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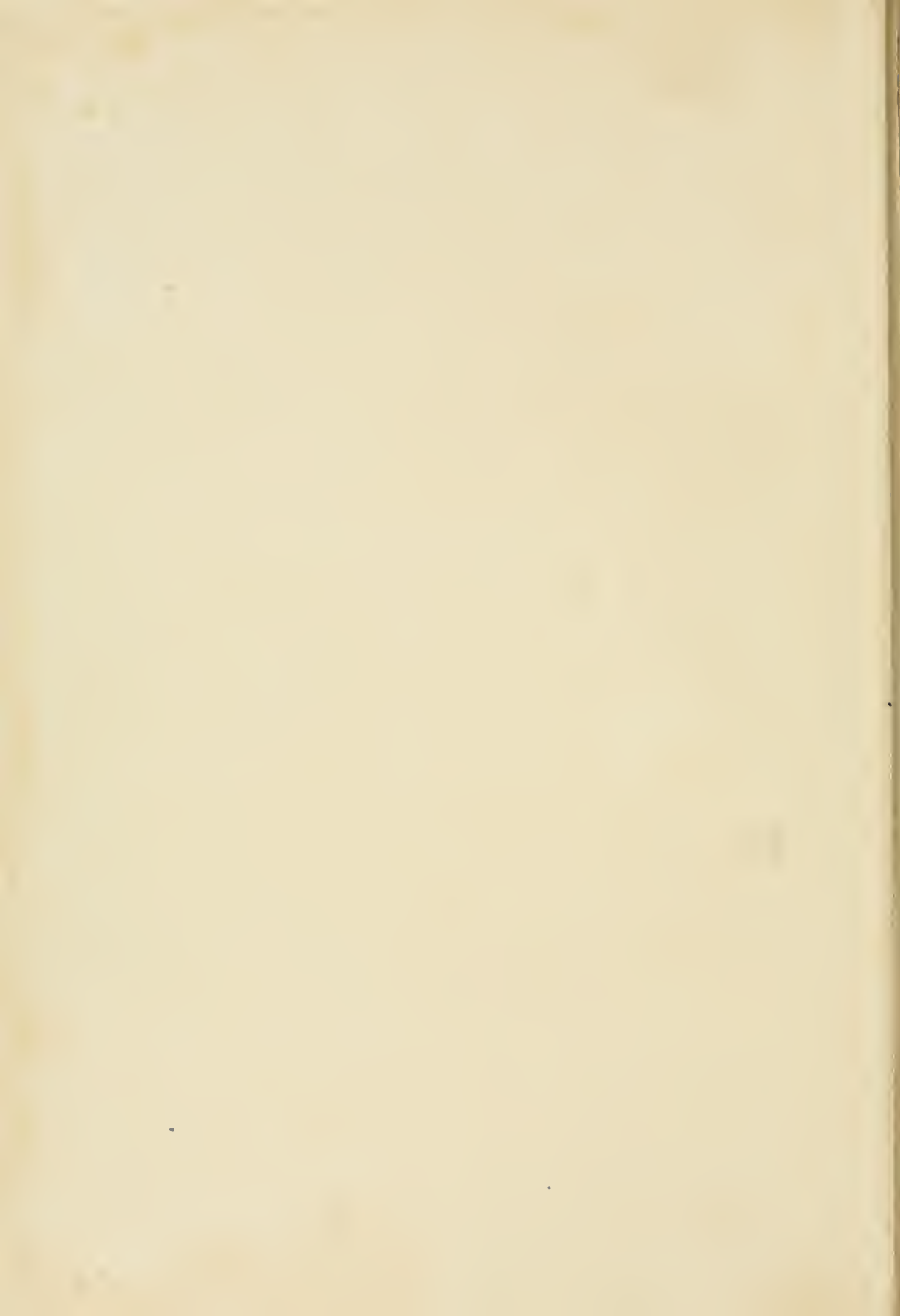


BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

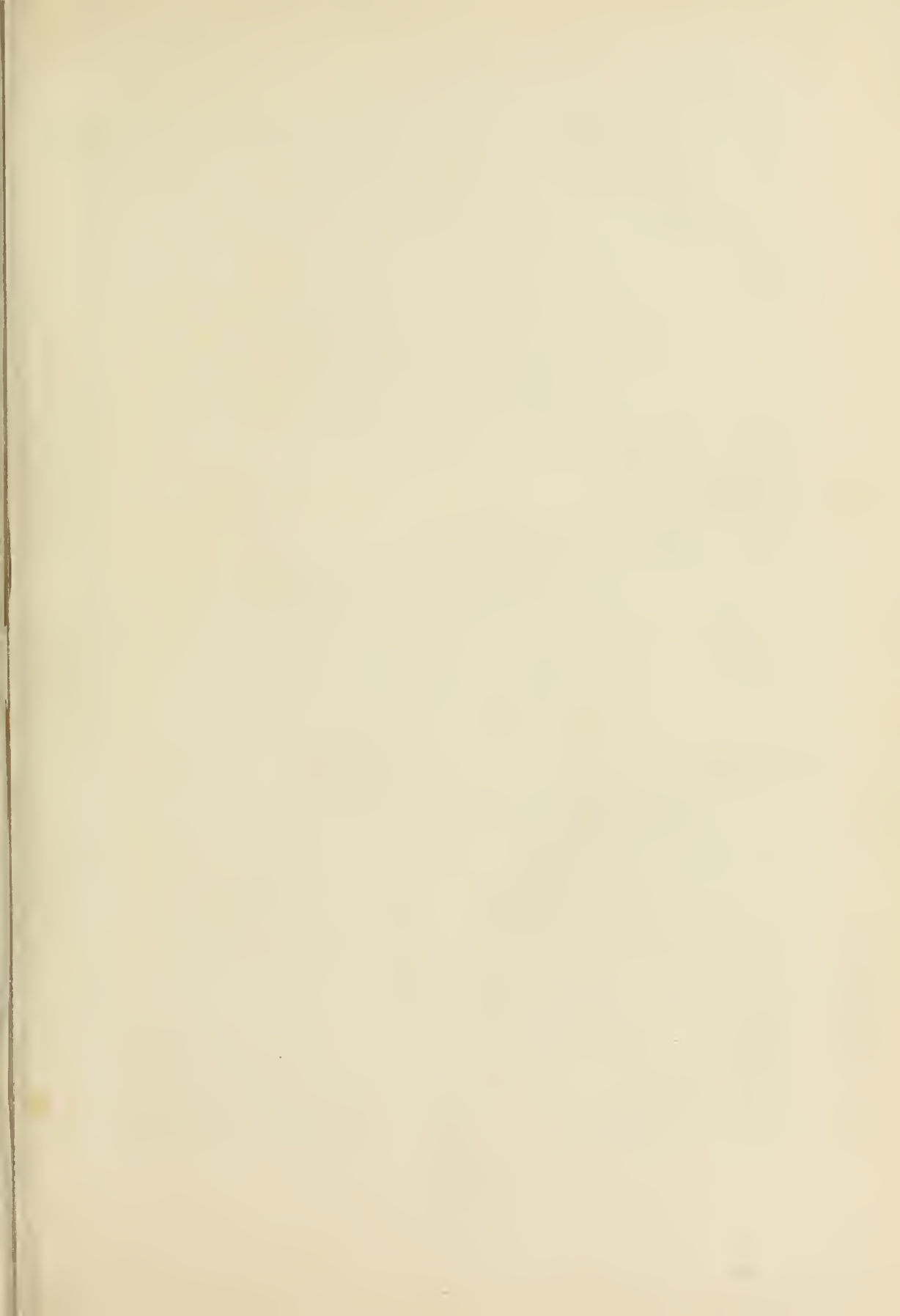


ILLUSTRATED











It was a night attack, and the foe had caught them napping" (A. 39).

BATTLES
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

And other Well-known Writers

VOL. II.

SPECIAL EDITION

WITH COLOURED PLATES AND NUMEROUS OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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LASWARÉE AND ASSAYE

BY HERBERT COMPTON

AT the beginning of the present century what was known as the Marátha Dominion had reached its zenith in India, and the progress of British policy brought the two powers into conflict. The Maráthas were a Hindu people whose home was on the tablelands of the Deccan. During the middle of the seventeenth century, under the guidance of a great national leader called Sivaji, they expanded into a martial race, and ultimately became one of the main factors in the downfall of the Great Mogul, as the titular head of the Muhammadan Empire over Hindustan was called.

In 1803 the Maráthas were masters from Delhi in the north to the confines of Hyderabad and Mysore in the south, and, excluding the Ganges provinces, from Cuttack in the east to the sandy deserts of Rajputana in the west. Their territorial or tributary possessions were probably five or six times greater than those of the English. Their government was merged in a confederacy of five powerful chiefs, of whom the principal, called the Peshwa, held his court at Poonah. Their national characteristics were strongly marked; for, although constantly warring and jarring with one another, it needed but the presence of a foreign foe to create immediate union in their ranks. Each of these great chiefs entertained an immense feudal army of predatory horsemen (not unlike the modern Cossacks, but without their discipline), and could bring literally hundreds of thousands of them into the field to carry on the system of guerilla warfare which enabled them to sustain their rule of terror. Their wild soldiery swept over Hindustan like a whirlwind; devastation followed their path; they never stopped to fight, but scattered when they could not secure submission at their first appearance. They were nomads of the nomads; their saddle was their home; they slept in the open, their horses

picketed to their spears stuck in the ground, and with their swords at their sides, ready at a moment's notice for foray or for flight. They were invincible vagabonds, whose invulnerability lay in the impossibility of getting a blow at them.

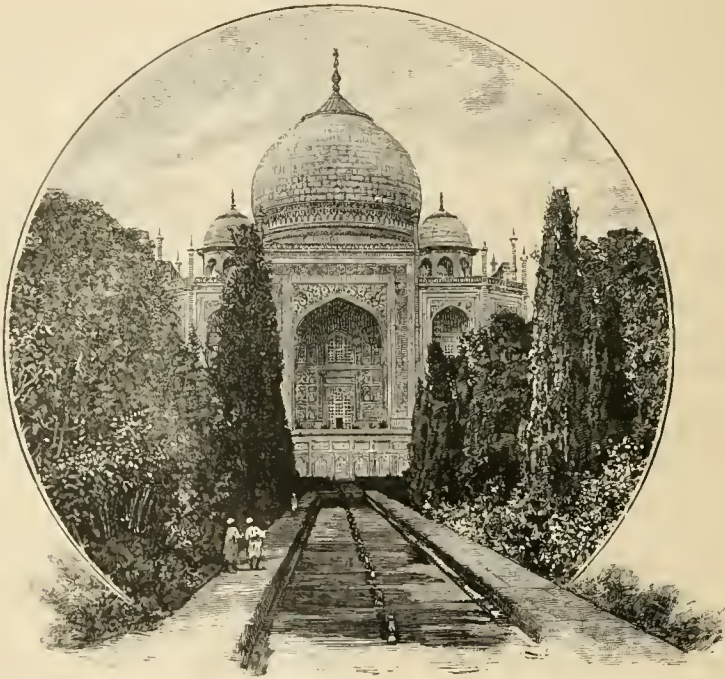
They would have been wise had they remained true to the system of warfare which raised them to a great martial power. But towards the end of the eighteenth century one of their chiefs—Madhagi Scindia, a shrewd statesman and an experienced soldier—observed, during a period of war with the English, the superiority in battle their disciplined ranks of infantry gave them, and how easily their small but compact bodies of foot were able to repel the attacks of the freebooting lancers, who never dared to come to close quarters. Wherefore, he began to create a regular army of his own, under the command of a very remarkable soldier of fortune named De Boigne, who entered his service as a generalissimo in 1784, and raised and drilled troops for him after the European fashion—an example which was soon followed in a lesser degree by other chiefs in the Marátha Confederacy.

De Boigne and his brigades became famous passwords in their day, and won many notable battles for their master in Central and Western India. The adventurer entertained friendly feelings towards the English, but when he resigned Scindia's service, in 1796, his command passed to a Frenchman named Perron, who, at a time when England and France were engaged in war, was naturally antagonistic to the British power in India. Perron increased the Marátha regular army until it amounted to 40,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 464 guns, and encouraged Dowlut Rao Scindia—a vain, worthless, dissipated chief, who had succeeded Madhaji—to regard his troops as equal to those of the English, and himself as the strongest and greatest prince in Hindustan.

Scindia's enormous standing army, large detachments of which were stationed on the British frontiers, was a menace to our power, and absolutely overawed the Peshwa, who was constantly embroiled in troubles with his subordinate chiefs until his nominal ascendancy became a mere mockery, and it was they, not he, who directed his government and dictated his policy. At last, in 1803, matters came to such a crisis that the Peshwa threw himself on the protection of the English; and the Marquess Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, and one of the most far-seeing statesmen who ever ruled there-over, determined to seize the opportunity thus presented to disband these standing armies of regular troops and crush out the French interest that controlled them and, by direct intrigues with France, made them a source of grave political danger.

refused, bade us defiance, and accepted the gage of war.

There were at this time two remarkable soldiers in India—General Gerard Lake, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, and Colonel Arthur Wellesley, a younger brother of the Marquess Wellesley, and afterwards the great Duke of Wellington. Lake had seen service in the Seven Years' War in Germany, under Lord Cornwallis in America, and in the inglorious campaign against revolutionary France in 1793. Arthur Wellesley had recently won his spurs at the siege and storm of Seringapatam, where, "although he held only subordinate military command, his clear and commanding intellect, and his energy and skill in action, were displayed in the rapidly decisive operations with which he terminated the war." To these two great soldiers the chief conduct of affairs was now entrusted.



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

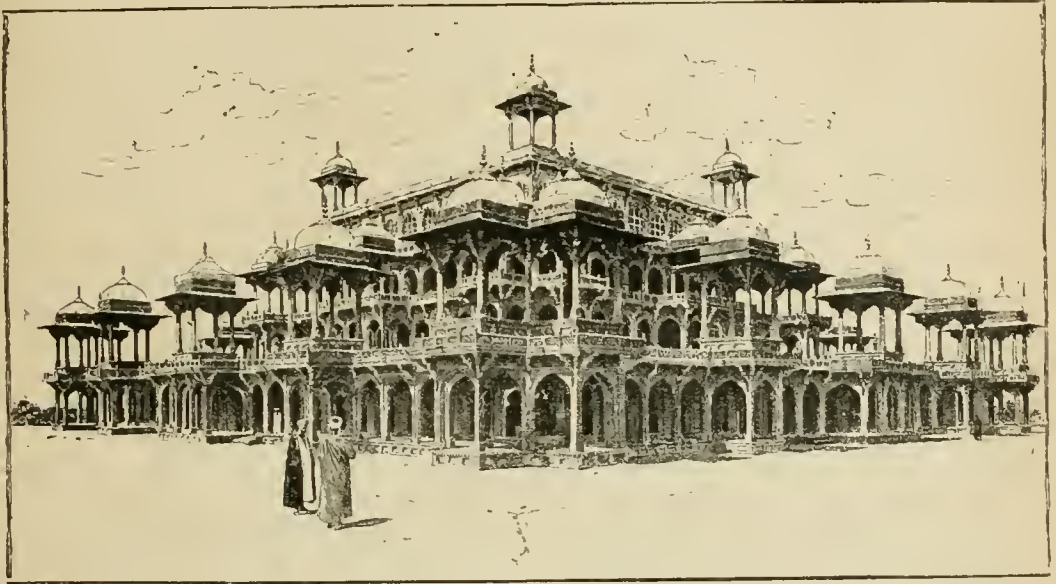
[Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.]

A treaty was entered into with the Peshwa by which he became dependent on the English, who, in return for a large cession of territory, contracted to furnish him with troops for his protection. Scindia and the other Marátha chiefs at once took alarm, conceiving—not unreasonably—that the independence of their nation was threatened. Called on to acquiesce in the new political arrangement, they insolently

Scindia's influence extended from the Deccan, where he was himself, to Delhi, where General Perron governed Upper India in his name, as the nominal viceregent of the Great Mogul—a potentate represented at this time by a poor, harmless, blind old man, kept secluded in close and cruel captivity in the citadel of Delhi. At the time of the declaration of war Scindia had about 20,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry in

the vicinity of the Mogul capital, 14,000 infantry near Poonah, and an additional 6,000 marching up from the latter place to reinforce the army of Upper India. In addition to these trained troops he had command of countless

against Delhi. His first exploit was the reduction of the fortress of Aligarh, where the enemy proved their valour, for they "fought like lions," and 2,000 were killed before they surrendered to the stormers. Delhi fell a week later, after



THE MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR, AGRA.

Photo, Frith & Co. Regate.

hordes of Marátha horse, contemptible as fighting material, but excellent as pure plunderers to harass an invading army and cut off its supplies. There were also several large contingents of irregular infantry belonging to the other chiefs in the confederacy, and to minor chieftains who owed them feudal obedience. The total force, disciplined and irregular, opposed to the English in what is known as the second Marátha war did not fall short of 150,000 fighting-men, of whom a third had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted career of victory for twenty years, during which they had never lost a gun, and were held to be—as indeed they subsequently proved themselves—little, if at all, inferior to our Sepoy troops. The strength of the English amounted to about 50,000 men, distributed in five armies over the length and breadth of India, at such widely-distant spots as Cuttack, Guzerat, Cawnpore, Poonah, and the southern Marátha country. Lake, in the north, and Wellesley at Poonah, were at the head of the most considerable divisions, numbering about 11,000 men each.

War was declared in August, the height of the rainy season, and General Lake advanced

an obstinate battle fought in sight of its minarets, in which 3,000 of the enemy were killed or wounded, and 68 of their guns taken; and within a month the celebrated fortress of Agra, at that time considered the key of Upper India, was captured after a thousand of the garrison had been slain.

A foe who could sacrifice 6,000 lives, or nearly a third of their fighting strength, in three consecutive actions, was not one to be despised, and the resistance offered to Lord Lake was probably the most obstinate hitherto displayed by any native army in India. The fugitives from the three places—Aligarh, Delhi, and Agra—now formed a junction at a spot equi-distant from them to the westward, where they were joined by the brigade of regular infantry that Scindia had ordered up country at the beginning of the war, and who were known as the "Deccan Invincibles."

Just previous to the outbreak of hostilities that chief had summarily dismissed from his service all his European officers whose sympathies were, or were supposed to be, with the English; and after the first reverses the French officers of the force followed Perron's example,

and deserted their colours. In consequence, this army of fugitives found themselves at their most critical hour bereft of all their European leaders—a disaster sufficient to dismay the most daring. But there arose an able and gallant substitute from their own ranks in the person of a native named Surwar Khan, who assumed command, and proved himself a very capable, if unfortunate, general in the field.

Hearing of this rallying on the part of the enemy, General Lake determined to attack them, and annihilate the Marátha power in Northern India with one final blow. Leaving

loss of life might be greater, the battle was generally to the assailants. But the assailants had to be led, and Lake conceived it was the duty of their chief to lead them. However erroneous this doctrine may be considered now, it held good a hundred years ago. Throughout his active career Lake is ever to be found at the head of his men in battle, whether cavalry or infantry, encouraging them forward. Where the danger was greatest, the assault most arduous, there was Lake surely to be seen leading the van.

So it was with him now. Notwithstanding that the Maráthas numbered over 14,000 strong, of whom 9,000 were disciplined troops and 5,000 irregular cavalry, and were advantageously posted, he determined to attack them instantly, and setting himself at the head of his little brigade, as any cavalry colonel might at the head of his regiment, he rode at the enemy's position.

He was successful in forcing their first line, but it was at a desperate cost of life. The troops he was opposing—swarthy mercenaries though they were, and they were nothing else—had learnt the art of war under De Boigne, a general as brave and able as Lake himself. On their standards were emblazoned the names of many hard-won, but now forgotten, victories, of which they were justly proud. They had made their first reputation in restraining and repelling the wild charges of the Rhator Rajpooto, then accounted the finest horsemen in Western India, and countless squadrons of gallant Mughals and fierce Rohillas had dropped away before their withering volleys, as they stood in close serried ranks, shoulder to shoulder, reserving their fire until those who taught them discipline gave them the word of command. They were as cool and resolute now, when Lake and his Dragoons dashed at them. It was the first campaign in which they had been brought face to face with the famous Feringhee warriors, but they were not daunted. They were prepared, for their guns had been linked together with chains, stretching from one battery to another; and these impeded Lake's cavalry, who blundered on to the unseen obstacles, for the grass of the plain was tall and rank, and before they could recover themselves were exposed to a frightful slaughter.

"Surwar Khan's battalions," writes Major Thorn, the historian of the war, "reserved their fire till our cavalry came within a distance of twenty yards of the muzzles of their guns, which, being concealed by the high jungle



a force to hold Agra, he set out from that city on the 27th October, and four days later learnt that the Maráthas were encamped within a forced march of him. Ordering his infantry to follow, he pushed on at the head of his cavalry brigade of three regiments of British Dragoons and five of Native Horse, and at sunrise on the morning of 1st November, 1803, came upon the enemy at the village of Laswaree.

Of all the great and gallant generals whose names adorn the roll of British valour there is not one more distinguished for individual prowess than Gerard Lake. He believed in personal example in the leader, and dash and daring in the follower. As an ensign of foot he had seen and noted, during the Seven Years' War, the tactics of Frederick the Great, and been imbued with them. It was his creed that attacking troops enjoyed a moral superiority over a stationary enemy, and although the immediate

grass, were perceptible only when a fierce discharge of grape and double-headed shot mowed down whole divisions, as the sweeping storm of hail levels the growing crops of grain to the earth. But notwithstanding this iron tempest, nothing could repress the ardour of our cavalry, whose velocity overcame every resistance. Having penetrated the enemy's line they immediately formed again, and charged backwards and forwards three times, amidst the continued roar of cannon and the incessant shower of grape and chain-shot, with surprising order and effect. The scene of horror was heightened and the work of destruction increased by the disadvantage under which our cavalry had to act; for no sooner had they charged through the artillerymen of the enemy—who to save themselves crept under their guns for shelter—than, directly our men had passed, they darted out, reloaded their pieces, and turned them on our rear."

In the face of this prodigal resistance Lake was at length compelled to retire, and drawing off his shattered brigade out of fire, he waited for his infantry and guns to come up.

They arrived about noon, after a forced march of twenty-five miles, during which the music of battle in front had quickened their footsteps and impelled them to extraordinary exertions. Their strength consisted of one regiment of European infantry and four of sepoy, with a few light guns, the greater part of their artillery having been unable to keep up with them in the heavy state of the roads consequent on continual rain. Two short hours were allowed them for rest and refreshment, during which Surwar Khan took up a new and stronger position, a little behind his former one, which brought a large tank, or artificial lake of water, into his front, whilst his rear was protected by the village of Mehál-pur. Cutting the embankment of the tank, he flooded the space between the two armies and commanded it with his artillery. He was no common leader this, who could link his guns together, repulse a charge of British cavalry, and, on the spur of a moment, impede his enemy by transforming the ground they had to traverse into a marsh!

The Marátha army was drawn up in one long line, awaiting the attack, when, at two o'clock, Lake formed his infantry into two columns, one to support the other in turning the enemy's right flank, and ordered his cavalry to advance against their front. The renewal of the battle was ushered in with a tremendous cannonade from the Marátha guns, which had

been posted with great judgment by Surwar Khan, who, directly he perceived the plan of attack, threw back his right wing with much adroitness, so as to bring it almost at right angles to his front, with the village wedged in the angle so made, and protecting both rears—seeing which the 76th Regiment, supported by the 12th Native Infantry, wheeled and advanced against the Marátha line; but, as they closed in, the admirably-served guns of the enemy mowed down their ranks, and for a time threatened them with actual annihilation.

It was just at this urgent moment that General Lake's horse was shot under him, and his son, dismounting to offer his own, was severely wounded before his father's eyes. Simultaneously a matchlock-man in the enemy's ranks aimed at the general, who fortunately happened to turn, and this accidental movement allowed the charge to pass under his arm, burning the side of his coat. But never for an instant did his cool judgment and resolute fortitude forsake him. With scarce a glance at his stricken son, he calmly remounted, watched for a moment the progress of the action, recognised it was too great a risk to wait for the reserves to come up, and determined to dare all and charge home with the bayonet.

No sooner had the command been given than, with a ringing-British cheer, the 76th leapt forward, supported with praiseworthy alacrity by the Native Infantry corps. And now Surwar Khan, with consummate generalship, ordered his cavalry to charge, but even as he did so the British dragoons dashed up to the relief. Horse and foot met in one great shock of battle; sabre rang out against bayonet, and musket flashed against pistol and carbine. A short period of indescribable *mêlée* ensued, in which the fate of the day was decided.

But although defeated, the Maráthas were not disgraced. They were veteran troops, and knew how to die with a dignity seldom displayed by mercenaries. True to the traditions of "De Boigne's Brigades," they fought to the end. Their breasts met the opposing British bayonets; their gunners yielded up their lives rather than desert the pieces they worshipped with a devotion that was fanatic, if it was not actually religious. Staunch and true to the discipline they had been taught, a little remnant of the infantry retreated in good order until they were broken in column by the dragoons, who detoured and took them in rear. Then came the end. The Marátha cavalry escaped, but

of their 9,000 infantry who stood in battle array that morning, only 2,000 survived to surrender as prisoners. In all the ghastly annals of war there have been few more dreadful instances of carnage, or more devoted sacrifices to the shrine of a soldier's duty, than that exhibited by this Marátha legion on the field of Laswaree.

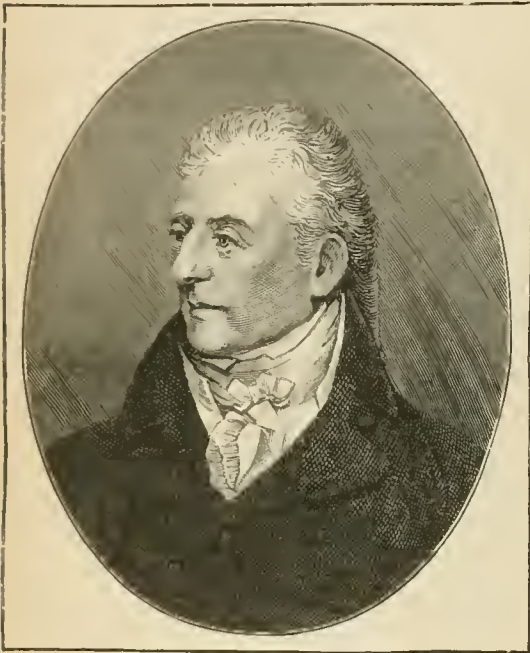
The afternoon's battle was fought and won in less than two hours. The enemy's camp was captured, together with seventy-four guns and forty-four stands of colours. The British lost

And it is recorded by one who had a share in these stirring events that on the evening of the battle, as the general was returning from the field, the Europeans, who loved him as such leaders are loved, cheered him. Whereupon, taking off his hat, he thanked them, and then pointing to the Marátha artillerymen, who lay clustered thick around their guns, "Do," he cried, "as these brave fellows have done, and despise death!"

We must now turn our eyes to the south, where Scindia and the Rajah of Magpore, another chief of the Confederacy, took the field at the head of their united armies. General Arthur Wellesley was in command of the force sent to attack them. Crossing the Godavari river to the north-east of Poonah, he reached Aurangabad, where he learnt that Scindia had entered the territory of the Nizam, after evading Colonel Stevenson, who, with an army of 7,000 men, was watching the Ajunta Pass. In consequence of this information General Wellesley altered his route, and proceeded south, intending to intercept the enemy before they could reach Hyderabad. Whereupon Scindia, whose wild Marátha scouts kept him excellently informed, retraced his steps, and in this way managed to elude his pursuers for three weeks, in spite of several attempts to bring him to action. It was not until the 21st September that a chance occurred of doing so; and at a conference between Wellesley and Stevenson, who had formed a junction, they arranged to attack Scindia on the 24th. For this purpose the two divisions separated again, in order the more quickly to pass through some narrow and difficult defiles in the hilly country which barred their way to their objective point—a place called Bokerdun, where it was believed Scindia could be brought to bay.

In pursuance of this concerted plan of attack Wellesley, after a fatiguing march of twenty-two miles, found himself at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd September at the Kaitna river, and suddenly came upon the foe drawn up on the opposite side of the stream to dispute his passage.

So shifty were the tactics of Marátha warfare, and so often had Scindia decided to fight "another day," that now the chief was within striking distance the general determined to attack him without waiting for Colonel Stevenson. India has been won for us by the boldness of our generals, who from the days of Lord Clive to those of Lord Roberts have ever seized



LORD LAKE.

(From an Original Painting by Drummond.)

nearly nine hundred men, including forty-two officers, out of a total of about 6,000 engaged.

The credit of the victory was due to the presence of mind and cool daring of General Lake. "His masterly plans of attack were carried into instantaneous execution by his unrivalled personal activity; and he appeared with matchless courage in front of every principal charge." This was the tribute of the Marquess Wellesley to the conqueror, who paid one as noble to the gallantry of his foe. "All the sepoy's of the enemy," wrote Lake the day after the battle, "behaved exceeding well, the gunners standing to their guns until killed by the bayonet. If they had been commanded by their French officers the affair would, I fear, have been doubtful. For these fellows fought like devils—or rather like heroes!"

opportunity by the forelock, no matter what the peril or how great the responsibility. But seldom has such a daring decision been arrived at as that which led to the battle of Assaye. For Scindia's force of 17,000 foot contained

"the Maráthas, numerous and daring as they were, stood astounded and appalled at the audacious spirit of this comparatively insignificant array that thus presumed to attack their formidable host." It was a prodigiously bold



"TURNED THEM ROUND AND Poured GRAPE AND CHAIN-SHOT INTO THE REAR OF THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH" (P. 378).

10,500 disciplined infantry. He was overpoweringly strong in artillery, being accompanied by his grand park of 115 guns; while his hordes of Marátha horse numbered not less than 30,000. Against such odds as these Wellesley prepared to lead his little force of 4,520 men, of whom 1,170 (the 74th and 78th Regiments) were British infantry, 2,000 native infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and 150 artillery. No wonder that

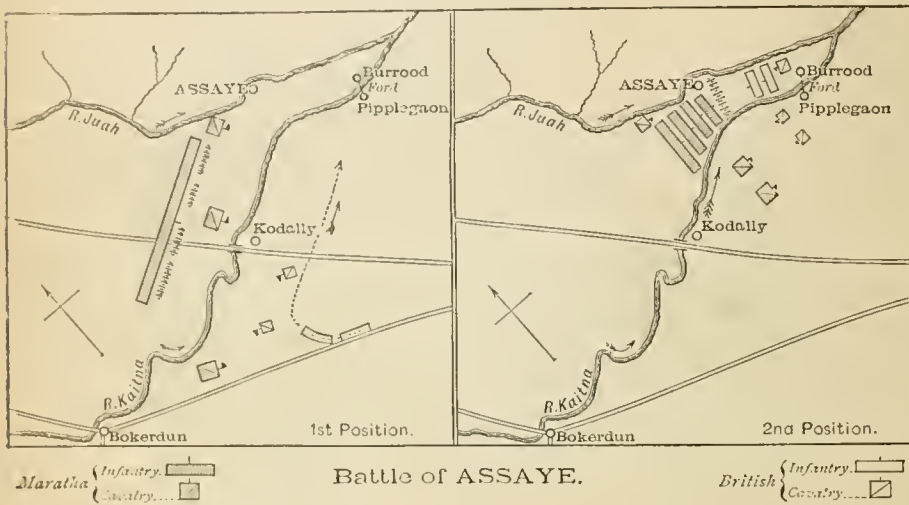
bid for fame and fortune, and laid Wellesley open to a charge of rashness. "But had I not attacked them," he is recorded to have said in answer, "I must have been surrounded by their superior cavalry, my troops have starved, and I had nothing left but to hang myself to my tent pole!"

The Maráthas had taken up their position facing south, and in a triangular piece of ground

formed by the junction of the rivers Kaitna and Juah, which flowed from west to east, the former intervening between them and the English, and the latter protecting their rear. Wellesley, reconnoitring the position, perceived two villages almost facing each other on opposite banks of the Kaitna, and rightly surmised that a ford communicating between them must exist. Leaving his cavalry to watch and check a demonstration on the part of the enemy's horse, bodies of which had crossed the Kaitna towards his left, the general, turning to the right, led his infantry and guns through some ravines and broken ground, which hid their progress, until he reached the ford. Crossing it, with little or no

lost nearly 400 of their total strength of 569 men, whilst of their nineteen officers eleven were killed and seven wounded. Taking advantage of their distressed condition, a body of Marátha horse summoned sufficient courage to charge them, and in one wild, nervous scurry broke their gaping ranks. "This," writes a capable observer, who was present throughout the action, "was the critical moment of the engagement; and if the enemy's cavalry had pushed the sepoy, they would never have withstood that which overpowered the 74th." But assistance was at hand, for the general had already ordered up his cavalry, who had overawed the body of Marátha horse they were left to watch, and they were

now sent to the relief of their comrades in distress. Forward dashed the 19th Dragoons, who drew 350 sabres, followed by a regiment of native cavalry. Nothing could resist their impetuous charge, and they drove the Maráthas pell-mell into the Juah river, followed them to the other



loss, he began to form line of battle, facing westward. This necessitated a corresponding manœuvre on the part of the Maráthas, whose line had been facing south, and with all practicable speed they changed front, until their left rested on the village of Assaye and the Juah river, whilst their right extended to the banks of the Kaitna. Thus situated they faced the British, who were hemmed in between the two rivers, whose confluence was at their rear. Round the village of Assaye, Scindia massed a great number of guns, and, while our troops were forming, their shot fell like hail, and created great slaughter in our line, and especially amongst the artillery bullocks.

At this moment one of Wellesley's officers, who commanded on the advanced right, blundered, and, contrary to orders, attacked the village of Assaye. This brought the whole fire from the guns stationed there upon the 74th Regiment, who were so dreadfully cannonaded that they

side, sabred some of the enemy's infantry whom they stumbled across there, and then re-crossing, joined our main line.

Despite this serious check on our right, the British advance had not been really impeded. Pressing steadily forward in the face of a tempest-blast of shot and musketry, the troops reserved their fire until it could be given with effect, and then, delivering but a single volley, charged bayonets and stormed the enemy's line of guns. The ardour of their onslaught carried them over and past it in their determined pursuit of the Marátha infantry, who were now falling back to a second line in their rear. Whereupon—as at Laswaree—the Marátha gunners crawled out from under their pieces, where they had taken refuge, and manning them again, turned them round and poured grape and chain-shot into the rear of the victorious British advance.

This obliged our infantry to turn back and

storm the guns for the second time, but from an opposite direction—a movement that had so much the resemblance of a retreat that the Marátha infantry, who were still in good order, were encouraged to halt, face about, and come back to the attack.

Whilst the main tide of action was thus surging backwards and forwards, a body of the enemy's infantry, whose line in the first instance completely outflanked ours, having slipped past our flank, managed to reach some of our guns, which, owing to the destruction of the bullocks dragging them, had perforce been left behind. Observing this dangerous movement, General Wellesley—who throughout the whole battle had been riding everywhere, directing the officers and encouraging the men—placed himself at the head of the 78th foot and 7th Regiment of Native Cavalry, and led them to the spot. On the way his horse was shot under him, and himself exposed to the most imminent danger; but mounting another charger, he quickly achieved his object and drove the enemy off. This marked a phase in the battle, for the whole Marátha line now began to waver and fall back, fighting desperately notwithstanding, until they were brought to bay on the banks of the Juah river, which intercepted their natural retreat to the northwards. Here, huddled and cramped for room, they made their last stubborn stand, until they were finally defeated and scattered after a spirited and sanguinary conflict that had lasted for three hours.

Long before the end Scindia and the Rajah of Berar deserted them, flying at an early stage of the action, whilst the Marátha cavalry, after their one charge against the wrecked ranks of the 74th, never again ventured to face those "perfect war tigers" the British dragoons. "These dragoons" (wrote one of their captains) "were large, powerful men, the weight of whose sabres almost annihilated us, whilst they unhorsed numbers of my troopers by merely riding against them!" And so the Marátha horsemen contented themselves with hovering on the outskirts of the battle until they saw the day was lost, when they sought safety in flight, followed by the remnants of their infantry.

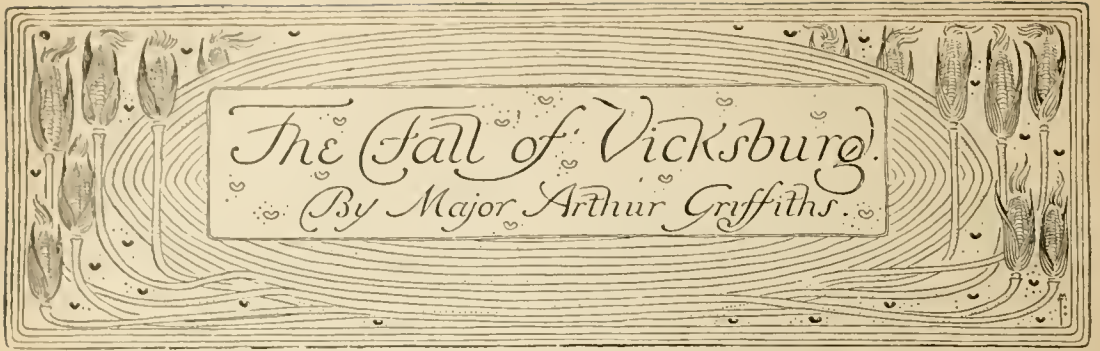
Thus ended one of the most important and, so far as British losses were concerned, most sanguinary battles ever fought in India. Our casualties amounted to 1,566 killed and wounded, of whom 600 were Europeans and 50 officers.

The percentage was one in three of the total number engaged—probably the highest ever recorded amongst Europeans in a pitched battle. The enemy's loss was estimated at less than our own, but their 98 guns, 100 tumbrils, and entire camp and military stores were captured. It was a glorious victory, gloriously won by General Wellesley. "It is nothing to say of him," writes one who was by his side throughout the day, "that he exposed himself on all occasions, and behaved with perfect indifference in the hottest fire (for I did not see a European do otherwise, nor do I believe people do); but in the most anxious and important moments he gave his orders as clearly and coolly as if he had been inspecting a corps or manœuvring at a review."

The enemy that withstood us at Assaye were no common "country" foe—to use an adjective of disparagement indigenous to India—but a trained and disciplined army; and officers present who had witnessed the power of the French artillery in the wars of Europe, declared that the Marátha guns were equally well served, and that they fought with a prowess worthy of a European nation. Nor was it to be wondered at, for "De Boigne's Brigades" had won a reputation at that time in India as great amongst the native Powers as ever did the legions of ancient Rome in the countries they conquered.

This "matchless victory" (as his brother the Governor-General termed it) raised Wellesley to the first rank of British generals, and laid the basis of that great career of glory and renown which he subsequently increased on the plains of Spain and crowned on the field of Waterloo.

To the genius of Gerard Lake and Arthur Wellesley Great Britain owes the chief expansion of its empire over India. For their victories crushed out the last remnant of French influence in that country, broke down the powerful dominion of the Marátha, secured an immediate increase of territory that doubled our then-existing possessions, paved the way for future conquest, and obtained for us the mastery of the entire seaboard of India. For these advantages, which we have enjoyed for nearly a hundred years, and which have helped to raise us to our proud pre-eminence among the nations of the world, we are indebted to the British blood so freely poured out by Britain's gallant sons on the battlefields of Laswaree and Assaye.



THE operations which ended with the fall of Vicksburg, on the great Mississippi river, constitute one of the most interesting and important episodes in the American War of Secession. The capture of that strong fortress, familiarly known as the Gibraltar of the South, was the turning-point in the long fratricidal struggle between North and South. Till then there were grave doubts as to the issue of the rebellion. The Confederates had been more generally successful than the Federals; the Union cause was growing rather hopeless; the North was disheartened at many failures; the latest elections had declared against the vigorous prosecution of the war, voluntary enlistments had ceased, and conscription—or forced recruiting—was most unpopular. Only a decisive victory could re-establish the fortunes of the North. This was the firm conviction of a general who now for the first time was to come prominently to the front—the famous Ulysses S. Grant. He was resolved to use every effort to bring about a change, and being in command of the national forces employed against Vicksburg, he meant, if possible, to reduce the fortress and open up the Mississippi.

The Vicksburg campaign is the more notable because it was the real starting-point in the triumphant military career of this remarkable man. It was now that General Grant showed his fine qualities, that his reputation rose till he was universally acknowledged as a great commander. In spite of his generalship at Shiloh and elsewhere, he had been but little appreciated; no one realised his genius for war. He had few friends; he was libelled as a confirmed drunkard; he would have been superseded in the command of this very army which he was soon to lead to victory but for the support of the President, shrewd old Abraham Lincoln, who,

although personally unacquainted with Grant, replied to the many demands for his removal: "I rather like the man; I think we will try him a little longer." Six months later the wisdom of this forbearance was fully proved, and Grant practically saved the Union.

The possession of Vicksburg was of paramount importance to both sides: occupying a strong natural position, which had been carefully fortified, it commanded the lower waters of the Mississippi. This mighty river was the dividing-line between the Southern and Western States of the Confederacy, cutting them exactly in two. The North held it above and below, but Vicksburg and another fortress called Port Hudson blocked it in the middle, thus affording the Confederates a means of communication with their outlying territory beyond on the western side of the river. From this territory they drew their supplies: beef from the prairies of Texas, munitions of war that had run the blockade or entered by the Gulf of Florida, and by this route alone they had news from the outside world. If Vicksburg and Port Hudson surrendered it would be an irreparable misfortune; for the Confederates would be circumscribed within narrower limits—shut in and shut out—and the first serious blow would be struck at the secession.

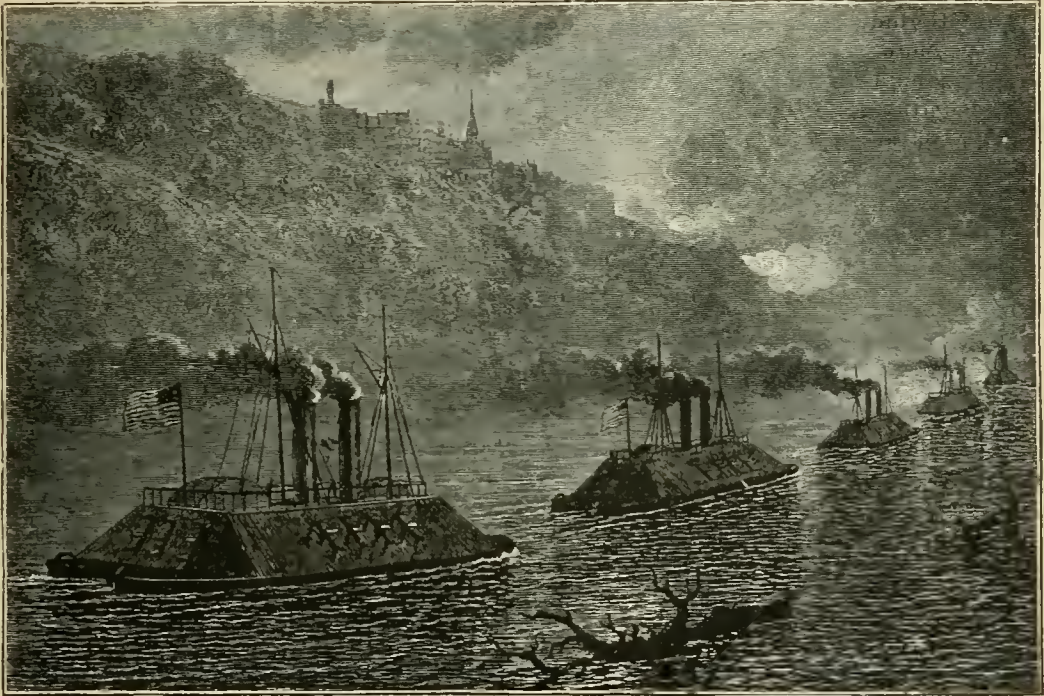
But Vicksburg still defied its enemy, however pertinacious and enterprising. Its peculiar situation was its principal protection. It stood on high land on the eastern shores of the Mississippi, and was unapproachable except on that side. The ground upon the other shore was swampy, intersected with rivers and water-courses, overgrown with a dense growth of forest-trees at times an almost impenetrable jungle. It was a country nearly impassable in summer, and in winter generally submerged. The soil was soft and sticky, and the great

river was, with its numerous tributaries, for ever changing its channels. Before Grant could even attempt to take Vicksburg he must get at it, and this was impossible from any but the eastern shore. On this side, too, the Confederates were in strength; Vicksburg was in communication with, and drew its supplies from, Jackson, the State capital further to the eastward, where a considerable Confederate army also kept the field.

During the winter and early spring months

prepared for the still more arduous work that was awaiting them.

What Grant wanted, and what he knew he must have, was a firm foothold on dry ground and on the eastern shore. To secure it he conceived a new and original plan. This was to carry the bulk of his army to a point a long way below Vicksburg, and work up against it from down the river. The scheme was both daring and hazardous, for it meant the exposure of communications with a great fortress planted



GUNBOATS PASSING VICKSBURG.

many efforts were made by Grant against Vicksburg. The novel expedient was tried of isolating it by diverting the course of the great river. The effect of this would have been to have left Vicksburg high and dry—a so-called inland city. But the canal, planned on a stupendous scale for this purpose, was a failure when completed. So was a movement down a labyrinth of rivers and creeks which approached Vicksburg from the northward, and a third effort made by the afterwards famous General Sherman to ascend another set of watercourses from the south-west was also a failure. The only useful result of these tedious and unsuccessful operations was that the Federal troops grew hardened and acclimatised, well

in between, the probable loss of the base of supply, and the fighting of the enemy perhaps on his flank, perhaps to his rear. But Grant had counted the cost, and was ready to face the risks for the great advantages they might possibly bring. He persisted in this plan, moreover, in the teeth of much opposition; his subordinates did not approve of it; his most trusted lieutenant, Sherman, directly opposed it as conceived in error and as false to military principles. But nothing could move Ulysses Grant from his purpose.

In order to rightly understand the movements of the campaign now imminent—one which, in truth, ranks with Napoleon's best—it is necessary to realise something of the lie

of the land and the positions of the opposing forces. The Mississippi, roughly speaking, flows from north to south. On its western bank was the low ground which Grant, leaving his base at Memphis far behind him in the north, was about to descend in order to cross the river far south of Vicksburg. The fortress stood on the eastern bank, between the Mississippi and another river—the Big Black—which covered its rear. Jackson, the capital of the State, was east of Vicksburg; and behind it, still eastward, was the main strength of the Confederacy.

Grant commanded four army corps, each numbering, roughly, some 15,000 men. They were—the 13th Army Corps, under General McClelland; the 15th ditto, under General Sherman; the 16th ditto, under General Hurlbut; and the 17th, under General McPherson. Of these he desired to use the 13th, 15th, and 17th in the field, leaving the 16th under General Hurlbut at Memphis as a reserve. In the order of movement McClelland was to take the advance, McPherson to follow, and General Sherman was to bring up the rear. As the whole line of march was long, and extended to fifty or sixty miles, the troops were much spread out, so that Grant commenced the campaign with barely 20,000 men up at the front, and when it was nearly half over he had only 33,000. The Confederates were three times as strong; General Pemberton, who commanded in Vicksburg, had in all some 50,000 men, and in Jackson and beyond there were as many more.

The first indispensable step in the campaign was to get a portion of the Federal fleet from above to below Vicksburg. Steamers were needed to ferry troops across the river, and to keep them supplied. There were, however, fourteen miles of batteries to run past—a perilous undertaking; but it was accomplished in the teeth of a terrible fire from the fortifications of Vicksburg, and without serious loss. The steamers and transports were protected by great bales of hay and cotton and by sacks of grain, against which the enemy's shot and shell did but little damage. This operation was twice carried out successfully, and nearly all the steamers and barges carrying freight got through safely.

Grant now hurried forward to take personal command of the advance. Throughout this enterprising campaign it was he himself who directed and controlled everything. He was the life and soul of the whole business, the

centre and mainspring of every movement. He wrote all his own orders, giving brief but minute instructions to everyone—generals, commissaries, quartermasters; and often enough, when careful execution was vital, he was on the spot to see his orders carried out. There never was a man who knew his own mind better, or who, having once made it up, persisted in the course he had decided upon with such unshaken tenacity and confidence. He stood alone, too, in the most trying part of the campaign. Superiors and subordinates alike condemned his scheme as hopeless and doomed beforehand to inevitable failure. Grant knew all this, yet he never once faltered. He saw his whole danger, discounted any difficulty, and went straight ahead. When by superior generalship he had hoodwinked, outmanœuvred, and finally overwhelmed his enemy, his fame as a military leader burst forth brilliantly like the sun through clouds.

McClelland crossed the river with 10,000 men on the 29th April, 1863. They found a good landing at Bruinsberg, and on the following day his corps and part of McPherson's were disembarked. At last Grant found himself, as he himself tells us, "on dry ground, on the same side of the river with the enemy. . . . When this was effected, I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since." Yet he was already in a position of danger. He was in the enemy's country with a fraction only of his force—a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and the rest of his army and his base of supplies. But his courage rose to the occasion, and he promptly proceeded to strike out. He had already committed a grave mistake. He meant now to do worse; and in defiance of all military principles he resolved to cut himself quite adrift from his communications, taking with him only his ammunition trains, and trusting to the country—fortunately a rich one—for his supplies of food. His troops carried a couple of days' rations in their haversacks, which they were told must be made to last seven. All baggage was reduced to a minimum. He (the general-in-chief) took nothing with him but a tooth brush. He had no tent; he picked up a meal where he could; and for the first week he rode on a borrowed horse, and his saddle, of unfinished workmanship, was provided only with stirrup leathers.

Time was the essence of the movement he now initiated. He had placed himself in between two fractions of the enemy, which, combined,

were far superior in numbers, but which he could tackle singly and in equal strength with his otherwise inferior force. This is considered a crowning triumph in strategy, and Grant set himself with extraordinary vigour to reap the benefit it afforded.

His movement, made with great rapidity, was now eastward. He aimed at Jackson, the capital, with the right, while his left hugged the Big Black River (behind which was Vicksburg), watching all the fords and bridges, and both shielding his advance upon the right flank, and securing it from attack by Pemberton. McClernand's corps—the first across—had fought and won the first action at Port Gibson on the 1st May, the

effect of which was to open up Grand Gulf, a point upon the river which became the only base which Grant possessed for three weeks, but which he never greatly used. This Grand Gulf was now evacuated by the enemy as untenable; but still, the Confederates had no clear notion what Grant was at. They were the more confused, looking rather to an attack from the northern side, in consequence of the feint ordered by Grant and executed by Sherman upon Haines Bluff, above Vicksburg. This was only a

diversion, but it was made with so much energy that Pemberton was led to believe that Grant was coming on in force in that direction. This mistaken idea was further encouraged by a most successful cavalry raid which had just been accomplished by Colonel Grierson, and who had traversed the whole State of Mississippi in sixteen days from north to south, marching six hundred miles in that time, having inflicted incalculable damage, and incurring only the most trifling loss.

So, while the Confederates were looking for him elsewhere, Grant pushed on to the east. He could have approached Vicksburg at once from where he stood, and his scouts got within six miles of it; but he knew Gregg, the Confederate commander, was alone at Jackson, and he wanted to hit him before he could concentrate with Pemberton. Having changed the positions of his army corps, so that McClernand,

supported by Sherman, who was now coming up into line, held the Big Black River, while McPherson took the extreme right, he directed the latter general to reach out towards Jackson. On the morning of the 12th May, McPherson encountered the enemy in position at a place near Raymond, not eighteen miles from Jackson, and promptly gave battle. Being in overpowering strength, he won an easy victory. This opened the road to Jackson, and while Pemberton, still deceived, was expecting him at Edwards Station, on the Jackson-Vicksburg railway, Grant put out his whole strength to capture the State capital with all conceivable despatch.

A new Confederate commander, General "Joe"

Johnson, had replaced Gregg, and was now at Jackson. He was a leader of repute, and with a less doughty antagonist matters might have gone differently. Johnson desired now to detain Grant in front of Jackson, and on the 13th, the day after the battle of Raymond, he sent orders to Pemberton to come up in force and attack Grant's rear and supposed line of communications with Grand Gulf.

But Grant was too quick for him, too strong on the decisive spot. On the

evening of the 13th McPherson was at Clinton, within fifteen miles of Jackson; Sherman was in front of Raymond; McClernand had withdrawn from in front of Pemberton at Edwards Station, and was coming up behind McPherson at Clinton.

On the night of the 13th both McPherson and Sherman were ordered to march straight on Jackson at early dawn. It was raining in torrents, and the roads were almost intolerable—sometimes a foot deep in water. But both generals pressed forward. By 9 a.m. on the 14th McPherson was in touch with the enemy's pickets, and drove them back; by 11 a.m. Sherman was up, and both were ready to attack. The onslaught was made with so much spirit, the opposition was so feeble, that by 3 p.m. both corps were in possession of Jackson. "Joe" Johnson had evacuated the city, and hurried off northward, hoping still by a long detour to effect



SKETCH SHOWING GENERAL SITUATION IN 1863.

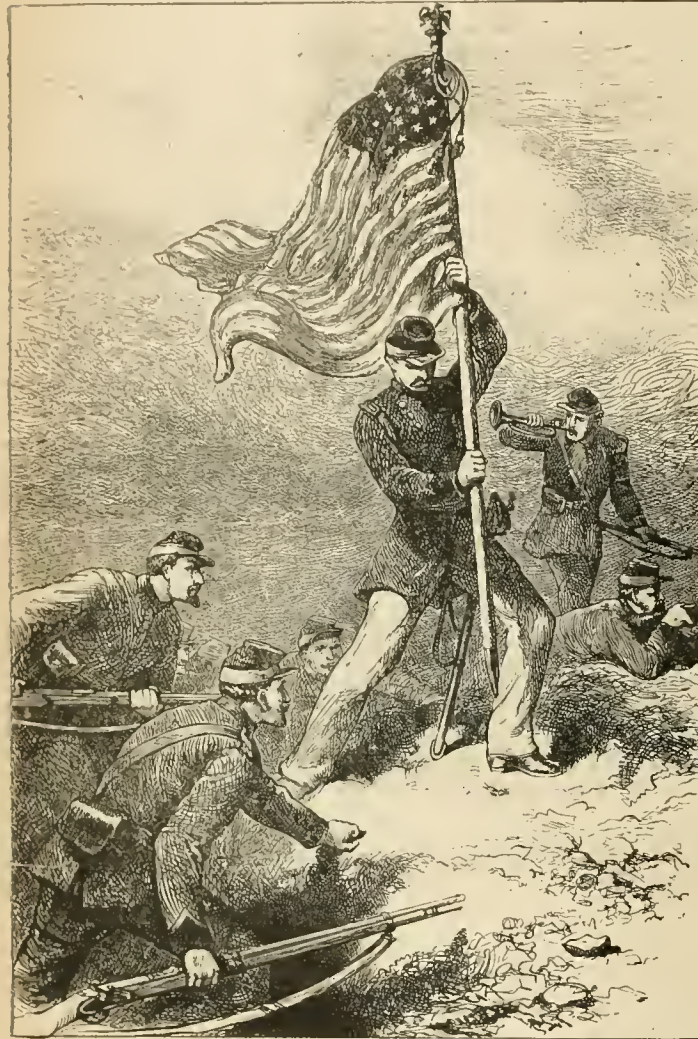
a junction with Pemberton. On the night of the 14th Grant slept in the very house which Johnson had occupied the night before.

Grant's first business was to dismantle the capital, to tear up the railways, destroy factories

peril. Grant acted with his usual promptitude, and at once faced round. Orders were issued to countermarch all his columns, and leaving Jackson city behind, to turn on Vicksburg—westward, that is to say—and fight back towards the Mississippi River.

This retrograde movement began on the 15th May. Grant directed all his forces to converge upon Bolton, a station on the Jackson-Vicksburg railway, twenty miles from the former, twenty-five from the latter place. Meanwhile, Pemberton, with his Confederates, had marched southward from Edwards Station, striking at Grant's communications; but, in deference to the positive orders of his superior, Johnson had retired with the intention of attacking Clinton, whereat he imagined the rear-guard of Sherman was posted. Pemberton was quite unaware that the whole of Grant's army was in this neighbourhood, still less that it was on the move against him. But as he fell back he came in contact with Grant's advance, commanded by McPherson, and took up a strong position on the eminence known as Champion's Hill. The battle which followed was the most serious and hotly contested in this campaign.

On the morning of the 16th, Grant, having heard that Pemberton was marching east, and feeling certain that a great contest was imminent, summoned Sherman up from Jackson, and desired McClernand, who was south at Raymond, to



"HERE AND THERE THE FEDERALS CROWNED THE WORKS WITH THEIR FLAGS" (p. 386).

and arsenals, and render Jackson useless to the Confederates. While the work of demolition was in progress he learnt through an intercepted despatch that the enemy was endeavouring to concentrate, and that unless he forestalled them a junction between Johnson and Pemberton would speedily be effected. To allow this would be to lose all the advantages he had secured so far, and more, it might bring him into imminent

close up, and support McPherson. Grant himself, in response to McPherson's urgent request, went up to the front, and assumed command. It was well that he did so, for McClernand, who was next senior in rank, was a disappointing man, of doubtful generalship; and had not Grant been present in person the battle of Champion's Hill might have ended badly for the national forces. As it was, McClernand,

through over-caution or ineptitude, was so slow in his movements that he was too late to take part in the action, the brunt of which fell upon McPherson. The opposing forces were in consequence very evenly matched, and it was long doubtful to which side victory would incline. But Grant's dispositions secured a tactical advantage, and by a well-directed movement he turned the enemy's flank. A precipitate retreat followed, and after four hours' hard fighting the battle was won. Had McClernand, who throughout was within a mile or two of the battlefield, come up in support, very few of Pemberton's men would have escaped. As it was, he lost 3,000 men, killed and wounded, and as many more were taken prisoners.

The battle of Champion's Hill was the last but one in the series of engagements that brought Grant under the walls of Vicksburg. It was also the most closely contested and the most costly in lives. Only one more was fought—at Black River Bridge, where a division of McClernand's, which had headed the pursuit, came upon Pemberton's rear-guard in an entrenched position, and carried it most gallantly. Lawler, a brigadier-general, was conspicuous in this attack, and led the final charge in his shirt-sleeves. After that the whole of Grant's forces swept forward, Sherman taking the right, McPherson the centre, and McClernand the left. In this order they quickly approached and encircled the city.

The goal now was in sight. Vicksburg was within striking distance, and the first aim of this hazardous campaign was accomplished. Grant was on firm ground to the eastward, and far more, he was once again in touch with the river and his base of supplies. The communications which he had practically severed in the south when leaving Grand Gulf he now reopened to the northward at Haines Bluff. The result was well worth the daring effort made. In less than three weeks, between the 30th April and the 18th May, Grant's victorious army was in rear of Vicksburg just where he had wished to place it. He had marched his troops, to whom in all only five days' rations had been issued, through an unexplored country for 180 miles; he had

fought and won five battles. The capital of the Mississippi State had fallen; 6,000 prisoners had been taken, and the same number of Confederates killed or disabled. Above all, Grant had secured at length the ungrudging approval of all who had never anticipated such triumphant success. Sherman especially—the man whose opinion he most valued—came to him before Vicksburg and confessed that up to that moment he had no positive assurance of success. "This campaign," he added forcibly, "even although Vicksburg is not yet taken, is undoubtedly one of the greatest in history."

But it could not be called complete until the fortress for which so much had been risked



was actually captured. Everything urged Grant to make a dash on it. Although still full of spirit, his troops had suffered much. They were short of food, in rags, and the hot weather was most trying. Johnson had been beaten off, but he was gathering his forces again, and in greater strength, to try conclusions afresh. So Grant resolved upon an immediate assault. The men themselves were eager to go in—anything rather than the tedious processes of a siege. Only two days were spent in strengthening their positions and in bringing up supplies, especially of bread and biscuit; and then, on the 22nd, another—the second—and most determined attempt was made to storm the much-coveted city. There were three columns of attack. Each corps was to advance against the works in its front. Sherman attacked on the right, the northern side of Vicksburg; McPherson, in the

centre, took the eastward defences; McClermand, on the left, was to account for the south side to the river. A murderous cannonade was to precede the onset.

At 10 a.m. the attack commenced, and simultaneously the stormers from the three army corps burst forward with magnificent hardihood. The ground was most difficult; it was necessary to cross a series of ravines, and beyond were earthworks and rifle-pits manned by desperate defenders. For four hours the assailants pressed bravely forward, undismayed by the most murderous fire. But no serious impression was made. The slaughter was terrible: the hillsides were strewn with the dead and dying, while the garrison, sheltered within their trenches, suffered little. Here and there, at isolated points, the Federals gained a foothold and crowned the works with their flags. McClermand at one time imagined his men had driven out the enemy, but he was mistaken. At no point had the attack succeeded, and as the afternoon drew on Grant was reluctantly compelled to withdraw. The assault had failed all along the line. The position of Vicksburg was too strong naturally, and it had been too well fortified, to be carried by storm.

This second and last attempt on Vicksburg has been counted unparalleled in modern war. No assault had ever been made previously on such fortifications except where the assailants had greatly outnumbered the defenders. At Vicksburg they fought on nearly equal terms. The fame of Vicksburg and its heroic resistance against this most persistent attack has outshadowned the memory of Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, San Sebastian, or Sebastopol.

Grant now realised that he could only reduce Vicksburg by investment and siege. It must be approached by trenches and hemmed in on all sides till it was starved out. For this the Federal general drew all his strength towards him, and filled up the long line of investment, fifteen miles in all, with troops. The men went into camp, whence they furnished large working parties to open trenches and conduct regular siege operations. There were eight principal lines of approach, all across difficult ground. The siege-train was very inadequate, but some heavy guns were borrowed from Admiral Porter's fleet. Engineer officers were also exceedingly scarce, and the want of them was made up by volunteers. It was the peculiar characteristic of the American armies in this war that men of all professions were to be found in the ranks.

Skilled labour—that of mechanics, engineers, handicraftsmen of all kinds, and the higher proficient to superintend—was always forthcoming. Then Grant was a host in himself, and he was ever ready to give his personal attention to direct and control the engineering operations throughout the siege.

A month of incessant labour now passed, chequered with great trials: worst of all was the great scarcity of water and the intense heat of the weather. As the time passed, and Vicksburg still held out, a fresh danger grew imminent. Grant heard on undoubted authority that Johnson was determined to try a great effort to raise the siege. He was hovering around north of the Big Black River with a large army, in Grant's rear, and might, if he could combine movements with the beleaguered garrison, give very serious trouble. At this moment, indeed, Grant was in a strange, not to say dangerous position. He was between two fires. In front of him was the fortress which he was besieging; behind was Johnson's army, so to speak, besieging him, for Grant had constructed a strong line of works from the Big Black River to the Gazoo, so as to cover him from Johnson's attack. Sherman was put in command of these defences, and would no doubt have resisted Johnson; still Grant's anxieties were immense, and it seemed quite possible that now at the eleventh hour the great prize for which he had fought might elude his grasp.

Matters were, however, growing from bad to worse within Vicksburg. Ammunition had always been scarce, especially copper caps. Now food also ran short. Rations were reduced to half; there was so little meat left that the issue of sugar, rice, and beans was increased. Prices had gone up to a fabulous extent. Flour was a pound sterling per pound; beef eight and ten shillings per pound. The poor were on the verge of starvation. Every building in the city had been struck by shot and shell; so many non-combatants, women, and children had been killed by the besiegers' fire, that the inhabitants largely sought shelter in caves dug out of the clay hillsides.

At last, on the 1st of July, Grant had pushed his approaches so close that he touched the enemy's ditches in some places; at others he could move up under cover to within a hundred yards. All was ready for a third assault, and the date was fixed for the 6th July. But already Pemberton was thinking of making terms. He had canvassed the opinions of his leading

generals as to surrender, and on the 3rd July he sent out a flag of truce with proposals to Grant. The end was at hand.

Pemberton, "anxious to save the further effusion of blood," asked for the appointment of commissioners to arrange for the capitulation. Grant replied stiffly that he could accept nothing but unconditional surrender. Pemberton declined at first, and said hostilities would be resumed. "Very well," replied Grant, as he dismissed the bearers of the flag of truce. But in the end he gave more generous terms. The garrison was to lay down its arms and be paroled; the officers alone were allowed to retain their side-arms and private property. On July 4th—the anniversary of American independence—the Vicksburg garrison marched out, and the Federals entered and took possession of the town.

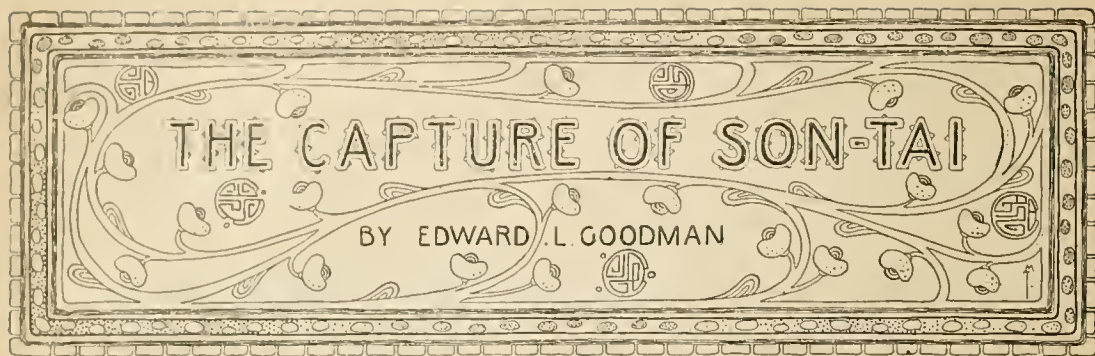
Thirty-one thousand men surrendered, among whom were 2,153 officers, fifteen of them generals, and 172 cannon were taken, "the largest capture of men and material," says Grant's historian, General Badeau, "ever made in war."

The news of the fall of Vicksburg was received with wild enthusiasm in the North. On the same day the Federals had won a great battle at Gettysburg, and the two victories "lifted a great load of anxiety from the minds of the President, his Cabinet, and the loyal people all over the North. The fate of the Confederacy"—I am quoting Grant's own words—"was sealed when Vicksburg fell. Much hard fighting was to be done afterwards, and many precious lives were to be sacrificed; but the *morale* was with the supporters of the Union ever afterwards."

It was Grant himself who did it.



GENERAL MACPHERSON.



THE colonial history of France contains few episodes more striking or more dramatic than those which took place during the Tonkinese expedition of 1883-1884. It is one of the most brilliant achievements of the Gallic arms during this campaign—the seizure by assault of Son-Tai—that we have now to tell.

In April, 1882, Hanoi, the capital city of Tonkin, was captured by the French; but they had a hard enough task to keep it. The Chinese made frequent attempts to regain it, and it was not until strong reinforcements entered in July, 1883, in the shape of the newly-formed naval brigade, under Admiral Courbet, who had been appointed commander-in-chief, that the holders of Hanoi felt at all secure.

Soon after his arrival in the city Admiral Courbet, who had received injunctions from his Government to conduct the campaign with energy, began to plan an extension of French conquests in the Delta—a considerable tract of country watered by the river Song-Koi and its affluents, containing several fortified towns—of which Son-Tai and Bac-Ninh were the chief—and considered as, in a military sense, the “key” to Tonkin.

The French commander had the choice of attacking first either of the two places mentioned; but after a little hesitation he resolved, for strong strategic reasons, to direct his attention to Son-Tai, leaving Bac-Ninh to be dealt with subsequently. Accordingly, active preparations were made for the expedition.

And here we must pause to give the reader some idea of the situation and defences of Son-Tai. The town is placed upon the Song-Koi—literally “West River,” known to the French as the “Fleuve Rouge,” or Red River—from whose bank it is distant about a mile due south, an almost straight road connecting the two

points. Hanoi lies some forty miles up stream from it. Son-Tai is built at the central and highest point of a tract of low-lying country. Although it may be said to owe but little to Nature for its defences, yet its proximity to the river, while rendering it open to assault on that side by any force possessing gunboats, undoubtedly gives it protection from any army able only to attack landwise.

The main portion of the fortifications consisted, in December, 1883, of a citadel covering a square space about 400 or 500 yards either way, with a semicircular battery and gate in the middle of each side, and surrounded by a ditch some fifty feet wide, which was crossed by a permanent stone bridge on the north or river side. Along the bank of the Song-Koi was an embankment twenty feet high and thick, which had been transformed into a powerful entrenchment, extending for three or four miles, touching the river near the village of Tien-Loc and trending to the west. North of Tien-Loc the embankment had been doubled, owing to an influx of water, and the two dykes enclosed a triangle, with a base of nearly a quarter of a mile, and a length from base to apex of about a mile and a quarter. A third of this space was under water, and impracticable for troops, and at the apex end there was a strong triangular work with casemated guns. Upon the dyke nearest the river were three small redoubts, and from the central one, called Phuc-Sa, the French named the entire works. Other entrenchments, armed with guns and protected by ingeniously-contrived palisades of pointed bamboos and stakes, offered further resistance to an attacking force. A regularly-constructed enceinte ran around the citadel in an oval form at a distance of about 800 yards from it.

The garrison of Son-Tai totalled some 25,000 men. Of these 10,000 were “Black Flag”

soldiers, under their celebrated chief Luu-Vinh-Phuoc (or Liu-Jung-Ku, as he was variously called). These warriors originated with Li-Hung-Chang, a leader of rebels at Canton, who in 1863 took refuge with his followers in Tonkin,

whom Admiral Courbet had at Hanoi he resolved to despatch about 6,000 fighting-men, together with 1,350 coolies. This force was divided into two columns. The left, comprising 3,450 troops and 250 coolies, was led by Lieutenant-Colonel



“THE ‘BLACK FLAG’ SOLDIER . . . DIED WITH HIS FACE TO THE FOE” (P. 392).

and soon became a formidable power, establishing an independent government of his own. Ten thousand regular Chinese troops and 5,000 Annamites made up the rest of the force, whose effectiveness was greatly diminished by lack of concord between Luu-Vinh-Phuoc and the Chinese mandarins.

By December 10th, 1883, all preparations were complete for the expedition. Out of the soldiers

Bélin, and was to go by land; the right, commanded by Colonel Bichot, consisted of 2,600 combatants and 1,100 coolies, and was to travel up the river. Each detachment included sections of Algerian Fusiliers (Turcos), marine infantry, engineers, artillery, and native (Annamite) auxiliaries. The river flotilla had at its head Captain Morel-Beaulieu, and comprised the gunboats *Pluvier*, *Trombe*, *Éclair*, *Hoche*, *Mousqueton*,

Yatagan, and *Fanfare*, three steam sloops, and over sixty merchant vessels and junks for the conveyance of troops and stores. Admiral Courbet commanded the whole expedition in person.

Early on the morning of December 11th the force set out. The vessels conveying the right column and its stores were soon under way, and at half-past three in the afternoon had reached the point of disembarkation, where the division was to await the co-operating troops. The land column marched steadily onward to the Day River, a tributary of the Song-Koi, which it was intended should be bridged by the engineer corps. Sufficient native craft and rafts, however, were not available, and the column, with its artillery, had to be ferried over. This slow process it was necessary to defer until the next day—the 12th—the whole of which was occupied in the operation. After a toilsome night-march the two columns became reunited on the morning of the 13th within a few miles of Son-Tai; but as the troops were very fatigued, there was nothing for it but to wait until daybreak on the 14th before resuming the march. Then the force proceeded, cheery and eager for the fray. The right column followed the dyke by the river bank, while the left pursued the Son-Tai road, the flotilla keeping abreast. A couple of hours' progress brought out the heads of the columns at Tien-Loc, at the junction of the dyke with the road, and after a brief artillery duel between the guns of the expedition and some Chinese in a small entrenchment the village was occupied by the French troops.

After carefully reconnoitring the ground, Admiral Courbet resolved to carry the Phuc-Sa works first of all, in order to secure a solid base for his subsequent operations against the town. Accordingly, at a few minutes before ten o'clock, the French artillery opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, whose outposts were quickly driven in, leaving the village of Linh-Chien in the occupation of the expeditionary force. Next, a severe cannonade was commenced both by the land artillery and by the guns of the fleet upon the central works of Phuc-Sa. The Chinese replied from a point some two or three hundred yards behind the embankment with a six-inch smooth-bore gun, which apparently was the only piece they could bring to bear upon the ships. This weapon, however, had hardly fired half a dozen shots before it was struck and dismantled by a well-directed shell from the gunboat *Éclair*. Henceforth a rifle fusilade was the sole means of

the defenders wherewith to contend against the heavy fire of the flotilla.

In the meantime the land attack was being developed, but the marshy nature of the ground rendered rapid progress difficult to the troops. Suddenly the Chinese made a remarkably plucky sortie from the east gate of the citadel, catching the French on the left flank. For a few minutes it was touch-and-go. Panic-stricken, the Algerian troops broke. But Courbet promptly ordered forward all his artillery, and in the face of the storm of shot and shell which was poured into their ranks the enemy gave way and fled.

About half-past four in the afternoon so much ground had been gained that the admiral ordered the final assault upon the entrenchments to be given. The fire from the fleet ceased, and at a given signal the French troops dashed forward with desperate eagerness. A company of Turcos under Colonel Jouneau, assailing the north side of the works, essayed to mount into it. A fearful fire was poured into them by the defenders, and nearly half their number rolled over. For a while confusion prevailed; then, reinforced by other and cooler troops, they pressed on, not without serious loss. The south side was also hotly beset by the Annamite soldiers, led by Captain Doucet, who fell shot dead in the moment of victory. In a few minutes both sides of the entrenchment were in the hands of the French, and the defenders were forced into the triangular work at the apex, which they held with desperate valour, pouring in a close and deadly fire upon the attackers. Captain Godinet, cheering on his men with a shout of "Forward!" dropped with a bullet in his heart, and Lieutenant Clavé was also slain. Discipline and bravery prevailed: the Chinese were hurled from their fastness, and the works were won. At a heavy cost, however; for during the half-hour's struggle no fewer than twenty-two officers and two hundred men of the French force had fallen, killed or wounded.

The attack upon the citadel itself was reserved for the morrow. The troops were tired by their long day's work, and it was necessary that they should strengthen themselves within their new position by the construction of certain entrenchments. This done, the attacking party bivouacked for the night. But "it is always the unexpected that happens," and so it proved now. Soon after one o'clock in the morning, when all the camp was sunk in slumber save for the sentries pacing their beats, a shower of rockets was discharged from behind the embankment on to

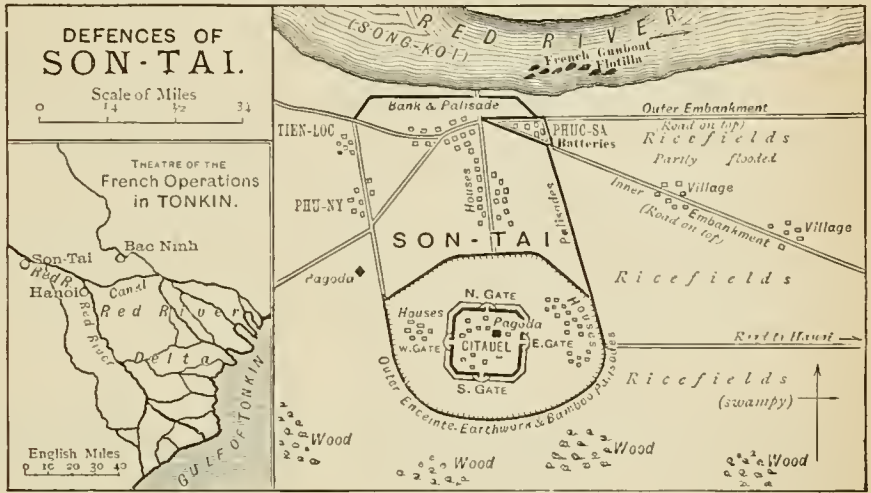
the thatched roofs of the huts in which the French soldiers were sleeping. Then fierce volleys flamed out, and the still air of the night was broken by the savage war-cries of the Chinese. It was a night attack, and the foe had fairly caught the invaders napping, literally as well as figuratively. The French troops turned out hastily, the Turcos among the first; but they were repulsed, and a score of their number were captured and slain. Fortunately, a company of marine infantry hurried to the rescue, and succeeded in driving back the enemy temporarily; but the attackers came on again and again with the utmost perseverance and pluck. A number of Chinese rushed to the foot of the stockade armed only with axes, with which they attempted to cut their way past the tough bamboo fencing. The French troops, utterly fatigued by the heavy day's fighting that they had already gone through, and demoralised by the rapidity and suddenness of the surprise, began to despair and to give way, when to their joy they heard the Chinese trumpets blare forth the "recall" and the enemy quickly drew off his forces, leaving many dead and wounded to show with what determination the assault had been carried out.

A few months later a Chinese officer, captured by the French, claimed to have been the leader of this gallantly-conceived night attack. He declared that he had with him only 300 men, and that he was led to make the attack on account of a reward of 200,000 dollars which Luu-Vinh-Phuoc had promised to give to the man who should recapture the works. He calculated, with accuracy, upon the French being worn out by their labours, and that he would have a comparatively easy task. He had not, however, made allowance for the vigilance exercised by the sentries of civilised armies.

The next day—or rather, the same day—was devoted to burying the slain and caring for the wounded, and the final attack upon the citadel

was further postponed. The French commander, however, in the afternoon made a flanking movement up the embankment, with a view to facilitating his assault upon the West Gate. No opposition was met with from the defenders, owing to dissension between Luu-Vinh-Phuoc and the Chinese mandarins as to the proper course to be pursued.

At daybreak on December 16th the French force began its attack upon the citadel. The outer enceinte was found to be a strongly-constructed earthwork, defended in front by a moat and a treble fence of bamboo. At the point where a gate led into it, the ditch was set with pointed bamboos, while a palisade of thick logs



covered the entrance. A plank bridge afforded means of crossing the moat, but the approach to it was guarded by a *chevaux de frise* of pointed stakes. Some few pieces of cannon were placed at this point, but they were mostly antiquated specimens of artillery, and so badly situated as to be capable of firing only straight ahead. Poor as they were, however, had they been handled with anything like skill and pluck they would have caused serious loss among the attackers.

After a smart tussle, the outlying village and temple of Phu-Ny were captured, and then the main attack upon the Western Gate was commenced. Under cover of a terrific fire from their artillery, posted on a hillock a few hundred yards away, the storming party advanced. Shells crashed in scores through the stockade, and, bursting inside, wrought havoc among the Chinese soldiers, who nevertheless fought obstinately. At length the bridge was crossed, and the forces

of France approached the portal. And here was seen an instance of cool and devoted bravery hardly excelled by that which was displayed by that other "captain of the gate" who held the Tiber bridge against the Tuscan host. There, told off to guard the narrow passage between the stockade and the wall, stood a gallant "Black Flag" soldier. His Winchester repeating rifle was in his hand, its magazine filled with cartridges. Although half the French force were at the gate, he quailed not. Shot after shot he fired, deliberately and calmly, and each bullet found its billet. Down went brave Captain Méhl, leader of the Foreign Legion, with a ball through his heart, and other attackers were slain; and when the stormers rushed in at last the heroic "Black Flag," true to his trust, died with his face to the foe, as a soldier should die. The French, quick to recognise bravery either in friend or enemy, buried him with military honours when the day's fight was over, at the gate which he defended so well.

The expeditionary force was in the town, but its work was not yet at an end. Luu-Vin-Phuoc and his followers disputed every inch of the long street entered by the gate, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the "Black Flag" chieftain's house, round which the last rally

centred, was taken and burnt. At the other—the east—side of the town the Algerian troops forced their way in after but slight resistance. In spite of this, and to the discredit of French arms, a regular sack took place, and it is impossible to say how many perished in the slaughter.

On the following day the victors formally took possession of the now deserted citadel. They captured over a hundred cannon, for the most part of ancient pattern and in dilapidated condition; a quantity of bar silver; rice and other provisions; rifles and ammunition; besides a number of horses and an elephant.

The French losses were heavy in proportion to the number of men they brought into action. Ninety-two officers and men were killed and 318 were wounded during the three days' fighting. Of these, three-fourths fell on the first day. The Chinese losses were never known with any accuracy, but probably at least a thousand soldiers perished, besides the people massacred by the Turco troops.

Thus was taken the town of Son-Tai, and this event, coupled with the previous capture of Hanoi and the subsequent storming of Bac-Ninh, firmly established the French in their occupation of Tonkin.



"LUU-VIN-PHUOC AND HIS FOLLOWERS DISPUTED EVERY INCH OF THE LONG STREET."



DENSE woods drooped under the burning heat of a Spanish July afternoon; the grass of the plain was scorched to a dull brown, and white dust lay thick on the roads that led to Talavera. The one-storied, red-tiled houses of the squalid town on the banks of the Tagus were reflected in the broad river, but the habitual siesta of its inhabitants was for once interrupted as, from the shadow of the ancient ramparts, they watched a British army drawn up in line of battle—a line stretching, with here and there a gap, until it rested on a steep hill, two miles away, beyond which again a chain of blue mountains rose against a cloudless sky.

It was a tattered line—patched, torn, and campaign-stained, and the dust of the roads had sullied it, dimming the scarlet of its coats. It was, moreover, a hungry, half-starved line, having lived for many days on a handful of *raw wheat* and a draught of water, or a species of field-pea called *corovanzen*, by way of rations. There were rough detachments and undrilled lads among its regiments, some still wearing militia badges on their appointments, as many of our men did afterwards at Waterloo; but nevertheless they were waiting for the French, who were somewhere across a little river hidden by the woods in their front, beyond the Casa de Salinas, where Sir Arthur Wellesley lay with the outposts, 10,000 Spaniards under Cuesta being strongly posted on the skirt of the forest, nearer to the town itself.

The plain that stretched before the line was level, and well grown with olives and handsome cork-trees; and on the 27th July, 1809, it was baked and dry, the passage of a single horseman being sufficient to raise a great cloud as the sun beat fiercely down.

King Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Emperor, was marching to oppose our further progress into Spain, and when the clocks of

Talavera were striking three the divisions of Ruffin and Lapisse, having forded the Alberche, came through the forest, with their cartouches-belts and red epaulettes worn outside long white linen overcoats, and debouched so suddenly that our leader was nearly captured in the *Casa*, and the outpost was thrown into momentary confusion.

The young, untrained troops lost their heads, fired on each other, and were driven into the open, the gallant "Old Stubbons"—as the 45th were nicknamed—and the 5th Battalion of the 60th Regiment alone remaining firm, and receiving the French with a heavy fire from the well-known "Brown Bess" and the Baker rifle.

After 400 of our men had fallen, and a goodly number of the enemy, the French paused, and our two brigades retired step by step, under cover of our light dragoons, to take up their position in the main line, which had eagerly listened to the rattle of the musketry and watched the smoke drifting slowly away above the tree-tops.

With drums beating, and the sun pouring on them until the brass eagles on their shackles glowed like gold—with the bold assurance of men whose colours bore the magic names of a score of battles won beyond the Rhine against Germany, Austria, and Russia—the veteran soldiery of the Empire came proudly on, their artillery unlimbering to open a cannonade against our left wing, while their green Chasseurs trotted forward to discover the position of the Spaniards.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had taken great precautions in posting our allies, who were placed behind mud walls and high banks between our right and the town, screened still further by the cork woods and barriers of felled timber and the buildings of a large convent, whose musical chime went unheeded amid the strife; but he had no confidence in them, and events proved him to be right.

The character of their leader is well indicated in a perfectly true incident which happened some time before Talavera was fought. Sir Arthur, wishing to give battle on one occasion, sent to tell Cuesta and to desire his support. The ancient tyrant, thinking the enemy would make a stand, replied that, the day being Sunday, his conscience would not allow him to fight; but, hearing directly after that the French were retreating, his religious scruples vanished and he intimated his readiness to engage! No pen can picture the wretch in his true infamy, and his villainous countenance was a fit index to the craven soul within.

The Chasseurs soon discovered the Spaniards through the screen of leaves, and, cocking their carbines and pistols, sent some balls whistling among them.

For a moment there was a returning fire, but the next instant, without warning, *ten thousand* able-bodied cowards turned tail and fled helter-skelter to the rear, carrying with them artillery, stores, and baggage-waggons, Cuesta himself being driven hurriedly off in a lumbering coach-and-six, amid a crowd of grenadiers in white and linesmen in brown, tumbling over each other in their frantic fear, and spreading the report that we were beaten and all was over!

A few remained, and after a while a few more returned, driving off the enemy, who fell back in confusion; but six thousand of the scamps had melted into air—a fair sample of the Spanish valour of Peninsular days and the difficulties our general had to encounter.

We meanwhile were emptying many a saddle, and more than one bold chasseur was dragged away dangling to his stirrup iron in that encounter, which was the first of the three precursors of the sanguinary hand-to-hand battle of Talavera.

Close to a large field redoubt the Oporto road bisected our position, and Brigadier-General Campbell's division stood there in two lines, on their left being Sherbrooke's division—the 1st Battalion of the Coldstreams and 3rd Guards—with Mackenzie's men behind them, panting from their recent skirmish at the *Casa*.

To the left of the Guards were the King's German Legion, their artillery posted on the slope of the height that bounded our line, and which was also occupied by Rowland Hill's 2nd Division, with our cavalry in their rear—10,846 men only on whom we could depend, to oppose 50,000 veterans under Marshals Jourdan

and Victor, with such well-known generals as Villatte, Lapisse, Ruffin, Sebastiani, Latour-Maubourg, and Milhaud to execute their commands.

* * * * *

The last gleam of the setting sun was fading from the spires of the town, and twilight had already begun to shroud the two hostile armies, when they came at us again, making a desperate attempt to seize the hill, Ruffin's division rushing forward with great rolling of drums on Colonel Donkin's brigade posted there.

Luckily, two regiments lost their way in a ravine, and the 9th arrived alone, thus giving us time to bring up reinforcements before Villatte and Lapisse reached our line; but as it was, some of the bold fellows got round in the dusk and climbed the height, from which they fired down on to Donkin's men, who were taken in front and rear.

Rowland Hill was ordering on the 48th when bullets began to rain round him, and thinking that some of our lads were aiming in the wrong direction, he rode up the rising ground with his brigade-major, Fordyce, to find himself instantly surrounded by the enemy.

A grenadier wounded his horse and grabbed at the bridle, but the general spurred so violently that he broke away, and, leaving Fordyce dead, galloped down again to meet the 29th, which he led back at the charge.

The Worcestershires, with bayonets lowered, made short work of the daring 9th, and pitched them over into the valley; but red flashes came from the darkness as two other French columns advanced. The whole of our line stood to arms, cartridges were bitten and ranks dressed, while the brass drums kept up their dull roar, amid cries of "*En avant!*" "Steady there!" "Make ready, present, fire!" and all the jumble of sounds and shouting that told of a deadly combat.

Villatte—who, to his immortal honour, refused in after years to sit in judgment on Marshal Ney—urged his horse forward and brandished his sword in vain; in vain the gallant Lapisse—formerly colonel of the famous 57th Demi-brigade—pushed his men on against the German Legion until his feint attack became a real one. The British kept their ground, cheering as they reloaded, and closing up the ranks as man after man sank bleeding on the withered herbage, until Victor drew off and silence fell over the plain. The wounded crawled towards their own lines, where bright bivouac fires were soon

blazing; but 1,000 Frenchmen and 800 of the allies lay stark and stiff in the starlight.

During the short summer night there were several alarms that kept us on the alert, though they arose principally from our Spanish friends, who suddenly began firing at nothing at all, with no object whatever; but with the dawn of the 28th the serious business of war recommenced. The French beat the *pas-de-charge*—known as "old trousers" by our men—and Ruffin again advanced to turn the coveted hill, followed by Villatte, and heralded by a cannonade that mowed us down by sections.

From the openness of the plain in front of our position—for the Spaniards had all the cover to themselves—we could see the enemy's masses and the French officers flying from one division to another. They, on the other hand, had a precipitous hill before them, dotted here and there with patches of dingy red above which the grey smoke floated—dangerous patches which resolved themselves into companies and battalions as they approached them at a quick step. There is something grim and soldierly in the clean-shaven faces of our Peninsular infantry, with the little tufts of side-whisker then in vogue as we see them in the prints of the time; and grim they must have looked to the enemy on that Talavera morning, with the sunrise lighting up their bayonets and the pikes of the sergeants, as they awaited the attack unflinching under the fire of the guns.

As the grenadiers and light infantry neared our position, the cannoniers turned their pieces on the centre and right of the British, leaving the hill to the stormers, who approached at a run on two sides, shouting loudly.

Rocks and ridges, grassy dips and hollows, broke the compact columns as they got within arm's length, and the attack became a series of little struggles where all formation was lost, and each man fought for himself.

Kentish Buffs clubbed their muskets and hewed at the moustached veterans of Jéna and Austerlitz; the Connaught Ranger and the *enfant de Paris* grappled with each other and rolled down the slope strewn with ammunition-paper and cartridge-cases.

The vicious little curved *briquet* of the French officer flashed in the sunlight and met the regulation sword of our subaltern, generally in favour of the former; for we were behind them in the use of small arms, as in many other things. Some of their men mounted the height, and were dislodged with difficulty. Hill was

wounded, and many of our best and bravest met a soldier's death with the hurrahs of their comrades ringing in their ears. But inch by inch we forced them back, and after a fiendish forty minutes they retired in disorder, with the loss of no less than *fifteen hundred*, to the shelter of their batteries.

Sir Arthur sent to Cuesta for artillery, but the cowardly Spaniard only responded with two guns, though the Duke of Albuquerque came up on his own account with a fine brigade of Spanish horse, disgusted at the conduct of the old tyrant, who after the battle began to shoot his runaways for following an example he had himself set them on many occasions.

King Joseph now reconnoitred our line with a glittering Staff, and held a council of war at which Jourdan and Victor violently opposed each other in a way that seriously embarrassed poor Joseph, at heart an amiable, good-natured fellow, but a mere cat's-paw in the hands of his ambitious brother.

Marshal Jourdan, who had been so frequently beaten in battle that the soldiers christened him "the anvil," was in favour of taking up a position and waiting for Soult to arrive; but Victor, smarting under his three repulses, urged the king to reopen the conflict, promising to carry the hill if they would attack along our whole line simultaneously. The greatest indecision prevailed, but the king eventually gave in to Victor against his own better judgment, afraid lest Napoleon should rebuke him for neglecting an opportunity. Sir Arthur Wellesley sat on the summit of the hill, calm and cool under a fearful weight of responsibility, and when Albuquerque sent to tell him that Cuesta was about to betray him, he listened to the news without turning his head and observed quietly to the officer: "Very well; you may return to your brigade."

Our "General of Sepoys," as he was contemptuously called in some quarters, had full confidence in his own powers, and continued to gaze across the plain, where our thirsty men mingled with the enemy at the stream, forgetting for a time their mutual animosity.

This may seem a strange statement, but the history of that war is full of generous instances on the part of both armies. Many courtesies were exchanged between brave fellows who, perhaps, next day met in mortal combat; sentries would often chat, and obtain a light for their pipes from each other, or the French bands give concerts for the benefit of our men.

The British cavalry, which had gone some distance to water their horses, had now returned and drew up behind the hill. Several hundred infantry came back from their duty of bearing the wounded to a place of safety, and were mistaken by the enemy for Sir Robert Wilson's corps; and now the drums and bugles recalled each army to its ranks, as the French eagles were uncased about half-past one.

The day was intensely hot; a blue sky stretched in unclouded brilliancy overhead, and every feature of the landscape showed with great distinctness, except where the dust rose round

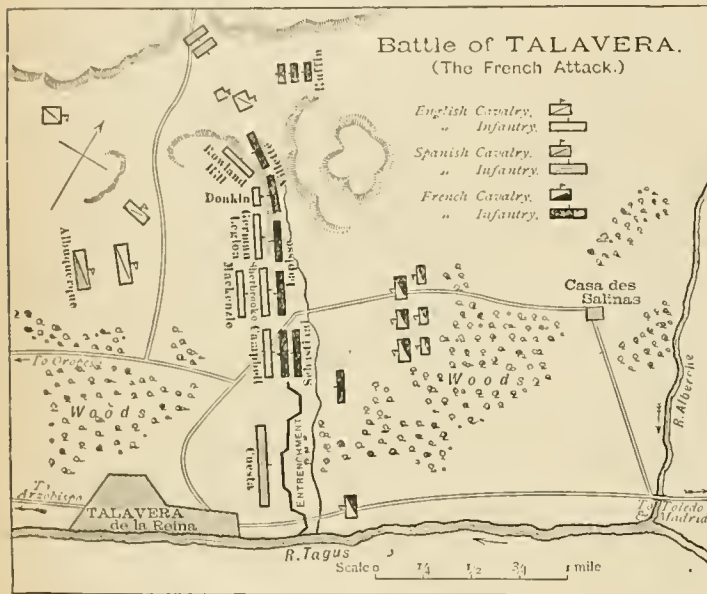
back in the seventeenth century—and the crimson facings of the 10th, lending a touch of bright colour to the array, further increased by the brass helmets of the 1st and 4th Dragoons, with gay scarlet revers to their green coats.

In rear of Villatte a bunch of red-and-white pennons showed where the Polish Lancers stood, stern troopers from the Vistula with light yellow plastrons and blue uniforms, and a great cloud of the ubiquitous dust betrayed King Joseph's Guards marching up in reserve.

The people of Talavera, once more on the ramparts, saw a movement agitate the four

French columns; eighty tongues of flame darted from the cannon behind them; eighty puffs of white smoke mingled into a dense pall which threw its shadow along the plain, followed by a mighty crash that set the horses rearing and made the Spaniards tremble in their security. Marshal Victor had given the signal, the enemy sprang forward, and the battle proper, to which the other affairs had been merely preludes, began.

The 4th Corps was the first to reach us, the active little *fantassins* scouring over the ground and flinging themselves upon our 4th Division, only to be impaled on the bayonets of the 7th Fusiliers and the "Old Five-and-Threepennies," which



the mustering men, whose accoutrements and flashing bayonets scintillated in the glare.

Eighty pieces of cannon stood ominously silent, waiting the touch of the dark-blue uniformed artillerymen to vomit death among us. Three strong brigades of infantry with mounted officers were drawn up in columns, the silk tri-colours drooping in the breathless air, each ensign flanked by two *sergents-porte-aigles*, chosen from the most valiant in the ranks who could neither read nor write, and hence could not hope for promotion, and whose honourable duty it was to guard the eagle with their lives, carrying a formidable halbert and a brace of pistols for that purpose.

Behind the infantry were long lines of horsemen, the tall yellow-and-black plumes of the 5th French Chasseurs—whose first colonel, D'Andigeau, was a romantic Spanish brigand far

was the cant name of the 53rd Shropshire; while the 5th Battalion of the 60th, in whose ranks were many Germans, emptied their rifles into them again and again. The universal practice of Napoleon's armies was to send a cloud of light infantry against the enemy, preceded by a cannonade and followed by the line. It was the light infantry that Campbell's regiments had repulsed, and as the column behind came through the dust General Mackenzie's men and some Spaniards stepped out to help the 4th Division, reserving their fire until they came to close quarters.

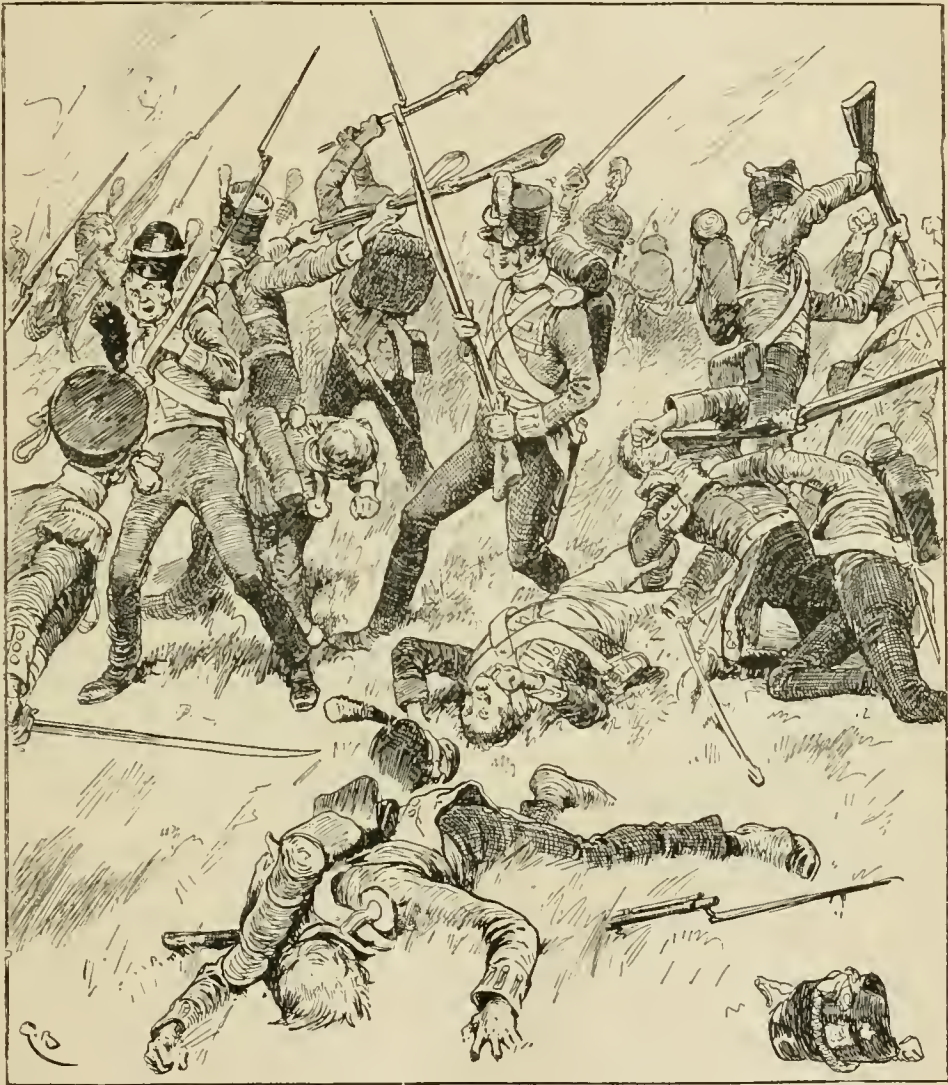
Sir Arthur watched the combat from the hill, and seeing Ruffin creeping round to turn our left, and Villatte advancing at the double in front, he sent orders to Anson's cavalry to charge down the valley which lay between the mountains and our friendly eminence.

"Squadrons, march!" rang the trumpets, and two gallant corps—the 1st King's German Legion Hussars and our 23rd Light Dragoons—moved off and trotted towards Villatte.

The 23rd, in blue with crimson facings and huge bearskin crests surmounting their helmets,

Hill's division cheering lustily as they thundered past the height.

Within thirty yards of the squares there lay a hidden gully, quite concealed by the long grass until you came close on to it, and which history has exalted into alarming proportions, like the



"ALL FORMATION WAS LOST, AND EACH MAN FOUGHT FOR HIMSELF" (p. 395).

rode on the right of the Hussars, whose yellow-braided pelisses and scarlet busby bags floated gracefully out when they got under way and the trot merged into a canter.

Villatte threw his men into three squares and began firing; steel scabbard and black sabretache clashed and jingled as the canter became a hand-gallop and the trumpets sounded "Charge!"—

very much overrated "sunken road of Ohain;" but, although it was only eight feet deep by from twelve to eighteen in width at its worst part, it was still an obstacle bound to disorder a charging squadron, and the watchers on the hill saw the Germans rein up, as Arentschild pulled his horse on to the crupper and cried, "Halt! I will not kill my young mens!"

Some of the Hussars, nevertheless, jumped it and continued their way, and the 23rd, who arrived at a spot where the hollow was broader but much more shallow, dipped into it at full speed, lost their formation as some of the horses fell, and scrambled up the opposite bank in twos and threes, having lost their impetus and order, but not their hearts, for they rode right through the intervals of the squares before them, and laid about them gallantly with their half-moon sabres on the green Chasseurs.

Their triumph was short. Colonel Seymour was hurt, and Major Frederick Ponsonby led, gallantly as was his wont; but down came the Polish Lancers and the Westphalian Chevaux-Légers; the 23rd were outnumbered, cut down, and ridden over; and although a few got back, amid the redoubled cheering of our infantry, 207 lay under their horses, the loss of the 1st Hussars being also heavy—37 men and 64 mounts.

While this incident was enacted, Campbell and Mackenzie had closed with the main body of the 4th Corps, under the brave Corsican general, Count Porta Horace Sebastiani, and a furious struggle took place, the carnage on both sides being horrible.

At Talavera French and English fought hand to hand, the French having the advantage of length in their musket-barrels, although our Brown Bess bayonets were longer than theirs. We were half-starved into the bargain, but we possessed that historic characteristic of never knowing when we were beaten.

The huge silk colours were riddled with balls; writhing groups of mutilated wounded screamed piteously as they were trampled under foot. It was more like a *mêlée* of the Middle Ages than a nineteenth-century battle; for men got at each other and hit hard, the blood spurting right and left until the musket-butts, and the trodden grass, and every bayonet in the division was red with it, while the cannon-balls came *whanging* and tearing into the throng, and we smashed and smote blindly through the smoke and sand.

"Forward, forward!" was the cry, and with tremendous cheering we sent Sebastiani's veterans back and captured ten guns, a regiment of Spanish horse cutting in as they tried to rally, and driving the 4th Corps to the rear.

Sir Arthur thanked the 2nd Battalion of the Fusiliers; but Lapisse's drums turned all eyes on the hill again, and the German Legion, who were assailed with fury in their turn.

Magnificent as the Hanoverians always proved themselves while they were in our service—

equal, and in some points superior even, to our troops, whose uniform they wore—the impetuosity of this attack shook them. Sherbrooke's Guards were shattered at the same moment by the French artillery, and the very centre of our line was broken.

The Guards charged valiantly, and were for an instant successful, but they advanced too far and there was great confusion. Von Rettberg's battery pounded steadily, and Bombardier Dierking won the notice of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who exclaimed, "Very well, my boy!" clapping him on the back as shot after shot fell into the middle of the enemy; but the situation was most critical.

Our leader ordered Stapleton Cotton up with his cavalry, sending to Colonel Donellan to bring the 48th from the hill; and soon the broad buff regimental banner was seen approaching side by side with the king's colour, as the North-amptons marched proudly into the disorder, wheeling back by companies to let the retiring jumble through and then resuming their steady line, shoulder to shoulder.

Gallant Lapisse lay dying on the grass, his life-blood welling out over the general's gold aiguillette; but his column, hot with victory, had penetrated our centre, and were making the most of a triumph destined to be short.

The sun had got behind us, for it was afternoon, and the band of purple shadow that preceded the scarlet line of the 48th was ominous of the disaster about to fall on the Frenchmen.

Taking the column on its right, the Northamptonshire poured a tremendous volley into it and closed with the bayonet.

Colonel Donellan fell mortally wounded near the gruesome masses of dead guardsmen, 600 of whom were slaughtered there; but even in his agony the fine old man remembered his regiment, and raising his three-cornered Nivernois hat—the last seen in our service—he desired Major Middlemore to take command, sinking back with dimmed eyes as the stout fellows faded from his sight for ever.

Like an avalanche the 48th fell on the column and checked its progress, giving the Guards and the Germans time to rally; then another hand-to-hand struggle began, fiercer if possible than the last, for we were fighting desperately to recover lost ground, and two of the bravest nations in the world strove for mastery, loud and long.

Those who could not get to the front held aloof, and fired shot after shot wherever they saw

an enemy ; men wrestled and rolled over, clutching at each other ; fists were used when weapons were broken ; bearded Sapeurs in bearskin caps and white leather aprons hewed with their axes as though our men had been the walls of a fortress ; officers in topboots shouted themselves hoarse ; and Dermoncourt's 1st Dragoons slashed and pointed in the most frantic attempt to break us ; but our order was restored by the example of the Northamptonshire, and our cavalry came up at a trot with sabres in hand.

Nearly all the Staff were either unhorsed or wounded, and Sir Arthur was hit on the shoulder, but not seriously. Ruffin hesitated beyond the valley, and was lost ; Lapisse lay dead, and Sebastiani was in disorder. King Joseph's reserves and his Guard had not been engaged, but the French morale was shaken and we began to cheer—a pretty usual sign that we were conquering.

The artillery still continued ; but little by little the enemy retreated to their own side of the plain, and about six o'clock the battle was over.

Towards the end, while the shot was plunging around Von Rettberg's battery, a distinguished act of heroism was performed by Sergeant Bostelmann, who was bringing ammunition up from the waggons in the rear. The dry grass caught fire, scorching the wounded and burning some of them to death, and it threatened the powder as the flames ran rapidly across the heath.

With four brave gunners named Luttermann, Zingreve, Warnecke, and Lind, the sergeant dragged each wagon, four in all, to a place of safety behind a trench, heedless of the fact that they might all be blown to atoms in an instant should *one* of the tempest of balls strike their dangerous charge ; and after superhuman efforts all the waggons were saved and galloped down the road beyond, when the limber teams arrived, Bostelmann being publicly thanked, and afterwards receiving a commission.

Fearful was the slaughter when men found time to look around them.

Generals Mackenzie and Von Langwerth of the Legion were killed, and 31 other officers, with 767 rank and file ; 3 generals, 192 officers, 3,718 sergeants and men wounded, and 652 of all ranks missing ; or a total on our side of 6,268 during the two days. Of these the 7th Fusiliers lost 65, and the German Legion nearly 1,500 and 88 horses ; while other corps counted their casualties in varying proportion.

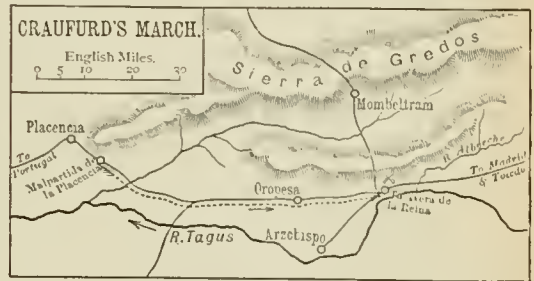
One strange incident reaches us from the private journal of an English officer to whose friend it occurred : the enemy, seeing him to be

badly wounded and in great pain, requested his permission *to put him out of his misery*. Needless to say, he declined with thanks !

The French are reported to have lost 10,000 men, 2 generals, and 17 guns, the prudent Napier giving the number at between 7,000 and 8,000. Truly an awful feast of blood and woe !

Again the bivouac fires flared up in the darkness, and the surgeons were busy on each side. We were too weary and too weakened to press in pursuit, and both armies remained all night within range of each other, ours suffering in addition from hunger—the commissariat, as usual, unequal to its duties, and death threatening any who attempted to plunder.

Bread had not been issued since the 22nd ; men were pale with exhaustion and sick for want of food, but there was no grumbling ; although in Talavera alone there was enough



corn concealed by the unspeakable Spaniards to have lasted our army a whole month !

In the morning the search parties of the German Legion discovered three blue standard-poles among their dead, and after a ghastly hunt Captain von Düring, of the 5th Battalion, found the brass eagles belonging to them.

A burst of military music rose unexpectedly, and shading their eyes from the sun which again beat down on the now corpse-covered plain, our army saw Craufurd's light division march proudly in, too late to take part in the battle, although their efforts to arrive in time have made their march historic. The iron warrior, whose stern discipline rivalled that of Martinet, the celebrated colonel of the Regiment du Roi under Louis XIV., had halted his men, after a twenty-mile tramp, near Malpartida de Placencia, and they were cooking their meagre rations when Spanish fugitives hurried up with a report of our defeat.

"Buglers, sound the 'fall in!'" cried Craufurd, buckling on his sword-belt ; and there and then, after selecting fifty of the weakest to remain behind, he marched off with his three regiments—the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Light

Infantry—covering *sixty-two* English miles in *twenty-six* hours, every man carrying sixty pounds on his shoulders.

Although it was the hottest season of the year, only seventeen stragglers dropped behind—a glorious record of British endurance and

squadron after squadron, gazed with sullen anger at the tattered British line, now sadly thinned, which had maintained its position in spite of them, and which still stood to arms in the pearly haze of the morning. The dull tap of the drums grew fainter; the rumble of caissons, and




DEATH OF COLONEL DONELLAN.

eagerness for the fray, the division taking over the outpost duty immediately on its arrival.

Before this, however, with the first gleam of daylight, the French army left its gory bivouac.

For the last time the dust floated along the edge of the forest, and whitened the foliage of the cork trees; regiment after regiment,

waggons heavy with the wounded, died away; the Lancers wheeled in a cloud and followed, and the sunshine burned in a dazzling blaze on the brass helmets of the vanquished Dragoons. Then the woods hid them; the crows and the vultures settled undisturbed as the dust subsided—the French army was gone!



Castelfidardo.

By John Augustus O'Shea

WHEN Lombardy reverted to Italy after the war of 1859, the idea of a free and united peninsula became robust.

In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies the popular dissatisfaction rose until it came to a head on the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, and it was felt that the seizure of Umbria and the Marches was the complement of the annexation by popular vote of the Duchies and the Romagna to Victor Emmanuel, pending the time when Venice could be wrested from the Austrians and Rome could be entered by the dynasty of Savoy.

The first overt act of hostility against the Pope had showed itself at Perugia, the chief town of Umbria, where Joachim Pecci, now Leo XIII., was bishop, by a street rising of the discontented on the 20th of June, 1859. This was put down by General Schmid, of the Pontifical army, and picked Swiss troops, with rigour and, some said, with a needless severity.

When the undreamt-of success of the Red Shirts in the South the following year startled the world, Cavour saw that to Garibaldi the credit would accrue of conquering Francis II., if Victor Emmanuel did not intervene to overawe the revolution and tie it to his own leading-strings. But the French were in Rome, and pledged by the Emperor Napoleon to hold the patrimony of Peter against all assailants; and to join the followers of Garibaldi it was imperative to transport a costly expedition by long sea, or to make a shorter journey overland by crossing the Papal territory in Central Italy.

La Moricière was entrusted with the defence of this territory. On the 3rd of May he had responded to an appeal of Pio Nono and had put himself at the head of the Papal army, which he at once proceeded to organise and strengthen for all adequate services, by which he did not contemplate resisting an invasion by a regular Power, but simply the maintaining of peace

within and the guarding against revolutionary incursions.

La Moricière was a Breton, and a soldier of high military repute. He was the comrade of Bugeaud, Pélissier, and others in Algeria; had compassed the downfall of Abd-el-Kader in 1847; led the troops who drove the Red Republicans to the left bank of the Seine at Paris in June, 1848, but in the Assembly had voted against the expedition to Rome. However, when he was imprisoned for objecting to the *coup d'état* by the Prince-President, he seemed to have acquired an austere religious bias and a bent towards the Vatican.

As soon as Victor Emmanuel resolved to send his homogeneous and seasoned troops to invade the Pope's country, La Moricière saw that his task was hopeless. His heterogeneous levies were ill-equipped and badly-disciplined, and in far weaker numbers. His forces consisted of a few hastily-improvised batteries of artillery, on foot and mounted; some regiments of Swiss and Italian infantry (the latter of a sorry, scarecrow type); Austrians, who could be depended upon; a corps of Franco-Belgians, uniformed as Zouaves; dragons, gendarmes, guides formed into a *corps d'élite* of the Legitimist nobility, each private ranking with a lieutenant of the line; and a body of Irish volunteers. These latter were called mercenaries, but so little of the hireling was in the majority of them that they refused the bounty of twenty *scudi* and were free-handed with their own small money. They were mostly peasants, with a sprinkling of students, clerks, and artisans, ex-policemen and be-medalled veterans of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny. Beyond their not very luxurious rations they received only about twopence each day. The control of these men was given to Mr. Myles O'Reilly, a former captain in the Louth Militia, and under him served such captains as O'Mahoney and Murray of the

Austrian army, Count Russell de Killoghy, and O'Carroll, a former subaltern of the 18th Royal Irish. A Baron de Guttenberg, a Bavarian, acted as adjutant-major.

La Moricière hated the revolution, which he compared with Islamism, against which he had been arrayed for the greater portion of his previous career; but he bluntly admitted that to send him against a standing army with such resources as he had was like pitting one against ten, or asking a man with a pistol at 150 paces to match himself with an adversary armed with a carbine. And yet that was the task that was set him and his army of 11,000 men, many dispersed over widely separate stations.

On the afternoon of September 10th, Captain Farini, aide-de-camp to General Fanti, Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Piedmontese army, arrived at the headquarters of La Moricière, at Spoleto, bearing a message from his chief intimating that by order of the king he would occupy Umbria and the Marches in any of three cases: Firstly, if the Papal troops had to use force to put down national manifestations (that is, manifestations on behalf of United Italy or Victor Emmanuel himself) in the cities held by them; next, if the Papal troops were ordered to march upon any city where manifestations had taken place; and lastly, if, such manifestations having been repressed, the Papal troops were not forthwith withdrawn, so as to leave the locality free to express its will.

La Moricière was indignant at this summons, and replied that he had no authority to reply to such a communication without reference to Rome, and explained to Captain Farini that he might have been spared the humiliation of being asked to evacuate the provinces without striking a blow. An open declaration of war would have been franker.

After dinner a telegram from Fanti arrived ordering Farini back without waiting for a reply, which was equivalent to the desired formal outbreak of hostilities; and on the following day a Piedmontese general—Cialdini, who led a brigade at the Tchernaya, in the Crimea—crossed *la Cattolica*, the imaginary frontier-line between Rimini and Pesaro, and advanced to the attack of the latter Papal fortress.

At the same time that this invasion was made by the coast, Fanti pushed into Umbria by a mountain pass and descended along the west of the Apennines, and a third column, spreading fan-like in the middle, preserved the connection

between both. On the same evening Monsignor de Merode sent a despatch that Napoleon had written to Victor Emmanuel, broadly hinting that he would find France opposed to him if he entered the dominions of the Pope. A proclamation to this effect was made to the Papal army, by whom it was believed and hailed with satisfaction.

Pesaro was held by Colonel Zappi with about 400 men, including a half-battalion of Germans under Count Zichy, detached from Ancona, and three guns. For two-and-twenty hours he offered a stout resistance, and then, driven to the last extremity by the number of the enemy, computed at 8,000, he was compelled to surrender.

It leaked out that bands in the interest of the Piedmontese had broken in on the morning of the preceding 9th on the Pontifical territory at Fossombrone, Urbino, and Città del Piève, to the north of Ancona. A brigade of Papalini under General de Courten, a Swiss officer, was directed on Fossombrone, with orders to push on to Urbino, manœuvring to keep in touch with Ancona, which was the base of operations. This column, discovering that Senigaglia was occupied by a Piedmontese division, made a slight retrograde turn so as to pass the Misa stream at about two leagues from its mouth; and here occurred the first affair in the open in the brief campaign, which was brisk and nowise discreditable to the weaker side. The Piedmontese, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, bestirred themselves and attempted to intercept and enmesh the Papalini. The leading column of the latter, mostly Austrians, which was commanded by Colonel Kanzler, were not to be cowed without a stiff fight. Shortly after mid-day on September 13th they seized a position at Sant' Angelo, and, with their small force of 1,200 men and a couple of field-pieces, gave challenge to the enemy. Coherent accounts by eye-witnesses of this encounter are lacking, but it is agreed that it was sharp, that some brilliant onsets by the Piedmontese cavalry were baffled, and that the Papalini, having received word to fall back before the overwhelming clouds of the Piedmontese, retired doggedly until they finally wore out the pursuit. It was an overthrow most obstinately denied, not a rout; but 150 of Kanzler's force were left behind, after four hours' unequal strife. It was five before the last discharges died away, and the heated and tired combatants took up the line of retreat unmolested further. Harassed and leg-wearied, they

entered Ancona, after their fatiguing trudge over hilly paths to the coast-road, where their hot cheeks were fanned by the Adriatic breezes. As the garrison was roused in the darkest small hours to the martial strains of their band, the writer, who was with those who welcomed their entry, is bound to say they stepped out with the clation of men who had done their duty.

As an example of how trivial matters, at such a moment, will impress themselves on the memory, the recollection of a great shaggy dog, with lolling tongue, shuffling under the big drum, will never be effaced.

In the meantime La Moricière, with the bulk of his small army, was prosecuting his way from the interior to the sea, under a sweltering sun, by steep and dusty courses. Of a necessity his progress was slow, as his guns were feebly horsed, he was without regular baggage train, and his vanguard had to be vigilantly warded from ambush. Perugia and Spoleto, in his rear, were both gobbled

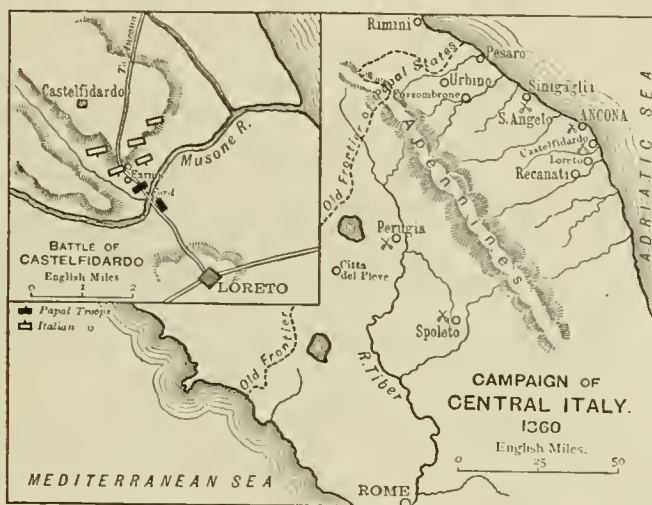
after short bites. Perugia was occupied by a company of the Irish and a battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the line. The germ of mutiny showed itself in a portion of the latter. After three hours' interchange of gunpowder—desultory skirmishing under cover in the streets for the most part—De Sonnaz, the Piedmontese general, sent word to General Schmid that it was useless to prolong resistance, as Fanti was nigh and would speedily reinforce him. A suspension of arms for five hours was stipulated, and at its expiration, Fanti having in the meantime arrived, terms were arranged and the fortress was handed over to the Piedmontese.

Spoleto, with 589 of a garrison—more than half of whom were Irish and the rest Italians, Swiss, and Austrians, with a handful of invalided Franco-Belgians—sustained a well-concerted attack almost from breakfast-hour to dusk. Major O'Reilly was in command, and although un-

accustomed to fight, and allowed a truce early, made excellent play with his untried soldiers and his two old iron guns with worn carriages. He placed his own corps at the gate and a wall near it and a breach covered with palisades, and the Franco-Belgians in a post of vantage adjacent. General Brignone, having established four batteries, opened on the keep with shot and shell after eight o'clock on the 17th, his rifles keeping up an incessant peppering from the surrounding hills. Having exhausted seven hours with this preliminary pounding and popping, it was thought that the moment for assault had arrived, and a column of *bersaglieri* and grenadiers, led by Brignone himself, formed in the

causeway before the gate. O'Reilly had but one of his iron guns available now, and having drawn it to the entrance, and loading it to the muzzle with grape-shot, he banged twice at the nearing Piedmontese, and a furious sheet of musketry swept their front and laid so many of

the rest had to seek shelter in retreat. The corpses of nine *bersaglieri* littered the soil. So vigorously had the offensive been pushed, that one Irish officer at the barrier, Lieutenant Crean, a burly stripling from Tipperary, was wounded in the arm by a bayonet-thrust from a pioneer. The assault was not renewed, but the batteries, to which another had now been added, resumed their attentions, some companies of *bersaglieri* aiding with a well-nourished fusillade. Twice had the roof and the rooms near the powder magazine been set in flames by shells, and twice had the kindling conflagration been got under with some trouble. About seven o'clock, as the torrid warmth of the day was declining, capitulation was offered, the defences being much shattered and the ammunition beginning to fail. O'Reilly saw the wisdom of yielding, although he had had comparatively few casualties; for his own men needed



rest and food, and the Italians, who had been hiding in cellars during the hurly-burly, were not to be trusted in a night attack. But he was granted honourable conditions, in token of his valiant defence. Fanti by this was in undisputed possession of the entire upper valley of the Tiber.

Returning to La Moricière, he managed to send

On the very day that Spoleto fell, news was brought that Ancona was likely to be beset by a powerful fleet under the Piedmontese admiral, Persano; therefore it was more than ever imperative for him to penetrate to that, the last stronghold of the Papal power outside of Rome. The Emperor of the French might at last relent, or Austria might interpose. To Ancona he was



ANCONA.

a despatch to Ancona, which was received there on the 15th, confirming his advance thither, and terminating with this warning: "Defend the approaches of the place courageously, and rally to the sound of my cannon." A proclamation was simultaneously posted in the town stating that the Marches had been invaded, that Zappi had been beaten, that a great battle was imminent, and that in prevision of emergencies the church of St. Dominic was about to be converted into a hospital for 400, to which the inhabitants were requested to contribute bedding.

trending; that was his objective point all through. It could hold out against a large force on the land side. It was essential that he should get in there. But here, close to Loreto, at the point of effecting the hoped-for junction, he found that Cialdini had been beforehand with him. This advance guard of dragoons clattering into Loreto, a squad of Piedmontese lancers hurried off like hunters caught napping. De Paz, of the Guides, with a gendarme, having ventured as far as a barricade on the high road, was halted by a point-blank discharge of canister, fatal to himself

and wounding his comrade. He calculated that the Piedmontese general had hastened up three divisions of his army, and had lodged them in parallel lines on the direct passage between him and the tongue of land, with its circling eminences, on which Ancona was situated. The enemy was lying in strength, comfortably occupying the rising ground between the mamelon or mound of Castelfidardo, in front, and the plain spreading at the feet of Loreto. He mustered his weak columns, and took thought of his plan

them to pass it was necessary to take and hold the two farms. The banks of the river were high, but might easily be climbed, and the bed of the stream was very shallow—nowhere knee-deep.

La Moricière, before engaging in the action, went to the shrine of Our Lady of Loreto, the holy house of Nazareth—said to have been wafted through the air by angels—and performed some devotional exercises.

De Pimodan, his second in command, who was



“THE HAYCOCKS AND FARM-STEADINGS WERE CLUNG TO” (p. 406)

of action. The plain was within 500 yards of the Musone river, then run so dry as to be practicable for artillery. There was a ford here, and on each side a good country road. On the 18th it appeared to him that this point had been reinforced. A strong detachment rested on a farm midway, and a second farm about 500 yards to the rear, on the crest of a hillock crowning the first position. A wood was near, and there were numerous rifled cannon on the slopes in the neighbourhood. The ford of the Musone, by which the Papalini must pass to reach Ancona, was less than a mile and a quarter from the outmost ground of the foe, but to enable

no stranger to powder, got the order to cross the river, seize the first farm—the Crocetta—bring his guns to play upon the wood and the second farm—Cascina—and thus clear the way for the remainder to advance. For this arduous task he had at his disposal about 2,300 men—that is to say, four battalions and a half—8 pieces of light artillery 6-pounders, and 4 mortars, with about 250 cavalry, consisting of two squadrons of light dragoons, the troop of guides, and a section of gendarmes.

D'Arcy's company of Irish—who were inefficiently equipped, having neither pouches nor knapsacks, carrying their cartridges in their

haversacks—were attached to the artillery, to help them in moving the guns and afford them all necessary protection.

The battle began well for La Moricière. The first farm was assailed at a scamper, and gallantly carried in spite of a gallant defence, and 100 prisoners captured. Two guns were moved forward to the bottom of the slope, and the Irish, under a hot fire, helped to place two of the mortars in front of the farmhouse. Then, having fulfilled their mission, they mixed with the sharpshooters and fought with them till the close of the engagement.

Then an advance on the second farm was essayed and spiritedly made by a column of Franco-Belgians, headed by Commandant Becdelièvre; but it was repulsed by a murderous fire, and though they rallied and faced the enemy with bullet and bayonet, it was useless. The Franco-Belgians—bare-throated, vain of their loose picturesque garb of silver-grey braided with scarlet, their wide scarlet waistcloth, and the isthmus of gamboge buskin between Zouave trousers and gaiters—were as conspicuous by their eager martial bearing as by their cool resolution. Having gained their ground with a rush and a rallying cheer, they dropped on their knees and kept up a sputter of independent shots from behind a hedge. The Piedmontese held fast, and by smiting them with a steady but rapid flame of rifle-shots checked them, and, keeping up the rattle of death persistently, compelled their shattered ranks to fall back. To the shouts of defiance of onset succeeded a sullen retirement. Such was the impetuosity of these young warriors and the firmness of their bearing that many came to the white arms, and the onset was repelled with steel. The Viscount de Poli received a desperate bayonet-wound in the breast.

The troops sent to their assistance, several thousand led by La Moricière in person, behaved with shameful weakness. They occupied the centre, and carried with them on their flanks a battalion of Swiss Rifles and a boyish Roman corps. The indigenous regiment wavered as it deployed, and finally sought safety under the reeds by the river. Its want of steadiness was charitably attributed to youth and indiscipline. The drivers attached to one battery of guns cut their traces and fled, leaving their cannon behind them. The Franco-Belgians, with Major Fuchman's half-battalion of Austrian sharpshooters in support, were the only troops who did not show symptoms of resorting to leg-bail. The tough

Piedmontese were very stubborn, especially that crack light infantry the little blue-jacketed *bersaglieri*, to be marked by the constant bursts of smoke from the line defined by glazed round hats tipped with jaunty cocks'-feathers. The haycocks and farm-steadings of Crocetta were clung to with tenacity while a chance remained, but reinforcements poured down from the ridges opposite, and soon a general panic was caused, bearing away the brave with the faint-hearted. To add to the confusion, De Pimodan, who was mounted and daringly encouraging his men, was shot in the face and subsequently in the back—some said by his own followers, either through mistake or treachery—and fell from his saddle bleeding from four wounds. La Moricière gave him a farewell grasp before he died. The Piedmontese prisoners captured at an earlier stage of the combat got out of the toils, the captain, Tromboni, preventing retaliations. But the intrepid Franco-Belgians left a third of their 280 on the field, and trenches were dug for them by next day near the spot where they fell on the slopes of the Musone.

La Moricière was powerless to control or infuse courage into his force. There were acts of individual heroism, but what could they avail against the odds in numbers, discipline, and material? The disorder degenerated into something worse, and the mass of the Pope's army sought refuge in flight at the double-quick, while corps and fragments of corps, embracing men of different nationalities, tramped or trotted to Loreto, where some of them laid down arms in a hopeless muddle. The Piedmontese did not pursue: they saw it was not necessary. They had succeeded in their object, which was to prevent the relief of Ancona, and they had barred the road and caught their enemy in a trap from which there was no escape. The affair had not lasted quite three hours, the actual conflict being confined to one hour. Some of the vanquished made for the mouth of the Musone, and twenty Papal artillerymen, with two field-pieces, the military chest, and a flag of the Swiss, succeeded in coasting in a fishing-boat to Ancona. A few guides and a Swiss sapper also reached the same harbour in a skiff. But the army which had left Loreto in the morning—preceded by some of the banners of Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, removed from the shrine of Loreto—was "ground down and beaten to pieces" before shades of evening fell. A few bold spirits talked of defending the town, but the majority were too much demoralised, and continued the retreat to

Recanati, where formal surrender was made. The Papalini marched out by torchlight to give up their arms, with bayonets fixed and bands at their head, between lines of Piedmontese infantry, who presented arms as they passed.

When the names of the Franco-Belgian prisoners and the guides—such as Rohan Chabot, St. Sermin, the Marquis d'Holiand, the Count Bourbon de Chalus, and Prince Edward de Ligne—were being ticked off from the roll-call, before being sent into detention in the interior, General Cugia remarked with surprise that it was just like reading a list of invitations to a court ball under Louis Quatorze.

But La Moricière, who had directed the operations of the day on horseback with a cane, had disappeared. It will be seen that there was no strategy on his part in this brief, disastrous campaign. His plan was the obvious one of plain, straightforward fighting; and had he been seconded by the due valour and numbers the result might have been adjourned, but ultimate defeat could not have been averted. He had no allies whom he could trust. The Emperor Napoleon III. dared not stir out of Rome; in fact, he had advised his allies of the former year to "strike hard and promptly" if they would lift him out of embarrassment.

La Moricière, with his purpose grimly set, took the opportunity of the smoke and turmoil to assemble about 300 infantry and what remained of an escort of dragoons, and bent by a devious mountain path to Ancona. A peasant acted as guide, having first been sworn by all he prized as most sacred to point the right direction. At dusk attended by the horsemen he entered the ramparts and went to his countryman, the Count de Quaterbarbes. "You are welcome," said the governor; "and your army?" "You see it," said La Moricière, pointing to the few fugitives outside. "I have no longer an army."

It was his earliest experience of failure in war, but he did not expect miracles. He did not count on beating a well-armed force of 40,000 men,

eager and inured to the field, with some thousand volunteers who were weighed down from want of rest and the long, forced marches. But all was not lost, although Persano's fleet of thirteen vessels, carrying 400 guns, was in the offing and had started the bombardment that day, without notice, contrary to the usages of war. After a stout defence of Ancona for over a week, Persano forced the boom at the entrance of the harbour, and blew up the battery at the lighthouse.

La Moricière hoisted the white flag upon the citadel, and repeated the signal of capitulation in the forts. The garrison ceased fire. Shortly

after, the Piedmontese army resumed the offensive all along the line, and up to nine in the following morning the din of cannon lasted, notwithstanding the despatch of *parlementaires* and the landing of Piedmontese naval officers and marines. The garrison marched out of the city with the honours of war in the dusk of the following evening, gave up their arms, and were led under escort to Alessandria, where they were liberated under condition of not serving for a year against the king. La Moricière gave his sword to Persano, who handed it back to him, and the



A PONTIFICAL ZOUAVE.

officers were embarked on a vessel for Genoa. Victor Emmanuel was free to advance to the Neapolitan border, and lend the prestige of his name and the aid of his arms to Garibaldi; in short, he was allowed the occasion of tipping the lance-shaft with a sharp steel head.

The Pope dismissed his troops to their homes, giving the Irish auxiliaries, in an order of the day, the highest praise. A medal of silvered bronze, girdled with a serpent with tail coiled in mouth, symbolising eternity, was issued to his legionaries, with an inverted cross on the hollowed middle in commemoration of the crucifixion of St. Peter, and the inscription on one side, *Pro Petri Sede* ("For the See of Peter"), and on the other, *Victoria qua vincit mundum fides nostra* ("The victory which overcomes the world is our faith"). Thus ended with a decoration the tale of defeat not entirely without dishonour.



ALTHOUGH not remarkable either from the issues involved or the importance of the events dependent upon it—still less from the number of the troops engaged—the fighting before Magdala is notable as being the crowning success of one of the most remarkable expeditions of modern times.

Theodore, king of Abyssinia—a man of great natural talent—had seized some English and German missionaries, and had for a long time held them prisoners. Although crowned under the name of Theodore, the king's name was Kassa. He was nephew of a powerful chief, but his father had died early. His mother was reduced to great poverty, and he himself was brought up in a monastery with the intention of becoming a priest. The monastery was attacked and sacked by robbers, but Kassa escaped to the castle of his uncle. On the latter's death, quarrels arose between his sons: Kassa sided with the elder, who was, however, defeated, and Kassa became a robber chief. He soon afterwards raised the standard of rebellion, and one by one conquered the various provinces of Abyssinia, and was crowned in 1856 king of the whole country.

