After eight months of repose in India, Havelock joined the camp of the commander-in-chief at Cawnpore, being appointed Persian interpreter to the new commander. He was afterward active in the decisive fight with the Mahrattas at Maharajpore. Experience had taught him to follow, while at headquarters, the advice of Matthew Prior's stroller :

“Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat thy pudding, slave, and hold thy tongue.”

The suite of the general now retired to Simlah. In November, Sir Henry Hardinge, a peninsular hero, who went to India with the firmest resolution to avoid war, having succeeded Lord Ellenborough as commander-in-chief, resolved to launch his forces on Delhi. He would send no additional troops to guard the banks of the Sutledge lest he might afford the Sikhs a pretext for commencing hostilities, and incur the charge of having

precipitated war by his own military demonstrations. The queen repeatedly urged him to help her in restraining insubordinate troops, but without success. At length these demands upon government became so pressing that there appeared no other alternative for preventing the dissolution of all government in the Punjab and the establishment of military despotism than to find them occupation across the Sutledge.

The plan was this: to move four divisions of troops, each of 12,000 men, down on four points on the Sutledge. Havelock states that "Sir Henry Hardinge had delayed to the latest hour, compatible with the safety of the British dominions, his declaration of hostilities; and from his extreme jealousy of the reputation of his country for justice and good faith, had exceeded in moderation the boundaries of prudence."

The exposed situation of the cantonment of Ferozepore had been an object of anxiety to government. Lord Ellenborough had endeavored to strengthen it by fortifications, but was not allowed to execute his plans.

At this time (1845) it was occupied by Sir John Littler, with about 5,000 troops, with wives and children. The walled city of Moodkee was first reached, about eight miles from Ferozeshuhur; here the opposing forces met, with fearful slaughter. The British battalions, shattered and wearied, bivouacked on the edge of the position of which one short hour more of daylight would have put them in possession. Havelock, constantly by the side of his chief, was in the thickest of the engagement, and writing to his friends the next day said, "India has been saved by a miracle." After a night of horrors, the contest was renewed. Brief and decisive was the engagement: complete victory was secured by eleven in the morning.

In these engagements Havelock was deprived of two of his most intimate friends—Sir Robert Sale and Major Broadfoot; the latter was wounded early in the action.

The tide of the Sikh invasion had thus been stemmed, although once more they crossed the river and intrenched themselves near the village of Sobran. Here they were attacked by Havelock, who throughout the action was engaged. His horse was shot under him, though he himself was not wounded, and the victory which he gained was complete. He now (1846) proceeded in the suite of Sir Hardinge to Lahore and witnessed the ceremonies of installing the government. From Lahore to Simlah he returned in the suite of Sir Hugh Gough, and was appointed deputy adjutant-general at Bombay.

Immediately he proceeded toward Calcutta, thence to Bombay, to assume the duties of his office. At the desk he was as exact as he had been in the field. In three months after assuming his new position he was attacked with intermittent fever, attended by alarming congestion of liver, from which he was a long time in recovering. With the most unremitting industry he continued his literary labors, always having a book or pamphlet on hand in process of construction, as well as ever acting as chaplain to the post where he was stationed. He was not only the friend and religious counsellor of the soldiers of his command, but he baptized those who wished thus to profess their faith in Christ. Havelock never for an instant forgot that he was a soldier under the cohorts of the King of kings. Jesus, the Captain of his salvation, was, to him, the most worthy leader, and he never failed in the duty of en-

listing troops in his own service, to be mustered in for the life eternal.

In 1849 Havelock, having been twenty-six years in India, felt compelled, by the alarming condition of his health, to return to England. He was received with distinguished consideration, presented at the queen's levee by the Duke of Wellington, elected a member of Senior United Service Club, and invited to meet Lord Gough at a public dinner. The succeeding year he visited Germany, hoping to receive benefit to his health from certain baths.

He made an unsuccessful effort to obtain the brevet rank of colonel, taking his failure in the most meek and gentle spirit.

He was greatly cheered by the improvement in his health, and cheerfully prepared to return to India, though his heart turned fondly to England. His Christian character stands out, at this time, in great beauty, sustaining him in the trying ordeal of turning his face ALONE, to the distant scene of his labors, while Mrs. Havelock with his children should remain in England.

Havelock reached Bombay in December, 1851, somewhat improved in health from the voyage.

His reception at Bombay was all that could be even hoped for. His military enthusiasm was enkindled by the reports which came from Calcutta, of misunderstandings with the Burmese, and the prospect of immediate war. He wrote to his young son, George, not to fail to read all accounts of Indian battles which came to his hand.

Havelock was now under a new master, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, who began by establishing a

normal school for one hundred children of soldiers, at Poonah. Havelock reports him also as having the interior management of a regiment entirely at his fingers' ends, and at once most gentlemanly and zealous in his demeanor.

Havelock was, in 1854, again disappointed in getting brevet promotion. Had he received it at the time he sought it, when it ought to have been given him, he would have been Governor-General of India at the time of his death. His friend, Lord Hardinge, was working for his interests in England, and secured him the appointment of quartermaster-general of queen's troops, for which he was devoutly grateful; hastening to return most hearty thanks, not only to God, but to Lord Hardinge. He proceeded at once to Calcutta, calling *en route* at Serampore. But of all the friends whose society he once enjoyed not one was left. For thirty years Serampore had been to him a magnetic pole of attraction; for thirty years, in sorrow he was sure of sympathy there, in prosperity he was sure of gratulation, and it was with painful solemnity of feeling that he now moved over the well-known scenes, a solitary man! He wrote to Mrs. Havelock: "I went to the chapel, saw the monumental slab to your dear mother's memory on the same wall with so many other dear friends, then read a chapter in the Bible, before the pulpit, and prayed. Alone! alone!"

Very soon after (June 20, 1854) Havelock received the rank of brevet colonel, Lord Hardinge, with great thoughtfulness, making his commission date from a period which would enable him to enjoy the office of adjutant-general for five years. His health continuing to be good, in September he started to go by steam to

Benares, thence by dawk to Cawnpore, making a six months' tour, returning to Calcutta in March. He never failed to mention in letters to friends his devout gratitude to God for the prosperity of his later life, enabling him to save something for the needs of his family should he be called from them. Thus: "I draw as largely as ever on the bank of faith, and have in my age learned that there is another establishment to which God's Spirit strongly invites attention, viz.: the bank of providence."

In the beginning of 1857 Colonel Havelock was again called into active service. Consulted by the commander-in-chief respecting the appointment of a commander for the expedition, he so strongly advocated the claims of Sir James Outram that he was appointed. Losing no time in proceeding to Bombay, General Outram, entertaining the highest opinion of Havelock's military abilities, though entirely ignorant of the fact that his own appointment was owing to Havelock's recommendation to the commander-in-chief in India, advised Lord Elphinstone to propose that he should be appointed to the command of a division. Havelock accepted with delight this important post. Sir James had arrived at Bushire late in January, advancing at once into the heart of the country to strike a blow at the enemy. He obtained a signal triumph over the Persians, and at once planned another expedition farther into the interior. The plan for the contemplated attack was originated by Havelock, who had spared no exertion to obtain accurate information regarding the enemy's position. General Outram approved his projects, and early in the morning, March 28th, the advance was made, resulting in utter rout to the foe.

General Outram issued a "field force order," in which he returned thanks to officers and men, more especially to Brigadier-General Havelock, for zealous and valuable assistance.

Havelock returned at once to Bombay, where he heard the astounding news that the native regiments had mutinied at Merut, and that Delhi was in the hands of the insurgents, while disaffection seemed spreading throughout the upper provinces.

The Sepoy mutiny of 1857 was the most stupendous event in the annals of British India since the sack of Calcutta, one hundred years before, and the battle of Plassey, which gave the command of India to Great Britain. This mutiny was simply a revolt of the army against constituted authorities. If one asks its cause, it would be impossible to trace the many causes which gradually led up to the focus of mutiny. Aliens in race and religion, a certain degree of disaffection was inseparable from the nature of things. The rule of England in India was shaken to its very center by this revolt. Its immediate cause was greased cartridges; but many causes had been for a long time gradually preparing the mercenary soldiers for the culminating act of rebellion. In India the principle of subordination is the exception. From time immemorial the native princes have dreaded their own armies. For twenty years this Sepoy army had been in a state of chronic mutiny. In 1824 the 47th native infantry refused to march to Burmah, and through the energy of Sir Edward Paget it was decimated before it was disbanded. The next exhibition of mutiny was handled with less spirit, so that insubordination gained strength. The Sepoys grew more and more exacting. To guard

against mutiny it had for a long time been considered prudent to maintain a large proportion of European troops. At the beginning of 1857 the European troops in Bengal did not exceed 4,500, while the native population was fifty millions.

Suddenly, from an insignificant cause, the spark which had been smouldering in the mine suddenly burst into flame, and India was in a blaze. It had been decided to prove the efficiency of the Enfield rifle, the cartridges of which required to be greased. It was mainly a question of caste, for a mechanic replied to a Sepoy, "You will soon have no caste left, for you are required to bite cartridges smeared with the grease of pigs and cows." A Hindu may have no personal religion, but he is frantic on the question of *caste* or aught affecting it.

On February 19th a Sepoy, infuriated with intoxicants, rushed out upon the parade ground, calling upon his comrades to come forward in defense of their religion. Great leniency was exercised toward the mutineers of the 19th, and in May cartridges were again served out at Meerut. They were refused, though it was explained that they were not greased. A deeply mutinous spirit prevailed. The native troops were in a state of great insubordination; incendiary fires were set, and the Sepoys began the work of indiscriminate slaughter of Europeans, plundering and destroying property. Havoc, outrage, ruin, plunder was the order of each hour.

Such was the condition of things which met Havelock on his return from Persia. The whole empire was in revolt. A mighty torrent was sweeping over the country. The commanders were inefficient, incom-

petent to meet and quell the outburst. His resources were singularly inadequate to meet the situation. At Cawnpore the massacre was fearful in cruelties. Thither Havelock hastened. The battle of Futteh-pore, in which Havelock commanded, was an entire success.

A little later the disorderly conduct of a body of cavalry became so marked that Colonel Havelock ordered them unhorsed and disarmed. In short, the most vigorous and stringent measures were at once taken. Colonel Havelock deserves all praise for his efficient measures in meeting this rebellion. But he was disappointed respecting promised reinforcements. The rebellion continued, freshly breaking out. New massacres were perpetrated, and each day brought fresh horrors.

For Colonel Havelock's gallant conduct on this emergency he was commended without stint. It was said in the home office: "If ever India is in danger, put Havelock in command, and all is safe." He was recommended for the Victoria Cross.

But the situation in India continued to be one of great peril until Sir Colin Campbell arrived from England with reinforcements. Almost every one is familiar with the fearful scenes at Lucknow, when the residency was blockaded by the insurgent Sepoys. Our sketch has to do with General Havelock, else we would render due honor to Sir James Outram, who, late in the siege, took command of the English forces in India; but so closely did mutinous Sepoys watch that it was with great difficulty that communication with the beleaguered garrison was maintained. At Lucknow affairs took on a desperate color. Food became scarce,

women and children were on the point of starvation, sugar, soap, candles being luxuries unknown. The arrival of Sir Colin will never be forgotten by that besieged garrison. Anxiously had every ear listened for the sound of anything which should indicate relief. Suddenly, when despair had taken her grim seat on almost every brow, a young Highland woman started up with the most rapturous cry, "Dinna ye hear it, me lads?" Every one was alert, but all was silent, only Highland Jennie, who was in ecstasies of delight. "Dinna ye hear the slogan? Oh, me braw laddies, the Campbells are comin' to our help!" At that instant a distant murmur struck the ear, which it soon became apparent was nothing less than the pipes of Sir Colin's advance guard. The joy of those imprisoned cannot even be imagined. Up the streets of Lucknow, toward the residency, marched with steady tread the Highland soldiers to the rescue of India. "The pipes at Lucknow" have been sung by many a poet, and many a bard, touched with the beauty of the story as he shall study the history of India, shall yet tell the tale of simple Jennie, to whose listening ear the slogan of her nativity was heard long before coarser souls could be aware of its sound.

The final relief of the imprisoned garrison was accomplished. Women and children were immediately removed from the residency, the sick and wounded cared for, though this movement was attended with risk.

The honor of Knight Commander was conferred on Havelock, and never was such distinction more nobly earned. But the close of his career was approaching. Sir Henry became very ill, the result of exposure and

privation, grew rapidly worse, and on November 24, 1857, his spirit took its flight.

He was sixty-three years old, a patriot Christian soldier. Eminently had he deserved the name. He died before envy had time to dim his laurels, or malice to tarnish his renown. He affords the rare instance of a man conscious of his own powers, eager to exercise them, constantly beaten back by adverse influences, and at the last hour raised to supreme command, to the summit of professional eminence. He was not only an "earnest man," but possessed the power of communicating to others that earnestness. His name in England and America is a household word. The queen made provision for his family, and with her own hand placed his Victoria Cross upon the breast of his son.

Every honor possible was paid to Sir Henry when he no longer could be gratified by their reception. Her Majesty bestowed upon Mrs. Havelock the rank of a baronet's widow, and unanimously and cordially both houses of Parliament voted her an annuity of \$5,000 per year during life.

A statue of Sir Henry graces Trafalgar square. While parliament was voting inadequate rewards, the voice of honor from his countrymen was unanimous in his praise. The spontaneous homage of all lands was laid at his feet. Even humorous *Punch* for once was sober as under pressure he sounded this requiem over the hero's grave:

"He is gone! Heaven's will is best.
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.

Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old cathedral gloom,
And the prize he sought and won
Was the crown for duty done."

CHAPTER XIV.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

First Scenes—Parentage—Early History—Visits Rome—Parental Ambition—Disappointment—Fired with Patriotism—Sentenced to Death—"Joseph Paul"—Married—A Merchant—In War—Wounded and a Prisoner—Released—"Selling Coffee"—Fighting against Rosas—Offers his Services to Pio Nino—Evasive Reply—Sailing for Italy—"Our Flag"—Surprise upon reaching Rome—Founding a Roman Republic—Rome besieged—Garibaldi seeking Refuge in the United States—Return to Italy—Personal Appearance—At Naples—"Break your Chains upon the Necks of your Oppressors"—Life in a Cottage—Visited by the Papal Embassy—In Parliament—Last Deeds.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI was born in Nice, July 4, 1807. His father and grandfather were both fishermen, illiterate as men of that class in the South of Europe are wont to be. Garibaldi himself was often known to say that he owed to his mother any good trait which he might possess. His memory often reverted to the days of his childhood, when he had seen that faithful mother, when the household were sleeping, on her knees praying that her sons might be useful and God-fearing men. We know little of his boyhood days except that he was not fond of study, but rather enjoyed roaming about among the wharves and shipping of his native city, thus at an early age making himself master of the rigging of a vessel, and familiar with the navigation of

the harbor. The only thing which he learned in early life that became of real advantage to him was swimming, so that he was equally at home in the water as on the land, and it is said that at the age of eight years he rescued a poor washwoman from death who had fallen into the water.

In boyhood it was evident that he was born to be a leader and organizer, for before he reached his teens he led an expedition among his fellows, ran away from school, stole a boat—which among them they had managed to store with provisions and fishing-tackle—and sailed for the Levant. They had not proceeded far when they were captured and returned to the school they had so recklessly left. If not fond of study Garibaldi liked to read, and early made himself master of several languages. In the German he was especially proficient, and with maturing years he developed a taste for mathematics and geometry, acquisitions which were of great advantage to him during the course of his varied and romantic life.

When quite a lad he went to Rome with his father, and became greatly impressed with the monuments of the past glory of his country in comparison with its present abasement.

The contrast left an indelible impression on his mind, and this, united with his subsequent intercourse with Greece, then in all the glory of new and blood-bought liberty, decided the bent of Garibaldi's future life.

So early as the age of thirteen, with remarkable intrepidity he swam to the assistance of some young companions who had been upset in a squall, their boat overturned, and, but for the timely assistance of this lad, eight young men would have been drowned.

This is only one of numerous occasions when he was able to save life by throwing himself into the water, taking risks which older and wiser people dared not venture.

His parents had destined him for the church, but he never evinced the slightest fitness for the holy office. In 1833, while on a voyage to Rome, he first learned of the plans of the Italian patriots. Columbus never enjoyed more in discovering America than did Garibaldi when he discovered that an organized movement for the redemption and liberation of his country was contemplated. Mazzini, a young lawyer of Genoa, was the leader and organizer of the plans, into which the enthusiastic young patriot threw every energy of his resolute nature. He took passage as a common sailor, together with several companions who were in sympathy with him, in the ship *Eurydice*, hoping to be able to obtain possession of the ship for the Republican cause. But the plot failed, and the speedy consequence of his devotion to Italy was that on February 5, 1834, he passed through the gate of a Genoese city in the disguise of a peasant, a proscrip. A few days later he saw his name in a newspaper under sentence of death. On learning this he changed his name to Joseph Paul, and after a most perilous journey of several months, during which he met many adventures and suffered untold privations, he reached his native city.

A glance at the condition of Italy at this time will convince any sceptic that those who attempted rebellion against ruling powers had every excuse.

In Naples Ferdinand II. ruled with a rod of iron. Many citizens for small offences actually died under

the lash in public squares. Even the rule of Charles Albert, of Sardinia, the most liberal sovereign in Italy, was arbitrary and tyrannical. The different states were constantly bordering on revolution, and the Austrians stood ready to help and uphold each petty prince in his tyranny. For fourteen years after the failure of his effort to assist Mazzini, Garibaldi lived in exile, lost to sight among the incipient republics of South America.

At first he supported himself by teaching, but subsequently he identified himself with the political struggles of those among whom he lived, and thus acquired skill in those arts of guerilla warfare, with the praises of which Europe still rings.

In 1836 he married Anita, who most heartily threw herself into her husband's interests, never in the way, with a woman's helplessness, but eager to encourage his most hazardous exploits. Garibaldi was never successful as a trader. More than once the purses of his friends were opened to set him up in business, but his heart was not in it. He would say, "I am weary, weary of doing nothing."

In the same year of his marriage he took up arms for Uruguay against Brazil, entering the service of Don Gonzales, President of the Republic of the Rio Grande. In this warfare he received his first wound, in a naval engagement, being shot through the neck, and lying unconscious for several hours. At this time he was captured, consigned to a Brazilian prison, and but for the assiduous attention of the prison surgeon must have perished. As he slowly recovered he was released on parole, which promise he faithfully honored until, becoming convinced by the laxity with which he was guarded that his captors desired his

escape; he easily eluded his guard and became free. But in a few days he was retaken, and forced to submit to inhuman tortures, to induce him to disclose the plans of his leader and the names of his followers. This he steadfastly refused, although he was suspended by small cords tied about the wrists for several days, and only kept alive by the tender mercies of some women connected with the prison where he had been confined, who came to him secretly by night with wine and food, giving him also temporary support for his feet. He was released only when his tormentors became convinced that the brave soul would sooner part from the body than betray the trust of those who had confided in him; and to the day of his death he bore upon his wrists the scars of this worse than brutal punishment.

In 1836 we find him again in the field, defending Montevideo against Rosas, and when an interval of peace left him none of that fighting—the exercise of which seemed his normal living—he kept the wolf from his door by teaching the higher mathematics, or by selling for the merchants of Montevideo, by samples; and, still later, he was captain of a trading vessel sailing from the same port. As an instance of his intrepidity, we are told that having sold a few bags of coffee and other merchandise to a dealer in a seaport town, before payment had been made, though the goods were delivered, the commandant of the town ordered his arrest as a suspicious person. Garibaldi heard of it, and was quite sure that his debtor was also aware of it, and intended to shirk payment. Nothing daunted, in the gloaming Garibaldi went to the merchant's dwelling, finding him on an open verandah, with his

family, enjoying the cool sea breezes. With no preliminary explanations, Garibaldi presented a pistol to his debtor's head, and ordered the immediate payment of his dues. In a half hour's time he was sailing out of the port with 2,000 piastres in his pocket.

Ever ready to identify himself with the interests of those with whom he, for the time, dwelt, in 1842 we find him in command of three vessels forcing the entrance of the river Parana against Rosas. This, though a very bold, was a most disastrous undertaking; he was unacquainted with the navigation of the stream, and had not a trusty pilot. Just as his vessels became obstructed by sand-banks he was confronted by ten ships of the enemy. After a heroic defence of three days, he ordered all his men to the boats, under cover of night, himself remaining to the last, to light the trains which led to the powder magazines. He had determined to blow up his vessels, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of Rosas. He succeeded in destroying the ships, reaching the land in safety, and, by circuitous routes, again appeared in Montevideo.

In private life every one had a good word for this hero. All placed in him the most implicit confidence; for all his efforts to aid the cause of his friends he never would accept even the pay of a common soldier; all that he ever asked would be some help to the needy or the pardon of some prisoner.

In 1847, fired by news from Italy, he, joined by an Italian friend, wrote a letter to the pope, which concluded in these words:

“ If, then, our arms, which are not strangers to fight-

ing, are acceptable to your holiness, we need not say how willingly we offer them in the service of one who has done so much for our country and our church. We will count ourselves happy if we may aid Pio Nino in his work of redemption by offering our blood.

(Signed) "G. GARIBALDI.
"T. ANIZANI."

The pope's nuncio, jealous of the popularity and genius of Garibaldi, gave to the anxiously waiting patriots an evasive reply, and the judgment of charity was compelled to the decision that this hearty proffer of service never reached him to whom it was addressed; it was lost among the waste, or its perusal may some day reward the searcher in the archives of the Vatican.

When Garibaldi found he was to receive no reply from the pope, he prepared, with his friend, Anizani, to organize an expedition to Italy. He opened a subscription among his compatriots, issuing a proclamation urging all Italians to join him. Only eighty-five professed readiness, fearing to suffer the death-penalty, to which, as outlaws, many of them were liable should they return home; and on the day of embarkation twenty-nine failed to appear.

They sailed in the ship "Esperanza," in the spring of 1848. The ladies of Montevideo, as a mark of their gratitude, presented him with a most striking flag. It was of black silk, with a picture of Vesuvius in irruption flaming from its sombre ground. The family of Garibaldi were on board, as well as his friend Anizani, who had become an almost hopeless consumptive, but whose dauntless enthusiasm was an inspiration

to the little band. Touching at Alicanti, for fruit for the invalid, they were almost wild with joy on learning that Charles Albert of Sardinia had, on February 7th, publicly espoused the Italian cause. Anita's ever-ready fingers improvised from half a sheet, an old red shirt and a bit of green uniform, which happened to be on board, a Sardinian flag, which was hoisted to the peak, and, with new courage, the patriots sailed toward their beloved Italy.

But what was the surprise of Garibaldi, on reaching Rome, to find that the pope, ever vacillating and uncertain, had become alarmed at the rising among the people, and, having issued the following proclamation, had retired to Gaeta: "I have for some time observed that my name is used as a pretext for an enterprise which I have never contemplated," abandoned the enterprise, flatly refusing to take up arms against the Austrians.

Garibaldi at once threw himself into the work of founding the Roman republic, and in its defence against the French allies. He wished to leave the pope free as the head of the church, while a republic should be established which should extend throughout Italy.

In July, 1849, occurred the desperate struggle of the Italians with Austrians and French allies. The siege of Rome lasted for an entire month, and of it Garibaldi said: "Though I have witnessed many horrible butcheries, yet never have I seen what can compare, in atrocity, with what took place under the walls of Rome, especially at Villa Corsini." The French were 40,000 strong and carried heavy siege-guns.

After many desperate adventures, Garibaldi was

driven again to exile, and reached the United States in 1850. Here he supported himself for four years by making candles in a back street of New York city. Afterwards he returned to South America, and was for a time engaged in the merchant service between Hong Kong and Peru. But he was never so happy as when engaged in warfare, and in 1859 he offered service to the King of Sardinia, which was gladly accepted. A picture of the patriot's personal appearance at this time may not come amiss.

He was of middle stature; deep-chested, with broad shoulders; his frame, vigorous and athletic, combined agility with strength. His statuesque head, broad brow, straight features, long, flowing hair, blending with beard of the same golden hue, caused him to present a very striking picture, without the aid of any remarkable dress. He wore a scarlet cap, trimmed with gold lace; a tunic or blouse of rich red cloth, and, besides his sword, he wore in his scarlet sash a dagger.

His staff dressed in most respects like their chieftain, and his followers in the field all wore red shirts, thus enhancing the peculiarity of aspect.

On the evening of May 9, 1859, Garibaldi reached Veruna, taking every precaution against surprise. He retired at his ease, leaving his men chattering around camp-fires. Night and day for two weeks he kept up a series of guerilla exploits, in which he was uniformly successful. On the evening of the 21st he ordered a new stock of provisions, and, to all appearance, was settled for some days at Arona. But in the dead of night he left this town with all his force for the Ticino, called the Rubicon of Italian freedom; a sufficient

force of boats had been gathered there by his direction to transport his army to the Lombardy bank. Disembarking from his boats he entered Lombardy, issuing this proclamation: "To arms! To arms! He who can seize a rifle and does not is a traitor to his country!! Italy, with her children united, will know how to recover the rank which Providence has assigned to her among nations."

In fulfilment of his promise to the government of Sardinia, he assembled 1,070 warriors at Genoa, and landed at Sicily almost under Neapolitan fire. On May 15th the celebrated battle of Calatafimi was fought, when 3,600 Neapolitans were routed by the small force of Italians. (Their enemies called them "the red-shirted devils.") About this time Anita died, leaving four children, whose home was at Caprera, under the guardianship of some cousins of their father, who were vitually the heads of the household, as Garibaldi's home was the battle-ground—striving for Italy's freedom. The success which had crowned his arms at Calatafimi gave new courage to the troops and new faith in their leader. This defeat, and the timely aid to the Italians given by a British fleet, decided the Neapolitans to capitulate, and in June Garibaldi had undisputed possession of Palermo.

On July 25th he was attacked by a force of 7,000 Neapolitans; he could oppose only 2,500 men, but the day closed with complete triumph to Garibaldi. This is called the battle of Melazzo.

On the 4th of the ensuing September Francis II. of Naples sullenly withdrew to Gaeta, and, in the absence of troops, Garibaldi quietly entered Naples with only two or three friends—wishing that the people

should look upon him as a welcome liberator, not a triumphant conqueror.

On October 1st of the same year, 15,000 royalist troops issued from Capua, making a fierce onslaught upon the army of Garibaldi. For a time the issue was doubtful; the day was one of dreadful carnage, but victory perched on the Italian standard. At this time Garibaldi sent to Rome the celebrated despatch, "Victory along the entire line!"

In 1864 he was invited to London to receive a banquet at the hands of the lord mayor, and was the recipient of many courtesies and ovations from the nobility, as well as commoners.

In 1867 he openly organized an invasion of the states of the church, to complete the unification of Italy. His address to the people of Rome was stirring: "Break the rings of your chains on the necks of your oppressors, and henceforth you will share your glory with the Italians."

Before his plans were completed, he was arrested by order of King Victor Emanuel; but soon escaping, this never-to-be-repressed patriot invaded the papal states with a body of troops, who were defeated at Mentana by papal forces, aided by French allies, and their leader was sent to the island of Caprera, November, 1867, where a ship of war was on guard to prevent his escape.

Here the valiant and successful warrior became at once the quiet agriculturist and student. A glimpse at his life in the cottage by the sea may be instructive. There was no second story to the house. The general's own room had a cord stretched across, on which were hung the various articles of his wardrobe—red

shirts, drawers, blouse and trowsers. Over the little camp-bed hung an ebony frame which enclosed a lock of Anita's raven hair. Here, too, was the famous sword given by citizens of Melbourne, with the illuminated book containing the names of the donors. On the golden hilt is the figure of Italy arisen, her chains dropping off, while she is brandishing the sword of Spartacus, ready to cleave asunder the coils of a serpent. On the guard which protects the hand is a diamond star of Italy. The scabbard is of green velvet.

The flag-room, containing war trophies, adjoins the library, which holds many valuable treatises on war and navigation, with a well-assorted and carefully selected collection of English authors—Shakespeare, Byron and others; besides German works on natural philosophy and theology; the ethics of Plutarch; treatises of Bossuet; fables of La Fontaine, etc., etc. As companions to his solitude he had invited his cousins, Monsieur and Madame Drideris, who, with his children, and a few chosen friends, constituted his household. The first beams of the sun shining on the eastern waves beheld the family astir, each arranging for his share in the daily labor, while Madame Drideris was preparing the simple coffee, bread and butter, which constituted their morning meal, and which, like all others, was served in the kitchen. More substantial fare was allowed at dinner, well earned by labors in the field, garden, or fishing on the sea. After supper it was usual to find the family assembled on the broad verandah, for at this hour the loved head of the house was wont to be more loquacious than at any other time, often relating tales of his own

experience in South America or elsewhere—enough to make the hair of his audience stand on end!

Many in Italy liked to spread reports of Garibaldi's illiteracy, and on one occasion an embassy from the papal states arrived at Caprera, while Garibaldi was cultivating the potatoes on which he prided himself. His secretary, with a view of entertaining the guests, showed them some letters or papers of state that he was preparing.

“But surely,” said one, “Garibaldi cannot read these.”

The secretary perceiving at once the drift of the remark, replied: “Oh, we read them to him, and get his signature.”

Meeting the learned statesman approaching his dwelling in answer to the summons, he told him the opinion which his guests entertained of his acquisitions. At once comprehending the situation, he entered the room in a somewhat noisy manner, speaking in an uncouth Italian patois. The visitors treated him in the most supercilious manner, making great boasts of their learning and acquirements. Garibaldi, with a strategy as profound as if he were leading a campaign, led the way adroitly, causing the ignorant fellows to make the most egregious statements on topics in regard to which he inquired; when suddenly he dropped his patois, and in the most elegant German explained the mistakes which his rude guests had made, covering them with confusion, as they realized his superiority to themselves.

This story was related by an eye-witness, whose veracity is unquestioned.

But this quiet life at his island home was not of

long duration. Again stimulated by Mazzini he undertook a fresh expedition to Rome. In his first engagement he was wounded at Aspromonte, which laid him aside for some months, and caused him trouble for years. But in 1869 he organized the campaign of Les Vosges, but it resulted disastrously. He was again arrested and sent to Caprera. It began to be evident that his power as an organizer was on the wane. The condition of Italy did not call for as much reform as in past years.

In 1875 he was elected a member of the Italian parliament. On arriving at Civita Vecchia, though it was at 2 A. M., the people turned out en masse to greet him, and when at Rome he entered the senate chamber the cheers were deafening, and the chieftain took his seat feeling that Italy was with him. He was offered £40,000 by the government, but declined it, accepting a pension of \$2,000.

Retiring to Caprera after his term of service expired, he devoted himself to literary labor, writing two or three novels of little value.

But he established schools for girls in various parts of Italy, and, writing to a woman's association in Genoa, he said: "To liberate women from superstition—to release her from the clutches of the priest, is now the question of life or death for Italy."

Thus, in the bosom of his family, in efforts to elevate his countrywomen, he passed the last years of his varied and romantic life, dying of bronchitis, June 2, 1882.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

Military Ancestorship—Place of Nativity—Early Embarkment into Military Life—First Military Expedition—His Exemplar—At Duppel—In the Austrian War—"May your Heart beat toward God and your Fists upon the Enemy"—Bravery—Military Author—Franco-Prussian War—Battle of Metz—"You cannot Make an Omelette without Breaking the Egg"—General Characteristics.

ONE of the names most prominent in the history of the German Empire during its period of military glory in this century is that of Prince Frederick Charles, or, as he is usually called, Prince Karl.

He is the son of Prince Frederick, brother of the reigning sovereign, William I., and is consequently cousin to Prince Frederick William, who has also won distinction as a soldier. But Prince Charles, as we shall call him for the sake of distinguishing him from the Crown Prince, is admitted on all sides to be one of the ablest, as he has proved himself to be one of the most successful, generals of this era. He was born in 1828, and entered the army at ten years of age, in accordance with the theory always held by the reigning family of Germany, that every prince of the House of Hohenzollern should receive military training, in order that he may be, if necessary, competent to serve in the defence of his country.

Frederick Charles was an enthusiastic admirer of Frederick the Great. He studied closely the history of the Seven Years' War, and familiarized himself with the whole subject of strategy and tactics. His decided bent in the direction of military life led him to adopt it as his career, and when but twenty years of age he took an active and able part in the first invasion of Schleswig-Holstein.

In 1849, his uncle, then the Crown Prince of Prussia, was sent to Baden to quell an insurrection there. Prince Charles accompanied him, and rendered signal service in the severe conflicts that ensued. Fifteen years of peace followed, during which he steadily pursued his military studies, with special reference to the organization and movements of large armies.

At the time of the accession of William I. to the throne, Prussia was a second-rate power, with a territory of about twenty-five thousand square miles, and a population of little more than eight millions. Adjoining Prussia, on the northwest, were two small duchies—Schleswig and Holstein. These were a part of the dominion of the King of Denmark, but, on the death of Frederick VII., it became a question whether the duchies should belong to Denmark or to the Germanic Confederation. In this difficulty the Danish government secured a treaty, to which Austria, Prussia, France, Russia, and England were parties, guaranteeing the integrity of the Danish monarchy. Thus nearly all Europe was drawn into this controversy. England held aloof in the subsequent events, being embarrassed by the matrimonial connections of her royal family. The Prince of Wales had married the daughter of the Danish king, and the Princess Royal

of England had married the son of the Prussian king. Thus, allied to both powers, England took no action with or against either. None of the other powers ventured to intervene. Schleswig and Holstein were wrested from Denmark, and no less than five claimants appeared for their possession, of whom King William was one.

In the invasion of Holstein that followed, Prince Frederick Charles was intrusted with the command of the Prussian division. In an attack upon Duppel, which was one of the most formidable positions in Denmark, he personally led the assault, and, after two repulses, he made a final attack, which proved successful.

But the Schleswig-Holstein contest was but one step in the newly adopted policy of Prussia. The crafty and ambitious prime-minister, Otto von Bismarck, had formed the design of making Prussia the leading power of the Germanic Confederation, and he so directed the course of events that, step by step, Austria found herself forced into a war with Prussia.

In this war, Prince Charles, then thirty-five years of age, was intrusted with the command of the first division of the Prussian army. He crossed the frontier on the 23d of June, 1866, and, in ordering the first attack of his troops on the Austrians, he addressed them in the following curious phrase:—"May your hearts beat towards God and your fists upon the enemy." The campaign was a series of victories. The advance of the Prussian army was like the sweep of a tornado. Armed with the terrible needle-gun, perfect in discipline and drill, they overran kingdoms and principalities and drove their foes before them for

forty days without intermission. The terrific battle of Sadowa closed the conflict. In this battle there were two hundred and fifty thousand men engaged. The ground shook under the discharge of fifteen hundred pieces of artillery. The Austrians were utterly defeated, and with terrible slaughter. In a campaign of seven weeks they had lost over one hundred thousand men. Further effort at resistance was hopeless. Austria found herself compelled to accept the hard terms which Prussia chose to dictate. The conquering power claimed sovereignty over all the provinces which her armies had overrun. Thus she annexed Schleswig and Holstein, Hanover, Saxony, large portions of Bohemia, Bavaria, Austrian Silesia, and a number of minor dukedoms and principalities. But, notwithstanding the triumphant nature of this campaign, Prince Frederick Charles, with the keen-sightedness of an accomplished soldier, saw that the system of organization and mobilization used in the Prussian army was susceptible of improvement. He wrote and published a work on the subject, which attracted great attention, and proved him to be especially expert in the difficult task of moving great bodies of men over great extents of territory.

This great acquisition of power did not satisfy the ambition of Prussia. The policy dictated by Bismarck was pursued steadily, and tended so evidently to further conquest that France especially became alarmed. It was considered a source of danger that the frontier of France was now open to Prussia, and this alarm was heightened when Leopold, a prince of the House of Hohenzollern, was proposed as a candidate for the throne of Spain. France vehemently opposed this

candidacy, which would have the effect of giving her a German neighbor on her Spanish frontier. It is impossible not to see that the Prussian policy was to force on a war, and France was very ready to accept the challenge. In both countries the unanimity with which the people took up arms was remarkable.

This, the most terrible war of modern times, broke out in July, 1870. Almost the largest army of which history has any record was immediately on the march for the invasion of France, an army estimated to number in the aggregate over seven hundred thousand men. Another army almost as large was held in reserve, to be used as occasion might require. The armies of France are supposed to have numbered less than one-fourth of their adversary's force.

A succession of battles took place. Almost every hour of every day the two great armies were in conflict. The French were assailed wherever they made a stand. The Prussians were victorious in every engagement, but the loss of life was terrific on both sides. The slain were counted by scores of thousands. Hundreds of hospitals were crowded by the victims of the strife. The culminating struggle took place around the city of Metz. This was a strongly fortified town which was held by Marshal Bazaine, with not less than a hundred and eighty thousand troops. To this force was opposed two hundred and thirty thousand under Prince Karl.

For days and weeks an almost incessant battle raged around this fortress. Prince Karl had so skillfully managed his troops that the French were hemmed in on all sides. Bazaine, leaving a sufficient force to garrison the town, attempted with the main body of his army to effect a junction with the troops under Marshal

BATTLE OF GRAVELOT.





McMahon at Verdun. About half his force had crossed the Moselle, when the Prussians suddenly attacked him. After terrible slaughter, the French were driven back to the city. Bazaine made some attempts to cut his way through his foes, and was much blamed for his want of success. But it must be remembered that the Prussian army outnumbered the French by eighty thousand men; that Prince Karl, an able and experienced general, had so posted these troops as to cut off every avenue of escape; and that McMahon, with whom he was endeavoring to effect a junction, was cut off from him by an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men under the Crown Prince, Frederick William. When Metz capitulated, Prince Karl had lost forty-five thousand of his army. This heavy loss in the space of sixty days showed how desperate was the resistance opposed to him. The possession of Metz left Prince Karl free to unite his forces with those of Frederick William, and together the victorious armies swept on their triumphant march toward Paris. In March, 1871, the great conflict ended. France had been beaten in every battle, and her capital was in the hands of the conqueror. She was obliged to surrender Alsace and a great part of Lorraine, thus transferring one million and a half of her subjects to Prussia. France was also obliged to pay a thousand millions of dollars as indemnity. Of the loss of life, of the untold suffering endured, the story can never be written. Prince Karl and Prince Frederick either could not or would not endeavor to check a certain brutality which their soldiers exercised in the conquered country. It has been retorted that, had the position been reversed, Frenchmen would have acted with the same brutality.

It would, at least, be difficult for them to exhibit more. "The Prussians are becoming ferocious," says one writer. "They revenge themselves on any one they catch. It is their common mode of procedure to tie their prisoners' wrists with a rope which they attach to the pommel of their saddles. They bring the unfortunates in, dragging at their horses' heels, with the same indifference to suffering that a red Indian exhibits. A hasty trial is hurried through, and the nearest thicket serves as a place of execution." Their proceedings on entering captured towns were harsh in the extreme, the slightest opposition to the will of the conquerors drawing down the punishment of death, or of floggings so severe that the victims were maimed and mutilated. The Prussian commanders appear to have taken no notice of these excesses of their troops, and the Prussian prime minister, when the sufferings of the French were mentioned in his presence, answered with a brutal jest, "You cannot make an omelette without breaking the eggs." It is to be regretted that the Prussian leaders did not add the virtue of magnanimity to that of courage; but it is undoubted that they proved themselves the greatest of modern soldiers. Prince Karl still remains the commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, and it is considered that the overwhelming successes of the Franco-Prussian war were due in great measure to his wonderful ability in handling great masses of men.

CHAPTER XVI.

FREDERICK WILLIAM (CROWN PRINCE).

Birthplace—Heir to the Throne—Youthful occupation—Military Life—Commanding the Central Prussian Army—Personal appearance, by a French Officer—"Our Fritz"—Marching on Paris—At the Battle of Sedan—At the Scene of Surrender—Besieging Paris—Paris Surrenders—Return to Berlin—Domestic Life—Brilliant celebration of his Wedding.

FREDERICK WILLIAM is the eldest son of the King William I., of Prussia, consequently heir to the great German empire, and is at present known by the title of Crown Prince of Prussia. He was born in 1831, and is therefore three years younger than his cousin, Prince Frederick Charles. Like him, he received the usual military training of the German princes, but although he made a very efficient general in the Franco-Prussian war he had not the remarkable military talent of Prince Karl. In 1858 he married the Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Queen of England. It is now generally supposed that this marriage was happier than royal marriages usually are, but the King of Prussia was at that time very unpopular. He had the reputation of being harsh, despotic, and uncultivated. It was known that his domestic relations were unhappy. The dislike felt for him extended to the members of his family; and it is re-

markable how widely extended was the belief that the Princess Victoria's husband was dull, harsh, and a drunkard. But popular opinion was unjust alike to William and his son. There is nothing cruel in William's character. He is, indeed, rather humane and kind-hearted than otherwise, but he is prejudiced in the extreme, and opposed to popular freedom. His idea is to keep his people always in leading-strings, and he was at one time heartily disliked by them. But his great successes have turned the tide of feeling in his favor. He is now the popular idol, and his son shares his popularity.

In 1870 the crown prince was invested with the command of the central wing of the Prussian army, which was about to invade France. He had already had experience in the Holstein and the Austrian campaigns. A French officer, who had been taken prisoner, thus describes the prince:

“Prince Frederick William, heir to the crown of Prussia, is a tall, thin man, with a tranquil and placid physiognomy; to which, however, the curve of his aquiline nose and the vivacity of his eyes lend a stamp of decision. He speaks the French language with great purity. ‘We all,’ said he, ‘admired the tenacity and courage evinced by the very meanest of your soldiers. I do not like war; if I ever reign, I will never make it. But, in spite of my love of peace, this is the third campaign I have been obliged to make. I went yesterday over the battle-field; it is frightful to look at. If it only depended on me, this war would be terminated on the spot. It is, indeed, a terrible war. I shall never offer battle to your soldiers without being superior in number; without that, I should prefer to withdraw.’”

In this speech the prince referred specially to the battle of Worth, in which he had led his forces with brilliant success. It is true that he had an overwhelming force, his army, it is said, numbering 140,000 men. The French, under Marshal MacMahon, were, we are credibly informed, but 30,000; but they fought with the recklessness of despair. Eleven times the French charged the Prussian lines. The Prussians advanced in dense masses right against the heavy artillery of the French. They fell by thousands, but they won, and after thirteen hours of constant fighting, the remnant of the French broke up in a disorderly retreat, hotly pursued by the victors. On this occasion, the Prussian king sent the following telegram to Queen Augusta:

“Wonderful good fortune! A new, great victory won by our Fritz. Thank God for his mercy. We have taken thirty cannon, two eagles, six mitrailleuses, 4,000 prisoners. A victorious salute of one hundred and one guns was fired upon the field of battle.”

After this battle the crown prince moved on to Paris. There was no force before him to oppose his march. Never was the march of an invading army so resistless, until, near Rheims, the Prussians encountered MacMahon's corps. After a fierce battle, the Prussians drove the broken columns of the French in complete rout towards Sedan. On the 1st of September the French were so hemmed in as to cut off the possibility of retreat. They were crowded into a narrow space, while 500 pieces of artillery opened fire on them. The battle began at five in the morning, and was an indescribable scene of tumult and carnage. Nearly

300,000 men hurled a storm of bullets, shot, and shell into the ranks of the French.

After twelve hours of this unequal contest, the commanders of the French army corps reported to the emperor that further resistance was impossible. The emperor ordered a white flag to be raised, and sent the following letter to the Prussian king :

“Sire, not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your majesty.”

In a letter to Queen Augusta the next day, the Prussian king wrote as follows :

“You already know through my telegrams the extent of the great historical event which has just happened. It is like a dream, though I have seen it unroll itself hour after hour As the emperor wished to see me, I started to meet him, with Fritz, escorted by the cavalry staff. We were both much moved at meeting again under such circumstances.”

But although the emperor surrendered, France did not surrender. Prince Frederick and the forces under his command did much hard fighting all through the northern section of France, until in September, 1870, he encamped in front of Paris. There were 2,000,000 of people within the city, and there were 400,000 Prussian troops without. For 130 terrible days the doomed city remained in the grasp of the iron power that had closed around it. Of the sufferings of that siege, who can adequately tell the story? War, famine, and fire did their worst. The bombardment was incessant; night and day, shells were thrown into the city by hundreds; starvation prevailed everywhere. At last, on the 25th of January, Paris surrendered.

The victorious Prussian king and his son returned to Berlin, almost worshipped by the excited multitudes of their subjects. The crown prince was highly honored for his bravery, and the prestige of his military successes still clings to him. As his father is now eighty-seven years old, it cannot in the course of nature be long before the crown prince is called to reign over the great empire which he has helped to acquire. In 1883 a magnificent celebration was held of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. Here, surrounded by royal guests and affectionate subjects, the emperor and empress, the crown prince and princess, enjoyed what was truly an ovation, and presented an illustration of that true saying, that "nothing succeeds like success."

CHAPTER XVII.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

Parentage—Early Education—Beginning of Military Career—First Battle; Wounded—Return to England—At Balaklava—Promoted—At the Quarries—Another Wound—In India—Advancing on Lucknow—Attack on the “Happy Palace”—Lieutenant-Colonel at Twenty-six—In the Chinese War—Narrow Escape from Capture—Return to England—Visit to Canada—Groundless Fears of Violence in Boston—“Tossing Up” for visiting United States and Confederate Armies—Running the Blockade—The Cigar and the Sentinel—Rejoining his Companions in Canada—In England—Fighting the Zulus—Death of the Imperial Prince—Egyptian Expedition—Observations on Character.

IT is generally admitted that the subject of this sketch is England's greatest living soldier. He has participated in a series of wars against civilized and savage foes, winning victories under the most discouraging circumstances; and, though still in the prime of his manhood, he has a record of thirty years of service, and a galaxy of medals in attestation of his success.

He was born in the county of Dublin, Ireland, June 4, 1833. The family came originally from England, but one of its younger members settled in Ireland in 1744, and was created baronet of Mount Wolseley, in Carlow. The Wolseleys numbered more than one distinguished soldier in their line; they were on the English Protestant side as opposed to the native and Cath-



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMS OF GREAT BRITAIN



olic party, and they took a full share in the sanguinary contests that turned the unhappy island into a battle-field. The military taste descended in full force to Garnet, who, while still a boy, attending a day-school in Dublin, read all the chief works on military history. He announced his determination to become a soldier while he was still a mere boy, and at fourteen his name was put down for a commission. He studied engineering and fortification diligently, and much of his success, especially in the campaigns in Africa, is attributed to his early attention to these studies.