His power was as yet, however, by no means consolidated, for rebellions broke out in various provinces. These were all put down with an amount of ferocity and cruelty that rendered him odious to his subjects. When all resistance ceased Theodore sought to introduce European arts and methods. The education he had obtained in the minority had rendered him far in advance of the majority of his people, and had not his career been cut short by coming into collision with England he might have done great things for his country. His grievance against us was of a threefold character. In the first place Mr. Stern, the English missionary, had returned for a time to England, and had there published a book containing some very disparaging remarks

on him. When Stern returned he had the rashness to bring one of his books with him; the remarks relating to himself were translated to Theodore, and from that moment Stern and his companions became virtually captives.

In the next place, Theodore wrote a letter to the Queen, and this letter, instead of receiving a courteous answer, was put into a pigeon-hole in a Government office in London, and forgotten. Lastly, he had requested that a number of artisans of various trades should be sent out to him, but this request also received no reply. Theodore, moreover, believed that the English were stirring up the Egyptians to invade his country. In this he was entirely mistaken, as, upon the contrary, our Government was anxious to cultivate friendly relations with Abyssinia, which country offered a wide field for trade; and had it not been for the gross carelessness of the Liberal Minister, who neglected to send an answer to Theodore's letter, we might by this time have been carrying on a very considerable trade with Abyssinia, and with so powerful an ally the course of events in the Soudan would have had a very different termination. Captain Cameron, our consul at Massowa, a town on the Red Sea, was appointed consul to Abyssinia, but upon his going up the country he was also seized by Theodore, and imprisoned.

At length a Mr. Rassam was sent as ambassador to the king; he was accompanied by Lieutenant Prideaux and Dr. Blanc. They also were seized, and after many attempts to obtain their release, an expedition was determined upon to rescue them from their captivity. No more generous effort was ever made by a nation. The distance from the coast to Magdala exceeded 400 miles; the country to be traversed was almost unknown; the heat on the sea-coast was terrific. Everything required in the way of transport would have to be brought either from India or Europe,

and in face of the serious opposition that was anticipated, it was necessary that the force should be a strong one. All these difficulties were surmounted. Mules were bought up by the thousand in Spain, Italy, and Asia Minor, camels in Egypt and Arabia. Transport trains were organised in India, where also were embarked elephants to carry mountain guns. A force some 10,000 strong, under Sir Robert Napier, was transported from India to Annesley Bay, and in spite of enormous losses among the animals from want of water at the landing-place, the expedition started from the coast, the advance-guard moving up on

populated country, and from the steady deterioration of the transport animals from the effects of fatigue and insufficient food. A considerable portion of the force was left at various points on the road, especially at the posts of Senafe, Adigrat, and Antalo. At last, on the 7th of April, the plateau of Dalanta was reached. The force consisted of the 4th and 33rd Regiments and a wing of the 45th, a Beloochee regiment, the Punjab Pioneers, a wing of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, a company of Royal Engineers and one of Sappers, two batteries of mountain-guns, a naval brigade with rocket troughs, the



Mr. Rassam. Mr. Stern.
Lieut. Prideaux.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal
and child. Dr. Blanc.

Pietro. Capt. Cameron.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

to the plateau land 7,000 feet above the sea early in December, and the rest of the expedition during January.

No opposition whatever was met with during the long journey. Theodore, instead of advancing to meet us and harassing us on the march, remained in his mountain fortress of Magdala, and the only obstacles to be surmounted were those caused by the difficulty of obtaining forage or provisions of any kind in a thinly-

3rd Bombay Cavalry, the Scinde Horse, and two squadrons of the 3rd Dragoon Guards—in all some 4,000 men, of whom 460 were cavalry.

Two miles from the spot where they were encamped Magdala could be seen, some eight miles distant. The view was a grand one from the plateau. A precipice of some 600 feet fell sheer down, and from its foot was a steep fall down to the Bachelo River, some 4,000 feet below; beyond, the ground rose in a succession of

billows one behind another, higher and higher, to the foot of some lofty mountains some forty miles away. In the midst of these rounded hills rose the steep crags of Magdala, like a great ship on a stormy ocean. Its appearance from Dalanta was that of a three-topped mountain with almost perpendicular sides, two of which together resembled a saddle with high flat peaks. That to the right was called Fahla; that to the left, a few hundred feet higher, Salamgi. Magdala itself could be seen over the saddle between the other two hills. It was connected with Salamgi by a plateau known as Islamgi. Fahla and Magdala had both flat tops; that of Salamgi was more peaked. A few huts could be made out on the top of Fahla, and by the aid of glasses a number of guns. Native encampments could be seen on the terraces of Salamgi, and on the saddle between it and Fahla.

The ascent was by a zigzag road cut on the face of Fahla, and terminating on the saddle. It was altogether a very formidable position. Theodore was known to have a large number of cannon which had been cast by European workmen he had with him; he had 3,000 soldiers armed with percussion guns, and a great host of spearmen. From the Bachelo a steep ravine ran up through the hills almost directly towards Magdala, but making a curve at its upper end and passing round by the left of Salamgi.

At Dalanta the army had been able to purchase large stores of grain and a considerable amount of other provisions from the natives, but water had been very scarce, and the animals had all to be taken down to the deep ravine that had been passed before ascending to the plateau. On the 9th the force encamped on the edge of the plateau, and at daybreak began to descend into the ravine. It was not intended to attack Magdala that day, the commander-in-chief's plan being to encamp two miles from the fortress; and it was considered probable that no attack would be made before the arrival of other troops, who were coming up fast behind us.

General Sir Charles Staveley was in command of the advance. The road down to the ravine, which had been made by Theodore for the transport of his cannon, was an excellent one; but the sun shone down with great power, and the men during the descent pressed forward eagerly that they might slake their thirst in the waters of the Bachelo. A bitter disappointment awaited them. The river was some eighty yards wide, but the water was almost inky black in colour, and as thick with mud as a puddle in the streets

of London. There was, however, no choice. It was improbable that any other water would be met with, and men and animals alike drank the turbid fluid. Water-skins and water-bottles were filled, and the march resumed. The baggage-train kept straight up the ravine, with a guard of 100 men of the 4th, preceded by 800 sappers and miners under Colonel Phayre, while the main body of infantry struck up the hill. It was a very stiff climb, and the mounted officers were unable to get up until the Punjaub Pioneers cut a track, up which the horses managed to scramble.

When it arrived on the first shoulder, the advance force, consisting of the 4th Regiment, the company of Royal Engineers, the Beloochees, the Punjaubees, and two companies of the 10th Native Infantry, halted, until a messenger arrived from Colonel Phayre saying that he held the head of the valley and that the road was quite practicable. General Staveley at once sent an aide-de-camp to Sir Robert Napier saying that the baggage and guns, which were waiting for the news at the river, might safely proceed. The force then marched four miles farther up a succession of rises to a place where the natives had stated that water would be found. There was, however, but one small pool of extremely dirty water. Here Sir Charles Staveley, to his astonishment and dismay, found Colonel Phayre and his 800 men, who were supposed to be guarding the head of the valley. As this was now crowded with baggage animals carrying ammunition and with artillery, and was open to the view of the enemy at Magdala, the situation was an alarming one indeed; for there was nothing whatever to prevent the garrison of Magdala from pouring down and falling upon the unwieldy body, defended only by a hundred of the 4th Regiment.

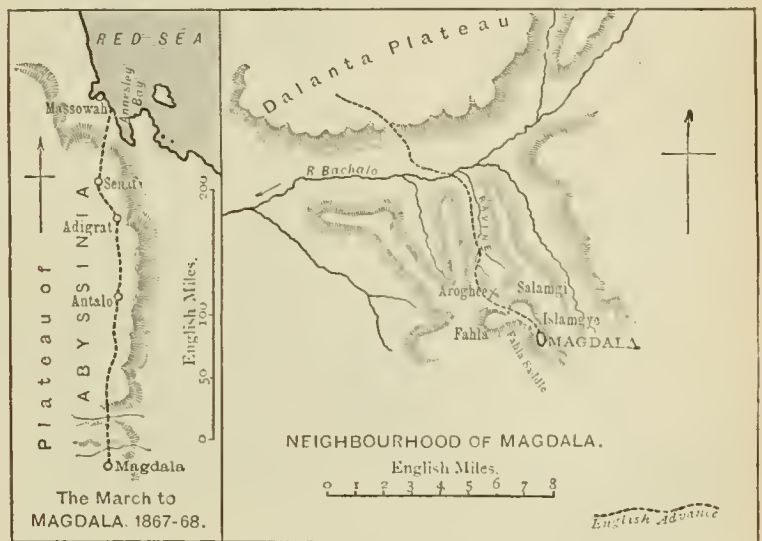
Had we been in face of a European enemy a terrible disaster must have occurred, and the whole of our guns, ammunition, and stores must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. General Staveley lost not a moment in endeavouring to repair the blunder that had been committed. The men, who had thrown themselves down on the ground, were at once set in motion, and pressed forward at the top of their speed to the spot that had been determined upon for their camping-ground. It lay a little behind the crest of a low hill: here the tired troops threw themselves down, while the general advanced over the crest to reconnoitre the position. It was divided by a small ravine from a plateau 100

feet or so, below the spot occupied by the troops, and extending to the foot of Fahla and Salamgi. The little ravine widened out to the left until it fell into the main valley, half a mile away. Sir Charles Staveley at once despatched the Punjaub Pioneers to this point, and there was then nothing to do but to wait. All listened most anxiously for the outburst of a roar of fire from the valley on our left, where we knew the baggage-train was making its way up.

While waiting, Sir Robert Napier and his staff rode up in haste, the news of the blunder that had been committed having been sent to him by General Staveley as soon as it was discovered. With glasses, a dozen guns in line could be seen on the flat top of Fahla and as many upon Salamgi. Presently some artillerymen were made out going from gun to gun, and loading them in succession. Still all was quiet, but it was a time of anxious suspense; for all knew that from the fortress they could see our long line of animals winding up the valley, and that the head of the train must be fast approaching. There was an exclamation of pleasure as the naval rocket brigade was seen advancing up the valley, where they halted and joined the Punjaubees at the point where the side-valley ran into it. Almost at the same moment a large body of horse and foot were seen pouring down the road from the saddle. Every glass was turned upon them, and a lively discussion began as to whether it was a peaceful embassy or an attack; but the doubt did not last long. A puff of smoke burst out from the brow of Fahla.

"Is it blank?" an officer exclaimed. The answer was supplied by a heavy thud as a 32-pound shot struck the ground a few yards from the Punjaubees, and a cheer broke from the officers clustered round the general. Still, the position was a most serious one. The second brigade was miles behind the baggage—undefended except by its feeble guard and by the Punjaubees—and it was easy enough for the enemy to avoid the latter by making a circuit. Sir Robert Napier instantly despatched an aide-

de-camp to the Punjaubees to take up a position on elevated ground to their left, where they could better protect the baggage, and at the same time sent to the naval brigade to hurry up the valley to the spur on which he was standing. Aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent to hasten them on. The next five minutes were intensely exciting to those watching the scene. The enemy were coming down with great rapidity: they had already descended the road from the fortress and were scattered over the plain. The main body was making towards the road up which the baggage was coming; the rest were advancing in scattered groups,



while the guns upon Fahla kept up a steady fire upon the Punjaubees.

The advance of the enemy was as pretty a sight as has ever been presented in modern warfare. Here and there among the groups galloped chiefs in their scarlet-cloth robes; many of the footmen, too, were in scarlet; the rest were in white. Numerous flags were visible among them. All kept on at a run without pause or hesitation, and advanced across the plateau with alarming rapidity, and it was for some time doubtful whether they would not reach the brow of the little valley along which the naval rocket train was still coming up in single file, before the latter could ascend to the higher ground where the general was posted, or the infantry arrived to check them. Had they done so there could be no doubt that the sailors would be terribly cut up, if not annihilated. The path up from the valley to the spur was steep and very difficult,

and considerable delay occurred in getting the animals up. The leading mules were still scrambling up the steep incline when the infantry came up from behind at the double.

The sound of the first gun had in a moment dispelled every thought of thirst, heat, and fatigue. Every face was lit up with animation, and they responded heartily to the cheer with which their arrival was greeted by the staff. The 300 men of the 4th came first, followed by the Engineers, after whom came the Beloochees, the two companies of the 10th Native Infantry, and the Sappers and Miners. As they came up the 4th were ordered to go on in advance in skirmishing order, and just as they dashed down into the valley the leading mules reached the top of the crest. It took the sailors but an instant to unload the rocket tubes and ammunition, and in less than a minute from the first mules arriving on the crest, a rocket whizzed out over the plain. It was the first answer to the fire which the guns of the fortress had kept up, and was greeted with a cheer by the troops. The race had been won; we had been saved from disaster, and there was no doubt as to how the combat would go henceforth. Rocket after rocket

rushed out in rapid succession. Astonished at the roar of these novel missiles, the enemy paused in dismay; the horses plunged wildly, and many, in spite of the efforts of their riders, careered across the plain; but with animated gestures the chiefs encouraged the men to advance, and they came forward at a run. They were now but some four hundred yards from the crest from which the naval brigade were working the rocket tubes, and not more than a hundred from the edge of the ravine up whose side the 4th were rapidly climbing. As the line of skirmishers breasted the slope and set foot upon the plateau, they opened a heavy fire with their Sniders upon their enemy. The latter, taken completely by surprise, paused, discharged their muskets, and then retreated—slowly and doggedly at first, but

increasing their speed as they felt how hopeless was the struggle against antagonists who could pour in ten shots to their one. Indeed, at this point they were outnumbered by the 4th alone, for they were in no regular order, but in groups and knots scattered over the whole plain. The 4th advanced rapidly, followed by the other regiments, driving the enemy before them. So fast, indeed, did they press forward that numbers of the Abyssinians could not gain the path up to the fortress, but were driven away to the right, off the plateau into a ravine, from which the rockets again drove them to the right and away from Magdala.

The 4th and the other regiments formed up a few hundred yards from the ascent, and for half an hour maintained an animated fire against the riflemen who lined the path, and kept up a brisk return upon them from small rifle-pits and the shelter of stones and rocks. All this time the guns from Fabla and Salangi kept up a constant fire, but their aim was very defective, and the great proportion of the shot passed far over the heads of the troops. When the sailors came up, their rockets drove the enemy speedily up the hill, and they then turned their attention to the guns 1,000



LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

feet above them, doing considerable damage and nearly killing Theodore himself, who was superintending their working.

In the meantime a far more serious action had been going on to the left. The main body of the enemy had made directly towards the Punjab Pioneers, who were defending the head of the road. Fortunately, Colonel Penn's train of steel guns which was following the sailors, arrived at the top of the road before they reached them, and taking their place by the side of the Punjabees, his men instantly opened fire with shell on the mass of the enemy, now distant but three hundred yards, while the Pioneers at the same time opened with musketry. The Abyssinian advance was at once checked, and the greater part of the natives rushed down



"THE PUNJAUBES, AFTER FIRING A VOLLEY, RUSHED DOWN AND CHARGED THEM WITH THE BAYONET" (p. 414).

into the valley and pressed on to the attack on the baggage.

The guns of the fortress had, however, placed the guard of the baggage on the alert, and a transport officer had galloped down the valley, giving warning of the intended attack. The men scattered along the line hurried up, and Captain Roberts, who was in command of the detachment of the 4th, with his subalterns and the officers of the transport train, gathered at the head of the baggage. As the enemy poured down the ravine they were received with a heavy fire from the breechloaders of the 4th. The guns of Penn's battery scattered death among them; the Punjaubees, after firing a volley, rushed down and charged them with the bayonet; and in a very few minutes the remnants of the force that had poured out from the fortress



KING THEODORE OF MAGDALA.

confident of victory, and exulting in the prospect of the spoil, fled up the opposite side of the ravine, decimated as they did so by the fire of the 4th and Punjaubees, the survivors being, like those driven off from the plateau to the right, entirely cut off from any chance of returning to Magdala.

The battle of Arooghee was, so far as the British were concerned, a mere skirmish, and in itself very much less important than scores of encounters between our troops and various hill-tribes in India and Burmah which have passed off without attracting any public attention whatever. To the enemy, however, it was a crushing and decisive defeat. Upwards of 5,000 of Theodore's bravest soldiers sallied out; scarce as many hundreds returned to the fortress. Over 500 were killed, and our soldiers earnestly expressed the hope that it would be unnecessary to storm the fortress, for fighting with these poorly-armed natives was little short of slaughter. They had fought gallantly, too. Not a single shield, gun, or

spear was picked up except by the side of the dead; the living, and even the wounded, retreated—they would not fly. There was no rout—no throwing away of arms, as would have happened among European soldiers in similarly desperate circumstances.

On the British side not a single man was killed, and but thirty wounded, for the most part slightly. Captain Roberts, however, was hit in the elbow, and lost his arm. In one respect the skirmish was a memorable one, it being the first encounter in which the British troops ever used breech-loading rifles.

On the two following days the whole of the captives were sent in by Theodore. The king, however, on finding that the only terms that Sir Robert Napier would grant him was an assurance that his life should be spared, with all with him, determined to resist to the end. Knowing, however, that his troops were utterly disheartened by the loss of so many of their chiefs, and of nearly the whole of those who were regarded as regular troops, and could no longer be depended upon to offer any resistance to the British advance, he summoned their chiefs together and told them they were at liberty to make terms for themselves and to depart. He then retired into Magdala, with but a dozen or so of his immediate followers. The chiefs came down early next morning into the camp, and offered to surrender Fahla and Salamgi at once, if they themselves and their families should be allowed to depart, with their property.

The proposal was accepted; and the 3rd Native Cavalry returned up the hill with them. The whole force was paraded, both brigades being now up, and headed by the 33rd, who had borne the brunt of the hard work throughout, ascended the road to the saddle.

The scene here was a surprising one. Some 30,000 men, women, and children were crowded together, mixed up with oxen, sheep, and donkeys. The women, children, and donkeys were already laden with their scanty belongings—the Abyssinian man thinks it beneath him to carry anything but his arms. The women welcomed the troops with quavering cries, and all seemed delighted to be freed from the tyranny that had so long oppressed them. The men still retained their weapons, but were disarmed as they went down the hill. The road up the steep natural scarps of Salamgi was an extremely winding one. The strength of the position was indeed extraordinary, and, held by a garrison of European troops, could have defied the armies of

the world. Descending from Salamgi, the advance guard came down on the flat shoulder that separated it from Magdala.

The space was covered with little shelters made of coarse grass, and about the size and shape of haycocks. A little body of horsemen in gay robes were galloping to and fro in front of the fortress, discharging their rifles. Among these the figure of Theodore himself was conspicuous. He had, the previous night, attempted to make his escape by a path down the precipice behind the fortress; but finding his retreat that way cut off by his inveterate enemies—the Gallas—he had returned, determined to die rather than surrender to us.

Those in advance found twenty of his cannon ranged in line. He had evidently intended to take them into Magdala, but had not had time to do so. There was ammunition in the boxes, and Lieutenant Nolan, of the Royal Artillery, with a few soldiers, loaded them, and opened fire at the horsemen, and at upwards of a hundred armed natives clustered at the foot of the narrow road cut in the face of the perpendicular rock to the gate leading through the wall which crowned it. In a short time Penn's battery came up, and speedily drove horse and foot into the fortress. There was quiet now, until the greater part of the force was gathered ready for the assault.

The general feeling of compassion that had been felt for the outmatched king, was dissipated by the rage excited among the troops by a spectacle of unparalleled horror. The released captives had brought down news to the camp that on the day before our arrival Theodore had ordered the massacre of upwards of 350 prisoners—men and women—and that he himself had begun the slaughter by slaying until he was tired. While awaiting the order to form up for the final advance, a soldier happened to look over the ledge of the precipice by the side of the plateau, and saw, a hundred feet below him, a great pile of naked bodies, gashed and mutilated, lying heaped on each other, as they had been thrown down from above. From that moment all thought of pity for the inhuman tyrant vanished at once; and, burning with fury, the troops prepared for the assault.

At a quarter to four all was ready. The guns and rockets opened a tremendous fire to cover the advance, and, preceded by a party of the Engineers to blow in the gate, the 33rd advanced, followed by the 45th. When within 300 yards of the rock the 33rd formed line, and

opened fire at the gateway and a high hedge bordering the summit of the precipice. Under cover of this fire the Engineers and the leading company advanced up the path. When they were half-way up the troops stopped firing, and the storming party dashed up at a run. All this time answering flashes came back from a high wall that extended a few yards on either side of the gateway, and from behind the houses and rocks near it. On arriving at the gateway the troops thrust their rifles through the loopholes, and kept up a continuous fire.

There was a long pause, and then a soldier made his way down the crowded path with the astounding news that the powder bags to blow in the gate had been forgotten—an act of forgetfulness probably unparalleled in warfare. A few pioneers of the 45th were sent up with axes to cut down the gate. In the meantime, however, the men of the 33rd discovered a spot, half-way up the road, where they were able to scramble up the rock, and forcing their way through the hedge, quickly cleared away the defenders of the gate. The greater portion of the regiment followed them, and blew in an inner gate at the top of a flight of steps leading up a natural scarp thirty feet high, and wide enough for but a single man to ascend at a time. Beyond this was a flat plateau scattered over with a large number of the round native huts, with stone walls and high conical thatched roofs. At a short distance from the gate lay the body of Theodore. He had received two wounds, but death was caused by his own hand, he having discharged a pistol into his mouth.

All resistance had ceased as soon as the 33rd had made their way in. Some eight or ten bodies lay near the lower gate, three or four others by the upper one. All these were those of chiefs who had remained faithful to Theodore to the end. The rest of the defenders, numbering about a hundred, had made their way down from the fortress by the path by which Theodore had attempted to escape the night before. The rest of the troops entered by the gate, which had now been shattered by the axes of the pioneers. It was found to be blocked by a great number of heavy stones piled up behind it. At least a hundred prisoners were found in chains, doubtless destined for the same fate that had befallen their companions four days previously. Three days later Magdala was burnt, and the army set out on its return to the coast.



A BROAD belt of desert lands stretches across the continent of Asia from Arabia, in the south-west, to the rainless highlands of Gobi, or Shamo, in the far east. This desert zone is here and there broken by a tract of steppe land that is covered with grass for a portion of the year, while more rarely a large oasis is formed by a fertile region, where the rivers and streams, descending from a mountain range, supply water to the fields before losing themselves in the sands of the desert beyond.

Eastward of the Caspian, and south of the Aral, much of the waste land is a salt desert, and the shells, mixed with the surface sand, afford further evidence that it was in times not very remote part of the bottom of a large inland sea, of which the land-locked waters of Western Asia are a survival.

Along the Caspian the steppe and desert sink gradually to the water-level, and the margins of the sea are so shallow that, except where extensive dredging works have been carried out, and long jetties constructed, ships have to discharge their cargoes into barges two or three miles from the shore.

This desert region marked for many years the southern limit of the Russian empire in Central Asia. A barren waste is a more formidable obstacle to a European army than the ocean itself; and the Turkoman tribes of the oases not only refused to acknowledge the dominion of the White Czar, but successfully raided up to the very gates of his border forts in the spring, when the grass of the steppe afforded forage for their horses. The first successful advance across the desert zone was made by Kaufmann, whose expeditions marched by the belt of fertile land which interrupts it where the Amu Daria (the Oxus of classical times) flows down from the central highlands of Asia to the great lake of the Aral Sea. But in 1878

the Russians began another series of conquests, starting not from their forts on the Oxus, but from their new ports on the south-western shore of the Caspian.

In this direction the most powerful of the Turkoman tribes were the Tekkes of the Akhal oasis. Between their strongholds and the Caspian there was first a desert nearly 150 miles wide, and then the ridge of the Kopet Dag mountains. The desert, which stretches from the northern shore of the Atrek river, is partly sandy waste, partly a tract of barren clayey land, baked hard by the sun, and broken by cracks and crevices in the dry season, and like a half-flooded brickfield when it rains. The water of the river is scanty, and not good to drink. It flows in a deep channel between steep banks, and so closely does the desert approach it that for miles one might ride within a hundred yards of its clay-banked cañon without suspecting that water was so near. Where the Sumbar river runs into the Atrek the Russians had an advanced post—the earthwork fort of Tchad, with its eight-gun battery. Following the Sumbar, one enters the arid valleys on the south of the Kopet Dag range. On this side the slopes rise gradually; on the other side of the ridge there is a sharp descent, and sometimes the mountains form for miles a line of precipitous rocky walls. At the foot of this natural rampart lay the fortified villages of the Tekke Turkomans.

For numerous streams descend from the Kopet Dag, flowing to the north-eastward, and after a few miles losing themselves in the sands of the Kara Kum desert. Between the mountain wall and the desert the ground thus watered forms a long, narrow oasis—the land of Akhal—to which a local Mussulman tradition says that Adam betook himself when he was driven forth from Eden. No doubt much of the praise that has been given to the beauty and fertility of this three-hundred-mile strip of well-watered

garden ground comes from the contrast between its green enclosures and the endless waste that closes in the horizon to the north-eastward. Corn and maize, cotton and wool, form part of the wealth of its people. They had the finest horses of all Turkestan, and great herds and flocks of cattle, sheep, and camels. The streams turned numerous mills, and were led by a network of tunnels and conduits through the fields and garden. The villages were mud-walled quadrangles, with an inner enclosure for the

Tekkes had thus an outlet for their surplus productions, among which were beautiful carpets, the handiwork of their women. In war they had proved themselves formidable to all their neighbours. United with the warriors of Merv, the men of Akhal had cut to pieces a Khivan army in 1855 and a host of Persian invaders in 1861.

The conquest of Akhal had long been a subject of Russian ambition. It was not merely that they were anxious to put an end once for all to



TURKOMAN MUSICIANS.

cattle, the kibitkas, or tents, and the mud huts of the Tekkes filling the space between the inner and outer walls, and straggling outside in temporary camps that could be rapidly cleared away in war time. The people were over 100,000 strong—perhaps 140,000 in all—men, women, and children. They were united in a loose confederacy, acknowledged the lordship of the Khan of Merv, who had come from one of their own villages. They raided the Russian and Persian borders successfully, these plundering expeditions filling up the part of the year when they were not busy with more peaceful occupations. Along their fertile strip of land ran the caravan track from Merv by Askabad to Kizil Arvat and the Caspian, and when they were not at war the

raids of the Turkomans of the great oasis, but they regarded the possession of this region as a great step towards the consolidation of their power in Asia. From Baku, the terminus of their railways in the Caucasus, it was easy to ferry troops across the Caspian; and what they wanted was a secure road from some port on its eastern shore to their provinces on the Upper Oxus, and anyone who knew the country must have felt that this road would eventually run through the Akhal and the Merv oases. Even before the last war with Turkey serious operations for the conquest of Akhal were in contemplation. No sooner was peace concluded than an expedition was organised under General Lomakine, and whilst the British were fighting

their way into Afghanistan in another part of Central Asia the Russians were advancing along the first stage of what is now their chief road towards our Indian frontier.

Tchiskishliar, some miles north of the point where the Atrek flows into the Caspian, was the starting-point of the Russian expedition of 1878. It consisted of about 2,500 infantry, 700 or 800 Cossacks, a battery of Cossack Horse Artillery, a rocket company, and a detachment of sappers. There was an enormous train of camels for the baggage and stores, and escorts were furnished for these by Cossack, Khirghiz, and friendly Turkoman irregulars. The long column of men, horses, and camels left Tchiskishliar on August 3rd under a blazing sun, and struggled slowly across the neighbouring tracts of sand and salt marsh, suffering terribly from heat, thirst, and the continual torment of flies. The bank of the Atrek was reached at Bayat Khaji, and there the column halted for a week to recover from the effects of its first stage across the desert. After another fatiguing march the fort of Tchat was reached on the 15th, and the column camped there till the 23rd, the men already suffering a good deal from sickness. Then the march was resumed up the Sumber valley and through the passes of the Kopet Dagh. Lomakine appears to have met with no resistance in the defiles, until he was within a few miles of the edge of the oasis. He had pitched his camp at a ruined fort with mud walls, when he learned that the Tekke horse and foot were gathering in their thousands to fall upon him.

But he was in no position to continue the campaign. Heat, fatigue, thirst, and sickness had thinned his ranks, and many of the survivors were more fit for the hospital than the battlefield. His supplies were nearly exhausted, and the approach of the Turkoman cavalry made foraging difficult and dangerous. His camels were dying by hundreds, so that even if he had had supplies it would soon be no easy matter to transport them. On the approach of the Tekke vanguard he tried to play what is familiarly called a game of bluff. He sent word to them that if they would agree to his hoisting the Russian flag at the fort of Khoja Kala, and leaving a small post to take care of it, he would retire to Tchat. But they knew too well in what desperate straits he was. They refused to treat, and as they closed in on the fort he retired through the mountain passes. Pursued by the Turkomans, he retreated to Tchat and then to the Caspian, the Turkomans besieging the garrison

he left at Tchat, and carrying off numbers of his camels as he struggled across the desert. The expedition had ended in disastrous failure.

The attempt was renewed next year, under the command of General Lazareff—a soldier who added to the experience of long years of Asiatic warfare the distinction won by his gallant leading of the right storming column at the taking of Kars. Early in April, 1879, Lazareff crossed the Caspian to Tchiskishliar and took command. On the day of his arrival eighteen Tekke Turkomans were brought before him, men who had been held as hostages for the safety of four Russians who had fallen into the hands of their countrymen. He ordered the hostages to be released. "You are at liberty," he said to them. "Go back and tell your brother Tekkes that I shall soon pay them a visit. Four soldiers are nothing to me, nor are eighteen Turkomans; for when I come I will take 18,000 of you, and I will not leave a village in the whole district. Away with you, and tell this to your friends." The Tekkes departed across the desert, carrying with them this message of fierce defiance.

On the following day Lazareff, with a Cossack escort, made a reconnoissance of the desert as far as Fort Tchat. On his return to Tchiskishliar he embarked for Krasnovodsk, the Russian trans-Caspian capital of those days, where he conferred with Lomakine as to the plans for the expedition. Then, leaving him in charge of the base of operations, he recrossed the Caspian to Baku, and went on to Tiflis to arrange with the authorities in the Caucasus for the despatch of the troops he had asked for. He was a man of restless energy, and he seemed hardly to take time for sleep or meals during these days of preparation for the march against the Turkomans. It was while he was at Tiflis that the Tekkes, as if in answer to his defiance, raided up to within three hours' ride of Krasnovodsk, and carried off two hundred of the camels which Lomakine was collecting for the expedition.

The concentration of the troops and stores for the expedition at Tchiskishliar was a slow and toilsome piece of work. It was easy enough to get men, horses, and merchandise to Baku, and to ferry them across the inland sea in the local trading steamers. Difficulties began when the low shores near the mouth of the Atrek and the tumbledown fishing-village of Tchiskishliar came in sight. Three miles out the steamers anchored: then boats and barges gathered round them, and conveyed men and freight towards the shore. Within half a mile of it the heavier boats

grounded, and they were either dragged by main force over the shallows or their freight was carried ashore on men's shoulders. A jetty was constructed in April to remedy this state of things, but it was never pushed far enough out.

Around the village the camp grew up—a vast crowd of soldiers, transport labourers, drivers, camp-followers, horses, and camels, living on the swampy ground between the desert and the long hallows of the sea margin. No wonder that sickness was rife in the camp long before the day arrived for setting out on the march.

Early in April Lazareff was on the spot. He was soon ill himself, and the doctors told him to take some rest; but he refused to listen to them, and all day and far into the night he was at work directing and urging on the operations. Altogether the expedition was to consist of some 10,000 men, with about 5,000 more to hold the base of operations and various points along the route; and there was a baggage-train of 15,000 camels and 6,000 pack-horses. By the end of May all the troops were in camp, but the baggage animals were still short of their proper number. The water supply was bad, and fodder for the horses was so scanty that many of them were starving. The weather was hot and dry, there was not a bush or tree to give shade, and the hot winds brought in storms of sand and dust from the desert. Mosquitoes from the neighbouring marshes of the Atrek infested the camp, and added much to the misery of the place. Twice, in the middle of June, a storm from the seaward sent long waves rolling far in on the low-lying shore, and flooded all the camp. Everyone was longing to get away from it. May 10th had originally been named as the day of departure, but May ended, and it was not till the middle of June that the advanced guard marched off.

This delay of five weeks resulted in exposing the expedition to the fierce midsummer heat in its march across the desert; and, to make matters worse, it was not till the second week of August that the main body was ready to follow, the advanced guard having meanwhile established posts along the route by Tchat to the Bendessen pass across the Kopet Dagh range. On the 12th the march began, the long lines of men, horses, and camels moving off across the desert. Lazareff was so ill that even his reckless energy had for once to yield, and by the advice of the doctors he consented to wait in camp till the expedition had reached Fort Tchat, and then follow quickly

after it. On the evening of the 18th the expedition camped round the fort, having already lost many men through sunstroke, thirst, and fever. On the 20th the march was resumed by the cavalry. Four days later Lazareff set out for Tchat. He was acting against the advice of the doctors, who told him he could not stand the journey. To ride was impossible, but he sat in a carriage in the midst of a troop of Cossacks. When he reached the fort of Tchat he was in such pain and so weak that he had to be lifted out of the carriage, and conveyed in the arms of the soldiers to the commandant's house. Ill as he was, however, he ordered a messenger to ride on to the next camping-place—Douz Oloom—and say that he would be there on the morrow. But he had made his last march. At half-past four



NOTE
The Transcaspian Railway was begun during the preparations for Skobelev's expedition 1880-81.

next morning General Lazareff died at the Fort of Tchat.

General Lomakine, whose name was associated with disastrous failure, and who was unpopular with the army, now assumed the command. The expedition was by this time well on its way to the Akhal oasis. The vanguard was established at the ruined fort of Khoja Kala. By the last day of August, a week after Lazareff's death, the bulk of the force was camped on the edge of the oasis. After the muddy wells of the desert and mountain region, it was a delight to find themselves again among well-watered fields. "The finest champagne was nothing to the first cup of cool water," wrote one of the officers. The vanguard had had some skirmishes with the Turkoman horsemen, but it was ascertained that they meant to fight at the fortress of Geok Tepe, further to the eastward. Rumour said that they had assembled there some 20,000 men, driving their flocks beyond it towards Merv, and camping in and around the mud-walled fort with their families. The rainy season would begin before

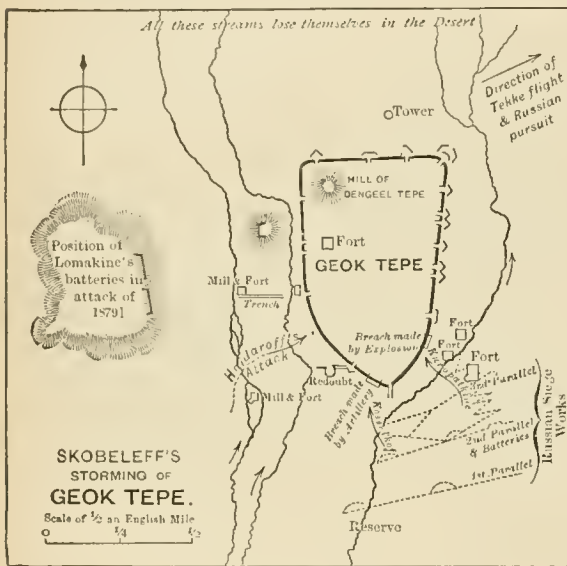
the end of September, and marching would be difficult. Lomakine resolved to push on and attack the Tekkes at once.

On the 4th of September Bami, a fortified village in the oasis, was occupied, the troops traversing a difficult pass of the Kopet Dagh to reach it. The mud-walled fort of Bami had no defenders, and next day the expedition moved on the first stage of its hundred-mile march between the desert and the hills. Beurma, the next of the Tekke fortresses, was occupied without firing a shot. All the men capable of bearing arms had ridden off to the great gathering at Geok Tepe. Arctzman, the

they would wait for the Russian advance, they might try to fall upon the army on the line of march, encumbered as it was with its long train of camels and pack animals. What with posts already established in the rear, and the necessary guard for this huge convoy, the Russians did not expect to be able to put much more than 2,000 men in their line of battle. On the 8th there was a day of rest. The attack on the Turkoman position close in front was fixed for the morrow.

The real name of the fortress attacked by the Russians was Dengeel Tepe—*i.e.* "the remarkable hill"—remarkable on account of the defeat of the Persians, which took place there eighteen years before. The hill itself is a small one, and the camp of black tents and clay huts formed round it was enclosed only by a low mud wall, strengthened with a few small forts. The place stands close to the foot of the rocky wall which here forms the northern face of the Kopet Dagh. About two miles to the eastward a prominent peak juts from the mountain wall, and is known as Geok Tepe (the blue hill). This name has become the popular designation of the fortress of Dengeel Tepe, which is nearly always spoken of as Geok Tepe.

Early on the morning of September 9th Lomakine, leaving his baggage camped under a strong guard, moved to the attack in two columns, the advanced guard coming first, covered by a chain of Cossack and Daghestani horsemen, and the main body following. It was a bright, sunny morning, and the troops were in high spirits. Captain



next town on the route, sent a deputation to tender its submission; but here, too, the Russians found that most of the men had gone. The Khan of Kizil Arvat, which lay on the western edge of the oasis, also came in and surrendered. Near Duroon, when fifty miles of the march through the oasis had been accomplished, the Tekke scouts appeared in front—300 well-mounted men—who retired, exchanging shots with the Cossacks of the vanguard. On the following night (that between the 6th and 7th September) they disturbed the Russian camp with a sudden night-attack. Next day the whole force formed into columns, and began its march, prepared at any moment for an attack, for Geok Tepe was now only a day-and-a-half's journey in front. Rumour raised the numbers gathered there to 40,000 horse and foot; and though it was expected

Alikhanoff (the future general and the victor of Penj-deh), who was with the vanguard, wrote in his narrative of the eventful day: "We marched slowly across a clayey common, the bands playing merrily, the soldiers singing the songs of Russia, and the irregulars darting hither and thither in front to examine the ground. To the right of the detachment stretched, as usual, the rugged wall of the Kopet Dagh, and on the left were the yellow sands of the desert—too distant almost to be seen by the troops. The view of the Kopet Dagh lasted without change until almost 9 o'clock, when in the distance a sharp-pointed and solitary peak began to assume outline above the terrace of hills alongside it. 'That is Geok Tepe,' exclaimed the Turkomans (guides), pointing to the peak. 'At the foot of the mountain lies the fort which we seek.' The stronghold could not as

yet be seen ; but, none the less, to the foot of Geok Tepe were directed numerous binocular glasses and eager eyes. Soon, in the distance, the dust began to rise. Black dots appeared on the horizon like a swarm of ants creeping over the plain. They were the enemy's cavalry coming to meet the column."

The Tekke horsemen did not venture to try

noitred it. General Lomakine rode up to the top of the hill chosen as the artillery position: What he saw is thus described by Alikhanoff, who rode beside him : " On the plain to the east, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the battery, sinking somewhat in the middle like the hollow in the palm of the hand, stood the nearly regular quadrangular fortress



"THE WOMEN MINGLED IN THE MÊLÉE" (p. 422).

conclusions with the Russian columns, but they skirmished with the Cossacks, and, sweeping past the vanguard, tried to surprise the baggage camp. Others retired in dark masses before the advancing army, falling back upon their stronghold. It was noon when the vanguard halted within range of the place. The men had suffered much from heat and thirst, and they rested ; but meantime a battery moved to the front and threw some shells into the fortress, while the staff recon-

* Marvin's translation.

of Geok Tepe, or Dengeel Tepe, occupying, with its enceinte, an area of a mile. Neither high outer walls nor inner citadel constituting the usual Tekke fortress were observable here. The whole of the interior of the clay enceinte, which appeared to be very low, was filled with khibitkas (tents) crowded together, and looked in the distance like a thickly-packed beehive. They say the number of them exceeded 12,000. At a distance of a mile and a half from the fort, to the south, rose the Kopet Dag'h, and to the east

Mount Geok Tepe. The two other sides faced the open plain, the ground rising somewhat, so that at gunshot distance artillery could be placed in such a manner as to command the interior of the stronghold. From the face of the fortress in front of us issued the principal irrigation stream of the settlement. After running towards the battery hill for 500 yards or so, it turned to the north, and afterwards to the north-west. On the banks of it, not far from one another, stood two mills, and at the side of each a kala, or fort. These constituted, as it were, the outer defences. The ground in front of the western and northern sides of the stronghold was cut up with irrigation canals, clay banks, and corn plots, rendering it a confused network of obstructions. This was all that could be seen. The impression produced on the spectator was such that his mind immediately set to work wondering how the Tekkes came to select for defence this apparently weak, insignificant fortress, the surroundings of which gave superiority to the assailants, if only they possessed a few guns." The actual strength of the garrison was about 15,000. They were mostly armed with swords; comparatively few had firearms. There were no cannon on the rampart, only some heavy muskets or wall-pieces.

It was not until three o'clock that the main body came up, but meanwhile the advanced guard had pushed forward a line of skirmishers against the north and west sides of Geok Tepe, driven the defenders from the outworks, and poured a shower of shells into the mass of closely-packed tents within the enclosure. A crowd of fugitives attempted to leave the place by the east side, making for the direction of Askabad; but the Russian cavalry swept round the place, and drove them back, some of the Tekke horsemen alone getting away and disappearing towards the desert. With the arrival of the main body the firing line was strengthened, and more guns and rocket tubes opened upon the crowded interior of the stronghold. And now from the south side a mass of women and children, with camels and pack animals, poured out, making for the Kopet Dagh. The cavalry were upon them like a whirlwind, not to slay, but to drive them back into the deadly space where the shells were bursting and the rockets were falling. The poor women threw themselves on their knees before the horses, holding up their babies, and begging in plaintive tones to be allowed to pass. Others flung themselves flat on the ground. But whips were

used freely, the horses were spurred upon them, the butts of lances levelled at them, and the shrieking crowd was gradually forced back into Geok Tepe. Then a number of the older men came out on the west side, and tried to open negotiations with the Russian commander. But he would not consent to suspend the bombardment. He was determined to avenge his failure of the previous year by carrying Geok Tepe at the sword point.

Officers experienced in Asiatic warfare held that if he would consent to treat, the Tekkes would surrender; that if he would let the women and children pass out, the men would not make any very desperate resistance; and that, finally, as the enemy had no artillery, if he merely continued the bombardment, the place would soon be evacuated. But Lomakine wanted to have the glory of a successful storming of the Tekke fortress, and he neither negotiated, nor let the fugitives pass out, nor limited himself to an artillery attack. Though he could not dispose of quite 1,500 bayonets for the assault, he ordered that Geok Tepe should be carried by storm, and that the infantry should advance with the bayonet against the north and west faces at five o'clock.

In a long, thin line the Russians moved forward on the north and west. On the east and south the cavalry completed the investment of Geok Tepe. Looking from the little hill on the west, Lomakine watched the assault. Under a sharp musketry fire from the crest of the wall, the Russians struggled across the ditches, and helped each other up the rampart at whatever points the artillery fire had damaged it. There were scaling-ladders with the baggage, but they were not brought up. The men climbed the low mud walls as best they could. But the place had been badly reconnoitred. There was a second low wall inside the first, and beyond that again there were barricades, and living barriers formed by kneeling lines of camels, their legs tied to prevent them from rising. From every mud-bank and barricade blazed out a fire of musketry. Round the stormers there sprang up a surging mass of fierce swordsmen, maddened at the slaughter of their wives and children, desperate with the thought that all that was left for them was to sell their lives dearly. The women mingled in the *mêlée*. Some fought with sticks; others poured boiling water on the stormers. The Russians had expected that once the rampart was passed there would be a panic among the defenders. But at the sight of the new obstacles before them, and

outnumbered twenty to one by men who, when it came to cold steel, were at least their equals, the stormers felt that the game was up, and they were forced back into the ditch. Out poured the Turkomans after them, and drove them back upon their guns. They followed up their retreating foes. One chief was literally blown to pieces as he charged up to the very muzzle of the Russian cannon. Others were shot down well to the rear of the batteries. For a moment it looked as if the Russian guns would remain in the hands of the Tekkes. If the cavalry had been at hand they might have charged into the confused mass, but they were away to the east and south, and knew nothing of the danger of their comrades. Luckily for the Russians, the Tekkes after the first dash at the guns drew back into the fortress. Darkness came on quickly, and brought the day's fight to an end.

The Russians passed the night in momentary expectation of an attack. The cavalry came in soon after dark, and happily were recognised as friends. There were no fires lighted, though the night was cold, and it was difficult to collect the wounded. Nearly 500 men were missing, and so hopeless did the situation appear to Lomakine that he ordered the retreat to begin at dawn. Some of his officers in vain urged that he should at least stand his ground and offer the Turkomans battle, trusting to his rapid-firing rifles and his artillery to secure victory. But he had thoroughly lost heart.

But on the Turkoman side there was equal depression. Far from being elated at their unexpected victory, the Tekkes were terrified at the destruction caused by the Russian shells. They had lost more than 4,000 men, women, and children, chiefly by the bombardment, and they fully expected that it would begin again at sunrise. All night the women wailed their dead, and did what little they could for the hundreds who were dying. As for the men, who had fought with such desperate courage, they chose delegates to go out next morning and throw themselves on the mercy of the terrible soldier whose murderous guns had wrought such havoc. At sunrise the envoys went forth, but stopped and turned back when they saw the Russian columns already in full retreat to the westward.

At 3 a.m. the Russians had broken up their camp and begun their march, keeping near the mountain-wall to secure their left flank, while the cavalry moved on their right. For a week they marched thus along the oasis, the Turkomans harassing their rear and picking up the

exhausted camels and pack-horses they abandoned. At last it was ordered that these should not be left alive to the enemy, and as cartridges were running short the wretched animals were stabbed to death with bayonets. Daily the wounded and sick soldiers were dying. The heat was tropical, supplies were short, and the streams near the hills often gave only a scanty supply of water. The Turkoman guides and camp-followers deserted, and to add to the alarm of the fugitives, news arrived that the Khan of Merv was hurrying up to join the pursuit with 6,000 horse and a battery of artillery. Not till the pass through the Kopet Dagh was reached did Lomakine feel safe. The expedition then straggled back to the Caspian, the Tekke horsemen riding up to the very gates of Fort Tchat, and raiding across the desert till they were all but in sight of Krasnovodsk. In thirty years of Asiatic warfare Russia had known no such disaster. Kauffman sent word from Tashkent that if it were not avenged he could not count on peace even in his distant province.

The man chosen to retrieve the fallen prestige of the Russian arms was General Skobelev. He had the reputation of being the most dashing soldier in the armies of the Czar. Born in 1845, he had distinguished himself in Poland, in the Caucasus, and in Central Asia, and he was a general at thirty, when those who had passed through the military school with him were mostly still captains. In the Turkish war he had gained new laurels, especially by his reckless valour in the assaults on Plevna. The army heard with exultation that he was to command the next expedition against Geok Tepe, but there were some who shook their heads and expressed the opinion that Skobelev was likely to be imprudently daring in his conduct of the enterprise—that he would try to conquer the Tekkes by one fierce rush, and there would be another disaster.

Those who spoke thus showed how little they knew the man. Reckless as to his own personal safety, he was one of the most careful and painstaking of soldiers in all that concerned the preparation for the military operations entrusted to his command. He neglected no detail. He laid far-reaching plans, and thoroughly realised the truth of the important fact that battles are won quite as much by the previous organisation of the campaign as by the actual fighting. He studied the causes of the failures of his predecessor; and not Russia, but Europe also, was surprised at seeing this soldier, who was supposed to be all

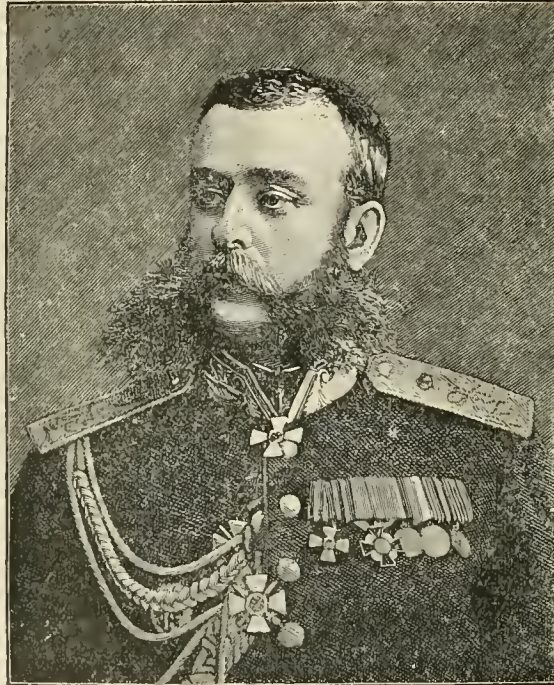
eagerness for the actual conflict, spend a full twelvemonth in preparing for his conquest of the Akhal Oasis.

Skobelev resolved, in the first place, not to collect his force on the eastern shore of the Caspian until everything was ready for it to move off. He determined to have a powerful train of artillery, and he ordered a chain of depôts of supplies to be formed all along the route up to the front, and the largest depôts of all to be collected under a sufficient guard on the edge of the oasis itself. He chose for his chief of the staff Colonel Kuro-patkine, who had been his right-hand man at Plevna, and who is now a general and governor of the Transcaspian provinces. General Annenkoff, who had directed the transport and supply of the Russian armies during the Turkish war, was sent to assist him, and at once obtained Skobelev's consent to the execution of what had long been one of his favourite ideas. In the spring of 1880 he began to lay down a railway across the desert from St. Michael's Bay (a little south of Kras-

novodsk), in the direction of Kizil Arvat at the west end of the Akhal oasis. The railway was not finished in time to directly connect the oasis with the Caspian during the campaign, but its eastern end was used as a depôt, from which caravans of camels moved across the desert; and thus Skobelev had a double line of supply and a double base. In England questions were asked in the House of Commons about this new railway, and the Minister of the day laughed at the story of its progress as a mere canard. In July Skobelev collected about a thousand men, with a few mountain- and machine-guns, in the passes of the Kopet Dagh, and, pushing on to the neighbourhood of Geok Tepe,

reconnoitred the now famous fortress. He saw that the Turkomans had considerably strengthened its walls and widened its ditches, and he decided that it must be taken by a regular siege. Having got his information, he retired, followed by the Turkoman cavalry; and the rumour spread through Central Asia that the Russians had failed once more to capture the place. But Skobelev cared very little for this. He knew that with the means he had at his disposal its surrender within a few months was as certain as inevitable fate.

While he was reconnoitring Geok Tepe a naval brigade from the Caspian seized Kizil Arvat, repaired the fortifications, and began to collect there a supply of stores brought across the desert by Annenkoff's railway and camel caravans. The summer passed and the short rainy season, and in the cold of winter Skobelev at last moved his battalions and batteries across the Caspian, marched them from fortified post to post into the Akhal oasis, and in the middle of December startled the Tekkes by suddenly coming down upon them from the



GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

(Photo, Charles Evgamosco, St. Petersburg.)

passes and driving them back on their stronghold. There was some fighting during this advance, and among the wounded was Annenkoff, who had hurried to the front. On the 1st of January, 1881, the army was in sight of Geok Tepe, Skobelev having under his command 10,000 picked troops, with fifty-four cannon, besides machine-guns and rocket-tubes. No detail had been neglected, and a heliograph signal corps connected together his various camps, and enabled him to send back news rapidly to the telegraph stations beyond the Kopet Dagh and on the railway. Behind the clay ramparts of the fortress between 20,000 and 30,000 men awaited the attack.

The first parallel was opened and the first batteries constructed in the night between January 8th and 9th. Two days later the Turkomans made a sortie in force. They tried to rush the besieging lines just after dark, and the fighting was not over till midnight. The Tekkes actually captured two guns and a standard, and for a short time were in possession of part of the Russian works. On the 16th they

Geok Tepe and on the snowy crest of the mountain range. There was a pleasant sharpness in the air. It was very different from the torrid summer afternoon which had witnessed Lomakine's failure. All the Russian guns thundered against the walls, or sent their shells into the camp behind it, while the four columns of attack formed up under cover of the advanced works. On the west side Colonel Haidaroff, a Circassian



"FOR A WEEK THEY MARCHED THUS, . . . THE TURKOMANS HARASSING THEIR REAR" (p. 423).

came out again, but were again repulsed. The siege works were pushed rapidly forward, and on the morning of the 17th the head of the sap had been carried to within forty yards of the ditch on the south side. All the outworks were in the hands of the Russians, whose steady progress must have seemed to the Tekkes far more terrible than the wildest onset. On the 23rd the wall was breached, and, all unknown to the garrison, two mines had been driven under the rampart, one charged with gunpowder, the other with dynamite. The assault was fixed for next day.

The morning broke fine and clear. The bright sunlight shone on the greyish-white walls of

veteran, with a battalion of infantry and five rocket-tubes, made a false attack on the Tekke defences, his men firing as fast as they could load, showing themselves here and there with scaling-ladders in their hands, and doing all they could to induce the Tekkes to believe that it was there the chief assault was to be made. Meanwhile Kuropatkine was forming another column for attack opposite the east side, and Colonel Kosselkof had got more than 2,000 men together opposite the south angle, while the fourth column waited in reserve behind him. The artillery was firing over the heads of the infantry, and a soldier in Kosselkof's column was killed while waiting by the lead coating of

a shell, which had become detached from the projectile. A little after eleven the mines were fired. The explosion caused momentary panic among the garrison, and in the midst of the confusion the two storming columns rushed for the breaches. But before they could climb the heaps of smoking *débris* the Tekkes were back at their posts, and it was through a sharp fire of rifles and muskets that the Russians pushed in through the first line of defence. The fight in and around the breaches was a close and desperate struggle; but as the stormers in front fell, others clambered up to replace them, and at the same time Haidaroff, converting his false attack into a real one, escalated the southern wall.


"No quarter!" had been the shout of the Russian officers as they dashed forward at the head of the stormers. The Tekkes expected none. They fought in desperate knots, back to back, among the huts and tents of the town, but at last they were driven out by the east side. Skobelev did not make Lomakine's mistake or blocking their way. He let them go; but once they were out on the plain the Cossack cavalry was launched in wild pursuit, and for ten long miles sword and spear drank deep of the blood of the fugitives. Women as well as men were cut down or speared as the horses overtook them. More than 8,000 Tekkes fell in the pursuit. Asked a year after if this was true, he said he had had the slain counted, and that it was so. Six thousand five hundred bodies were buried inside the fortress, 8,000 more strewed the ten miles of the plain. Skobelev looked on the massacre as a necessary element

in the conquest of Geok Tepe. "I hold it as a principle," he said, "that in Asia the duration of peace is in direct proportion to the slaughter you inflict on the enemy. The harder you hit them the longer they will keep quiet after it." No women, he added, were killed by the troops under his immediate command, and he set at liberty 700 Persian women who were captives in Geok Tepe. After ten miles the pursuit was stopped. There was no further resistance. Not a shot was fired on either side after that terrible day. The chiefs came in and surrendered. The other towns in the eastern part of the oasis were occupied without fighting; nay, more, within a month of Geok Tepe Skobelev was able to go without a guard into the midst of the very men who had fought against him. We in Europe cannot understand the calm submission with which the Asiatic accepts as the decree of fate the rule of the conqueror whose hand has been heavy upon him and his. The crumbling ramparts of Geok Tepe remain a memorial of the years of warfare which it cost the Russians, and the iron track on which the trains steam past the ruined fortress shows how complete has been the victory.

Skobelev looked upon his triumph as only the first step to further conquests. But within eighteen months of the storming of Geok Tepe he died suddenly at Moscow. Others have built on the foundations which he laid; and, for good or ill, the advance which began with the subjugation of the Tekke Turkomans has now brought the Russian outposts in Central Asia in sight of the passes that lead across the mountain barriers of our Indian frontier.



STEPES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.



Battles of the
by Archibald
Forbes Boer War.

THE Boers of the Transvaal are descended from the settlers brought to the Cape by the Dutch East India Company in the seventeenth century. In 1814 the colony was finally ceded to Great Britain by the King of the Netherlands. The Boers had been intolerant of the stern rule of the masters of their own nationality, and they chafed not less under the milder dominion of the later English government. The truth was, and still is, that the Boers from the first have disliked all government, especially when it clashed with their ideas regarding their rights over the natives. A disturbance which occurred in 1815 led to the "great trek," as the emigration of the Boers from Cape Colony was called—a movement which resulted in their settlement in the Transvaal and in the territory now known as the Orange Free State. Up to 1852 the British government theoretically extended up to the twenty-fifth degree of latitude. But no attempt was made to enforce this claim, and in the end even the shadow of suzerainty was renounced when, on 17th January, 1852, the Sand River Convention was entered into between the British Government and the delegates of the Transvaal Boers, by which Great Britain formally renounced all rights over the country north of the Vaal river. Originally there were four republics in the Transvaal, but in 1860 they were united into one under the title of the "South African Republic," which is now its official designation.

The South African Republic did not prosper. From the first it was impecunious, and within a decade after its establishment it was practically insolvent. The discovery, in 1867, of diamonds and of gold brought into the country a rush of strangers, whose energy and enterprise might have altered the condition of the Transvaal but for the lethargy and obstinate isolation of the Boer population. Burgers, the last President

before the annexation, was a man of vigour and talent, but the stolid and ignorant Boers declined to be welded by him into a nation. In a war upon which they entered with Sekukuni, a powerful native chief, their poltroonery was flagrant. The fighting was done for them by the warlike native tribe of Amaswazis, who were so disgusted with the cowardice of their white allies that they left them in dudgeon. When the Boers had to do their own work their hearts failed them, and they fled ignominiously. Burgers, with tears, strove to rally them, but in vain, and he begged them to shoot him rather than disgrace him. But they shrugged their shoulders, and more than two-thirds of them "trekked" home, leaving him hemmed in and powerless.

The republic was encircled by native enemies all round the Transvaal borders, all waiting for the impending onslaught by Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the master of a formidable army which lay on the frontier ready to strike, and restrained from immediate hostilities against the Boers—who had provoked him by many encroachments—only by his fear of the English and the personal influence of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Native Secretary of Natal. On the north-east the Amaswazis brooded in sullen discontent; northward, within and beyond the frontier, anarchy raged; and in the west the Bekhuanas were waiting for their opportunity. Financially the republic was hopelessly insolvent. The Boers set their faces against taxation. It is a notorious fact that when Shepstone annexed the Transvaal there was found in the public treasury only twelve shillings and sixpence, part of which was base coin. Clearly a crisis was impending which threatened to involve South Africa in great peril. The annexation was no sudden act. The Blue-books contain remonstrance on remonstrance addressed by British officials to the Transvaal authorities. At

length Lord Carnarvon's forbearance was exhausted. Shepstone was sent for to England, and received a commission of date 5th October, 1876, directing him, should the emergency render such a course necessary, to annex the Transvaal to her Majesty's dominions. Shepstone, escorted by twenty-five mounted policemen and a few officials, reached Pretoria in February, 1877. It was an open secret that he was empowered to annex the country if he deemed it advisable, but he expressed his readiness to refrain from that step if certain reforms

emete occurred, but there were ominous demonstrations, which would probably have come to a head but for the presence of the troops. The Boer discontent was enhanced by the positive intimation from the Colonial Secretary that "under no circumstances whatever would the Transvaal independence be restored to the Boers," and by Sir Garnet's less prosaic but equally resolute utterance, that "so long as the sun shone and the Vaal river flowed to the sea the Transvaal would remain British territory." He finally left the Transvaal in March, 1880, and



BOERS OF THE CAPE ON THE TREK.

were carried out. The Boers would have no reforms, and on April 12th, 1877, Shepstone issued a proclamation formally annexing the Transvaal to Great Britain. For some time the Boers remained sullenly quiet. A few of them rendered good and loyal service with Sir Evelyn Wood during the Zulu war, but the main body stood aloof. Sir Owen Lanyon succeeded Shepstone as Administrator of the Transvaal, and from the first was unpopular with the Boers. At the close of the Zulu war Sir Garnet Wolseley, who held the position of High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, came up into the Transvaal with a considerable strength of regular and irregular troops. During his stay no actual

the troops in that territory were gradually reduced until in November of the same year they consisted of but thirteen companies of infantry, two troops of mounted infantry, and four guns, distributed in detachments in some half-dozen garrisons scattered over the country.

Throughout the land there was a deceptive peace, which lulled Lanyon into a sense of security, and to some extent deceived Wolseley. The Boers were playing the waiting game. Mr. Gladstone became Premier in March, 1880. Taking it for granted that he would act on the lines of his speeches when in Opposition, the Boer leaders called on him to rescind the annexation. The answer of the Government came

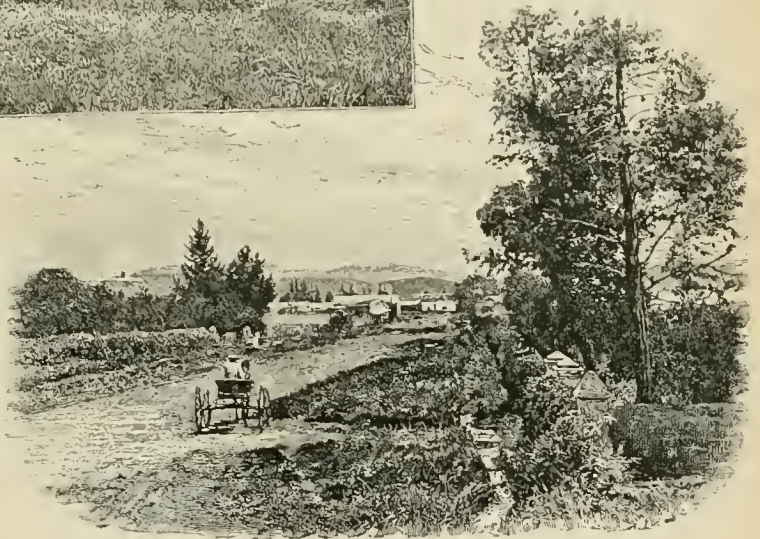
in the curt telegram : " Under no circumstances can the Queen's authority in the Transvaal be relinquished." There was consternation among the Boers ; the British inhabitants, trusting implicitly in an assurance so specific, rejoiced greatly and bought land without hesitation. In the matter of taxation the Boers had always pre-

detailed to another service presently to be described.

Lanyon was powerless to interfere, and he and the English in Pretoria had to await events, pending the expected arrival of the detachment of the 94th Regiment which had been ordered up from Lydenburg, whence it was known to have moved on December 5th. This ill-fated body was destined never to reach Pretoria. On the march Colonel Anstruther had frequent warnings of danger, to which he paid insufficient heed ; there prevailed in the force the rooted belief that the Boers did not intend serious mischief. It was scarcely to be expected that the men who had pusillanimously recoiled from before



sented a passive resistance against the British rule, but Lanyon's officials considered that they might now crush this resistance by active measures. A Boer named Bezuidenhout was levied on, and in default of payment a seizure was made. Bezuidenhout and his friends forcibly recovered the article seized, and an attempt to arrest him was thwarted by a gathering of Boers. At



SCENES AROUND PRETORIA.

a mass meeting on the 13th of December, 1880, it was decided that the South African Republic should be restored ; it was resolved to fight for independence, and a triumvirate consisting of Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius was appointed to administer the Government. On the 16th the republic was proclaimed at Heidelberg, which became the headquarters of the new Government. A large body of Boers took possession of that place, another went to Potchefstrom, and a third "commando" was

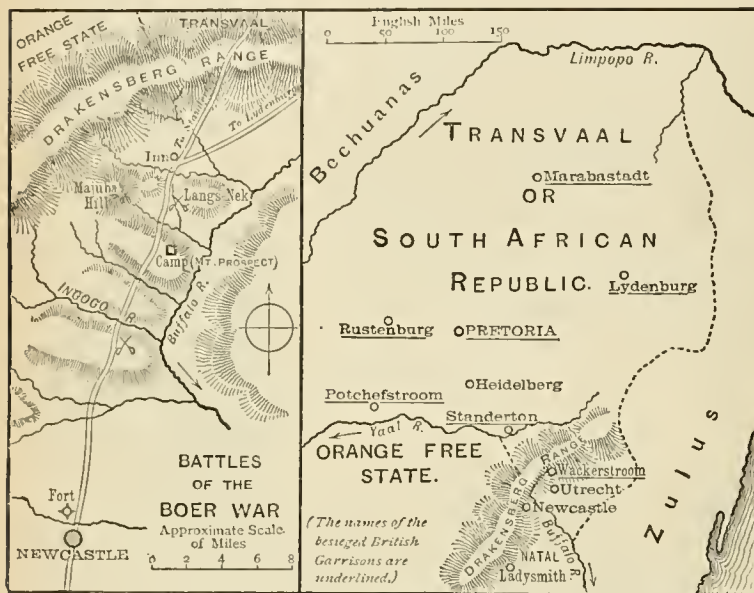
Sekukuni's spear-armed natives would venture to assail a body of British regular infantry. But long before the end of this miserable war the valour and constancy of the Boers, not less than their moderation and humanity, had come to be acknowledged and admired. In this, their first conflict with the "red soldiers," their unerring marksmanship was the chief surprise.

The scouting duties of Colonel Anstruther's detachment were performed with carelessness ; else, whatever might have been its fate, it would

not have been taken by surprise. About noon on December 20th the little column, marching at ease, was approaching Bronkhorst Spruit. The ground traversed by the road was sparsely wooded, sloping down from either side. Military precautions were neglected, and the convoy stretched to an interminable length. The band at the head of the column abruptly stopped playing when about 150 armed mounted Boers suddenly became visible in skirmishing formation on a rise on the left of the road, at a distance of a few hundred yards. Colonel Anstruther immediately galloped back, and ordered the leading waggon to halt and the others to close up. A Boer

departed, and the colonel, hurrying back towards his men, ordered them to skirmish. But it was too late. The Boers had closed in upon the rear and flanks of the column and opened fire at point-blank range. Their fire was deadly—every shot told; that of the troops was scattered and ineffective. In ten minutes, out of a total of 259, there had been killed or wounded 155 officers and men. Colonel Anstruther, himself riddled with bullets, then ordered the "Cease fire," and intimated the surrender of the remains of his force. The Boers then closed in, ordered all arms to be laid down, and formed a cordon round the scene of the slaughter.

When the fighting was over, Boers and soldiers became very friendly. The Boer commander, Joubert, came forward and shook hands with Colonel Anstruther, expressing regret that he should be among the wounded. A hospital camp was pitched close by, and leave was given for the retention of the waggons containing baggage, provisions, and hospital equipment, tents for the wounded, and some uninjured men as hospital nurses; the remaining unwounded prisoners with the rest of the waggons were removed to Heidelberg. Two men were permitted to carry the tidings



advanced midway with a flag of truce, and was met by Colonel Anstruther, to whom he handed a letter written in English. Its terms were at once quaint and peremptory. "We don't know," it ran, "whether we are in a state of war or not, consequently we can't allow any movements of troops from your side, and wish you to stop where you are. We not being at war with the Queen nor with the people of England, but are only recovering the independence of our country, we do not wish to take to arms, and therefore inform you that any movements of troops from your side will be taken by us as a declaration of war."

The messenger was to take back an answer, which had to be given within five minutes. Anstruther read the letter and tersely replied: "I go to Pretoria; do as you like." The messenger

of the disaster to Pretoria, whence without hindrance surgeons, hospital orderlies, and ambulances were sent out to Bronkhorst Spruit. The Boers showed themselves most obliging, and were extremely solicitous for the comfort of the wounded in camp, bringing in milk, butter, eggs, bread, and fruit gratuitously. The statements regarding the Boer losses in the short fight were curiously conflicting. The Boers affirmed that they amounted only to two killed and five wounded.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley went home he had been succeeded, in July, as High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Sir George Pomeroy Colley, an officer of high character. Tidings of the outbreak in the Transvaal reached him at Pieter Maritzburg on 19th December, and were in

possession of the Colonial Office in London on the following day. Reinforcements from India were promptly ordered to Natal, and further instalments of troops were sent out from England as early as possible. Considering the weakness of the forces at Colley's immediate disposition, he would have been wise to wait until he had been reinforced; but he had a great contempt for the Boers, and was eager to distinguish himself before he should be superseded by officers of higher rank. He was warned by Colonel Belairs (in military command of the Transvaal) that there were "from 6,000 to 7,000 rebels in the field, who, under good leadership, would exhibit courage, discipline, and organisation." Colley hurried up towards the Transvaal frontier the few companies of infantry which he had in Natal. The arrival of some drafts was very opportune—a naval brigade was landed and sent up, as also a squadron of dragoons and mounted infantry under the command of Major Brownlow, and the Natal Mounted Police. Colley had early intimated his intention to enter the Transvaal about the 20th January, 1881, with a column consisting of eight companies of infantry, four guns, and a mounted squadron—a miserably inadequate force. So far from accomplishing this anticipation, he was able only to quit Newcastle (a border town of Natal) on January 24th with about 60 officers and 1,200 men. This little force was styled the "relief column," as it was intended to raise the siege of the Transvaal towns in which were scanty British garrisons beleaguered by the Boers. Apart from Pretoria, the besieged capital of the Transvaal, there were six of those places—Potchefstrom, Rustenburg, Marabastadt, Lydenburg, Standerton, and Wakkerstrom, all of which held out gallantly until the restoration of peace.

Before advancing from Newcastle, Colley sent an ultimatum to the Boers, ordering them, as insurgents, to disperse. They replied, declaring that all they wanted was the rescinding of the annexation and the restoration of the South African Republic under the Protectorate of the Queen. On the 26th the British force entrenched itself on an elevated position at Mount Prospect, about twenty miles north of Newcastle, in the mountainous region forming the northern projection of Natal. The camp was about a mile right of the road from Newcastle to Standerton, which crossed the ridge known as Lang's Nek—about three and a half miles further northward. In the vicinity of Lang's Nek a considerable number of Boers were seen. On the morning of

the 28th, Colley moved out with a strength, all told, of about 1,160 men consisting of five companies of the 58th, under Major Hingeston, and 150 mounted men under Major Brownlow, the whole commanded by Colonel Deane; five companies of the 3rd battalion 60th Regiment, under Colonel Ashburnham; 75 men of the Naval Brigade, four guns under Captain Green, R.A., and details. The pass over Lang's Nek crosses the ridge about the centre of a rough semi-circle, on the west of which is the Majuba mountain; on the east is a long spur surmounted by a rocky crest. In front of the proper left of this spur, several hundred yards to the front, is an isolated conical hill. The ground in the bottom of the enclosed basin is low, with a gradual rise towards the face of the spur, something in the nature of a glacis. About nine o'clock the British force, having moved up along a ridge out of shot, formed into position on a rise in the bottom, with the mounted squadron and the 58th on the right, the guns in the centre, and the 60th and naval brigade on the left, the whole facing toward the spur.

The action was begun by shelling parts of the enemy's position, and by pushing forward a company of the 60th and the Naval Brigade, with their rockets, which took some effect on the Boer reserves in rear of the Nek. At ten o'clock the 58th advanced to the attack of the spur, covered on its right by artillery fire and by Brownlow's squadron. The leading troop of mounted men swept with fine dash up the isolated hill, and then charged. The hill-top was held by a Boer piquet of considerable strength. Brownlow shot the Boer leader with his revolver, but his horse was shot under him; Lieutenant Lermite and Sergeant-Major Lunny were killed; the supporting troop was checked—the leading troop, fatigued and broken by the charge, and with its leaders all down, could make no head, and the whole squadron gave way. It was no proper ground for cavalry, and the horsemen should have acted as mounted infantry. Meantime, the 58th had begun climbing the steep ascent through the long entangling grass, which retarded the men's progress. The Boer piquet from the hill, having repulsed Brownlow's squadron, moved down and opened fire on the now exposed right flank and rear of the 58th, while the Boers on the spur gathered on its brow and maintained a deadly fire from behind cover. Anxious to get to close quarters out of this purgatory, Colonel Deane gave the order to charge. The officers led nobly, and the men struggled on through the

hail of fire. Colonel Deane's horse was shot, but he dashed forward on foot until riddled with bullets ten yards in front of the foremost man. Major Poole and Lieutenants Inman and Elwes were killed in supporting Colonel Deane; Major Hingeston, and all the mounted officers of the 58th, were shot down or dismounted. The stubborn soldiers of that gallant regiment—youngsters as they were, most of them—continued to hold their ground unflinchingly for some time, notwithstanding the bitter fire. Lieutenant Baillie, carrying the regimental colour, was mortally wounded, and when his comrade Hill went to his assistance, the brave young officer said with his last breath, "Never mind me; save the colour!" Hill, who had been carrying the Queen's colour, took the other also; when he went down, Sergeant Budstock took both colours, and carried them until the general retirement, which soon had to occur. "The 58th," wrote Colley, "having fallen back leisurely without haste or confusion, reformed at the foot of the slope, and marched back into position in as good order, and with as erect and soldierly a bearing, as when it marched out."

Spite of much British bravery, the combat of Lang's Nek was an unquestionable and severe defeat. But many noble deeds were performed. Lieutenant Hill (already named) brought wounded man after man out of action, and worthily earned the V.C. Trooper Doogen saved the life of Major Brownlow; Private Godfrey and Bandboy Martin remained with Major Hingeston and Captain Lovegrove when those officers lay wounded, enduring heavy fire in doing so. The great brunt of the losses fell on the 58th. The casualties altogether amounted to 198, of which 173 belonged to that regiment, which had to bury 75 officers and men out of a total strength of 494. Lang's Nek caused the Boers exceptionally heavy loss. Their total casualties from beginning to end of the war were but 101, of which Lang's Nek accounted for 41—14 killed

and 27 wounded. The Boers behaved with humanity. The moment that the "Cease fire" sounded they gave permission to the English surgeons to attend the wounded lying in front of the Boer position, fetched water to them, and assisted in binding up their wounds.

The folly of the forward position prematurely taken up by General Colley with an inadequate force was made apparent by the result of the battle of Lang's Nek. The comparative handful of men in the Mount Prospect camp could no longer be regarded by any stretch of imagination as a "relief column." That repulse had taught the Boers their ability to arrest the further advance of the British force, and enabled them to turn their attention to the interception of its line of communication. The Boers, in effect, were masters of the situation. Their patrols penetrated nearly to Ladysmith, and threatened Newcastle from the Drakensberg and Utrecht districts. Convoys were cut off, captured, and destroyed; the mail service was arrested, and except for the telegraph service, which remained uninterfered with, the Mount Prospect camp was all but entirely isolated. An escort of mounted infantry sent



SIR G. P. COLLEY

out on February 7th to attempt to reach Newcastle with mails, was driven back to the camp by the fire of the Boers. Colley then determined to make a more formidable effort next day to open up communications with Newcastle, and to clear the Boers from the road. On the morning of the 8th he left camp with five companies of the 60th Rifles under Colonel Ashburnham, two field- and two mountain-guns under Captain Greer, R.A., and a small detachment of mounted men under Major Brownlow. About five miles south of the Mount Prospect position the Newcastle road is crossed by the Ingogo river, which runs from west to east through a valley. The ground north of the river is broken and rugged; from the south bank there is a gentle rise to the foot of a flat-topped ridge strewn with rocks and boulders, and irregularly cut by rocky depressions.



"THE MEN STRUGGLED ON THROUGH THE HAIL OF FIRE" (A. 437).

The general, leaving the two mountain-guns and a company of infantry on a commanding crest north of the river, crossed it with the main body, which he formed on the plain beyond, and then



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

moved it forward to the foot of the ridge bounding the valley to the southward. As the troops were ascending the rise to the ridge the Boers showed themselves in considerable strength, and they at once galloped forward to dispute the ridge, and to take advantage of the cover afforded by the intersecting valleys. Greer brought his two guns into action, but the Boers had already taken cover, from which they directed a heavy and active fire on the guns and skirmishers. Greer was killed early, and the command of the guns devolved on Lieutenant Parsons. The engagement became heavy and general about noon, when the companies of the 60th were pushed forward against the enemy, whose fire from behind cover was very deadly. The guns had to be freely exposed, and were in action with case-shot at a range of less than 500 yards. The gunners suffered very heavily, and a company of the 60th, which most gallantly advanced to cover the guns, and met the Boer fire at close range, had many casualties from the steady and accurate fire of enemies enjoying almost perfect cover. So severe was the fire of the Boers that the guns had soon to be withdrawn from their exposed position, and during the rest of the affair fired only occasionally. It was apparent that the enemy were being gradually reinforced, and the general sent orders to camp for three companies of the 58th to move out and occupy the ridges north of the

river, and for a part, if practicable, to cross the Ingogo in support of the troops already deeply engaged and reduced by severe losses.

About three o'clock there was a comparative lull, although the Boers maintained a very accurate fire, anyone on the British side being almost certainly struck if at all exposing himself. Later in the afternoon the Boers received considerable reinforcements, and Lieutenant Parsons, wounded as he was, reopened with his guns for a short time; but darkness presently set in, and the Boers gradually withdrew to their camp. It was Colley's conviction that the enemy intended renewing the engagement next morning in overwhelming strength, and he acted wisely in deciding to withdraw to camp under cover of darkness. It was a gruesome night. Torrents of rain were falling, and the darkness was intense, except when the lightning flashes broke the blackness of the cold and dismal night. The ambulances sent out during the fight had not been able to reach the actual scene of action, since the Boers had threatened to fire on them if they advanced while the engagement was going on. They were not now available in the darkness; and the wounded, whom in many instances it had been impossible to remove from the advanced positions, had to be searched for. Those who were found were collected and sheltered for the night as well as possible with waterproof sheets, blankets, great-coats, etc.; but many lay as they had fallen throughout the long, inclement night. The guns were horsed, although insufficiently, by collecting all the available animals, and by withdrawing the team from the ammunition wagon, which had to be abandoned. When all arrangements had been completed, the force moved off in silence, formed in hollow square, the guns in the centre, the infantry in skirmishing order on the four sides. The river, swollen by the rain, was deep and rapid; and some of the first men trying to cross were swept down, but found foothold on a sandbank. The main body crossed in detachments with locked arms. The camp was reached about 4 a.m. on the 9th. The soldiers had dragged the guns up the hill, the horses being unable to pull them up the steep and slippery road. The 58th companies spent the night on the northern ridges, and were not withdrawn until the following day.

The casualties had been heavy. Among the slain were Captain MacGregor, R.E., General Colley's assistant military secretary; Captain Greer, R.A.; Lieutenants Garrett and O'Connell;

and Mr. Stuart, a Natal resident magistrate. A most promising officer, Lieutenant Wilkinson of the 60th, was drowned while crossing the Ingogo, when returning to the field with assistance for the wounded, after having distinguished himself throughout the engagement by his coolness and gallantry. The total loss of this unfortunate day amounted to 139 officers and men. According to the statement of the Boers, the Ingogo fight cost them eight killed and six wounded. The Boers returned to the scene of action on the morning of the 9th, expecting to renew the engagement. They took away two gun limbers and the ammunition waggon abandoned overnight by Colley's people, and then fell back behind Newcastle to join their main force, reported as threatening to prevent the advance of the reinforcements recently arrived from India. Their disappearance gave opportunity to succour the wounded and bury the dead without molestation, and opened the road from Mount Prospect to Newcastle, to the hospital at which latter place were promptly sent the wounded from the British camp. The communications in rear of Mount Prospect remained open from this time forward.

Sir George Colley had sustained a second reverse, proportionately more bloody than had been the first. By this time, one would imagine, it might have begun to dawn on the home authorities that Colley, to say the least, was not a successful commander. His experience of actual warfare was but slender: he had served only in the China war of 1860 and in the Ashantee campaign. He was comparatively new to South Africa, and was quite unfamiliar with the Boer nature. Yet the authorities had assigned to him as second in command an officer senior to him in army rank, who had fought with distinction through the Crimean and Indian Mutiny wars, and in the Ashantee and Zululand campaigns, in high and successful commands. Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., was the only officer in the latter campaign under whom Boers served and died—served with a loyal devotion, died gallantly under his eye. He knew the strange, simple, yet stubborn nature of the Boers; he was ready to fight with them, and equally ready to argue them out of a folly. Wood and Colley were old and fast friends; Wood was quite content to serve under his junior, and had hurried out to India with a number of "special service" officers. He reached Durban on February 12th, four days after the Ingogo reverse, Sir G. Colley's account of which was in London

on the 10th, and notwithstanding the unwarrantable optimism of its tone, must have been read between the lines in Pall Mall. Then would have been the time to avert further futile waste of brave soldiers by instructing by telegraph Colley and Wood to exchange their relative positions. The arrangement would have been perfectly regular, and Colley was the sort of man who would loyally have accepted the secondary position.

Picking up on his rapid journey the Indian column from its camp on the Biggarsberg, Wood and it (consisting of the 15th Hussars, the 2nd battalion 60th Rifles, and the 92nd Highlanders) reached Newcastle on the 17th. Colley met him there, and it was resolved between the two officers that no further advance should be attempted until more reinforcements, now on the way up, should arrive. They parted on the 21st, Colley moving the Indian column up to Mount Prospect without molestation; Wood returning to Pieter Maritzburg to press on the advance of further reinforcements.

Sir George Colley's motive in making the fatal advance on the Majuba mountain-top, whatever it might have been, died with him. His assurance had been given to Wood that no further advance should be attempted pending the arrival of further reinforcements. He had engaged with the Boer Vice-President in negotiations which promised favourable results. A



GENERAL SMIJT.

reconnaissance in force to the summit of the mountain could give no more information than a mere patrol could easily ascertain—the position of the Boer laagers and an approximate estimate

of the force occupying them. A Boer piquet occasionally held the hill-top during the day, and Colley resolved to occupy it by making a night march. At ten o'clock on the night of February 26th he left the Mount Prospect camp with a force of 22 officers and 627 men—a smaller force than he had employed at Lang's Nek. At the start its composition and order were as follows:—Two companies 58th, the Naval Brigade, three companies 92nd, followed by some details; two companies of the 2nd both moved out later to the piquet post close to the foot of Inquela

boulders and deep dongas, varied by sharp crags and treacherous loose stones, over and up which the wearied and burdened men had to drag themselves. Near the top the ascent had to be accomplished on hands and knees. Between four and five in the morning of the 27th the force, much exhausted after the heavy toil, and now only about 400 strong, gained the summit.

Like most of the mountains of South Africa, the Majuba is crowned by no peak. Its top is a plateau of saucer-like shape, dipping towards the centre, across which is a rocky



[Photo, W. H. Peacock & Co., Capetown

MAJUBA HILL.

hill, with instructions to occupy its summit with some detachments. Further on, upon the narrow Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba, Captain Robertson's company of the 92nd was dropped as a link, with orders to entrench itself. The Nek traversed, the troops, guided by friendly Kaffirs, had now to undertake in single file the actual climb up the steep and rugged side of the Majuba, whose top is 6,200 feet above sea-level and more than 2,000 feet above the positions of the Boer laagers. From time to time during the tedious and toilsome ascent, a halt was made to enable the men—heavy-laden with rations and extra cartridges—to regain their breath. As the troops neared the summit the obstacles increased. The steep grassy slopes were succeeded by great

reef about breast-high. The circumference of the plateau is about 1,200 yards. When the summit was reached it was still dark, and the troops having got mixed during the scramble up, and being weary, lay down where they stood until dawn. With daylight they were extended round the edge of the plateau, with a small reserve in the central hollow. No instructions were given to entrench, and, indeed, the troops had no tools for such a purpose; but the men of their own accord attempted to obtain some cover by throwing up defences of turf and stones. Here and there the soldiers showed on the sky line, and a few shots were fired, which for the moment caused great consternation in the Boer camps in the lower ground

north-west of the Majuba. Seeing that the mountain was in British occupation, the expectation was natural that an attack would presently be made on their positions on the Nek, in which case they would find themselves

summons a number of the younger men began to climb the mountain side under cover of the stones and scrub. Joubert, the commanding general, detailed a force of the older men in support of the storming party—picked shots



"THE BOERS, NOW DISDAINING COVER, . . . AND, FIRING DOWN UPON THE SCARED TROOPS, PICKED OFF THE MEN AS IF SHOOTING GAME" (p. 438).

between two fires. Their first idea, it seems, was of flight. The oxen were inspanned, and hurried preparations were made for retreat. But when it became evident that the troops on the summit were in no great strength and had neither cannon nor rockets, and that their Nek position was unmolested, the courage of the Boers revived. Smijt, the fighting general, made a short stirring speech, and at his

who remained below watching the edge of the plateau, and firing at every soldier who exposed himself. As the morning passed Boer detachments attacked and hemmed in the British position on the north, the east, and the southwest. The defenders were not in sufficient strength to hold the whole of the edge of the plateau, and detachments had to be moved hither and thither to meet and attempt to

thwart the advances of the Boers. Slowly and steadily the hostile skirmishers clambered upwards from cover to cover, while the supports below protected their movement with a steady and accurate fire. During the hours from dawn to noon our men had not suffered very heavily, notwithstanding the Boer marksmanship. The first officer to fall was Commander Romilly, of the Naval Brigade, while reconnoitring with General Colley. But the long strain of the Boers' close shooting began to tell on the *morale* of the British soldiers, and when the Boers at length reached the crest and opened a deadly fire at short range the officers had to exert themselves to the utmost in the effort to avert disaster. The reserves stationed in the central dip of the plateau, out of reach until then of the enemy's fire, were ordered up in support of the fighting line. Their want of promptitude in obeying this order did not augur well, and soon after reaching the front they wavered, and then gave way. The officers did temporarily succeed in rallying them, but the "bolt" had a bad effect. To use the expression of an eye-witness, "a funk became established."

It was struggled against very gallantly by the officers, who, sword and revolver in hand, encouraged the soldiers by word and by action. A number of men, unable to confront the deadly fire of the Boers, had huddled for cover behind the rocky reef crossing the plateau, and no entreaty or upbraiding on the part of their officers would induce them to face the enemy. What then happened one does not care to tell in detail. Everything connected with this disastrous enterprise went to naught, as if there had been a curse on it. Whatever may have been the object intended, the force employed was absurdly inadequate. Instead of being homogeneous, it consisted of separate detachments with no link or bond of union—a disposition which notoriously has led to more panics than any other cause that the annals of regimental history can furnish. Fragments of proud and distinguished regiments fresh from victory in another continent shared in the panic of the Majuba, seasoned warriors behaving no better than mere recruits. To the calm-pulsed philosopher a panic is an academic enigma. No man who has seen it—much less shared in it—can ever forget the infectious madness of panic-stricken soldiers.

In the sad ending, with a cry of fright and despair the remnants of the hapless force turned and fled, regardless of the efforts of the officers

to stem the rearward rush. Sir George Colley lay dead, shot through the head just before the final flight. A surgeon and two hospital attendants caring for the wounded at the bandaging place in the dip of the plateau were shot down, probably inadvertently. The elder Boers promptly stopped the firing in that direction. But there was no cessation of the fire directed on the fugitives. On them the bullets rained accurately and persistently. The Boers, now disdainng cover, stood boldly on the edge of the plateau, and, firing down upon the scared troops, picked off the men as if shooting game. The slaughter would have been yet heavier but for the entrenchment which had been made by the company of the 92nd, left overnight on the Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba. Captain Robertson was joined at dawn from camp by a company of the 60th, under Captain Thurlow. Later there arrived at the entrenchment on the Nek a troop of the 15th Hussars, under the command of Captain Sullivan. After midday the sound of the firing on the Majuba rapidly increased, and men were seen running down the hill towards the laager, one of whom brought in the tidings that the Boers had captured the position, that most of the troops were killed or prisoners, and that the general was dead with a bullet through his head.

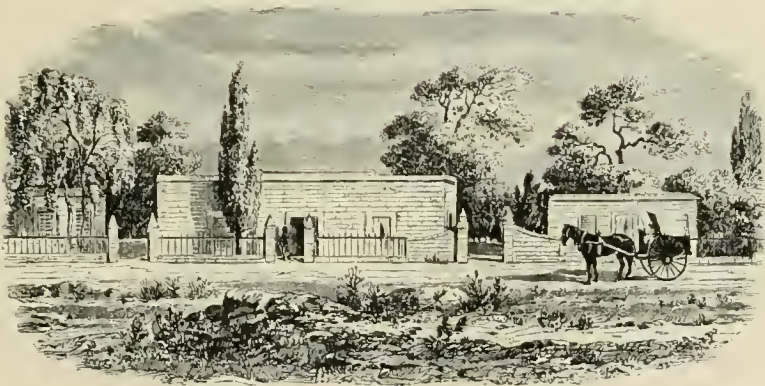
Wounded men presently came pouring in, and were attended by Surgeon-Major Cornish. The laager was manned by the two companies, and outposts were thrown out, which were soon driven in by large bodies of mounted Boers, under whose fire men fell fast. Robertson despatched the rifle company down the ravine towards the camp, and a little later followed with the company of the 92nd under a murderous fire from the Boers, who had reached and occupied the entrenchment. The Highlanders lost heavily in the retreat, and Surgeon-Major Cornish was killed. The surviving fugitives from Majuba and from the laager finally reached camp under cover of the artillery fire from it, which ultimately stopped the pursuit. With the consent of the Boer leaders a temporary hospital was established at a farmhouse near the foot of the mountain, and throughout the cold and wet night the medical staff never ceased to search for and bring in the wounded. Sir George Colley's body was brought into camp on March 1st, and buried there with full military honours. The other dead of the Majuba fight rest in a cemetery on the plateau of the mountain summit—victims of a strange and almost incredible folly.

Of the 650 officers and men who were in action on this disastrous day 90 were killed, 133 were wounded, 58 were prisoners, and two were missing, the total casualties being 283, the great majority of which occurred in the 92nd, whose losses were 125; in the 58th, with a loss of 93; and in the Naval Brigade, which lost 30—more than half of its strength.

Sir Evelyn Wood reached Newcastle on March 4th, and assumed command. On the 6th he met the Boer leaders, when an armistice to last for eight days was agreed upon. The British garrisons in the Transvaal were revictualled for twelve days, pending the raising of their siege on the consummation of peace; and Sir Evelyn Wood acknowledged the right of the Transvaal people to complete self-government subject to the suzerainty of the Queen. Terms of peace were signed on March 23rd; and next day General

Sir Frederick Roberts, who had been sent out with large reinforcements to succeed Sir George Colley, reached Cape Town, but learning of peace being signed, immediately sailed home.

The total number of Transvaal Boers capable of carrying arms was under 8,000 at the beginning of hostilities. The total British force in South Africa, or on the way thither, at the close of hostilities consisted of thirteen infantry regiments, five cavalry regiments, twenty-two guns, three naval brigades—in all, not far short of 20,000 men. This total was exclusive of the British garrisons besieged in the Transvaal during the war. The Boer casualties throughout the war, as already mentioned, amounted to 43 killed and 58 wounded. The British casualties were over 800 killed and wounded. At Majuba the Boers had one man killed and five men wounded.



HOUSE OF A RICH FARMER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINE

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THE French invaded Algeria in 1830 in order to overthrow a power which for many centuries had been the scourge of Christendom. It sounds like ancient history to talk of the Barbary corsairs, yet they existed, as a matter of fact, till quite lately, making constant war against all maritime nations, harrying their commerce, and carrying their people into captivity.

It was only in 1816 that Lord Exmouth with a British fleet bombarded Algiers. The treaty which he forced upon the Dey insisted on the abolition of Christian slavery for ever: as the immediate result no fewer than 3,000 slaves were liberated from Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers. But the Dey—an incorrigible old Turk—would not reform. For fifteen years more his pirate ships infested the Mediterranean, and he was insolent and unbearable to the last. He was in the habit of compelling the British consul to approach him bareheaded and on foot, obliging him to await an audience seated humbly on a stone bench outside his palace. On one occasion he struck the French consul with his fan.

France resolved at length to suppress him, and sent out a combined force, naval and military, to invade Algeria. An army of 34,000 men landed without difficulty, fought two victorious engagements, and marched straight upon Algiers. The city soon fell, and the Dey's power crumbled into the dust.

But this did not end the French operations. The complete subjugation of Algeria was a long affair. In the early years of the conquest there was continuous fighting, either against the indomitable Arabs or some one or other of the Dey's former lieutenants who here and there still resisted the French. One of these held Constantine, in the eastward, and defied the French authority for just seven years after the fall of Algiers.

This was Hadj Ahmad—an old Turk who had

been a chieftain under the Dey, but who had constituted himself pacha or supreme ruler under the authority of the Sultan of Turkey. It must be remembered that for centuries the Sublime Porte had exercised suzerainty over Algeria, and the Algerian Turks owed nominal allegiance to Constantinople. Hadj Ahmad was by reputation a cruel and rapacious tyrant. His mountain stronghold was a centre of resistance, whence he laughed at the French. They issued a proclamation deposing him from his power; he told them to come and drive him out; and as he commanded at this time a very considerable force, mostly hardy mountaineers and excellent troops, his position seemed fairly secure. He was well supported by a capable lieutenant—one Ben Aissa, a man of low origin—a Kabyle or mountaineer, one of the turbulent tribe which gave the French much trouble to the very last.

It was now felt by the French—no less as a matter of prestige than for the completion of the conquest of eastern Algeria—that Hadj Ahmad should be overthrown. This was fully realised by the French general-in-chief, Marshal Clausel, one of Wellington's opponents in Spain who had fought him at Salamanca—a veteran soldier who had made war on a large scale, and who no doubt counted upon easily overcoming the old Turk. The marshal was, moreover, in a hurry; he expected momentarily to be recalled to France, and the season was so late there was little time left to take Constantine before the winter—always arduous in the mountain regions of Algeria—set in. Then he was sanguine of success, even without fighting. He had been assured that Constantine would open its gates directly the French appeared before it. This was promised him by an Arab adventurer named Youssoff, who had come over, and who later on rose to high rank in the French service.

Accordingly, Marshal Clausel pushed forward his preparations, and started on a difficult

campaign with an insufficient force, very inadequately supplied. His whole army numbered barely 7,000 men. The roads were so bad—uphill all the way—that he took with him no siege-train and only the most limited number of mountain-guns—fourteen in all. There were only 1,400 rounds of ammunition for the artillery. For the same reason, the troops themselves were but badly found: the force had but fifteen days' rations, and half of these the men carried in their own haversacks. As a mere military demonstration Clausel's expedition might have answered, but it was manifestly unequal to serious business—it could neither face a protracted siege nor a determined assault.

From the first, too, misfortune dogged his steps. The weather became frightfully bad; tempestuous winds, storms of semi-tropical rain, and, on reaching the higher levels, icy cold set in. Every mountain stream—and numbers had to be passed—was swollen into a raging torrent; the paths and mountain roads were broken down or carried away. Fuel was terribly scarce, so that most nights the troops bivouacked without fire; they could not even cook their food. But after thirteen days of most disastrous marching, Clausel arrived at Constantine.

This city has been famous for ages, not only as the key of Eastern Algeria and the natural capital of the surrounding country, but on account of the splendid position it occupies. Constantine has always been deemed one of the wonders of the world. Some French writer has compared it to a picture standing on an easel. It is planted high up on a square and rocky plateau, with its back against the hills. Deep, wide ravines encircle it on all sides but one; at their base, a thousand feet down, flows the rapid Rummel, easily converted by rain and snow into an impassable flood. The only natural communication is on the fourth side—the southern—where the rocky peninsula is joined by an isthmus to the mainland; but from time immemorial the ravine has been bridged on the

western side. When the French came to Constantine the bridge of El Kantarah was an ancient and beautiful Moorish construction, hanging high in the air as it spanned the gloomy gorge.

Marshal Clausel invested Constantine on the two sides just mentioned, the southern and western. One brigade took post at Mansourah, an eminence opposite the El Kantarah bridge; the other worked round to another height—that of Condiat Ati, which commanded the city walls and gates on the landward side. The leader of this second brigade was directed to hoist the tricolor flag on the highest point of this ground, as a signal to friends inside. But here was a fresh disappointment. Clausel waited in vain for any overtures from within the city. The enemy meant fighting, not voluntary submission.



Hadj Ahmad was in the open country, at the head of a large body of alert and enterprising cavalry. Ben Aissa, who commanded the garrison, showed a firm front in the fortress. There was no choice for Clausel—his only hope of success lay in an immediate attack. His want of battering-train forbade the idea of siege; but worse than all, the French troops were growing demoralised from starvation and hardships, and

it was obvious they could not hold their ground before the place for long.

There were to be two columns of attack, made simultaneously and at midnight—one at the land side from Condiat Ati, the other upon the El Kantarah bridge. Both were to be preceded by the demolition of the gates which barred the way. But now came a fresh mischance. Till now the nights had been overcast, with incessant rain. Just before the assault the clouds cleared off; a bright moon came out, and fully betrayed the movements of the assailants. All efforts to blow in the gates were checked by such a murderous fire that the French could make no progress, and the assault entirely failed.

About daylight Clausel was compelled to order a general retreat. Rigny's brigade at the bridge fell back first, and was presently joined by the other from Condiat Ati. Both were covered by the firm demeanour of a small rear-guard commanded by Changarnier—a major then, who afterwards became a famous general. He stimulated the courage of his little force by pointing out to them that, although the enemy numbered 6,000 and the French but 300, the proportion was equal: it was a fair match between them. Such devoted courage was amply rewarded. Clausel was extricated and retreated in good order unmolested by the Arabs, who, wearied with fighting, did not attempt to pursue. Six days later the shattered and unsuccessful French column re-entered Bone, having in a brief three weeks' campaign lost in killed, wounded, and sick nearly 2,000 men, or a third of the whole force engaged.

In this the first siege of Constantine, the luck had been entirely against the old marshal. Clausel was promptly recalled, and the French people, too proud to sit down under such a defeat, insisted upon a fresh expedition against the mountain fortress. The new force was organised on broader lines, and the chief command entrusted to General Damrémont, who had gained long experience in Algerian warfare. He was to be ably supported. There were to be four brigades of infantry, with a total of 10,000 men, and an imposing quantity of artillery, sixteen field-pieces, a siege-train of seventeen guns, and an ample ammunition-train. The artillery was under General Valée, who, although senior in rank to Damrémont, chivalrously offered to serve under him. Ten companies of sappers and engineers accompanied the army to assist in the siege.

The new expedition was composed in part or troops then newly raised, but destined to become

famous in the annals of French warfare. These were the Zouaves, who made up mainly one brigade—that of the Duke de Nemours, a prince of the reigning house. In the early days of the French invasion a body of warlike mountaineers had been found among the Kabyle tribes who, like the Swiss in Europe, hired themselves out as mercenary soldiers to the native princes around. They were called "Zouaouas," and they wore a distinctive dress which foreshadowed the now famous Zouave uniform—the red fez, the short jacket, and wide red Turkish trousers. The French willingly secured the services of these fighting-men, and embodied them in regiments which by degrees lost their native character and became filled with adventurous spirits—not always French born, but attracted from all European countries by the dashing nature of the service required from them. The Zouaves soon became remarkable for their brilliant exploits in the field, their impetuosity in attack, their boldness and self-reliance in the face of the most serious danger. Yet they required to be handled with discretion and forbearance. A lighter discipline was enforced in quarters, and this peculiar character led to their being commanded by the most rising and intelligent young officers in the French army. In addition to the Zouaves, General Damrémont's army included a foreign legion specially raised for this war, and, like the Zouaves, recruited from the more daring spirits of all countries.

The second expedition against Constantine started earlier than the first. It left Bone on October 1st, 1837, and, finding fewer obstacles, reached the Rummel on the 6th—six days' march against thirteen. But Constantine showed as bold a front as ever. According to an eye-witness, the French were received with vigorous demonstrations. Immense crimson flags were waved incessantly from the walls, Arab women from the roofs of the houses yelled shrill cries of defiance, which the Arab warriors hoarsely re-echoed. As the French appeared a brisk fire was opened upon them. Later on, when General Damrémont summoned the place to surrender, he received a most heroic refusal. "Constantine is well victualled and well armed," said the Arab emissary. "It understands neither a breach nor a capitulation. We shall defend our town and our homes to the very last. The French shall not take the place till they have killed our last man." General Damrémont acknowledged their courage, but declared there would be all the more glory in beating them.

A more leisurely and more scientific plan of attack was now followed than in the first attempt. Batteries were established at points from which a breach might most easily be made, and which most favoured an assailant. This was at Condiat Ati, the height already mentioned, in front of which were a strongly fortified wall and gate, but with a comparatively level approach. The French fire was hot and continuous; within six days a practicable breach was made in the wall. On the morning of the 12th October General Damrémont came in person to reconnoitre, and was satisfied that the attack might now be made. Everybody was in high spirits; it was felt that the prestige of the French arms affected by the first failure was now about to be vindicated. The luck, indeed, had changed, but it was still hostile, so far as the leader of the expedition was concerned. General Damrémont was destined to lose his life at the outset. He was so eager to inspect the breach that he ventured too near, and exposed himself rashly to the enemy's sharpshooters. Just as the Duc de Nemours was protesting, and the general had coolly replied "There is nothing to fear," a fatal shot struck him low. He fell lifeless on the very threshold of his triumph.

The command now devolved upon General Vazée, who forthwith proceeded with the dispositions for attack. The bombardment was continued all day, and during the night the columns destined to enter by the breach silently took up their positions, there to await the signal to attack. There was no time to lose. Now, as at the first siege, adverse influences were beginning to work, and would soon have entailed another disaster. Sickness was increasing; the troops were ill-fed and much exposed; they were constantly drenched by heavy rains, and stood for hours knee-deep in mud and slush. Fever and dysentery were already making serious inroads in their ranks. The baggage animals—which might become of vital importance if retreat was ordered—were worn out with fatigue and shortness of rations. The French army might be in a critical condition before long, and the knowledge of this, which was no secret, made all more determined to win a victory.

The attack was to be made in three columns, each to follow on and support the other. The first, led by Colonel La Moricière, afterwards a great general, consisted mainly of Zouaves; the second and third columns were commanded by Colonel Combes; the reserve, posted inside the Bardo Barracks, was under Colonel Corbin. Each

column was 500 strong, the reserve 400. The remainder of the army lined the trenches or occupied posts of observation around Constantine, one brigade being held at Mansourah opposite the El Kantarah bridge.

The movement of attack was by successive companies of fifty men. About 7 a.m. the first company started at a run under the stentorian command of La Moricière—"Up, my Zouaves! forward at the double. March!" A hundred yards of open ground had to be crossed, and in the teeth of a death-dealing fire, but fifty by fifty, the gallant assailants with the headlong dash that ever characterises the French soldier in attack, entered the yawning breach. The second column was on the point of taking up the charge, when it was seen that the first assailants had met a serious check.

There was an inner line of defence—a wall, still unbreached, and commanded by a fierce converging fire. A call went up for scaling-ladders. The French sappers gallantly responded, but as they brought and placed them a whole section of the wall was thrown down by an unexpected explosion. Numbers were buried alive beneath the fragments, but the way was opened for the rest.

Now the second column was launched forward, and went gamely on. The Arabs plied them hotly with musketry, and just when a great mass of Frenchmen had got well past the breach and the second wall, there was a fresh catastrophe—a second murderous and terrific explosion scattered death and destruction around. The few survivors lost heart; they came streaming back with loud and frantic shouts of "Retire! retire! It is impossible. The whole ground is mined!"

It was a critical moment, but the prompt intrepidity of the leaders grappled with the danger and checked the retreat. A young captain of the Foreign Legion—St. Arnaud (better known afterwards in connection with the *coup d'état* and the command of the French Crimean army)—now came conspicuously to the front. Boldly advancing, he rallied his men, and led them on, crying "Forward! forward! Give them the bayonet. There is nothing to fear." The explosion had been caused by a powder magazine which had taken fire; the flames had spread rapidly, and had caught the powder bags carried by the French sappers—even the ammunition pouches of the infantry. Yet, in spite of the horrors of the situation, the assailants gathered fresh courage under the impulse of one man; the

cry of "Forward!" was taken up on all sides, and the assault was gallantly resumed.

The difficulty was to get inside the town. Every house was held by small garrisons, and the resistance was very stout and unceasing. At last an engineer led St. Arnaud at the head of his company against a barricade formed across a narrow street, beyond which were some of the great thoroughfares of the city. St. Arnaud was lifted bodily over the obstacle, and found safety

street, the French leaders always encouraging their men, and assuring them that it was really safer to go on than to stand and be shot down. At last a small central square was reached, in which stood a mosque. Here three streets converged, and at last the firing slackened. By this time all the French columns had entered and were engaged within the town. General Ralhieres had been sent forward to unite all in one general attack, and a concentrated determined



"IN THE TEETH OF A DEATH-DEALING FIRE" (p. 443).

by falling on the ground inside. Of the hundred of shots aimed at him none hit him, although his scabbard was pierced and his cloak was burned by the powder. His imminent danger brought his men to his help, and all pressed on, entering a larger and the principal business street of Constantine. Here the roofs of the one-storeyed shops and the houses above were alive with Arabs, who kept up an incessant fire.

There was no help for it but to take house after house, fighting ahead inch by inch, and in so fierce a struggle that the losses were cruel, and the French as they advanced waded among corpses knee-deep in blood. But the progress made was always forward from street to

effort was about to be made, when an Arab came running up, crying, "Carta! Carta!" He was carrying a paper in his hand—a letter addressed to the general in chief command, which contained a formal proposal to capitulate from some of the leading inhabitants. But the wish to surrender was by no means unanimous. A stubborn spirit still animated many of the defenders, who preferred to risk the chances of escape with the alternative of a terrible death. Thousands lowered or threw themselves over the ravines around the town, and the dead or dying presently filled the rocky bed of the river below.

The French victory was well earned, for the attack had been carried out with a courage that

was not to be denied, and on the best principles of the military art. Only the vulnerable side had been assailed. No attempt had been made, as in the first siege, upon the El Kantarah bridge; and wisely, for St. Arnaud after the capture came upon this bridge at the inner side, and found it to be all but impregnable.

As but too often happens when fortified towns are taken by storm, terrible excesses followed this triumph. Constantine was barbarously pillaged and plundered by the French conquerers. For three days the sack continued. But order was gradually restored, and with it came confidence, for the French general promised faithfully to respect the religion, property, and customs of the people. All the Arabs were invited to remain peacefully in Constantine. If they would lay down their arms and trust to the French authorities, they would be permitted to share in the government of their city. This proclamation gave general satisfaction, and quiet was soon established.

Nowadays Constantine, although still retaining something of its Arab character, is quite a French city, with its boulevards and squares, its cafés, its kiosks, and public gardens. But the memory of the great fight for its possession still survives in the names of its streets and in the statues of its conquerors. The Bardo barracks, Mansourah, the El Kantarah gate leading to the new iron bridge, are still extant, but the hill of Condiat Ati is being levelled, and the

Place de la Brèche occupies the ground where the attacking column entered, and near at hand is a bronze statue to Marshal Valée. A stone pyramid just outside the city commemorates the death of General Damrémont, and streets are named after Colonels Combes and Peregaux, who were also killed at the assault.

The capture of Constantine marked an important epoch in the conquest of Algeria. But it by no means ended the struggle. There was fierce fighting for long afterwards, and all through this stormy period the colony has been to France what India is to England—a military training-ground. Nearly all the most notable French generals of the last generation won their spurs in Algeria. The names of Changarnier, Cavaignac, and La Moricière first became famous in Algerian military annals. The leaders of the French in the Crimea—St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pélissier—were first distinguished in Algerian warfare. Marshal MacMahon fought there, and Niel, Morris, Martimprey, and Le Bœuf. Algeria is thought to be pacified now, but it is still held at the point of the sword; and as late as 1871, when the French power at home was imperilled by the German successes, a serious insurrection was set on foot, which for a time jeopardised the weakened forces in the colony. To this day the most experienced French officers declare that the Arabs cannot be trusted, and that renewed fighting is always on the cards.



GALLERY IN THE PALACE AT CONSTANTINE.



AT the western end of Jamaica is Negril Bay, a wide, safe, and convenient anchorage. There, on the 24th of November, 1814, was assembled one of the most imposing and efficient combined naval and military forces that Great Britain has ever sent across the Atlantic. More than fifty ships were there, most of them men-of-war, and the remainder transports. The men-of-war included many vessels of the largest size, and their commanders numbered amongst them the most renowned and trusted officers of England's navy. Sir Alexander Cochrane's flag was hoisted on the 80-gun *Tonnant*, and he had with him Rear-Admiral Malcolm in the 74, *Royal Oak*. Sir Thomas Hardy—Nelson's Hardy—was in the *Ramilies*, and Sir Thomas Trowbridge was in the *Armide*. Many others there were, scarcely less well known to fame and fresh from the great deeds which had given to England the undisputed sovereignty of the seas. The decks of the fleet were crowded with soldiers. The 4th, 44th, 85th, and 21st Regiments, with a proportion of artillery and sappers, had come from North America, where they had fought the battle of Bladensburg, burned the public buildings of Washington, and lost in action their general—the gallant Ross—during the past summer. These had just been joined by the 93rd Highlanders, six companies of the 95th Rifles, two West India Regiments, two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons (dismounted), with detachments of artillery and engineers, and recruits for the regiments which had been already campaigning in America. The whole probably formed an army of about 6,000 men, though of them it could not be said that above 4,400 were troops on which a general could thoroughly depend, as the two West India Regiments, being composed of negroes, were not completely trustworthy, particularly if they were to be called upon to endure much exposure to cold in coming service.

Their leader was Major-General Keane, a young and dashing officer, who had been sent out from England to be second in command to General Ross, and who did not know till he reached Madeira on his voyage that, by Ross's lamented death, he had no senior. Other forces were also on their way, which would eventually join the great armament now in Negril Bay. A fleet from Bordeaux was still on the ocean, the naval squadron of Captain Percy was to effect a junction from Pensacola, and more ships were to come from England conveying a commander-in-chief.

The object with which so much warlike power had been collected had long been studiously kept secret, but at last it was known that a descent on Louisiana was intended, and that the first operation would be the capture of New Orleans. It was thought that the Government of the United States would be taken by surprise, that little or no resistance would be met with, and that the charges of the expedition would be more than covered by the large booty in cotton, sugar, and other products which had not been able to leave the country during the course of the war while the seas were watched by English cruisers.

There was no long delay at the place of rendezvous, and the great fleet got under weigh on the 26th November. Confidence was in every heart, and no forebodings of disaster clouded the anticipations of success which, as by second nature, came to soldiers and sailors accustomed to victory.

New Orleans is built on the east bank of the Mississippi, the "father of waters," about eighty miles from its mouth. In 1814 its inhabitants numbered from 20,000 to 30,000, of whom the majority were French creoles, while the remainder were Spaniards and Americans, besides a floating multitude of merchants, sailors, and others who had been detained in the city and

debarred from their usual avocations by the war. It was doubtful whether this population was loyal to the American Republic, of which it had only for a few years formed a part, and, indeed, if the defence of the town had fallen into less vigorous hands than it did, it is more than likely that serious disaffection might have showed itself. The mighty flood of the Mississippi, bearing down with it a vast accumulation of detritus, had formed a great delta, and the waters themselves found their way to the Gulf of Mexico through many channels. Its main outlet was, however, the only one navigable for ships of any size, and this had at its mouth a constantly shifting bar, which was impassable for any craft drawing over sixteen or seventeen feet of water. Besides the natural difficulties of the entrance to the river, it was further defended by a fort, strong in itself and almost impregnable by its position in the midst of impervious swamps. Even supposing that an enemy should be able to pass the bar and the first fort, he would find that when he had ascended the river about sixty miles two other strong forts presented themselves, whose cross fire swept the channel, at a point, too, where the river makes a bend, and the sailing ships of the day had to wait for a change of wind to ensure their further progress.

The banks of the river were composed of slimy morasses, rank with semi-tropical vegetation and intersected by bayous, or creeks, utterly impracticable for landing or for the march and manœuvring of troops. To the east of the swampy delta formed by the great river, a shallow sheet of open water stretched inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and was only divided from the Mississippi at its further extremity by a narrow neck of comparatively firm land, and on this neck was situated the town of New Orleans. The open water near the gulf was known as Lake Borgne, and, where it widened out eastward of the city, as Lake Pontchartrain. The entire width of the neck of land between Lake Pontchartrain and the river might vary from eight to ten miles, but of this about two-thirds was reed-grown morass, while the remainder was occupied by cotton and sugar plantations, separated by strong railings and drained by numerous deep ditches or canals. The whole at certain seasons of the year was below the level of the river, and was protected from inundation by high artificial dykes, or ramparts, called in Louisiana *levées*. When the designs of the British armament became apparent, Major-General Jackson, of the United States army, an officer who had greatly

distinguished himself in Indian wars, was entrusted with supreme command at the threatened point, and arrived at New Orleans on the 2nd December. As a man who made his mark in history, and who served his country well at a great crisis in her fortunes, his personal description is of peculiar interest:—"—— a tall, gaunt man, of very erect carriage, with a countenance full of stern decision and fearless energy, but furrowed with care and anxiety. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy, his hair was iron grey, and his body thin and emaciated, like that of one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful illness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-like eye betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all the infirmities of the body. His dress was simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protected his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, whilst his feet and legs were encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blacking, which reached to the knees. In age he appeared to have passed about forty-five winters."

Immediately on his arrival at New Orleans, General Jackson began making every arrangement for the defence of the town, inspecting and improving the river forts, reconnoitring the shores of Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain, fortifying and obstructing the bayous which gave a waterway to the near neighbourhood of the town, and stimulating and encouraging the people. In truth he had apparently no easy task before him. We have seen how mighty was the force arrayed against him, which was even now lying off the coast ready to advance in a wave of invasion. To oppose it he had at his immediate disposal only two newly-raised regiments of regular troops, a battalion of uniformed volunteers, two badly-equipped and imperfectly-disciplined regiments of State militia—some of whose privates were armed with rifles, some with muskets, some with fowling-pieces, some not armed at all—and a battalion of free men of colour, the whole amounting to between 2,000 and 3,000 fighting-men. Two small vessels of war lay in the river, but these were, so far, unmanned. There were also six gunboats on Lake Pontchartrain. Commodore Patterson was the senior naval officer, and he had few subordinates. Reinforcements were, however, on their way, and were strenuously pushing forward in defiance of the inclement season, swollen streams, nearly impassable roads, and scant supply of food and forage. General Coffee, with nearly 3,000 men, was coming from Pensacola. General

Carroll was bringing a volunteer force from Tennessee, and Generals Thomas and Adair, at the head of 2,000 Kentuckians, were also on their way down the Mississippi to join in the defence of Kentucky's sister State. Such an army as—even when all should be assembled—General Jackson was to command would, to all seeming, have little chance in a ranged field against the highly-disciplined soldiery of England; but it

attempted, and Sir Alexander Cochrane and General Keane had determined to effect a landing on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and hoped, by pushing on at once, to be able to take possession of the town before effectual preparation could be made for its defence. It has been said that Lake Borgne and Lake Pontchartrain were shallow; indeed, their depth varied from six to twelve feet. The troops were, therefore,



SUNSET IN A MISSISSIPPI SWAMP.

had, for its greatest and most reliable advantage, the occupation of a position in the highest degree difficult of approach, and, when reached, capable by its nature of effectual resistance.

On the 8th December the leading ships of the English fleet, which had left Negril Bay on the 26th November, anchored off the Chandeleur Islands, which stud the gulf opposite to the entrance of Lake Borgne; and by the 12th the whole of the men-of-war and troopships had arrived. It had been recognised that to advance against New Orleans by the channel of the Mississippi was a task too difficult to be

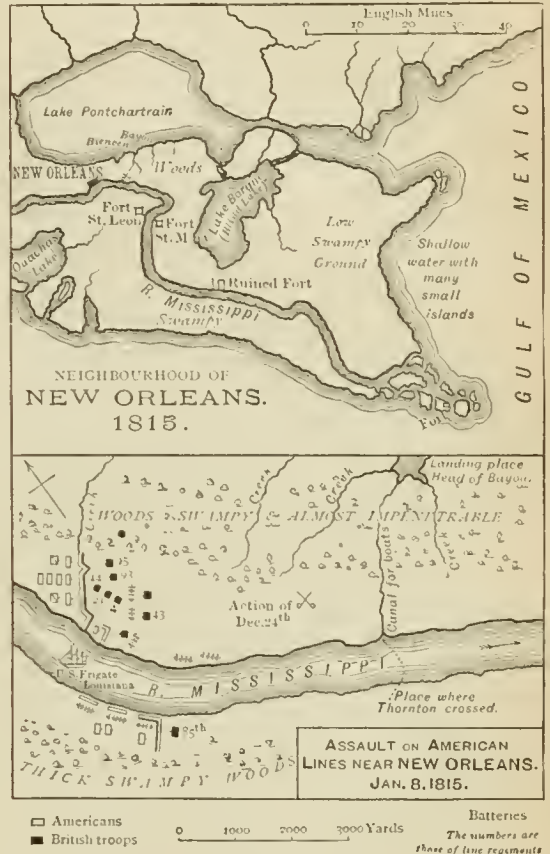
transferred from the larger into the lighter vessels, and on the 13th were prepared to enter upon the transit of the land-locked waters. They had not proceeded far, however, when it became apparent that the American gunboats which occupied the lake were prepared to offer resistance to the movement, and, until that resistance could be removed, no disembarkation could be attempted. The gunboats, with their light draught of water, could bid defiance to even the lightest vessels of the English fleet, which could not float where they sailed. They could only be reached by ships' launches and

barges rowed by seamen, and a flotilla combined under Captain Lockier of the Navy was at once prepared for the enterprise. The boats pushed off, and by noon came in sight of the foe, who would willingly have retreated and given their attackers long and weary toil in their approach, but that, the morning breeze having died away, they were compelled perforce to fight at anchor in line moored fore and aft. Captain Lockier resolved to refresh his men before he commenced the action, and, dropping his grapnels just out of reach of the enemy's guns, allowed his crews to eat their dinner. After an hour's repose the boats again got ready to advance, and, with a hearty cheer, they moved on steadily in a long line. Then began one of those brilliant boat actions in which some of the best qualities of the English sailors so often showed themselves. The American guns opened, and a hail of balls was showered upon Captain Lockier's flotilla. One or two boats were sunk, others disabled, and many men were killed and wounded. But the English carronades returned the fire, and, as the determined, stalwart rowers gradually closed with the Americans, the marines were able to open a deadly discharge of musketry. A last powerful effort, the gunboats were reached, and, cutlass in hand, the bluejackets sprang up their sides. The resistance was stern and unyielding, worthy of the American Republic. Captain Lockier received several severe wounds, but, fighting from stem to stern, the boarders at length overpowered their enemy, the "Stars and Stripes" was hauled down, and on every vessel the English flag was hoisted in its place.

On the waterway of the lakes there was now no longer any resistance, and again the light vessels, to which the troops had been transferred, essayed to pass over it. But the depth beneath the keels became less and less, and even the lightest craft one after another stuck fast. The boats were of necessity hoisted out, and the soldiers, packed tightly in them, cramped in one position, began a miserable transit of thirty miles to Pine Island—a barren spot where all were to be concentrated before further operations were attempted. No boat, heavily laden as all were, could cover the long distance in less than ten hours, and, besides the discomfort to the men, inseparable from such long confinement, matters were made infinitely worse by a change in the weather. A heavy rain began, to which a cloak formed no protection, and such as is only seen in semi-tropical countries.

The operation began on the 16th, and, with all

the diligence and continued exertion of which officers and men, soldiers and sailors, were capable, it was not finished till the 21st. By day and night for these days boats were being pulled from the fleet to the island, and from the



island to the fleet. The strain upon the sailors was terrific, and many of them were almost without cessation at the oar. Not only had they to support hunger, fatigue, and sleepless nights, but the constant changes of temperature aggravated the hardships. Drenching rain by day alternated with severe frosts by night, and tried to the uttermost the endurance of all. Nor was the army, as it landed in successive detachments on Pine Island, in a better plight. Bivouacked on a barren, swampy spot, which did not even produce fuel for camp fires, the clothes which had been saturated with rain by day congealed into hard and deadly chilling husks by night, with no supply of food but salt meat, biscuit, and a little rum provided from the fleet, soldiers have seldom been exposed to more severe trials of their fortitude. But, in spite of all, no complaints or murmurings rose from the expedition. The

miseries of the present were forgotten in the high hopes of the immediate future, and this confidence did not arise alone from trust in their own strength, but deserters from the enemy related the alarm that existed in New Orleans, assured the invaders that not more than 5,000 men were in arms against them, that many of the city's inhabitants were ready to join them when they appeared, and that conquest, speedy and bloodless, was within their grasp.

Meanwhile, in New Orleans itself, General Jackson had been meeting difficulties, working to restore confidence, and providing for the necessities of the military situation with all the energy of his nature. The news of the disaster to the American gunboats had filled the people with alarm. Rumours of treason began to spread, an insurrection of the slaves was dreaded, the armed ships in the river were still unmanned, and the expected reinforcements had not arrived. A desperate situation demanded the strongest and most unusual measures. Jackson did not hesitate to adopt them, and assumed the great responsibility of proclaiming martial law, so that he could wield the whole resources of the town, and direct them unimpaired by faction against his foe. Expresses were sent to the approaching additions to his strength, urging them to increase their efforts to push forward. The two war vessels—the *Carolina* and *Louisiana*—whose possible importance as factors in the approaching struggle was recognised, were manned and prepared for service; and even a lawless semi-piratical band of barratarian smugglers was forgiven its crimes, taken into the service of the Republic, and organised into two companies of artillerymen. So great, however, was the lack of war munitions that even the flints of these privateers' pistols were received from them as a precious prize, and were forthwith fitted to muskets.

The whole of the English field army was assembled on Pine Island on the 21st December, but having been so long on board ship, and its various corps having been gathered from many different points, it became necessary, before further advance was made, to form it in brigades, to allot to each brigade a proportion of departmental staff—such as commissaries, medical attendants, etc.—and to establish depôts of provisions and military stores. In completing these arrangements the whole of the 22nd was passed, and it was not till the morning of the 23rd that General Keane's advanced guard could start for its descent on the mainland. This

advanced guard was made up of the 4th, the 85th Light Infantry, and the six companies of the 95th Rifles. To it were attached a party of rocket-men and two light three-pounder field-pieces. The whole was under command of Colonel Thornton, 85th. The main body of the force was divided into two brigades—the first, composed of the 21st, 44th, and one West India regiment, with a proportion of artillery and rockets, under Colonel Brook; and the second, containing the 93rd and the other West India regiment, under Colonel Hamilton, also provided with rockets and field-guns. The dismounted dragoons remained as a personal bodyguard to the general until they could be provided with horses.

It was intended that the descent of the army on the mainland should take place on the bank of the Bayou Bienvenu—a long creek which ran up from Lake Pontchartrain to within a short distance of New Orleans through an extensive morass. Every boat that could be sent from the fleet was to be used for the service, but not more could be provided than were sufficient to transport a third of the army at one time. The undertaking was therefore most hazardous, as, if the troops were placed in proximity to the enemy in successive divisions at long intervals of time, each might be cut to pieces in detail. Neither leaders nor rank and file were, however, men to be deterred even by excessive risks, and, as has been said, they had the assurance of deserters that great resistance was not to be anticipated. Colonel Thornton's advanced guard was therefore embarked. Many miles had to be traversed, and again the soldiers were exposed to long hours of confinement in a cramped position; again the heavy rain of the day was succeeded at sundown by a bitter frost. Nor could they proceed after dark had set in, and, during the long weary hours of night, the boats lay in silence off their landing-place. By nine o'clock on the following morning, however, the landing was effected, and with limbs stiffened and almost powerless, with little available food to restore exhausted strength, 1,600 men stood at last upon the enemy's shore.

Wild and savage was the scene where the little band found itself. A scarcely distinguishable track followed the bank of the bayou. On either side was one huge marsh, covered with tall reeds. No house or vestige of human life was to be seen, and but few trees broke the monotony of the dreary waste. Forbidding as was the spot, and ill-adapted for defence in case of attack,

it might have possibly been supposed that General Keane, who accompanied the advanced guard, would have here remained in concealment till the boats, which had returned to Pine Island, had brought the remainder of his force; but he judged it best to push on into more open country, influenced by the hope of striking a swift and unexpected blow, and by his fairly well-founded doubts whether even now his enemy's scouts might not be hovering round him. The advance was formed, and, after several hours' march, delayed by the difficulties of the marshy road, by the numerous streams and ditches that had to be crossed, and by the fetid miasma that filled the air, the track began to issue from the morass, there were wider and wider spots of firm ground, and some groves of orange trees presented themselves.

It was evident that human habitations must be near, and increased caution and regularity became necessary. At last two or three farm-houses appeared. The advanced companies rushed forward at the double and surrounded them, securing the inmates as prisoners. There was a moment of carelessness, however, and one man contrived to effect his escape. Now all further hope of secrecy had to be abandoned. General Keane knew that the rumour of his landing would spread with lightning speed, and all that was left to him was to act with determination, and make the appearance of his force as formidable as possible. The order of march was re-formed so that, moving upon a wide front, the three battalions had the semblance of twice their real strength, and the pace was quickened in order to gain a good military position before an enemy's force could show itself. Onward they pressed, till they found themselves close to the bank of the mighty Mississippi, and, wheeling to their right, they were on the main road leading to New Orleans.

They faced towards the city on a narrow plain, about a mile in width, with the river on their left, and the marsh which they had quitted on their right. A spot of comparative safety had been reached, the little column halted, piled arms, and its bivouac was formed. It was late in the afternoon before the moment of repose came, but the soldiers prepared to make the most of it: outposts were placed to secure them from surprise, foraging parties collected food, and fires were lighted.

The evening passed with one slight alarm, caused by a few horsemen who hovered near the picquets, and darkness began to set in. In

the twilight a vessel was seen dropping down the current, and roused curiosity among those who had not stretched themselves by the fires to seek much-needed sleep. It was thought that she might be an English ship, which had managed to pass the forts at the mouth of the river. She showed no colours, but leisurely and silently she dropped her anchor abreast of the camp and furled her sails. To satisfy doubt she was repeatedly hailed, but no answer was returned. A feeling of uneasiness began to spread, and several musket shots were fired at her, but still reply came not from her dimly-seen bulk. Suddenly she swung her broadside toward the bank, and a commanding voice was heard to cry, "Give them this for the honour of America." The words were instantly followed by the flash and roar of guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept through the English bivouac. The light artillery which had accompanied General Keane's advanced guard was helpless against so powerful an adversary, and nothing could be done but to withdraw the exposed force behind the shelter of the high *levée*. The fires were left burning, and, in the pitch-dark night, those who were uninjured were forced to cower low while the continued storm of grape whistled over their heads, and they could hear the shrieks and groans of their wretched comrades who had been wounded by the first discharge. Thus they lay for more than an hour, when a spattering fire of musketry was heard from the picquets which had been able to hold their position. Whether this fire was only the sign of slight skirmishing at the outposts, or whether it foreboded a serious attack, was for some minutes doubtful, but a fierce yell of exultation was heard, the blackness of night was lighted by a blaze of musketry fire breaking out in semi-circle in front of the position, and the certainty came that the enemy were upon the advanced guard in overpowering numbers.

The situation seemed almost desperate. Retreat was impossible, and the only alternatives were to surrender or to beat back the assailants. General Keane and his followers were not the men to surrender, and at once assumed the bolder course. The 85th and 95th moved rapidly to support the picquets, while the 4th were formed as a reserve in the rear of the encampment. In the struggle that followed there was no opening for tactics, none for the supervision and direction of a general, or even of the colonels of battalions. The darkness was so intense that all order, all discipline were lost. Each man

hurled himself direct at the flashes of musketry ; if twenty or thirty united for a moment under an officer, it was only to plunge into the enemy's ranks and to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict, bayonet against bayonet, sword against sword. In the dire confusion of the bloody *mêlée* it soon became impossible to distinguish friend

and 167 wounded, besides 64 taken prisoners. The miserable night wore on, but with the morning's dawn there came a renewal of inglorious peril. The schooner whose fire had been so disastrous on the preceding evening still lay off in the river, and had now been joined by another vessel. They were the



NEW ORLEANS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

from foe. The British field-artillery dared not fire for fear of sweeping away Americans and Englishmen by the same discharge. Prisoners were taken on both sides, and often released at once by the sudden rush of assistance. As both armies spoke the same tongue a challenge was of no avail, and till the deadly thrust or shot came no man could be certain who stood in front of him.

In the nature of things such fighting could not be of long continuance. The Americans, astonished by the vigour of the assault, gave way, and were followed up for some distance ; but the English officers strove to rally their men, and to make them fall back to their first position ; and soon all but those who had fallen were re-formed and concentrated. The Americans had been repulsed on all sides, but the fight had cost the English dearly, as, including the loss from the fire of the ship, 46 were killed

Carolina and *Louisiana*. Safe from any retaliation, their guns covered the shore and effectually precluded any movement of the English, who were obliged—hungry, cold, and wearied—to seek shelter under the *levée* from the shower of projectiles which swept the plain.

But meanwhile the rest of the army was landing, and hastening to join their comrades. The roar of the cannon had been heard far over the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, and had added energy to the strong arms that were pulling the boats. By nightfall on the 23rd the two brigades had both arrived on the scene of battle, and had taken up their ground between the morass and the river, but throwing back their left, so as to avoid the fire of the ships. The advanced guard could at last be extricated from the trap into which it had fallen, and the night of the 24th was

passed in quiet and in disheartened speculation whether the advance could be resumed or not. The responsibility of decision was, however, removed from General Keane by the unexpected arrival on the morning of the 25th of Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs, who had been sent from England as first and second in command.

Let us see what had been the course of affairs in New Orleans while the events just related were occurring. At the time that the English army was concentrating at Pine Island the defence of the city still depended alone on the small, half-organised force which General Jackson had found under his hand on his first

there was no military cohesion among them. If the English advanced guard had pushed at once on the city, instead of bivouacking during the afternoon of the 23rd, they might possibly have encountered no combined resistance, and have overthrown the Americans in detachments. But Keane's halt, however much it may possibly be justified, gave Jackson the opportunity he required, and enabled him to put all his men in line. The *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were sent down the river, with what result we have seen. The land troops were hurried to meet the enemy in the field, and the bitter struggle on the night of the 23rd took place.

When Sir Edward Pakenham took over the



"IT WAS BAYONET AGAINST BAYONET" (p. 452).

arrival. But on the 21st the long-expected reinforcements began to pour in. General Coffee—the numbers of his following terribly reduced by the toils of an unprecedentedly rapid march—came at the head of mounted Tennessee sharpshooters, hunters and pioneers from their youth. Colonel Hinds brought the Mississippi Dragoons. On the 22nd General Carroll's flotilla arrived with a further body of Tennesseans, and, what was almost more important, a supply of muskets. The different corps were not yet, however, actually united in one body, and when the sudden report came that General Keane had actually landed,

command of the English army he found himself in as unsatisfactory a position as could well fall to the lot of any general. He found himself committed to a course of action which he had not initiated, and of which possibly he did not approve. He found his force in a cramped position, which offered no scope for the operations

of highly trained and disciplined soldiers, and he learned that its advanced guard had suffered, if not a defeat, at least a very serious check. If the end of the campaign was failure, he certainly should not be laden with all the blame. Carefully he reconnoitred the situation, and carefully he considered the state of affairs. It was evident that no advance could be made as long as the *Carolina* and *Louisiana* were able to pour forth their murderous fire, and the night of the 25th was employed in erecting on the *levée* batteries armed with heavy ship-guns sent from the fleet. When these opened with red-hot shot on the morning of the 26th, the doom of the *Carolina* was sealed, her crew escaped in their boats, and she blew up. The *Louisiana* effected her escape while her consort was the sole object of the English artillery. Now that the river was thus cleared, and the left flank of his force was no longer exposed to destruction if it moved forward on the road to New Orleans, Pakenham made his dispositions for decisive advance. He reorganised his army, dividing it into two columns. That on the right—consisting of the 4th, 21st, 44th, and one West India Regiment—he placed under command of General Gibbs; the other—comprising the 95th, 85th, 93rd, and the other West India regiment, with all the available field-artillery, now increased to ten guns—remained under General Keane, and was to take the left of the line, while the dragoons, few of whom were yet mounted, furnished the guards to hospitals and stores.

But there was still much to do. Heavy guns, stores, and ammunition had to be brought from the distant fleet, the wounded had to be disposed of, and the numberless requirements of provision and protection for an army in the field had to be attended to. For two days the English lay perforce inactive, though their outposts were exposed to constant harassing and deadly attack from the American sharpshooters and partisans. In European war, by tacit convention, picquets and sentries confined themselves to the duties of watchfulness alone; but the riflemen of America saw in every enemy's soldier a man to be killed at any time, and they stalked individuals as they would have stalked deer in their own backwoods, slaying and wounding many, and causing anxiety by the never-ceasing straggling fire.

At length all was ready for the long-delayed advance, and on the bright, frosty morning of the 28th the army began its march. Confidence in a new commander of high reputation had restored spirits to the men; cold, wet, hunger,

and broken rest were forgotten, and as the enemy's advanced corps fell back before them, hopes of conquest were renewed. Four or five miles were traversed without opposition. On the dead flat of the plain nothing could be seen far in advance of the columns, and they had no cavalry to scout in front and say what lay in their path. Suddenly, where a few houses stood at a turning in the road, the leading files came in view of the foe's position. In their front was a canal, extending from the morass on their left towards the river on their right. Formidable breastworks had been thrown up, powerful batteries erected, while the *Louisiana* and some gunboats moored in the Mississippi flanked their right. Sudden and tremendous was the cannonade, withering the musketry fire that burst upon the English column and mowed down their ranks. Red-hot shot set fire to the houses which were near to them. Scorched by flame, stifled with smoke, shattered by the close discharge, the infantry were, for the time, powerless, and had to be withdrawn to either side of the line of attack, and the artillery were hurried forward to reply to the American guns. To no purpose. The contest was too unequal. The heavy guns in the batteries and the broadsides of the *Louisiana* destroyed the light English field-pieces almost before they could come into action. The infantry again pressed forward, only to find themselves hopelessly checked by the canal. Staggered, shaken, and disordered, the English columns reeled under the blows which they had received. A halt was ordered, and then, slowly, sullenly, with sorrow, the whole force fell back. Again Sir Edward Pakenham found himself obliged to bivouac by the river side instead of occupying New Orleans, again he had to consider how the determined American resistance was to be overcome. The English bivouac was formed two miles from the American lines. A sorry place of rest it was. Once more the outposts were exposed to the stealthy attacks of an ever-vigilant, cunning, and active foe. Even the main body was hardly secure, for, by giving their guns a great elevation, the Americans were occasionally able to pitch their shot among the camp fires.

The possibility of turning the enemy's left by penetrating the morass which protected it was contemplated, but the idea had to be abandoned as soon as conceived. In the meanwhile General Jackson was vigorously at work in strengthening his already strong position. Numerous parties could be seen labouring upon his lines, and daily

reinforcements came in to swell the numbers of their defenders. By the suggestion of Commodore Patterson, a strong field-work was constructed on the opposite bank of the river, and armed with heavy ship-guns, from which a flanking fire could be poured on all the space over which the English must attack. In view of the many difficulties which presented themselves, General Pakenham called a council of war, which was attended by all the English naval and military leaders. It was impossible to carry the American lines by assault, for their powerful artillery would deal certain destruction to infantry columns. To turn them was impossible, and their defenders could not be induced by any manœuvring to leave their protection. The council decided on the only other possible alternative—to treat them as a regular fortification, and, by breaching batteries, to try to silence some of their guns, and to make in them a practicable gap, through which an entrance might be effected.

To give effect to this resolution the 29th, 30th and 31st December were employed in bringing up heavy cannon, accumulating a supply of ammunition, and making preparations as for a regular siege. When these arrangements were complete—arrangements which demanded the most strenuous and unremitting toil from everyone, from the general in command to the humblest private soldier—hesitation had no place and delay was at an end. Under cover of night, on the 31st, half of the army stole silently to the front, passing the picquets, and halted within 300 yards of the American lines. Here a chain of works was rapidly marked out, the greater part of the detachment piled their fire-locks, and addressed themselves vigorously to work with pick and shovel, while the remainder stood by armed and ready for their defence. So silently and to such good purpose was the work performed, that before the day dawned six batteries were completed, in which were mounted thirty pieces of heavy ordnance.

The morning of the 1st January, 1815, broke dark and gloomy. A thick mist obscured the sun, and, even at a short distance, no objects could be seen distinctly. The English gunners stood anxiously by their pieces, and the whole of the infantry were formed hard by, ready to rush into the breach which they hoped to see made. Slowly, very slowly, the mist at length rolled away, and the American camp was fully exposed to view. As yet unconscious of the near presence of the thirty muzzles which were ready to

belch forth their contents, the Americans were seen on parade. Bands were playing, colours flying, and there was no preparation for immediate deadly struggle. Suddenly the English batteries opened, and the scene was changed. There was a moment of dire confusion, a dissolution of the ordered masses which stood ready for review by their general. The batteries were unmanned, the pieces silent. But, though the English salvo was unexpected, there was no real unreadiness to resist and to reply to its stern challenge. The American corps fell quickly into their positions in the line of defence, their artillery, after brief delay, opened with rapidity and precision, the furious cannonade on both sides rent the air with its thunder, and battery answered battery with storm of shot and shell. Heavy as was the attackers' fire, however, it produced comparatively little effect on the solid earthworks of the defence, while the numerous guns which Jackson had mounted, aided by the flanking fire from the works on the opposite bank of the river, were crushing in their power. Hour after hour the duel continued, and yet no advantage was gained which would warrant Pakenham in hurling his infantry at the fortifications that stood in their front. The English ammunition began to fail and their fire slackened, while that of the Americans redoubled in vigour; and towards evening it became evident that another check had been suffered, and that again the invading army must fall back.

Dire was the mortification in the English ranks, bitter the murmurs that spread from man to man. The army had endured hardships with cheerfulness, they had undertaken severest toil with alacrity, but they had thought that victory was their due, and still they encountered repeated defeat. Now their encampment was open to the enemy's unremitting fire, and advance or retreat seemed equally impossible. But Pakenham had some, at least, of the best qualities of a leader. He refused to lose heart, and adopted a plan which well merited success by its boldness, and whose ultimate failure was in no way to be credited to any laxity on his part. He had recognised that the enemy's flanking battery on the right bank of the Mississippi was his greatest obstacle, and he conceived the idea of sending a strong force across the river, which should carry this battery by assault and turn its guns against the Americans themselves, while a simultaneous attack should be delivered directly upon the entrenchments. To do this, however, a sufficient number of boats must be provided,

and it was necessary to cut a canal from the Bayou Bienvenu wide and deep enough to float the ships' launches now in the lake. Upon this arduous undertaking the whole of the force was at once set to work. Day and night the labour was carried on; relay after relay of soldiers took up the task, and by January 6th it was accomplished. No better means could have been taken to restore the spirits of the men than the imposing of work, however hard, which seemed to promise a definitely favourable influence on their fortunes. Discouragement and forebodings were still further dissipated by the unexpected arrival of Major-General Lambert with the 7th and 43rd, two fine battalions, each mustering 800 effective men. Further reinforcements of marines and seamen also joined, bringing the English fighting strength up to nearly 6,000. At the same date, General Jackson had probably about 12,000 under his command.

It has been said that the canal from the bayou to the river was finished on the 6th, and no time was lost in carrying out the plan of which it was so great a factor. Boats were ordered up for the conveyance of 1,400 men, and Colonel Thornton, with the 85th, the marines, and a party of sailors, was appointed to cross the river. But ill-fortune still dogged the English general, still it seemed fated that his best-laid plans should be frustrated by accident. The soil through which the canal was dug being soft, part of the bank gave way, choking the channel and frustrating the passage of the heaviest boats. These, in turn, impeded others, and, instead of a numerous flotilla, only sufficient for about 350 men reached their destination, and even these did not arrive at the time appointed.

It was intended that Colonel Thornton's force should cross the Mississippi immediately after dark on the evening of the 7th. They were to carry the enemy's battery and point the guns on Jackson's lines before daybreak on the 8th. The discharge of a rocket was to give them the signal to commence firing, and also was to let loose the rest of the army in a direct attack.

The disposition for this direct attack was as follows:—General Keane, with the 95th, the light companies of the 21st, 4th, and 44th, and the two West India regiments, was to make a demonstration on the enemy's right; General Gibbs, with the 4th, 21st, 44th, and 93rd should force their left; whilst General Lambert, with the 7th and 43rd, remained in reserve. Scaling-ladders and fascines were provided to fill the ditch and mount the wall; and the honourable

duty of carrying them to the point of attack was allotted to the 44th, as being the regiment most experienced in American war. It was hoped that the fate of New Orleans would be sealed on the 8th January.

While the rest of the army laid down to sleep on the night of the 7th, Colonel Thornton, with 1,400 men, moved to the river's brink. But the boats had not arrived. Hour after hour passed before any came, and then so few were they that only the 85th, with about 50 seamen—in all 340 men—could be embarked. The duty admitted of no hesitation or delay, and Colonel Thornton, with his force thus sadly weakened, pushed off. The loss of time was irreparable. It was nearly dawn ere they quitted the canal, and they should have been on the opposite bank six hours earlier. In vain they made good their landing without opposition; day had broken, the signal rocket was seen in the air, and they were still four miles from the battery which ought long before to have been in their hands.

Before daylight the main body was formed in advance of the picquets, ready for the concerted attack. Eagerly they listened for the expected sound of firing, which should show that Thornton was doing his work; but they listened in vain. Nor did Pakenham's plan fail him in this respect alone. The army, in its stern array, was ready for the assault, but not a ladder or a fascine was in the field. The 44th, who had been appointed to bring them, had misunderstood or disobeyed their orders, and were now at the head of the column without the means of crossing the enemy's ditch or mounting his parapet. Naturally incensed beyond measure, the general galloped to Colonel Mullens, who led the 44th, and bade him return with his regiment for the ladders; but the opportunity for using them was lost, and when they were at last brought up they were scattered useless over the field by the demoralised bearers.

The order to advance had been given, and, leaving the 44th behind them, the other regiments rushed to the assault. On the left a portion of the 21st, under the gallant Rennie, carried a battery, but, unsupported and attacked in turn by overpowering numbers of the enemy, they were driven back with terrible loss. The rest of the 21st, with the 4th, supported by the 93rd, pushed with desperate bravery into the ditch, and, in default of the ladders, strove to scale the rampart by mounting on each other's shoulders—and some, indeed, actually effected an entrance into the enemy's works. But, all



DEATH OF SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM (A. 457).

too few for the task, they were quickly overpowered and slain, or taken prisoners. The withering fire that swept the glacis mowed down the attacking columns by companies. Vainly was the most desperate courage displayed. Unseen themselves, the defenders of the entrenchments fired at a distance of a few yards into the

their head, he called for Colonel Mullens* to lead them forward, but he was not to be found at his post. Placing himself at their head, the general prepared to lead them in person; but his horse was struck by a musket-ball, which also gave him a slight wound. He mounted another horse, and again essayed to lead the 44th, when again he



"THEY STROVE TO SCALE THE RAMPART" (P. 456).

throng that stood helplessly exposed, while the guns on the other side of the river—yet unmenaced—kept up a deadly cannonade. Never have English soldiers died to so little profit, never has so heavy a loss been so little avenged.

Sir Edward Pakenham saw his troops in confusion, and the wavering in effort which ever preludes hopeless flight. All that a gallant leader could do was done by him. The 44th had come up, but in so great disorder that little could be hoped from such a battalion. Riding to

was hit. Death took him before he had tasted the full bitterness of defeat, and he fell into the arms of his aide-de-camp. Nor did General Gibbs and General Keane fail to do their duty as English soldiers. Riding through the ranks, they strove to restore order and to encourage the failing energy of the attack, till both were wounded and were borne from the field. Their leaders gone, and ignorant of what should be

* Colonel Mullens was subsequently tried by court-martial and cashiered.

done, small wonder if the troops first halted, then began slowly to retire, and then betook themselves to disordered flight. Great as was the disaster, its results might have been even more crushing than they were but that the 7th and 43rd, presenting an unbroken, steadfast front, prevented any attempt on the part of the enemy to quit the shelter of their lines in pursuit.

We left Colonel Thornton and his 340 men on the right bank of the Mississippi, and four miles from the battery which they had been detailed to take, and whose power was so severely felt by the main body of the English army.


They had seen the signal-rocket which told that their comrades were about to attack, and late though they were, they pressed forward to do their share of the day's operations. A strong American outpost was encountered, but it could not withstand the rush of the 85th, and fled in confusion. The position where the battery was mounted was reached, and to less daring men than Colonel Thornton and his little following might have seemed impregnable. Like their countrymen on the other side, the Americans, 1,500 in number, were strongly entrenched, a ditch and thick parapet covering their front. Two field-pieces commanded the road, and flanking fire swept the ground over which any attack must be made. The assailants had no artillery, and no fascines or ladders by means of which to pass the entrenchment. But, unappalled by superior numbers, undeterred by threatening obstacles, the English formed for immediate assault. The 85th extended across the whole line; the seamen, armed with cutlasses as for boarding, prepared to storm the battery, and the few marines remained in reserve. The bugle sounded the advance. The sailors gave the wild cheer that has so often told the spirit and determination of their noble service, and rushed forward. They were met and momentarily checked

by a shower of grape and cannister, but again they pressed on. The 85th dashed forward to their aid in the face of a heavy fire of musketry, and threatened the parapet at all points. From both sides came an unremitting discharge; but the English, eager to be at close quarters, began to mount the parapet. The Americans, seized with sudden panic, turned and fled in hopeless rout, and the entrenchment, with eighteen pieces of cannon, was taken. Too late! These very guns had been able already to take their part in dealing destruction to Sir Edward Pakenham's morning attack, and if they were now taken—if their defenders were dispersed—they had done all that they were wanted to do. Even yet, if the disaster to the British main body had not been so complete and demoralising, they might have been turned upon Jackson's lines and covered a second assault; but this was not to be. General Lambert, on whom had fallen the command of all that remained of the army, resolved—perhaps, under the circumstances, with wisdom—to make no further attempts on New Orleans. To withdraw his army was, in any case, difficult; another defeat would have rendered it impossible; and, as the Americans had gained confidence in proportion as the English had lost it, defeat was only too probable. In the last fatal action nearly 1,500 officers and men had fallen, including two generals, for General Gibbs had only survived his wound for a few hours. The English dead lay in piles upon the plain—a sacrifice to faulty generalship, and even more to a course of relentless ill-fortune. Of the Americans who had so gallantly defended their country, eight only were killed and fourteen wounded.

Alas! that electricity did not then exist to prevent so great a sacrifice of honour and life; for the preliminaries of peace between England and the United States had been signed in Europe before the campaign of New Orleans was begun.



A BAYOU OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE GREAT SORTIE FROM PARIS:
CHAMPIGNY: NOV: 29, DEC: 2. 1870.
BY A HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IT was in the second month of the siege of Paris. The pigeon post had brought in news of the gathering of armies on the Loire and in the North destined to come to the rescue of the beleaguered capital; but, so far, there were many hopes but few signs of the promised succour. The iron ring of the German siege-works cut off the city so effectually from the rest of France that it was only at long intervals that some daring adventurer succeeded in passing the enemy's outposts and bringing to the besieged tidings of what was passing just outside the German lines of investment.

On Sunday morning, November 13th, at the outposts near Creteil to the south-east of Paris, a sentry challenged a man who had crept up to his post half-seen in the grey light of the dawn. The man answered the challenge in French, and declared that he was a farmer of Valenton who had, at the risk of his life, passed the German sentries in the dark in order to bring important news into the city. He refused to give his information to anyone but the governor, General Trochu, or one of his staff-officers. He was at last brought to the headquarters at the Louvre, and there Trochu gave him an interview. The farmer said that for the last three days the Germans had seemed anxious and uneasy. He had heard them talking among themselves of something serious that had occurred at Orléans: the force holding the villages to the south of Paris had been reduced, and the troops thus withdrawn had marched away to the southwards. Trochu discussed the news with General Ducrot, his most trusted colleague during the siege. They agreed that it was most probable that the new French army of the Loire was advancing and pressing the Prussians seriously, and that it had perhaps even won a victory near Orleans.

Next day all uncertainty was at an end. A

pigeon arrived from Tours bringing a despatch from Gambetta, and soon all Paris was reading it, for it was posted on the walls with a proclamation from the Governor. This was the good news:—

"GAMBETTA TO TROCHU.

"TOURS, November 11th, 1870.

"The Army of the Loire, under the orders of General Aurelle de Paladines, took Orléans yesterday, after two days' fighting. Our losses in killed and wounded do not exceed 2,000. Those of the enemy are heavier. We have made more than a thousand prisoners, and the pursuit is adding to the number. We have taken two Prussian guns, twenty waggon-loads of ammunition, and a great quantity of carts laden with provisions and stores. The chief fighting was round Comliers on the 9th. The *Man* of the troops is remarkable, notwithstanding the wretched weather."

Paris was wild with joy. At last it had been proved that the Prussians were not invincible! The new armies that had arisen at the call of the Republic had done what the legions of the Empire had failed to accomplish. They were pressing on to the rescue of the capital; surely the time was come when the army of Paris should burst through the German besieging lines, and join hands with the victorious soldiers of the south and west. The very name of Orléans seemed of good augury. Was it not at Orléans that Jeanne d'Arc had won her first triumph over another invader? Might one not hope that again the tide of war had turned in favour of France at the same historic spot?

The newspapers all called for a grand sortie against the German lines. Everyone felt that the decisive moment was coming—that the fate of Paris and of France would be decided within the next few weeks, or even days. On the 18th there arrived a despatch from Gambetta calling on Trochu to co-operate with the relieving armies by acting vigorously against the Germans before Paris, and so preventing them from detaching any more troops to the help of

their armies in the provinces. The generals in Paris were already preparing to act. They had been arranging for a sortie across the Seine from the west of the city, with a view to breaking through the investing lines to the north-west. But now, with a victorious army pressing on the Germans to the southwards, they decided on changing the direction of the blow; and though to the last moment the change of plans was kept secret, and attempts were made to lead the Germans to still expect an attack on the side of Mount Valérien, General Ducrot was directed by Trochu to concentrate all the best troops in Paris for a sortie to the southwards, across the Marne, just above the point where it joins the Seine.

The ground in this direction was eminently favourable for such an enterprise. The German line of investment ran across the Marne near Noisy-le-Grand, followed the river bank near Brie, and then ran across a swell of rising ground to Champigny, the river between these two villages curving away sharply towards Paris, the peninsula thus formed being about a mile and a quarter across. The fort of Nogent, on the French side of the Marne north of the curve, commanded the ground within it, and crossed its fire with the guns of the redoubt of St. Maur south of the curve. At the western end of the space thus enclosed the French held Joinville. If they crossed the river here under cover of the guns at Nogent and St. Maur, they might hope to turn the Prussian outposts out of Brie and Champigny, hold the neck of the peninsula while reinforcements crossed in their rear, and then break through the German lines in their front, their retreat across the river being fairly secure in the event of a disaster. The Marne, before joining the Seine, makes a second and still sharper curve round the height of St. Maur, and a canal cuts across the loop, passing under the hill by a short tunnel. This passage, known as the Canal of St. Maur,

played an important part in the plans for the sortie.

The ground about the loops of the Marne, which was destined to be the scene of one of the fiercest and most prolonged struggles of the siege of Paris, was not so built over as it is at the present time; but it was a suburban rather than a country district, with numerous roads, detached houses, walled parks and gardens, and plantations, so that there was abundance of cover. The large walled parks of Villiers and Coeuilly had been put in a state of defence by

the Germans, the walls being loopholed and the gates barricaded. The park walls stood a little back from the edge of the plateau on which the villages of the same name are built. This line of high ground formed the main position of the Germans, their outposts being nearer the river in Briesur-Marne and Champigny.

Nearly a fortnight was spent by the French in preparing for their great effort. There were to be several false attacks, to mislead the Germans and prevent them from moving troops to reinforce the position actually assailed—a position



GENERAL CLÉMENT-THOMAS.

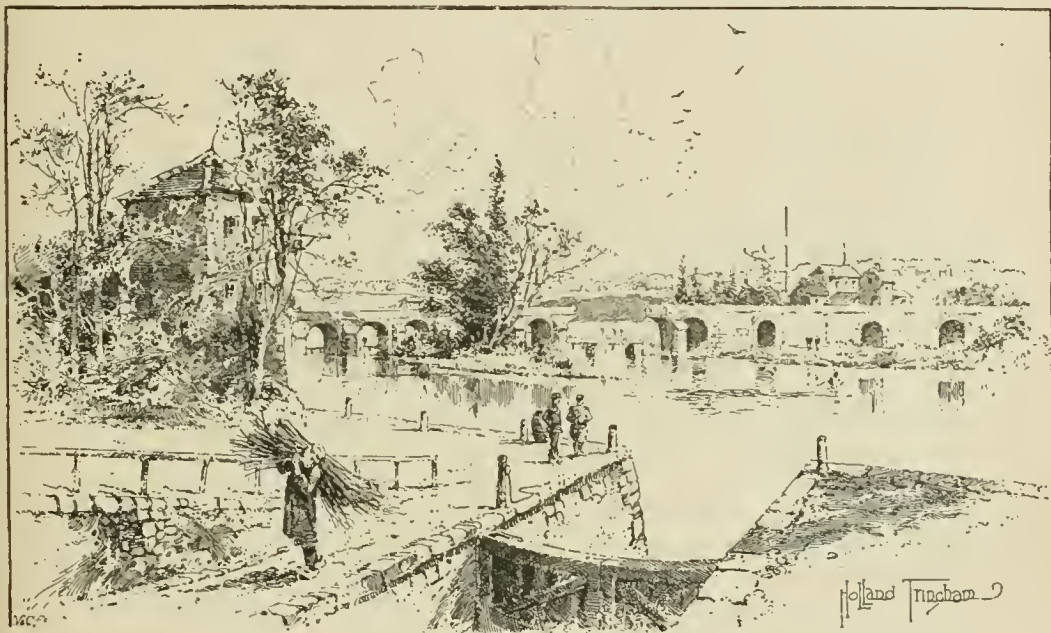
held by portions of the Wurtemberg and the 12th Saxon Corps. These false attacks were to be made by the troops under General Vinoy's direction, but all the best regiments in Paris were formed into a field-army under Ducrot. In all, there were three armies organised in Paris during November. The "First Army" consisted of the National Guard, under General Clément-Thomas, afterwards one of the first victims of the Commune. Clément-Thomas was rather a politician than a soldier. He had no record of service, and the hundreds of thousands under his command were rightly described as mostly mere "men with muskets." They had, generally, very little fight in them. They drilled in Paris; they drew their pay and rations; they mounted guard at the ramparts (which no one attacked); and the Government did not venture

to put them in line of battle until the closing days of the siege, when they were marched out to be shown what a battle really was, and for the most part they behaved very badly.

The "Second Army," under Ducrot, was composed of very different materials. The infantry were made up of the 35th and 42nd of the line, who had been withdrawn from Rome at the outset of the war, and the line regiments that had formed Vinoy's corps, which he had saved from the catastrophe of Sedan by his splendid retreat from Mézières. These were nearly all the troops of the line that were now left to

the Seine and Marne sent their contingents, but of the Parisian battalions not one was to take part in the main operation for the rescue of the capital. The "Second Army" was divided into three corps—the first under General Blanchard, the second under General Renault (a distinguished soldier of Africa), and the third under General d'Exéa. A cavalry division, under General de Champeron, was partly made up of old soldiers, partly of new levies. Altogether Ducrot had about 120,000 men under his command, the pick of the army of Paris.

The "Third Army," under General Vinoy,



THE BROKEN BRIDGE AT JOINVILLE.

France—all the rest had been made prisoners at Metz, Sedan, Strasburg, and elsewhere. To bring their numbers up to war strength and repair their losses men had been drafted into them from the dépôts, and to these had been added reservists who had been late in joining their proper regiments. A Zouave regiment thus formed was largely made up of recruits; it was brigaded with the 136th of the line. The rest of the infantry consisted of thirty-three battalions of mobiles, drafted in from the provinces—the fine battalions of the West, the men of Brittany and La Vendée, Normans from the neighbourhood of Rouen, sturdy countryfolk from Orléans, the men of the central plateau from the Côte d'Or, and fiery, dark-eyed volunteers of the South from Languedoc. The upper valleys of

was composed of very various elements. One brigade was formed chiefly of gendarmerie and the dépôt troops of the old Imperial Guard; a second was made up of custom-house officers and men of the State forest service, with the dépôt troops of two line regiments. Two line regiments and two brigades of sailors and marines supplied further excellent material; and the other battalions were formed of mobiles from the provinces and regiments of volunteers picked from the Paris National Guard. This army was organised as a single corps of six divisions.

In the first days of the siege, when the defenders of Paris were in a very excited frame of mind, and full of the idea that the best way to resist the Prussians was to recklessly destroy their own property in the neighbourhood of the

capital, the fine bridge which crossed the Marne at Joinville had been blown up, its central arch being destroyed and the *debris* forming a kind of rough dam across the stream. This bridge would have been invaluable for the sortie, but as it was broken temporary means of crossing had to be substituted; and as over 100,000 men had to pass the river, several such bridges would be necessary. The material for these was collected on the Seine within the walls of Paris, and it was decided that on the very eve of battle it should be towed through the tunnel of the canal of St. Maur into the Marne. Thus up to the very last moment the preparations for the sortie would be concealed from the enemy. In order to add to the already powerful array of heavy artillery that swept the banks of the Marne, the plateau of Avron was to be seized on the eve of the sortie, and heavy naval artillery placed in battery there by the sailors, so as to be ready to open fire at dawn. Ducrot concentrated his army near the scene of action in the last week of November. His first and second corps (Blanchard and Renault) bivouacked near Joinville and in the park and wood of Vincennes. The third corps (d'Exéa) concentrated to the south of Nogent. To the north of it gathered the troops destined for the *coup-de-main* against Mont Avron. Southwards, westwards, and northwards, at various points, Vinoy placed in position the detachments that were to make the false attacks. It was a whole series of battles that were thus being prepared, and Ducrot's army was accompanied by an immense train of waggons destined to convey its ammunition and other supplies in the event of its breaking through. The regular ambulances of the army were ordered to follow well to the rear, and reserve themselves for the further stages of the march towards the Loire; while the wounded of the sortie were succoured by the ambulances of the various Parisian volunteer Red Cross societies, and by floating ambulances established on river steamers, which could convey the wounded rapidly and smoothly by water to the central hospitals of Paris.

Proclamations from Trochu and Ducrot were posted on the walls, announcing that a great effort was to be made. Ducrot's, issued at the last moment, ended with the somewhat melodramatic phrase: "I will return either dead or victorious." The gates were closed, and no one was allowed to pass the ramparts, the object of this precaution being to prevent possible spies from conveying information to the Prussians.

All Paris soon knew where the blow would fall, for the march of Ducrot's troops to Vincennes and Nogent took some days, and was accompanied by so much noisy display that everyone's attention was attracted to the great concentration that was in progress. Finally, on the eve of the sortie, the forts all round the circle of the fortifications poured a storm of shells against the German lines. This wild firing did very little harm, and while hardly effecting anything in the way of preparing the ground for the morrow's fight, it certainly served to keep the besiegers on the *qui vive*.

Yet, with all this, Ducrot persuaded himself that he was keeping the secret of his enterprise. He wrote out his orders at first with blanks for the names and dates, only filling in these on the day before the battle, the 29th of November being selected for the great sortie. These orders were far too complicated. While the German commanders in France in 1870 contented themselves with broadly indicating to their subordinates what they wanted done, and left to the commanders of corps, divisions, and brigades great latitude in arranging the details of attack or defence, the French commanders seem to have had a mania for drawing up detailed programmes of their battles, in which every movement was carefully defined as to hour, place, and numbers to be employed, with the result that if any part of the programme failed to come off, all the subsequent movements which depended on such or such an occurrence being noted by a corps commander were likely to be left unexecuted. Ducrot's main idea was that Avron having been seized during the night, and several pontoon bridges thrown across the Marne at and above Joinville, in the early morning while the Prussians were distracted by the false attacks, and the immediate field of battle was swept by the guns of St. Maur on the right, and Nogent and Avron on the left, Renault and Blanchard were to cross the Marne and attack Brie and Champigny first, and then the heights beyond, d'Exéa watching their progress from the right bank above the bend, and, when certain points were reached by the French attack, crossing on the flank and rear of the German lines, or supporting the French left by immediately reinforcing it.

On the evening of the 28th everything was supposed to be ready. Ducrot came down to Joinville to watch the throwing across of the bridges, and Trochu was close at hand at Nogent. All round Paris the forts were blazing with the

flashes of their heavy guns, and the long rocket-like trails of their shells lit up the sky. North of Nogent, through the cold and rainy evening, 6,000 mobiles were tramping across the valley and up the slopes of Avron, scouts feeling the way in front, and behind long teams of cart-horses tugging at the heavy guns which the sailors were to place in position. Through the dark tunnel of St. Maur came the first of the little tug-boats with the pontoons and framework of one of the bridges trailing behind it. Engineers were at work on the Joinville bridge. They had thrown some more stones down on the rubbish heap under the central arch, and on the mound thus formed had fixed wooden trestles and constructed a foot-bridge. The steamer, with its train of pontoons, made for the arch nearer the bank on the Joinville side of the stream. Under the arch the river was rushing down with a loud ripple that suggested that the stream was in flood. The steamer tried to pass through the arch, but the current first held her and then swept her down below the bridge. Behind her other boats arrived. The river was black with the great mass of pontoons and boats. Lights flickered here and there, but not many, for it would be dangerous to arouse the attention of the Germans, away in those villages on the left bank. The attempt to pass the bridge was renewed. It failed again. Then despairing efforts were put forth, but apparently with little method or intelligence. After a while it was realised that so much time had been lost that, even if the materials could be got through, the eight bridges could not be completed before daybreak. In the small hours of the morning the engineers announced to Ducrot that the river was in flood. The attempt must be put off for another day. The bridge material was hidden away, partly behind the island at Joinville, partly in the tunnel and the canal. A hurried council of war was held. Would it not be better to stop the false attacks? There was some hesitation. Then it was resolved to allow the generals to act, and to add one more to a night of mischances it was not till next morning that the commanders of the various detachments told off for these minor sorties were informed that the main effort had been deferred for twenty-four hours.

And now comes the strangest part of the story. It has been proved since then that there was no flood in the Marne that night. The rush of water under the Joinville bridge had been augmented by the ill-directed efforts of the engineers,

who had added to the mass of *débris* that blocked the middle of the stream. Men who knew their business would have rather tried to clear away the obstruction under the broken arch before they brought up their heavy convoy of bridge material. The mistake was fatal to the success of the whole operation.

At Avron all had gone well, and in the early morning the naval guns, worked by Admiral Saisset's blue-jackets, opened on the German posts across the Marne. Out to the south-west of Paris, across the loops of the river, Vinoy and Admiral Pothuau stormed the advanced Prussian posts at Choisy and at the big cattle station on the railway near the village. Elsewhere there were minor sorties. The roar of guns from Avron at first confirmed Vinoy in his belief that all was going well with Ducrot. At the barriers of Paris anxious crowds waited for the news of a great victory. Tidings came that Mont Avron had been occupied, that success had crowned Vinoy's arms at Choisy. The first wounded were brought in along the river by the steamers. But there was no news of the crossing of the Marne. At last came the chilling announcement that the one serious operation of the day had been put off. Something was wrong with the bridges. So Vinoy and his colleagues abandoned the ground they had won, sad at the thought of useless sacrifices made, and blood shed freely, because "someone had blundered."

With the early twilight of the November evening work was resumed at Joinville, and the bridge material was got past the broken bridge, chiefly through the channel behind the island. In the small hours of the 30th the bridges were ready, and before dawn the strong columns began slowly to cross. The temperature had fallen suddenly, and it was bitterly cold, but with the frost there had come fog, which favoured the march of the besieged, and would have concealed their movements still better if the cannonade from the forts had not been resumed. It was hoped the noise would prevent the Germans from hearing the approach of their foes. Perhaps it did. Perhaps they thought that the weak sorties of the previous day indicated the collapse of the great French effort to break their lines. In any case, it seems to be fairly clear that while they had been on the *qui vive* all through the 29th, they felt a little more secure on the morning of the 30th. The Saxons were to relieve the Wurtembergers at the outposts across the peninsula of the Marne that morning, the latter handing over the care of

Brie and Champigny to the former about 6.30, while it was still quite dark. This was again lucky for the French, for the Saxons did not know their way about in the villages. The 107th Infantry held Champigny, and their patrols were searching the roads towards the bend of the river, when about half-past seven, just as it was beginning to get brighter, one of them rushed breathless into the village, calling out that at least four French battalions were coming on after him.

The alarm was sounded through the village, but the French were into the western end of its main street, and, driving the Saxons before them, they gradually cleared the place, and by eight o'clock held the whole of it. The German garrison consisted only of three companies, or about 500 men, and it was no discredit to them that they had to give way before the French column, but it looks as if they might have kept a better watch to their front, and discovered somewhat earlier that a whole army was pouring across the bridges. If the sortie had come the day before there would have been only a brigade of Wurtembergers in position to meet it. Now, besides the Saxons in the first line, the Wurtembergers whom they had relieved were close at hand, and gallopers were sent off to bring them back.

To the left of Champigny another column, linesmen and mobiles of the western departments, advanced through the village of La Plante into the little valley of the Lande, passed the smoking limekilns outside Champigny, and pushed on to the barricaded embankment of the Mulhouse railway, the Germans falling back before it, a thin firing line, that was reinforced as it withdrew. On the higher ground, behind the Germans, a battery came into action, and one of its first shells, bursting on the railway line, wounded General Renault, shattering his leg. Renault was a soldier of the old school. Though a corps commander, he insisted on

being in front of one of his divisions, and he had told his men that their best plan was not to fire, but to press on with the bayonet. He died four days after the battle. Boissonet, who commanded his artillery, was killed by another shell soon after the fall of his chief. But though the German fire was becoming heavier, and there were serious losses in the dense marching columns that crowded the peninsula, the first rush had been successful. The railway had been crossed, and the French tirailleurs were dashing up the hollow of the Lande valley, towards the

plateau of Villiers. More to the left Brie, on the river bank, had been stormed, the Germans giving way before superior numbers, and effecting their retreat with difficulty.

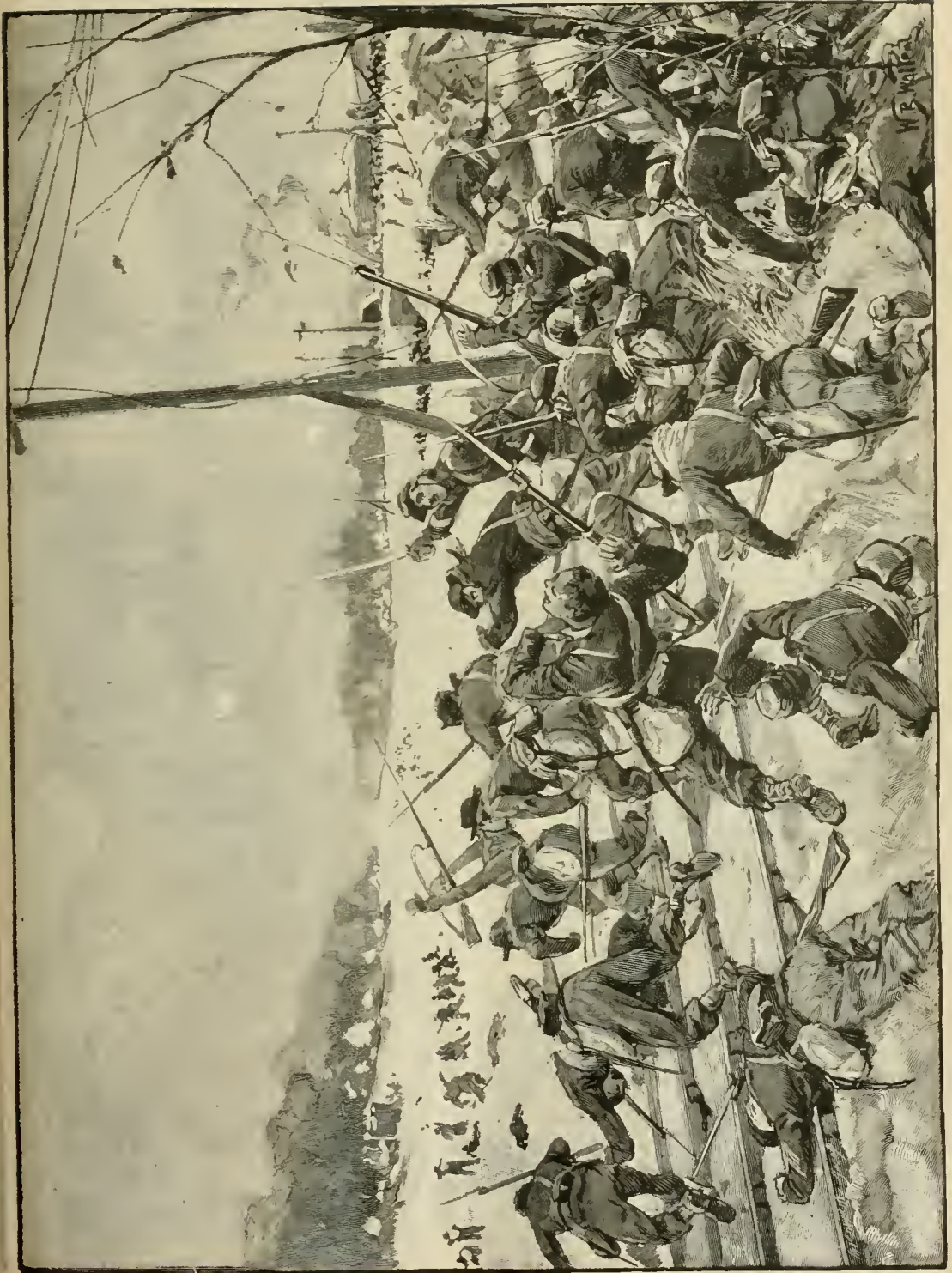
And now the French began to press forward against the heights of Villiers and Coeuilly, and the resistance became more serious. More than once they gained the edge of the plateau only to be driven back by the storm of bullets from the loopholed park walls. Artillery brought up to close quarters might have cleared away these obstacles, but only a battery of mitrailleuses was available, and its stream



GENERAL TROCHU.

of balls produced no effect on bricks and mortar. The brave captain who brought it into action was killed beside one of his pieces. Up to noon no impression whatever had been made on the second German line.

Meanwhile, across the river to the south-west, another French column had marched out of Creteil and attacked the Germans in Mesley, only to be driven back with the loss, among others, of its commander, General Ladreyt de la Chavière, who was shot down while cheering on his men within fifty yards of the Prussian line. To the north of Paris another attack was made from St. Denis, and obtained temporary possession of Epinay. These and other minor attacks prevented the German staff at Versailles from rapidly reinforcing the position which Ducrot was assailing. They did not feel certain



"THE FIRST RUSH HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL" (A. 464)

till the middle of the day as to which was the main attack.

It was only after one o'clock that D'Exéa brought his corps into action, crossing the river by the bridges north of Brie and pressing the German right. An earlier attack might have had serious results for the besiegers. As it was, the effect of his advance was to renew the fierce onslaught upon Villiers. The 107th and 136th of the line, the Mobiles of the Seine and Marne, the Bretons of Morbihan, and the 4th Zouaves threw their lives away recklessly in the attempt to gain a footing on the plateau. Three times the firing line of the Zouaves pressed close up to the north-west corner of the park of Villiers, and three times they fell back, leaving at last nearly all their officers and half the rank and file strewing the ground, killed and wounded. At four the sun set red in the cloudy western sky, and the darkness came on rapidly, the French drawing off to the villages they had won, and bivouacking for the night on the frozen ground, without blankets or even overcoats to cover them; for by order of Ducrot all these *impedimenta* had been left with the train on the other side of the river to lighten the load of the men—a blunder for which they had to pay dearly.

Over 100,000 French had been in action, and about 26,000 Germans had successfully held the fortified heights against them. But still the French had won ground which the Germans held in the morning, and in so far they might claim a success. About 2,000 Germans and 3,000 French had fallen in the fight.

There is an old saying about "lying like a bulletin," and the bulletin despatched that night from the royal headquarters at Versailles was anything but truthful. This was what King William sent by wire to Queen Augusta:—

"ROYAL HEADQUARTERS, VERSAILLES,

"November 30th, 1870.

"To-day important sorties were made on the east of Paris against the Wurtembergers and Saxons at Bonneuil-sur-Marne, Champigny, and Villiers, which were captured by the French and afterwards recaptured by our own troops with the aid of our 7th Brigade. Before night-fall less important sorties were made simultaneously towards the north-east at St. Denis against the Guards and 4th Army Corps. I was unable to leave Versailles, as I desired to remain in the centre.

"WILLIAM."

Not a word to show that on this Monday evening the German headquarters were seriously anxious about the situation, seeing that, so far from the villages on the Marne being recaptured, they

were held by the French, who were busy fortifying the ground they had won. True, the besieged had not broken out. The attacks on the plateau of Villiers and Coeuilly had been repulsed, but it was also true that the French had not been driven from the ground they had won in their first onset. The fact is that up till now the German staff had sent out true information as to the progress of the war because it had gone in their favour; but the truth about the fighting on the Marne was suppressed for three days, and a false version of the story was officially put in circulation. It may be that the old king was himself deceived by the staff. Of Podbielski—the adjutant-general who was responsible for the official *communiqués*—General Beauchamp Walker, the English *attaché* at the royal headquarters, wrote a few days later:—"Podbielski told an official lie which is a disgrace to our profession."

The news of the first day's battle was sent out of Paris by a balloon on the night between November 30th and December 1st. It fell at Palais, in Morbihan, the following morning, and the tidings of what was represented as a complete victory were telegraphed to Tours and thence all over France. The despatch was so brief that it led to a most serious misunderstanding. It announced that Ducrot had successfully crossed the Marne and defeated the Germans, and that the French had taken Brie, Champigny, and Epinay. The mention of Epinay was particularly unfortunate. Gambetta supposed that the place mentioned was not Epinay-sur-Seine, but Epinay-sur-Orge, a good day's journey towards the Loire. He announced that the Army of Paris was in full march for Orléans, and against the advice of his generals he insisted on the Army of the Loire, which had just received a serious check at Beaunela-Rolande, advancing at all hazards against the army of Prince Frederick Charles. The result was widespread disaster. Two words added to the name in the despatch would have prevented the possibility of mistake.

To return to the battlefield, hundreds of the wounded died of the bitter cold in the early hours of the 1st of December. The soldiers of Ducrot's army, huddled together waiting for the dawn, were chilled through and through, so that sleep was barely possible, and numbers of those who lay on the ground awoke frost-bitten or so seriously ill that they had to be carried to the ambulances. There was little ammunition left in the men's pouches, and before daylight of

Thursday, December 1st, Ducrot and Trochu had decided that it would not be possible to renew the attack on the German lines till Friday. So the Thursday was spent by the French in renewing their supplies of ammunition, rapidly fortifying Brie and Champigny, entrenching the ground between the two villages, carrying off the wounded, and burying the dead. A truce was arranged for these latter purposes in the afternoon. Nor were the Germans less busy. They had expected to be attacked at dawn. When the early hours passed without an advance on the part of the French, they employed this respite in strengthening their hold on the Villiers plateau. General Fransecky took command of the lines facing the loops of the Marne, and reinforced the Saxons and Wurtembergers with some 16,000 Prussians and several batteries. At four o'clock the truce for the burial of the dead came to an end. It was dark very soon after, and on both sides the soldiers lay down with a tolerable certainty that the dawn would see another great battle.

The first snow of the winter fell during the second night's bivouac. The French had had very little rest, and had suffered terribly from exposure. A day of battle, another of hard work, and two nights passed in frost and snow without even an overcoat, would have been trying even to veterans, and the greater number of Ducrot's soldiers, even in the so-called line regiments, were new levies. The French throughout the war were very careless about their outposts. No wonder that on that snowy Friday morning the soldiers were half-asleep and some of them covering under cover. Just before dawn there came a rush of German infantry and rifles into Champigny and Brie, and through the plantations in the Lande valley where the French centre lay. Brie was taken by this sudden onset, and at Champigny the French were swept out of the greater part of the village, and, what was worse, the Mobiles of the Côte d'Or and of the Ille-et-Vilaine broke and fled, a panic-stricken crowd, towards the ridges. Ducrot, who had turned out of his quarters between Champigny and Joinville at the first alarm, met the fugitives as he rode with his staff at headlong speed towards the scene of action. Speaking words of encouragement to some, threatening others with sword or revolver, he and his officers rallied the mobiles and brought them back towards Champigny.

There the French had recovered from the first surprise, and were rapidly driving the Germans out of the place. It was a hard fight, in which

again and again the bayonets crossed in the lanes among the houses. At Brie, also, the village was attacked and retaken by the French, and in the centre they held their own gallantly against the German onset. From the heights—the scene of the battle of two days before—a hundred German guns opened on the French positions. The heavy artillery of the forts and outworks of Paris and the few batteries of Ducrot's army replied. But in the broken ground, and among the numerous enclosures along the front of the two armies, the battle was mainly an infantry fight. Three times during the eight hours that the battle lasted the villages were taken and retaken, remaining at the close of the day still in the hands of the French. In Champigny the fighting was close and desperate—from house to house, from barricade to barricade. Late in the afternoon the Comte d'Hérisson, one of Trochu's aides-de-camp, rode out from Paris along the frozen roads, bringing a message from the headquarters at the Louvre to the Governor, who was with Ducrot on the battlefield. He looked for him first in Champigny. In his journal he noted that though he had seen many campaigns he had never heard or seen such a fire as that which raged round the village. Infantry were exchanging volleys at close quarters, and the German shells were falling on every side. One of them burst in a cottage as he passed by, and the window with its shutters attached was blown out and flew over the head of his horse. He inquired of a mounted officer if he had seen the general, and though their horses were pulled up side by side, and the riders leant over and shouted into each other's ears, it was with difficulty they could make themselves heard.

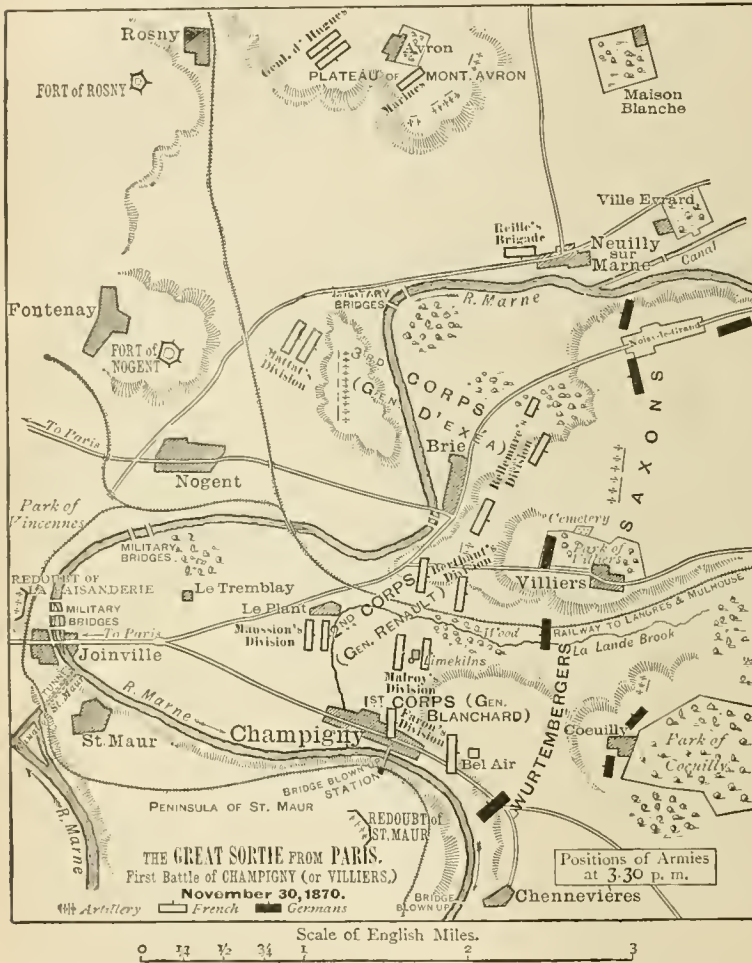
Outside Champigny, near the cross road to Brie, he found Trochu and his staff. The general seemed to him to be seeking for death on the field, for he rode slowly across a stretch of open ground where the enemy's shells were bursting on all sides, the hard ground making their explosions all the more dangerous. The aide-de-camp gave him the message from Paris. A pigeon had come in from Tours, and it brought a letter from Gambetta, informing him that the Army of the Loire was in full march for the forest of Fontainebleau, and bidding him meet them there with the Army of Paris. For a moment Trochu's face brightened as he heard the news, but he had already realised that Ducrot could not break through the circle of iron in which Paris was enclosed. The most that the Army of Paris could do that day was to

hold the narrow tract of ground it had won on the left bank of the Marne. Even if the Army of the Loire was so near at hand, all he could hope would be that next day its pressure on the German rear would enable him to resume the offensive with some better hope of success. But, alas! the pigeon despatch was the outcome only of Gambetta's sanguine spirit. He spoke of his

had more than once rallied his young troops and led them in person against the enemy. In one of the numerous *mêlées* he had dashed in among the enemy's bayonets, and fought with blade in hand until he was disarmed by his blade breaking off short in the body of a German infantry soldier. It was a sword that had been presented to him by some of his soldier friends before the war. But in spite of this dashing bravery, it must be said that it was hardly the work for a general commanding three army corps. His place was not among the bayonets, but at some central point whence he could direct and combine the operations of his corps and divisions.

Towards four o'clock the fire began to slacken. The Germans, inferior in numbers to the French, and attacking them in partly entrenched positions, had failed to break through their line. The second battle of Champigny had ended like the first, leaving the French in possession of the villages on the Marne, but making their chance of breaking out more hopeless than ever. Thus, though the French had held their own when attacked, and though they claimed the day as a victory, the main advantage was with the Germans. The great sortie had failed.

And it was a costly failure. The Germans had lost in the two days of battle 259 officers and 5,913 men, the French more than double the number—539 officers and 11,546 men. In all, more than 18,000 men had fallen in the fight for the villages on the Marne. The third night of the bivouac on the battlefield was for the French the most wretched of all. The frost was keener than ever, and something like a thousand men were invalidated by the cold of that terrible night, many of them dying before the end of the year. In the early morning of Saturday,



projects as if they were accomplished facts. True, on November 30th he had ordered the advance of all the corps of the Loire army towards Fontainebleau; true, that yesterday the movement had begun; but this Friday, December 2nd, they were still slowly marching to the north-west of Orléans, engaged with the advance troops of Prince Frederick Charles. It was the first day of the disastrous battle of Loigny.

Ducrot had also acted as if he meant to keep the promise of his proclamation, and find death if not victory on the field of Champigny. He

December 3rd, Trochu and Ducrot visited the bivouacs, and were horrified at the look of weariness and misery on the faces of officers and soldiers. They had sent their picked regiments into battle. They knew they had no troops of the same quality with which to relieve them.

the bridges of Joinville. The Germans did nothing to disturb this retreat. It was only on Sunday morning, December 4th, that they reoccupied Brie and Champigny. A French post held Le Plant to the north-west of the latter village till the morning of the 5th.



"OUTSIDE CHAMPIGNY HE FOUND TROCHU AND HIS STAFF" (p. 467).

They knew, too, that the Germans in their front had been further reinforced with men and guns. To hold on to Brie and Champigny any longer would have been to risk a fearful disaster. Orders were given to retreat. At various points along the front there was desultory skirmishing with the Prussian outposts, and the artillery was for awhile in action on both sides. Meanwhile, division after division fell back across

Thus ended the most hopeful effort that the French had made to break through the German besieging lines. The mistake about the bridges at the outset did much to increase the difficulties of what was never an easy enterprise. The unfortunate part of the situation was that the French commanders, with such an enormous number of armed men at their disposal in Paris, were able to make only a comparatively small part

of them into reliable soldiers. If Trochu had been able to seriously menace other portions of the German lines on the day of Champigny, he could have prevented Von Moltke from reinforcing the Saxons and Wurtembergers along the Marne; and if he had possessed solid reserves of fresh troops he could have replaced the regiments that suffered most in the first day's fight with troops that would have been in condition to

renew the battle on the morrow. As it was, the soldiers of Ducrot's three corps failed, but failed with honour. Whilst they were fighting in front of Paris their comrades of the Loire army were fighting as bravely but with as little result at Loigny. The day that saw the retreat of Ducrot's army across the Marne saw also the defeat of Chanzy on the field of Loigny, and the two events sealed the fate of Paris and of France.



GENERAL VINOY.

COPENHAGEN

BY HERBERT RUSSELL

THE history of nations has plenty of instances to offer of the very trifling causes by which war may be brought about, but none, perhaps, of such utter insignificance in its import as the incident that was answerable for that great Baltic drama whose central brilliant feature was the Battle of Copenhagen. There were, of course, political motives at work influencing and urging on the plucky little Scandinavian Power: that mad and brutal Russian monarch the Emperor Paul secretly forced the Court of Denmark into an attitude of hostility, from which it would doubtless have far sooner refrained. But the direct *causa belli* was as follows:—

On the 25th of July, 1800, a British squadron, consisting of three frigates, a sloop, and a lugger, fell in with a large Danish forty-gun frigate, the *Freya*, which was convoying two ships, two brigs, and two galliots. Denmark was at that period a neutral Power; England was engaged in conflict with very nearly half of Europe. Orders had been given for British officers to search the ships of neutral Powers for contraband of war, with which there was reason to suspect our foes were being liberally supplied from these sources. In the exercise of his undoubted right, Captain Baker, of the twenty-eight gun frigate *Nemesis*, the senior officer of the little British squadron, hailed the *Freya*, and stated his intention of sending boats to board the vessels under convoy. Captain Krabbe, of the *Dane*, replied with warmth that if any such attempt were made he should unhesitatingly open fire upon the boats. This attitude could, of course, be productive of but one result: both threats were put into execution, and a general action ensued. The *Freya* was overpowered by the superior force against which she had to contend, and was obliged to submit: and the whole of the vessels, including

the convoyed ships, made sail for the Downs, where they anchored, the Danish frigate, by command of Admiral Skeffington Lutwidge, keeping her colours flying. Unhappily, the affair had not passed off without bloodshed. The British loss was two men killed and several wounded; the Danes likewise had two men killed and five wounded.

The episode was one to have been easily adjusted by a little political diplomacy, particularly as a tolerably good understanding had previously existed between the two nations. The British Government despatched Lord Whitworth to Copenhagen to arrange the matter: conferences resulted in the agreement that the *Freya* and her convoy were to be repaired at the cost of the English, and released, and the question of the right of British naval officers to search neutral ships was to stand over for discussion at a future period. And here the affair might very well have been allowed to rest. But Russia, the inherent foe of this country, even more than France, although actually deemed to be an ally of ours, seized the opportunity which the popular bitter feeling, briefly aroused in Denmark, gave to her. She established an armed neutrality between herself and Sweden, laid an embargo upon all the British ships then lying in her ports; coalesced with Prussia, and, as history has since shown, practically compelled, by secret pressure, the Court of Copenhagen to join in the general Northern confederacy against Great Britain.

This was an alliance in which Denmark was as a puppet in the hands of the Moscovite string-pullers. The hardy Norsemen, whose sympathies must assuredly have been far more with us at heart than with the bullying, hectoring nation which was urging them into unwilling hostility, were destined to bear the whole brunt of the strenuous conflict. But in those brave days of old the pulse of the British

nation beat high, and the spirit of aggressiveness, born of long series of wars, ran strong; the Northern Powers had assumed a menacing posture, and with all her traditional swiftness, England was upon the offensive. On the 12th of March, 1801, there sailed from Yarmouth, under the command of that mild old admiral Sir Hyde Parker, a fleet of fifteen, shortly afterwards increased to eighteen, sail-of-the-line, with a large number of frigates, bombs, and other craft. A terrible disaster, however, weakened the British force at the outset of the voyage. The *Invincible*, of seventy-four guns, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Totty, struck upon a shoal called Hammond's Knoll, where she lay beating for upwards of three hours, and then, gliding off, sank in deep water, taking with her four hundred people.

As second in command of this expedition went Lord Nelson, with his flag in the *St. George*, of ninety-eight guns.

In a letter preserved amidst the voluminous correspondence and despatches collected by Sir H. N. Nicholas, Nelson thus describes his command: "You cannot think," he wrote on February 9th, 1801, "how dirty the *St. George* is. . . . The ship is not fitted for a flag. . . Her decks leaky, and she is truly uncomfortable; but it suits exactly my present feelings." These "feelings," one deploras to discover, were melancholy, caused by his separation from Lady Hamilton. Nelson hoisted his flag on February 12th, but, owing to the violence of the weather, he was unable to go on board until seven days later. A curious anecdote, illustrating the wonderful tactical genius of the great admiral, is narrated. Immediately prior to his departure for Copenhagen, he was visiting a friend of his, one Mr. Davidson. Speaking of the Baltic expedition he was about to enter upon, Nelson

desired a chart of the Cattegat should be procured and brought to him, that he might study it and impress his memory with a knowledge of those waters. This was done, and in the presence of Mr. Davidson, Nelson studied the chart, musing awhile as he overhung it. Then, saying he believed the Government would spare only twelve ships-of-the-line, he marked out the situation in which he should dispose them, a prophetic indication which was exactly fulfilled.

Meanwhile, in the belief that Denmark, for all her hostile demonstrations, would be willing to enter into negotiations for the preservation of peace, the British Government had despatched the Honourable Nicholas Vansittart to Copenhagen, about a fortnight prior to the departure of the fleet, with full powers to treat. The issue of his mission was, of course, unknown at the time of the departure of Sir Hyde



LORD NELSON.

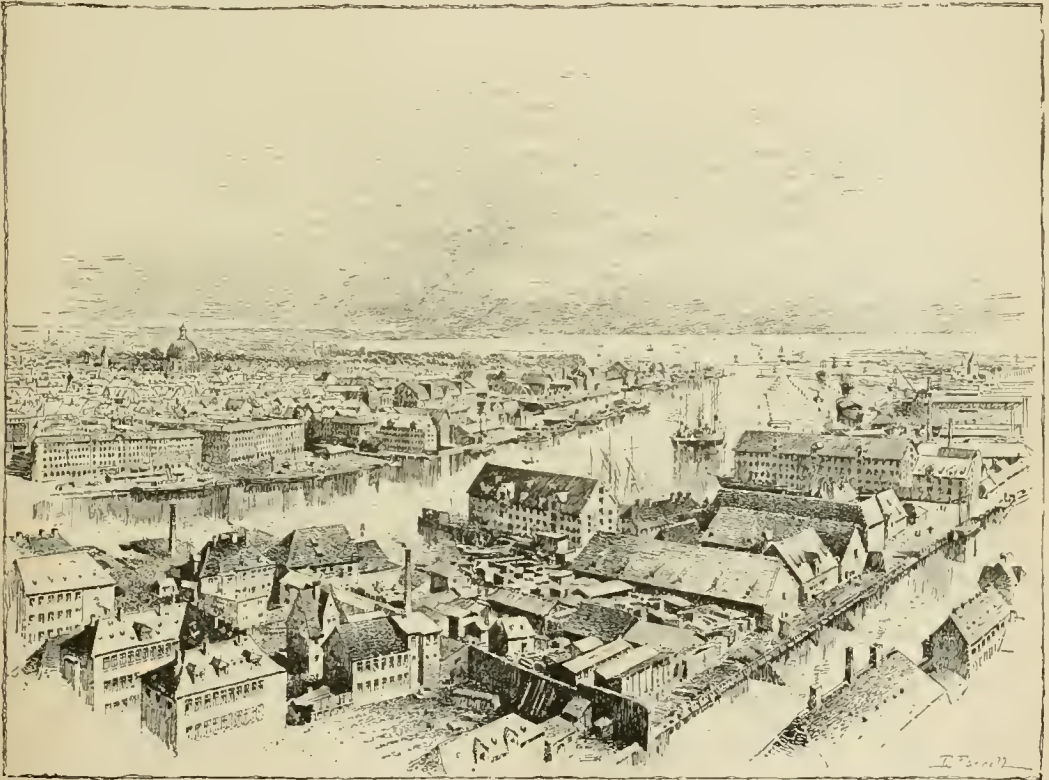
Parker's force. Strong winds prevented the British fleet from making the Naze of Norway before the 18th of March, and scarcely were they within sight of land when a heavy gale, lasting for two days, scattered the ships in all directions. One of these, the *Blazer*, gun-brig, was driven under the Swedish fort of Warberg, and there captured.

The fleet having again assembled, on the 23rd there arrived from Copenhagen the *Blanche* frigate, bringing back Mr. Vansittart and Mr. Drummond, the British *chargé d'affaires*; and the reply of the Danish Government, instead of being one tending towards conciliation, was a sheer message of defiance. On the 20th of March, Lord Nelson struck his flag from the cumbersome and unseaworthy *St. George*, and hoisted it afresh on board the *Elephant*, of seventy-four guns. The gallant spirit had been

greatly vexed by Sir Hyde Parker's procrastination on the arrival of the fleet at Cronenberg, outside of which he proposed to anchor in order to give the British minister time to negotiate at Copenhagen. "To keep us out of sight," he writes in a letter to his friend Davidson, "is to seduce Denmark into a war. I hate your pen-and-ink men: a fleet of British ships-of-war are the best negotiators in Europe; they always speak to be understood, and generally gain their point; their arguments carry conviction to the hearts of our enemies."

In truth, Sir Hyde Parker, though as brave and hearty an admiral as ever hoisted his flag on a British liner, was scarcely fitted to the command of such an expedition as this. Nelson

account of the battle, points out that Nelson's plan, had he been commander-in-chief, would have been to start immediately from Yarmouth with such ships as were in readiness, and made straight for the mouth of Copenhagen Harbour, leaving the remainder of the fleet to follow as rapidly as they could contrive. Such a dashing movement would have rendered it almost impossible on the part of the Danes to provide against the expected attack by preparations, which Sir Hyde Parker's lingering had enabled them to render formidable. As a specimen of the dallying which went on: "The pilots," writes James in his *Naval History*, "who, not having to share the honours, felt it to their interest to magnify the dangers of the expedition,



COPENHAGEN.

fretted under the delays which accompanied every fresh move. His own theory was always one of instant action. It was his swiftness which paralysed the French at the Nile, which characterised his masterly manœuvring at the Battle of St. Vincent, and which assured the success of his scheme at Trafalgar. Colonel Stewart, who commanded the troops in the fleet at Copenhagen, and who wrote a very full

occasioned a few more days to be dissipated in inactivity. In the course of these, Admiral Parker sent a flag of truce to the Governor of Elsinore, to inquire if he meant to oppose the passage of the fleet through the Sound. Governor Stricker replied that the guns of Cronenberg Castle would certainly be fired at any British ships-of-war that approached." What other answer could Sir Hyde Parker have

anticipated? One may conceive, and sympathise with, the bitter impatience of Nelson at these protracted delays. "Time, Twiss, time," he once remarked to one of his favourite captains, in emphasising the value of instant action. The Danes themselves did not fail to appreciate, and make full use of, the long interval which was granted to them. Even Lord Nelson himself confessed to being astonished by the commanding and formidable appearance of the enemy's preparations. His sketch of the Danish hulks and ships-of-battle certainly exhibits a very powerful array: several towering, two-decked hulks, their sides a-bristle with the muzzles of cannon, and each equipped with a solitary pole-mast amidships; tall, fully-rigged liners, sloops and gun-brigs, and in perspective the great Crown Battery, with the masts of vessels moored within it showing above the walls.

Totally ignoring the threat of Governor Stricker, whose answer Sir Hyde Parker must certainly have accepted as an ultimatum, the British fleet, early on the morning of the 30th, got under way, and with a fine working breeze stood through the Sound in the formation of "line ahead," Nelson commanding the leading division, Sir Hyde Parker the centre, and Rear-Admiral Graves the rear. The Elsinore batteries opened fire, but not one of the ships was struck. Shortly after noon the fleet anchored a little way above the island of Hüen, distant about fifteen miles from the Danish capital; and Nelson, accompanied by Admiral Graves, went away in the *Lark* lugger to reconnoitre the enemy's defences. The preparations looked truly very formidable. Eighteen vessels, comprising full-rigged ships and hulks, were moored in a line, stretching nearly a mile and a half, flanked to the northward by two artificial islands called the Trekrona, or Trekrone batteries, mounting between them sixty-eight guns of heavy calibre, with furnaces for heating shot, and close alongside of these lay a couple of large two-deckers which had been converted into block-ships. Across the entrance of the harbour was stretched a massive chain, and batteries had also been thrown up on the northern shore commanding the channel. Outside of the harbour's mouth were moored two seventy-four gun ships, a forty-gun frigate, a couple of brigs, and some xebecs. To the south of the floating line of hulks and ships, upon Amag Island, several gun and mortar batteries had been erected, so that on the seaward side of it Copenhagen was

protected by defences which, from end to end, stretched for nearly four miles. Added to these artificial defences, additional security was furnished to the enemy by the dangers of the navigation. The channel, hazardous at all times and beset with shoals, had been beacons with false buoys, for the purpose of decoying our ships to destruction upon the sands.

Upon these elaborate preparations Lord Nelson gazed, not, we may be sure, with feelings of dismay, but, as he himself admits, with astonishment and admiration. What the Danes thought of the great British admiral is well exemplified by the following anecdote:—When our fleet lay at anchor outside Cronenberg an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Denmark came on board the *London*. Whilst seated in the admiral's cabin writing a note the pen spluttered, and the youthful officer exclaimed to Sir Hyde Parker, "If your guns are no better than your pens, admiral, you had better return to England!" He then inquired who commanded the different ships, and presently coming to the *Elephant*, Nelson's name was pronounced. "What!" exclaimed the aide-de-camp, "is *he* here? I would give a hundred pieces to have a sight of him. Then, I suppose, it is to be no joke if *he* has come!"

The British fleet having passed into the Sound on the 30th March, as has already been related, and Lord Nelson being returned from reconnoitring the enemy's defences, the commander-in-chief on the evening of this same day summoned a council of war. Sir Hyde Parker was for delaying the attack; Nelson was against losing another moment.—"Give me ten sail-of-the-line, Sir Hyde," he exclaimed, "and I will undertake to carry the business through in a proper manner."

Knowing the character of his second, Admiral Parker cheerfully accepted Nelson's offer, and granted him two sail-of-the-line in addition to those for which he asked—that is to say, two fifty-gun ships, which the Danes always reckon as line-of-battle ships. The force at the disposal of Lord Nelson consisted of seven ships of seventy-four guns each, three ships of sixty-four guns, one of fifty-four, and one of fifty guns, five frigates, mounting in all one hundred and ten guns, and several sloops, bomb-vessels, fire-ships, and gun-brigs—a total of thirty-six sail of square-rigged vessels. In all, the British armament numbered seven hundred guns, of which one hundred and fifty-two pieces were carronades. The Danes, by their own accounts, had

six hundred and twenty-eight guns, all heavy pieces, and no carronades.

With the indomitable energy which characterised all his manœuvres, Nelson, accompanied by Captain Brisbane of the *Cruiser*, proceeded in a boat, under cover of darkness, on the night of Sir Hyde Parker's council of war, and explored the channel between the island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground, in order to acquaint himself with the navigation of that dangerous stretch of water. Foot by foot he groped his way over the darkling current through the biting March air and ice of that bitter Northern clime. He rebuoyed the channel, and ensured the safety of his ships, so far as the reefs and sand-banks were concerned, whose whereabouts was treacherously falsified by the Danes. "How many admirals," says Clark Russell in his "Life of Nelson," "then afloat would have undertaken this duty for themselves? Most of them, possibly, would have applied to such a task Lady Nelson's theory of boarding, and 'left it to the captains.'"

On the 31st of March Nelson made another examination of the Danish fleet, with the result that he abandoned his original project to attack from the northward, and, the wind being favourable, he resolved to deliver the assault from the southward. Late on the morning of the 1st of April the British fleet weighed, leaving Sir Hyde Parker's division of eight sail-of-the-line at anchor in the Middle Ground. Lord Nelson had gone on board the *Amazon* frigate, in order to take a final view of the enemy's situation and disposition; and when he returned to the *Elephant* he ordered the signal to be made for all the vessels under his command to get under way. It is related that at sight of those colours the seamen of the fleet broke into a hurricane of cheering, which must have been borne to the ears of the Danes afar. The wind blew a light breeze, though from a favourable quarter, and the ships, in perfect line, led by the *Amazon*, threaded the smooth water of the narrow channel. Simultaneously with the weighing of Nelson's division the commander-in-chief's squadron of eight ships also lifted their anchors and floated into a berth a little nearer to the mouth of the harbour, where they again brought-up. And here, throughout that famous battle, lay Sir Hyde Parker, a passive spectator of the Titanic conflict, scarcely, perhaps, illustrating Milton's noble line—

"He also serves who only stands and waits."

At dusk Nelson's column anchored for the night within two miles of the tail of the enemy's line. Throughout the hours of darkness the English guard-boats were stealthily creeping hither and thither upon the narrow waters, sounding and testing the buoys. In one of these boats Captain Hardy, of the *St. George*—the man in whose arms Nelson died at Trafalgar—actually rowed to within the very shadow of the leading Danish ship and plumbed the water around her with a pole, so as not to be heard. On board of the *Elephant* on the eve of battle Lord Nelson was entertaining most of the captains of his division at dinner. The hero was in high spirits, and drank to "a leading wind and to the success of the ensuing day." Until one o'clock that night he was dictating his orders, and, although he retired to his cot, he did not sleep, but every half-hour called for reports of the direction of the wind. At six o'clock he was up and dressed, and at seven caused the signal to be made for all his captains to come on board.

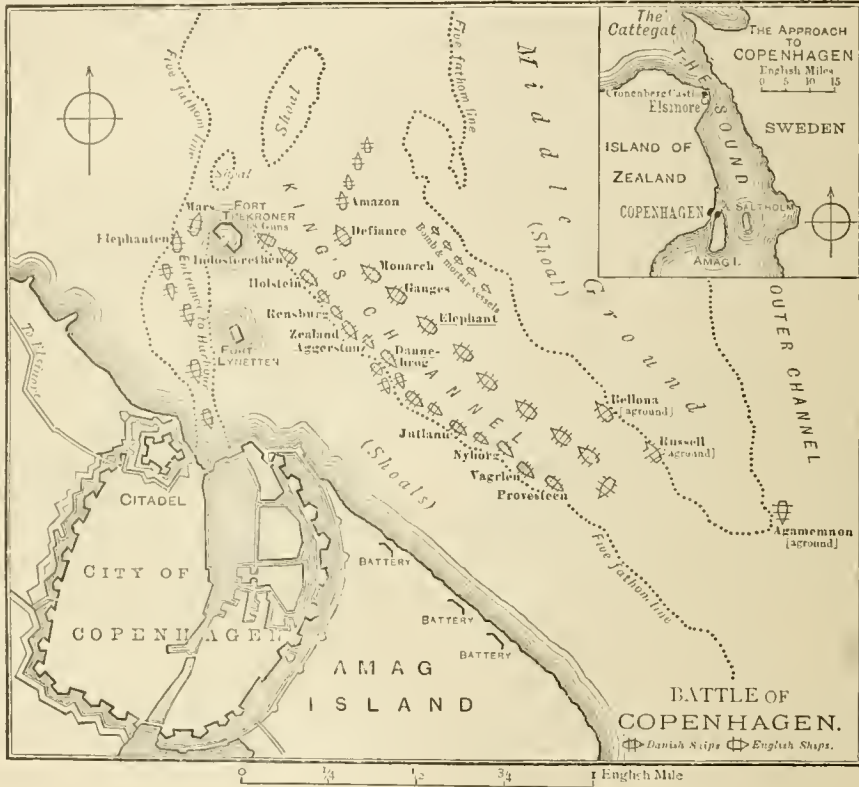
"The day of the 2nd of April," says James, in his precise Naval History, "opened, as the British had hoped it would, with a favourable or north-easterly wind. The signal for all captains on board the flag-ship was hoisted almost as soon as it could be seen, and at 8 a.m. the several captains were made acquainted with the several stations assigned to them. As circumstances prevented the plans being strictly followed, it may suffice to state that all the line-of-battle ships were to anchor by the stern abreast of the different vessels composing the enemy's line, and for which purpose they had already prepared themselves with cables out of their stern-ports." This system of mooring abreast of the enemy when the formation of the fleet permitted it, and engaging ship to ship, was a very favourite manœuvre of Nelson's, and was brilliantly successful both at Aboukir and Copenhagen.

The battle began at ten o'clock. The *Edgar*, a seventy-four, commanded by Captain Murray, was the first vessel to get into action, and for some while engaged the Danes unsupported. The block-ship *Provosteen* opened a heavy fire upon her the moment she came within range; but she held on all in grim silence until abreast of the craft she had been instructed to tackle, and then poured in a terrific broadside. So narrow was the channel that in bearing down to their respective stations the *Bellona*

and *Russell* grounded. The *Elephant*, whose situation was very nearly amidships of the line, signalled for the two stranded ships to close with the enemy. As this order was not at once complied with, Nelson instantly guessed the reason, and with his marvellous promptitude and capacity of swiftly formulating his plans, he changed the intended mode of sailing, and starboarded his helm to provide against a like casualty, trusting to the vessels in his wake to perceive his reason, and follow his example.

engaged was 100 fathoms—terribly close quarters for such ordnance as the broadside metal of the liners. "I hope," Lord Nelson had written to Sir Edward Berry in anticipating this fight, "we shall be able to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object, and that we shall again give our enemies that hailstorm of bullets which is so emphatically described in the *Naval Chronicle*, and which gives our dear country the dominion of the seas."

For three hours the cannonade was sustained



This they all did, and the rapid manœuvre of the admiral's ship undoubtedly saved nearly two-thirds of the fleet from grounding.

The craft which Nelson had singled out as his particular opponent was the flagship of the Danish commander-in-chief, Commodore Fischer. This was a vessel named the *Dannebrog*, mounting sixty-two guns and carrying 336 men. When within a cable's length (120 fathoms) of her, the *Elephant* let go her anchor. Nelson wished to get still closer to his foe, but the pilots were afraid of the shoaling water, and when the lead indicated a depth of a quarter less five, they insisted upon bringing-up. The average distance at which the vessels

by each side with undiminished fury, and then the fire of the Danish block-ships, praams, and rideaus began sensibly to slacken. Still the contest could not be said to have shown symptoms of taking a decisive turn. The *Russell* and *Bellona* were flying signals of distress, and the *Agamemnon*, which had also grounded, had hoisted flags indicating her incapacity. The *London* lay a long way off, and it has been suggested by James that Sir Hyde Parker's view of the progress of the fight might have been imperfect. This is more than probable, when we consider the dense clouds of smoke that must have rolled from the broadsides of the contending ships. The Danes' fire was incessant

and furious ; nothing seemed yet to have been silenced, and the commander-in-chief, viewing the ceaseless spitting flames from every point of the ponderous looming line of defence, began to grow apprehensive for the British vessels,

it should be deemed." And so, according to Southey, with all imaginable reluctance, Sir Hyde Parker, at about one o'clock upon that memorable day, hoisted the signal for the action to cease.



"HE WAS FULL OF ANIMATION" (p. 478).

and to fear that the fire was too hot even for Nelson. The notion of a retreat must have been cruelly mortifying to the fine-spirited old Briton ; but his sense of honour was foremost in the motive which prompted him to fly a signal of recall. "He was aware," he said, "of the consequences to his own personal reputation ; but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame

How that order, delivered by the bunting of the *London*, was received by Nelson is one of the immortal episodes of the hero's career. During the course of the battle down to this time, the admiral had been pacing the quarter-deck of the *Elephant*. He was clad in a blue coat, epaulettes of gold fringe, and a plain, small cocked-hat, whilst on his breast were several orders. Colonel Stewart, who was on board

throughout the engagement, says "he was full of animation, and heroically fine in his observations." He had just remarked to the colonel that the fight was a warm one, and that any moment might be the last to either of them, and was adding "But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" when the flag-lieutenant reported the order from the *London*, and asked whether he should repeat the signal. "No," replied Nelson; "merely acknowledge it." He then inquired if signal No. 16 was still flying—that being the order for "Close action." The lieutenant answered that it was. "Mind you keep it so," said Nelson sternly, but with the stump of his amputated arm working as it was wont to do when the admiral was agitated. Then turning abruptly to Colonel Stewart: "Do you know," said he, "what's shown on board the commander-in-chief, No. 39?" The colonel inquired the purport of No. 39. "Why, to leave off action." A moment later he burst out: "Leave off action! Now damn me if I do!" Captain Foley stood near: Nelson turned towards him. "Foley," said he, "you know I have only one eye: I have a right to be blind sometimes." He levelled his telescope, and applying his blind eye, said: "I really do not see the signal." It was therefore merely acknowledged on board the *Elephant*, and not repeated, whilst on high, clear of the clouds of smoke, continued to stream the signal for "Close action."

It is only fair to Sir Hyde Parker, in reference to this signal of recall, to quote the statement of the Rev. Dr. Scott, who was chaplain on board the *London*. "It had been arranged," he affirms in his account of the battle, "between the admirals (Parker and Nelson) that, should it appear that the ships which were engaged were suffering too severely, the signal for retreat should be made, to give Nelson the opportunity of retiring if he thought fit."

The frigates and sloops of the British fleet, however, obeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal and hauled off. They were suffering cruelly, and their services were all but worthless. The gallant Captain Riou in the *Amazon*, who had been wounded by a splinter in the head, sat upon a carronade encouraging his men. A volley from the Trekroner batteries killed his clerk and laid low a file of marines. So close was the frigate, that, in rounding, her stern beam grazed the fort. Springing up, Riou exclaimed: "What will Nelson think of us? Come, my boys, let us all die together!" Scarcely

were the words off his lips when a round shot cut his body fairly in half.

At about half-past one the fire of the Danes began seriously to slacken, and twenty minutes later it had ceased along nearly the whole of the line astern of the hulking *Zealand*. The enemy had suffered frightfully: the carnage had been terrific, the destruction enormous. Several of the lighter vessels had gone adrift owing to their cables having been shot through. Between the bulwarks the corpses lay strewn knee-deep, reinforcements continually coming off from the shore to serve the guns. Several of the Danish ships had surrendered; but there was much difficulty in taking possession of these prizes, partly on account of the ceaseless fire from the Amag batteries, and partly because of the shot discharged at the boats of the captors by the fresh drafts, who seemed not to heed that the vessels they reinforced had already struck. Particularly was this the case with the Danish admiral's ship, the *Dannebrog*. She was on fire; her colours had been lowered; the commodore had struck his pennant and left her; and still men from the shore continued to swarm into her, firing at the boats sent by the British to take possession, in all defiance to the right and custom of warfare. Enraged by this obstinate resistance, Nelson again directed the batteries of the *Elephant* to open upon her, and another vessel joined in the attack. When the smoke from the two ships' broadsides had cleared away, the *Dannebrog* was perceived to be drifting before the wind, ablaze fore and aft, with her men flinging themselves into the sea.

At about half-past two, the battle now having taken a decided turn in favour of the British, Lord Nelson sent ashore his aide-de-camp, Sir Frederick Thesiger, with a flag of truce to the Crown Prince and the celebrated letter, hastily written by him upon the rudder-head of his ship and addressed "To the brothers of Englishmen—the Danes." In this note he wrote: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but, if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English."

Whilst Captain Thesiger was gone on shore with this letter, the destructive fire still kept up

by the *Monarch*, *Ganges*, and *Defiance* silenced the fire of the *Indosforethen*, *Holstein*, and the adjoining ships of the Danish line. The *Defence* and *Ramillies*, from Sir Hyde Parker's division, which had heretofore been unengaged, were approaching, and things looked black for the Danes. But the great *Trekroner* battery, having had nothing but frigates and smaller craft to oppose it, was comparatively uninjured, and sustained a hot, destructive fire. Fifteen hundred men had been thrown into it from the shore, and it was considered too strong to carry by assault. It was deemed wise to withdraw the British ships from the dangerous intricate channel whilst the favourable wind gave them an opportunity of getting out, and signals were actually being made to that purpose when the Danish adjutant-general, Lindolm, came out, bearing a flag of truce, at sight of which the *Trekroner* and Crown batteries ceased fire; and the action, which had lasted for about five hours, during four of which it had been very fiercely contested, was brought to a close.

The Crown Prince, whom Captain Thesiger found standing in a sally-port, inquired Nelson's motive in sending a flag of truce. The reply was: "Lord Nelson's object in sending on shore a flag of truce is humanity; he, therefore, consents that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson can take his prisoners out of the prizes, and he consents to land all the wounded Danes, and to burn or remove his prizes." Formidable preparations had been made on board the British ships to provide against the non-acceptance of the terms of the truce. As Captain Thesiger left Nelson's ship, 1,500 of the choicest boarders of the fleet entered fifty boats, under the command of Colonel Stewart and Captain Fremantle. "The moment it should be known," says Clarke and M'Arthur's *Life of Nelson*, "that the flag of truce had been refused, the boats were to have pushed for the batteries, and the fire of every gun in the fleet would have covered their approach."

Lindolm, on coming aboard the *Elephant* with his flag of truce, had been referred to Sir Hyde Parker; and about four o'clock in the afternoon of this eventful day, Nelson himself went on board the *London*. His own ship, along with several others of the division, in endeavouring to sail out of the narrow channel, had taken the ground, and remained stranded. Lord Nelson, it is recorded, was in depressed spirits, notwithstanding his brilliant success. He

appeared to have been shocked by the explosion on board of the *Dannebrog* and the frightful slaughter of that five hours' conflict. "Well," was his remark, "I have fought contrary to orders, and may be hanged: never mind, let them."

The *Elephant* floated again at about eight o'clock in the evening; but Nelson, in ignorance of this, remained for the night on board of the *St. George*. He returned at dawn on the 3rd of April, and finding his own ship was afloat, he made a tour of inspection of the prizes that had been taken. One of the enemy's ships, the *Holstein*, a Danish line-of-battle ship, which lay under the guns of the *Trekroner* batteries, refused to acknowledge herself captured, although in reality she had struck to the British. Her crew quibbled that they had never hauled down their colours. Two British captains had been on board to demand her, and both had been refused possession. Nelson entreated Sir Hyde Parker to send Captain Otway on this mission, and his request was complied with. As this gallant officer went alongside the *Holstein*, he ordered his coxswain—a bold, impudent fellow—to go into the maintop and bring away the ship's pennant whilst he himself engaged the commander in conversation. The man executed this order, and returned to his place in the gig with the colour hidden in his bosom. Captain Otway's demand of surrender having been refused, he insisted that a ship which had struck her colours must be a prize, and it was agreed to refer the question to the Danish commodore, who was in the arsenal hard by. The commodore replied that the vessel had not struck her colours, adding that the pennant was still flying, and begged Captain Otway to look at it. The British officer gravely replied that he did not see it, and the mortified Danes were compelled to concede the ship. Otway hastily cut her cables and towed her clear of the batteries. This anecdote is related by Captain Brenton.

On the 4th of April Lord Nelson went on shore to visit the Prince of Denmark. Some accounts say the British admiral was received by the populace with marks of admiration and respect: in actual fact, he was accompanied by a strong guard to assure his safety. Negotiations began and continued until the 9th April, the British fleet meanwhile refitting, and preparing to bombard Copenhagen should hostilities be renewed. There was much hesitation on the part of the Danes, and they honestly avowed

their fear of the Russians. Nelson answered that his reason in demanding a long armistice was in order to demolish the Russian fleet. There was a great deal of procrastination, and one of the members of the Commission, speaking in French, suggested the possibility of a renewal

bombardment. Glancing about him as he proceeded, Nelson exclaimed to a friend, sufficiently loud to be overheard, "Though I've only one eye, I see all this will burn very well."

After this banquet Nelson and the Crown Prince were closeted together, and a fourteen



"HE POLED THIS RAFT FROM THE SHORE TO RIGHT UNDER THE VERY STERN OF THE *ELEPHANT*" (p. 481.)

of hostilities. Nelson caught the words, and rounding upon the commissioner, cried: "Renew hostilities! Oh, certainly, we are ready in a moment: ready to bombard this very night!" The commissioner hastily apologised.

A banquet had been prepared in the Palace, to which Nelson was invited; and as he passed through the corridors and up the staircases, he noticed that most of the apartments had been denuded of their furniture, in anticipation of a

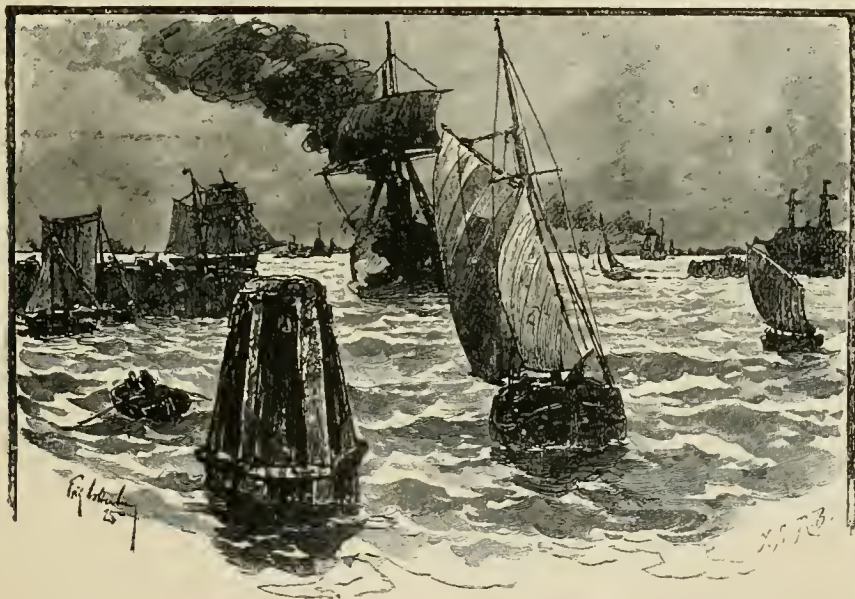
weeks' armistice was agreed upon. The Danes had no alternative: most of their defences had been taken or destroyed. Nearly all the floating hulks had been cannonaded into sieves. Colonel Stewart states that the ships would have been knocked to pieces in much less time than four hours had Nelson's misgivings of the North Country pilots not prevented him from occupying a much closer position. Admiral Fischer admitted the loss on the Danish side to

be about eighteen hundred men. The British had two hundred and thirty-five men killed and six hundred and eighty-eight wounded. The hulks and block-ships of the enemy were thus accounted for: the *Wagner*, *Provesteën*, *Jutland*, *Kronenburg*, *Hajen*, and *Suersishen* were captured and burnt; the *Aggerstonz* and *Nyburg* sunk; the *Zealand* was burnt along with the *Charlotte-Amelia* and the *Indosforethen*; the *Rensburg* was driven ashore and burnt, and the *Holstein* alone was carried away by the British.

The Danes had fought magnificently; but the valour of the seamen whom Nelson led on was irresistible. That memorable day teems with instances of pluck on both sides. One of these, at least, no narrative of the Battle of Copenhagen would be complete without. A lad of about seventeen, named Welmoes, or Velmoes, had charge of a little floating battery, mounting six small cannon and manned by twenty-four men. He poled this raft from the shore to right under the very stern of the *Elephant*, and began peppering the huge liner with his little artillery. The marines of Nelson's ship poured in several

volleys with terrible effect, and twenty of the tiny band fell, killed or wounded. But their boy commander stood, waist-deep amongst the corpses, and refused to quit his post until the truce was proclaimed. Such gallantry was a sure appeal to Nelson, and at the banquet he requested the Crown Prince to introduce him to young Welmoes. Having embraced the lad, he turned to the Prince and remarked that such a hero should be made an admiral. "My lord," was the answer, "if I were to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

Three days after the conclusion of the armistice—that is to say, on the 12th of April—Sir Hyde Parker sailed from Copenhagen, leaving behind the *St. George* and two frigates. Peace was not formally concluded for a long while, and Nelson remained in the Baltic, watching the Russian fleet. But at length, on the 13th of June, despatches came, commanding the return of the *St. George* to England; and on his arrival, Nelson was created a Viscount for his services at the Battle of Copenhagen.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, COPENHAGEN.



THE STORMING OF KARS.

17-18: NOVEMBER: 1877.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

KARS has the reputation of being one of the strongest fortresses in the world. In the old Crimean days it stood a six months' siege: gallant Fenwick Williams, an English artillery officer, with a garrison of devoted Turks, made an heroic resistance in it against superior numbers, and yielded only to famine in the end. At the peace Kars reverted to Turkey, who spared no pains to restore its defences and make it as nearly as possible impregnable. It was surrounded with new fortifications, built for the most part on the ancient sites; they were constructed under the skilful direction of the first military engineers, and armed with powerful artillery. When, in 1877, Russia once more came to blows with her traditional foe, Kars became again the scene of furious conflict; its possession was hotly contested, but it was finally won by almost unexampled bravery in the teeth of a no less stubborn defence.

The early days of the winter of 1877 were at hand when the Russians closed down on Kars. The Turkish arms had but recently met with serious reverses in Armenia; Moukhtar Pacha, the Turkish generalissimo, had been badly beaten in a great battle—that of Aladjh Dagh—and his army, which had hitherto covered Kars, was almost destroyed: only a wretched remnant of panic-stricken fugitives took refuge in the mountains about Erzeroum, where Moukhtar speedily followed to reorganise his shattered forces. Another general (Husseïn Pacha) was left with a garrison of 24,000 to defend Kars. It was hoped that the great fortress would long hold out. It was so strongly fortified, so well armed, so amply provisioned, that a protracted siege seemed inevitable. The Turks, moreover, were excellent soldiers, especially good and brave behind fortifications. At that very moment Plevna, an improvised fortress just south of the Danube, was still defying the most strenuous

efforts of the Russians to take it. Kars had many superior advantages as a place of arms.

The Russians were, however, resolved to capture Kars, and soon, if they could. They wanted it badly. Its fall would make the Russian communications safe where at present they were insecure; from Kars they could best proceed against Erzeroum, and pave the way to complete mastery in Armenia. But to want a thing is not necessarily to get it, especially in war. Kars must be taken—granted; the point was how to do it.

Now, there is more than one way of reducing or getting possession of a fortress. It can be "invested"—surrounded on all sides, that is to say, cut off from outside relief or support, and starved into surrender; or it may be besieged in due form, with regular "approaches," trenches and saps pushed up nearer and nearer, and with breaching batteries of heavy artillery, which after repeated bombardments open the road to assault; or, last of all, it may be carried by a *coup-de-main*—one great vigorous blow, delivered without delay or hesitation, which, if successful, settles the matter at once and out of hand. Which was it to be with Kars?

This was the problem which confronted the Russian generals, and which could only be solved after anxious consideration of all the *pros* and *cons*. Investment is a slow, often very tedious, game; in the present case it was both doubtful and dangerous, for the cold weather was at hand, and the winters are so severe in Armenia that the besieging troops must inevitably endure great hardships and privations. Nor was the process of investment certain to lead to capture. The garrison, after holding their assailants at bay for six months or more (and they had provisions for quite that time), after perpetually harassing them by sortie and counter attack, might beat them off in the end. The same objections applied to the regular siege:

the Turks could meet the Russians with 300 guns, heavy artillery, admirably posted, and with a garrison sufficient to man the whole length of their defences. The siege might become a long duel, in which the advantage would not necessarily be with the besiegers.

There remained only the boldest, the most hazardous, probably the most costly in human lives, but still the most profitable if successful—the method of immediate open assault. Kars might perhaps be carried by storm, if only the enterprise was undertaken on a proper scale, if the attack was planned with judgment and attempted in adequate strength. This was the course which the Russian generals adopted. They resolved to go in and win; to capture Kars, or at least to make a bold attempt at capture by sheer force and weight of arms.

To understand what follows, a brief description of the whole fortress, as it then stood, is indispensable.

Kars was rather a series of fortified works than a single fortress. The actual city was only defended by a citadel, perched high above it on a tall, straight rock, and by an ancient wall built by the Turks in the sixteenth century, and now half in ruins. The strength of the place was in its twelve detached forts, planted at points of vantage and surrounding it entirely. These forts may be classed in four groups, viz.—taking them according to the points of the compass—those to the north-east, south-east, west, and north-west of the town.

(1) To the north-east were Forts Arab and Karadagh, both on the high rocky ground known as the Karadagh, or Black Mountain, built on the bare rock, but faced with earth, which had been carried up by hand for the purpose. These forts had no ditches; the first was closed at the rear by a stone barrack, the second was to have been similarly defended, but the war broke out before the work was completed.

(2) To the south-east of the town the country was an open plain, and as such more easily accessible. So it was defended by two of the strongest forts, known respectively as Fort Hafiz and Fort Kanly: the first was a square redoubt, or fort closed on all sides, that nearest the town consisting of a casemated barrack of three storeys; the second consisted really of two small redoubts, also square, supporting each other, also with a barrack at the end. There were, besides, Forts Souvari and Tchini, much simpler as fortifications, but adding to the strength of this side.

(3) To the westward, where the ground again rose and became mountainous (it was called the Shorak Mountain), there were three forts, known as Tekman, Tek Tepasse, and Laze Tepasse, all placed on commanding points, and well armed with batteries.

(4) And, lastly, on the Tchanak Mountain, to the north-west, there were three more forts—Forts Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha, the last-named being the strongest of the three.

It must be obvious that Kars, thus defended, was a hard nut for the Russians to crack. These twelve forts were nearly all well placed: they were at such distances from each other that they could afford mutual support in case of attack, and their rocky sites forbade all idea of undermining them. On the other hand, they were a source of weakness to the town, being so near it that its bombardment was possible by the enemy thus permitted to come within range. They were unprovided with magazines or storehouses; they were short of water, all of which had to be dragged up from the river; they had no ditches round them, and their fronts or sides were undefended by flanking fire, which, moreover, when damaged by the enemy's batteries, could not be quickly repaired for want of earth in the prevailing rockiness of the soil. But the crowning defect in the whole system of defence was that it was cut into two parts: one set of forts lay on the west side of the river, the other on the east, and the river itself, running in a deep gorge, completely separated them.

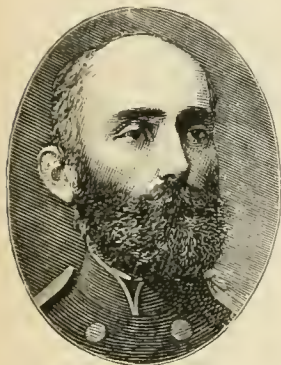
The actual condition of the defences of Kars, the numbers of the garrison, strength of artillery, the amount of ammunition and supplies, were fully revealed to the Russians by spies and deserters; any further knowledge required was obtained by careful reconnaissances. By these means the best line of attack was arrived at, and it was decided to make the first principal effort against the three forts upon the plain to the south-east of the town. The approach was easiest in this direction, and hereabouts the Turks kept all their depôts and stores of provisions. At the same time, while the chief attack was in progress, demonstrations were to be made at other points, mainly to distract the enemy's attention; but these other movements were to be pushed forward and developed into real attacks if there was any promise of substantial advantage therefrom.

Hardly second in importance to the place was the time fixed for attack. If made during the day, it would undoubtedly entail enormous

losses. The Turkish forts and trenches covered a wide extent of front; the fire they could bring to bear, both with cannon and small arms, would certainly be intense, and deadly. It would begin at long range—for they had excellent weapons—and, so to speak, scorch up the ground of approach, which was altogether without cover or shelter for troops advancing in broad daylight. Worse than this, the precise movements of the attacking columns would be betrayed. Many of the Turkish forts stood on such high ground that they could see and search out everything in the plains below. So feints and false attacks would be useless, and the Turkish commander, having penetrated the real design, could

orders and instructions were actually drafted for the forward movement a few hours later, Russian officers in conversation with some of the war correspondents declared that nothing like an assault was contemplated. The Turks were themselves absolutely deceived. So little did they anticipate what was so near at hand, that they kept two-thirds of their whole strength on the western side of the river—that most remote from the point at which the attack was imminent. It must be said in excuse for them that in the former siege of Kars, under General Mouravieff, this side was that on which the great assault had been made.

The Russian commander-in-chief was the Grand Duke



GENERAL MELIKOFF.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.



HUSSEIN PACHA.

concentrate in sufficient, perhaps in overwhelming, force to meet it at the points threatened

A night attack was the inevitable conclusion. The storming must be made in the dark, and yet not in complete darkness; for that would certainly cause confusion, and probably entail disaster. There must be light enough to direct movements near at hand, and yet not so much light as to betray them from a distance.

This could only be attained when the moon was at the full; so, although a prompt attack was decided upon, the actual date was governed by the almanac, and the day, or rather night, fixed was the 15th November. It was delayed two nights later by cloudy weather and a heavy snowstorm, which obviously impeded the operations. Profound secrecy was observed on the part of the Russians, for a first element of success in the attack was that it should be a surprise. So well did they keep their own counsel, that even on the afternoon of the 17th, when the

spirit—was General Loris Melikoff, a soldier of high repute who had already earned distinction in this war. It was he, practically, who made the arrangements, and his orders were to the following effect:—

Five columns were to attack, two only to demonstrate:

(1) The first column of attack, under General Komaroff, was to move along the left bank of the Kars river through the ravine, and attack Fort Tchini.

(2) The second, under Colonel Prince Melikoff (not the general), was to deal with Fort Souvari.

(3) The third and fourth columns, under General Count Grabbe, was to attack, moving separately, each of the two redoubts known by the one name of Fort Kanly.

(4) The fifth column, under General Alkhazoff,



"THE RUSSIANS WENT UP BOLDLY" (p. 488).

was to attack Fort Hafiz. These five columns were under the supreme command of Lazareff.

The two columns of demonstration were to appear to attack the most northern and the eastern forts; the first, under Colonel Tchermiskoff, taking Forts Laz Tepasse and Mouklis; the second, under General Rydzevsky, was to deal with Forts Arab and Karadagh. These movements were to be mere feints unless they made rapid and easy impression, in which case they were to be pressed home.

Each of the five attacking columns, except the second, was accompanied with guns; with each also marched detachments of engineers carrying scaling-ladders, dynamite cartridges to blow in gates and obstacles; gunners also accompanied the columns to spike or dismount guns. The Russian cavalry was distributed in three positions, to watch the various roads approaching Kars from the north, the west, and Erzeroum.

Half-past eight p.m. was the hour appointed for the assembly of the troops. It was a bright, clear, frosty night, the moon was at the full, the air bitterly cold, and very still. Nothing was heard as the skirmishers crept smartly and still silently forward; only a few shots were fired by the Turkish outposts, but as there was no reply silence again reigned. About nine p.m. the Russian guns, to draw off attention, began to salute the Tekman fort considerably to the westward of the line of real attack. Half an hour more, and secrecy or stratagem was no longer possible. The murder was out; Melikoff's men "rushed" Fort Souvari without firing a shot. Its garrison was altogether unsuspecting of the impending danger; the Russians were over the parapet, inside, bayoneting right and left, spiking and dismounting the guns, and after a very short fight in full possession of the place. Then this, the second column of the attack, streamed out to the rear of the fort, and hurried off to assist in the capture of Fort Tchini, the nearest to them, but upon the other side of the river.

This Fort Tchini was the point to be aimed at by General Komaroff with the first attacking column. His men had advanced at about nine p.m. on hearing the noise of battle at Fort Souvari, but met with very different fortune. He had to cross very difficult, rocky ground, and an interchange of shots aroused the camp that lay under Fort Tekman, up above his left, and brought down a host of Turks on this his

left flank. Colonel Boutchkieff, who commanded the Russian attacking column, turned at once to his left, and, postponing the movement on Fort Tchini, went up against this enemy. He scaled the heights successfully, and driving back the Turks followed them close under the defences of Fort Tekman. His column was only of three battalions, but without hesitation he went in at this strong redoubt, hoping to carry it by audacity. But he was met with a murderous fire, musketry from three tiers of trenches, shrapnel shot, stones, and hand grenades. Colonel Boutchkieff was killed, his men were cruelly slaughtered, and the remnant fell back to the river, to be of no more use that night.

Fort Tchini was still untouched, and Komaroff drew up his reserves to form a fresh column of attack; he had one regiment only, backed by four-and-twenty guns, and this handful went forward gallantly to encounter a warm reception and eventually reap disaster. They were nearly destroyed by direct and cross fire from the neighbouring forts of Tekman and Veli Pacha, but held their ground till long after midnight, then fell back defeated behind the river. Nor had Prince Melikoff, coming from the Fort Souvari, which he carried so easily, any better luck against Tchini. He had got to the rear of it, having crossed the river by fords and boats, and attacking it on that side had taken the Turks completely by surprise. But in leading on his men he was dangerously wounded, and they fell back—to wait, in the first place, for Komaroff, who never appeared, and then to recross the river. Their retreat was greatly facilitated, however, by the smaller attack made by Komaroff's reserve, which had failed, as has just been described.

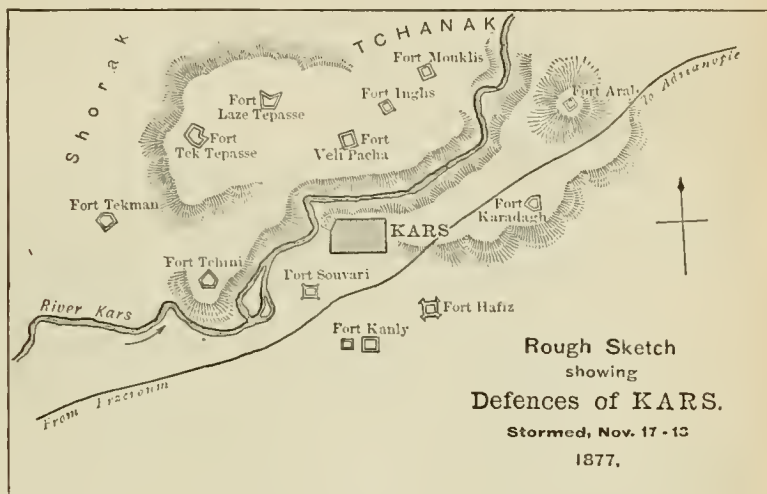
So far, then, on this western side the Russians had made no sort of impression upon Kars. But these attacks on Tekman and Tchini, although unsuccessful, had been indirectly of the utmost service, for they occupied attention, and kept the Turkish troops employed, who would otherwise have reinforced the defenders of the southern and eastern forts at the point where, in fact, the fate of Kars was being decided all this time. It fell to the lot of the third, fourth, and fifth columns of assault to overcome resistance and capture the stronghold.

Count Grabbe was entrusted with the attack of the two redoubts known as Fort Kanly, and about ten p.m. his men got close up to them, much harassed by the ground and the enemy's fire. The right column approached the eastern,

or smaller redoubt, and, climbing the parapet, effected a lodgment, although opposed by superior numbers. The left column, headed by Count Grabbe in person, swarmed around the western or main work, attacking it in front, flank, and rear. Grabbe was killed at the critical moment—shot dead by two bullets—and was succeeded by Colonel Belinsky, who later was also killed. After an hour's fierce engagement—so fierce that 500 dead Turks were found in this part of the redoubt next day—the Russians effected an entrance, and drove the garrison back, but still fighting stubbornly, hand to hand, till they reached the stone barrack, which closed the rear of the fort. Here the Turks took refuge and rallied to such good purpose that Belinsky's men could get no further. The barrack was protected with iron gates, and the Russians tried in vain to break them down; then they suffered such terrible losses that they were compelled to retire. It was at this time that their leader, Belinsky, met his death.

A cavalry charge made by Cossacks, sent on by Loris Melikoff, renewed the attack, and once more compelled the Turks to take refuge in the barrack. At the same time, General Loris Melikoff, finding that the assailants of Fort Kanly had lost two leaders in succession, sent a third—Colonel Bulmering—to take the chief command and renew the fight. Bulmering divided his forces into two portions, which were to turn both flanks of the fort. The left column he commanded in person, and made such good progress with it that he got to the very edge of the town. By one a.m. the whole of the fort was in the hands of the Russians, with the exception of the stone barrack, which still held out obstinately. Colonel Bulmering now summoned it to surrender, threatening first to batter it down with artillery, then to destroy it with dynamite. This last was an irresistible argument, to which the gallant Turk in command—Daoud Pacha—at last succumbed; but it was already four a.m. before he yielded, and by this time the intrepid garrison of the barrack had been reduced to barely 300 men.

The capture of Fort Kanly was not, however, the first Russian success that night. It had been preceded by that of Fort Hafiz and Fort Karadagh. The 5th column of assault, under General Alkhazoff, had advanced in two portions about nine p.m. against the first-named, which was next to Fort Kanly, on its right. But the right attacking party found itself seriously incommoded by the fire from batteries at the foot of the Black Mountain or Karadagh, and it was resolved to get possession of these before attempting to storm Hafiz. The Russians advanced with such determination that they soon took the batteries and drove the Turkish



artillerymen back pell-mell towards the fort of Karadagh, on the slopes above. This was one of the occasions indicated by the general orders for attack: any unexpected advantage was to be immediately followed up by a vigorous attempt to go further.

In this way Fort Karadagh fell; but only through the dauntless energy of the Russian onslaught. While some of the assailants climbed up on each other's shoulders, and so effected an entrance into the redoubt, others used dynamite to blow down the angle tower, and all with so much spirit that the Turks were driven back into the inner work, and from that right out of the fort, in great disorder. They withdrew upon Fort Arab, which was still intact, and from this point made several courageous attempts to retake Fort Karadagh, but altogether without success. The Russians had got it, and held it for good and all.

This was the unlooked-for prize of one half of

the fifth column. The other half, moving to the left, pursued the original purpose—that of assaulting Fort Hafiz. General Alkhazoff led this attack in person, and struck at both on the direct front and on the left flank of the fort. The Russians went up boldly, scaling the parapet and over into the redoubt, bayoneting all they

had been seized by sudden inspiration; Forts Hafiz and Kanly had fallen to direct attack.

But this victory did not extend beyond the right bank of the river. On the left, or western side, the Russians had made no decided impression. The forts on the mountainous heights above, known as Tchanak and Shorak, still held



KARS.

met, and forcing back the garrison into the barrack, which, like that of Fort Kanly, closed the throat or entrance of the fort. But this barrack was in no condition to resist; it had been nearly ruined by the Russian bombardment, and it soon fell into the hands of the assailants. From Fort Hafiz, Alkhazoff's men pressed forward right under the walls of Kars itself.

By this time—two a.m.—the whole of the forts on the right bank of the river were in the hands of the Russians, for Fort Arab, north of Fort Karadagh, was captured soon after the Russian success at the latter had come to be known. The barrack at Fort Kanly alone held out, but this, as has been told, was actually doomed. Recapitulating, Fort Souvari had been carried early in the night; Fort Karadagh

out: these were the Forts Tekman, Tek Tepasse, Laze Tepasse, Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha; and the Turkish troops which garrisoned them numbered some 15,000 men, still fresh and capable of fighting, although somewhat demoralised. Hussein Pacha, the Turkish commander, determined, therefore, to make a last bid for safety, if not to reverse fate, and, massing these forces on the west, struck out for the mountains that ranged back towards Erzeroum. The daylight, which broke about five a.m., betrayed his movement, and the Russian general, Roop, who commanded all the troops on the left bank, set himself to intercept the Turkish march and prevent escape. His cavalry took the fugitives in flank, while his infantry faced and stopped them. The largest part of the

Turks were caught, and lay down their arms, but some got through and hurried towards the mountains with the Cossacks in hot pursuit. Surrender was the order of the day, and nearly all the Turks were overtaken and made prisoners. Only a few of the principal officers, including Hussein Pacha, escaped, through the fleetness and endurance of the horses they rode.

Early that forenoon—the 18th November—the Russian double eagle floated from the citadel of Kars. The whole place, with all it contained, was in the possession of the assailants; those who had indirectly contributed to success on the left bank now entered the town, and joined

their comrades from the right bank, upon whom the brunt of the business had fallen.

The result of this really audacious feat of arms was commensurate with the unflinching courage that had planned and carried it through. A fortified place of the first class had been carried in open assault, 17,000 prisoners were taken, 303 guns (many of large calibre), 25,000 stand of small arms, and a vast quantity of provisions and war material. But the cost had been heavy to both sides in this desperate struggle: 2,500 Turks lay dead in and about the defences, 4,500 sick and wounded filled the hospitals; and the Russians lost in killed and wounded 77 officers and 2,196 men.



“NEARLY ALL THE TURKS WERE OVERTAKEN AND MADE PRISONERS.”



“ARE there many British subjects amongst the Carlists?” asked a young English wayfarer of Mr. Smith Sheehan, whom he met returning with the writer from northern Spain to the village of Hendaye one evening towards the fall of 1873.

There was a twinkle of humour in the eyes of Sheehan, who was a Carlist from Cork, as he answered deliberately, as if taking time for thought—

“Well, yes; at least, there were once, but hardly now.”

“How’s that?” pursued the lad, who was on his way to join Don Carlos, like one of those knights-errant who sought adventure of yore.

“Their soldiering days are mostly over,” said Sheehan. “They came here to work, not to play. There was an Irish Legion, but a third of it is dead, and a third wounded.”

It was a fact, but the Legion had only consisted of three. Wade, who was killed, had been a law-student when he had left Ireland a few months previously to see service by the side of his friend Sheehan. By the chance turn of a coin the latter was destined to leave with despatches for Bayonne, and his companion died valiantly while advancing at Yvero to the attack of a post of guardia civil, or military police, who had remained faithful to the Madrid Government in keeping with the traditions of their corps. He had fallen before three successive bullets in a leg, in an arm, and in the forehead. Leader, who was on the list of wounded, was crippled by a stray shot in the foot at Azpeitia. He had been heading a band of Carlists, or Royalists, as they chose to call themselves in distinction to their foemen. He had been an ensign in the 30th Regiment of the British Line; had resigned to join the French army on the outbreak of war with Germany; had won the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour under Bourbaki, and was so full of former

memories that he was reported to have shouted “*Viva la Republica!*” as he urged forward the adherents of the “king in the clouds.” The remaining third of the Legion aforesaid was the redoubtable Smith Sheehan himself, who had campaigned in the mountains of Italy before attaching himself to the guerrillas in the Pyrenees.

“I suppose the Carlists have had a bad time of it, on the whole; but no doubt there is some fun to be had amongst them for all that?” was the intending volunteer’s next inquiry.

“Rather! Their life is all fun. They march with billiard-tables in the rear, and these are set up when they halt at night,” continued the waggish Sheehan. “And as for dancing, they have the finest music in creation.”

That yarn about the billiards was rather stiff, but the other was literally correct. At this period—September, 1873—there were six capital military bands with the Carlists, and as the conductors generally came from Paris, the airs they affected inclined to the sprightliness of *ópera-bouffe*. Their choice piece—a rattling martial quickstep—recalled to the ear the duet of the two gendarmes in *Geneviève de Brabant*, or what was popular in London as “We’ll Run ’em In,” although it was usually supposed to go to a patriotic chorus anent “Vera;” and when played at a halt, led to breezy indulgence in the *jota*, or a half-waltz, half-galop, with partners in uniform lacking fair señoritas to take part in the mazy whirl.

The Carlists were in the heyday of their career in the warm autumn of 1873. Navarre, Logroño, and the rich country north of the Ebro was theirs, save the strong fortress of Pamplona, which was held as an isolated post of defence by the Republicans, or “negroes,” or “vermin,” as they were commonly called by their opponents. The Vascongadas, or Basque provinces (except the coast towns)—that is to

say, the provinces of Guipuzcoa, Biscay, and Alava—were actually in possession of the natives, the hardy sons of the mountains. They were gradually acquiring excellent arms and abundant ammunition; they had captured horses and mountain-guns from the enemy; the Government factories of Eybar and Plaencia were in their hands, and turning out regularly a goodly amount of rifles and bayonets; their forces were numerous and daily increasing; they had a Court journal, *El Cuartel Real*, a small sheet said to be printed on the summit of a hill fastness, the Peña de la Plata, and it was reported that the sanguine champions of the rightful king, many of them sallow plotters in Bayonne coffee-houses, were already talking of forwarding their letters under cover of a new royal stamp—thus providing a surprise for those collectors of postage tokens who proudly call themselves philatelists. The Carlist banner of two strips of yellow bordering one of white, horizontally placed, was in high favour in the rugged north. The favourite rallying-call was *Dios, Patria y Rey*, "God, Country and King," and glistened in striking gilt letters on many a guidon; and the messages from the combatants were always headed *El Campo del Honor*, for wherever they happened to be, that for the time being was known as "The Field of Honour."

The partisans of royalty—whether the monarch was to be considered a legitimate claimant or a usurper does not concern the military chronicler—were in riotous joy, and full of hope; yet towards Madrid, or, indeed, at the other side of the Ebro, they never had the ghost of a chance.

For the Christinists of the last civil war now were substituted the Republicans—a whimsical phase, so far, of Spanish politics in the south, and the Carlists, or so-called Royalists, of the north, who were actually working on behalf of the most sturdy democratic principles to retain their *fueros*, or sacred domestic privileges, as sworn to under the famous oak-tree of Guernica. They enjoyed their own laws, fixed their own taxes, paid dues to the Sovereign as a gift, were liable to no conscription. None but natives could have clerical appointments. All were perfectly equal, because all were noble. Every man's home was his castle, and there were armorial bearings chiselled over the door of every stone dwelling. In short, they boasted the fullest of Home Rule, subject only to fealty to the king in Madrid.

It may be well to explain the origin of this struggle, which may arise again at any day. By an ancient French law, called Salic, females were debarred from succeeding to the Crown, because the stricter military duties were unsuited to their sex. This law was introduced into Spain by the Bourbons in 1700, and abolished in 1830 by Ferdinand VII. On his death his eldest daughter, known as Isabella II., became queen. The adherents of her mother, Maria Christina of Naples, who held the sceptre for her until she was of age, were termed Christinists, and those of her rival and cousin, Carlos V., were dubbed Carlists. In 1834 the insurgent banner was raised by the latter in Spain, and fighting, with much bloodshed, lasted until 1839. A British Legion, under De Lacy Evans, aided the partisans of the queen. Hostilities ended in the Vergara convention. That was termed the first Carlist war; but the struggle having been renewed in 1872 by the Pretender's grand-nephew, Carlos VII., his cause was upheld by the children of sharers in the former Carlist war, the adherents of the legitimate cause all over Europe, and the sticklers for conservatism and religion of the rigorous kind. But even in the disturbed district the old Roman quarrel of town and country existed to a great degree, the peasants being all inveterate Carlists, and the Christinists in the north being townsmen and sons of those who had been active in the former feud.

The outset of the rising began in a small way, but the little spark had spread into a wide flame, and was gradually sweeping onwards in a huge blaze. The thirty followers who had ventured into Navarre with Ollo had now grown into thousands. The defeated of Oroquieta were no longer to be laughed at, for they had fought stubbornly, and won undeniable victories.

This Ollo, the leading general of Navarre, is a figure not to be neglected. He had been a major in the regular army of Spain, but quitted the service when the Italian Amedeo was accepted as monarch, and left for exile in Paris. A letter reached him there, asking him to return to his native province and head a guerrilla outbreak. The poor man flushed with enthusiasm: it was to realise his darling wish, but he had no money to pay his fare, and he sighed as he directed his step-son (Joaquin Zubirri) to acknowledge the note—he was sorry he could not go: his engagements tied him to Paris. He had not a spare sou, but his pride as a soldier would not permit him to own his poverty. The son

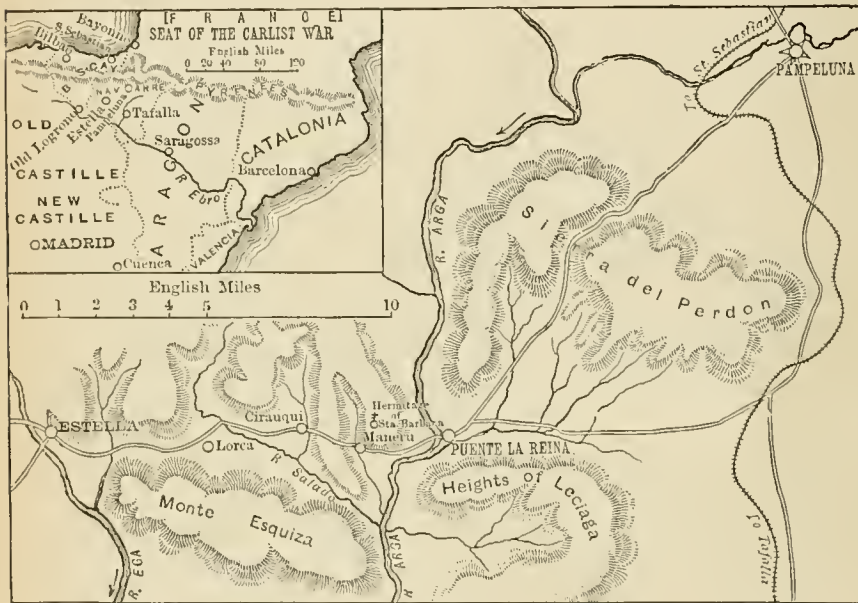
pocketed the letter, and secretly wrote to the Junta, or revolutionary committee, representing the true state of the case, and by quick post received a reply, and quietly handed it to his father. "My child," said the veteran, burning at the prospect of action, "how lucky you forgot to post that letter! Here they press me to go, and thoughtfully they enclose enough money to frank me to the frontier."

About forty-five years of age, when the writer met him in his quarters in the outskirts of Tolosa, the dignified veteran was grave and quiet, with weatherbeaten face and small blinking eyes, and as he was stout of figure, under the

largest on himself and dispersed the remainder at his fantasy among his band.

The men under Ollo's immediate command were the pick of the Carlist cohorts, mostly natives of Navarre, which claims independence of Spain, and proudly calls itself a kingdom. They were the best clad and disciplined in the host—smart, muscular fellows: patient, brave, and sober—who could willingly get over a forced march and start from a posture of rest at the first strain of blithe music to join in a revel. All these hill-men were splendid walkers, did not grumble, and could manage to be cheerful at need on the most frugal fare—an onion or a

morsel of garlic to relish a crust. As fact, when billeted near a village municipality, they got daily rations of two pounds of white bread, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine, the red astringent Valdepeñas, which must have been like Horace's rough Falernian, and a pay of one real—about the equivalent of twopence halfpenny—for the purchase of soap, tomatoes, oil, or the everlasting cigarette. This



middle size, and slightly bent, he suggested a likeness to the third Napoleon. A pen-and-ink picture of him as he appeared may give a clue to the garb of men who formed the Carlist staff. He wore a blue boina, or flat cap, with a gold tassel. It is no more the etiquette of a Carlist to remove his boina than for a Moslem to lift his turban. His tunic was blue, with double rows of gold (or, perhaps, brass gilt) buttons, with the monogram C in front; his trousers, with the ends stuffed into his riding-boots, were blue, and on his left breast was his only ornament—the star of the Order of St. Ferdinand. Ollo, we may be sure, did not steal his decoration, which had a real meaning. Not so Belcha, a cabecilla of Guipuzcoa, or chief of a roaming faction, who had intercepted and rifled a case of orders in transit to the troops at Madrid, and put the

allowance was made by a levy proportioned to means, and was distributed so that nobody was unfairly treated, and bonds were given in exchange, negotiable on the entry of Don Carlos into his "only court" of Madrid. Similar provision was made for grain and forage for horses. At this stage of Carlism there were seven battalions of Navarre, each of eight strong companies. The crack one (the 2nd) was commanded by a dashing officer, one Radica, who had thus altered his name from Rada because there was a traitor of that ilk. His lads, who stepped out with a panther-like gait, wore blue canvas blouses, trousers with red stripes, and red boinas with brass badge of the king on top. There were four four-pounders (two smooth and two rifled) with them, and about seventy-five volunteer cavalry of a kind,

mounted and equipped anyhow, among them being six lancers with alpargatas, or the Basque canvas shoes with hempen soles.

Marching with them from the siege of Tolosa to Estella, the stranger had ample opportunity

infantry, succeeded by the baggage train, another battalion, and lastly the cavalry led by Perula. A picturesque sight it was to watch this sinuous chain of colour, with gay flags and guidons, winding along through vineyards drooping with



"WITH A YELL THEY ANSWERED TO THE CALL" (p. 495).

to note their peculiarities. They were accompanied by two brass bands, who played them through every hamlet, where they were greeted with joyous *vivas* by the inhabitants, who loaded them with grapes or flowers and waved their neckerchiefs.

The column was opened by a battalion, then came the artillery on mules, followed by the general and his staff; then the bulk of the

clustering grapes, up acclivities covered with olive growths, over grassy ridges, through ferny dips, by zigzag mountain-passes, across streamlets, and through the black depths of railway tunnels, and hearken to the whinny of horses, the jingling of accoutrements, the gossip of laughing guerrillas, the breaks of mirth at the passage of a scudding hare, or a slip on the path, varied by odd bursts of song or ambitious solos

on rustic instruments. There were no laggards, although there must have been sore feet, and any attempts at pilfering were checked by the officers, who sent the plunderers back shame-faced to the ranks with a few sharp words.

The chief leaders of the Navarrese were Argonz—a grim, tall, gaunt veteran, with a pallid, bony face, who had a great eye for country, and was so familiar with every by-path that he was known as the “Topographical Directory.” Perula, with short grey jacket, fur-trimmed, looked happy in front of his cavaliers. He had been an advocate, but he had given up briefs for the sword, and was frank, enterprising, broad-faced, and strong as a lion. Joaquin Zubirri, on a grey Andalusian barb, was here, there, and everywhere, compelling order in his hoarse, peremptory Spanish. Elio, a veteran of the former Carlist war, was chief of the staff to Don Carlos. Lizaraga, an ex-field officer of the Spanish army, was dapper and very gallant, but a martinet, and religious as a friar. He had executed several men of the Guipuzcoan contingent for theft at Saraul, but had more scruples than the priest, Santa Cruz—a fierce, uncompromising factionist, who had shot twenty-seven carabinieri, or revenue guards, at the bridge of Enderlaza, some of them while actually trying to escape by swimming the Bidassoa, because they had fired on one of his, coaxed to show himself to them by display of a flag of truce. Santa Cruz was the one antipathy of Lizaraga and Loma, a brother-officer of old days, his favourite opponent. The Marquis de Valdespinas, son of him who had unfurled the flag at Vitoria in 1833, was chief of Biscay, and with him were many minor leaders of flying *partidas* of parochial repute. But the supreme head was Antonio Dorregaray, who was noted for his blue boina laced with gold.

Don Carlos, a stalwart, imposing personage, dignified, with olive face, thick-lipped, and like to a picture by Velasquez until he opened his mouth and bared his bad teeth, was in general officer's uniform, with a kepi bordered with three wavy gold bands, and the collar of the Golden Fleece at his throat. His courage was reputed to be more of the passive than the active cast. He was the dial of the clock; he was not its mainspring. His brother, Don Alfonso, who was in control of the revolt in Catalonia, was more active and aggressive.

To the person of Don Carlos was attached a mounted bodyguard entitled the Squadron of Legitimacy. To this belonged a number of

adventurers from every clime, all bright fortune-seeking gentlemen, honest and chivalrous, albeit some might be termed wild or hare-brained by long-faced people. There was Baron Barbier, an ex-Chasseur d'Afrique, riding knee-to-knee with another Baron, an Austrian who had been in diplomacy, but had been jilted by a French beauty, and in his dudgeon had won the star of valour; the Marquis de Gantes, son of a Colonel of Hussars killed at Sedan; the Count d'Alcantara, a brave elderly Belgian banker; and to show that the Spanish *sangre azul* was not wanting, there was Silva, son to the Duke of Aliaga with a Campbell for mother, who was fourteen times over Grandee of Spain, though a light weight on a charger. Theirs was the only approach to a set mess in the camp, and a light-hearted, larkish society they formed, to which duly-accredited foreigners were free, such as a Prussian, Baron von Wedell, who had been an officer of Uhlans in the French war; the gigantic Captain Fred Burnaby, of the Blue Guards (as he was introduced by some foreign friends); and Frank Vizetelly, a jovial, broad-girthed chevalier of the pen and pencil, ever ready for a joke or a skirmish, a French *chansonnette* or a tramp up the sierras. Cheeriest of souls, how his vast boina and his expansive red faja were familiar and beloved to the Carlists of every degree! Alas! that he has to be remembered with another colleague on the opposing side—Edmond O'Donovan—by a brass in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to the victims of the Soudan.

It is not easy to give a proper notion of a war lasting with varying fortunes over a long term of years, and which consisted mainly of desultory skirmishes between isolated bodies. At its opening phases there was much of the grotesque element, but comicality was soon wiped out by carnage, for, like to every civil war, there were many instances of ferocity on both sides. To such humours as Lizaraga shouting “Artillery to the front!” to which a small mountain-gun carried by a solitary mule responded, and then a fearful din was caused by two rustics in cuirasses, a world too wide for them, and feet cased in hemp, clattering over the flints of a village street—succeeded actions like the real business, where thousands were sacrificed, forays of the desperate Border kind, marches through bleak gorges where men died by fifties of the cold, and a regular engagement in which generals lost their lives. It may be as well to describe one small battle, that of

Puente de la Reyna, which, although claimed by the Republicans, was most certainly gained by Ollo. Estella was the chief town in Navarre held by the Carlists, and may be looked upon as their headquarters. It is in the midst of a fruitful vale of olives and vines, with spreads of corn, fields of flax and orchards, and is watered by two streams, the Ega and the Amezcua, bounded by oil-mills and wool factories. It has a population of some six thousand, and was accounted of considerable importance in the former Carlist struggle. It is dominated by a scarp rock crowned with defensive works, and was used as a prison. There, in 1830, were shot, by order of Maroto, five Carlist generals. On the outskirts at the right is the village of Lorca on the Salado, and still further to the right is the pueblo of Cirauqui, with a stone bridge over a little rivulet and a road leading to Mañeru—a group of houses about a mile off. A league from Mañeru is Puente de la Reyna, or Queen's bridge, a town half the size of Estella, with many convents in a lovely encircling plain bathed by the Arga, a tributary of the Ebro, spanned by five bridges. Between Cirauqui and Puente de la Reyna the landscape is diversified by ridges swelling irregularly or sinking into gentle depressions.

A report reached Estella on the evening of the 6th of October that Moriones, from the Pamplona direction, was advancing upon it with a Republican corps. His strength was given by the spies as 9,500 infantry, with 200 cavalry and twelve guns. It was also said that Primo de Rivera was co-operating with him with a smaller, but still a formidable body. To oppose to this threatened attack Ollo could only muster 5,000 men, with 150 horse and his four mountain-guns. His weakness was rendered more glaring by his shortness of ammunition. The contingent of three battalions of Alavese under Mendiri were badly armed. But these hardy mountaineers were possessed of a hatred against their foes. The question at stake with them more than with others was apparently linked to fanaticism. Barone, one of the Carlist Junta in Alava, had a placard posted ordering that municipalities should assist at High Mass, that all pastimes should be prohibited and refreshment houses closed during hours of Divine Service, and that all blasphemers, scandal-mongers, workers on holidays, and persons who danced indecently, should be scourged. Many of the Alavese (like the Vendéans in their war) wore the scapular of the Sacred Heart sewn

over the left breast. Other kinds of scapulars were also worn, as well as rosaries and blessed medals, which gave courage and confidence to these peasant soldiers.

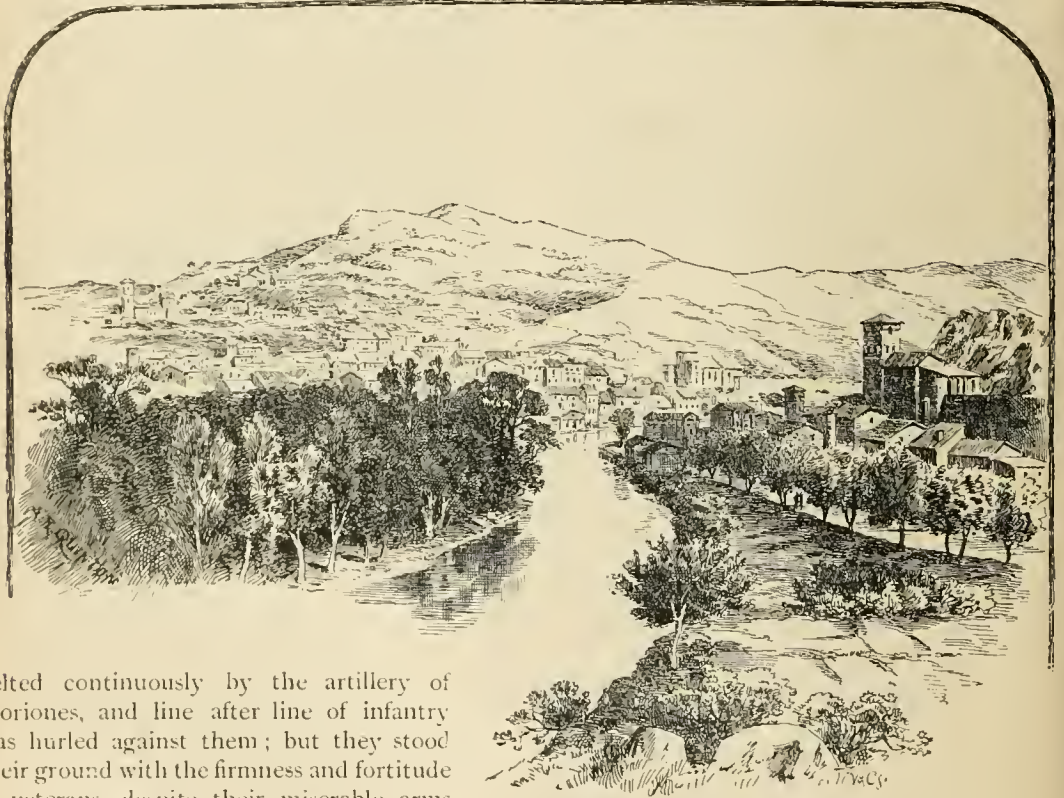
At nightfall of the 5th, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th battalions of Navarre under Iturmendi, with two guns, were ordered to form up between Cirauqui and Mañeru to check the menaced attack. Argonz was left behind, in defence of Estella, with the 1st and 5th, four companies of the 6th, 200 of the 8th (newly formed), two companies of engineers, and the remaining two guns. Brigadier Mendiri with the Alavese was assigned to Lorca, and at this point, as commanding a central spot from which converging assaults could be observed and met, Ollo took his stand as general in command.