At nineteen years of age he received the desired commission, being appointed ensign in the Eightieth Regiment, which was then engaged in the Burmese war. He was ordered to join his regiment at once, and arrived in Burmah at a time when a sad disaster had befallen some British troops who had marched against a Burmese leader named Myat-toon, known to the English as the "robber chieftain." Of the five hundred men who were sent on this expedition the greater number were killed, and the rest obliged to disperse. To wipe out the stain of this disaster a very considerable force under Sir John Cheape was sent against Myat-toon. Wolseley's regiment formed part of this force. The march was a terrible one, through a dense jungle in intense heat, and the troops suffered severely from fever, dysentery, and cholera. Wolseley's remarkably healthy constitution carried him safely through this trying experience, although many of those who had like himself but just arrived succumbed to disease. They found the "robber chieftain strongly intrenched, the whole forest or jungle for two miles around his stronghold being defended with stockades,

abatis, or fences. After severe work the ground was sufficiently cleared to admit of the advance of a storming party. The Eightieth was selected to form a part of this attacking force. The Fifty-first Infantry was also included in it. This regiment was officered by a young man named Taylor, and Taylor and Wolseley were the first two who rushed up the path leading over the breastwork, which was so narrow that only two could occupy it. While racing for the honor of getting in first, both young men were wounded, and, strangely enough, in the same manner. They were each struck by a ball in the thigh. In Taylor's case the artery was severed, and he bled to death almost instantly. With Wolseley the artery, though laid bare, was not cut. Lying helpless on his back, he waved his sword and shouted to his men to advance, and not until the work was carried would he allow himself to be taken to the rear. The wound was a severe and painful one, and he was obliged to go on crutches for many months. This battle, the last of the Burmese war, was always memorable to him as being his "baptism with fire." Two months afterwards, still suffering severely from his wounds, he went on a visit to his family in Dublin, and as soon as he was convalescent was appointed lieutenant in the Ninetieth Light Infantry.

In the following year, 1853, the Crimean war broke out, and in 1854 the Ninetieth Regiment sailed from Dublin, and landing at Balaklava, proceeded immediately to the front. They were occupied from the very day after their arrival in fighting in the trenches. Wolseley was put on duty as assistant engineer. This duty in the trenches was very severe, the cold being intense; and the enemy constantly making sorties, the

troops were kept continually on the alert day and night. Wolseley, whose talent for sketching was well known, was commissioned to prepare a plan of Inkerman, including the trenches. The cold was so severe that the water-colors froze on his brush; but he succeeded in making the plan, greatly to the satisfaction of the general.

Wolseley was promoted to a captaincy in December, 1854, and for several months subsequent was engaged in engineering work on the fortifications around Sebastopol. This fighting in the trenches, severe and dangerous as it is, is yet of a monotonous and uninteresting character. The army battered persistently at the great Russian works, the Mamelon and Malakhoff, which in turn rained fire almost night and day on the British troops. Besides these two great forts a series of trenches, known to the British as the "quarries," guarded the Russian lines. On the 28th of May it was decided by the French and English generals that the French should make a grand assault on the Mamelon, and the English on the "quarries," after a general bombardment of the Russian works. The 6th of June was fixed for the bombardment, and so terrific was the fire that in the afternoon the Mamelon and Malakhoff were almost silenced. Next day the attack on the "quarries" was made. They were carried with a rush, the storming-party being led by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of Wolseley's regiment. The Russians made three desperate efforts to retake them, but the English soldiers held the works, and the Russians at last retreated. Wolseley's share in the dangers and honors of this day was very great. He did double duty, for, having worked as engineer all day in the

trenches, he joined the assaulting column in the evening and took part in the desperate hand-to-hand conflict that followed the rush of the storming party. Between the repeated attacks of the Russians, he busied himself with constructing a parapet along the side of the quarries, composed in great part of the bodies of the dead. So exhausted was he when morning came after the twenty-four hours' contest, that he himself fell asleep beside this terrible wall of corpses, and lay there to all appearance lifeless. An officer of his regiment passing by, and seeing him lying there, blood flowing from a flesh wound which he had received, supposed him to be dead, but on examining him more closely, raised him up and fairly carried him until they met a mounted officer who lent Wolseley his horse. So ended what the young soldier still calls "the hardest day's work he ever did in his life."

Two days after he again reported for duty, and on the 17th he took an active part in the fourth general bombardment of the defences of Sebastopol. This disastrous assault was a failure, though attended with fearful loss of life on both sides. For the next two months the work in the trenches went on as before, many of the officers yielded to fatigue and sickness, and those who remained on duty had often to serve twenty-four hours at a time. This was a common occurrence in Wolseley's life at this period. On the night of the 30th of August the Russians made a sortie, and Wolseley received a terrible wound while defending the gabions from their attack. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, who happened to be near, called a surgeon to see him. The surgeon glanced at Wolseley, and said, "He's a dead 'un." The wounded man, though half

smothered in blood, managed to say, "I am worth a good many dead men yet." But so severe was the wound that when the doctor made an examination he still considered the case a desperate one. The gabion against which Wolseley had been standing when wounded was filled with stones. A round shot had struck it, and some of the stones were literally driven into Wolseley. One was embedded in his cheek, and when it was extracted and the jaw sewed up, it was found that one eye was so injured that the sight was destroyed. His whole body was pierced with sharp fragments, the right leg was very severely wounded close to the bone. It was expected that tetanus or erysipelas must follow such injuries, but his wonderful vitality defied the attacks of death. He was placed on a stretcher and taken to a cave, in order to shut out the light from his injured eyes. Here he passed several weeks, and while still feeling much dispirited from the fear that he should become totally blind, the news of the fall of Sebastopol reached him. Shortly afterwards he was about to return to England, having recovered the use of one of his eyes, when he was offered an appointment in the quartermaster-general's department. This he accepted, and remained in the Crimea until the conclusion of the peace with Russia. Thus he was one of the very last to quit the land where he had done and suffered so much for his country. He returned to England in July, 1856, and rejoined the Ninetieth. But only one year of peace had passed in his stormy existence when his regiment was ordered to India. The Ninetieth numbered a thousand men: seven hundred embarked in the "Himalaya," the other three hundred, among whom was Wolseley.

sailed in the "Transit," an unfortunate ship, which in the course of this voyage had to put back to land no less than three times in a disabled condition. Besides the three hundred men of the Ninetieth, there were six hundred others aboard, and of this large number there were few who had not to help by constant pumping to keep the ship afloat. There was a rent in the side, twenty-four feet long, and five hundred tons of water were pumped out in one day. When in the Indian Ocean a cyclone struck the ill-fated vessel, but they escaped its fury only to strike on a coral reef some days later. Here the "Transit" settled, and as she was rapidly going to pieces, the whole company took to the boats and made for the island of Banca, which was fortunately but two miles distant. Here they lit fires, and for eight days lived a primitive sort of existence. The only provisions they had with them were biscuits, and their only shelter was the sails of the wrecked ship, which they stretched between the trees. Not an article of baggage or clothing except what was on their persons had been saved. A week of their Robinson Crusoe-like existence had passed when a gunboat stopped at the island, and two days later a man-of-war was sent to convey the shipwrecked company to Calcutta.

They found confusion and terror reigning, for the terrible mutiny was in full progress through the country. Delhi had not been captured, and Lucknow was besieged by the enemy. They were obliged to remain in Calcutta until they were supplied with arms and clothing, and on the 29th of August they set out on the long journey for the "up-country." Everywhere burned houses and devastated villages gave evidence

of the fearful struggle. They passed through Cawnpore, where a few months previously had occurred the most inhuman massacre that stains the page of history. They saw the well in which the bodies of the three hundred murdered women and children were cast by order of the infamous Nana Sahib, and the sight intensified the sentiments of hatred and revenge which later bore such bitter fruit. Whatever may be said of the injustice of the British rule in India, and of their oppression of the natives, it must be conceded that the atrocities of the mutiny were such as to call out the bitterest feelings on the part of the white race in that country. The soldiers everywhere were animated with a furious desire for revenge; the natives, knowing they had no mercy to expect, fought desperately, and this state of things gave to the war in India a peculiarly ferocious character.

When the Ninetieth reached Lucknow they found their advance barred by a fortified building, the Dilkosha, about two miles from the city, and another fortification known as the Martinière. Both of these were carried by the British artillery with no great loss, and the latter was held by the Ninetieth. Wolseley ascended the highest point of the fortifications, and enjoyed the view of the magnificent city in the plain below. Later on, while enjoying a bath, he was hastily summoned to action. The enemy, with a great force, was making a desperate effort to retake the building. They were driven back with heavy loss, but Wolseley was ordered with his men to turn out and form a picket line for the defence of the canal surrounding the city. The next day, another fortification, the Secunderabagh, was to be taken. This was a garden, about a hundred

and twenty yards square, surrounded by a high and solid wall. In this the artillery made a breach, and the English soldiers rushed in. A sickening scene of slaughter ensued. The Sepoys were disarmed and killed, as an eye-witness remarked, like rats in a barn. All day the muskets did their hideous work, and when night came the men were employed for many hours in placing the dead in two large pits dug for the purpose. Captain Wolseley, to whom had been intrusted the task of seeing this burial performed, mentions as a singular coincidence that the number of corpses flung into the pits was eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the date of the year. Besides this number killed in the enclosure, many hundreds were put to death outside the walls, while endeavoring to escape. Next day another frightful contest took place in connection with an attack on the Thirty-second Regiment mess-house, which had formerly been known as the Kloor-sheyd Munzil, or Happy Palace. This had been one of the pleasure-houses of the sovereigns of Oude, but was now strongly fortified. There was a moat around it crossed by draw-bridges, and beyond that a loop-holed wall.

On the morning of the 17th the commander-in-chief, Sir Colin Campbell, determined to storm this fortification, and having heard of Wolseley's achievements in the Crimea, sent for him and told him that he was selected to lead the storming party. Wolseley expressed much gratification at the honor done him, and proceeded to take his chief's instructions. This done, he formed the column for the assault, but starting far in advance of his men, he ran over the intervening space, climbed over the garden wall, and finding the draw-bridge down, he rushed across it amid a rain of bullets

from matchlockmen in the garden. Entering the palace he rushed up-stairs to the roof of the building, on which he planted a British flag. The Ninetieth had now come up, and the palace was taken, though a heavy fire was kept up for several hours from the neighboring buildings. One more fortification, the Motee Mahul, lay between the relieving force and the residency itself. This Wolseley and his brave companions proceeded to take possession of, without any direct instructions from head-quarters. After a few hours of furious fighting, all this collection of buildings was in the hands of the British, and the deliverers rushed into the residency, where, strange to say, the very first prisoners whom they relieved were a company of the Ninetieth who had been doing garrison duty in Lucknow when the rebellious Sepoys had shut them up and surrounded them. So changed were they by privation and fatigue that their comrades recognized them with difficulty. The delight of rescuers and rescued can hardly be described. That night the relieving army rested in Lucknow. But there were many months of hard fighting in India before the mutiny was finally suppressed, and Wolseley took a very active part in it. The loss of life in the gallant regiment to which he belonged had been very heavy. Many of its officers had been killed. At the close of the mutiny Wolseley, who had for some time held the rank of major, was promoted to a lieutenant-coloneley. He was one of the youngest men who ever held the rank in the British service, for he received his brevet on his twenty-sixth birthday.

Wolseley had enjoyed but five months of rest at the close of the war in India, when an opportunity was offered him to go into active service in China, and he im-

mediately accepted. He sailed for Hong Kong in March, 1860. Of the complication of causes which brought about the war in China we have not here space to treat. Much complaint had been made by French and English residents of China as to their treatment by the government of that country, and an effort to secure better treatment had been insolently met by the Chinese ruler. A joint force of English troops under Sir Hope Grant, and French under General Montauban, was accordingly sent against China. Their first task was to gain possession of the Taku forts. Wolseley, who had by this time established a reputation for success in leading such assaults, was actively engaged in this affair. The forts, which were a marvel of skill and strength, were taken, but the honors of the capture were claimed by the French. The tricolor and the Union Jack were hoisted almost simultaneously over the conquered forts. So severe was the contest in the works that over two thousand Chinese soldiers lay dead within the walls at the close of the day. The loss of the allies was comparatively slight, being only about three hundred men. The Chinese were much disheartened at the loss of these forts, and the government signified a desire for peace. It was decided that a treaty should be ratified at Peking itself, in order to avoid the duplicity and treachery of the Chinese diplomatists. It was also determined to hold possession of the intervening country until peace should be made. Much ill-feeling was caused by the discovery that the Chinese were in the habit of putting their prisoners to death with cruel tortures; and in all Wolseley's hazardous life he never experienced an hour of apprehension so severe as on finding himself in danger of capture, when one day he

with a few men had remained behind to complete a survey of a road, while the army had moved on. While at work in his tent, a party of Tartar cavalry appeared in the open plain. Wolseley and his party decided to cross as hastily as possible the space of four miles which intervened between them and the army, and they resolved that if the Chinese troops should attempt their capture, they would enter the first hut on their way and die fighting sooner than be taken alive. Fortunately for them they managed by a rapid gallop to escape a considerable distance before the enemy caught sight of them, and so reached the British lines in time to avoid capture.

The allies encountered and defeated with but slight loss a Chinese army of twenty-four thousand men, and then pushed on for Peking. The emperor was then at his summer palace, about six miles from the city, but at the approach of the allies he fled. Sir Hope Grant had sent Wolseley forward to report the condition of matters in the palace, and he was one of the first of the army who entered this enclosure. The palace consisted of fifteen or twenty pavilions, magnificently decorated and furnished. It was given up to plunder, in which the French soldiers specially were absorbed. "Officers and men," says Wolseley, "appeared to be seized with temporary insanity." When they had carried off all that they could, they set fire to the palace, and encamped to the left of the British, opposite Peking. Next day the city was surrendered to the allies, a heavy compensation was paid by the Chinese government, and a treaty was signed and ratified. This brief campaign ended in a most satisfactory manner.

Wolseley made a trip to Japan, and spent some

weeks there at the close of the war, and after a few months spent in China on a diplomatic mission, he sailed for England in May, 1861. Four years, passed in incessant warfare, had gone by since he left his country. He returned to find it in a ferment of agitation consequent on the "Trent" affair. However, he made up his mind to enjoy the hunting season, and he had just bought two horses and had two days' sport when a telegram reached him offering active service in Canada. Before many hours elapsed the hunters were given away, and Wolseley was on his way to London. He was desired to proceed to Canada in the "Melbourne" to superintend the troops and supplies which were sent in the "Persia." The "Melbourne" was notoriously unseaworthy, and was thirty days in making the voyage. During this time the "Trent" affair was amicably adjusted, and the ten thousand troops that had been sent in view of a possible war had made a useless voyage. Wolseley made a visit to Boston, where feeling against England ran so high that it was considered dangerous for him to go there. He was treated with respect and kindness, and spent a day visiting the lions of the city. On returning he acted for some months as quartermaster-general, and then with a friend, the Hon. Frank Lawley, he made a visit to the southern country and army, having decided by the familiar ceremony of tossing a penny the question whether his visit should be to the North or to the South. His predilection was for the South, and chance favored him. He visited Lee and Longstreet in their headquarters, having more than one narrow escape from capture. He wrote a series of articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, giving an interesting account of his experiences in

Dixie. His comments on the strategy displayed by the various commanders, North and South, are interesting as coming from a master of the art of war. Having spent six weeks in this visit he returned to Montreal, and, after a visit to England, returned to Canada to preside over a camp of instruction for recruits, which was established in view of an expected Fenian invasion. He was appointed deputy quartermaster-general in 1867, and in 1868 paid a visit to England, where he married Miss Erskine. His bride accompanied him on his return to Canada.

In 1870 Wolseley was sent on an expedition to the Red River country, which was in a disturbed condition. This undertaking involved some heavy marching and much hardship, owing to the severity of the climate. It ended in establishing the rule of England firmly through the immense region of Manitoba, and in opening up that great tract of country to colonization. It was a valuable addition to the possessions of England, and was effected without any loss of life. The withdrawal of all British troops from the Dominion took effect at the same time, and Colonel Wolseley returned to England. He was made a knight in acknowledgment of his services, and was appointed assistant adjutant-general.

In 1873 the British government decided on going to war with the King of Ashantee, whose subjects had made several attacks on the posts established by the English to protect their commerce on the Gold Coast. Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed to the command of the expedition, was invested with the rank of major-general, and was made administrator of the government of the Gold Coast, with power to enter into a treaty

with the King of Ashantee. Sir Garnet sailed on the 12th of September, saying that he would return before the next April. He was better than his word, for he returned on the 21st of March, having achieved a magnificent success. The Ashantee army numbered over forty thousand men; the country in which the war was carried on was covered with dense forests; the heat was intense; the deadly diseases prevalent on the Gold Coast raged among the troops. In the face of all these discouraging circumstances, the British forces swept away all opposition, and in less than three months, Coomassie, the Ashantee capital, was occupied by the British. They found there evidences of the frightful barbarity of the natives. In one place was a pyramid of human skulls and bones; in another a space of ground over an acre in extent which was covered with decomposing bodies. From day to day fresh victims had been added to this frightful heap, and the town was filled with the odor of this charnel-field.

A treaty of peace was made, and a heavy indemnity imposed on the conquered nation. Freedom of trade was guaranteed, and a promise was given that the custom of human sacrifices should be abolished.

Sir Garnet received great honor on his triumphant return. He received the thanks of the assembled parliament, the praise of the queen, a grant of £25,000; and was offered a baronetcy, which he declined.

In 1875 he was appointed by the government to proceed to Natal, and assume the direction of civil and military affairs in that colony. He sailed for Natal in February, and proved himself to be an able statesman, settling many disputed points between the Kaffirs and the white settlers. In October he returned to

WOLSELEY FIGHTING THE ZULUS (DEATH OF THE IMPERIAL PRINCE).





England, and was soon afterwards sent to Cyprus, with the title of high commissioner and commander-in-chief of that island. Sir Garnet employed a period of comparative leisure in authorship. He issued a valuable military manual, known as the "Soldiers' Pocket Book," also a history of the war in China, and contributed largely to the magazines. During the years from 1872 to 1879 Cetywayo, King of Zululand, a country bordering on Natal, made himself obnoxious to his British neighbors by raids on the mission stations. Remonstrances were addressed to him on this subject, and also on the hideous custom of wholesale slaughters, principally of women, practiced in his dominions. Cetywayo returned insolent answers and continued his barbarities. At length England declared war on the savage king. Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed governor of Natal and the Transvaal, and sailed from England in 1879. An army of 50,000 Zulus opposed the English forces, and owing to the heat of the climate, want of knowledge of the country on the part of the invading force, and other causes, there were at first some defeats of the British troops. But the tide soon turned, the savages were swept away before the British forces, Cetywayo was captured, a treaty was made with the conquered nation, and Wolseley returned to England in May, 1880. One of the most remarkable episodes of this campaign was the death of the Prince Imperial, who had accompanied the British army in a spirit of adventure. He left Sir Evelyn Wood's camp on a reconnoissance, accompanied by Lieutenant Carey and a few troopers, and was killed by an assegai in the hand of some unknown Zulu.

Two years had scarcely elapsed, when Wolseley was

again called to the field, this time as commander of the forces intended to restore order in Egypt, which was in a state of revolution. A chieftain named Arabi Bey was urging the expulsion of all foreigners from that country, and had raised an army of 10,000 men for the purpose. A land and naval force was sent from England, and when the latter had bombarded and taken Alexandria, Wolseley established his forces there, and with a detachment of about 2,000 men he proceeded up the country. Arriving at Tel-el-Kebir, he was confronted by the entire Egyptian army. He was strongly advised to fall back with his small force and wait for reinforcements, but replied "that he did not think it would be in consonance with the traditions of the queen's army that it should retire before any number of Egyptians." He managed, however, to hold the enemy at bay until joined by another detachment from Alexandria. The forces then met in battle, which resulted in an overwhelming victory for the British. Arabi's army was dispersed, and he himself captured. He was tried and condemned to death, but the sentence was afterwards commuted to banishment. Sir Garnet returned to England, and for his great success was rewarded by being raised to the peerage, under the title of Lord Wolseley. Rarely indeed has a more brilliantly successful career fallen to any soldier than his has been, and his reputation also stands high as statesman, author, and artist. His private character is stainless, he is the idol of his soldiers, and is known as one of the most steadfast friends of young officers. As he is still but fifty years old, it is by no means improbable that he may yet win further honors in forum and field.

Since the last sentence was in print its prophecy is

in fair way to fulfilment in General Wolseley's military operations in the Soudan. General Charles E. Gordon was sent into that section by the British government early in 1884, to negotiate arrangements for suppressing the rebellion against Egyptian rule organized by El Mahdi. Failing of peaceable arrangement, a small body of troops was put at his disposal, with which he entered and fortified the city of Khartoum, while the false prophet invested it closely with his forces.

In September, 1884, Lord Wolseley, accompanied by Generals Stewart, Graham, Wilson and others, with a force of several thousand British soldiers, embarked for the Soudan country. Landing at Alexandria, General Wolseley proceeded by way of the Nile to Korti. The advance guard moving to the relief of General Gordon had several engagements with the rebels, which resulted in the death of the brave General Stewart, Colonel Burnaby and others.

On the 26th of January, 1885, assisted by a treacherous native, the Arabs recaptured Khartoum. During a skirmish in the street, General Gordon was shot and instantly killed. The traitor, Farag, who betrayed Khartoum, was promised 140,000 thalers by the Mahdi, for his duplicity, and having received only 60,000, made complaint, whereupon the Mahdi promptly hanged him.

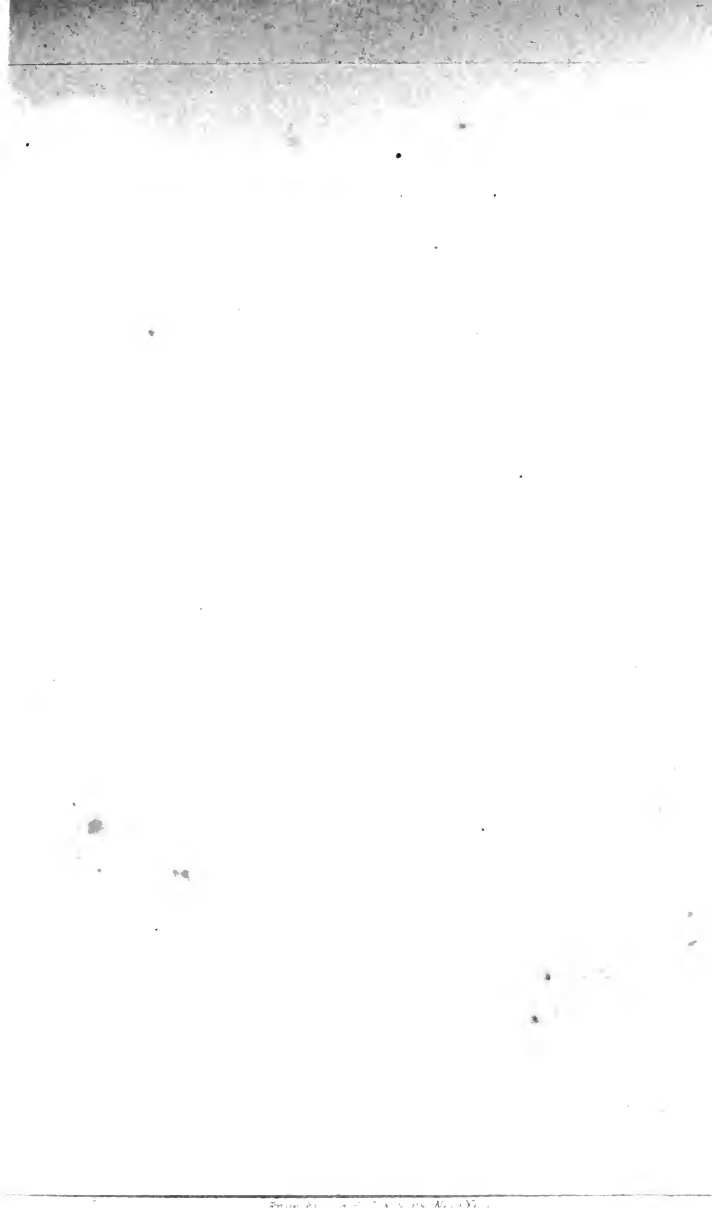
To conquer the Mahdi's rebellion in the interest of peace, to suppress the African slave trade, and to secure a civilized government for the Soudan is a great and noble undertaking, and the civilized world looks on while the Queen's troops are marshalled for the conflict, General Wolseley in supreme command.

PART SECOND.

AMERICA.

SUBJECTS.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Ancestral History—Birth—Boyhood—Home—Death of his Father—Paternal Sentiment of his Brother Lawrence—Preparing for the Navy—Objections of his Mother—George's Bashfulness—Surveying Expedition—Lodging in the Wilderness—Public Surveyor—The Indian's Land: "where?"—Preparing for Hostilities—Washington on a Mission to the French—Halt at Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers—At Venango—Indian Guide—Treachery—Washington Recruiting Troops—Death of Colonel Fry—Comments on the Jumonville Affair—In Quiet Life—Arrival of Braddock—Washington made Aide-de-Camp—Marching on Fort Duquesne—Death of Braddock—Washington in Command—In New York—Marriage—Member of the House of Burgesses—War Cloud—Washington Chosen Commander-in-Chief—Mrs. Washington in Camp—Defences on Dorchester Heights—Carrying Discipline into the Enemy's Camp—Long Island—Retreating through Jersey—Battle of Monmouth—Surrounding Cornwallis—End of the Struggle—President—Re-elected—Domestic Life—Peaceful Retirement.

THE name, life, character and exploits of Washington become so familiar, even in childhood, as to render an account of them a twice-told and uninteresting tale to most readers. There is little to be said of him that has not been already better told than it will be in this sketch, the writer of which can only hope to assist in keeping alive memories of one who so richly deserves to be held in remembrance by his countrymen.

In the year 1656, two brothers, Lawrence and John

Washington, embarked from the shores of their native England and, landing on the picturesque banks of the Potomac river, some fifty miles above its mouth, purchased a large tract of land, and began the work of founding a home in a new country.

They were young men of liberal education, wealth and lofty moral principles. John soon married; children were born to him, and he died in the midst of his days, leaving to them his broad acres. Augustine was the second son of John, and on March 6th, 1730, he married Mary Ball, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who, on February 22d, 1732, at Pope's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, became entitled to the name by which she is now generally known in this country, viz.: "The mother of Washington," though earlier and more generally known in her own neighborhood as "Lady Washington." He was a child of lofty birth, from a lineage of commanding intelligence, firm principles and warm affections. His home was a spacious, comfortable cottage, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth, although frugality and simplicity were marked characteristics of the family regime.

As a child, George was vigorous and fearless, distinguished for probity, filial affection and obedience in common probably with thousands of other children of his age. He enjoyed all desirable educational advantages, which he was not slow to improve.

At the age of eleven years his father died. Faithfully did his mother fulfill her weighty responsibilities in the care of five children. The eldest son, Lawrence, took up the work which his dying father laid down, and felt an almost paternal interest in the younger children, which, in the case of George, was returned

with a fraternal affection and reverence. At the age of fifteen, in response to his most earnest solicitation, a midshipman's berth in the British navy was procured for George. After his trunk was in the carriage at the door, as he was about to bid adieu to his mother, his purpose was changed, on witnessing her deep emotion, and he ordered his baggage returned to the house. He remained at home, attending school for another year, being especially interested in the higher mathematics. On leaving school at sixteen, he for the first time visited Mount Vernon, the home of his brother Lawrence, where he formed the acquaintance of Lord Fairfax, residing in the neighborhood. He had a family of lovely daughters, and for the encouragement of many a bashful youth, we will record the fact, that our hero suffered agonies of bashfulness in the presence of those young ladies, feeling, no doubt, that all his limbs were supernumerary, given for the express purpose of causing him awkwardness in the society of these brilliant girls. But he had not long the privilege of their presence. Lord Fairfax owned a vast territory, beyond the Alleghany Mountains, and to young Washington was intrusted the exploration and surveying of these pathless wilds.

In the tempestuous month of March, while the mountains were yet white, and the streams swollen with the melting snows of winter, the boy of sixteen entered upon his arduous labors. Sleeping now under shelter from an evergreen thicket, anon finding repose in the cabin of some settler, again resting on a couch of hemlock boughs in the wigwam of some friendly Indian, surrounded by his squaw and papposes, his vigorous frame became inured to exposure, and strengthened for

hardship which was to be his lot in life. A year of peril and responsibility consolidated his energies, and transformed him in his seventeenth year into a capable, efficient, self-reliant man. At this time he was commissioned by the Governor of Virginia, as a public surveyor. Finding abundant employment and ample remuneration, he continued in this healthful and agreeable occupation for three years. The State of Virginia was divided into military districts, each under charge of a major, and at nineteen he was commissioned as major, in command of his district; an office with powers and responsibilities very great to be intrusted to one so young. About this time his loved and honored brother Lawrence died, at the early age of thirty-four, leaving to George his estate of Mount Vernon.

England had established colonies on the Atlantic coast, claiming, as her own, the broad country to the Pacific. France, having made settlements on the St. Lawrence, and also at the mouth of the Mississippi, asserted her right to the valleys of both rivers. The demands of each nation were absurd.

In the midst of the dispute, the Indians sent up a deputation, to inquire "where can the Indian lands be found" since the English appear to own all on one side of the great river, and the French all the other! The keen wit of the red man met only a smile! Neither party would yield, and war, horrible war, was the only alternative.

In 1753 the people of Virginia were alarmed by a report that the French, aided by Indians, were erecting a long line of military posts on the Ohio. Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, resented this manœuvre, and wished to forbid it in the name of his king. But he

saw no way by which he could convey a letter to the French commandant on the Ohio. To the surprise of all, Major Washington tendered his services to convey the despatch. "Now Christ save my soul," said the good old Scotch governor, "but ye'er a braw lad-die, and gin ye play yere cards well, me bye, ye'll hae nae cause to rue yere bargain." In the depth of winter, attended by a guide and two servants, he started on his journey of five hundred and sixty miles through the pathless forest, supported by the generous ambition to serve his country. Following his Indian guides he reached the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers; examining the country with the eye of a military engineer, he selected that point as the site of a future fort. Here he found the old diplomatist Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, who treated him with great politeness. The four days spent by them in a kind of fencing match to secure the favor of some powerful Indian allies resulted in a victory for young Washington.

Arrived at Venango, the point where the French were stationed, Washington and his party were hospitably met and entertained by Captain Joucaire, the noted intriguer of the frontier. For two days they were detained by divers stratagems to ensnare the sachems who accompanied Washington, but in vain. The wine bottle contained no temptation for the young commander; unscathed, he passed the snares and specious attractions prepared by his wily foes, and started December 25th on his return to Virginia guided by a friendly Indian. One dark night there arose some difference of opinion regarding the camping place, when the guide, a few paces ahead, turned and

fired! The treacherous Indian would have been put to death on the spot, but for the clemency of Washington.

Having by great sagacity guided his small party in safety to Virginia, Washington presented to Governor Dinwiddie the fruits of his journey and diplomacy, viz., belts of wampum, letters from the French governor, and the journal of his expedition. His excellency was greatly pleased with the narrative, and wished to publish it at once, but the modest young officer objected with vehemence to issuing matter written by a traveler, often cold and hungry, saying that it required amendments. "Hoot awa, mon, I'm sure that the pamphlet need na blush to be seen by his majesty himsel', and in geut troth I mean he sall hae a copy o't." Thus the journal was printed off hand, and every tongue was loud in its praise. The house of burgesses, then in session, passed a vote of thanks for the gallant manner in which Major Washington had executed his trust.

We next find Washington with the rank of colonel, engaged in recruiting troops for the coming emergency. The death of Colonel Fry left him in sole command of the forces. In the meantime, the French and Indians were on the alert. One stormy night friendly Indians gave information that "the French were near, thick as pigeons in a wood." Leaving a few men to guard the supplies, Washington, proceeding in the early dawn of a dark morning to seek an encampment of friendly Indians, received intelligence that the French and Indians in overpowering numbers were bearing down upon them. He resolved to throw up intrenchments for defence. The lines being marked off, the men were about to fall to work, when Colonel Washington cried out, "Halt! my brave fellows, my hand must heave

the first earth thrown up in defence of this country!" The intrenchments here constructed bore the name of Fort Necessity. A sharp and bloody conflict ensued, the French having one thousand men, eighteen pieces of cannon, and three hundred canoes. Jumonville, the French commander, was killed, and twenty-two of his party taken prisoners. It was impossible for Washington to resist this overwhelming force, and having obtained honorable terms, he retired, with arms and baggage. This was the first battle of the French and Indian war. Washington was severely censured, particularly in France, for the management of this affair, but the lapse of time, cooling the passions of that day, has caused justice to be done. Even the French admit that the occurrence can be regarded as "an untoward accident."

As soon as it was known in England that the French and Indians had combined for the defence of their rights, orders were issued to the colonies to unite in one confederacy and arm for the common defence. The unimagined horrors of barbarian warfare desolated our then frontier, and blood, woe, torture held carnival. During the succeeding winter, notice was sent from the mother country that "American officers, acting with the British, should bear no command." Indignant at such an outrage, Colonel Washington threw up his commission, retiring to Mount Vernon, and devoted himself to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

Under the date of 1754, he thus writes to a friend: "At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life. I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose

watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if the globe were insufficient for us all, and the courtier who is always watching the countenance of his prince in the hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all. And this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I will move peacefully down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

But he had risen too high to be overlooked now. The report of his gallant though unsuccessful struggle had reached England, and the ministry, thinking the colonies alone too weak to repel the enemy, hurried General Braddock with two full regiments, who arrived early in the spring of 1755. He could hardly believe Governor Dinwiddie, who informed him that Washington was retired from the service, and on hearing the cause he burst into a towering passion. At once writing to Washington, he offered him the post of aide-de-camp and a home in his own family. With fool-hardy confidence Braddock marched through the dark forests on Fort Du Quesne in straggling line. But England's troops could not be taught by an "American boy." Braddock was without an anxiety; not a doubt entered his mind; he fancied that not an Indian or Frenchman would dare to meet him. Washington urged caution, and was deeply wounded by the treatment he received, not so much on his own account, as on that of the brave soldiers of his command, suffering in silence, exasperated, as they knew they were under a leader who knew not his duty. Unsuspicious of danger from a lurking foe, Braddock led his command up a

narrow defile; not a foe was visible, but suddenly a tempest of lead surged about them! Crash followed crash, in quick succession; every bullet accomplished its work; the ground was covered with the dead, and still the fearful firing from invisible foes poured over the panic-stricken "British regulars." Unseen arms attacked them. This was ghostly! Braddock stood his ground with a senseless courage, until he fell, when his men broke in the wildest disorder, and ran. Two horses were killed under Washington, but he escaped unhurt. General Braddock's last sigh was drawn as he lay in the supporting arms of Washington, whose pardon he begged for the rudeness of the morning. The situation in Virginia was now horrible in the extreme. The savages had tasted blood: the whole frontier, 360 miles in extent, was now exposed to their ravages. Terrible beyond description were the scenes that ensued. Conflagration, torture, murder, became daily events. None were spared, age or childhood, matrons or maidens alike. Washington, having now command of the forces in Virginia, rapidly acquired fame and influence. Various measures to ensure public safety were adopted, but the militia laws in Virginia were insufficient. Through the persistent efforts of Washington more stringent laws were passed. Grave differences arose between the Governors of Maryland and Virginia, and it was determined to refer the matter to Major-General Shirley, who had succeeded Braddock in command. Washington was selected to go to Boston to obtain the decision. He undertook the trip on horseback, attended by servants in livery. He stopped for several days in New York, whither his fame had preceded him. Express from Winchester had brought

to Washington news that the French and Indians had made a sortie on the town, and the inhabitants were in the greatest terror. He organized a force of troops from Fort Cumberland, and militia from Winchester, which, after varying fortunes, accomplished the ends for which they were enlisted. For three years after Braddock's death he was forced to witness lawless scenes, quite aware that with a sufficient force he could easily have conquered Fort Du Quesne, but the timid Governor Dinwiddie dared not allow him to follow out his convictions. In 1758 a new governor having power, Washington's advice was heeded. By a bold push the fort was conquered, and the French power upon the Ohio ceased forever. Again Washington retired to Mount Vernon, being now twenty-six years of age. After a brief courtship he married Martha, the beautiful widow of John Custis. She brought him, besides great wealth, two children, a son of six, and a daughter of four. At Mount Vernon he remained for fifteen years, in peaceful retirement, respected and universally beloved. He was returned, by a very large majority, from his district to the house of burgesses, of which he was an efficient and active member.

With the duty upon paper, exacted by Great Britain, had also been laid taxes upon glass, tea, and many other articles. These had all been repealed except the tax on tea. This was artfully retained, doubtless in order to keep up in the colonial mind the idea of taxation. As soon, therefore, as, in 1773, the order came to "collect the tax on tea," it was evident that the old flame of 1753 was ready to rekindle throughout the colonies. Washington, in his peaceful

retreat, was in sympathy with his Boston friends in the firmness with which they had asserted their chartered rights. He believed the stamp act to be illegal, against the prerogatives of the Americans. He hesitated not to say that the advantages accruing to the mother country would fall greatly short of expectations. He believed that it would be impossible for the British to enforce the act and collect the revenue. The war clouds were rapidly gathering in the American sky. In Congress, arrangements were made for raising an army, of which Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief. An office more fraught with peril was never accepted by man. He was at once stigmatized as "the leader of banditti." But Washington calmly accepted his post and proceeded to the performance of his duty. The American general, on the night of the 16th of June, despatched fifteen hundred men to throw up an intrenchment on the brow of a hill half hidden in sedge, just north of Boston. They did not begin work till after twelve o'clock, but such was their enthusiasm that by daybreak they had surrounded it with a ditch. As the rosy tints of morning were reflected from the sparkling waters in the bay, the astonishment of the British sentinels was unbounded! Whence had arisen those earthworks? Surely as the sunset-gun boomed over the waters there was nothing on that green hill! Instantly a salute of great guns was offered the intruders, who plied their shovels, paying little heed to the British.

The result of that day is well known. The American army was so poorly supplied with ammunition that they could not afford to waste one shot. "Do not fire till you can see the whites of their eyes" was the

order of Putnam. The British regulars, thoroughly trained—supplied with everything needful—fighting against the yeomanry of New England! They gained a dearly bought victory, which is every year celebrated by Americans as a defeat which was better than a success.

Early in July, under a tree at Cambridge, Washington took command of the American army. To the visitor in that classic city is yet pointed the spot. With utmost firmness, tempered by good judgment, struggling against innumerable embarrassments, disappointments, almost impossibilities, he availed himself of every resource within reach. The strictest discipline was enforced. The autumn and winter passed without effecting anything except confining the British closely in Boston. The one, almost hopeless, obstacle to Washington's success was want of artillery. His exertions to obtain needful arms and munitions of war were wonderful, and wonderfully were they rewarded. The march of revolution went on with a momentum steadily increasing. Congress deemed that thirty thousand men were needful for defence of the country. Massachusetts, in provincial congress, resolved that thirteen thousand six hundred was its quota. Letters were sent to the towns to enlist troops with all speed, which were promptly answered by bodies of militia and companies of volunteers hastening to join the army. From Connecticut came Israel Putnam, from Vermont Ethan Allen, each with a bold following. Also Benedict Arnold, who had a colonel's commission, but no regiment, expecting that his claims of precedence would be recognized at once. But Washington had other plans and more urgent duties than to ar-

range a regiment for a pretentious officer. Arnold, forced to acquiesce, sent a statement and memorial to the Massachusetts Legislature. Although Washington was ever at his post of duty, his heart was at the peaceful home on the Potomac. Arrangements were carried on at every point according to his direction. Mount Vernon had been considered in danger. Lord Dunmore was exercising martial law in the old dominion, and it was feared that Mount Vernon was marked for hostility. Madame Washington had been entreated to leave it. She had declined the offer of an escort to a place of safety. Though alive to everything concerning Mount Vernon, Washington felt that it was in no danger. But at the same time he engaged the services of an agent to care for and protect its interests. Being convinced, at length, that his home was not quite safe, he wrote, inviting Madame Washington to join him in camp, which invitation she accepted, coming to Boston in her own carriage, accompanied by her son, Mr. Custis, and his wife. Her arrival was a glad event in the army. Her presence relieved her husband of all anxieties regarding hospitalities shown to strangers. She presided at head-quarters with dignity and grace. Prayers at morning and evening brought into the camp something of the aspect of a home.

From amid all perplexity in Boston, Washington's thoughts turned to Canada. When last he heard from Arnold he had planned to dash forward, storming the gate of St. Johns. This might have been successful, for the gate was open and unguarded, but the fortress *looked* too strong to be carried by a "coup de main." Constant anxiety attended Washington's thought of the situation in Canada.

Under date of December 5th, he thus writes to Arnold :

“It is not in the power of any man to command success, but you have done more, you have deserved it; and before this time I hope you have met with the laurels which are due to your toils, in the possession of Quebec. I have no doubt but a junction of your detachment with the army under General Montgomery is effected before this. If so, you will put yourself under his command, and will, I am persuaded, give him all the assistance in your power to finish the glorious work you have begun.”

Washington daily expected to receive tidings that Montgomery and Arnold were within Quebec's walls. He had written to the former to forward all that could be spared of arms, clothing and supplies said to be there deposited. But in lieu thereof he received news that Montgomery had arrived before Quebec on the 5th of December, sending in a flag of truce with summons to surrender.

It was fired upon, and Montgomery indignantly prepared for attack. A breastwork of gabions, ranged side by side, filled in with snow, flooded with water, which quickly became ice, was erected. On this were mounted five light cannon and a howitzer. From this ice battery a fire was opened upon the walls of Quebec. Montgomery's object was to harass and annoy the town, planning to make the real assault lower down. On the eve of the fifth day Montgomery paid a visit to the ice battery, although urged to leave it, as being too dangerous for such a valuable officer. On the night of the 31st of December, under cover of a severe snow-storm, the final assault of Quebec was made, and

a breach effected in the walls. "Push on, brave boys! Quebec is ours!" was the rallying cry. At this instant Montgomery, with one of his aids, was killed! In the meantime Washington was waiting in Boston. As the defeats in Canada would affect the fortunes of the revolution elsewhere, Washington sent General Gates to lay the despatches concerning them before Congress. Scarcely had he left Boston when Washington himself was summoned to Philadelphia to advise with Congress. Accompanied by Mrs. Washington, he went to Philadelphia, being the guests of Mr. Hancock. The important result of this conference was the establishment of a war office.

In the middle of a dark and stormy night in March ensuing, Washington opened an incessant fire on Boston. Under cover of the storm, amid the confusion of assault and the din of battle, he despatched picked troops to Dorchester Heights, with orders to strain every nerve throwing up bulwarks which commanded the English fleet in the harbor. From these heights a well-directed battery could drive the British ships away. Great was the astonishment of the English admiral to find that during one night of storm, a fort, bristling with cannon, had grown up over his head, and his fleet was at its mercy. Before it the English retired. Thus a victory was gained without shedding a drop of blood. Surely to Washington's genius should be awarded freshest laurels!

Driven from Boston, the British prepared to attack New York. Their sole aim appeared to be to obtain possession of New York and the Hudson river, making them the basis of military operations. Lord Howe appeared upon the coast with a "forest of men-of-war

and transports" bearing 40,000 men—Hessians, British and Waldeckers. He sent a letter with a flag of truce, directed in an insulting manner, which was returned again and again, until proper courtesy was exhibited. Thus General Washington carried his discipline even into the enemy's head-quarters!

Defences of the harbor and city of New York were carefully prepared, a line of intrenchments and strong redoubts on Long Island, opposite New York, was constructed, and on August 28th a severe engagement occurred, in which the English took the initiative, resulting in disaster to General Washington's troops, and rout to his forces. Washington arranged a plan of retreat under cover of darkness, which to his utter dismay was thwarted and well nigh prevented by blunders inexcusable. While striving to right affairs, the tide turned; a strong wind from the northeast caused further embarrassment and uproar. General Washington's extreme anger and hasty words may be pardoned in view of the fact that his personal peril was extreme. A dense fog prevailing rendered it possible for Washington to cross the river. While the fog hung over Long Island, concealing the movements of the Americans, the atmosphere was clear in New York. The whole army was at length safely over the river, Washington, though repeatedly urged, refusing to enter a boat until all the troops had embarked. This wonderful retreat from Long Island to New Jersey in silence and darkness equalled the midnight fortifying of Bunker Hill; and added new laurels to the already verdant crown on the brow of Washington. For four months General Washington was obliged to retreat before the enemy. With matchless dexterity and skill

unrivalled, he baffled the efforts of his foes. He retreated to Trenton. The British pursued the freezing, starving patriots. They thought that the war was over. With extreme difficulty Washington crossed the Delaware just before his pursuers. "My God, general," said General Reed, "how long shall we retreat? Where shall we stop?" "Over every river in America, last of all over the mountains, expelling the enemies of our country." On the night of December 25th, cold and dark, a raging storm of sleet and snow prevailed. The British dreamed not of danger, while the Americans, nerved by the energy of despair, plunged on, attacking the first foemen whom they met, scattering them like the snow falling around them, taking one thousand prisoners and six cannon.

Triumphantly, to cheer and rouse his desponding countrymen, Washington marched to Philadelphia, making joyful entry of that city, preceded by their cannon, colors, and wagons, bristling with muskets and bayonets.

The Tories could scarce believe their eyes, while the Whigs many of them wept for joy. The Hessians had an ill-grounded dread of the Americans, doubting not that they should, as prisoners, be drawn and quartered; therefore their surprise was unbounded to receive friendly attentions from the wealthy Dutch farmers, to whose care Washington, with a purpose, consigned them.