The morning of the 6th was ideal, clear and sunny, with a keen dry air from the mountains, bracing the lungs and adding a zest to existence. The Republicans were in sight, and gave early signs of activity. They were on foot at cock-crow, and began popping at the Carlist outposts, but quick as they were, Radica with the alert 2nd of Navarre was before them, and had ascended the most advanced ridge at this side of Puente crested with the hermitage of Santa Barbara. At half-past seven Ollo was advised of the advance on this height, and immediately ordered Mendiri to go forward to Mañeru, near Santa Barbara, and issued instructions to Argonz to bring up all available reinforcements, upon which that quiet, ready chief set out at a chasseur's quickstep. At the start Iturmendi, having the intrepid Radica with him, was forced from the ridge above Puente, and sorely pressed towards the region about Cirauqui, which Ollo was marching to reach. The truth is, Moriones, having put his entire force in motion, the impetuous Radica, finding himself at the end of his cartridges, gave his men word to go ahead with the naked steel. With a yell they answered to the call, and bore themselves with a furious zeal, rushing with so much more bravery than foresight that if the other two battalions of Navarre, who were in support, had not hurried to their rescue, not a man could have escaped being killed or taken prisoner. After this opening brush, led up to with heavy, almost reckless firing, the three battalions discovered that they were so fearfully outnumbered, and had experienced such serious losses, that they had to withdraw to a hamlet near Puente de la Reyna.

The 5th of Navarre, the vanguard of Argonz,

arrived first—even before the coming of the general-in-chief. He joined Mendiri and his Alavese at Cirauqui, and Ollo ordered the united Carlists to mass themselves on a height in the rear of that from which Iturmendi had been driven, and to form the serried ranks of battle. At this, the crucial moment of the action, the volleying became tremendous. The new ground assumed was on a horseshoe range of hills, with the outer curve towards Puente de la Reyna, and the ends, towards the base, prolonging themselves to Cirauqui and Mañeru. The Alavese got the post of honour nearest the enemy, and between their foremost men and the ridge—almost as high as that of Santa Barbara—now occupied by the Government troops, stretched a deep valley. The unfortunate Alavese had been

At half-past three the Alavese (covered by discharges from their ordnance) were forced to fall back to the vale and ascend the ridge, where their comrades eagerly awaited the moment to relieve them. The Republicans scrambled up the abandoned height, and made an essay to advance for about a hundred yards; but they were panting, and had suffered weighty losses in climbing that hill, and here they were confronted by their implacable foe, whom they had to assault in a stronger position. The bonds of discipline must have been lax with them, or perhaps they thought better of their task. Suddenly they hesitated, looked at what was before them; there was a shiver of indecision in their ranks, and finally they came to a dead stop. Ollo seized his opportunity. Two of his guns,



ESTELLA.

pelted continuously by the artillery of Moriones, and line after line of infantry was hurled against them; but they stood their ground with the firmness and fortitude of veterans, despite their miserable arms and equipments, and had repeated recourse to the bayonet with a courage that drew forth the applause of Ollo, under whose eyes they were fighting; and that counted for something, for he was a seasoned warrior, not given to the display of emotion. The Republican position was advantageous; but two of the Carlist guns having been got into action, were brought to bear upon it with fatal precision.

not yet utilised, were run up to the right so as to enfilade the Republicans, who were turning as if to move against the Royalist left front. "Open with shell" was the word. A bomb, admirably directed, lobbed amongst them, and one sergeant and two men, as could plainly be discerned through a reconnoitring glass, fell from their

ranks. A second followed an instant later with more destructive effect; the enemy showed his back and scattered behind the slope of his position, amid resounding *vivas* from the Carlist side. The inferiority of the Carlist artillery was more than made up for by the perfection of the gunners, who were all former officers of the

step by step the positions they had previously held, and the Republicans slowly melted away towards Puente de la Reyna. Santa Barbara was reached. The Royalists had left eighteen wounded behind them there in the forenoon. They were all massacred. No quarter was listened to after that gruesome revelation. "At them with the



A CARLIST CHARGE.

(From the Picture by J. Cussachs.)

scientific corps in the regular army, who had left on the promotion of Hidalgo. The Government guns were all commanded by promoted sergeants. The Carlist gunners pursuing their advantage, Moriones began his retreat by withdrawing his men by echelon of battalions from the left, and the Carlist left got its orders to push on. A rapid fire was directed on the Carlists by the regiments formed on the Republican right, to protect their comrades' retirement. But the blood of the Alavese and Navarrese was fired to fever heat. They had caught the rapture of the fight, and shouts of "*Con la bayoneta!*" were raised. The bayonet it was, for that was the pet weapon of these children of the mist; and Radica's men again to the fore, and inflamed with the rage of reprisal, led the hunt, with thirsty steel as ever. Forward at a racing pace they swept, bounding over the valley and seizing

cavalry!" was the shout raised by the fatigued and enraged foot-soldiers. The terrain, jagged and stony, was not fit for cavalry operations, and the self-possessed Ollo retorted with an expletive of a Cambronne nature. Turning round to Captain Burnaby, who was standing near, he flushed like a girl and apologised for his impatient language. "*Adelante!*" was the cry anew, as the ignominious flight of the enemy could not be mistaken. Some of their sharpshooters maintained an annoying fire in the thick of Carlists on the rising ground, and as the bullets fell in their midst an artillery officer, riding up, asked where the guns should be placed. "There," said Ollo, pointing to Santa Barbara; "and now let the cavalry charge."

At the signal, anxiously expected, the single squadron tore out after the Republicans, some of whom were already plunging for shelter into

the Arga. A few minutes afterwards it returned with some prisoners and a good tally of killed, amongst whom was a Republican commander, sabred by a youthful lieutenant. "There he lies," said the lad to Ollo, "and here is his blood on my blade," showing his weapon dripping with gore. A captain inquired where he was to billet his men. "There," said Ollo, nodding towards a hamlet. "I thought I told you already; but while you are there, take your company into the first house in Puente de la Reyna and stay there for the night." The officer saluted, and went off to execute the order. Then, turning to a lieutenant of artillery, the general said: "Take one of your guns, and fire a shot at the first street of the town. I will let the people know that Moriones is there like a whipped cur, and dare not stir out."

The Carlists lost 1 colonel—Martin Echarch—4 subalterns, and 14 privates killed; 4 captains, 11 subalterns, and 79 privates wounded. The Republican account gave 130 Carlists killed and

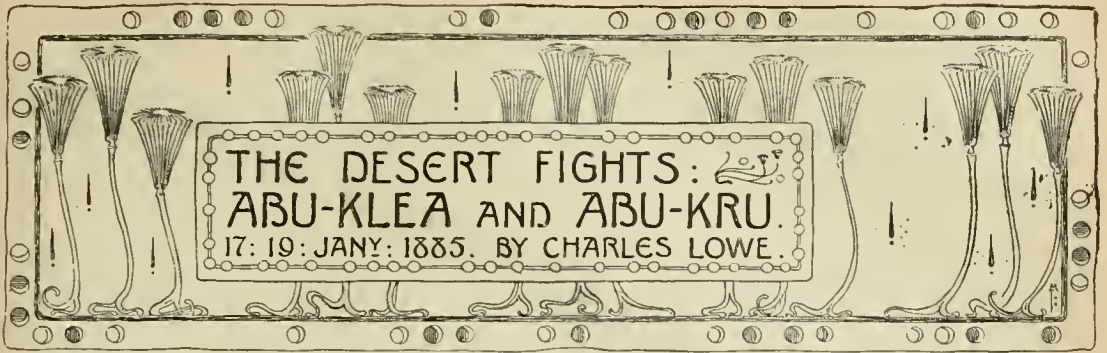
800 wounded, but that was a list of casualties doctored for the Madrid chatterers. Their own loss was considerable, but may be left to conjecture. Many corpses were strewn like patches on the heights where the Republicans had fallen or had crept to hollows or furze bushes to die.

After all the excitement of the battle was over, a battalion of Navarrese rushed to the image of a *chico*, outlined on a wall with a burnt stick by Vizetelly, to decide bets as to whether he had been struck. Not a shot had touched him, although he was hedged round with bullet-marks, like the aureole of stabs encircling the head of a performer in a show. Uproarious were the bursts of glee of the simple Navarrese.

The attack was not renewed next day, the best-furnished battalions having but forty rounds a man, but Moriones had gone back to Tafalla. Primo de Rivera was still in Logroño, and Don Carlos, with Dorregaray, Velasco, and Valdespina, and four battalions of Biscay and two of Guipuzcoa, was on the road to exultant Estella.



SPANISH LANDSCAPE.



GENERAL CHARLES GORDON was the Chevalier Bayard—"without fear and without reproach"—of the nineteenth century; and it was mainly on his account that, in the year 1884, England was led to embark in an enterprise without a parallel almost in her military annals. The object of this armed expedition was to reach Khartoum, the distant capital of the Mahomedan Soudan, on the Upper Nile, and rescue General Gordon, who had himself gone to relieve its Egyptian garrison, but could not. After acquiring his Chinese title by his leadership of the "ever-victorious army" in the Far East, Gordon—in whom there was a considerable dash of the soldier of fortune, albeit of a higher and more humanitarian type than that of his famous countryman, Dugald Dalgetty—Gordon, I say, had passed into the service of the Khedive, and become Governor-General of the Soudan, which had been annexed to Egypt by the great Mehemet Ali. In 1879 he resigned this post, and in the course of the next four years the fanatical inhabitants of the Soudan, rallying to the standard of the Mahdi, or False Prophet, rose in arms against the authority of their Egyptian rulers.

Various were the fortunes of this insurrectionary war, but at length, after the utter annihilation of an Egyptian force, under English Hicks Pacha, at El Obeid, it was proved conclusively that the disaffected provinces of the Soudan could not be re-conquered without military operations on a scale which the circumstances of the case did not permit, and therefore a policy of withdrawal was decided on.

But what in the world had we to do with the Soudan? The answer is that the Soudan then formed an integral part of Egypt, of which we had undertaken the good government after the defeat of the rebel Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir (1882), and that we therefore deemed ourselves in honour bound to do all we could to save the

garrison of Khartoum after deciding on the evacuation of the country. The only man who could do so, in the opinion of Mr. Gladstone's Government, was General Gordon, who knew so much about the Soudan, and accordingly, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, he left London at the beginning of 1884, and in an incredibly short space of time reached Khartoum.

But soon thereafter the news reached England that Khartoum had been cut off from all communication with the rest of the country by the forces of the Mahdi, and that therefore General Gordon and his garrison were in the direst peril. Yet it was some time before our Government could brace itself up to an energetic policy of action. At last, however, it decided to send an expedition to relieve the reliever, Gordon, and the command was given to Lord Wolseley, who reached Cairo on 9th September, 1884.

But now there arose the serious preliminary question: by what route should the relieving force seek to reach its aim? Practically, the choice of routes was narrowed down to two. Disembarking on the shore of the Red Sea at Suakim, the expedition might strike across the desert to the Nile at Berber; or, concentrating in Lower Egypt, it might ascend the Nile. Each line of advance had its advocates, but in the long run Lord Wolseley decided in favour of the Nile route as being, on the whole, the best; and Gordon himself seems to have been of this opinion too. The Suakim-Berber route, with its desert sands, would, among other things, have exposed the troops to dreadful sufferings from the want of water; but while privation of this kind could not possibly be associated with the line of the Nile, the long ascent of this river, on the other hand, would be greatly impeded by the succession of cataracts or, rather, as the Canadians would call them, "rapids," which marked its course.

It does not fall within the limited scope of

this description to detail all the manifold obstacles and incidents of the advance up the Nile in the 800 whale-boats sent out from England—how stores had to be amassed, camels collected, and all other necessary preparations made. Suffice to say that, by the end of November, when the head of the immensely long flotilla had reached Hannek, Lord Wolseley thought it time to issue a stirring appeal "To the Sailors, Soldiers, and Marines of the Nile Expedition," in which he dilated on the "glorious mission which the Queen had entrusted to them," and concluded:—

"We can—and with God's help will—save General Gordon from such a death. The labour of working up this river is immense, and to bear it uncomplainingly demands the highest soldierlike qualities, that contempt for danger, and that determination to overcome difficulty which in previous campaigns have so distinguished all ranks of her Majesty's army and navy. The physical obstacles which impede our rapid progress are considerable, but who cares for them when it is remembered that General Gordon and his garrison are in danger? Under God their safety is now in our hands, and, come what may, we must save them. It is needless to say more to British soldiers and sailors."

The better, moreover, to stimulate the energies of his men, Lord Wolseley offered a prize of £100 to the battalion which should make the quickest passage in its whale-boats up to Korti, a prize that was ultimately won by the Royal Irish, the Gordon Highlanders coming in second, and the West Kent men third. Telegraphing from Korti to Lord Hartington, the Secretary for War, the commander-in-chief said:—"The

English boats have up to this point fulfilled all my expectations. The men are in excellent health, fit for any trial of strength, as the result of constant manual labour. The work in the boats against the current is very hard, but is borne most cheerfully, without a grumble."

But how this galley-slave-like tugging at the oars had told upon the mere tailored appearance of the men may be judged from what was thus written of them by a correspondent on their arrival at Korti:—

"The troops arriving in the boats present an absolutely ludicrous appearance in their torn and ragged garments, the condition of which testifies to the utter unsuitability of the clothes served out to our soldiers for a hard campaign. There is literally not a sound garment in the

whole column, which resembles Falstaff's ragged regiment rather than a body of British troops. The tartan trews of the Black Watch have been patched with old sacks, with native cloth from the bazaars, and even portions of biscuit tins have been sewn on to the trousers to repair the wear and tear made by rowing. What the appearance of the troops will be by the time the expedition has finished its work we cannot even contemplate."

A large camp was formed at Korti, where Lord Wolseley established his headquarters, and

by the middle of December the bulk of the expeditionary force was gathered there, with great part of its war-material and stores. Christmas came, and the day was celebrated in as home-like a manner as possible. Although holly and mistletoe were wanting, the troops had brought with them the ingredients of plum-pudding, and the camp-fire circles were hilarious with well-earned pleasure. Early in the morning there

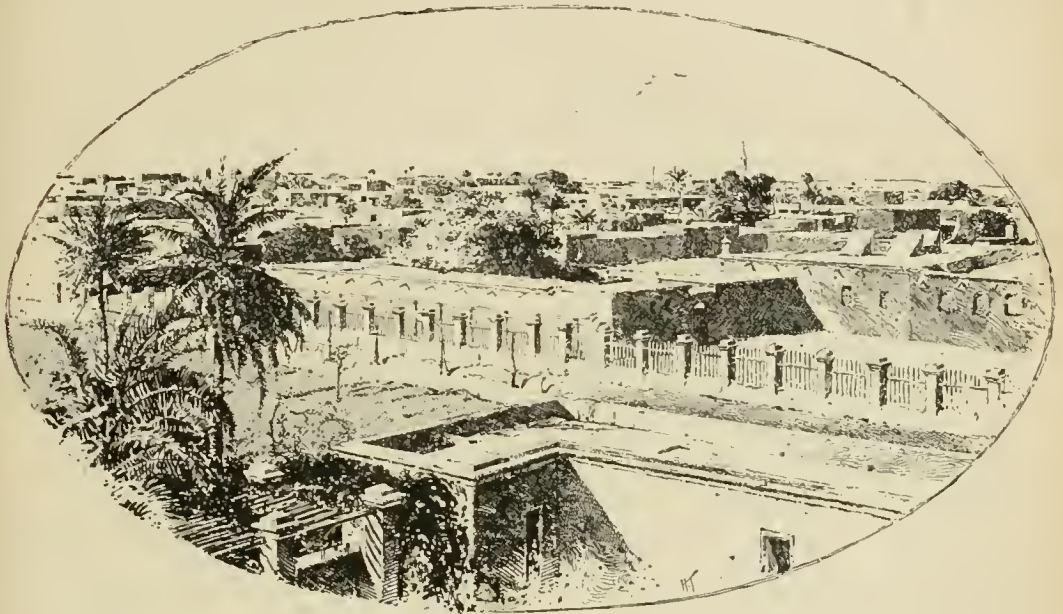


SIR HERBERT STEWART.

was a grand parade; towards noon the chaplains held a semi-church service, followed by the Holy Communion; while the day was wound up with a camp-fire "sing-song," attended by Lord Wolseley and staff, at which several men of the various arms gave proof of their musical accomplishments; and by way of prelude, or overture, to this camp concert, an officer stepped forward and read forth to the men the telegram which had just been received by Lord Wolseley from

massacred, together with the young and gallant Mr. Frank Power, consul and correspondent of the *Times*. After wreaking summary vengeance on these barbarous Monassirs, General Earle was to detach part of his force to open up the desert road between Abu Hamed and Korosko, and then with the remainder push on to Berber, thence to co-operate with his fellow-commander, Stewart, in the relief of Khartoum.

On the other hand, Stewart was to make his



KHARTOUM.

the Duke of Cambridge and the Marquis of Hartington:—"Our united best wishes to yourself and troops at this festive season. May success attend your efforts."

The Christmas festivities over, Lord Wolseley began his preparations for an immediate advance on Khartoum. His plan of operations he had varied from time to time, according to the political and military exigencies of the moment; but now he decided to divide his force into two separate columns—one commanded by Major-General Earle, and the other by Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart. The former force, called the River Column, which numbered about 2,200 men, including the famous Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders, with six screw-guns, was to proceed up the Nile to punish the Monassir tribe for the murder of Colonel Stewart, who had accompanied Gordon to Khartoum, and who, on his way down the river again to Dongola, had been barbarously

way straight across the Bayuda desert to Metamneh, and thus open up another and directer road to Khartoum. A glance at the map will show that, between Korti and Khartoum, the Nile makes a great irregular sweep, roughly speaking like a bow well bent; and it was by the land-string of this bow that Stewart was directed to advance as fast as ever he could.

The composition of this Desert Column was of a most peculiar kind, far more so, indeed, than that of the Abyssinian Expedition, of which Lord Beaconsfield had picturesquely said that it witnessed the ordnance of Europe transported across the mountains of Africa by the elephants of Asia. But it was the sandy wastes of Africa which had now to be crossed, and for this purpose the bulk of General Stewart's column were mounted on camels, those ships of the desert—a sensation entirely new to the British army with all its varied experience of warfare in every part

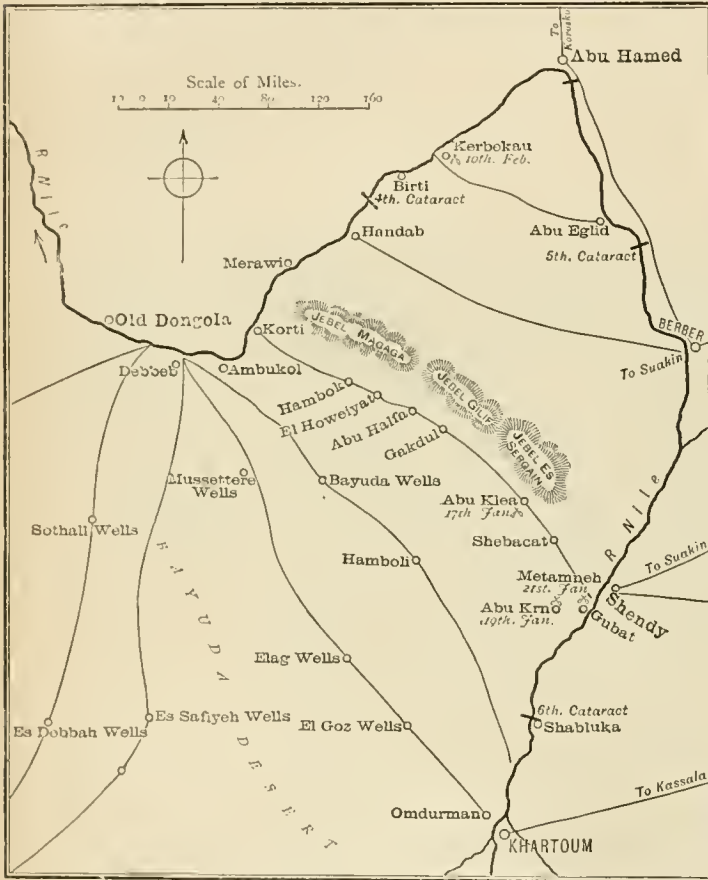
of the world. Of this army the Desert Column now represented the very cream—men chosen specially for their discipline, stamina, and strength.

The force at Stewart's disposal consisted of the First Division of the Naval Brigade, under the gallant Lord Charles Beresford, of "Well done, Condor!" fame; one squadron 19th Hussars (on horses); the Guards Camel Regiment, composed

Artillery (Captain Norton); 400 men of the Royal Sussex (Major Sunderland); one company of the Essex Regiment; a bearer company; a movable field-hospital, and transport details—in all, about 120 officers and 1,900 men, with about 300 natives, interpreters, camel-drivers, etc. There was also a Light Camel Regiment—"the Lights"—composed of picked men from

nine cavalry regiments, but they were employed almost entirely on escort duty. A total of 2,000 combatants! Surely this was but a ridiculously small force to venture on a one-hundred-and-seventy-six miles' march across the desert to the relief of Khartoum, invested, as this city was, by the swarming hordes of the False Prophet, numbering, as Gordon himself wrote, about 20,000 fanatical warriors!

Various communications from Gordon had reached Lord Wolseley, but the worst of it was that they were not all of a consistent character. On November 14 the commander-in-chief received a message, which had been ten days on the road, to the effect that Khartoum could hold out for another forty days, but that "after that it would be difficult"—which meant that the relieving British force ought to be at Khartoum by about the 14th December. But on the last day of the year, the day after a detachment of the Desert Column had made its first push forward into the



MAP SHOWING SCOPE OF OPERATIONS.

of picked men from the regiments of guards (Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots), and from the Royal Marines, all under Colonel Boscawen; the Heavy Camel Regiment—"the Heavies"—of Colonel Talbot, composed of selected men from the three Household and seven other cavalry regiments, Royals, Scots Greys, Bays, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, 5th and 16th Lancers; the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment (Major Gough), composed of selected men from various regiments, most of whom had served in South Africa or Egypt; a detachment of Royal Engineers (Captain Dorward); half a battery Royal

wilderness, a second messenger reached headquarters at Korti, and produced a tiny bit of paper, no larger than a postage stamp, which had been rolled up to the size of a pin and concealed in the seam of the man's garment. On this paper were the words: "Khartoum. All right. C. G. Gordon. 14 Dec., 1884."

But this sanguine-looking statement did not exactly tally with the verbal information which the messenger had also been ordered to give to Lord Wolseley, and of which the general effect was expressed in one sentence: "We want you to come quickly." On the very day this

messenger left Khartoum Gordon had written to a friend in Cairo: "All's up! I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time." But, not knowing this, Lord Wolseley had gathered enough from Gordon's message to convince him that the situation at Khartoum was already one of extreme urgency, if not, indeed, of desperation; so it behoved the Desert Column to make its audacious dash across to Metamneh without delay.

While camping at Korti the various component parts of this Column had been carefully trained to meet all the exigencies of its prospective march. All the men—all but the Blue-Jackets, who wore their ordinary summer suits—had discarded their distinctive regimentals—red coats, bearskins, brass helmets, etc., and donned a tropical kit—drab khakee tunics and trousers, with puttees, or Indian leggings, and puggaree-wrapped sun-helmets of pith, the glaring white of which many had embrowned with coffee, so as to make them less conspicuous objects for the marksmen of the foe. About thirty red coats were taken with the Column, to be worn by those who should proceed by the first steamer from Metamneh to Khartoum, so as thus to impress the besiegers of Gordon with a lively terror of the British name, and with the reality of the relief of which this picturesque little party should form the scarlet vanguard. Nor, after this, let it ever be argued that a showy uniform has not great advantages even in these days of utilitarian tailoring for the army.

The "Heavies," whose proper arms were lance or sabre, had to be taught some infantry drill with the use of rifle and bayonet, while all had to be accustomed to the riding of camels. Moreover, the steadiness of these animals had to be tested in a variety of ways. But they behaved admirably under the most trying ordeals, "barely raising their heads or even blinking" when the Hussars dashed close past them in a thundering charge, cheering, shouting, and flashing their sabres.

Immense amusement was caused by the behaviour of the jolly, rollicking Blue-Jackets—than whom no finer body of fighting-men ever longed to die for their Queen—when they found themselves on board the "ships of the desert." Even these animals seemed to be puzzled by the vivacity of their new riders, who formed a strong contrast to the apathy of the natives accustomed to pilot them across the desert. "The sailors," wrote Sir Charles Wilson, Chief of the Intelligence Department, "with Beresford on his white donkey,

were very amusing and nautical." "Quartermaster, can't you make that gun sit a little better on the camel?" "Can't, sir; camel's got his hump all a-starboard." "Steer small, Bill," "Mind your helm, Jack, or you'll run me aboard," were some of the phrases which caught the ear of Lord Wolseley as he reviewed the Column previous to his departure for Metamneh on the 8th January.

This was three days after the return to Korti of Sir Herbert Stewart, who, starting with the Camel Corps on the 30th December, had pushed forward to occupy the wells of Gakdul, and otherwise secure the line of march. "It was a strange sight," wrote one observer, "to see the 3,000 camels with their necks stretching out like ostriches, and their 6,000 pairs of long legs moving along in military array, until the rising dust first blended desert, men, and camels in one uniform grey hue, and finally hid them from the sight of those who remained in camp." The great Column moving silently along under the moonlight was a sight not easily to be forgotten.

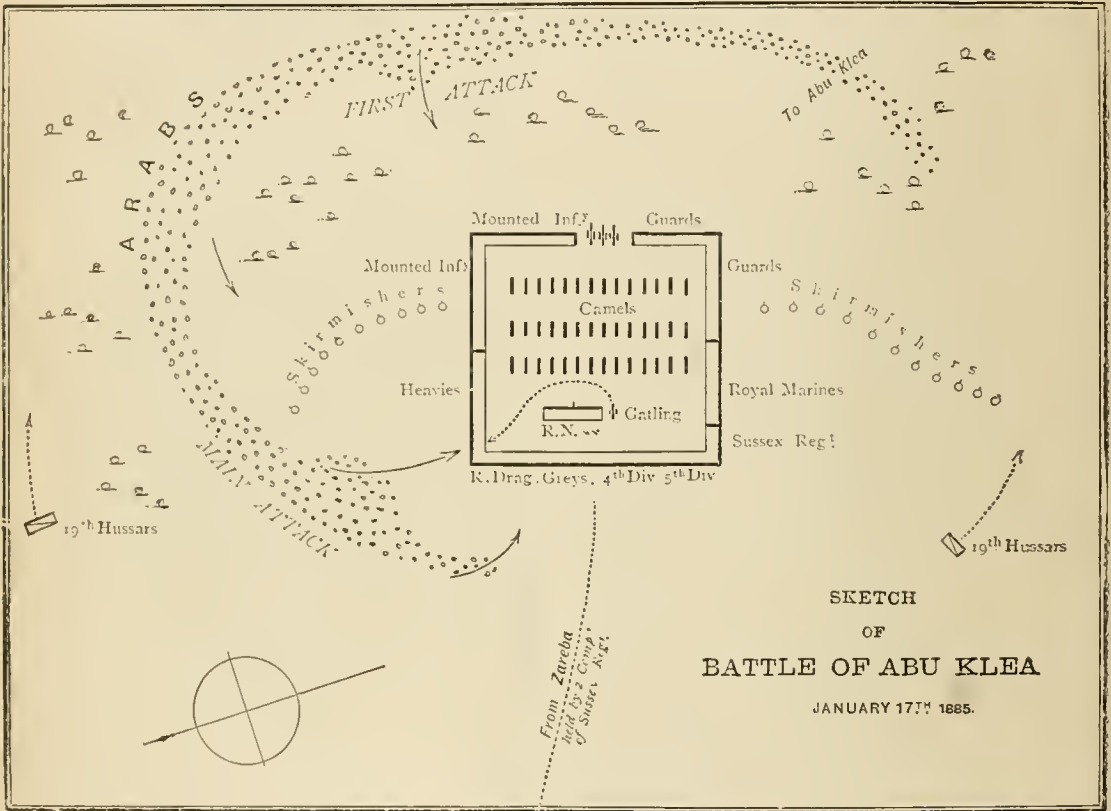
Each soldier was supposed to carry with him on his camel food and water for three days—the water being stored in mussacks, or goat-skins. Once or twice the Column missed its way in the dark, and otherwise experienced all sorts of vexatious mishaps—loss of camels with their burdens, leaking of water-bottles, etc. Soon after daylight on the 10th it reached the first wells at Hambok, but only to find that they contained a few cupfuls of water, so it had to continue its weary march to El Howeyat, about nine miles further on. Yet even here it was also found that Colonel Stanley Clarke's store-convoy, especially its Egyptian camel-drivers, had also drained the wells, and it was some time before the men could be marched up by companies to enjoy a drink of the muddy water which gradually trickled into them again.

On the afternoon (of the 10th) the Column started again for Abu Halfa, but had to bivouac soon after dark in rough, stony ground. The way in which the unfortunate camels tumbled about in the dark, and loads came off, and the strong language that was used, were things to see and hear. At Abu Halfa there was again much less water than had been hoped for. But the engineers set to work to open new holes, which soon filled; and the camels, donkeys, and ponies rushed for the water directly they arrived, and had to be kept back by main force. All the afternoon there was a continuous stream of men going down to the wells, and it was kept up the

whole night. Some of the officers worked hard in the hot sun, digging new wells and distributing water to all comers.

On the morning of the 12th the Column, struggling along bravely, at last reached the wells of Gakdul, which lie in a rocky, crater-like amphitheatre of the desert. Here the Guards had been left by Sir H. Stewart on his first dash into the wilderness to hold and fortify these wells, "and we were astonished at the amount

writer previously quoted, " may be best described as drinking and washing days. We feasted on fresh, clear, cold water, unadulterated. We gratified our eyes as well as our throats and stomachs, and had the unaccustomed luxury of splashing and tubbing. Happy days! The aforesaid silent soldiers, who had saved their breath to moisten their lips, now began to sing snatches of camp ditties, while new spirit and life were infused into everybody."



SKETCH
OF
BATTLE OF ABU KLEA

JANUARY 17th 1885.

of work they had done. Two stone forts had been built, the ground had been laid out for us to camp on, paths made, and signboards put up, so that we easily fell into our places. . . . In the evening the Guards gave us a capital dinner, to which we did full justice; Gordon Cumming had his usual luck among the gazelle, and many sand grouse had been secured as well, so there was a pleasant change from bully beef and the thirst which it begets."

"To see 3,000 camels and more," wrote Sir Herbert Stewart to Lord Wolseley, "and all waterskins filled up, is a sight to be seen to be appreciated." "The two days succeeding our arrival at Gakdul," observed the

Early on the morning of the 14th the Column, leaving a detachment of the Sussex Regiment to hold the wells, again left Gakdul for the Nile; and on this, as well as on the following day, it first came upon traces of the enemy—a Remington rifle lying on the rocks, with tracks of horses, evidently those of the Mahdi's scouts, and several of his camel-men. The Column camped for the night (of the 15th) near Jebel Sergain, the camels being well tied down, and everything prepared for a possible attack. When daylight broke on the 16th—after another night march, attended, as usual, with much confusion and delay—"we found ourselves on a vast plain, scantily covered with savas grass,

with the hills of Abu-Klea in front of us in the distance."

Barrow, with his Hussars, was ordered to push on and occupy the wells, while the Column followed more leisurely with its camels; but he

he had to drop his prisoner and ride for his life.

The hopes of all now began to rise high at the near prospect of at last coming to hand-grips with the foe. The Column was halted on a stony



"THE DAUNTLESS GUARDSMAN LEAPED TO HIS FEET, SWORD IN HAND, AND SLASHED AT THE FEROCIOUS GROUP" (p. 508).

soon returned with the news that he had found the enemy in force between us and the water. One of his officers had a narrow escape. Starting with three or four Hussars in pursuit of the enemy's scouts, he had followed them into the Abu-Klea valley, where he actually caught hold of one man; but a lot of swarthy, evil-visaged spearmen springing up out of the long grass,

plateau, and an officer, going forward to reconnoitre, could see a long line of parti-coloured banners floating in the breeze, and stretching right across the road. "There was a large tent," he said, "and we could hear the tom-toms, or war-drums, beating vigorously," while some puffs of white smoke in the distance showed that their riflemen were trying to find the range.

On learning this, Stewart gave orders to fence in the column with a zeriba—or rough fortalice of stones, brushwood, baggage, boxes, and the like—and therein camp for the night, as he deemed the day to be now too far advanced for hostile operations. Hussar pickets were thrown out to some high ground on the right, but these were soon forced in again by the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who, now within range, began to gall the zeriba with its dropping fire, which hit one or two Hussars, as well as several horses and camels.

All night long they kept up this drizzling fusilade, but luckily it was very dark, and there were few casualties, though the constant whistling of bullets overhead and the vigorous beating of the tom-toms kept the recumbent Column ever on the alert. To show what a sharp look-out was kept by the Mahdist forces, it may be mentioned that, when one of the surgeons was performing an operation in the zeriba, the man holding the lantern incautiously turned it towards the hill-side occupied by the Arab riflemen, when a volley of bullets was the immediate consequence.

The Column stood to its arms as Venus rose in the early morning (of the 17th), "that being the signal by which we had heard the Arabs generally attacked," and thus it waited till the dawn, when the fire from the hills became hotter, and some of the Guards and Mounted Infantry were sent out to keep it down. The enemy in the valley had also come nearer in the night, and their tent was now down, though they did not yet show in large masses. While the Column was thus waiting to be attacked, Gough, commanding the Mounted Infantry, was hit on the side of the head, the bullet passing through his helmet and puggery, but not breaking the skin; while Major Dickson was shot through the leg just below the knee. Some Arab horsemen came round by the right, but were soon dispersed by a few rounds of shell; and as it now became apparent that the purpose of the enemy was merely to harass and not attack the column, Stewart determined, like a good soldier, to march out and give the Arabs battle, leaving a small force behind to hold the zeriba.

The square was then formed in the manner indicated on the accompanying plan, and about 9 a.m. it marched down the valley towards the row of banners which stretched across it, while Barrow's Hussars moved off to the left to keep the enemy on the hills in check. The combative strength of the Column—diminished as it

was by the detachments which it had left behind to hold the zeriba and the various wells in the rear—was now only about 1,500 officers and men all told, with three screw-guns and one Gardner. But then this handful of heroes represented the very flower and kernel of the British army.

In the centre of the hollow square were the camels, carrying water, ammunition, and hospital requirements. The rest of the camels, together with the sick and baggage, had been left in the zeriba. On the square moving out of the hollow in which it had formed, it at once drew a brisk fire from the enemy's skirmishers, and already the men began to drop. It was now that Captain Lord St. Vincent, adjutant of the "Heavies," received the wound from which he afterwards died, while Surgeon McGill, of the Coldstreams, was also struck.

The square halted repeatedly to return the Arab fire with its Martinis and screw-guns, and numbers of the enemy could be seen streaming off on their right. The worst of it was that the square could move but very slowly, having frequently to halt to repair its form and avoid having its rear face forced out by the sluggish camels. Meanwhile, Campbell's company of Mounted Infantry continued skirmishing on the left front, and the foe fell back, gradually disappearing among the long grass, until nothing could be seen of them but their flags waving across the valley diagonally to the British line of advance.

The square had now reached a point about five hundred yards from those flags when it was again halted for the purpose of being "dressed," especially the rear face, which had again been bulged out by the lagging camels; but before the process could be completed, a mass of about 5,000 of the enemy suddenly started up from behind the flags, advanced at a quick run, in a serrated line, headed by horsemen, and charged down with the utmost fury towards the left front corner of the square.

"It was a beautiful and most striking sight," wrote Sir Charles Wilson, "such a one as Fitz-James must have seen when Roderick Dhu's men rose out of the heather: nothing could be more applicable than Scott's description. . . . When the enemy commenced the advance, I remember experiencing a feeling of pity mixed with admiration for them, as I thought they would all be shot down in a few minutes. . . . As they advanced, the feeling was changed to wonder that the tremendous fire we were keeping up had so little effect. When they got within

eighty yards, the fire of the Guards and Mounted Infantry began to take good effect, and a huge pile of dead rose in front of them. Then, to my astonishment, the enemy took ground to their right as if on parade, so as to envelop the rear of the square. I remember thinking, 'By Jove, they will be into the square!' and almost the next moment I saw a fine old sheikh on horseback plant his banner in the centre of the square, behind the camels. He was at once shot down, falling on his banner. . . . If any man deserved a place in the Moslem Paradise, he did.

"Directly the sheikh fell, the Arabs began running in under the camels to the front part of the square. Some of the rear rank now faced about and began firing. By this time Herbert Stewart's horse was shot, and as he fell three Arabs ran at him. I was close to his horse's tail, and disposed of the one nearest to me, about three paces off, and the others were, I think, killed by the Mounted Infantry officers close by. . . . There was one strange incident. An unwounded Arab, armed with a spear, jumped up and charged an officer. The officer grasped the spear with his left hand, and with his right ran through the Arab's body, and there for a few seconds they stood, the officer being unable to withdraw his sword until a man ran up and shot the Arab. It was a living embodiment of the old gladiatorial frescoes at Pompeii. . . .

"Carmichael was accidentally shot through the head by one of our own men, so that death must have been instantaneous. Gough, of the Royals, and, I fear, others lost their lives in the same way. . . . I was much struck with the demeanour of the Guard officers. There was no noise or fuss; all the orders were given as if on parade, and they spoke to the men in a quiet manner, as if nothing unusual was going on—

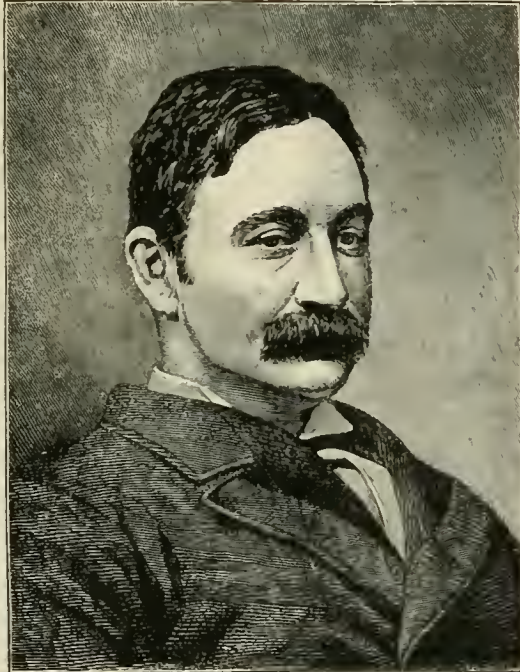
one man, when he found the Arabs had swept past him, handed his company over to his subaltern, and rushed into the thick of the fight round Burnaby. How he got out of it without a scratch was a marvel to all."

Colonel Burnaby, of Khiva and ballooning fame, was less fortunate—or, as he himself probably thought, more fortunate—for now he found the soldier's death which he had so often sighed for. Sword in hand, Burnaby had advanced on horseback from his place among the "Heavies"

to succour the skirmishers, who were falling back on the square pursued by the rushing Arabs brandishing their spears, hurling javelins, and wielding huge double-handed swords. An eye-witness—Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*—thus described the scene that followed:—

"As the dauntless colonel rode forward on a borrowed nag—for his own had been shot that morning—he put himself in the way of a sheikh charging down on horseback. Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from someone in our ranks, and not Burnaby's sword-

thrust, brought the sheikh to the ground. The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at the colonel, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and slowly pulling it backward, Burnaby leaned forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts; but the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice, I think the colonel just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of three or four seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan, and the straight-haired, tawny-complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steppe, were fast closing in upon our square. Burnaby fenced smartly, just as if



COLONEL BURNABY.

(Photo, R. W. Thruff, Birmingham.)

he were playing in an assault-at-arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward thrusts.

"The scene was taken in at a glance—with that lightning instinct which I have seen the desert warriors before now display in battle while

scene now being enacted—a soldier ran out and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant. As the Englishman withdrew the steel, the ferocious Arab wriggled round and sought to reach him. The effort was too much, however, even for his delirium of hatred against the Christian, and the rebel reeled and fell. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode, it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear-point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of the saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. Half-a-dozen Arabs were now about him. With the blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat, the dauntless Guardsman leaped to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man, dying hard. Private Wood, of the Grenadier Guards, sprang to his rescue, but it was too late, for the colonel was overborne and fell to the ground. Wood raised his head, and, seeing that the case was hopeless, exclaimed, "Oh, colonel, I fear I can say no more than "God bless you!"' The dying man, his life-blood running out in a stream from his jugular vein, opened his eyes, smiled, gave a gentle pressure of the hand, and passed away, close to his old comrades, the Blues."



TYPE OF A MAHDI SOLDIER.

coming to one another's aid—by an Arab who, pursuing a soldier, had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear. Turning with a sudden spring, this second Arab ran his spear-point into the colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound—enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist round in his saddle to defend himself from this unexpected attack. Before the savage could repeat his unlooked-for blow—so near the ranks of the square was the

by the Gardner, and was consequently in some confusion. The last hundred yards were crossed in a few seconds, although during this brief space numbers fell before the fire of the "Heavies" and the Gardner gun, which the Naval Brigade had run out about twenty yards outside the left rear face. But the number of rifles was insufficient to annihilate the masses of Arabs who came rushing on, and in a few seconds the left rear corner was pressed back by

sheer weight of numbers. Unfortunately, too, the Gardner gun jammed, and caused the loss of nearly half the Naval Brigade, who gallantly stood by it until they were slaughtered or swept into the square by the rush of Arabs.

Many of the rifles also jammed. "I myself saw," wrote an officer, "several men throw down their rifles with bitter curses when they

the lock of the jammed barrel out, when the enemy were upon us. Rhoods was killed with a spear. Walter Miller, armourer, I also saw killed with a spear at the same moment on my left. I was knocked down in the rear of the gun, but uninjured, except a small spear-scratch on the left hand. The crowd and crush of the enemy were very great at this point, and, as I struggled



"THE FATIGUES OF THE DAY WERE FOLLOWED BY THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MOONLESS NIGHT MARCH" (p. 511).

found them jammed and useless; and if infantry did this, the cavalry, using the long rifle for the first time, must have been worse. Can you imagine a more dreadful position than that of being face to face with an Arab, and your only weapon a rifle that will not go off?"

The jamming of the Gardner gun was thus described by Lord Charles Beresford, commanding the Naval Brigade:—"The Gardner gun jammed after firing about thirty rounds. The enemy were then about two hundred yards from the muzzle of the gun. The captain of the gun, Will Rhoods, chief boatswain's mate, and myself, unscrewed the plate to clear the barrel, or take

up, I was carried against the face of the square, which was literally pressed by sheer weight of numbers about twelve paces from the position of the gun.

"The crush was so great that at the moment few on either side were killed, but fortunately this flank of the square had been forced up a very steep little mound, which enabled the rear rank to open a tremendous fire over the heads of the front rank men; this relieved the pressure, and enabled the front rank to bayonet or shoot those of the enemy nearest them. The enemy then, for some reason, turned to their right along the left flank of the square, and

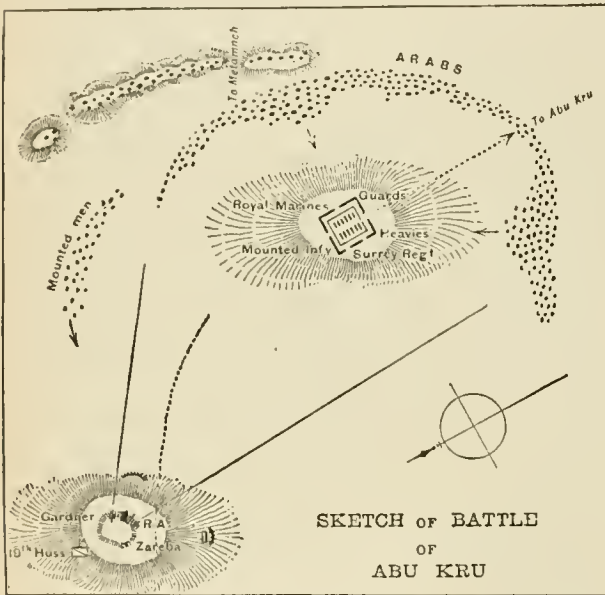
streamed away in numbers along the rear face of it. In a very few minutes the terrific fire from the square told on the enemy. There was a momentary waver, and then they walked quietly away. I immediately manned the Gardner, and cleared the jam as soon as I could. This, however, was not done in time to be of much use in firing on the slowly-retreating enemy, as they had got back into the nullah and behind the mound before it was ready."

The onrush of the furious Arabs—brandishing their weapons and yelling out their "Allah-il-Allah!"—was compared to the rolling on of a vast wave of black surf. About 12,000 of them

At one time it looked as if the two remaining sides of the square must be "swallowed up by the hordes surrounding us; so much so that, seeing my brother a few paces off, I rushed to him, shook his hand hard, and returned to my place. . . . Setting their feet apart for better purchase, our Guardsmen refused to budge one inch; we put our rear rank about, and they shot down or bayoneted every Arab that came near them.'

By sheer weight of the Arab rush, the left face of the square was gradually forced back to close to the rear of the front face. The camels, which had hitherto been a source of weakness to the square, now became a source of strength; for, when the rear face was also forced in, the camels formed a living traverse that broke the Arab rush, and gave time for the right and front faces to take advantage of the higher ground on which they stood and fire over the heads of those engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle on the surging masses of the enemy behind. The centre of the square became the scene of a most desperate conflict—camels, horses, men, all involved in one sanguinary welter.

Within the square the din of battle was such that no words of command could be heard, and each man was obliged to act on the impulse of the moment, and fight for his own hand, like Hal o' the Wynd. "No men could have fought better," wrote Colonel Talbot, commanding the Heavies, "and although two detachments lost their



were estimated to have been on the ground, though only about 5,000 of these took part in the actual attack—5,000 against 1,500! It was no wonder that, at the first impact of this impetuous mass of raging devils, the British square—a formation which has become a synonym for impregnable stability—had been dented in and thrown into momentary confusion. Indeed, for some little time, the fate of this handful of England's finest fighting-men trembled in the balance. "I think," wrote Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, "that all present would never care to see a nearer shave than this, and it is, in my opinion, due to the fact that the two sides not immediately attacked (the front and right) stood their ground that the enemy retired discomfited. Had the Guards moved, none of us would have lived to tell the tale." But the Guards, as ever stood firm as rocks.

officers, their places were at once assumed by the non-commissioned officers. It was an Inker-man on a small scale—a soldier's battle. Strength, determination, steadiness, and unflinching courage alone could have stemmed the onslaught."

The whole affair only lasted for about five minutes, and before the lapse of this brief time the little band of 1,500 British soldiers, as was said by Colonel Colville of the Grenadier Guards, "had by sheer pluck and muscle killed the last of the fanatics who had penetrated into their midst." At the same time, the fire of the Heavies and Royal Sussex had checked a formidable charge of Arab cavalry towards the right rear corner of the square. Several men got the Victoria Cross for acts of conspicuous bravery; all ought to have received it.

When the inside of the square was at last cleared, its outside assailants sullenly drew off,

turning every now and then to hurl curses at their "infidel" conquerors; and then a ringing cheer burst forth from the victorious little band of British soldiers—a cheer that was followed by well-aimed volleys of musketry and grape at the baffled foe, which hastened their retreat.

The battle had been as bloody as it was brief. No fewer than 1,100 dead Arab bodies were counted in the immediate neighbourhood of the square, while the prisoners stated that their loss in wounded had been exceptionally heavy. Had we but been able to slip a few squadrons of cavalry at the flying foe, the extent of their disaster might almost have been doubled.

But our victory had been as dearly, as it was narrowly, bought. The spears and swords of the Arabs had done ghastly execution during that terrible five minutes of the fray. "I went out to help about the water, etc.," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "and found the spot where the square had been broken a horrible sight—too horrible for description." Killed were 9 officers, and 65 non-commissioned officers and men; while the wounded (including Lord Airlie) numbered 9 officers (two of whom afterwards died), and 85 non-commissioned officers and men.

From this shocking scene of carnage the square was moved away a few hundred yards to pull itself together again; and then, while the wounded were being attended to, and the enemy's arms, ammunition, etc., burnt, the Hussars were sent forward to find the wells. The men were suffering agonies of thirst, but behaved splendidly. At last the Column reached the Abu-Klea wells, of which the muddy water tasted to all like cream or champagne, after the exertions and privations of the day. Here the force bivouacked for the night, which proved cold and miserable, as the stores and baggage had not yet come up from the zeriba. "Verney, Wortley, and I," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "tried to sleep under the prayer-carpet Wortley had looted; and I think we spent most of the time in trying to pull it off each other, for none of us did more than doze a few minutes at a time."

Next morning (18th) a small fort was built for the protection of the wounded, who had to be left behind under a guard of 100 men of the Royal Sussex; and in the afternoon the column again moved off to Metamneh, about twenty-three miles distant. Here it would strike the Nile, and for a sight of the waters of the Nile Stewart's thirst-afflicted men were now yearning with a desire far more passionate than that which possessed the home-sick soldiers of Xenophon

when, after fighting their way from Cunaxa through the mountains of Armenia, they strained to catch a glimpse of the distant Euxine sea.

All that distressing day the gallant Column pushed forward, and the fatigues of the day were followed by the tribulations of a moonless night march over very trying ground. The confusion was endless, and the noise of swearing men and "grouching" camels might have been heard miles away. Frequent and long were the halts, the briefest being seized on by hundreds of soldiers to dismount and throw themselves on the ground for a few minutes' sleep—"sleep so dead that they had to be roughly roused before they could be made to mount again."

After thus traversing a most troublesome region of bush, the head of the Column came out on open ground about 1 a.m. (on the 19th), and then, after a short halt, being still guided by Ali Loda (a noted robber), it pressed forward once more till dawn (about 6 a.m.), when the return of daylight began to revive the spirits of both men and animals. At this time the Column was only about five miles west of the river, and the same distance south of Metamneh. To traverse the distance from Abu-Klea (eighteen miles) it had taken the force fourteen hours!

At 7.30 a.m. a gravel ridge was topped, and the Nile, with Shendy and Metamneh, at last appeared in sight. But it was also seen that a formidable force of Arabs had interposed itself between the Column and the Nile, with intent to dispute its approach to the deeply-longed-for water. Turning with a smile to his staff, General Stewart said: "Tell the officers and men we shall first have breakfast, and then go out to fight." He had by this time seen that there was no hope of reaching the river without giving battle to the Arabs, and so he determined to laager, or zeriba, his transport, and march straight for the blessed river with his fighting force.

The zeriba was formed on open ground, upon a small hill of gravel, commanding the surrounding sea of grass and bush—about four miles from the Nile. Everyone was dead beat after marching all night, but down sat the Column in its zeriba to enjoy its morning meal. Yet can any meal be said to be enjoyed which is taken to the accompaniment of a dropping shower of long-range bullets? One of these struck and killed Mr. Cameron, the gallant war-correspondent of the *Standard*, just as his servant was handing him a box of sardines; and soon afterwards the same fate overtook Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, who was also acting as

private secretary to Sir Herbert Stewart. But, worst of all, Sir Herbert himself was struck by a bullet in the groin, his wound afterwards proving mortal; and now the command of the Column devolved on Sir Charles Wilson.

Thus, with all these things to do, it was not till after two o'clock that the square prepared to make for the Nile. It was composed much in the same way as at Abu-Klea; but half the "Heavies," the 10th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, and the Naval Brigade, with their guns and the Gardner, were left behind for the protection of the zeriba and the redoubt.

"As we formed up," wrote Lieutenant Dawson, "we were exposed to a very heavy fire, and among our own officers in the regiment the escapes were something wonderful. One had the button of his coat carried inside his shirt just above the belt, another was surprised by a bullet whizzing through his whiskers, a third had one right through his helmet and out the other side, and a fourth got one on the sword scabbard, which glanced off and struck his ankle."

The prospect, indeed, was well calculated to inspire even the boldest men with doubt and misgiving. But it daunted not the hearts of the British heroes of the desert, tired out though they were by the privations and fatigues of the previous four days. A sigh of relief all round the square denoted that the moment they had been waiting for all day had at length arrived.

"We all realised," wrote Sir C. Wilson, "that our work was cut out for us, and many felt that if we did not reach the water that night it would go hard with the whole force. I felt the full gravity of the situation, but from the moment I entered the square I felt no anxiety as to the

result. The men's faces were set in a determined way which meant business, and I knew that they intended to drink from the Nile that night. I was never so much struck with the appearance of the men: they moved in a cool, collected way, without noise or any appearance of excitement. Many, as I afterwards heard, never expected to get through, but were determined to sell their lives dearly."

It soon became evident that the enemy were in great force, and that reinforcements from Omdurman had arrived. The gravel ridge, which ran between the zeriba and the village of Abu-



"REINFORCEMENTS FROM OMDURMAN HAD ARRIVED."

Meanwhile, it had been determined to construct a redoubt on an eminence about eighty yards from the zeriba, to prevent its occupation by the foe. This had to be done under the fire of the enemy, and the boxes, etc., for the wall of the redoubt were carried across from the zeriba by the officers and men of the "Heavies" and the Guards, assisted by some Engineers. Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, also took an active part in this arduous duty, for which he was mentioned in despatches—the first honour of the kind that had ever been paid to any English war-correspondent.



THE SQUARE AT ABU-KRU.

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Kru on the river, was alive with foot and horse, and in every direction their banners could be seen rising out of the long grass, streaming in the breeze, while the tom-toms were again kept going at a tremendous rate. The square followed rather a zigzag course this time, so as always to keep on open ground and not be surprised by a sudden rush of the Arabs; while every now and then it halted to send a few volleys in the direction of the white smoke-puffs issuing from the long grass. Meanwhile, whenever the enemy showed in force, the guns in the zeriba would open upon them with showers of shrapnel, while the Gardner, too, was kept grinding away. The continual fire from an invisible foe was particularly trying to the men, many of whom dropped; and so it was with cheers of relief that, on nearing the gravel ridge, they beheld the Arabs preparing for a charge.

"All at once," wrote the English commander, "as suddenly as at Abu-Klea, the firing ceased, and the enemy's spearmen came running down the hill at a great pace, with several horsemen in front. It was a relief to know the crisis had come. The square was at once halted to receive the charge, and the men gave vent to their feelings in a wild, spontaneous cheer. Then they set to work firing as they would have done at an Aldershot field-day. At first the fire had little effect, and the bugle sounded 'cease

firing,' the men, much to my surprise, answering to the call. The momentary rest steadied them, and when the enemy got to within about three hundred yards they responded to the call 'commence firing' with deadly effect. All the leaders with their fluttering banners went down, and no one got within fifty yards of the square. It only lasted a few minutes: the whole of the front ranks were swept away, and then we saw a wild backward movement, followed by the rapid disappearance of the Arabs in front of and all around us. We had won, and gave three ringing cheers."

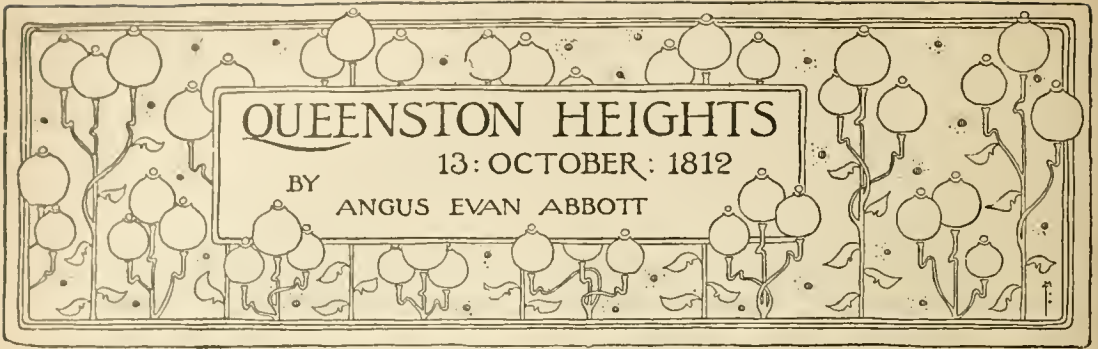
"I shall never forget my drink," said an officer, "when we reached the river. The men were half mad with joy on seeing the Nile again." They were so exhausted that when they came up from their drink at the river they fell down like logs.

The loss on this day of Abu-Kru amounted to one officer and twenty-two non-commissioned officers and men killed, with eight officers and ninety non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

By its heroic courage and endurance the Desert Column had, so far, done much; but much more still remained to be done. Khartoum itself, the object of the expedition, still had to be reached, and Gordon rescued. But the tragic sequel to the desert battles of Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru must be reserved for a separate story.



SIR HERBERT STEWART BEING CARRIED TO THE NILE,



"Thy home is in the hardy north,
Thy head lies pillowed in the snows,
At thy broad shoulders frets and flows
The thwarted tide of oceans forth.
Thy fruitful breast, the rolling plains,
Great rivers are thy throbbing veins."

—To Canada.

A WAR that had for its tilting-ground the picturesque frontier of Canada, and for its period the opening of the nineteenth century, when, as yet, the great West was a mystery, and the forests of America stretched far beyond the white man's ken, could not but be one of infinite colour and romance. When all Canada—one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe—contained a white population of less than 300,000 souls, and the United States, now the home of more than sixty millions of people, could only boast of a population of eight millions; when no express trains snaked their way across the mammoth continent, nor swift steamers trailed their smoke athwart the blue of the skies; when the bayonet still played an important part in the winning or losing of battles; when flint locks had not been bred into hammerless guns; when the ring of the long ramrod was heard where now is heard the snap of the breechloader; when cannon were few and small, and when an army was complete without a telegraph corps to weave a network of wire at its rear like the tail of a comet—in those days wars were longer drawn out, the dead were not counted by the tens of thousands, as now. Hand-to-hand fighting was still to be had, and it would seem that individual valour played a greater part in the result of the conflicts than can be the case in this the day of machine-guns and electricity. So it is that, although many wars of the century saw more troops in the field and larger armies confronting one another, few indeed are more romantic in their details than that which

is known in Canadian and American history as "the War of 1812."

The opening battles of this unfortunate, this criminal war were fought amidst some of the grandest scenery of the world. A broad blue river—the equal of which is scarcely to be found—bore on its bosom Tecumseh, fighting chief of the Shawnese, and with him General Isaac Brock, to the capture of Fort Detroit. The muffled thunder of the Niagara Falls smote upon the ears of the soldiers who met in the shock of battle at Lundy's Lane. The misty veil of the falling waters and the swirl of the river fresh from its maddening plunge were within sight of the battle of Queenston Heights—hills, rocks, precipitous banks, wide rivers, lakes so vast as to be rightly termed inland seas, forests unending.

Then, too, the world had not as yet bestirred itself out of its picturesque stages. Times were still old-fashioned. Governments, generals, and people alike were in those days dependent for news of the outside world upon the sailing-vessels that battled their ways from port to port—a prey to adverse winds, uncharted currents, and unmarked rocks, and, worse than these evils, the ever-present danger of being swooped upon by one of those hawks of the sea, the privateer, of which vast numbers flitted to and fro on the bosom of the Atlantic. Nor were communications much less risky ashore. The courier with his coon-skin cap, his moccasins in summer and snow-shoes in winter, and flint-lock over shoulder, thrived the forest where lurked a hundred dangers.

But these strange features of departed days do not complete the list of things that have been, but are never again to be. In "the War of 1812" the crisis—the "make up" of the army for the defence of Canada—was such as can never again take the field. For side by side with the men of the 49th—"Green Tigers" the Americans nicknamed them at Queenston Heights for their ferocity in battle—stood the Canadian Militia, made up of farmers, village artisans and craftsmen, clerks, fur-traders, and such-like components of an army; stood United Empire Loyalists and French-Canadians; stood Indians, under Tecunseh and the younger Brant; stood, it is told at Queenston Heights, negro slaves as well as freemen—all joined together to defend the country against the invading American. A heterogeneous band, in all conscience, assembled to oppose an advancing army not quite so mixed in its *personnel*. In writing of the Battle of Queenston Heights, it will be as well to refer to the defenders of Canada as Canadians; for, notwithstanding the presence of British troops, pure and simple, the bulk of the antagonists which the Americans encountered were Canadian volunteers—Canadian white men and Canadian red men.

It is unnecessary here to go into the question of blame for "the War of 1812." But this may be said: the struggle was an unpopular one in the United States. Indeed, some of the most patriotic States in the Union—States that had stood firm for the cause of liberty in the struggle for independence—condemned the action of the President in declaring war on Great Britain. The legislature of Maryland denounced the war. The Governments of Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts—three of the most important States in the Union—looked upon the struggle with so great a dislike that they at first refused their quota of troops. And many of the ablest men in the country cried out against the war as unrighteous.

But war, righteous or unrighteous, once begun, a country must stand by the central authority; and soon the full resources of the people of the United States were brought forward with the object of attaining a success. The United States were fortunate in so far that they had no other businesses on hand at the declaration of the war except the pursuing of the war. On the other hand, such was the state of Europe, so critical a stage had been reached in the Napoleonic conflagration, that Great Britain found herself unable to spare even secondary forces for the war

in the West. Says the historian Alison: "Three days after the declaration of war Wellington crossed the Ageda to commence the Salamanca campaign. Six days after, Napoleon passed the Niemen on his way to Moscow at the head of 380,000 men."

All Europe was aflame. Bellona stood toe-a-tip, and flashed her naked sword across the world. The sweat ran from the brow of Britannia as she gathered her forces to grapple with the despot Napoleon. The struggle meant national life or death. Defeat could only be followed by destruction. It was at this moment that Madison, President of an English-speaking Republic, seated in the chair of authority so recently vacated by Washington, chose to strike a blow which, if successful, he knew must mean the destruction of liberty, the enthronement of despotism. That it did not succeed is to the lasting honour of the people of Canada.

Among the many strange and deplorable features of "the War of 1812," none were more remarkable than that Canada, a meagrely populated country, a poor country, and the people of which were no parties to the quarrel; a country having, in fact, everything to lose and nothing to gain, should have had thrust upon her the whole brunt of the war during the first years of its career. True, on the sea British and American frigates fought to a finish time and time again; and at the end of the war the Americans, good seamen and honourable, valiant fighters, were able to congratulate themselves on the stand they had made against the mistress of the sea. There was the crimson duel between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, a pounding match short and bloody, in which the *Shannon* captured the American. On the other hand, the Americans had their victories, and Perry's defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie placed the great lakes under the control of the forces of the Republic. But the real struggle lay along the Canadian border, and its object was, on the part of the United States, the conquest of Canada, and on the part of Canada the determination not to be conquered by the invaders. In this the Canadians succeeded against well-nigh overwhelming numbers.

The United States declared war on Great Britain, June 18th, 1812. Canada at once found herself on the defensive. Previous to the declaration of war, the United States had concentrated at the best strategical points large bodies of troops, and, as everything was ready, the moment the declaration of war was officially

made known, these moved on Canada. On July 12th, General Hull withdrew his army from Fort Detroit, and, there being no opposition in that part of the country, bloodlessly established himself on Canadian soil by crossing the Detroit River with his army. The initial steps of what must have appeared to the American armies an easy task—the overrunning of Canada—had been successfully taken.

The dividing line between Canada and the United States is in every way worthy of so vast

out upon the breast of the blue Ontario. Running for some distance down the St. Lawrence River, the dividing line leaves the waterways at last, and, striking off into the bush, makes for the shores of the Atlantic. A waterway this, a succession of lakes, rivers, thundering falls, and swirling whirlpools, unparalleled in all the world. But this stretch of 1,700 miles was far too great a frontier for the meagre population of Canada, with its 4,450 regulars, to defend with ease.

Every war has its commanding figure, its



THE STE. MARIE RIVER.

a continent as North America. The extent of it, as known during the years of "the War of 1812," is one succession of mighty rivers and mightier lakes. Beginning with the greatest lake in the world (Superior), the dividing line runs through the Ste. Marie River, with its foaming rapids, at the foot of which even to this day may be seen the Red Indian in his birch-bark canoe dipping his net and sweeping the struggling white fish from the waters. Through Lake Huron, down the St. Clair River, the imaginary line runs, cutting in two the great reed marshes that stretch farther than the eye can see, the home of wild goose, duck, muskrat, and black bass; on down the majestic River Detroit into Lake Erie, then through the turbulent Niagara, plunging the Falls famous the world over, and

hero, standing out clearly among the mass, towering head and shoulders above his brothers-in-arms, and he is imposing in proportion to the importance or number of the undertakings in which it has been his fortune to play a part. It may appear strange that the hero of "the War of 1812," from the Canadian standpoint at least, did not live to take more than a momentary part in any battle of the war—in fact, he was killed by one of the earliest volleys fired by the American soldiers in the first battle of the war. Yet it is a fact that of all those who took part in this war there is no one who is held in such kindly remembrance by the people of Canada, nor to whom so much honour has been paid, as Sir Isaac Brock, who fell early in the morning of the battle of Queenston Heights.

Brock was a Guernsey man by birth, born in the same year as Wellington and Napoleon. When but fifteen years of age he joined the British army, first serving in the West Indies, and, rising rapidly, he commanded the 49th Foot as senior colonel in the expedition to Holland. In 1801 he served under Lord Nelson in the

Brock himself seems to have recognised the pacific intentions of the American people, but disbelieved altogether in the honour or good faith of the men who at that time governed the States.

In 1810 General Brock established his headquarters at Fort George—a small post on the



“A WILD FIGHT TOOK PLACE IN THE WOODS” (p. 518).

attack upon Copenhagen. In 1802, he went with his regiment to Canada, and soon obtained command of all the troops in that country. He was among the very first to recognise the threatening attitude of the authorities across the border, the drilling and concentration of troops, and he at once set to work to put Canada into an efficient state to resist invasion. But in this he had an uphill fight, for the people of Canada were loth to believe that their neighbours to the south would wilfully bring about a collision.

Canadian bank of the Niagara River, and some miles from Queenston. From this centre he paid a visit to the frontier ports, spending some time at Fort Malden and Sandwich. In 1811 the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada (Francis Gore) returned to England on leave, and Brock succeeded him in his position. So it happened that when the war was declared Brock held both civic and military command in Upper Canada.

The general direction of the campaign for the

conquest of Canada was entrusted by the Government of the United States to General Dearborn. This able soldier determined to invade Canada at three points simultaneously. General Hull, at the head of his well-equipped army of 2,500 troops, was, as has been told, stationed at Detroit, with only the broad blue river between him and Canadian soil. In all that part of Canada there were only some 300 troops, and these were stationed at Fort Malden—a small post at a point where the Detroit River flows into Lake Erie. His part of the campaign was looked upon as a foregone conclusion. He was to subdue the western peninsula of Canada, and if necessary march its length to Niagara.

Niagara was, of course, the second point of invasion. On the banks of this river, at the little village of Lewiston, General van Rensselaer assembled a force of some 4,000 or 5,000 soldiers, preparatory to crossing the river. When he finally took this step, it resulted in the battle of Queenston Heights, the death of General Brock, and the slaughter or capture by the Canadians of the whole of the American troops who crossed the river.

The third army of invasion headed for Montreal and Lower Canada. This was under the command of General Dearborn himself, and he and his army made for Canada by way of that strange waterway, famous in the annals of the cruel wars between the English and French, to wit—Lakes George and Champlain. Every schoolboy is familiar with this historic waterway, with its Fort Frederick, its Crown Point, its Ticonderoga, for has not Fenimore Cooper told the tales of the forest and the streams, and re-peopled the rugged country with the red man, the light-hearted *voyageur* and sturdy pioneer? Along this route General Dearborn moved his forces. Canada found herself in sore distress. Three armies to withstand, armies divided by hundreds of miles of practically uninhabited country, and each one of them consisting of almost as many troops as Canada had at her disposal altogether!

When the bad news sped through the land there were many sinking hearts, and few indeed who believed that the invasion could be for long withstood. Nevertheless, at the call for volunteers, the farmers and townsmen, tradesmen and the followers of the professions, all shouldered their guns and made off for the front. They rallied in such numbers that it was found impossible to arm them all, and many were sent back to their homes to look after the tilling of

the ground. Everyone feared that a long war lay ahead.

General Hull was the first to cross the frontier. Establishing his headquarters at Sandwich, he issued a fire-eating proclamation to the people of Canada, and did nothing. True, he made some ponderous movements against Fort Malden, held by the 350 regulars—these, no doubt, supported by many volunteers from the south of Essex, a part of the country which had been settled by United Empire Loyalists, sturdy patriots who had given up their all and made their way to Canada when the United States gained their independence. But soon the invading General Hull received a severe reverse. He depended for his supplies on convoys from Ohio, and these had to make their way through a very wild tract of country. On the 4th of August, 1812, a convoy commanded by Major van Horne was suddenly confronted by Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnese Indians, and his followers. A wild fight took place in the woods, and in the end the great chief was victorious, scattering van Horne's command and capturing the stores. General Hull had but a short time before this heard of the fall of Michillimackinac, thus establishing a Canadian force at his rear. And now the news that General Brock was hurrying from Niagara to confront him caused the cautious Hull to take flight. He at once retreated across the river, and again established himself behind the strong defence of Fort Detroit.

When General Brock heard of Hull's invasion of Canada he lost not a moment. Gathering around him some 300 volunteers, and taking a handful of regulars, he marched to Long Point on Lake Erie, and there embarked for a two-hundred miles journey in open boats, in tempestuous weather, along a dangerous coast—the northern shore of Lake Erie. Night and day the little force continued its dangerous journey, tossed about by the waves of the great lake. Only the sound leadership, together with a cheerful determination on the part of officers and men alike, saved this expedition from disaster. On this remarkable journey not a man was lost.

Amherstburg was reached on the night of August 13th. The energetic Brock was struck with amazement when he heard of General Hull's retreat; but, as he had little time to spare from the more important strategical position—Niagara—he made up his mind to storm Fort Detroit without delay.

At Amherstburg Brock and Tecumseh—the two clear figures of “the War of 1812”—met,

and together they planned the taking of Detroit.

Tecumseh was, without doubt, a warrior of valour and craft, a fit follower of Pontiac; and about him he had chiefs of sagacity and daring—the Wyandot Roundhead, Noonday, and Saginaw, to mention but three. These Indians, under the leadership of Tecumseh, rendered invaluable assistance to the Canadians in that part of the country. He generalled his warriors brilliantly on every occasion, and fell—cornered but still fighting furiously, as was his wont—at the Battle of the Thames.

On August 16th Brock summoned Hull to surrender Fort Detroit. Hull, having an army of 2,500 soldiers behind the breastworks, refused. That night Tecumseh led his warriors across the river and lay in the woods that surrounded the post, cutting off all communication between the fort and the outside world. Early the next morning Brock landed his force, consisting of 730 regulars and militia, safely on the American side at Springwells, and marching rapidly up the river bank appeared before the fort. General Hull took flight. When the war-whoops of the Indians struck on his ear and the glint of the bayonet flashed in the sunlight, and when a bold summons came from Brock, without striking a blow he surrendered fort, army, stores—everything. Brock found himself with 2,500 prisoners of war on his hands, and in possession of the key to all that part of the continent, besides thirty-three pieces of cannon and stores to a vast amount. What might have happened if the aged general had made a fight of it there is no telling. The fort was a stronghold, well equipped, well garrisoned, and the Canadian army was small in numbers. Brock must have found his hands full had the gates been shut in his face instead of being flung wide open. For this mad surrender General Hull was sentenced to be shot, but it is good to know that this sentence was not carried out. In his day he had served his country well.

Brock's triumph sent a thrill of joy and pride through Canada. Foreboding, and even dependency, quickly gave place to hope. Success

nerved the people of Canada, and they prepared for a stubborn defence of their beautiful country.

Leaving Proctor in charge of the captured fort, Brock hastened back to Niagara to confront General van Rensselaer.

A grander setting for a battle could not well be found than Nature had prepared for the battle of Queenston Heights. This neat little town of Queenston, with its population of five hundred souls, was in the stirring days of 1812 a place of no small importance. Here were established the

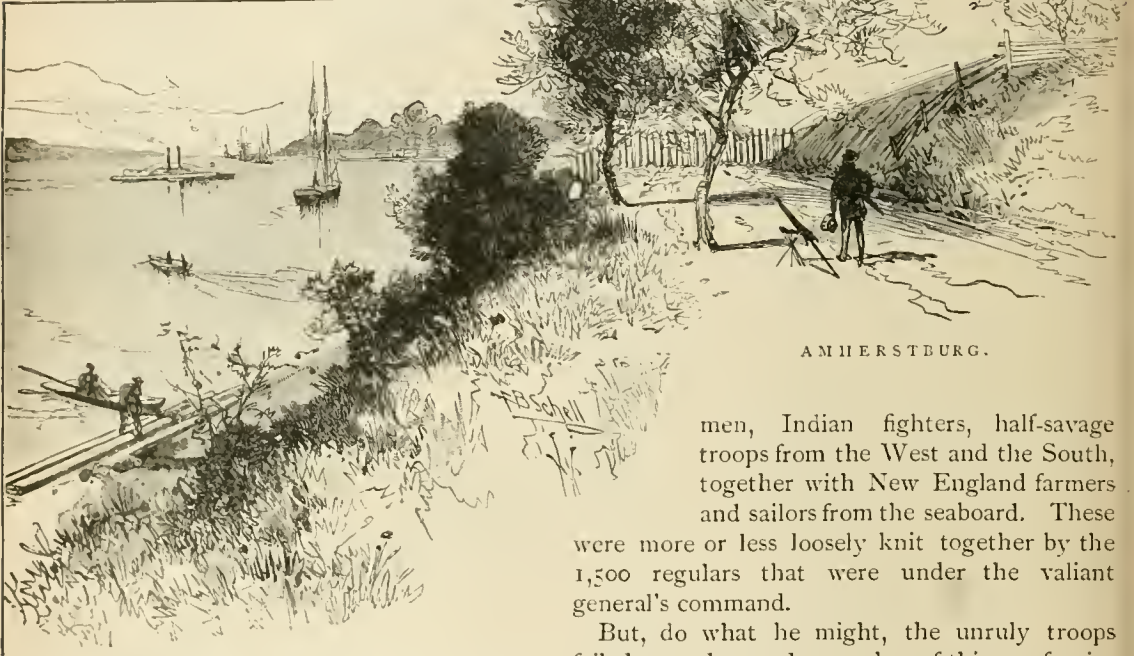


depôts for all public stores brought from Lower Canada and bound for the West; here was the focus-point between the Upper and the Lower Canada—the outlet for the now rapidly-developing West. The two western forts—Erie at the juncture of Lake Erie and the Niagara River, and Malden at the mouth of the Detroit River—were both dependent upon Queenston for their stores and supplies, as were also the great tracts of countries those two forts dominated.

In those days there centred at Queenston a picturesque gathering of queer, rough people: fur-traders, merchants, Indians, *voyageurs* from Lower Canada, pioneers, soldiers, hunters—indeed, a typical frontier throng. Here the civilised East touched elbows with the barbarous West. From the West came stores of rich furs; from the East many things—including rum.

But trade is precarious: Nature alone is unchanging. The commercial glory has long since deserted the little town on the banks of the Niagara. The fur-laden canoes have drifted down the streams of Time. The pioneer has shouldered his axe and marched into the past. But still, perched upon a ledge of the rock, Queenston looks down upon a river—deep, rapid, braided with currents, dimpled with eddies, and carrying on its bosom the bubbles born of

crew, almost as diversified in its atoms as were the Canadian ranks across the river. Among the American general's 4,000 men were many strange characters—frontiersmen, trappers, bush-



AMHERSTBURG.

men, Indian fighters, half-savage troops from the West and the South, together with New England farmers and sailors from the seaboard. These were more or less loosely knit together by the 1,500 regulars that were under the valiant general's command.

the mammoth falls. Across this strait the banks of the American shore rise to a great height. Behind the quiet town the land heaves abruptly to a hill which commands a view of all the surrounding country. On top of this hill now stands the grandest shaft in Canada, to the memory of the general who fell in the fight below. In the distance can be seen the perpetual cloud of spray which is flung to heaven by the thundering waters of the Falls of Niagara, for these are only nine miles distant from Queenston.

But, do what he might, the unruly troops failed to understand a number of things—for instance, why a flag of truce should be allowed to shelter its bearer, and many other niceties which go without saying when regulars confront one another on the field of battle. However, the men, unruly or no, proved themselves brave in battle, which in the world of arms covers a multitude of sins. Those who chose to take part in the battle fought to the bitter end.

The latter days of September and the opening days of October of the year 1812 were busy ones on either side of the Niagara River. Both Americans and Canadians were energetically preparing for the struggle that was inevitable. Van Rensselaer had chosen the village of Lewiston as his headquarters, and here he assembled a motley

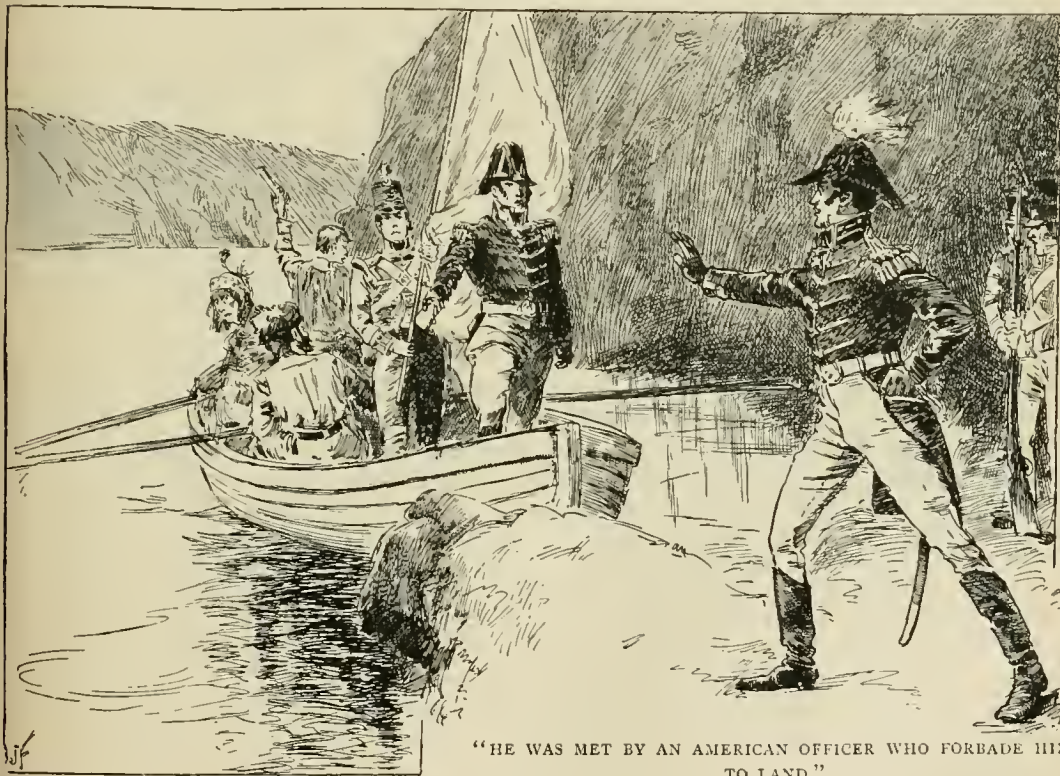
During the second week in October General van Rensselaer found himself in command of a sufficient force to warrant him in beginning operations without further delay. He chose the morning of the 11th for crossing the river. General Brock was uncertain as to which part of the river the Americans would pick upon for crossing, and had established himself in Fort George, leaving Queenston in charge of a small force under Captain Dennis. From some cause,

the American general found it impracticable to cross on the 11th, as he had intended, and, unfortunately for him, was under the necessity of postponing the movement until the 13th.

Now it so happened that on the 12th of October General Brock, desiring to effect an exchange of prisoners, despatched, for the purposes of negotiation, Colonel Evans across the river under the meagre protection of a flag of truce. When this British officer reached the American shore, he was met at the water-side by an American officer who forbade him to land, and, after a couple of hours' delay, he was told to return to his commander and tell him that "Everything would be satisfactorily arranged the day after to-morrow." This strange reply set the colonel a-thinking, and as he was turning the matter over in his mind, trying to

At this time the only regulars at Queenston—men of the 49th—were under arrest for mutiny. These Evans at once released, as he did so urging them to do their duty, and word was sent far and wide to the Canadian Militia, calling upon them to assemble at Queenston and Fort George. When these arrangements were completed, Colonel Evans, leaving Captain Dennis in charge, rode to inform General Brock of what he had heard, seen, and done. Brock agreed in his surmises of an attack, approved of his acts, but had his doubts as to whether the Americans would land at Queenston or no. That night the officers slept in their uniforms.

Sure enough, at two o'clock in the morning, the ominous boom of cannon awakened the garrison in Fort George. The attack on Queenston Heights had commenced.



make head or tail of such a message, his quick eye discovered boats slung in the fissures of the rocks and covered with bushes. At once he guessed that an attack was imminent. He hastened back to Queenston, and, without waiting to ride the seven miles to Fort George, he took matters in his own hands, and prepared the place for the threatened attack.

The morning was black. The wind blew cold and raw, and a drenching rain—such as, in North America, usually follows the lovely days of the Indian summer—had for days been stripping the last remaining leaves from the trees, and beating them into the sodden ground, and hurrying the laggard bird to its winter home in the south. But neither the darkness and

dampness of the morning, nor the dangers of the swirling river daunted the hearts of the American troops as they set out in silence to cross the water and to scale the heights of Queenston. Skilled navigators of the treacherous river had been pressed into service, and all things having been carefully arranged, great boats loaded with troops breasted the rapid river, and commenced to make a landing on a narrow ledge below the village of Queenston. The darkness and the silence seemed only to be increased by the lap of the swiftly flowing waters.

That night the Canadians kept a vigilant watch. Brock anticipating a crossing, and quite unable to guess at what point of the rocky shore the Americans would attempt to land, had seen to the throwing up of slight breastworks all along the river from Queenston to Fort George—a distance of seven miles; and behind each of these a handful of troops were posted and on the alert for any signs of an invasion. In the grey of the morning sharp eyes made out the boats upon the waters, and an alarm was at once sounded. Captain Dennis called to arms his two companies of the 49th, and these, together with a hundred militia, set out to oppose the landing of the forces.

The troops under the charge of Colonel van Rensselaer—a relation of the commanding general's—first encountered the Canadian forces.

The Americans effected a landing on a woe-fully narrow strip of beach, and notwithstanding that the batteries on the American side of the river swept the heights above where stood the adventurous invaders, Captain Dennis managed to bring his little band within rifle shot, and to direct his hail of bullets so well that van Rensselaer and his men were driven to take shelter behind a steep bank, where, safe from the Canadian riflemen, they awaited reinforcements, firing as best they might up the steep cliffs. But soon the boats, industriously plying across the river, had landed more and more of their comrades at different points of the shore. Not without serious loss, however, for the Canadian volunteers were splendid marksmen. Captain Dennis and his small band found themselves sorely pressed. The Americans, crouching behind the rocks on the narrow strip of shore, began to cast about for a place to scale the cliffs. They were not long in finding one to their liking.

When General Brock, away at Fort George, heard the cannonading from the direction of

Queenston, he called for his horse, and at once mounted. There seems to be little doubt that he thought the firing at Queenston a feint by the Americans, made in the hope that he would withdraw the garrison from Fort George, and that the invaders, when their expectations in this particular should be fulfilled, would land and take easy possession of the fort. Determined to find out the true state of affairs, and leaving General Sheaffe in command at headquarters, he set out, unattended, on the back of his favourite horse, Alfred, for Queenston. He rode hard. On his way he passed the Canadian volunteers hurrying on foot to the succour of their comrades at Queenston. Arriving at a favourable position for a survey of the field, a height where stood an 18-pound battery, he and his two aides-de-camp, who had now caught him up, dismounted.

Matters were going well with the defending forces. The Americans had been discovered much too early for the good of their project. Captain Dennis, with his handful of regulars and their backing of militia, doggedly confining the invaders to their original landing-place, and although lacking the necessary force to prevent a landing, still harassed the troops as they crossed the wide river. Brock swept the scene of action through his telescope. His officers and men were doing the best that could be done. That the movement on the part of van Rensselaer's troops was no feint, but a full-blooded action, was now quite apparent to Brock. That it was very unlikely to succeed should Dennis manage to hold the Americans to their strip of white sand by the margin of the swirling river until reinforcements, at that moment on the way, had time to arrive from Fort George, Chippewa, and the various breastworks on the river, must also have been the thoughts of the general who had planned, with the minutest care, the defences of the frontier. Although in van Rensselaer he had to deal with a general of a calibre altogether different from that of Hull, he could have had no more than the anxiety a good leader must always harbour as to the result of the conflict.

But a sad disappointment heralded a still more calamitous loss. At the very moment that General Brock had finished his survey of the field, and was lowering his telescope, the rattle of small-arms came down from the heights. This was immediately followed by a sweeping hail of bullets which cut into the ranks of the gallant defenders of Queenston Heights. Enemies in

the rear! There was no time for mounting. General Brock and his aides, together with the men in charge of the battery, being hopelessly exposed to a fire they had no power to silence, rushed pell-mell to a place of safety.

The volley which had caused such a startling change in the aspect of affairs came from the crest of the heights.

Captain Wool, a young American officer, finding the position on the strip of sand a far from pleasant one, with men falling about him and no prospect of an immediate alteration in the state of affairs, and being of a daring turn of mind, asked for and obtained permission from his senior officers to attempt the scaling of the heights at a point which seemed to him to hold out hopes of success. Taking with him a strong detachment of regulars, he began to search the face of the cliff, and was not long in discovering a fisherman's path cut into the face of the rock. This had been looked upon by the Canadians as an impossible path. But Wool and his brave men quickly turned the impossible into a most successful possibility. Scaling the heights undetected by the Canadians, displaying in so doing singular agility, coolness, and sagacity for one so young and unused to war, he established his force in a commanding position before making his presence known to the Canadians by the most disastrous volley that whistled past the ears of General Brock. This bold movement put an entirely different complexion on the conflict. The Canadians were now between two fires. The salvation of the Canadian position demanded that he be driven from his dangerous hold.

General Brock saw that this must be done, and done at once. First despatching in hot haste a message to General Sheaffe, ordering him to bring on the troops from Fort George, Brock prepared to personally lead the attack on the young American's position. Placing himself at the head of Captain William's command of one hundred regulars, and with his own beloved York (Toronto) Volunteers supporting, he advanced towards the stronghold. After exchanging a heavy fire, he ordered a charge. But the Americans, tenaciously holding their ground, all the while poured down the hill a steady and well-directed fire.

General Brock standing as he did quite six feet two in height, dressed in the conspicuous uniform of a British officer, and in the very thickest of the fight, small wonder that the men of Captain Wool's command, good shots as were all frontiersmen, soon singled him out.

At the very instant the brave general raised his hand toward the height and shouted, "Push on, the York Volunteers!" a bullet struck him on the right breast, and passed completely through his body. Brock sank to the earth. Many who saw him fall ran to give him the assistance that not one of them had in his power to give. As they raised his head he had only breath left to ask that the news of his death be kept from the soldiers, so that they might not be discouraged. Then he spoke some words of his sister; but his voice was weak, his breath failing, his heart's-blood gushed from him, and those about who strained an ear were quite unable to make out his request. As his body lay wrapped in his cloak at a small house in Queenston, the cannon of the Tower of London thundered, and the bells of London rang madly and merrily. The news of Brock's capture of Detroit had, that very hour, reached the people of England. The honours that were bestowed upon him fell upon a pale, dead face.

Here let it be told to the credit of mankind that when the body of the British general was on its way to its first burial-place the American general caused his men to fire minute guns, out of respect for the dead. "The War of 1812" was conducted with peculiar cruelty. Life and property were destroyed needlessly, wantonly. But it had its moments of conscience.

The death of the leader of the Canadian forces brought the battle to a momentary lull. The nerve-centre of the army had been struck. But when the first shock of the news passed, consternation changed to fury. With an angry shout the Canadians made for the heights. However, Wool and his men were not to be driven, and the Canadians quickly sustained a second shivering blow. In the charge Brock's Provincial aide-de-camp, Macdonell, who had assumed command of the York Volunteers, fell mortally wounded.

But the losses were not all Canada's. Wadsworth and Colonel van Rensselaer, the American leaders, had fallen badly wounded. In fact, about this time so many officers were down on both sides that there came a second cessation in the fighting. The Americans had much the better of the position at this stage of the game. Wool had been reinforced, and fresh boatloads of soldiers crossed the river.

But a change was now about to take place. General Sheaffe, on whom the command devolved, was on his way to the field of action when he heard of Brock's death. He proved

to be the man for the emergency, acting with promptness and great determination. When, after a hard march, he arrived within sight of the field, matters looked black indeed for the defenders of Canada.

Sheaffe set about his task in soldier-like fashion. With the assistance of the two Indian

fighting had not long continued when Wool fell badly wounded, and Scott took his place. But the fatal tightening of the cordon continued, and General van Rensselaer saw that unless substantial reinforcements were brought forward at once his hardy men, who, at the cost of so much blood, had gained a firm footing or



"MANY A MAN LEAPED TO HIS DESTRUCTION" (p. 525).

chiefs Brant and Norton and their warriors, 200 volunteers from Chippewa, a post some miles above the Niagara Falls, and his own 300 regulars and two companies of militia, he formed, on the brow of the heights, a cordon around the whole field, the flanks of his forces resting on the river; and taking every advantage the ground offered him, he began to narrow the semicircle, firing volleys into the now exposed forces of the States. The Americans, in turn, now found themselves taken in the rear. The

Canadian soil, would be swept into the river. He took boat across the Niagara to hurry over the necessary reinforcements.

When he stepped ashore on his own side of the river he found a pretty how-d'ye-do. His troops refused to cross. They were Fencibles. They had not enlisted to serve out of their native land. The invaders refused to invade.

The truth of the affair seems to be that the sight of the dead and wounded brought back to camp from Queenston Heights had struck terror into the hearts of those who had remained behind, and that when their general commanded them to cross the river they fell back upon their

undoubted rights as Fencibles. But it was a pretty ræss for an invading general to find himself in.

Van Rensselaer did all that he could under the circumstances to induce his troops to go to the assistance of their comrades now clinging for dear life to the precipitous cliffs of Queenston Heights. But no; they refused to quit their native land. Meanwhile the Canadian volunteers, now aware of the death of their leader, were fighting with the fury of maddened tigers. The cry ran along the lines "Avenge Brock!" and the Indians, who all looked upon Brock as a father, launched on the air their ominous war-whoops as they darted here and there like evil spirits, firing with unerring aim at the invaders, who in turn shouting "For the honour of America!" clung to the face of the heights like lichen.

In the core of that fatal circle the Americans fought grimly, and prayed for the reinforcements that never came. As time passed the Canadians tightened and tightened the circle. Soon the American officers were in difficulties; then the men slipped out of hand, and at last, with a rush and "Hurrah!" the Canadians were upon the invading forces. Nothing could withstand the downhill charge of Sheaffe's men. Wool and his men were spilt over the shoulder of the cliffs like water. Many a man with the bayonets and tomahawk behind him, leaped to his destruction, falling on the rocks below or into the ominous silent river; while the Indians, infuriated, hurled down the cliffs many that

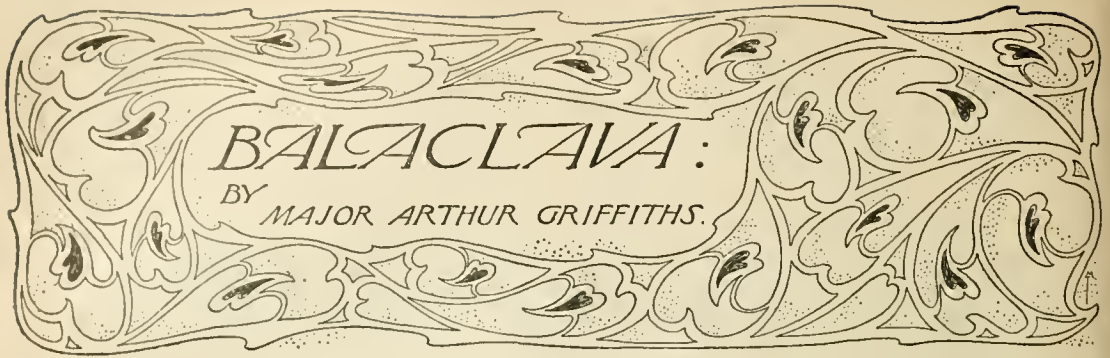
would have fain placed themselves as prisoners in the hands of the Canadians. The carnage was horrible. The cliffs dripped with red.

When at last Scott, bearing on his sword-point a fluttering white cravat, surrendered the American army to Sheaffe, and when the Indians could be called from their slaughter—they had fought a winning fight with their wonted fury, for they hated the Americans ("Long Knives," as they called them) and were maddened by the death of Brock—General Sheaffe found himself in possession of a field slippery with blood and about 1,000 prisoners, including Major-General Wadsworth and many officers.

The number killed in this, the first great battle of "the War of 1812," will never be known. A great many men were seen to throw themselves into the river, preferring death by drowning than from the tomahawk of the red man or the bayonet of the white. One man was heard to cry significantly to a group of his fellows, "Come, men: it's better to be drowned than hanged"; for there were many British renegades serving in the American army and navy during the years of this war. Although the Americans were severely defeated in their determined invasion, yet it is probable Canada lost more by the death of General Brock than she gained by the victory at Queenston Heights. For he was a man trained to war in the ablest school, and a leader who knew every mile of the frontier he was called upon to defend, and who was loved by his soldiers.



A CANADIAN INDIAN.
(After Sir Benjamin West, P.R.A.)



THE memory of Balaclava will always be cherished by Englishmen with peculiar pride. It is true that the great event of the day—the great central episode—was a blunder, a gigantic mistake, and that through it many brave men lost their lives. But the splendid courage of those who were sacrificed, and their unhesitating, unswerving devotion to duty, will always rank among the finest of our warlike achievements.

Everyone has heard of Lord Cardigan and his gallant light cavalry brigade: how a handful of horsemen, only a few hundreds of them, headed by their chivalrous leader, the last of the Brudenells, galloped straight into the "jaws of death." It was the order: that was enough. To hear was to obey, even although the chances of survival were altogether against them. The brigade went into action as fine a body of light cavalry as the world has ever seen—perfect in every point, precisely and beautifully arrayed; the remnant rode back by twos and threes, stricken and shattered. But they had performed their task, they had carried out the commands given, and had conquered although they had all but perished in the attempt.

There was more, however, in this Battle of Balaclava than the charge of the Light Brigade. There were many episodes, some highly creditable, one rather the reverse. The prowess of individuals was immense, but the generalship was not always of the best. Lord Raglan knew what was right, and ordered it; but his instructions were often misconstrued. For the military student the battle is full of valuable lessons, but everyone who reads it must be interested, for it tells how small a thing interposes between absolute victory and defeat.

Before describing the actual battle it will be well to consider why it was fought; what the Russians had in view; what would have happened

had it been won. For a right understanding of all this, it must be remembered that the allies, English and French, were besieging Sebastopol, and that they were posted on a plateau or broad upland of high ground just in front of the fortress. The "left attack," or the operations on the left hand, was in the hands of the French, whose base, or port of supply, was at Kamiesch, on their left rear. The "right attack" from the centre, where it joined with the French, was entrusted to the English; this right or extreme outer flank of the whole allied army rested on the heights of Inkerman, afterwards to become famous. We English drew all our supplies from Balaclava, another and a rather distant port five or six miles to the rear.

Now, in military science it is held that an army is most vulnerable along its "line of communications"; in other words, along the road by which it communicates with its base of supply. This road is a sort of "life line"; by it food and munitions of war are brought up to the fighting front, by it the wounded and all news are sent safely to the rear. It is a first and imperative duty with a general to protect his line of communications; and for the same reason an enemy is always eager to strike at it. If he can get at it, place himself athwart of it and hold on, the army which has been worsted has lost everything. It must either change its front so as to open a new line to a new base, or it must throw up the sponge.

Well, the communications of the English with Balaclava lay within very tempting reach of the Russians. They were not actually exposed, for some attempt had been made to fortify them; but the defences were weak, and quite unequal to resisting any determined or formidable attack. There were two lines of forts: the inner, close around Balaclava, where the ground was steep and difficult, and these were manned by English marines, and armed with naval guns. The outer

was a line of feeble redoubts encircling the Balaclava valley ; the first of them on the right, just opposite Kamara, was on the hill known to our soldiers as "Canrobert's," the rest, numbered from 2 to 6, crowned the Causeway Heights—a low range of hills, across the crests of which ran the great Woronzoff road into Sebastopol. These forts were of weak construction—"a donkey might have ridden through them"—their armament was inferior, and they were garrisoned by Turks. They have proved themselves stout soldiers, these Turks, behind earthworks when properly handled and encouraged ; but in the coming fray they were overpowered, and suffered, but not very fairly, in reputation.

The only British forces in the valley were one infantry regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, and the whole of the cavalry, about 1,600 sabres. Lord Lucan was in supreme command of the latter ; Generals Scarlett and Lord Cardigan, respectively, led the Heavy and Light Brigades. The place thus assigned to our horsemen was largely due to the nature of the ground : these open plains were admirably adapted for cavalry. Moreover, there was no other equally important duty in which they could be engaged, and Lord Raglan, by thus utilising them, was saved from further weakening the already insufficient forces employed in the siege.

Such was the situation about Balaclava. It was of a kind to offer a great opportunity to an enterprising commander. Mentschikoff could lay no claims to military genius, but even *he* must have seen the great results that might result from a successful attack upon the English line of communications. It has been said that he had no greater object in view than the destruction of an artillery park at Kadikoi. Yet surely he must have aimed at more than that, for his effort was imposing ; the force to be employed large—in all some 25,000 infantry, thirty-four squadrons of horse, and seventy-eight guns. To General Liprandi the chief command was entrusted, but a distinct and smaller force under General Jabrokitsky co-operated.

A spy had visited the Russian lines the day before the action, and brought back news of the contemplated attack. Lord Raglan was duly informed, but he gave no orders, took no step to meet it, for he had been misled by spies before. But as day broke on the morning of the 25th, there could be no longer any doubt as to the Russian intentions. As the light grew stronger, it revealed to our cavalry, which had paraded in the valley an hour before dawn, the

signal flying on Canrobert's Hill that the enemy was advancing. There could be no longer any mistake. Lord Lucan forthwith despatched his son and aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, who at once turned and rode to a commanding point called the Col, where he saw the approaching columns with his own eyes, and was able to measure the probable scope of the impending attack. He could not trust his cavalry to face it alone ; he knew the Turks were too few to resist long, so he sent orders to the first and fourth divisions, those of the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart, to move down into the plain and assist in the defence of Balaclava. He forbade the cavalry to move until the infantry arrived, for he was at this time in hope that a general action might be imminent, to be fought by all arms. A weighty and decisive struggle might, perhaps, settle the fate of Sebastopol without a protracted siege. General Canrobert did not share his views in this respect, and Lord Raglan himself was doomed to be bitterly disappointed before the day was done.

Meanwhile the Russians had come on with all speed. They were in three great masses : one on their left, coming from Kamara, was destined to storm Canrobert's Hill ; the second, in the centre, was to move up against the five redoubts on the Causeway Heights ; the third, under General Jabrokitzky, was holding the right upon the Fedioukhine Heights. They made short work of the Turks. The single battalion which held Canrobert's Hill showed a firm front, but it was shattered by a fierce artillery fire, which disabled guns and decimated the Turkish ranks. Five Russian battalions went up to the assault, while six more were in support. The attack was overwhelming ; the slaughter terrific : 170 were killed out of 500, and the Russians became masters of the redoubt by half-past seven a.m.

By this time the middle columns were close upon the Causeway Heights, threatening them with another attack so menacing and irresistible that the rest of the Turks began to waver. They had seen the overthrow of their comrades ; there were no supports at hand, and panic at once possessed them. Without any pretence at standing firm they streamed away to a man, in full flight across the plain to the rear, even before the redoubts were stormed. Nothing stayed them. A Scotch soldier's wife, who met them as they ran, belaboured all she could reach with a broomstick. Still they ran on, until by voice and gesture, Captain Tatham, of the Royal

Navy, arrested some of the fugitives, and ranked them up in some disorder behind the 93rd.



GENERAL SCARLETT.

The time had come for the Highlanders to show of what stuff they were made. So far the fight had gone against the allies; its first episode was a disastrous defeat. Now the Russian cavalry, in great strength, a fine mass of horsemen, numbering 3,000, eager to avenge their inactivity at the Alma, were approaching the Causeway Heights, and nine squadrons had already debouched into the south valley. The road seemed open all the way to Balaclava, save for one obstacle—the famous “thin, red line” of history. This was the 93rd Highlanders, and not quite all of them, standing two deep, not in square, the traditional formation in which to “receive cavalry.” Brave old Sir Colin Campbell, the brigadier, was with the regiment in person—a host in himself; yet these brave defenders of Balaclava only numbered 550 souls all told. There was also a battalion of Turks on each flank; but they could not bear to face the coming peril, and long before the Russians got near the Turks dissolved, turned tail, and ran straight for the port, crying in English—“Ship! ship!”

Whatever resistance was to be made depended now on the “thin, red line.” Sir Colin, as was usual with him, spoke a few words of warning and encouragement. “Remember, men,” he cried, as he rode along the line, “remember there is no retreat from here. You must die where you stand.” Quite equal to the occasion, the gallant Highlanders, cheering, replied, “Ay, ay, Sir Colin: we’ll do just that.” By this time the line had been withdrawn

a little behind a rising hillock, and the men lay down, just to screen themselves from the enemy’s artillery fire. On and on came the Russian cavalry, until suddenly the Highlanders rose to their feet, and would have charged. But this would have been a very hazardous act, and Sir Colin sternly checking it steadied the line. It stood quite firm, fired a volley, which emptied many saddles, and the Russians, having no heart to go further forward, hesitated, halted, and presently retired in disorder. The demeanour of the Highlanders alone had sufficed to hurl back the attack.

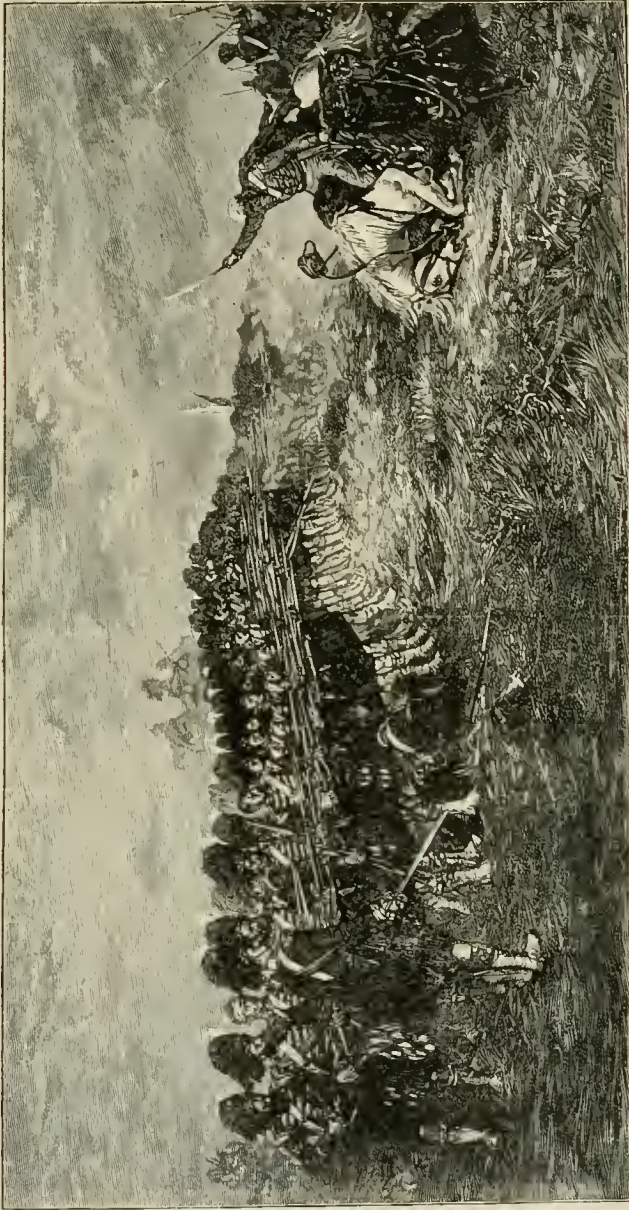
Meanwhile the main body of the Russian cavalry had pressed on to the Causeway Heights, and now came a fresh episode in the battle—the first cavalry encounter. This gallant and successful exploit of Scarlett’s brigade of heavy cavalry has never been sufficiently appreciated, simply because it has been eclipsed by the brilliancy of the more hare-brained feat that followed.

At this time Scarlett’s brigade was in motion towards the east. It had been ordered by Lord Raglan some time previously to come up in support of the already fugitive Turks. Scarlett was on the march with his six squadrons, when he suddenly became aware of the presence of the



LORD CARDIGAN.

Russian cavalry upon his left, just appearing over the heights above him. His regiments



THE THIN RED LINE.

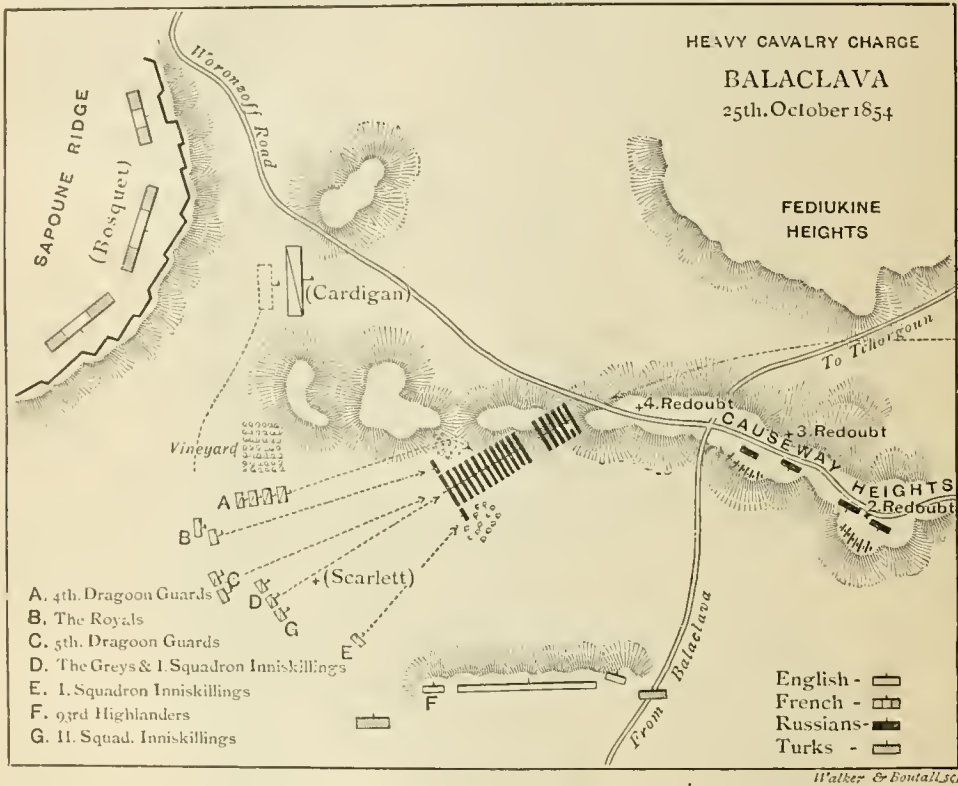
(Painted by Robert Gibb, R.S.A. By permission from the Engraving published by A. Ramsden, Esq., 9, Argyll Street, W.)

were in two parallel columns: on the inner, nearest the enemy, were one squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the Scots Greys; on the outer another squadron of the Inniskillings and two of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Further to the rear were the Royal Dragoons and the Fourth Dragoon Guards.

Scarlett's decision was instantly formed. The Russian cavalry—we must not forget there were about 3,000 of them—was halted, a great, inert mass, just in the condition to invite

What the fight was may be judged from the fact that the general received five wounds and Alick Elliot received fourteen.

One squadron of the Inniskilling Dragoons followed Scarlett in the front line; with them came two squadrons of the Scots Greys—two regiments that have ever been close comrades and friends. On each flank behind rode in second line a second squadron of the Inniskillings, and the 5th Dragoon Guards; in extension of the last named were the 1st or Royal Dragoons.



attack. Without a moment's hesitation, the English general wheeled the first column into a line, a short line composed of barely 300 sabres, and charged. The second column also formed into line and came on in support. Scarlett himself, a fine old man with snow-white moustaches, who rode straight and sat strong in his saddle, headed the charge; his aide-de-camp, Alick Elliot, a bold sabreur, who had seen much fighting in India, galloped by his side; close behind came the general's trumpeter and his orderly; and these four brave men—general, lieutenant, and two private troopers—crashed first and alone into the middle of the enemy's heavy column, where they were at once engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, sword against sword.

As our gallant "heavies" raced forward, eager to overtake their chivalrous leader, who was already in the thick of the fight, the Russian cavalry advanced a little, but had no heart for it, and halted irresolute, their very numbers helping to encumber and confuse them. The impact of our charging horsemen carried all before it. "There was a clash and a fusion as of wave meeting wave," the combatants joined issue, "swords rose and fell," then almost in a moment the vast mass of Russian cavalry broke up—three thousand conquered by eight hundred—and, turning, fled fast and in great disorder from the field.

This "truly magnificent charge," as it was called by a French general who was present,

"the most glorious thing" he ever saw, won universal admiration from all. The enormous odds, the unhesitating promptitude of the attack, the fierce, enterprising courage shown in the conflict, roused the spectators—of whom there were crowds of both armies and all arms above—to enthusiasm. Sir Colin, clannish as ever, rode at once to his dear countrymen, and, uncovering, apostrophised them thus: "Greys, gallant Greys, I am sixty-one years of age, but if I were young again I should be proud to serve in your ranks." Lord Raglan showed his appreciation by despatching an aide-de-camp with a special message of congratulation to Scarlett, couched in the simple words, "Well done."

But now the mistakes began. The first was in the neglect of Lord Cardigan (who commanded the Light Brigade) to make Scarlett's victory absolutely decisive. The broken Russian cavalry, retreating, passed within easy striking distance of Cardigan's splendid and still untouched force. Had he acted now with vigour the enemy must have been completely annihilated. He held 700 superb horsemen ready, within a quarter of a mile. Yet he never moved a man, nor made a sign. His excuse was that his commanding officer, the divisional general, Lord Lucan, had left him with precise instructions to remain on the defensive. Lord Lucan subsequently denied this strenuously. He admitted that Lord Cardigan was expected to defend the position he occupied, but he declares that he expressly told him "to attack anything and everything" that came within reach of him. The ordinary rules of war, if properly interpreted by Lord Cardigan, were also against him. Defence or no defence, it was his bounden duty to improve the occasion. The Russian cavalry, which had been scattered by Scarlett, should have been wrecked and utterly ruined by Cardigan. But with obstinate misconception of his duty the latter remained supine, and the enemy was suffered to escape.

Worse was to follow. Lord Raglan, who from the heights above saw the whole performance, was much chagrined by the inactivity of the Light Cavalry, and sought by despatching repeated orders to correct it. He first directed Lord Lucan to use Cardigan's brigade in recovering the Causeway Heights, of which the Russians by their retreat were losing hold. Lord Lucan did nothing of the kind. He satisfied himself that the operation was one for infantry, or for combined action, the cavalry in support of infantry, and till that could be effected he would not move. The infantry, however,

through the independence, not to say insubordination, of General Sir George Cathcart, did not arrive; and so for half an hour the still uninjured Light Cavalry paused, and a great and golden opportunity was lost.

The next step taken by the Russians stimulated Lord Raglan to issue another and more decisive order. It seemed as though the enemy, by bringing up horse teams, intended to carry off the guns captured in the Turkish redoubts. This must be prevented, and Lord Raglan felt that it could be done most quickly by the cavalry. So he sent Captain Nolan—a brave soldier whose name is indissolubly connected with the catastrophe that followed—with a fresh message to Lord Lucan. It was an order in writing, "directing the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns."

These guns were on the high ground above. Lord Lucan could not see them, or what the Russians were doing, and he accordingly did not understand the order. Some critics say now that its wording should have been more precise and explicit. Anyhow, Lord Lucan misinterpreted it, and got into his head that the guns meant were the Russian guns in action firing at them, and that the "advance" ordered was against those guns. He protested; such an attack would be useless, mad, and while he still hesitated to obey Captain Nolan, the aide-de-camp, chafing at the delay, broke in with the words—"Lord Raglan orders that the cavalry should attack immediately." Nettled by this, as he thought, implied impertinent rebuke from a junior officer, the Lieutenant-General hotly retorted: "Attack, sir! Attack what?" Nolan, with a wave of the hand, made, according to Lord Lucan, in the direction of the battery at the end of the valley, said: "There, my lord, is your enemy; there are your guns." Whether or not this was what Nolan intended we shall never know, for he was killed very shortly afterwards. But the general belief nowadays is that, as he had just left Lord Raglan and the high ground, he meant something very different.

The terrible mistake was now set going, and the mischief speedily increased. Lord Lucan, having misconstrued his orders, and declining to exercise his own judgment in correcting them, rode over to where Lord Cardigan sat at the head of the Light Brigade, and told him to advance down the valley. Lord Cardigan did not actually demur. "Certainly," he said; "but allow me to point out that there is a battery in

front of us and guns and riflemen on either flank." "I know it," replied Lord Lucan; "but Lord Raglan will have it. We have no choice but to obey." Then Lord Cardigan, without hesitation, bowed before the fiat, and quietly turning round, cried out, "The brigade will advance."

He was going, and all that rode with him, to almost certain destruction.

It is the proud privilege of the cavalry leader, as I have shown in the case of General Scarlett, to ride in the forefront of the battle, to be the "first man in" when charging. Lord Cardigan, whatever his tactical skill, was undoubtedly as "brave as a lion"—Lord Raglan's own words—and he at once placed himself alone well in advance of his staff and of the squadrons that followed him. The regiments in the first line were the 13th Hussars and the 17th Lancers; the latter were supported by the 11th Hussars; in a third line came Lord George Paget with the 4th and the 8th Hussars. Lord Cardigan sat tall and erect in his saddle—a noble figure—on a thoroughbred chestnut horse; a couple of horses' lengths behind him rode his aide-de-camps, Maxse and Sir George Wombwell. So the gallop began in the Valley of Death—a splendid act of devoted heroism.

It was the order, and it had to be obeyed. Almost at the start a strange incident occurred, and the whole mischance, but for cruel fate, might have been avoided. Captain Nolan rode suddenly across the front of the advancing brigade, and greatly to Lord Cardigan's indignation, seemed to be interfering with the command, shouting and waving his sword, as though he, and not the general, was at its head. The action and the gesture were not then understood; but by the light of what followed we may easily interpret them. Nolan had seen from the direction of the charging squadrons that they were going desperately wrong. He knew that they should be making for the Causeway Heights, not for the end of the valley, and he hoped by this violent indication to correct their mistake. Alas! his intention was speedily and prematurely foiled. While he was still pointing out the right road, a fragment of a shell struck him in the breast, and killed him on the spot. Yet after death he still sat erect, until his horse, feeling no hand about his bit, wheeled round and galloped home. Then the inanimate corpse dropped, and was dragged some distance along the ground.

There was no hope now of arresting the

horsemen in their glorious but mad career. "Led by Lord Cardigan," says Sir Edward Hamley, who was an eye-witness of the charge, "the lines continued to advance at a steady trot, and in a minute or two entered the zone of fire, where the air was filled with the rush of shot, the bursting of shells, and the moan of bullets, while amidst the infernal din the work of destruction went on, and men and horses were incessantly dashed to the ground." This fire came from the guns on the flanks; presently, the brigade was near enough to be decimated by the battery in front; but, nothing daunted, the survivors increased their pace, and dashed in at last among the guns. The Russian gunners were cut down as they served them. Small knots of Englishmen charged straight at great masses of the enemy's cavalry and forced them to retreat. The struggle went on hand to hand between the many and the still undaunted few, until the latter had almost melted away.

Then all that was left of the Light Brigade emerged from the smoke of the battle, and the survivors came dropping back by twos and threes across the plain. Two small bodies only showed any signs of coherence. About seventy men of the 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars kept together in formation, and cut their way home through three squadrons of Russian Lancers; another party of about the same strength, of 4th and 11th Hussars, were led out by Lord George Paget, and overcame an intercepting force of Russians. But after the charge no light cavalry regiment existed as such; all were partially destroyed. Out of some 673 men, 247 were killed or wounded; and almost all the horses were killed. This was the murderous work of not more than twenty minutes in all, including the start, the struggle, and the retreat.

Lord Cardigan—who had been the first to enter the battery, and who had used his good sword with splendid prowess—survived to bear the consequences of his "heroic but self-destructive exploit." The error was plain, but the deed was so splendid that it could not be very severely condemned. Lord Raglan was, of course, cut to the heart by the loss of his cavalry Light Brigade. He reproved Lord Cardigan angrily, asking how he dared attack a battery in front "contrary to all the usages of war"; still he could not withhold his admiration of the charge, which he characterised as the finest thing that was ever attempted. The French general Bosquet, who saw it from first to last, said of it that it was magnificent, but



THE HEAVY CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.
(From the painting by Major Elliot, by permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Pall Mall, W.)

that it was not war—"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." As for Lord Cardigan and the principal actors, their remarks deserved to be recorded in proof of their unshaken courage. When the general declared aloud that the charge was a "mad-brained trick," or a "great blunder," some of the gallant little band of survivors cried out: "Never mind, my lord, we are ready to do it again."

Although it is earnestly to be hoped that British troops may never again be wasted upon so foolish an enterprise, still the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava is a precious heritage, the glory of which will last for all time. We think more now of the achievement than of the mistake that made it possible. Greater and more imposing feats of arms have since been performed, but none which redound more thoroughly to the credit of the soldiers who were engaged.

Some doubts still prevail as to the side on which victory remained. The Russians carried off the captured guns, and they remained in the possession of the Causeway Heights—both distinct triumphs. On the other hand, the brave demeanour of the 93rd and the splendid valour of our cavalry greatly raised our military prestige, and the Russians would never again willingly meet our troops in the open field. Even in the ensuing fight at Inkerman they only attacked because supported by the knowledge that they were in overwhelming numbers. Still, we lost the outer line of the Balaclava defence; we lost the command of the Woranzoff road, and were in consequence restricted to other and worse tracks, which were to be found nearly useless in the winter months. The hardships and privations of the British besieging army were greatly aggravated if not entirely caused by the Battle of Balaclava.



PLAN OF THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

The Spaniards' last stand in Chili:
 MAIPO. 5. April, 1818.

By W. B. Robertson.

ONE fine September afternoon in the year 1816 a squadron of cavalry might have been seen pursuing its leisurely way in a southerly direction along the eastern slopes of the Andes. It had set out from Mendoza, and its destination was the fort of San Carlos, where on the morrow some singular proceedings were to commence. At its head rode General San Martin, and in its train followed a number of baggage mules strangely laden. These carried 120 goatskins of grape brandy, 300 skins of wine, large quantities of spurs, bridles, and such-like trappings, hats and handkerchiefs, all the embroidered and lace dresses that the patriotism of Buenos Ayrean ladies had induced them to part from, glass beads, and other trinkets—all destined for presents to the Pehuenche Indians, whom General San Martin had invited to a conference.

At eight o'clock next morning the Pehuenches, in full war-paint, began to appear in front of the fort. Each chief rode at the head of his warriors, and was met by an escort of Buenos Ayrean cavalry, who kept up an irregular fire of blank cartridges from their pistols as they advanced on to the esplanade in front of the fort. Here the women and children, who brought up the rear of their several tribes, filed off, and without dismounting took up a position on one side of the square.

When it was ascertained that all the tribes had arrived, a series of sham fights began, in which only the warriors of one tribe engaged at a time, vying with each other in displaying their skill in the arts of savage warfare. As they galloped, curvetted, and pranced through their various manœuvres, they presented to the European eye a somewhat grotesque spectacle. Their long hair was unconfined, their bodies, naked from the waist, were painted with different colours, and the bodies of their steeds were

also stained and in full fighting costume. At intervals of six minutes a gun was fired from the fort, and this salute was answered by the Indians slapping their mouths with their open palms, and making other signs and noises expressive of their satisfaction at the honour that was being bestowed upon them.

By noon all the tribes had severally participated in these mimic acts of warfare, and then the real business of the conference began. The chiefs, leaving their warriors drawn up and still under arms on the esplanade, proceeded into the fort, and took their seats in the order of seniority at a long table. At the head of the table sat General San Martin, flanked on one side by the governor of the fort, and on the other by Father Julian—a Franciscan friar who was there as interpreter. It was soon explained to the assembled chiefs that all that General San Martin wished of them was permission to pass unmolested with his army through their territory on his way to Chili "to attack the Spaniards, who were strangers in the land, and whose intentions were to dispossess them of their pastures, their cattle, their wives, and their children." It was also enjoined upon the savages that they were expected to keep the projected route of the liberating army a secret from the Spaniards, otherwise the latter would be able to fall upon it in the mountain passes and annihilate it.

Dead silence now fell upon the assembly, the painted savages wearing the appearance of sages wrapped in the profoundest meditation. By-and-by one after another, quietly and without interruption, gave expression to his views, and in the end it was discovered that the Pehuenches agreed to grant San Martin's request. All now rose and successively embraced the general in token of the friendship that had just been established between them. On the result of the

conference being communicated to the Indians outside, these at once unsaddled and surrendered their horses to the care of members of the garrison. They next deposited their arms—lances, hatchets, and knives—in the barrack-room, so that the carousals they were now about to enter upon might be attended with consequences as little serious as possible.

We shall not stay to depict the frightful excesses the Indians now indulged in. On the fourth day San Martin's presents were distributed amongst them, and of these the hats and embroidered dresses, which they put on the moment they received them, seemed to please them most. For two weeks the drunken orgie was kept up, and then the Pehuenches returned to their tents as they came forth—empty-handed except for their arms. All San Martin's presents had gone back to Mendoza in the hands of dealers, to whom they had been bartered for spirits!

Meanwhile San Martin had long left for the headquarters of his army, and was busily engaged in completing what has been described as one of the most extraordinary feats recorded in military history—to wit, the organisation of the Army of the Andes. With his eyes upon their snow-clad summits he had said:—"What spoils my sleep is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains." And now for two years he had been unceasingly labouring to rival the achievements of Hannibal and Napoleon in crossing the Alps—not for the mere sake of rivalling them, but for the purpose of liberating Chili from the Spanish army then occupying her. As his final instructions from the Buenos Ayrean Government said: "The consolidation of the independence of America from the kings of Spain and their successors, and the glory of the United Provinces of the South, are the only motives of this campaign. This you will make public in your proclamations, by your agents in the cities, and by all public means. The army must be impressed with this principle, and shall have no thought of pillage, oppression, or of conquest, or that there is any idea of holding the country of those we help."

In addition to the difficulty of passing "those immense mountains" that shut him out from Chili, there was the danger of meeting a prepared and expectant foe, entrenched on chosen ground, with all the means at its command of hurling destruction upon his army while on the march. It was to overcome this danger that San Martin had with so much circumstance, as

already described, cultivated the friendship of the Pehuenche Indians. There were six known practicable passes for him to lead his army into Chili by, and of these the Pehuenches commanded the entrance to the most southerly and the easiest, viz. El Portillo and El Planchon. By these, as we have seen, he had asked for and received permission from the Indians to go; by these, too, he gave out to his most intimate adherents he intended to go, telling them, moreover, that he had made arrangements with the Indians to supply cattle and provisions to the army while on the march. Yet was all this simply a *ruse*. As he foresaw, the Pehuenches soon sold his secret to the Spaniards, with the result that President Captain-General Marco, who commanded the Spanish army in Chili, transferred the greater part of his forces from the north to Talca and San Fernando. This splitting up of the royalist army was precisely what San Martin desired, and to keep up the deception he sent bands of light troops by the southern passes, while the main army laboured in safety across the passes of Uspullata and Los Patos.

It was on the 17th of January, 1817, that the famous Army of the Andes broke up its cantonments and marched from Mendoza. Previous to its departure an impressive ceremony took place. General San Martin ascended a platform that had been erected in the great square of Mendoza, and, waving the flag which had been embroidered by the ladies of the town, said:

"Soldiers! This is the first independent flag which has been blessed in America.

"Soldiers! Swear to sustain it, and to die in defence of it, as I swear to do."

"We swear!" was the response that came from thousands of tongues, followed by a triple discharge of musketry. Then a salute was fired from twenty-five guns to the new flag, which was destined to play so important a part in the redemption of South America, and which ultimately served as a funeral pall to the body of the great commander who had now presented it to his army.

That army when it set forth was made up as follows:—2,800 infantry mounted on mules, with a spare mule to every five men, and 150 baggage mules; 200 chiefs and officers of infantry, with three saddle mules and one baggage mule to every two officers, and two baggage mules to every chief; 900 cavalry and artillerymen, with three saddle mules for every two men

and five baggage mules for every 50 men ; 60 chiefs and officers of cavalry and artillery, with 90 saddle mules and 40 baggage mules ; staff, with 71 saddle and 46 baggage mules ; hospital and hospital attendants, with 47 saddle and 75 baggage mules ; company of artificers, with tools,

500,000 musket ball cartridges, 180 loads of spare arms, with 87 saddle and 683 baggage mules ; spare horses for cavalry and artillery, 1,600. Besides the foregoing, which comprised the main army, flanking parties were sent up by the mountain passes to the north and south of



"IT BECAME NECESSARY TO MAKE A STAND" (p. 539).

4 saddle and 30 baggage mules ; 120 workmen, with implements to render mountain tracks passable, 180 saddle and 10 baggage mules ; 1,200 militia, in charge of spare mules and the transport of artillery, 1,800 saddle mules ; provisions for 15 days for 5,200 men, 510 baggage mules ; 113 loads of wine (rations being a bottle per day each man), 113 baggage mules ; train conducting a cable bridge, grapples, etc., 65 baggage mules ; field-train of artillery, 110 rounds per gun,

Los Patos and Uspullata, to pursue a guerilla warfare and mislead the enemy on the subject of San Martin's route.

The provisions of the Army of the Andes were comprised mainly of jerked beef highly seasoned with capsicum, toasted Indian corn, biscuit, cheese, large quantities of onions and garlic. The latter was a necessity against the *puna* or *soroche*—a peculiar disease that affects men and animals at these high altitudes. It was

administered to the horses and mules by being rubbed on their nostrils. Another part of the fifteen days' provisions was taken in the shape of 700 oxen, which marched with the army, and were slaughtered as required. At distances apart of twelve leagues stocks of provisions were left in depôts in charge of small guards of militia. These were, in case of defeat, to save the remnant that might succeed in making good their escape, from starvation during their retreat. Every precaution notwithstanding, nearly the whole army became affected with *puna*, and many died. The intense cold, too, of the higher altitudes, near the line of everlasting snow, killed many more. Even the mules, than which no hardier beast of burden is known, dropped hourly under their loads, so that their carcasses were continuously in sight along the whole line of march. Out of the 1,600 horses, too, whose sole business it was simply to transport themselves, and of whom the greatest care was taken, that their usefulness in time of action might in no wise be impaired, not more than 500 survived to tread Chilian territory.

The army, as we have already remarked, left Mendoza on the 17th January, 1817. On the 24th its leading files entered the mountain passes. It was arranged in three divisions, each of which was entirely independent of the others. Two of these divisions went by Los Patos, the first under General Soler, and the second, a day's march in the rear, under General O'Higgins; while the artillery, under General Las Heras, took the pass next to Los Patos on the south—the Uspullata pass, which was easier and more suited for the transit of heavy guns and ammunition. General San Martin himself went by the pass of Los Patos. The whole army was under orders to debouch on Chilian territory from the 6th to the 8th of February.

An interesting insight is here obtainable into San Martin's strategy. We have seen how cleverly, through the instrumentality of the Peluenches, he had induced the Spanish general to divide his forces. The consequence was, on issuing into Chilian territory, he had less than half the Spanish army to oppose his advance. "March separately, strike combined," was the famous dictum of a later strategist, the renowned Moltke. So far as the nature of the territory would permit, San Martin had marched separately. His separate marching divisions, however, like separate parts of a machine packed up for transit, had to be put together before a general engagement could be entered upon.

To understand in an elementary way how he accomplished this it will suffice for the reader to imagine a lofty mountain with an army on one side of it. The different divisions of another army are winding round the base of this mountain in opposite directions, and with the intention of meeting where the enemy is stationed. What happens? The enemy cannot remain stationed there, else it will be between two fires. It must retire from the mountain base. It does so. The different divisions of the other army meet, unite their forces, draw up in order of battle, charge, and win the victory.

Such in bald outline is the strategy that won the battle of Chacabuco. The lofty mountain was the great peak of Aconcagua. Round its northern side ran the Los Patos road, the pass by which the divisions of Generals Soler and O'Higgins had come; on its southern side ran the Uspullata road, the pass by which the artillery under General Las Heras had come. These forces converged upon Chacabuco, and on February the 12th, less than a month from the time of its leaving Mendoza, the Army of the Andes had totally routed the only obstacle that lay between it and Santiago, the capital of Chili, which it entered in triumph on the 18th. Had Chacabuco been more vigorously followed up, the Spaniards might have been entirely expelled from Chili. As it was, they were able to collect their scattered forces and retired upon Talcahuano, whence by no effort on the part of the Patriots could they be driven out.

With this firm footing still in the south of Chili, the Spaniards prepared to make a supreme effort to regain their former mastery. An expedition was accordingly fitted out by Pezuela, Viceroy of Peru, which was still under Spanish dominion, and, under the command of General Osorio, Pezuela's son-in-law, sailed from Callao, December 9th, 1817. This expedition comprised three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery, and with the garrison at Talcahuano, where it disembarked, made a total strength of 6,000 men. With this force Osorio began to advance northward towards Santiago. Generals O'Higgins and Las Heras, who had laid unsuccessful siege to Talcahuano, and were still in that quarter, now fell back towards Talca, while San Martin, whose army had been encamped near Valparaiso, moved southwards to form a junction with them. This he accomplished on the 15th of March, 1818, at San Fernando, and found the united forces under his command to amount to 7,000 infantry,

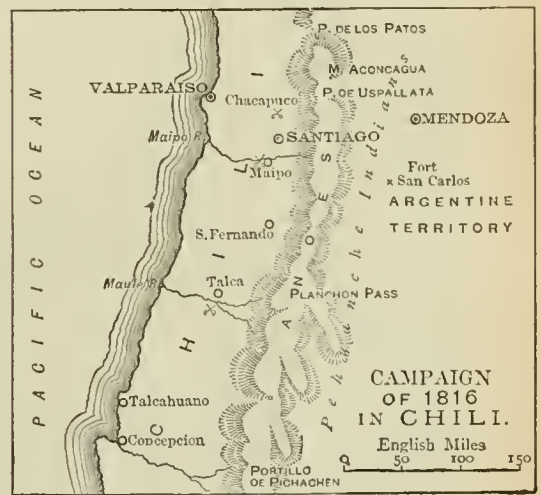
1,500 cavalry, 33 field pieces, and 2 howitzers. He had thus the superiority in point of numbers over Osorio. Osorio's troops, however, were professional soldiers, while the main body of the Patriot army were merely civilians with little more than a year's experience of actual campaigning.

San Martin now advanced southward to meet the foe, while Osorio, ignorant of the numbers and movements of the united army, crossed the river Maule in his northward march upon Santiago. The armies consequently soon met. This was on March 18th, at Quechereguas, where the Royalist vanguard, being worsted in an encounter with the Patriot advance, Osorio beat a precipitate retreat. San Martin now pressed forward upon the retiring Spaniards, and sought by an oblique movement to his own left to interpose between them and the ford of the Maule. Next morning both forces crossed the river Lircay at the same time at points seven miles apart, and continued to march all day in nearly parallel but gradually approaching columns. In the afternoon Osorio's rear was so terribly harassed by the Patriot cavalry, under General Balcarce, that it became necessary to make a stand. This was done an hour before sunset, when Osorio wheeled into line.