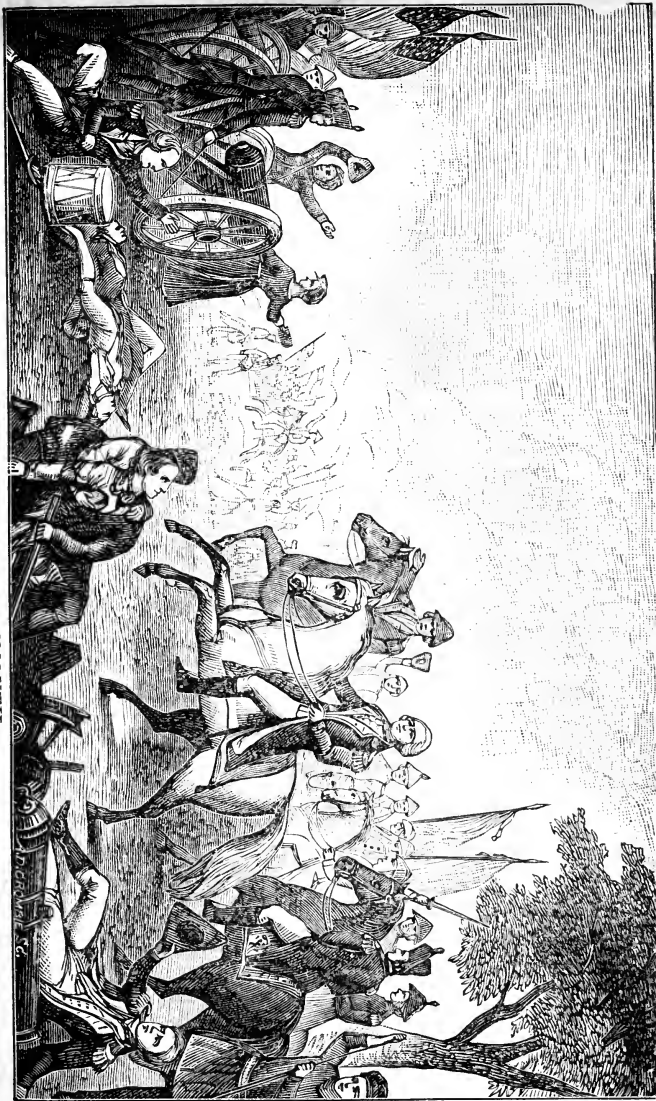
The English, alarmed now, retreated to Princeton. Lord Cornwallis, in command of an overwhelming force, arrived at Trenton, remarking, "Washington and his tatterdemalions are in my power; I will rest before capturing them. To-morrow at daybreak I

will have them, and end this rebellion." At daybreak Washington and his troops had vanished. "Where can Washington be gone?" At this moment the boom of cannon struck his ear from the direction of Princeton. "There he is," added he, as Washington, cheered by his success with the Hessians, made an onset at Princeton, which resulted in triumph for the Americans. Washington now went into winter quarters at Morristown, making detours so successfully that before spring New Jersey was almost entirely delivered from the British.

The veteran General Putnam was directed to be on the alert to ascertain all possible regarding the movements of the enemy. By strategic measures, unequalled in delicacy of execution, General Putnam managed to become possessed of information of utmost importance. It was his boast that he never slept with both eyes shut. Putnam was directed to have sloops ready to transport the troops up the Hudson, and Washington was informed that they were on the way for his reinforcement. Washington was carrying on two games at once—with General Howe on the seaboard, and with Burgoyne on the upper waters of the Hudson, an arduous and complicated task, the particulars of which we cannot follow.

The English, after various conflicts in New Jersey, ascended the Delaware with the intent to capture Philadelphia. Washington hastened to oppose them. On the field of Brandywine a fierce and bloody battle was fought. The Americans, overwhelmed by numbers, retreated to Philadelphia, where they recruited, and before the foe had left the hills and valleys of the Brandywine Washington again marched to meet him

WASHINGTON AT MONMOUTH.





at Germantown, but again was compelled to retire, while the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga sent a flood of joy over the country.

In the spring of 1778 the alliance with France gave new strength to Washington. The English army at Monmouth met Washington and Lee, where, in June, a long battle was fought, which, but for the intemperance of Lee, would have resulted in success to Washington, who resolved the next day to renew it with vigor, but when morning dawned the enemy had fled. Washington thought it dangerous, in the extreme heat, to follow them. When the British had retired from Philadelphia, General Arnold had been appointed temporary governor of that city, where he behaved like a desperado, who hesitates at nothing to compass his purposes.

Complaints were made to Congress that he had seized and stolen American stores, pretending they were British. Washington gave him a very mild reproof, and put him in command of West Point. Here his treasonable action brought grief to his friends and amazement and sorrow to the country.

At this time (October, 1781) Washington's forces had dwindled to three thousand. Lord Cornwallis was at Yorktown. By rapid marches Washington hastened to surround him. There was no retreat. Nor by land nor by sea might he escape. Famine stared him in the face. After a few days of hopeless conflict, Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. This roused wonder and hope throughout the country. Early in May following, England opened negotiations for peace. A treaty was definitely signed and communicated to the army April 19th, 1783. In Decem-

ber of the same year Washington took an affecting leave of his army and retired to Mount Vernon.

He was summoned thence to take the chair of chief executive of the nation, which for eight years he filled with honor, not without detraction and slander, but yet winning love and respect in peace as he had done in war.

After his return to Mount Vernon he led the most delightfully peaceful domestic life, entertaining many who turned aside to visit this remarkable man.

In December, 1799, he took a sudden cold which resulted fatally. Cheerfully, in full possession of his faculties, he laid aside the garments of the flesh, "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER XIX.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Ancestors—Early Life—In the French and Indian War—Reconnoitring Crown Point—Narrow Escape—Promoted—Disobeying Orders at Fort Edward—Moonlight Fight on the way to Ticonderoga—Prisoner—Exchanged—Expedition to Havana—Conferring with Governor Fitch—From Plow to Sword—At Bunker Hill—Narrow Escape at West Greenwich—Attacked by Paralysis—Observations on Character—Death.

ISRAEL PUTNAM was born in Salem, Mass., in January, 1718. His father was a farmer, and the boy from his earliest years took a part in the work of the farm. He received only the rudiments of education—reading, writing and arithmetic—in the common school of the district. Strong and healthy, he surpassed all his companions in athletic feats and sports. His boyhood passed in this alternation of hard work and vigorous play. At twenty years of age he married a Miss Pope, of Salem, and removed to a farm in Pomfret which he had acquired. Here he carried on his occupation with fair success. He had a considerable flock of sheep, of which no less than seventy were destroyed by a wolf in one night. Israel followed the wolf to its den, and, holding a blazing torch in one hand, he succeeded in killing the furious animal with the other.

Putnam's life flowed on in peaceful avocations for a

period of sixteen years, when war broke out against the French and their Indian allies. He enlisted at once under Sir William Johnson, who appointed him to the command of a company and commissioned him to reconnoitre Crown Point. With another officer, Major Rogers, he moved in the night close to the fort and made a very thorough reconnoissance. When they emerged, they found to their dismay that the sun had risen, and the soldiers were issuing from it over the fields. They dared not attempt to cross the open ground, and remained concealed for two hours, when a soldier discovered them. He was about to give the alarm, when Putnam, with a blow from the butt-end of his gun, laid him dead at his feet. The two friends then rushed across the plain and reached their comrades in safety.

In the following year he was stationed at Ticonderoga, and, while reconnoitring the French camp near a place called the Ovens, he had a remarkable escape from death. He had made his way into the heart of the enemy's camp, when he was discovered. He ran from the camp, at the top of his speed, while a hundred muskets were levelled at him. He took refuge behind a fallen tree and remained there until morning. No less than fourteen bullets had pierced his blanket, and one had passed through his canteen, but he was himself untouched.

In 1757 he was raised to the rank of major, and was stationed at Fort Edward. He discovered and reported that the French were marching on Fort William Henry. He volunteered to go to the relief of the garrison there, when the fort was invested by a force of nine thousand French and Indians. His com-

manding officer refused to permit him to go, although a considerable number of his rangers were anxious to go to the relief of the beleaguered troops. The fort was taken and the garrison massacred. Putnam visited the scene of the massacre, and was furious that he had been prevented from attempting the relief of the unfortunates who had met a horrible death at the hands of the Indians. Shortly afterwards a company of men, who had been sent to cut down timber for camp use, were attacked by a party of Indians. They fled towards the fort, but the commanding officer called in the outposts and shut the gates. Putnam and his rangers, who were stationed on an island near the fort, went to the assistance of the distressed company. The officer ordered him not to go, but the bold ranger briefly told him that no power on earth would again prevent his helping any white man threatened by Indians, and rode on. In a few minutes he and his gallant followers dashed on the Indians and drove them off. Putnam was never called to account for this disobedience of orders, and never was heard to express any regret for it.

In the following winter the barracks of Fort Edward took fire, and the flames, spreading rapidly, had almost reached the magazine, which contained 300 barrels of powder. Putnam sprang on the roof of the barracks, and ordered a line of soldiers to be formed between him and the water. Buckets of water were passed along to him, which he poured on the flames until, after nearly two hours of exhausting toil, he succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Smoke and flame were around him, and the magazine was but five feet distant during all this time. So fierce was the heat to which he

had been exposed, that when he removed his clothing the skin came off with it, and he was covered with blisters and burns for many weeks.

During the campaign which ended so disastrously at Ticonderoga, he was sent by Abercrombie to make a reconnoissance. He took with him thirty-five men, and they made for themselves a place of concealment on a high rock projecting over the river. Here they lay one night, when suddenly they saw a fleet of canoes on the stream below them, containing over 500 men. The click of a musket in the hands of one of Putnam's men gave the alarm to the enemy, and the next moment our hero and his companions were greeted with a double volley of bullets. The enemy's bullets were mostly flattened against the rocks, while those of Putnam's men did deadly execution. In the morning the boats drew off, leaving a crowd of dead floating on the river.

During the Ticonderoga campaign, while he was making his way to Fort Edward with 500 men, he was captured by a party of French and Indians, who came up with him and his men in the forest. The two parties engaged in a furious contest, while Putnam was bound to a tree which stood in the centre of the field of combat. The bullets of both sides flew thick around, but none struck him. The Americans were victorious, but as the Indians retreated they managed to carry off their prisoner. They took off his shoes and piled burdens on him, and thus, with his feet bleeding and his whole frame exhausted, he was compelled to travel through swamps, forests, and brushwood. A savage laid open his cheek with a blow from a tomahawk, and when night came on Putnam, re-

leased at last from the load he had been carrying, fell on the ground more dead than alive. They then prepared to torture him by slow burning, and for this purpose built a fire around the tree to which he was bound. A sudden shower of rain extinguished it, but they built it up again, and at length, as the flames began to curl around, causing him to writhe in the torture, they danced and yelled in hideous glee. Putnam longed for death to end his sufferings. Suddenly a French officer dashed through the ring of Indians, released him, and sent him as a prisoner of war to Montreal. It was often said that Putnam bore a charmed life, but in all his adventures death had never come so near nor in so horrible a shape as during that night among the redskins.

In 1759 he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and joined the English army in the invasion of Canada. He served to the close of the war; and in 1762, when war was declared between England and Spain, joined in the expedition against Havana. He had a narrow escape from shipwreck off Cuba, the vessel in which he and his men were embarked having gone to pieces on a reef. The expedition was successful, but hundreds of Americans died of diseases induced or aggravated by the heat of the climate. Putnam escaped, however, and, reaching home safely, commanded a corps in an expedition against the Indians in the following year. Scarcely was this over when the first threatenings of war with England were heard. Putnam had just started on his farm-work, and had established an inn besides, expecting to make a comfortable living between tavern and farm. He was ploughing a field with a yoke of oxen when news of the fights

at Concord and Lexington reached him. Without even waiting to unyoke his oxen or to change his dress, he leaped on his horse, and, riding to Cambridge, joined in the council of war which was being held there.

It is difficult to estimate at this distance of time the circumstances under which the men of the revolutionary period took up arms. They were emphatically a peaceful people. They had no military training; no idea of order or discipline. One purpose animated them—the determination to be free, and on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill no less than 30,000 men came pouring into Boston resolved to fight for liberty, but with only the slenderest resources to meet the power opposed to them. They had but sixteen cannon in all, and of these only six were fit for use. They had but forty-one barrels of gunpowder; no provisions, no uniforms, no leaders. It was on the day that Bunker Hill was fought that Congress voted to appoint Washington to the chief command. Later they created four major-generals, of whom Putnam was one. He was then fifty-seven years old; had gained experience in the French and Indian war, and had won a reputation for military skill as well as for dauntless courage.

His first object was to prevent the British from moving into the open country, and for this purpose the American leaders decided to fortify the peninsula of Charlestown, and prevent the egress of the British by intrenching themselves at Bunker's Hill, and if necessary by meeting them in battle there. Colonel Prescott took up the position with 1,000 men, who proceeded to construct a redoubt during the night. The commander of an English ship of war perceived them, and ordered a cannonade. In a short time all

the artillery in the city, as well as the floating batteries and ships of war, were pouring a heavy fire on the works. Putnam galloped off to Cambridge for reinforcements, and met the troops of Stark and Reed on their way to the scene of action. He rode back with them, and found that the English were moving to assault the works on Breed's Hill and Bunker's Hill. They advanced in two dense columns. Putnam rode along the lines encouraging the men; he ordered them to hold their fire until the enemy was within eight rods, and then aim at their waist-bands. They followed his order, and their fire mowed down the British ranks so that the troops broke and retreated down the hill to the shore. This was repeated three times during the day; toward evening the British formed for a bayonet charge. This was successful, for the Americans had fired their very last round of ammunition, and had no bayonets. Putnam was enraged that the battle so desperately contested should be lost at last, but without cartridges or bayonets the troops were powerless and retreat was inevitable. But though obliged to leave the field, 1,500 British soldiers had fallen, while the Americans had lost less than 500. So skillful and heroic had been the defence that the English commander-in-chief actually offered Putnam the position of major-general in his army. Putnam treated the proposal as an insult.

He remained with the army around Boston that winter, and in spring took charge of the forces of General Greene, who was at that time disabled by sickness. In this campaign he was very unfortunate. He had but 5,000 men with which to contend against twice that number of British soldiers. He was unac-

quainted with the country, and so was outflanked and beaten on all sides.

He accompanied Washington in his retreat through New Jersey, until they arrived on the banks of the Delaware, and was then sent to Philadelphia to defend that city. There he constructed fortifications, and put every part of the city in a complete state of defence. Soon afterwards he was ordered to hold Princeton, which he did, with a very small number of troops, for the whole winter. He was very desirous that the British should not know how slender were his resources in means and men. A wounded prisoner, an English officer, was very desirous to have one of his former comrades aid him in drawing up his will. Putnam disliked to refuse the request of the wounded man, and therefore despatched a flag of truce with a request that the Englishman should be permitted to come over to his lines after dark. In the meantime he caused lights to be placed in all the windows; called out all the musicians he could summon, and kept his force of fifty men marching and countermarching the whole evening. When the English officer returned to his quarters he reported that Putnam had at least 5,000 men under his command.

In the fall of 1777 Putnam made preparations to attack New York, but was compelled to abandon the design, because Washington withdrew 2,500 of his troops. Soon after he received a large reinforcement, and when Burgoyne surrendered, Gates' army joined Putnam's, making the force at his disposal over 11,000 men. Washington sent to him for 5,000 of these troops, but Putnam declined, on the ground that the orders were not sufficiently explicit. Washington

reprimanded Putnam for his disobedience, knowing that the alleged reason was not the true one. In fact, Putnam was unwilling to lose so heavy a reinforcement until he had made an effort to retrieve his losses in the previous campaign.

He descended the Hudson and established himself at New Rochelle, where he continued to harass the enemy until he was ordered to take up winter-quarters in the Highlands. This was the winter in which Washington and his army were encamped at Valley Forge. It was the gloomiest period of the revolutionary struggle. The army was so destitute that it suffered severely from cold and privation. Putnam wrote to the commander-in-chief: "Many of my regiments have not a blanket among them. Very few have either shoes or shirts."

There had been some dissatisfaction with Putnam in the mind of Washington since the occurrence as to the sending of the troops to Philadelphia. In the spring of this year Putnam was relieved of his command, which was transferred to General Macdougall. The reason assigned by Washington was Putnam's unpopularity with the inhabitants of the section of country where his troops were encamped. Without entering into the causes of this unpopularity, he considered it advisable to transfer Putnam to some other field of operation. He accordingly deputed him to go to Connecticut and engage in raising new levies of troops. In this Putnam was very successful, and he sent on reinforcements to Washington as rapidly as Congress permitted. That body by its slowness in proceeding, and the grudging manner in which it voted supplies, seriously impeded the operations of the army through

a great part of the war. When Putnam had forwarded the new levies he rejoined Washington, arriving at headquarters shortly after the battle of Monmouth. He was assigned to the command of the right wing. In the next winter he was placed at Danbury, Connecticut, in charge of three brigades. Here his men, discouraged by much hardship, and believing that the struggle for independence would finally end in failure, organized a somewhat extensive mutiny. Putnam quelled it by bold and determined punishment of the ringleaders, and an earnest appeal to the patriotism of the other men concerned in it.

During this winter he performed that daring feat of horsemanship which is familiar in picture and story as Putnam's ride down a precipice. He had established some outposts at West Greenwich, Connecticut, and was visiting them when he received information that a column of British soldiers, 1,500 in number, and commanded by Governor Tryon, was advancing on the place. He had but 150 men and two guns to meet this force. He posted them near the meeting-house, on a hill, of which the slope was so steep as to be almost perpendicular. Here he ordered the two guns to open on the enemy, and for some time the well-directed fire kept the British soldiers at bay. Soon, however, Tryon ordered his dragoons to charge, and Putnam decided to place his men in some swampy ground near by, while he himself waited until the troop was close upon him. The dragoons, thinking their prey secure, rode across the ground, but reined up on the edge of the cliff, and, to their utter astonishment, saw Putnam riding down the steep side of the hill, on which it seemed almost impossible that a horse

could find a foothold. Putnam reached the bottom safe and sound and galloped away. He rode on to Stamford, and met some companies of militia. He hastily explained the position of matters to the officer in command, and induced him to turn back with him. Together they rode back to Greenwich, attacked Tryon and drove him back, capturing over fifty prisoners.

In 1779 he was stationed on the border of Maryland, and remained there several months without being called on for any decisive action. During the winter he asked and obtained permission to visit his family in Connecticut. In spring he started to rejoin the army, which was then at Morristown, New Jersey. While riding along near Hartford he was suddenly prostrated by a shock of paralysis. After some hours of unconsciousness he recovered his senses, but learned with horror that for the rest of his life he must submit to be a crippled invalid. He had faced death in all shapes without dismay, but was appalled at the blow that fell on him when this terrible disease forced him into inaction and obscurity. He made a violent effort to shake off his sickness; insisted that he could walk and ride, and only yielded when the paralyzed muscles absolutely refused to move at the bidding of the strong will. His intellect was not impaired in any degree, and when peace was declared the invalid warrior rejoiced over the enfranchised country, and welcomed back many of his old companions-in-arms.

He retired to his farm, but was never able to take up active occupation again. He lived seven years after the declaration of peace, and died in Brooklyn, Connecticut, 1790, being then seventy-two years old.

Putnam was a man of dauntless courage and wonder-

ful endurance. By sheer force of these qualities he fought his way up from captain of a militia company to the position of major-general in the army of the United States. He had not, however, the ability to plan and direct movements at a distance, which is so necessary a quality for a commander-in-chief. His military education fitted him for sudden onsets and for determined conflict with small bodies of men. In this sort of warfare he had no superior. On the very edge of defeat, he made so fearless and resolute a resistance, that his enemies fell back cowed and beaten, leaving him the honors of victory. His personal courage was something wonderful. Literally, he did not know what fear was. In battle he seemed absolutely unconscious of the balls that rained around him. But he had a fiery temper, which was roused to fury by any display of cowardice on the part of his troops. When they failed him, he fairly exploded with wrath, and poured forth a torrent of fiery invectives. Yet he was kindly and generous, as well as truthful, and of unblemished integrity. A man of the people, his manner was that of the farm and the camp, and he remained rough and unpolished even after he had attained a high position. He won respect from all, however, and remains on record as one of the most brilliant examples that history can show of the citizen-soldier.

CHAPTER XX.

NATHANIEL GREENE.

Character—Birth—Early Life—The Whip and the Shingles—Member of General Assembly—Married—Warrior Spirit Aroused by Invaders—Appointed Major-General—Sick—"Gracious God, my Poor Soldiers!"—In the Saddle again—With Washington in his Retreat through Jersey—At Germantown, Monmouth, etc.—Presiding at the Court-Martial of Andre—Called South—Race with Cornwallis—Battle of Guilford—Retreat of the Enemy—Battle of Eutaw Springs—Entering Charleston—Farewell to his Army—Removed to Georgia—Projecting a Challenge—Sunstroke—Death.

IN the subject of this sketch we find one of the most remarkable characters developed by the war of the Revolution. A self-made man, he rose from the ranks to the position of major-general solely by his own force and talent. He became the ablest commander of the army next to Washington, and there are those who believe that in mere military skill the subordinate surpassed the chief. Brave and self-possessed, his mind remained as clear and his judgment as correct in the midst of disaster and difficulty as when he was planning his campaigns in his headquarters. He bore exposure, privation, toils, and suffering with a patience that caused his soldiers to regard him with wonder and admiration. His energy was marvellous; he never seemed to take repose, nor to allow it to others. When

he took command of his army it consisted of a mere handful of destitute and undisciplined troops; and with these he took the field against trained veterans, commanded by the most distinguished generals of the time. With such materials the advantages he gained were wonderful. Beginning almost at the lowest round of the ladder, he attained to rank and fame; but his elevation never developed in him any tendency to arrogance. His ambition was unselfish, and the welfare of his country was the object of all his efforts.

He was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1742. His father was a blacksmith, and Nathaniel in his boyhood was obliged to assist in the forge. The family belonged to the denomination of Quakers, and the father was a preacher in the meetings of the sect. Nathaniel found considerable difficulty in conforming to the strict ideas and practices expected from him as being the son of a preacher. He was fond of all athletic sports, such as wrestling, leaping, etc. These amusements were not looked on with favor by the Quaker community, but he was also fond of dancing, of which they utterly disapproved. The boy was, therefore, prohibited from attending any of the village gatherings, and he pretended to obey; but he used to drop from his window at night and steal to the scenes of festivity. The preacher was informed of his son's proceedings, and kept a watch on him. Finding that the youth had gone to a dance in the neighborhood one night, he armed himself with a horsewhip and waited outside for the return of the culprit. The latter, stealing home through the gloom, saw his father moving to and fro. He knew what he had to expect, and, stealing behind the house, inserted a number of

shingles into his trowsers. He then boldly emerged and received his castigation, but was rather amused than hurt by his father's vigorous blows. The latter never suspected the trick that had been played on him; but if he had discovered it, it is probable that even a Quaker father could only laugh at so able a stratagem.

But young Greene, though fond of sport, was also fond of study. He spent all his scanty store of pocket-money on books, and in the forge, while his irons were heating, and in the intervals of work, he studied incessantly. He was at that time much interested in mathematics, and mastered Euclid without any assistance. His attainments won him much credit with his fellow-townsmen, and in 1770 they elected him a member of the general assembly of the colony. The time had come when most Americans had decided that the questions between themselves and the parent country could only be settled by war. Greene accordingly devoted himself to military studies, and openly declared that in case of war he proposed to take up the sword in behalf of his country. This provoked much indignation in the sect to which he belonged. Finding that neither persuasions nor threats moved him from his purpose, he was cut off from the society. Greene accepted his dismissal with resignation, and immediately joined as a private one of the numerous companies then forming.

He was married in 1774, but his military ardor did not permit him to remain at home many months with his bride. The battles of Lexington and Concord were fought, and the organization of an army was begun. Rhode Island voted to raise sixteen hundred men, and Greene was selected to command this force

with the title of major-general, which, however, was changed by Congress to that of brigadier-general. He joined the continental army at Cambridge, after the battle of Bunker Hill, and very soon won the esteem and confidence of Washington, who sent him in the following spring to hold possession of Long Island with his brigade. He entered on the work at once, examined the ground, established posts, and was making full preparations to repel the enemy in case of attack when he was stricken down with bilious fever. So severe was this illness that he was disabled for weeks. During this time Putnam took command of his troops, and owing to his ignorance of the ground and general want of preparation, the defeat took place which but for Washington's generalship might have led to the destruction of the whole army. Greene, on his sick-bed, listened to the thunder of the cannon, and inquired continually as to the progress of the battle. When told that his favorite regiment had been almost cut to pieces, he burst into tears, exclaiming: "Gracious God! my poor soldiers! And I confined here at such a time!"

As soon as he was able to mount a horse again, he reported for duty, and was appointed major-general. He was present at the battle of Harlem Heights. He insisted on holding Fort Washington against the enemy, and when the position and its garrison were captured, Greene was censured for lack of judgment. He maintained, however, that his plan was correct, and that if the troops had been sufficiently brave, the fort could have been held.

Greene accompanied Washington in his memorable retreat through the Jerseys, and commanded a division

in the brilliant movement against Trenton. When the army went into winter quarters at Morristown, he was despatched to Congress to urge upon that body the necessity of an immediate reorganization of the forces. He was afterwards sent to examine the passes of the Highlands. At the battle of Brandywine he was at first stationed in the rear as a reserve, with orders to support whatever portion of the army needed him most. When the flight commenced he hastened up, marching his men over a space of four miles in forty-nine minutes, and met the army, which was flying in disorder. His brave troops stayed the advance of the pursuing enemy. As the fugitives came pouring on, the ranks would open and let them pass, then close up again. Thus opening and shutting his ranks, Greene at length got clear of the fugitives, and, reaching a narrow defile, made a stand against the enemy. For nearly an hour this little band held its opponents in check, completely stopping their pursuit of the defeated army, and when night fell the British forces withdrew, and he rejoined the retreating corps. In the battle of Germantown, which followed closely on that of Brandywine, he commanded the left wing, and did all that was possible to save the day. In the retreat, when the gunners would have abandoned their pieces, he forced them to drag the artillery off the field. He was soon afterwards appointed quartermaster-general, and during the severe winter that followed was with the army at Valley Forge, sharing the hardships of that terrible time with unflinching courage and cheerfulness. The campaign of the next summer was opened by the battle of Monmouth. Here he commanded the right wing of the army, and his heavy guns sent disorder through

the British lines. He was afterwards sent to co-operate with Lafayette and Sullivan in their projected descent upon Newport.

His duties as quartermaster-general were rendered difficult by the failure of Congress to furnish funds for the necessary supplies. So disagreeable became the position that he at last proposed to resign. Congress then angrily demanded that he leave the service altogether. Washington earnestly remonstrated against a course that would deprive the country of so valuable a soldier, and finally Greene's resignation as quartermaster was accepted without affecting his rank in the army.

His courageous defence of Springfield, an important position in Jersey, occurred in 1780. Washington, learning that the British were about to attack West Point, moved in that direction, leaving Greene, with 1,300 men, to hold Springfield. A force of 5,000 men, under Sir Henry Clinton, marched against him. Greene, with his small force drawn up on the bank of the Rahway, waited for their attack. He occupied two positions: one beside the bridges and one on the heights in the rear of the town. The advancing columns soon came into view, and opened a furious cannonade on the small force beside the bridge. The latter held its position under this heavy fire for two hours. Sir Henry then ordered his infantry to charge, and with such superiority in numbers against them, the Americans were forced to retreat to their second position. Here they massed themselves and prepared for another attack, determined that from this position they would not be dislodged. Seeing their determined resistance the British force retreated, but

set fire to the village while falling back to their former quarters in Elizabethtown.

During this year Washington made a journey to Hartford, in order to hold a conference with the French commanders. He left Greene in command of his army during his absence. It was at this period that the court-martial was held at which André was tried and condemned. Greene presided at the trial, being then in command at West Point.

An important change in his fortunes now took place. Disaster after disaster had overtaken the American army in the South, and Gates' defeat at Camden had almost shattered the forces there. Greene was ordered to replace Gates, and so commenced his career as an independent commander. Hitherto he had been subordinate to Washington. He was now to plan and act for himself, and Colonel W. A. Washington, with his cavalry, was ordered to co-operate with him. He found an army of two thousand men only, destitute of clothing, arms, and ammunition, and with these he was to oppose Cornwallis at the head of a trained and thoroughly equipped army. His first operation was to locate his own small force where it would be safe until he could obtain reinforcements. He selected a strong position on the frontiers of South Carolina for the main army, and then detaching a few hundred troops, he placed them under the command of Morgan, with orders to hover about the enemy, and meet him when necessary. Cornwallis was completely disconcerted by this arrangement, and unable to conjecture Greene's plans he divided his own forces, and remained for some time inactive, not knowing where to strike. At length he decided to attack Morgan, and despatched Tarleton against him.

Morgan determined to meet the enemy at Broad river, and a severe contest began. The English won great advantage during the first part of the day, and were sweeping triumphantly over the entire field, when Colonel Washington, who had calmly sat and watched every movement, ordered his bugler to sound a charge, and with his squadron of cavalry dashed over the astonished British infantry, rode them down in all directions, and passing through the shattered ranks, made an onset on the enemy's cavalry. The tide of battle turned, and the day ended in triumph for the Americans. Tarleton lost seven hundred men and eight hundred guns, and left on the field horses, tents, and ammunition.

Greene now ordered the army to rendezvous at Guilford, and directed his course to that position, his object being to move his army from the neighborhood of Cornwallis, who was in front of him with an overwhelming force. The country through which they were to pass is intersected by three great rivers, and Greene's skill was directed to keeping one of those large streams between himself and the advancing enemy, knowing that a deep river between two armies makes an effectual barrier for some time. On the other hand, Cornwallis was making strenuous efforts to overtake his enemy somewhere between two of the rivers, so as to give him battle where retreat would be almost impossible. Greene first moved his force across the Catawba, which delayed Cornwallis's advance for a considerable time, as it was swollen with heavy rains. When the river subsided, Cornwallis made a night-march to a ford near Salisbury, thinking that he could thus outwit Greene, and cross the stream un-

checked. Greene, however, was informed of all his antagonist's movements, and he had stationed a body of militia at Salisbury. The British force approached the river by daybreak. Nothing broke the stillness of the morning but the roar of the swollen waters. Rain was falling heavily, and the turbid stream looked formidable in the gloom. As the British commander rode up, the gleam of fires on the American side showed him that he was not to cross without opposition. However, he gave the order to advance. The cavalry plunged in, and the head of the column had reached the centre of the river when the American guns flashed out. The British troops pressed forward, though the rapid stream carried many of them down. Cornwallis's horse was shot, but his rider managed to reach the shore. The Americans numbered but five hundred men, and when the British column at length effected the passage of the river, they had no alternative but retreat. They marched through drenching rain and deep mud, closely pursued by the enemy, but they managed to cross the second stream, the Yadkin, and for four days the two armies remained in camp with the stream between them. Greene took up his quarters in a little cabin near the rocks, and set to work writing despatches. The British troops started a heavy firing on the cabin. While the cannonade was at its height, Greene coolly went on with his writing. At length Cornwallis crossed the river, and recommenced the pursuit. The retreating army was in desperate condition. Half clad and many barefoot, with rations only sufficient to afford one meal a day, they toiled over the frozen roads, through streams and forests, drenched by the winter storms; and so desperate was the necessity

to press on, that but three hours a day of sleep were allowed them. General Greene was a prey to the most intense anxiety. He hardly ever left his saddle, and for weeks together he did not take off his clothes. His whole energies were bent on reaching the river Dan, while Cornwallis was equally determined that the American army should be destroyed before crossing that stream. Colonel Washington's heavy cavalry and Lee's light horse formed the rear guard of the Americans, and kept Cornwallis in check. For over two hundred and fifty miles both armies marched, the British columns continually gaining on the American, but whenever they pressed forward to make an attack on the main body, the brave rear-guard faced round and opposed them. Day after day passed thus, but at last the officers of the guard were gladdened by the sight of a horseman who was sent back from the main army to give them the joyful tidings, "The army is over the river!" Shouts of joy rent the air, and then the rear-guard pressed on its way. Washington's troops crossed first, then Lee's legion, Lee himself being the last man to leave the shore. The men crossed in boats, while their horses were pushed into the water after them. Scarcely had the last boat pushed off from the shore when the British van came in sight. Not a boat was left, and Cornwallis saw with rage that a deep and broad river rolled again between himself and his foe. So ended this remarkable retreat, in which Greene displayed such wonderful resolution, energy, and skill.

For some time the American commander remained in camp with his troops, while reinforcements came in until he had at his disposal about five thousand five

hundred men. He knew that this was as large an army as he could hope to raise, and decided that he would offer battle, believing that even if he did not win a victory, he could so cripple his adversary that he would be compelled to quit the field for a considerable time. With this view he halted his army at Guilford, which he had examined and selected as a battlefield.

On the morning of March 15, 1781, when the drums beat the reveille, Greene drew up his men in three lines: the Virginia and North Carolina militia in the centre, Washington's mounted dragoons on the right, Lee's cavalry and some infantry on the left. It was a bright clear day; the British columns were seen advancing early in the forenoon in the distance, but it was one o'clock before they came within firing range. The American troops advanced and opened on the approaching force. Cornwallis ordered up his artillery, and commenced a furious cannonade. He then formed his troops in one long single line, resolving by one terrible onset to sweep the field. They approached within a few rods of the Americans, fired a simultaneous volley and then charged with fixed bayonets. The militia proved unequal to the shock; they broke ranks and fled in all directions, though Lee spurred in among them, and threatened to ride them down with his horsemen if they did not rally. The British, elated at the flight of the militia, pressed forward, but the American regular troops formed their ranks and opposed further advance. After pouring a destructive fire into the British lines, they made a bayonet charge, and finally Washington with his cavalry swept over the broken lines, striking them down with their heavy sabres.

Cornwallis, seeing that the day was going against him, hastened to his artillery which was stationed on a hill beside the field where British and Americans were now so inextricably mingled that a fire directed on one force must decimate the other. He ordered the artillery to open on the whole mass of men. "You will destroy your own troops," said one of his officers. "It must be done," replied Cornwallis, "to save ourselves from destruction." The artillery kept up its fire till the field was covered with the dead and wounded, friends and foes in an indiscriminate mass. This desperate measure saved the battle to the British, but one-fourth of Cornwallis's army had fallen. Among the heaps of slain there were two of the scarlet uniforms to one of the continental. Fox said, in the House of Commons, that another such victory would ruin the British army. As it was, Cornwallis was so crippled that he could not hold the ground he had won, but was obliged to retreat, while the American commander, after falling back a few miles and giving his troops some days of repose, determined to hazard another battle. In this, however, he was checked by the refusal of a majority of his troops to continue in the service. Their term of enlistment had expired, they were exhausted, ill-fed, ill-clad, and desired to return to their homes. Greene's indomitable spirit almost quailed under this blow, but he felt that he could not blame his men. As their time of service had expired, he called them out and thanking them for their brave co-operation, he dismissed them to their homes.

His army was now reduced to one-third of its original number, but with this small force he resolved to carry the war into South Carolina, and take the

enemy's posts up to Charleston. The army accordingly took up the line of march, and in twelve days reached Camden. Within a few miles of that town, at a strongly fortified position on Hobkirk's Hill, the British troops, under Lord Rawdon, were drawn up in order of battle. Greene was in his tent when fire from the videttes announced the approach of the enemy. In a moment he was in the saddle, and surveying the advance of the British troops. Seeing the narrowness of their front, he discerned a rare opportunity for a flank movement, and resolved to overthrow them by one resolute onset. He gave the order, "Let Campbell and Ford turn the flanks, the cavalry take them in the rear, and the centre charge them with trailed bayonets." Swinging down round the enemy, the whole army rushed forward, and closed round the British column. Thrown into confusion by the sudden fire, and driven back by the bayonets, the enemy began to give way on all sides. Greene had himself plunged into the thickest of the fight, but saw with dismay that a regiment on which he had placed great hopes, that of Gunby, was giving way. He tried to rally them, and seeing them about to leave their guns upon the field, he leaped from his horse, and seized the drag-ropes himself. This shamed the men, and they returned to their places. But it was too late to retrieve the lost ground. The enemy were moving in a broad, unbroken line up the hill. Washington's troops rode in and checked their further advance, and protected Greene while he drew off his forces.

This defeat, or rather drawn battle, was in some measure compensated soon afterwards by the taking of the fort known as Ninety-six, which Greene compelled

Lord Rawdon to evacuate. This occurred in June, and his force being now much exhausted, he permitted them to go into camp on the hills of Santee. Here they remained until August 22, when he broke camp and marched southward after the enemy. The British army halted at Eutaw Springs, and Greene, though with much anxiety, decided to give battle there.

This was one of most severe conflicts of the revolutionary war. It lasted all day with varying fortunes. When night closed in, the British force had lost one-half its numbers, in dead, wounded, and prisoners. The American loss was heavy also, especially in Washington's squadron, which had borne the brunt of the battle. A truce was asked to bury the dead, and Greene's heart was wrung when the bodies of over fifty of his officers were committed to the ground. The hospitals were filled with sick and wounded men, and Greene, obliged to remain inactive by the presence of so many disabled soldiers, spent his time in visiting the wounded, and caring for the sick and dying.

Two months passed in this manner, and then he prepared once more to meet Cornwallis, against whom General Washington had in the meantime been fighting nobly. But on the 9th November, 1781, news of Cornwallis's surrender reached Greene; and he then turned his whole attention to the important object of capturing Charleston. He made a rapid march southward, through the winter, and the privations they endured so discouraged some of his troops that they planned a mutiny. They held communication with the enemy, and arranged to deliver up Greene. The plot was discovered the day before that appointed to carry it out,

and the leader was executed in presence of the whole army.

Spring and summer passed on, and Greene still held possession of the approaches to Charleston. His army was in miserable condition from disease, and deaths from fever were so numerous that the unburied bodies produced a pestilential atmosphere. The approach of winter checked the mortality, but it was with exultation that the soldiers learned that the British were about to evacuate the city. So great was their eagerness to enter the town, that it was difficult to restrain them from pressing on the ranks of the retiring troops. Greene entered with the governor, preceded and followed by his cavalry and a long procession of citizens. It was an hour of triumph that paid for months of toil and anxiety. The whole city turned out to hail the victor, and the streets rang with huzzas.

He remained in command in Charleston for some months, and then went northward. At Princeton he met Washington, his much loved friend, and they spent some days together. He went on to Rhode Island, receiving an enthusiastic welcome along his route. The hardships he had endured had undermined his health, and he decided to move to the South, and try plantation life. For this purpose he established his family on an estate called Mulberry Grove, near Savannah. Here he enjoyed several months of comparative health and home happiness. Unfortunately, in the month of June, he was sunstruck while visiting a rice plantation. He lingered a few days, but the stroke had been fatal, and he passed away after somewhat severe suffering, June 18, 1786. His body was taken to Savannah, and borne

to the grave amidst the regrets of a whole people. An immense concourse of people followed his remains to their last resting-place, among whom were hundreds of his former soldiers, who came from all portions of the Union to do honor to their beloved commander.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANCIS MARION.

Education—Bound for West Indies—Back on the Farm—Fighting the Indians—Impressions by War—In Congress—"In the Field for Liberty"—The Broken Ankle—In the Saddle—"A Moment and Away"—Joining his Forces to General Gates's—In South Carolina—Rescuing Gates—Stinging the Enemy—"Get Hold of Mr. Marion"—Making Night Attacks—Entertaining the British Officer—Want of Ammunition—"Marion's Bullets"—Capturing Fort Watson—At Eutaw Springs—Difficult Foraging—Adieu to his Soldiers—In the Senate—Married at Fifty—Death.

OF fame in that period of the Revolution which transformed the English colonies of America into independent States, was Francis Marion, descended from the Huguenots.

He was born in 1732, near Georgetown, South Carolina, the youngest of six children. Very delicate and sickly from his birth, and against the predictions of old women of both sexes, the flickering flame of his life burned on through infancy and childhood, and not until he had attained the age of fourteen did he show any relish for the ordinary sports of boyhood. From that time, however, he became very fond of active occupations and pursuits, and exhibited that restlessness, love for change and adventure which were marked characteristics in his future career. But he never attained the ordinary stature of manhood. His early education was necessarily deficient. At that day free

schools were unknown in South Carolina, and the son of a small farmer was denied those privileges of academic culture at the North which the more wealthy planters could give to their children.

At sixteen he embarked on a vessel bound to the West Indies, burning with a desire to help capture some richly laden Spanish vessel, how or where he knew not; his restless, romantic aspirations rendered it sure that his hopes would be realized. Alas! never a glimpse of the sea-prize had he! A whale by one blow laid open the planks of the little craft which bore him over the sea, and as she slowly sank the crew esteemed themselves fortunate in taking refuge in the boats with little food and no clothing except what they happened to have on. For six days they subsisted on a dog, and when, after many perils, they reached the shore, Marion decided that he had lived on the sea long enough, and would henceforth be a planter.

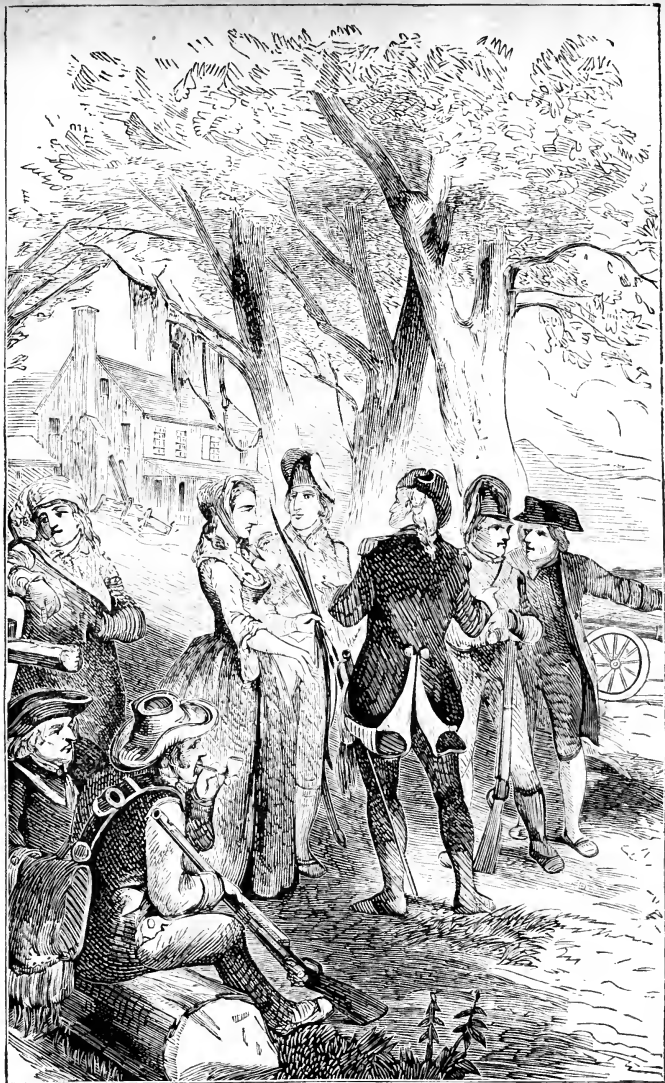
For ten years he tilled his native soil, distinguished by nothing save devotion to his mother, who was now a widow.

The assaults of hostile Indians dwelling among the mountains of South Carolina in 1760 called the youthful Marion to the field. The native soldiers were soon joined by the British regular troops under Colonel Montgomery, who commanded two thousand men. The Cherokees greatly outnumbered them; besides they were very expert in ambush, an art quite unknown to the English. After various skirmishes a severe battle was fought near the large Indian village of Etchoee, when the Indians were defeated and dispersed, and Montgomery left the country. In 1761 hostilities were again renewed, resulting as before:

and here young Marion distinguished himself for daring and skill. His mind was so much affected, after the battles were over, by reason of the great destruction of life, want of needful supplies, and ghastly ruin everywhere spread, where peaceful villages had been seen, that for fourteen subsequent years nothing could tempt him from his farm. But the qualities of his mind made it impossible for him to remain in obscurity. His strong common sense, his uprightness and firmness of purpose, constituted him a leader in social affairs, and when the oppressions of a foreign government caused the people to rebel and organize popular sovereignty by forming a Provincial Congress of Republicans in 1775, Francis Marion was chosen to represent the parish of St. John Berkley. In all affairs there pending, Marion was a busy worker. His voice was never heard in debate, but he was a strong power whose force was felt. Among the latest acts of the first Provincial Congress was the appointment of Marion to a captaincy in the second regiment of infantry. He, with a Huguenot friend, Peter Horry, immediately entered upon the business of recruiting; besides their gay uniforms, on their helmet-shaped leathern caps they wore a silver crescent, bearing the words "Liberty or death." Early in 1776 Marion received a major's commission. The British fleet appeared off Charleston on June 4th of that year, and on the same day General Charles Lee arrived from the North to take command of the Southern patriots. The fort, built of palmetto logs, on Sullivan's island, commanding the entrance into Charleston harbor, was the point first attacked, and, after three hours of terrible fighting, the victory for the Americans was complete.

It is related of Major Marion, that as the British vessels were preparing to retire, he exclaimed, "Let's give 'em one more shot," at the same instant touching fire to a fuse, which caused a ball to speed through the cabin of a vessel, killing two officers sitting at a table. The fort was named "Moultrie," in honor of its gallant commander and defender. Not long after this, Major Marion was placed in command of Fort Moultrie, a post of honor as well as danger. While dining with some friends in Charleston, an attempt was made to induce him to drink wine. Being strictly temperate, he refused, and not wishing to disturb the harmony of the company, who had locked the door to compel his submission, he raised the window and leaped to the ground, forgetting that they were on the second floor. In consequence, his ankle was broken; he was carried to his quarters on a litter, and remained a helpless cripple for many weeks. While yet so lame that he required the help of two men to give him a seat in the saddle, his shrill whistle resounded among the swamps of the Pedee, and his name was a terror to the Tories. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, the most distinguished of all Southern civil patriots, gave to him the commission of brigadier-general, and he hastened to the Black river region, to organize that BRIGADE, which became at once a terror to the British troops and straggling Tories. At morning, midnight, or noon, there would be heard a sudden tramp of horses, a deadly volley, and horses and marksmen would disappear.

"A moment in the British camp,
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day."



CAPTURING FORT MOULTRIE.



His principal rendezvous was among the interminable swamps of Snow's island, near the junction of Lynch's creek with the Great Pedee river. The limits of this article forbid even a glance at scenes of his earlier exploits, over which we would gladly linger; exploits planned with wonderful skill and foresight, adroitly drawing the enemy into traps and always resulting in victory. His men had the most unbounded confidence in his wisdom and prowess.

On June 3d, 1780, Lord Cornwallis had command of about four thousand British troops in South Carolina. The Continental army had an encampment in Virginia, under Baron de Kalb, and, later, under the command of General Gates, flushed with his noted victory at Saratoga.

Marion was ordered to join his forces to General Gates, as it was deemed unsafe for him, with so small a body of men, to remain in South Carolina so near to Cornwallis.

Of course Marion's brigade made but a sorry appearance before the well-dressed soldiers of Virginia, in fact their aspect was so burlesque that it was with difficulty that the officers could restrain the laughter of the soldiers; General Gates was glad to detach Marion from his command, and with an augmented force sent him to South Carolina, knowing his familiarity with the country, to watch the motions of the enemy and furnish information for the guidance of the commander.

It is a curious fact, that, in a very few days, these same well-dressed officers and soldiers were destined to suffer a most inglorious defeat, and that some two hundred of them were to be rescued from "durance vile" at

the hands of the foe, by that same "motley crowd" of Marion's, whom they were ashamed to have in their brigade in Virginia. But such was the fortune of war.

General Gates was a weak and vain man, and an incapable commander. So inflated was he by his recent victory, that he fancied the struggle was well nigh over, and that he had only to meet the British, to obtain a decisive triumph. But he was destined to exchange his northern laurels for southern willows. Near Camden, an engagement with Cornwallis resulted in a most signal defeat to the Americans, more than one thousand men were taken prisoners, and Gates' entire force was scattered. A historian of that period, who was in Marion's brigade, says: "Who will believe that at the time when the British had completely overrun South Carolina—their headquarters at Charleston—a victorious army at Camden, strong garrisons at Georgetown and Jacksonboro', and more than all, when the spirit of the poor southern Whigs was so completely cowed, that they fairly knocked under to the military yoke of the British—I ask again, who would believe that in this desperate state of things, one little swarthy French-phizzed Carolinian, with thirty of his ragged countrymen, would have dared to issue from the swamps, and turn his horse's head against this all-conquering foe? Marion was the man! Dashing up the war-path, between the British at Charleston and Camden, he exclaimed, 'Now, my brave boys! now look sharp, here are British wagon-tracks! we won't be long idle!'" And idle they were not then, nor for months succeeding.

His conduct toward the army of Cornwallis may

best be compared to a hornet—he would suddenly appear from some leafy covert, sting sharply and deeply, and vanish.

A few days after the victory of Cornwallis at Camden General Marion learned that a strong British guard, with a band of prisoners, was approaching the Santee. He sent a force to guard the only road leading through the swamp to the river. Just before the day dawned, he, without warning, appeared in the British camp. The surprise and victory were complete. Not one of Marion's men were lost, while twenty-four of the enemy were either killed or captured, and two hundred prisoners were rescued. To the disgrace of humanity, be it recorded, that only three of those released prisoners were willing to join Marion's command.

The British feared, as well as hated, Marion, and special orders were given by Tarleton and Wemyss, two most active officers, to "get hold of that Mr. Marion" if possible. So sly were his motions that he obtained the name of the "Swamp Fox," and so sure were the blows which he struck that he was called "The Invincible." On November, 1780, he established a permanent camp among the dark recesses of the waving tree-moss on Snow's island, directing his unexpected blows on Cornwallis's troops.

Through deep morass, across miry streams, his men passed, in the shades of many a night, to make, in the gloaming of the morning, a deadly attack, and, as noiselessly as they approached, retire, leaving no possibility of pursuit. Wemyss said of him, "that the devil himself couldn't catch that Swamp Fox."

Marion's nephew, a fine, manly fellow, was atrociously

murdered by the Tories, about this time, and from that period even Marion's humane nature vowed vengeance. "No quarter for Tories" was the battle-cry of his men, and scenes were enacted in South Carolina which were fearful in the extreme. Marion's camp was reached by causeways over the morass, known only to the initiated, and he exercised autocratic power over a large district. His movements were as secret as they were fleet and efficient; he never intrusted his designs to his best officers, until the time arrived to strike the blow.

During the winter of 1780-81 a young British officer was sent from Georgetown to negotiate for exchange of prisoners. He was met near Georgetown, blindfolded, and conducted to the camp. A strange sight met the astonished eyes of the Briton when his bandage was removed. Like the stately columns of some baronial castle or ancient cathedral stood the towering cypresses draped in clustering moss, while on the ground beneath them were the men whose very name was a terror and a by-word. But the chief was the greatest wonder of all. He expected to see a man of giant stature and commanding presence; instead thereof a person of under size, ungainly and awkward, and of little dignity met his eye. But the short conversation and following negotiation convinced the Briton that he was treating with no ordinary person. Accepting the general's invitation to dinner, he was utterly confounded, it being served with a sweet-potato, on a new pine chip, and water only to wash it down. "Surely, General," he exclaimed, "this cannot be your ordinary fare?" "It certainly is," was the reply, "and I esteem myself fortunate in having enough to entertain a guest."

History states that the young soldier resigned his commission on his return to Georgetown, declaring that men who would endure such hardships for liberty ought not to be subdued. No, nor *could* they; ultimate victory for them was certain.

Early in 1781 Marion had very little ammunition, and many rifles were useless. He at once set blacksmiths at work in forging from the broad saws of the mills rude broad-swords for a new cavalry corps, and in February they were in the field with their novel weapons. Marion even used for rifle balls an article formed by nature, which took in that region the name of "Marion's Bullets."

In the spring of 1781 the British General Watson was sent with a selected force of troops to attempt the destruction of Marion's brigade, but he soon found that the "Swamp Fox" was more cunning than he. While he supposed him to be fleeing before him, he was actually hurrying down the Santee to fall upon his rear, and in one of his swift and eccentric marches Marion suddenly appeared in battle array before him. The first day's engagement resulted in disaster to Marion, but the next morning he checked pursuit by burning a wooden bridge over the Black river.

A few weeks later, Marion, with an audacity entirely his own, for he had not a single cannon, decided to assault Fort Watson, near the Santee, and demanded of Lieutenant McKay, in command, an unconditional surrender. This was promptly refused. During the darkness of night, Marion's men felled trees, which were carried on the shoulders to short rifle-range from the fort, and piled up in a square tower, so high as to

quite overlook the garrison. On the top of this a parapet of saplings and branches was raised for the defence of the riflemen, there mounted. So quietly was this work accomplished, during the darkness, made deeper by a heavily clouded sky, that it was an entire surprise to the unsuspecting garrison to be awakened by a deadly shower of rifle balls from the near tower. So sure were the marksmen that every volley told its tale of death. Resistance was in vain, and the fort and garrison were at once surrendered.

The royalists were utterly appalled by the eccentric and wonderful achievements of General Marion.

The increasing heats of summer caused him to abandon the swamps, and low country, and intrench himself upon the more healthful heights of the Santee. From this point he swept by eccentric and rapid marches to within five miles of Charleston. They bivouacked one night within a mile of the British works, intending to assault in the morning, but during the night the enemy became so frightened that they decamped. Hotly pursued, they were overtaken after a rapid chase of eighteen miles. The main body had crossed a stream and partially destroyed the bridge; Marion dashed over the half loosened planks, followed by his men, driving the foe for shelter to a strong farm-house, where a bloody battle raged for three hours. This was the most disastrous encounter in which Marion was ever engaged; almost the entire loss fell upon his brigade, no less than fifty being disabled or wounded.

At Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September, a sanguinary engagement took place. Marion pursued the

fleeing royalists the following day. For the next hundred days he was the inexorable jailer of the British troops, whose limit of parole was confined to the peninsula within Charleston Neck.

Leaving his brigade with a brother officer, Marion took his seat, to which he had been chosen, in the Legislature at Jacksonburgh. He left the field with great reluctance, but he had no alternative. During the succeeding winter the sum of military operations in that region consisted of the efforts of the hostile troops to obtain supplies, and the efforts by the Americans to oppose them. In these operations "Marion's men" bore a conspicuous part. They seemed to be everywhere that they were needed—to strike an effective blow—off and away was their history, and he actually succeeded in keeping the country between the Cooper and the Santee, and around Charleston, in a state of security. In the summer of 1782, when the storm of the Revolution had passed and the sun of peace was breaking through the dark clouds, Marion parted with his brigade. Among the stately cedars near the banks of the Wateree, he took each man by the hand, bade him farewell, and mounting his horse, accompanied by one or two friends, started for the quiet plantation on the banks of the Santee. He was poor, and more than fifty years of age, yet cheerfully he applied himself to the task of wresting a living from his native soil.

The people of his district had again chosen him to the Senate, and during the sessions he was distinguished for his clemency and generosity toward those whose estates had been confiscated by act of assembly.

Then came up for consideration an act intended to shield from prosecution those military leaders who, in the discharge of their duties, had seized or destroyed private property. He arose in his place, and requested that his name should be omitted from the bill. It is needless to say that no one ever knocked at his door for restitution. Even the Tories loved and honored him for his forbearance and many virtues. Fort Johnson, the scene of his first military career, was repaired, and he was appointed its commandant at a liberal salary. But the legislatures of later years made war upon it and the salary was reduced to an insignificant figure, which was very mortifying to General Marion to accept, but necessity compelled him. Just at this time a Huguenot lady of wealth, quite suitable in years, intimated to a mutual friend that she might be induced to bestow her hand and fortune upon the hero of the swamps.

Nothing loth, General Marion laid his laurels at the feet of Miss Mary Videau, and in due time she became his wife. They made each other very happy in this new relation; mutual respect soon ripened into mutual affection, and life's evening was to the brilliant soldier calm and peaceful.

His roof sheltered many a wanderer, and from it no soldier was ever turned away. He continued to represent his district in the Senate, and in 1790 he was a member of the convention for forming a State constitution. Four years later he resigned his military commission and retired from public life. In the winter of 1795 Francis Marion was gathered to his fathers; his last words being, "Thank God! I can lay my hand on my heart, and say that since I came to man's

estate, I have never intentionally done wrong to any one."

Upon his tombstone are these words, "History will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution."

CHAPTER XXII.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Early Life—Services in the Revolution—First Battle—Captured at Waxhaw Meeting-House—Refusal to clean the Officer's Boots—Marriage with Mrs. Roberts—Career as Senator—Commander-in-Chief during the Indian War—Services in the Creek War—Refusal to obey Orders—Dinner of Acorns—In the War of 1812—Battle of New Orleans—Governor of Florida—President—Second Term—Attempt to Assassinate—General Character—Death-Bed—Closing Remarks.

THIS remarkable man was born in Union county, North Carolina, in 1767. His father, who had emigrated from the north of Ireland a few years previously, had died a few days before the birth of Andrew, and his mother had to endure the sadness of widowhood, the care of three young children, and the trials of poverty at once. She was a woman of brave and noble character, and, although her brother gave her a home, it is said that she earned with her own hands, principally by spinning, the money she required for the education of her children.

She was especially ambitious for her youngest son, and aimed to give him such an education as would fit him for the ministry. To this end she sent him for a time to an academy in the Waxhaw settlement, of which Dr. Humphries, a clergyman, was master. It is also said that he attended Queen's College. But Andrew

was not a studious boy. He was never an educated man, nor fond of books. He learned to read, to write, to cipher, and very little more. His character was that of a wild, reckless, frolicsome, but good-hearted boy. He was fond of all active sports, running, leaping, etc. He was by no means averse to fighting, but he preferred frolic.

In May, 1780, the English general Tarleton, with three hundred cavalrymen, fell on a detachment of militia in the Waxhaw settlement, killing one hundred and thirteen of them, and wounding one hundred and fifty. The latter were carried into the church and the houses of the settlement, and for many days Mrs. Jackson and her sons were among the devoted attendants of the wounded men. At this time Andrew was a boy of thirteen, and although he witnessed some of the severe fighting of the war, he of course took no active part in it. But as he grew older, without joining the militia he joined the small parties that went on retaliatory enterprises through the country. While engaged in one of these he was taken prisoner. While so held an English officer desired him to clean his riding-boots. Andrew refused, and the enraged officer aimed a blow at the youth with his sword. The boy received two deep gashes, one on his head and one on his hand, and his memory of the outrage was strong years afterwards.

In 1781, his mother, hearing of the sufferings of the prisoners on board the prison-ships at Charleston, went there to act as nurse. She contracted ship-fever and died of it, leaving Andrew a very poor and dependent orphan at the age of fifteen. He was then suffering from a low fever, which had lasted some time. When health returned he went to Charleston, and afterwards

to Salisbury, where he entered as a student the law office of Mr. Spruce McCay. Here he remained two years, but he does not appear to have been a very close student. "He was a roaring, rollicking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow," is the testimony of one of those who knew him best. But no very profound study was required for law in those days, and the young man, being duly qualified to practice, removed to Nashville, and was immediately successful. Merchants who could not collect their debts came to him, and in less than a month he had issued seventy writs to delinquent debtors. In the four terms of 1794 Jackson was employed as counsel in 228 cases. His practice involved an extensive series of horseback rides; and more than one adventure with Indians took place while making his journeys from one settlement to another. While in Nashville he boarded with a Mrs. Donelson, whose daughter, Mrs. Robards, lived with her. The husband of the latter, a man of morose and quarrelsome temper, had left his wife and returned to his former home in Kentucky. Soon after he began proceedings for a divorce, and news was brought to the settlement that a divorce had been granted. Jackson then offered his hand to Mrs. Robards, and they were married. Two years later it was found that the divorce had been legally incomplete at the time of the marriage, and on ascertaining this, Jackson had the ceremony performed again. The peculiar circumstances of the marriage made Jackson sensitive. Devotedly attached to his wife, any imputation on her good name infuriated him, and some of the violent quarrels of his after life arose from some real or fancied insult to her.

In 1796 Jackson was elected to Congress, and two years later was appointed by the legislature to be a judge of the Supreme Court of the State. The salary attached to the office at that day was \$600 a year. It was considered the highest position in the State next to that of governor. A remarkable episode of Jackson's life at this period was his feud with Governor Sevier. It was a time of fighting; duels were of frequent occurrence, and rough-and-tumble fights between factions were not unknown. The curious quarrel between the governor and the judge lasted for years, and passed through every form of fighting, from wordy warfare to duels and faction fights, and finally sank into an exchange of abuse in newspaper columns. Another quarrel with a Mr. Dickinson did not end so harmlessly. Jackson shot Dickinson dead in a duel, and was severely wounded himself. Notwithstanding the turbulent character of Jackson in his dealings with the outside world, his home-life was singularly happy. His affection for his wife was tender and chivalrous. The only cloud on their happiness was the want of children, for this rough pioneer was exceedingly fond of children. He adopted the infant nephews of his wife, and treated them with fatherly affection.

At the beginning of the war of 1812 Jackson was living in retirement at the Hermitage, and was engaged somewhat extensively in farming. On the breaking out of hostilities he promptly offered his services, and the president accepted them. He was commissioned to command the forces from his own State. Two thousand troops were raised, and were ordered by the secretary of war to rendezvous at Natchez. It was then a formidable journey through a country which was almost a

wilderness. Having accomplished it, the disgust of general and soldiers may be imagined when they were informed soon after arriving at Natchez that the services of the corps were not needed, and that it was dismissed with the thanks of the government. They received no pay, no means of transport, no provision for the sick. Jackson was furious, but he determined to bring back his men to their own State. It was a march of 500 miles, and the difficulties and hardships encountered were severe. Jackson became a great favorite both with his men and with the country at large for his conduct on this otherwise fruitless expedition.

In August, 1813, a number of white settlers, alarmed by rumored movements among the Creek Indians, had collected within an enclosure known as Fort Mims, which was surrounded by a stockade and defended by a small force—about 240 men. The space enclosed was about an acre of land, and within this limit, including the soldiers, there were collected 553 persons, of whom about 100 were women and children. Here they remained unmolested for a month, and had begun to think that there was no ground for alarm. On the 30th of August, as the drum beat for dinner, the inmates of the fort assembled for the noonday meal, the men laying aside their weapons. In a ravine, only 400 yards from the fortress, 1,000 Creek warriors were concealed. The drum-beat was the signal for their attack. They swarmed across the space from the ravine, and in a few moments the enclosure was surrounded. The inmates, rushing to arms, fought desperately, even women and boys taking part in the conflict. About three o'clock fire broke out in the enclosure, and the

horrors of the scene are indescribable. The Indians poured into the fort, and by sunset of that day had massacred 400 of the 553 inmates. Not one woman or child escaped, and all that Indian brutality could suggest was inflicted on these unfortunates. Such was the massacre at Fort Mims.

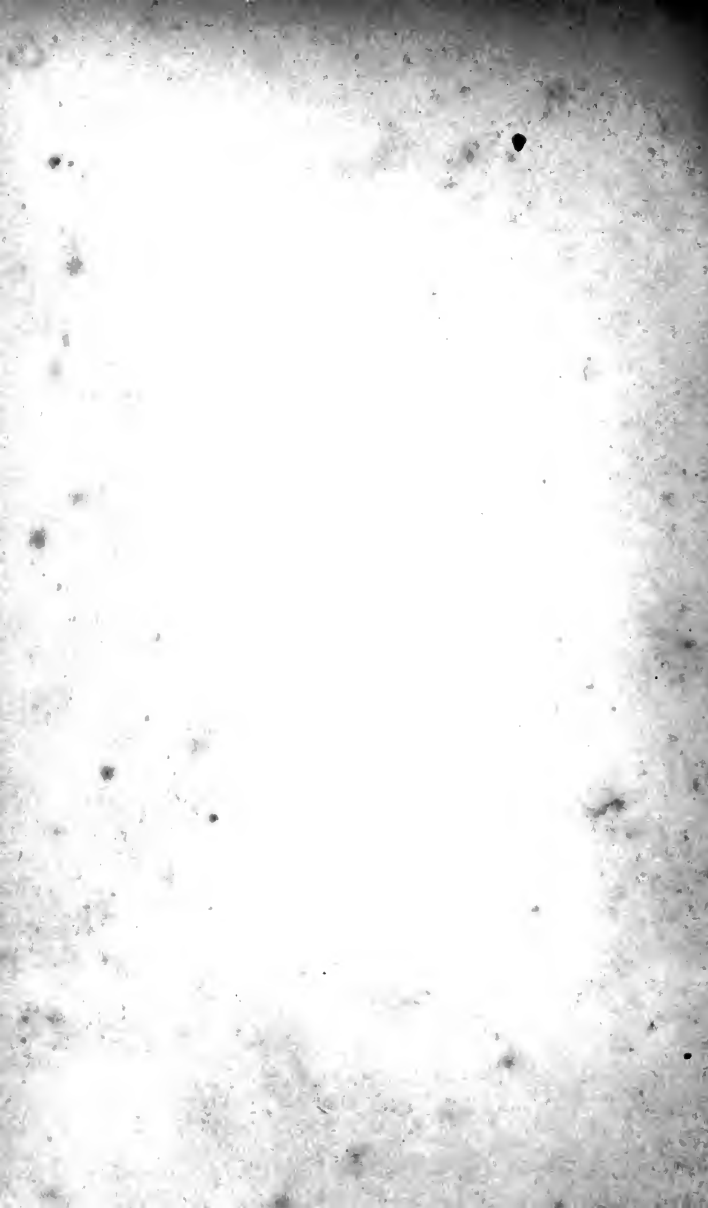
It sent terror through all the Southern country, but was little regarded at the North, which was then fully occupied with the war with England. But the people of Tennessee, in nineteen days after the massacre, held a meeting to raise troops against the Indians, and appointed General Jackson to command them. For the next eight months the war against the Indians was carried on with all the daring courage common to the pioneers, quickened by the resentment excited by the Fort Mims massacre. The Indians fought with the savage courage of their race, but were gradually driven from the State. Large numbers of them took refuge in Florida, while others moved westward. Finally their chief, Weathersford, the son of a white man and a Seminole woman, and leader of the Indians at Fort Mims, surrendered to Jackson in person.

When peace was fully established with the Indians, Jackson was appointed to conduct the campaign against the English in the southwest. He rested from his labors only three weeks before entering on his new command. He was very much opposed to permitting the conquered Creeks to settle in Florida, and when he found that the English were in treaty with the Indians, and had actually enlisted great numbers of them in their service, he appealed to the secretary of war for permission to attack Pensacola and reduce Florida.

Permission was granted, but the letter did not reach Jackson until six months later. Meanwhile Nichols, the English officer in command, prepared to move on Mobile, then an insignificant village of about 150 houses, deriving its importance from its position at the head of the bay. When General Jackson went thither to defend it, he decided that the point of attack and defence would be at what was then known as Fort Bowyer (afterwards Fort Morgan), a deserted and half-ruined fortification about thirty miles from the city. This he manned with a small garrison, and held until Mobile was secured and the English fleet had withdrawn from the bay. The struggle between the British and Americans now shifted to the neighborhood of New Orleans. A fleet had been sent to capture this city, and it was evident that the contest for its possession would be a desperate one. All the means of defence at Jackson's disposal consisted of about 3,000 troops in the city, 4,000 within fifteen days' march, eight armed vessels, and a small garrison of regular troops at Fort St. Philip. Opposed to him was a force of nearly 20,000 men, and fifty ships, carrying 1,000 guns. During the ensuing two months the bay was the scene of numerous contests, and the Delta surrounding New Orleans was fought over through its whole extent. At length, on the 8th of January, occurred what is known as the battle of New Orleans, in which Jackson exhibited a high degree of generalship, as well as of the iron obstinacy and courage which was his chief characteristic. The battle was a fierce one, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Americans. The decisive struggle of the day occupied only twenty-five minutes. Its results were, on the



A. H. MERRILL SC.



British side: 700 killed; 1,400 wounded, and 500 prisoners. The American loss was in this wonderful charge only eight killed and thirteen wounded.

The news of this great victory delighted the whole nation. Illuminations and rejoicings took place in all the large cities. Soon afterwards a treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, and a messenger was despatched from Washington to General Jackson. The victor of New Orleans became the idol of the whole country. After some months of rest at the Hermitage he set out for Washington. He made the journey on horseback, and it was a triumphal progress. In Washington he was feted and flattered. Banquets were given in his honor, and a few months later he was appointed Governor of Florida.

As governor, Jackson displayed a certain harshness and prejudice against the Spaniards and the British. His temper was much soured by chronic ill health, and he himself appears to have perceived that civil service was hardly his appropriate field of action. He retired willingly from the governorship, and prepared to spend the rest of his days peacefully at the Hermitage. He was now fifty-four years of age, and he had never displayed any political ambition. But his great popularity, especially in the southwest, suggested him as a candidate for the presidency, and he was nominated as such in the political campaign of 1824. Mr. Adams was, however, the successful candidate. In 1828 Jackson was again proposed for the presidency, and was elected. During the time between his election and his inauguration his wife died, to the great and lasting grief of the general. This bereavement exercised a

saddening influence on him, and it is said that he was never quite the same man afterward.

It is to be regretted that Jackson, distinguished soldier as he was, introduced into political life a principle which obtains in war. "To the victor belong the spoils," is a saying attributed to him, and he proceeded to carry it out by immediately removing from offices numbers of employés whose only offence was that they were not his political friends or supporters. Thus he inaugurated the detestable system of rotation in office, and of removing experienced officers of the government to make way for his own friends, which has since become such a crying evil that the best efforts of American statesmen are now directed to its reform. In one month Jackson removed more office-holders than the previous presidents had done during their whole administrations. But General Jackson was a popular president, and in 1832 he received an overwhelming majority vote for re-election. During this administration occurred the first attempt of disaffected Southerners to establish the doctrine of "States' rights." The Nullification party, as it was called, was promptly reduced to submission by the determined action of the president. During the debates on the subject Webster was distinguished as the Northern leader, and Calhoun as the Southern. Jackson declared that the moment a nullification ordinance was passed Calhoun should be arrested and tried for high treason. He also prepared to call out an armed force to resist the nullifiers. In 1833 he wrote: "Nullification is dead. . . . The next pretext will be the negro or the slavery question."

In January, 1835, an attempt was made to assassinate the president by an Englishman named Lawrence.

This man had heard the enemies of Jackson make the assertion that the president had ruined the country, and, having been a long time out of employment, had brooded over the statement until he became crazy. The pistol missed fire, and the lunatic, after due inquiry, was placed in an asylum.

At seventy years of age Jackson retired from the presidency, and for some years lived the peaceful life of a planter on his estate. But he suffered much from ill health, as indeed he had done during the greater part of his life. His lungs had become diseased, and dropsical symptoms showed themselves. He bore intense pain with heroic fortitude. During the year 1844 he joined the church. Release from his sufferings came to him June 8, 1845. His death created a singular regret. Many who had been repelled by his arrogant and violent character did justice to his nobler qualities after his death. He was unquestionably a man of immense power—a born leader of men. It was said of him that if he entered any assembly of men and tidings of danger reached them an hour after, they would unanimously choose him to command them. His vices were those of his time, and were controlled and counterbalanced by many virtues.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Ancestors—Birthplace—Youthful Education—War Spirit—Trouble with Wilkinson—In the Field again in 1812—Battle of Queens-town—Scott a Prisoner—The Escape—"Defending the English Subjects"—Commissioned Brigadier-General—Battle of Lundy's Lane—In Baltimore—In Command of Eastern Department—Resignation—Resignation withdrawn—In the Black Hawk War—Scott as a Nurse—In Command at Charleston—The Florida War—The "Patriot War"—True Greatness—Candidate for President—Opposes admission of Texas—Mexican War—Scott at Rio Grande—Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, etc.—Scott captures Mexico—Suspended—Honors at Home—Position in Secession—Subsequent Life—Death.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born June 13, 1786, in Virginia, near Petersburg. His father had served as lieutenant and captain during the revolutionary war. He died when Winfield was but six years old, but his widow carried on the large and prosperous farm which he had left her. She managed to give her son an education unusually good for that period. He attended a high school in Richmond, and afterwards entered William and Mary College.

The boy was a diligent and faithful student, and he graduated with honors at the age of nineteen. His mother having died, he was entirely free to choose his path in life, and he selected the bar with a view to political advancement. He entered the law-office of Mr.

David Robinson in Petersburg, and in his first circuit witnessed the trial of Aaron Burr for high treason. This interesting trial took place in May, 1807. About a month afterwards, in consequence of an insult offered to an American vessel by a British frigate, President Jefferson issued a proclamation interdicting the use of American harbors and rivers to British vessels of war. Volunteers were called for to enforce this measure and prevent British crews from landing to obtain supplies of any kind. Scott joined the volunteers as a cavalryman, having purchased his own uniform and horse. The war-spirit was fairly awakened within him. But the outburst of hostilities did not last, and after a very brief term of service he went to Charleston, South Carolina, to establish himself in the practice of law. For the next four years the country was hovering on the brink of war. Scott joined the army twice, and returned as often to the practice of law, but finally became a commissioned officer in the service.

Scott had at this time incurred the severe displeasure of Brigadier-General Wilkinson. This gentleman had been the friend and associate of Aaron Burr, but at Burr's trial for high treason Wilkinson had become State's evidence against him. Scott had made the remark that if Burr had been a traitor, Wilkinson had been equally so; and that nothing but President Jefferson's influence had prevented the trial of Wilkinson. As the latter was now Scott's superior officer, this expression of opinion was in contravention of one of the articles of war. Scott was accordingly tried by court-martial, and sentenced to suspension for twelve months.

In the autumn of 1811, Scott was appointed a member of the staff of Brigadier-General Hampton, the

commander of the southern army, whose headquarters were in New Orleans. In May, 1812, war having been actually declared at last, Scott set out with his chief for Washington via Baltimore. At the latter city he was delighted by the news that he had been promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. He was ordered to Philadelphia, to collect volunteers for a regiment. Soon afterwards he received orders to report to Major-General Van Rensselaer, at Lewiston, opposite Queenstown. The object of the expedition was to storm the heights of Queenstown, which was occupied by a garrison of British foot-soldiers, supported by hosts of Indians.

While crossing, about daylight, the boats sustained a direct fire from the batteries on the heights, and also from several forts near the village below. Scott, at his own earnest solicitation, was permitted to cross over and take command of the forces in conflict with the enemy. He rapidly reconnoitred the heights, took up a position for defence until joined by the forces encamped at Lewiston, and attempted to unspike the guns left in the captured battery. While directing this operation, the enemy's forces, regulars, volunteers, and Indians, rushed on the American line of battle, and the latter, intimidated by the sudden attack, wavered and began to retreat. At this moment Scott appeared, and so aroused his discouraged troops that the line turned and faced the enemy, and in two successive charges drove back the British force. But the Americans were obliged to give up the heights, being driven back towards the river by the overwhelming numbers of the British. No reinforcements had arrived, and surrender was inevitable. Two flags of truce had

been sent to the British commander, but there was no cessation of hostilities. Scott then volunteered to carry a flag of truce himself, and make terms with the enemy. Two of his brother officers accompanied him, but they were intercepted by a couple of Indians, who seized and detained them until a detachment of regulars came up and made them prisoners. They were then lodged in a small inn, at the village of Newark, sentries being placed to guard them. In the evening the two Indians who had seized the party called and inquired for the "tall American," meaning Scott. The sentinel foolishly admitted them, and the Indians threatened to kill Scott, and proceeded to draw their knives and hatchets. Scott bravely defended himself until assistance arrived, but he had a very narrow escape from death at the hands of the savages.

The prisoners were treated with much courtesy by the British commander, and in company with a number of other Americans were paroled and embarked on board a vessel going to Boston. But before they sailed a commission was sent on board by order of Sir George Prevost, to seize and retain for trial, as traitors, every prisoner who could by possibility be claimed as a British subject. Scott, hearing a commotion on deck, hurried thither, and found that over twenty of his men had been seized and were under guard. After a warm altercation with the commissioners, he promised the "sequestered" prisoners the aid and protection of the government. In fulfilment of this promise he went to Washington to lay the matter before the president. A sharp correspondence with the British government followed, and severe retaliatory measures were threatened on both sides. From whatever reason,

the lives of the prisoners were spared, and it happened that two years afterward, when Scott was embarking for Europe, he met these twenty-one men, who were just returning from an English prison.

Scott, with the remainder of the prisoners, was permitted to continue the journey to Boston. Owing to a severe snow-storm, the trip occupied almost a month. In January, 1813, he was freed from his parole by exchange. At the same time he was appointed adjutant-general with the rank of colonel. With his battalion he joined the army of General Dearborn, on the Niagara frontier, and took part in the campaign of that year, of which a principal feature was the employment of Indians by the American general. In March, 1814, Scott was appointed brigadier-general, being then but twenty-seven years of age. So far the contest had been a series of skirmishes, generally indecisive in results, and a feeling of discouragement began to prevail throughout the country. An engagement at Chippewa which resulted in victory for the Americans turned the tide of popular feeling, and created a feeling of enthusiasm in favor of the continuance of the war. Scott received much commendation for his share in this contest. The battle of Niagara, or Lundy's Lane, followed. This was claimed as a victory by both sides, but the enemy was driven from the field. Scott was wounded by a musket-ball through the left shoulder-joint. He had been twice dismounted and badly contused by the rebound of a cannon-ball, some hours previously. He went to Philadelphia, and, after some weeks of rest necessitated by his wound, was ordered to Baltimore. Here he found a considerable force of militia assembled for the defence of the city; but as the danger of attack

seemed over, the force was disbanded before winter set in. Scott was extremely desirous of joining Jackson at New Orleans, but his physicians advised strongly against it, his wound not having yet healed perfectly. His headquarters were therefore established in Baltimore, whence he was twice called to Washington to consult on plans for the next campaign. But the war was ended by the treaty of peace, in very unexpected haste. The army was reduced to a peace establishment, namely, from sixty-five thousand men to ten thousand. Congress conferred on Scott a gold medal with suitable emblems and devices, in testimony of his "distinguished services at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and of his uniform gallantry and good conduct in sustaining against all foes the reputation of the arms of the United States."

In 1815 Scott made a visit to Europe and spent nearly a year there. He had the opportunity of viewing the troops of half Europe, which were then collected on the frontier of France, for his visit took place very soon after the battle of Waterloo. On his return from Europe he married Miss Maria Mayo, of Philadelphia. Offended at the promotion of General Macomb, who was his junior, to be the head of the army, Scott threatened to resign, but withdrew on reflection from that course of action. He spent several months in inspecting the Indian frontiers of Louisiana and Arkansas. After an interval of fifteen years of peace, Indian hostilities of some magnitude broke out in the frontier settlements of the Upper Mississippi. Black Hawk, the Indian chief, had collected a considerable band of followers, Sacs and Foxes, Winnebagoes, Sioux, etc. Scott, who was then in command of

the eastern department, was ordered to the northwest at the head of a considerable force of regulars. While he and his troops were in a steamer ascending Lake Huron, the Asiatic cholera broke out on board the vessel. The only surgeon on board sickened of the disease. Scott, who had taken some lessons in medicine from Surgeon Mower, showed much skill in this sudden epidemic. He administered the remedies himself, and checked the panic which had broken out among the troops. They landed in July at Chicago, then a mere hamlet. At a place called Badaxe, a decisive combat with the Indians took place. Many of the Indians were killed, and many more taken prisoners. Black Hawk escaped across the river with some hundreds of his followers, but were brought back by some tribes of Sioux who were friendly to the white men. A conference with the Indian leaders followed, and terms of peace were agreed on, which were very advantageous to the United States; a considerable extent of territory in Iowa and Illinois being ceded by the Indians, the States, however, paying liberally for the cession.

It was about this time that the policy of nullification was advocated by Southern leaders, and President Jackson commissioned Scott to go south and take such action as would check the nullifiers effectually, should any attempt at armed resistance to the United States be made. Scott visited Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta, and remained at the former city until the Compromise Act was passed and the Nullification Ordinance rescinded, when he returned to the North, the danger of civil war having been for the time averted.

The Seminole war began in 1835, by the surprise and massacre of Major Dade, with about one hundred

and ten men, and lasted seven years. The Creek Indians joined the Seminoles, and hostilities were carried on all through the region of the Lower Mississippi, until the Creeks had, according to treaty stipulations, retired to the far West, and the remnant of the Seminoles to lower Florida. President Jackson, a man of strong prejudices and antipathies, never favorably disposed to Scott, found fault with the latter, and actually ordered a court of inquiry into Scott's conduct in the Seminole and Creek campaigns. The court unanimously approved of Scott's action, and its emphatic acquittal administered a decided reproof to the president.

In 1837-8 singular disturbances took place on the Canadian frontier. Some radicals in Canada favored the idea of annexing Canada to the United States, and a number of Americans, with little knowledge of the subject or inquiry into the wishes of the Canadians, bound themselves to support this movement. This party took to themselves the singular title of "Canadian Patriots," and hence the trifling hostilities that resulted have been known as the "Patriot war." A number of Americans of the party took possession of a small British island, called Navy island, about a mile above Niagara Falls. A small steamer, the "Caroline," was used as a ferry-boat. This was seized by a party of Canadians, several persons on board were killed, the steamer was set on fire and sent over the cataract. This was the first act in a series of trifling skirmishes and annoyances inflicted by each party on the other. After some fighting, and much talking and diplomacy on both sides, peace was restored along the frontier.

In 1839 a convention of Whigs met at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to select candidates for president and vice-

president. At this convention, for the first time, Scott was drawn into the political arena, his name being presented as one of the candidates for the presidency, Mr. Clay and General Harrison being the other two nominees. The latter was the successful candidate. In 1841 Scott was appointed general-in-chief of the army, and was called to reside in Washington. The question of the admission of Texas was now agitating the whole country. Scott opposed it warmly, but when the territory was admitted, and war with Mexico was declared in consequence, he accepted the command of the forces intended to operate along the Rio Grande. The chief command had been intrusted to Major-General Taylor. It was agreed that Scott should move on Vera Cruz, and in March, 1847, the American troops landed at that city. The landing of the force, twelve thousand in number, was accomplished with great skill and success, not a single life being lost, although the troops had to be removed from transports into open boats in a rough sea, and on an enemy's coast.

The city of Vera Cruz and its fortress, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, were strongly garrisoned, and the walls were in good condition. Immediately upon landing Scott ordered a complete reconnoissance both on the land and water fronts of the place. This was followed by a close investment, to cut off communication between the garrison and the interior. The blockade had been complete long before. As sieges have a general resemblance to each other, there is no need for dwelling here on the details of the capture of Vera Cruz. Batteries were formed, and the bombardment of the town commenced. Four days afterward, the governor sent messengers to General Scott to treat

for the surrender of the fortress and the city. Terms were agreed on, signed, and exchanged. The garrisons marched out, laying down their arms, were paroled and sent home as prisoners of war. Five thousand prisoners and four hundred pieces of ordnance were taken within twenty days after the landing; the American loss being estimated at the number of sixty-four killed or wounded.

The next important gain in the Mexican war was that of the battle of Cerro Gordo. Here the forces of Santa Anna, amounting, it is said, to twenty-five thousand, had intrenched themselves strongly, close to a lofty height, which commanded the approaches in all directions. The Mexican army had been divided, so as to hold the ridge of hills, but were driven from one position after another, until a general attack was ordered. The attack was completely successful, and the Mexicans were driven in disorder from their intrenchments.

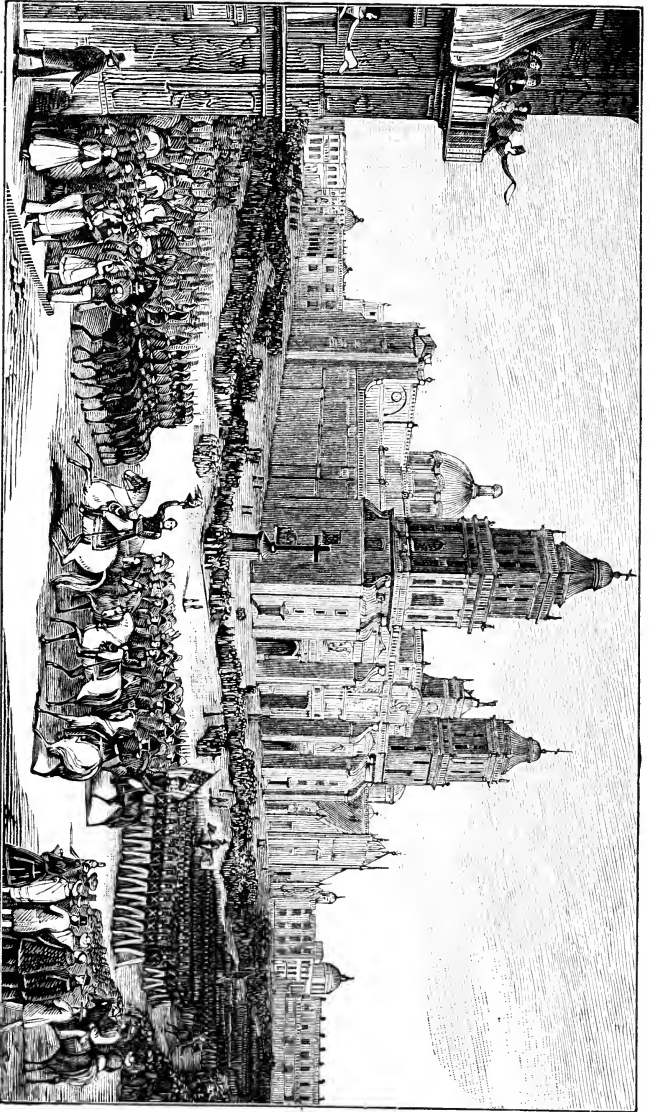
The American force present was about eight thousand five hundred; the Mexicans were estimated at twelve thousand or more. About three thousand prisoners, four or five thousand stands of arms, and forty-three pieces of artillery were taken. At Contreras another victory was won, of which the results were a road to the capital opened, seven hundred killed, eight hundred prisoners taken, twenty-two cannon, thousands of small arms, seven hundred mules and horses; while the American loss was only sixty men killed and wounded.

At Churubusco the Mexican army reunited, and made a determined stand. The Mexicans numbered about twenty-seven thousand, the Americans one-third

of that number. After a short but desperate conflict, the Mexicans surrendered. The victory of Chapultepec followed, which opened the way to the capital.

The city of Mexico stands on elevated ground, and is surrounded with a navigable canal of considerable breadth and depth, which serves at once for drainage and defence. Over this canal were eight entrances or gates, built on arches, and each of these was defended by a system of strong works. Surrounding the city were meadows, which were largely under water at the time of the approach of the American army, it being the middle of the wet season. Heavy batteries commanding the gates were established, which threw shot and shell into the works. There was severe fighting all around the city, the Americans being constantly under a furious fire of cannon and musketry from the walls.

At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached, scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties, a lodgment was effected, and a stream of soldiers rushed up the works. Opposition was soon overborne, and among cheers from the whole American army, the Mexican colors were pulled down, and the flag of the victors floated over the walls of Mexico. Small as the numbers engaged in the Mexican conflict appear, compared to the enormous masses of men who appeared in later wars, the results achieved were by no means contemptible. The American force, at no time numbering more than twelve thousand, overcame an army of over thirty thousand in their own country. The Mexican loss in killed and wounded was over seven thousand. Four thousand were taken prisoners, twenty colors were captured, seventy-five



SCOTT'S TRIUMPH.



pieces of heavy ordnance, and about twenty thousand small arms. Scott received the thanks and commendation of Congress, and returned to the North with his soldiers to receive the applause of the people.

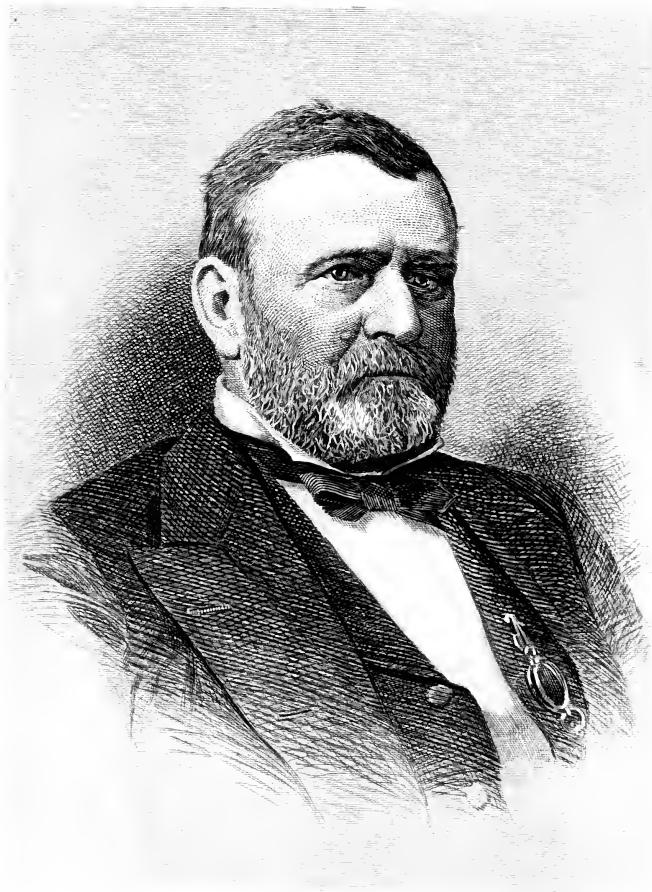
A treaty of peace was signed in February, 1848, and in time duly ratified in Washington. But the general did not escape adverse criticism. He was not in favor with the president, and almost immediately after the signing of the treaty, he was ordered to turn over the command of the army to Major-General William O. Butler, and to submit himself to a court of inquiry. The charges against him were, however, withdrawn, and the court adjourned and dissolved.

When President Taylor was inaugurated, Scott removed his headquarters from Washington, his personal relations with the president not being of a pleasant character. In 1850 he re-established himself in Washington. He had been again proposed as a candidate for the presidency, in 1848, but failed to receive the nomination. In 1852 he was proposed a third time. He had an extreme desire to achieve the election to the presidency, and this third time it was believed very generally that he would be successful. The Whig convention, at Baltimore, nominated him, but he was signally defeated, receiving only four votes—those of Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Scott was bitterly disappointed, especially in the fact that his own State, Virginia, did not sustain him.

When the first rumors of secession were heard Scott was called to the capital to consult on the best method of checking any armed opposition to the government. He was, however, suffering from the infirmities of advancing age, and he gave his advice in a series of

letters. His frame of mind was timorous and vacillating. While deprecating the dissolution of the Union, he was opposed to retaining the Southern States by force; and on the slavery question he entertained conservative views. The rapid onward sweep of the rebellion seemed to appall him, and in 1861 he formally tendered his resignation as commander-in-chief.

In 1864 Scott completed his own memoirs, a work of some value, but very largely occupied with details of his personal quarrels and difficulties, which were numerous. He had made New York city his home during his later years, but after a somewhat protracted period of ill-health and general infirmity, he decided to make a voyage to Europe for the benefit of his health. The news of the capture of Slidell and Mason was received almost immediately after his arrival in England, and induced him to return at once, as danger of a war between England and the United States appeared imminent. He remained at his home in New York for many months, but removed subsequently to West Point, where he died in May, 1866.



U. S. Grant



CHAPTER XXIV.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

Home and Birth of Ulysses—How he received his name—Appointment to West Point—Graduates—Joins his Regiment—Goes to Louisiana—Marriage—Resignation—In the Leather Business—Second call to arms—First Post of Duty—Appointed Colonel—Brigadier-General—Contest at Fort Donelson—Major-General—Battle of Pittsburg Landing—Vicksburg—Condition of the Army—Banks and Grant—Fourth of July in Vicksburg—At Chattanooga—At Washington—The Commission of Lieutenant-Generalship—Reply in Acceptance—Advance on Richmond—Strategy—Estimated by the Confederates—President—As Chief Executive—Second Term—Around the World—Subsequent Life.

WAS born April 27, 1822, at Point Pleasant, an obscure village in the State of Ohio. His ancestry on his father's side is purely Scotch; the tartan of Clan Grant may to-day be found in the shops of Edinburgh.

The noblest characteristics of the Caledonian race appeared in the father, Jesse R. Grant, and were transmitted in a remarkable degree to his son. The shrewd sagacity, practical common sense, and clear judgment, so eminently shown by the subject of this sketch, may be traced to his ancestors, the motto of whose house, "Stand firm, stand fast, stand sure," may give us a hint of the source of those personal characteristics which have brought not only honor to himself, but

salvation to his country. Ulysses S. Grant, until eleven years of age, enjoyed the advantages of a common school education, for three months of every year; during this time he assisted his father in the tannery, and at such out-of-door work as was needful on the farm, exhibiting a great fondness for horses, as well as skill and judgment in training them, quite noticeable in one so young.

When twelve years old he was sent by his father to purchase a horse of a neighbor; intrusted with sixty dollars, he was instructed to pay, if possible, but fifty. The owner made some inquiries of the lad respecting the amount of money which Mr. Grant had given to his son, and, with the ingenuousness of childhood, Ulysses told the whole story. As a matter of course, the price of the horse was sixty dollars. But the shrewd lad knew something of the merits of a horse, and on examination, decided that he was worth but fifty. No effort on the part of the trader could move the lad whose family crest bore the words "Stand firm;"—words were of no avail, and after a deal of haggling the lad rode away on his purchase and ten dollars in his pocket.