His position was now a strong one. His right rested on Talca, his left on the river Claro; while his front was defended by a broken stretch of ground, known as the Cancharayada. Some sharp skirmishing now ensued, but the deepening twilight deferred all thought of a general action. Meanwhile the Royalist generals, scanning the Patriots through the gloom from the church tower of Talca, held a council of war. The pusillanimous Osorio advised a stealthy retreat in the night. General Ordoñez, however, opposed this, pointing out the peril of such a course with the deep and rapid Maule behind them and a superior foe in front. "In instant action," said he, "is our only safety. If you, Osorio, will not lead us, I myself will lead." The other officers agreeing with Ordoñez, Osorio retired to a convent to pray, leaving Ordoñez in command. The latter now drew up in line of battle, placing cavalry on his wings and artillery in the intervals between the different battalions, and marched straight upon the beacon fires of the Patriot vanguard.

Meanwhile San Martin, who had been warned by a spy of what was going on in the Royalist camp, dissatisfied with his position, had ordered some battalions of Chilian artillery from his front

to his extreme right. While this manœuvre was still in performance, the Patriot outposts raised the alarm that the enemy was upon them, and almost immediately the Royalist right, led by Ordoñez himself, charged. Something in the nature of panic now overtook the Patriots. O'Higgins had his horse shot beneath him, and received a bullet in the elbow. In the confusion the Patriots shot many of their own friends. San Martin, at whose side an aide-de-camp was killed, tried to restore order. It was all in vain, and he was obliged to retire, followed by O'Higgins with the remnant of his division. Meanwhile the Patriot right, still entrenched in their secure position, were in utter ignorance of



what had occurred, and awaited orders. These, however, never came, so the officers held a council of war and put themselves under Las Heras. That brave general now found himself in command of 3,500 men, but without cavalry and without ammunition for his guns. Placing his guns in the centre, and forming his infantry into one compact column, he began his retreat soon after midnight.

Meanwhile, fugitives from the Patriot army fled with the speed of the wind to Santiago. Here their fears enlarged the disaster that had befallen. Everything, according to them, was lost. The entire army was dispersed, San Martin was slain, O'Higgins was mortally wounded, and the Spaniards were in full march upon the capital. Consternation now ensued. The people, in dismay and terror, began to move their valuables to convents and nunneries, and such places as they thought likely to be respected in the pillage and devastation soon to be wrought by the Spanish army. Many fled; those that could

not were frantic with terror. The Government officials, likewise—who are eager to fill lucrative offices in times of peace, and whose duty it was to restore confidence—shared, and thereby added to, the general disorder, thinking only of the public treasure, not as a treasure for the public good, but as a treasure from which

Martin arrived, to make a stand against the Spanish advance on the plain of Maipo, about seven miles south of the city. The work of re-assembling the fugitives and reorganising the army was instantly proceeded with, and on March 28th Las Heras came up with the division he had conducted in so masterly a manner from



THE USPULLATA PASS.

they must not be separated, and began to move it away with their own worthless bodies, until they were obliged to return by the timely arrival of San Martin and O'Higgins, whose exertions and vigorous measures soon brought the panic-stricken inhabitants back to their sober senses.

Everyone now felt that the supreme moment was arriving, and that, if the cause of South American independence was to be saved, it must be saved now. It was immediately decided, at a council of war held the same day on which San

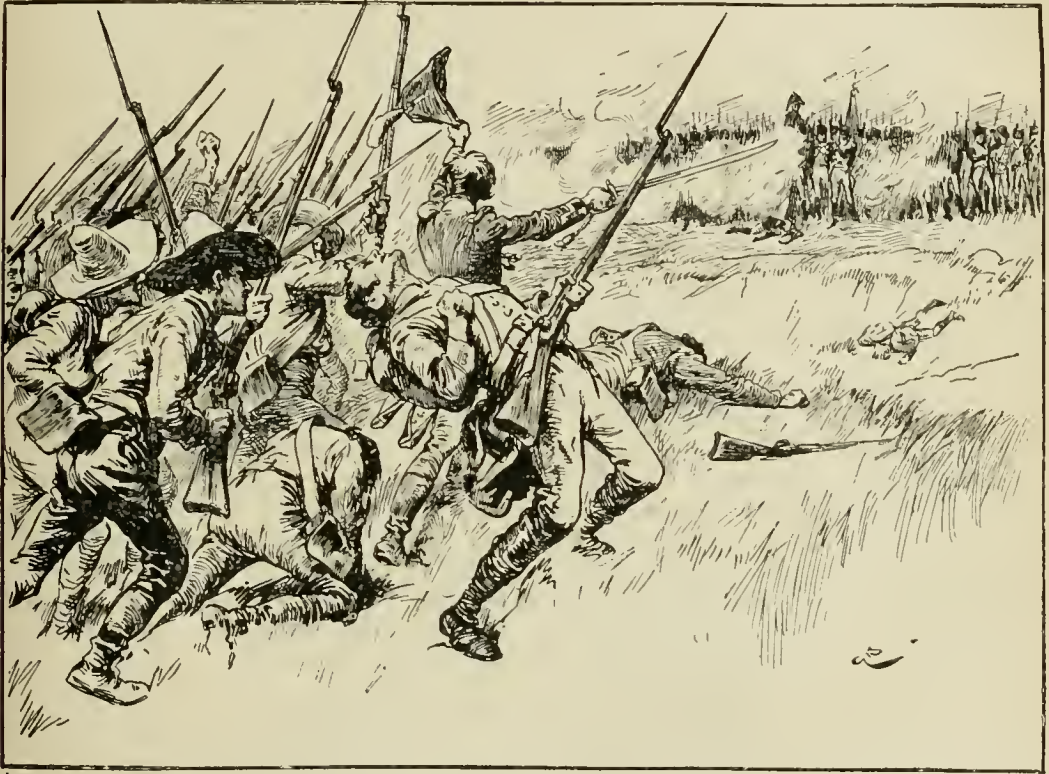
the almost fatal field of Cancharayada. In two days more the recently dispersed army was reorganised and ready for action. It comprised five battalions of Chilian and four of Argentine infantry, making a total of 4,000 men; two regiments of Argentine and one of Chilian cavalry numbering 1,000; and 22 guns. The entire strength did not exceed 6,000 men. The Spanish forces numbered about the same. On April 2nd they encamped on the left bank of the river Maipo. On the 3rd, having left the main

road to Santiago and crossed the river lower down, they encamped at Calera. Thence, on the 4th, they advanced to the estate of Espejo, at the farmhouse of which Osorio established his headquarters. Close at hand lay the Patriot army, and to both sides it was clear that a fight was imminent.

The scene of the battle that we are about to witness is a plain named after the River Maipo, which rises in the Andes, and, after an impetuous

hillock which acted for the Royalist left as a kind of advanced work.

General San Martin had his army arranged in three divisions, facing south-west—the first division under General Las Heras on the right, the second under General Alvarado on the left, and the third as a reserve, in a second line, under Quintana. The brave O'Higgins, still suffering from his wound, had to content himself with remaining in command of the garrison of Santiago.



“THE DIVISION UNDER ALVARADO WAS CROSSING THE LOW GROUND” (p. 542).

course of 130 miles, enters the Pacific forty-five miles south of Valparaiso. Towards this plain there extends from Santiago a stretch of high land, on whose crest was encamped the Patriot army. In front of the western extremity of this crest, a stretch of low ground lying between, the high land appears again in the shape of a triangular patch. On this triangular patch lay the Royalists, while behind, and a little beyond its south-western angle, was the farmhouse of Espejo, connected with the higher ground by a sloping road shut in by vineyards and mud walls. The low ground between the two opposing camps varied from 300 to 1,250 yards in width, and was hemmed in on the west by a

San Martin kept the cavalry and reserve under his own orders, besides directing the general operations. After issuing minute instructions as to the conduct of the troops in action—specially enforcing that on no account were they to await a charge from the enemy, but at fifty paces distant should rush forward to the attack with sword or bayonet—he rode to the front, attended by a small escort, to examine the position and movements of the enemy.

“What dolts these Spaniards are!” he exclaimed, after a careful scrutiny which disclosed to his keen eye a weakness in their position. “Osorio is a greater fool than I thought him. I take the sun as witness that the day is ours.”

And, while he was yet speaking, the sun shone forth from a clear sky over the snow-capped ridges of the Andes.

Another incident that occurred later, while the Patriot columns were advancing from their camping ground, was the degradation and dismissal of a leading officer before the whole army. Marshal Brayer, who had been the nimblest to get back to Santiago after the disaster of Cancharayada and the foremost to magnify it, rode up to San Martin and made the preposterous request that he be permitted to go to the baths of Colina.

"You have the same permission," replied the general quietly, "that you took at Cancharayada. But as half an hour will decide the fate of Chili, the enemy being in sight, and as the baths are thirteen leagues off, you may stay if you can."

Brayer, complaining of an old wound in his leg that he said was causing him pain, answered that he couldn't stay. This fairly nettled San Martin, who, turning upon him sharply, said—

"Señor general, the humblest drummer in the united army has more honour than you!"

Then following up this severe reproof, he instantly issued orders that every soldier in the army be informed that Marshal Brayer, the general of twenty years of warfare, was that moment dismissed for unworthy conduct.

On reaching the edge of the high land on which they had been encamped, the Patriots were drawn up in order of battle, with four heavy guns in the centre, light pieces and cavalry on the wings, and the reserve two hundred yards behind.

The Royalists commenced the game. Primo de Rivera was sent by Osorio with eight companies of infantry and four guns to occupy the hillock that formed the western boundary of the low ground between the armies. From here he could effectively attack the Patriots in their right flank if they crossed the low ground. His connection with the main army was maintained by a body of cavalry, under Morgado. The main army still occupied the triangular table land; two infantry divisions, with four guns each, and cavalry on the extreme right.

The next move was made by San Martin, who ordered the two divisions under Las Heras and Alvarado to attack the enemy. Las Heras, it will be remembered, occupied the Patriot right, and so had Primo de Rivera to oppose. To this end he resolutely advanced to an intervening

hill under the fire of Rivera's four guns. While these were playing upon Las Heras the cavalry on the Patriot right, charging Morgado, drove him and his horsemen from the field. Rivera was thus isolated from the main body; and all that Las Heras had to do was to keep him so, and to check his advance.

Meanwhile, the division under Alvarado was crossing the low ground, its right flank being no longer in danger from Rivera, whose hands were now full, in consequence of the movement of Las Heras, and the dispersion of his supporting cavalry. It arrived at the foot of the elevated ground occupied by the Royalists, climbed the slope, and even reached the high land without opposition. Then a sudden and a vigorous charge burst upon them, and they were hurled down the hill with severe loss. The Spaniards followed up this advantage, pursuing the beaten Patriots across the low ground, until they found themselves being blown to pieces by the four heavy guns in the Patriot centre, and which were still stationed on the crest of the high land, and so were forced to retire.

The critical moment in the battle had now arrived, and San Martin was not slow to perceive it. He ordered Quintana to advance with his reserve to the support of the left wing, which had just been broken back, and to do so by an oblique movement from right to left across the low ground, so as to take the Spanish infantry in the flank. On the way Quintana was reinforced by three battalions of Alvarado's retiring division, and so was enabled to fall upon the Spanish infantry with all the greater force. His attack, all the same, was stubbornly resisted. But the Spaniards were being out-generated on every hand. The Patriot cavalry, on the left, had already charged and put to flight the Royalist cavalry, on the right; and now returning, fell upon the other flank of the infantry. Meanwhile, Alvarado had rallied the rest of his broken division, and now he, too, bore down upon the Spaniards, eight guns accompanying him.

Osorio, seeing the main portion of his army being worsted, recalled Primo de Rivera from the hillock to the rescue; and then, like the coward that he was, fled. Ordoñez now assumed the command; but the battle being practically lost and won, he withdrew his men from the field, retiring upon the farmhouse of Espejo. Rivera having abandoned the hillock, Las Heras was released with his division to lend momentum to the already irresistible advance of the Patriots,

which indeed had now become a pursuit. At this point the disabled O'Higgins arrived on the field, and hailed San Martin as the saviour of Chili.

There was some hard and bloody fighting to do yet though Ordoñez had safely gained Espejo and made hasty preparations for its defence. Las Heras was the first general officer to arrive before it, and gave orders for the occupation of the high grounds commanding it round about. General Balcarce, however, who was in general command of the infantry, arriving, ordered an immediate attack. Colonel Thompson led the assault with a battalion of light infantry, but was received by a terrific fire of grape and musketry, and driven back with all his officers wounded and 250 men killed. This cooled Balcarce's impetuosity, and the advice of Las Heras was taken. Fire was opened from seventeen guns occupying the high ground, and the enemy driven from its outer defences into the houses and vineyards. Then the foot soldiers advanced, broke through the mud walls, and took the houses by assault. The carnage was sickening, and would possibly

have continued until there was not a Spaniard to kill had not Las Heras, who, like all brave men, was also humane, at great risk to himself, put forth all the efforts at his command, threatening even to shoot his own soldiers unless they desisted, to check the ferocity of the victors. The brave Ordoñez thought it no dishonour to surrender his sword to the equally brave Las Heras.

Such, then, was the battle of Maipo, equalled in importance in the whole war of South American independence only by the battles of Boyacá and Ayacucho. The Spanish loss amounted to 1,000 killed; 1 general, 4 colonels, 7 lieutenant-colonels, 150 officers, and 2,200 men taken prisoners; besides twelve guns, four flags, large quantities of small arms, ammunition, and baggage captured. The Patriot loss exceeded 1,000 killed and wounded. General Osorio succeeded in escaping by the coast, and arrived at Talcahuano with only fourteen followers. These, joined by 600 other fugitives, left Chili as soon as possible by sea for Lima. The Army of the Andes had done its work. It had liberated Chili from Spanish dominion.



SANTIAGO.

Eylau. Feb: 7 and 8. Friedland. June 14. 1807.

By H. Sutherland Edwards.

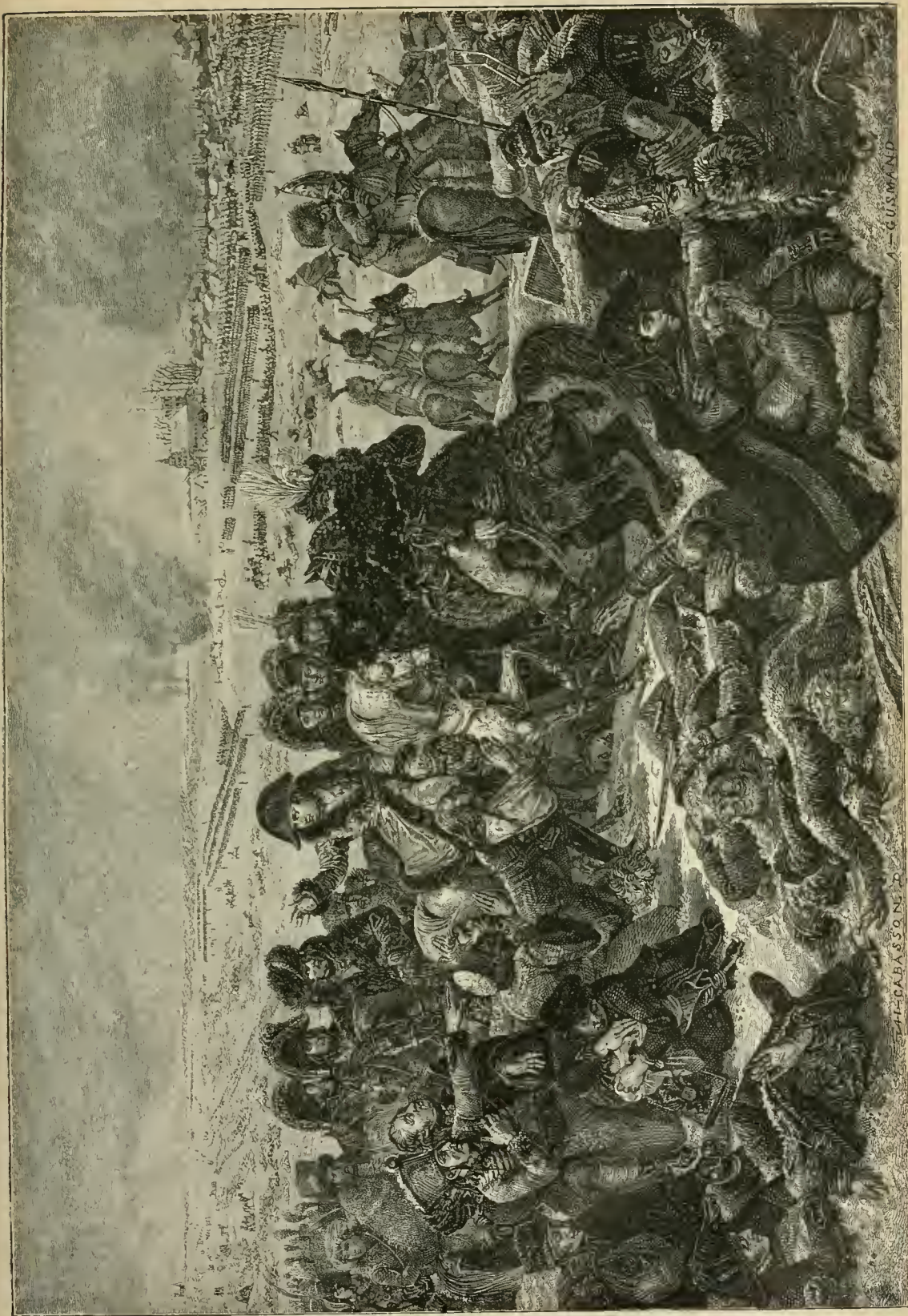
THE battles of Eylau and Friedland were closely connected with one another and with the Treaty of Tilsit (July 7th, 1807), to which they led. At the beginning of 1807 it seemed that the destinies of Europe were about to be decided on the shores of the Baltic, where a mighty struggle was pending between the resources and genius of the North in conflict with those of the South; between Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia on the one part, and on the other Napoleon—or “Bonaparte” as he was then called—Emperor of France and King of Italy. The latter derived support from the nations he had subdued: Italy, Spain, Holland, and a great portion of Germany. The former were dependent, in a measure, on the goodwill and co-operation of Great Britain and Sweden. The battle of Eylau, however—the first in which Napoleon received a check, though not a defeat—was fought by the armies of Russia and Prussia against those of Imperial France.

The Russians in a general sense occupied, as they always must in conflict with the nations of the West, a very advantageous position; for, even if unsuccessful, they could be sure, in their retreat, of drawing the enemy into an inhospitable and barren country, while they on their side would be able to obtain both reinforcements and supplies. The battle of Eylau was claimed both by the French and by the Russians as a decisive victory; though it really decided nothing. Napoleon's immediate object in attacking the Russians was to drive them back, and advancing upon Königsberg occupy the ancient capital of Prussia and seize the king; which he failed to do. But the more important aim of the Russians and Prussians was to drive the French from the country they had invaded; and towards this result they made no effective step. The French at the end of the second day's fighting occupied the field of battle, tended the enemy's wounded, buried the dead, and remained in their positions

for upwards of a week; after which they returned, unmolested, to winter quarters.

In numbers the French were superior to the enemy, in the proportion of 75,000 to 70,000; but they had the climate against them, and Napoleon found but little opportunity of employing his infantry. This can scarcely be taken into account in reckoning up the opposing forces. But as a matter of fact, the battle was won by the French cavalry and artillery; and in both these arms, Napoleon was stronger than the allies. Though Napoleon's infantry took but little part in the action, one particular regiment, the 25th, suffered so severely that it lost nearly the whole of its officers. “To the officers of the 25th regiment,” says the brief monumental inscription recording the fact. One other peculiarity of this remarkable battle may be noted: some of the Tartar regiments in the Russian army were armed with bows and arrows—to the great amusement, it is said, of the French artillery. An English publicist, writing soon afterwards of this sanguinary encounter, found cause for satisfaction in the fact that although our political interests demanded the defeat of the French, the troops of civilisation had shown themselves able to put back the northern hordes. Considering, however, that the French were superior in numbers to the Russians, that they were better armed, and that they were commanded by Napoleon in person (whose presence on the field was estimated by Wellington as equivalent to an additional forty thousand men), the wonder is that the Russians, who formed the bulk of the allied army, were able not only to hold their ground against the French for two successive days, but when they at last retired, to do so without being seriously pursued. For if at the end of two days' fighting the French occupied the field of battle, they took care not to advance beyond it.

After the fatal day of Jena, King Frederic



(From the Picture by Gros.)

NAPOLEON AT EYLAU.

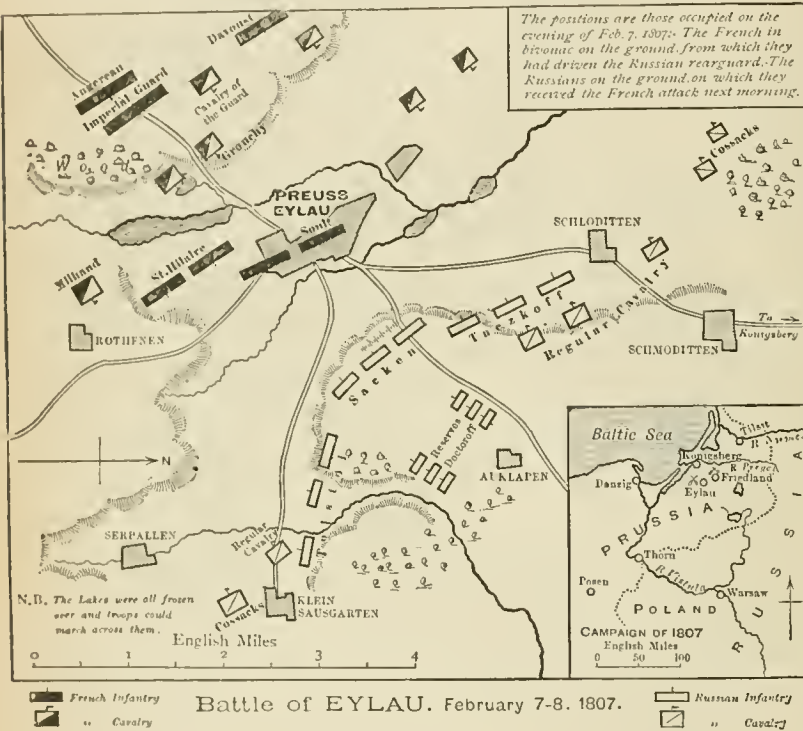
—GUSMANID
—CABASSONID

William of Prussia found himself reduced to one province and 25,000 soldiers. He and his court retired to Königsberg, there anxiously to await the arrival of the Russians; and no sooner had Prussia's powerful allies come within reach than Napoleon prepared to attack them. After several reconnoissances in force and partial encounters, Napoleon by a skilful and formidable flank movement forced Benningsen, the Russian commander-in-chief, to retreat to Eylau, a small town on the Pasma, about twenty-two

distance, it was impossible to communicate with him in time for the next day's battle.

On the following morning, February 8th, the Russians commenced the attack with a brisk cannonade on the village or town of Eylau, held only by one division under St. Hilaire. To the Emperor's military eye a hill commanding the town presented itself as the most important object of attack. Until this was carried the centre of the army would be unable to act offensively against the enemy, for it would be impossible to

execute the necessary operations of extending it in the plains. Marshal Augereau was therefore ordered to advance with his corps and to open a cannonade against this commanding spot. He was suffering from rheumatism and fever; and unable to sit firmly on horseback, had caused himself to be strapped to the saddle. He directed, however, a vigorous artillery-fire upon the key of the position; and the armies being now within short distance of one another, every shot took effect. The slaughter was terrific. At one moment it appeared from the



miles south-east of Königsberg. Marshal Soult, in rapid pursuit, entered the place at the head of his corps almost at the same time as the Russians. A collision took place in and around the Eylau cemetery, where the fighting was kept up with fury on both sides for several hours, until night came on. The Russians then fell back behind the town, but lighting their camp fires, showed that they had no intention of retreating further. They evidently meditated a renewal of the conflict on the following morning.

Napoleon lost no time in ordering Marshals Ney and Davoust to take up their positions—the former on his left, the latter on his right; and Davoust was on the right of the French early the next morning, ready to fall upon the Russian flank. Ney's corps, however, being at some

Russians that, impatient of suffering so much without any decisive result, they wished to outflank the French on the left wing. But at that moment Marshal Davoust's sharpshooters appeared, and fell on their rear. Upon this Augereau's corps filed off in columns to attack and occupy the centre of the Russian army, which might otherwise have overwhelmed Davoust by its superior numbers. At the same time the division commanded by General St. Hilaire filed off to the right in support of Davoust, and in order to facilitate eventually a junction between Davoust and Augereau.

No sooner had these movements been begun than so thick a fall of snow covered the two armies that neither could see beyond the distance of two feet. The point of direction was

lost, and the French columns, inclining too much to the left, wandered about in uncertainty. This darkness lasted half an hour. When the weather cleared up, 20,000 Russian infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery, were on the point of executing a turning movement, with the view of cutting off the division of General St. Hilaire. The French army was in the most critical position. It was without cohesion. Its columns were straggling about in all directions, incapable of supporting one another. Many superior officers, including Augereau, had been wounded. The latter, assisted into Napoleon's presence, complained bitterly of not having been adequately supported.

Napoleon saw the danger, and calling for Murat, said to him: "Are you going to let us be devoured by these people?" He then ordered a grand charge to be executed by the cavalry of the whole army. Eighty squadrons took part in it, and the masses of French horsemen broke through the lines of the Russian army, to sabre the enemy right and left. The Russian cavalry, in endeavouring to oppose this movement, were routed with great slaughter. But it was the Russian infantry, against which the charge had been directly made, that especially suffered. Its two massive lines were utterly broken. The third, falling back, rested for support upon a wood.

The fortune, however, of the battle was not much changed until Davoust, whose progress had been greatly impeded by the weather, was at last enabled to fall on the rear of the enemy and drive them from the hilly ground. The Russians, after repeated attempts to regain the ground they were constantly losing, beat a retreat, leaving behind them masses of killed and wounded and a portion of their artillery.

The battle seemed won. But at this moment took place what Napoleon had been constantly fearing might occur: the arrival on the scene of a Prussian force, from 7,000 to 8,000 strong, under General Lestocq. The Prussian commander was being pursued by Marshal Ney. But he was some two or three hours ahead of his enemy, and the battle would certainly be decided before Ney could come up. The rapid entry into action of new troops has often had a determining effect upon a battle of which the issue was previously doubtful. The part played by the Prussians at Waterloo, by the French at Inkerman, are cases in point. But eight years before Waterloo the sudden appearance of Prussian reinforcements at Eylau had no effect, except

perhaps to modify the character of the French victory and of the Russian defeat. But for the assistance rendered by the Prussians, the French might have routed the Russians and executed the meditated advance upon Königsberg. As it was, General Lestocq held the French to some extent in check; and the balance had in some measure been restored between the contending forces, when Benningsen, just as he was proposing a final attack, received news of the approach of Ney, who was about to fall on his left flank as Davoust had previously turned his position on the right. A final retreat was now ordered, and Benningsen was at least able to boast that his line of retreat was the one chosen by himself. He marched, that is to say, in the direction of Königsberg without being seriously pursued by Napoleon, who throughout the battle had kept Königsberg constantly in view, and more than once had sought to encourage his troops by pointing to the just visible steeples of the ancient Prussian capital.

It had been the design of Bonaparte to take Königsberg, but he was forced to fall back on the Vistula. It had been the design of the Russians to drive back the French beyond the Vistula, to retake Ebling and Thorn, and to force them to raise the sieges of Colberg, Gaudenz, and, above all, Danzig. But by a series of successive actions they were themselves driven back by the French as far as Eylau, and, on the day after the great battle, beyond the Pregel.

Sixty-three years later, a similar question arose as to which side had gained the victory in a battle fought at Bapaume, in the north of France, between the French under General Faidherbe and the Germans under General von Goeben. The French drove back the Germans, and occupied at night the positions held by the Germans in the morning. This looked like victory. But the object, said General von Goeben, of the French attack was to break through the German lines and march towards Paris for the relief of the siege; and this the French did not do.

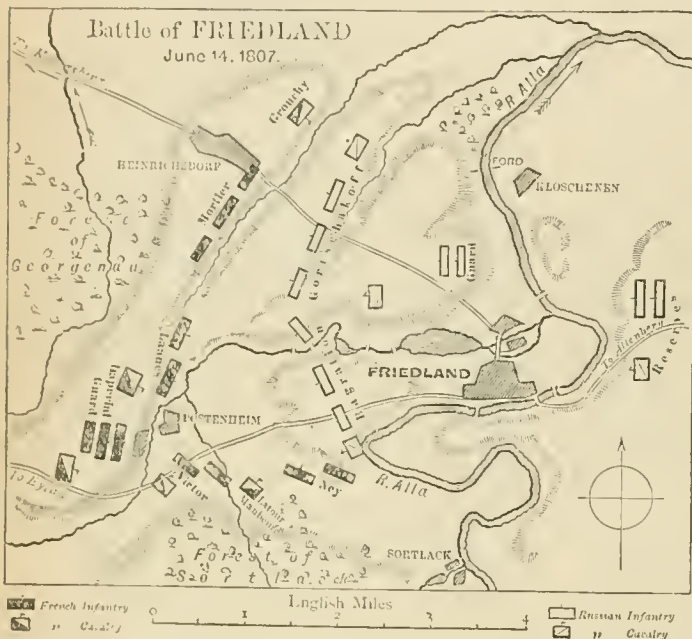
The doubtful victory of Eylau not being sufficient for the Emperor's glory, there was now no possibility of Napoleon's returning to Paris until after the accomplishment of an unmistakable conquest. Danzig, it is true, had fallen. But the Russian army was still in a threatening position, and had to be disposed of.

Napoleon's army, meanwhile, had been increased, through the fall of Danzig, by more than 30,000 men; and, though there was neither truce nor armistice, he did not take any immediate

measures for opening the campaign and surprising the enemy, according to his usual system, by the promptitude and rapidity of his movements. He, on the contrary, manifested every symptom of a sincere and even somewhat earnest desire that hostilities might be, for the present, terminated by negotiation. Till this could be arranged, Napoleon seemed determined to remain on the defensive. The ambassadors attending his court at Finkenstein were witnesses of the proud eminence on

—was appointed governor, and Le Febvre created Duke of Danzig. Each soldier who had been engaged in the siege received a gratuity of ten francs.

In the meantime the light corps of the army advanced in various directions in order to pass the Russians, and get between them and their magazines, by cutting off their retreat to Königsberg; and soon afterwards the headquarters of the French army arrived at Eylau. Here the fields were no longer covered with ice and snow, but, on the contrary, presented one of the most beautiful scenes in Nature. The country was everywhere adorned with beautiful woods, intersected by lakes, and enlivened by handsome villages. On the 13th, while the Grand Duke of Berg and the Marshals Sout and Davoust had orders to manœuvre in the direction of Königsberg, Napoleon, with the corps of Ney, Lannes, Mortier, the Imperial Guard, and the 1st Corps, commanded by General Victor, advanced on Friedland. On the same day the 9th regiment of Hussars entered that town, but was driven out of it again by 3,000 Russian cavalry. On the 14th the Russians advanced on the bridge of Friedland, with the intention of pursuing their



which he now stood, and abundant care was taken that they should fully understand the importance of his recent conquest—the great bulwark of the Vistula. When the ambassador of the Porte was presented, on the 28th May, by the Prince of Benevento, Napoleon declared that he and the Sultan Selim would be forever after as inseparably connected as the right hand and the left. The offices and administration of the Government were now transferred from Warsaw to Danzig, which seemed at this time to be intended for the capital of the French dominions in those parts. The recently captured city was visited on the 30th May by Napoleon, at the head of the greater part of his staff, together with his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and all his Court. The Emperor reviewed his troops, and gave orders for the reparation of the works demolished in the course of the siege. General Rapp—a great favourite

march to Königsberg, and at three in the morning a cannonade was heard. "It is a lucky day," said Napoleon; "it is the anniversary of the battle of Marengo." Different movements and actions now took place, by which the Russians were stopped on their march. A mighty struggle was unavoidable, and both armies prepared for a decisive battle. By five in the evening, the several corps of the French were at their appointed stations. Marshal Ney was on the right wing, Marshal Lannes in the centre, and Marshal Mortier on the left. The corps of General Victor and the Guards formed the reserve. The cavalry, under the command of General Grouchy, supported the left wing; the division of dragoons of General La Tour Maubourg was stationed as a reserve behind the right; and General La Housay's division of dragoons, with the Saxon Cuirassiers, formed a reserve for the centre. The whole of the Russian army was

also drawn up in the best order that the place and circumstances seemed to admit. The left wing extended to the town of Friedland, and the right wing a league and a half in the other direction. The position taken up by General Benningsen was apparently one continued plain, which, however, was intersected by a deep ravine full of water, and almost impassable. This ravine ran in a line between Domnow and Friedland, where it formed a lake to the left of that place, and separated the right wing of the

the town of Friedland, and nearly opposite to the centre of the army, was the small village of Heinrichsdorf. The field of battle lay between the left of this village and the river, to the south of Friedland.

Bonaparte, having reconnoitred the position of the enemy, determined to take the town of Friedland. Suddenly changing his front and advancing his right, he commenced the attack with the advanced part of that wing. The firing of twenty cannon from a battery was the



“SEVERAL RUSSIAN COLUMNS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE RIVER” (p. 550).

Russians from their centre. A thick wood at the distance of about a mile and a half from Friedland, on more elevated ground, fringed the plain nearly in the form of a semicircle, except at its extremity on the left, where there was an open space between the wood and a narrow river. In front of the wood about a mile from

signal of battle. At the same moment the division under General Marchand, supported on the left by another division, advanced upon the enemy, the line of direction being towards the steeple of the town. When the Russians perceived that Marshal Ney had left the wood in which his left wing had been posted, they

endeavoured to surround him with some regiments of regular cavalry and a multitude of Cossacks. But General La Tour Maubourg's division of dragoons rode up at full gallop to the right wing, and repelled the attack. In the meantime General Victor—who commanded, as has been mentioned, a corps of the Grand Army—erected a battery of thirty cannon in the front of his centre; and his works, pushed forward more than four hundred paces, greatly annoyed the Russians, whose various manœuvres for producing a diversion were all in vain. Marshal Ney was at the head of his troops, directing the most minute movements with his characteristic intrepidity and coolness. Several Russian columns that had attacked his right wing were received on the point of the bayonet and driven into the river. Thousands were thus lost, though some escaped by swimming.

In the meantime Marshal Ney's left wing reached the ravine which surrounded the town of Friedland. But the Imperial Guard of Russia, horse and foot, had been placed there in ambush; and it now rushed suddenly on Marshal Ney's left wing, which for a moment wavered. Dupont's division, however, which formed the right of the reserve, fell on the Russian Imperial Guard and defeated it with great slaughter. Several other bodies were sent from the centre of the Russian army for the defence of the all-important position of Friedland. But the impetuosity, the numbers, and the prompt and skilful co-operation of the assailants with an immense artillery prevailed. Friedland was taken, and its streets bestrewed with dead bodies. The attempts of the Russians on the left wing of the French being defeated, they made repeated attacks on their centre. But all the efforts of their infantry and cavalry to obstruct the progress of the French columns were exerted in vain. Marshal Mortier, who during the whole day had exhibited the greatest coolness and intrepidity in supporting the left wing, now advanced, and was in his turn supported by the fusiliers of the Guard, under the command of General Savary. The French columns pressed forward on the Russians, chiefly along the sides of the ravine; which was thus as advantageous to the French as disadvantageous to the Russians. Victory, which had never, in the judgment of the French generals who drew up the bulletin, been for a moment doubtful, now declared decidedly in their favour.

The field of battle presented one of the most horrible spectacles of wounded, dying, and

dead men and horses that was ever beheld. The number of the dead on the side of the Russians was estimated by the French at from 15,000 to 18,000, and that of the dead on their own side at less than 500. But they admitted that the number of their wounded amounted to 3,000. Eighty cannon and a great number of covered waggons and standards fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Russians were pursued in their retreat towards Königsberg till eleven o'clock. During the remainder of the night the cut-off columns endeavoured to pass, and part of them did pass, the river at several fordable places. But next day covered waggons, cannon, and harness were everywhere seen in the stream. "The battle of Friedland," says the French bulletin, "is worthy of being numbered with those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. The enemy were numerous, had fine cavalry, and fought bravely."

Next day, June the 15th, the Russians endeavoured to re-assemble on the right bank of the river, while the French army manœuvred on the left bank to cut them off from Königsberg. The heads of the hostile columns arrived at Wehlaw, a town situated at the confluence of the Alla and the Pregel, nearly at the same time. The Russians at daybreak on the 16th passed the Pregel, and continued their retreat to the Niemen. The French bulletin says that "having destroyed all the bridges, they took advantage of that obstacle to proceed on their retreat." If, however, there were several bridges on the Pregel, they must (as was pointed out in reply) have left one at least standing till they had crossed the river themselves, though the French gazetteers would insinuate that they escaped only by means of the demolition of all the bridges.

The consistent and true account of the matter seems to be that which is given by an eyewitness of the campaign, who says that "at Wehlaw the Russian army passed the Pregel, without any loss or even annoyance, on a single bridge. A detachment of 4,000 French troops watched their movements, but did not oppose their retreat. The bridge was then burnt, and the Russians continued their retrograde movement to Pepelken, where they were rejoined by the Prussian corps under General Kaminskoy, who had been detached to Königsberg on the 10th, for after the defeat of the main Russian army Königsberg was untenable."

At eight in the morning Napoleon threw a bridge over the Pregel, and took up a position

there with his army. Almost all the magazines which the enemy had on the Alla had been thrown into the river or burnt. At Wehlaw, however, the French found an immense quantity of corn. Possession was taken of Königsberg by the corps under Marshal Soult. At this place were found some hundred thousand quintals of corn, more than 20,000 wounded Russians and Prussians, and all the arms and ammunition that had been sent to the Russians by England, including 100,000 muskets that had not been landed. The French bulletin continued as follows: "It was on the 5th of June that the enemy renewed hostilities. Their loss in the ten days that followed their first operations may be reckoned at 60,000 men, killed, wounded, taken, or otherwise put *hors de combat*. They have lost a part of their artillery, almost all their ammunition, and the whole of their magazines on a line of more than forty leagues. The French armies have seldom obtained such great advantages with so little loss."

Over the conduct of this short campaign on the part of the Russians, as well as its commencement after the reduction of Danzig, there still hangs a mysterious cloud. After this important event, and the addition that was made to the French army by the liberation of between 30,000 and 40,000 fighting-men, it was universally supposed that General Benningsen would "play the part of Fabius." As the possession of Danzig and the peninsula of Nehrung gave great facilities to the French for turning the right flank of the Russian army on the north, it was supposed that instead of making an attack, he would fall back behind the Pregel, and support his right on Königsberg, where he would be nearer his resources, and the French further from theirs. Thus, also, time would have been afforded for the execution of those military plans which were projected in Swedish and Prussian Pomerania. The conduct of the Russian general, which had been so much extolled when his operations were supposed to have been successful, was now, as commonly happens to the unfortunate, severely condemned. The grounds of censure appear, indeed, to have been at least very plausible. But the world did not then know, nor do we now know, the whole of the case. That the Russians should have lost in the course of ten days 60,000 men, while the French had only about 1,200 killed and 5,000 or 6,000 wounded, appears so monstrous an exaggeration that even the policy of it may reasonably be questioned. Yet

the losses and disasters of the Russians were admitted by themselves to have been immense. General Benningsen did not attempt to conceal the real situation of affairs after the battle of Friedland, as he had done after that of Eylau; and he did not hesitate to give it as his opinion that any further contest with the French on the field of battle would be hopeless.

It was computed by the most dispassionate and competent judges that the French commenced this short campaign of ten days with 160,000 men, including all kinds of troops stationed between the Oder and the Alla; and that the allies had about 100,000 effective men, infantry and cavalry, besides Cossacks, Bashkirs, and other irregular troops. It was acknowledged by French officers that from the 5th to the 14th June the Grand Army had lost in killed and wounded at least 20,000 men.

On the 19th, at 2 o'clock p.m., Bonaparte with his Guards entered Tilsit.

Although the Russians were completely beaten at Friedland, they had presented such an obstinate resistance both at Friedland and at Eylau that Napoleon now thought it worth his while to make peace with them in the first place at the expense of Prussia, Russia's powerless ally, and secondly at the expense of all Europe, with a special view to the injury of England. Overtures of peace were accordingly made, and the result was a meeting of the two Emperors at Tilsit. Prussia was now entirely sacrificed, the King losing all his possessions, with the exception only of Memel. Without abandoning the Duchy of Warsaw, formed out of the Polish provinces taken from Prussia, to which was afterwards added the whole of western Galicia (the best part, that is to say, of Austrian Poland), Napoleon arranged, beyond doubt, with Alexander a partition of the continent of Europe. The treaty was, of course, not made public. But in reference to its provisions Napoleon in his speech to the Senate, in August, 1807, said: "France is united to the people of Germany by the laws of the Confederation of the Rhine, to those of Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, by the laws of our federative system. Our new relations with Russia are cemented by the reciprocal esteem of these two grand nations."

Many were the stories told of the peaceful, conversational collisions between Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit, sometimes during the conferences, often when the conferences were not taking place, and the two monarchs were talking privately together. Alexander declared himself

a disbeliever in the hereditary principle, to which he owed everything. Napoleon, on the other hand, who had in no way profited by this principle, was its warm partisan.

Once when the French and Russian Emperors were walking out together, they met a French sentinel of the Imperial Guard, whose face was terribly disfigured.

"What do you think of soldiers," asked Napoleon, "who can survive such wounds?"

"And what do you," replied Alexander, "of soldiers who can inflict them?"

"*Ils sont tous morts!*" interrupted the sentinel.

"Your side is always victorious," said Alexander, with a smile.

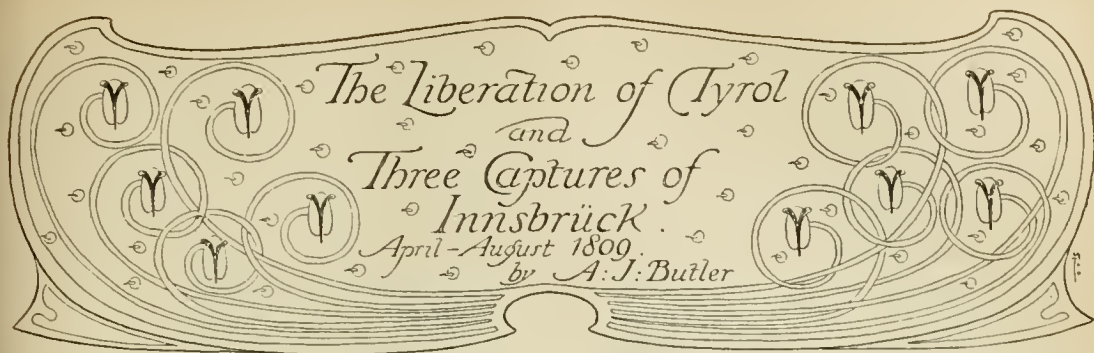
"Thanks to the timely support of my Guard," answered Napoleon.

This sort of military *marivaudage* is reproduced by M. Thiers in his "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," though the light, vaudevillistic style of repartee was not at all in harmony with the character of Napoleon's mind.

Numbers of persons professed to know, almost immediately after the event, what had taken place at Tilsit; and one political agent sold what he declared to be the secret articles of the Treaty to the English Government, which, according to M. Thiers, wasted its money in buying them. What, however, could two such powerful sovereigns do—already masters of nearly the whole continent of Europe—but develop a project for uniting their forces and perpetuating their dominion!



COSSACKS.



FIVE hundred and thirty years ago the land of lofty mountains and deep valleys called Tyrol was made over by its last Countess to the Duke of Austria; and from that day to this the people have owned no sovereign but the head of the House of Hapsburg. Above all, they have resisted every effort to incorporate them with Bavaria. Of the same blood and speech, customs and religion, it might have been expected that the two countries would have long ago united; but the old rivalry between the Austrian and Bavarian houses seems to have extended itself to the peoples, between whom there has always been more or less feud. In 1703 the Elector Max Emanuel, in alliance with France against the House of Austria, attempted to pass through Tyrol to join Marshal Vendôme coming up from Italy. "But," says the historian of Bavaria, "in Tyrol there dwells a breed of men loyal to their old customs and to their prince. Moreover, this people is rough and valiant, and proud of its mountains, which, with poverty, guarantee freedom and security against the might of foreign foes."

And so Max Emanuel found. He reached Innsbruck, pushed on to the Brenner, and sent a small detachment round by the Inn valley to look for the expected Frenchmen. They got as far as the bridge of Pontlatz, above Landeck. At this point the valley contracts to a gorge, and at the narrowest point the Inn, here a turbulent torrent forty or fifty yards wide, has to be crossed. The Bavarians found the bridge broken down. On the further side a breastwork had been erected. Not a single foe could be seen. Presently shot after shot cracked from the mountain side; tree-stems and rocks rolled down crushing men and horses, and cutting off all retreat, and in a few minutes such of the unlucky Bavarians as were not shot down or drowned were prisoners in the hands of the

Tyrolese. A few days later the whole country was up. The alarm bells rang from every church tower; every road towards Italy was barricaded; every mountain side was alive with sharpshooters, and nothing remained for the Elector but to cut his way through the swarming foes back to his own territories, with a heavy loss of officers (including his chamberlain, Count von Arco) and men. A worthy Tyrolese peasant of those days kept a short diary, which has been preserved. Here is an extract from it:—"In 1703, on the eve of St. John Baptist (June 23) 20,000 enemies invaded Tyrol, did great damage, killed many of our people, but still more fell on their side, came as far as the Lower Meadow" (a place at the south foot of the Brenner, of which we shall hear again), "and after that were driven out by our marksmen and militia on St. Anne's Day (July 26)."

Tyrol was not troubled with a hostile invasion again till the last years of the century. In March, 1797, the French general, Joubert, attempted to cross the Brenner from Italy. Where the great eastern road through the Pusterthal falls into the Brenner road, and close to the point where the strong fortress of Franzensfeste now dominates the junction of the two railways, stands a little village called Spinges, lying in the angle between the roads, and about 1,000 feet above them. Here a peasant army awaited the French, and for some days the surrounding forests were the scene of desperate fighting. The peasants fell on with clubbed guns, and with a fury that nothing could withstand. One Prix of Axams was found dead after the fight, with seven Frenchmen lying around him. Peter Haider brought down six with his rifle. He was then attacked by five at once. He shot one with his rifle, one with his pistol, and cut down a third before a shot laid him low. The two remaining opponents slashed him with their swords, leaving him for dead;

but it took more than that to kill a Tyrolese of those days, and Haider survived. In these mountain villages the church and churchyard often form a natural citadel. Time after time did the French storm that of Spinges. A girl of twenty-two, Katharina Lanz, who lived to relate her exploit till 1854, led the defenders. With her hair floating in the wind and her skirts well tucked up, she plied a pitchfork with a goodwill and efficiency that was too much for the French bayonets. Meanwhile the road back to Italy was blocked by an Austrian force, and General Joubert had to make the best of his way down the Pusterthal. By April 13th the enemy was out of the country.

The hostilities between France and Austria in 1805 affected Tyrol so far that Innsbruck

introduce all the pedantries of officialism. Compulsory enlistment was substituted for free volunteering; the local authorities were replaced by officials from Munich, who gave themselves airs; * the parish priests were removed, and the Church organisation generally interfered with to the point of persecution; the name "Tyrol" disappeared under a new-fangled division into "Circles"; worst of all, the old castle of Tyrol, near Meran, the very heart of the land, was sold by auction.

Tyrol had never abandoned the hope of recovering its freedom under its former sovereign. Communications were maintained all this time between the Archduke John, the most beloved member of the Imperial house, and certain men in Tyrol who enjoyed the special confidence of their countrymen. The most notable of these, Andrew Hofer, was an innkeeper and horse-dealer from the Passeir valley, which runs up into the mountains behind Meran. His humble inn, which still exists, stands by the wild torrent of the Passeir, where the bed widens into a little beach. From its situation, it is known as "On the Sand," and its owner was often spoken of in Tyrolese fashion as the "Sandwith," or landlord of Sand. The position of Hofer's house is as central as any in Tyrol. From it Meran may be reached in four hours, while in the opposite direction a seven-hours' march brings you to Sterzing, half-way up the Brenner on the south side.

It was, therefore, possible for Hofer with his force to attack the rear of an enemy crossing that pass in either direction. Hofer was a man of about forty, distinguished more for physical strength, kindly disposition and upright character, than for any special military talent or capacity for government. It is, indeed, a little difficult to explain the great influence which he undoubtedly exercised. Though there is no reason to doubt his courage, he showed none of the dash amounting to recklessness with which some of his subordinates exposed their lives; while his extreme good-nature, and unwillingness to distrust any man, led him especially towards the end of his career into pitiable vacillation. Nor had he any gift of eloquence, such as often has made men with no other qualification into popular leaders. Yet there can be no doubt that for five

* "The King is a nice gentleman enough," said a peasant with whom he had happened to speak when passing through the country, "but his clerks are no use."



received a visit from Marshal Ney; an honour which the Tyrolese had done their best to decline, by offering a stubborn resistance to his passage from Bavaria by way of Scharnitz. Their positions, however, were turned; but Ney was shrewd enough to see the benefit of expediting so warlike a people as little as possible.

In December the war ended with the Peace of Presburg; and now for the first time what Tyrol had dreaded for centuries came to pass. The province was annexed to Bavaria, and the bond of over four centuries was snapped. No more brutal disregard of national wishes and national rights was ever shown, even by Napoleon. The Bavarian Government was probably sincerely anxious to act fairly by its unwilling subjects, but it went to work all in the wrong way. Into a land of well-to-do, independent, intensely religious peasants, who had never felt the pressure of external authority, but had gone on governing themselves for centuries on the old Germanic system, the Bavarians tried to

months he was the recognised chief in the grand resistance which this little mountain-country offered, and offered for a time successfully, to the conqueror of Europe. Other leaders whose names should be mentioned were Martin Teimer, Joseph Speckbacher, and the Capuchin Joachim Haspinger. All these men had taken part in the fighting of recent years. Teimer, who was the youngest of them, being thirty years of age, had risen to the rank of major in the *landsturm*, or militia. He was probably the ablest of all the Tyrolese leaders, as he was no doubt the best educated; but he never inspired the same confidence. Joseph Speckbacher was ten years older. He was now an *employé* in the salt-works at Hall, near Innsbruck, and comfortably off. His youth had been very wild. As a boy of twelve he had taken to a poacher's life; and poaching among those mountains is a very different business from the rabbit-snaring and pheasant-netting which occasionally enlivens English coverts, and helps to fill English gaols. Even the most authorised chamois-hunting is a very dangerous sport; and when the hunter is liable at any moment to become the hunted, and share with his game the sensation of a bullet in the ribs, unless his own wits can save him, it will be easily seen that no better training could be found for mountain warfare. Speckbacher was a man of undaunted courage, boundless resource, and a thorough knowledge of the country which was to be the chief field of operations. Father Joachim had served as an army chaplain, and had earned a medal for valour. Now he was to lead in many a fierce attack; but he made it a point of honour to carry no weapon save a great ebony crucifix, which, it was currently reported, became in his hands as formidable as the maces wielded by mediæval bishops. "The Redbeard," as he was called, was perhaps the especial favourite of the people. He, too, survived into the second half of the century.

Thus when Austria, encouraged by Napoleon's growing difficulties in Spain, plucked up courage to declare war against him once more in March, 1809, the Tyrolese were all ready to bear their part. On April 9th, Teimer and Hofer issued a general order, making it clear to every district what its special task would be. Teimer then departed to take the command in the Inn valley above Innsbruck; Speckbacher being in charge of the district between the capital and the Bavarian frontier. Hofer disseminated the order through other innkeepers—the country

inns in Tyrol being the natural centres of information—until every man knew precisely what he would have to do, and had merely to await the arrival of the little note bearing the words "IT IS TIME." Another signal was given by strewing sawdust in the streams, and sending planks bearing red flags down the rivers.

The men from Passeir and the neighbourhood of Meran assembled round the little inn "on the Sand." There were some thousands of them altogether, Hofer, with his broad shoulders and mighty black beard, conspicuous among them. All wore the dress of their valley—brown jacket with red facings, a red waistcoat with broad green braces over it, a broad leather belt on which were worked the owner's initials, leather breeches, bare knees, and red or white stockings. Each man carried his heavy rifle, with which he could make pretty sure of a chamois at 300 yards; and a Bavarian was a larger mark. It must be remembered that few regular troops of that day had anything but smooth-bore muskets. Hofer made a short speech:

"When you have carved a wooden figure, may you take it to Vienna and sell it? Is that liberty? You are Tyrolese—at least your fathers called themselves so; now you have to call yourselves Bavarians. And our old castle of Tyrol has been demolished. Does that content you? If you raise three ears of maize, they demand two from you. Do you call that prosperity? But there is a Providence, and it has been revealed to me that if we plan to take our revenge, we shall have help. Up then, and at the Bavarians! Tear your foes, ay, with your teeth, so long as they stand up; but when they kneel, pardon them!"

The first shot was fired not far from the place where Joubert had been overthrown eight years before. Colonel von Wrede (who in later days was to be a thorn in the side of the French) was in command of the garrison of Brixen. Intelligence reached him that an Austrian force under General Chasteler was approaching through the Pusterthal, and on April 10th he sent a detachment to destroy the bridge over the river Rienz at St. Lorenzen, near Bruneck. The peasants were up in a moment, the detachment was not suffered to approach the bridge, and when Wrede brought up his whole force in support, it was met with a hail of bullets from the mountain side. An attempt to get the guns into a position whence their fire might destroy the bridge was frustrated by a furious charge of the peasants,

who, many of them armed only with cudgels and flails, dashed upon the troops, surrounded the guns, and hunted the gunners into the river. Wrede could do nothing but try to make his way to Sterzing, where he might unite with the garrison of that town. A force of 3,000 French under General Bisson, on its way from Italy,



TYROLESE GIRLS.

(Photos, F. Unterberger, Innsbruck.)

accompanied him a little below where the fortress of Franzensfeste now stands. The way from the Pusterthal to the great northern road passes through a narrow defile—the Brixener Klause, or Gorge of Brixen—and here the unlucky French and Bavarians were, of course, at the mercy of their furious enemies. Pelted with rocks, tree-stems, and bullets by an invisible foe, in momentary fear of being overtaken by the Austrians, whose advance-guard actually appeared before they were well out of the defile, they made their way with heavy loss to the plain in which lies the little town of Sterzing.

Meanwhile Hofer and his men had dashed over the Jaufen Pass. Colonel Bärenklau (this looks like a mythical name, but appears to be correct), the commander of the Sterzing garrison,

wisely decided to meet them in the open, where military discipline might tell. The steady fire of grape-shot and musketry checked the onward rush, and the peasant force retired into a hollow road to re-form, while girls and women from the town supplied refreshments. A second rush was similarly checked. Hofer, sitting, as one historian of these events remarks, like Moses on a hill above, and watching the fortunes of the fight, espied some loaded hay-waggons, doubtless bringing supplies for the garrison from the mountain hay-sheds. A brilliant idea struck him, or was suggested to him. If these could be brought up they would serve as cover for the sharpshooters, who could then dispose of the enemy's gunners. But at first no man ventured to bring them within range of the deadly grape. Then a girl stepped



forward, swung herself on to the back of one of the oxen, and, regardless of the bullets, urged the team on with whip and voice, exhorting her countrymen at the same time "not to be afraid of the Bavarian dump-lings." The guns were now soon silenced; the Tyrolese fell on with the butt, and in a few minutes the whole Bavarian force, or so much of it as remained, was disarmed, and before evening

safely under lock and key in a neighbouring castle, under the guard, as often happened, of the women. All traces of the fight were carefully removed, the victors dispersed among the mountains, and when Bisson and Wrede arrived, on the following morning, April 12th, no garrison

domes of the Innsbruck churches below them, and hoped for a respite. A mounted officer was sent on to announce their approach to General Kinkel and Colonel Dittfurt, commanding the garrison of the capital. As he rode through the gate of the town he dropped from his horse,



THE CASTLE OF TYROL.

was to be found, no news of its fate could they extract, no enemy was to be seen. Puzzled, and still more alarmed, they pursued their march, or rather flight, harassed, as before, wherever a gorge or defile—of which there are many along this mountain road—gave an opportunity to the Tyrolese for their favourite tactics.

But a yet more terrible surprise awaited them. In the early dawn of the 13th, the weary, battered army, still numbering nearly 4,000, saw the

pierced with a bullet. To explain what had happened we must pass to the Inn valley. The village of Axams had incurred a fine for resistance to the conscription, and on the 11th a detachment had been sent to collect this. They fared little better than their comrades at St. Lorenzen, and retired, vowing vengeance. In the course of that day the whole of the valley above Innsbruck was astir, and ready to march upon the town. Meantime, Speckbacher had

summoned the lower valley to arms. All night long beacon fires blazed on the mountains which look down into the streets of Innsbruck. The morning of the 12th had hardly dawned when he was at the gates of Hall, and no sooner had these been opened as usual by the unsuspecting garrison than the Tyrolese rushed in. The officers were seized in their beds, hardly a shot was fired, and in a few minutes, with a loss of two only of his men, Speckbacher had captured 400 Bavarian soldiers. These were marched off to Salzburg, again under the escort of women, for no men could be spared from the task of liberating the country. Hall is a short eight miles from Innsbruck, and long before noon Speckbacher was with the levies from the upper valley, who were attempting to storm the two bridges that here cross the Inn just outside the walls of Innsbruck. Up to this time they had made little progress, for want of leading; but when Speckbacher, waving his hat and shouting "Long live the Emperor Francis!" placed himself at their head, they wavered no longer. The gunners fell under the terrible clubbed rifles, or were thrown into the river; some young mathematical students from Innsbruck University slewed the guns round, and poured volleys into the troops who were hurrying up from the town; the peasants pressed forward, some with no weapons but their fists; an attempt to break through with cavalry was frustrated by the sharpshooters, who by this time had got into the houses, and were dealing death from every window. To complete the victory, at this moment appeared Major Teimer, with some more or less drilled battalions of *landsturm* from the upper valley. General Kinkel, thoroughly terrified, wished to capitulate, but his more energetic subordinate, Colonel Dittfurt, declared that he would sooner die than surrender to a rabble of peasants whom a couple of squadrons could keep in order, and made a last desperate effort to rally his men. As he was speaking two bullets struck him, and he fell from his horse. Struggling to his feet, he dashed with drawn sword on the advancing mass, to be again shot through the chest. Even then he made one more effort, aided by a few officers, to dislodge some of the enemy from a position which enabled them to keep up a galling fire; but a fourth bullet, in the head, stretched him senseless, and he was carried to the main guard. After his fall the surviving troops surrendered, and Innsbruck was in the hands of the Tyrolese. It was not yet eleven o'clock.

The remainder of that day was passed in rejoicing, and, it is to be feared, to some extent in pillage. Such of the burghers of Innsbruck as were thought to have been on too good terms with the hated *Boar* were regarded as fair objects for a little plunder. At the same time, many generous actions were done by individuals in saving the lives of the vanquished. A Bavarian official was on the point of being struck down by a furious mob when a girl flung her arms round him, and asserted, quite fictitiously, that he was her betrothed. He was spared at once. A young Tyrolese who had captured a French officer took him to an inn and gave him food. The officer, in gratitude, offered him a pair of gold earrings which he was wearing. "Do you think I did it for pay?" said the lad; and only with difficulty would he accept them as a keepsake. The old imperial eagles were hunted up, and rapturously greeted when found. "Your feathers are grown again, old tail," said a grey-haired man, as, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he embraced the beloved symbol.

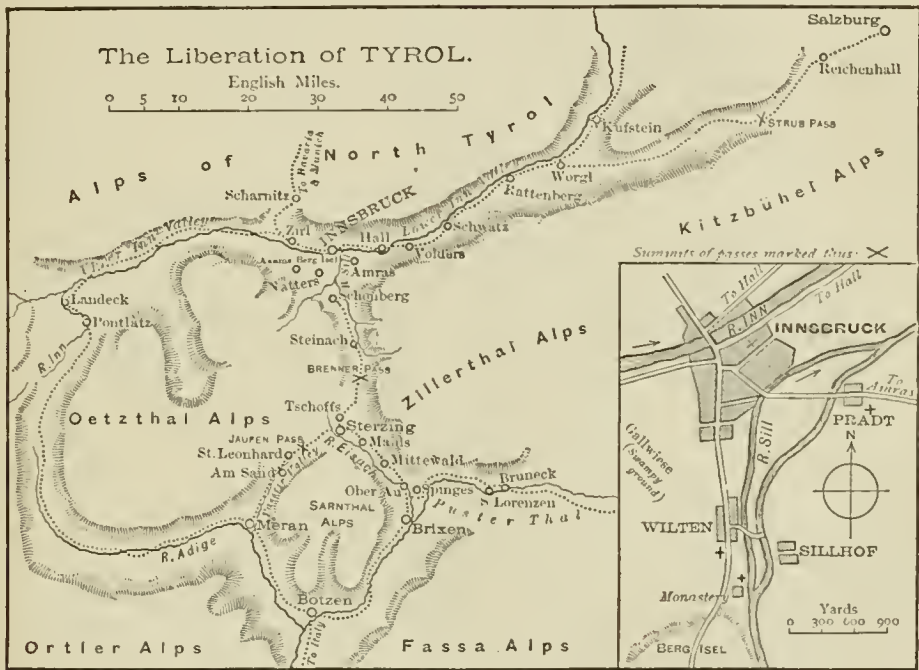
Men slept that night where they could—in streets or gardens. In the earliest dawn the alarm-bells rang, and the word went round that the French were upon them. As we know, this was the force under Bisson and Wrede; but those in the town knew nothing of the way in which they had fared on the other side of the mountains. The gates were barricaded, and all preparations made for a street fight. At five o'clock the head of the column appeared on Berg Isel; and by six they were drawn up in order of battle in the level ground that lies between the south side of the town and the foot of the mountains: Bavarians on the left wing, French on the right. At the same time a strong force of Tyrolese had slipped round to the rear, and occupied Berg Isel. They were fairly entrapped. Teimer had meanwhile extracted from General Kinkel an order bidding the Bavarian commander send someone into the town to see how matters stood; in compliance with which Wrede himself, and a French staff-officer, came in, and the former was detained, while the latter was sent back to report. The sharpshooters had already opened fire. Teimer then came himself to meet General Bisson at the suburb of Wilten. The French commander asked for a free passage into Germany, and offered to take all the flints out of the muskets before moving; but Teimer would hear of nothing but capitulation. All this time the bullets of the sharpshooters were dropping into

the dense ranks, adding to the general demoralisation, and enforcing the arguments of the Tyrolese leader. At length General Bisson yielded. The French and Bavarians laid down their arms. Two generals, 130 officers, and 6,000 men, with seven guns and 800 horses, surrendered to the Tyrolese.

Colonel Dittfurt, lying in the guardhouse, during one of the intervals of his delirium, had paused in his furious cursing, to ask: "Who led your forces yesterday?" "No one," was the answer; "each man fought as he best could

Chasteler, whenever captured, was to be brought before a military commission and shot in twenty-four hours. To the Tyrolese, of course, this mattered little, but it undoubtedly shook Chasteler's nerve, and to some extent prevented the regular troops from giving efficient help.

On May 1st a strong force of Bavarians and French, under Wrede, now general, and Marshal Lefebvre, the Duke of Danzig, occupied Salzburg. The shortest route from that city to Innsbruck lies by Reichenhall and through a narrow defile called the Strub Pass, entering the



for Emperor and Fatherland." "Not so," he said; "I saw him again and again: he was riding a white horse." And the story went round that St. James, the patron Saint, as it happens, of Innsbruck, had fought for his city, as of old he fought for Spain.

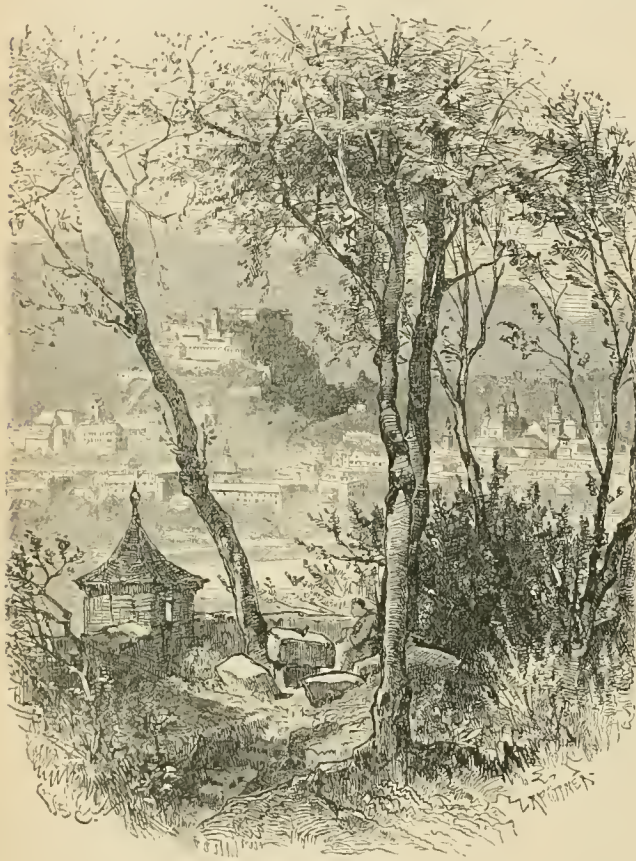
The Austrian troops, under General Chasteler, arrived next day; but it was not expected that the Tyrolese would be left long in undisturbed possession of their conquests. Napoleon's fury when he heard how his troops had been served by a herd of undisciplined mountaineers knew no bounds. He issued on May 5th an order of the day, in which "a certain Chasteler, calling himself a general in the Austrian service," was accused of having caused an insurrection in Tyrol, and allowed some Bavarian conscripts to be massacred; and it was directed that the said

Inn valley at the little town of Wörgl. The Strub was held by Tyrolese and soldiers, 275 in all, with two guns. Wrede's entire division was sent on May 11th to force the pass, and succeeded in doing so after nine hours' hard fighting, in which the handful of defenders had four times repulsed the assailants. On the following day General Deroz, advancing by way of Inn valley, relieved the frontier fortress of Kufstein, which the Tyrolese were blockading, and on the 13th the two forces joined in the neighbourhood of Wörgl. The Bavarians had encountered a stubborn resistance all the way, and were infuriated: village after village was set on fire, property destroyed, women and children slaughtered. General Chasteler, with a force of 2,000 regular troops, having failed to prevent the junction of the Bavarians with the French,

was forced to accept battle at Wörgl and utterly routed, himself escaping only by the speed of his horse, and after the commission which was to carry out Napoleon's order had already been selected. On his way through Hall he was roughly handled by the salt-miners. The French and Bavarians marched upon Innsbruck, ravaging and burning, a task in which the former now seem to have taken the lead. At any rate, it is

Lefebvre and Wrede, believing all opposition was at an end, and wishing to cut off the Archduke John's retreat from Italy, had returned to Salzburg, leaving General Deroy's division to hold Innsbruck.

Marshal Lefebvre was so far right, that orders had been received by the Austrian commanders in Tyrol to withdraw their troops. But he reckoned without Speckbacher. That indefatigable man, on the day of the defeat at Wörgl, had been in Innsbruck collecting all the weapons and powder upon which he could lay his hands. Then he went to General Buol, who was at Völders, near Hall, preparing to retreat over the Brenner, and vainly tried to persuade him to make a stand. Finally, climbing one of the mountains whence all the country round Innsbruck could plainly be seen, he carefully estimated the strength of the enemy, and found that he had not more than 18,000 men to deal with. On May 23rd with two faithful companions, George Zoppel and Simon Lechner, he made a dash for the Brenner. Two more joined the party at Steinach, and the five, by spreading themselves about the mountain side, and changing their position at every shot, succeeded in putting to flight a cavalry patrol of several hundred men, which had been sent up to reconnoitre. General Buol was still holding the defile of Lueg, just north of the Brenner Pass, and Hofer with 6,000 men was also there. To them Speckbacher addressed himself, pointing out that the panic among the inhabitants of the Inn valley, caused



SALZBURG.

recorded that Lefebvre, enraged at the sight of the Austrian eagle over the gate of the little town of Rattenberg, was only prevented from burning the place down by Wrede's strenuous opposition. Fifty-three peasants, taken with arms in their hands, also owed their lives to the firmness and humanity of the Bavarian general, who further issued a stringent order forbidding all ill-treatment of the inhabitants. On May 10th the Duke of Danzig entered Innsbruck. Two days later Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles in the battle of Aspern, or, as the French call it, Essling; but before the news of this could have reached them,

by the events of the previous days, was over, and that they were quite ready to rise again. Buol was persuaded to put 1,200 men with 6 guns at the disposal of the Tyrolese leaders; and on May 25th, Hofer took up his position at Berg Isel, while Speckbacher, with the men from the lower Inn valley, held the right wing as far as Hall. The Tyrolese numbered some 18,000; Deroy had at most 12,000, but many of these were veterans. Some isolated fights ensued that day; more than once the Bavarians attempted to storm the position, and were repulsed. In the evening heavy rain came on (it rains most days at Innsbruck) and fighting



"WITH A ROAR LIKE THUNDER THE TERRIBLE 'STONE-BATTERY' BURST OUT" (P. 563).

was suspended. Owing, it is said, to the injunctions of an old man, who pointed out to Hofer that May 20th was a great Church festival, Hofer fixed that day for the attack. This delay also gave time for Teimer, who was at Landeck, to bring his men down the valley. General Deroÿ, a kind-hearted old man, used the interval to issue a proclamation recommending submission, which, naturally, produced little effect, unless that of impressing the peasants with the idea that he was wavering.

On the morning of May 28th the Bavarian army was drawn up round the town of Innsbruck. The Tyrolese line extended in a great crescent to the south, its left on Zirl, ten miles above the town, its right on Völders, about as far in the other direction. The battle began on the wings. Speckbacher took the bridge of Völders and attacked Hall. On the left, Father Joachim Haspinger led the men from Meran, supported by two Austrian companies, by way of the villages of Mutters and Natters, into the marshy tract known as the Gallwiese, just above the town on the right bank of the river. He was soon at hand-grips with the enemy. A Bavarian soldier was delivering a thrust at him with his bayonet when a bullet laid the assailant low—fired over the Capuchin's shoulder, and so close that the famous red beard was singed. Only staying now and again to shrive a dying man, he pressed forward at the head of his peasants, who slowly but steadily drove the Bavarians before them. At a farmhouse called Rainerhof another gallant deed was done by a girl. With a small cask of wine on her head, and a glass in her hand, she was going about in the thick of the fight, dispensing drink to the weary men. A bullet went through the cask, and the wine began to pour out. In a moment she had it down from her head and her fingers in the holes. "I have only got two hands," she shouted; "if another bullet comes the wine will be lost. Put your mouths to all the holes, and drink while you can!" The fighting went on till noon with no definite results. An attempt of the Bavarians to storm Berg Isel, the centre of the Tyrolese position, was repulsed with the aid of Colonel Ertel's troops, though not till the right had nearly been turned by the foe. Hofer—surveying the whole field from the heights of Schönberg, where his headquarters were—cast anxious glances towards the left to see if any signs of Teimer were visible. At the head of his column, he appeared on the other side of the river; but they came up slowly, and ammunition was failing. To gain time, Hofer

sent a flag of truce to the Bavarian commander, with proposals for a surrender. This was refused; but Deroÿ asked for a twenty-four hours' armistice, which Hofer equally declined. However, it was now too late in the day to resume the fighting, and under cover of the night General Deroÿ managed to evacuate the town unobserved, the wheels of the guns and the hoofs of the horses being all muffled, and to march away, never halting till the Bavarian frontier was reached. By seven o'clock next morning the Tyrolese were once more in Innsbruck.

The next month passed in tranquillity. After his defeat at Aspern Napoleon remained for several weeks on the island of Lobau, in the Danube, making his preparations to retrieve his lost ground. For reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained, the Archduke took no steps to do more than watch his foe. On July 5th Napoleon again crossed the Danube, and on that and the following day inflicted on the Austrians the decisive defeat of Wagram. An armistice quickly followed, and again all Austrian troops were ordered to evacuate Tyrol. This time the persuasions of the Tyrolese leaders were of no avail, and General Buol could do nothing but withdraw, after issuing a proclamation in which the peasants were exhorted to tranquillity and resignation. On July 30th the Duke of Danzig re-entered Innsbruck, and ordered that all weapons should be given up within forty-eight hours, and that the leaders should surrender at once. A force was sent over the Brenner, another up the valley of the Inn. Hofer, on his side, sent round a circular note calling all men to arms. On August 2nd, a body under Haspinger and others took up a position in the valley of the Eisach, a little higher up than the spot where Bisson and Wrede had been so roughly treated in April. They secured the Peisser bridge, where the road crosses the river between the hamlets of Oberau and Unterau—the Upper and Lower Meadow. Speckbacher, with the Pusterthal men, joined them, and all was made ready to receive the first enemy who should appear. General Rouyer's division had reached Sterzing on August 3rd. At 7 a.m. on the 4th the leading column—a Saxon regiment, over 2,000 strong—entered the narrow gorge below Mauls. A barricade brought them to a halt, during which they afforded a mark to Speckbacher's men. A torrent of stones also came on them. Still they moved forward as far as Mittewald, where artillery had to be used to clear the road. Fully 800 marksmen were in

front and on both sides of them, and they were losing heavily. As they reached the bridge a voice rang out overhead: "Stephen, shall I cut away?" "Not yet," came the reply. The column halted, and an orderly was sent to report the matter to General Rouyer. He ordered the advance to be continued, but, it is said, himself retired to the rear of the column. Then the voice was heard again: "Now cut, John, in the name of the most Holy Trinity!" With a roar like thunder the terrible "stone-battery" burst out. Rocks, larches, huge fragments of the mountain side, crashed down upon the luckless Saxons and Bavarians, overwhelming hundreds and cutting the column in two. The losses of the force by the day's end amounted to 1,300. In the night Rouyer withdrew his rear to Sterzing. The Saxons were surrounded, and after a gallant defence compelled to surrender. To this day the defile between Mittelwald and Oberau is called the "Sachsenklemme."

Hofer, meanwhile, had again crossed the Jaufen, and lay a couple of hours' march to the west of Sterzing, in a position where he could join hands with Haspinger on the right and on the left with Speckbacher, who, with his usual rapidity, had moved to the north of Sterzing, and now occupied a line of which the centre was the village of Tschöfss. At noon on August the 6th Marshal Lefebvre, with 7,000 men and 10 guns, entered Sterzing, and at 3 a.m. on the following day marched forward to Mauis, having taken the precaution of putting on the uniform of a private soldier. He also endeavoured to clear the heights with skirmishers. Haspinger gave way at first, probably only with the view of getting his enemy into greater difficulties. When the Tyrolese really advanced, Lefebvre was beaten back, escaping narrowly with his life, and the evening found him back at Sterzing, where he tried to rally his men. But the Tyrolese gave him no rest, and on the 10th he ordered a retreat.

The column which was trying to make its way round by Landeck had no better luck. At the ill-omened bridge of Pontlatz they fared just as their countrymen had fared 106 years before. The "stone-batteries" played so effectively on them that most had to surrender, and only a third of the whole number got back to Landeck. On the 10th they were again at Innsbruck, with a loss of 22 officers and over 1,000 men.

Lefebvre arrived on the following day, but he had not been allowed to reach the capital unmolested. "The finest hunt I ever had in my life," said Speckbacher, who led the pursuit, and

stuck so close to the heels of the enemy that he himself dragged a Bavarian officer from his horse, and, like one of Homer's heroes, carried off his sword and spear as a trophy. Some of the German officers seem to have found a little consolation in the thought that the French had now had a taste of the Tyrolese.

Both sides rested on the 12th. The 13th was a Sunday. In the early morning Father Joachim said mass in the church of Schönberg. Hofer made one of his short speeches: "Are you all here, Tyrolese? Then we will advance. You have heard mass, you have taken your dram. In the name of God, then." The military service in the great abbey church of Wilten was not over when the first shots were fired. The numbers were about the same—some 20,000 on either side, the Bavarians, Saxons, and French having perhaps slightly the advantage. The tactics were very much as in May. Haspinger again led the left wing, Speckbacher the right. The marshal, however, in order to keep his retreat open, had detached a force under Count Arco to hold Schwatz. The levies from the upper Inn valley were on the opposite side of the river, but they were unable to do much more than give employment to part of the enemy's force. At 2 p.m. the marshal ordered an advance. Covered by artillery fire, two regiments stormed Berg Isel, while others attacked Ambras, on the further side of the river Sill. Every foot of ground was stubbornly contested. The men of Passeir were forced to give way. Speckbacher was driven from his positions. Only Haspinger, on the left, hurled the attacking columns back into the plain. The Bavarians began to set fire to the houses. It was the worst move they could have made, as it only served to infuriate the Tyrolese. Rallying under cover of the forests, they burst out again, and after one volley charged home with clubbed guns, the weapon which served them best. All the positions were recovered, and though Lefebvre ordered five more assaults, the assailants reeled back each time with broken heads.

The struggle only ended with daylight. The Bavarians had lost 2,000 men. Count Arco had fallen, like his ancestor, to a Tyrolese bullet, but the way to Kufstein was still open; nor was Hofer desirous to drive the enemy to extremities. So long as the land was freed from his presence, it was enough. At 7 p.m. on the 14th the Marshal Duke of Danzig left Innsbruck with his whole force. That night he entrenched himself at Schwatz, but soon found that the

neighbourhood of Haspinger and Speckbacher made the position undesirable, and on the 10th he proceeded to Salzburg. For the third time in four months Tyrol was freed.

It is beside our present purpose to trace the course of events further. It may be said that for some weeks Hofer governed Tyrol from Innsbruck, with about as much success as could be expected from a peasant suddenly raised to such a position. His upright nature prevented him from making so many blunders as his want of education and experience might have been expected to lead him into. On October 4th, the Emperor's "nameday," a great festival was held, and Hofer was presented with a medal, sent by the Emperor himself. On the same day the treaty of Schönbrunn was signed, and Tyrol was finally handed back to Bavaria, and overwhelming forces were sent to enforce submission. Speckbacher was defeated on the Salzburg frontier on October 16th, and barely escaped capture. A few days after, Hofer left Innsbruck, and took up his quarters at Schönbach. Once again, on the 27th, the Tyrolese turned to bay, and inflicted some loss on the Bavarians; but on November 1st General Wrede succeeded in surprising their

position on Berg Isel at a time when they were celebrating the festival of All Saints in the neighbouring churches, and inflicted a heavy defeat. Once more victory was propitious to Hofer, when, after three days' hard fighting at St. Leonhard, close to his own home, he compelled 1,200 Frenchmen, who had crossed the Jaufen in pursuit of him, to lay down their arms. But this was the last gleam of success. Hofer's mind seemed failing; he was no longer master of himself. A price was set on his head, and on December 2nd he fled into the mountains, and took refuge in a remote spot known only to himself and a few trusty friends. The secret was, however, betrayed, and at the end of January a force of 600 Frenchmen was sent to take him. He was brought to Mantua, and tried by a military commission. The majority were in favour of some penalty short of death; but Napoleon was not likely to spare the man who had baffled his generals so long, and a peremptory message commanded that he should be shot forthwith. He underwent the sentence with heroic fortitude on February 20th, 1810.

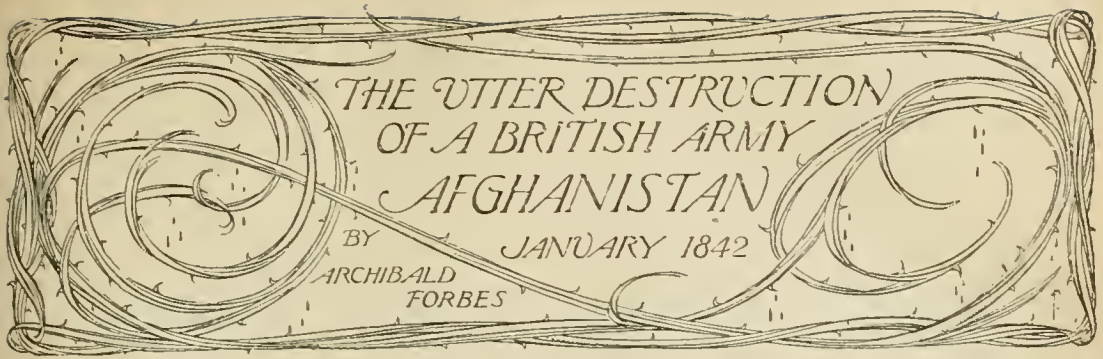
On the fall of Napoleon, Tyrol again came under its old counts.



From the Painting]

ANDREW HOFER MADE GOVERNOR OF THE TYROL.

]by Franz Defregger.



THE UTTER DESTRUCTION
OF A BRITISH ARMY
IN AFGHANISTAN

BY
ARCHIBALD
FORBES
JANUARY 1842

GLORIOUS, for the most part, as have been the military annals of Great Britain, the student of them will not fail to find the record of occasional disaster. In our own time a regiment has perished under the shadow of the Isandlwana mountain, and another was all but annihilated at Maiwand. But once only in the long roll of our many wars has been consummated the total ruin of a whole British army. In January, 1842, between the cantonments on the plain of Cabul and the hillock above Gundamak, whereon the last remnant of fighting-men sold their lives dearly, there fell upwards of 4,500 soldiers, and more than double that number of camp followers. How this ghastly catastrophe came about, and how stern retribution for it was exacted, is told in the following narrative.

In 1838 the Sutlej was the British frontier. Between that river and the mountains of Afghanistan lay the Punjab State, then ruled by Runjeet Singh. Under evil counsel, Lord Auckland, then Governor-general of India, resolved to send an army into Afghanistan to dethrone Dost Mahomed, and reinstate Shah Soojah, who, so early as 1809, had become a fugitive and an exile. All men whose experience gave weight to their utterances denounced this "preposterous enterprise." Lord William Bentinck, Auckland's predecessor, characterised the project as an act of incredible folly. Marquis Wellesley, a previous Governor-general of great distinction, regarded "this wild expedition into a distant region of rocks and deserts, of sands and ice and snow," as an act of infatuation. The Duke of Wellington pronounced, with prophetic sagacity, that the consequence of once crossing the Indus to settle a government in Afghanistan would be "a perennial march into that country."

But Lord Auckland was determined on the undertaking. He gathered at Ferozapore an Anglo-Indian army, and sent it, with the ill-

omened Shah Soojah on its shoulders, into the unknown and distant wilds of Afghanistan. That army began its march in December, 1838, and did not reach Cabul until the following August. A mere puppet in the hands of Macnaghten, the brilliant but uncertain civil servant who accompanied the new monarch in the capacity of envoy, Shah Soojah inspired the Afghans with no enthusiasm for his cause. They realised that he was restored to his throne merely by British bayonets; and they contrasted this creature of the Feringhis with his predecessor, the vigorous and masterful Dost Mahomed, who had fled across the Hindu Kush on the approach of the British troops.

The two years during which the quasi-occupation of Afghanistan lasted were far from quiescent; but the sanguine Macnaghten could not bring himself to recognise that Shah Soojah had no real grip on the country, and that the holding of the British troops was no more than the ground on which were their camps. He believed—or professed to believe—that "the country was quiet from Dan to Beersheba." "The people," he said, "are perfect children, and they should be treated as such. If we put one naughty boy in the corner, the rest will be terrified." Brave, wise General Nott, who commanded at Candahar, and who "never interfered in the government of the country," differed totally from the envoy's views. "Unless," he wrote, "strong reinforcements be quickly sent, not a man of us will be left to describe the fate of his comrades. Nothing will ever make the Afghans submit to the hated Shah Soojah." Nott regarded the situation with shrewd, clear common-sense.

In September, 1841, Macnaghten was about to quit Afghanistan. He had been appointed to the high post of Governor of the Bombay Presidency, and he was looking forward to an early departure for a less harassing and tumultuous sphere.

of action than that in which he had been labouring for two troubled years. Before starting, the duty was cast upon him of cutting down the subsidies paid to the Afghan chiefs as bribes to keep them quiet. He had objected to this retrenchment; but, yielding to pressure from India, he intimated to the chiefs that their subsidies were to be reduced. They vehemently remonstrated, but without effect; and they then formed a confederacy of rebellion. The Ghilzai chiefs were the first to act. Quitting Cabul, they occupied the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad, and entirely intercepted the communications with India by the Khyber route.

Macnaghten, busy with his arrangements for departure, gave himself no trouble in regard to this significant demonstration, remarking merely that it was "provoking." The time was approaching when Sale's brigade was to quit Cabul on its return journey to India, being relieved by the brigade which Shelton was bringing up. Macnaghten had intended to accompany Sale's march, for he wrote that he "hoped to settle the hash of the Ghilzais on the way down." But the Ghilzai rising anticipated him, and it spread so widely and rapidly that on October 9th Colonel Monteath was despatched to clear the passes with a strong detachment of all arms. Broadfoot, who commanded a corps of sappers, made a tour of discovery in search of entrenching tools. Driven from pillar to post, he at length betook himself to the officers in chief military command in Afghanistan. Poor General Elphinstone was a gallant soldier, but utterly unversed in Afghan warfare; wrecked in body and impaired in mind by physical infirmity, he had lost all faculty of energy; and he was so exhausted by the exertion of getting out of bed, that for some time afterwards he could not concentrate himself on business. He could give Broadfoot no instructions, and when the latter took leave, the poor old general said, "For God's sake clear the passes quickly, that I may get away; for if anything were to turn up, I am unfit for it—done up, body and mind." And this was the man whom Lord Auckland had appointed to the most responsible and arduous command at his disposal, and that in the fullest knowledge of Elphinstone's disqualifications for active service.

Sale fought his way down the passes, suffering occasionally serious losses. His European regiment—the 13th (now Prince Albert's Light Infantry)—consisted chiefly of young soldiers, some of whom, at the debouche into the Tezeen

valley, after a skirmish in which an officer and several men were killed, fell into precipitate flight, hotly chased by the Ghilzais. On the steep ascent to the Jugdulluk crest, the line of march, blocked by the baggage abandoned on the summit by the main body, was compelled to halt while the rear-guard had to endure the fierce attacks of the tribesmen and the fire poured down from either side on the confused mass in the ravine below. The onslaught was valiantly repulsed; but the crest was not passed until upwards of 120 men had fallen, the wounded among whom had to be abandoned with the dead. At a council of war held during a long halt at Gundamak it was resolved to march on to Jellalabad, which was regarded as an eligible *point d'appui* on which a relieving force might move up and a retiring force move down. Accordingly the brigade proceeded to that place, which was occupied on November 14th.

While Sale was battling his way through the passes to Gundamak, the British people at Cabul were enjoying unwonted quietude. Since the previous summer the Bala Hissar garrison had been withdrawn; and the troops, quartered in cantonments on the plain north of the city, had ceased to be an expeditionary force, and had become substantially an army of occupation. The officers had sent for their wives to inhabit with them the bungalows in which they had settled down. There were dances and dinners, the morning "coffee house," and the evening gathering round the bandstand; a racecourse had been laid out, and there were "sky" races and more formal meetings. And so "they were eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away."

The defencelessness of the position, nevertheless, had long disquieted thinking men. The cantonments were surrounded by the caricature of an obstacle in the shape of a shallow ditch and a feeble bank over which an active cow could scramble. Their area was commanded on all sides by Afghan forts, which were neither occupied nor destroyed, in one of which were contained the commissariat stores. In all essentials of a defensive position the Cabul cantonments at the beginning of the outbreak were simply contemptible. The envoy and the general lived in the cantonments; Sir Alexander Burnes occupied a house in the city close to the Treasury, and several other officers resided in the suburbs. Shelton, with his brigade.

was in camp on the Siah Sung hills, about a mile both from city and cantonments. The strength of the British force, apart from the Shah's contingent, amounted to four infantry regiments, two batteries of artillery, three companies of sappers, a cavalry regiment and some irregular horse, all well equipped and in good order. In the Bala Hissar, Shah Soojah had a considerable body of military and several guns.

Quite unexpectedly there broke out a sudden rising on November 2nd, 1841. On that morning a truculent mob assailed Burnes's house and hacked him to pieces. The Treasury building was sacked; both houses were fired, and their sepoy guards massacred; the armed mob swelled in numbers, and soon the whole city was in a state of tumult. Prompt and vigorous action would have crushed the outbreak; but its rapid development was encouraged by the indifference, vacillation, and delay of the authorities. Shelton at length marched into the Bala Hissar with part of his force, the rest moving into the cantonments; but little else was done save to recall from the passes Major Griffith with his regiment. Urgent orders were forwarded to Sale at Gundamuk, calling him back—orders with which he did not comply. A brigade was begged of Nott from Candahar, which could not get through owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Captain Mackenzie was in charge of the commissariat fort in a suburb of the city. Fiercely attacked on the 2nd, he maintained his post with unwearied constancy until midnight of the 3rd, although his garrison was short of ammunition and crowded with women and children. No aid was sent him, the gate of the fort was fired, and his wounded were fast dying. He evacuated the fort, and fought his way gallantly into the cantonments, bringing in his wounded and the women and children. Nowhere else did the Afghans encounter any resistance, and the strange passiveness of our people encouraged them to act with vigour. From adjacent forts they were threatening the main commissariat fort, hindering access to it. The young officer commanding its garrison lost his head, whereupon the general ordered the withdrawal of him and his garrison, abandoning the fort and its contents. In this attempt several officers and men were lost. The disastrous consequences of the abandonment of the fort were urged by the commissariat officer, containing, as it did, all the stores except two days' supplies in cantonments, with no prospect of procuring any more. Orders were then given that the fort was to be held

to the last extremity; but on the morning of the 5th, just as troops were preparing to reinforce him, the officer and his garrison evacuated the fort. Thus, with scarcely a struggle to save it, was this vital fort dropped into the enemy's hands, and thenceforth our unfortunate people were reduced to precarious and scanty sources for their food.

On November 9th, owing to the general's mental and physical weakness, Brigadier Shelton was summoned into the cantonments. He was expected to display some vigour, but the hope was not realised. He was a very resolute man, but was of a sullen temperament, and when worried by Elphinstone, "retired behind an uncommunicative and disheartening reserve." From the first he had no belief in the ability of the occupants of the cantonments to maintain their position, and he never ceased to urge prompt retreat on Jellalabad. He was a determined fighting-man; but the 44th, the only European regiment of the force, unfortunately had a record of misbehaviour, to which it was unhappily true during this miserable period. A sudden stampede from an already evacuated fort left the colonel of the regiment and a brave handful who stood by him to be hacked to pieces. Shelton with difficulty rallied the poltroons, but a call for volunteers from the regiment was responded to but by one solitary private. On another of those days of disheartenment Major Scott, of the 44th, made appeal on appeal ineffectually to the soldierly spirit of his men, and while they would not move the sepoys could not be induced to advance. The insurrection spread with ominous rapidity. Tidings came in that the officers of the Kohistanee regiment at Kuhdurrah had been cut to pieces by their own men. On November 15th there rode wearily into the cantonments two wounded officers, the only survivors of the Goorkha regiment stationed at Charikar in Kohistan. Major Pottinger was wounded in the leg, and Houghton, the adjutant of the corps, had lost his right hand, and his head hung forward on his breast, half severed from his body by a great tulwar slash. The final fight occurred on the 22nd on the Behmaroo heights, when Shelton, with five companies of the 44th and twelve of native infantry, with some cavalry and a gun, were assailed by Afghan masses. Shelton commanded a bayonet charge, but not a man sprang forward at the summons which British soldiers are wont to welcome with cheers; the troopers heard, but obeyed not, that trumpet

call to "Charge!" which so rarely fails to thrill the cavalymen with the rapture of the fray. The gunners only, men of that noble force the Company's Horse Artillery, quitted themselves valiantly, and stood to their piece to the bitter end. The sombre day ended in a wild rout towards the cantonments, the Afghan cavalry making ghastly slaughter among the panic-stricken runaways.

As the result of this disaster, Macnaghten resorted to negotiations, which the Afghans designedly prolonged. At length, on December 11th, he met the principal chiefs on the river side between the cantonments and the city, with a draft treaty to which the sirdars assented. More delay occurred; but on the 23rd, the envoy, with his staff officers, Lawrence, Trevor, and Mackenzie, rode out to hold a conference with Akbar Khan, the treacherous and ferocious son of Dost Mahomed. After a brief colloquy, the unfortunate envoy was suddenly seized, dragged down the slope, and hacked to death by Afghan knives. His head was paraded in triumph through the streets of Cabul, and the mangled trunk, after having been dragged through the city, was hung up in the great bazaar.

Major Pottinger, as now the senior political



SIR ROBERT SALE.

officer, was called upon by General Elphinstone to conduct negotiations with the Afghan leaders. On the sombre and cheerless Christmas morning

that brave man rose in the council of timid men who wore swords, and remonstrated with soldierly vigour and powerful argument against accepting



DOST MAHOMED.

the degrading terms which the chiefs had contumeliously thrown to them. But the faint-hearted council unanimously decided that to remain in Cabul and to force a retreat were alike impracticable, and that nothing remained but to release the army by accepting the conditions stipulated by the Afghans. "Under those circumstances," in the words of Pottinger, "I considered it my duty, notwithstanding my repugnance to and disapproval of the measure, to yield and attempt to carry on a negotiation." Severe and humiliating as were the terms, they were not obtained without difficulty. Pottinger had to plead, to entreat, to be abject; to beg of the truculent Afghans "not to overpower the weak with sufferings," and to entreat them "not to forget kindness" shown by us in former days. One blushes, not for, but with the gallant Pottinger, loyally carrying out the miserable duty put upon him. The shame was not his; it lay on the council of superior officers who overruled his remonstrances and ground his face into the dust.

Our people were made to pass under the yoke every hour of their wretched lives during those last winter days in the Cabul cantonments. Day after day the departure was delayed, on the pretext that the Afghan chiefs had not completed their preparations for the safe conduct of the force. Day after day the snow was falling with a quiet, ruthless persistency. At last the ill-omened evacuation by our doomed people of the cantonments, wherein they had undergone every extremity of humiliation, was begun on

the dreary winter morning of January 6th, 1842. Snow lay deep on plain and hillside ; the cruel cold bit fiercely into the debilitated frames of the sepoys and the great herds of camp-followers. The marching-out force consisted of about 4,500 armed men, of whom about 600 were Europeans,

enterprise, whose deserved failure was to be branded yet deeper on the gloomiest page of our national history, by the impending catastrophe of which the dark shadow already lay upon the blighted column.

The advance began to move out from the



"AN AFGHAN HORSEMAN RODE AT HER WITH UPLIFTED SWORD" (p. 570).

2,840 native soldiers on foot, and 970 native cavalymen. In good heart and resolutely commanded, a strength of disciplined troops thus constituted might have been trusted not only to hold its own against Afghan onslaught, but to take the offensive with success. But, alas ! the heart of the hapless force had gone to water, its discipline was a wreck, its chiefs were feeble and apathetic. The awful fate brooded over its forlorn banners of expiating by its utter annihilation the foolish and sinister prosecution of the

cantonments at nine a.m. The main body under Shelton, accompanied by the ladies, sick, and wounded slowly followed, already disorganised by throngs of camp-followers with the baggage. The Afghans occupied the cantonments as portion after portion was evacuated, rending the air with their exulting cries and committing every kind of atrocity. When at length the rear-guard moved off in the twilight, an officer and fifty men were left dead in the snow, victims of Afghan fire ; and owing to losses in the gun-

teams two horse-artillery guns had to be spiked and abandoned. The route of the rear-guard was cumbered already with heaps of abandoned baggage, which the Afghans were plundering assiduously. Other Afghans, greedier for blood than for booty, were hacking and slaying among the sepoy and followers who thus early had dropped out of the column. Babes lay in the snow abandoned by their mothers, themselves prostrate and dying a few yards farther on. The force bivouacked in the snow at the end of the first short march of six miles. During the night of bitter cold, soldiers and camp-followers, foodless, fireless, and shelterless, froze to death in numbers, and numbers more were frostbitten. The silence of the camp next morning betrayed universal despair and torpor. Already defection had set in: part of the Shah's contingent had deserted during the night.

No orders were given out, no bugle sounded the "advance" on the sullen morning of the 7th. The column heaved itself forward sluggishly, a mere mob, destitute of any order or discipline. The Afghans hung on its skirts slaughtering and plundering, and of the seven guns five fell into their hands. A body of Afghan horse charged right into the heart of the column, spreading confusion and dismay far and wide. At Boothak was found Akbar Khan, who professed to have been commissioned to escort the force to Jellalabad, and who insisted on a halt until the morrow, when he would provide supplies—supplies that never came. He wrung from Pottinger a subsidy of 15,000 rupees, and demanded and obtained him, Lawrence, and Mackenzie as hostages.

Another night passed with its train of horrors—starvation, cold, exhaustion, death. Scarce any of the baggage now remained; neither for man nor beast was there any food. Daylight brought merely a more bitter realisation of utter misery. The two nights of exposure to frost "had so nipped even the strongest men as completely to prostrate their powers and incapacitate them for service; even the cavalry, who suffered less than the rest, had to be lifted on to their horses." The few hundred men still capable of exertion at the sound of hostile fire struggled to their feet from their lairs in the snow, leaving many of their more fortunate comrades stark in death. A turmoil of confusion, plundering, and bloodshed reigned. The ladies were no longer carried in litters and palanquins, for the bearers were mostly dead: they sat in the bullet fire in panniers slung on camels, invalids as some of

them were—one poor woman with a two-days-old baby.

It was not until noon that the living mass of human beings and animals was once more in motion, the task before them to thread the stupendous gorge of the Khoord-Cabul pass, overhanging on either side by perpendicular precipices. The "Jaws of Death," as the Afghans style the ravine, were barely entered when the slaughter was renewed. Lady Sale, who rode with the advance, had a bullet through her arm and three more through her dress. Some of the other ladies had strange adventures. In one of the panniers of a camel were Mrs. Boyd and her little son, in the other Mrs. Mainwaring with her own infant and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. The camel fell, shot. A native trooper took Mrs. Boyd up behind him, and brought her through safely; another horseman, behind whom her child rode, was killed, and the boy fell into Afghan hands. The Anderson girl shared the same fate. Mrs. Mainwaring was making her way on foot, when an Afghan horseman rode at her with uplifted sword. She was rescued by a sepoy, who killed the Afghan, and then conducted the poor lady and her child through the dead and dying and the heavy firing to the mouth of the pass, when a bullet slew the chivalrous grenadier, and Mrs. Mainwaring had to continue her weary and hazardous tramp to the bivouac beyond. Near the exit of the pass a commanding position was held by some detachments, supporting the only gun remaining, and under the cover of this stand the rear of the mass gradually drifted forward while the Afghan pursuit was checked, and at length all the surviving force reached the camping ground. Akbar, accompanied by the chiefs and hostages, followed in the track of the retreat. He professed that his object was to stop the firing, but Pottinger distinctly heard him shout "Slay them!" in the Pushtoo tongue. In passing through the scene of the heaviest slaughter they "came on one sight of horror after another. All the bodies were stripped. There were children cut into two. Hindustanee women, as well as men, were found literally chopped to pieces, many with their throats cut from ear to ear."

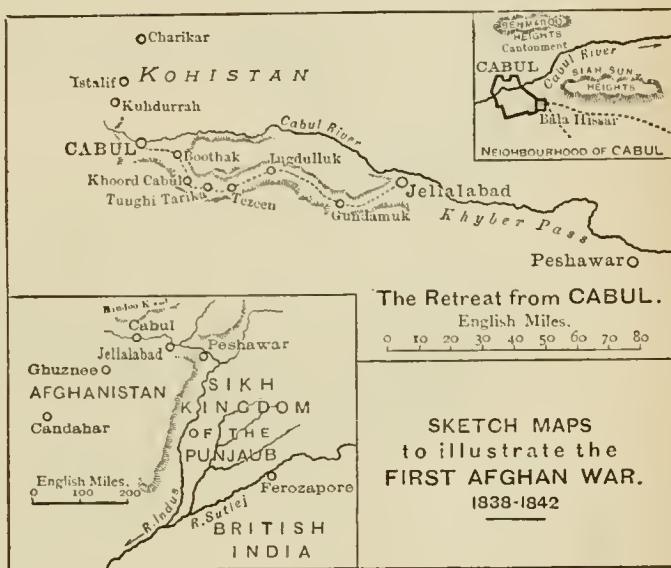
Snow fell all night on the unfortunates gathered tentless on the Khoord-Cabul camping ground. On the 10th, Akbar sent into camp a proposal that the ladies and children, with whose deplorable condition he professed to sympathise, should be given over to his protection, and that the married officers should accompany their

wives. The general had little faith in the sirdar, but he was fain to consent to an arrangement which gave some promise of alleviation to the wretchedness of the ladies, scarce any of whom had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some, still weak from childbirth, were nursing infants only a few days old; other poor creatures were momentarily apprehending the pains of motherhood. It was not surprising that, dark and doubtful as was the future to which they were consigning themselves, the ladies preferred its risks to the awful certainties which lay before the doomed column. If in the breasts of their husbands there was a struggle between public and private duties, the general decided the issue by ordering them to share the fortunes of their families.

Akbar sent in no supplies, and the retreat was resumed on the 10th by a force attenuated by starvation, cold, despair, and desertion. The advance, consisting of the remnant of the 44th, the solitary gun, and a handful of cavalry, forced its way to the front, and marched on unmolested until the Tunghi Tarika was reached—a deep gorge barely ten feet wide. Men fell fast in the horrid defile, struck down by the Afghan fire from the heights; but the advance struggled on to the halting-place beyond, and waited there for the arrival of the main body. But that body was never to emerge from the shambles in the Tunghi Tarika. The few stragglers brought to the advance the ghastly tidings that it now was all that remained of the brigade which had quitted the Cabul cantonments. The steep slopes had suddenly swarmed with Afghans rushing down to the butchery sword in hand, and the massacre had stinted not while living victims remained.

The remnant of the army consisted now of about seventy files of the 44th, about 100 troopers, and a detachment of horse artillery with a single gun. Akbar protested his regret for the slaughter, pleading his inability to control the wild Ghilzai hillmen; but he offered to guarantee the safe conduct to Jellalabad of the European officers and men if they would lay down their arms. This sinister proffer was rejected, and the march was continued, led in disorder by the remnant of the camp-followers. During the bloody march from Kubber-i-Jubbar to the

Tezeen valley, Shelton's dogged valour had mainly saved the force from destruction; and he it was who now suggested that a resolute effort should be made to reach Jugdulluk by a rapid night-march of four-and-twenty miles. This was the last chance, and Shelton's proposal was adopted. Fatal delays occurred, and ten miles short of Jugdulluk the little column was running the gauntlet of jezail fire, which lined the road with dead and dying. The harassed advance reached Jugdulluk on the afternoon of the 11th, and bivouacked under volley after volley, poured



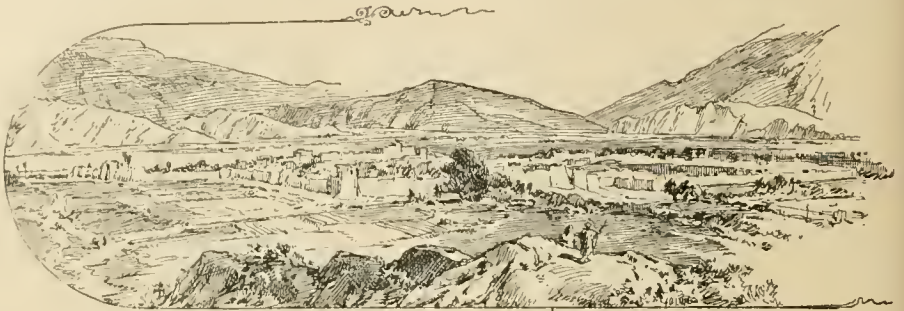
down on the weary band by the inexorable enemy. Here Akbar claimed as hostages General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and he pretended that what remained of the force should be allowed to march unmolested to Jellalabad.

The little band, leaving perforce the sick and wounded, marched out into the darkness, resolute to push through or die fighting. The fierce Ghilzais hung on the rear and flanks of the column, encumbered with its fatal incubus of camp-followers, mixed among the throng with their deadly knives, and killed and plundered with the dexterity of long practice. On the crest of the Jugdulluk height the tribesmen had erected a formidable abattis of prickly brushwood across the road, which dammed back the fugitives. In this trap were caught our hapless people and the swarm of native followers, and now the end was very near. From behind the barrier and round the lip of the great trap the

hillmen fired their hardest into the seething mass of soldiers and followers, writhing in the awful Gehenna on which the calm moon shone down. On the edges of this whirlpool of death the fell Ghilzais were stabbing and hacking with

gunless now, rallied to him the few staunch gunners who were all that remained to him of his noble and historic troop, and led them on to share with him an heroic death.

The barrier was ultimately broken through,



JELLALABAD.



VIEW OF THE KHOORD-CABUL PASS, SHOWING THE SPOT (a) WHERE THE REMNANT OF THE 44TH REGIMENT MADE THEIR GALLANT STAND.

ferocious industry. Among our people, face to face with death on the rocky Jugdulluk, officers and soldiers alike fought with cool, deadly rancour. The brigadier and the private, engaged in the same bitter *mêlée*, fought side by side and fell side by side. Stalwart Captain Dodgin, of the 44th, slew five Afghans before he went down. Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery,

and a scant remnant of the force wrought out its escape from the slaughter pit. The morning of the 13th dawned near Gundamuk on the straggling group of some twenty officers and forty-five European soldiers — all that remained alive of a strong brigade. Its march arrested by sharp assaults, the little band turned aside to occupy a defensive position on an adjacent hillock. The swarming Afghans tried to snatch from the soldiers their arms, but the attempt was sternly resented at the bayonet point. Then the Afghans set themselves to the work of deliberately picking off officer after officer, man after man. The few rounds remaining in the pouches were soon exhausted, but the detachment stood fast, calmly awaiting the inevitable

end. Rush after rush recoiled from its steadfast front; but a final onset of the enemy, sword in hand, ended the unequal struggle, and completed the dismal tragedy. Captain Souter, of the 44th, who, with a few wounded privates, was carried into captivity, saved the colours, which he had wound round his waist before the departure from Jugdulluk. Of a little group of mounted officers

who had ridden forward, only six reached Futtehabad, where two were slain. Of the four who rode further, three were massacred within four miles of Jellalabad. One officer alone survived to reach that haven of refuge.

The ladies, married officers, and hostages followed Akbar Khan along the line of retreat strewn with its ghastly tokens, and recognising almost at every step the bodies of friends and comrades. At Jugdulluk they found General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson, and learned the fate which had overtaken the marching force. On the following day Akbar quitted Jugdulluk with his hostages and the ladies, and rode away northward into the mountains. On the fourth day the fort of Budiabad, in the Lughman valley, was reached, where Akbar left the prisoners while he went to attempt the reduction of Jellalabad.

When Sale's brigade occupied Jellalabad on November 12th, 1841, that place was incapable of resisting a vigorous assault. The skilled and energetic Broadfoot, in the capacity of garrison engineer, had the duty of making it defensible; and the repairs were already well advanced when, on the 20th, the Afghans surrounded the place, and pushed their skirmishers close up to the walls. A sortie worsted the invading body with considerable slaughter, and drove it from

Pottinger, confirming the rumours already rife of the murder of Macnaghten, and of the virtual capitulation to which the Cabul force had submitted. A week later an official communication



AKBAR KHAN.

was received, signed by General Elphinstone and Pottinger, formally announcing the convention entered into with the Cabul chiefs, and ordering the garrison of Jellalabad to give up that place to an Afghan sirdar, who was the bearer of the humiliating missive, and forthwith retire to Peshawur. Sale gallantly pronounced himself un-

trammelled by a convention forced from people "with knives at their throats," and expressed his determination to hold Jellalabad, unless ordered by the Government of India to withdraw.

Rumours of disasters befalling the Cabul force had, in a measure, prepared the people in Jellalabad for misfortune, but not for the awful catastrophe of which Dr. Brydon had to tell, when, in the afternoon of January 13th, 1842, the lone man, whose approach to the fortress Lady Butler's painting so pathetically depicts, rode through the Cabul gate of Jellalabad and announced himself the sole survivor of the British



TYPES OF AFGHAN SOLDIERS.

army which had quitted the Cabul cantonments a week before. Dr. Brydon was covered with cuts and contusions, and was utterly exhausted. His

the vicinity. Bad news at intervals filtered down the passes from Cabul, and at the new year arrived a melancholy letter from Major

first few broken and hasty words extinguished all hope in the hearts of the listeners regarding their Cabul comrades and friends. Almost simultaneously with this shock there came tidings up the Khyber of the failure of Wild's efforts to come to the relief of the Jellalabad garrison, and the information that further attempts must be indefinitely postponed. This intimation weakened in some degree Sale's resolution to hold Jellalabad to extremity, and he scarcely appreciated the glorious opportunity presented of inspiring by the staunch constancy of the garrison a weak Government staggering under a burden of calamity. Sale summoned to a council of war the commanding officers of his brigade, and expressing the conviction that nothing was to be hoped for from the Indian Government, he sought their opinion regarding offers received from Akbar Khan to treat for the British evacuation of Afghanistan. He laid before the council, in reply to a message from Shah Soojah, the draft of a letter professing the readiness of the garrison to evacuate Jellalabad, on the terms of exchange of hostages, restoration of British prisoners and escort to Peshawur "in safety and honour," with arms, colours, guns, supplies, and transport. Sale frankly owned that he was in favour of accepting the specified conditions.

Then the noble and high-souled Broadfoot arose in his wrath, denouncing the project of withdrawal as neither safe nor honourable, and contending that they could hold Jellalabad indefinitely—"could colonise, if they liked." His branding as disgraceful the giving of hostages on our part roused Captain Oldfield to express himself tersely but pointedly on the subject. "I for one," he exclaimed in great agitation, "will fight here to the last drop of my blood; but I plainly declare that I will never be a hostage, and I am surprised that anyone should propose such a thing, or regard an Afghan's word as worth anything." The resolution to abandon Jellalabad was carried, Broadfoot and Oldfield being the sole dissenters. But Broadfoot's representations later turned the current of opinion, and the other members of the council, gradually regaining their self-respect and mental equipoise, unanimously declined the proposals advocated by their commanding officer; and thus ended with honour the deliberations of the memorable council of war, whose eleventh-hour resolve to "hold the fort" mainly averted the ruin of British prestige in India and throughout the regions bordering on our Indian empire.

The close investment of Jellalabad by Akbar

Khan thwarted the efforts of the garrison to obtain supplies, and at length, on the morning of 7th April, Sale led out a sortie in force. Of the three columns Havelock commanded the right, Colonel Dennie the centre, and Colonel Monteath, commanding the native regiment, the left. Akbar, reputed 5,000 strong, was in position in front of his camp, about three miles west of Jellalabad, with a strong outpost in a fort midway between the camp and the town. Havelock and Monteath marched straight on the enemy, but Dennie halted to assault the intermediate fort, with the result of failure and loss of his own life. The artillery came to the front at a gallop, and poured shot and shell into Akbar's mass. The three columns, by this time abreast of each other, deployed into line, and moving forward at the double in the teeth of the Afghan musketry fire, swept the enemy clean out of his position, capturing his artillery, firing his camp, and putting him to utter rout. Akbar, by seven o'clock of the April morning, had been signally beaten in the open by the troops he had boasted of blockading in the fortress.

The garrison of Jellalabad had thus wrought out its own relief. Thenceforth it experienced neither annoyance nor scarcity. General Pollock arrived with strong reinforcements a fortnight after the brilliant sally which had given the garrison deliverance from all trouble, and the head of his column was played into its camp on the Jellalabad plain by the band of the 13th to the significant tune of "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming!" The magniloquent Ellenborough dubbed Sale's brigade "the Illustrious Garrison," and, if the expression was somewhat overstrained, its conduct was without question eminently creditable.

It was little wonder that the unexpected tidings of the Cabul outbreak, and the later shock of the catastrophe in the passes, should have temporarily unnerved the Governor-General. But Lord Auckland rallied his energies with creditable promptitude. In the remnant of his term that remained he could do no more than make dispositions which his successor might find of service. Lord Auckland appointed to the command of "the Army of Retribution" a quiet, steadfast, experienced artillery officer, who during his forty years of Indian service had soldiered creditably from the precipices of Nepal to the rice-swamps of the Irawaddy. Pollock was essentially the fitting man for the duty, characterised as he was by strong sense, shrewd sagacity, calm firmness, and singular self-

command. There were many things in Lord Auckland's Indian career of which it behoved him to repent; but it must go to his credit that he gave Pollock this high command; and he could honestly claim, as he made his preparations to quit the great possession whose future his policy had endangered, that he had contributed towards the retrieval of the crisis by promptly furthering "such operations as might be required for the maintenance of the honour and interests of the British Government."

Pollock reached Peshawur in the beginning of February, 1842. Wild had attempted to force the Khyber and had failed. One-half of Wild's brigade was sick in hospital and the whole in a state of utter demoralisation, which spread to the sepoy regiments which Pollock and McCaskill brought up. In this situation Pollock had to resist the pressing appeals to advance made to him, and patiently to devote weeks and months to the restoration of the *morale* and discipline of his native troops and to the reinvigoration of their physique. He gradually succeeded in this task, and, having inspired them with perfect faith and trust in himself, he felt himself at length justified in advancing with confidence, strengthened by a brigade comprising British cavalry and horse artillery. He moved on the morning of April 5th, with a force about 8,000 strong, and carried out a scheme of operations perfect in conception and complete in detail. The hillmen had blocked the throat of the Khyber Pass, and were waiting behind the obstacle for the opportunity which never was to come to them. For Pollock's main body quietly halted in front of the barrier, while his flanking columns hurried in the grey dawn along the slopes and heights, pushing so far forward as to take in reverse with their fire the obstacle and its defenders. The guns swept with shrapnel the front and lateral slopes, the centre moved on unmolested, while the flanking parties pushed farther and yet farther forward, chasing and slaying the fugitive hillmen; and making good Wellington's observation "that he had never heard that our troops were not equal, as well in their personal activity as in their arms, to contend with and overcome any natives of hills whatever."

Pollock's march up the passes was thenceforth all but unmolested. He found at Jellalabad, in his own words, "the fortress strong, the garrison healthy, and, except for wine and beer, better off than we are." One principal object of his commission had been accomplished: he had relieved the garrison of Jellalabad and could ensure its

safe withdrawal. But a great company of his countrymen and countrywomen were still in Afghan durance. His commission gave him a considerable discretion, and he determined in his patient, steadfast way, to tarry awhile on the Jellalabad plain, in the hope that the course of events might play into his hands.

Stout old General Nott had meanwhile been holding his own in the Candahar country, fighting, marching, and expressing himself with refreshing plainness. When the local chiefs, after the Cabul disaster, suggested negotiations for his withdrawal, his answer was brief and to the point: "I will not treat with any person whatsoever for the retirement of the British troops from Afghanistan until I have received instructions from the supreme Government." When General England, bringing up a brigade to reinforce him, met with a discreditable repulse in the Kojak pass, and piteously begged Nott to come to his support, the grim old warrior peremptorily ordered England's prompt advance, remarking sarcastically in his biting letter: "I am well aware that war cannot be made without loss; but yet, perhaps, British troops can oppose Asiatic armies without defeat."

Lord Ellenborough, the successor of Lord Auckland, on his arrival in India had published a manifesto which spoke of "the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction upon the Afghans of some signal and decisive blow;" but six weeks later he was ordering Nott to evacuate Candahar and retire to India, and instructing Pollock to withdraw without delay every British soldier from Jellalabad to Peshawur. Pollock temporised, pleading inability to retire for want of transport. Nott reluctantly began preparations for withdrawal. But early in June Lord Ellenborough, while reiterating injunctions for his retirement, gave him the alternatives of returning to India by the direct route, or of boxing the compass by the curiously circuitous retirement *via* Ghuznee, Cabul, and Jellalabad. Pollock, for his part, was permitted, if he thought proper, to advance on Cabul in order to facilitate Nott's withdrawal, if the latter should elect to "retreat" by the circuitous route just described. The two generals accepted with joy the responsibility which the Governor-General had shuffled off upon them, and proceeded to act with soldierly initiative and vigour. They moved in concert. Pollock concentrated his force at Gunda-muk, and began his march on Cabul on September 7th, eager to hurry forward, since

Nott had written that he expected to reach Cabul on the 15th, and Pollock was burning to be there first. On the 8th he found the Ghilzais in force on the Jugdulluk heights, who stood their ground against a heavy artillery fire, and had to be driven off at the bayonet-point by brave old General Sale at the head of the Jellalabad brigade. Akbar made his final stand in the ravine beyond Tezeen with a force some 15,000 strong, and the Afghans fought with

miles; indeed, the whole march from Gundamak to Cabul may be said to have been over the corpses of the massacred army." Pollock reached Cabul on the 15th, and camped on the race-course of the city. He had won the race for Cabul with Nott by a couple of days.

Nott from Candahar had far the longer distance to traverse, and he had to encounter the heavier fighting. He gave Shumshooden's army of 10,000 men a thorough beating, drove the



"MOVING FORWARD AT THE DOUBLE IN THE TEETH OF THE AFGHAN MUSKETRY FIRE" (p. 574).

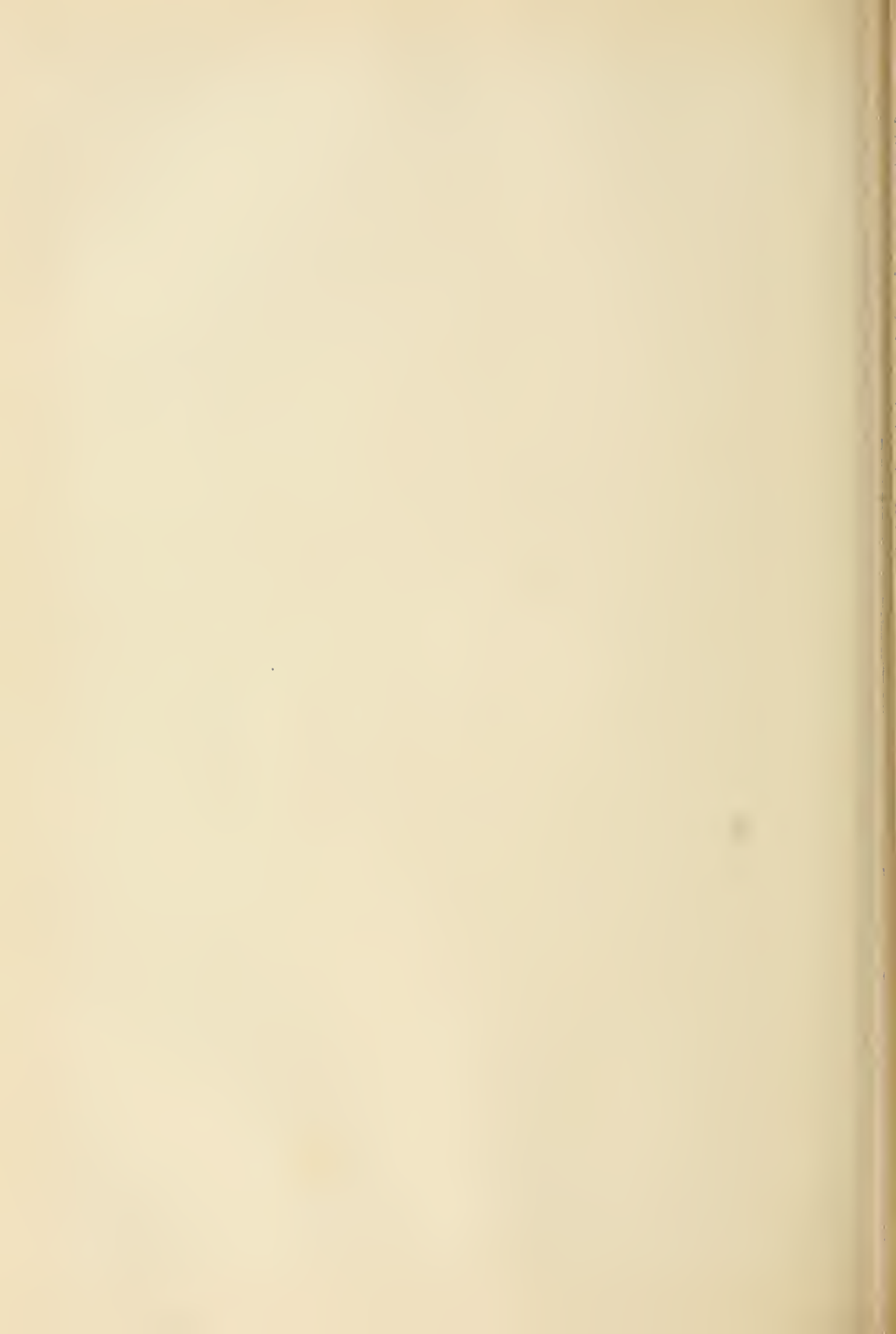
desperate fury. Up among the precipices there were many hand-to-hand encounters, in which the sword and the bayonet fought out the issue; but the hillmen were finally driven from the rocky summit of the Huft Kotul by Broadfoot's bloodthirsty little Goorkhas, who, hillmen themselves, chased the Afghans from crag to crag, using their fell kookeries as they pursued. There was no further opposition, and this was well for the Afghans, for the awful spectacle in the Khoord-Cabul pass kindled in Pollock's soldiers a white heat of fury. "The bodies," wrote Captain Backhouse, "lay in heaps of hundreds, our gun-wheels crushing the bones of our late comrades at every step for several

Afghans from Ghuznee, and hoisted the British flag on its capital; and after a final victory within a few marches of Cabul, he reached the vicinity of that capital on September 17th.

For months there had been negotiations for the release of the British prisoners whom Akbar had kept in durance ever since they came into his hands during the disastrous retreat in January; but those had been unsuccessful, and it was now known that the unfortunate company of officers, women, and children had been carried off to the westward of Cabul into the hill country of Bamian. Pollock promptly despatched Sir Richmond Shakespear with a force of horse on the mission of attempting the liberation of



THE REMNANT OF AN ARMY.
(Painted by Lady Butler. Reproduced by permission from the Engraving published by the Fine Art Society.)



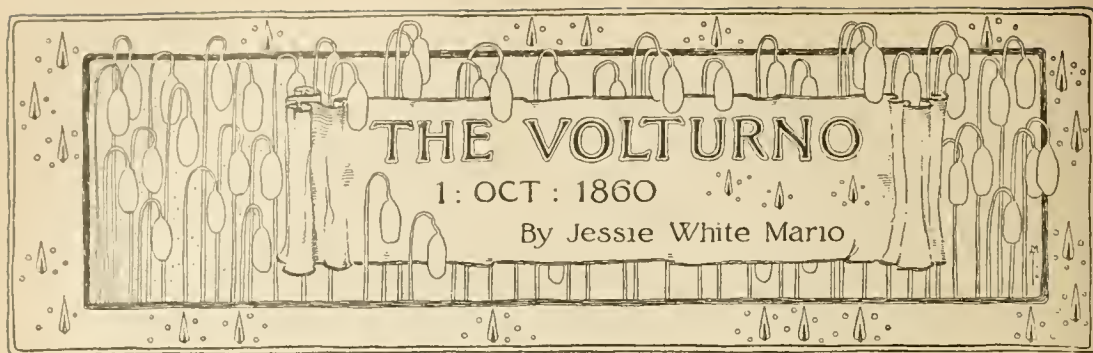
the captives. But our gallant countrymen had already wrought out their own freedom. They had guaranteed to their custodian their redemption money; and, captives no longer, they proceeded to assert themselves in the masterful British manner. They hoisted the national flag; Pottinger became once again the high-handed "political," and ordered the local chiefs to attend his durbar. Their fort was put into a state of defence, and victualled in case of siege. But when tidings came of Akbar's defeat at Tezeen, the self-emancipated party set out on the march to Cabul. On the 17th they met and were taken charge of by Shakespear and his horsemen, and on the 21st Pollock greeted the company of British men and women, whose rescue had been mainly effected by his cool, strong steadfastness.

Little more remains to be told. An Afghan force still in arms at Istalif, a beautiful village of the inveterately hostile Kohistanees, was attacked by a division which carried the place

by assault, burnt part of it, and severely smote the garrison. Utter destruction was the fate of Charikar, where Codrington's Goorkha regiment had been destroyed. Pollock determined to "set a mark" on Cabul, to commemorate the retribution which the British had exacted; but he contented himself with destroying the great bazaar, through which the heads of Macnaghten and Burnes had been paraded, and in which their mangled bodies had been exposed. On October 12th the conjunct force turned its back on Cabul, which no British army was again to see for nearly forty years, and set forth on the march down the passes. As the army was crossing the Punjaub, Dost Mohamed passed up to reoccupy the position from which he had been driven three years previously. And so ended the first Afghan War, a period of history in which no redeeming features are discernible, except the defence of Jellalabad, the dogged firmness of Nott, and Pollock's noble and successful constancy of purpose.



THE KHYBER PASS.



THE liberation of Sicily completed by the victory of Milazzo on the 23rd of July, 1860, Garibaldi, bent on freeing the Italian mainland, sent across the straits 210 pioneers to raise the flag of revolution there, intending to proceed across the frontier into the Papal territory, give battle to the Papal and French troops, and crown Victor Emmanuel King of Italy in Rome.

This last part of his programme was opposed by Cavour, who, however, obtained permission from the French emperor to invade Umbria and the Marches, and attack and defeat La Moricière's legion, on the understanding that all conflict with the French troops would be avoided and the Pope's authority respected.

Garibaldi, after a triumphal march through the Calabrias, entered Naples on the 7th of September, accompanied by General Cosenz, Dr. Agostino Bertani, the surgeon-soldier and organiser of the volunteer expeditions, nine staff-officers and orderlies.

The young king, with some 50,000 troops who remained faithful to him, retiring to Gaeta with the royal family, on board a Spanish warship, as his own fleet refused to leave the Bay of Naples, Garibaldi at once realised that the final duel would have to be fought out by the royal and revolutionary forces between Gaeta and Capua. He took up his position, therefore, between Naples and the Volturno, and after a slight reverse, due to the imprudence of the officers left in charge during his brief absence, he fixed his watch tower on the summit of S. Angelo, never quitting it save to sleep at headquarters in Caserta.

Towards the end of September, 1860, Garibaldi's army of volunteers, numbering in all some 21,000, were distributed between Caserta and the river Volturno, as follows: At S. Angelo, the centre and key of his position, was Medici (the man who had held the Vascello against the

French throughout the siege of Rome), with 4,000 infantry and nine guns in position. At Sta. Maria, Milbitz (also a Roman veteran) commanded the left wing, instead of Cosenz (now Minister of War), with 5,000 men and four guns, Corte and 1,500 men being on his extreme left towards Aversa; at Maddaloni, Bixio (who, on the 30th April, 1849, captured 300 French invaders and brought them prisoners to Rome), the commander of the *Lombardo*—which, with the *Piedmont*, had borne the Thousand from Quarto to Marsala—with 5,663, was in charge of the right wing; while isolated at Castel Morone stood Bronzette with 227 sharpshooters, and at S. Leucio and Gradillo, Gaetano Sacchi, Garibaldi's Montevidean comrade, whom he had carried off wounded from the victorious field of Salto and nursed on the return voyage with tenderest care.

All the generals and superior officers had fought under him in Lombardy in the "Hunter of the Alps" volunteer corps, pioneers of the Franco-Piedmontese allies against the Austrians.

At Caserta, under Sirtori, now chief of his staff, were the reserves, to the number of 4,500 and thirteen guns, the Guides, and a few Hussars for all cavalry. Such was the "twelve-mile" Garibaldian line extending from Aversa to Maddaloni. "A defective line," wrote the general later, "irregular and all too long for the troops at my disposal." But their defects were unavoidable considering the formidable positions of the Neapolitans in Capua, whose fortifications forming the *tête-de-pont*, were surrounded on three sides by the Volturno, with the one solid bridge across the river in their hands, together with all the *scafi*, or boat-bridge ferries, with 50,000 troops; numerous well-supplied field-artillery with sixty-four rifled guns, besides batteries in position in the front of the fortress and on the heights of Jerusalem, and 7,000 splendid cavalry, which daily performed

their evolutions on the exercise-ground of Capua.

Seeing that seven roads issuing from the Volturno converge on Naples, the enemy's objective point, it behoved indeed that he who held the city in trust for Victor Emmanuel should keep hourly watch and ward along the left bank of the tortuous, snake-like river which, in its course from its source in the mountains of the Abruzzi to its mouth in the Gulf of Gaeta, crawls here at a snail's pace, there runs with hare-like velocity. On September 27th appeared in the official *Gazette* Garibaldi's proclamation of Cialdini's victories over La Moricière and of the taking of Ancona, ending thus: "The valiant soldiers of the army of the North have passed the frontier and are on Neapolitan soil. We shall soon have the good fortune to grasp their victorious hands."

Probably this unwelcome news decided King Francis, who with his step-brothers had joined the troops at Capua, to consent to his general's plan for attacking Garibaldi along all his line, so that the king should "spend his birthday in Naples."

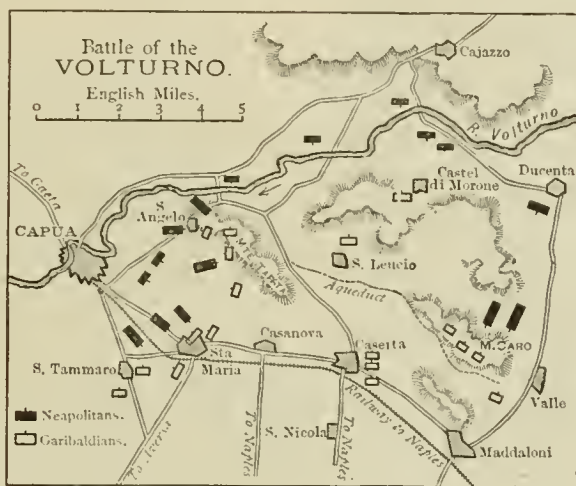
Garibaldi—who, from his eyrie on Mount Angelo marked, pondered, and understood the movements in front of Capua and along the river—divined their intention, and on the 30th September, warning Medici to repulse but not to follow Colonna's column of 3,000, which attempted to cross the Volturno at the Traffisco ferry, he started for Maddaloni, telling Bixio that the Royalists would pour down on him from Ducenta, and advising him to withdraw from Valle, concentrate his forces round Maddaloni, occupy the Caroline Aqueduct, and to hold Monte Caro at any cost. "If you lose that, I shall be cut off from Naples." "Monte Caro shall be yours as long as life is mine," answered the daring, dashing veteran. Returning to S. Angelo, Garibaldi gave his last instructions to Medici, then to Milbitz at Sta. Maria, and seeing Medici's forty wounded just brought in,

said to old Ripari, surgeon-soldier at Rome and detained there after the siege in the Papal galleys for seven years, "Send them down to Naples, empty the Caserta hospital, and mind that you all *sleep on the wing*."

At three a.m. on the following morning, leaving strict orders with General Sirtori to keep the reserves at Caserta till he should summon them, he again alighted from the railroad at Sta. Maria just as the battle had commenced, as he had foreseen, "along all the line."