But he had no taste for the life he was leading, and while he frankly told his father that he would cheerfully work with him until he was twenty-one, he would never be a tanner when at liberty to choose for himself. The father, too wise to attempt to coerce a boy who knew so well what he wished, cast about to find means to educate the lad, and when his son was fifteen years old, urgently applied to his friend, Thomas L. Hamer, to procure for his son an appointment for a cadetship at West Point, then vacant in his district.

Young Grant was baptized Hiram Ulysses, but, at the moment of rising to make the nomination, Mr. Hamer had forgotten that fact, and knowing that his mother's name was Simpson gave that as his middle name, entering him as U. S.; thus giving him the initials of the country which was to educate him, and whose life he was destined to preserve. He made efforts to have the mistake corrected, but in vain, and U. S. he and his country remain to this day.

Grant made no brilliant record at West Point. He had no special fondness for any branch of study except mathematics. He was by no means insubordinate, but inattentive to the minutiae of military etiquette required of cadets, so that he was constantly undergoing petty punishments for having a shoe untied on parade or a cravat awry. This same disregard of forms has followed him throughout his career: no officer is less scrupulous in the etiquette of costume or requires from his subordinates fewer tokens of respect.

He graduated in 1843, twenty-first in a class of thirty-six; and as there were not twenty-one vacancies in the regular army, he had brevet rank of second lieutenant and was attached to the fourth infantry, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, where he met a friend and classmate in the son of Fred Dent, a prominent St. Louis merchant. A little later, in consequence of the Mexican war, Grant's regiment was ordered to Texas, to join the army of General Taylor. His first battle was at Palo Alto, followed by Monterey. His regiment was then transferred to General Scott, and participated in the renowned siege and capture of Vera Cruz. Here the young officer was made quarter-master, and was present at all the battles of Scott's brilliant campaign,

at Chapultepec, ending in the conquest of the city of Mexico. For distinguished gallantry at Molino del Rey he received the brevet of first lieutenant. The capture of the city of Mexico was no easy achievement. At a certain point in the siege, Lieutenant Grant noticed a church at the right of a defence which must be carried before entrance to the city could be effected, with a steeple about one hundred feet high. He found the padre and demanded the keys, which were refused; but Grant soon convinced the simple priest that the surrendering those keys was a military necessity. A mountain howitzer drawn by hand was speedily taken in pieces, and four or five men carried it to the belfry of this little church, where Grant himself (having first protected the church) quickly arranged the gun so that it should command the defence already noticed. Such success attended him that the Mexicans were compelled to abandon their post, over which the stars and stripes soon floated.

The piece was then directed against the western gate of the city. General Worth was not long in noticing the shells issuing from this novel position, and marking the effect on the enemy, was delighted with the sagacity of the performance. That night the garrison surrendered, and on the morrow the Americans held Mexico. General Worth sent for Grant, and publicly congratulated him on the success of his novel plan. For this achievement, so important and successfully executed, without orders, young Grant received honorable mention in all official reports, and the brevet rank of captain.

At the close of the war he returned with his regiment to the United States, was married to Miss Julia

Dent, the sister of his classmate, and as the life of a soldier in time of peace was distasteful to him, he left the army, and retired upon a farm near St. Louis, which was given by Mr. Dent to his daughter.

The ordinary farm products yielding him but a poor support, he increased his income by hauling wood to the St. Louis market, driving his own team, and arrayed in the rough dress suited to his business; thus drawing to himself scornful looks from the gayly dressed army officers with whom he came in contact.

At length becoming convinced that, as a farmer, he was not a success, he applied for the post of city surveyor of St. Louis, which was declined. He tried various means to increase his income, and often found himself in straitened circumstances. His father offered him an interest in the leather concern which he had established, and here he remained until the boom of the gun at Sumter fell upon the startled ear of the nation.

Hon. E. B. Washburne, then member of Congress from that district, introduced him to Governor Yates, who took little notice of the modest farmer, but afterwards, on the recommendation of a friend, sent for him, and put him in charge of a camp of a thousand men who did not know how to hold a musket. In four weeks this regiment (the Twenty-first Illinois infantry), which at first was inclined to sneer at the officer in rusty clothes who took command, became one of the best disciplined bodies in the service, and this with no severity on the part of the officer, and no ill-feeling on the part of the men. This regiment was subsequently ordered to Missouri.

At that time, and it was too much the case to tho

end of the war, all appointments in volunteer service depended upon political influence at Washington, and to his constant friend, Hon. Mr. Washburne, Colonel Grant was indebted for his appointment as brigadier-general, received in August of this year, 1861. His transfer to the great central point of Cairo followed this promotion. At his strategy and wisdom in the capture of Paducah we can only glance, as well as at the slaughter at Fort Henry and the contest at Fort Donelson.

Early in 1862 General Grant was again promoted, and was made a major-general, being placed in command of the department of Tennessee. The confederate forces had assembled an overwhelming force at Pittsburg Landing, with the design and expectation of complete annihilation to the Union army. Grant was in the field before eight o'clock on the morning on which the decisive battle was begun. He knew that General Buell was on his way with reinforcements, and if he could hold the foe in check till Buell's arrival, his victory was certain. It was a doubtful and a dreadful day of fighting. Well might the brave commander exclaim, "Oh, for night, or Buell." After a second hard day's fight, victory perched above the stars and stripes, though the fugitives were not pressed. The army of the Tennessee were exhausted by the fight, and Buell's men by the long and rapid march, with the subsequent engagement.

For eight months Vicksburg had successfully resisted all attempts of the Union forces to capture it. Notwithstanding the superior generalship of Grant, and the utmost vigilance of his supporting commanders, it maintained the name of "the impregnable." By

means of intercepted communications, Grant had discovered early in June, 1863, that the Confederate forces within the city had only rations for thirty days. Immediately, sappers and miners were at work, and so well guarded were the entrances to these different excavations, that the enemy had not the slightest knowledge that their forts were being undermined, and yet the parapet of the principal fort was only twenty feet distant from the mouth of the mine. The 25th of June was fixed for the explosion, and twenty-two hundred pounds of powder were used in the shaft; a fuse was run out to the mouth of the shaft, and the match applied. What a surprise must that explosion have been! With a shout, the troops of Grant rushed into the yawning jaws of the shattered parapet, firing as they went. This manœuvre advanced the troops thirteen hundred yards nearer the final breastwork, and our hero sent word to the general in command (who had been his classmate at West Point) that if the city were not surrendered, it would be carried by assault. On the morning of July 3d, an interview was held between Generals Grant and Pemberton, outside the city, at which the latter said: "I meet you, General Grant, to negotiate terms in relation to my post. What do you demand, sir?" "Unconditional surrender, sir." "Never! I will continue the fight." "Very well, sir; my army was never in better condition."

After a long silence, during which, no doubt, General Pemberton reflected on his scarcity of supplies, and the helpless women and children within his lines, he acceded to the terms proposed; and the next day thirty-one thousand six hundred men, including two thousand one hundred and fifty officers, and fifteen generals,

were surrendered to the man whose coat of arms bore the words, "Stand fast, stand sure, stand firm."

This conquest was not followed by inactivity, although from the 1st of May till the 4th of July, he had led seven hotly contested battles, in each case winning victory. He offered to send to General Banks at Port Hudson, an "army corps of as good soldiers as ever stood on the continent, no better in the world." The Army of the Mississippi was now divided between Generals Banks, Schofield and Burnside, and General Grant was placed in command of "the military division of the Mississippi." It had been intended to devolve upon him further duties in the field, but being partially disabled by an accident, he was compelled to decline the honor.

Early in October he was on the move toward Chattanooga, which is situated in a bend of the Tennessee river, in what is well named the "Switzerland of America." The Confederate forces held it as a stronghold, and supposed it impregnable—a depot for supplies and of the greatest importance to their armies. General Grant's command now included the Departments of Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee. The intrenchments of the enemy were on the lofty heights of Lookout mountain, on the ranges of Missionary ridge. After a personal inspection, General Grant decided to effect a lodgment of troops on the left bank of the Tennessee river, three miles below the base of Lookout mountain. On the night of October 26th 1,250 picked men floated down through the darkness, and landed in front of the enemy's pickets, only six miles from Chattanooga. By use of a concealed zigzag road he brought to the banks of the Chickamauga a miniature fleet of

pontoon boats, in which soon after midnight of November 23d the daring troops embarked, floating silently along the darkness through the Chickamauga into the Tennessee, keeping close to the right bank of the river, within a few rods of the enemy's pickets. Not a word was spoken; not the dash of an oar was heard as the current bore the troops along. As the morning broke over the lofty heights the entire command had reached the designated spot where their comrades were waiting to be ferried over. By the middle of the next day the entire force, artillery, cavalry and infantry, had crossed the river and encamped on Missionary ridge. Generals Thomas, Hooker and Sherman, acting in concert, kept the Confederate forces engaged until, toward evening, at a given signal of six guns from the headquarters of General Grant, a portion of General Hooker's command sprang impetuously forward, dashed up the steeps of Lookout, and there won, after a desperate struggle, that battle above the clouds, at which a large capture of munitions rewarded the valor of our troops and the wisdom of their commander. His characteristic modesty was shown in the despatch to Washington which followed these four days of desperate fighting and brilliant achievement:—"I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory."

The effect of this conquest, which had shattered the Confederate forces at the West, was most inspiring, not only to the Union troops, but to the entire country. President Lincoln appointed a day of special thanksgiving to God by the people in their usual places of worship. At the assembling of Congress the united thanks to General Grant of both houses, as the repre-

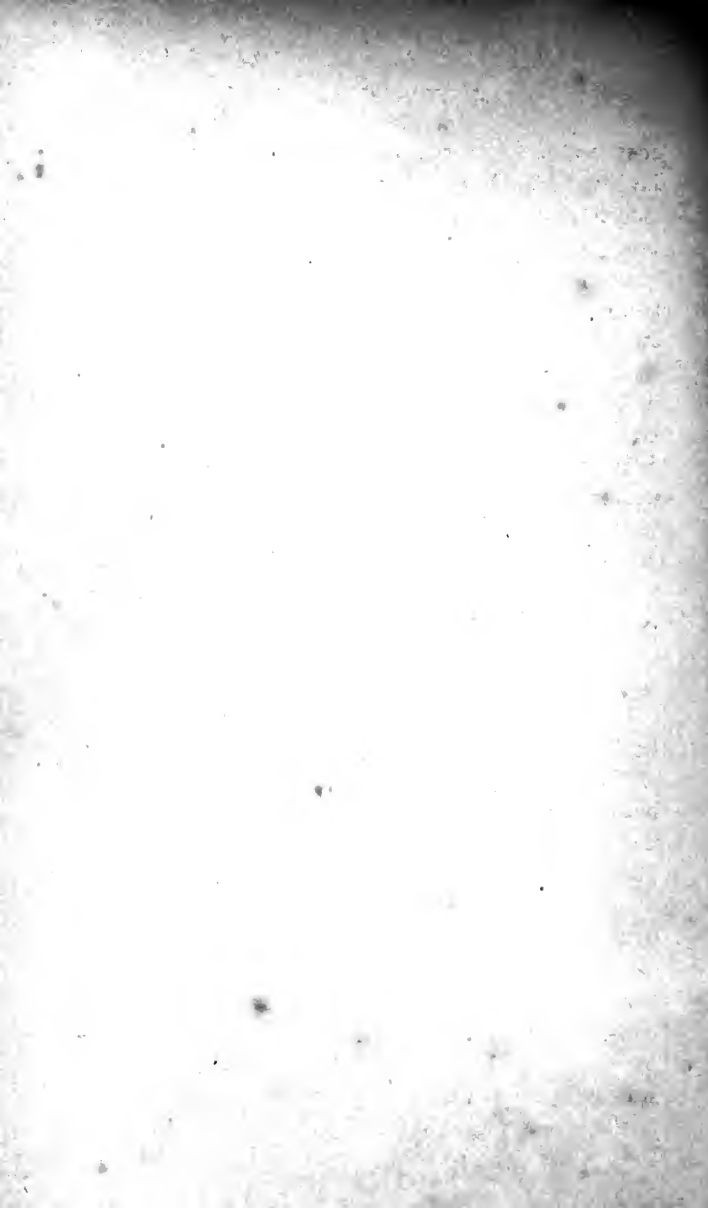
sentatives of the people, were voted, and a gold medal was struck and presented to him. Proofs of the gratitude of the people poured in on every hand. On March 1, 1864, Congress passed an act making him Lieutenant-General of the Army of the United States. General Grant was ordered to Washington to receive this, the highest honor ever given in this country to living man, and so modestly did he approach the city, that his arrival was not known until he was seen and recognized, as he was taking breakfast, and the hotel register was found to bear this record, "U. S. Grant, Chattanooga!" In the history of this country the rank of lieutenant-general had been given only to General Washington, and by brevet to General Scott.

General Grant had now exclusive command of all the United States armies, and in accepting the distinguished honor he said, in writing: "Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities resting upon me, and I know if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Having, preparatory to an advance on Richmond, in the face of a general probably no less competent than himself, purged the army of incompetent officers, he called Sheridan from the West and placed him in command of the cavalry. On March 3, 1864, he ordered General Meade to cross the Rapidan. It required the mind of a general to safely conduct an army train which



"ON TO RICHMOND."



consisted of 4,000 wagons. General Grant established his own head-quarters in the field near Culpepper Court-House. His movements were made with all the precision of a chess-board; he communicated by telegraph with the West and South, and the entire campaign throughout the country was clearly in his mind and ordered by him.

The archives of the Confederate government were in Richmond, and if that city could be held by General Grant the war would be ended. The advance on Richmond was cautious, marked by the masterly strategy of the commander and the quiet firmness which he ever displayed. Never since the time of Napoleon I. had such vast military resources been placed in the hand of one man as were now intrusted to General Grant. The solemn bell of destiny began to toll the knell of the Confederacy, and the echoes were heard daily until that Confederacy had perished.

Grant did not confine himself to one line of operations. With every point of country and every position of his vast army clearly defined in his comprehensive brain, he carried on his projects. On May 5, 1864, the first engagement of the Richmond campaign took place, followed by the three days' battle in the Wilderness and Lee's retreat to Spottsylvania, where another battle occurred. Later followed the engagement of Cold Harbor, from where Grant, having crossed the James, marched to Petersburg, and attacking that city, met with a pronounced repulse. Grant had made up his mind "to fight it out on this line," and during the summer he met with varying successes.

The great event of the winter was the capture of Fort Fisher, and as spring approached the situation at

all points was encouraging. In North Carolina General Schofield had pushed up the Neuse to Kinston; Sherman's columns were well up from the sea toward the Carolina border; Sheridan with 15,000 troops was on his march down the James, and the time had come which was to decide the fate of Lee's forces. On April 1st Grant moved with overwhelming force upon Five Points, and having completely surrounded General Lee, sent to him a flag of truce asking his surrender. After much military correspondence, the two generals met April 9, 1865, on a shady knoll, each attended by five officers, and arranged the terms which were demanded by General Grant—"unconditional surrender," to which General Lee agreed, and presented his sword to Grant, who returned it, saying, "It cannot be worn by a braver man." With admirable magnanimity, General Grant accepted only the munitions of war; "Keep," said he, "your horses, saddles and blankets; you will need them all in rebuilding the South." With a delicacy worthy of remark, when Grant marched his forces into the Confederate capital, he would have no bands of music to make the air vocal with the conquest, but quietly entered Richmond with as little display as possible.

The Confederate troops were enthusiastic in his praise; his generosity and consideration of their position endeared him to every man of his foes.

The fighting having ended, Grant quickly entered upon the important work remaining to be accomplished before this dismembered republic should again be united and reconstructed.

He proved himself equal to his share of the duty. The South as well as the North had confidence in

him, as in the midst of his victories he had always treated the vanquished with the kindest consideration. In reviewing his course one may well ask, Is there one admirable trait attributed to the Father of his Country that is not found in the character of its Preserver?

In 1868, when the time for choosing a successor to our martyred President Lincoln had arrived, General Grant, on the first ballot, received the unanimous vote of the Republican convention, and was triumphantly elected.

Such satisfaction did he give in the discharge of his duties, such wisdom, economy, skill and diplomacy in steering the ship of state through the dangerous reefs and shoals of the angry billows which at that period surged around the capitol, that in 1872 he was, with accord, re-elected to the same position. Declining to be a candidate for a third term of office, he retired to private life.

In 1877 he embarked at Philadelphia for a journey around the world, accompanied by his wife and son, Jesse R. It is reasonable to state that there was never a man, much less an American, who received from foreign nations such courteous attentions. His tour was one long ovation, not only from commoners, gentry and noblemen, but Queen Victoria gave him and his family a dinner at Windsor Castle, where they passed the night. Crowned heads in every nation which he visited did him honor, and in so doing felt that they were themselves honored. In 1879 he reached California, having circumnavigated the globe.

Returning from this trip strengthened in body and mind, enriched by practical examination of other gov-

ernments, what man in the wide country, whose words of advice on themes of state, can have the weight of those which may fall from the lips of General Grant? Soon after his return he paid a visit to Mexico, which was of great interest to this country, as he had such exceptional opportunity to note the progress which in thirty years had been made by the Mexican government. He was appointed, and still continues to be, President of the Mexican Central Railroad, a work which is of world-wide interest.

His busy days in New York city are filled with the performance of the duty nearest to his hand; and who can doubt that, as his career shall in the future be examined by his countrymen in the light of history, the name of U. S. Grant will stand upon the same plane as that of George Washington, the one the Saver, as the other was the Father of his Country?

CHAPTER XXV.

GEORGE HENRY THOMAS.

Birth and Early Education—Resemblance to Washington—Cadet—In the United States Army—At New Orleans—Fort Moultrie—Mexican War—Marriage—Instructor at West Point—Civil War—Brigadier-General—At Louisville—Battle at Logan's Cross-Roads—Major-General—Thomas refuses Buell's place—"Slow Trot"—At Chickamauga—Rescued by Granger—"Rock of Chickamauga"—Battle of Nashville—Character—Death.

GEORGE HENRY THOMAS was born on the 31st of July, 1816, in Southampton county, Virginia. His parents belonged to the wealthy and cultured class of the period, but at that time in the slave States, where white families were comparatively few, residing on large plantations, there were not many educational advantages. Schools were rare and of a low grade, for there was not a sufficient number of white children at any given point to render teaching a profitable occupation. The studies of young Thomas were, therefore, of a very desultory character in boyhood; and it is a remarkable evidence of his intellect and application that he became one of the most successful students of his class at West Point. He was especially distinguished for his proficiency in mathematics, a study for which he retained a taste through all his subsequent life. But Thomas, during his career at the Military Academy, was noticeable in many ways.

He was not a very boyish boy. Although he submitted with much courage to the system of hazing when it was applied to himself, he steadfastly refused to take part in it when he had become a classman, and was invited to assist in hazing others. Not only did he decline participation in this course of licensed outrage, but he became the friend and adviser of the newly arrived plebes. He was exceedingly truthful, and declined to stoop to the many artifices and white lies common among cadets to excuse their breaches of duty or discipline. From a certain sedate dignity of manner and this unswerving truthfulness, his companions attributed to him a likeness to George Washington, and, as time passed on, this distinguished name became Thomas' sobriquet.

He entered West Point in 1836, and graduated in 1840, twelfth in a class of forty-two members. Among his classmates were Generals W. T. Sherman, Johnson, and Ewell.

Thomas was appointed second lieutenant of the Third Artillery immediately on his graduation, and was ordered to report at Fort Columbus, New York, which was then, as now, a rendezvous for recruits. Here he spent but a few months, when he received orders to proceed with his regiment to Florida; where active hostilities against the Indians were in progress. The Seminole war, as it was called, had all the usual characteristics of Indian fighting; long and difficult marches over unknown roads, sudden encounters with wily and desperate foes, and severe hardships of various kinds. Thomas gave evidence in Florida of the steadfast endurance which was so marked a trait of his character. No amount of hardship induced him to

utter a complaint. At the close of the war he was warmly recommended for promotion by his commanding officer, and was appointed first lieutenant "for gallantry and good conduct in the war against the Florida Indians."

In the following year, 1842, he was stationed at New Orleans, where, however, he remained but a few months, when he was transferred to Fort Moultrie, and thence to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. This was the gala period of Thomas's life. Young, handsome, polite and well-read, he was considered an acquisition in society, and for a time he entered very heartily into its enjoyments. But a life of gayety soon wearied him, and he expressed pleasure when he received orders to report to his company, which was about to join the army of occupation in Texas. He distinguished himself at the defence of Fort Brown in 1846, and still more at the battle of Monterey, where he served as lieutenant in a battery commanded by Bragg. He was brevetted captain for his services at Monterey, and major "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Buena Vista." The close of the war brought him little rest, for after a few months passed in camp at the mouth of the Rio Grande, he was again ordered to Florida, where the Seminole war was still in progress. In this tedious campaigning another year passed, and he was then stationed at Fort Independence, in Boston harbor. In 1851 he received an appointment as instructor at West Point. But few men better suited to the position could have been found. Dignified and conscientious as he was in the discharge of his duties, he was yet a great favorite with the cadets, his genuine kindness of heart being very visible

through his reserve of manner. The popularity which he enjoyed with his soldiers is well known. The attachment of his students to him was no less marked. In the second year of his residence at West Point he married Miss Frances L. Kellogg, of Troy, New York. She was a young lady of rare accomplishments, of fine appearance and pleasing manners. Their union was a very happy one, and their home was a rarely hospitable resort for his friends and comrades. Mrs. Thomas survived her husband, and is still a resident of her native city.

In 1854 Thomas was appointed to the command of a battalion in the Third artillery, and ordered to Benicia, California, but no sooner had he arrived there than he was sent to Fort Yuma, Arizona, which is generally considered by army men the most disagreeable post in the United States. The heat is intense, and the extreme dryness of the climate and sterility of the soil render it a most uninviting spot. Thomas was not much of an anecdote-monger in general, but he was rather fond of telling the now well-known story of the reprobate trooper who died at Fort Yuma, and returned to camp the following night for his blankets, complaining that he was freezing to death, hell being so much colder than Fort Yuma.

After a year spent in garrison in Arizona, Thomas was appointed major of the Second cavalry, of which the colonel was Albert Sydney Johnston, and the lieutenant-colonel Robert E. Lee. For the next three years he served in Texas, with the interruption of some months in Utah. In 1860 there was some severe Indian fighting, in which Thomas took an active part. He joined in what was known as the Kiowa expedition,

and in a fight on the Brazos received an arrow wound in the face.

In 1861 Thomas's regiment was almost dismembered, owing to the number of officers and men who decided to cast in their lot with the South. The three senior field officers having resigned, Thomas was promoted to be colonel. In May, having mustered together four of the ten companies which composed the regiment, Thomas reported to General Robert Patterson at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The other six companies had preceded him, for it had taken a considerable time to re-form the regiment and fit it for service. The veterans had to be re-uniformed, the recruits to be drilled, and horses and equipments purchased for all. One body of men attached to the regiment deserves special mention. This was known as the Philadelphia City Troop. This was composed of young men of high character and education, who offered their services at the beginning of the war, and were accepted for three months. At the expiration of this term, most of the members became officers of volunteer regiments from their native State. After a brief term of service under General Patterson, Thomas was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and was ordered to place himself under the orders of General Robert Anderson, then stationed at Louisville, Kentucky. He reported there on September 6th, 1861. Anderson thought highly of Thomas, and placed him at once in command of Camp Dick Robinson, then the most important position in the department. The secessionist element was strong in the State of Kentucky, and Thomas encountered innumerable difficulties. The State government was loyal, but bands of guerillas and freebooters

infested the country. Army supplies and arms had been removed in great quantities by disloyal officers, and it was with great difficulty that Thomas managed to raise and equip six regiments, the nucleus of that splendid organization which became known afterwards as the Army of the Cumberland.

These troops were quite undisciplined, but under Thomas's able training they became efficient soldiers in an incredibly short space of time. Additional regiments were forwarded to him, but being a very cautious general, he waited until he could muster a considerable force before making the movement which he desired on Knoxville, with the purpose of destroying the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, and then capturing or dispersing the Southern forces in that section. General Sherman had replaced Anderson in command of the department, and Buell was at the head of the Army of the Cumberland, the name of which was afterwards changed to that of the Army of the Ohio. Thomas was assigned to the command of the First division. He now felt strong enough to move on the enemy, and on the 21st of October, 1861, he sent forward a part of his brigade to meet a considerable body of rebels under Zollicoffer. The engagement ended in the defeat of the Confederates, with but slight loss on either side. He pushed his advance, but slowly, owing to very heavy rains which rendered the roads almost impassable. Thus it was the 17th of November before he reached the place designated as Logan's Cross-Roads, where he encamped for some weeks. Here a severe engagement took place January 18th, 1862, between Thomas's troops and those of General George B. Crittenden. The battle began at five in the afternoon, with

a heavy fire of artillery. Night fell on the combatants, and in the morning it was found that Crittenden's whole force had retreated, abandoning its guns, wagons and supplies. Thomas's army pursued the retreating troops as far as Monticello. This being the first victory of the year, was a great encouragement to Unionists through the country. The loss of life (about two hundred and fifty on the Northern side, and three hundred and fifty on the Southern) was small compared with the terrible slaughter in subsequent battles, but the effect of the victory was valuable in relieving a considerable section of country from occupation by the rebels.

Thomas next moved his command to Louisville, and thence to Nashville, which was evacuated by the forces of Generals Pillow and Floyd immediately before his arrival. Floyd had cut the wires of the suspension bridge, and that great structure had been precipitated to the bottom of the river. The Union troops under Buell had just arrived at Edgefield, opposite Nashville. Seeing the destruction of the bridge, they procured boats, and the work of crossing the river was begun. Buell and Thomas found the bitterest feeling prevalent in Nashville against the Union army. The people had been stirred up against them from pulpit and press. It was not long until a revolution of opinion among them was manifest. The mild and gentlemanlike manner of General Thomas impressed them particularly, and they realized that Northern officers were not the inhuman creatures they had been represented.

The army occupied Nashville until about the middle of March, when the generals received information that

the Confederates were collecting in great force near Pittsburg Landing. They accordingly moved forward, Buell's forces in advance, and meeting the enemy, the great battle of Shiloh took place. Thomas's troops did not arrive in time to take part in this memorable conflict, but the knowledge that he was in the rear, and prepared to support them, acted strongly on the Union troops. The soldiers had a very steadfast belief in Thomas's generalship, and the government also recognized his ability. After the battle of Shiloh, Thomas was placed in command of the right wing of the army, a position which he retained until after the capture of Corinth.

The advance of the army from the Tennessee river to Corinth was one of the most remarkable achievements of the war. Owing to the heavy spring rains, the roads were in such condition that artillery and wagons sank into the ground up to the hubs of the wheels, and it was impossible to move them until corduroy roads were made. Many miles of these roads had to be constructed, but at length Corinth was reached. Thomas was now convinced that the rebel general Bragg was preparing to invade Kentucky; Buell believed that Nashville was Bragg's objective point. Events proved that Thomas had judged correctly. Bragg, after a slight demonstration against Nashville, crossed the river above that city and pushed on to Louisville. Both Buell and Thomas moved to prevent this occupation. After some heavy skirmishing, which, however, failed to become actual battle, with Bragg's forces, the Union army marched to Louisville, and took possession of that city.

The excitement in and around the town was intense.

The streets were filled with the exulting loyalists, rejoicing at the narrow escape from Southern occupation. But the war department considered that Buell was to blame for having permitted the rebel army to invade Kentucky at all, and overlooking his great skill and energy which had saved Louisville to the Union, an order was sent to General Thomas, assigning him to the command of the Army of the Ohio, and relieving General Buell. Thomas saw that this order cast an undeserved censure on a meritorious officer, and was too magnanimous to accept an advantage to himself founded upon the unmerited misfortune of another. He therefore asked that the order should be suspended. While the matter was still undecided, the army moved to meet Bragg, and a great battle ensued, which was fought on the 8th of October at Perryville. The disasters of the day were heavy, and the advantages doubtful. Buell was censured, and he in turn cast blame on others, for the partial failure of the battle. The order relieving Buell was carried into execution, but his command was transferred to General W. S. Rosecrans. The latter divided the army into three grand divisions, the centre under General Thomas, and the right and left wings under McCook and Crittenden. At the same time the old name of the Army of the Cumberland was resumed.

Then followed several conflicts, of which the most severe occurred at Murfreesboro', where the whole army was engaged. After the battle, Bragg's forces fell back, and the Union troops took possession of the town. Here they remained six months, a delay which caused extreme dissatisfaction at Washington. Rosecrans occupied the time in fortifying the place so

strongly that it could be held against the combined Confederate forces. But in June, 1863, he decided to make a movement to secure the possession of Middle Tennessee, and he succeeded in doing so, being ably seconded by General Thomas. Bragg fell back to Chattanooga, where he intrenched himself and made arrangements to stay. It was a position of great strength, surrounded by high mountains, with a deep stream winding around one side, and heavily fortified. It could have been held by a small force of men against ten times their number. Rosecrans, however, determined to push on into Georgia, and as a necessary step for this purpose, an attack had to be made on Chattanooga. The Tennessee river and the Cumberland mountains interposed, and rarely in military annals has a more hazardous and difficult march occurred. While it was still in progress, Bragg with all his troops evacuated his strong position at Chattanooga, and the forces met in battle at Chickamauga. Here one of the most terrible conflicts of the war took place, and Thomas, by his steadfast courage, won the title of the "Rock of Chickamauga." At the close of the day, the army under his guidance and control pitched its tents at Chattanooga, and there for many weeks held its position, although surrounded by the enemy, and suffering much from disease and want of supplies.

The war department had become dissatisfied with General Rosecrans, because Bragg had not been driven from Georgia, and issued orders for his removal, and the appointment of Thomas in his place. He assumed command under most discouraging circumstances. The troops were on short rations, and the difficulty of obtaining supplies was increasing, the enemy command-

ing the river at several points below Chattanooga. The department telegraphed to Thomas to know how long he could hold his position. His reply was, "We will hold it until we starve," and both he and his men were fully resolved to suffer anything rather than relinquish their post to the enemy. But in order to relieve his soldiers, Thomas planned an able movement which opened the river to them from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. Generals Hooker, Palmer, Smith, and Hazen took part in this movement. Hooker took possession of the enemy's position on Lookout mountain; the range of hills below was occupied by the Union troops; thus the means of obtaining supplies was established, and the Army of the Cumberland saved from the slow destruction by famine which had seemed to await it.

In the campaign which drove Bragg and his forces from Missionary ridge General Thomas added to his laurels as a commander. It was said of him that "he never made a mistake or lost a battle." He was accused of slowness, for he never permitted himself to be hurried into battle until he had decided that he was ready for it. It is said that his habits of deliberation were the cause of his cognomen of "Slow Trot," although the sobriquet has also been traced to an anecdote told of him to the effect that riding along one day, lost in thought and probably somewhat overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep, while his horse moved on almost at a foot-pace. Waking up, and finding himself riding far in the rear of his command, he rose in the stirrups, shouting, "Slow trot, boys, slow trot," and then moved on briskly until he regained his proper position at the head of the lines.

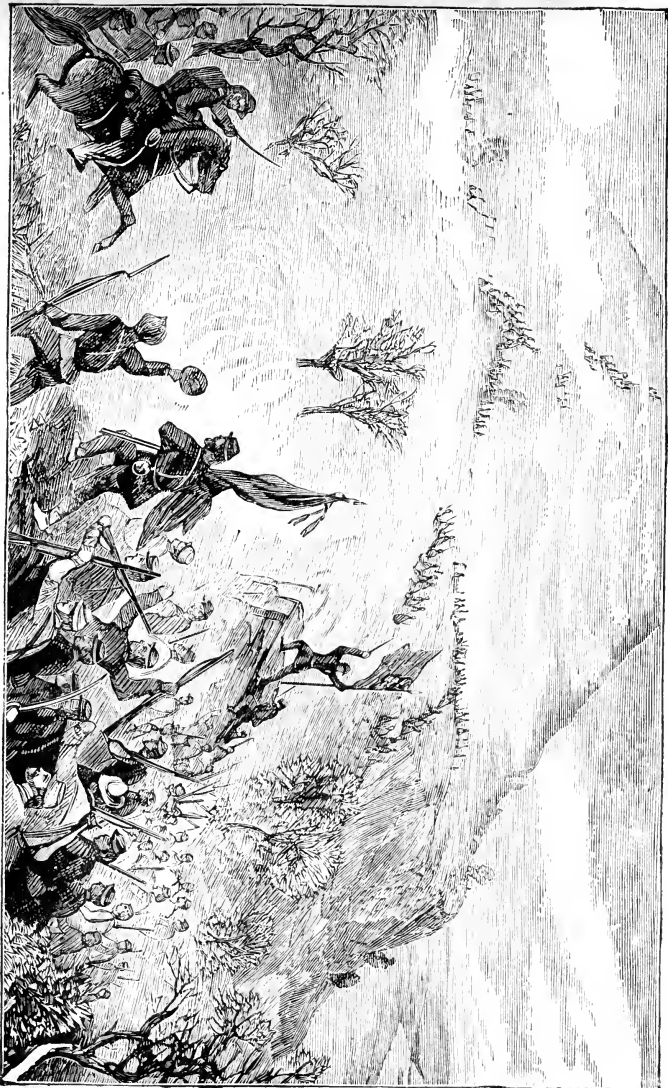
However that may be, his system if slow was sure.

He provided for all dilemmas and obstacles, was never taken by surprise, made no disastrous experiments, and lost fewer troops than any other of our generals in proportion to the advantages gained. It was an admirable feature of his character that, although an able commander, he was a willing subordinate. Even at the time when the country was filled with admiration of his conduct at Chickamauga and Missionary ridge General Sherman, his junior in years and experience, was appointed over him to the command vacated by Grant. Thomas took his place under Sherman with cheerful obedience, and fought bravely through the series of combats which culminated in the capture of Atlanta and Northern Georgia. In the words of the brilliant leader himself, "Old Thomas was the wheel-horse," and his loyal co-operation under all circumstances was one of the chief agents in crushing out the armed power of the rebellion in that section of country.

After the capture of Atlanta, when Sherman decided on his famous march to the sea, Thomas was commissioned to protect the rear by encountering the enemy at whatever point the latter might choose to give battle. The Southern commander, General Hood, decided to make a stand in Tennessee, and accordingly Thomas with his forces moved on Nashville.

The army remained inactive at that point for nearly two weeks. Thomas had about 33,000 men. Hood had 55,000, all veteran troops. Knowing that a defeat would probably delay the close of the war for years, Thomas resolved not to meet his adversary until he made complete preparations. The authorities at Washington were displeased at the delay, and even Grant

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.





was inclined to censure Thomas for not advancing against Hood. Telegrams fairly rained on Thomas, but he declined to move until he felt that he could do so with success. On the 15th of December, 1864, the forces met in front of Nashville. Thomas won a magnificent victory. Hood's army was literally broken up and destroyed. The pursuit was continued for two days. Whole regiments were taken prisoners, and the rear-guard of the flying and dispirited enemy was driven across the Tennessee river. Sixty-eight pieces of artillery, several thousand small arms, and over thirteen thousand prisoners were captured.

Thomas received the highest honor for this splendid achievement. He was thanked by a vote of the senate and house of representatives, the State of Tennessee voted him a gold medal, and the appointment of major-general was conferred on him. The victory at Nashville proved to be one of the closing scenes of the great drama, and when, a few months later, the Confederacy collapsed, Thomas was appointed to command the "military division of the Tennessee," with headquarters at Nashville. Here he remained some months engaged in the difficult task of re-establishing civil order in the disturbed States in his department. He was afterwards placed in command of the Department of the Cumberland, where he remained until 1869, when he was appointed to take charge of the military division of the Pacific with headquarters at San Francisco. He visited all the posts in his command, even including Alaska, and made a detailed report of his observations.

On returning to San Francisco he resumed the duties of his position, and while occupied in his office on the

28th of March, 1870, he was suddenly prostrated by illness. In a few hours he became insensible, and before evening fell, the brave and gifted soldier breathed his last. His death was attributed to the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain. His body was conveyed to Troy, New York, escorted by his staff and a suitable guard, and was interred there April 8th, 1870. Eight major-generals acted as pall-bearers, among whom were Meade, Rosecrans, and Hooker.

A monument to the memory of Thomas was erected at Washington, and at the unveiling of the statue which forms the monument, tributes were paid to the dead general by many of the commanders with whom he had served. A splendid eulogy on his character and services is contained in a memorial oration delivered at Cleveland in 1870 by the lamented President Garfield, who held Thomas in the highest honor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

Parentage—Birthplace—His Friend, Hon. Thomas Ewing—Cadet—Graduated—In Florida War—In California—President of Louisiana Military Academy—Resignation—In Federal Army—At Fort Corcoran—Pittsburg Landing—Grant's Opinion—Major-General at Corinth—Pursuing Johnston after capture of Vicksburg—Brigadier-General—Chattanooga—Missionary Ridge—Expedition through Mississippi—Captures Atlanta—March to the Sea—To Washington via Richmond—Sherman and Stanton—Commander at St. Louis—Character of Sherman.

IN the war of the rebellion Ohio seems to have furnished more than her quota of distinguished and successful officers. It was her fortune to give to the country the five military men who hold the first rank, viz., Stanton, Grant, Sherman, McPherson, and Sheridan, to say nothing of the long list of minor heroes.

The subject of this sketch was born in Lancaster, Fairfield county, Ohio, February 8, 1820. His father, being an admirer of the great Indian chief, gave him that name. His mother, being left a widow in 1829 with eleven children, relinquished William, then nine years old, to the care of his father's friend, Hon. Thomas Ewing, who legally adopted him, sending him to good schools until he was sixteen, then entering him as a cadet at West Point, where he graduated in 1840, in rank the sixth in his class. He entered the service as second lieutenant of the Third Artillery, and served

a year in Florida. In 1846 he was sent to California, where he was on duty during the Mexican war, and rose to the rank of captain. In 1850 he was married to Miss Ellen Ewing, daughter of his second father, to whom he had been attached since the days of his childhood. In 1853 he resigned his commission to become president of the banking-house of Lucas, Turner & Co., San Francisco. In 1860 he was urged to take the position of president of the Louisiana State Military Academy at Alexandria, where he remained but a short time. Foreseeing the approach of that war which shook these States from foundation to their topmost stone, in January previous to the attack on Sumter he resigned his position in words which evinced a wonderful insight of coming events. He wished to be relieved "the moment this State determines to secede, for on no account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to, or in defiance of, the old government of the United States."

Soon after, and before the attack on Sumter, he went to Washington, and in an interview with the President and Secretary of War, placed before them his views regarding impending events in the near future; but he was put aside with the evident feeling that he was an imaginative, excitable person, upon whom it would not be safe to depend, the President assuring him that "the little affair would soon blow over."

Sherman was completely astonished at the incredulity of the government, and later, after the call for seventy-five thousand men, when he was asked to assist in their organization, he said: "Why, you might as well undertake to extinguish the flames of a building with a squirt-gun as to put down this rebellion with

these three months troops." Being asked what should be done he replied, "Organize for a gigantic war at once; call out the whole military force of the country, and strangle the rebellion in its very birth, with an overwhelming, irresistible force." He seems to have been, at that time, the only one to realize the magnitude of the occasion, or the force which would be required, before the wheels of the government should move quietly on their track.

McDowell, desiring Sherman's assistance in front of Washington, secured his appointment as colonel in the regular army, and he was placed in command of a brigade near Fort Corcoran. Soon after, he received his commission of brigadier-general of volunteers, and was second in command in the department south of the Ohio. The health of his superior officer failing, Sherman was placed in command of the department. Just at this time, owing to some slight unpleasantness with a newspaper correspondent, the story was circulated throughout the country that General Sherman was insane. He was deeply chagrined, and gave utterance to his indignation in no delicate terms.

In fact, so utterly disgusted was he, that he asked to be relieved, which request was readily granted, and he was sent to Jefferson barracks, where he could do no harm. But when, in the spring of 1862, General Grant was put in command of a portion of the army, he felt that he had use for just such a crazy general as Sherman, and put him in command of the fifth division of the Army of the Tennessee. In the bloody battle at Pittsburg Landing Sherman showed his peculiar type of lunacy. His division, lying at the front base, bore the brunt of the first attack, and many

of his men were taken prisoners. But, clinging to his position till the last moment, fighting as he retired, rallying his men for action, galloping incessantly through the hottest fire, he seemed almost omnipotent. Three horses sunk under him, and he was several times wounded. But nothing daunted or checked his wonderful courage. He actually *blazed* over all the field of carnage, with his hand in a sling, giving directions everywhere—the moving spirit of the forces. General Nelson said of him, “During eight hours, the fate of our army depended upon one man. If General Sherman had fallen, the army would have been captured or destroyed.” General Grant’s opinion was, “To the individual efforts of General Sherman, I owe the success of that battle on April 6th.” On the 7th, with the remains of his division, he repeated his efforts of the day before, with equal success. “He was a strong man, in the high places of the field, and hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all other men.” Untiring to the last, he pushed out the third day, and vanquished the cavalry of the foe, taking a large supply of ammunition. He was at once promoted major-general of volunteers, and on June 20th advanced on Holly Springs, breaking up the Mississippi Central railroad. Memphis at this time falling into the hands of the Union forces, General Sherman made that post his headquarters, and by his untiring energy he entirely stopped the contraband trade with the South.

After Grant’s first attempt on Vicksburg, in which Sherman made an unsuccessful assault, Sherman’s army remained in comparative idleness until February, when, in pursuance of Grant’s plan for a second attack,

he proceeded to put his force in battle array near the point of his former assault, but on the fall of Grand Gulf, he was ordered by Grant to join him at that place. By the most wonderful marching, over bad roads, he met Grant May 6th, and on the 16th was ordered to move his troops at once toward Jackson, to the relief of his chief. Before night his entire corps were twenty miles on their way, and his unparalleled swiftness filled even Grant with admiration; on the 19th he lay with his right resting on the Mississippi, in sight of Vicksburg. He continued to hold this position during the long siege that followed, making gradual advances toward the city.

In the meantime the Confederate general, Johnston, had concentrated a large force in Grant's rear, near the city of Jackson, and Sherman had been directed, in case of the surrender of Vicksburg, to move at once on Johnston. By a rapid march of sixty-five miles he suddenly confronted the forces in Jackson, and was not long in achieving a complete victory, encamping his troops within the city. General Grant said of him, in his report, "The siege of Vicksburg, last capture of Jackson, and dispersing of Johnston's army, entitle General Sherman to more credit than usually falls to the lot of one man."

His army now rested until September 22d, when the defeat of General Rosecrans, near Chattanooga, rendered it needful to move forces to that point. His whole division was in motion before four o'clock of the day on which he received his despatch; though he was unable to reach Memphis until the beginning of October. But while he was so promptly fulfilling his orders, a private grief rested heavily upon him: a lov-

ing son, who bore his name and who was an especial favorite of the Thirteenth infantry, which had made the child a sergeant, sickened and died from exposure to the malarious atmosphere of the Big Black river.

It will be impossible for us to follow General Sherman through his march of more than three hundred miles, across the country to Chattanooga. On the 15th of November he was gladly welcomed by General Grant and his beleaguered forces. Owing to heavy rains, the roads were almost impassable; the troops, many without shoes, needed rest after their long and hurried march.

Sherman planted three divisions behind the hills, opposite Chickamauga creek, on which he had concealed over one hundred pontoons. One dark night these were quietly floated into the Tennessee, full of soldiers, and before the dawn of the next day eight thousand men were on the opposite shore, and had thrown up a little intrenchment to protect the pontoon-bridge of thirteen hundred feet in length, so rapidly constructed that by one o'clock of the same day it was quivering under the tread of marching columns, while a heavy rain, dropping from the low-hung clouds, quite concealed the manœuver. By three o'clock the astonished Confederate army found a formidable force on their extreme left, along the sides of Missionary ridge. A feeble attempt was vainly made to repel the advance; but before night Sherman's artillery was securely planted on the summit.

In the meantime General Hooker had carried Look-out mountain and opened communication with Chattanooga. In the dim light preceding morning Sherman discovered the enemy doubly intrenched behind two

hills, the second overlooking the first and commanding a plunging fire on the valley below. We must pause a moment to view this scene, remarkable in the world's history.

The sky above had the intensely deep blue of autumn, which the atmosphere of that high region made still deeper. The morning sun flooded the scene with dazzling brightness. The radiance reflected from tens of thousands of bayonets was sent flashing back from the long rows of cannon; the city of Chattanooga lay below in its amphitheatre of hills; banners waved in the clear mountain air, the notes of the bugle call echoed from the answering rocks, the roll of the drum was heard, the blue and gray uniforms were seen in the valley and on the heights around. The beauty of the mountain-scene will never be forgotten by those who beheld it. But how soon was all changed! Grief and anguish, blood and horror, wounded horses and dying men, took the place of the stillness and beauty of the sun-rising. The white line of smoke steadily advancing, showed the progress of the Union forces, and by night the enemy's centre was broken, and the day was won. We will not dwell upon the desolation of the following morning; suffice it to say that the rout of the enemy was complete. On the 30th, as General Sherman entered Charleston, he received a letter from General Grant containing the information that General Burnside was in danger at Knoxville, not only from the foe, but that he was short of rations. Sherman's tired troops were directed to move at once to the relief of Burnside. It was felt by all, from the commanding general to the youngest soldier, to be a fearful order; but it must be obeyed.

Cheerfully marched the Fifteenth army corps, and on reaching Loudon, twenty-six miles distant, the first day, found that the bridge was gone and they were compelled to delay the main body ; but Sherman sent forward an aide to the cavalry commander, with orders for him to pick out his best horses and troops, and ride at the top of their speed till he should reach Knoxville. The brave company were " off and away " pressing on, and in twenty-four hours reached Burnside with the most welcome tidings that Sherman was hastening to his relief.

But Longstreet, getting news also that the indomitable Sherman was on the way, thought best to exercise that discretion which belongeth to valor, and, withdrawing his forces, turned his course toward Virginia. And now the war-worn troops of the Fifteenth corps could take the rest so sorely needed, and so nobly earned.

After a short leave of absence, General Sherman established his headquarters at Memphis. Congress gave him a vote of thanks for his services, and General Grant sent him a kindly appreciative letter, in replying to which, Sherman concluded in these words, which wholly clear from shadow the march to the sea: " I now exhort you to come West. Here lies the seat of the coming empire, and from the West, when our task is done, we will make sure work of Charleston, Richmond, and the impoverished shores of the Atlantic."