From Capua two brigades—10,000 men—under Afan de Rivera, marched against Medici's 4,000. Another column, 7,000 strong, attacked Milbitz and his 4,000, and a detachment under Sergardi, going towards Aversa to find Corte De Mechel, with 8,000, poured down by the Ducenta road on Bixio's 5,600—Perrone starting to rejoin him with 2,000 more. Colonna, repulsed by Medici the day before, was at the Treffisco ferry, now with 5,000 men, and 7,000 reserves at Capua, all the

columns well supplied with batteries and horse, 2,500 cavalry still remaining in front of the fortress ready to be despatched where needed—40,000 regulars pitted against 20,000 irregulars! So sudden was Tabacchi's attack on Milbitz that his outposts at the brick-kiln and convent fell back, and S. Tammaro was evacuated; the little battery of four pieces on the railroad answered bravely to the enemy's battery of eight on the Capuan high road. After an hour the infantry duel commenced, and the Neapolitans were driven back behind their pieces, the bright *picciotti* of Corrau's brigade badly mangled. Garibaldi at once summoned Assanti's brigade—1,100—from Caserta, then leaving Milbitz to shift for himself, he dashed off in a carriage towards S. Angelo to see how it fared with Medici. He was greeted by a hail of bullets, his coachman being killed and an aide-de-camp and the correspondent of the *Daily News* wounded. He and his staff sabred their way



through till they reached Mosto's crack corps of Genoese sharpshooters, who, with Simonetta's Lombards, were in the thickest of the fray. Medici, with his centre in the village of S. Angelo in Formis, his extreme right extending

de Rivera, with two brigades, invested his entire front; the outposts fell back, nor could two battalions led against the enemy's right, to prevent their occupying the road, prevail against the number of the assailants and the superiority



NAPLES, FROM POSILLIPO.

to the S. Vito wood, his left to the Sassano and Di Napoli villas, loopholed, barricaded, and fortified on the Sta. Maria road, with his guns on the heights, a battery constructed on the Capua—S. Angelo cross-roads, had stationed his outposts to the north on the river banks, to the south, within 2,000 paces of Capua, with a loose line of skirmishers thrown across to Sacchi's Brigade at S. Leucio. At dawn Afan

of their guns: the Garibaldians were driven back to the slopes.

At the same time the Sassano and Di Napoli villas were attacked and taken; then the battery on the cross-roads, when the grape from Torricelli's battery stopped their progress. Simonetta, Ramorino's battalions, and the English (Dunn's two companies of *picciotti*), after a fierce fight, recaptured the guns; then Dunn's

ammunition failing, "To the bayonet!" he cried, and gallantly his boy-soldiers charged under the fire of the guns till, Ramorino killed and Dunn's thigh smashed, the Bourbons scored another success and retook the guns. Medici, Guastalla, his staff chief, and Major Castellazzi, leading an onslaught at the bayonet, arrested their progress but could not then re-capture their guns.

It was at that moment that Garibaldi appeared on the scene of action, and, gathering together

portion of Sacchi's brigade, he, from the top of S. Nicola, succeeded in dislodging them, but, surveying the battlefield, saw Medici still encompassed by his foes. Dashing down he expelled them from a villa, collected all the troops he could lay hands on from a battery to the west, opened a rattling fire, electrifying officers and men by his presence, saw them recover the villa on the Capuan road, the barricade, and three lost pieces, taking two companies prisoners.



"IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT GARIBALDI APPEARED."

all the forces at hand, made them charge the fourfold foe with the bayonet, repulsed, routed, and retook the two houses; then, believing the enemy to be "only on his left," made for S. Angelo. To his surprise, he found several battalions in his rear, stationed on the formidable heights of Tafata, actually dominating Mount S. Angelo. Better acquainted with the country than he or his, the Colonna brigade had, during the night, penetrated Medici's lines by one of the sunken roads—old military routes or watercourses, now dry and so deep that "even cavalry and artillery can occupy them and remain invisible." With his Genoese and a

At noon there was a lull. Medici ordered his men to "halt and eat," when, just as they were falling to, Afan di Rivera brought up fresh troops who devoured the rations, seized two pieces, and, setting fire to several houses, possessed themselves of S. Angelo in Formis. Medici—cool and imperturbable as ever, with his men perfectly in hand—slowly retired to the slopes, keeping up a steady and constant fire; still Garibaldi saw that without fresh troops he must be cut to pieces. But how to summon the reserves?—the road and telegraph lying between S. Angelo and Sta. Maria in the enemy's hands, no news as yet of Bixio, no certainty of

Milbitz's fate. Putting in practice his favourite proverb, "Who wills goes, who wills not sends," alone with his faithful Basso, that inseparable comrade, orderly, sick-nurse, and friend, taking care that the soldiers should not see him depart, by goat-paths and watercourses across country, he regained Sta. Maria, where Milbitz, himself wounded, his troops decimated, still held the post-road, the rail, and the town of Sta. Maria against tremendous odds, as Tabacchi, with ever fresh forces and well-supplied artillery, kept up a ceaseless fire.

Bixio's news had varied from hour to hour. Attacked by three columns on his front, on Monte Caro, and on the aqueduct, a lively fire was interchanged; a rifled battery of eight guns sent the Eberhard brigade flying, leaving the aqueduct in possession of the enemy. Boldrini, with seven officers and most of his soldiers wounded, fell mortally wounded on the summit of Monte Caro.

Dezza, in command of that "precious gem," sends up Menotti Garibaldi with two companies, but the enemy had scaled the heights; Taddei, under cover on the left, surrounds them in the rear, waving his cap as he reaches the summit. Dezza, with Menotti reinforced, charges at the bayonet on their front; they retreat with a run, and Monte Caro is saved.

Bixio, relieved of this anxiety, rallies his forces, drives the enemy along the road, sends back to Maddaloni his two howitzers, with their commanders killed, other two from the aqueduct; then a general charge at the bayonet, and two of the enemy's columns retire behind their own battery. Dezza and Menotti charge four times at the bayonet, and the third column, which, protected by a wood, has aimed at cutting off communications with Caserta, is sent to join the others.

This success was owing in great part to the heroic resistance of Bronzetti, who for ten hours "detained" Perrone, with 2,000 men, marching to the assistance of Von Michele. Pilade—twin brother of Oreste, killed at Tre Ponte in 1859—alone sustained the shock of the guns on a height and of the enemy's musketry. When ammunition failed they rushed on to the bayonet—just fifteen, the rest killed or wounded on the slopes. "Surrender, oh brave ones!" cried Perrone; but, marching on to death, Bronzetti fell with a bullet through his heart. The rest were carried wounded into Capua. Bixio, who at noon had telegraphed to

Caserta for reinforcements, at 3 p.m. sent word that he could hold his own.

Garibaldi having summoned all the reserves from Caserta, reanimating the troops at Sta. Maria as he had done at S. Angelo, went himself to watch for their arrival.

Guessing his fasting condition, some friends (amongst them the writer), who were present, conveyed to him by two British tars, with "H.M.S. Hannibal" on their caps, who had been pleading "for muskets to join in the fray," a pail of water, a basket of fresh figs, and a tin of English biscuits. The inhabitants of Sta. Maria, having quitted or shut up their houses, no more solid fare was obtainable. As we reached him with these, a bright, sunny smile lit up his serenely serious face.

"What!" he said, "are you encouraging your Queen's sailors to desert?"

"Never a bit," we replied. "They are out for a holiday, and want some fun."

Then as, after drinking eagerly from the pail, his hand was stretched out for the biscuits, a shell, ricochetting from the field, burst at his feet. A splinter, as he told us afterwards, grazed his thigh, but this he heeded not, his eyes now sparkling with delight as they rested on the head of the reserve column, and the *bersaglieri* of the Milan brigade recognising him, dashed forward shouting "*Erriua!*" "The day is ours," he said; and, despite the heavy fire on the left and the fact that two battalions sent across the fields to Parisi were surrounded, he bade them halt for five minutes. Then, forming them in column of attack, he sent the Milan brigade to "clear the road" of the Bavaresi who divided him from Medici, where they were assailed by a galling fire, Tabacchi, determined to seize the Capuan gate, shelling the S. Angelo road and the Eber column in the shelter of the trees.

On were sent the gallant "Calabrians" under Pace, and as the trumpet sounded the charge the Milanese sharpshooters rushed on the enemy, followed by another battalion, charging, as ordered, without firing a shot.

The corps of Tabacchi and Afan de Rivera were now pursued on flanks and rear. Medici, who, with his inflexible obstinacy, had held his own against such overpowering numbers, rallying all his men for a last assault, Tabacchi began to beat a retreat, and to cover this charged the Milan brigade with four squadrons of cavalry, but, greeted with a hail of bullets, they turned tail and fled. Milbitz sent out of the Capuan

gate some seventy hussars, and Tabacchi left three pieces behind him.

Then the Hungarian legion arrived, and Garibaldi, pointing to the wooded plain to the left, whence the Bourbons were firing volley after volley, called out: "Welcome, my brave Hungarians; drive away those rascals for me—*chassez-moi ces coquins.*" Said and done. Up came Eber (who was acting, it may be mentioned, as correspondent of the *Times*) with his brigade, and the French company De Flotte, which had been under fire since dawn, and the remnant of the *picciotti*—Corran, the fellow-pioneer of Rosalino Pilo, badly wounded, shouting with joy at the sight of *Galibardo*.

Medici, with old Avezzanós (Guastalla wounded), cleared their end of the road, Türr's battery shelled from the rail, he charging brilliantly at the head of his hussars.

A little band of Englishmen maintained the reputation that Peard, Wyndham, Dowling, and the wounded Dunn had created. The so-called British legion had not yet arrived.

Vainly the Bourbon cavalry charged across the plain: the cavaliers turned tail as the home-

thrusts of the bayonet touched them. The very gunners seemed to miss their range—perhaps because the Garibaldians rushed too close under the muzzles of their guns. Clear, audible above the battle din, rang out from time to time the Duce's clarion voice: "Bravo, my Calabresie!" "Hungary, well done!" "Charge, Milan, charge!" "What heroes are my picciotti!"

Suddenly one "heard the silence": the enemy, after fighting obstinately for twelve mortal hours, re-entered Capua, protected by the guns of the piazza. Bixio telegraphed that Von Mechel had returned to Dugenta. The Garibaldians lost one-tenth of their numbers—306 killed, 1,717 wounded, all of whom were brought into ambulance or hospital, tended and their wounds dressed before midnight. Of the Bourbon killed and wounded we have no list on that day and the morrow. Garibaldi took 2,070 prisoners, chiefly of Perrone's column; so Bronzetti was avenged. At 5 p.m. on the 1st October the field battle of the Volturno was fought out and won, the Bourbon dynasty for ever doomed and Italian unity assured by that Garibaldian "*Victory along all the line.*"

*Alla carissima Sorella mia
 Jennie White Morris -
 Informo ora de' miei fatti
 in quattro campagne -
 1860, 1866, 1867, - 1870.
 G. Garibaldi*

GARIBALDI'S AUTOGRAPH.



IT was a happy coincidence that the greatest of all Lord Wellington's victories in the Peninsula should have been won at a place near the foot of the Pyrenees called Vittoria—a name which is now proudly blazoned on the colours of no fewer than forty-four British regiments.

Begun in 1808, the Peninsular War, undertaken by England for the deliverance of Spain and Portugal from the insufferable yoke of the French, had already been dragging on its chequered course for a period of nearly five years. The glorious career of British victory had been diversified by defeats, disappointments, retreats—by everything but surrender and despair. Portugal had been twice purged of its French invaders; and Wellington's masterly retreat behind the famous lines of Torres Vedras, running from the Tagus to the sea, had been followed by the heroic storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, which secured the Spanish gates of Portugal; while the victory of Salamanca opened up the road to Madrid, and with it the prospect of a speedy and successful termination of the war.

But, again, the failure at Burgos, and the consequent retirement of Wellington into Portugal, gave the French a further respite from the certain doom that awaited them and their upstart Emperor's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, whom the Corsican despot had foisted upon the people of Spain as their king. For with Wellington, to retreat was only to return after brief space as the repairer of his own reverses. His motto was, "*Réculer pour mieux sauter.*" And, after all, it is only soldiers of the highest genius who can do this. Marshal Moltke was once in a company where someone ventured to say that his name would rank in history with those of Marlborough, Turenne, the Great Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. "No," said the immortal German strategist, "I have no right to

be named with those great commanders, for I have never in my life conducted a retreat."

Hitherto the French had vastly outnumbered Lord Wellington's troops (British and Portuguese) in the Peninsula, but the winter of 1812-13, after his third retirement from Spain to Portugal, turned the scale in his favour. For this winter had all but destroyed Napoleon's "Grand Army" on its frozen flight from flaming Moscow; and on returning to Europe—as one may be said to do who comes from Russia—the Emperor had to weaken his armies in the Peninsula by the drafts required for enabling him to meet his allied foes at Leipzig. Thus, in the spring of 1813, the relative strength of the contending armies in the Peninsula was no longer in favour of the French, who had now only about 160,000 effective men with the Eagles; while Wellington had the command of a motley host of nearly 200,000, of which 44,000 only were British, 31,000 Portuguese, the rest being Spaniards and Sicilians. In May his Anglo-Portuguese army, numbering 75,000 men, lay cantoned from Lamego to the Baños Pass, and it is only this portion of his force that now concerns us.

Wellington had spent the winter in re-organising his army. He had received reinforcements from England, including the Life and Horse Guards; he had re-established with a stern hand the discipline which had been tending to become loose; tents and pontoon trains had been provided; and by the time the buds were on the tree, and the fields again green with the forage necessary for his cavalry, he found himself at the head of an army ready to go anywhere with him and do anything. For if ever a leader commanded the confidence of his men, it certainly was—

"England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun."

That the spring would again see the great English leader on the move, the French knew full well. But what they did not know exactly was in what direction this movement would be taken. Hitherto Wellington had always

Spain, though he had nothing of his brother's transcendent genius for the art of war—had posted the bulk of these forces between the Tagus and the Douro on a line extending from Toledo (once so famous for its sword-blades)



“THE HIGHLANDERS SWEEP ON” (p. 587).

operated from Portugal by the valley of the Douro—his audacious passage of this river in the face of Marshal Soult's army in 1809 had been one of his very finest feats; and the French concluded that this would again be the line of his advance.

In this expectation King Joseph Bonaparte—who commanded the French forces in

through Madrid to beyond Salamanca. In this position he was fond enough to hope that he would be able to repel any frontal attack which might be made by Wellington on any part of his line; and Wellington, on his part, did all he could, by the circulation of false reports and other *ruses de guerre*, to encourage the French in their belief that he meant to re-invade Spain

through the central provinces between the Tagus and the Douro.

But for various reasons Wellington resolved to make a flank march by the north, so as, if possible, to turn the French right and fall upon their rear. Dividing his forces into three armies—the left one under Sir Thomas Graham, the centre one commanded by himself, and that on the right led by Sir Rowland Hill—Wellington, by a series of masterly movements which completely deceived the French and took them by surprise, crossed the Ebro and fought his difficult way across the successive affluents of its right bank, pushing the out-manceuvred Frenchmen ever before him through Burgos, which they blew up in their retreat, and compelling them to transfer their main position from the line of the Douro to that of the Ebro. "A grand design," wrote Napier, the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War, "and grandly it was executed. For high in heart and strong of hand Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter, the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he the leader so proud and confident that, in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand, cried out: 'Farewell, Portugal!'"

Wellington, so to speak, had now burned his ships, or at least his bridges, behind him. For, having executed his splendid flank movement, which compelled his enemies to fall back on their lines of communication with France through the Pyrenees, he transferred his own base of supplies, formed by his ships, from the Tagus to the Biscayan ports. It was like a transformation scene in a theatre; and the curtain of war now rose on the pleasant little town and valley of Vittoria, whither Joseph Bonaparte had hastened to concentrate about 60,000 of his men, together with all his stores and baggage, the pillage of five years, the artillery depôts of Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos, and a convoy of treasure from Bayonne—the birthplace of bayonets. "*Was für Plünder!*"—"What a city to sack!" old Marshal Blücher once exclaimed on looking down on London from the dome of St. Paul's. But the sight of all the treasure which was now amassed in the valley of Vittoria would have almost made the fingers of "Marshal Vorwärts" itch still more.

While Wellington expected, and expected not in vain, of his red-coated soldiery that they should prove second to none in battle, he did not exact

of them a familiar acquaintance with the historical associations of the scenes which they immortalised anew by their bravery. But had they been aware of the incidents which, in times long past, had been enacted on the scene of their present battle array, they would doubtless have felt doubly resolved to sustain the martial glory of their country. For here it was that, in the year 1367, Edward the Black Prince had routed some of the finest troops of France under their famous leader Bertrand du Guesclin; and a prominent height in the region was still known as the "Englishmen's Hill" (*Altura de los Ingleses*), from the gallant stand which had been made by some English knights and their followers against a large body of Spaniards under Don Telo. Vittoria had previously to this derived its name from some ancient and forgotten victory, but now it was to receive a fresh coating of scarlet paint that would last to the end of time.

The position of the French could not well have been stronger by nature. Their left, under Maransin, rested on an elevated chain of craggy mountains; their right, under Reille, on a rapid river (the Zadora); while Gazan held the commanding heights in the centre, and a succession of undulating grounds afforded excellent situations for artillery. The French line extended for about eight miles, and this was guarded by about 60,000 men with 152 guns. King Joseph himself was in nominal command of this army—a splendidly equipped one in every respect—though he allowed himself to be guided in all things by Marshal Jourdan, who, on this 21st of June, was suffering so acutely from fever that he was unable to mount his horse. The French army could not have consisted of better fighting material, but it was badly commanded. In respect of position, cavalry and artillery, King Joseph was decidedly superior to Wellington; but, on the other hand, Wellington had the advantage of being numerically stronger than his opponent by about 20,000 men.

After an early morning of mist the day broke in glorious sunshine, and then the British army began to move forward over very hilly and irregular ground from its bivouacs on the Bayas river, running almost parallel with the Zadora. The scene was one of the most splendid and animated that could be imagined, being a perfect picture of all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," all the panoramic sights of battle, and all the sounds:

"The neighing of the cavalry horses, the roll

of tumbrils and gun-carriages, the distant yet distinct words of command, the mingling music of many bands, the trumpets of the Horse, the bugles of the Rifles, and the hoarsely-wailing war-pipes of the Highland regiments, ever and anon swelling upon the breeze, pealing among the heights of Puebla, and dying away among the windings of the vale of Zadora."

The attack on the French position was begun by Sir Rowland Hill on the British right, where he advanced a Spanish brigade under Morillo to gain possession of the Puebla heights. With great difficulty, though unopposed, the Spaniards gallantly scrambled to the top of those heights. But presently they were sharply opposed by the French, who, perceiving the danger which thus threatened their left, detached a portion of their centre force, and began to make immense exertions to hurl the overweening Spaniards down the hill again. And it would now have gone extremely hard with the valiant Dons had not Hill been quick to perceive the peril they were in, and tell off the 71st Highland Light Infantry with another light battalion, under Colonel Cadogan, to rush to their assistance. Then the pipers of the Highlanders struck up "Johnnie Cope," the regimental march, which had been written to celebrate the finest of all Highland victories—that of Prestonpans:—

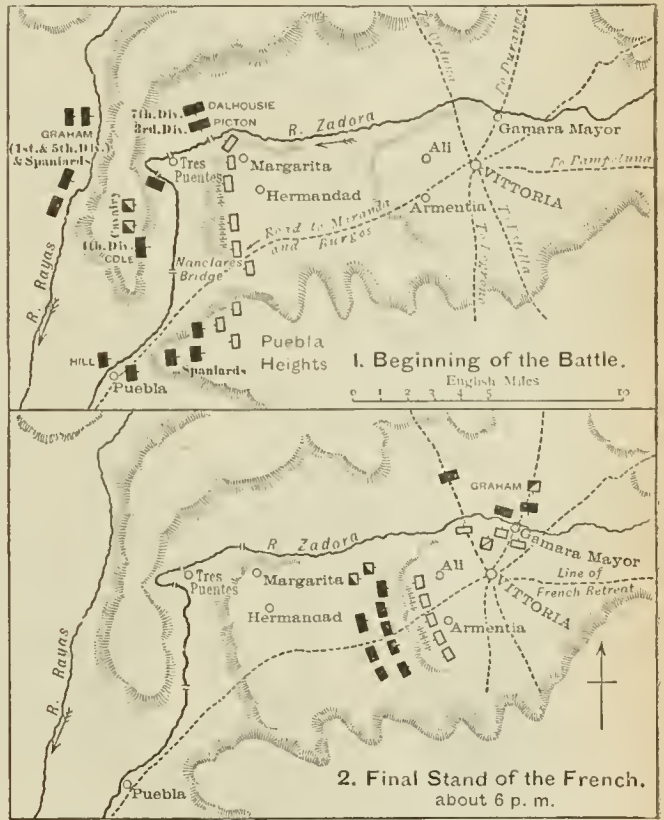
"Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Saying, 'Charlie, meet me gin ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.'

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?" etc.

As though inspired by all the memories associated with these stirring strains, the 71st rushed to the succour of the hard-pressed Spaniards, and soon reached the summit of the heights, though at a great sacrifice of life. Scorning the use of bullets, the Highlanders, with levelled bayonets, swept up and upon the foe through clouds of smoke and tearing volleys of grape and musketry; and their fighting rage was further intensified by the sight of their idolised commander (Cadogan) falling mortally wounded from his horse. A few minutes later he died

in the arms of Colonel Seaton, of the 92nd Highlanders. Nothing could now withstand their headlong charge, which was like that of the clans at Prestonpans; and after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, Maransin's Frenchmen were hurled back and down the reverse side of the hill, which now began to resound with the victory peans of the Highland war-pipe.

"We lay on the heights for some time," wrote



■ Wellington's Army Battle of VITTORIA. □ French Army

a soldier of the 71st. "Our drought was excessive. There was no water there, save a small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men stooped to drink. A ball pierced his head. He fell in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood. Thirsty as we were, we could not drink of it. There were only three hundred of us on the height able to do duty out of one thousand who drew rations that morning. The cries of the wounded were most heartrending."

The spirit which animated the British troops on this day of victorious battle was well described by Sergeant Donaldson, of the Scots Brigade, in his "Eventful Life of a Soldier":—"Those who

have not known it from experience can form no idea of the indifference with which our soldiers entered a battle after being some time in the Peninsula. As an instance of this, when we were lying in front of the enemy in expectation of being engaged, one of our men, a Highlander, having lost a small piece of ornamented leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking it off the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said very seriously, "I wish there may be an engagement to-day, that I may get a rosette for my cap!"

While as yet the battle on the Puebla heights seemed doubtful, Wellington, with his eagle glance, had discerned the advance of the tartans, and then, turning to his staff, he announced that the hill had been won; and not-

Meanwhile, in the centre, where Wellington himself swayed the battle, General Picton, who commanded the famous "Fighting Third" Division, was fretting his heart away under his enforced inaction. His soldiers were straining to advance like greyhounds in leash, and their equally fiery leader had some difficulty in restraining them. As the day wore on, and the fight waxed ever warmer on his right, Picton became furious and observed to an officer, "D——n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us." His stick fell in rapid strokes upon the mane of his horse. At length a staff-officer galloped up from Lord Wellington.

Picton's face began to glow with animation at the prospect of his being ordered into action; but it suddenly grew black again on the officer simply asking whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. "No, sir," answered Picton sharply; "but have you any orders for *me*?" "None," replied the aide-de-camp. "Then pray, sir," continued the irritated general, "what are the orders you *do* bring?" "Why," answered the officer, "that as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the 7th



VITTORIA: PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION.

withstanding repeated efforts on the part of the French to dislodge them from this important position, the allies retained possession of them throughout the day.

Division, shall commence an attack on the bridge" (pointing to one on the left), "the 4th and 6th are to support him."

Picton could not understand the idea of any

other Division fighting in *his* front, so, drawing himself up to his full height, he said to the astonished aide-de-camp, with some heat, "You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the 3rd Division under my command shall, in less than ten minutes, attack the bridge and carry it, and the 4th and 6th Divisions may support me if they choose." Saying which, he turned from the aide-de-camp and put himself at the head of his eager men with a wave of his hand towards the bridge and the cry of "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!"

He well fulfilled his promise. Under a heavy fire of artillery his "fighting" Division moved steadily on, his leading companies rushing over the bridge, where they formed up in open columns. Then they moved by their left, so as to attack the enemy's centre. Still advancing in the same order, they pressed up the heights, where they quickly deployed into line. The foe hardly awaited the attack, for so ably and rapidly were these bold manœuvres carried out that the French for the moment were as if panic-stricken. Picton had gained the heights in front of him, but the Divisions on his right had not yet made sufficient progress to come into line with and support him. Halting his impatient "rascals," he waited for the advance of the 7th Division (Lord Dalhousie's) and part of the "Lights," while the 4th (under General Cole) passed the Zadora a little further to the right by the Nanclares bridge.

During the tardier advance of these Divisions, the French made desperate attempts to roll back Picton, opening upon him with fifty guns and hurling serried masses of infantry at his line. But the incessant fire which his "fighting villains" poured into the teeth of their assailants made terrible havoc in their ranks, and what they could not do with their bullets they did with their bayonets. When these were crossed with the enemy, the issue of the struggle in this part of the field was certain.

All this time "Picton's Division," as an eye-witness wrote, "acted in a manner which excited at once the surprise and admiration of

the whole army. For nearly four hours did it alone sustain the unequal conflict, opposed to a vast superiority of force. From the nature of



"THE SOLDIERS HELD AN AUCTION THROUGH THE NIGHT" (p. 591).

the ground, the rest of the army became witnesses of this animating scene; they beheld, with feelings more easily conceived than expressed, the truly heroic efforts of this gallant band. They saw the general—calm, collected, and determined—leading them on in the face of danger, amidst a shower of cannon and musket balls. Nothing could appal, nothing could resist, men so resolute and so led. They subdued every obstacle, bore down all opposition, and spread death, consternation, and dismay in the enemy's ranks."

The uneven and broken ground made Picton's advance difficult and his line irregular, but there was no confusion in his ranks. A second time did the "fighting villains" charge down with the bayonet on the rearward position to which they had forced the enemy to retire, and so hasty was the French flight that they left twenty-eight of

their guns in the hands of Picton's irresistible men.

Thus the fight went on for several miles, prominent incidents in its course being the storming of the village of Margarita by the Oxford-hire Light Infantry at the point of the bayonet, and a similar carrying of Hermandad by the Royal Irish Fusiliers with a rousing yell of victory. Thus, for a distance of six miles, the tide of battle rolled backwards towards Vittoria. The whole basin was a scene of sanguinary strife. Every valley and height and woodland was covered with sheets of flame, and every vineyard wall and hedgerow served as a breastwork, which was desperately contested.

Later, on the British left, Sir Thomas Graham—with the 1st and 5th Divisions, Pack's and Bradford's infantry brigades, a Spanish Division under Longa, and Anson's brigade of horse—had been equally successful in passing the desperately-defended Zadora and threatening the French right.

Some idea of the fighting on this flank may be gained from the terse account which was given of it by Lieutenant Campbell (afterwards to become Sir Colin, the hero of Lucknow, and Lord Clyde), who was then acting as orderly officer to Lieutenant-Colonel Crawford: "While we were halted the enemy occupied Gamara Mayor in considerable force, placed two guns at the principal entrance into the village, threw a cloud of skirmishers in front among the corn-fields, and occupied with six pieces of artillery the heights immediately behind the village on the left bank. At 5 p.m. an order arrived from Lord Wellington to press the enemy in our front. It was the extreme right of their line, and the lower road to France, by which alone they could retire. Their artillery and baggage ran close to Gamara Mayor. The left brigade moved down in contiguous columns of companies, and our light companies were sent to cover the right flank of this attack.

"The regiments, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, did not take a musket from their shoulder until they had carried the village. The enemy brought forward his reserves, and made many desperate attempts to retake the bridge, but could not succeed. This was repeated until the bridge became so heaped with dead and wounded that they were rolled over the parapet into the river below. Our light companies were closed upon the 9th, and brought into the village to support the 2nd Brigade. We were presently ordered to the left to cover

the flank of the village, and we occupied the bank of the river, on the opposite side of which was the enemy. After three hours' hard fighting they retired, leaving their guns in our possession."

The battle now presented a magnificently imposing spectacle as the three divisions of Wellington's army, after having crossed the Zadora and beaten back their opponents from ridge to ridge, and from village to village, moved forward to a grand general attack. Here, again, Picton's "fighting villains" were ever to the front. Frequently the Divisions on the right and left would see them charging into the very heart of the enemy's centre, and immediately after the enemy retreating in confusion.

"Many guns," wrote Napier, "were taken as the army advanced, and at six o'clock the enemy reached the last defensible height, one mile in front of Vittoria. Behind them was the plain on which the city stood, and beyond the city thousands of carriages and animals and non-combatants, men, women and children, were crowding together in all the madness of terror; and as the English shot went booming overhead, the vast crowd started and swerved with a convulsive movement, while a dull and horrid sound of distress arose. But there was no hope, no stay for army or multitude. It was the wreck of a nation. However, the courage of the French soldier was not yet quelled; Reille, on whom everything now depended, maintained his post on the upper Zadora; and the armies of the south and centre, drawing up on their last heights, between the villages of Ali and Armentier, made their muskets flash like lightning, while more than eighty pieces of artillery, massed together, pealed with such a horrid uproar that the hills laboured and shook, and streamed with fire and smoke, amidst which the dark figures of the gunners were seen bounding with a frantic energy."

The French retirement was successively converted into retreat, flight, and headlong rout, followed by the scarlet masses of Wellington's victorious infantry from ridge to ridge, and from height to hollow. In the morning a superbly organised army, the French had by sunset become a wild and affrighted mob. King Joseph himself had a very narrow escape. The 10th Hussars galloped into the town just as he was leaving it in his carriage, and when Captain Wyndham dashed after him with a squadron, his Majesty only escaped by quitting his vehicle and mounting a swift horse. But the Hussars

were rewarded by the finding of the greater portion of the king's regalia in his carriage. Another object, though less of value than of interest, that was captured, was Jourdan's baton of a field-marshal, which Wellington sent home to the Prince Regent as one of the trophies of his almost unparalleled victory—unparalleled by its military and political results, as well as by the immense amount of booty of all kinds which fell into the hands of the allies.

This consisted, among other things, of all the enormous amount of plunder which the French had rapaciously amassed in the course of their campaigning in Spain. To use the words of one of their commanders, Gazan, "They had lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him. Generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the bare clothes on their backs, and most of them were barefooted."

The work of fighting had scarcely ended when the work of plundering began. The camp of every Division was like a fair: planks were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, disposing of such booty as had fallen to their share. Of five and a half

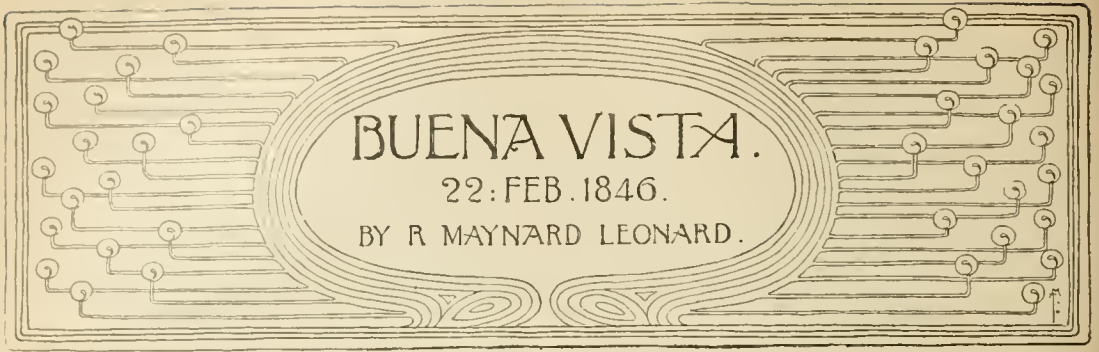
million dollars alone, which were indicated by the French accounts to be in the money chests, not one dollar was ever credited to the British public. The British private, however, had his fair share of all this immense spoil, and he had richly earned it by contributing to one of the most complete victories which had ever been won—a victory which, purchased by the allies at the comparatively small cost of 5,176 killed and wounded (that of the French being about the same), secured to the British arms the glory of having finally delivered Spain from the insufferable presence of its French oppressors.

True, the work of the war was not yet complete. San Sebastian had still to be stormed, and the battles of the Pyrenees fought. But, meanwhile, as Napier wrote, "Joseph's reign was over; the crown had fallen from his head, and, after years of toils and combats, which had rather been admired than understood, the English general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror. From these lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations."



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(From the Portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A.)



“**Y**OU are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in all human probability, avoid suffering rout and being cut to pieces with your troops.”

It was with these alarming words, by way of preface, that Santa Anna, the Dictator of the Mexican Republic, on the eve of the Battle of Buena Vista, called upon the United States commander-in-chief, General Taylor, to surrender within an hour. Taylor's reply was short and to the point —

“In answer to your note of this date summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request.”

The Battle of Buena Vista, or Angostura, when the foremost generals on either side met for the first and last time, was in many ways the most remarkable engagement of the war about Texas between Mexico and the United States. It will be well to state briefly the cause of the war. Mexico's struggle for independence and liberty was prolonged and painful, and revolutions were for many years of almost annual occurrence. In 1836, when Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, one of the most remarkable men that Mexico has ever produced, was President, the Texans revolted, and with the aid of the United States defeated the chief of the Republic at San Jacinto. Santa Anna was not one to forget that he owed a grudge for this. He declared some years afterwards that he would never recognise the independence of the “land pirates” of Texas while he could draw a sword. He vowed to exterminate them, and even to chastise the Government of the United States. However, this would-be Napoleon of America was rudely awakened from his ambitious dreams and banished by his fickle countrymen.

In 1845 a measure for the annexation of Texas to the United States was passed by Congress

and ratified by the Texans. The motives for this step need not now be discussed. It is sufficient to say that General Zachariah Taylor was sent with forces to occupy the country to the banks of the Rio Grande, or the Rio Bravo del Norte, being instructed to act as much as possible on the defensive. The Mexicans, not unnaturally, regarded such action as amounting to a declaration of war. Active hostilities began in May, 1846, battles being fought at Palo Alto and at Resaca de la Palma, which General Taylor followed up by the brilliant capture of Monterey. Then the greater portion of the American troops were withdrawn to swell the ranks commanded by General Scott, the senior officer, whose scene of operations lay in another direction; and Taylor, whose prowess had greatly impressed the picturesque enemy, seemed fated to have nothing to do for a time. Meanwhile, successive Mexican Governments, unstable as water, had been overthrown by the dissatisfied and possibly alarmed people. Santa Anna was recalled in January, 1847, from his retreat in Havana. Compared to Cincinnatus, he was made Dictator, and was everywhere received with the wildest enthusiasm, and with as much confidence as that with which the Invincible Armada was despatched. With the cry of “God and Liberty!” Santa Anna called upon his countrymen to rally round him, and to deliver the land from “the northern barbarians, the despoilers of your soil, the desecrators of your churches.” In an incredibly short time more than 20,000 men responded to his summons, and, even mortgaging his private estates to raise money, Santa Anna moved towards General Taylor at full speed.

A vivacious lady, who saw the Dictator not long before, described him as “a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly-dressed, rather melancholy person, apparently somewhat of an invalid, with a sallow complexion, fine, dark, penetrating eyes,



"THE MEXICAN LANCERS CHARGED THE ILLINOIS SOLDIERS" (P. 595).

and a wooden leg"—his own having been amputated below the knee. Altogether, "a more polished hero" than she expected to find. None other could have kept such an army together, or have moved it with such marvellous rapidity. Santa Anna left San Luis Potosi with 21,340 men, some of whom, however, were despatched in other directions before they reached Agua Nueva, a village some sixteen miles south of Saltillo, the capital of the province of Coahuila. General Taylor had previously occupied Agua Nueva, and he retreated thence before the foe. This was only a ruse of his, but the Mexican general encouraged his men with the cry that the Americans were flying before them. "Onward! onward!" he cried, "and avenge your slaughtered countrymen." He left San Luis Potosi with only twelve days' provisions, all of which had to be carried owing to the unfruitful nature of the country. "The immense granaries of the enemy are before you," said the general to his men; "you have only to go and take them." As it happened the Mexicans reached the field of battle after a march of twenty leagues, for the last sixteen of which they had had no water nor food, except one ration of ham served out at Encarnacion. General Taylor had only retired a few miles nearer Saltillo. He had some time before noted the hacienda of Buena Vista as an invaluable retreat in case of need. "'Tis a principle of war," Napoleon once remarked, "that when you can use the lightning 'tis better than cannon"; and man could scarcely have made this place so well-nigh impregnable as Nature had done.

General Taylor, or "Rough and Ready" as he was affectionately called, had long before—he was now sixty-three years old—won his spurs on the battlefield. He was short, round-shouldered, and stout. His forehead was high, his eyes keen, his mouth firm, with the lower lip protruding, his hair snow-white, and his expression betokened his essentially humane and unassuming character. No private could have lived in simpler fashion. When he could escape from his uniform he wore a linen roundabout, cotton trousers, and a straw hat, and, if it rained, an old brown overcoat. In battle he was absolutely fearless, and invariably rode a favourite white horse, altogether regardless of attracting the enemy's attention. The old hero never wavered when he heard of the approach of the dreaded Santa Anna. He quietly went to work, and, having strongly garrisoned Saltillo, placed his men so as to seize all the advantages the position offered. The

forces at his disposal for the latter purpose only numbered 4,425, of whom 344 were officers, and even of this small force but two squadrons of cavalry and three battalions of light artillery, or 453 men all told, belonged to the regular army. Very few had thus seen actual warfare, and so it was with Santa Anna's army. The Mexican forces that engaged in battle consisted of 13,432 infantry, 28 battalions; 4,338 cavalry 39 squadrons; and a train of artillery—three 24-pounders, three 16-pounders, five 12-pounders, five 8-pounders, and a seven-inch howitzer—all served by 413; a total of 18,133 men.

Imagine a narrow valley between two mountain ranges. On the west side of the road a series of gullies or ravines, on the east the sheer sides of precipitous mountains. Such was the Pass of Angostura, which, at one spot three miles from Buena Vista, could be held as easily as Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old; and here were placed Captain Washington's battery of three guns and two companies as a guard. Up the mountain eastward the rest of the American army was ranged, more especially on a plateau so high as to command all ground east and west, and only approachable from the south or north by intricate windings formed by ledges of rock.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of February the advance pickets espied the Mexican van, and General Wool sent in hot haste to Taylor, who was at Saltillo. The Mexican army dragged its slow length along, their resplendent uniforms shining in the sun. With much the same feelings as Macbeth saw Birnam Wood approach, must many of the Americans have watched the flow of the steely sea. Two hours after the pickets had announced the van, a Mexican officer came forward with a white flag. He bore the imperious message from the dictator the opening words of which have already been quoted.

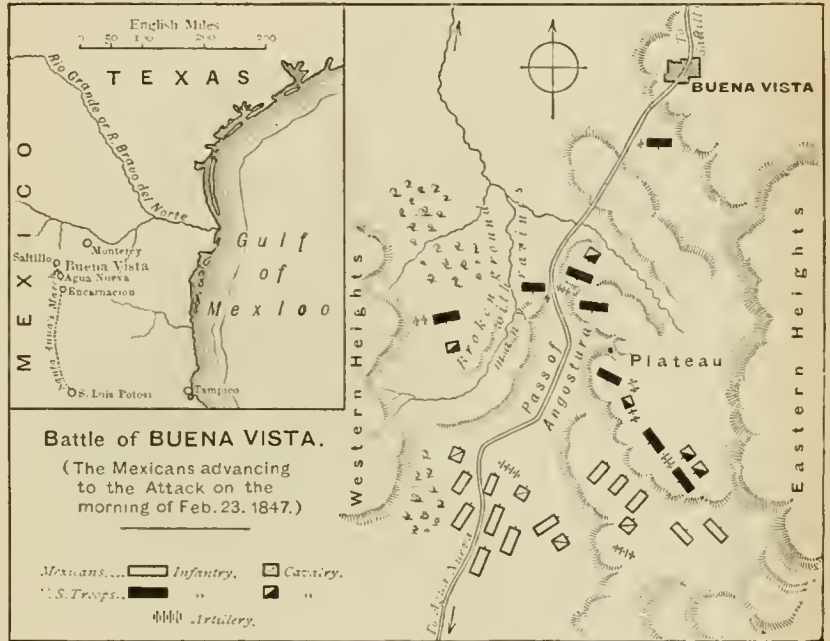
After General Taylor's curt reply had been made, an immediate attack was expected, but it was delayed while the Mexican general waited for his rear columns to come up. In the course of the afternoon some of the enemy, as they made their way towards the plateau (while the main body was advancing up the pass where Captain Washington was waiting), exchanged shots with the Americans, and brought their howitzer to bear; and this kind of thing, which the ground prevented from being more serious, went on until after sundown. Then, seeing that nothing

of any importance was likely to happen that night, Taylor returned to Saltillo, whither also some Mexican cavalry, under General Minon, were advancing in order to cut off the expected retreat of the intruders. Night fell, and the silence could be felt. Already the vultures were gathered together. Although it was bitterly cold on the mountain tops, the Americans bivouacked without fires and upon their arms. Under the cloak of night some 1,500 of the Mexicans out-manœuvred their foes, gained the summits, and passed away in order to attack the left wing at the given signal. This was discovered at daybreak. The white mist slowly rolled away from the solemn mountain heights before the imperious sun, but the *vista* could scarcely have been considered *buena* by the Americans as their eyes rested everywhere on Santa Anna's legions.

But the ten hours' fight soon began in deadly earnest. While a heavy column of Mexicans advanced to the pass, being repulsed by the well-directed fire from Washington's battery, a rush, which it seemed must be irresistible, was made

for the plateau eastward. The Indiana troops were ordered forward, but were presently called upon by their colonel—Bowles—to "cease firing and retreat." They fled, and only a few of them could be rallied, and these afterwards joined the men from the Mississippi. Riding up to upbraid such cowardice, Lieutenant Lincoln fell, riddled with bullets. Captain O'Brien, oblivious of the Indiana desertion, pressed onward with three pieces of artillery in face of a rain of grape and canister and the incessant musketry of 3,000 infantry. The captain, discouraged when he discovered the truth, was not dismayed. Above all the tumult he heard General Wool's voice ordering forward the trusty Illinois. Two horses were shot under him, and he himself was wounded in the leg. He opened fire with an effect that only those who have

been on the field of battle can fully appreciate. Stimulated by his success, O'Brien went forward for another fifty yards, and repeated his dose—"as before." The brave Mexicans, however, rallied, and every breach was immediately filled. Before long not a single cannonier was left alive to work the guns; to say nothing of the destruction of the horses; and the captain had to retreat to the American lines. He soon borrowed two six-pounders from Washington and returned to the plateau, whose safeguarding was necessary, no matter at what cost.



Meanwhile, more American artillery to O'Brien's left was driving back the Mexicans, who thus involuntarily reinforced the cavalry opposed to the gallant captain. The Mexican lancers charged the Illinois soldiers—"the very earth did shake." It was not until the former were within a few yards of O'Brien that he opened fire. This gave the Mexicans pause, but with cries of "God and Liberty!"—on they came again. Once more the deadly cannonade—another pause. O'Brien determined to stand his ground until the hoofs of the enemy's horses were upon him, but the recruits with him, only few of whom had escaped from being shot down, had no stomach to this fight left. The intrepid captain again lost his pieces, but he had saved the day.

At this point the leisurely General Taylor, on his white horse, so easily recognisable, came

from Saltillo to the field of battle. North of the chief plateau was another, where the Mississippi Rifles, under Colonel Davis—who, although early wounded, kept his horse all day—stood at bay, formed into a V-shape with the opening towards the enemy. Nothing loth, the Mexican lancers rushed on, and the riflemen did not fire until they were able to recognise the features of their foe and to take deliberate aim at their eyes. This coolness was too great to be combated.

As energetic as ever, the Mexicans now resolved to make for Buena Vista, where the American baggage and supply train were. The Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry offered such opposition as they could, but a portion of the Mexican cavalry reached their rear, and in the conflict a lance entered the mouth of Colonel Yell, commanding the men of Arkansas, and wrenched off his lower jaw, mercifully killing him at once. Lieutenant-Colonel May had been told off in charge generally of the American horse, and he succeeded in cutting off the Mexican body, who had cause to regret their short-lived triumph, as in the narrow ravines they had no chance.

In the rage of battle, especially when its operations cover so wide a field as this, it is not always easy to arrive at the truth. There are two accounts of what immediately followed, either of which may be correct. The more probable is that Santa Anna sent one of his officers with a white flag to ask what the American general "wanted," and that General Taylor ordered General Wool to see the Mexican dictator, but that the envoy was unable to stop the enemy's advance, notwithstanding the truce, and so returned with his mission unfulfilled.

The other story is that General Taylor, pitying the Mexican remnant and disliking the shedding of so much blood, sent Lieutenant Crittenden to demand their surrender and so save their

lives. Crittenden, speeding on his errand, said in reply to May, "I am going to tell those fellows to surrender in order to save their lives." "Wait till I have charged them," May implored. "Impossible! The old man has sent me, and I must go on." "But," said the colonel, "my good fellow, for God's sake just rein up for five minutes and give us a chance." Taken blindfold to the dictator, Crittenden was told to point out to his general the folly of continuing the contest, whereupon the messenger coolly replied, "I have come to demand your immediate surrender to General Taylor." The veracious chronicler adds that Santa Anna raised his eyebrows in speechless amazement, as well he might. No matter which version be correct, it is quite clear that the wily Mexican gained sufficient time to enable his men to quit their unpleasant position, the Americans having to endure the mortification of seeing their sure prey escape under the pretext of the truce. General Minon came up to the rear at this period of the day, but was repulsed by artillery without any difficulty—as though, indeed, it were a sham fight.



GENERAL TAYLOR.

There is some limit to mankind's endurance, and for a time the struggle was less arduous. Suddenly it was seen that the Illinois regiment and the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry were in grievous straits, in two senses of the word, and were being overwhelmed by the combined forces of the enemy.

"Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder."

General Taylor ordered Captain Bragg, a comrade-in-arms worthy of O'Brien, forward with battery, and he obediently rushed to the rescue with the lightest carriages that he could get. The advance artillery was taken by the Mexicans, who also repulsed the supporting infantry-

Bragg appealed for fresh help. "I have no reinforcements to give you," "Rough and Ready" is reported to have replied, "but Major Bliss (the assistant adjutant-general) and I will support you"; and the brave old man spurred his horse to the spot beside the cannon. Unheeding, the Mexican cavalry rode forward—the day was now theirs for a certainty. "God and Liberty!" their proud cry again rang out. Their horses galloped so near to Captain Bragg's coign of vantage that their riders had no time in which to pull them up before the battery opened fire with canister. As the smoke cleared, the little group of Americans saw the terrible work they had done in the gaps in the enemy's ranks, and heard it in the screams of men and of horses in agony. They reloaded with grape. The Mexicans pressed on: their courage at the cannon's mouth was truly marvellous. This second shower of lead did equal, if not greater, mischief. A third discharge completely routed the enemy, who, being human, fled in headlong haste over the wounded and the dead—no matter where. The American infantry pursued the flying foe, with foolish rashness, beyond safe limits. The Mexicans, all on an instant, turned about, the hounds became the hare, and had it not been for Washington's cannon checking the Mexican cavalry, who had had enough grape and canister for one day, they would have been annihilated.

But before Captain Bragg had come to the rescue the American loss had been very severe, so that General Taylor afterwards wrote, "I have no exultation in our success when I miss all the familiar faces"—for the old man called the army under him his military family, and regarded it with proportionate affection. The Kentuckians lost in those fatal minutes Colonel McKee, whom the Mexicans killed with their

bayonets as he lay wounded on the ground, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, who was wounded in the leg. Clay's men carried him till the roughness of the route and the enemy's hot pursuit made it a difficult and dangerous task for them.



"IN THE NARROW RAVINES THE MEXICANS HAD NO CHANCE" (p. 596).

He then insisted on being left to his fate, and he was last seen alive in the act of defending himself with his sword from the Mexican bayonets. Colonel Hardin, of the Illinois regiment, also fell at the same time, but, although wounded to the death and lying prostrate on the ground, he shot one of his foemen with a pistol before a bayonet thrust silenced him too.

At six o'clock, after ten hours' uninterrupted

and fierce fighting, the battle came to an end with the curious result that both armies left off "as you were," occupying the same positions as in the morning. But the losses on both sides had been very heavy, as will shortly be shown. The silence of that night—also passed on the mountain tops without fires, although with darkness came again the bitter cold—was unbroken, except by the cries of the injured, whose wounds smarted in the raw air, and by the howls of the wolves and jackals eager to dispute with the birds of prey the human carrion.

General Taylor expected a renewal of hostilities on the morrow, but the welcome daylight showed that the Mexicans had retreated—or rather countermarched—to Agua Nueva for rest and refreshment. Butler's words are not necessarily untrue because written in sarcastic vein—

" In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat "

Both the rival generals would have liked to have continued the battle, but the Mexicans were utterly worn out, and the Americans were scarcely less weary. A day or two afterwards Santa Anna was invited to exchange prisoners, and he agreed to set free all those he had taken, Taylor undertaking to care for the wounded whom the Mexicans had left behind. The dead were buried with all convenient speed, and the wounded taken as comfortably as possible—which is saying very little—to Saltillo.

The American loss was reported by General Taylor to be 267 men killed, of whom 28 were officers (an unusually large proportion), 456 men wounded, and 23 missing. Santa Anna reported his loss to be 1,500 men killed—"and that of the enemy was much greater." By some the Mexican loss was estimated at double the figure given by the dictator.

At the close of the battle Wool embraced Taylor, who exclaimed, "Ah, general, it is impossible to whip us when we all pull together."

That was the secret of the American success. They fought with perfect unanimity of action. But without their artillery this would have been unavailing. Success it was; for had the Mexicans triumphed, the army of occupation would have been destroyed from off the face of the earth. To General Wool the very highest praise is due. Before his superior officer arrived on the scene he directed everything, and his skill on the field proved invaluable. His volunteers had been almost mutinous before, all unused as they were to military discipline, and General Wool was a stern disciplinarian; but they lived to appreciate and to acknowledge the service he had done them in properly training them. General Taylor bore ungrudging testimony to his colleague's worth.

Santa Anna did not exaggerate the truth one whit when he said his army had done more than could be expected under the laws of Nature. It had just been formed, and had not had time to acquire discipline or military habits. The Mexicans were fatigued and famished—nay, many of them were positively ill—and it is not strange that their action was not so united as that of their adversaries. "Our last effort would have been decisive," said the dictator, "if General Minon had done his duty in attacking the enemy"; and he had the offending officer tried by court martial. As it was, Santa Anna claimed the victory, and the obsequious governor of San Luis Potosi proclaimed it as such, promising "eternal gratitude to the illustrious, renowned, and well-deserving general and his invaluable army."

As already stated, General Taylor and General Santa Anna never again tried conclusions. That the "northern barbarians" eventually won their point, and that the Rio Grande became the boundary between the two republics, are now matters of history. Among his grateful fellow-countrymen, who never forget Buena Vista, old "Rough and Ready" built himself an everlasting name.





TOO little is known by the general public of the expedition to Egypt in 1801. There is a vague idea that our troops forced a landing in the face of a stout resistance, and that afterwards a battle took place in which the French lost the day and we our general, Sir Ralph Abercromby.

The above is generally all that is known of an expedition which was well conceived, ably carried out, and completely successful. Moreover, it was fertile in acts of gallantry, and served to give a much-needed encouragement to the British army, which during the preceding forty years had not been intoxicated by success.

In 1800 the French were firmly established in Egypt, and the British Government, anticipating a design on India, determined to send an expedition to the land of the Pharaohs. At the same time a force from India of some 6,000 men was to co-operate.

The principal blow was, however, to be dealt by an army under Sir Ralph Abercromby. Before we come to the history of the campaign let us glance for a moment at the career of this gallant soldier. The son of a landed proprietor in Clackmannan, he was born in 1734, and was educated first at Rugby and afterwards at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leipsic. His father obtained for him, in 1756, a commission as cornet in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and he first saw active service in 1758, as aide-de-camp to General Sir William Pitt in the seven years' war in Germany. He became lieutenant in 1760 and captain in 1762. The year 1793 found him a major-general in command of a brigade in the army which, under the Duke of York, co-operated with the allies in the invasion of France. He greatly distinguished himself, and displayed much capacity when in command of the rear-guard on the retreat

through Holland in August and September, 1794, having, it is worth noting, under his orders Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington.

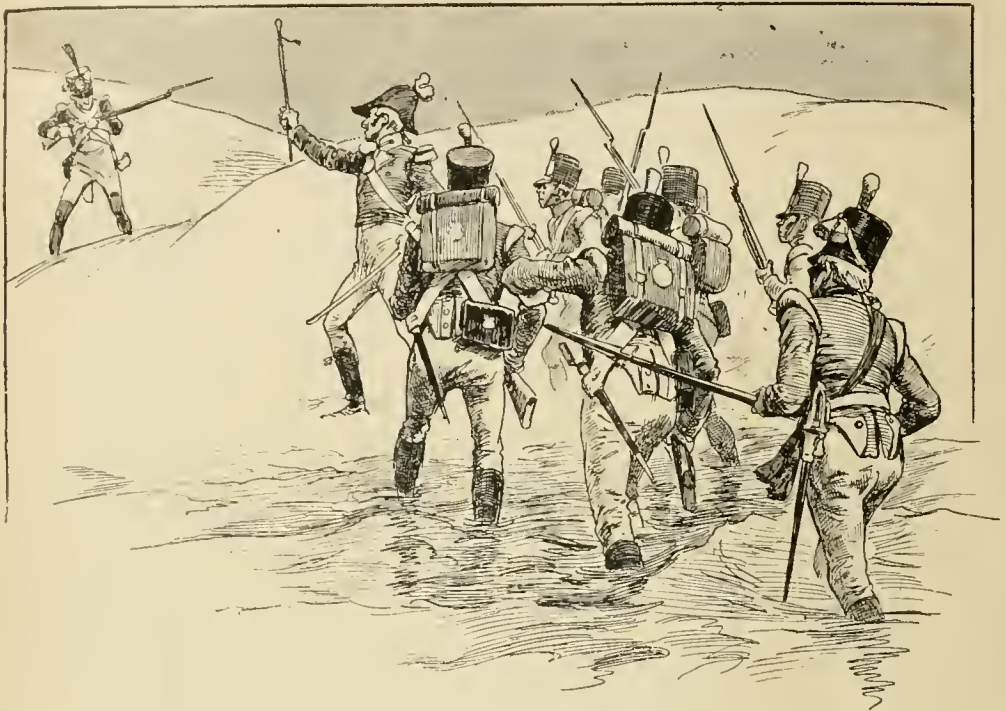
In November, 1795, he was sent at the head of 15,000 men to reduce the French sugar islands in the West Indies, a task which he accomplished with signal success; and after serving as commander of the troops in 1797 in Ireland (and having come into conflict with the Castle authorities by his determination to suppress the outrages of the Yeomanry and Militia), and afterwards in Scotland, he was promoted in 1799 to the rank of lieutenant-general, and sent to the Helder in command of 10,000 men. He acquitted himself so well in this brief campaign that the Ministry wished to raise him to the Peerage; but, disgusted at the inglorious ending of the expedition, he indignantly refused the proffered honour. This is but the briefest *résumé* of Abercromby's public career as a soldier previously to the expedition to Egypt. Of his private character, we learn from an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1801 that it was "modest, disinterested, upright, unstained by any negligent or licentious vice." "He was a good son, brother, father, husband," proceeds the writer, "as well as an able and heroic general."

It was in Malta that the expedition was organised. Abercromby had been sent to the Mediterranean in 1800, and had proceeded, after an unsuccessful attempt to effect a landing at Cadiz, to Minorca with the intention of landing in Italy—a project which had been baffled by Napoleon's victory at Marengo. The object of the invasion, as has been said, was to arrest the apprehended danger of French designs on India, and it was arranged that the Indian contingent of 6,000 men should co-operate from the south. His army may be said to have been

organised at Malta, whence it sailed on the 20th and 21st December, 1800, for Marmorice, in Anatolia, on the coast of Asia Minor.

While there, the ship which was carrying the 42nd Highlanders was visited by a venerable

Only a few horses having been obtained, and there being little hope of immediate effective co-operation on the part of the Turks, the expedition sailed for its destination in February, 1801.



"THE COLONEL IMMEDIATELY RAISED HIS CANE, AND, SHAKING IT AT THE SOLDIER, CALLED OUT, 'OH, YOU SCOUNDREL!'" (p. 602.)

white-bearded old Turk, evidently a person of rank. On seeing the Highlanders in their kilts he burst into tears, and to their astonishment addressed them in Gaelic. It seemed that he was a Campbell from Kintyre, and in early youth—according to the author of "Stewart's Highlanders," who was with the 42nd as a captain on the occasion of the visit—when playing with a schoolfellow had accidentally killed him. According to another account, the schoolfellow was converted into an adversary slain in a duel. Be that as it may, Campbell fled the country for fear of the law, and had about 1760 joined the Turkish army, in which he had risen to the position of general of artillery.

During the stay in Marmorice—which was made for the purpose of collecting gunboats and effecting arrangements with the Turks, both as to co-operation in the invasion of Egypt and a supply of horses—the troops were practised in embarking and disembarking.

The expeditionary force was composed as follows:—

Brigade of Guards.—Major-General Hon. George Ludlow: eight companies 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, the flank companies being left at home.

The 1st Battalion Scots Guards, the flank companies left at home.

Major-General Coote's Brigade.—1st (the Royal) Regiment; two battalions of the 54th Regiment; 92nd Highlanders.

Major-General Cradock's Brigade.—8th, 13th, 19th, and 90th Regiments.

Major-General Lord Cavan's Brigade.—2nd, 50th, and 70th Highlanders.

Brigadier-General John Doyle's Brigade.—18th, 30th, 44th, 80th.

Major-General John Stuart's Brigade.—The Minorca, De Rolles', and Dillon's regiments.

Reserve (commanded by Major-General Moore, with Brigadier-General Oakes in command).—

Flank companies of the 40th Regiment, and the 23rd, 28th, 42nd Highlanders, 58th, Corsican Rangers, and detachments of the 11th and Hompesch's Dragoons.

Cavalry Brigade under Brigadier-General Finch.—12th and 26th Dragoons.

Artillery and Pioneers, under Brigadier-General Lawson.

The total strength was 12,864, including about 300 sick, according to Stewart; according to Walsh, 14,067, 300 sick. Wilson gives the force at 15,330 men, excluding officers but including 900 sick; 500 may be perhaps accounted for by Stewart's excluding our Maltese Pioneers and followers. He estimates the effective force at probably not above 12,000. Alison gives the following figures

—16,513 infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and 999 sick. On the whole, I prefer to accept Wilson's estimate of 12,000 efficient fighting-men.

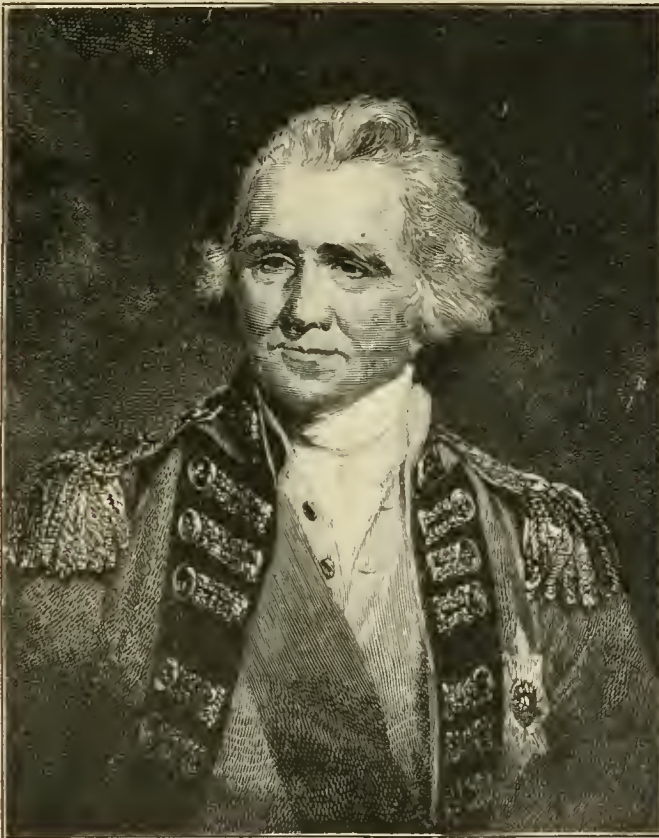
The French numbered, according to Alison, 26,520 and 904 sick; but these were distributed at different points—chiefly Alexandria and Cairo. The commander of the French army was Menou, who, from a vain belief in conciliating the Egyptians, had married the rich daughter of the Master of the Baths at Rosetta, embraced the Mahommedan faith, and assumed the name of Abdallah Jacques François Menou—singular conduct in one who, under Louis XVI., had been a baron and a *maréchal-de-camp*. A gallant soldier, he displayed little ability as a commander-in-chief, and was not much respected by his officers and men. It may be mentioned that

at Marmorice, Abercromby received information which led him to believe that the French army was three times as numerous as the British force. This information was incorrect, as has been shown, but still the numerical superiority of the French was substantial. As will be shown, moreover, fortune gave Menou an opportunity of concentrating of which he failed to take advantage.

On the 1st March the British fleet anchored in the Bay of Aboukir, twelve and a half miles east of Alexandria. It was intended to disembark at once, but owing to bad weather the landing was not effected till the 8th March.

Though the British fleet had appeared in sight on the afternoon of the 1st March, the

preparations for resisting a landing were insufficient and comparatively feeble. The total number of French troops in the Bay of Aboukir numbered only 2,000 men, including 200 dragoons with twelve guns. These were formed on the top of a concave arc of sandhills about one mile in length, and rising in the centre to about fifty or sixty feet above the beach. The slope was very steep and the sand loose, so that ascent was extremely difficult.



SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.

The arrangements for the landing were as follows:—About 5,230 men were to be put on shore first, to be supported as soon as possible by another body of troops. The men were to be conveyed from the ships in boats of the Royal Navy and of transports. The right flank of the boats was to be protected by the fire of a cutter

and two gun-vessels, the left by that of a cutter, a schooner, and a gun-vessel. On each flank also were two armed launches. Two bomb-vessels and three other ships also assisted to cover the landing by their fire. Sir Sidney Smith was in charge of the launches carrying the field-artillery.

The regiments were drawn up in the following order, from right to left :—The four flank companies of the 40th ; the 23rd, 28th, 42nd Highlanders, and the 58th from the reserve ; the brigade of Guards, the Royal regiment, and the two battalions of the 54th on the left of all. There is no special mention of the Corsican Rangers, but they must have landed, for they lost twenty-nine killed and wounded. Thus, it will be seen that the force first disembarked consisted of the whole of the reserve, with the exception of some cavalry detachments, the Guards, and a portion of the 1st Brigade, and ten field-pieces. Of the 2nd battalion of the 54th Regiment, only 200 landed with the first party. General Eyre Coote commanded the whole, but the commander-in-chief was close in rear of the centre. It was reported that Lord Keith, knowing the impetuosity and indifference to danger of Sir Ralph Abercromby, had given a hint to the naval officer commanding the boat which carried the commander-in-chief to keep as far back as possible ; nevertheless, Sir Ralph was on shore shortly after the landing of the troops.

The troops who were first to land—about 5,320 in number—were placed in boats at 2 a.m. of the 8th March, but as there was found not to be room for all, some 1,600 were left behind to come ashore in the second trip. The remainder of the 1st and 2nd brigades were removed to the most advanced ships in order to be able to give prompt support. The boats carrying the first instalment were ordered to rendezvous in rear of H.M.S. *Mondovi*, which was out of reach of the enemy's guns. Owing to the great distances which some of the boats had to row, all did not reach the *Mondovi* before 8 a.m., and it was 9 a.m. before the order to advance was given.

The sea was as smooth as glass, and for a short time there was no sign of an enemy. Soon, however, the castle of Aboukir (which from a promontory on the British right was able to take the boats in flank), and the field-pieces on the sand hills, opened a heavy fire with shot and shell, and afterwards grape, which dashed the spray into the boats. Captain Walsh, 93rd Highlanders, aide-de-camp to

General Coote, who was present on the occasion, and wrote a history of the campaign, declares that the effect was that of a violent hailstorm upon the water. Two boats were sunk, one of them carrying a part of the Coldstream Guards, and most of those not slain by the fragments of the shell were drowned. The covering fire of our gun-vessels, launches, etc., produced little damage to the enemy, and as the boats approached the shore, to the shot, shell, and grape was added a destructive fire of musketry from the French infantry posted on the sand hills. Our boats, however, never faltered, and the beach was quickly reached. It had been arranged that they should all take the ground together, but owing either to the configuration of the coast or to the fact that some delay was caused in the centre owing to a momentary stopping to pick up men from the two boats that were sunk, the right wing reached the beach first ; then came with a short interval the centre, and finally the left, which consisted of hired transport boats, last of all.

As soon as we got under the fire of the enemy's artillery some of their infantry rushed down to the water's edge and bayoneted men in the act of landing. The four flank companies of the 40th, on the extreme right, are believed to have been first on shore, the first, or among the first, of them being their commander, Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Brent-Spencer. The records of the 40th Regiment state, regarding this officer :—"As he leaped on the beach a French soldier instantly ran out from behind the sand hills, and, advancing to within a short distance from him, took a deliberate aim at Colonel Spencer, and seemingly deprived him of any chance of escape. The colonel, however, was not in the least dismayed, but immediately raised his cane, for he had not drawn his sword, and shaking it at the soldier, his eyes flashing ferociously at the same time, called out, 'Oh, you scoundrel !' Spencer's extraordinary composure under such desperate circumstances seems to have paralysed the Frenchman's intentions, for without firing he shouldered his musket with all possible expedition, and darted off to his comrades behind the sand hills."

General Moore, afraid that the landing would fail unless a post of the enemy situated on a high sand hill—probably that which we have mentioned as being the highest peak—from which the fire was very destructive, ordered Colonel Spencer to take it. At the head of his four companies, aided by the 23rd on his left,

he stormed that part of the position with the bayonet, broke two French battalions, pursued them, and captured three French guns. The 42nd Highlanders landed, and formed up as steadily as if on parade, and with the 28th carried and charged up the sandhills in their front, in spite of the fire of a battalion and two guns. The French infantry were drawn off, and Captain Brown, with the Grenadiers of the 28th, captured two guns with their horses, limber, and waggons, after a desperate resistance, which cost their defenders a loss of twenty-one men. No sooner had this event taken place,

when 200 French dragoons attempted a charge, which, however, was promptly repulsed. This body of cavalry, however, soon rallying, swooped down on the Guards, who had just landed, and had not yet formed up. There was a momentary confusion, but the 58th, on the right, checked the onslaught with their fire, which gave the Guards time to get into line. This done, the Guards soon put the French horsemen to flight. The 54th and the Royal Regiment, being the last to land, appeared very opportunely on the scene, for at that moment they desried 600 French infantry, who had emerged through a hollow in the sand hills, and were advancing with fixed bayonets against the left flank of the Guards. The French, on seeing this fresh body of troops, fired a volley and retreated.

The struggle had now lasted about twenty minutes, and the French had been driven back everywhere. In fact, the action was virtually over. The French and the British, however, kept up a desultory fire of artillery for about an hour and a half, Sir Sidney Smith and the sailors having, with superhuman exertions, dragged up to the top of the sand hills several field-pieces. A little after 11 a.m. the French fell back, and our troops advanced to a position about three miles from the shore. Thus ended this hazardous enterprise, carried out under great difficulties of every description. Nor was our victory dearly purchased, our casualties being

only 08 killed, 515 wounded, and 35 missing, the latter having been, no doubt, drowned. The loss of the French was computed at 400 killed and wounded, while eight guns and many horses were captured. So excellent were the arrangements that by nightfall the whole of the army was landed.

The ground which was the scene of subsequent operations was a narrow spit of land with the sea to the north and Lake Aboukir on the south; it is about a mile and a half broad and twelve miles long, on the western extremity



THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT IN 1801.

being Alexandria. Immediately after the battle some men-of-war boats entered Lake Aboukir by an open cut. This lake was of great value to us in respect to protection to our left flank and also for the transport of stores. Thus a serious difficulty was overcome, as we were almost destitute of transport animals. Sir Ralph Abercromby was at first anxious about the water supply, but his fears were soon dispelled by Sir Sidney Smith, who pointed out to him that wherever date trees grew water was to be found. Explorations were at once made, and proved successful. The castle of Aboukir on our right rear was blocked by the Queen's and the 20th Dragoons, who were dismounted.

On the 9th, the wind being fresh, no stores could be landed. On the 10th the disembarkation was completed, and the day was spent in reconnoitring. Some skirmishing between the

advanced posts took place, a surgeon and twenty men of the Corsican Rangers being captured by a sudden advance of French cavalry.

On the 12th the army advanced about four miles to Mandora Tower. Beyond a little skirmishing between the cavalry and advanced posts no fighting took place on that day. On the 13th the advance was continued, with a view of turning the right flank of the enemy, who had taken up a strong position across the peninsula, chiefly on an elevated ridge. The French having been reinforced by two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry from Cairo, and by a portion of the garrison of Rosetta, were able to put about 6,000 men and between twenty and thirty guns into line; their cavalry numbered 600 well-mounted men. Menou arrived that day from Cairo, but does not seem to have directed the operations. The advance was commenced in a line of three columns, with intervals. Each column was in mass of open column. The right column consisted of the

brigade was followed by Coote's brigade, the Guards, under Ludlow. The left consisted of Cavan's brigade, with the 92nd Highlanders as advanced guard, Stewart's foreign brigade and Doyle's brigade following in succession.

It may here be mentioned that there had been a little re-distribution of regiments, and that a battalion of marines had been added to the force. Our small body of cavalry, badly mounted and only numbering 250, were on the right of the rear of brigade of the centre column. During part of the advance Lake Aboukir was on the left, and that flank was covered by a flotilla of armed boats under Captain Hillyar, R.N.

The army marched off at 6.30 a.m., and when it came within range the enemy opened fire from their artillery, which, searching out the columns from front to rear, caused heavy loss. Sir Ralph Abercromby, therefore, ordered a deployment of the left and centre columns. They formed two lines—Doyle's brigade remaining



ALEXANDRIA: VIEW FROM FORT CAFARELLI.

reserve under Sir John Moore in two brigades, one in rear of the other. It skirted the sea, and was a little in rear of the alignment of the rest of the army. In the centre was Craddock's brigade with the 90th Light Infantry, under Colonel Hill as advanced guard. Craddock's

in column in rear of the left, while the Guards formed a third deployed line in rear of Coote's brigade in the centre. The reserve, under General Moore, remained in column on the right, with their leading company on a level with the second line of the deployed troops.

Whilst the troops were deploying the French descended from their position to attack us. The 90th, which were forming the advanced guard of the centre column, were charged with impetuosity by the 26th Chasseurs-à-Cheval. It is said that the 90th, as a light infantry corps, wore helmets, which fact induced the French to mistake them for dismounted cavalry. Hence they

however, the gallant Highlanders sprang to meet them, and poured in so heavy and effective a fire that the 61st Demi brigade were forced to retire, abandoning the two guns. For their brilliant conduct on this occasion both the 90th and 92nd were authorised to bear "Mandora" on their colours. About this period of the action Dillon's regiment attacked with the bayonet a



"TWO OF THE NUMBER KODE AT THE GENERAL" (p. 607.)

were attacked with great confidence. It is not expressly so stated, but it would appear that the 90th received their opponents in line, receiving them with a steady fire which emptied many saddles. Some of the more daring of the Chasseurs persevered, however, charging right up to the regiment, but were quickly bayoneted. Colonel Hill on this day owed his life to his helmet, which resisted a bullet which would otherwise have penetrated his head. In the *mêlée* Sir Ralph Abercromby, whose personal intrepidity amounted to a fault, was surrounded, his horse was shot, and he was nearly captured, when he was rescued by a party of the 90th. At about the same time the 92nd Highlanders were attacked by the 61st Demi brigade, named "The Invincibles," and were also exposed to the fire with grape of two field-pieces. Nothing daunted,

bridge over the canal and captured it and two guns. The French fell back, halting from time to time to open on us with their well-horsed batteries. Our progress was, on the contrary, slow, for our guns had to be drawn by hand and the sand was heavy. About 2.30 p.m. the French having abandoned the crest which they had originally occupied, took up a fresh position on another crest close in front of the forts and works of Alexandria.

About this time the 44th captured in splendid style a bridge over the Alexandria Canal, which skirted the southern border of the field of battle; the bridge was defended by a body of infantry and cavalry, and a howitzer. The bridge was taken, but so heavy an artillery fire was opened upon them by the French, who had brought up some heavy guns from the

fortification in their rear, that the regiment was obliged to fall back. Almost simultaneously the commander-in-chief ordered General Hutchinson, with Stewart's and Doyle's brigades, to attack the enemy's right. Hutchinson was, however, met with a destructive fire, and Abercromby, fearing that even if he carried the enemy's position the fire of the forts in rear would prevent him from retaining it, ordered a retreat to the position which the French had held before the action. Our force was about 12,000 combatants, that of the French about 6,000. The respective losses were: English, 1,300; French, 700 and 4 guns.

On the 15th we commenced to fortify our position, and the day was also remarkable as being that on which tents were brought up. So few, however, could be issued, that though intended only for fifteen, it was found impossible in some cases to serve out more than one tent to every thirty-nine men. Up to that date all ranks, from the commander-in-chief downwards, had slept in the open air. On the 17th the Castle of Aboukir, having endured a very severe bombardment, surrendered. On the 18th a portion of our cavalry had an affair which, though at first in our favour, ended disastrously.

On the 19th 500 Turks joined the army. On the 20th nothing occurred, but on the following day took place the battle of Alexandria, the most severe action of the campaign.

Before entering on an account of this glorious combat, we must describe the position of the British army on that eventful day.

The reserve, under General Moore, was on a height close to the sea, on the right and in advance of the rest of the army. On the right of the heights were some extensive ruins, evidently of palatial origin. These were occupied by the 58th. On the left of the ruins was a rock spoken of as a redoubt, but really it had no rear face. The garrison consisted of the 28th. In rear of the above-mentioned troops were the flank companies of the 40th, the 23rd, the Corsican Rangers, and the 42nd Highlanders. On the left of the height occupied by the reserve was a valley some 300 yards broad, in which was placed the cavalry attached to the reserve. To the left, or south, of this valley, on some rising ground, were the Guards, with a redoubt on the right, a battery on the left, and a trench and parapet connecting these two along the front. In echelon to the left rear was Coote's brigade,

next to him stood Craddock's brigade. On the extreme left, and with part of his brigade thrown back *en potence*, so as to face the shore of Lake Mareotis, stood Cavan. In second line were Doyle's brigade, Stewart's Foreign brigade, and the dismounted cavalry of the 12th and 26th Dragoons.

It must be mentioned that Lake Mareotis was dry, and almost everywhere passable by troops. On the morning of the 21st March the army was under arms, as usual, at 3 a.m. Half an hour later a musket shot rang out in front of the left of the line. Several cannon shot followed, and the enemy advancing temporarily obtained possession of a small *flèche*, occupied as a picket post. The enemy were, however, soon driven back, and a profound stillness ensued. General Moore, who happened to be general of the day, had, on hearing the first shot, hurried to the left. He soon, however, became convinced that the real attack would be on the right, and he therefore galloped back through the dark, close, cloudy, and now silent night, to the reserve. Scarcely had he returned when cheers, followed by a roar of musketry, proved that his military instinct had not misled him.

The 28th, which had been drawn upon the left of the redoubt, were ordered into it, and the left wing of the 42nd, under Major Stirling, were directed to take up the ground left vacant by the 28th; while the right wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Stewart, remained 200 yards in rear. The enemy attacking the redoubt were received with so heavy a fire that they fell back precipitately to a hollow a little in rear, but soon recommenced fire. In the meantime, taking advantage of the darkness, which was so great that an object two yards off could not be distinguished, a French column, consisting of the "Invincible Legion" and a six-pounder gun, advanced by a shallow valley intervening between the 42nd and the Guards, and, wheeling to their left, were marching in profound silence between the parallel lines of the wings of the Highlanders.

It was, as we have said, still pitch dark, and the Frenchmen were further shrouded by the heavy smoke which hung about in the still night air. Their feet made no noise as they fell on the sand, and it is probable that they might in another two or three minutes have reached the ruins unperceived. Providentially, a soldier of the right wing, blessed with exceptionally sharp sight, perceived them, and stepping

out of the ranks said to his captain—Stewart of Garth—whose account we follow: “I see a strong column of the enemy marching past in our front: I know them by their large hats and white frocks; tell the general, and allow us to charge them.” I told him to go back to his place, that the thing was impossible, as Major Stirling, with the left wing of the regiment, was in our immediate front, at a distance of only 200 yards. However, as the man still insisted on the accuracy of his statement, I ran out to the front, and soon perceived through the darkness a large moving body; and though I could not distinguish any particular object, the sound of feet and clank of arms convinced me of the soldier’s correctness. In a few minutes Colonel Stewart and Major Stirling’s wings charged the column in the ruins. But it is proper to explain that it was only the rear rank of the left wing that faced about and charged to their rear; the front rank kept their ground to oppose the enemy in their immediate front.”

When the column saw that it was discovered it rushed towards the ruins. As the Frenchmen passed the so-called redoubt, but which was open at the gorge, the rear rank of the 28th faced about and fired into them, the front rank of the regiment, unmoved, keeping up a fire on the enemy in their immediate front. Weakened in number and in some confusion, the “Invincibles” dashed onwards to the ruins, chased by the fleet-footed Highlanders, and penetrated through the openings. The 58th and 40th, however, coolly faced about and fired into the French. When surrounded by foes and corpses the gallant survivors—two hundred in number—surrendered. The standard was given up by the officer who bore it to Major Stirling, of the 42nd, who handed it over to Sergeant Sinclair, with orders to remain with the trophy by the captured six-pounder. Subsequently he was overthrown and stunned by some French cavalry. When he came to himself the standard was gone. Some time after, Lutz, a soldier of the Minorca regiment, came to Colonel Abercromby, and presenting him with the standard, said that he had taken it from a French officer. Lutz obtained a receipt and twenty-four dollars. This incident caused some ill-feeling. Generals Moore and Oakes were wounded about this time, but remained at their posts.

As the enemy made a renewed attack on the left of the redoubt, Moore ordered the 42nd out of the ruins to bar their progress. As the French drew close, Sir Ralph Aber-

cromby, ever at the point of danger, rode up and called out: “My brave Highlanders, remember your country; remember your forefathers.” Responsive to the appeal, the gallant Black Watch, with a true Highland rush, dashed at the foe and sent them back in disorder and hotly pursued. Moore, who had a keen vision, differing in that respect from Abercrombie, who was very short-sighted, saw through the smoke and dust some fresh French columns drawn up on the plain, and three squadrons of cavalry about to charge through the intervals of the retreating infantry. Consequently, he ordered the regiment back to its old ground. Owing to the noise of the firing the order was only heard by some. Those companies who did hear it fell back, the others hesitated, and the next instant the French cavalry were upon them, with a fair prospect of success, for the advanced companies of the 42nd were broken and scattered. The men, however, stood firm, in groups, or even individually maintained a stout fight with the dragoons. The companies which had been withdrawn in time, and were in comparatively regular formation, repulsed the cavalry, some of whom galloped through intervals, and were almost all cut off. After penetrating our line, some wheeling to the left were shot by the 28th, who faced to the rear. They were thrown into great disorder by their horses falling over the tents and holes for camp kettles, dug by the 28th.

It must have been about this time that Sir Ralph Abercromby was nearly slain on the spot by a French dragoon. He had sent off all his staff with orders when some French cavalry reached the spot where he was watching the fight. Two of the number rode at the general, and were about to cut him down, when the gallant veteran succeeded in wresting the sword from his adversary, who was immediately shot by a corporal of the 42nd, the other, seeking to ride away, was bayoneted by a private of the same regiment. According to Sir Robert Wilson, he was unhorsed in the struggle, and it is probable that he was, for we read of him as having afterwards walked to the redoubt on the right of the Guards, and as continuing to walk about. It was only known that he was wounded by the sight of blood trickling down his leg, for he never mentioned the fact that a bullet had lodged in his hip-bone, though he complained of a contusion in the chest, caused by a blow from the sword which he had eventually wrenched from the French officer. When the battle was over he

found himself utterly spent, and after having his wound attended to by a surgeon of the Guards, he was carried on board ship. While being carried to the beach he asked what had been put under his head. His aide-de-camp replied, "Only a soldier's blanket." "Only a soldier's blanket!" was the rejoinder; "make haste, and return it to him at once."

A little after the attack on the right the French assailed the Guards, driving in their skirmishers. The enemy advanced in echelon from the right, with a view to turning the left flank of the Guards. Several companies, however, of the 3rd Guards being thrown back, this manœuvre was foiled, and the steady fire of the brigade, coupled with the advance of Coote's brigade on the left, caused the French to retire.

Scarcely had this first charge of cavalry by two regiments of dragoons failed than the second line of three regiments made another bid for success. There was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting. According to Captain Walsh, the 42nd opened and let the enemy's horsemen through, and then faced about and fired on them. The survivors strove to force their way back, but few succeeded, their commander, General Roize, falling about this time. At the end of the charge General Stewart's brigade came up on the left of the 42nd. This was about 8.30 a.m., and till 9.30 a.m., when the battle virtually ceased, nothing but a combat of artillery and an interchange of musket-shots between the skirmishers took place on this part of the field. About 9.30 a.m. the French began to retreat, and by 10 a.m. all firing ceased.

It may here be mentioned that the 92nd Highlanders had marched very early that morning towards Aboukir, where it was to go into garrison, being much weakened by casualties in action and from disease. When the firing began it was two miles from camp, but under Major Napier immediately countermarched, and arrived to take part in the battle. It is noteworthy that the steady conduct of the 42nd stood them in such good stead that, though twice engaged hand-to-hand with the enemy's cavalry, only thirteen men received sabre wounds.

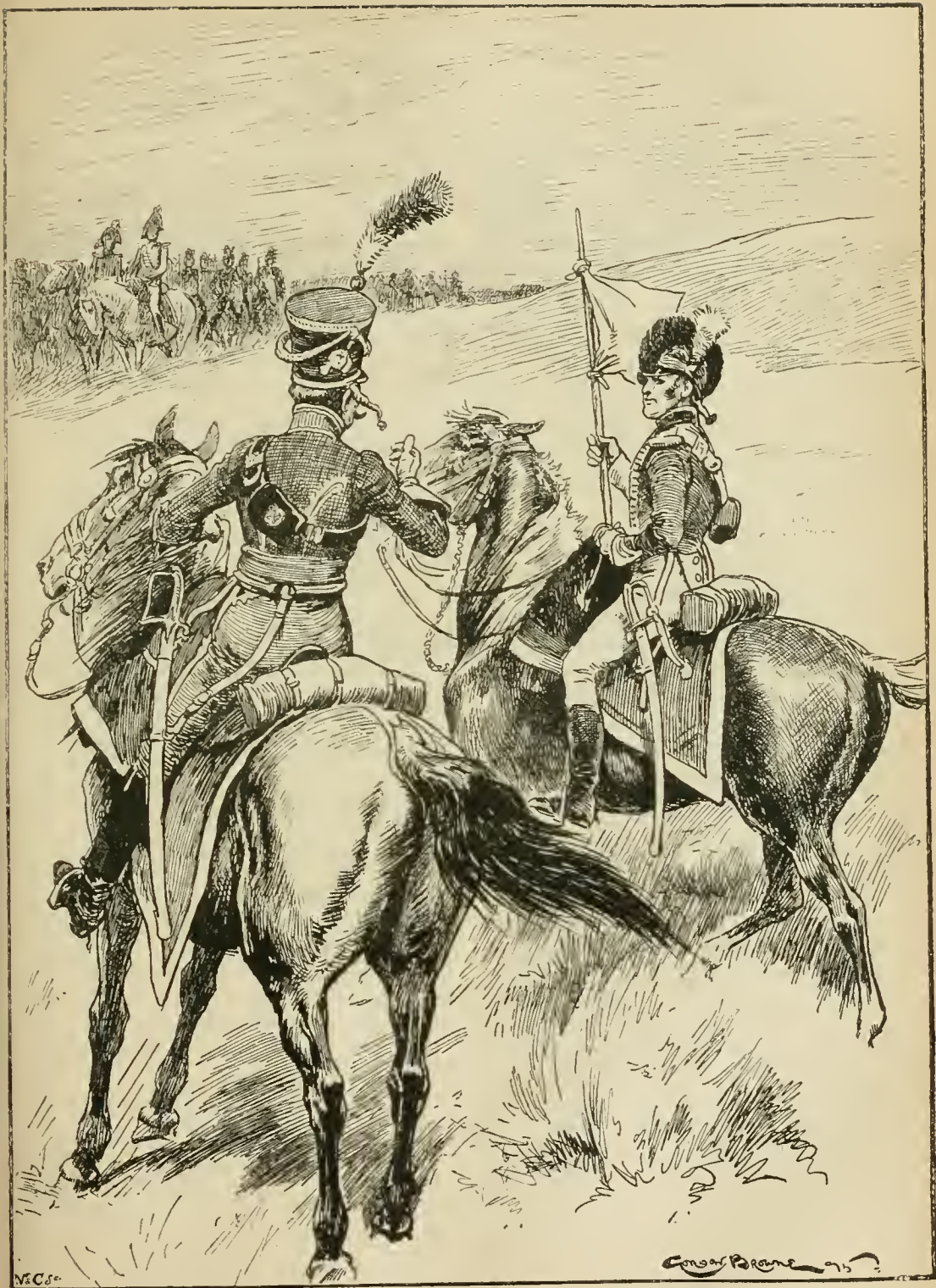
The French of all arms behaved with the utmost gallantry, but it is with regret that we mention that many of them when captured were found to be drunk, and among these was an officer of high rank.

The brave and chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith was, as usual, to be found wherever the danger was greatest. In the heat of the action Major

Hall, aide-de-camp to General Craddock, while carrying orders, had his horse killed under him close to where Sir Sidney was watching the fight. Disengaging himself from his fallen steed he went up to Sir Sidney and begged that officer to hand over to him his orderly's horse. Sir Sidney at once consented, and told the man to hand over his horse. While he was speaking a cannon ball took off the dragoon's head, on which Sir Sidney calmly remarked, "This is destiny. The horse, Major Hall, is yours."

A period of inactivity followed the battle, due, probably, to the wound of the commander-in-chief. The problem, moreover, was one that it was difficult to solve. Evidently the garrison of Alexandria would not soon surrender, and their position was strong, their resources considerable. A French force, moreover, occupied Cairo, and the capture of that city would produce a great moral and material effect. The distance, however, was great, and owing to the want of transport it would be necessary to advance on the capital by the Nile. The co-operation of the Turkish army was needed, and it was not yet certain to what extent it might be depended on. The attitude of the Mamelukes had also to be taken into consideration. Finally, General Baird was expected from India, and some regard to his movements had to be paid. At length, however, General Hutchinson, who had succeeded to the command of the army on the death of Sir Ralph Abercromby—who expired on board ship on the 28th—decided on a plan of operations, the main feature of which was an advance by a portion of the army under his personal command, while maintaining the investment of Alexandria by the remainder, under General Coote. He was the more readily enabled to arrive at a determination because, on the 26th March, the Capitan Pasha with 6,000 Turks had disembarked in the Bay of Aboukir.

On April 2nd Colonel Spencer, with the 58th Regiment, the flank company of the 40th, and thirty of Hompesch's Hussars, was sent to take possession of Rosetta and obtain command of the Nile, for the fleet wanted water and the troops fresh meat. Besides, the capture of Rosetta was the first step in an advance on Cairo. Spencer was accompanied by 4,000 Turks. On the 6th, Hutchinson, learning that the garrison of Rosetta had been strengthened, reinforced Spencer with the Queen's Regiment. On the morning of the 8th, Spencer, after a trying march across the desert, reached the neighbourhood of Rosetta, and found the passage of the river opposed. It



"SUDDENLY A FRENCH OFFICER GALLOPED UP TO MAJOR WILSON" (P. 610).

was, however, soon forced, and a portion of the French marched to El Hamed, on the left bank of the Nile. Detaching the Queen's and 500 Arnauts, under Lord Dalhousie, to blockade Fort St. Julien, with the remainder of his force Spencer marched south, and established himself in front of the enemy's strong position at El Hamed. There he remained for several days, sending out reconnoitring patrols and receiving reinforcements. Gradually during the following twelve days his command was brought up to—exclusive of Turks—about 300 cavalry, 4,000 infantry, with, however, only 100 horses and camels for the guns, water, and provisions.

Returning to Alexandria, Hutchinson had, with some misgiving and reluctance on account of the devastation which the measure would cause, cut the embankment of the canal and let in the waters of Lake Mareotis. By this means he almost isolated the town from external supplies, and succoured and secured his left flank, which was now protected by a flotilla on the lake. He was thus enabled to leave with confidence Coote, with about 6,000 men, in front of the town, while employing about 5,310 of his troops and some 9,510 Turks in the advance along the banks of the Nile towards Cairo. He himself proceeded to Rosetta, where he arrived on the 26th April. Lord Dalhousie and the Capitan Pasha had established batteries against Fort St. Julien, and on the 16th a bombardment was begun from these, aided by the fire from the men-of-war and boats. On the 10th, after a sturdy resistance, the garrison—having lost 40 killed and wounded and being without any prospect of succour—surrendered, with 15 guns and 268 men.

On the 4th May a detachment, consisting of two 6-pounders, two 12-pounders, two howitzers, twenty of the 12th Dragoons, the 89th Regiment, and a body of Arnauts with four horsed Turkish guns, under Colonel Stewart, was sent across the Nile, with instructions to conform with the movements of the main body on the left, or eastern, bank of the Nile. On the following day the main body advanced in two columns, one with its left on the Nile, the other with its right on Lake Edki, the whole preceded by about 4,000 Turks. At the same time a flotilla of Turkish gun-vessels and some armed djerms, or native boats, manned by British sailors, sailed up the Nile. On the 6th the allies halted in front of the canal of Deroute, which falls into the Nile on its left, or western, bank. To the south of the canal the French occupied a fortified position.

On the 7th May our cavalry reported that the French had fallen back, and by a return picked up in their abandoned camp it was found that they numbered 3,931 men, including 600 cavalry. On this day the army was joined by 600 Syrian cavalry—badly mounted, undisciplined, half-naked, and many without weapons. On the 9th the army marched towards Rahmanieh, where the canal of Alexandria falls into the river.

Some skirmishing took place on both banks of the river, and Stewart constructed batteries with which to fire on the fort and an entrenched camp situated on the left bank. The next morning, when Stewart was in readiness to open fire, the fort capitulated and the entrenched camp was found to be evacuated. On the 11th the army resumed its advance, and on that day a very daring capture of a French convoy was effected.

The Arabs reported that a considerable body of French were advancing with a convoy, but perceiving signs of the proximity of the British army they retired into the desert. General Doyle was ordered to pursue with 250 cavalry, two guns, and his own brigade. Colonel Abercrombie, son of the deceased Sir Ralph, and Major—afterwards Sir—Robert Wilson, officers on the staff, galloped ahead of the force only accompanied by a few Arab horsemen. After a seven-miles' ride they came up with the enemy, whom they found drawn up in square, surrounding the convoy. A little desultory interchange of shots between the French and the Arabs ensued. Major Wilson thought that audacity might prevail, and obtained leave from Colonel Abercrombie to try what he could do. Riding up, waving a white handkerchief, he announced that he had been sent by the commander-in-chief to demand surrender on condition that the officers and men composing the party should be sent at once to France. Colonel Cavalier, commanding the convoy, peremptorily ordered him to withdraw. Major Wilson, however, persisted, saying that the offer was merely dictated by humanity, and that Colonel Cavalier would incur a heavy responsibility if he refused it. To this harangue the French colonel paid no apparent attention, and again ordered him to retire. Major Wilson, fearing that his attempt had failed, was riding towards General Doyle, who in the meantime had come up with his cavalry and was within musket shot of the convoy. Suddenly a French officer galloped up to Major Wilson with a request that he would return to Colonel Cavalier.

who requested time for consultation with his officers. After some haggling it was agreed that the convoy should surrender, being allowed to lay down their arms in the British camp and not in the desert before the Bedouins. The convoy consisted of 560 men—cavalry, infantry, and artillery (including 120 of the Dromedary Corps, who were picked men)—one four-pounder gun, and 550 camels. The captors and captured then marched off to camp, not meeting the infantry till they had gone about a league. It appeared afterwards that the mention of "France" by Major Wilson had produced so great an effect on officers and men that Colonel Cavalier had little choice about surrendering.

General Belliard, commanding at Cairo, marched with 5,500 men and twenty-four guns to attack the Grand Vizier. Meantime the advance of the British continued up the Nile, with occasionally great sufferings. On the 23rd May, for instance, there was a sirocco, the thermometer rising to 120°. So oppressive was the heat that several horses and camels died, and the troops were almost suffocated. On the 16th June the British army arrived in front of Gizeh, opposite to Cairo, on the other side of the river. Preparations being made to attack Gizeh, and the Grand Vizier being in position on the east bank of the Nile, threatening an assault on Cairo, General Belliard on the 22nd sent an officer to propose a capitulation on terms. The negotiations came to an end on the 26th, and it was agreed that the garrison should surrender on the following conditions— that General Belliard and his troops, numbering upwards of 10,000 effective men, with fifty guns, were to retain their arms and personal property and be escorted to the coast. On arrival at the coast they were to be embarked on ships provided by the British and transported to France. By a secret article it was agreed that the French should give up their arms as soon as they were on board ship. By the embarkation return given by Belliard, it would appear that exclusive of native auxiliaries and civil employees, the total number amounted to 12,862.

On the 15th July the march to the coast began, in the following order: A body of Turks, the British army, the French, the British cavalry, with some Mamelukes. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th August, the British troops from Cairo marched into camp before Alexandria, having arranged for the embarkation of Belliard and his men. This reinforcement was needed, for though Coote had been joined by several

battalions and some drafts, sickness had reduced his force to 3,200 men fit for duty. Now the army in front of Alexandria was raised to a strength of 16,000 effective men. On the 16th, at nightfall, Coote with the Guards, under Ludlow, Lord Cavan's and General Finch's brigades, a few field-pieces, and 100 of the 26th Dragoons—4,000 men in all—were transported in boats by Lake Mareotis to the west of Alexandria. In order to cover the movement, on the morning of the 17th, Doyle with his brigade was ordered to carry the green hill on the French right, while Moore was directed to send some light troops to seize the knoll about a quarter of a mile in front of the French lines, in order to reconnoitre. Little opposition was made to Doyle, the French abandoning the open work on the green hill, the artillery on which had been previously removed. Moore having accomplished his object, and the knoll being too far advanced to be maintained, returned to our lines.

About 7 a.m. the enemy made a furious sortie with 600 men, and attempted to recapture the green hill. The 30th, being somewhat scattered to avoid the heavy cannonade, were taken by surprise, but rallied and charged, driving back the French, who suffered some loss.

Returning to Coote: he, seeing at daybreak that the French occupied a strong position about three miles to the west of Alexandria, left Finch to make a demonstration, whilst he himself went on a few miles further, where he disembarked, without meeting with any opposition, at a spot nine miles from Alexandria. The isthmus between the sea and Lake Mareotis was about half a mile broad. On the night of the 17th-18th there was a causeless alarm in camp, with much shouting and confusion. Coote issued a severe animadversion, but a brigade order stated that his remarks did not apply to the Guards. On the 18th, batteries were begun against Fort Marabout, which was situated on a rocky islet guarding the western entrance to the harbour of Alexandria, and 150 yards from the shore. The batteries were begun on the night of the 17th-18th, and aided by the fire of some small Turkish and British ships and a body of sharpshooters. On the 20th the tower fell, and on the 21st the commandant surrendered, with ten guns. The garrison had originally consisted of 200 men, of whom fourteen were killed. Our loss was *nil*.

On the 18th the army advanced about one and a half miles towards Alexandria. On

the 22nd the army advanced some four or five miles under a heavy cannonade, which caused us a loss of sixty killed and wounded.

The French suffered heavily, and abandoned a strong

Dragoons were ordered to charge a halted body of French cavalry. The latter retired slowly on a battalion of infantry, who were not perceived by the 26th till they were within thirty yards. The French then fired a volley which, marvellous to relate, hit neither man nor horse.



GATEWAY, ROSETTA.

fortified position, with several guns, their camp, and baggage. On the 23rd, Coote was reinforced by a brigade under Colonel Spencer. The enemy threw many shells into our camp, causing, however, but few casualties. Soon after dark on the 24th the 20th, 54th, and a detachment of the 26th Dragoons proceeded to drive in the French outposts. Our men used only the bayonet, and were completely successful after a struggle of about three-quarters of an hour. About 11 p.m. the French made a determined counter-attack, but after another three-quarters of an hour's fighting were again driven back, their loss on both occasions being heavy, seventy Frenchmen having been captured and thirty bayoneted, besides the casualties caused by our handful of cavalry. It was in one of these actions that a most singular event occurred. Coote was advancing with a company of the Guards when a discharge of grape smote them, taking off several hats but hurting no one. On another occasion a detachment of the 26th Light

Coote on the 23rd had opened a fire from three 24-pounders and five mortars, and the French had retaliated with a heavy artillery fire. The crisis was evidently at hand, and in order to create a diversion for Coote the troops in the east, and the British batteries on that side, opened fire, and in the evening an aide-de-camp of Menou came in under a flag of truce with a proposal for an armistice preparatory to capitulation. After some disputing and a prolongation of the armistice, the capitulation was signed on the terms that the French army was to be transported to France, with ten guns and private property. The embarkation return of General Menou was 11,780, exclusive of 350 sick to be left behind. Our

force in front of Alexandria at that time was about 16,000 men. When General Menou signed the capitulation, he wrote his name "Abdallah Ali y Menou." Turning to General Hope, who represented General Hutchinson, he said that he was no doubt surprised at his signature ; that he had tried most religions, but found the Mahommedan the best. After the capitulation Menou entertained Hope at dinner, horseflesh being one of the dishes. Probably this was a little *tour de théâtre*, but there can be no doubt that the French had been reduced to great straits for animal food, though they had plenty of rice left.

It was thought in the British camp that Menou was somewhat hurried into a surrender by fear of possible atrocities by the Turks in case Alexandria was carried by assault. It is undoubtedly true that, as soon as the armistice was signed, he begged Coote to withdraw all Turks and Mamelukes from the outposts. He had good reason to fear the cruelty of the Turks, for when Madame Menou was captured at Rosetta the Capitan Pasha wanted to send her as a slave to the Sultan. The British authorities, however, insisted on despatching her to join her husband at Alexandria.

It now only remains to say that General Baird, with a force of 5,500 European and native troops, had proceeded from India, landed at Cosseir, in the Gulf of Suez, marched 120 miles across the desert to Keneh, on the Nile, and thence descended in boats to Rosetta, which he reached on 31st August. He was thus too late to take part in the campaign. Towards the end of September the army was broken up, most of the regiments belonging to it quitting the country.

The loss of the British army during this campaign was 23 officers, 20 sergeants, 2 drummers, and 505 rank-and-file killed ; 108 officers, 1 quartermaster, 149 sergeants, 17 drummers, and 2,723 rank-and-file wounded ; 7 officers, 1 quartermaster, 2-sergeants, 1 drummer, and 73 rank-and-file missing.

As usual, however, disease was responsible for more casualties than the enemy. Ophthalmia and dysentery caused much loss. From ophthalmia 200 men became blind of one eye and 160 of two eyes. At one time there were no fewer than 700 men out of the two battalions of the Guards in hospital from ophthalmia, and Ensign Dalrymple, 3rd Guards, records in his unpublished journal that 3,500 men had died in the hospitals.

It will be seen from a perusal of the preceding pages that this was by no means, as so many believe, one sharp fight at landing and another in the battle before Alexandria ; but a campaign in which, besides these two actions, there were many skirmishes, including some severely-contested engagements. Altogether, it was a creditable and glorious expedition, doing much to re-establish

our military reputation, which, owing to our bad fortune in Flanders, had fallen very low in the estimation of Europe.

The value set upon it by the British nation was shown by the rewards conferred on the army and navy : a peerage to Abercrombie's widow, with a pension of £2,000 a year ; the same to General Hutchinson, with the Bath ; Lord Keith created a British Peer ; thanks of Parliament to the Army and Navy employed. In addition, the Sultan granted the Order of the Crescent to the generals, and to other officers gold medals.



SIR EYRE COOTE.





THE first phase of the Zulu War of 1879 may be said to have closed on the 23rd January in that year. It had been marked by a terrible disaster to the invading army—the taking of the third column's camp at Insandhlwana. But though this, in its magnitude and severity, overshadowed the results of the operations carried on by other portions of the army, and sent a thrill of horror and mortification through the British Empire, there had not been wanting sufficient instances of bold and successful conduct to encourage confidence in the future and to point out how victory was to be achieved. The defence of Rorke's Drift had covered with glory a small detachment, and had secured the colony of Natal from invasion; the first column, under Colonel Pearson, had driven the enemy before it on the banks of the Inyezane river, and had established itself at the old mission station of Etshowe; while the fourth column, under Colonel Evelyn Wood, had traversed and widely reconnoitred the Zulu country to the north of the White Umvolosi river, had everywhere brushed opposition from its path, and was well prepared for further advance. In the meantime, however, the movement of British forces was checked, a new plan of operations had to be formed, the army had to be reorganised, and the stores and transport lost at Insandhlwana had to be replaced.

At the end of January the general situation was this: Colonel Pearson, though he had received permission and even advice from Lord Chelmsford to retire from his advanced position, had bravely determined to maintain his hold on the south of Zululand, and had built a strong fortification at Etshowe, sufficient for the accommodation of all his force except the mounted men, whom he sent back to the banks of the Tugela. Colonel Wood had moved to Kambula Hill, where he formed a strong entrenched camp

as a *point d'appui* from which he could protect the north of Natal and harass the enemy by continued unexpected movements. Between Colonel Pearson and Colonel Wood the remains of the third column held Rorke's Drift, now strongly fortified, and Helpmakaar. The frontier of Natal was thus watched and guarded from end to end, and even if the Zulus, emboldened by their one great success, had been tempted to make an inroad into the colony, they must either have met with formidable resistance, or, if they avoided the strong posts, they would have exposed themselves to attack on their flank or rear.

Lord Chelmsford—who, after the disaster at Insandhlwana, returned to Pieter Maritzburg—had sent information about recent events to England. As South Africa was not then in telegraphic communication with the mother country, the general's despatch had to be conveyed by steamer to St. Vincent before it could be put upon the wires, and it did not arrive in London till the 11th of February. The whole of England was stirred by the calamitous news, and powerful reinforcements were at once prepared for despatch to the seat of war, in addition to others which were already on their way. But not from distant England alone was help to come. Colonial troops undertook the duties at Capetown, setting free the regular garrison; volunteers replaced the wing of the 88th on the frontier of Cape Colony; the *Shah*, which was on her way home from the Pacific station, was in port at St. Helena, and her commander, Captain Bradshaw, took the prompt decision to alter her destination, embarked the St. Helena garrison and sailed for Durban, thus providing an immediate force of 650 men, including 400 bluejackets; while the 57th Regiment, just on the point of leaving Ceylon, was directed to proceed to Natal.

During the whole of February and the early weeks of March the general attitude of the various portions of the English army was one of defence. Strong posts were established along the frontier of Natal, and the forts on the lines of communications were improved and held by increased garrisons. On the north alone, the column under Colonel Wood was unceasingly active, and carried out many raids and wide-reaching movements with perfect success. Zulu kraals were attacked and burned, sometimes at a distance of over thirty miles from Kambula, the enemy's cattle were swept in, in defiance of all resistance, and even the family of Oham, Cetewayo's brother, which was anxious to place itself under British protection, was sought out at a distance of forty-five miles in the heart of the enemy's country and safely escorted to Kambula. The heart and soul of all these daring operations, which did so much to restore confidence when confidence was sorely needed, was Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, whose tireless energy was checked by no obstacles, and whose colonial horsemen were ready to follow him through all hazards. The advantages gained by Colonel Wood were, however, more than balanced by the surprise of a convoy, escorted by a company of the 80th Regiment, which was conveying supplies to Luneberg. Captain Moriarty and sixty-two men lost their lives, and the remainder of the company was only saved by the boldness and presence of mind of Sergeant Booth, who rallied a small group of men and retired slowly, firing occasional volleys. The saddest part of the story was the misconduct of a subaltern officer, who forsook his men in action, and who, in general orders, was afterwards held up to the reprobation of the whole British army.

It has been said that Colonel Pearson had strongly fortified his position at Etshowe, and maintained his hold upon the south of Zululand. He had with him from 1,000 to 1,200 European soldiers with a sufficient supply of ammunition and provisions, and from his post of vantage he was able not only to survey and examine all the surrounding country, but also to carry out several well-devised and daring expeditions against the enemy, and to inflict on them severe loss. But he was unable either to advance or retire his force. The whole power of Cetewayo and the fastnesses of Zululand were in his front, and the long and difficult road behind him to the river Tugela, and the Natal frontier was occupied by the enemy in overpowering numbers. The first task which Lord Chelmsford had to

perform, therefore, was to join Pearson's garrison with such reinforcements as would enable it either to push to the front or to retire to its immediate base of operations, pending the construction of a new scheme of campaign for the whole army. Some reinforcements had already arrived in Natal, but many more were still on the sea, and the general decided that Pearson should be withdrawn from Etshowe, and that in the meantime no further movement should be made along the line by which the first column had originally advanced.

The weather for some time had been wet, and during the African rainy season the difficulties of moving large bodies of men with sufficient transport to maintain their food supplies in a barren country are great. By strenuous exertion, however, Lord Chelmsford had collected on the banks of the Tugela, by the 27th March, a column strong enough to force its way through any probable resistance to the beleaguered post of Etshowe. It comprised the 57th and 91st Regiments, six companies of the 60th, five companies of the 90th, and two companies of the Buffs, in addition to a naval brigade formed of men from the *Shah*, *Tenedos*, and *Boadicea*. There were also a squadron of mounted infantry, some two hundred mounted natives, with two field-guns, four rocket tubes, and two Gatlings. Two battalions of the Native Contingent were added, but little confidence could be placed in their fighting qualities. The whole amounted to 3,390 whites and 2,280 natives, and was divided into two brigades under Lieutenant-Colonel Law, R.A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, 60th Rifles. Besides the fighting force, the column comprised 122 carts and waggons containing provisions and stores, intended not only for its own supply but also to relieve the wants of Colonel Pearson's men, who had been so long cut off from the outward world.

The lessons taught by the Insandhlwana disaster bore ample fruit in the method of movement in the relieving column. No precaution was neglected, no opening given for surprise by an active and bold enemy. A route was taken which was comparatively open and presented little cover for a concealed hostile attack. Surrounded by a screen of mounted Europeans and natives, the main body and the transport marched by day in the closest possible order, ready at any moment to form for defence in battle disposition, while at night the waggons were carefully parked in laager, a shelter-trench

was drawn round the camp, and besides ordinary picquets and sentries, each regiment kept one company alert and ready for immediate action. The first two days of the march, which commenced on the 29th of March, were over rolling grassy plains with gentle slopes, wooded knolls, and small streams at intervals, diversified with an occasional deserted kraal and patch of cultivated ground; but on the third day the aspect of the country began to change, the column entered on a more wooded land with large masses of the high and strong Tamboukie grass bordering the road, and many boggy places, the crossing of which demanded skill and resource. On this day (the 31st of March) little progress in distance was made, as the Amatikulu river had to be crossed by a drift where the current ran, swollen, angry, and dangerous from the recent floods; but on the 1st of April the advance was steadily maintained till a slight eminence was reached, about a mile from the Inyezane, and here the laager for the night was formed. The Gingihlovo stream ran hard by the camp, and the comparatively open surrounding country,

shot had been fired, no distant muttering told the approach of war's tempest. It was evident, however, that a crisis was at hand, and in Lord Chelmsford's force watchfulness was redoubled,



SIR REDVERS BULLER.



SIR EVELYN WOOD.

(Photo, Fradelle.)

the strength of the camp defences was carefully made as perfect as possible, and the soldiers were ready to stand to their arms in their appointed places at the first alarm.

The day closed in heavy rain; and, wet and sodden, all lay down to take what rest they could in their silent, anxious bivouac. At three in the morning of the 2nd of April the general went round his waggons and trenches to satisfy himself that all was in order and that no precaution had been neglected. Still the enemy came not, and the advantage to be gained by night attack was passing away. Watchful eyes were strained, peering into the long, shadowy grass to see the expected mass of dusky warriors, and watchful ears were on the alert to catch the quick patter of naked feet which would tell of the Zulu charge, but all remained quiet. As day began to break, the mounted men were sent out to reconnoitre, and under the command of the gallant Barrow they cantered into the dim veldt, while their infantry comrades remained standing at ease round the laager, at each of whose angles looked out field-pieces, Gatlings, or rocket-tubes.

Hark! a shot in the distance, followed by several more faint reports in quick succession.

free from thick bush, marked the spot as a good defensive position. During the day large bodies of Zulus had been seen by the watchful scouts, and one dark threatening mass had moved parallel to the English march; but so far no

The Zulus have been found, and soon the mounted men fall back with the news that heavy masses of the enemy are approaching. A few quick, sharp orders, the shelter-trenches are manned, and over their slight parapet the lines of rifles are laid ready to speak when they have to answer the enemy's challenge. The mounted men form up close to the waggons, and on the waggons themselves the conductors and other non-combatants who are in possession of firearms place themselves ready to take a part in the approaching fray.

Two dense columns of warriors rapidly come into sight on the further side of the Inyezane river, and cross its channel at different points. These form the left wing of the Zulu army, and, deploying into a wide and loose order, they advance with the determined bravery of their nation against the northern and eastern fronts of the laager. Almost simultaneously another column—the right wing—shows itself to the westward, coming from the Amatikulu bush, and it also deploys for the attack of the southern and western faces of the English defences. The engagement begins with the fire of Gatlings at 1,000 yards; but, though this tells with cruel effect, the fury of the attack is unchecked: the men in rear press to the front, and, in wave after wave, mocking at death and only eager to close with the stabbing assegai, the Zulus surge forward. In all their warlike bravery of coloured shields, feathered crests, leopard-skin cloaks, and white oxtail necklets and knee ornaments, they come, chanting their battle song and marking the time of its measure with a dancing step. Occasional shots come from the savage host, but, confident in their numbers, in their dauntless courage, and in their prestige of recent victory, they think to annihilate their foe with their strong right arms alone as they had done at Insandhlwana.

But when the leading lines have come within 300 yards of the shelter-trenches a sudden sheet

of flame bursts from the English parapets, and a leaden hail hisses over the plain, blighting them with destruction. Many a grim warrior reels and falls, many a kraal may now look in vain for its young men returning over the veldt. But there is no craven thought of retreat. As one man sinks to the earth, others rush on in his place, and from the cover afforded by the long



GROUP OF ZULUS IN FULL DRESS.

Tamboukie grass the Zulus now keep up a heavy and well-sustained fire. An attempt is made on the northern angle of the laager, and some of the warriors even reach to within twenty-five yards of the death-dealing rifles. But nothing human can stand against the withering steady volleys that come from the 60th, and the attack, not checked alone, but blasted and destroyed, is hopeless. Better fortune or less steady resistance may be met with in an assault on another face of the laager, and, without confusion or delay, some of the heavy masses run round to join the western attack, which is withstood by the 57th and 91st. Again the desperate charge is

delivered, again it is met by the paralysing torrent of lead. Effort after effort is made with despairing courage to come to close quarters, and Dabulamanzi himself, the great induna who commands the whole, is seen leading heroically. But all to no purpose. The flower of Zululand are scattered and broken on the plain where they have fought so well. Lord Chelmsford sees that the time has come for counter-movement to complete the success of defence. Major Barrow, who, with his mounted men, is already in the saddle, is launched at the Zulu flank, and gives the order to charge. The little band of horsemen, their sabres biting deep, scatters the enemy's groups which still retain any cohesion, and soon the remnant of Cetewayo's warriors are in hasty and disordered flight.

Assault so desperate and defence so stern could not but entail loss to the English, even though they were completely victorious. Lieutenant-Colonel Northey, of the 60th, and Lieutenant Johnson, of the 90th, with 9 non-commissioned officers and men, were buried at Gingihlovo; and 6 officers, with 46 non-commissioned officers and men, were wounded. It cannot be said that Lord Chelmsford's success was dearly bought, but the price paid was none the less to be deplored.

As the immediate result of the battle, Colonel Pearson's garrison at Etshowe was relieved and withdrawn to the Tugela; and Lord Chelmsford was free to consider his future plans for invading Zululand.

Among other measures taken by Lord Chelmsford to facilitate his operations between the 28th March and the 4th April, he had sent directions to Colonel Evelyn Wood to make, if possible, a diversion in the north, which might have the effect of withdrawing in that direction a proportion of Cetewayo's army, and thus reducing the opposition which might be looked for on the march to Etshowe. Such orders were welcome to the commander of the force at Kambula, and he set himself with characteristic energy to act upon them, and to undertake such an operation as by its audacity should stir Cetewayo to employ a large force in reprisal, and by its vigour should shake the Zulu monarch's prestige in a great part of his dominions.

The Inhlolane mountain is a table-topped eminence about three miles long, whose nearest point is twenty miles from Kambula. Its sides are precipitous, and its summit can only be reached by a few difficult paths winding through rocks, and commanded at every turn by such

strong positions of defence as caves and overhanging heights. In 1879 it was occupied by a strong and warlike Zulu tribe, whose kraals were perched on an almost inaccessible ledge or terrace, and whose cattle, in time of danger, found a place of safety on the topmost plateau. Colonel Wood had had, on the 16th March, an opportunity of reconnoitring this fastness; and he resolved that he would best make the diversion desired by Lord Chelmsford, in attacking and raiding it from end to end.

At so great a distance from his camp it was obviously impossible to employ the British infantry under his command, and the attack on the mountain was therefore entrusted to the mounted troops and to the light and active native allies who had been partially armed and organised as a portion of his force. The attackers were divided into two portions, which were to operate against the two ends of the mountain—that sent against the eastern end being intended to form the main attacking force, while the other was to create a diversion and act principally in support. The first, under Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, consisted of about 400 white men and 277 natives; the second, under Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, consisted of 200 white men and 440 natives.

On the 27th March the two small forces left Kambula camp and bivouacked for the night at different points in the neighbourhood of the mountain, Lieutenant-Colonel Buller about five miles from its south-eastern extremity, and Lieutenant-Colonel Russell four miles from it to the south-west. On the 28th Buller left his resting-place at 3.30 a.m., and, under cover of the morning mist, began the ascent of the narrow path leading to the summit. The way was hardly passable for mounted men, and it could not have been traversed in the face of prepared resistance; but the few Zulus who guarded it were taken by surprise, and could not withstand the daring attack. As it was, indeed, the plateau was only reached by the strength of Buller's energy, with a loss of two officers and one private, besides many casualties among the horses. Colonel Wood, with his staff and personal escort, passed the night at Russell's bivouac, and left it soon after 3 a.m., intending to join Buller. On the way he met Colonel Weatherley, who commanded some colonial mounted troops attached to Buller's party, and who, losing touch with the column in the darkness, had failed to follow it up the mountain side. In the now increasing light Colonel Wood could see Buller's

men already on the hilltop, and the sound of firing was audible on the north-east face. Leading the way himself, he pressed forward with Weatherley towards the path by which Buller had ascended, and followed the track marked by the bodies of dead and wounded horses. The enemy were, however, by this time thoroughly astir, and a heavy fire was opened from front and flank, poured from behind huge boulders of rock. Mr. Lloyd, Colonel Wood's interpreter, fell mortally wounded, Colonel Wood's horse was killed, and other casualties were suffered. The fatal shots seemed to come from a particular rocky crevice, and Colonel Wood ordered some of Weatherley's men to dislodge the Zulus who were in it. There was some little delay in obeying this command, and Wood's staff and escort, taking the matter gallantly into their own hands, charged into the cave. Captain Campbell, who was leading, was shot dead by a Zulu hidden within; but his comrades forced their entry, cleared the cave, and resistance at this point was overcome for the moment by their pluck and determination. Buller's task had evidently been accomplished, however, and, with two of his staff killed, Wood gave up the thought of joining him. Some of Weatherley's men had also been killed, and he received permission to try to force his ascent by another track. Colonel Wood then returned to see how Russell's party had progressed, bringing with him a wounded man.

Meantime, Russell had effected the ascent of the western end of the hill without opposition, but found himself on a lower plateau than that which Buller had reached. The descent from the upper plateau to the lower one was an almost sheer cliff, up the face of which was a path, practicable for men climbing, but quite impossible for the upward movement of horses. From hiding-places in the cliff fire was opened, which caused some casualties, but this did not prevent communication being opened by dismounted men with Buller's force above, and all seemed to be going well. A quantity of cattle was seized, and the force remained halted, waiting for the turn of events. Suddenly the keen-sighted native allies were seen gesticulating and pointing to a distant ridge of hills to the northward. The dull eyes of the Europeans could detect nothing, but a powerful telescope showed a Zulu army on the march, moving with the marvellous swiftness of their nation. Their number could not then be estimated, but there were evidently many thousands, and they were

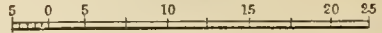
moving apparently towards Kambula camp. The threatening presence of this great force introduced a new and unlooked-for element into the conditions of the day's operations, and Russell judged it best to release the cattle which had been captured, and to send the dismounted natives who were with him back to Kambula; as, in case they were pressed, the horsemen would then be able to act more freely and independently. It was obvious that Buller must soon retreat from the top of the mountain, but it was uncertain by what route he would come, so Russell took up a position on some rising ground, from which he could give aid to Buller whenever he might appear.

Colonel Wood was moving westward along the side of the hill, as has been told, when he also became aware of the proximity of the Zulu army, and all that its threatening presence meant. Russell's force was the only one under his hand, and to it he sent a written order to move to the Zungen Nek, going on himself to the place which he distinguished by that name. Unfortunately, Russell, who had only lately arrived in that part of the country, did not know the Zungen Nek, and the aide-de-camp who brought the order was unable to direct him. The officers of the force, some of whom knew the land, were called in council, and all indicated a place about six miles distant, which had been passed on the march of the 27th. Russell then moved there rapidly, loath to leave the place where he believed that he could cover Buller's retreat, but supposing that Colonel Wood, who knew the whole situation better than he, had good grounds for wishing him elsewhere. Alas! Wood had meant another spot, and by this misinterpretation of the order Russell was removed from the place where he was afterwards sorely wanted, and took little further part in the day's work.

Not alone by Wood and Russell had the approaching Zulu army been noted, but Buller had also seen it from the upper plateau, and the inhabitants of the Inhloblane mountain, gathering renewed courage and confidence from the nearness of a great mass of allies, began to press on the men who an hour before had scattered them in flight. Buller had to retreat, and the only way that was open to him was the precipitous path at the western end of the plateau. Down this path no man could ride, and, even when left to themselves and driven down it like sheep, many of

GENERAL PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS IN ZULULAND, 1879.

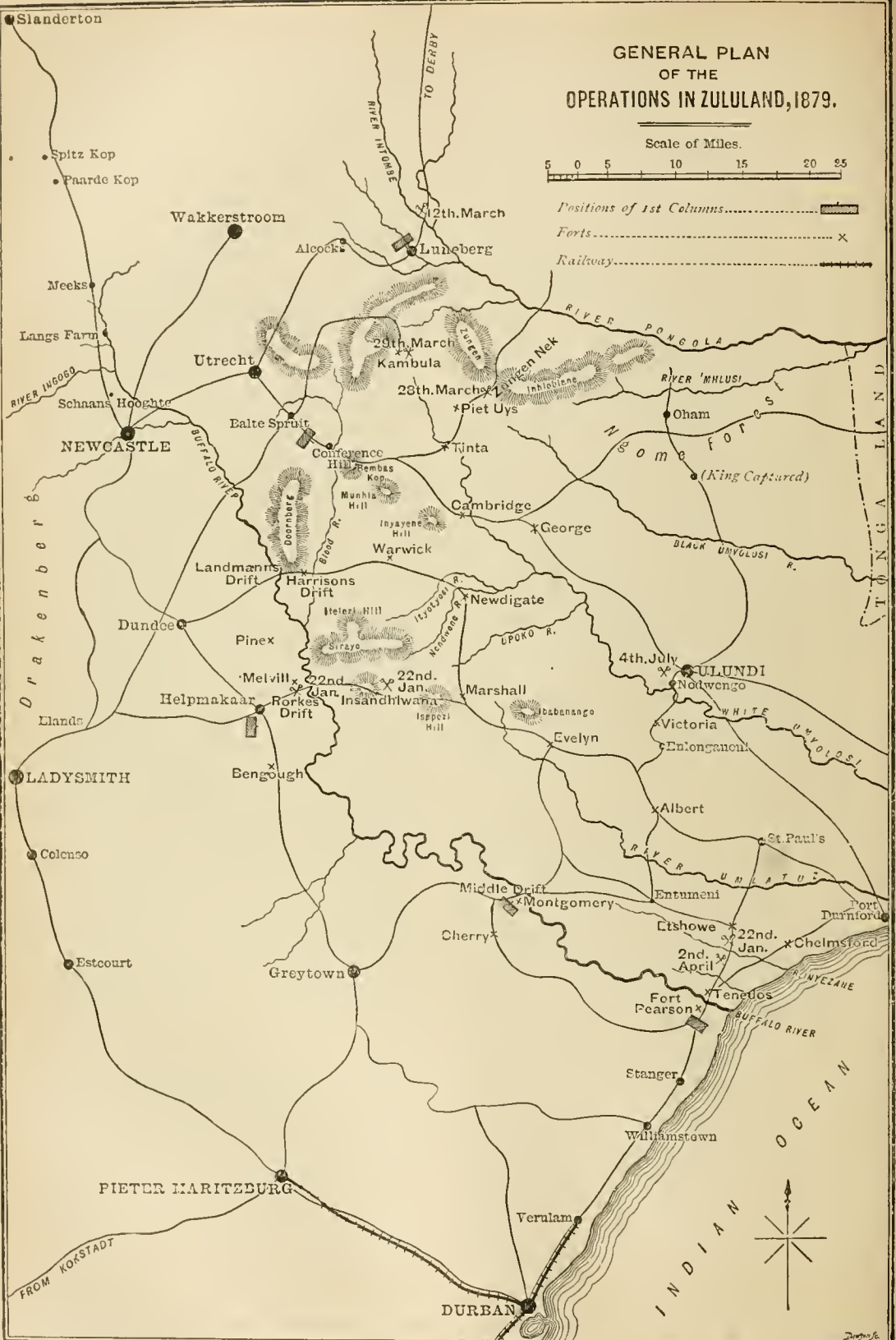
Scale of Miles.



Positions of 1st Columns.....

Forts..... x

Railway.....



Dunlop

the horses, though African bred and surefooted in any ordinary circumstances, fell headlong almost from top to bottom. Buller was encumbered with wounded men, the horses of many of his followers had been killed, and his position

Dutchman who had rendered many valuable services to Colonel Wood's column. When the lower level was at last reached there was still a long and weary march before the shattered band, and if the great Zulu army had attacked, the



"RIFLE IN HAND, HE HELD THE POST OF HONOUR IN REAR."

seemed almost desperate, but his grand coolness and courage never failed, and he conducted his retreat with the utmost steadiness and heroism. The descent from the upper plateau was accomplished, the Frontier Light Horse and the Boer contingent forming the rear-guard, and striving to hold the enemy in check; and at this time fell sixteen men with Mr. Piet Uys, the gallant

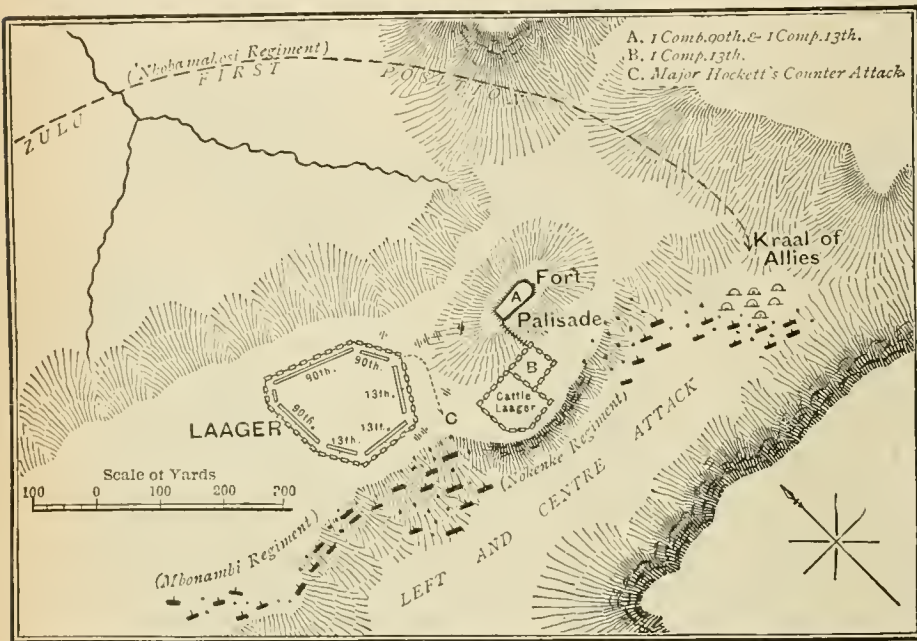
result must have been fatal. But, exhausted by their rapid movement from Ulundi, they did not close, and Buller was able to bring off his men with little further loss. That he did so was entirely due to his own undaunted courage and resolution, and to the personal example which he set, as, rifle in hand, he held the post of honour in rear, and maintained a

steady front against the foes who thronged in pursuit.

But the heaviest losses of the day were not where Buller commanded in person. Before the great Zulu army came in view he had sent a party under Captain Barton, Coldstream Guards, his second in command, to bury his comrades slain in the early morning, with orders that, when the duty was accomplished, they should make their way independently to Kambula. Captain Barton eventually met Colonel Weatherley, after, as has been told, the latter parted

by a number of the enemy, occupiers of the mountain, who, scattered and defeated in the morning, had now again gathered from the caves of their refuge and had descended to the strong position where they had the English at their mercy. Captain Barton, supported by Colonel Weatherley, did all that a gallant soldier could do under the circumstances. He strove to cut his way through the now swarming masses of the enemy, but everything was against him. Hampered by difficulties of the ground, greatly outnumbered, with men and

horses exhausted, all his efforts were unsuccessful, and of his and Colonel Weatherley's men only a few survived the fatal conflict. Neither Captain Barton nor Colonel Weatherley was among that few. The story of Captain Barton's end was not disclosed till the following year, when it was learned, principally from the story



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA.

from Colonel Wood, and with him moved towards Kambula by the south side of the mountain. But they found themselves unexpectedly within a short distance of the Zulu army, "which had by this time approached the Inhloblane so closely as to leave no outlet between its right flank and the mountain." The position was critical; but as all were mounted men, there was still hope that, by retracing their route, they might pass to the safe line of retreat by the north side of the Inhloblane over the rising ground called the Ityentika Neck, without coming into collision with the overwhelming hostile force. Too late; the retreating soldiers might indeed have escaped from the portion of the main Zulu army which had been detached to pursue them; but their path over the Ityentika Neck was barred

of a Zulu, who acknowledged that he himself had struck the last and fatal blow, and partly from the position in which the remains of the gallant soldier were then found. He had succeeded in passing the place where his enemies were thickest, and was in a fair way to escape but that he had taken a wounded man behind him on his horse. The wearied beast failed to carry the double burden away from his pursuers, and Captain Barton and the companion for whom he had sacrificed his own life dismounted and were separated. The latter being unarmed was killed at once. The Zulus then turned on Captain Barton, whose only weapon was a revolver, which unfortunately was out of order and missed fire. Even then, though defenceless, his bold front seems to have kept his enemies at a distance till he fell, shot by

a stealthy savage from behind, and the murderous assegai was able to do its bloody work. Brave, chivalrous, and gentle, when almost certain safety was within his reach he threw it away because he could not forego the chance of saving a comrade's life; and when all hope was gone and death stood before him he met it steadfastly as an English officer and a gentleman, with his face to the foe.

If the day on the Inhloblane mountain had stood alone, even though it was distinguished by many acts of personal self-devotion and left many proud memories, it would none the less have been counted as one of disaster and have shaken public confidence in the fortune of the English arms in Africa; but happily it was only the first act of a battle drama whose end was to wear a different aspect.

It was now certain that a formidable army was in the neighbourhood of Kambula, but it was not known what were its ultimate designs—whether it intended to attack the English force under Colonel Wood, or whether, neglecting that force altogether, it was preparing for the invasion of Natal. Information received from various sources, however, at length led to the belief that the English position would be assaulted about midday on the 29th of March.

The position taken up at Kambula was on the ridge of a mountain spur. Its most important feature was a large waggon laager, enclosing the hospitals, stores, and giving a circle of defence for the greater part of Colonel Wood's force. On a small knoll about 150 yards to the westward was a strong redoubt capable of holding three companies, while on the southern side, commanded both by the great laager and the redoubt, there was a second and smaller laager in which were sheltered the draught oxen. Towards the north the ground trended away in a gentle slope forming a natural glacis, but southwards there were several abrupt ledges and broken ground, which could not be commanded by the fire of the defence, and which afforded cover under which an attack might be made. The force at Kambula consisted of 2,086 men of all arms, including sick in hospital and some natives. It was in the highest state of discipline and preparation. No expedient of war had been overlooked by its commander. Every man knew his post, and all felt perfect confidence that if an attack came, however formidable it might be, it would break in vain against the well-ordered defence.

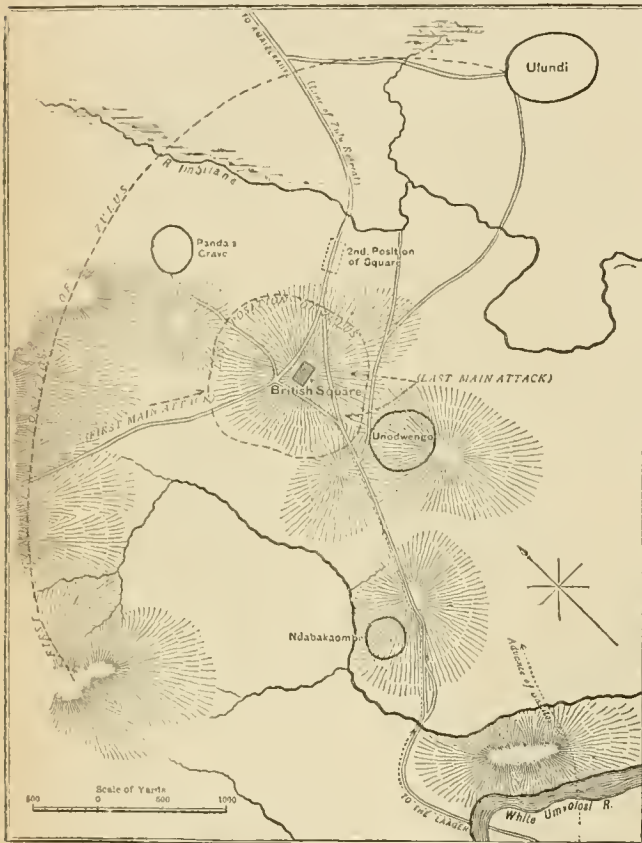
So thoroughly prepared was everything that on the 29th March it was not considered necessary to alter the daily routine of the camp. Two companies were sent to cut fuel, which was urgently needed, and the usual reconnoitring parties moved out to patrol and watch the neighbourhood. At 11 a.m. reports came in that the Zulus were approaching, and shortly afterwards they were seen moving from the Zungi mountain in five dense columns. The woodcutters were brought back, the call "Stand to your arms!" was heard, the tents were struck, boxes of reserve ammunition placed open in convenient spots, and every man fell in at his appointed post. By half-past one the general movement of the Zulu army was full in view, its right wing circling round the camp to the north, and the centre and left keeping to the southward, but both out of fire from the artillery. Colonel Wood wished to force the right wing to engage prematurely, and thus to avoid the delivery of a simultaneous combined attack from the whole army. To this end he sent out some of his mounted men under Lieutenant-Colonels Buller and Russell, and the action commenced by their riding up to the Zulu flank, dismounting and opening fire. Even Zulu discipline was not strong enough to keep in hand a powerful column when attacked by a handful of men, and the whole Zulu right wing turned and charged the little body of horsemen. These remounted and retired, having accomplished their task. As they neared the camp the artillery opened, and shell after shell sped over their heads against their pursuers. But the Zulus were committed to the attack, and pressed on, coming under the heavy fire of the laager and the redoubt. Their losses were severe, and, determined as they were, they never reached within 200 yards of the death-dealing muzzles, and eventually had to fall back to the shelter of some rocks to the north-east.

The attack of the Zulu right wing having been checked, Colonel Wood was now able to devote all his energies to repelling the enemy's centre and left. By 2.15 p.m. the west and south of the camp were heavily assaulted, and, taking advantage of the broken ground above described, the Zulus gathered in large numbers to pour themselves upon the cattle laager. Here Captain Cox, of the 13th, with a company of his regiment, was posted, and made a strenuous defence till, himself severely wounded, and with many casualties among his men, he was overwhelmed by numbers, and forced to retire to

the main laager. This success encouraged the enemy to make a deciding effort, and a heavy mass began to form where the dip of the ground sheltered them from fire. But before they could make themselves felt, Colonel Wood, with the truest military instinct, resolved to anticipate them by a counter attack. The word was passed: "The 90th are going to charge: cease firing from the laager," and two companies, magnifi-

in doubt after this episode. True, the defenders now only held the main laager and the redoubt. True, the Zulus, with desperate bravery, made rush after rush almost up to the English rifles; but the power of the defence never relaxed, while the attacks became feebler and feebler as the afternoon wore on. By 5.30 p.m. it became evident that the Zulus had thoroughly lost heart, and were beginning to draw back from the stern bulwarks which had so long defied their best efforts to break in.

The Zulu attack was now repulsed on all sides. Wearing with their efforts, discouraged by their heavy losses, their choicest warriors mown down by the pitiless hail from the impregnable barrier before them, small wonder if the brave savages who had fought so well turned to flight. The threatening masses melted away, and were soon a disorganised stream of panic-stricken men fleeing across the plain to distant strongholds. But safety was not to be easily and quickly gained. The indefatigable Buller was again in the saddle, and, at the head of the mounted men of Wood's force, followed hard in pursuit of the shattered, hopeless foe. Rapidly as the Zulus moved, the mounted riflemen easily kept pace with them, maintaining a ceaseless galling fire, and the bodies of the slain marked their track across the veldt. Some turned, with the boldness of despair, to essay the chance of resistance; but their very bravery only made their fate certain, as their fire had little or no effect, and they were at the mercy of an enemy who could act with deliberation.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI: JULY 4, 1879.

cently led by Major Hackett, issuing from the defences, swept down upon the gathering foe, and, opening a heavy fire, forced them to fall back. There was a heavy cross fire, however, from a westward height, to which Hackett's companies were exposed, and they were recalled to shelter, having suffered severely in their brilliant and effective movement. The gallant Hackett himself was most severely wounded, and never again saw the light of day, for a bullet passed through both eyes; Lieutenant Bright was mortally hit while running forward to pick up Hackett, and the rank-and-file paid dearly for their valour. The issue of the day was never

The pursuit lasted for seven miles, when the fall of night ended a day of victory for Colonel Wood, a day whose issue, more than that of any other in the whole war, broke the power of Cetewayo and secured Natal from any chance of invasion. But the pride of victory was mingled with sorrow. Three officers were killed—Lieutenant Nicholson, R.A., shot while bravely working his guns in the redoubt, Lieutenant White, of the Transvaal Rangers, and Lieutenant Bright, 90th; 25 men were also killed, 5 officers and 50 men were wounded. In the loss that was sustained Kambula paid the penalty for Insandhlwana, for the Zulus used



"RAPIDLY AS THE ZULUS MOVED, THE MOUNTED RIFLEMEN EASILY KEPT PACE WITH THEM" (p. 624).

with effect the captured rifles of the ill-fated first battalion of the 24th.

It has been told that when the calamitous news of Insandhlwana arrived in England powerful reinforcements were at once sent to South Africa. Besides those of which mention has already been made, a total strength of 387 officers, 8,895 men, and 1,866 horses was despatched from the United Kingdom, and all these had disembarked at Natal before the middle of April. Included in this force were four general officers, two regiments of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, five battalions of infantry, and strong detachments of Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, besides a due proportion of the departmental services. A gallant volunteer, the Prince Imperial of France, whose military education had been completed in the country which had sheltered his family after its fall from power, also sailed with England's soldiers to throw in his lot with theirs.

The successes at Gingihlovo and Kambula had paved the way for a definite scheme of invasion into Zululand, and the method of campaign was now entirely rearranged. The numerous columns were done away with, and the various forces already in the field, together with the lately-arrived reinforcements, were placed on a new footing. The first division, under Major-General Crealock, C.B., was to operate in the south from the lower Tugela. The second division, under Major-General Newdigate, C.B., was to advance from Landman's Drift on the Buffalo river, while Colonel Wood, now Brigadier-General, was to retain command of the troops which had fought so well under him, and which were now to be called "Wood's Flying Column," and to move from the north of Zululand. The cavalry brigade (the 1st Dragoon Guards and 17th Lancers) was attached to the second division.

With regard to the first division, it will be sufficient to say that it accomplished nothing important, though it may have, to a considerable extent, occupied the enemy's attention, and thus facilitated the operations of the remainder of Lord Chelmsford's forces. A long time was required for the final organisation of the second division and the flying column, for the newly-landed troops had to make a long and wearisome march up country, and there were many difficulties in procuring the necessary supplies and transport. When at last they did move forward, progress, though slow, was sure. There were several minor encounters with the

enemy, in one of which the ill-fated Prince Imperial lost his life, under circumstances which, alas! reflected little credit on his English comrades. The Zulus made no great efforts, and day by day General Newdigate and Brigadier-General Wood closed, nearer and more near, upon the king's kraal at Ulundi or Ondine. On the 27th of June Cetewayo opened communications with Lord Chelmsford, but as he did not fulfil the terms insisted upon, these came to nought. On the 3rd of July the second division and the flying column, now moving as one body, were in the near neighbourhood of Ulundi — so close indeed that from the English bivouac the sounds of singing in the kraals could be plainly heard, and a night attack was anticipated. The distant din of the war song died away, however, and all remained quiet. With the dawn of the 4th, Buller with his men covered the further advance. The Umvolosi river had to be crossed, and on the other side the ground was rough and covered with thick bush. If opposition had here been met, it might have been, if not effective, at least very troublesome. But the passage of the river and the movement over the rough ground were not in any way interfered with. The force, consisting of 4,166 Europeans and 958 natives with twelve guns and two Gatlings, then on issuing into the open country assumed the formation of a hollow rectangle, the troops forming the sides of which marched in fours, those forming the front and rear faces being deployed, while the interior was occupied by the Native Contingent, the ammunition and tool carts, and the bearer company. The cavalry covered the whole.

Threatening clouds of Zulus had been seen on the surrounding heights soon after the British troops got clear of the bushy ground, and were by this time advancing on all sides. An attack in force was evidently in contemplation to prevent further approach to Ulundi, now about a mile and a half distant. The cavalry fell back, and entered the rectangle. Lord Chelmsford gave the order to halt, and at once, every man facing outward, the bristling formation stood prepared to receive the onset. Possibly for the last time in war the colours of the regiments had been carried into action. They were now uncased, and, as the proud old flags spread themselves to the air, the battalions made ready to add another scroll of triumph to their blazonry.

The Zulus advanced, fringing, in a great converging circle, and if their musketry had been well aimed the casualties among the British troops,

collected as they were in a dense mass on open ground, must have been most serious; but fortunately they had not mastered the use of the weapons of which they were possessed, and their wild shots were, for the most part, harmless. As soon as the cavalry had cleared the front the artillery opened fire, and while the Zulus were advancing over perfectly shelterless ground the shells exploded among them with terrible effect. But the gradually contracting circle faltered not in its efforts to close with the British force and crush it with a deadly embrace. Now the infantry volleys began, steady and well aimed, and the Gatlings vomited their showers of bullets. Nothing born of woman could advance with the *arme blanche* alone against such a fire, and, for all practical purposes, the assegai was the Zulu's sole weapon. Every side of the rectangle was threatened, but everywhere the same solid wall of infantry showed itself. The gallant savages could not but recognise that their dash and determination had failed to produce any effect. They wavered and began to fall back. Their indunas lost confidence, and the heavy reserves which were in the field were not brought up to reinforce the shattered first

line. At 6.25 Lord Chelmsford saw that the time had come to deal a crushing blow, which should complete the dissolution of the host in front of him; and he ordered Colonel Drury Lowe, with the 17th Lancers, to engage the enemy. An opening was made in the rear face of the rectangle, and the squadrons filed out. The commands rang out—"Form line!" "Gallop!" "Charge!"—and, with their lance-points down, the English horsemen, upon the tall English horses, swept upon the Zulu impis. The charge was well timed, well executed, and turned the defeat into a hopeless rout. One scattered volley was sent which emptied several saddles, but stayed not lance and sabre from slaughter. Buller and his men had followed the Lancers in their movement, and every knot of Zulus which still held together was scattered and overthrown. The last struggle of Cetewayo's army was over, and Zululand was at last at the mercy of the English conquerors. It was calculated that more than 20,000 Zulus were in the field at Ulundi, and their loss could not have been less than 1,500. The English loss was 3 officers and 10 men killed, and 18 officers and 60 men wounded.



CHARGE OF THE 17TH LANCERS AT ULUNDI.



USED as he was to splendid pageants, Napoleon III. can seldom have seen anything more impressive than his reception by the people of Genoa on the 12th May, 1859. He was welcomed as the friend of Italy, who had come to deliver two of her fairest provinces from the Austrian yoke. His troops had preceded him. Some had crossed the Alps over the pass of Mount Cenis, by a road first built by the Great Napoleon; others had been disembarked at Genoa from Algeria and Toulon. And now the Emperor of the French himself was landing, to take the command of the armies of France and of Piedmont, the kingdom of his ally, King Victor Emmanuel.

The harbour, one of the most beautiful in the world, was crowded with merchant shipping, anchored in long straight lines—perfect streets of ships; and at the breakwaters lay squadrons of French and Piedmontese men-of-war. As Napoleon left his yacht to take his seat in a gilt state barge, the warships manned their yards and thundered out the royal salute of 101 guns; the batteries along the water's edge replied; and then the forts which crown the amphitheatre of hills around the bay caught up the fire. The ships were all dressed with flags; the vessels between which he passed were gay with music; flowers were strewn upon his watery path; men swam before his barge; hundreds of rowing-boats put out to welcome him.

On shore a transformation had been effected in the narrow streets of imposing palaces through which the procession wound its stately way. Every window was a flower garden; costly tapestries fluttered in the breeze; garlands of roses were festooned from house to house; flags hung across the streets. Every window, every roof, every inch of standing-room in the densely-packed streets was occupied by

handsome, dark-eyed Italians, vociferously welcoming the chivalrous Frenchman, who, they were assured, was pledged to rid Italy for ever of the hated presence of her Austrian tyrants.

There were few Piedmontese troops left in Genoa to receive the Emperor, for Victor Emmanuel's little army was facing the Austrians in Piedmont; but enough remained to make the French soldiers familiar with the uniform of their allies. The heavy cavalry wore huge brass helmets, with brightly-coloured horses' tails hanging from their crests, dark grey-blue tunics, and grey overalls. The infantry of the line had long, flapping grey coats, buttoned back at the hip to clear the knee in marching, baggy grey trousers gathered in at the ankle, long gaiters, and a kepi. The *Bersaglieri*—riflemen—were certainly the most picturesque corps in the Piedmontese service, as their successors are now in the army of United Italy. Short men, chosen for great strength, activity, and depth of chest, they were trained to perform forced marches against time, while carrying their heavy kit upon their backs; to swim with their rifles and cartridge-pouches held above their heads; to scale almost inaccessible mountains—in a word, to go anywhere and everywhere and to do anything. They were the idols of the Italians in 1859; and to this day their uniform of rifle green, with a huge round hat, worn over the right ear, and a plume of cock's feathers streaming down their backs, is the popular ideal of military beauty in Italy.

For a few days before the emperor arrived Genoa was full of French troops. They were encamped on every fairly level piece of ground within miles of the harbour. To walk through their camps was to see contingents of nearly every branch of the French army as they lived on active service. The stately Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, fresh from their luxurious

quarters in Paris, roughed it on the dry bed of a river: their camp was always thronged with admiring Italians, for as a martial spectacle it is difficult to conceive anything more attractive than these, the picked infantry men of France. Napoleon III. had revived for them the uniform of the Old Guard of his uncle, the Great Napoleon—huge bearskins, dark blue coatees, white breeches and gaiters. Splendid as was their appearance, it was equalled by the splendour of their manners—to ladies, at least, for to their brothers of the French line they were condescending, and to all civilians, except the English, superbly insolent. To a party of Englishmen who visited their camp they were affable, though a trifle patronising. They exhibited the

Hussars in light-blue tunics and baggy red trousers strapped over the foot. Lean and tanned by their African campaigns, and mounted on beautiful Arab chargers, they looked the beau-ideal of light horsemen.

A mile or two away were the Algerian sharpshooters, or Turcos, as these swarthy Africans were called throughout the army. In their fantastic uniform of jacket and baggy knickerbockers of light blue, yellow leggings, red sashes and turbans, they looked picturesque, but savage to a degree. Indifferent to minor punishments, death was the only sentence they respected; and even a firing-party in the grey of the morning had little terror for them. One of them, sentenced to be shot at dawn the next day, sat



GENOA.

Crimean medals which the British Government had distributed among the French troops who had taken part in the Crimean War. "Médailles de sauvetage" (life-saving medals) "we call them," said a grim old sergeant: "the Queen of England sent them to us because we prevented the Russians from killing all her soldiers at Inkerman!"

Near them were cavalry fresh from Algeria—

cheerfully smoking and drinking coffee with his friends at the door of his tent, and chatted in guttural tones with the sentry, who with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet mounted guard over him.

The Zouaves also camped for several days near Genoa. They were the very opposite to the Grenadiers of the Guard, except as regards politeness to women, in which the whole of the

emperor's army excelled. The Grenadiers were spick-and-span, well drilled, correct, decorous; the Zouaves were slouching, rollicking mad-caps, who disembarked at Genoa from Algeria with a menagerie of pets attached to each battalion. As they marched along the quay from the steamers, monkeys and parrots chattered from the men's shoulders, and dogs trotted beside their masters in the ranks. Their uniform was the same as the Turcos, but of different colours; and the men were French—

At once the men piled arms, and took off their knapsacks; fatigue-parties filed off to fill the kettles carried on the march by the men themselves; and the little shelter-tents, which the men also carried in pieces between them, were run up like magic. Some parties made little cooking-places with stones, others collected wood and started fires; the water fatigues returned; meanwhile the food had been prepared, and in about half an hour the *piou-pious* had a comfortable meal cooking in their camp-kettles.

As fast as possible the French troops, as they landed at Genoa, were pushed up towards Piedmont, which had already been invaded by the Austrians. At one time fears were entertained that the Austrians would be able to reach Turin before the French columns, which were pouring over the Alpine passes, had arrived there; but the quick marching of the French, and the procrastination of the Austrians, combined to save the capital of Victor Emmanuel from capture.

Eight days after Napoleon landed in Italy was fought the first of the series of battles which culminated at Solferino. At Montebello, and again at Palestro, the Austrians were worsted by the allied armies. On the 4th



BERSAGLIERI.

often, it was said, young gentlemen who had exhausted the patience of their relations before they became soldiers.

Artillery was there in abundance, but the public were kept as much away from it as possible, as the French were anxious that no information as to the rifling of their new guns should reach the Austrians before the fighting commenced.

Needless to say that the infantry of the line were found at every turn—wiry, cheerful little men, who marched all day with huge weights on their backs without fatigue or grumbling, and who, like the French soldiers of every age, excelled in the art of making themselves comfortable. You would see a regiment led to a dried-up plain and ordered to encamp.

June, at Magenta, they made a gallant, though unsuccessful stand; and after this fresh defeat retreated slowly to a strong position east of the Mincio, their front covered by that river, their flanks guarded by the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua. The Franco-Piedmontese army, much hampered by want of transport, slowly pursued them, and on the 23rd bivouacked on both banks of the Chiese river, about fifteen miles to the west of the Mincio. Short were the hours of sleep allowed that night to the French and their allies, for at two o'clock in the morning the leading divisions resumed their march. Napoleon's orders for the operations of the day were based upon the reports of his reconnoitring parties and his spies. These led him to believe that,

although a strong detachment of the enemy might be encountered west of the Mincio, the main body of the Austrians was awaiting him on the eastern side of the river. But the French intelligence department was badly served. The Austrians had stolen a march upon Napoleon. Undetected by the French scouts, they had re-crossed the Mincio, and by nightfall of the 23rd their leading columns were occupying the ground on which the French were ordered to bivouac on the evening of the 24th. The intention of the Austrian emperor, now commanding his army in person, had been to push forward rapidly and fall upon the allies before they had completed the passage of the river Chiese. But this scheme, like that of Napoleon, was based on defective information. The allies broke up from their bivouacs many hours before the Austrians expected them to do so; and when the two armies came into contact early in the morning of the 24th June the Austrians were quite as much taken by surprise as the French.

The march of the allies was in the following order:—Baraguay d'Hilliers was leading the 1st Army Corps from Esenta to Solferino; one of his divisions followed a country road along the crest of the hills, the other two marched by the plain. McMahon, with the 2nd Army Corps, had bivouacked at Castiglione, and was moving upon Carriana. Niel was ordered to proceed with his corps—the 4th—through Medole to Guidizzolo. Canrobert's corps—the 3rd—which had been encamped on the western side of the Chiese, crossed the river on a bridge thrown over in the night by the Piedmontese engineers, with orders to march to Castel Goffredo, and thence to Medole. The Imperial Guard, the reserve of the army, was in rear, on the road west of Castiglione. The Piedmontese contingent, under the command of Victor Emmanuel, were on the left of the French, and commenced their share in the day's work by sending out strong reconnaissances from their camps near Lonato, Desenzano, and Rivolta, in the direction of Pozzolengo.

The Austrians finding that the French had already crossed the Chiese, had occupied a position which ran from north to south through the village of Pozzolengo, Solferino, Carriana, and Guidizzolo. Guidizzolo stands on the level plain of Medole; the other villages are perched on the highest points of the triangular upland which juts out like a wedge from the shores of the Lake Garda for ten miles south into

the plain. To the care of the First Army, under Wimpffen, was committed the defence of Medole and its surroundings; the task assigned to the septuagenarian Schlick with the Second Army was to maintain the position on the hills.

The hill of Solferino, the key of the position, is a formidable stronghold. It stands at the head of a network of valleys, so steep that the roads along them are locally known as the "Steps of Solferino." On the dividing spurs are strong stone buildings: a church, a convent, a high-walled cemetery, an old feudal tower, all command the approaches to the hamlet. The village itself is well adapted for defence. The houses, built on terraced gardens standing in walled enclosures, rise tier above tier on the slope of the precipitous hill. Early in the day the Austrians occupied the place in force. Each wall was loopholed, and at every loophole was posted a picked shot, with men behind him loading and capping the muzzle-loading rifles then in use. Solferino became a series of miniature fortresses which had either to be breached by cannon or taken by escalade. Yet, formidable as it undoubtedly was, it presented a grave tactical disadvantage. The back of the hill is so steep and scarped that it can only be descended by one winding path; and consequently, when the French had succeeded in establishing their artillery on the heights commanding the flanks of the village, and it became untenable, there was no way of escape for the garrison, whose only alternative was to die fighting, or to surrender as prisoners of war.

It has been already shown that the French, marching in several columns and on every available road, all unconscious of their enemy's sudden return across the Mincio, were moving straight for the very positions on which the Austrians were encamped. Very striking was the view which met the French columns as day broke upon their march. To the left rose the broken ground, with the old grey tower of Solferino looming high against the sky-line through the morning mist. In every other direction the plain of Medole stretched away before them. Long lines of poplars marked the roads; the red-tiled roofs and white belfrys of many a town and village showed in the distance. In the foreground solidly-built farmhouses rose like islands out of a sea of vines, mulberry trees, and Indian corn. Flat as a board, the plain was eminently fitted for the action of cavalry, and in this arm the Austrians excelled; yet

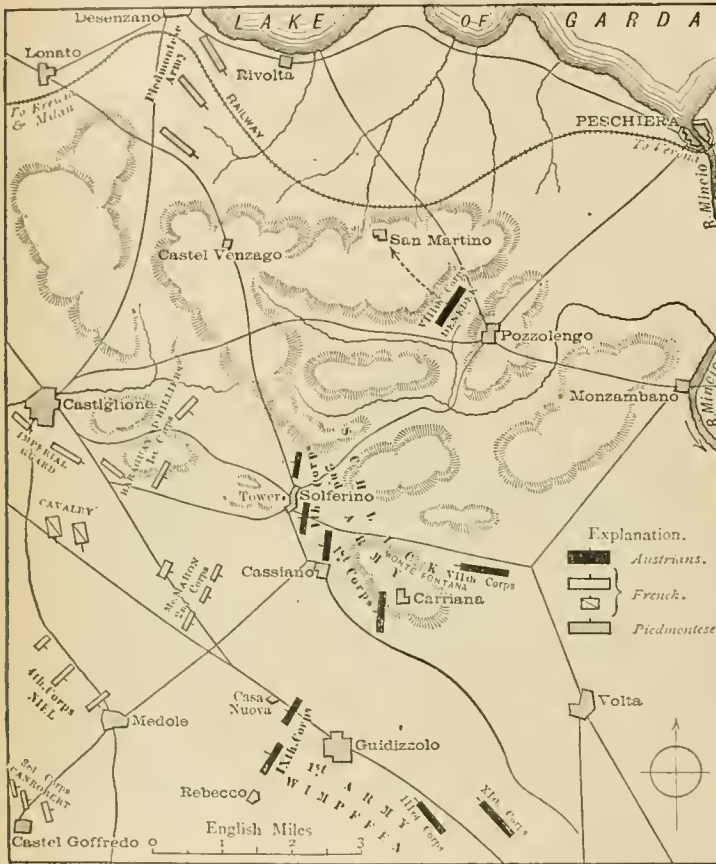
during the day they executed no grand charges they performed no feats such as live in history. Apparently the cavalry arm was demoralised by the defection of Lauingen, who, seized with panic early in the day, withdrew his whole

crushed. He wished at once to turn to his left to aid them. But if he did so, the gap, already dangerously wide, between his own army corps and Niel's would necessarily be increased. Would Niel conform to McMahon's movement

and himself move off to the left? To this Niel, like a loyal comrade, instantly assented, on the condition that he should first secure himself by taking Medole, and that Canrobert, who commanded the 3rd Army Corps on the extreme right, and who was also moving on Medole, should guarantee Niel's outer flank from attack.

But Canrobert was unable to help his colleague till late in the afternoon. Orders from the emperor had reached him to watch for 25,000 Austrians who were said to be threatening the French right from Mantua. The Austrians did not appear, but the necessity of guarding against a possible attack paralysed Canrobert. Until after three in the afternoon he took no part in the battle, and Niel was left unaided for many hours to bear the brunt of the heavy and determined onslaughts of the First Austrian Army, under Wimpffen.

Soon after Niel had stormed Medole he ascertained that Wimpffen had thrown out



SOLFERINO, — 8 a.m. June 24. 1859.

division of splendid horsemen from the field of battle, before the day's work was even well begun!

Soon after sunrise the advanced guard of Niel's army corps, the 3rd, met a strong detachment of Austrian cavalry in front of Medole. After a sharp skirmish Niel drove them off the road and took the place, though stoutly held, by storm. As he was directing his attacking columns, two staff-officers arrived at a gallop to report that about a mile and half to the north McMahon, with the 2nd Corps, was held in check by large numbers of the enemy. Some were debouching into the plain at Cassiano; others already crowned the heights in every direction; and McMahon feared that the 1st Corps, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, would be

brigades on all the roads leading to the village of Guidizzolo, that he was moving a whole division towards a farmhouse, Casa Nuova, about a mile out of Guidizzolo on the road to Castiglione, and that he was receiving large reinforcements. After a weary time of inaction, skirmishing, and distant cannonading, a welcome reinforcement of artillery reached the French general, and he at once concentrated his guns on the Casa Nuova farm. It was surrounded by trees, hedges, and ditches; its outbuildings gave a flanking fire; the Austrian engineers had improved these natural advantages and converted the homestead into a formidable work. By noon things looked very ugly for Niel: he had made no impression on the defence, and a fresh Austrian corps was seen

advancing against him ; but the Scotch blood which he inherited with his name was not to be daunted. He saw that he must either take the Casa Nuova or retire. The farm was fiercely shelled. Suddenly the guns ceased, for a moment the hoarse roar of the battle was hushed ; and then column after column of active little Frenchmen sprang forward to the assault. The Austrians stood well and firmly, they shot straight and plied their bayonets vigorously ;

tricolor now floated where the Imperial standard of Austria had flaunted its black and yellow colours in the breeze. A detachment of sappers were hurried into the farm to loophole its walls on the side facing the enemy, and the Chasseurs were ordered to hold the farm at all hazards and against all odds.

Several times during the remainder of this hard-fought day did Wimpffen make strenuous efforts to regain Casa Nuova and Rebecco—a



“EVERY SOLDIER WHO ATTEMPTED TO SAVE THE EAGLE WAS SHOT DOWN” (p. 634).

but Niel was not to be denied. The green-coated 6th Chasseurs, with part of the 52nd and 85th of the line, threw down the barricades, smashed in the doors, climbed through the windows, and hunted the garrison from room to room. Casa Nuova was taken ; and the

hamlet to the south of the farmhouse, which Niel had occupied early in the day. In spite of great gallantry, however, the First Austrian Army failed to retake them.

Among the many episodes recorded of this part of the battle is the following :—A French

battalion, surrounded by greatly superior Austrian forces, was retiring, with the eagle proudly carried in its midst by a young lieutenant. Hard hit, he fell, clasping the colours to his breast. A grey-haired sergeant stooped to pick up the standard, when a shell swept off his head; a captain, bronzed by the sun of Africa, snatched up the pole, which fell, broken by the same shot that struck him down. Every soldier who attempted to save the eagle was shot down. But the flag was not destined to fall into the hands of the enemy. When the battle ceased it was found buried under a mound of dead.

Early in the afternoon Niel's position was becoming critical. His men were worn out by fatigue, by hunger, and by the extraordinary heat of the day. His formations were broken; his troops were in great confusion, and the pressure along his line was so continuous that he had no time to restore order. Even the forty-two guns which he had in action could not obtain for him the momentary respite necessary for reorganisation. The gap between his left and McMahon's right had, by the emperor's orders, been filled with the cavalry of the Guard and two cavalry divisions; and two regiments, the 2nd and 7th Hussars, were ordered to charge the enemy and distract his attention from the infantry. The Hussars rode straight and well; the Austrians staggered under the blow; and while the enemy were recovering their formations Niel rapidly restored order in his ranks. So much did he recover himself that, on the news that Canrobert was at last about to reinforce him, he collected seven battalions of infantry, and hurled them at Guidizzolo—a gallant enterprise, but unsuccessful. The head of the column reached the first houses of the village, but there meeting masses of troops, formed up for a counter attack, the leading ranks were crushed by a withering fire, and the French retired, overmastered by superior numbers.

It is now time to trace the progress of the fight on the other portions of this straggling battlefield, of which the total length was about eleven miles. The contending armies were of about equal strength: each side numbered some 150,000 combatants.

In McMahon's march across the plain towards Carriana his advanced guard early met the Austrian outposts, and the first actual contact between the scouting parties is thus described: "A detachment of French cavalry in front observed what seemed through the mist of

the morning a giant hussar watching by the wayside. The figure for an instant disappeared, jumped over a ditch into the road, crossed it, then turned, and assaulting the French officer at the head of the detachment on his left or unprotected side, dealt him a tremendous cut across the head, followed by another equally well directed. A volley from the troops behind rattled after him, and brought him down. The echo of the fire was repeated by the hills, and was the signal that two hostile armies had met."

We have already seen how McMahon applied to Niel to assist him in aiding Baraguay d'Hilliers, and that Niel was prevented from giving his help by Canrobert's enforced idleness on the extreme right of the French line, where he was condemned to watch for 25,000 Austrians who never appeared. Thus McMahon for several hours, unable to advance, was forced, much against his will, to remain strictly on the defensive. In this part of the field the battle was for long confined to the artillery, and in this duel the French, thanks to the sound views which the emperor had instilled into the generals, were able to hold their own. Louis Napoleon was not a great captain. There were many of the secrets of his uncle's marvellous success which he had not mastered: for instance, the employment of cavalry reconnoitring parties forty, fifty, or even a hundred miles ahead of the main body was a lost art in the French army. But to do the nephew justice, he had thoroughly grasped the Napoleonic idea that artillery fire to be effectual should be overwhelming and concentrated under the direction of one commander.

The French grouped their artillery in masses; the Austrians fought their batteries independently. The result always proved the eternal truth that unity is strength. Thus a solitary Austrian battery was in action against twenty-four of the new rifled guns of the French, which were punishing it severely. To distract the French gunners, and enable the battery to retire, two or three horse-artillery batteries, supported by three brigades of cavalry, made a demonstration; but the batteries came into action singly. At about 1,700 yards range the French opened fire upon the first that opposed them, and in a very few minutes had dismounted five out of its six guns. Another battery galloped up to its help, but in the space of one minute half its guns were silenced by the weight of shells hurled against them by the French rifled cannon. While the *débris* of these two batteries were making

the best of their way to the rear the French guns were turned on the cavalry, and it is said that 500 out of the cavalry and artillery horses were hit in this affair, which lasted altogether but a few minutes.

Meanwhile, the 1st Corps, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, was hotly engaged round Solferino. Very early in the day this general received orders from the emperor to take the village. Slowly and painfully, after many a check, he had by noon succeeded in winning the lower slopes of the cone-like hill of Solferino. Further he could not go. The Austrians, with dogged courage, held to the crests of the spurs which commanded the valleys. Foret, one of the generals of division, led a fierce assault upon the old tower; but his columns, crushed and withered by the fire of the enemy, who overhung them in every direction, failed to attain their object. With equal firmness, but with less success, did the soldiers of Austria-Hungary defend the convent and the cemetery. The infantry attacks failed, but the artillery, playing against the walls at 300 yards range, made a practicable breach through which the French poured furiously, and then settled matters with the bayonet.

The emperor now determined to reinforce the first corps with part of the Imperial Guard, and the Chasseurs de la Garde were thrown into the fight. Formed up in the dense columns which had survived in the French army since the days of the Great Napoleon, they awaited the signal. "The bugles sounded the charge, and the hoarse voice of the colonel could be heard as he placed himself at their head, 'Bataillon en avant—pas de gymnastique!' 'En avant, en avant! Vive l'Empereur!' burst from every throat, answered by the fierce hurrahs of the Austrians; and in a perfect transport of military frenzy the whole mass sprang up the hill. The thunder of the guns, mingled with the wild cries of the combatants and the shrieks of the wounded, made an awful medley of sound. The men dropped cruelly fast: the dark forms of the Chasseurs were marked by the glancing of the sunbeams on their sword-bayonets. The supporting columns pressed on. As they neared the village the puffs of Austrian smoke became less frequent. Now the French reached the first houses, and for a moment the column wavered; then with one mad rush the Chasseurs swept the white-coated linesmen and the Tyrolese jagers before them into Solferino; and the edge of the village

was won." But every house, every garden, every vineyard, was a fortress, and had to be taken separately by storm. A newspaper correspondent said: "These small enclosures had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. I saw several of them which were literally covered with dead bodies. I have counted more than 200 in a small field, not 400 yards in length by 300 in breadth." It was not until 2 o'clock, after several more assaults and much hard fighting, that the French really became masters of Solferino; but once they had accomplished this, they had pierced the Austrian centre.

While this sharp work was going on at Solferino, a body of Voltigeurs of the Guard and other troops were slowly forcing their way along the heights towards Carriana. It was a series of hand-to-hand fights, in which the personal qualities of the French soldier, his courage, his intelligence, his *élan*, all stood him in good stead. Monte Fontana, a hill in front of Carriana, was the scene of a fierce conflict between the Turcos and the Austrian infantry. The Africans, who hated firing and loved the bayonet, were launched in the attack. Bounding like panthers from rock to rock, crawling like beasts of prey from cover to cover, rushing with horrid yells upon their astonished antagonists, they seized the hill; the Austrians, reinforced, took heart of grace, and after a sharp struggle hurled the assailants down the slopes. The Turcos reappeared, again drove all before them, and again the defenders by a supreme effort regained this much-disputed hill, which they held until the French, crowning the opposite height with artillery, made Monte Fontana untenable. To crown that height with artillery was no mean feat. So steep were the slopes that the gun-teams could not scramble up them. The Grenadiers of the Guard cast their usual dignity to the winds: they threw themselves on the guns and hauled them to the crest; then forming a chain, they passed from hand to hand the cartridges and shells from the waggons in the valley to the gunners on the top of the hill.

Soon after the Austrians had been shelled out of Monte Fontana, the French emperor, who had exposed himself freely to danger throughout the day, came up to a line regiment fighting to get into Carriana. The emperor, followed by his escort of Cent Gardes, splendid men in bright steel cuirasses and tall helmets, "proceeded to the head of the battalion, and the fire became warmer as the uniforms and the breastplates of the body-guard served as

points to aim at. The colonel threw himself in front of the emperor, and said: 'Sire, do not expose yourself: it is at you they are aiming.' 'Very well,' replied the emperor, with a smile; 'silence them, and they will fire no longer!' The expression gave us fresh vigour, and, I know not how it was, but at a bound we gained a hundred yards, and twenty minutes later we had taken Carriana."

A hapless Austrian cavalry regiment, in pro-

ceeding towards Pozzolengo, the village where by Napoleon's orders the Piedmontese were to bivouac on the night of the 24th. Very early in the morning these detachments encountered the Austrians at various points of the plateau of San Martino. They attacked bravely, but haphazard, without combination and without supports, and they soon found themselves thrust backwards down the hill. By midday the Piedmontese received reinforcements, and



"RUSHING WITH HORRID YELLS THEY SEIZED THE HILL" (p. 635).

tecting the retreat towards Carriana, suffered great losses. They charged the French mounted skirmishers, and in doing so passed the 11th Chasseurs-à-pied, who were lying down among the standing corn. As the cavalry went by, the Chasseurs sprang up and poured a deadly volley among them. Two French batteries completed their confusion by firing upon them in flank.

While the Austrian left and centre were thus hotly engaged with the French, their right was no less actively occupied with the Piedmontese. Victor Emmanuel, whose little army had been encamped about Lonato and Dezenzano, commenced his share in the day's work by sending out strong reconnoitring parties of all arms

fiercely assailed the village of San Martino, which had been solidly occupied by the Austrians. At first they carried all before them. They stormed outlying farms, the church, and some of the houses; and then in wild enthusiasm, cheering for Italy and for Victor Emmanuel, they surged forward against their enemy's main line. The Austrians stood firm. A storm of musketry swept away the heads of the Piedmontese columns, and guns, suddenly brought up within 250 yards of their left flank, mowed them down with grape shot. There was a panic; some of the troops thus roughly handled ran two miles before they could be stopped; but to their honour be it said, they rallied sufficiently to take a distinguished part

in the final capture of San Martino. On the centre and right the Piedmontese retired, but with deliberation, and only as far as the railway line, behind which, while waiting for reinforcements, they hastily entrenched themselves. At length, late in the day, came the welcome aid.

Victor Emmanuel had promised Napoleon that a division of Piedmontese infantry should co-operate in the French attack on Solferino; but on realising the desperate need of his own troops, he diverted the march of this division, and hurried them to the assistance of their fellow-countrymen. Again and again the heights of San Martino were assailed, and finally with success. The Piedmontese troops captured the village; they beat back an Austrian counter-attack by a charge of cavalry, and then, exhausted by the want of food, by fatigue, and by the terrible heat, they wearily dropped to sleep among the dead and dying, whose bodies lay thick upon this hard-fought field. Out of 25,000 Piedmontese engaged round San Martino 170 officers and 4,428 men were killed or wounded—a heavier loss than was sustained by any of the French army corps of equal strength either on the hills round Solferino or in the plain of Medole.

Early in the afternoon the Emperor of Austria determined to make a final bid for victory. His centre was broken. Solferino was lost, Carriana was threatened; but his right flank was still safe, and his left was holding its own against the 4th French Corps. A bold counterstroke against Niel's tired men might yet retrieve the fortunes of the day. He accordingly ordered Wimpffen to hurl three army corps at Niel, and to crash through his lines. The Austrian troops displayed their accustomed qualities of courage and devotion, but the Fates were against them. Round the farm of Casa Nuova, the key of the position, raged much hard fighting, and in the episode of its attack are found interesting illustrations of the value of cavalry against infantry. Prince Windisch-Graetz led a brigade against the farm, while other battalions were destined to attack it in front. To press home the frontal attack his columns deployed. Wave after wave of Austrians beat against the walls of the

Casa Nuova, still held by the 6th Chasseurs who had wrested it from them in the forenoon. In all the confusion of the assault the prince fell mortally wounded. He insisted on continuing to command, supported in the arms of his faithful soldiers. Suddenly, with a hoarse shout, a French lancer regiment burst from its cover behind a belt of trees, fell upon the disordered Austrians, and drove them from the farm like chaff before the wind. At the same moment the column intended to turn the farm was once more proving that cavalry may delay, but cannot break solid and unshaken infantry. The Austrian column was repeatedly charged by two brigades of cavalry, but on each occasion the infantry had sufficient time to form square, and thus beat off the French with little loss in men. But the necessity for halting and forming square had consumed so much time, that before this column had arrived near Casa Nuova the assault in which it was to have played an important part had failed.

In laconic language Wimpffen announced to Francis Joseph the failure of the counterstroke: "I have twice attempted to take the offensive, and have used my best reserves. I can no longer hold firm, and must retreat, covered by the 11th Corps." Francis Joseph received this report at Carriana, where, exposed to a heavy artillery fire, he was making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to stem the tide of French success. With great difficulty was the emperor persuaded to give orders for a general retreat across the Mincio; with even greater difficulty did his staff induce him to leave the rear-guard, where he was furiously urging his beaten troops once more to turn and face their foe. The fighting was still continuing along the long front of this straggling battlefield when, to use Niel's words, "a violent storm, preceded by whirlwinds of dust, which plunged us in darkness, put an end to this terrible struggle, and enabled the Austrians to retreat in safety to the east of the Mincio." The victory cost the allied armies dear, however: their killed, wounded, and missing were about 18,000; the Austrian loss amounted to about 22,000 in all.





TOWARDS the end of the fifteenth century a certain Hindu religious reformer, named Nānak, founded the sect which came to be known as the Sikhs of the Punjab. Nānak preached pure Deism: his gospel was one of glory to God and goodwill to mankind; and his endeavours were consistently directed to a reconciliation between Hindu and Mohammedan.

After Nānak's death the increasing numbers and importance of his disciples raised up enemies against them, and they suffered much persecution. This in time led to reprisals on their part, and Govind, the Gūrū, or Teacher, tenth in succession to Nānak, completely altered the character of their creed by destroying the system of caste (which, up to this period, had been religiously respected), preaching the doctrine of perfect equality, and advocating, as an argument, the use of cold steel, especially against their relentless enemies the bigoted Mohammedans. With this new departure in doctrine he changed the distinguishing title of his followers, from *Sikh*, student or disciple, to *Singh*, which means lion or warrior.

After the death of Gūrū Govind, the Sikhs became separated into different tribes or clans scattered over the Punjab, each ruled by its own *Sardār*, or chief, but all united as equal members of the Sikh Commonwealth, or *Khalsa*, a mystical term that included salvation, perfect equality, and government according to the principles of Gūrū Govind.

Early in the present century the Sikh clans were welded into a nation by one of the most remarkable men that India has ever produced—Ranjit Singh, the Lion of Lahore. In the distractions consequent on the decay of the Moghul Empire, he trained his countrymen into a homogeneous as well as a martial people, and led them to war with such success that at one time it seemed doubtful whether he would be content

to confine his conquests to the north and west of his dominions, or dare to dispute with the English the mastery of India, which they had wrung from the Mahrattas. But Ranjit Singh was a sagacious statesman as well as a doughty warrior, and he decided on a policy of friendship with his British neighbours, to which he adhered with a faithfulness not common in an Asiatic sovereign.

At an early period of his rule Ranjit Singh had been vastly impressed with the discipline of the British troops, and like Madhaji Scindia, the founder of the great Mahratta regular armies of the previous century, the Sikh chief determined to train and order his troops after the methods of the West. To this end he entertained the services of several able European officers, among whom were Generals Ventura, Allard, Court, and Avitabile. Two of these had seen service under the Great Napoleon, and learned the art of war and its disasters in the campaign against Russia. These experienced soldiers of fortune brought the Sikh army into a state of high discipline; and more especially its artillery, an arm much more cultivated than in the countries of Europe than in England.

Ranjit Singh died in 1839, and when once his strong controlling hand was stayed, the Punjab speedily fell into a state of anarchy. In less than four years four rulers had ascended the throne, the last being the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, then a mere child. Under such fickle form of government factions arose, and insubordination amongst the Sikh soldiery made alarming progress. The troops began to elect *Puncháyats*, or regimental committees, under whose sole orders and direction they acted; and when these came to decide questions of grave national policy it was plain the real power of the State had passed into their hands. One of their first acts was to increase the pay of the Sikh soldier, and before long the Punjab private drew

nearly double the amount given to the British sepoy. With an immense army to keep up, this naturally resulted in the depletion of the Punjab Treasury, and the national troops fell into arrears of pay.

The reins of government were in the hands of Dhuleep Singh's mother, the Ráni Jindan, or Chundan, a young and beautiful but utterly unprincipled woman, whose court was an open scene of unbridled debauchery, and who had foisted her son on Ranjit Singh, whose offspring he was not. This woman attempted to rule through the medium of her paramour, Lál Singh, a debauchee remarkable only for cruelty and intrigue. But the army was the master of the situation, obtaining what it wanted by threat or violence, until the time came when there was nothing left with which to satisfy its avarice.

It was a stalwart army, equipped with every requisite which the prudence and administrative ability of Ranjit Singh had deemed necessary for war: its ranks were overflowing with men who were warriors by birth and long tradition, and who thirsted for battle and plunder. The recent reverses of the British in the disastrous campaign in Afghanistan had shaken our prestige. The Sikh soldier had learnt to sneer at us. He had beaten the Afghan in warfare, and the Afghan had beaten us, and the logical conclusion was that he could do it too, only better. In 1838, during a review of the British troops, some Sikh soldiers who were present scarcely veiled their insolent criticisms, and boasted that their regiments could manœuvre better than ours; and a few days later, at a review of their own forces, they actually copied our evolutions with the greatest accuracy and precision. And now suddenly this nation was possessed with a war fever. Contiguous to their territory lay the rich countries of the East India Company, which had ever been the goal of rapine in all the historical invasions of Hindostan. "To Calcutta" was the universal cry of the Sikhs—ay, and even "To London," in their ludicrous ignorance of geographical details. The Ráni re-echoed it, and urged the soldiery to cross the Sutlej—the boundary between the two peoples—assuring them they might count on the co-operation of all the British sepoy troops. Action for the Singhs was a priceless panacea that would occupy them and keep her in peace from their pesterings. Unveiled, she stood in front of the men (a thing no other woman of gentle birth in her nation would have done) and pointed to the frontier. And where she pointed, thither the

army pressed, with clamorous cries and shouts. The first Sikh war was one of pure aggression on the part of the Sikh nation: and the Sikh nation was the Sikh army.

The population of the Punjab at this time amounted to three millions, of whom half were Hindus, a third Mohammedans, and only one-sixth Sikhs. How martial and masterful were these 500,000 Singhs may be deduced from the fact that their army mustered 150,000 disciplined and irregular troops, of whom considerably more than half invaded the Company's possessions.

Sir Henry Hardinge was the Governor-General of India. On the 12th December, 1845, he received information that the Sikhs had crossed the Sutlej. British troops were immediately hurried forward from Ambála to reinforce our frontier posts at Firozpur and Ludhiana. Simultaneously a proclamation was issued confiscating and annexing to British territory the Cis-Sutlej States, which had hitherto preserved their independence. The gage of war had been thrown down, and taken up with a vengeance.

The first division of the Khalsa army, under Lál Singh, the Ráni's favourite, encamped in front of Firozpur, which was garrisoned by a force of 10,000 men under Sir James Littler. For the next week, daily reinforcements crossed the Sutlej and joined the Sikh general. On the 18th of the month Sir Hugh Gough, the British commander-in-chief, accompanied by the Governor-General, completed a forced march of 150 miles in six days, and reached Múdkí, distant about eight leagues from Firozpur. But previous to this Lál Singh—leaving a strong force under Tej Singh, another Sikh general, to mask Firozpur and guard the passage of the Sutlej—pushed forward fifteen miles to Firozshah, a walled village half-way between Firozpur and Múdkí, where he threw up a vast entrenched camp. On hearing of the approach of Sir Hugh Gough, and believing his force was merely an advanced guard, Lál Singh moved out of Firozshah at the head of 20,000 men and 22 guns to give him battle.

It was noon on the 18th December, 1845, when the British army arrived at Múdkí, after a distressing march of twenty-one miles. Possibly insufficient use had been made of the cavalry for scouting purposes, for the propinquity of the enemy was not suspected. The order was given to rest, and the troops, suffering grievously from thirst, lay down to await the arrival of the baggage and snatch a hasty meal.

"Suddenly a scrap of paper was brought to Major Broadfoot, the Political Agent in charge of the frontier, who was with the Governor-General. He read it and said, 'The enemy is on us!' He was not at first believed, and even the cloud of dust which appeared in the direction of the enemy failed to convince the sceptical. 'That dust,' he energetically exclaimed, 'covers thousands. It covers the Sikh army!' Then,

resistance. But the manœuvre intended was brilliantly executed, and the enemy's line—ample, and far outflanking ours—was turned. Soon the air was thick with dust, churned up by the hoofs of the squadrons, until it somewhat resembled a November fog, and daylight was fast fading when our infantry advanced in echelon of lines. The Sikhs fired with admirable rapidity and precision; but they had yet to learn the



"UNVEILED, SHE STOOD IN FRONT OF THE MEN AND POINTED TO THE FRONTIER" (P. 639).

galloping up to Sir Hugh Gough, he gracefully saluted him and said: 'There, your Excellency, is the Sikh army.' It was the Political Agent making over the frontier to the Soldier."

About three o'clock the Sikh artillery began the battle. They were soon answered by our guns, whilst the troops hastily buckled on their accoutrements, seized their muskets—it was in the days of "Brown Bess," when battles were perforce fought at close distances—and formed up. The cavalry division, led by the 3rd Dragoons, was ordered out to the right and soon engaged the Sikh horse, who made a determined

dauntless resolution of the British soldier, who closed in doggedly, drove them along at the point of the bayonet, dislodging them from the trees and jungle in which they were lurking, and capturing position after position. "Night only saved them from worse disaster; for this stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object."

The battle was sharp and sanguinary. It cost us 872 killed and wounded, although the English portion of the army did not exceed one-third of



THE CHARGE OF THE KING'S OWN DRAGOONS AT MUDKI.

(By Ernest Crofts, A.R.A. By permission from the Engraving published by Messrs. George Knapp & Sons.)

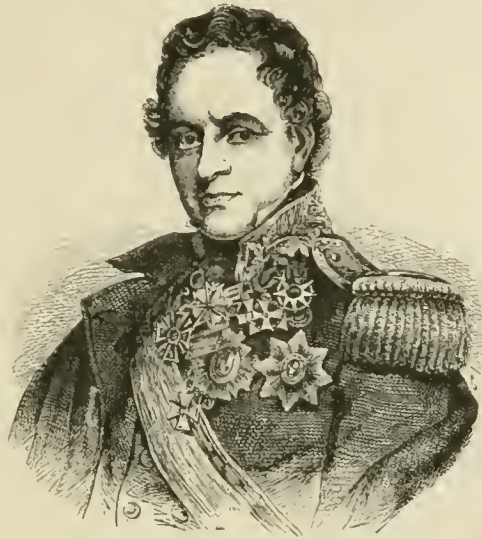
the whole. Generals Sir Robert Sale and Sir John McCaskell were killed, and amongst the wounded was the late Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, who died in the spring of 1895. Fifteen cannon were captured, and "heaped round them lay the stalwart forms of the Sikh gunners, locked in death's last embrace. How the native reveres his gun was well exemplified: there were few that had not fallen near the pieces they worshipped."

Such was the first encounter between Sikh and Saxon on the field of Mars. Many hard knocks were they fated to give each other during the next lustre, and this initial trial of strength engendered a mutual respect which was destined to yield a rare result when, twelve years later, they stood shoulder to shoulder and contested with Pandy and Mussulman the supremacy of Hindustan.

Lál Singh, after his defeat at Múdkí, fell back on his entrenched camp at Firozshah. On the evening of the victory Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, tendered his services in a military capacity, as second in command, to the commander-in-chief.

The act raised considerable criticism as one derogatory to the dignity of his high office as ruler of British India; but it has been well retorted that "to lead the wing of a British army against the enemies of the country can derogate from the dignity of no man." Sir Henry was an experienced Peninsular veteran, a soldier of calm resolution and cool judgment in danger, whose genius and quick perception, when yet only a young officer of twenty-three, had in a critical moment saved the battle of Albuera. Sir Hugh Gough was also a Peninsular veteran, but one of another type. No more gallant or dare-devil general ever breathed, but "his only tactics were storming batteries and carrying them at the point of the bayonet." It was by the desperate method of hurling his infantry at them that he captured the Mahratta guns at Maharajpur, just a year before the battle of Múdkí; and these tactics he

consistently adopted throughout the present campaign. An Irishman by birth, headstrong and impetuous by nature, he lacked that calmness in affront necessary in a great general. "I never was *bate*, and I never will be *bate*," he once exclaimed, when his rashness had nearly engulfed him in disaster; and these few words depict his character better than a page of analysis could do. Under these circumstances it was an enormous gain to the British arms that Sir Henry Hardinge, waiving the dignity of his high office, consented to accept command under his chief captain, and, as it were, supplied the ballast that was lacking in that man of war.



SIR HENRY HARDINGE.

A day was devoted to the decent interment of the dead, and then an immediate assault on the Sikh entrenchment at Firozshah was decided on. The position was a formidable one, being a mile long by half a mile broad, protected with earthworks, breast-high in some places, defended by seventy-three guns of large calibre, and manned by 35,000 Sikhs, the flower of the Khalsa army. The force under Sir Hugh Gough consisted of 20,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry, with forty-

two 6-pounder and twenty-four 9-pounder guns.

Orders were sent to Sir James Littler at Firozpur to move out and join in the attack with all the men he could spare, and to facilitate the junction a considerable detour was made by the main army, which carried it about four miles south of the enemy's position. At eleven o'clock on the 21st December Sir Hugh Gough called a halt in the middle of a broad expanse of level plain, much encumbered with thorn-jungle and dotted with infrequent villages. Meanwhile, Sir James Littler, leaving his camp standing to disarm suspicion, started quietly in the early morning to reach his rendezvous, without Tej Singh, the Sikh general in command of the army in front of Firozpur, being aware of his departure. But it was considerably past noon before he found himself in touch with the commander-in-chief.

Sir Hugh Gough, restless ever and impatient

for action, could not brook the delay, and shortly after he had ordered the halt, rode up to where the Governor-General was resting and exclaimed, "Sir Henry, if we attack at once I promise you a splendid victory." Hardinge at once realised the gratuitous rashness of assaulting the extended Sikh position before being reinforced by Littler. Rising from the ground on which he was seated, he withdrew, followed by the commander-in-chief, to a small grove of trees a few yards distant; and there, walking up and down, the two conferred, whilst much speculation was rife amongst the staff as to the result of the interview. Memory mechanically reverts to the days of Clive, and how he retired to Plassy's Grove to brood on the task that lay before him. The question now being discussed between Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough was fraught with almost as great importance for the British dominion in India as that which occupied the master mind of the man who laid the foundation of our Eastern Empire. "For the fate of India trembled in the balance during the eventful night of the 21st December. . . . and no moment was perhaps more critical during the whole campaign" than this, when the two leaders were discussing the advisability of an instant or deferred attack. Sir Hugh Gough, with all the energy of his fiery nature, pressed for the former, but the Governor-General resolutely refused acquiescence, and at last, after an animated discussion, terminated the conference by saying, "Then, Sir Hugh, I must exercise my civil powers as Governor-General, and forbid the attack until Littler's force has come up."

It was the first time that such powers had ever been exercised by a Governor-General in the field, but happy it was for the welfare of British arms that Sir Henry Hardinge had the moral courage to exert his authority in a way which must have been painful to himself and galling to the gallant veteran he overrode.

Littler arrived a little before one, but much valuable time was lost in getting the troops into position, and it was not until nearly three o'clock of the shortest day of the year that the Governor-General "informed the commander-in-chief there was daylight for an action . . . it being scarcely possible to adopt any alternative than to fight the battle that afternoon."

The advice was bold. Perchance it savoured somewhat of the very rashness which Sir Henry Hardinge had but a short time before reproved. He disregarded the experience of Múdkí, where

a battle begun in the open plain at that very hour had been robbed of the fruits of victory by the advent of night. Scarce two hours of daylight remained within which to conquer an army of 35,000 disciplined men, entrenched in a strong position, with one less than two-thirds of their number. It was advice which very nearly ended in disaster as we shall see.

The British brigades advanced with some irregularity, owing to the jungle which obstructed their passage. The commander-in-chief led the right wing and the Governor-General the left. Sir James Littler's division moved against the west face of the Sikh entrenchment, and Generals Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions attacked the south-west and south, whilst the cavalry division formed the second line, and a fourth infantry division, under Sir Harry Smith, was held in reserve.

At four o'clock the actual attack began. The artillery was ordered to the front and the infantry wheeled into line. It was soon evident that our guns were far inferior in metal to those of the enemy, on whose batteries we could make no impression in our fruitless efforts to silence them. Littler's force was the first to come to close quarters, receiving in the act, at a distance of not more than three hundred yards, a furious discharge of grape and canister. His assault chanced to be against the strongest face of the entrenchment, and regiment after regiment advanced against it, only to waver and wither away under the leaden hail. Finally, the 62nd (Queen's), when almost in the battery they were storming, halted and wheeled about under orders from their brigadier, who conceived it necessary to withdraw them from annihilation, when nearly half the rank-and-file and the majority of the officers had been killed and wounded. "They were absolutely mowed down by the fire under which they were advancing," remarked the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords during a generous defence of their gallantry, which had been called into question. And we learn from a trustworthy historian of the war that "their ranks were filled with boys who had never before heard a ball whistle," and that they were but ill supported by the sepoy battalions. With this repulse Littler's attack failed, and he was obliged to draw off.

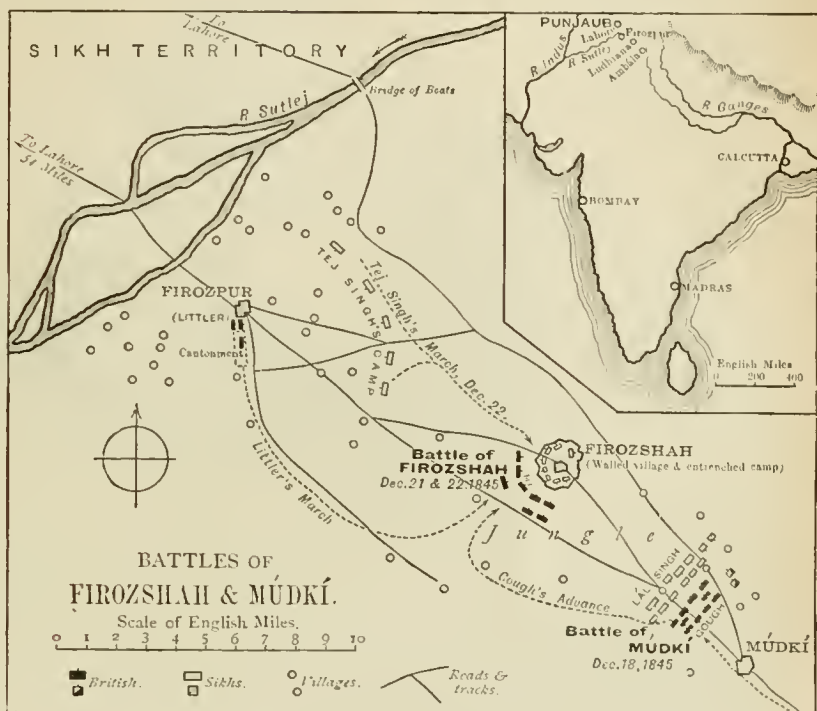
Towards the centre and right matters went better. Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions pressed forward in echelon of regiments, Sir Henry Hardinge with the former, which, diverging somewhat to the right, left a fatal gap between

his and Littler's line. The Sikh guns were served with extraordinary rapidity and precision: their infantry stood between and behind them, or lay on the ground priming their muskets and discharging their pieces in the face of the oncoming force. Advancing under this murderous fire of grape and ball, and led by the 9th Regiment, the British line captured the Sikh batteries one by one at the point of the bayonet with matchless gallantry. Gilbert, to the further right, was equally successful, and made good his footing in the Sikh camp, where his force was shattered and shaken by a terrific explosion from several mines. Notwithstanding this it gallantly held its ground until reinforced by the reserve under Sir Harry Smith, when the village of Firozshah was stormed and cleared of the enemy, whilst simultaneously the 3rd Dragoons delivered a charge that is enshrined in history. During the hottest period of the conflict they were sent against a battery which was playing on our struggling line with deadly effect. In front of them lay a yawning trench which no trooper could leap.

With a wild cheer they filled it, the trench being soon levelled with the bodies of the men and horses of the leading squadron, and over this living bridge of their comrades the rear ranks rode. The Sikh artillerymen were sabred fighting at their pieces, even as Lake's Dragoons—the "Dumpty Pice," the ring of whose metal has sounded on many an Indian battlefield—sabred the Mahratta gunners at Laswaree, and then, "with a valour only equalled by the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, the 3rd Dragoons faced the whole Khalsa army within the entrenchments, swept through their camp with loud huzzas, over tents, ropes, pegs, guns, fires, and magazines, cutting down all that opposed their passage, and having traversed the enemy's position from side to side, emerged,

their numbers thinned, but covered with imperishable glory!"

But only a portion of the Sikh entrenchment had been carried, and the enemy still held the greater part of it. To the west they had beaten off Littler, to the south-west withstood Wallace; and now darkness came to their aid. Presently a portion of the camp, in which was stored a large supply of forage, took fire, causing many explosions: one magazine, in particular, "rent the 1st European Light Infantry in



twain." The confusion became great amongst the British. Overhead, like a Titanic pall, hung a vast cloud of smoke supported on a murky flame, throwing its lurid glare far and wide. In the fitful light and shadow men became separated from their regiments, and, unable to find them, attached themselves to others; many of the battalions were hopelessly clubbed in the confined space, whilst the Sikhs poured a destructive and demoralising fire into them, which they were powerless to return.

At length the chances of successful progress seemed more and more impossible, and it was found necessary to beat the retreat. The troops were withdrawn from that part of the entrenchment they had captured to a position a quarter of a mile to the south of the Sikh lines, and here

the wreck of Wallace's and Gilbert's divisions bivouacked, whilst Sir Harry Smith's brigades retired to the village of Misriwala, two miles to the south-west. The Sikhs at once returned to the batteries on the south face, manned their recaptured guns, and turned them once more upon our dispirited men, who crouched and huddled on the bare ground, baffled and disappointed, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, and with the cutting winter night-wind of the bleak Punjab plains chilling them to the bone.

And now they were called on to exhibit the highest and most trying form of courage—passive acceptance of suffering. Sir Harry Smith, "with admirable prudence," forbade his men to fire a shot in self-defence or retaliation, and ordered the white covers to be taken off their caps, so as not to afford a mark for the enemy, and Sir Henry Hardinge "insisted on every man lying down and not talking." Once, and once only, when the Sikh fire from a certain battery became insupportable, the 80th Regiment and European Light Infantry were ordered to charge it, and rushing forward in the dreadful dark the gallant fellows stormed the guns and spiked them "by as brave a charge as there is on record."

Never, surely, in the annals of our conquest of India had any British army found itself in such sore plight as this. Isolated in three divisions, each cut off from the other two and not even knowing where they were, 20,000 fighting-men crouched on the bare plain all through that long December night, baring their heads and hushing their voices in their attempt to secure safe hiding, whilst the fire of the foe sent shot and shell over their wincing bodies. Soon murmurs of despondency began to be heard, and there were those who carried her Majesty's commission and yet urged a retreat to Ferozpur. But the leaders of the army were men to whom

the honour of England was dearer than safety—dearer than life—and the timid councils met with the reception they deserved. "The two chiefs met at night and decided without hesitation that the attack must be at once resumed in the morning." Nor were they blind



A SIKH SOLDIER.

to the danger involved. "Sir Hugh came to me," wrote the Governor-General, "and candidly avowed the critical state of our affairs, but most cordially concurred in all my sentiments." They were sentiments worthy of a British soldier. "A British army must not be foiled, and foiled this army shall not be," was the dictum that went forth in that hour of desperate stress. And the resolute general who spoke those clarion words "delivered his watch and star to his son's care, to show that he was determined to leave the field a victor or die in the attempt."

And we hear it from a trustworthy source that "in case of disaster, which was far from impossible, the Governor-General sent orders to Múdkí, where Mr. Currie was in charge of the official papers of the Government of India and Mr. Cust of the Records of the (Sikh) Agency, for the destruction of all State papers."

Strange as it seems, during this critical period of anxiety and dire foreboding, and when the Khalsa army almost held victory in its grasp, insubordination and licence broke out in its ranks. The Akalis—a fanatical section of the race—plundered the tents of Lál Singh, their commander, and, a general riot ensuing, all remnants of discipline were lost. But the moral comfort of knowing this, and the confidence it would have engendered and restored, were not permitted to the British leaders.

The Sikhs during the night remained in possession of their entrenched camp, and towards morning the trampling of large bodies of men showed they were reinforcing their lines, whilst

the fire of their guns, which had continued sullenly booming throughout the long night, increased as daylight enabled the gunners to correct their aim.

A little before daybreak dispositions were made for the renewal of the assault. The Governor-General sent his son (the late Sir Arthur Hardinge, Governor of Gibraltar) to bring up Littler's division to the attack; but without waiting for its arrival Sir Hugh and Sir Henry put themselves at the head of the force, and "riding thirty yards in front of the British line to prevent the men from firing," led it to the storm of the south face of the Sikh encampment. British pluck and British persistency triumphed—as how often have they not triumphed on the battlefields of India? The men were worn out with fatigue, numbed with cold, and had passed a long, sleepless night without food and without water. The despondency of some of their officers had been manifested to them.

Sikhs amidst the screaming of shot and shell and the shrieking of rockets that rioted through their ranks. With the indomitable courage that has ever made their countrymen proud of them, the British troops advanced. Resolute and reckless of everything but the victory they were determined to win, they carried battery after battery at the point of the bayonet, surging on with the unimpeded majesty of a storm cloud, and rolling rank after rank over and through the Sikh encampment.

It was a just enthusiasm which prompted Sir Henry Hardinge to write thus of these heroes in his despatch: "The British infantry quite reminded me of the glorious days of the Peninsula!" The regiments whom he thus honoured were the 9th, 29th, 31st, 50th, 62nd, 80th, and (honourable comrades in arms and emulation) John Company's First European Light Infantry.

Driving the enemy helter-skelter from the village of Firozshah, the British line changed



"THEY CARRIED BATTERY AFTER BATTERY AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET."

and they had been deserted by at least one cavalry regiment, which, during the dark hours, had mounted and ridden off to Firozpur. But, animated by the sight and example of the two noble veterans who led them on, they flung themselves on to the masked batteries of the

front to the left, and swept the Sikhs out of their entrenchments, capturing many standards and seventy-eight guns, and emerging victorious on the plain to the north. It was a feat of arms worthy of the best traditions of our gallant army, and the more memorable from the rapidity with

which it was effected after the serious repulse of the previous evening.

But the day was not yet won: the most critical hour had yet to be passed. Tej Singh, the Sikh general at Ferozpur, attracted by the sound of the cannonade and the arrival of a few Sikh fugitives, struck his camp, and hurried to the succour of his countrymen at the head of an army of 30,000 men, chiefly cavalry, and seventy guns. He quickly drove in the British cavalry parties, whose wearied horses could not muster a trot. "The advance of the Sikh cavalry, accompanied by their horse artillery," writes an eloquent historian, "is described as the most splendid sight of the campaign. Their horses caracoling and bounding, and the bright sunlight flashing from steel armour, sabres, and spears, they came on at a rapid pace to within four hundred yards of the British line."

Little's brigades were immediately thrown into the village of Firozshah to maintain our hold of the Sikh entrenchment, and the other three divisions formed in line to resist this new attack from an army the strength of which was more than double their own, and whose ranks were filled with men fresh, vigorous, and eager for combat.

Tej Singh, in a strenuous effort to recapture the entrenchment, concentrated his attack on the left of the British line, which, under a heavy cannonade from his well-served guns, was compelled to change front to the right. And then came an ominous sign—our own artillery did not reply. They could not, for their ammunition was expended. It is said that out of sheer desperation an occasional blank charge was fired to keep up the semblance of fight.

Disaster crowded on disaster, and at this perilous crisis the cavalry deserted and rode off to Ferozpur, followed by half the artillery. Later on the brigadier commanding averred, in explanation, that he had received an order from the acting adjutant-general "to save his cavalry, and retire to Ferozpur," nine miles distant; and the artillery stated that, "wanting ammunition, they had followed the cavalry." It is but charitable to add that the officer who delivered this amazing order was suffering from sunstroke and a mind unhinged.

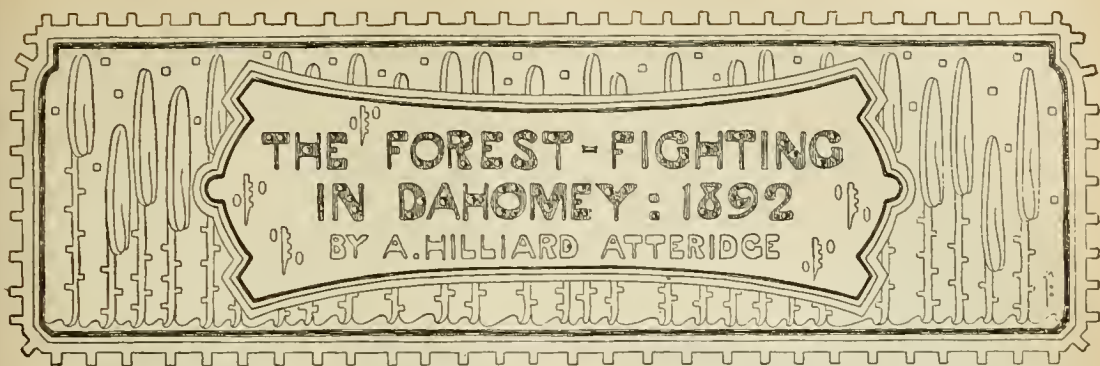
Before the cavalry retired a stampede of the camp-followers had taken place, for the sudden appearance of Tej Singh and his enormous army struck panic far and wide. "The whole ground between Firozshah and Ferozpur was covered with fugitives, some running, others looking

behind them with terror depicted on their faces, the dread of the Sikhs at their heels almost depriving them of the power of motion. . . . The panic spread to the rear of the army. The bearers of the Dhulis threw down the wounded men and fled." It was *saave qui peut* with cavalry, artillery, and non-combatants.

But the "thin, red line" stood firm—that glorious thin, red line whose heroism has so often stirred our blood in the quiet security of our English homes, and thrilled our pulses till they tingled with pride. In brief soldierly phrase Sir Henry Hardinge records how, "at this moment the British cavalry were suddenly seen to go off to Ferozpur, followed by the horse artillery, but the infantry with the greatest unconcern held their ground, and advanced when ordered. The enemy retired, afraid of our infantry, which was actually abandoned by the cavalry and at least thirty pieces of artillery." It was three in the afternoon. The battle had been in progress twenty-four hours; the troops were exhausted, starving, driven mad with thirst. "Recollect, men," cried their leader, "you must hold your ground to the last, and trust to your bayonets." Nobly was that appeal responded to. The ground was held.

Out of evil sometimes cometh good. The retreat of the cavalry carried them past the right flank of Tej Singh's army. In his advance he had left the bridge over the Sutlej, and with it his line of retreat, weakly guarded. Unable to believe that such a large force as that which he now saw in rapid motion was retreating, he conceived their movement to be a tactical one to turn his flank and interpose between him and the Sutlej, whither Lal Singh had fled at an earlier period of the day. His apprehensions were further increased by information he received of the loss and carnage in the Sikh ranks during the storm of the previous night and their defeat this morning, and he felt hopeless of driving the British out of a position they were now defending and from which they had expelled the original holders. To the extreme surprise and relief of the British leaders, he drew his army off, and Sir Hugh Gough remained master of a field soddened with the blood of 2,400 of his brave men and 8,000 of their gallant foe.

So ended the most hardly-contested battle ever fought by the English in India. At set of sun the Sikhs sullenly sought the refuge of the Sutlej. The British army had staggered at their shock—staggered, but stood.



RADAMA, king of Madagascar, once said that he had little fear of a European invasion, for he had always two good generals who could stop an army of white men from reaching his capital, and their names were "General Forest" and "General Fever." Not only in Madagascar, but in considerable portions of the African mainland, European soldiers have to contend with these same redoubtable generals; and this is especially the case on the west coast, as we found in Ashanti, and our neighbours the French in their recent conquest of Dahomey.

That enterprise had the same origin as most African conquests, the European Power first occupying some point on the coast, then becoming involved in disputes with the natives of the country behind it, and ending by annexing the whole country after one or two little wars. The French got their footing on the Guinea coast in 1802, when they assumed a protectorate over the trading station of Porto Novo and the neighbouring district. A negro kinglet was left to nominally rule the place, but he really exercised less authority than the latest-arrived French official.

Until 1862 the place had been reckoned a part of Dahomey, and the king of Dahomey made repeated attempts to reassert his right to levy tribute within the borders of the protectorate. In 1890 there was a short war between Behanzin, king of Dahomey, and the French; but the collapse of his army on its first attempt to capture Porto Novo led him to patch up a treaty with the white men. A temporary peace having been thus secured, he set to work to collect European weapons, breech-loading rifles and artillery, thinking that he would be thus in a position to tempt the fortune of war again with better chances.

Along the ill-defined frontier of the Porto Novo

kingdom, his chiefs were always drifting into quarrels with tribes and villages who claimed to be under French protection. They pursued fugitives across the border, and in their slave-hunts they were not very particular as to where their own territory ended. Moreover, they accused Toffa, the king of Porto Novo, of conniving at the escape of fugitives from the rough-and-ready justice of Dahomey. Then the old claim of tribute was revived, and finally, in the early summer of 1892, this state of friction culminated in a regular invasion of the Porto Novo territory. Behanzin tried to explain that he had no quarrel with the French, but only with their black neighbours; but then these neighbours were their *protégés*, and in any case the French could not tolerate the total suspension of local trade and the serious danger that threatened their small garrisons, so they took measures to clear the Dahomeyans out of the protectorate.

For a short time the situation was not unlike what it was in our colony of the Gold Coast, when King Coffee's warriors were raiding up to the gates of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle, before the arrival of Wolseley and the first reinforcements. The trading posts held by the French on the coast were Porto Novo, Cotonou, and Grand Popo; and for some days there was considerable anxiety as to their safety, for they were unfortified and held only by small garrisons. In the month of March bands from Dahomey entered the territory of Porto Novo and burned several villages, after plundering them, and carrying off hundreds of prisoners to be enslaved or slaughtered at the annual "customs." The gunboat *Topaze* went up the Oueme river to try to stop the pillaging, but was fired on from the bank and forced to retire, much as Commerell's reconnaissance on the Prah was driven back by the Ashanti ambushade at the outset of our

own campaign in the same region. Early in April the French settlements were threatened by bands of Dahomeyan negroes, mostly armed with modern European rifles and in some cases several thousands strong. No one was safe beyond rifle range from the fortified posts. On the 4th M. Ballay, the Governor of the Benin coast, received a letter from Behanzin composed in French and couched in language of insolent defiance.

by Frenchmen, who have done good service in all the recent French campaigns in Central Africa. A shallow-draught gunboat, the *Éclairneur*, was sent out to strengthen the naval force, and shortly after a stern-wheel steamer, built for river work and armed with machine-guns, was bought from Messrs. Yarrow of Blackwall, named the *Opale*, and sent out to Cotonou. At this place a light iron pier was run out from the beach beyond the line of the surf, to facilitate



PORTO NOVO: A FETISH PLACE.

(Photo, Rev. J. F. Halliday.)

"I have never gone to France to make war against you," wrote the negro king, "and I am pained at seeing that France is trying to prevent me from making war in an African country, with which it has no concern. If you are not satisfied you may do what you please. As for me, I am ready for you."

If Behanzin had made a determined rush he could have captured some of the French settlements, for it was not till May that the reinforcements despatched from France and the Senegal began to arrive. The first troops to reach Cotonou and Porto Novo were some companies of Senegalese tirailleurs—African troops officered

the landing of troops and stores, and finally, a very capable soldier who had already distinguished himself in African warfare was appointed to the command of all the forces on the coast, and ordered to march on Abomey as soon as he had got a sufficient force together, and thus put an end once and for all to the power of Behanzin.

This officer held the rank of colonel, and bore an English name. His grandfather was a Mr. Dodds, an English trader who had married a native woman in the Gambia colony, in territory afterwards transferred to France. He was himself born in the French colony of Senegal, and

he was thus a man for whom the climate of West Africa had no terrors. He had fought in a series of campaigns on the Upper Senegal and in the Western Soudan. He knew the country and the people, and withal was a well-trained soldier, who had received the basis of his military education in France. Colonel Dodds was taking a short holiday in Paris when he was ordered to prepare plans for the conquest of Dahomey, and to go out to the West Coast and "smash up" King Behanzin.

Briefly, the information on which he had to base his plans was this: To break the power of Behanzin it would be necessary first to clear his armies out of the coast district, and then to march upon Abomey, his capital. The operation was, roughly speaking, the same as that which Lord Wolseley had to carry out against the neighbouring kingdom of Ashanti, and Dodds carefully studied the campaign that ended with the burning of Coomassie. Abomey is about seventy miles from the nearest point on the

region of marshy, shallow lagoons, into which the rivers empty themselves, the coast towns generally standing on narrow belts of land between the lagoon and the sea.

The chief difficulty to be faced was the unhealthy character of the coast region and the forest, the latter being only passable by means of narrow



DAHOMEY WOMAN.



DAHOMEY FIELD-LABOURER.



DAHOMEY MUSICIAN.

coast. The distance to be traversed was thus fifty miles less than in the march upon the Ashanti capital. Abomey stands in a region of fertile undulating plains. To the northward the country is hilly. To the southward, after passing the swamps of Agrime,

paths and affording only scanty supplies. As for the forces that would have to be encountered, Behanzin, in one of his letters to M. Ballay, spoke of taking the field at the head of 40,000 men; but the French estimated that his real fighting strength would be nearer 15,000. It was composed of three classes of soldiers. First there were the famous Amazons, an army of women who were supposed to be the fiercest warriors in West Africa. In 1862 Burton, after visiting Abomey as our envoy and seeing a review of these dusky heroines, estimated their numbers at about 2,500. It was known that the population of Dahomey had decreased considerably in the thirty years since then, and it was supposed that there could not be more than 2,000 of them, if so many, in 1892. M. Chaudouin, who was a prisoner in Abomey in 1890, estimated the number of the male warriors at from 4,000 to 5,000. Besides these there would be a levy of some 6,000 armed slaves, the slaveholders being required to furnish the king with men and arms in time of war. These numbers added together would give a force of from 12,000 to 13,000, which would probably be supplemented by a few thousands more in case of a *levy en masse*.

one has to traverse a broad belt of forest, with here and there occasional clearings round the villages. Then one comes down to the coast

In the brief campaign of two years before, the warriors of Dahomey had been armed only with old-fashioned smooth-bore muskets. Their ammunition was so bad that their fire was ineffective even at a hundred yards, men being frequently hit at that range by slugs and bullets so spent that they hardly inflicted so much as a bruise. But in the interval that elapsed before the renewal of hostilities Behanzin had purchased, chiefly through traders at Whydah, a quantity of modern rifles, and some at least of his motley levies had been taught to use them. It was also reported that he had obtained artillery and machine-guns. But, in any case, Dodds felt that his real difficulty would be not so much fighting battles in the bush as keeping his men in good health during the march through the malarious coast and forest regions.

A Continental army is not like our own, ready at brief notice to send its line regiments to any part of the world, and the French Government could only draw upon certain restricted classes of its troops for the Dahomey expedition. One hundred and fifty marines from the fleet and 800 of the Foreign Legion were the European troops confided to Dodds at the outset. Besides these there were ten companies of Senegalese riflemen, each company about 150 strong, and two companies of Houssas, making altogether about 1,800 native African infantry under French officers. A company of engineers, a battery of mountain artillery, a handful of cavalry, and a transport and ambulance detachment, completed the force, which numbered in all 113 officers and 3,338 men. Under scientific advice a code of instructions was drawn up for preserving the health of the troops. A special dress and equipment were served out to them, quinine became part of the daily ration, and it was ordered that when, according to French custom, brandy was served out to the men, the quantity should be restricted to a minimum, and officers should be present to see that it was not drunk undiluted, but was mixed with a fair quantity of either water or tea. The first days of August were devoted to completing the preparations for an advance into the interior. The roads in the immediate neighbourhood of Porto Novo were improved by native workmen, and on the 9th a reconnaissance in force was made from Cotonou, a strong detachment supported by the fire of gunboats on the lagoon driving the Dahomeyan troops from their positions about Zobbo. In this first brush with the enemy the French lost

two killed and thirteen wounded. But the weapons picked up on the field showed that the enemy had fought with nothing better than old flint-locks. The troops armed with more modern weapons, chiefly the Amazons and the royal guard, were farther away in the interior, camped near Allada, under the personal command of King Behanzin.

The direct route from the coast to Abomey passes by Allada, and everything was done to encourage the king to believe that this would be the direction taken by the expedition. A detachment of some four hundred Senegalese was pushing forward northwards from Cotonou, in the hope that Behanzin would mistake it for the vanguard of a larger force. But, meanwhile, the real advance began from Porto Novo. Dodds had decided to follow the line of the Oueme river as far as possible, and then strike off to the north-west for Abomey. This line of advance would enable him to pass round the east end of the Agrime swamps instead of having to cross that difficult region, and it would also allow him to make use of water transport for the bulk of his stores in the first stage of the advance, the gunboats and a flotilla of barges moving up the river while the troops marched along its eastern bank. Transport was throughout a serious question. After providing for the coast garrisons, 2,000 men were available for the expeditionary column, but they required nearly 2,000 more native porters to convey their stores. The rest of the troops assembled on the coast were left to guard the various trading stations, for the advance from Porto Novo in the extreme east of the colony left the rest of it open to attack until the power of Behanzin was broken by the first battles.

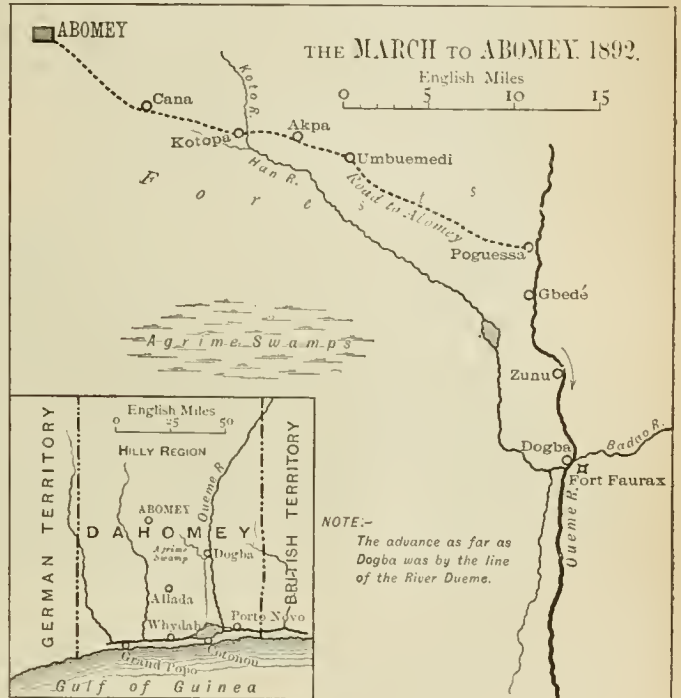
The advance along the lower Oueme began on August 17th. No resistance was met with until Dogba was reached; but the march was slow and toilsome, so many tributaries of the river, each flowing through a swampy hollow, had to be passed, and so much hard work had to be done, widening the tracks through the bush by cutting down the underwood and the tall coarse grass, which was often six feet high. The same severe labour had to be carried out at each camping-ground, in order to give a clear opening of at least a hundred yards all round the bivouac. On September 14th the column encamped just below Dogba, at the point where the Badao river runs into the Oueme. The Badao is the northern boundary of the kingdom of Porto Novo. Once it was crossed the French

would be actually invading the territories of Behanzin. But in order to cross it a bridge would have to be built, for it was ten feet deep and some fifty feet wide. Close to the junction of the two rivers there was a bit of rising ground, oval in shape, and about 300 yards long and 200 yards wide. On this knoll, which was comparatively clear of wood, Colonel Dodds resolved to establish a roughly-fortified post. Below it on the bank of the Oueme a small wharf was built for the landing of stores from the flotilla. North of the wharf, near the mouth of the Oueme, the stern-wheel gunboat *Opale* lay, with her machine-guns trained so as to sweep the front of the French bivouac. Just above this point on the other bank were the groups of native huts that formed the town of Dogba.

Four days of steady work nearly completed the stockaded post on the knoll. North and west the Badao and the Oueme covered it from attack; east and south there was a clearing little more than 200 yards wide, beyond which was thick low bush with a few large trees rising out of it. The advanced guard, consisting of 600 native troops, with two mountain-guns, had crossed the Badao and pushed on to the next bivouac, established opposite the village of Zunu. There were no tidings of the enemy, who seemed to be undisturbed by this invasion of his territory. But unknown to the French, who could not scout far from the ground they actually held, a considerable force of Dahomeyans was moving down through the bush to the east of their line of advance, and early in the morning the camp near Dogba was attacked from the eastward. It was the first serious fight of the war.

Throughout the expedition the column always camped in a large square. The infantry under the cover of tents, or improvised shelters, formed the four sides, each company having a post of two or three men on the look-out a hundred yards to the front. At the angles of the square were the mountain-guns, and inside of it the stores were piled, the mules picketed, and the native porters bivouacked. At five on the morning of the 19th, a sentry of the marines, in front of the north-east angle of the square, saw in the

dim light of the early dawn a number of negroes moving stealthily out of the bush in his front. "*Halte-là!*" he cried. No notice was taken of the challenge, and he fired. His comrades fired also; but the reply was a wild yell, a rush of hundreds of dusky forms, and a rolling fire of musketry directed upon the camp, the warriors of Dahomey firing as they came on without halting for a moment. An officer of the marines was killed by a bullet through his head as he rose from the ground to come out of his tent.



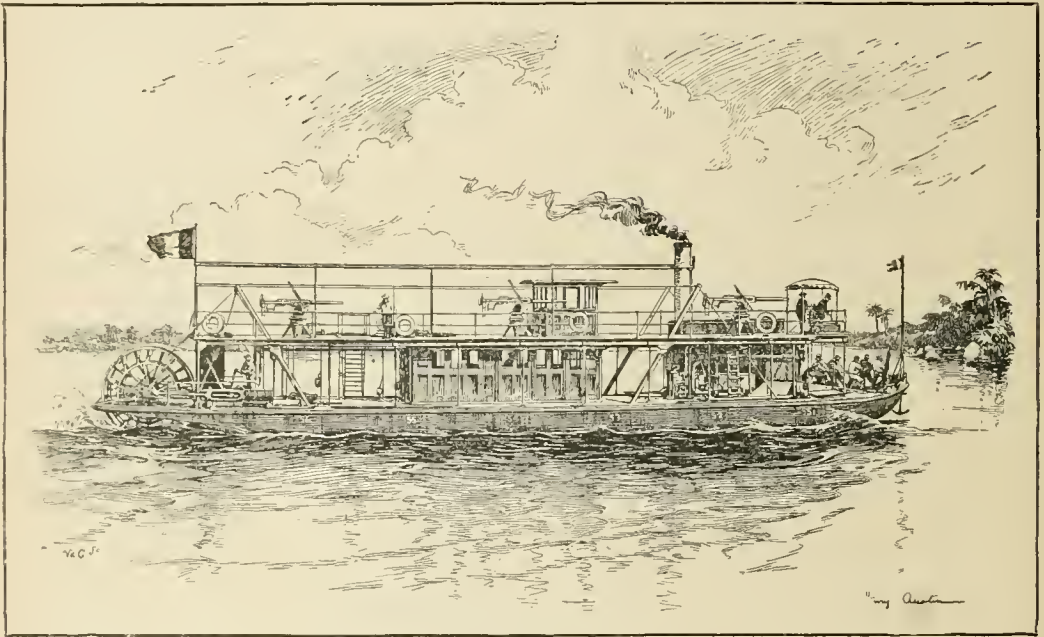
Several of the men fell as they sprang to their arms. But there was no confusion. They formed in line in front of the ground on which a moment ago they had been sleeping, and the rapid volleys of the repeating rifle checked the wild rush of the enemy, though when the first volley was fired he was within fifty yards of the camp.

But foiled in their first rush they made repeated efforts to close with the French. The light increased, and while the negroes kept up a heavy fire from the edge of the bush, their marksmen climbed into the larger trees and tried to pick off the French leaders by shots from these posts of vantage. The *Opale* now brought her machine-guns to bear, while the mountain-guns of the camp sent case shot and shell into the bush. The enemy began to

give way. Those who understood the Ewe, the dialect of Dahomey, could hear the chiefs calling out to their followers: "Is this what you promised to King Behanzin? How will you dare to face him again? Forward with you!" and then there was a final charge. But the wild onset of the enemy melted away before the fire of the French rifles, and then the Senegalese and the marines made a counter-attack, and the Dahomeyans broke and fled, pursued by the fire of the mountain-guns whenever an opening in the bush gave a glimpse of their retreat.

their way through the bush fifty yards on either side of the column, but the enemy had received so severe a lesson on the 19th that for some days he made no further efforts to disturb the march.

On the 27th the whole force was assembled at the bivouac of Zunu, and the gunboats steamed up the river to reconnoitre. At a sharp bend above Gbedé they were fired at with cannon and rifles from both banks. A few shells and a stream of bullets from the machine-guns seemed to produce no effect on the enemy,



THE OPALE.

The fight had lasted three hours, and cost the French two officers and three men killed, and twenty-seven men wounded. The enemy left 130 dead on the field, but he was seen carrying off numbers not only of wounded, but also of killed. The attacking force was afterwards ascertained to have been nearly 4,000 strong. Next day, leaving a small garrison at the fortified post on the knoll, which he named Fort Faurax, in honour of one of the two officers killed in the fight of the day before, Colonel Dodds began the advance of the main body to Zunu. The weather was rainy. The forest track became a swamp, and two wide creeks which had to be crossed on the way were in flood, so that the march was of the slowest. The advance was flanked by detachments which cut

who, entrenched in the bush on the river bank, stood pluckily to his guns. The light stern-wheelers might easily have been sunk, even by the very inferior artillery thus brought into action against them. Moreover, it was discovered that the river was dangerously shallow, and the boats might ground under the fire of the hidden batteries. So it was decided to retreat. The fact was, that knowing that at this point there were several fords on the river by which the trade route from the south-east to Dahomey crossed the Oueme, Behanzin had decided that it would most likely be near here that the French would try to pass. He had therefore thrown up entrenchments and batteries along the western bank, and established strong advanced posts on the opposite shore.

But the weak point of savage armies is that their commanders never seem to realise that a position can in most cases be easily turned. Behanzin felt quite sure that the French would advance by the fords in his front ; but Colonel

backwards and forwards along ropes worked by the crew of the *Opale*, the operation beginning in the night between the 1st and 2nd of October under the cover of a fog, and being completed by the following afternoon. Colonel Dodds had



“ HALTE-LA ! ” HE CRIED (P. 651).

Dodds no sooner heard that they were held in force by the negro king than he determined to cross lower down at Gbedé. He camped at this place on September 30th, and in order to confirm Behanzin in his preconceived idea, pushed forward a reconnaissance to the fords, while quietly preparing to ferry his army over the stream five miles below them. The crossing began with the help of rafts and boats, hauled

thus established his 2,000 men and six guns, with their convoy of 2,000 porters, on the western bank of the Oueme river, about fifty miles from the coast. Abomey, the point he was aiming at, was just thirty-five miles away to the north-west. In Europe those thirty-five miles would have meant two days, or at most three, of marching. But the way lay through a tropical forest. Hitherto he had had the river

for his chief line of supply, but he would now have to depend on what could be carried or dragged along the forest paths. Moreover, the warriors of Dahomey, both men and women, were prepared to make a desperate resistance now that the invader was in the heart of their wild woodlands. Those thirty-five miles cost Colonel Dodds more than six weeks of weary marching and hard fighting.

The first step was to break up the Dahomeyan force that had concentrated to oppose the passage of the river. A reconnaissance pushed to the northwards showed that the enemy was entrenched along the right bank of the Oueme, a little more than a mile away, and that he had artillery in position. The 3rd of October was devoted to preparations for the coming fight. To the right of the camp, at some distance from the river, a road was cut for 1,500 yards through the bush, the enemy having no scouts in this direction and making no attempt to disturb the work. Next morning the French advanced in two columns. Commandant Riou marched along the river bank, while the left column, led by Commandant Gonard and accompanied by Colonel Dodds, marched by the new path so as to turn the right of any enemy that met Riou in front. Two of the gunboats moved up the river. But the enemy did not wait to be attacked. They came to meet the French. About nine a.m. the two columns had almost closed on each other, when suddenly a heavy fire was opened on them from the bush at point-blank range. Deploying into line, the French replied, and for nearly two hours there was a sharp fight at close quarters in the trees and the long grass, the enemy bringing into action troops armed with European rifles. The French mountain-guns, and the fire of the gunboats which enfiladed the Dahomeyan line of battle from the river, turned the scale against King Behanzin's troops, and a little after eleven they were in full retreat. They carried off their wounded, but the victors found among the bushes one hundred and fifty dead bodies, and among them seventeen corpses of the famous Amazons. They were young women, tall, and strongly built. In every case a breechloading rifle lay beside them, and they had plenty of cartridges in their pouches. The French had lost in killed and wounded six officers and thirty-seven men, and their advance was checked for the day. The wounded were sent down the river in one of the gunboats, and the columns bivouacked, and spent next day in reconnoitring

and cutting roads through the bush. On the 6th there was another sharp fight. Marching out from their bivouac, the French soon came upon a creek, and proceeded to bridge it. Before the bridge was begun several volleys and some shells from the artillery were fired into the bush on the other side, but nothing stirred there, and it was not till the first company began to cross the bridge that the enemy opened fire from his ambush. It took more than an hour of steady firing to drive him from his ground, and the passage of the creek cost the expedition three officers and thirty-two men. This bush-fighting was slow work. In six days only about three miles of ground had been won.

But now the prospects of the expedition began to improve. A mile beyond the bridge the vanguard came upon a large camping-ground that had evidently only just been abandoned. Behanzin was retiring, evidently afraid of being cut off from his direct line of retreat on Abomey. Near the village of Poguessa the column bivouacked. North-westward a marked track, with numerous ruts of cart-wheels on it, ran through the bush, which in places had been cleared for fifty or sixty yards on each side of the way. This the native guides recognised as the main road to the capital. No attempt was made to closely pursue the enemy. It was impossible to move rapidly until supplies had been brought up from the river. So five days were spent at Poguessa, a fortified post being established a couple of miles away on the river, a good road made up to the village, and a service of light carts organised to bring up supplies. Beyond this point they would have to be conveyed by the porters.

On October the 10th the march was resumed, and on the 11th the vanguard had covered about thirteen miles, and reached the village of Umbuemedi, where the country was more open, wide clearings giving a good view in many directions through the bush. The engineers constructed a kind of crow's-nest or look-out place on the top of a huge baobab tree, and from its summit they saw a long line of smoke out in front, and far away some large native buildings. The line of smoke was taken to indicate the fires of an extensive camp, and the guides declared that the buildings were those of Behanzin's palace at Kotopa on the Koto river, five or six miles away. All the wells in the neighbourhood had been filled up by the retreating enemy, but a downpour of rain supplied good drinking water, but at the same time made

the unpaved roads very difficult for both soldiers and porters.

On the 12th, in hot dry weather, the march began again. The country soon became a perfect jungle of bush, long grass, and frequent thickets of large trees. Within a mile of the camp the vanguard came upon an entrenchment dug across the road, and running into the bush on each side. Driven from this shelter by the fire of the guns, the Dahomeyans retired fighting doggedly through the bush. So close was it, that in order to keep his men in something like a connected line, Colonel Dodds ordered the bugles to sound and the drums to beat every minute. It was a battle in which little was seen either of the enemy or of comrades on the right and left, and the advance was slow, because as soon as the firing began a square had been formed, and with the porters and baggage animals in the middle this cumbrous formation marched on, not only fighting as it went, but also hacking and cutting away a good deal of the bush in order to make a passage on as broad front as possible. Two and a quarter miles was the extent of the day's march, and a halt was made in a clearing near the village of Akpa. Next day two more miles of bush fighting brought the column in sight of the Koto River.

The stream runs through a narrow valley, the ground on either side sloping rapidly to the water. Along the river there is a densely tangled tropical forest, the trees being knotted together with rope-like creepers, and a dense undergrowth filling all the space from the lower branches to the ground. Much of this underwood is made up of strong thorny plants. Until the river is reached the ground along the hollow is very dry, and on the margins of the thickets there are lines and masses of huge anthills. Where the road to Abomey crosses the hollow a narrow clearing had been made through the bush, and beyond the bridge over the river could be seen the huts of the king's house or "palace" at Kotopa. Scouts pushed forward by the road reported that on the other bank, commanding the passage of the river, there was a triple line of entrenchments. From the plateau on the French side guns could be seen in position on the higher ground beyond. Colonel Dodds was informed by the guides that there was another passage over the river a little higher up, and he decided on crossing there so as to turn Behanzin's defences and avoid the losses that would probably result from a front attack on an entrenched position.

For once he had made a mistake that very nearly imperilled the success of the whole expedition. A direct attack on the bridge over the Koto would hardly have cost more loss of life or entailed heavier risks than resulted from the attempt to avoid it. On the morning of October 14th two guns and some 500 infantry were left camped near the road, to protect the baggage and porters, and the artillery was directed to fire upon the position beyond the river in order to keep the attention of the enemy fixed on the ground near the bridge. Meanwhile the rest of the column marched northwards through the bush, the intention being to turn to the westward after the first three thousand yards, come down on the river, and find the passage through the bush and across the water which the guides had described. The battle began on the French left near the river, the mountain-guns opening with shell against the opposite heights. The enemy's artillery replied. They evidently knew the range, and had at least some trained gunners among them, for the very first shell dropped into the French camp. It came from a modern rifled field-gun, but, luckily, the ammunition was not of good quality, and the shell did not burst. The same thing happened with most of those that followed. But the fire of the enemy's guns was so rapid and so well aimed, that although they were practically only throwing solid shot, they forced the French guns to withdraw to a less exposed position. Ammunition was not plentiful with the column. When every shell has to be brought up through miles of forest on a porter's head it does not do to throw them away; so, as he could not observe the effect of his fire, the French artillery commander contented himself with an occasional shot just to show that he was not quite silenced.

Meanwhile the column was cutting and trampling its way slowly through the bush, in an atmosphere like that of a Turkish bath. About nine a.m. they came out into a clearing where the ground rose into a kind of plateau. The sun was shining brightly, and the reflection from the arms of the moving column must have told the Dahomeyans on the look-out at Kotopa that an attempt was being made to turn their position. The French now began to march westward toward the river, but at the same time along the high ground on the other bank there rapidly marched a mass of Behanzin's Amazons and warriors, with two guns. The guns were placed in position on the higher ground, and

while the main body held the rising bank above the bush, several hundreds of picked shots, many of them hunters of big game by profession, and therefore used to making their way through the forest, descended into the tangled bush along the river, and in many cases crossed to the French side so as to hold its edge. The guides now informed Dodds that they could not find the crossing. But, still believing in its existence somewhere in the neighbourhood, he sent three reconnoitring parties into the bush. All three were repulsed by rifle fire, and in one instance some men were severely wounded with explosive bullets. It is easy enough to forbid such horrible things in civilised warfare, but they are sent to Africa for use against elephants and other big game, and it is no wonder that when the hunter becomes an improvised soldier he uses the same deadly projectile against men.

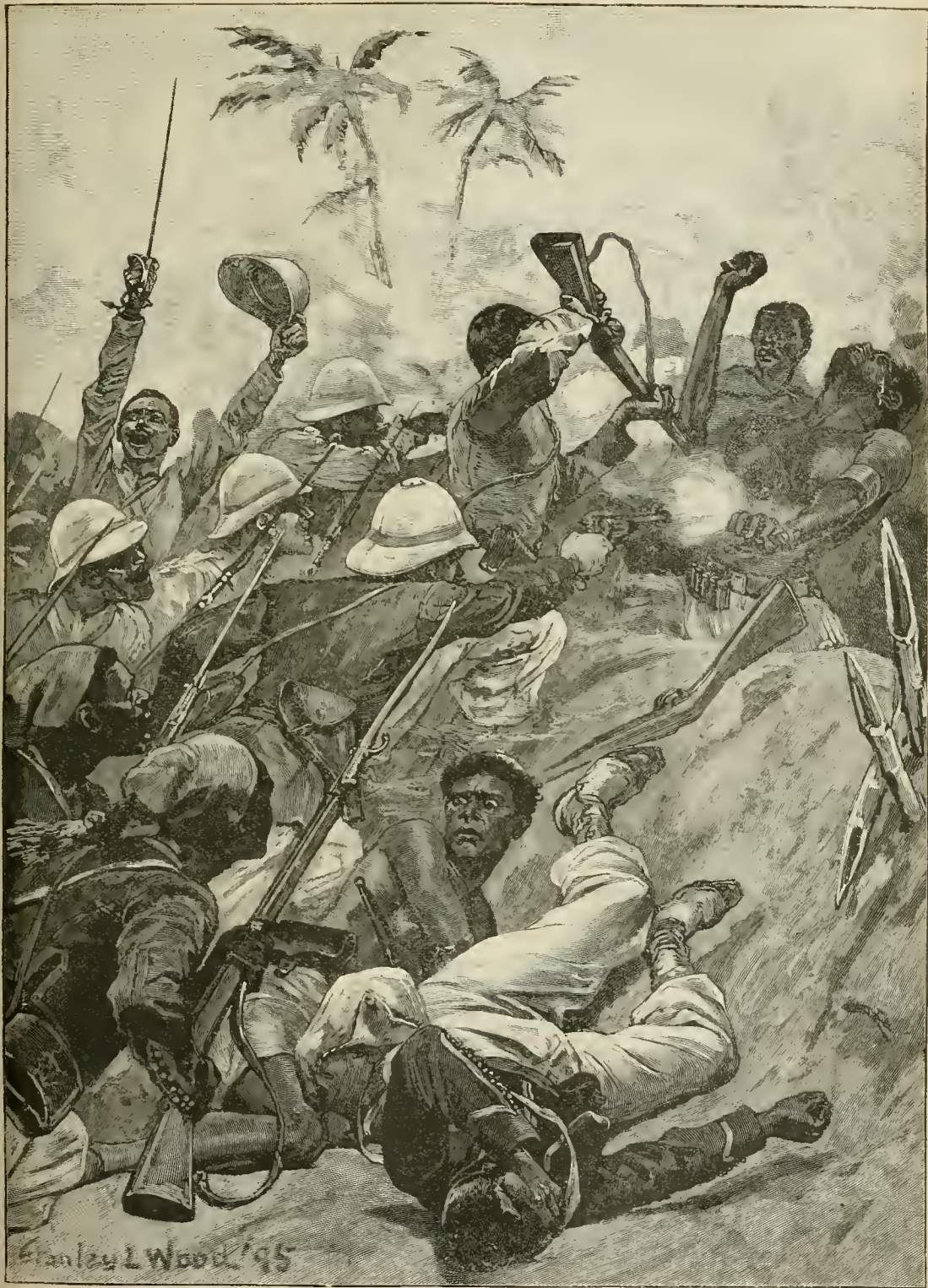
The situation was now becoming serious. The supply of water with the column was all but exhausted. There were no wells or streams on the higher ground, and the river water was on the other side of a tangled mass of bush held by the enemy. The shells of the Dahomeyan artillery were dropping both into the camp and on the ground where the column had halted. Their riflemen (and rifewomen also) emboldened by success, were stealing out of the bush, sheltering behind the "ant-hills" on its margin, and firing up the slope at the French. A few volleys would drive them back among the trees, but they soon came out again, and once they tried to rush the French position, but paid dearly for the attempt. On the road near the bridge they made another sortie from their position, and all but surprised the two guns that had been left at the camp. Unable to push on, harassed by these continual attacks, without water enough to make even a cup of coffee for the men, and encumbered with 140 wounded and 60 fever patients, Colonel Dodds felt that to remain where he was would be to risk a disaster. He reluctantly gave the order to retreat.

At the last moment, as the troops withdrew towards Akpa, rain began, and in the night there was a downpour. This, with a supply of water brought up by the cavalry from the wells at Umbuemedi, put an end to the greatest peril that menaced the expedition. Encouraged by the withdrawal of the invaders, the Dahomeyans attacked their camp the next day, only to be repulsed with heavy loss; and then for a week the two adversaries stood on their guard, without anything more than a few skirmishes.

A reinforcement of 400 men arrived from Porto Novo for Colonel Dodds, the sick and wounded were sent down to the coast, and a large quantity of stores was accumulated at Akpa. Better still, a good supply of water was found within a few hundred yards of the village. At the end of the week Behanzin sent in a flag of truce. He wanted to know what terms the French commander could give him. Dodds replied that as a first step to negotiating the king must evacuate the position on the Koto. He was determined that his campaign should not end with a repulse. As the king would not hear of this, Dodds put his column in motion again on October 26th.

This time he tried to turn the right of the Dahomeyan position. Marching off to the south-west, the vanguard soon came upon a river which the guides declared was the Koto. It was bridged and crossed without any resistance, and in the bush beyond there was some slight skirmishing. The column was then ordered to wheel to the right and move northward, in order to strike the flank of the position at Kotopa. But soon there came in sight a hollow full of thick bush, with glimpses of shining water here and there, and what looked like trenches on the higher ground beyond. The guides then confessed that they had made a mistake. The Koto river was still in their front. They had only crossed the Han, a tributary of the main stream. Dodds was preparing to push on nevertheless, when word came from the camp near Akpa that Behanzin had sent in a letter and a flag of truce. The letter declared that, being anxious for peace, he would next morning withdraw from the Koto. The French might take possession of the bridge and the village of Kotopa.

This was good news; and accordingly the Han was recrossed, and the column bivouacked on the road a thousand yards from the bridge which it hoped to cross next day. When the march began in the early morning there were some fears of treachery. But the head of the column actually reached the bridge without any sign of the enemy. Then from ambuscades in front and to right and left a heavy fire burst out, while the artillery opened from the heights. Behanzin thought to catch the French in a trap. But he was "hoist with his own petard," for, furious at this treachery, and preferring to risk disaster rather than retreat in the presence of a savage foe, the French rushed the position with the bayonet. There was a close and desperate struggle, but the week's



"THERE WAS A CLOSE AND DESPERATE STRUGGLE" (p. 656).

rest at Akpa had done wonders for the men ; and without halting for a moment, they ran forward from trench to trench, driving the Dahomeyans before them like a mob. Even the Amazons and the royal guard made hardly a stand after the first onset. They had been told that the French would be panic-stricken by the ambuscade, and would never cross the river. The failure of their own treachery filled the savage warriors with dismay. The lines of Kotopa, after having delayed the French for a fortnight, were stormed in half an hour, and with only trifling loss to the victors.

The end of the expedition was now almost in sight. The main line of defence taken up by King Behanzin had been broken through. Abomey, the capital, was only eleven miles away in front. Nearer still, a little more than four miles along the road, was Cana, the sacred city of Dahomey, the centre of its religion, the favourite residence of its kings. Throughout the expedition Dodds had found that nothing was to be gained by hurrying the march. It is a principle of warfare in countries where transport is difficult that supplies must be accumulated at the front before each movement is made, so there was a halt at Kotopa till November 1st. A fortified post was constructed, a reserve of ammunition and food was collected there, and every man was given two hundred cartridges for the repeating-rifle and three days' provisions. On November 2nd the march was begun once more.

This last advance was made in a square, with the convoy in the centre. Instead of following the road, on which entrenchments had been thrown up at various points, the square marched through the bush towards Cana. If resistance was encountered, the square could move in any direction, and turn obstacles, instead of rushing them in front, and at the same time it was ready to meet attacks from any quarter. It would have to cut its way foot by foot ; progress would be slow, but it would be sure ; nothing would be left to chance.

During the next four days there was almost continual bush-fighting. The Dahomeyans, though they must have already lost several thousands of their best fighting-men and women, nevertheless harassed the advance by ceaseless skirmishing, and at least once each day tried to overwhelm the little army with a rush from several sides at once out of the dense underwood, where the flintlock musket, loaded with slugs, was almost as effective as

the rifle. In the last fight of all, at Yukue, the attack was made partly by some hundreds of prisoners and slaves who had been promised their freedom as the reward of victory. Several of them were picked up wounded after the fight, and it was found that most of them were half-drunk with gin or rum, which had been freely served out to them before the battle. So the four days went by, each day bringing the column about a mile nearer to Cana. On the afternoon of November 5th, as the firing of the last fight died away, the sacred city was seen close in front through a clearing of the woods ; and along the path that led to its gates there came a party of mounted chiefs with white flags. Behanzin was suing for peace.

Cana was occupied on the 6th, and the peace negotiations began. What Dodds demanded was really the unconditional surrender of the negro king, and Behanzin made desperate efforts to be allowed to retain something of his former power. At last, on the 15th, Dodds, now promoted to the rank of general, decided to occupy the capital. As the vanguard advanced, the country became more cultivated. Instead of forest, there were groves of palm and pastures and tilled fields between them. Away in front rose the first houses of the scattered suburbs of Behanzin's capital. Suddenly a dense column of smoke shot up from the midst of the city. Then fires broke out here and there, and several loud explosions were heard. The cavalry riding on in advance found the suburbs in a blaze, and halted outside them. Behanzin had made a Moscow of Abomey, and as he fled to the northward, taking with him a handful of faithful warriors—some four hundred in all—he left to the French only the ruins of the great city, which for a century had been at the annual feasts little better than a vast human slaughter-house.

The kingdom of Dahomey had ceased to exist. Within a few weeks the king himself was hunted down and captured. Much as one may admire the dogged resistance he made to the conquerors in the almost daily fighting along the forest tracks, no one can regret his downfall. The success of General Dodds—a success due as much to careful organisation and patiently prudent leadership as to the bravery of his men—was one more victory of civilisation over barbarism ; which, though it deprives the tribes of a nominal freedom, at the same time abolished human sacrifice, slave-hunting, and other hateful forms of savagery.



IT is instructive, though scarcely gratifying, to note how largely the British fighting-man depends, for due appreciation of his exploits by land or sea, upon circumstances which in common fairness ought not to be taken into account in settling claims upon the national regard. The British public is much too prone to gauge military and naval valour by the measure of success ultimately attained by the operations in connection with which that valour was specifically displayed. Thus, while we are at all times ready to exalt moderate achievements when arising out of notable surroundings or leading up to brilliant consequences, we often sadly under-estimate really praiseworthy work because its associations are humdrum or its results disagreeable. Of the latter class of injustice no more striking example could be found than the comparative obscurity in which is shrouded much, if not all, of the genuine heroism displayed in the ill-starred enterprise that forms the subject of this sketch. That the Walcheren expedition was disastrously marred by faulty conception, imperfect strategy, and miserable delays, is habitually accounted quite sufficient reason for denying to the gallant sailors and soldiers engaged in it the full meed of credit due to them for a notable exhibition of energy and pluck. No doubt this is human nature, and nothing will ever succeed like success. But it is not in the eternal fitness of things that the merest hanger-on of Trafalgar or Waterloo should go down to posterity as a popular hero, while the fine fellows who faced the Flushing batteries in 1809 should be forgotten, merely because their Government and commander alike were to be blamed for procrastination and ineptitude.

Advancing from this brief introduction into the region of fact, it may be noted, for the benefit of those whose geography is a "negligible quantity," that Walcheren is one of a group of very low-lying islands which have been

formed by alluvial deposits at the mouth of the Scheldt, and now constitute the Dutch province of Zeeland. Walcheren is separated by very narrow channels from the adjacent islands of North and South Beveland: it is about thirteen miles long by eleven broad, and lies about a hundred miles due east from the English coast. Inland it contains the considerable town of Middleburg, and on the south the important seaport of Flushing, the batteries of which in 1809 closed the passage of the western or principal branch of the Scheldt to any but the most powerful of hostile fleets. On the north of the island the fortress of Veere commanded at the same period the Veeregat, the channel separating Walcheren from North Beveland, while at the eastern extremity of South Beveland, Fort Bahtz—or, as it is now commonly called, Bath—barred the East Scheldt, and so still further blocked for an enemy's ships the water-way to Antwerp. The latter port—the key to the great estuary which, as has been justly observed, is the natural rival to that of the Thames—although fallen indeed from its former commercial grandeur, was in 1809 fast rising, under the magic hand of Napoleon, to fresh importance as a great naval stronghold. Already an arsenal and vast wet-docks had been created, and various other steps taken with the obvious intent of rendering Antwerp an excellent base for a future great attack upon England. But, owing to distractions on the Danube and in the Peninsula, these preparations were temporarily in abeyance, and in the meantime Antwerp was being quite inadequately garrisoned by about 2,000 invalids and coastguards, the majority of the French troops still remaining in these parts being thrown forward, to the number of 9,000 or thereabouts, for the manning of Flushing and other forts on the islands of the Scheldt.

The immediate *raison d'être* of the Walcheren expedition is to be found in the memorable

effort made by Austria in the spring and early summer of 1809 to stem the torrent of Napoleon's career of European conquest. Although hostilities in that connection were not actually commenced until April, 1809, the resolution of the Austrians to declare war had been communicated to the British Government in November, 1808, and simultaneously the cabinet of Vienna had impressed upon that of St. James's the desirability of a British diversion, more particularly by a land force in northern Germany.

trains, and men, went slowly forward—so slowly that the preparations were not complete until news had reached this country of Napoleon's rout of the Austrians at Wagram. Thus, at the outset, the expedition failed to accomplish its original object—the creation, namely, of a diversion calculated to assist a friendly Power in opposing the Napoleonic supremacy. Henceforth it was little more than a blow aimed at Napoleon's back by Great Britain on her own account, and never was blow more portentously delivered or more feebly followed up.

The expedition which left the Downs on the 28th July, 1809, *en route* for the Scheldt, was, from both a naval and a military point of view, one of the largest and finest ever despatched from these or any other shores. It consisted of thirty-seven ships of the line, twenty-three frigates, and eighty-two gunboats, besides transports having on board over 40,000 of all arms, including two complete battering-trains. The naval force was commanded by Sir Richard Strachan, the troops, and to some extent the expedition generally, being placed in charge of Lord Chatham, son of the great earl and brother of William Pitt, "a respectable

veteran, not without merit in the routine of official duty at home," but "totally destitute of the activity and decision requisite in an enterprise in which success was to be won rather by rapidity of movement than deliberation of conduct." According to Lord Chatham's instructions, the object of the conjoint expeditions was the capture or destruction of the enemy's ships, either building or afloat, at Antwerp or Flushing, or afloat in the Scheldt; the destruction of the arsenals and dockyards at Antwerp, Terneuze, and Flushing; the reduction of the Island of Walcheren; and the closing of the Scheldt, if possible, to navigation by ships of war.

On the 29th July the left wing of Lord Chatham's force, under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, arrived off Domburg, on the north side of Walcheren Island, and on the following day was landed on the sandhills in the vicinity of Fort Veere. On the morning of the 31st



FLUSHING.

But England, although fully alive to the necessity for such action, and, moreover, fully equal, as regards resources, to the part it was proposed she should play, was lamentably slow in rising to the occasion. Instead of taking the field simultaneously with Austria in April, the Government allowed itself to be at any rate temporarily discouraged by the failure of Sir John Moore's Spanish expedition, and did not even commence to take preliminary steps until quite the end of May. Meanwhile, the Austrians had been badly beaten at Ecmuhl, and had triumphed somewhat doubtfully at Aspern. Throughout June and July, an English expedition to the Scheldt having been finally decided upon, the work of getting ready ships, battering-

a deputation was received from Middleburg stating that the French garrison had retired into Flushing, and offering terms of capitulation, which were accepted. Fort Veere, after an obstinate defence by a garrison some 600 strong, was captured on the 1st of August.

schooners, and fourteen gunboats—made a determined effort to recapture Fort Bath, but after a smart cannonade were forced to retire. Returning to Walcheren we find Lord Chatham's headquarters fixed from the 2nd of August at Middleburg, the troops being engaged



"SIR RICHARD STRACHAN KEPT UP FOR SEVERAL HOURS A TREMENDOUS CANNONADE" (p. 602.)

Meanwhile, a division under Sir John Hope had landed on South Beveland and had taken possession of the whole island, including Fort Bath. The enemy's ships, which, when the English expedition arrived off Holland, were moored off Flushing, had by this time retired up the river, and on the 4th August were lying some at Antwerp, others at Fort Lillo, between Antwerp and Bath. On the 5th a strong detachment of the enemy's flotilla—consisting of two frigates, thirty brigs, eight luggers or

in getting guns into position and otherwise making vigorous preparations for the reduction of Flushing.

The activity and zeal of the naval force throughout the whole of these proceedings were beyond all praise. Loyal subordination to that of Lord Chatham in the first essential of getting the troops safely disembarked, Sir Richard Strachan subsequently lost no opportunity of rendering his hold upon the East and West Scheldt up to Fort

Bath as secure as he could make it both by general ubiquity and judicious concentration of force at points of importance. Nor was anything left undone that could be done in the way of useful minor bombardment, cutting communications, and preventing supplies from being thrown into Flushing. One specially fine performance was the forcing of the entrance to the West Scheldt, under the fire of the Flushing batteries, by ten frigates,* under the orders of Lord William Stuart, captain of the *Lavinia*. This squadron was under fire for two hours, and the gallant and seaman-like manner in which it was conducted, and its steady and well-directed fire, were greeted with roars of applause by the English troops which were able to watch the action from the shore. But, notwithstanding these diversions, some of Sir Richard Strachan's despatches seem to indicate that the operations were regarded as unduly extensive and complicated, and that the protracted delay caused by the military preparations for the bombardment of Flushing was producing a certain amount of naval misgiving.

It is to the delay in question that the ultimate failure of the expedition is commonly attributed; and, indeed, there is much to support this view. Lord Chatham, at the time the expedition entered the Scheldt, was in possession of authentic information to the effect that Antwerp was practically undefended. If the division which landed in South Beveland under Sir John Hope, and captured Fort Bath without striking a blow, had, after leaving a sufficient garrison for the latter, pushed on to Antwerp at once, it would probably have captured both that town and Fort Lillo *en route* without any difficulty. Such a course, moreover, if promptly taken, would have had the effect of cutting off the French fleet, for, as noted above, when the expedition arrived off Holland the enemy's ships were moored off Flushing, and would probably have remained there or returned thither had Antwerp been carried by a *coup de main* and both Forts Lillo and Bath been in the hands of English garrisons. As it was, the French squadron escaped up the river, and Sir John Hope's division remained inactive in South Beveland, being joined on the 9th August by the divisions under the Earl of Rosslyn and the Marquis of Huntley.

On the evening of the 7th August a notable sortie was made from Flushing upon the right

* *Lavinia, Heroine, Amethyst, Rota, Nymphon, l'Aigle, Emyalus, Statua, Dryad, and Perlin.*

of our line, the attack being directed chiefly upon our advanced picquets, which were supported by the 3rd Battalion of the Royals—the 5th and the 35th—which, together with detachments of the Royal Artillery, the 95th, and the eight battalions of the King's German Legion, engaged the enemy with great gallantry, and forced him to retire. Subsequently the besieged garrison endeavoured to cause some embarrassment by opening the sluices at Flushing and letting in the sea upon the island; but adequate precautions had been taken to render this ingenious attempt at inundation ineffectual, and the preparations for the bombardment were steadily pushed forward.

On the 13th August, the land batteries before Flushing being completed, and Lord Chatham having duly notified the fact to his naval colleague, the latter caused his bombs and gun-vessels to take up suitable stations at the south-east and south-west ends of the town; and at half-past one p.m. the bombardment was commenced, the enemy promptly and vigorously responding. At the outset we had on land alone fifty-two pieces of heavy ordnance, and an additional battery of six 24-pounders was completed the same night, the whole continuing to play upon the town till late the following day. On the evening of the 13th an entrenchment in front of the right of our line was brilliantly forced by the 14th Regiment, now the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire), and detachments of the King's German Legion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolls, who drove the enemy out, and effected a lodgment within musket-shot of the walls of the town, taking one gun and thirty prisoners. But otherwise no great impression appears to have been made on the gallant defenders till the following day.

On the morning of the 14th August Sir Richard Strachan, with the *St. Domingo, Blake, Repulse, Victorious, Denmark, Audacious*, and *Venerable* line-of-battle ships, got under weigh, and, ranging up along the sea-line of defence, kept up for several hours a tremendous cannonade, with the result that by four o'clock in the afternoon the town was almost everywhere in flames, and the enemy's fire had for the time entirely ceased. Lord Chatham, who describes the scene of destruction as "most awful," hereupon summoned the place to surrender, but no satisfactory reply being given, hostilities were resumed with the utmost vigour. About eleven o'clock at night one of the enemy's

advanced batteries was carried at the point of the bayonet by detachments from the 36th, 71st, and light battalions of the King's German Legion, opposed to great superiority of numbers; and about two in the morning of the 15th August the enemy demanded a suspension of arms for forty-eight hours. This was refused, only two hours being granted, when General Monnet, commanding the French troops, agreed to surrender on the basis of the garrison becoming prisoners of war. On the 16th, articles of capitulation were ratified, and the English troops took possession of the town. The return of the garrison which surrendered includes 16 officers of the staff, 101 officers, 3,773 non-commissioned officers and soldiers, 489 sick and wounded—total, 4,379. In addition to these the original garrison included, besides the number killed during the siege, which must have been very large, upwards of 1,000 wounded who had been removed to Cadsand previously to the complete investment of the town.

With the fall of Flushing the Walcheren expedition practically came to an end, but not in the manner that might have been expected from such a glorious beginning. Instead of being rapidly followed by the seizure of Antwerp and the destruction of the enemy's fleet, the siege, successful as it had been, had changed the whole aspect of affairs by giving to both the French and Dutch Governments time to place Antwerp in an excellent state of defence, to withdraw the fleet into a place of security, and to assemble 30,000 troops within striking distance of the Scheldt. This does not seem to have dawned on Lord Chatham until, with ridiculous tardiness, he had advanced his headquarters to Fort Bath, which he only reached on the 26th August, ten days after Flushing—barely thirty miles distant—had surrendered! Meanwhile the marsh fever was beginning to tell most seriously upon the troops, of whom little short of 3,000 were in hospital. A council of war was accordingly called, and it was unanimously decided that a further advance was impossible. Orders then followed indicating a gradual withdrawal from the advanced position in South Beveland and the embarkation of such troops as remained, after providing a substantial garrison for Walcheren, which it was hoped might still be permanently retained.

Had the retention of Walcheren been feasible, the expedition might still have secured an important result by practically sealing the Scheldt, and the garrison detailed—some 15,000 strong—was apparently ample for the purpose. But fate

and fever were too strong for the "respectable veteran" and his unfortunate soldiers. The Walcheren malaria soon caught the Englishmen in its fell grip, and did not readily release its victims. By the middle of September—about a fortnight after the rest of the expedition had returned home—half the garrison were in hospital, and the death-rate was running up to two and three hundred a week. After two months of ghastly misery the final order for evacuation was given and carried out—one can imagine, with gloomy cheerfulness—after the works and naval basin of Flushing had been carefully destroyed.

Thus ended "Walcheren, 1809," an expedition which cost us 7,000 British lives, not to



THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.

speak of nearly twice that number who were invalided home, and thousands more who brought back constitutions so shattered by malaria that they never fully regained their strength. What lessons are to be gained from such a colossal failure are writ sufficiently large in the foregoing simple narrative; but, at least, it is comforting to reflect that, serious as those lessons are, they involve no sort of slur upon the courage and discipline of the British naval and military services. As a great stroke of Continental policy the Walcheren expedition was radically culpable, in that it started at least three months too late. Strategically speaking, it was characterised by utter want of enterprise and sinful waste of time. But it included a very fair modicum of what Mr. Kipling's Terence Mulvaney calls "sumpshuous fightin'," and there is plenty of evidence to show that in this respect the British troops engaged, as well as their gallant opponents—who for thirty-six hours maintained their hold on Flushing against one of the most terrible bombardments ever recorded—worthily upheld the best traditions of their respective nations.



IT was the early spring of 1885. Canada was still covered with her mantle of snow, pure and unsullied on the vast prairies of the west and the farms of the east; and like tufts of cotton-wool on a child's Christmas tree, it still rested on the dark branches of the pines and the hemlocks of her pathless forests, where the axe, of the lumberman and the tap of the woodpecker, alone awakened the silence of winter.

Less beautiful, the snow was piled and dirty in the streets of her great cities, which were just waking to trade and to the opening navigation of the mighty rivers, whose fleets of ice floes surged slowly to the sea. In the far north the tributary rivers still bore upon their frozen breasts a wealth of piled logs, to be floated to the huge saw-mills of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, or shipped as squared timber across the Atlantic from the stately old city of Quebec.

The rosy-cheeked, light-footed Canadian girls and athletic young men were getting tired of the fun and frolic of winter carnival. Snowshoe and skate and toboggan would soon be laid aside for the canoe and tent and fishing-rod, among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or on the shores of Rivière du Loup and Tadousac. But the tinkling sleigh-bells were not yet silent, and gay picnic parties still frequented the leafless maple groves, and disturbed the stolid Habitan at his sugar harvest. The seven provincial Parliaments and the Federal Parliament at Ottawa still debated on every subject, including woman-suffrage (which the Dominion Parliament discussed at an all-night sitting), till daylight dawned upon the corpses that strewed the battlefield of Fish Creek. Though a free hand had been given by the Cabinet to the minister, no one thought war imminent, except the lonely settler on his ranche hard by the Saskatchewan, where the Indian was fast becoming dangerously insolent, and the French half-breed was sullenly nursing

his discontent at the delay of the Government in legalising their claims to the scattered log huts and half-tilled prairie farms.

The pioneer white settlers were also working themselves into wrath over similar delays in granting homestead rights. The prairie Indians had no tangible grievance against the Government beyond their natural dislike to sharing their country with white men. They had been given ample reserves and daily rations of beef and flour, blankets, and a small sum of money annually. But with the buffalo had disappeared not only food and clothing, but happy hunting. The transition from hunter and horse-thief to rationed loafer was too sudden. Work they would not, to beg they were not ashamed; so they mounted their kyuses (ponies), and, rifle in hand, left their reserves, followed by their women bestriding the ponies that drew the travois—a trailing contrivance of tepee poles that carried tent, papooses, puppies, and cooking-pots. As the ration-issuer could not follow their peregrinations, they frequented the small towns that spring up along the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the usual demoralising results. Rifles they had from the old buffalo days, ammunition they craved, though there was little to shoot but the white man or his cattle. For cartridges they would sell anything, from squaws to medicine pipes.

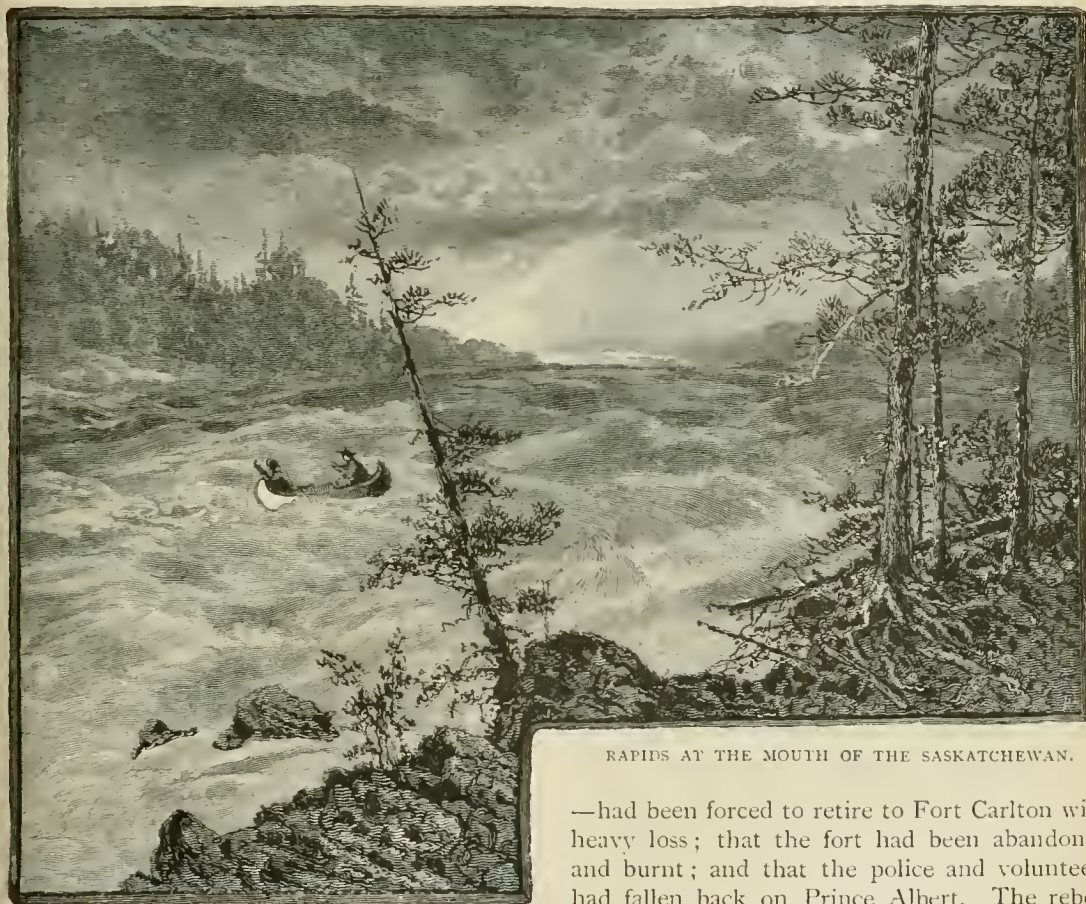
The Wood Indians, Crees, and Chipwayans, in the far north, lived on fish, game, and barter of furs with the Hudson Bay posts. They also had been relegated to reserves, a system they disliked. The great chiefs "Big Bear" and "Poundmaker" had collected bands they could not feed. The emissaries of Riel were busy among them, with promises of a millennium of pork and flour from the plunder of the Hudson Bay stores and settlements—"no police, plenty whisky." These blessings were to be obtained with the aid of their brethren from the United

States and the evergreen Fenian Brigade. They were also told King George's red soldiers could not help the Canadians, as they were fighting the Russians.

At Frog Lake an Indian had been imprisoned for stealing beef (said to have been put in his way by the Indian agent). While undergoing imprisonment his squaw became intimate with the prosecutor. When the Indian had served his imprisonment he returned, and the agent was shot, as well as two Roman

this last mute protest the Indians released all their white prisoners, and surrendered themselves and their arms.

But we are anticipating, as the Canadian Government did not anticipate. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand that hung over the great lone land suddenly spread and burst. The news was flashed to Ottawa that a detachment of North-West police—fifty strong, with a 7-pounder gun and a company of loyal volunteers from Battleford, sent out to collect supplies



RAPIDS AT THE MOUTH OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

Catholic priests at the mission and some equally innocent settlers. Three Government officials were murdered, and the rest, with all the women and children, taken prisoners; the church, saw-mill, and the whole settlement plundered and burnt by Big Bear's band, his son, "Bad Child," being conspicuous. And so the curtain rose on the first act of the tragedy.

After the last fight of Steele's scouts at "Loon Lake," the squaw was found hung on a tree in our line of march, also the agent's dog. With

—had been forced to retire to Fort Carlton with heavy loss; that the fort had been abandoned and burnt; and that the police and volunteers had fallen back on Prince Albert. The rebels had taken cover in a coulee, or depression of the prairie; and when the advancing mounted police and volunteers showed themselves, they were met by a withering fire from the half-breeds and Indians, under Gabriel Dumont, a celebrated old buffalo-hunter. Before the mounted police and volunteers, who were in sleighs, could properly extend, their losses became so heavy that retirement was found necessary, and, to add to their difficulties, the first shell was jammed in the bore of the 7-pounder M. L. gun, rendering it useless.

Captain Morton and eight men were killed, Captain Moore and four men wounded. The large proportion of killed, and the picking out of officers, shows the deadly accuracy of the half-breed aim. It was unfortunate that police-inspector Crozier allowed himself to take the initiative, when he knew that Colonel Irvine, commissioner of police, was within a day's march with a reinforcement of 100 men. The latter officer had marched from Regina with unexampled rapidity—291 miles in seven days, 42 miles per day, the thermometer often below zero. He had marched through hostile country and evaded Riel, who, with 400 men, desired to prevent his passage of the Saskatchewan river and junction with Inspector Crozier. Colonel Irvine got scant credit for the swift strategy with which he opened the campaign, or for the efficiency of the North-West Mounted Police, which could make such marches and yet were left shut up in Battleford and Prince Albert.