At the close of the month he organized the expedition into central Mississippi, which caused great excitement in all parts of the country. Placed in command of the Department of the Mississippi, composed of the former Department of the Ohio, Cumberland,

and Tennessee, he asked for one hundred thousand men and two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery.

The Confederate army, as well as the Union forces, at this time felt, most disastrously, the influence of politics, and Johnston, their ablest general next to Lee, was at this crisis removed. Desperate fighting by both armies occurred during the succeeding month; there lacked not, on either side, men of prowess and wisdom; fearful carnage resulted from the engagements. The names of many generals might well have honorable mention during the weeks preceding the evacuation of Atlanta.

On the first day of September the Confederate forces left Atlanta, and that brilliant campaign was brought to a close. It would be well-nigh impossible to laud, too highly, the skill and foresight exhibited in the conception and execution of the designs of these few weeks. As the centuries shall roll on, and men of genius study the country itself, as well as her history, note its mountains, gullies, and water-courses, the masterly mind that grasped all contingencies and provided for all emergencies will be more and more appreciated, and General Sherman will receive his just meed of praise.

Having removed all non-combatants from Atlanta, he burned that city, and gathering his forces to a central point, on the night of November 10th, he caused another conflagration in Rome; store-houses, shops, railroad station-houses, and bridges were all blazing, lighting up the marching columns that here began the famous march to the sea, and amid the scorching flames the strains of the military bands, mingled with thousand voices, were heard playing "His soul is marching on." Yes! brave old Ossa-

wattomie Brown! Thy soul was indeed marching at the head of every troop during the months and years of the war, until the proclamation of the president gave liberty to the captive, and the opening prison to them that were bound.

There was no general train of supplies for the large force, but each of the four corps had its own. A general order to "forage liberally during the march" was construed in its broadest sense, and "Sherman's bummers" will long be remembered in the country through which they passed.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of North and South as well as all Europe, when this daring movement became known. We caught a glimpse of Sherman's army as they passed along—jolly, rollicking, riding elegant velvet side-saddles, foraged from some lady's dainty establishment, on the horn of which might be seen perhaps a canteen and a leg of bacon, gorgeous family coaches, drawn by mules driven by soldiers, and filled with every imaginable article, the whole followed by a motley crowd of blacks, that in defiance of orders marched in the rear of the army. Having touched the sea at Savannah, near the close of the year, he gave his army rest for a few days, and started anew on his final march to Goldsboro', where he made a junction with General Slocum, and gave his army till the 10th of April to recruit; and the march-worn soldiers took a holiday in the lovely spring-time of the South, where the woods were fragrant with the yellow jasmine, and the swamps glorious with the brilliant nodding blooms of the pitcher plant and the white bells of the yucca.

Very soon came news of the surrender of General

Lee. The war was over, and General Sherman went to Washington by way of Richmond.

His feelings were deeply wounded, at this time, by an attack made upon him by Stanton, then secretary of war; but he can afford to wait for history to right the matter. A brilliant military review at Washington followed, and General Sherman was placed in command of the Division of the Mississippi.

He is of a nervous temperament, a trifle rough in manner, but with a heart full of kindness and with a quiet appreciation of fun; courageous and full of energy, with a mind which, while capable of grasping the most comprehensive designs, never overlooks the minor details necessary to success.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE.

Fragment of Ancestral History—Birthplace of General Meade—Early Teaching—Entering West Point—Graduates—Off for Florida—Resigns—Civil Engineer—Married—In the War with Mexico—Gallantry at Monterey—Presented with a Sword—At Fort Meade—In the Civil War—Appointed Brigadier-General—Commanding the Reserves—Seven Days' Battle—Wounded—Bravery at Antietam—Promoted—Farewell to the Reserve Corps—At Gettysburg—Headquarters on Fire—"Charge, Boys, Charge!"—Exonerated for Lee's Escape—Defending his Course—Sick—Reception—Criticism by an English Soldier—Death, and Observations on Character.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE was the descendant of a family in which patriotism was an inheritance. His grandfather was a wealthy and successful merchant at the beginning of the revolutionary war, and so deeply was he interested in the success of the struggle for independence that he presented the Continental government with ten thousand dollars in gold from his private fortune. The son of this gentleman, and father of George Gordon, was also an enterprising and successful merchant. He was engaged in some considerable transactions with the Spanish government, and by his probity and ability secured the confidence of that power to such an extent that he was employed by the President of the United States to make some important negotiations. In the course of

these transactions he incurred the displeasure of the Spanish Council of War, and was imprisoned for two years in the castle of Santa Catalina. At the end of that period he was released at the peremptory demand of the United States government. It was principally owing to his influence and exertions that the territory of Florida, which then included a considerable portion of Southern Alabama, was ceded to the United States. King Ferdinand had so high an opinion of Mr. Meade that he withheld his consent to the ratification of the cession until Mr. Meade's release. Ferdinand also insisted that a clause should be inserted in the treaty acknowledging the obligations of Spain to his American friend. A certificate of debt amounting to nearly two hundred thousand dollars was also awarded to him, but the vouchers were unfortunately lost, and the amount consequently never paid, although Webster, Clay, and Choate endeavored to secure it to the family by a suit against the government. During Mr. Meade's residence in Spain he purchased a number of valuable paintings, and thus began the formation of what became afterwards one of the finest private galleries of paintings and sculpture on this side of the Atlantic. He was appointed consul and navy agent at the important port of Cadiz, where his son, George Gordon, was born on the last day of December, 1815. The family returned to Philadelphia while he was still an infant.

One of his earliest teachers was Mr. Salmon P. Chase, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, but at that time master of a school in Georgetown, D. C. Young Meade had a decided taste for soldiership, and he was transferred from Mr. Chase's school to a military acad-

emy at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia. In due time he managed to obtain a cadetship at West Point, and entered there in 1831. Of his life there we have no special record. He graduated in 1835, and received his commission immediately as second lieutenant of artillery. The regiment was under orders for Florida, then in a state of great disturbance owing to the movements of hostile Indians through the State. He took part in the campaign against them, performing valuable service. When the hostilities were over, seeing that the army was likely to be inactive, he decided to resign and enter civil life. He chose the profession of engineering, and was employed extensively in surveying. One of his expeditions for this purpose was along the northeastern boundary line, under the direction of Colonel Graham, of the topographical engineers.

He was married in December, 1840, to a daughter of the Hon. John Sergeant, of Philadelphia.

In 1842 he decided to re-enter the army, and received an appointment as second lieutenant of the topographical engineers. The war with Mexico was then in progress, and Meade received orders to join his regiment there. His services in Mexico were principally as staff officer. He acted as aide-de-camp to Generals Taylor, Patterson, and Worth, and in that capacity took part in the engagements at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey. For his gallantry at Monterey he was promoted to be first lieutenant. During the siege of Vera Cruz he distinguished himself by making several important reconnoissances.

On his return to Philadelphia at the close of the war his fellow-citizens presented him with a costly sword in token of their appreciation of his valor and talents.

Florida being again threatened with hostilities, he accompanied his old commander, General Taylor, thither, and remained for about six months. He selected a site for a fortification on the western coast, near Tampa bay, which was constructed under his advice, and which still bears the name of Fort Meade. He was next detailed to superintend the construction of light-houses along the coast, and was so occupied for some years. In 1856 he was made captain, and ordered to Detroit, Michigan, to prosecute the survey of the great western and northwestern lakes. His maps and surveys of that whole region have been considered extremely satisfactory. But these peaceful pursuits were set aside when the civil war broke out. He was ordered to report immediately at Washington, and in August, 1861, was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. He was assigned to command the second brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. In the spring of 1862 the Reserves took up their line of march as one of the three divisions of the first corps, then under the command of General McDowell, but later they were ordered to join General McClellan on the peninsula. In June, 1862, occurred the battle of Mechanicsville, the first of the series of contests known as the Seven Days' Battles. Meade's brigade was ordered to take up a position in the rear of the line, and be ready to support the main body. On the next day his brigade was under fire for many hours, and so valuable was the assistance it afforded, that Meade received the thanks of General McCall, and was brevetted lieutenant-colonel. At Glendale the Pennsylvania Reserves distinguished themselves. An eye-witness says:

“That steady line fired volley after volley, until the

air seemed to be but an echo of the reverberating sounds, and the heavens became black with smoke. The carnage must have been fearful. Gaps appeared in the advancing rebel line, only to be filled up by new men; and the line steadily marched over ridges of the dead and dying. Sixty rounds were fired, and the regiment retired to obtain ammunition, while another regiment took its place. The rebels still came nearer, shots grew more and more frequent, men became wild with excitement, officers shouted, the wounded were hastily carried away. . . . General Meade rode up, saying, 'Men, you have done nobly. You could not have pleased me better.' . . . He then asked Colonel Sickles whether the men were too exhausted to make a bayonet charge. Sickles replied that he thought 'the boys were good for another turn.' In a moment more the order 'Charge!' was given. Along the slope they ran, the men shouting. Presently the steel grappled. A sharp tussle, groans of the wounded and dying, and the shout of triumph broke exultingly on the ear. The enemy could not stand the strong arms of the Union soldiers, and fell back in dismay, our men rapidly pursuing them. This was one of the most exciting episodes of the battle; and the gallantry and coolness exhibited by those engaged in it deserves loftier praise than I could bestow.

"We had accomplished our mission. We had held the rebels at bay, and prevented them from throwing their force upon McClellan's exposed column."

The losses of the division were very heavy, and among the wounded was General Meade himself, who received two wounds, a ball entering his arm, and another passing round his body just above the hip.

He was placed in an ambulance and conveyed to the James river. At first his injuries were supposed to be fatal, but after six weeks of rest and care at his home in Philadelphia, he returned to his command.

In August and September, 1862, Meade's division was actively engaged. General Pope, in his official report, speaks as follows: "The Pennsylvania Reserves, under Reynolds, rendered most gallant and efficient service in all the operations which occurred after they had reported to me. General Meade performed his duty with ability and gallantry, and in all fidelity to the government and to the army." In the battle of South Mountain, as a portion of Hooker's corps, Meade's division was ordered to make a diversion in favor of General Reno, who was then engaged with the enemy. The ground was of the most difficult character, but notwithstanding the natural obstructions and those which the rebels constructed from stone and timber, the Pennsylvania troops marched up the mountain-side, gradually dislodging the rebels from their positions. The enemy retired, leaving General Meade's troops in possession of the field. They climbed to the crest of the mountain, and drove their adversaries down the sides to the valley below. The loss of the Reserves in this engagement in killed and wounded was almost four hundred men.

At Antietam Creek, Meade's corps was engaged for nearly four hours, at the end of which time the Confederate troops fled, and were pursued by the Union force for nearly three miles. The firing continued until after dark, when the Pennsylvania troops rested on the battle-field. Next day the great battle of Antietam was fought, and here the Pennsylvania Reserves nobly

maintained their well-won reputation. We extract an account of their part in the fight :

“A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a ploughed field near the top of the slope where the corn-field begins. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods which stretch forward into the broad fields like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day. For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. The half-hour passed ; the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, ‘ Forward ! ’ was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn-field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the woods went the retreating Confederates. Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing, followed with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

“ But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys, volleys which smote and bent and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, or in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away ; a regiment where a brigade had been ; hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met at the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.”

In this battle, General Meade had two horses shot under him, and received a contusion from a spent shot. The losses in the division amounted to six hundred men. In the following month he was warmly recommended for promotion by General Hooker, and was appointed major-general of volunteers.

In December, 1862, at the battle of Fredericksburg, the Reserves were among the first to cross the Rappahannock. About one o'clock, Meade ordered a charge up the heights, and, leading his men to the assault, successfully carried his colors into the enemy's intrenchments, and captured several hundred prisoners. He then despatched staff officers to obtain reinforcements, but failing to receive them, he was compelled to retrace his steps. In this terrible struggle his division, consisting of 4,500 men, lost 1,760, nearly forty per cent. of their number.

During the same month he was appointed to the command of the Fifth army corps, and bade farewell to the Pennsylvania Reserves, who parted from him with sincere regret. In the three days' contest known usually as the battle of Chancellorsville, Meade's corps was engaged until Hooker recrossed the Rappahannock, when Meade covered the retreat until the rest of the army had safely crossed the stream. A few months of desultory and unsatisfactory campaigning followed; there were clamors for a change in the command, and the president somewhat suddenly issued orders for the removal of General Hooker, assigning the command to General Meade.

This change was made at a critical moment; the country was dissatisfied, the army discouraged, Lee's forces, estimated at a hundred thousand men, were

massed in front of him, Pennsylvania and Maryland were threatened. Such was the state of things on the day he took command, June 28th. On the 1st of July began the battle of Gettysburg, and three days later the country was rejoicing over the news of the enemy's defeat, their compulsory evacuation of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and withdrawal from the upper valley of the Shenandoah, the capture of 13,600 prisoners, and 24,000 stands of arms.

This gain was not without attendant and immense loss; over 23,000 of the Union army were killed, wounded, or missing. The country, North and South, rang with the lamentations of those who had lost their dearest and nearest in this terrible struggle. Meade, while rejoicing in the victory that accomplished so much for the cause of the Union, grieved at the cost of the advantage gained. He retained, however, a certain coolness and self-command, for which he was noticeable in that time of excitement. During the battle itself his headquarters were actually under fire. "A shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to a battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. . . . One hundred and twenty pieces of artillery were trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their proposed attack of infantry. Shell after shell burst in the headquarters, and at last the little building took fire. Then Meade evacuated the half-destroyed house, and established himself in a grove at the foot of a hill occupied by General Slocum's corps."

Two days were given to bury the dead and care for the wounded, and then Meade set his army on the march towards Middletown, in Maryland. After a day's rest there, he continued the march through the South Mountain passes. At Williamsport his forces again found themselves in front of the enemy. Here Lee effected the recrossing of the Potomac.

At Falling Waters, a few miles below, a troop of cavalry, headed by Meade in person, performed one of the most brilliant and daring feats of the whole war. The column numbered but one hundred and fifty men. The force on the opposite side of the river consisted of twenty-seven thousand. The cavalymen rode at a furious pace across a pontoon bridge, and charged into the Confederate lines with such headlong impetus that the amazed enemy fell back to right and left, leaving the troop a clear passage through their midst. Meade rode at their head, and as his resolute "Charge! boys, charge!" rang out, the men spurred their horses and pressed on in a rushing gallop until they had cleft the Confederate lines, and reaching the open country beyond, rejoined the main army. In this remarkable encounter, Meade lost not a single man, but his flying column actually captured in their rush two guns, three battle-flags, and a number of prisoners.

It was, however, a great disaster to the cause of the Union that Lee had been permitted to escape across the Potomac, and for this escape many held General Meade responsible. In the judgment of those who best understood the situation, Meade was, however, exonerated from censure in this matter. A prominent officer says in regard to it:

"When Lee retreated through the mountain passes,

Meade's army was greatly exhausted by three days' fighting and its previous forced marches, and was also greatly reduced in numbers, having lost over twenty thousand men. Directly to pursue Lee through the mountains in narrow passes would have enabled him with a strong rear-guard to hold Meade in check till he could reassemble his army in the Cumberland valley, or he could have detained Meade's forces so long in the mountains that he could easily have gotten away with the main portion of his army. . . . Meade acted as a prudent man should have done. . . . An attack, if unsuccessful, would have lost all the benefit of the past victory, and placed the North and Washington again at the command of Lee and his army. . . . Disappointment at the result no one can blame. The chief actors, the commanders of corps, and the general-in-chief were the most disappointed of all. But censure, such as some bestowed, was positively unjust."

Soon after Lee's escape across the river the Army of the Potomac moved into Virginia, and resumed its old position on the Rappahannock.

The officers of the Pennsylvania Reserves, wishing to offer a testimonial of their esteem and admiration, presented General Meade with an exquisite sword, sash, belt, and spurs. The presentation address was made by General Crawford, and in his reply General Meade made a deserved eulogy on his corps, and disclaiming any merit on his own part, warmly praised his soldiers.

In October, 1863, active hostilities were resumed on the banks of the Rappahannock. A succession of engagements took place. Many lives were lost in these contests, and as no great apparent progress was made

in the work of bringing the war to a conclusion, much criticism was visited on the general in command. In defending himself from these charges, Meade wrote thus :

“I am fully aware of the great anxiety in the public mind that something should be done. I am in receipt of many letters, some from persons in high position, telling me I had better have my army destroyed and the country filled up with the bodies of the soldiers than remain inactive. While I do not suffer myself to be influenced by such communications, I am and have been most anxious to effect something, but am determined at every hazard not to attempt anything unless my judgment indicates a probability of accomplishing some object commensurate with the destruction of life necessarily involved. I would rather, a thousand times, be relieved, charged with tardiness or incompetency, than have my conscience burdened with a wanton slaughter of brave men, or with having jeopardized the great cause by doing what I thought wrong.”

Early in 1864 General Meade visited his home on a short leave of absence, but was there taken ill, and confined to bed for some weeks. On his recovery his fellow-citizens united in doing him honor. The Union League club gave him a serenade, the city councils voted him a public reception, and appropriated one thousand dollars for a sword to be presented to him, and at the same time Congress passed a resolution of thanks for his services at Gettysburg. Immediately after the reception he returned to his headquarters in the field, and on the 29th of February, 1864, he received his confirmation from the senate as brigadier-general in the regular army.

The causes which led to his removal from the chief command have already been dwelt upon at some length. The excited condition of people's minds was such that caution and slowness in a commander were calculated to produce extreme dissatisfaction. But Meade continued to render faithful service to the close of the war, and his name will never fail to be honored, nor that of the heroic corps which he commanded.

In person, an English war correspondent thus describes him:

“He is a very remarkable-looking man, tall, spare, of commanding figure and presence, his manner easy and pleasant, but yet with much dignity. . . . He has a decidedly patrician and distinguished appearance. Of his own achievements he spoke in a very modest way. He said he had been ‘very fortunate,’ but was most especially anxious not to arrogate to himself any credit which he did not deserve. He said that the triumph of the Federal arms was due to the splendid courage of the Union troops, and also to the bad strategy and rash attacks made by the enemy. He said that his health was remarkably good, and that he could bear almost any amount of physical fatigue. What he complained of was the intense mental anxiety occasioned by the great responsibility of his position.”

General Meade was presented with a house in Philadelphia by his fellow-citizens, and this was his residence from the close of the war until his death, which occurred on the 6th of November, 1872.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

Lee's Family in Virginia—Early Life—Cadetship at West Point—Services in Mexican War—Commanded by Scott—Colonel Lee and the Outlaws—Hesitation at the Commencement of the Great Rebellion—Casts his Fortune with Virginia and the Confederacy—Failure of his First Campaign—Scoff of the Richmond *Examiner*—Lee as Commander—His Official Survey of the Seven Days' Battle—Peculiarities of his Campaign—The Master-Piece of his Military Life—Address to his Starving Men—Anecdote of Lee and his Cook—Last Retreat—Surrender—Indicted for Treason—Proceedings stayed on Protest of General Grant—President of Washington College—Death.

THE family of Robert E. Lee claims a long descent. It is even said that one of his ancestors fought in the third crusade under Richard Cœur de Lion. However that may be, we find that Richard Lee, from whom the subject of our sketch descended directly, came to Virginia as secretary of the colony in the reign of Charles I. His grandson, Thomas Lee, was governor of Virginia, and president of the Colonial Council. General Henry Lee, father of Robert E., was the grand-nephew of President Lee. Several other members of the family rendered distinguished services in the war for independence. Thus the famous Southern general, coming of a long line of soldiers and statesmen, might well claim a front rank in what may be called the Southern nobility.

He was born in Stratford, Westmoreland county, in an old mansion situated on the bank of the Potomac, to which General Henry Lee had retired after the war of independence. Here the family had lived for some years the cheerful and hospitable life common in that section. Robert grew up with the tastes incident to his surroundings. He loved country life, was fond of horses, enjoyed all rural pleasures infinitely more than any afforded by the life of cities, and as a result had a constitution in vigorous health, a vigor and robustness that survived all the trials of war.

In 1811 the family removed to Alexandria, where he remained until, at the age of eighteen, he entered West Point Military College. In 1832 he married Miss Mary Parke Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, and heiress of a considerable property.

During the Mexican war Robert Lee served at first as a captain of engineers, and through the whole campaign, but more especially at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec, rendered such excellent service that General Scott made special mention of him in his official report, and Lee was brevetted lieutenant-colonel. In 1855 he was stationed with his regiment in Texas, and took part in the continuous struggle then being waged against the Indians of that region. Four years later, while on leave of absence and visiting his family at Arlington, near Washington, John Brown made his famous effort against slavery at Harper's Ferry. The operations in defence of the arsenal were intrusted to Colonel Lee. The brave, if misguided, insurgents being secured, Lee returned to his regiment in San Antonio, remaining there until recalled by General Scott at the first rumor of threatened war.

Scott being too infirm to take the field in person, President Lincoln offered Lee the command of the Federal army; and had Virginia remained in the Union, the whole subsequent career of this great soldier would no doubt have passed in the service of the Union. Unfortunately he took the view, so commonly held by Southerners, that his allegiance was due to his own State rather than to the whole country, and accordingly he declined the offer made to him, and soon afterwards sent in his resignation in the following letter:

“ARLINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:

Since my interview with you on the 18th, I have felt that I ought not to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I trust you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time, more than a quarter of a century, I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been so much indebted as to yourself, for uniform kindness and consideration; and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kindness and consideration; and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword.” * * * * *

Immediately on the acceptance of his resignation he went to Richmond, and was soon afterwards offered the place of commander-in chief of the Virginian forces. Lee accepted the position, but with regret rather than elation. Indeed, during all this painful time, Lee showed a moderation, an absence of rancor against his adversaries, and a regret for the rupture of the ties that

had united the two sections, that showed him to have qualities, as a man, that equalled his greatness as a soldier.

It was evident that, from its position, Virginia was to be the principal scene of the impending struggles. Lee's first operations were directed to putting that State into a condition to repel invasion, and to organize and render effective the mass of men and materials which soon began to accumulate around Richmond. It was a difficult task, and was very ably performed. The men were, for the most part, ignorant, undisciplined, undrilled;—Lee brought them into fair training in an incredibly short space of time. On the 1st of March, 1862, this army extended its lines along the Potomac from the valley of Virginia to the town of Fredericksburg. The rolls numbered over eighty-four thousand names, but there were actually present about seventy thousand. On this army fell by far the greatest burden of the war. A Northern military critic has said of it: "Who can forget that once looked on it, that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which, for four years, carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentration of power brought against it; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation."

The long series of conflicts that took place in Virginia, in the four subsequent years, belong to history, and in this brief memoir even the barest outline of them is impossible. The inaction that followed the close of Lee's first campaign drew on him severe criti-

cism. He was blamed then, and frequently afterward, for exaggerated prudence, because he insisted on maintaining a defensive position. He was always slow to adopt the policy of invasion, partly through regard for the lives of his soldiers, and partly because, having witnessed with reluctance the separation between the States, he disliked everything that tended to add to the bitterness of animosity. And the time came when the people of the South recognized that his ability and courage equalled his prudence, and he became their idol. To his soldiers he was especially dear. He was commonly known among them as "Uncle Robert." He affected none of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war in his equipments or surroundings. An English writer gives the following sketch of his unpretentious method of living, while acting as commander-in-chief:

"Lee's headquarters consisted of about seven or eight pole-tents, pitched with their backs to a stake-fence, on a piece of ground so rocky that it was unpleasant to ride over it, its only recommendation being a little stream of good water which flowed close to the general's tent. . . . No guard or sentries were to be seen in the vicinity; no crowd of aides-de-camp loitering about, making themselves agreeable to visitors. A large farm-house stood close by, which in any other army would have been the general's residence, *pro tem.*, but as no liberties were to be taken with private property, he was particular in setting a good example himself. His staff were crowded together, two or three in a tent; none were allowed to carry more baggage than a small box each, and his own kit was but little larger. Every one who approached him did so with marked

respect, although there was none of the bowing and flourishing of caps which occurs in the presence of European generals, and while all honor him and place implicit faith in his courage and ability, those with whom he is intimate feel for him the affection of sons to a father. . . . In speaking of the Northerners he neither evinced any bitterness of feeling, nor gave utterance to a single violent expression, but alluded to former friends and companions among them in the kindest terms."

As an example of the affection which his soldiers entertained for him, we may mention the following: Overcome by fatigue, one day, he had fallen asleep at the foot of a tree on the side of a road over which fifteen thousand troops were defiling. On learning that their beloved chief was taking a badly-needed repose, the most absolute silence was established in the ranks, and the men softened their tread, so that the whole detachment marched past without awaking him.

The four terrible years passed in almost incessant struggle were not without their effect on General Lee. He aged rapidly; his emaciated features and whitening hair showed how the responsibilities of his position, and, above all, the suffering he witnessed, told on him. When the third year of the war had arrived, the privations endured by the Army of Virginia were excessive. During the winter of 1863-4, the ration served out to the soldiers consisted of a very small quantity of maize bread and a quarter pound of pork, so fat that the men melted it and spread it like butter on their bread. Lee, determined to share the hardships of his soldiers, eat meat but twice a week himself; usually his dinner consisted of maize and cabbage. Besides being half

starved, the men were in rags. Sickness and desertion thinned their ranks. Under these disheartening circumstances the brave commander was still forced to recognize that the whole fate of the Confederacy rested on his enfeebled and lessened forces.

The campaign of 1863 had closed with the disastrous battle of Gettysburg. The winter was one of gloom and discontent in both armies. General Grant had taken command of the Federal forces, and Lee did not ignore the fact that he had now to encounter an adversary as brave, as skillful, and as patient as himself. Grant, in his official report, had stated that his plan was "To hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if by nothing else, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission to the constitution and the laws of our common country."

He began the carrying out of this plan by moving on Richmond. He intended to invest the city on the north and west, while General Butler, with his thirty thousand men, coming from Fortress Monroe, was to unite with Grant's forces at City Point. Thus the city would have been blockaded on three sides.

Lee formed the counter-plan of marching his army into the region known as the Wilderness, and opposing Grant's advance. This sombre and desolate district was well known to his soldiers, and but little to the Federals. The nature of the country was such as to be unfavorable to the movements of large bodies of men. The ground is covered with stunted and tufted trees. On this battle-field the two armies met in conflict on the 5th of May. The whole day passed in furious fighting, and the armies slept on the field to

resume their terrible work with the dawn of day. The Union forces under Hancock, and the Confederates under Longstreet, bore the brunt of this day's battle. Over this broken ground, among the shrubs, thickets, marshes, guided rather by sound than by sight, blinded by cannon-smoke, two hundred thousand men in blue and gray, for the next six days, fought from dawn to dark. On the 10th the contest lasted till midnight, and the loss of life was terrible. During all the rest of the month a number of sanguinary encounters took place, besides a constant skirmishing all along the lines. On the 2d of June was fought the battle of Cold Harbor. The road to Richmond was contested inch by inch. There came a series of bloody combats around Petersburg without much apparent result; it was in fact a continuous battle day by day, night by night, month after month. The "hammering" process continued, the hopes of the Southerners failing, their resources diminishing, their armies melting away. Lee's courage never gave way, but it had become the courage of despair. Beyond doubt he foresaw the inevitable end. As the situation became more desperate, all eyes in the Confederacy turned toward Lee. A pathetic, half-superstitious faith in him was shown alike by citizens and soldiers; they believed that while he was at the head of the army the cause was safe, while he saw hourly approaching the saddest hour that can come to a soldier, that in which he sees his army broken and defeated, lay down its arms and return to ruined homes.

He had just been nominated generalissimo of the forces, a title which seemed something of a mockery, at a moment when, to him at least, it was evident that

the forces were on the eve of disbanding. His own special troops had become an army of phantoms. Their old uniforms hung in tatters on their gaunt forms. Many regiments had less than two hundred men in their ranks. Half-starved, half-clad, they called themselves in grim joke, Lee's miserales, from Hugo's novel.

With this army, for two months he made an effort to hold a line of country forty miles in length, in order to protect the railroad which was now the only source of supplies for Richmond. When Petersburg was taken, Lee withdrew his army from this line, and made an effort to march southward to North Carolina. But disaster followed disaster, and at length, on the 7th of April, Grant felt himself in a position to approach Lee on the subject of surrender. His letter was as follows:

GENERAL:

The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance, on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, in this struggle. I feel it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate Southern army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

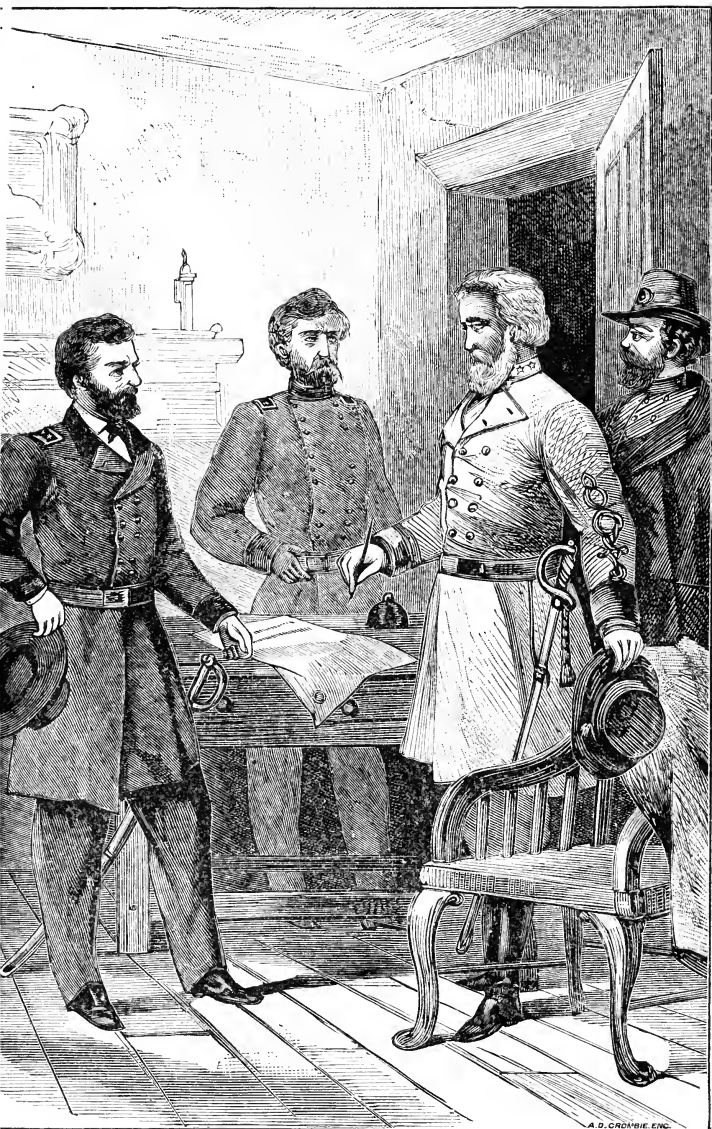
On the night of the 9th, around a bivouac fire in the woods, Lee held his last military council. Longstreet, Gordon, and Fitz-Hugh Lee were present. They decided to make one more effort to reach Lynchburg, but if the forces opposed to them were too numerous for them to advance, then a flag of truce was to be sent and an interview held with General Grant, as to the terms of surrender.

At three in the morning, reconnoissances having been made, the effort to advance was entered on. But before many hours elapsed Lee saw its hopelessness, and sent the flag of truce to General Grant. The commanders met at a farm-house. They treated each other with grave politeness. The terms of surrender were offered and accepted in writing. The two generals parted, Lee riding back to his camp, while his soldiers learning what had passed crowded round him. The general, still mounted, said, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The conquering side behaved well. They broke ranks, went among their defeated brothers, carrying food to the half-famished soldiers and caring for the wounded. Not even among the roughest of the soldiers was a semblance of insult offered to the vanquished.

On the 12th of April the Army of Virginia met for the last time. They parked their artillery, stacked their rifles, took the parole and dispersed. Lee returned to Richmond, was met at his own house there by a crowd of citizens and soldiers, but escaping from their demonstrations of affection, he hastily withdrew, and remained for several days in solitude, going out only at night.

Lee, in common with the other rebel leaders, was excluded from the amnesty of the 29th of May, and was indicted for high treason as having borne arms against the United States Government. But public feeling was strongly in his favor even at the North. It was urged in his behalf that he had never favored the policy of invasion, but that he had carefully ad-



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THE LAST STROKE



hered to his idea of protecting his own State. General Grant threw all the weight of his influence on the side of his former adversary, and the indictment was quashed. Lee afterwards transmitted a demand for pardon to the United States Government. This was a painful wound to his pride, but he felt the importance of the example he set. The step did much to reconcile some obstinate secessionists to the same course. Having by this act admitted the right of the North to demand submission, nothing could exceed the loyalty with which he accepted the situation. Congress having appointed a "Committee of Reconstruction" to inquire into the state of affairs at the South, Lee was summoned as a witness, and gave straightforward and dignified replies to a long series of interrogatories intended to develop the opinions of Southern leading men, as to the social and political future of the South. In the course of this examination he made the following statement:

"This was my view, that the act of Virginia in withdrawing herself from the United States carried me along as a citizen of Virginia, and that her laws and acts were binding on me."

Being asked whether, in case of war, he would join with a foreign government against the United States, he replied, "I have no disposition to do so, and I never had."

This examination was almost Lee's last appearance in public. During his later years he took no part in politics. Brilliant positions were offered him, both in England and in the United States, but he declined to leave his native State. The war had impoverished him, and he declined to live otherwise than by his own

exertions. The presidency of the College of Virginia was finally offered to and accepted by him.

He entered on his new duties in October, and devoted all his energies to retrieving the college from the ruin brought on it by the war, and to cultivating in the students the feeling that the war being over, the spirit of revenge should be set aside, and all their powers devoted to building up a new and prosperous country on the ruins of the old. His influence on the turbulent spirit then prevalent was very great. To a lady, whose sons were entering the college as students, and who expressed bitter hatred for the North, he said, "Do not bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Remember we are one country now. Let us abandon these local animosities, and make your sons Americans."

General Lee was a consistent and devoted Christian. During the war, this side of his character was not displayed so strongly as in the case of "Stonewall Jackson," but in the college he threw all his influence on the side of Christian belief and conduct. He once remarked that that was his principal aim in accepting the presidency of the college. In September, 1870, on returning from a meeting of the parochial committee of his church, he complained of chill. A few minutes later he fell back in his chair paralyzed. He remained in a state of insensibility until the 12th of October, when he passed from unconsciousness to death.

The grief in the South was universal, and everywhere it was recognized that a great soldier, a truly brave and noble soul, had passed away. He lies buried in the college chapel; and friend and foe cannot but unite in admiration of his character.



Mr. J. H. Hancock



CHAPTER XXIX.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

Parentage—Birthplace—Boyhood—"How he became Cadet"—Career at the Academy—Graduation—First Campaign—Promoted—In Florida—First Battle for the Union—Married—Yorktown—"Gentlemen, Charge!"—Promotion at Antietam on the Battle-Field—Incident Illustrating Character—Gettysburg—Wounded—"Attend to your Command: I'll take Care of Myself"—First Public Testimonial—With Grant—Nominated for President—Subsequent Life.

THE ancestors of General Hancock on both sides belonged to families of Revolutionary fame, and were engaged in the successive wars from the French and Indian, through the Revolution, down to 1812. The subject of this sketch was born February 14, 1824, near Lansdale, Montgomery county, Penna. Nature cast him in a rare mould of comeliness. He is physically fashioned for a soldier. His height is two inches above six feet, with a corresponding breadth, which, combined with his erect military bearing, renders him a man everywhere to be noticed.

As a boy he was slender though tall, and when only twelve years old was recognized as a leader among his fellows. Gray-headed men in Montgomery county to-day tell stories of boyish disputes which were usually settled by agreeing to "leave it out to Winfield."

A little military company among the boys chose him

for its captain, and when difficulties arose which caused perplexity to the commander, he was wont to order the disputants to "report to his mother for duty," a summary method, which soon taught the boys that it was best not to quarrel.

Winfield's parents had more than an average education themselves, and were desirous that their sons should receive all possible advantages. They were sent to the academy at Norristown, and when the public school system was inaugurated in Pennsylvania they attended the free schools till the age of fifteen.

A very curious incident connected with his appointment as cadet to the military academy at West Point may not be without its useful lesson if related here. Some forty years ago a Philadelphian took up his abode in Norristown for the sole purpose of making a residence preparatory to application in behalf of his son for a vacant cadetship in that district.

An old gentleman, who had aforetime been a leader in politics in that region, presented to the Philadelphian an old horse, which had done him faithful service, and which was a great pet in his family, on condition that he should never be sold, but used in his own premises.

The old politician was very fond of animals, and his indignation was greatly aroused one morning in the city by the outrageous conduct of an angry drayman, who was lashing his horse with brutal ferocity. His anger became no less, though mingled with grief, on discovering his favorite old trotter harnessed to the dray. In a short time the abused animal changed owners, and was enjoying the best care in the Continental stables. But vengeance, though not executed speed-

ily on the friend false to his promise, was none the less sure. The politician kept his eye upon the movements of the man to whom he had presented the horse, and being quite aware of the reason for his change of residence, said to himself, grimly, "You sold my horse, you fine fellow; I will remember your kindness." He lost no time in making known to the member from that district, Hon. Joseph Fornance, the bad faith of the other applicant for the vacancy, and himself proposed the son of his old friend, W. S. Hancock, who, at the age of sixteen, was an entered cadet at West Point. His career during the years which he spent at the military academy was highly creditable, and he graduated, with a standing of average excellence, on the 30th of June, 1844. It was not until June of 1846 that he secured his commission as second lieutenant in the 6th United States Infantry.

The young officer had not long to wait before he was summoned to join the command of his honored namesake, who had just entered Vera Cruz, and was already co-operating with General Taylor. Who that lived in those days can ever forget the eagerness with which the whole nation watched the grand movements between the gulf and the City of Mexico? "One victory trod upon another's heels," so fast they followed. Our young lieutenant fought gallantly at Churubusco, Molino del Rey (the King's Mills), and the hill of Chapultepec, and with such bravery that he was called up and brevetted on the field, and received the honor of the public thanks of his native State, expressed to himself and others by the legislature of Pennsylvania.

The close of the Mexican war was most happy in its

effects upon our country, not only securing Texas to the United States, but forcing the acquisition of California, thus opening the way for the occupation of the Pacific coast, and for the construction of the continental railroad across the Rocky mountains.

At the close of the war in 1848 Hancock, still connected with the 6th Regiment, was stationed at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where he remained till 1849. In January, 1850, he married Miss Almira Russell, a daughter of a prominent merchant of St. Louis. In 1856, now a full captain, he was stationed near Fort Augustine, Florida, and afterwards to Los Angeles, where he remained till 1861, when he solicited employment in the Union army, and reported for duty at Washington, being then thirty-eight years of age. He was first assigned to duty as chief-quartermaster of the staff of General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, and was commissioned by President Lincoln as brigadier-general.

Until March, 1862, General Hancock was engaged in the defences of Washington. His career was henceforth in the field.

Near the last of the month the Army of the Potomac was transported to Fortress Monroe. The field for operations was the tract of land lying between the York and James rivers. The army had been carefully feeling its way through woods, and from April 7th to May 3d (the day when the Confederate forces evacuated Yorktown) Hancock's brigade had been in the trenches or skirmishing with the enemy's pickets. When it was found that the Confederate works were deserted, our forces rushed, with what speed was consistent with prudence, after the flying enemy. They were over-

taken at Williamsburg, where a line of fortifications had been built, extending quite across from one river to the other. Toward noon of May 5th General Hancock obtained permission to reconnoitre the Confederate left. Taking two additional regiments, and two light batteries, he moved carefully onward, until approaching a deep ravine with a dam across it, he saw at a glance that the fortification on the opposite bluff was not strongly manned. The word was given, and Hancock's troops poured across the old dam and bridge, and, rushing up the bluff, soon captured the redoubt. A road was speedily constructed for the artillery, which was dragged across the ravine. About 1,200 yards in advance was another small fortification, which was taken in the same manner.

Hancock now formed his line actually within the enemy's fortifications which he had seized, but found that there were two more redoubts between him and Fort MacGruder. The situation was a dangerous one; he sent back for reinforcements, which did not arrive. It was not until five o'clock that he gave command to fall back, as he saw that the Confederates were in motion, and that they occupied the last redoubt from which they had been driven; hardly had he called his advanced batteries back when General Early's men poured out of the woods on his right, and, rapidly forming in line, advanced upon him. Hancock consolidated his lines, as Early, with shouts, marched on. His two batteries played upon the advancing foes, but without checking them. Backward he slowly retreated, firing as if in drill practice, while the impetuous, taunting shouts of "Bull Run!" "Bull Run!" "Your flag is ours!" fell on their ears from the ap-

proaching enemy. Hancock was sitting on his horse close behind the centre of his line, steadfast, and apparently unmoved, until Early's men were within thirty yards of them—hurrying up the hill, flushed and eager to grasp the colors of which they were now sure. Every bayonet was fixed, when suddenly Hancock, hat in hand, dashed forward in front of his men, shouting, "Charge, gentlemen! Charge!" and led the way down the hill!

It seemed like madness, but it was a daring onslaught for victory! It is in official record that Hancock's men were obliged to bayonet the foremost of their assailants before the line broke. They fought like heroes—Early's men were not cowards, and were not disposed to relinquish what appeared so sure. Down the hill went Hancock, his martial, graceful figure marking the point where hostile forces joined in combat. What wonder that, inspired by such a leader, the Confederate lines wavered and broke! Many held up white handkerchiefs and surrendered. Then it was that reinforcements arrived. They were not needed. "Hancock was superb," was General McClellan's telegraphed report of the battle. This brilliant achievement won for General Hancock a world-wide reputation, promotion to the rank of major-general of volunteers, and brevetted him in the regular army as major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel.

We must not forget that this was the very beginning of our civil conflict; the troops were volunteers taken from every position in life, and yet such a test as General Hancock gave his men at Williamsburg was worthy of veteran soldiers in a trained army. Such a charge would have been impossible to men who had

not the most implicit faith in their commander, and to him belongs the laurel wreath which he so well earned. The secret of gaining and holding confidence was possessed by Hancock. He was always ready to share the peril of his troops, and be seen by them. His commanding carriage, knightly figure and chivalrous bearing infected his command with an implicit faith in their leader. It is said of him that on the field at Antietam one of his subordinate officers rode up to him, saying :

“General, my men are all being killed ; may I not withdraw them a little out of fire ?”

“No,” replied Hancock, “I hope we shall soon be able to advance.”

“Then we shall all be killed,” was the desponding reply.

“Very well,” said the general, “return to your troops, and if you fall, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have died for your country.”

We can only glance at General Hancock’s successes at South mountain, and in McClellan’s Maryland campaign against Lee, and at Fredericksburg and other fields of slaughter. At Gettysburg he received his first wound, but not until the third of those days of fearful carnage. It was at the moment of supreme triumph to our forces that this gallant chieftain fell from his saddle. He was instantly surrounded by anxious comrades. “Shall we not carry you to the rear ?” was the first inquiry.

“Return to your commands, gentlemen ; I can take care of myself,” was his brave reply :

During the Gettysburg battle Hancock was everywhere, was General Meade’s report, and he received

on every hand the highest praises for his valor and skill. But the cruel ball which tore through his saddle and lodged in his thigh remained there, and he was borne home to Norristown in a condition which excited the gloomiest forebodings among his friends. On arriving at the station he was met by a detachment of veteran guards, who, tenderly placing him on their shoulders, bore him through the streets. For many weeks the strictest repose was needful. Early in 1864 his schoolmates presented him with a service of gold and silver plate, elaborately embossed. A public testimonial was offered him in Philadelphia.

We next find General Hancock in the field with General Grant in March, 1864. When the order was issued that the Army of the Potomac should cross the Rapidan, Hancock led the advance. On May 5th the long fight began which has gone into history as the Battle of the Wilderness, in which for two days the fighting was kept up. At Spotsylvania Court-House he again distinguished himself, and when General Grant determined to force the passage of the Chickahominy at Cold Harbor, Hancock was given the place on the left of the line. In August of this year Hancock was again promoted a long step in the regular army, receiving his commission as brigadier-general.

He was soon detailed to the responsible work of increasing the ranks of the army by his personal exertions. His head-quarters were established at Harrisburg, and success, beyond all expectations, crowned his efforts. At Philadelphia, on the ensuing 22d of February, he was accorded a public reception at Independence Hall, and he reviewed the volunteer troops of Philadelphia and vicinity. At the close of the review,

after the general had dismounted and was about passing up the steps of his hotel, he caught sight of one of his former teachers when he was a lad in Norristown. In the midst of his triumph he could not forget this friend of his boyhood, and, cordially extending his hand, he expressed his delight at the meeting, and introduced him to the distinguished gentlemen who were with him. He urged Mr. Roberts to call upon him when he might be at leisure; he did so, finding the general lying down, as he yet suffered from his wound. Mr. Roberts begged him not to rise, saying, "By doing so you will lay me under too much obligation."

"No, sir," was the courteous reply, "I shall always feel under obligations to you," and calling to his son, he introduced the lad to his old teacher, saying, "Remember always to respect the teacher of your youth, as I do this gentleman who taught me when I was a boy."

The recruits of General Hancock never were called to active service, as Lee's surrender in the spring virtually closed the war of the rebellion.

General Hancock was essentially and thoroughly a Democrat. It was his creed by inheritance, by education, and by the convictions of his life. He believed in an "indestructible union of indestructible States." On the assassination of President Lincoln he was summoned at once to Washington. He was military commander of the district during the trial, and until after the execution of the conspirators.

In August, 1866, General Hancock was transferred to the Department of Missouri. In March, 1867, he commanded an expedition against hostile Indians in Kansas and Colorado, and was then appointed by

President Johnson to the command of the Fifth Military District. His first act was to proclaim the rule of LAW. The dwellers in Louisiana and Texas had been somewhat restive under the severe military rule of General Sheridan, and General Hancock let them know at once that he had come to be their governor under the reconstruction act. His celebrated "General Order No. 40," in which he informed the people that "the right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved," so different from anything in the history of military government, flashed all over the land during the night, and was the topic of discussion at thousands of breakfast-tables the next morning.

The joy of the people in the Fifth District can be imagined. They looked for a Cæsar, and found in his stead the expounder and defender of the constitutional laws of the fathers, and the exponent of the rights of freemen. The effect was electric. The blessings of peace and prosperity immediately followed, as Hancock's designs became understood, and could he have remained at the head of affairs, the period of misrule in these States would have long since ceased. He prohibited military interference in the elections; restored the officers of civil courts, and conscientiously helped to "reconstruct" the dismembered States. Never was a nobler sacrifice of ambition to patriotism. But he found himself hampered on every hand by unscrupulous politicians, who, so far as was possible, interfered with affairs and crippled his authority. In February, 1868, he applied to be relieved, and the Fifth District was given over to misrule. But the record of General Hancock's six months of wise legisla-

tion has written his name high on the roll of Democratic statesmen.

At the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, in June, 1880, Daniel Dougherty made a thrilling speech nominating General Hancock as the candidate for President of the United States. It is needless to recall the events of that campaign, so fresh in the minds of all.

The present residence of this brilliant warrior is on Governor's island, and his days are filled with the duties pertaining to his position. His honorable and upright life, filled with earnest and patriotic endeavor for the good of his country, stands to-day as a model to his countrymen. Winfield Scott Hancock is a man whom everybody honors—whom all may trust.

CHAPTER XXX.

AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE.

Characteristics of Burnside—Ancestry—Birth—Education—Appointed Cadet—Military Academy—"Cadet Barber"—On the Road to Mexico—Returns to United States—First Command—Wounded—Promoted—Marriage—Candidate for Congress—Inventor—The War Storm—Burnside's Brigade—Battle of Roanoke Island—Interview with Lincoln—Night March—Insubordination—Burnside Supersedes McClellan—Kentucky Quieted—Morgan's Raid—Siege of Petersburg—Political Campaign of 1864—Return to Civil Life—Home at Providence—Visit to Paris—United States Senator—Assassination of Garfield—Death of Burnside—Eulogy.

AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE was born in Union county, Indiana, May 23, 1824. His birthplace was a log cabin near the town of Liberty. His father was by no means wealthy, and at the age of seventeen the subject of our sketch, feeling that he must depend on his own exertions for a livelihood, chose the business of tailoring. He became a skillful worker at this unambitious trade, but he passed most of his leisure time in reading, and was especially fond of studying military history and the lives of great soldiers. When his apprenticeship had expired he entered into partnership with a Mr. Myers, who had had military experience as colonel of a regiment of Indiana volunteers in the Mexican war. They studied tactics on their shop-board, and the future general once

worked out a movement *en echelon* by deploying five hundred buttons, one by one, from line into column.

In March, 1843, young Burnside had the good fortune to be appointed a cadet, through the influence of Mr. Robert Tyler, son of the President. It was with great satisfaction that he gave up his somewhat distasteful business and entered on the studies which he enjoyed. He proved a very quick and diligent student, but, being of a very frolicsome disposition, was regarded as rather "wild" when off duty. In fact, he became noted for the practical jokes which he played on newly-arrived cadets. Among the latter was a young man who, from his profusion of long, sandy hair and beard, was nicknamed the "Bison." A few days after his arrival he was met by Burnside's room-mate, who informed him that new-comers were obliged to have their hair trimmed and beards cut within twenty-four hours of their arrival, or else they were imprisoned for twenty days. The "Bison," much startled, hastily inquired where he should find the cadet barber, and was directed to Burnside's room. That hopeful youth had got himself up to look like a barber, and, when asked if he could shave the new cadet and cut his hair before evening parade, replied that he thought he could. When he had closely cut the hair from one side of the young man's head, and shaved one-half of his face, he stopped, saying that they must stop, as it was now time for parade. When the "Bison" appeared, his ludicrous appearance excited roars of laughter. Questioned by the superintendent as to how he dared appear on parade in such condition, he told his story. "Come with me, sir," shouted the superintendent, "and show me this cadet

barber." They returned to the "barber shop," and found Burnside and his chum lying on the bed in spasms of laughter. The superintendent obliged Burnside to finish his work, and for some time the sobriquet of "Cadet Barber" was used in speaking of the joker. Burnside was a frequent visitor at Benny Havens's, and was noted for his talents in singing and cooking at that festive resort.

In his fourth year, the war with Mexico was at its height, and immediately after his graduation he was ordered to join the Second artillery, and proceed to the city of Mexico. His commission was that of second lieutenant. When he arrived at Vera Cruz, he learned with regret that the war was virtually over, but he was ordered to proceed to Mexico as escort to a baggage train. While there he yielded to the fascination of gambling, and was so "plucked" as to be penniless. His pay also was mortgaged six months in advance. He was on the point of resigning, when a senior officer advanced him money enough to relieve his embarrassments, and so prevented his career from being spoiled at the very outset. But the troops did not greatly enjoy their stay in Mexico, and they were glad to receive orders to return. Burnside's regiment was ordered to Fort Adams, near Newport, Rhode Island.

Here the young officer enjoyed his sojourn extremely for a time. Boating parties, drives, rides, walks, with music and dancing at night, made Newport very attractive. He frequently visited Providence, and there formed friendships which induced him later to make it his home.

But garrison life at its best becomes monotonous, and Burnside was well pleased when, in 1849, he was

directed to proceed to New Mexico for service against the Indians, who were indulging in a series of petty hostilities. A party of Americans had been murdered by them, two of whom were the mail carriers of the region. Burnside was sent with his detachment to bury the dead, collect the missing mail, if possible, and report what he could of the movements of the Indians.

This he managed skillfully, and shortly after had a somewhat severe skirmish with Indians, in which he received an arrow-wound.

He was soon after detailed as quarter-master and commissary in Texas, and he went thither, accompanied only by three men, making a journey of over twelve hundred miles through the country occupied by the Apaches, the most crafty and brutal of all the Indian tribes. It is a parched and desert land, and on one occasion they were eleven hours without a drop of water. They were harassed nearly all the way by parties of Indians following them. On arriving at Fort Leavenworth, they were so exhausted that they could be fed only with beef-tea, and at intervals of half an hour.

Burnside received many compliments on this daring ride, and was promoted to be first lieutenant. He also obtained a furlough to visit his home, and while there had a somewhat unpleasant adventure. He had proposed to, and was accepted by, a young lady from Kentucky, but at the marriage ceremony the bride suddenly changed her mind, answered "no" to the clergyman's question, and abruptly left the church, to the surprise and annoyance of the bridegroom. He soon afterwards returned to Fort Adams, and there made the acquaintance of a lady who replaced his

fickle fair one. He was married to Miss Mary Richmond Bishop, at Providence, in 1852.

About this time Burnside devoted much time and thought to perfecting the invention of a breech-loading rifle. It was considered that his idea for the construction was superior to any yet known, and he was induced to resign his commission and establish a factory for his rifles at the town of Bristol. Here he made his home, attended closely to his manufacturing establishment, accepted the position of major-general of the volunteers of his own State, and was candidate for Congress. He was unsuccessful in this last ambition, and soon afterwards encountered a much more serious disappointment in the refusal of the government to accept his rifle as the one to be used in the army. This meant financial ruin, and the "Bristol Rifle Works," his property, went into bankruptcy. He assigned everything to his creditors, and now penniless, went into a Chatham street clothing store, and sold his uniform, epaulettes, and sword. Sending half of the thirty dollars which he received for them to his wife, he started west in search of employment.

He returned to Liberty, his old home, ruined but not despairing. He applied to his old classmate, George B. McClellan, then vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, for employment, and was appointed cashier of the railroad land office. Here he gave so much satisfaction that he was appointed treasurer to the corporation, with an office in New York city. While holding this position he made a visit to New Orleans, and was somewhat startled at the open manifestations of the rebellious spirit there. Returning to New York, and anticipating that, in the event of a war,

government might call for service on all West Pointers, he set his affairs in order, balanced his books, and made preparations to go immediately on receiving a summons. Consequently when Governor Sprague telegraphed: "A regiment of Rhode Island troops will go to Washington this week. How soon can you take command?" he replied "at once," and reported for duty at Providence next morning.

He was commissioned colonel of the First Rhode Island militia, April 16th, 1861, and immediately set about organizing and equipping his troops. The regiment set out with little delay, and arrived in Washington on the 26th of April. When McDowell succeeded Scott in the chief command, he appointed Burnside commander of the Second brigade, which included the First and Second Rhode Island, the Seventy-first New York, the Second New Hampshire, and the Second Battery of Rhode Island Artillery. In July, 1861, this brigade took part in the general onward movement which ended so disastrously at Bull Run. But in the earlier half of that day, the Burnside brigade encountered the enemy's fire for four hours, and sustained a loss of 123 killed and 236 wounded. In August, Burnside was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers. He was ordered to organize a "coast division," and to establish headquarters at Annapolis. This division numbered twelve thousand men, who were embarked in sixty-five transports, under sealed orders. No one knew the destination of the fleet except General Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough. On the second day out there was a terrific storm. When the fleet arrived at Roanoke island the forces were landed, and ordered to take the Confederate

stronghold, which was situated on the middle of the island. Their attack was completely successful; the fortress was speedily surrendered; two thousand five hundred prisoners were taken, thirty-two guns, three thousand small arms, winter quarters for four thousand troops, and several hospital buildings. This victory created great joy throughout the North.

Burnside was created major-general of volunteers, and the State of Rhode Island voted him a sword.

For some time Burnside occupied North Carolina, and was then ordered to reinforce General McClellan, who had been obliged to retreat from before Richmond. At Fortress Monroe Burnside had a conference with President Lincoln, who offered him the command of the Army of the Potomac. This he peremptorily declined. After the army had been commanded for short periods by Halleck and Pope, the command was again offered to Burnside, who again declined and urged the president to reinstate McClellan. At the battle of South Mountain, Burnside distinguished himself, and was placed by McClellan in command of the Ninth corps.

At Antietam this corps held the bridge which was the key of the position, sustaining heavy losses. Pollard, the Southern historian, says: "It is certain that if we had had fresh troops to hurl against Burnside at the bridge of Antietam, the day would have been ours." On the morning of the battle, the corps numbered nearly 14,000 men. Its losses were over 2,000. When night came Burnside expressed to McClellan his opinion that the battle should be followed up next day, but the latter declined, and the army remained inactive for a month. This inaction was considered extremely unsatisfactory at Washington and throughout the country,

and an official order was issued, removing McClellan, and appointing Burnside to the command of the army. He accepted this position with some degree of reluctance. The Army of the Potomac now numbered two hundred and twenty-five thousand men. Burnside's plans were to make a rapid march to Falmouth, cross the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg, and make a forward movement to Richmond. The army started from Warrenton in November, marched forty miles in three days, and reached Fredericksburg. On the 10th of December the engineer corps was ordered to lay three pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock, cross the river, and carry the fortifications by assault. The bridges were built under heavy fire from the enemy. On the morning of the 13th the contest in front of the heights began. As the Union troops advanced, they were exposed to a furious fire of grape and canister, and an enfilading fire on their right and left from shot and shell. Below the batteries were stone fences and rifle-pits, where Confederate troops were concealed. When the Union men advanced to the heights, these rifle-pits bristled with muskets, which poured volley after volley into the assaulting column. The charge at Fredericksburg was in fact scarcely less daring or less deadly than that at Balaklava. The troops were driven back with tremendous loss. Next day Burnside ordered another attack, but was dissuaded by Generals Sumner and Franklin. The order was countermanded, and at night the army moved back across the Rappahannock.

Burnside was severely criticized for the conduct of the attack at Fredericksburg, and among his subordinate officers there was considerable disaffection. General Hooker, in particular, was outspoken in his censure of

his superior officer. Burnside asked for Hooker's dismissal, and that of several others of those who criticised him. This President Lincoln was unwilling to grant. Burnside was relieved from the command, as the only method of terminating the difficulty, and General Hooker was appointed in his place, the general-in-chief being transferred to the command of the Department of the Ohio. That section of country was in a very disturbed condition. Kentucky was under martial law, sympathizers with the rebellion talked boldly of the possibility of drawing Indiana, Kentucky, and East Tennessee into the Confederacy, and Burnside found himself obliged to take stringent measures to check the current of rebellion through these States. Mr. Clement Vallandigham, Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, openly advocated resistance to President Lincoln's measures for the restoration of the Union. By Burnside's orders he was arrested and imprisoned in Fort Warren, whence he was afterwards taken to Nashville, and was obliged to remain within the limits of the Confederacy until the close of the war. Burnside organized the militia of Indiana and Ohio so that they could effectively resist the raids of the guerilla leader, Morgan, and then turned his attention to Kentucky, where the secessionists were threatening to carry the State by illegal voting at the ensuing elections. In this they failed signally. Burnside then turned his attention to East Tennessee. He set out for Knoxville, at the head of eighteen thousand men. The march of this body across the Cumberland mountains is one of the most remarkable occurrences in military history. "In many cases the horses failed to drag the guns up the precipitous sides of the ascents, and then the worn and struggling

animals gave place to men, who, with hands and shoulders to wheel and limber, hoisted guns and caissons from height to height. The fearful wayside was strewn with broken wheels and vehicles, and with horses and mules, dying exhausted on the march. Baggage animals, mules, and drivers, in several instances made missteps and rolled down precipices. Nothing but the indomitable courage and hardihood of Burnside, nothing less lofty than the heroism that possessed his army, could have ever seen such an undertaking accomplished."

This march of two hundred and fifty miles over the rough mountain roads was made in fourteen days. The loyal people of East Tennessee received the Union forces with extreme delight. After a few days' stay at Knoxville, he pushed on to Cumberland Gap, which was surrendered to him unconditionally. Here he took 2,500 prisoners, eleven pieces of artillery, and 2,000 stand of small arms.

The Confederate general, Longstreet, now formed the plan of besieging Burnside's force in Knoxville, and taking the town. The siege began on the 17th of November, 1863, and on the 29th the Confederate force made a desperate assault, in which Longstreet lost over a thousand men. The siege was abandoned, and Knoxville was saved to the Union.

Burnside was now allowed leave to visit his home at Providence, and was ordered to recruit and fill up the Ninth Army Corps, for special service. It was supposed that this special service was to be in South Carolina. As the regiments reorganized, they proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, Annapolis. But the corps was assigned to the Army of the Potomac.

It had been moved about so much from one part of the Union to the other that it was known to the soldiers as "Burnside's Geography Class." This time its travels lay through the famous Wilderness, and stopped in front of Petersburg. But its losses during the battles of the Wilderness were very heavy. From the 3d of May to the 12th of June, the corps lost no less than 7,900 men.

At the assault on Petersburg, Burnside's troops made the attack on Cemetery hill, in which he lost 4,500 men, without any resulting gain. For this, he fell again under military censure, and General Meade actually appointed a court-martial to try him. General Grant disapproved the charges, but Burnside was relieved from the command of the Ninth corps, and tendered his resignation, which was not, however, accepted. He then retired to his home, where he received his usual cordial welcome. A court was appointed to collect facts as to the Fredericksburg affair, which, after a session of seventeen days, rendered a verdict of disapproval against five general officers, of whom General Burnside was one. When relieved from his command, the general entered with enthusiasm into the political campaign of 1864, warmly defending the policy of emancipation, and giving his support to the measures of President Lincoln. When the war had ended, he once more tendered his resignation, which President Johnson accepted in April, 1865.

Returning to civil life, he interested himself mainly in the construction of railroads, and was elected president of the Cincinnati and Martinsville Railroad.

In 1866 he was elected, by a large majority, Governor of Rhode Island, and in this position he showed

himself thoroughly qualified for the duties of a chief magistrate. He was one of the most popular governors the State ever had, and was re-elected the following two years. He peremptorily declined a fourth renomination. Soon afterwards, he was violently attacked in the United States Senate by Senator Sprague. This attack called out a number of warm eulogies, and a complimentary letter signed by five thousand citizens of Rhode Island.

In 1869 he went to England in the interest of the Covington and Vincennes railroad, and while there, having some curiosity to witness the operations of the great Franco-Prussian war, then at its culmination, he went to Paris, where the Prussian chancellor, Count Bismarck, paid him much attention. Here he saw perhaps the most extraordinary spectacle in history, a city with 500,000 men under arms shut up in it, the streets swarming with soldiers, and the inhabitants completely isolated from the rest of the world.

In 1875 General Burnside was elected senator from Rhode Island. As a politician his record is very honorable. He served on three important committees, viz.: those of Military Affairs, Commerce, and Education and Labor.

He lost his beloved wife in 1876, an affliction which he felt most keenly. For several months he suffered much from nervous prostration, and seriously contemplated resigning his position as senator, but was induced by his friends to resume his duties. He was re-elected in 1880.

The assassination of General Garfield made a most painful impression on Burnside. He entertained strong hopes of the president's recovery, and was much overcome by the intelligence of his death.

His own decease was somewhat unexpected. He had been for some days very slightly indisposed, but complained suddenly of severe pain in the region of the heart. He died the next morning of heart neuralgia. This occurred September 13th, 1881. His obsequies were celebrated with all the honors the State could give; and in the Senate several eloquent tributes were paid to his memory, of which perhaps the most interesting was that of Wade Hampton, the Confederate cavalry leader, who closed his remarks as follows:

“Others have worthily bedecked his tomb with wreaths of immortelles; I bring a spray of Southern cypress, to lay it tenderly and reverently on his grave. Peace to his ashes; for of him it may with truth be said, that throughout his long, varied, and honorable career,

“He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE BRINTON M'CLELLAN.

Birth and Ancestry—Boyhood and Cadet Life—Rank and Experience at West Point—War with Mexico—In Civil Life—War of Secession—McClellan called to Washington—In Command—Battle of Bull Run—Scott Resigns and McClellan Becomes Commander-in-Chief—Battle of Manassas—Congress and McClellan—President assumes Command of the Army—Peninsular Campaign—Seven Days' Battle—McClellan's Departure from the Peninsula—Nominated for President—Civil Life—Governor of New Jersey—Tribute of Honor.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN was born in Philadelphia, December 3, 1826. His ancestors were distinguished in the medical profession, of gentle breeding, distinctly traceable to nobility, in the person of Lord Kirkcudbright, of Scotland. His boyhood was passed at school, where he was a good scholar and held high rank in his class, though he was by no means brilliant.

In June, 1842, he entered the military academy at West Point, being then fifteen years and six months old. His conduct here was unexceptionable. He was not quick in the acquisition of knowledge, but what he learned remained fixed in his mind. He exhibited perseverance, a strong will and resolute habits of application. It was matter of surprise to himself, at the close of his first year's examinations, to find he was

one of the best scholars in his class. He graduated in 1846, standing second in the largest class that had ever left the academy. He was of middle height, with broad shoulders and deep chest, capable of enduring great fatigue and exposure. Always of strictly temperate habits, his body has ever been the willing servant of his mind.

He entered at once into active service as brevet second lieutenant of engineers, and was assigned duty in a company of sappers and miners, at that time an entirely new branch of the service. A letter to his brother, written at this period, states that every minute in the day was occupied in preparing the men to organize the first corps of engineer troops which had ever been in the country. He expressed himself as "perfectly delighted" with his duties.

In September, 1846, he sailed with his company of seventy-one men from New York for Brazos Santiago, and arrived just after the battle of Monterey; they were engaged in the capture of Vera Cruz, at Cerro Gordo and Puebla. Early one morning Lieutenant McClellan was in a house, on the side of the town of Puebla nearest the enemy, when his ear caught the sound of the long roll, calling to arms the troops. He was at once in the saddle, and, as he rode toward town, he met a Mexican cavalry captain. Each was alone, armed with sabres and pistols. The Mexican turned and fled, but McClellan pursued, overtook him and compelled him to surrender. As they rode on together the Mexican suddenly put spurs to his horse and attempted to draw his pistol, but the young officer made him understand that if he renewed the attempt at escape he would put a bullet through him.

After this the two rode quietly on until McClellan surrendered his prisoner.

In no less than three engagements he received honorable mention in the despatches of his commander. On the fall of Chapultepec the sappers and miners were ordered to the front, and took the lead of General Worth's division in one of the most difficult and dangerous movements of the assault on Mexico, viz., the attack on the garita (or gate). It had been decided, instead of moving up heavy guns to assault the gate, that the sappers and miners should advance through the houses, breaking their way successively through the walls of one house into the next, which they did successfully until they reached the public square. This service was very dangerous, as every house had Mexican soldiers in it. These having been driven away or shot, on the 14th of September, 1847, General Scott, with six thousand five hundred men, entered into the heart of the city of Mexico, and the war was virtually ended. McClellan remained in Mexico till May, 1848, when he, with his company, returned to West Point. Here he employed his leisure in study, and in the winter of 1849 he prepared for the use of the army a "Manual of Bayonet-Exercise," which, upon the recommendation of General Scott, was adopted as a part of the system of instruction for the army.

He was subsequently employed in the construction of Fort Delaware, and remained there until the close of the winter of 1851. He was then assigned duty in exploring the country at the head of Red river, and later was ordered to Texas as chief-engineer on the staff of General P. F. Smith. He made several tours of military inspection, and early in 1853 he was given a survey of a portion of the Pacific railroad.

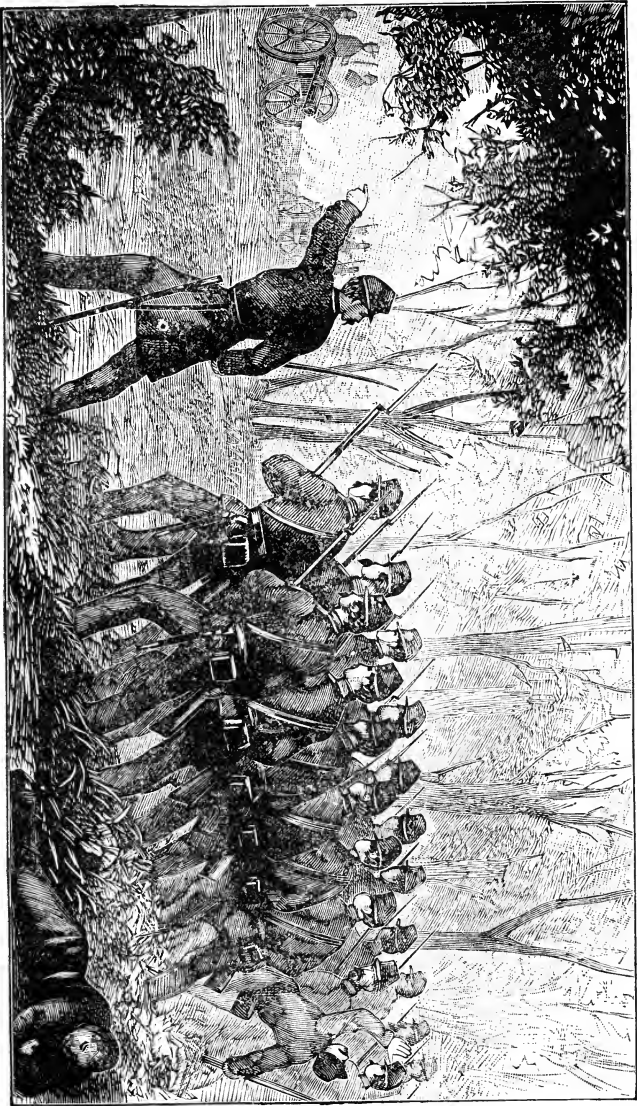
In the spring of 1855, Captain McClellan was selected, with two others, to serve on a commission to Europe to examine the military systems of the great powers, and report plans which might be beneficial to our own country. Having faithfully performed this duty, he resigned his commission and retired from the army. He had seen fifteen years' constant service, and the life of a soldier in time of peace had little attraction for him.

Captain McClellan was immediately appointed chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and went to Chicago to reside. In 1860 he was married to Miss Ellen, daughter of General R. B. Marcy, and removed to Cincinnati as vice-president of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad.

The guns of Sumter, which woke the nation to arms, found Ohio no better prepared for war than any other of our peaceful States. Governor Dennison at once turned to Captain McClellan for assistance, appointing him major-general of volunteers. In six weeks from the time he was first called on he sent his forces to the field in West Virginia, and on June 3d the first battle of the war was fought at Philippi, resulting in victory to the Union forces. Without waiting for authority from Washington, General McClellan threw all the troops at his command into West Virginia, and on the 22d of June took the field in person.

General Rosecrans drove the Confederate forces from Rich's mountain, where they were strongly intrenched, and at Carrick's Ford, in accordance with McClellan's orders, the entire column of the enemy were forced to retire, and its commander slain. No one has ever accused McClellan of tardiness or want of energy in the campaign of West Virginia.

BULL RUN.





Called to Washington on July 22d, after the disaster at Bull Run, he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. He found it a military rabble of 50,000 men, without even organization into brigades, and, necessarily, without discipline. To reduce order from this chaos, and form this tumultuous assemblage into an army, with its brigades and divisions, to create an adequate artillery establishment, to organize a medical, commissary, quartermaster's, ordnance, provost-marshal's, and signal corps departments was indeed a herculean task.

But to the work, assisted by an able and willing staff, he applied himself with diligence. The troops were divided into twelve brigades, each under the command of an officer educated at West Point. Defensive works were thrown up, fresh troops arriving were formed into provisional brigades, and placed in camps for instruction and discipline. On August 4th, General McClellan submitted to the president a general plan for the conduct of the war.

On November 1st, General Scott having retired, General McClellan was directed to assume command of the entire armies of the United States. On the 2d he was presented with a sword voted him by the city council of Philadelphia.

The people of the country, entirely ignorant of the length of time required to equip, drill, and provide supplies for so large a body of men, began to chafe at delay, and early the cry of "On to Richmond!" began to resound over the length and breadth of the land.

On the other hand, injudicious friends of the commander heaped upon him praises for what he was about to do. Extravagant approval is sure to produce re-

action. He had always been politically opposed to the party then in power, and partisan politicians began at once to take initial steps toward interfering with his plans. The house of representatives appointed a committee on the conduct of the war. Several prominent generals were called before it, who refused to express opinions in regard to the policy of their commander, as indeed by the Articles of War they were bound to do.

In obedience to the cry of "On to Richmond!" President Lincoln issued positive orders that a forward movement be made on February 22d, and that all disposable forces except what was needful to protect the capital should be sent to seize a point on the railroad southeast of Manassas Junction, thus taking the campaign out of the hands of the general, who had intended to attack Richmond by way of the lower Chesapeake, and announcing our plans to the enemy. The president, however, gave the general an opportunity to explain the advantages of his designs, which he did at great length, and in the most convincing terms. On March 8th the president issued an order dividing the army into five corps, assigning the commander to each. A council of thirteen generals was called, at which all but four favored General McClellan's methods of procedure.

A more accurate judgment regarding the merits of McClellan can be reached by showing the orders by which he was hampered than by a detail of his movements and battles.

As a result of the council mentioned above, on March 9th the enemy retired from Manassas and Centreville, and on the 11th McClellan was relieved of the

supreme command, and left simply in command of the Army of the Potomac, notice of which he first received through the columns of the newspapers on the 12th of March, 1862.

Whatever General McClellan may have felt at this time, he wrote to the president in language distinguished for good taste and the most patriotic feeling :

“I said to you some weeks since that no feeling of self-interest should ever prevent me from devoting myself to the service. I am glad to have an opportunity to prove this, and you will find that under present circumstances I shall work just as cheerfully as before.” In accordance with the president's direction, General Banks' command was ordered to remain at Manassas. General McClellan had asked that the whole available force of the navy should be thrown against Yorktown to assist in his contemplated attack on that place.

Notwithstanding assurances which the president had given General McClellan that he would not withdraw any of his troops, by the 3d of April no less than sixty thousand men had been removed from his command, reducing the general's force more than one-third after his task had been assigned, its operations planned, and the fighting begun. By way of excuse for his course, the president said, “If you could know the full pressure of the case, I am confident you would justify it.” Of course, nothing could be said. It remained for General McClellan to do the best possible under the circumstances. He decided not to assault Yorktown, as he had intended, but to carry it by a general siege. But it fell without a battle, and a large amount of warlike stores were either abandoned or destroyed. About ten miles from Yorktown lies the city of Williamsburg.

To this point McClellan pushed on his forces, and after a severe contest, the next day Williamsburg was taken. On May 10th, from a camp near Williamsburg, McClellan sent a brief telegram to the secretary of war urging his need of reinforcements without delay. On the 14th he made a similar appeal to the president, but fears for the safety of Washington prevented his receiving the desired succor, though he was assured that he should soon be reinforced by fifty thousand men, thus rendering him strong enough to attack the large army before him. But his disappointment amounted almost to agony when he received a telegram informing him that the troops under General McDowell, which had been promised to him, were sent to reinforce General Banks, then in a critical position near Harper's Ferry.

By June 25th, McClellan, becoming convinced that he should receive no reinforcements, resolved to do the best he could with the force at his command. His troops were now on the right bank of the Chickahominy, disposed in a semicircle, three miles in length; on the left bank of the river were two divisions, and an advanced post was on the heights overlooking Mechanicsville. McClellan, having previously thrown out pickets, intended an attack on the 26th, but this design was thwarted by the enemy's forces themselves attacking, and convincing McClellan that a change of base was needful for him. He immediately transferred his ground of operations to the James river, a distance of seventeen miles. To transport ninety thousand men, including cavalry and artillery, and the boundless procession of wagons, was not an easy task, but it must be done, and as privately as possible. It was needful to engage the enemy on the left bank of the Chickahom-

iny as long as possible to give time for removal of siege-guns and trains, and on the 28th was fought the battle of Gaines' Mills, which was a victory for the Confederates. This was the second of those seven days' fighting which closed with the battle of Malvern Hills; but the James river was reached after conflicts and difficulties of which we cannot even imagine, and General McClellan looked with a just pride upon his army now sheltered and safe. During their retreat to the James, the men had conducted themselves in a way to win the admiration of their commander. Although he had been compelled to abandon his position before Richmond, and had failed to accomplish what he had hoped and intended, it was not his fault, and in the lapse of time his country will do him justice.

The history of the Army of the Potomac during the succeeding months may be quickly told. At that season of the year it could not remain in its present position. That would be certain death in that malarial country. It was the wish of General McClellan that his army should be reinforced, and at once thrown upon Richmond, but the president did not agree to this plan, and not until August 3d was the general informed that it had been decided to turn over the troops in his charge to other commanders, principally to General Pope, which was done, leaving him with only his staff and a few hundred soldiers. On the 26th of August he was ordered to Alexandria, and on September 1st was sent to Washington, and placed in charge of the defense of that city.

During this period of trial it is only just to say that McClellan retained, in the highest degree, the respect of the officers and soldiers under his command. To

this day not a man can be found who ever served under him who does not speak of him with enthusiasm, and the record shows that no army acting under his orders was ever defeated, unless the retiring of 35,000 men at Gaines' Mills, without disorder, from before an army of double their number may be called a defeat.

On September 2d, after the disastrous campaign of General Pope, and the Second Bull Run disaster, President Lincoln sent for McClellan, and asked him again to take command of the army. Not quite readily did he consent, actuated not by personal and petty spite in view of the past, but by honest doubt if it were wise and best for the country that he should do so. With a nobleness above all praise, he yielded to the wish of the president, and having accepted the trust, set about the discharge of his duties with energy. The soldiers of the Potomac, on learning that the beloved general was again at their head, took heart; "hope elevated, and joy brightened their crests." Many wept with joy at again having a commander in whom they could place implicit confidence. As the busy days rolled on, McClellan was forced to the conclusion that he no more enjoyed the confidence of the administration than during the Virginia campaign, and that his appointment to his present position was due to the sentiment of the army.

In the meantime the Confederate forces, under General Lee, had taken a position along the crest of South Mountain, and a strong detachment were intrenched at Harper's Ferry. On the morning of the 14th a battle begun. The right line of McClellan's forces, commanded by General Hooker, steadily pressed up the slope. "Bravely they rode and well," the woods and

ledges blazing with sheets of flame, and the Confederate forces wavered and gave way as before the sweeping force of a mighty flood. They were followed, and driven quite to the top of the mountain and down the other side. By six o'clock, McClellan had undisputed possession of the heights.

Following the battle of South Mountain, on the 17th of September the battle of Antietam engaged the hostile forces, at which not a gun or color was lost by our army, though the contest was a desperate one.

In view of the expulsion of Confederate troops from the State of Maryland, and of the value of the services of General McClellan, an executive order of the governor of Maryland, in which the thanks of the State were tendered him, was placed in his hands.

It was a serious question for the decision of the commander whether or not it were wise to pursue the retreating enemy into Virginia. His army was exhausted. They had insufficient supplies, and many were without shoes, clothing, blankets, knapsacks, and shelter-tents.

The inactivity of the army at this time was severely criticised by the country, but it is much more easy to find fault than to move a large army without subsistence or supplies. On October 7th a definite order from the president came to General McClellan to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, but the movement did not begin till the 26th. He could not move until supplies reached him. At length all the corps were in motion, and after crossing the river marched south on a line east of the Blue Ridge, selected in view of its being a point near the Manassas Gap railroad, where he could easily get supplies. On November 7th,

General McClellan reported his army in "admirable condition and spirits," ready for the battle which was impending, and at which he confidently anticipated victory, when, late on the same evening, he was relieved of his command and ordered to Trenton, New Jersey.

The reasons for this remarkable and abrupt change have never been given, either to General McClellan or to the people. The limits of this sketch forbid the further consideration of the facts, which speak for themselves. The general's first act was to draw up a farewell address to his troops, which was read to them at dress-parade on the 10th. On the evening of Sunday, the 9th, he took leave of the officers of his staff. The demonstrations of affection on the part of the soldiers as he rode through their ranks for the last time were touching in the extreme.

He established his residence at Orange, New Jersey, and has been engaged in literary pursuits, publishing a valuable work on the cavalry of Europe, and a report on the organization and conduct of the Army of the Potomac.

In 1864 he received 1,800,000 votes for President of the United States, and in 1877 was elected Governor of New Jersey, after which service he again retired to private life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.

Birth and Childhood—The Runaway Horse—Career as West Point Cadet—Lieutenant Sheridan at Fort Duncan—Dispersing the quarrelsome Yokimas—His defeat of Chalmers—Heroic conduct at the Battle of Perrysville—Joining Grant—Raids around Lee—“Sheridan’s Ride”—His Administration at New Orleans—Grant’s Opinion of him—Subsequent Life.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Massachusetts in 1831, of Irish parents. While he was yet a child, the family moved to Ohio, and settled in Perry county. Philip was employed to drive a water-cart while still a mere boy, in the town of Zanesville. Here he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the member of Congress for the district. Through the influence of this gentleman he was admitted as a cadet at the Military Academy in 1848.

At the age of twenty-two he graduated, and as brevet second lieutenant, joined his regiment, the First Infantry, at Fort Duncan, on the Texas frontier. At this time the Indians were engaged in active hostilities against the United States. Sheridan showed so much efficiency as an officer that he was promoted and exchanged into another regiment, to which was intrusted the defence of the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Oregon. That line of country was then being surveyed for the construction of a branch of the Pacific

railroad, and Sheridan's regiment was detailed to escort the party occupied in this survey. In this way he acquired a thorough acquaintance with the country and with its Indian inhabitants, and in 1856 he was made commander of the department containing the Yokima reservation. This was a position requiring peculiar qualities, and the young officer showed that he possessed them in an eminent degree. His success in dealing with the troublesome and turbulent Yokimas was marked. Although naturally of a warlike disposition—it was said of him that he was born a belligerent—he managed to control the tribes along the whole line of country of which he had charge, without the loss of life which took place in all the other districts of which hostile tribes were inhabitants. In one serious engagement with the Indians, his conduct was so distinguished as to be especially commended in general orders. In 1861 he was promoted to the captaincy of the United States Infantry, and was appointed president of a special military commission appointed to audit claims growing out of the occupation of a portion of Missouri by the United States army. In this position he exhibited so much ability that he was appointed chief quartermaster and commissary for the whole army of the southwest. When the war broke out, he still occupied this position. But although he was extremely efficient in its duties, his disposition was that of an active fighter, and he received with great delight the news of his appointment as Colonel of the Second Michigan cavalry. Up to that time, the balance of advantage had been wholly on the side of the Southern cavalry. It was more numerous and better trained than the Northern.

The Southern men, as a rule, almost lived in the saddle; and their leaders boasted that in that branch of the service their superiority could never be contested. It was reserved for Sheridan to show how much one man could do to revolutionize that whole branch of the service. Principally owing to him, the time came when the boasts of the Southern leaders as to their cavalry were annulled, and it was admitted that, for daring and skill, the Union horsemen were fully a match for those of the South. Sheridan was himself the beau ideal of a cavalry officer. A certain dash and recklessness of character and demeanor fitted him for the role. Although short in stature, his soldierly bearing, alertness of motion, quick dark eyes, and earnest manner were extremely impressive. His presence had an electric effect on his men. However tired or discouraged, the sight of "Fighting Phil" seemed to arouse their energies.

When stationed at Booneville, his first important engagement with the rebel forces took place. He encountered General Chalmers at the head of five thousand men, his own force consisting of less than two thousand. They rushed on the enemy with such force and impetuosity, that Chalmers believed that Sheridan must have had a large reserve force somewhere near, and ordered his troops to fall back. Sheridan's troops followed up the advantage so closely that the enemy broke into a confused retreat, riding as fast as their horses would carry them, a distance of twenty miles, leaving arms, equipments, clothing, and supplies scattered all along the route.

At Perryville he was assigned to a very important position. He met a large body of Southern cavalry

under the rebel general, Hardee, supported by artillery and infantry. Sheridan drove them back at all points, and with such heavy loss that great numbers of dead and wounded were left on the field. The losses on our side were also very heavy. Sheridan was, after this campaign, placed in command of a division of the Army of the Cumberland.

But his highest distinction was won in the campaign in the peninsula. He was especially successful in a series of "raids," an irregular style of fighting for a regular-army officer, but of which Sheridan was very fond.

His division rendered important service at the battle of Cold Harbor, but it was in the valley of the Shenandoah that he specially distinguished himself. At Berryville there was a severe engagement with the division commanded by the rebel general, Early, who was assisted by the guerilla leader, Mosby. Grant's official report is as follows :

"Sheridan's operations during the month of August and the first of September were both of an offensive and defensive character, resulting in many severe skirmishes, principally by the cavalry, in which we were generally successful. The two armies lay in such a position that either could bring on a battle at any time. Defeat to us would lay open to the enemy the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania, for long distances, before another army could be interposed to check him. Under these circumstances, I hesitated about allowing the initiative to be taken. Finally the use of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which were both obstructed by the enemy, became so indispensably necessary to us, and the impor-

tance of relieving Pennsylvania and Maryland from continually threatened invasion so great, that I determined the risk should be taken. But fearing to telegraph for an attack without knowing more than I did of General Sheridan's feelings as to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on the 15th of September, to visit him at his headquarters to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charlestown, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay, and what he could do the moment he was authorized, and expressed such confidence of success that I saw there were but two words necessary, 'Go in!'

Sheridan was delighted to "*go in*," and from the 18th September to the 7th of October, engaged in a series of battles which did much toward deciding the final issue of the conflict. On the 18th of October General Early resolved on an attack in force on Sheridan. He had twenty thousand men under his command. Sheridan's army was divided into three parts, and he himself being absent, the rebel general had chosen well the time for his attempt. Sheridan was returning from a visit to Washington, and was at Winchester, twenty miles distant from his troops, when the roll of artillery apprised him that his force must be in action. The contest had lasted four hours, and his army was falling back. Startled by this idea, he put spurs to his horse, and pressed forward at a furious pace. As he rode on, he met his troops retreating before the enemy. Swinging his cap over his head, the general shouted, "Face the other way, boys; we are going back to our camps. We are going to lick them out of their boots." The fugitives stopped, formed in

line of battle, and faced round on the foe. Sheridan rode along the lines, infusing his own courage into his followers. "Boys," he repeated, "if I had been here this never should have happened. We are going back to our camps, and we are going to lick them out of their boots." The troops, although exhausted by five hours' fighting, cheered enthusiastically, and turning round on the enemy, drove them back with heavy loss. The rebels then threw up breastworks, intending to hold their ground without further fighting. But Sheridan was determined that the defeat of the morning should be wiped out by a victory, so that the news of one should not go forth without the other to compensate for it. At half-past three in the afternoon, his army advanced against the breast-works. The enemy's artillery rent the line as it moved up, and for a few moments it fell back, but the brave leader galloped up, and inspiring the troops with his own reckless courage, they rushed forward and carried the works. The bugles sounded the cavalry charge, and the Union troops swept over the field, chasing the rebels through the Federal camp which they had occupied in the morning. The rebels were compelled to abandon the cannon which they had captured, and also many of their own. This victory led to the abandonment by the enemy of the whole Shenandoah valley.

Sheridan's ride from Winchester became famous, and was the subject of Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read's spirited poem, which we introduce here :

"Up from the South at break of day
Bringing from Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

“And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon’s bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

“But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

“Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon’s mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of its master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

“Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire,
But lo! he is nearing his heart’s desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray
With Sheridan only five miles away.

“The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both ;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
 The sight of its master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say :
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day.'

“Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Sheridan ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for horse and man.
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' temple of fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
 'Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
 From Winchester, twenty miles away !'”

When this campaign was over, Sheridan was ordered by General Grant to advance on Lynchburg as soon as the state of the roads would permit, and after the destruction of the railroad and canal near it, to unite his forces with those of General Sherman, whose cavalry force was outnumbered by that of the enemy.

On the 27th of February Sheridan left Winchester with ten thousand cavalry, and entered Staunton on the 30th. General Early's forces were at Staunton, but fell back on Sheridan's approach, and intrenched themselves at Waynesboro'. When Sheridan arrived there, without even waiting to make a reconnoissance, he rushed upon the enemy. His troops swept like a tornado over the works. Sixteen hundred prisoners

were taken, eleven pieces of artillery, and two hundred wagon-loads of supplies. The prisoners were sent back to Winchester, and Sheridan's troops moved on, their special object now being to destroy the two lines of railroad which were the only avenues of supply for Lee's army. This was effectually done, and was an important step towards the final surrender of the Army of Virginia. General Grant paid a high tribute to the achievements of his great cavalry officer. Military authorities in Europe have declared it as their opinion that Sheridan displayed more of the qualities of a born leader of men than almost any other American general; and the soldiers at large have shown that the fighting qualities of the dashing Sheridan were highly appreciated by them. The *Army and Navy Journal* speaks thus of his exploits: "General Sheridan seems inclined to emulate, in his Shenandoah campaign, the reputation of General Grant as the great gun-taker of the war. Before the present campaign, the lieutenant-general had got well into the hundreds in the number of his captured cannon—exactly how far we forget, but the figure approached half a thousand. Official reports from the cavalry corps of the Shenandoah army have lately set forth the number of cannon captured from the unhappy Early. . . . At all events, it is clear that Sheridan now counts his captured artillery with three figures, and is, like Grant, among the hundreds. What singular magnet he possesses for attracting Early's ordnance must be a perpetual mystery to the Tredegar workmen, whose main occupation, of late, seems to be turning out guns for him to lose. A press correspondent from the valley humorously relates that new batteries have lately been

sent to Early from Richmond, and that they came marked 'Lieutenant-General Early;' whereupon some malicious wag wrote over this direction the words, 'Major-General Philip Sheridan, care of Uncle Sam.'"

In the summer of 1865 General Sheridan was placed in command of the important Department of Texas, with headquarters in New Orleans; and he has shown very superior administrative ability in dealing with the various disturbances and difficulties which followed the war in all that turbulent section of country.

On March 4th, 1869, upon the accession of General Sherman to the chief command of the army, made vacant by the inauguration of General Grant as president, he was made lieutenant-general and assigned to the division of the Missouri; which position he has held for the last fourteen years. Now at the age of fifty-two he is about to take command of the Army of the United States, the position having been made vacant by the retiring of General Sherman. To see at the head of the army one who rendered his country such brilliant service in time of need, cannot fail to give widespread satisfaction, and we hail with confidence the accession of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan to the highest place open to the soldier's profession in America.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOHN ALEXANDER LOGAN.

Remarkable Exception—Birth and Nativity—Early Education—
In the Mexican War—Views upon being a candidate in 1850—
Fighting at Bull Run—Colonel Logan—Bravery at Belmont—
Desperately Wounded—Career at Vicksburg—Battle of Raymond
—Sent North as Political Speaker—On the Battle-field again—
Meeting Hood at Atlanta—Commanding the Army of Tennessee
—Close of the Struggle—For Grant at Chicago Convention—
United States Senator—Subsequent Life.

JOHN ALEXANDER LOGAN was born in Jackson county, Illinois, February 9, 1826. His father, Dr. John Logan, had emigrated from Ireland three years before, and settled in what was then considered a very new and rough country. Meeting with fair success as a physician, he established himself there, and married Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, of Tennessee. In that section and at that period, educational advantages were unattainable, excepting such as were afforded by the winter schools, where the instruction was not of a very high order. Dr. Logan, however, took much interest in the education of his son, and gave him lessons when his practice permitted. The boy was ambitious and energetic, and these qualities enabled him to achieve a signal victory over disadvantageous circumstances.

When the war with Mexico broke out, Logan volunteered, and was appointed lieutenant of the First

Illinois Infantry. He was shortly afterwards made adjutant of his regiment, and continued to serve in that capacity until the close of the war. As he was then but twenty years of age, it seems evident that the young soldier must have already displayed some military talent. He returned to Jackson county in 1848, and entered the law office of his uncle, Alexander M. Jenkins, as a student. In 1849 he was elected clerk of the county.

He afterwards entered Louisville University to complete his legal studies, and in 1852 was admitted to the Bar. So successful was he as a lawyer, and so great was his popularity that he was elected to the State Legislature in the same year. In the following year he held the office of Prosecuting Attorney of the Third Judicial District of Illinois, and retained that position until 1857.

He married in 1855 Miss Mary S. Cunningham, daughter of Captain Cunningham, Register of the Illinois Land Office.

In political life he became an active supporter of the principles of the Democratic party, and was an earnest advocate for the election of Stephen A. Douglas. But when the war opened, Logan was one of the very first men who took up arms in defense of the Union. While in his seat during the extra session of Congress in July, 1861, news came that hostilities had actually commenced in Virginia. He immediately started for the front, and joined the first regiment he met, which happened to be Colonel Richardson's; took a musket from a sick soldier, and marched on in the ranks. He took part in the unfortunate affair of Bull Run, and was one of the last to leave the field on that day.

On returning to Washington he resigned his seat in Congress, and declared his resolution to become a soldier "for the war," however long a period that might be. He went back to his own county and rapidly organized a regiment, known as the 31st Illinois Infantry, of which he was appointed colonel. The first severe engagement in which he took part was at Belmont. Here he led a brilliantly successful bayonet charge, and had a narrow escape from capture. His horse was shot under him while he was some distance in advance of his men in the charge. After the Confederate camp was captured, the garrison on the other side of the river in Columbus sent a strong force across in our rear to cut the army off from its boats up the stream. Logan asked General McClelland what he would advise him to do. McClelland replied, "Cut your way out; order your flag to the front." Logan was delighted at an order so much in consonance with his own wishes. He rode back to his men and said, "We are to cut our way out, boys!" and wheeling his horse round he rode straight through the enemy's lines, capturing on his way a number of prisoners, several flags, and some thousands of small arms.

From this time to the close of the war he fought continually, at first under Grant, and afterwards with Sherman. After Fort Henry was evacuated he pursued the retreating forces with 200 cavalymen and drove them for miles. At Fort Donelson he fought heroically. While leading the charge in the assault on the latter fortress a bullet entered his arm near the shoulder. He was urged to attend to it, but declined, and, with the blood pouring from the wound, rode on. Later a bullet struck his thigh, inflicting a flesh wound.

Not until the assault was over and the fort taken did he allow himself to be carried to the rear. The wounds proved more severe than he supposed, and he was forced to remain inactive for some months.

On the 5th of March, 1862, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and ordered to join General Grant at Pittsburg Landing. In the movement by Halleck against Corinth his brigade did very effective service. He was then ordered to take charge of the lines of railroad at Jackson, Tennessee, connecting with Columbus. In defending this line of road several severe skirmishes took place, in which Logan showed remarkable military ability. He was appointed commander of the forces in Columbus by General Grant, who had a very high opinion of Logan as a general. On one occasion Grant visited Logan in his headquarters; rode with him through his camp and outposts, and admired the wonderful order and discipline which the volunteer general had established. Logan then proceeded to explain to the general-in-chief his plans for the approaching campaign. "I have absolute confidence in you, general," interrupted Grant; "all I ask of you is to go in."

During the summer of 1862 Logan was urged to resume his seat in Congress, but he replied: "I have entered the field, to die if need be for this government, and I never expect to return to peaceful pursuits until the object of this war of preservation has become a fact established." He was so conspicuous for bravery and skill during Grant's campaign in northern Mississippi, where he commanded the Third Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, under General McPherson, that he was promoted to the rank of major-general, November 26, 1862.

In the campaign against Vicksburg Logan distinguished himself. At Port Gibson, after several hours of severe fighting, the Union troops were about giving way when Logan arrived with his division. His appearance rallied the tired and dispirited troops, and turned the tide of battle. In the battle of Raymond he led the advance, and forced the enemy to fall back to a position in the rear of the creek. Determined to carry this position he ordered his men to charge, and a desperate contest ensued. Finally the post was carried and the enemy driven back.

At the battle of Champion's Hill the Union troops, led by General Hovey, were forced back by the rebels half a mile. Again Logan appeared on the field at a critical moment. The retreating force turned back, and Logan's troops were soon in possession of the ground over which the Confederates had swept victoriously an hour before. Shortly afterwards an aide from General Grant came to ask Logan whether he believed he could hold his position there. "Tell General Grant," was the reply, "that my division cannot be beaten by all the rebels this side of h—l."

During the siege of Vicksburg McPherson held the centre of the line; Logan was in command of the centre of the corps, which was placed near Grant's head-quarters. After the explosion of the great mine under the city an assault was ordered. Logan's column headed this attack, and was the first to enter the city. In acknowledgment of his services in this assault he was appointed military governor of the city; and the officers and soldiers of McPherson's corps presented him with a medal.

In November, 1863, Logan succeeded General Sher-

man in command of the Fifteenth Army Corps. He led the advance of the Army of the Tennessee at Resaca, and repulsed the Confederate army under Hardee at Dallas. At the battle of Kenesaw Mountain he drove the enemy from his works with heavy loss.

In the summer of 1864 Sherman ordered the closing in of his entire line in a semicircular form around Atlanta, at a distance of about two miles from that city. Hood had made preparations for a heavy battle, and on the 22d of July he sallied out from his lines, striking the left flank, which was under McPherson. Logan's division of McPherson's corps had been ordered to hold the railroad at East Point, and on his troops Hood ordered an attack in force, "hoping," as Sherman said, "to catch Logan's troops in air." Logan massed his men beside the railroad, and there ensued one of the most terrific struggles of the war. The Federal lines frequently fought on both sides of their rifle-pits. The battle assumed a hand-to-hand character; the troops formed no less than six times in one spot. In four hours 6,000 Confederates fell in the column opposed to Logan's force alone, and after a long and desperate contest the Confederates were repulsed. The loss on the Union side was also heavy, and among the killed was McPherson, one of the youngest but ablest of Sherman's generals. When McPherson was struck down Logan assumed his command for the day, and Sherman testifies in his official report of the battle: "General Logan commanded the Army of the Tennessee through this desperate battle with the same success and ability that had characterized him in the command of a corps or division."

General Sherman was now called on to decide the

difficult and delicate question as to who was to succeed McPherson. After some deliberation, he decided on appointing General Howard. This assignment gave much dissatisfaction; General Logan's friends in the army and government considered that he was entitled to the vacant command both by seniority and services. Sherman himself gave high praise to Logan's ability, but adhered to his selection of Howard.

Logan acquiesced in the choice and fought bravely under Howard to the close of the campaign, which ended in the fall of Atlanta. He was then urged to return to Illinois, in order that the weight of his influence might be thrown into the Republican scale in the important presidential election then impending. His action in this matter offended many of his Democratic supporters. In defending himself from the charge of inconsistency, he said: "I am now a soldier of the republic, and my desire is, forgetting all party lines and distinctions, to preserve the unity of our country. I believe the present administration is taking the right course to secure this unity, and therefore I support this administration."

When Mr. Lincoln's re-election was certain, Logan returned to the field, and joined General Sherman in that march to the sea of which so much has been said and sung. Sherman's disposition as a commander exactly suited Logan. Eager, intense, untiring, never satisfied unless when in motion, both generals enjoyed the rapid sweep of the troops through Georgia and the Carolinas. Logan was with Sherman when General Joseph Johnston surrendered in April, 1865.

When General Howard was appointed to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau Logan was appointed com-

mander of the Army of the Tennessee. This position he resigned immediately after the cessation of active hostilities, saying "that he did not wish to draw pay when he was not on duty."

He returned with his soldiers to Washington in time to take part in that grand review in which 200,000 soldiers marched through the avenues of the capital, while the delight of deliverance from the horrors of warfare was felt throughout the length and breadth of our land.

President Johnson offered him the appointment of Minister to Mexico, which he declined. It was not long afterwards when he was called on to take an active part in the impeachment of the same president.

Since the close of the war General Logan has been actively engaged in political life. He served in the Fortieth and Forty-first Congress, and in 1871 was chosen United States Senator from Illinois. He succeeded Vice-President Wilson as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. At the close of the term, in 1877, he went to Chicago and took up the practice of his profession. But his constituents would not permit his retirement from political life, and he was re-elected to the senate in March, 1879. He was a zealous adherent of his former commander, General Grant, in political life, and was one of the 306 who endeavored to re-elect the general for a third term as president. Logan is considered to possess remarkable power as an orator and debater, and carries into the political arena much of the dash and energy which made him conspicuous on the battle-field. Yet he is of a kindly and generous disposition; a warm friend, and by no means an implacable enemy. He was greatly beloved by his soldiers, having many of the traits that

distinguish General Sheridan, and being held in much the same affection by his men. "Black Jack," as Logan was called from his swarthy complexion, rode as furiously and talked as recklessly as "Little Phil." Both, of that northern Irish race which has given so many great soldiers to the world, were distinguished for good fortune as well as courage. Neither name has ever been associated with defeat. When courts-martial and censure fell thick and fast on unsuccessful generals, Logan escaped both. He is a remarkable example of what native talent and self-directed study can do for the soldier, for notwithstanding the lack of regular military education, his achievements compare favorably with those of the most highly trained and experienced generals who were engaged in the civil war.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER.

Early Life—Dropped into West Point—Plebe Custer—Becomes Cadet—"Benny Havens, oh!"—Graduation Time—Lieutenant Custer—Incidents of Battle of Bull Run—Peninsular Campaign—Custer's First Charge—Promotion—Harrison's Landing—Urbana Expedition—Winning his Star—As Cavalry Chief—After Gettysburg—Winchester—"Whip or Get Whipped"—Chasing Early—Appomattox—Custer in Texas—Regular Army—Seventh Cavalry—First Scout—Learning Indian Tricks—Court-Martialed—Again on the Frontier—Black Hills—Last Campaign—Custer and Grant—Great Expedition—Custer's Departure—Trail of Sitting Bull—Reno's Fight—Custer's Last Charge—Monuments to his Memory.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER was born in 1839, in the town of New Rumley, Ohio. His father was a farmer, and the boy received the ordinary education of farmers' sons in the West. He was very intelligent, and, from his earliest years, appears to have had an inclination towards military life, his favorite books being the novels of Lever and other writers whose works describe the adventures of soldiers. He determined if possible to procure admission to West Point, and was fortunate enough to obtain a cadetship. He was seventeen when he entered the military academy, and became what in West Point phrase is known as a Plebe. The hardships and annoyances inflicted at colleges on freshmen have their counterpart

in the system of petty persecutions which Plebes have to undergo, with the additional grievance that they last longer. The freshman is usually let alone after the first two or three months; the Plebe continues to be the butt of his tormentors until he is admitted to the fourth class and is known as a full-fledged cadet. Life at West Point has been described frequently; its duties and its pleasures are well known to most readers, and need not here be dwelt on. One of the "institutions" of West Point is Benny Havens's, a sort of restaurant kept by an old man who has seen generations of cadets eating, drinking and smoking in his establishment, which is little more than a cabin, under the cliffs, about a mile from the Academy. Benny is a perfect storehouse of reminiscences, and for years it has been the delight of cadets to meet at his tables, listen to his stories and sing their songs. One of these bears the name of Benny Havens, and is a favorite of the students. It is sung to the air known as the "Wearing of the Green." It is very long, and we insert but a few verses as a specimen of the style:—

Come, fellows, fill your glasses and stand up in a row,
 For sentimental drinking we're going for to go.
 In the army there's sobriety; promotion's very slow;
 So we'll cheer our hearts with choruses at Benny Havens', oh!

.
 To the ladies of our army our cups shall ever flow;
 Companions of our exile, and our shield against all woe;
 May they see their husbands generals, with double pay, also,
 And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens', oh!

May the army be augmented, promotion be less slow;
 May our country in her hour of need be ready for the foe;
 May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
 With space enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, oh!

During Custer's cadetship West Point was the scene of constant debates among the students as to the probabilities of war. Talk of secession was rife, and the cadets from the South lost no opportunity of declaring their intention to fight for their own section, should secession lead to war. The matter was, however, discussed in a friendly way, and rarely led to ill feeling. When, finally, the secession ordinance passed, and one by one the cadets from the seceding States announced their intention of leaving the academy, a sense of gravity and gloom was felt among the light-hearted young soldiers. Nearly all the Southern students left the academy before graduating; that is, in April, 1861. Custer's class graduated in June, and he was ordered to report directly to the adjutant-general at Washington for orders. Here he was introduced to General Scott, who at once selected him to be the bearer of some despatches to General McDowell. After a long and fatiguing night ride he reached General McDowell's quarters, and was directly assigned to the Second Cavalry for duty. On the third day after leaving West Point, a schoolboy, he was under fire at the battle of Bull Run. Over the same road which he had traversed the preceding night as the bearer of despatches, he rode with the retreating troops the following night, startled and shocked beyond measure at the disastrous termination of the day. On reaching Arlington Heights, worn out by two nights of riding and a day of fighting, the young soldier flung himself on the ground and slept for many hours, the sleep of utter exhaustion. It was a somewhat rough experience for the soldier of a day.

In July Custer was appointed aide-de-camp to Gen-

eral Philip Kearney, an appointment which was soon afterwards annulled by a general order forbidding officers of the regular army from serving on the staff of generals of volunteers. In February, 1862, he was assigned to the Fifth cavalry, then serving in the Army of the Potomac. Near Cedar Run he ordered his first charge in one of the slight skirmishes which passed for battles at the beginning of the war. He served through all the Peninsular campaign under McClellan. At Williamsburg Custer distinguished himself, and was mentioned in General Hancock's official report. He led a charge on the brigade commanded by General Early, which cost that officer four hundred men. Shortly afterwards he made a reconnoissance of the enemy's lines, which brought him under the notice of General McClellan, who offered Custer a position on his staff. This was the commencement of a very warm attachment on his part to McClellan, which lasted all his life. At the same time of his appointment as aide to McClellan, he was promoted to the rank of captain.

During the seven days' battles Custer was noticed for the dash and impetuosity with which he joined in the continual fighting of that stormy period. A period of repose followed, while McClellan lay intrenched at Harrison's Landing, and Lee was preparing his exhausted army for the next campaign.

After the disastrous battle of Antietam McClellan was removed from the chief command, and General Burnside appointed in his place. This created extreme dissatisfaction among McClellan's officers, and Custer in especial was furious at the removal of his beloved chief. Custer made a visit to his relatives and was ab-

sent for some months. On returning he served on the staff of General Pleasanton, and while there was sent on an expedition across the Rappahannock river to reconnoitre the country. Crossing the river near Urbana they drove the rebel pickets from the town, captured some prisoners, took a number of horses, several wagons filled with supplies, rode some miles through the country, and returned to report to General Hooker. Later he took part in the fight at Beverly Ford, which checked the advance of Stuart's cavalry. At the battle of Aldie, in Virginia, Custer gained his star. Kilpatrick was wounded and Douty was shot dead. Custer, at the head of his cavalrymen, rode into the rebel lines so far ahead of his regiment, that he found himself entirely separated from his own men and surrounded by rebel troops. He was obliged to fight his way out, and only rejoined his regiment by vigorous use of the sabre and energetic riding.

Four days later he was made a brigadier, to his extreme surprise and delight, for although he had had the ambition and determination to achieve high promotion before the war was over, it seemed almost incredible that at the age of twenty-four he should be appointed general. He was probably the youngest man who had ever held that rank. There was considerable ill feeling shown at his sudden elevation. Men who had been colonels and brigadiers while he was still a cadet did not relish this rapid advancement of one who was so much their junior. A certain dandyism in dress which Custer practised called out a good deal of sarcastic comment. The young general was quite aware of this state of feeling, but trusted that the first battle would show his seniors that he was not a mere military coxcomb.

The opportunity was not long in arriving. On the 1st of July, 1863, Kilpatrick's cavalry division was moving from Hanover toward Gettysburg with Custer's division in the advance. The rebel cavalry under Wade Hampton were opposed to them. Custer led a very successful attack on the Confederate column. The battle, or rather series of battles, was continued on the following day. Kilpatrick ordered Custer's and Farnsworth's brigades to attack the rebel cavalry, Wade Hampton's division, which barred the advance. Custer ordered out the Sixth Michigan for a mounted charge; he himself called out, "I'll lead you this time, boys, come on!" and rode at a gallop right into the midst of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, but he mounted with another man, and they rode together until they reached their own lines again. The soldiers were extremely pleased at the pluck exhibited by their boy-general, and the older officers forgave his youth in consideration of his bravery. The result of the attack was that Hampton's cavalry was driven back, a result which contributed largely to the success of the battle. After the contest was over, and the enemy was in full retreat, Kilpatrick's division moved on to destroy his train and harass his column. Custer took part in this movement, and after the series of skirmishes which closed the campaign, it was admitted on all sides that he had given proofs of remarkable skill and generalship.

In August, 1863, Sheridan was assigned to the Army of the Shenandoah, and Custer served him ably in the brilliant campaign against the Southern forces commanded by Early. Sheridan's system of raids gave ample opportunity for Custer's peculiar talents.

At the battle of Winchester he took a prominent part. We quote from his own report :

“ My command was in readiness to move from its encampment near Summit Point at two o'clock in the morning. It being the intention to reach Opequan, some five miles distant, before daylight, the march was begun soon after two o'clock A. M., and conducted by the most direct route across the country independent of roads. My brigade moved in advance of the division, and reached the vicinity of the Opequan before daylight, unobserved by the enemy, whose pickets were posted along the opposite bank. Massing my command in rear of a belt of woods and opposite a ford, situated about three miles from the point at which the railroad crossed the stream, I awaited the arrival of the division commander and the remainder of the division. At daylight I received orders to move to a ford one mile and a half up the stream, and there attempt a crossing. This movement was also made beyond the view of the enemy, and my command was massed opposite the point designated in rear of a range of hills overlooking the Opequan. . . . A junction was formed with General Averill on my right, which, with the connection on my left, made our line unbroken. At this time five brigades of cavalry were moving on parallel lines. Most, if not all, of the brigades moved by brigade front, regiments being in parallel columns of squadrons. One continuous and heavy line of skirmishers covered the advance, using only the carbine, while the line of brigades, as they advanced across the open country, the bands playing the national airs, presented in the sunlight one moving mass of glistening sabres. This, combined with the various bright-col-

ored banners and battle-flags, intermingled here and there with the plain blue uniforms of the troops, furnished one of the most inspiring as well as imposing scenes of martial grandeur I ever witnessed on a battlefield.

“No encouragement was required to inspire either men or horses. On the contrary it was necessary to check the ardor of both until the time for action should arrive. The enemy had effected a junction of his entire cavalry force. . . . Concealed by an open pine forest they awaited our approach. No obstacles to the successful manœuvring of large bodies of cavalry were encountered. Even the forests were so open as to offer little or no hindrance to a charging column. Upon our left and in plain view could be seen the struggle now raging between the infantry lines of each army, while at various points the columns of smoke showed that the artillery was not idle. . . . The enemy relied wholly on the carbine and pistol; my men preferred the sabre. A short but closely contested struggle ensued, which resulted in the repulse of the enemy. Many prisoners were taken, and quite a number on both sides were left on the field. . . . The enemy, on our approach, turned and delivered a well-directed volley of musketry, but before a second discharge could be given my command was in their midst, sabreing right and left, and capturing prisoners more rapidly than they could be disposed of. . . . No further resistance was offered; the charge just made had decided the day, and the entire body of the enemy not killed or captured was in full retreat up the valley. My command, however, which entered the last charge, about five hundred strong, captured over seven hun-

dred prisoners. Night put an end to the pursuit, and the brigade bivouacked on the left of the valley, three miles from the battle-field. Our loss was by no means trifling."

Thus closed the battle of Winchester, the most decisive field victory won in the war, and won principally by the proper use of cavalry.

In September, 1864, Custer was relieved from the command of the Michigan brigade, and transferred to the head of the Second division, hitherto led by General Averill, but later he was retransferred to the Third, his own old division, with the rank of major-general. "Under Kilpatrick, this division had done more fighting, killed more horses, marched further and charged oftener than perhaps any other in the army."

Custer's accession to its command took place when Sheridan's policy was undergoing a change. The enemy was waiting in the Blue Ridge gaps, prepared to dispute any further advance to Richmond. A series of fights took place between the Union and the rebel cavalry, and Custer had been obliged more than once to order a retreat, much to his annoyance. On the 8th of October, Sheridan came up to the front, and seeing how bold the enemy was growing, determined to give him a check. General Torbert says of that night's orders, "I received orders from General Sheridan to start out at daylight and whip the rebel cavalry or get whipped myself."

The contest commenced at daybreak. The forces were nearly equal. Custer and Merritt's divisions were matched against Rosser and Lomax's. They swept across the level surface of the valley, and almost

before any one could tell what had happened, the Confederates gave way. They were driven back two miles at a gallop, until one brigade turned and opened a furious fire on Custer's force, and sent it back half a mile, but Custer reformed his three brigades for a second grand charge, and once more advanced at a trot. The Confederates were thrown into confusion, and were driven back no less than twenty-six miles. The enemy lost all their artillery in this sweeping flight, which was afterwards known throughout the army as "Woodstock Races."

At Cedar Creek, Custer fought brilliantly, and in the succession of conflicts which led to the surrender of Lee's army, the young general was Sheridan's right hand. At Appomattox, Custer's command was considered to have ensured the success of the day. The rebel General Kershaw, who surrendered his sword to Custer on that day, remarked that he considered Custer one of the best cavalry officers that this or any country ever produced. The captures of that battle included over 7,000 prisoners, thirty-seven flags, and numbers of guns. Of these the larger part were taken by the Third division.

After Lee's surrender Custer was ordered to Texas, as it was anticipated that there would be much disturbance among the disaffected people of that region. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh cavalry, a considerable descent from the rank of major-general which he had held, but not an uncommon experience among army officers at that time. No such difficulties as called for armed intervention took place, however, and after a sufficiently peaceful period, Custer was ordered to the Indian country in the

spring of 1867. The Cheyennes and Sioux had been troublesome; travellers had been murdered; property stolen; bands of ruffians, red and white, were roaming through the whole region, and it was considered expedient to keep a body of troops there to preserve order and intimidate the lawless. It was decided that Custer's command should scout the country from Fort Hays to Fort McPherson, thence to Fort Wallace, and so back to Fort Hays, a distance of about one thousand miles. Custer soon discovered the difference between civilized warfare and that carried on by Indians.

It has to be admitted that this campaign was a failure. The Indians carried on their depredations and outrages almost unimpeded; the massacre of Lieutenant Kidder and his party took place. Everywhere, partly owing to a lack of experience in this desultory warfare, and partly to a want of knowledge of the country, the whites were at a disadvantage. After nearly a year of unsatisfactory operations, Custer asked and obtained leave to visit Fort Riley, where his family was then residing.

A court-martial was ordered at this time to try Custer on two counts—for acting on his own responsibility in leaving Fort Wallace, and, secondly, for cruelty and illegal conduct in shooting deserters. The sentence was that he was to be suspended from rank and pay for a year. General Sheridan, however, held Custer in high regard, and in September, 1868, he asked specially for Custer's assistance in a new campaign against the Indians. In this the reverses of the previous year were more than compensated for. Custer beat tribe after tribe of Indians with complete success,

HEROIC DEATH OF CUSTER.





and the final submission of the Cheyennes set on his efforts the seal of complete success. The campaign lasted seven months, and Custer passed the winter in writing "Life on the Plains," a series of papers which were published in the "Galaxy." In March, 1873, Custer was ordered to Dakota, the principal object of the expedition being to protect the exploring and constructing parties of the Pacific road. Several skirmishes with the Indians took place during the ensuing few months, and Custer increased his reputation as a brave and successful Indian fighter. In 1874 he was ordered to the Black Hills. A long series of difficulties with the Indians extended over the next two years, and in 1876 war was formally declared against the Sioux. But a knot of politicians had found fault with Custer, and after many petty vexations he went to Washington, and endeavored to obtain an interview with the president. Grant refused to see him, for he had never been favorable to the younger general. Custer returned to his command, and after some detention at Chicago, joined the expedition which was starting from Fort Lincoln. He was ordered to proceed up the Rosebud river in search of Indians whose trail was discovered by Major Reno. According to the report of this officer, made after Custer's death, the general came up with a band of Indians under Sitting Bull after a very rapid march. His men were consequently much exhausted, and after three hours, they were completely surrounded and overpowered. The fight became a slaughter. Custer and all his officers were slain, the former fighting gallantly to the last.

It is said that after his last shot had been ex-

pended, he killed three Indians with his sabre, but was himself shot by an Indian named Rain-in-the Face. His reputation as a brave and generous young soldier was universal, and his death caused grief and horror through the whole community.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THOMAS J. JACKSON ("STONEWALL").

Jackson's Ancestry—Early Childhood—Getting Appointed to West Point—Trials as a Cadet—Siege of Vera Cruz—Promotion—Resigns—At Lexington—Married—Marching to Richmond—Colonel in the Confederacy—At Harper's Ferry—Brigadier-General—At Manassas—Promotion—Winchester—Battles around Richmond—Lieutenant-General—Winter-Quarters of 1863—Consultation between Lee and Jackson—Fired upon by his own Men—Last Military Order—Despatch from Lee—Personal Appearance.

THE Jackson family came from England in the seventeenth century, and the genealogy of the subject of this sketch can be traced directly to that English progenitor who settled in Lewis county, Virginia.

His father, Jonathan, was a lawyer in Clarksburg, Harrison county, and Thomas Jonathan, born January 21, 1824, was his youngest child. The family were intelligent, thrifty, energetic; in style unpretentious, but justly regarded as among the sturdy yeomanry of West Virginia. When three years of age he was left, together with two other children, to the care of his mother, his father having suddenly died, and, by reason of a series of misfortunes, left his family extremely poor.

The mother, being a cultivated and intelligent lady, of "graceful and commanding presence," quite above

the ordinary height of females, taught a little school for the support of her children. She was a very devout woman, and her illustrious son, in common with many men, owed to a mother's teachings those deep religious impressions which never through life forsook him. The influence of this mother, whose work for her boy was all done before he entered his seventh year, was never for an hour lost!

After three years of widowhood Mrs. Jackson married a man who was so distasteful to her relatives that they took the strange step of withdrawing the children from her care. She survived but a single year, and her son Thomas delighted to recall her to his memory as his "belle-ideale" of feminine grace and elegance. A maternal uncle took charge of Thomas at the age of six years.

He was an engaging lad, but scarcely a child, for even at that tender age he was grave and manly.

For only a year did he remain with his "Uncle Brake." One morning he suddenly appeared at the house of his father's cousin, Judge Jackson, of Clarksburg. He vouchsafed no remarks respecting the cause of his presence; and, in reply to the astonished gaze of his aunt, simply asked if he could have some dinner. Not until he had despatched that meal did he observe, "Uncle Brake and I do not agree anymore; I have quit him." He listened respectfully to all remonstrances, and they were many; he listened with the earnest air of one pondering the situation; but his reply was ever the same, "Uncle Brake and I cannot agree, and I shall not go back." It appeared subsequently that his uncle endeavored to coerce him, which did not meet the approval of the lad. At last his

aunt told him that in her opinion he OUGHT to go back. "Maybe I ought, but I am not going to." Evidently he was "no common child." From this point of observation we are inclined to think that maybe Thomas was right! Though cordially invited to remain at the house of Judge Jackson, he steadily declined, with the grave purpose of a man, and setting out alone, walked eighteen miles to the house of his father's half-brother. Here he found his elder brother Warren, the prospect of whose society made the house doubly attractive. His uncle was a bachelor of "lofty stature and athletic frame, full of the rugged energy of his race." His ability was great, but education very limited. Young Jackson remained here until he was sixteen years old, attending an "old field-school" in the winter, and assisting his uncle in the labors of the farm. He developed a character full of energy. He secured a reputation for intelligence and probity so high that at fifteen and one-half years old he was elected constable of Lewis county, performing the duties to the satisfaction of the justices.

Learning that there existed a vacancy at West Point, he at once determined to apply for the appointment. Speaking to an educated friend regarding his intention, he was informed of the very high standard of scholarship which was enforced at West Point. "I know that I am ignorant, but I think I can make that up by study; I know that I have energy, and I think I have the intellect." His friend, Colonel Bennett, was so much gratified by his reply that he immediately gave him a letter of introduction to the representative of that district, urging him to help the youth, and with this in his pocket he set out for Washington. He bor-

rowed a horse from a friend, on which to ride to Clarksburg, where he expected to meet the stage, promising to leave the animal at Clarksburg. Arriving there, he learned that the stage was several miles on its way. This was a very serious disappointment to the enthusiastic young man. His friends, seeing his trouble, urged him to ride on, promising to send for the borrowed animal and return it to its owner. The temptation was very great. The roads were deep in mud, rain was falling, and the stage was rapidly rolling on its way. But he had promised to leave the horse at Clarksburg; therefore, declining the kind offer and delivering the horse at the appointed place, he set out on foot through mud and wet to catch the stage. He came up with it, and proceeded to Washington. This occurred in June, 1842. His application was successful, and on July 1st he was admitted a cadet at West Point.

His life at West Point was by no means a pleasant one. Dressed in plain homespun, his limited wardrobe carried in his hand, the students anticipated a subject for practical jokes. But they were disappointed. He was "too sharp to be taken in, too brave to be bullied, and too good tempered to be offended." But he had hard work to master his tasks, and often became greatly discouraged. He was increasingly diligent, as may be judged from the fact that he was very near being sent home as incapable at the close of the first half year.

But by dint of hard study and a fixed determination to win, he stuck to his post, gradually mounting higher in his classes, until at length his footing seemed firm, and he realized his first hope.

Had his course been two years longer, he would have graduated at the head of his class. His personal ap-

pearance was noticeable. An awkward gait, an innocent air of surprise when made a point for practical joke, great simplicity, and absence of all suspicion and utter indifference to amusements were his special characteristics.

He exhibited no peculiar talent for anything, and no indications which could mark his future career; certainly nothing like military genius. Graduating in July, 1846, he was sent at once to Mexico as brevet second lieutenant. He was assigned to the First Regiment United States Artillery, then serving under General Taylor. He had a strong desire for active service, but the regiment remained quiet until the spring of 1847, when the battery to which Jackson was attached was sent to take part in the assault on Vera Cruz. In August of the same year, "for gallant conduct at Vera Cruz," he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

The young lieutenant applied for a position under Captain J. B. Magruder, who led the storming party at Cerro Gordo. He secured his transfer, taking a prominent part in the assault on the entrenched camp, and in the stubborn struggle at Contreras and Churubusco.

Jackson had borne his full share of the toils and exposures of the campaign, and had won the highest commendation. General Scott had twice mentioned him in despatches, and declared that he had "gained merited praise." He was spoken of as "the brave Lieutenant Jackson," "the gallant Lieutenant Jackson," and his "devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry" were often alluded to. General Jackson frequently spoke of an incident in the Mexican war as the only time when he violated the truth. On one occasion,

when his men ran from the enemy's fire, and crouched behind a bank for shelter, Jackson advanced into the open space which was every moment being ploughed up with shot and shell, calling out to the men, "Come on! come on! do you not see they can't hurt me?"

It is said that long after the war had closed a young man at Lexington inquired of Jackson if this anecdote was true, and on being informed that it was, added, "That was a very hot place, Major, was it not?" "Yes, very hot." "Why did you not run, Major?" asked the other. "I was not ordered to do so. Had I been I certainly should have done so. I was directed to hold my men in position, and I had no right to abandon the post." Such was his explanation, tempered no doubt to suit the character of his audience. Until greatly changed by strong religious feeling, Jackson loved fighting. But a life of peace for some months lay before him. He became a part of the garrison to protect and hold Mexico. His duties were quite easy, the climate delightful, the society of cultured Castilians was improving, and here he enjoyed opportunities for advancing in the graces of culture rarely given to a soldier on duty.

It is usual in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of a capital to find patriotic feeling at a lower ebb than in the less cultured but more exclusively national towns of the interior. In this instance, Mexico had been disturbed for a long time. A state almost of anarchy had prevailed. The appearance of the Federal army was hailed with silent joy, as affording deliverance from *ennui*; so that these old Castilians, after a decent interval of mourning for the flag that no longer floated over their ramparts, turned with smiles and courtesies

to the new faces. Theatres and places of amusement were soon reopened, while in private houses no scant courtesy was shown. In the way of our hero was one important obstacle. He could not talk to his hosts! But with resolution worthy of himself, and true to the inspiration of his motto, "You may be whatever you resolve to be," he was soon able to master the situation.

Conspicuous in the life of Jackson at this period was the strong uprising of the religious element. Having made the acquaintance of the Archbishop of Mexico, he sought frequent interviews, and after much thought and careful study decided to become a member of the Presbyterian church. After this he was not only a good soldier, but was a great man.

A treaty of peace having terminated the military occupation of Mexico, Jackson's residence there was brought to a close. His next station was Fort Hamilton, near New York. Here he led an uneventful existence, making rapid progress in the study of military science.

After two years residence at Fort Hamilton, and with a view of recruiting his quite feeble health, he resigned his commission from the United States government, and accepted that of professor in the Military Academy of Virginia, entering upon his duties in September, 1854.

Lexington, a town in Rockbridge county, in the valley of Virginia, was for the next ten years the home of Jackson.

The department intrusted to him embraced the theory and practice of "gunnery" and the sciences of mechanics, optics, and astronomy. His post answered, in fact, to that known in England as "Director of Artillery Studies."

Not long after his entrance upon his duties as professor, Jackson married Miss Junkin, daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, president of Washington College, Va. She did not live long, dying about a year after marriage. Her only child, a daughter, survived her but a short time. After this he led a lonely life, absorbed in the duties of his post as professor and the paramount engagements of his church. He occupied, and filled with acceptance, the post of ruling elder in the church, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. White. With military regularity, he was every Sunday seen in his pew, his earnest face turned to the pulpit with the closest attention.

Religious duties absorbed his time, and his chief comfort was derived from the society of good men. Ever after his conversion he showed a marked preference for the company of clergymen, and it is said of him, that during the war of the Confederacy, the respect which he paid to the gray-haired matrons whom he met upon his marches was something worthy of note.

Strangers found in it a topic for amusement and fun, but as an indication of simple goodness of heart it is worthy of all respect. His religious faith was the ruling spirit of his life, shaping each day's duties and pleasures, moulding his character, giving tone and impulse to every work.

Known in the army as the "Blue Light Elder," he was often erroneously described by those who, far below him both in mental caliber and noble impulses, had failed to comprehend the motives which actuated him. His person was tall, erect and muscular, with the large hands and feet characteristic of all his race.

His bearing was decidedly English, and therefore, in the somewhat free society of America, was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive. On the march, when involved in thought, he was heedless of grace and posture; but in action, or as he rode with bare head along his column, no figure could appear more noble.

Major Jackson was a man whom it was no easy matter to know; he was pre-eminently modest, and inexpressibly opposed to self-display, and equally considerate of the taste and character of those with whom he held intercourse. As member and officer of the church, he was eminently deferential to his pastor, as his superior officer. But as a commander in camp, he would no more defer to the judgment of that pastor than to that of the humblest of his soldiers.

Calmly and with a natural dignity of manner every duty was performed. Danger was met with that composure of mind and fixedness of purpose which made the evil-doer slink and the foe to tremble. On one occasion, while filling the professorship in Lexington Academy, he was made the subject for the wrath and vengeance of a dismissed cadet. It was his custom to take a short walk in the evening, after all duties of the day were finished, through a small grove in the vicinity of his home. As he pursued his way one evening, head inclined forward, his mind, no doubt, heavily weighed with the fermented state of his country, he was surprised to find his pathway suddenly blocked by the wrathful student, bent upon murder. Looking his would-be assassin calmly in the face, Jackson continued to advance. The defiant attitude of the angry student changed to one of humiliation,

and slinking away, he disappeared in the depths of the forest.

The ruling passion of Jackson's mind, after duty, was to revive the diminished glory of his family, and to do it in his own person. This weakness was an amiable one, but still a weakness; however, we are constrained to overlook such slight defects and pass to the nobler actions which far exceeded all imperfections.

The most remarkable characteristic of his face was the contrast between its stern and its gentler moods. The expression accompanying the order, "Sweep the field with the bayonet," will never be forgotten by those who saw him. Few who left the academy in 1861 would have predicted his future and near military eminence, for he was not understood and not appreciated. Naturally retiring and reserved, it was only to his most intimate friends that he disclosed himself.

In 1856 he visited England, France and Switzerland, carefully examining the old battle-field of Waterloo, and tracing out upon it the position of the contending forces.

Several years after the death of Mrs. Jackson, he married Miss Morrison, of North Carolina, daughter of Dr. Morrison, president of Davidson College.

Like his celebrated companion in arms, General Lee, he was a theoretical Unionist up to the very date of Virginia's secession, struggling long between duty to his country and devotion to his State; and it was only when his State drew the sword that he decided to follow her fortunes.

Jackson left Lexington April 21st, in command of a company of cadets, and proceeding to Richmond, entered energetically into the labor of drilling and

disciplining troops. His military education fitted him for an immediate commission, and he was accordingly made colonel of volunteers, and ordered to Harper's Ferry, where he arrived and took command, May 3d, 1861.

He was speedily assigned to the charge of the First brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah. The Manassas Junction has become a name of note in the history of the war. The worth of this post will serve to explain the Bull Run combat. The Confederates were determined to defend the position; the Federals were bound to obtain it.

The real battle of Manassas Junction occurred July 24th, 1861. "General, they are beating us back," cried Bee in dismay, as the struggle waxed hot and hotter. "Then we will give them the bayonet," was Jackson's reply. Bee, inspired by Jackson's enthusiasm, rode back with a stirring, enthusiastic cheer. "THERE HE STANDS LIKE A STONE WALL. Rally behind, behind the Virginians. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer."

His words were verified, he charging the mass, and falling dead in a moment, his face to the foe. But his last words had given a name to his general. Meanwhile, the tide was turning. Riding up to one regiment Jackson gave the word. "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards; then fire and give them the bayonet, and when you charge *yell like furies!*"

The command was obeyed, the captured battery was retaken, and the space, so hotly contested, cleared of the enemy.

This was the crisis in the fortunes of the day. After a thrilling succession of brilliant deeds now recorded

in history Jackson exclaimed, looking after the retreating army, "Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington to-night!"

He had received a slight wound in his bridle hand, and as the surgeons crowded round to examine it, he exclaimed, "Oh, I can wait: look after these poor fellows; my scratch is a trifle." And wait he did, with a smiling face enduring acute suffering. When told that if an attempt was made to save the finger, the cure would be much more painful, his reply was, "Doctor, dress this wound." To his wife he wrote: "Yesterday we fought a great battle, and gained a great victory, for which all glory is due to God alone, to whom be all glory and honor. While great credit is due to the whole of our gallant army, God made my brigade, more than any other, instrumental in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information alone. Say nothing about it. Let another speak praise, not myself." Thus was he conspicuous for modesty.

The inaction following this battle was to Jackson a source of pain. He looked in vain for an advance upon Washington. In his opinion the government of the Confederacy had signally failed in duty by not following up with strictest attention advantages already acquired. The army detained at Bull Run was being decimated by fever and miasm, while the Federal forces were quietly smiling at a foe who understood so little how to follow up a success, or how to take advantage of splendid opportunity.

When convinced that no more fighting would occur until the autumn, he diligently occupied himself and the time at his command in perfecting military discipline, and in giving to his troops religious advantages.

Feeling deeply responsible for the souls of those in his care, he made use of every opportunity to impart religious truth, and to prepare his men for the exposure to death which lay just before them.

For gallant conduct at Manassas Jackson was rewarded by the commission of major-general, which was to him a source of gratification as well as of devout gratitude to God.

He was sad to bid farewell to his brigade, the parting from which was most affecting. Riding to their front, he greeted them in a few earnest words; then throwing reins on the neck of his horse and extending his arms, he burst out in these words: "In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the first brigade; in the Army of the Potomac the first; in the 2d Corps of the army you are the first brigade; you are first in the affections of your general, and I trust that you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade in this our second war for independence. Farewell!" Deep, ringing cheers from every chest followed him as he slowly rode away.

In October, 1861, he was appointed to command in the Valley of Virginia, and set off for Winchester. That of which he was to be the defender extended along the whole line of the Potomac to its source in the Allegheny crest, and from that ridge to the place where General Lee had been stationed after his attempt on Northwestern Virginia. Before he reached Winchester he urged the government not to lose a day in the matter of obtaining by force that section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Virginia from Harper's Ferry west.

He so far succeeded that his own brigade, with the

Pendleton battery, was, toward the close of the year, sent to further this object. But the delay had been fatal to his hopes; besides, other difficulties seriously embarrassed him. His reputation grew as his powers of command developed, and men felt that in that silent, resolute commander the South had a tower of strength.

The spring of 1862 was an eventful one. The Federal forces were firmly established on the coast of South Carolina at Beaufort; of North Carolina at Newbern; Morehead City and Roanoke Island. All energies of both combatants were converging toward Richmond. Jackson wished to defend Winchester and to hold it. "I *never* will leave here without a fight—*never*," he writes to a friend in March, 1862. On the evening of that day, visiting a friend, a clergyman, with whom he was intimate, he remained until after the usual worship of the family. On rising from his knees he, smilingly, exclaimed, "My friends, I will tell you that to-night I am going to attack the enemy, and I shall defeat him!" But to their great surprise he appeared again before midnight, sad and disheartened; half drawing his sword, he said: "I *cannot* sacrifice my men; I intended to attack on the Martinsburg road, but the Federal forces are approaching our flanks and would surround me. I cannot do it; I must fall back," and sorrowfully bidding adieu to his friends he left the house. Jackson's retreat from Winchester was sullen and deliberate. About five miles out, finding Ashby hard pressed, although it was on Sunday, he at once determined to attack the enemy and secure, if not a decided victory, a safe retreat before other Federal forces should arrive.

This battle of Kernstown, as it was called, was the

first in which Jackson had supreme command, and it was fought almost entirely by Virginians. Its name lasted as illustrious to the end of the war. The country is undulating, and to attain high ground was the object of both adversaries. The Federal forces had the start, but Jackson promptly moved to counteract this advantage, and succeeded, through a heavy fire of artillery, in reaching his desired position. But (as he thought), through the untoward conduct of one of his generals, Jackson lost the long and well-fought day. For his gallant conduct he received the thanks of the Confederate Congress.

During the succeeding year General Jackson was near or at Richmond. In divers battles he met with varying successes, but always might be found the same modest, energetic, noble Christian commander. Well may he be named the "Havelock of America." In his general orders a devout recognition of God's hand was ever prominent, and when victory perched upon his banner to God alone was given the glory. Deeply had he drank of the spirit of his divine Master, and in unvarying trust in the tender mercy of the God of battles he went forward on his way. In the autumn of 1863 a brief period of rest for his wearied troops was given. They luxuriated in a paradise of groves, with the clear Shenandoah flowing at their side. It was indeed an "Elim." Under its palm trees the troops were assembled for devout thanksgiving to the God of battles. There the brave commander, humbly kneeling, received with his men the Lord's supper. Not only an iron warrior, he was here also the humble Christian.

The winter of 1863 was passed at Moss Neck, some ten miles from Fredericksburg.

His dwelling here was unique in the extreme, the decorations of the walls being such as afforded instruction and amusement to all who entered his quarters.

In September General Lee met at Frederick General Jackson and some others of his trusted followers in consultations regarding the best plan to be pursued in the following campaign. The project of final concentration, which was to complete the hoped-for success, was decided upon. Jackson's army, enjoying a brief respite, was encamped on an arm of the Potomac in a lovely valley. But Jackson was never idle. His exertions for the spiritual welfare of his men were untiring. Prayer-meetings were held in the depths of moon-lit groves; the voice of song from deep-chested braves arose in melody and harmony sublime to the praise of the God of the warrior. Ministry untiring blessed the sick and dying, as stalwart men of strife, gentle as women, stooped over narrow hospital pallets to catch the last whisper of loving message to the absent wife or mother. The Christian commander had gathered about him many a Christian soldier, who, imitating his example, were ready with words of tenderness to lead inquiring souls to Christ. But sterner duties pressed.

In May, 1864, were fought the battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville. At the latter General Jackson received wounds from the guns of his own men, one ball entering the left arm, a second passing through the same arm, breaking two of the bones. His horse ran violently, but he kept his seat until a captain checked the animal and rescued General Jackson. To remove him from the spot was now absolutely necessary; they bore him aside a few yards into

the woods to shield him from the expected advance of the enemy. At length an ambulance arriving, he was conveyed to the hospital. In the midst of his agonizing pain General Jackson's thought was only for the country. To a general who was bending over him he said: "You must keep your men together and hold your ground." All efforts to succor General Jackson were of no avail. Quite aware that his wounds were from his own men, he was resigned to his approaching death. The last despatch which he ever sent was from a point six miles west of Chancellorsville:

"General, the enemy has made a stand at Chancellors, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville; I hope so soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success.

"Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON, Lieutenant-General.

"To General Robert E. Lee."

Shortly before his death a slight agitation passed over his frame, and he appeared to think himself among the forests of the Wilderness. He died with a smile upon his face, his last words being: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Yes, brave and gentle soul! thou didst cross the river of life, and who can doubt that, resting under the trees of Paradise, thy spirit is yet doing duty under its loved Commander—its chosen Lord—the King of kings!



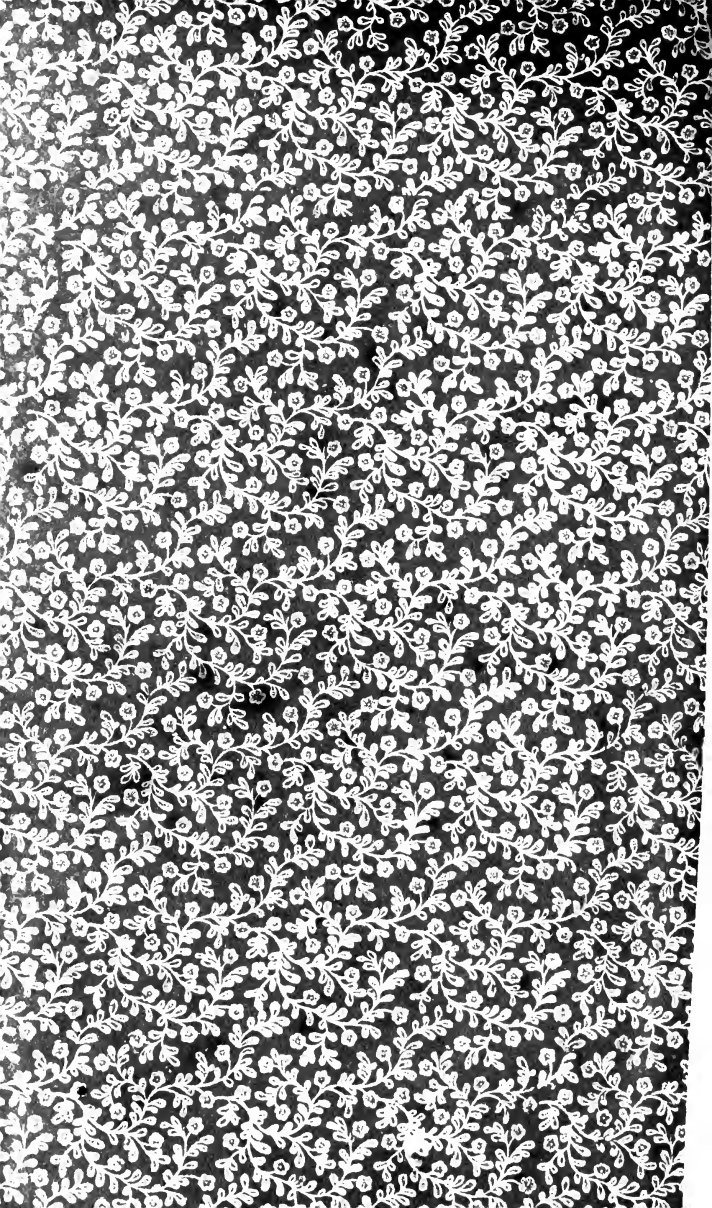












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Ramey, W. Sanford
Kings of the battle-field



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