Then the fact was brought home to the Government that a police force was not sufficient to cope with so formidable an outbreak.

The long familiarity between police, Indians, and Métis had bred mutual contempt. The fact that Louis Riel, who fifteen years before had seized the government of the Red River country, proclaimed himself president, turned the governor sent by Canada out of the territory, imprisoned all those opposed to him, and after a mock trial executed Scott, a sturdy Orange Loyalist—and yet had been amnestied, allowed to return from the United States, and for many months to hold seditious public meetings, caused the half-breeds to hold the Government in profound contempt, so much so that the Indian name for the then Premier, on account of his policy of procrastination, was "Apinoquis"—"Old To-morrow." On the other hand, the Government thought that because Louis Riel had fled, and his force collapsed without firing a shot against the Red River Expedition under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley, that the outbreak of 1885 would also be a flash in the pan.

It was fortunate at this juncture that a young French-Canadian gentleman, Mr. (Sir) Adolphe Caron, was Minister of Militia and Defence.

He did not hesitate, but wisely left the executive to General Middleton, commanding the Militia, who acted with equal promptness, and left for Winnipeg the day after the receipt of the telegram of the disaster at Duck Lake. He picked up on his way to Winnipeg the 90th Battalion Militia Volunteers (Major Mackeand), 268 rank and file, and Major Jarvis's Militia Field Battery. Orders were sent for the immediate entraining from Quebec and Kingston of "A" and "B" Batteries Royal Canadian Artillery, consisting of two field-batteries (two guns

of each only were taken), under Majors Short and Peters, and a detachment of gunners acting as infantry, the whole commanded by Colonel Montizambert. From Quebec also came the Cavalry School Troop (Colonel Turnbull), 50 sabres; from Toronto "C" School Infantry Company (Major Smith), 90 rank and file.

The Royal Canadian Artillery and the so-called "Schools" of infantry and cavalry are the regular disciplined troops of Canada, whose duty in peace time is to instruct

the Militia of their respective arms—an excellent system, but puzzling in nomenclature.

Every province and city sent its quota. The 10th Grenadiers, strength 250 (Colonel Grasset), the Queen's Own Rifles (Colonel Miller), 274, and the Bodyguard Cavalry, 81, under Colonel Denison, from Toronto; from Ottawa the picked marksmen of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, 51 (Major Todd), the Midland Battalion, 340 (Colonel Williams). The French-Canadian rifle regiments—the 9th (Colonel Amyot) the 65th (Colonel Ouimet)—from Quebec and Montreal respectively, were pitted against the Western Indians rather than the French half-breeds. All answered with alacrity. Officers and men left the law-courts, the House of Commons, the office desk, the store, the plough, the workshop, the forest, with no experience of war and but little training. They proved themselves enduring and gallant soldiers, eventually



CREE INDIAN.

overcoming a force of half-breed hunters and Indians; as good shots as the Boers; as brave, as wily, and as skilful as those Transvaal "commandoes" who inflicted upon British arms one of the few reverses they have sustained.

The most noticeable feature of the whole campaign, a feature which makes its study of the greatest value to British militia and volunteers, is the extraordinary facility with which the young Canadian volunteers became converted into excellent marching and fighting soldiers. It may also be a matter of pride to young Englishmen that their brothers and cousins settled in Canada, many of them "army competition" failures, vied with the young Canadian. In their eagerness to go to the front they left their farms to take care of themselves. Though indifferent farmers, they made excellent scout cavalry. Bolton's, French's, Dennis's, Steele's, Stuart's scouts, and the Alberta Mounted Rifles were a mixture of young Canadian and English settlers, Western men, surveyors, and cowboys mounted on the toughest of bronchos. Many of the cowboys of the Western Column were American citizens. A difficulty was anticipated as to their taking the oath of allegiance to Her Majesty, but a cowboy will swear to anything for the sake of a scrimmage with the Redskins; always to the front, never grumbling or giving trouble to anyone but the enemy.

In peace-time Canada has no organised transport, commissariat, or field medical department. Within four weeks all three were improvised, mainly with the aid of the great Hudson Bay Company and the supervision of General Laurie at the central base.

The astonishing rapidity with which Canada carried through the campaign speaks well for her volunteer militia system, and for the inherent military qualities of Canadians. It is not impossible that in the future the martial spirit of the Old Dominion of Canada, and what some of us hope will soon be the New Dominions of Australasia and South Africa, may be a source of strength to the Old Country and save us from the need of foreign alliances.

A glance at the map shows the Canadian Pacific Railway stretching across the continent, 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean. The western part was not completed, and ended in a wilderness country that supplied nothing but wild horses, beef on the hoof, Indians, cowboys, coyotes, and gophers. Unfortunately, the railway was also not finished further east. There

was a gap of 400 miles along the north shore of Lake Superior, which Riel believed would be an impassable barrier to the passage of troops at that season. Parallel to the railway, and for 800 miles, about 200 miles north, rolls the mighty North Saskatchewan. Upon it were three settlements (our objectives), surrounded by the enemy, and held by small garrisons of police:—(1) Prince Albert, with Batoche, the half-breed headquarters of the rebels; (2) Battleford; (3) Fort Pitt, with Edmonton beyond it. Opposite to these objectives were our bases at Qu'Appelle, Swift Current, and Calgary, from each of which marched a column—the eastern, under General Middleton, from Qu'Appelle; the central from Swift Current, under Colonel Otter, a Canadian officer; and the western column, under General Strange, from Calgary.

From his own account, General Middleton concentrated his attention on Batoche, and intended to take the central (Colonel Otter's) column with him, the southern branch of the Saskatchewan being between them. He tells us he doubted the strategic necessity of considering the other objectives, and that "nor'-westers" were his pet abhorrence! Yet the nor'-west had eventually to be taken into consideration. Perhaps it was difficult for a man who had never been beyond Eastern Canada at once to grasp the strategic geography of a new continent. He, however, believed in himself—an excellent quality in a general. Fortunately for General Middleton, Riel, who, as he naively wrote, "did not like war," had evidently not studied that subject at the University of Montreal, where he was educated. Riel chose to take his stand in the fork of the North and South Saskatchewan, navigable for General Middleton's armed steamers, which could take him in reverse. He also exposed his line of retreat at Prince Albert to Colonel Irvine and the North-West Police, who were to attack him in combination with General Middleton.

With a river at his back, therefore, both branches of which were navigable for his enemies' steamers, and a telegraph line behind the latter, Riel awaited the attack of the best regular troops of Canada, with field-artillery and Gatling guns. The houses he occupied were mere shell-traps, and some were not even Gatling-proof. A half-breed knows just enough to take up a faulty strategic position; an Indian does not.

As the three columns, when once started, could not communicate till their objectives were

reached, they acted independently, and must be treated separately. So much for the strategy which forced itself on the general, owing to the geography of the country. Now to consider its execution by his subordinates. The initial difficulties of bringing up troops across the railway gap are best set forth in Colonel Montizambert's report:—

"Here began the difficulties of passing the gaps on the unconstructed portion of the road, between the west end of track and Red Rock or Nepigon,

fearful weather, round the north shore of Lake Superior, the roughest region in the world, and Nepigon or Red Rock was reached on the evening of the 3rd April. The men had no sleep for four nights. This command was the first that passed over this route from the east."

Having collected troops at Qu'Appelle, General Middleton began his march on 6th April, with a force of 402, all told, consisting of 90th Winnipeg Rifles, 2 guns Winnipeg Field Battery and French's Scouts. The regular cavalry, under



CANADIAN GUN SLEIGH TEAM.

sixty-six miles from Port Arthur. About 400 miles had to be passed by a constantly varying process of embarking and disembarking guns and stores from flat cars to country team sleighs and *vice versa*. There were sixteen operations of this nature in cold weather and deep snow. On starting from west end of track on the night of the 30th, the roads were found so bad that it took the guns seventeen hours to do the distance, thirty miles, to Magpie, and from there to east end of track by teams, and march further on; then on flat cars for eighty miles, with thermometer at 5° below zero. Heron Bay, Port Munroe, McKeller's Bay, Jackfish, Ibster, and McKay's Harbour were passed by alternate flat cars on construction track and teams, in

Colonels Turnbull and Denison, were left to guard his communications at Touchwood Hills and Humboldt respectively. On the 8th General Middleton was joined by Colonel Montizambert and the "A" Battery regular artillery, 100 strong, with two-horsed guns, 9-pounder M.L.R. Men and horses appeared none the worse for their long journey of 1,000 miles by rail and trail, including the passage of the gaps previously described. On the 9th General Middleton received news of Frog Lake massacres, and telegraphed General Strange to raise a force, assume command of it and of such troops as might be sent, relieve Edmonton, and then to move on Fort Pitt, where General Middleton would meet him with troops coming up the Saskatchewan by

steamer, after the relief of Prince Albert and Battleford. General Strange (who will have to speak later on in the first person) was an ex-artillery officer settled on a ranche near Gleichen, who had volunteered his services.

himself with cutting the wire only between Batoche and Prince Albert. When a prisoner he told General Middleton: "I only wanted to cut off Prince Albert, as I thought I might want the wire, after defeating you, to communicate



VIEW NEAR CALGARY.

(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

On 10th April Major Smith, "C" School of Regular Infantry, 40 men, overtook General Middleton, and Major-General Laurie, a retired Crimean veteran living in Halifax, also joined, and, though senior to General Middleton, volunteered to serve under him.

The march generally followed the telegraph line, which was tapped at every halt, and was of the greatest service, for Riel had contented

with Ottawa, and make terms with the Government." On this march the Indian "Day Star" and his people on the Indian farm were met and a "pow-wow" was held: they expressed loyalty in proportion to the tea, tobacco, bacon, and flour with which they were presented.

On the 11th the great salt plains had to be negotiated in bitter cold, through wind,

snow, and slush ; there were also several streams which took the infantry above the knee. As firewood had to be carried, fires were limited ; although the alkaline water was only drinkable as tea, and even then was conducive to dysentery.

On the same day, when nearly through the salt plains, a despatch was received from Irvine stating he had 150 mounted police and ninety volunteers at Prince Albert, plenty of ammunition and beef, but only flour enough for a month ; and also one from Superintendent Morris, holding Battleford with forty-seven North-West Mounted Police and thirty-five settler volunteers, asking urgently for help, Chief Poundmaker's large band of Indians being in the vicinity. General Middleton telegraphed to Colonel Otter, at Swift Current, to march at once, with all the troops he had, on Battleford. He left on the 13th, General Laurie leaving simultaneously to take command of the base at Swift Current.

It was very necessary to communicate with Colonel Irvine, and the services of Captain Bedson (transport officer) and Mr. McDowell, who volunteered for this duty, were accepted, as the general did not wish to send a written despatch. It was unfortunate for Colonel Irvine that these orders were verbal, as a difference of opinion has arisen as to the precise date of his co-operation. He states in his report that he had orders from General Middleton to come out of Battleford and co-operate in cutting off fugitives, and that the attack on Batoche would be on the 18th or 19th of April, on which day Colonel Irvine marched twelve miles towards Batoche ; but as his scouts did not hear anything of Middleton's advance on Batoche, he returned to Prince Albert, dreading an attack on that place in his absence. General Middleton, in the *United Service Magazine*, says he informed Irvine he would attack Batoche on the 25th of April. But as he was engaged at Fish Creek on the 24th, where he was detained, it was not till the 9th of May that the attack on Batoche commenced ; so that Colonel Irvine would have had a longish time to wait, and is hardly to be blamed under the circumstances for returning to Battleford. It is only in theory that war combinations work like clockwork.

Middleton's force had now marched 124 miles in eight days (including a day's halt) over a bad trail in terrible weather—good work for untrained men. The food supplies were good, and the knapsacks throughout the campaign were carried in waggons. On the 15th

he pushed on with a small force to Clark's Crossing. The rebels had not molested the ferry and not even cut the telegraph wire. The force remained at Clark's Crossing till the 23rd. In scouting, three Indians were run down and brought to bay, standing back to back in a gully. Lord Melgund was unwilling to shoot them, and two or three scouts who spoke a little Indian tried without effect to get them to surrender ; finally Captain French walked down alone and unarmed, in spite of their covering him with their rifles, and insisted upon shaking hands with them ; they then smoked the pipe of peace together and surrendered themselves. They were found to be part of a band of American Sioux from across the border. One was released and sent to Batoche with a proclamation in French, offering pardon to those who would surrender : he was promised a reward on his return. The man never came back, and at the taking of Batoche his body was found in the front, lying on his back in full war-paint, with a bullet through his head.

The persuasive coolness of Captain French was characteristic. He was a gallant, genial Irishman, and had been an Inspector of North-West Mounted Police, under his brother, the first Commissioner, Colonel French, R.A. He left his farm and his young wife for fighting-sake, raised a troop of scout cavalry, and was killed at their head in the rush on Batoche.

During the seven days' halt at Clark's Crossing, Bolton's scouts and 10th Grenadiers joined the force. Forage was very scarce, and the teamsters refused to advance without oats, the horses being their own property. Colonel Houghton, D.A.G., suggested bayonet persuasion ; but the general, perhaps wisely, declined this drastic measure, and oats arrived on the 22nd. A further supply was secured by a night raid made by Colonel Houghton in advance with a handful of scouts.

The ferry had been put in working order, and General Middleton divided his force of 800 men. Crossing a column on the 21st and 22nd, under Colonel Montizambert, to operate on the opposite side of the river, the columns keeping abreast, the ferry barge was floated down between them.

The left column was composed of 10th Royal Grenadiers, strength 250 ; Winnipeg Militia Field Battery, two guns, 50 ; detachment "A" Battery R.C.A., under Lieutenant Rivers, 23 ; French's scouts, 20 ; detachment Bolton's scouts, 30 ; total, 373.

The right column consisted of the 90th Regiment, 268; "A" Battery R.C.A., two guns, 82; "C" School Company, 40; Bolton's scouts, 50; total, 440.

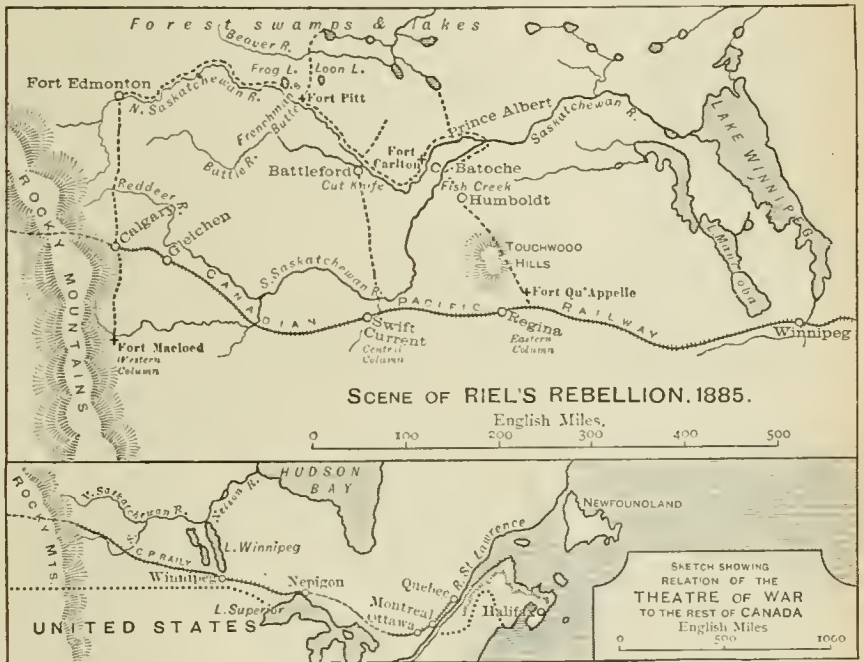
Signals by bugle notes were arranged between the columns, but it was found impracticable to work in the noise of battle.

On the 23rd, news came of the surrender of Fort Pitt by the police garrison under Inspector Dickens (son of the novelist). They made their way by boat to Battleford. Mr. McLean, the Hudson Bay factor, left the fort to parley, and found himself in Big Bear's grip. He was induced by the wily savage to order his family (three very pretty girls) and the other officials and their families to join him. When these were secured, the police were allowed to depart unmolested. They broke the stocks of the rifles left in the fort; but these were ingeniously repaired by the Indians, and used against us at "Frenchman's Butte." A large supply of provisions and stores

and a quantity of ammunition fell into the hands of the Indians, who had a good time in the fort until the arrival of the Western Column.

On the 24th, Middleton marched for Dumont's Crossing. Mounted scouts extended in front, the supports under Major Bolton 200 yards in rear. The general, as was his custom, rode at the head. On approaching some clumps of poplars (bluffs, in prairie phrase) a heavy fire on the left was opened, but did not do much damage, as it was delivered in a hurry.* Bolton instantly directed

his men to dismount, and let loose their horses, some of which were immediately shot, as well as a few men, the flankers and files in front falling back on the supports, and the wounded crawling back to the line. The enemy were kept in check till the advanced guard of the 90th came up. Captain Wise's horse was shot in going back for them. Meanwhile, amid the rattle of rifle fire and the "ping" of bullets, could be heard the oaths, shouts, and jeers of the excited Métis, mingled with the vibrating war-whoop of the Indians; but the English scouts spoke only



with their Winchesters. One brave, alone, in full war-paint, dashed boldly out of cover, shouting his war-cry. He was immediately shot, and his example was not followed. When the advanced guard of the 90th came up, it was extended on the right of the scouts; Captain Clarke (in command) and several men were wounded. The main body were brought up by Colonel Houghton, and Major Mackeand (90th) and two more companies extended to the right. The two guns of "A" Battery,

* Gabriel Dumont's despatch to Riel, found at Batoche, says, "I had a place to ambush them at Fish Creek. It was frustrated by a fool in a buckskin coat, who, seeing a milch cow on the prairie, rode after her, and instead of driving her into the enemy's *cortège*, drove her right on to me. Seeing I was discovered, I fired at him, in the hope that the shot would not be noticed, as he was always

firing shots himself at birds and rabbits, as my scouts have frequently reported. I unfortunately missed him; and my shot being mistaken for the signal, all my men began firing, and exposed their position before the enemy had fallen into the trap I had laid for them." It will be seen fools have their uses, even the irrepressible sporting British tenderfoot.

under Major Peters, came into action; but as the enemy were too well covered, the general withdrew them. Subsequently they dashed into the fight at close quarters, which was necessary, as the men in the rifle-pits could not be reached from a distance. The guns took up various positions on both sides of the coulee. Captain Drury and Lieutenant Ogilvie at last ran their guns up by hand to within twenty yards of the edge of the ravine, and giving extreme depression, fired case shot into the bush which concealed the pits, whose whereabouts were only seen by the puffs of smoke, and the presence of the enemy felt as gunner after gunner fell in the act of ramming home (the guns were muzzle-loaders, and the men completely exposed).^{*} About this time the enemy's fire slackened. They were seen moving down to their right. Major Boswell (90th) was sent to seize a farmhouse on the left front, to check this movement, and the enemy fell back down the creek towards the pits.

The firing-line of infantry had in the meantime pushed up to the edge of the ravine, suffering severely, the men in their eagerness exposing themselves to the fire from below: any man raising himself showed against the sky-line, and many were shot through the head. The rebels now attempted a turning movement on our right, along the bottom of the coulee, and set fire to the prairie, to cover the movement and check and embarrass our men, the wind blowing towards us. The general had previously sent his two aides to extend three companies of the 90th, Captain Buchan and "C" School Company, Major Smith, to the extreme right, the remainder of the 90th, under Major Mackeand, were held in reserve near the field hospital, where the waggons were corralled. Things looked critical, but from general to bugler every man and boy did his duty. The plucky old general was everywhere; a ball passed through his fur cap, his horse, "Sam," was also grazed.

His two aides-de-camp, Captain Wise and Lieutenant Doucet, were both wounded, the former had two horses shot under him; and above the din of the battle might be heard the shrill treble of the boy-bugler, Billy Buchanan, of the 90th, as he walked up and down the firing-line: "Now, boys, who's for more cartridges?" The handsmen were busy bringing the wounded to the doctors, under Surgeon-

^{*} Some day we shall have shields for our B.L. field-guns.

Major Orton, an old army hand; and the teamsters were brought up, led by Bedson, the transport officer, and under the enemy's fire beat out the blazing prairie with branches.

Captain Drury shelled the farmhouse and buildings occupied by the enemy on the right, and cleared them out. Colonel Montizambert, commanding the left column, hearing the firing, brought down his force and guns to the edge of the river, though the banks were a hundred feet high, with no sort of a roadway. Unfortunately, the scow had been sent for forage, and was not at first available; eventually 250 men and two guns and horses were crossed over, and the Grenadiers were immediately extended in support. By this time the enemy's fire had almost ceased, and they had retired along the ravine, except a determined handful, who still held the pits. Major Peters got permission to try the bayonet: he made a desperate rush, followed by a detachment of garrison gunners of the "A" Battery; some of the 90th followed Captain Ruttan, and Lieutenant Swinford, and Colonel Houghton. After making several gallant attempts, they remained in the ravine until ordered to retire by the general, with the loss of three killed and five wounded, including Lieutenant Swinford and a gunner, whose body was found within ten paces of the pits. The general refused to allow any further attempt, considering it a futile waste of life.

The Grenadiers were left extended along the ridge, while the rest of the force retired about a mile to pitch camp—a difficult task, as a blinding snow-storm had set in. As the Grenadiers were moving off, a considerable body of mounted men showed themselves on the opposite side of the ravine. They had probably been sent to bring off the gallant fellows in the pits, for on the Grenadiers facing about they disappeared.

General Middleton had about 400 men actually engaged; the rebels 280, most advantageously posted. Our casualties were fifty—ten killed or died of wounds. The Indians only left three dead on the field, but were subsequently found to have had eleven killed or died of wounds and eighteen wounded; about fifty of their ponies were shot, as the poor brutes were tied up in the wooded ravine. The steamer *Northcote* not arriving as expected, the wounded were sent to Saskatoon in extemporised ambulances, the settlers taking them into their houses. Surgeon-Major Douglas, V.C., had paddled two hundred miles alone in his canoe to give his aid, and Deputy-Surgeon-General Roddick arrived



"HE SHOT THE INDIAN THROUGH THE SIDE" (p. 674).

with a complete staff, and Nurse Miller, pleasant, kind, and skilful, as nurses are wont to be.

The steamer *Northcote* had been delayed by low water, but she propped herself over the sand-banks with her long legs like a great grasshopper, as Western stern-wheel steamers manage to do, and arrived on the 5th May with supplies and reinforcements. Colonel Van Straubenzie, a veteran of the Crimea and India, Colonel Williams, M.P., commanding 100 men—"Midlanders"—a Gatling gun with Captain Howard, late U.S.A. agent of the Gatling Gun Company.

Leaving General Middleton to bury his dead, let us turn to the Central and Western Columns. The Central Column, under Colonel Otter, when organised for the relief of Battleford, was composed of: Personal staff, Lieutenant Sears, I.S.C., and Captain Mutton; Major Short, "B" Battery, R.C.A., 2 guns and 1 Gatling; garrison gunners, Captain Farley, 113; "C" Infantry School, Lieutenant Wadmore, 49; Governor-General's Foot Guards, Captain Todd, 51; Queen's Own Rifles, Colonel Miller, 274; North-West Mounted Police, Superintendent Herkmer, 50; scouts, 6; total, 543.

Their march was very rapid after crossing the South Saskatchewan: 160 miles were covered in five days, with a long waggon-train carrying the infantry, twenty-five days' rations, and wood-fuel. On the evening of the arrival Colonel Otter did not enter the settlement, and deferred doing so till daylight. The Indians utilised the delay to burn and loot the suburbs on the south side of the river. Next day he marched into Battleford, and on the 29th April learned from his scouts that about 200 Crees and Stoneys were encamped with Poundmaker about thirty-eight miles distant. It was decided to make a reconnaissance in force and surprise their camp. On the 1st May Colonel Otter marched out of Battleford with 325 of his force, including the Battleford Rifles, and forty-eight waggons to carry the men and rations, Major Short's two 7-pounder M.L.R. guns.* Halting at 8 p.m. Colonel Otter waited till the moon rose, and then pushed on through the night. Daybreak showed the Cree camp on a rise, partially surrounded by wooded coulees; Cut Knife Creek ran across the front. The advanced scouts had crossed the creek and mounted the

rising ground before they were discovered and the alarm given. Scarcely had the scouts gained the crest of the hill than they were met by a sharp fire; the police extended on the brow, and the guns, pushed forward into the same line and supported by the garrison gunners as infantry escort, opened with shrapnel fire on the camp. An Indian, on emergency, makes a short toilet and dispenses even with fresh paint, so that in a short time they were running down through the brushwood coulees and almost surrounded the force, pouring in a destructive cross-fire upon our men, who at first exposed themselves carelessly, but soon learnt their lesson. The whole force had to be put in the fighting line to meet the attack, the Battleford Rifles guarding the rear and the ford. The police horses and waggon-train were well sheltered in a slight declivity, where only two casualties occurred—a waggon-horse and Major Short's charger being shot.

Shortly after the fight became general, a desperate rush was made by the braves to capture the Gatling, which had jammed for the moment.* The two 7-pounders had broken their rotten trails with the recoil, and were being lashed up and spliced by Captain Rutherford and the gun detachments; but Major Short, calling on the garrison gunners and police, advanced at their head to meet the onset of the braves, repulsed them with loss, and drove them back on the run—a pace an Indian very seldom adopts with his back to the foe. A tall brave, retiring slowly, turned and took deliberate aim at the major, who was about twenty feet in front of his men; the bullet passed through the top of the jauntily-cocked cap, and cut a crisp curl from his head. He drew his revolver and shot the Indian through the side. He rolled over, jumped up, staggered a few paces, dropped, and drew his blanket over his head, to die decorously, as Cæsar might have done. Alas! a moment after, a blow from a rifle-butt in the hands of an excited French-Canadian gunner sped him to his happy hunting-ground. The major took his scalping-knife but left him his scalp—a compliment the Indian might not have returned had things gone the other way.† Repulsed from

* Maxims were not then so well known for never jamming.

† In this action "B" Battery had Lieutenant Peltier, Sergeant Caffney, Corporal Morton, and Gunner Reynolds severely wounded. After literally hairbreadth escapes in battle, Major Short died doing his duty in peace-time, from an explosion of gunpowder in blowing up a house to stop a vast conflagration in the city of Quebec.

* At the last moment, and contrary to the wish of the artillery officer, the equipment was changed—7-pounders, the carriages of which had been rotting in store since the last Red River expedition, being substituted for 9-pounders.

the front, the Indians strenuously tried to surround the force by working through the wooded coulees from both flanks.* The right rear and ford were menaced, but the coulee was cleared of the Indians by a party of Battleford Rifles under Captain Nash, Ross, chief of police-scouts, and individuals of other corps, for the fighting had got mixed, from the nature of the ground and the character of the attack. In a similar manner, the left rear was cleared by parties of the Queen's Own and Battleford Rifles. There remained, however, a few braves who doggedly held their ground until outflanked by the scouts, making a long *détour*, towards the end of the day.

After six hours' fighting, the flank and rear were clear, but the position was not tenable for the night. The guns could only be fought by lashing up the broken trails with splints after each round. Colonel Otter had accomplished his object by handling Poundmaker and his braves so roughly that Big Bear did not care to join his discomfited friend, but preferred to try conclusions with the Western Column in the forest swamps north of the Saskatchewan.

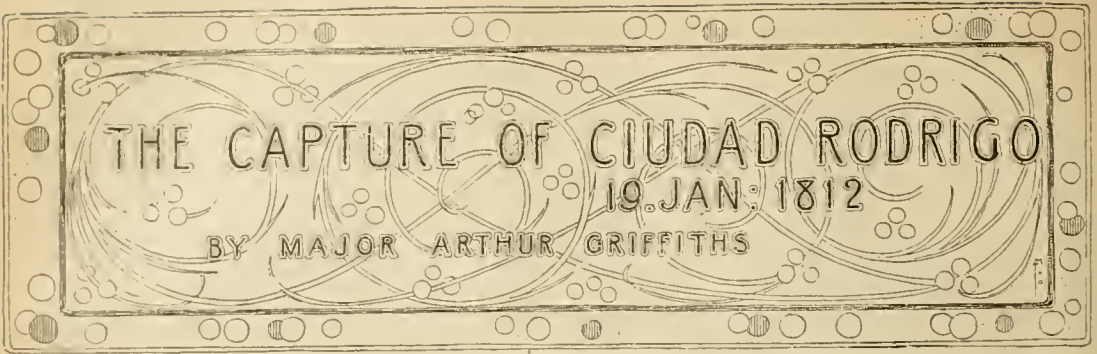
* Colonel Otter puts the strength of the Indian braves at fully 500 and 50 Métis.

Colonel Otter returned to Battleford the same night, fearing a counter-attack on that place. The retirement was effectually covered by the artillery, crippled though it was, Short—first in advance and last in retreat—bringing up the rear with the Gatling. The dead and wounded were brought over the creek safely—8 killed and 14 wounded. The body of Private Osgood, of the Guards, alone could not be recovered. The force made a rapid return march to Battleford. General Middleton has left on record that he did not approve of the dash made by Colonel Otter, nor, indeed, of the action of any of the commanders whom distance made it impossible for him personally to control.

So far, we have followed the fortunes of the Eastern and Centre Columns, up to the battles of Fish Creek and Cut Knife. Should the reader so desire, he may at no distant date follow also the wilderness march of the Western Column, with its fights at Frenchman's Butte and Loon Lake in pursuit of "Big Bear," and read the story of the four days' battle at Batoche, where the brave but misguided half-breeds were lured to destruction by the foolish fanatic Riel, who paid the penalty of the folly that becomes crime.



GENERAL MIDDLETON.



ALL was ready for the attack. Major George Napier, one of the three illustrious brothers whose names are now household words, stood at the head of his volunteer stormers, taking his instructions from Lord Wellington himself.

"Now do you quite understand? Do you see the way you are to take so as to arrive at the breach without noise or confusion?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," replied Napier.

Someone of the staff, who was standing by, then said—

"You are not loaded! Why don't you make your men load?"

"No," sturdily replied Napier; "I shall not load. If we cannot do the business with the bayonet and without firing, we shall not be able to do it at all."

"Let him alone; let him go his own way," remarked Wellington, interposing, and thus fully endorsing the view which Napier took of the work in hand.

A few minutes later Napier was shot down as he entered the breach at the head of his men. His arm was shattered, and hung helpless, but he disdained all assistance.

"Push on, lads, push on!" he cried undaunted, still cheering his men. "Never mind me; push on—the place is ours!"

And there he lay, till all had passed him, getting terribly bruised and trampled upon in the confusion in the darkness.

It was not till he heard the shouts of "Victory! Old England for ever!" that he gave himself up to the surgeon for the amputation of his arm.

They were true heroes, these old Peninsular worthies; and there were few finer fellows than the Napiers—Charles, William, and George. But at Ciudad Rodrigo there were others who gained great fame: Generals Craufurd and Mackinnon, both killed at the breaches;

Gurwood and Mackie, who led the forlorn hopes; Hardyman, a captain of the 45th, of whom it was said so gallant was his demeanour, so noble his exploits, that although three generals and seventy other officers had fallen, "the soldiers fresh from the strife talked only of Hardyman." The taking of Ciudad Rodrigo was indeed a splendid feat of arms.

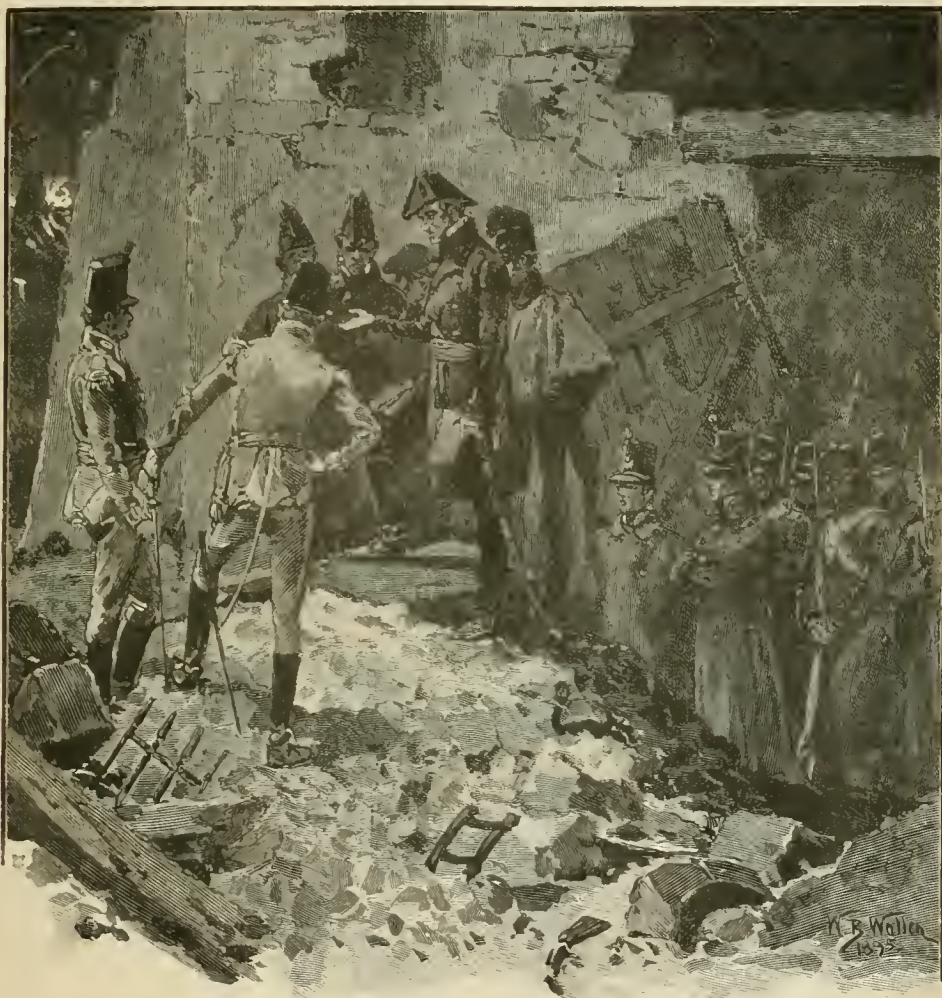
Time was of vital importance. The French general, Marmont, was collecting his strength for its relief; the ground the besiegers occupied might at any moment be flooded, for it was the rainy season, and a night's down-pour of rain would have ruined the trenches. The only chance lay in boldly attempting an assault, without waiting till the fortifications were ruined by bombardment. Heartless as it may sound, the only solution was to sacrifice life rather than time. This is what Wellington had meant when he prefaced his final orders by the announcement that Ciudad Rodrigo must be taken on a particular day. His men knew what was expected of them, and, without hesitation, they answered: "We will do it!"

It was no light enterprise, the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but Wellington undertook it on sound, reasonable grounds. In the first place, he was bound to do something just then. A real, substantial success was very urgently required. Great dissatisfaction prevailed in England at the prolonged inactivity of his army. The Government at home was unpopular, and it passed on what it could to its general commanding in the field, finding fault, yet giving him no very generous or sufficient support. He stood practically alone—he must bear the brunt of all he did and all that came of it; but not the less did he reckon up his chances and consider the various operations open to him independently of their difficulty or the risk attending them.

The one he chose was that which lay nearest

and yet seemed almost hopeless and impossible. Its very audacity was what really made it feasible. Marmont was really misled by the many disadvantages that told against the English, and must prevent them, as he thought, from attempting any serious blow. It was the depth of the winter season ; the weather was intensely cold,

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“NOW DO YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND?” (p. 676).

snow and frost alternated with heavy rains. The country around was so wasted and depopulated as to impede all military movements. The English army was in very poor case ; the troops suffered greatly from ill-health, due to their long occupation of damp, low-lying ground ; hundreds were in hospital, the rest were dispirited and badly found, their uniforms were ragged, their pay three months in arrear ; supplies were scanty, and brought up with great irregularity ; men were put on half-rations, and for three conse-

disinclined to co-operate in any forward and decided move.

Yet Wellington, nothing daunted, proceeded to gather up the threads and weld them together for his purpose. His troubles, after all, were working to his advantage : the enemy was aware of them and magnified them greatly. The dispersing of the British troops over a vast area was taken as a clear proof of the difficulties of subsistence, and as a certainty that they could not assume the offensive. Other small matters

encouraged this false security in the French. Nothing, least of all a siege, could be contemplated, for it was firmly believed that the English had no battering-train. Again, the Quartermaster-General, Murray, was granted leave of absence to go to England. No great operations could be near at hand when so prominent an official was suffered to leave the army. When Murray afterwards reproached Wellington for allowing him to lose all share in the coming brilliant exploit, the general laughingly replied that his absence had been of the greatest service to him, for Marmont had heard of it, and was in consequence satisfied that nothing much was about to happen.

Profound secrecy was a first condition of success in an operation which, as the historian puts it, needed extreme nicety, quickness, prudence, and audacity. Wellington was careful to divulge nothing, and only a masterful, self-reliant leader could have made such extensive preparations without betraying his purpose. He had begun them really the previous autumn when he had refortified Almeida, which had recently fallen into his hands, intending it as a secure place of arms, where he might collect his siege artillery. Large detachments of infantry had been practised in the business of military engineering, in the manufacture of gabions, fascines, and pickets in the digging of trenches and earthworks. He had also set the military artificers to build a great trestle bridge to be used in crossing the river Agueda, upon which Ciudad Rodrigo stands.

By the 1st January, 1812, he had brought up half his guns, had fortunately found ammunition in Almeida, and had begun to lay the bridge at Marialva below the town. Four divisions were to be employed in the siege—the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and Light; but as the weather was bitterly cold and the army had no tents, there was no cover or protection to the troops on the north side. It was ordered, therefore, that the regiments should occupy cantonments on the south bank among the villages. They were to cross over to their work from day to day as their turn of duty came round. In this way each division was to have one whole day in the trenches out of every four, taking with them their food, cooked, and their entrenching tools. The hardship of this service was great. It was necessary to cross the icy-cold river Agueda going to and fro, wading through water sometimes to the waist. No fires could be lighted, and their wet clothes often froze on to the men during the night. One of those

who went through this siege describes how pieces of ice were constantly brought down by the rapid current, and so bruised the troops in fording the river that cavalry were ordered to form four deep across the ford, and under this living shelter the men crossed comparatively unharmed.

The fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo stood on rising ground in a nearly open plain with a rocky surface, but to the northward there were two hills respectively some 180 and 600 yards distant from the ramparts. The first of these, called the Lesser Tesson, was about on a level with the walls; the second, or Greater Tesson, rose a few feet above them. Upon the latter an enclosed and palisaded redoubt had been constructed, called San Francisco, and this prevented any siege operations on this side while it was in the enemy's hands. The town itself was defended by a double line of fortifications—one, the inner, an ancient wall of masonry, not particularly strong; the second, outside it, intended to cover the inner wall. The latter is known in old-fashioned fortifications as a "fausse braie." It gave but little defence, being set so far down the slope of the hill. Besides the foregoing, the suburbs of the town were defended by an earthen entrenchment hastily thrown up by the Spaniards a couple of years previously. But since the French had held Ciudad Rodrigo they had utilised three convents, large and substantial buildings, in the general defence, fortifying them and placing guns in battery upon their flat roofs.

Wellington, having resolved to attack from the north side, was compelled, in the first instance, to get possession of the redoubt of San Francisco on the Greater Tesson. This was effected upon the night of the 8th January in most gallant style by a portion of the Light Division, led by Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, one of the most brilliant of the soldiers who earned fame in the Peninsular War. Major George Napier, who has been mentioned already, had volunteered, but Wellington said the stormers should be commanded by the first field-officer for duty. Colborne's orders were given so clearly and precisely that it was impossible to misunderstand them. The storming party was to descend into the ditch, cut away the palisades, and climb over into the redoubt. They moved forward about 9 p.m., the watchword being "England and St. George"; and finding the palisades close to the outward side of the ditch, sprang on them without waiting to break

them down. Then they rushed on "with so much fury that the assailants appeared to be at one and the same time in the ditch, mounting the parapets, fighting on the top of the ramparts, and forcing the gorge of the redoubt." Such undaunted courage was irresistible. The garrison of the redoubt were all killed or made prisoners, and this with only the most trifling loss on our side.

The capture of the redoubt was the signal for "breaking ground," as it is called, the digging of the first trench or parallel—the first of the series of zigzags or approaches—under cover of which the assailants creep up to a fortress which is being besieged. The work must be done at night, and quickly. A whole brigade covered this operation, and 700 men with pick and shovel laboured to such purpose that a trench three feet deep and four feet wide was dug by daylight. Once safely established at a height which gave a good view of the whole place, the English engineers proceeded to lay out batteries and improve the parallel. The work was continued the next night, and so on, 1,200 men being regularly employed in pushing forward inch by inch till a point was reached near enough to batter down the walls and make a breach in the place. Five days were thus fully occupied, the daily progress being always good, although the siege was marked with vicissitudes which tended to retard it. The enemy's artillery was powerful according to the ideas of those days—although now the heaviest would be thought a mere popgun—and their fire was often most destructive, both to the assailants and their works.

On the night of the 13th the English batteries were armed with 28 guns; one convent—that of Santa Cruz—was taken and secured on the right flank. Next day the French made a successful sortie at the time when the guards of the trenches were being changed, and when the old relief did not wait for the new, but retired in a hasty and disorderly manner. The works being thus left unguarded, the enterprising garrison did them much mischief, and might have gone so far as to spike the guns, but the sortie was checked by the stout stand made by a few of the workmen collected together by an officer of engineers.

After this the battering-guns were directed upon the convent of San Francisco, and fired up with great vigour till dusk, when the building was forcibly entered and captured. Next day the fire was concentrated upon the ramparts at

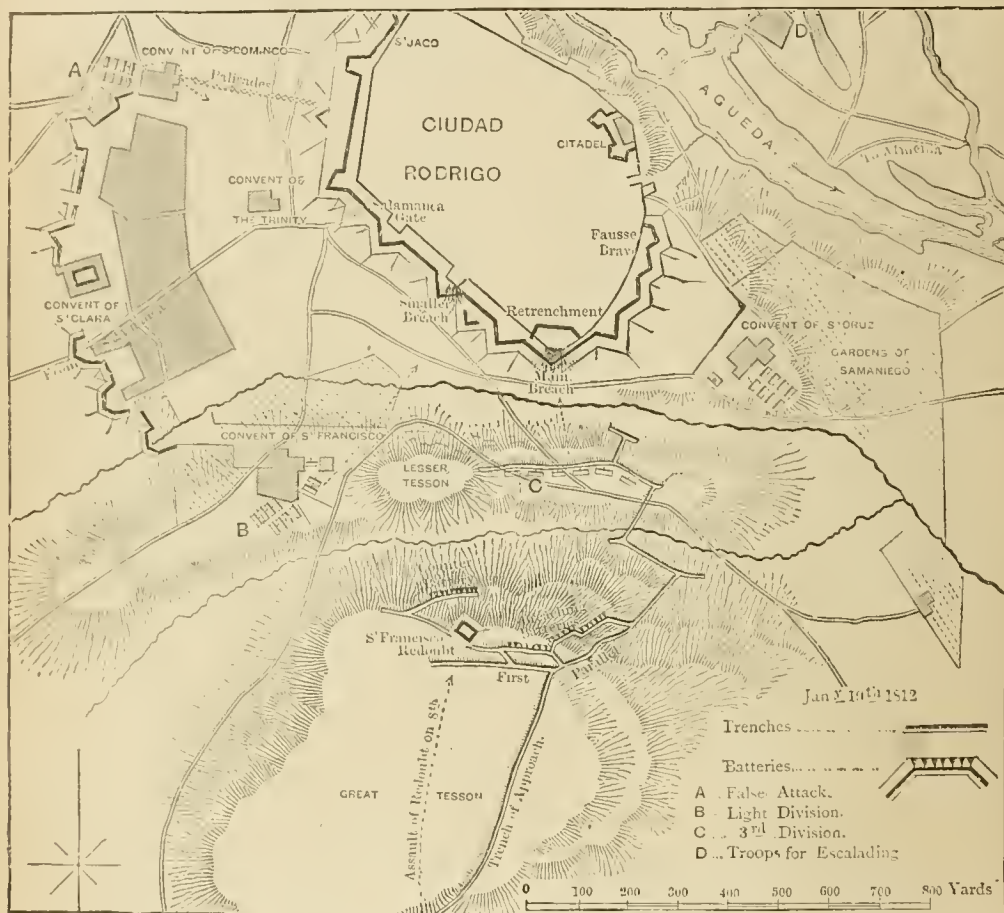
two particular points—one known hereafter as "the great breach," where the walls jutted forward at a very salient angle; the other upon a turret, within the inner line of defence, and this was called the "lesser breach." The battering continued fiercely and without intermission until the 18th January. Towards evening on that day the tower and turret were seen to be in a ruinous condition, and the opening at the main or great breach was yawning wide enough to justify an attempt to enter. This was the deadly work of just ten days. The outer wall, or "fausse braie," was greatly shaken: there were two formidable breaches in the main walls, and sweeping discharges of grape and canister prevented the garrison from repairing them.

Then Wellington, ready to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, summoned the place to surrender. The French commandant, General Barrié, bravely refused, declaring that his emperor had entrusted him with the defence of the fortress, and that he could not give it up. "On the contrary," the message ran, "my brave garrison prefers to be buried with me under its ruins." Assault became inevitable therefore, and Wellington at once issued his orders, prefacing them with the memorable words already quoted, that Ciudad Rodrigo must be attacked that evening. There is no more striking picture in our military records than that of the Great Duke seated on the reverse or inner side of one of the advanced approaches writing out his orders with his own hand, after having made a close reconnaissance of both breaches. The minuteness of these orders, the mastery of intricate details, which in such a position he must necessarily have carried in his head, his strong grasp of the situation, and his unerring decision as to the method and best points of attack, show the great British general at his best.

There were to be two principal attacks, made by the two divisions on trench duty that evening—the night between the 18th and 19th January. These were the 3rd and Light Divisions. To the first was entrusted the assault upon the main breach, to the latter that on the lesser or breach by the tower. The brigade of General Mackinnon was to lead the first, supported by Campbell's brigade; Vandaleur's led, and Andrew Barnard's brigade supported, the second. Both were to be preceded by forlorn hopes and storming parties, with others carrying wool-bags and ladders to facilitate descent into the ditch and the escalade of the walls. The eagerness, the noble emulation, among British soldiers to be

foremost in these, the most dangerous services in an assault, were well illustrated on this occasion. George Napier, who had obtained a promise from his general, the famous but ill-fated Craufurd, that he should lead the Light Division stormers, was directed to call for volunteers. The intrepid young major, addressing the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifle Corps, said:—"Soldiers, I want

94th regiments, supported by the 77th, were to cover the attack of the main breach by Mackinnon's brigade. The latter were not slow to advance: even before the signal was given, and while Wellington in person on the left was instructing Napier how to move with the Light Division stormers, the 3rd division had rushed on to the breach. First came a party of sappers



PLAN OF ASSAULT.

a hundred volunteers from each regiment: those who will go with me, step forward.' Instantly there rushed out nearly half the division, and we were obliged to take them at chance": such is Napier's own account of the affair written years afterwards.

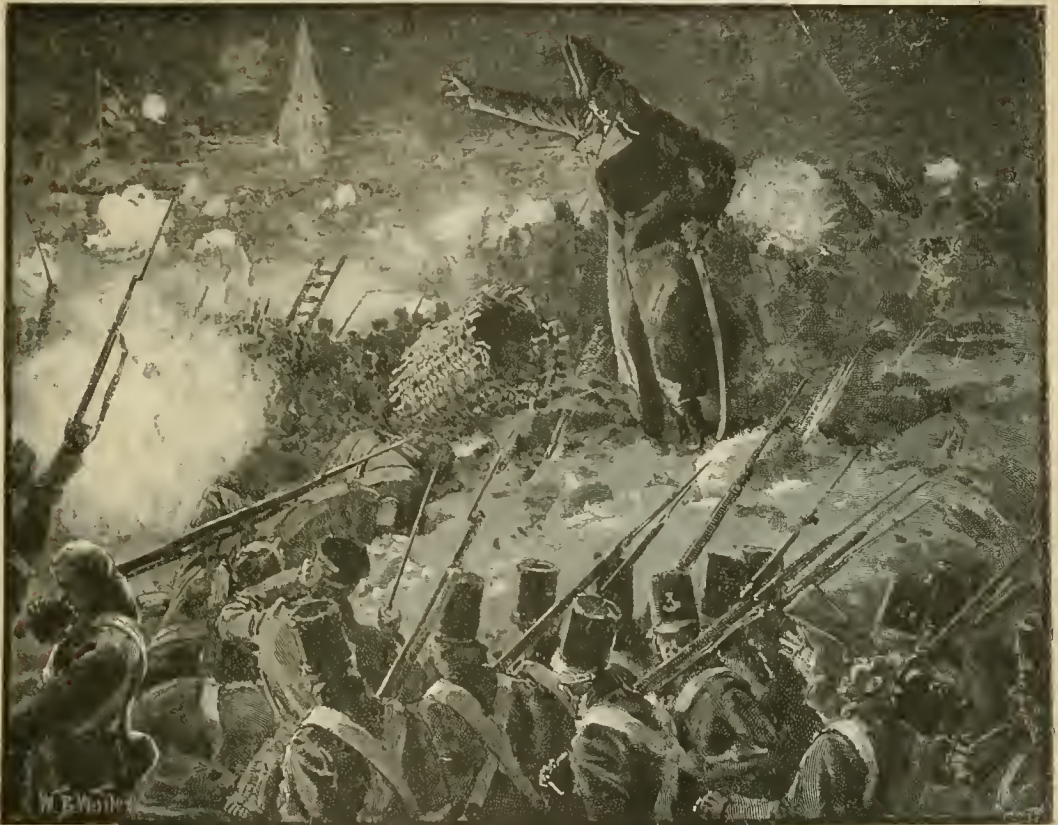
Seven o'clock in the evening was the time fixed for the assault, which was to be led off by Paek's Portuguese. A regiment under Colonel O'Toole crossed the river and attacked the work in front of the castle, lending a hand to another column, which, issuing from behind the convent of Santa Cruz, and consisting of the 5th and

with hay-bags to fill up the ditch; then the stormers, 500 strong, under Major Manners, preceded by a forlorn hope; then the whole brigade. The whole space between the advanced parallel and the ramparts was alive with troops advancing reckless of the iron tempest that ravaged their ranks. Already on their right the column from Santa Cruz had made good its entrance and scoured the opening between the two walls of defence, driving the French before them. This cleared the ground for Mackinnon's men, who pressed gallantly on; but they were met by a retrenchment, a fresh obstacle, a parapet and

ditch constructed within the breach, and behind which the defenders offered a still stubborn resistance.

At this moment, while the assailants were vainly seeking to cross the ditch, a mine was sprung with a terrible explosion which proved fatal to many, including the brave Mackinnon. Still the remainder held their ground; and now Mackie, who led the forlorn hope, clambered over the rampart wall and dropped inside, to

hope, were formed under the shelter of the San Francisco convent, and were there addressed by General Craufurd, the divisional general, whose fiery spirit kept him always in the forefront, and who intended now to charge at the head of the attacking party. Craufurd's name will long be remembered in connection with this Light Division, which by his unwearied efforts and his stern, relentless discipline, he had trained into one of the finest bodies of British troops that ever



"POSTING HIMSELF ON A POINT OF VANTAGE." (p. 682).

find there an opening on one side of the main breach by which an entrance was possible. Climbing back, he collected his men and led them by this road into the interior of the place. About this time they encountered and joined O'Toole's Portuguese regiment, and, the whole of these columns of attack having made good their footing, established themselves strongly among the ruined fortifications, awaiting the result of their comrades' attack.

Meanwhile the Light Division, whose goal was the lesser breach, had also got down to serious business. The stormers, with their forlorn

fought through a campaign. This was the last occasion, unhappily, on which he was to stand at the head of his men, and his short, stirring speech to the stormers were almost the last words he spoke.

"Soldiers!" he said—and the words are so reported by one who heard them—"the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady; be cool; be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts, and in doing this keep together." A rocket was to be signal for the advance, and when its fiery track

was seen in the black sky Craufurd added briefly, "Now, lads, for the breach!" and led the way.

He did not long survive. As the columns advanced he kept to their left, and, posting himself on a point of vantage, continued to give his instructions while his men entered the ditch. His voice, raised to the loudest pitch, drew down upon him a fierce fire of musketry at short range, and his situation was of such extreme peril that, not strangely, he was soon hit, and with a mortal wound.

There were some three hundred yards to cross under a murderous fire, but the men raced forward and, disdaining to wait for ladders, jumped down a depth of eleven feet into the ditch, which was swept with a storm of grape and musketry. Here some of the forlorn hope went to the left instead of to the right; the main body of the stormers took the proper direction, but were checked at the breach because the opening was so narrow. This crushed the attacking column into a compact mass, upon which the enemy's fire told with terrible effect. Just now George Napier, its leader, was struck down. The men halted, irresolute, and, forgetting they were unloaded, began to snap their muskets. Then their wounded chief, from where he lay disabled, shouted "Push on with the bayonet!" And the wisdom of his decision in the early part of the evening was plain, for the stormers answered the inspiring command with a loud "Hurrah!" and pressed hotly forward. The breach was carried; the supporting regiments—Vandaleur's whole brigade—"coming up in sections abreast, gained the rampart, the 52nd wheeled to the left, the 43rd to the right, and the place was won."

All this had occupied but a few minutes in time. The battle was thus, practically, decided, but other successes contributed to the general result. The struggle at the great breach was still being maintained when three of the French magazines in this neighbourhood exploded, and then the 3rd Division broke through the last defences. The garrison still resisted, however, fighting as they fell back from street to street; but finally the castle, their last stronghold, was captured, and Lieutenant Gurwood, who had led the Light Division forlorn hope, received the governor's sword. The attacks on all other sides had prospered equally, both O'Foole's and Pack's, the latter having entered without opposition on the south-eastern front of the fortress.

It would be well if there was no more to be

said of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. But unhappily the glory of this great achievement was greatly tarnished by the shameful excesses of the victorious troops. The French garrison, it is true, were spared; there was no cruel and unnecessary carnage where the men laid down their arms. This is proved by the fact that out of a total garrison of 1,800 men, 1,500 were taken prisoners. But the town itself was plundered, under the most wanton and brutal circumstances. Houses were ransacked and burnt, churches desecrated and destroyed; the wine vaults and spirit stores were broken open, universal drunkenness prevailed, and every species of enormity was perpetrated. No Englishman can read of the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo, and of other Spanish fortresses during that war, without a blush of shame at the madness which overtook brave men in the hour of their triumph.

It is pleasanter to think of their deeds of prowess or their cool courage in the face of danger. There is a story told of an old soldier, who during the siege treated a live shell in a way that would in these days have certainly earned him the Victoria Cross. A 13-inch shell had dropped into the trench, and everyone within reach had fallen flat upon his face as the custom was, for when shells explode the pieces fly upwards, and a recumbent position is the safest till the danger is over. But this one man ran up to the shell and knocked out the still burning fuse with a blow of his spade. Then he carried the now harmless projectile to his commanding officer, saying: "She can do your honour no harm now, for I've knocked the life out of her."

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo had important consequences, for it paved the way to that still more brilliant feat of ours, the taking of Badajoz. It was a triumphant vindication of Wellington's iron and unquenchable spirit, for at the outset everything seemed against him—the season, the condition of the country, the state of his troops, the inferior quality of the siege material. The tools supplied by the British storekeeper were as bad as the bayonets so recently held up to public scorn, and the English engineers were eager to pick up the enemy's implements and use them whenever they could. At the moment of the attack it was found that the army was unprovided with scaling-ladders. "Well," said Wellington quietly, "you must make them—out of the waggons. The transport has done its work, by bringing up ammunition and supplies: cut up the waggons."



THE THIRD BATTLE OF PLEVNA

11:12: SEPTEMBER 1877

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT.

THE unique race in July, 1877, for the sleepy Bulgarian townlet, hitherto obscure, known by name only to scholars or travellers, now famous for all time, had been won by the Turks by a short head.

Osman with his small corps, hurrying from the west, had arrived on the 19th of July a few hours before Schilder-Schuldner with his division came up from the north-east.

On the following day the first battle of Plevna was fought, resulting in a disastrous defeat for the soldiers of the Czar. Ten days later the Russians, with two corps, renewed their attack, and General Krüdener's forces received the best beating that army ever had. The Russian retreat resolved itself into a flight of the most disorderly description, but a rally was made with admirable promptitude. Then six weeks were spent in virtual inactivity on both sides, broken only by some fighting around Lovdcha, and by Osman's futile sortie in the direction of Pelishat on the 31st of August. The Turks had utilised this period of tranquillity for constructing the system of redoubts and trenches which constituted the stronghold of Plevna, and which General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, has characterised as an impregnable fortress.

Meanwhile, reinforcements had reached both belligerents. In the beginning of September the Turkish army of defence counted forty-six battalions of infantry, nineteen squadrons of regular and five of irregular cavalry, with seventy-two guns—altogether 30,000 men, under the command of Osman Pasha, whose chief-of-staff was Tahir Pasha. The Russian-Roumanian army of assault consisted of one hundred and seven battalions of infantry, ninety-one squadrons of cavalry (including Cossacks), with four hundred and forty-four guns—a total of 95,000, 30,000 of whom were Roumanians; its nominal leader was Prince (now King)

Charles of Roumania, who was, however, a mere figurehead, and had no real command over any but his own (the Roumanian) troops, the actual principal being his chief-of-staff, General Sotow. Both the Czar and the Grand-duke Nicholas, the Russian commander-in-chief, watched the third battle of Plevna from one of the hills beyond Radischevo, and had invited a brilliant staff of foreign attachés, officers, and journalists to witness the Unspeakable's discomfiture and collapse.

He who pens these lines—then a lad of eighteen—was a lieutenant in the Turkish infantry, and had command of his company, whose captain had been disabled in the second battle. He himself had been slightly wounded in this action by a sword-cut across the face, and had recovered after a week's sojourn in an ambulance. He was stationed in one of the redoubts which protected the north-front of the camp of Plevna.

In the night of the 6th to the 7th of September the Russian-Roumanian army completed its march of concentration on Plevna, and with the next dawn commenced the great cannonade which was to usher in a general assault on the Ottoman lines. The shelling lasted four days, during which period some 30,000 projectiles were hurled into the Turkish camp, the effect of which, material and moral, was practically *nil*. The Turkish gunners returned the fire much more deliberately and slowly, but with far greater truth of aim and force of moral impression upon the foe, as the Russian historians themselves admit. In the course of these four days there was some sharp fighting south of Plevna, where the dashing Skobelev took possession of the two ridges in front of the Turkish redoubts, which the Russian writers have styled the "Green Hills."

The weather, which up to the 6th September had been splendid, had suddenly changed: rain

had set in, the atmosphere was raw and moisture-laden, the sky a uniform grey, the nights were chilly. The actual battle, on September 11th and 12th, was fought in an almost uninterrupted downpour of the heaviest and most demoralising description.

Vividly impressed on my mind is the burning of the large village of Radischevo, which the Turkish shells set aflame in the afternoon of the 10th, and which blazed for twelve hours, lighting up the midnight sky in a superb and terrible manner.

It would take too long to describe in detail our many excellent arrangements for battle. To mention only one feature: each redoubt had its own cooking, firewood, water, ambulance, and workmen's parties. Particularly in the north front, which contained our first division (of fourteen battalions, including that of the writer),

and was commanded by Adil Pasha—one of the best generals Turkey has ever had, and Osman's factotum—our preparations were of the most extensive and elaborate description, and we were all quite disgusted that they were not called into play, for our wing was not attacked; in fact, my redoubt did not receive the honour of a single hostile shell, an absence of courtesy on the enemy's part which quite perturbed the equanimity of my men in the beginning, but which was subsequently compensated for in an unlooked-for manner by my battalion being withdrawn from its redoubt proper and sent to the south to confront that burning soldier Skobelev.

At dawn on Tuesday, the 11th September, the cannonade was renewed in a way that shook the ground, as if this globe were quivering in the throes of terrific fever-heat. It rained hard, and fog hung heavily over the landscape. About an hour after noon the shelling suddenly ceased, and then commenced the great assault which

was meant to end the war with one decisive and tremendous blow, which was to beat the record as regards the storming of entrenched camps, hitherto claimed for the seizure of the Düppel redoubts in the Danish campaign of 1864; but the unexpected result of which was for the assailants a disastrous failure, for the defenders a

brilliant success—one that procured their commander that title by which he will be known amongst his own people for all time to come: "Ghazi"—the victorious.

The Russian programme was this. The Turkish camp was to be attacked on three points: the north-east corner—the famous Grivitza redoubts, which the Turks called respectively *Bash Tabiya*, *i.e.* Head Battery (No. 2), and *Kanli Tabiya*, *i.e.* the Bloody Battery (No. 1)—by the Russian right wing, consisting of a Roumanian division and two Russian divisions,



OSMAN PASHA.

under the command of General Krüdener, the man who had suffered such a disastrous defeat in the second battle; the south-east corner—the redoubt called *Omer Tabiya*—by the Russian centre, composed of two divisions, under General Krylow; the south front—six redoubts, of which the two northern ones, close to Plevna town, were called *Kavanlik Tabiya* and *Issa Tabiya*—by the Russian left wing, or Prince Imeretinski's detachment of twenty battalions, the real leader of which was General Skobelev, the prince's adjutant. The two remaining Roumanian divisions were to keep the formidable Turkish north front engaged by their mere presence, and two cavalry divisions, mustering a total of sixty squadrons, were to cut off Osman's western line of retreat. The appointed hour of attack was 3 p.m., but fog and deficient arrangements wrecked the programme, and in the Russian centre, through misadventure or blundering, two regiments broke up two hours too early.

At 1 p.m., then, these two regiments—Ugla and Yaroslav—started on their assault against Omer Tabiya, defended by three battalions and two guns, and came to utter grief. Again and again they charged, but the stubborn resistance of the Turks was not to be denied. In the end 2,300 men out of 5,000 paid with life and limb the penalty of premature attack, and two splendid regiments were, for campaigning purposes, wiped out. The commander of this division, General Schnitnikoff, stuck literally to the text of his

regiments were hurled against the death-dealing little enclosure, only to be wrecked, battalion by battalion, until at 5 p.m. Sotow, in despair and horror, ordered the cessation of the assault. The Czar had been an eye-witness of this stupendous struggle. How the famous gipsy warning, "Beware of Plevna!"—uttered months before Plevna had been heard of—must have come home to the proud autocrat as in his agony he watched his troops making onslaught after onslaught, one more futile and disastrous than the other!



"FIVE MORE REGIMENTS WERE HURLED AGAINST THE DEATH-DEALING LITTLE ENCLOSURE."

order, and despatched no aid until after 3 p.m. Can the foolish fellow possibly have imagined that two regiments could have taken a fortified camp twenty square miles in area? After Ugla and Yaroslav had been utterly ruined, five more

The attack on Omer Tabiya had failed, with a loss of 6,000 men. The Turkish casualties amounted only to a few hundred. Twenty-one battalions had been practically destroyed by three. Such is the value of fighting from

covered positions, however roughly made, granted that they are held by troops like the Turkish infantry, which, when on the defensive, is the most formidable in Europe. The man who commanded the little mud-bank on which seven regiments encountered their doom was Colonel Omer Bey, who was wounded in the last despairing rush of the brave Moskoffus. Not long afterwards I had a lengthy consultation with this officer—an incident of my life to which I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure.

A day after the termination of this battle, on September 13th, I was sent on burial duty to the devastated maize-fields in front of Omer Tabiya, which had been the scene of the rush and the downfall of the enemy's brigades. The sights which I encountered, and the task which I had to perform, have remained with me in their ghastly intensity during all these years. In the high corn maimed men were left undiscovered for three or four days to rot in a living body. May the reader never witness such horrors even in his dreams, much less in their awful reality.

The slopes of Omer Tabiya saw also the only cavalry attack of the Plevna campaign. It was the fine regiment of mounted auxiliaries of Saloniki (ten squadrons, each eighty men strong), which charged here into the already retreating Russian columns in a brilliant and successful manner.

Our narrative must now turn to the attack on the Russian right wing. Here the two square-shaped redoubts which I have named, defended together by three battalions and six guns, and separated from each other only by a stretch of meadow-land 300 yards broad, were assailed for the first time punctually at three o'clock. The attack failed after some fighting of the most desperate and ferocious description. At 5 p.m. the encounter was renewed, the assault being directed against the southern work alone—the world-famed Grivitza redoubt, No. 1. Once more the eager young soldiers of the embryo kingdom were hurled back. A third attack had a like result. But at seven in the evening, in the darkness and during a terrific deluge, the work was once more stormed by the Roumanians coming from one side and the Russians from the other, and was carried after a hand-to-hand conflict of the most ferocious description. The Bloody Battery was lost to the Turks for ever, and the price paid for the glory of this encounter was 2,600 Roumanians, 1,300 Russians, and 500 Turks, dead and disabled.

Before I shall invite the reader to follow me to the "Green Hills" south of Plevna I may perhaps add a few words as to my personal experiences and impressions during these sanguinary encounters. I had been roused in the early morning by the growl of cannon, and for ten hours my comrades and I were condemned to watch idly the furious fighting on our right and behind us, and to be drenched in the merciless rain. No enemy was visible in front of my redoubt, and our battery did not discharge a single shot, since there was no one to fire at. Again and again I climbed our signal pole, and searched the misty battlefield through my glasses. How those hours of dead inaction weighed on us as we listened rapturously to the crashes of our Krupp guns in the Grivitza redoubts, to the thunder of the Russian heavy ordnance, to the clatter of company fire! Around us men were playing for their lives, and all we could do was to sniff the air, which, in lazy, curling vapours of fog and mist, carried with it the smell of powder. At last, past four in the afternoon, my battalion was withdrawn from its redoubt, and formed in march column in the rear. A smoke-begrimed Circassian brought an order, and we started, filing past our divisional general and his staff, who bade us God-speed. We tramped for two and a half miles across sloppy meadows, through ankle-deep slush, in a drizzling rain, and presently we came to the hill on which Osman Pasha had his headquarters. There was a brief delay, and then we passed before our leader. I drew my sword, and joined lustily in the cries of "Allah!" with which my men greeted their grand chief. He pointed to the south-west, where Skobelev and Yunuz Bey were wrestling with all the ferocity which this well-matched couple had already exhibited in the second battle, and shouted, "That is your way. Go on, in the name of God the merciful, the compassionate!"

We passed through Plevna, which was in a state of indescribable confusion, and left town by the Ternina road; and half an hour later we took part in the futile attempt to recover the two redoubts which had been conceded to the skill and impetuosity of Skobelev.

This brings us to the attack of the Russian left wing. Skobelev's task had been to conquer the four southern redoubts, which were commanded by Colonel Yunuz Bey, one of the ablest officers in Osman's army, both in bravery and in readiness of resource, and a match even for Skobelev. The works were his own construction; one—Yunuz

Grivitza redoubt were unavailing. In the evening Adil Pasha made a brave but futile attempt to recover the lost work.

In the Russian centre there was no engagement on the 12th. Small wonder; for the few

unique. Let the reader ponder over this: When Osman, in the afternoon of the 12th, staked the very last two battalions of his forty-six, for life and death, and won the game, Sotow had seventy-one battalions idle, forty-one of which had not



RUSSIAN CAMP OUTSIDE PLEVNA.

troops left here had become demoralised by the crushing defeat of the previous day, of which they had been either participators or eye-witnesses. General Sotow, also, considered the battle as lost—had, in fact, come to that conclusion already at five on the previous afternoon. Neither the capture of the Grivitza redoubt nor Skobelev's brilliant and so far successful venture could induce him to modify his opinion. We have it on the authority of the Russian historians that, when Skobelev urgently asked—nay, implored—for help during the 12th, Sotow responded: "I can send no troops, because I have none to spare: the battle is lost, and you must retreat." Thus Skobelev was left to fight out the action alone and to the bitter end. All the time Sotow had seventy-one battalions standing idle, half as much again as the entire Turkish force, but was so utterly cowed as to be unable to dispose of them. The situation is absolutely

fired a shot yet, and suffered one of the most disastrous and bloody reverses ever incurred by any general. These things are not surmises by one of the opposite side, but are facts and figures taken from the historical work of the eye-witness and Russian author, Kuropatkin, then a captain in Skobelev's staff, now a general. This is the man to whom, next to Skobelev himself, the Russians owe the splendid defence of Kavanlik Tabiya against the Turkish onslaughts.

In the Russian left wing alone the action was fought out to its termination by either victory or defeat. The battle turned now solely and entirely upon the recovery of Issa and Kavanlik Tabiyas by Osman's forces. At half-past seven in the morning the Turks, reinforced by seven battalions despatched by Osman Pasha from other parts of the camp to the scene of conflict, attacked Kavanlik Tabiya, led by the chief of Osman's staff, Tahir Pasha. I had again the honour to

participate in the fighting, and my men had already reached the last trench in front of the redoubt when the whole attacking column—eleven and a half battalions, 5,000 men approximately—was stopped and ordered back by Tahir's express command. The reason for this sudden check upon a promising assault has never been made known. Osman was furious, deprived Tahir of his command, sent his last available two battalions, and entrusted Colonel Tewfik Bey with the herculean task of recovering the lost redoubts and thus winning the battle. It is but right to mention that Tahir evidently vindicated his character, for he was reinstated the next day, and retained the post of chief-of-staff until the end of the campaign.

At 3.30 in the afternoon the Turks played their last stake in the great game by under-

Osmanlis. My battalion was again in the foremost line, and my men were among the first to scale the parapet. Then Issa Tabiya was abandoned by the Russians, and at 5 o'clock, as dusk was setting in, the greatest battle of the Russo-Turkish war had been fought and won.

The sight which greeted me as I climbed into Kavanlik Tabiya utterly surpasses my powers of description. There were walls and parapets built of dead bodies, erected by the Russians to close the rear entrances of the work; there were piles of corpses and maimed men; there were brooks and rivers of blood. Skobelev had lost 40 per cent. of his force (or 8,000 men), and his division had to be broken up. Of the Turkish casualties in the battle, four-fifths (or 4,000 men) fall upon this wing.

As soon as Skobelev had been driven out of



RUSSIAN ATTACK UPON A TURKISH REDOUBT.

taking, with every available man, a desperate assault on Kavanlik Tabiya. The attacking force numbered thirteen and a half battalions, mustering, after the losses incurred, no more than 5,500 men, instead of the nominal 10,800. The onslaught was delivered with the utmost precision and vigour, and at 4 o'clock the lost redoubt fell into the hands of the jubilant

his position, the Russian army commenced a general retreat, on all points except the north-east corner, where the Roumanians retained the conquered Grivitza redoubt. Every other section of the huge semi-circle retired to a distance of six to ten miles from the Turkish front. In fact, Sotow contemplated a total withdrawal of his army beyond the Osma, and it was only the

Grand Duke's peremptory order which compelled him to abandon this idea.

During the battle the Russian-Roumanian cavalry had quietly taken possession of the western approaches to Plevna, which they held until the 24th September, when they were driven out of their positions by a reinforcement column coming from Orkanyé. Then for exactly one month the roads were open and were utilised almost daily for bringing in stores. On the 24th October the circle of investment was once more completed, and this time for good.

The Russian losses in this battle of giants, which lasted twenty-eight hours, amounted to 18,600 men (inclusive of 5,000 Roumanians); the Turkish losses to 5,000, in killed and *hors de combat*. The Turks had 2,000 Russian-Roumanian prisoners, mostly wounded, but had themselves hardly any "missing" men to record. On both sides the casualties included an exceptionally large share of officers of high rank. Of the twenty-four Turkish redoubt commanders, nine had been killed or disabled. Nine redoubts had been assailed; eight others had participated in the artillery combat; seven had remained unengaged.

The man to whom—next to the indomitable leader, Osman Pasha—the Turks owe their victory is Tewfik, who recovered the two redoubts to which Skobelev had clung with such wonderful tenacity. He was promoted to brigadier's rank, was publicly thanked in a general order read out during parade, and was ever afterwards popular with the troops. The Turkish army was in a state of indescribable confusion. It took days to restore order and cohesion. To give only one instance of the straits to which the Turks had been reduced by draining their resources towards the south to face Skobelev: the north front, seven miles long, garrisoned originally by fourteen battalions, was held by four on the evening of the 12th. It was a providential thing for us that the enemy did not attack us here. And to mention but one of the after-horrors of battle: the negotiations between the Turks and Roumanians to establish a line of demarcation in the space dividing the two Grivitza redoubts failed, and as a consequence the 2,000 corpses on this spot remained unburied, and were, under the eyes of the men in the trenches, devoured by carrion crows, vultures, and vagrant dogs.

My company had lost twenty-five in killed and disabled out of a total of 145; but on the evening after the battle quite sixty men more were missing, including the entire squad of my friend

Lieutenant Seymour, a young Englishman who subsequently gave his life for Plevna. These had all merely gone astray, and turned up the same night or next day. To make up for this temporary loss I had forty or fifty strangers in my ranks.

Seymour and his men had somehow found their way into Plevna, and had assisted in hunting down and punishing the miscreants who had fired the haystacks—a most dangerous task, since the town contained thousands of traitors. My friend and forty men had to face and charge an infuriated Bulgarian rabble of several hundred men, women, and children.

The fact that the Roumanians conquered and held one Grivitza redoubt is sometimes taken as a proof that the Czar's army was not defeated in this battle. An action is a success if the purpose for which it is fought is achieved; if this is not the case, the action must be held to be a failure. The Russians had engaged their enemy with the avowed intent of storming and taking the entrenched camp of Plevna, and they had conquered one small redoubt out of twenty-four, large and small, and that one, as all critics and historians admit, of no tactical importance, the possession of which did them subsequently more harm than good; the loss of which proved to be of no injurious consequences to the Turks. Add also that on all points but one the assailants retreated beyond fighting-range and left the defenders in possession of the vast battlefield, even to bury their slain, and the Turks will be deemed fully justified in boasting of the third battle of Plevna as one of the most brilliant victories ever won by the armies of the Crescent.

It is somewhat remarkable that not one of the Russian generals who had been defeated by the Turks received, apparently, as much as a reprimand for his misfortune. Schilder-Schuldner, who was beaten on the 20th July; Krüdener and Prince Schachowskoy, who were so utterly routed on the 30th July; Krylow and Schnitnikoff, whose forces were well-nigh annihilated on the 11th and 12th September, and their chief, Sotow, all retained their commands, and, to outward appearances, the full confidence of their superiors.

One feature distinguishes the third battle of Plevna from many world-stirring actions—the enormous numerical superiority of the defeated. The Russians outnumbered the Turks by three to one in men, and six to one in guns. And yet nobody will deny the wonderful stubbornness of the Russian soldiery, whilst the dash of the

Roumanian infantry was the admiration of all who saw the army of the young kingdom in the field. For the display of abstruse tactical science there was neither opportunity nor inducement. The great September battle was won by the superior *morale* of the Turkish leader, by the indomitable will of one individual against which hordes and numbers counted as naught.

The immediate effects of the battle were momentous, the ultimate result was *nil*. The Russians had come to the conclusion that Plevna was impregnable. Dazed and faint with slaughter, they had reeled back, all fight knocked out of them, and for many weeks Sotow's army was utterly demoralised. It was only when the engineer's skill was summoned

that the troops recovered their *morale*. It fell to the lot of the veteran defender of Sebastopol to starve the victorious Pasha into submission. The Turkish spade had won two big battles (not counting the first battle of Plevna, which was fought in the open); the Russian counterspade procured the fall of the best-defended town of modern times. But this was not accomplished until three months later, and not until after Osman had struck a last and stupendous blow for liberty. Todleben's calculating genius succeeded where Skobelev's and Gourko's audacity had failed. The patient skill of the mathematician and engineer achieved that for which 50,000 soldier-heroes had sacrificed life and limb in vain.



RUSSIAN WOUNDED LEAVING PLEVNA.



SHERMAN'S
ATLANTA CAMPAIGN
1864
BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE friendship between Grant and Sherman, begun amidst the carnage of Shiloh, lasted loyally throughout and beyond the war. Staunch friends as they were, in almost every attribute save soldierly ability the two men were the opposites of each other. Grant was ever a silent and, indeed, a saturnine man; Sherman was a witty and voluble man. Grant was calm-pulsed and imperturbable; Sherman was vivacious, excitable, and, indeed, electric. For the rest Sherman, when not engaged in hard fighting, was a friendly, unaffected, genial style of man, with a quaint dash of cynical humour, and an abiding conviction, which he frequently expressed to me in his breezy, cordial manner, that all war-correspondents ought to be summarily hanged, and that he personally would have infinite pleasure in performing the operation.

From Shiloh until after the momentous battle of Chattanooga—"the battle above the clouds," as General Meigs fancifully yet truthfully called it—Sherman had been Grant's most trusted and most capable lieutenant. In March, 1864, Grant was ordered to quit the western section of the theatre of war, in which he had earned undying fame, and to betake himself to the east to assume command of all the armies of the United States, and more personally that of the Army of the Potomac. On the 18th of that month Sherman succeeded Grant in the high command of the military division of the Mississippi, embracing the departments and armies of the Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee, commanded respectively by Generals Schofield, Thomas, and McPherson. Sherman threw himself with characteristic energy into the arduous task of organisation and preparation which lay before him. He had to assure the general security of the vast region of the South which had already been conquered by the Union forces,

and of the routes of supply and communications with the active armies in the front. And, most important undertaking of all, he had to organise a great army with which to penetrate into Georgia and make himself master of Atlanta, the chief city of that State, coincidentally with the advance of the Army of the Potomac against Richmond, the headquarters of the Confederacy.

The Confederate army which had been defeated at Chattanooga—believed to be about 50,000 strong, and now under the command of that able commander General J. E. Johnston—was lying securely entrenched at Dalton, only thirty miles south of Sherman's advanced base at Chattanooga. It was standing purely on the defensive, so that Sherman had time and opportunity to make his arrangements for the impending campaign deliberately and completely. The great problem of the campaign, he recognised, was one of supplies and communications. Nashville, his principal base, was itself partly in hostile territory. Chattanooga, his advanced base, was 136 miles south of Nashville; and every foot of the way, especially the many bridges, trestles, and culverts of the railway line between the two places, had to be strongly guarded against attacks on the part of a local hostile population and of the enemy's cavalry. Then, during the further advance from Chattanooga into Georgia, it was manifest that the railway towards Atlanta on which he relied for the carriage of his supplies would have to be repaired and also guarded, since his march would be through hostile territory. Fortunately, the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas, was equipped with an excellent corps of engineers, railway managers, and repair parties, as well as a body of spies and provost-marshal. Sherman took the strong measure of limiting the railroads exclusively to the carriage of *material* for the army proper, and of cutting off all

civilian traffic, for he realised in his masterful way that a great campaign was impending, on the result of which the fate of the nation hung; and that the railroads with their limited capacity could not provide for the needs of the army and of the people too.

In his three army commanders Sherman had generals of education and experience, admirably qualified for the work about to be undertaken.

commanded, numbered 24,465 effectives, with 96 guns. Schofield, to-day the general-in-chief of the United States army, commanded the Army of the Ohio, 13,559 strong, with twenty-eight guns. The grand aggregate, therefore, of the troops under Sherman's command was 98,797 men and 254 guns. In this detail, however, were not included the cavalry divisions of Stoneman and Garrard, together about 8,500



CHATTANOOGA AND THE TENNESSEE, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The Army of the Cumberland had for chief the grand old fighting soldier General Thomas, wise, cautious, and discreet. His force had a strength of 60,773 effectives, with 130 guns. McPherson was young in years, but already a veteran of war. The Army of the Tennessee, which he

men, nor McCook's division of irregular cavalry and Kilpatrick's small brigade, the strengths of which are not mentioned. The cavalry was chiefly used on the extreme flanks, or for some special detached service.

The 5th of May was the day named for the

simultaneous advance of all the Union forces in the field. The punctual Sherman was in full preparedness. On May 4th Thomas was in person at Ringold, eighteen miles out from Chattanooga, his left at Catoosa, his right at Lee's. Schofield was at Red Clay, closing in on Thomas's left. McPherson, from Chattanooga, was pushing out towards Gordon's Mill. On the 5th, Sherman rode out to Ringold, and on Grant's appointed day the great campaign was begun. The force was stripped for fighting. The waggons were restricted rigorously to the conveyance of food, ammunition, and clothing. Tents were forbidden to all save the sick and wounded, and one tent only was allowed to each headquarter as an office. The commanding general himself had no tent, nor had any officer about him. He and his staff had merely wall-tent-flies without poles, and no tent furniture of any kind. They spread their flies over saplings, or on fence rails or posts improvised on the spot.

On the 6th, Schofield and McPherson came up into position, and on the 7th, Sherman, from Tunnel Hill, looked south into the gorge of Buzzard's Roost, in and behind which the enemy was descried. Mill Creek, flowing through the gorge, had been dammed up to form a lake in Johnston's front at Dalton, with batteries crowning the cliffs on either hand. Sherman realised that Johnston, during his six months' stay at Dalton, had fortified the position to the utmost. His orders to Thomas and Schofield were that they were merely to press strongly all along the hostile front, ready to rush in on the first sign of the enemy's wavering and, if possible, to catch him in the confusion of retreat. Meanwhile, McPherson was on the march from Chattanooga by the right of the other two armies. At Ship's Gap, well to the south-west of Dalton, he bent eastward on the 9th, passed through Snake's Creek, right in Johnston's rear, and perfectly undefended. On receiving those tidings Sherman ordered Thomas and Schofield to be ready for the instant pursuit from Dalton of what he expected to be a broken army in full retreat by difficult roads to the eastward of Resaca. But Johnston was not a man easily scared, and McPherson lost Sherman the great game on winning which the latter had been counting. McPherson reported that he had found Resaca (a town due south of Dalton) too strong for a surprise, and that, therefore, he had fallen back three miles to the mouth of Snake Creek, where he had fortified himself. Sherman was grievously disappointed. "Such

an opportunity," he wrote, "does not occur twice in a single life." With his 23,000 good soldiers McPherson ought to have "walked into Resaca," held as it was by only a small brigade; or he could have placed his whole force astride of the railway north of Resaca, and there withstood Johnston. Had he done this, Sherman was convinced that Johnston would not have ventured to attack him, but would have retreated eastward by Spring Place, in which case he (Sherman) would have captured half his army and all his artillery and train at the very beginning of the campaign.

Johnston on the 11th showed indications of evacuating Dalton, whereupon Sherman, leaving a corps of observation in front of Buzzard Roost gap, turned Johnston's left in Dalton, and marched southward through Snake Creek gap straight on Resaca. In this operation were consumed the 12th and 13th, owing to the rough waggon paths over which the movement had to be made; and when the Union forces deployed against Resaca, it became apparent, as Sherman had anticipated, that Johnston had abandoned Dalton, and was now in Resaca with the bulk of his army, holding his divisions well in hand, acting purely on the defensive, and fighting stoutly at all points of conflict. The place was covered by a complete and strongly manned line of entrenchments. On the 14th the Union armies closed in, enveloping the town on south and west; and the 15th was a day of constant fighting, which rose to the dignity of a battle. Towards evening McPherson moved his whole line of battle forward, till from a ridge commanding the town he was able to pour in upon it a heavy artillery fire. Repeated but futile sallies were made extending into the night, but the Confederates were repulsed always with heavy loss.

During the night of the 15th, Johnston abandoned the town, burning behind him the bridges over the Oostenaula, and at daylight the Federal forces entered Resaca. Their loss up to that time was 600 killed and 3,375 wounded. Sherman acknowledged that his army about doubled Johnston's in numbers, but he claimed that while the latter had all the advantages of natural positions, artificial forts, roads, and concentrated action, the Federal forces had to grope their way through forests and across mountains, with more or less inevitable dispersion. Those early successes, nevertheless, gave the latter the initiative and the usual prestige of a conquering army.

Early on the 16th, Sherman's whole army engaged in immediate pursuit. On the same afternoon Thomas and McPherson united at Calhoun, and on the evening of the 17th the head of Thomas's column, with that commander and Sherman in its front, struck Johnston's rear-guard near Adairsville. The pursuit by Thomas was continued to Kingston, which was reached on the 19th. McPherson was four miles west of Kingston, Schofield was nearing Cassville, due east of Kingston, and Thomas reported to Sherman that he had found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on open ground about midway between Kingston and Cassville. Sherman, riding rapidly, about six miles from Kingston found Thomas deployed, but the enemy had fallen back, steadily and in superb order, into Cassville. Thomas was ordered to push forward his deployed lines rapidly, and as night was falling two field-batteries galloped forward into a wooded position between the Federal front and Cassville. The town was not visible, but on the range beyond it could be seen fresh-made parapets full of men, on which the batteries opened a long-range fire. The stout resistance made by the enemy all along their front seemed to indicate a purpose to fight at Cassville. Sherman and Thomas passed the night on the ground, during which orders were sent to all the Federal troops to close down on Cassville at daylight and attack the enemy wherever found. But when day broke on the morning of the 20th, after a night of skirmishing, the Confederate army had departed. Cavalry sent in pursuit reported that the enemy were beyond the Etowah river. Sherman's army by this time was well in advance of the railway trains on which it depended for supplies, so the general determined to halt for a few days to repair the railroad and restore the injured bridge at Resaca, before going further forward. In and about Cassville were found many evidences of preparation for a grand battle—among others a long line of fresh entrenchments on the hill beyond the town, extending nearly three miles to the south. Sherman also became convinced that

the whole of Polk's corps had joined Johnston, and that the latter, therefore, had now in hand three full corps—viz. Hood's, Polk's, and Hardie's—numbering about 60,000 men.

Sherman had been acquainted with the region when a young lieutenant, and had carefully noted its topography, especially that about Kenesaw, Allatoona, and the Etowah river, some distance to the southward of Cassville. His recollections



were now very useful to him. He knew that the Allatoona Pass was very strong, and would be hard to pierce; therefore he shunned it, and determined to turn it by moving by his right from Kingston to Marietta *via* Dallas, the march to begin on the 23rd. McPherson was to march wide on the extreme right, Schofield on the left by Burnt Hickory, Thomas in the centre by way of Euharlee and Stilesborough; the general rendezvous for the three armies to be the vicinity of Dallas, considerably to the south-west of Allatoona. The movement involved temporary

abandonment of the railroad, and dependence for some twenty days on the contents of the waggon trains ; and, because of the intricacy of the region and its infrequent roads, the advance



“STRUCK COLONEL TAYLOR SQUARE IN THE BREAST.”

was necessarily slow. The Etowah was crossed by several bridges and fords in a broad front, with intercommunication by couriers on the cross-roads. Sherman accompanied Thomas, who had the centre, and whose command was the “column of direction.” Dallas was the point of concentration of a great many roads leading in every direction. Its possession would threaten both Marietta and Atlanta ; but an attempt on neither could be made until the use of the railroad, which followed the Allatoona Pass, should have been regained. The object of the turning movement just described was chiefly to compel Johnston to evacuate his strong position at Allatoona.

On the 25th, Hooker's three divisions of the Army of the Cumberland on their march on Dallas came upon a hostile cavalry force at Pumpkin Vine Creek. It was driven off, but the bridge was on fire. The fire was extinguished, but Hooker's leading division followed the enemy's cavalry on a road leading due east

towards Marietta, instead of heading for Dallas. Four miles from the creek Hooker came into contact with a strong force of hostile infantry moving down from Allatoona towards Dallas, and a sharp battle ensued. Sherman soon came up, and ordered Hooker to secure an important cross road called New Hope. Hooker's two other divisions presently arrived, but before they could be deployed the enemy had gained corresponding increase of strength. The resistance was so strong that Hooker was unable to carry the position, although the fighting lasted far into the night. Day-break of the 26th revealed a long line of Confederate entrenchments facing Hooker's divisions, with a heavy force of infantry and guns. The battle was renewed, but without success for the Union troops. Sherman then became assured that Johnston was at New Hope with his whole army, and that point was much nearer his own objective—the railway—than was Dallas. He therefore desired that McPherson should leave Dallas and take position on Hooker's right. But McPherson also was confronted in Dallas by a heavy force, and when he attempted to fulfil his orders, on the morning of the 28th, his right was fiercely assailed. A bloody battle ensued, in which McPherson repulsed attack after attack, inflicting heavy loss on his assailants ; but it was not until June 1st that he was free to withdraw from Dallas and effect a junction with Hooker in front of New Hope.

Meantime Thomas and Schofield were completing their deployments, gradually overlapping Johnston's right and thus extending the Federal left nearer and nearer to the railroad about Ackworth, a place about eight miles distant. All this time a continuous battle was going on, fought by strong skirmish-lines taking advantage of every species of cover, both sides fortifying themselves each night with rifle-trenches and head-logs, many of which grew to be formidable defensive works. Frequent sallies and counter-sallies were made, both sides continually within musket range of each other ; yet, though the fire of musketry and cannon resounded day and night along a line varying from six to ten miles in length, one rarely saw a dozen of the enemy at any one time. Sherman, his generals, and their respective staffs were continually at the front in the musketry fire. Once a minie-ball grazed General Logan's arm and then struck Colonel Taylor square in the breast. The memorandum-book in his breast-pocket broke the force of the

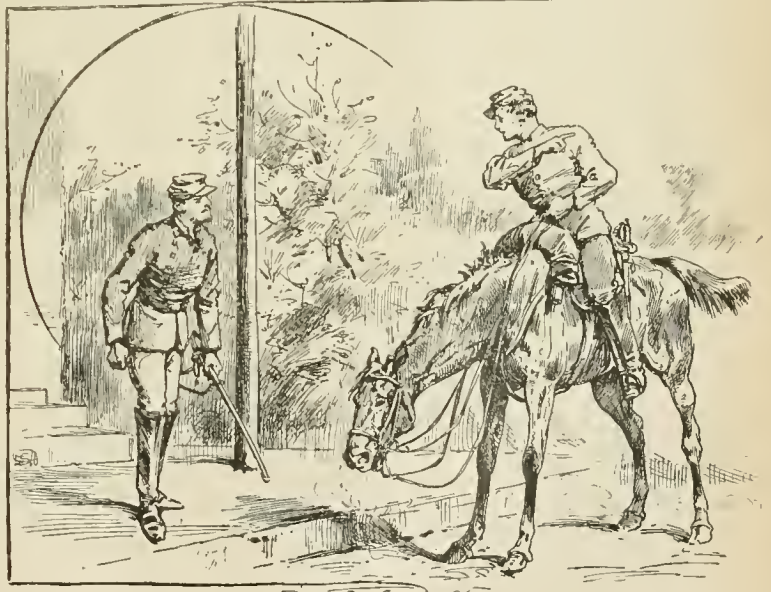
ball, but he was struck down and disabled for the rest of the campaign.

On June 1st, McPherson closed in on the right, and Sherman held himself in close contact with the hostile position at New Hope, working meanwhile gradually and steadily by his left, until his strong infantry lines held possession of all the waggon roads between New Hope, Allatoona, and Ackworth. He then sent two cavalry divisions into Allatoona, one by either end of the pass in which that place lay. It was occupied, and orders were at once given to repair the railroad forward from Kingston to Allatoona and to reconstruct the bridge across the Etowah river. Thus the object of Sherman's detour past Allatoona to Dallas was accomplished. On June 4th he was drawing off from New Hope to take position on the railroad in front of Allatoona, when General Johnston himself evacuated his position. The railroad was then held in force forward to Big Shanty, in sight of the famous Kenesaw Mountain. Thus, during May and the early days of June, Sherman had driven his antagonist from the strong successive positions of Dalton, Resaca, Allatoona, and Dallas; had advanced his lines in strong, compact order from Chattanooga to Big Shanty, over nearly a hundred miles of most difficult country; and he now stood prepared for a further advance—his troops confident of success and eager to fight—as soon as the railway communications should be complete for the forwarding of the necessary supplies. The Federal casualties during May had reached a total of 1,803 killed and missing, 7,436 wounded; aggregate, 9,299. During May, Johnston's total strength was 64,456; his casualties were 721 killed, 4,672 wounded; missing (prisoners), 3,245; aggregate, 8,638. With the drawn battle of New Hope, and the occupation by Sherman's forces of the natural fortress of Allatoona, terminated the first stage of the campaign.

During the halt about Ackworth, Sherman received reinforcements equal to the losses which he had incurred from battle and sick-

ness, and by detachments; and thus the three armies of which he was the supreme commander aggregated still about 100,000 effectives. On 10th June, having garrisoned Allatoona with 1,500 men, he moved forward the combined armies to Big Shanty, whence was clearly visible the enemy's position on the three prominent hills of Kenesaw, Pine Mountain, and Lost Mountain, on each of which Johnston's people had signal-stations and fresh lines of entrenchments. Heavy masses of infantry were discerned. The Confederate commander's ground was well chosen, and he appeared prepared for battle; but his ten-miles-long front was too extended to be held adequately by his 60,000 men. One advantage he had in having a full command of vision over Sherman's operations on the lower ground; and Sherman, aware of this, proceeded with due caution.

In a day or two the Etowah bridge was finished, and the railroad repaired right up to Sherman's headquarters at Big Shanty. After three days of continuous rain there came fine weather on the 14th, and the Federal troops occupied a continuous entrenched line ten miles long, conforming to the enemy's



“ONE OF MCPHERSON'S STAFF DASHED UP TO THE PORCH” (p. 700).

position. During a reconnaissance made on that day by Sherman, he saw at a range of about eight hundred yards a group of Confederate officers observing his position with telescopes. He ordered a battery close by to

disperse this group by firing on it three volleys, one of the shots of which happened to kill General (and Bishop) Polk, the commanding-general of one of Johnston's army corps. On the 15th the Federal lines were advanced, in search of a weak point somewhere between Kenesaw and Pine Mountain; but the latter eminence was abandoned, and Johnston had contracted his front, connecting Kenesaw with Lost Mountain. On the 16th he abandoned Lost Mountain, and now held only Kenesaw, whence he covered Marietta and all the roads southward. Torrents of rain on the 17th and 18th made movements impossible; but the positions were carefully strengthened, to guard against a sally from Kenesaw against Sherman's depôt at Big Shanty. In this work of entrenchment Sherman employed a pioneer corps of 200 negro free-men, who worked at night, while the white soldiers benefited by nocturnal sleep.

On the 19th the rebel army threw back its flanks to such an extent that Sherman supposed that it was retreating to the Chattahoochee river, fifteen miles farther south; but this movement was simply in the nature of a closer concentration covering Marietta and the railroad. On the 20th, Johnston's position was wonderfully strong. Kenesaw Mountain was his salient; both his flanks were refused, covered by parapets and creeks. Notwithstanding the abominable weather, Sherman continued to press operations with the utmost earnestness, aiming always to keep his lines in actual contact with the enemy. On the 24th he considered that it would be unwise to extend his lines any further, and in consultation with his army commanders, it was agreed that there was no alternative but to make serious assaults on the fortified lines of the enemy. The 27th was fixed as the day for the attempt. The points of the attack were chosen, and the troops were all prepared with as little demonstration as possible. About 9 a.m. of the appointed day the troops moved to the assault, and all along the lines for ten miles a furious fire of artillery and musketry was opened and maintained. At all points the assailants were met by the enemy with determined courage and in great force. McPherson's attacking column fought up the face of the lesser Kenesaw, but could not reach the summit. Thomas's assaulting column, just below the Dallas road, reached the defenders' parapet, on the lip of which Brigadier-Generals Harker and

McCook received wounds which proved mortal. By 11.30 a.m. the assault was over, and had failed. This was the hardest fight of the campaign up to that date; the Federal losses were about 2,500 killed and wounded, chiefly in Thomas's command. The losses in two of the three Confederate corps were stated at 800, those of Hood's corps were not reported. Sherman's losses in killed and wounded during the month of June amounted to 7,530; Johnson's were 4,000 killed and wounded, and about 2,000 missing, most of whom became prisoners to the Federals.

Johnston held on staunchly to the Kenesaw position. Chary of bloodshed, which he deemed useless, Sherman determined to attempt manœuvring him out of it. He gave orders to bring forward supplies sufficient to fill the waggons, intending to strip the railroad back to Allatoona, and make that place his depôt, and to turn Johnston's left, so as to reach the railroad below Marietta. Johnston, however, detected the movement, and promptly abandoned Marietta and Kenesaw. At dawn of July 3rd Sherman, through his telescope, saw his own pickets on the Kenesaw position which Johnston had just evacuated, and he ordered an immediate pursuit by every possible road, hoping to catch Johnston in the confusion of retreat, especially at the crossing of the Chattahoochee river. But Johnston was not the man to make a disorderly retreat. He fell back from Kenesaw and Marietta on an entrenched camp prepared in advance on the north bank of the Chattahoochee, covering the railway crossing and his pontoon bridges. Sherman had not learned of this strong place, which was in the nature of a *tête-de-pont*, and had counted on striking Johnston an effectual blow in the expected confusion of his crossing the river. The Federal pursuit was necessarily by devious roads, whereas Johnston had in advance cleared and multiplied good and more direct roads to his bridge-head. The same night, nevertheless, Thomas's head of column ran up against a strong Confederate rear-guard entrenched at Smyrna camp-ground, six miles south of Marietta; and there on the following day was celebrated the Fourth of July by a noisy but not a desperate battle, maintained chiefly to hold the enemy there till McPherson and Schofield should get well into position near the Chattahoochee crossings.

On 5th July Sherman could report to Washington that he had driven the enemy to cover

in the Chattahoochee valley, and that his forces held possession of the right bank of the river for eighteen miles above, as far as Roswell, and ten miles below to the mouth of the Sweet-water. It was his turn now to hold the high ground, and so overlook Johnston's movements. From a hill behind Vining's station Sherman could discern the white houses of Atlanta, about nine miles to the south. Johnston was still in his *tête-de-pont* with his infantry, but had sent across his cavalry and trains. It was open to Sherman by crossing the river to threaten either Johnston's rear or the city of Atlanta itself, which was of vital importance to the existence not only of Johnston's army, but even of the Confederacy. The repairing of the railroad up to Vining's station was being actively prosecuted. Sherman had determined to cross the river by his left, above Johnston's position, using one crossing place at Roswell for McPherson's command, and one lower down at the mouth of Soap's Creek, by which Schofield crossed on the 9th. That same night Johnston evacuated his *tête-de-pont* and crossed the river, burning his bridges; and so left Sherman in full possession of the right bank. McPherson crossed at Roswell on the 13th. Thomas in the centre was preparing his bridges at Power's and Paice's ferries.

On the 17th began the general movement against Atlanta. On the 18th all three armies made a general right wheel, Thomas moving to Buckhead, forming line of battle facing Peach Tree Creek; Schofield was on his left, and McPherson was nearer the railroad between Stone Mountain and Decatur, when he turned toward Atlanta and at night joined Schofield at Decatur. The same morning Sherman obtained an Atlanta newspaper of that date, containing Johnston's order relinquishing the command of the Confederate forces in Atlanta and Hood's order assuming that command. Hood was known to be a man of great courage—bold even to recklessness; and Sherman inferred that the change of command meant "fight." Sherman remarks that the change was just what he wanted—to fight in open ground on something like equal terms, instead of being forced to butt his men's heads up against prepared entrenchments. It may be remarked that Sherman's desire for something like "equal terms" was rather a peculiar aspiration, seeing that he outnumbered his opponent two to one.

Hood lost no time in giving the Federal troops a specimen of his fighting character. On the

morning of the 19th, Sherman's three armies were converging towards Atlanta. Next day Hood made a furious sally, chiefly on Hooker's corps of Thomas's command, while the troops were resting during a halt. It was a complete surprise. The rebels suddenly came pouring out upon Hooker's people; Confederate and Federal commingled, and fought in many places hand to hand. After two hours of hard and close conflict the enemy retired slowly within his trenches, leaving his dead and many wounded in the field. Hooker's corps had fought in open ground, with a loss of some 1,500 men. He reported 400 rebels dead left on the ground, which was probably true; but his assertion that the rebel wounded numbered 4,000 was rather in Hooker's vein. It was certain, nevertheless, that a bold sally had been met successfully; and the occurrence was a useful illustration of the future tactics of the enemy. Sherman's lines were advanced in compact order, but between them and Atlanta were the strong parapets, with ditch, *chevaux-de-frise*, and abattis, prepared long in advance. It was on this afternoon that Colonel Tom Roberts, of Wisconsin, was shot through the leg. When the surgeons were about to amputate he begged them to spare the leg, as it was very valuable, being an "imported leg." He was of Irish birth, and this well-timed piece of wit saved the limb, the surgeons agreeing that if he could perpetrate a joke at such a time his vitality might be trusted to escape amputation.

On the morning of the 22nd July—the day of the Battle of Atlanta—the section of rebel parapet on the "Peach Tree line," in front of Schofield and Thomas, was found abandoned, and the Federal lines advanced rapidly close up to Atlanta. Sherman supposed that the enemy intended to evacuate, and had mounted his horse in front of Schofield's troops on open ground before the Howard House, which was his headquarter. But soon were observed the enemy preparing abattis, and the rebel line fully manned, with guns in position at intervals. Thomas was already engaged, and Schofield was dressing forward his lines, when McPherson and his staff rode up. Presently Sherman and McPherson moved to a short distance and sat down, while Sherman pointed out to McPherson on the map Thomas's position and his own. Occasional cannon-shot were coming through the trees, and presently was heard some gun-fire towards Decatur, farther back. This firing was too far to the left rear to be accounted for, and McPherson

hastily called for his horse, staff, and orderlies. McPherson, at the age of thirty-four, was in his prime—a very handsome man, over six feet high, universally liked, and possessed of many noble qualities. He gathered his papers into his pocket-book and mounted, telling Sherman he would send him word back what the inexplicable sound meant on the left rear. Then he galloped away in the direction of the firing. Not many minutes later one of McPherson's staff, his horse covered with sweat, dashed up to the

telling him of the strong sally which had just been made from Atlanta, and suggesting that the hostile lines in his front must have been weakened for the sake of making it, adding that Thomas ought to take advantage of the opportunity to make a lodgment in Atlanta if possible. Word was also sent to General Logan to assume command of the Army of the Tennessee vacated by McPherson's death.

An hour later an ambulance came through the hurricane of fire, bearing McPherson's body



"THE WHOLE LINE FROM BIG SHANTY UP TO ALLATOONA WAS MARKED BY THE FIRES OF THE BURNING RAILROAD" (p. 703).

porch on which Sherman was walking up and down, and reported that McPherson was "either killed or a prisoner." The general and his staff—so reported the messenger of evil tidings—had ridden rapidly across the railroad, the sounds of battle increasing as they approached General Giles Smith's division. McPherson had then ordered up some reserve brigades to the exposed left flank, and had hurried Dodge's corps to the same point; and then—almost, if not entirely, alone—he had disappeared in the woods behind the 17th Corps. The sound of musketry was then heard, and McPherson's horse came back, wounded and riderless. Sherman immediately despatched orders to Thomas,

to the Howard House. McPherson's wound had been immediately fatal. His dress had not been touched, but his pocket-book was gone. Its contents might have yielded matter useful to the enemy, but that it had been almost immediately recovered from the haversack of a captured prisoner, and secured by one of McPherson's staff. The enemy attacked boldly and repeatedly the whole of the Federal left flank, but met with an equally fierce resistance, and on that ground a bloody battle raged from noon until well on into the night. At 4 p.m. came the expected sally from Atlanta, directed against Leggat's Hill and along the Decatur railroad. At Leggat's Hill the rebel sortie was boldly

met and bloodily repulsed. Along the Decatur railroad the rebels were more successful. Reaching the Federal main line, they broke through it and got possession of a battery of four 20-pounder Parrott guns, killing every horse and turning the guns against the broken Federals. Generals Logan and Schofield, after a desperate and prolonged struggle, retrieved the endangered situation; Wood's division swept the enemy from the line of parapet originally held by the Union troops. These combined Federal forces ultimately drove the enemy back into Atlanta; but two field-guns were lost, having been carried off by the rebels. So ended the Battle of Atlanta, the most severe struggle of the campaign. It cost the Union armies 3,521 officers and men killed and wounded. The dead of the Confederacy numbered nearly as many, and its total losses were estimated at nearly 10,000.

While maintaining the siege of Atlanta after the battle of the 22nd, Sherman determined to move the Army of the Tennessee, now commanded by General Howard, rapidly and boldly to the right against the railroad below Atlanta, and at the same time to send all his cavalry to effect a lodgment on the Macon road about Jonesboro'. The movement began on the 27th, and next day was followed by the commanding-general to the extreme right, where some sharp fighting was in progress. It began about 11 a.m., and lasted nearly five hours. A fierce attack was made by the enemy on the extreme Federal right, which, however, was quite unsuccessful. It was the first fight in which General Howard commanded the Army of the Tennessee. He very judiciously left Logan, who had been his temporary predecessor, to fight his own corps, but exposed himself freely, and the Army of the Tennessee took warmly to the

one-armed veteran. The loss in this combat amounted to 579 killed, wounded, and missing. Over 600 rebel dead were buried on the field, and the total Confederate loss was estimated at not less than 6,000. The Federal losses during the month of July amounted in all to 9,719, those of the Confederates to 10,841.



SWAMP IN GEORGIA.

In the beginning of August Sherman had ill-fortune with his cavalry, which he had sent to the south-east. McCook's whole division had been badly mauled. Sherman became convinced that the cavalry could not make a sufficiently strong lodgment on the railway below Atlanta; and to Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, was committed the charge of this particular object. Desultory fighting, never attaining the dignity of a battle, lasted during the period from July 20th until August 31st. On the latter date Howard found Hardee's corps in an

entrenched position covering Jonesboro', which sallied from that place on the Federal 15th Corps, but was easily repulsed and driven back within its lines. On the following day, September 1st, energetic attempts were made to make a capture of the whole of Hardee's corps; but "somebody blundered," night came on, and Hardee escaped. That same night there rose in Atlanta the sound of shells exploding, and another sound resembling that of musketry. Next morning, while Hardee was being pursued to the southward, tidings came from General Slocum that at daybreak he had entered Atlanta unopposed, and that his letter was written within the place. The news soon spread to the army, and the triumph was a full recompense for the labour, toils, and hardships endured in the course of the previous three months. The glad excitement throughout the North was a heartfelt and eloquent tribute to the soldierly merits of Sherman and his gallant, staunch, and loyal men.

Sherman's earliest undertaking on entering Atlanta was to have all its inhabitants removed from the city. It was a stern measure, which has no parallel in modern times; but Sherman had the courage of his opinions, and did not hesitate to formulate his reasons. They were as follows: All the houses of Atlanta were required for military occupation and storage. He desired to contract the lines of defence, and thus diminish the garrison to the limits necessary for the defence of the city proper. Atlanta was a fortified place, had been stubbornly defended, and was fairly captured; it belonged, therefore, to the captors. The residence in it of a civilian population with inadequate food-resources would entail the alternative of having to feed that population or see it starve. "These," wrote Sherman, "are my reasons: if they are satisfactory to the Government of the United States, I do not care whether they are palatable to General Hood and his people or not."

In accepting, perforce, the arrangements for the exodus insisted on by Sherman, Hood gave his view of Sherman's measures in the following terms: "Permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity, I protest." Sherman retorted voluminously, and a bitter correspondence followed between him and Hood. But, meanwhile, in order to effect the exchange of prisoners, to

facilitate the exodus of the inhabitants of Atlanta, and to keep open communication with the south, Sherman established a neutral camp, where a Federal officer with a guard met an officer similarly detailed by Hood; and the two harmoniously expedited the arrangements agreed on by the respective commanders. There was no more fighting in the vicinity of Atlanta after Hood's evacuation of the place; and the losses of the campaign, which lasted from May 6th until 15th September, could now be reckoned up. Those of Sherman's forces amounted to 4,423 killed, 22,822 wounded, and 4,442 missing; the total casualties reaching the aggregate of 31,687. The Confederate losses were 3,044 killed, 18,952 wounded, 12,983 prisoners captured by Federals; aggregate of Southern losses 34,979.

Towards the end of September it became apparent to Sherman that Hood was moving northward with the intention of operating offensively against the Federal communications. Sherman could not afford to have his long line of railroad between Nashville and Atlanta seriously interfered with. He therefore despatched Thomas with two divisions back to Chattanooga to meet the contingency of Forrest's offensive in Tennessee, and another division to Rome, about half-way between Atlanta and Chattanooga, for the protection of his communications. Sherman left a corps in garrison at Atlanta, and marched northward with the rest of his forces, now reduced by detachments and discharges to about 60,000 men. Hood's army he estimated at a maximum of 40,000 men. Sherman had strong railroad guards at all points of importance between Atlanta and Chattanooga. All the principal railroad bridges were protected by good blockhouses, garrisoned to withstand infantry or cavalry, and at the railway stations were detachments inside entrenchments. Sherman did not apprehend that the enemy's cavalry could damage his roads seriously, but it was absolutely necessary to keep Hood's infantry off his main route of communication and supply.

On October 4th, when at Vining's Station, Sherman learned that hostile masses had been seen marching north from Kenesaw, whose objective point he inferred was Allatoona; and he promptly signalled to General Corse at Rome to hurry to the support of the small garrison holding that point. Sherman ascended Kenesaw Mountain on the morning of the 5th. To the south-west rose the smoke of camp fires, indicating the presence about

Dallas of large hostile forces ; and the whole line from Big Shanty up to Allatoona, full fifteen miles, was marked by the fires of the burning railroad. He could plainly see the smoke of battle about Allatoona, and hear the faint reverberation of the cannon. Sherman remained on the Kenesaw summit until his signal-officer reported the message from Allatoona "Corse is here," the first assurance to him that General Corse had received and acted on his orders, and that therefore Allatoona was adequately garrisoned.

Towards afternoon the smoke of battle about Allatoona grew less, and about 4 p.m. ceased altogether ; later in the afternoon the signal-flag announced the welcome tidings that the attack had been fairly repulsed, but that General Corse had been wounded. Next morning there came from that gallant officer the lively but profane communication : " I am short a cheek-bone and an ear, but am able to whip all hell yet ! " It had been a brisk and bitter fight : 1,900 Federal troops, in the open and later in redoubts, against more than 4,000 Confederate soldiers. Sherman's railroad had been wrecked for a space of eight miles, every tie burnt, every rail bent : the estimate for repairs required 35,000 new ties, and eight miles of iron. Ten thousand men were distributed to repair the great break ; and such was the expedition that in seven days the road was again in working order. Sherman tells an amusing story of a dialogue between two rebel soldiers. One remarked to the other : " Well, the Yanks will have to git up and git now, for I heard General Hood himself say that General Wheeler had blown up the tunnel beyond Allatoona, and that the Yanks would have to retreat, because they could get no more rations."

" Oh, hell," replied his comrade ; " don't you know that old Sherman carries a duplicate tunnel along ? "

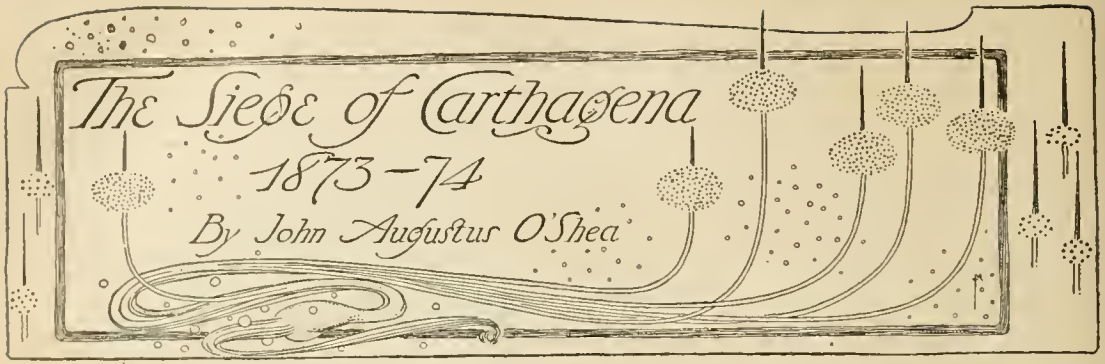
It was in September, while still in Atlanta, that the idea of the famous march to the sea entered Sherman's mind. He saw his way clearer when Hood moved to the northward ; and now that the latter had gone further in that direction, Sherman disclosed his project to Grant in characteristic terms.

" I propose," he wrote, " to break up the railroad from Chattanooga southward, and that we strike out with our waggons for Milledgeville, Millen, and Savannah. By attempting to hold the Chattanooga-Atlanta railroad, we should

lose 1,000 men per month, and gain no result, I can make this march, and make Georgia howl." This was on October 9th ; it was not until the 21st that a cipher message from General Halleck intimated that the authorities in Washington were willing that Sherman should undertake the march across Georgia to the sea. That same day he telegraphed to General Easton, his chief quartermaster, in the following terms : " Go in person to superintend the repairs of the railroad, and expedite its completion. I want it finished, to bring back from Atlanta to Chattanooga the sick and wounded and surplus stores. After November 1st I want nothing in front of Chattanooga except what we can use as food and clothing, to be hauled in our waggons. I allow ten days for all this to be done, by which time I expect to be in Atlanta. I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, and to sally forth to ruin Georgia and bring up on the Atlantic seaboard at Savannah."

On November 10th the movement for the great raid may be said to have been fairly begun. All the troops designed for the Georgia campaign were ordered to march for Atlanta, and General Corse, before evacuating his position at Rome, was ordered to destroy everything that could be useful to the enemy, should he attempt a pursuit or a resumption of military possession of the region to be abandoned. Meanwhile trains of cars were whirling northward, carrying to the rear an immense amount of stores which had accumulated at Atlanta and at the other stations along the railroad ; and General Steedman had come down to take charge of the final evacuation and the withdrawal of the several garrisons below Chattanooga.

On the 12th at Cartersville, a few miles north of Atlanta, as Sherman and his staff sat in a porch to rest, his telegraph operator tapped the wire to receive a farewell message from General Thomas in Nashville. Sherman answered simply : " Despatch received—all right—good-bye ! " " At that instant of time," wrote Sherman, " some of our men burnt a bridge, the telegraph-wire was severed, and all communication with the rear ceased thenceforth." The famous " march from Atlanta to the sea " began on the morning of November 15th, 1864, and no further tidings reached the outside world of Sherman and his army until the Atlantic was reached at Savannah on the evening of December 12th.



THE lawless black flag floated on the topmost peak of the ridge of forts. A large sheet, ebon as a funeral scarf, it recalled to those acquainted with the East the curtain outside the tent of the Prophet's wife, which was only used to proclaim war, and to others the Jolly Roger of piracy—the sign that no quarter was either sought or given. Whatever meaning was to be attached to it, there it flaunted on the outer walls of Carthage like an ugly, big pall; and every time it was struck by a splinter of shell it was lowered: but it was not down for long, because it went up again larger with a new black scrap sewn on to it. This may have been only an artifice to keep up the spirits of the besieged—it could have no other value in warfare; but the Spanish Loyalists outside chose to regard it as defiance, and made it a target with such excellent effect that they boasted that they would soon be unable to see the fort because of the ensign that covered it.

There is much virtue in a flag. The green quickens the fevered pulse in a fanatic Moslem, the blue was sacred to the Covenanters, and the white starred with golden lilies is prized as the badge of Legitimacy. To preserve its flag from dishonour or loss—to “save the colours,” as the saying is—is the dear ambition of every regiment that respects itself. That token of honour in silk or stuff is the rallying point in action; those who serve under it are proud of it, and look upon every rent in its tattered folds as subject for boast, for it is proof of genuine service.

Red and black are among the accursed colours. It was only by a touch of inspiration that Lamartine averted the disgrace from the French Republic of adopting the red flag of carnage as the national emblem. “Take that!” said the poet. “Never! Why, it has but made the circuit of the Champ de Mars smeared with the

blood of fellow-citizens. Give me the tri-colour, for it has gone round the world, linked with victory and glory.” And the Republic took as its own the red, white, and blue of Bonaparte, and clings to it still with affection, except in a frenzy of passing madness, when it may unfurl the red of the Commune. It was this baleful hue—the red—the rebels of southern Spain chose as their emblem until Saenz, the letter-carrier, or Galvez, or Roque Barcia, or one of the other mediocrities who had grasped power when the revolt of the *Intransigentes*, or Irreconcilables, sprung into activity, had the singular whim to shake out the ominous black flag. That appeared to be the first and only time it was flung to the free sunlight on land in this nineteenth century. *Cosas de España*, “things of Spain,” as what cannot be accounted for is calmly dismissed.

The reader must bear yet with a brief narrative of what preceded in the Peninsula before we come to the siege which was the last stand (for the time) of the Extremists, or *Intransigentes*. It was the final disturbance of the waters afar when settling down after the great storm of the Commune.

Carthage, or new Carthage (37, 33 N. lat., 1, 5 W. long.), is an ancient and historic spot in the province of Murcia, on the south-east corner of the Spanish coast between Cabo de Palos and Tinoso. Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general—killed more than two centuries before the Christian era—by whom it was founded, considered it a commodious haven for the armada designed to ruin the might of Rome. At present it is the chief naval stronghold of Spain. Its natural situation with a land-locked port, barriered by steep sentinel heights, makes it formidable. The islet of Escobreras abuts on the port, then there is the Bay of Porman close to the bare dark hills, whose surface is gapped



"A large sheet, ebon as a funeral scarf" (A. 704).

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with sinkings for lead, and whose air is impregnated with the sickening odour of antimony. Near it, still in the northerly direction, is a lagoon called the Encañado, whose borders are hedged with canes. The town itself is narrow and irregular, like most walled places, but contains some wide streets, such as the Calles Mayor and Jaboneria, and abounds in inscriptions and antiquities that speak of its splendour of yore, in monuments, an amphitheatre and pyramids in memory of past glories. The climate is half tropical and the vegetation rich, and the people wear in the rural districts a sort of Albanian kirtle, or light Highland kilt. They have a strain of the Moor in their veins. They are indolent and hot-blooded like all races which dwell where the flamingo and chameleon are known, and orange and date, sugarcane, cotton and rice are common growths. It is veritably a delicious, fat, lazy, lotus-eating land, except when the torrid *solano* blows across with furnace breath from the African desert. There is no snow there, the mid-winter is temperate, the beginning of the year is as mild as an English spring. It is a pet region of the cochineal and silkworm, and there are cork-oaks about, but the staple product near Cartagena is esparto grass.

Spain was very restless at the close of 1873. Madrid, nominally the seat of government, was a regular republic legally, but virtually more resembled a "crazy quilt," as young ladies call those curious spreads of patchwork they tack together with such industry from different materials. Queen Isabella had been driven from the throne, but left behind her old-fashioned followers sighing for the monarchy. Then came for a short time the Regent Serrano. Amadeo, the Italian Prince to whom the crown had been offered, had quitted it contemptuously, as if the prize were a bauble not worth toying with, and the country was in a transition of unquiet, apparently not knowing what to do with itself pending the arrival of the strong man who would clutch the reins and show himself the master of the beast simply by virtue of assuming the mastership. A man with an iron

will and tough fibre was wanted, like Narvaez, of whom it was said that on his death-bed his confessor asked him had he forgiven his enemies. "My enemies," said the dying marshal with a grim chuckle that turned to a leer; "I have none to forgive. I shot them all!" And there were Spaniards who admired him and said his was the true policy.

In the North the Carlists were risking their



lives for the king of their choice; in the Centre generals had resigned by batches, and Ministries, directed by the popular statesmen of the hour, were renewed as often as the moon. Spain was in a parlous way. Between the white spectre in the North and the red spectre in the South, as Castelar said, it was coming to the ground like a man seated between two stools, and craved a Dictator. It wanted somebody who knew his own mind, and had the strength of purpose to carry it out.

On the 8th June the Federal Republic was proclaimed, and on the 1st July the *Intransigentes*, or non-compromising Republicans—who

were not incorrectly termed by a London paper a set of crazy and ferocious democrats—withdrew, and on the 18th July proclaimed Murcia and Valencia independent republics or cantons, as self-governing as the States of the American Union. Cadiz, Seville, Malaga were insubordinate, and each had set up on its own account. There was no stable Government—it was a hot-bed of anarchy, and he was the ruler who had the greatest audacity or the biggest lung-power until another with more impudence or louder voice arose to supplant him. Pi y Margall, as Premier, had been succeeded by Salmeron. Castelar the eloquent, surnamed Musica, had risen on the fall of a less dreamy statesman perhaps. It was a perfect game of cross purposes—a reproduction of the witches-scene in *Macbeth*, and from the burning fire and bubbling cauldron in the cave came forth only double toil and trouble. There were various risings got up by the more ardent and violent of the Republicans in the South. General Pavia, with such loyal troops as he had under his control, attacked Almeria, in Granada, and quieted Seville and Cadiz by August 4th; Valencia was taken by the troops on the 22nd, and the bombardment of Malaga was stopped by the English and German war-ships in the Mediterranean. But Carthage was the headquarters of the insurgents. They had the pick of the navy in their hands. It was reported that Pi y Margall, who was of their political tinge, had managed this of *malice prepense*, as Buchanan had massed the United States ships in the South before the War of Secession. To the insurgents resorted all the unruly spirits of Europe, those who had something to earn in the division of spoil—revolutionists from Italy and Portugal, ex-leaders who had fought at the barricades of the Commune of Paris, and even one Englishman, who probably threw in his lot with his rebel comrades more to pass the time, or from the seaman's love of novelty, than from any profound political convictions or strong sympathies. He was there, and as there was likely to be some fighting, he was as good as any Diego of the lot. And so Peters, when epaulettes were going about, thought he might as well have his share as another, for could he not give as hard knocks as the best?

The fleet quietly seized by the rebels was very strong. It consisted mostly of armour-clad vessels constructed in England and France, such as the *Vitoria*, launched at the Thames Ironworks Company's yard in 1868, and the *Numancia*,

built at Marseilles, the *Mendez Nunez* and the *Duque de Tetuan*, the *Almanza*, *Fernando el Catolico*, *Arapiles*, and others.

The *Vitoria* was armoured from stem to stern with five-and-a-half-inch plates and ten inches of teak, had engines of 5,000 horse-power, and an armament of four 12-ton, three 9-ton, and twelve 7-ton guns. Its length was 316 feet, its breadth 57 feet, and displacement 7,053 tons. Only second in size to this huge machine of war was the *Numancia*, which had an armament of six 18-ton, three 9-ton, and sixteen 7-ton Armstrong guns in a broadside battery. Furnished with such fighting engines, all of which were Spanish property provided by solid Spanish gold, which was not easily to be had and did not grow on every bush, the insurgents were not to be despised. Every wound inflicted upon them was a blow dealt at the prosperity of the country at large. That is one of the beauties of civil war.

As crowds gather round the scene of a street-fight, scenting the symptoms of mischief, the armed ships of the greater part of the civilized world swarmed in and near Carthage in observation and to safeguard the interests of those under their protection. The rebel vessels were strictly watched, and on the 1st of September the *Almanza* and *Vitoria* were captured by Captain Warner, of the *Friedrich Karl*, an armour-clad frigate with eighteen 12-ton guns, built at La Seyne, near Toulon, on a French model. They may have wished to be captured: anyhow, the German gave the two larger vessels up to Admiral Yelverton, who prepared for action against the Spaniards, who claimed them at first, but thought better of it by-and-by, and sent them to Gibraltar unmolested. They were detained in the shadow of that fortress until the 26th of September, when they were given over to the Spanish Government, and Admiral Lobo made the *Vitoria* his flagship. Two days after, the Intransigent ironclads *Mendez Nunez* and *Numancia*, with their gasconading, gorgeously-bedizened chiefs and motley, half-disciplined crews, bombarded Alicante and were repulsed.

About this period there was an immense floating force of almost all the nations, in Escombreras Bay, or in holding-ground in its vicinity. Of the British fleet there was present the orthodox Mediterranean squadron, including the *Lord Warden*, the *Triumph*, under Admiral Yelverton, the *Swiftsure*, the *Torch*, the *Hart*, the *Pheasant*, and the *Helicon*; and Campbell's detached squadron, embracing the

Narcissus (flag), the *Endymion*, *Immortalité*, *Doris*, and *Aurora*; the French were represented by two ironclads—the *Thétis* and the *Reine Blanche*, mounting six guns of seven tons each; Italy had the armoured *San Martino*, with ten guns of six and a half tons each, and the *Anthoon*, a light-draught rapid boat, used for carrying despatches; the Stars and Stripes had the *Wabash*, a screw first-rater with forty-five guns, and the *Wachusett*, a third-rater of six guns; and Sweden, with perhaps other Powers, answered at the muster. Altogether it was an unequalled display of armed strength to be collected to witness the grotesque andrew-martins of a pack of mutinous mountebanks and their half-earnest opponents.

The first encounter between the Madrid fleet (as that which was loyal to the Government was called) and the insurgents occurred on the 11th of October. Early on that day four vessels—the *Numancia*, the *Mendez Nunez*, the *Tetuan*, and the *Fernando el Catolico*—steamed out of Carthagena, and appeared off Porman Bay, to the left of Escombreras. The *Numancia*, with General Contreras on board and several of the hardier members of the Junta, took the lead as the longest and quickest of the ships, and faced the *Vitoria*, exchanging broadsides and wildly firing, and then passed quickly to the extreme right of the line, attempting to run down a paddle vessel which ran helter-skelter to escape being rammed. Then, as she turned from her, pursued by the *Vitoria*, for some inexplicable cause—cowardice was attributed by the crew to Contreras, and by Contreras to the crew—the monster sheered off and got back to the shelter of the harbour. The *Mendez Nunez* kept at long range, and did not aid the *Numancia*, and could or would have been captured by the *Vitoria*, which intercepted her retreat, had not the French ironclad *Thétis* run between her and the *Vitoria*. The French officer pleaded that his machinery had broken down. The *Mendez Nunez* got away with one killed and nine wounded. The *Tetuan*, whose captain was a smuggler, warmly engaged and received the doubtful compliment of some smashing shots, but on retiring she swopped broadsides with the *Vitoria* almost at pistol range, which elicited a rousing cheer from the British tars who were looking on at the fight. But when the smoke cleared off, sides and spars were untouched, as if blank had been fired by mistake. Indeed, so it may have been. A shell killed Mayor, Vice-President of the Junta, and

the *Tetuan* had five killed and twenty-two wounded. The *Fernando el Catolico* could not get up sufficient speed, and prudently held on the skirts of action entirely out of range. Altogether the demonstration lasted two hours. Lobo claimed the victory, having repulsed the attempt to break the blockade, and reported to the English, who proffered surgical help, that he did not need it, having only a few contused. But the insurgents, in addition to the killed, had numerous wounded.

On October the 13th the Intransigentes reappeared bold as brass, and levelled a saluting shot at Lobo; but that worthy declined the fray, and drew off in an easterly direction, when the chase was given up by the rebels about fifteen miles from Carthagena. Lobo had no desire for a brush. At all events, they were never less than three miles apart. His adherents said he was off to seek the *Zaragoza*, which was expected to reinforce his fleet.

Early on the 18th the *Numancia* collided with the *Fernando el Catolico* off Alicante, whither they had gone in quest of Lobo on a foraging expedition, and the latter went to the bottom with sixty-six of her crew. The remainder were taken off by boats. Many high-handed privateering adventures were entered upon by the Intransigentes at this time. To sustain life in their cause they had to depend on raids on non-combatants. The contraband captain of the *Tetuan* brought in cargoes of 750 tons of wheat, salt fish, and live sheep. More than half a dozen barques, nationality not particularly inquired into, were coolly swept into the Intransigentes' net. But Peters, the Englishman, was a veritable amateur Red Rover. He had been chief engineer of the *Fernando el Catolico*, and was saved from the accidental ram of the *Numancia*. He declared himself a plain, rough man, but he had a taking way with him. With a gun on board a little steamer, the *Darro*, he scoured the coast on flying trips, and never returned without a captured felucca. Lobo was fighting with tied hands, so to speak, and had no intention of destroying Spanish property; but he never reappeared on the scene. He was tried by court-martial at Madrid, and dismissed to private life, and Chicarro was named general-admiral in his stead.

The make-believe of a siege on the landward side was proclaimed on the 22nd of August, but there never was a regular line of investment, and it was always possible to get in or out from Carthagena by rushes in the dark, or edging

round the extremities. Ordnance and material were detained at La Paima, the last station on the railway from Murcia; sunken batteries erected on the ground behind; scouts were planted on the hill of Beaza, with signals to the cannoners in the rear how to alter their aim at its unseen object; and a bombardment was started on the 26th November, General Ceballos in command. It was estimated that there were 700 guns in Carthagena. A very hot fire was opened on the first day, and, after the maiden surprise, as hotly returned, volleys of great guns sweeping forth until the soil in our front was dented with craters. The view, as the smoke rested or curled on the low dusty plain, studded with windmills, bushes of cactus, stunted clumps of olive, and flat stone houses with sections of infantry hid in the shadow, was stirring and theatrical.

At this epoch it was computed that the forces of the Intransigentes, reckoned roundly 3,800, thus made up—Tomaset's guerillas, 30; Galvez's Murcian volunteers, 150; the Chasseurs of Mendigorria, 300; the two mutinous battalions of Iberia, 600; infantry of the marines, 100; artillerymen, 100; Chasseurs of Carthagena, a sort of local militia, 220; volunteers of Carthagena, 1,300; released convicts, 1,000. There may be some small differences of detail, but it may be assumed that there were in all available about 3,000 efficient at the very most. The volunteers were puny, and, like all improvised troops, readily yielding to panic, given to indiscriminate firing and needless outlay of ammunition, more for the purpose of making a noise than anything else. Some of them were mere boys, no taller than the guns they carried, and had gone into the revolution as a game of holiday soldiering. There were a certain proportion of these volunteers urged by political enthusiasm, but pelf was the ruling motive with the majority of them rather than principle. They looked with patronising airs upon the regulars, who repaid their condescension with interest; but the convicts, who were despised by both, were the real wiles that bound the garrison together. These were not political prisoners, but the very scum of the earth—cut-throats, coiners, forgers, highwaymen, enemies of society. They had no political convictions, but they revelled in their easily obtained freedom, and stood out pluckily, because they felt that defeat meant to go back to gaol. At large, they were somebody; they were feared if not caressed. Cast into durance they were fed, it is true, but no more content than

caged hyenas. The convicts, with their seamed brown faces and downward scowl, contrasted with the soldiers with their ruddy, frank country complexions, who joined the movement because their officers had joined it, and would fain leave it now when they found the company they were in; but they were not sure of how they would be received, as they thought they were fighting with ropes round their necks.

The normal population of Carthagena was 30,000, but all the wealthy and orderly or timid inhabitants had left for Murcia or the smaller towns in the neighbourhood. The garrison had short commons, but were not so badly off considering. What with legal raids on the larders of the rich citizens who had fled—the rebels kept up a pretence of chivalry, never taking property without leaving promise to pay to the full value—and with requisitions remarkably like freebooting by their ships, they managed to stave off hunger. They kept two steam mills going, and they stoked their furnaces with coal they indented upon from English merchants. Otherwise they were powerless to use their ships, and they argued that necessity has no law. And they were justified from the rebel point of view. Coinage was struck by the convicts—and not so badly either, for there were experts among them—and the markets were swamped with bright silver pieces of two pesetas and hard douros, massive as crown pieces—intrinsically good, for the metal was sound, but not negotiable as currency.

To capture this stronghold—which should be a second Gibraltar, impregnable if properly equipped and provisioned—the Government forces were ridiculously small, consisting of some 6,000 troops, half of whom were raw recruits. General Pasaron, who had the engineer's signs in the white band on his cap and the tower on his collar, was averse to resorting to such an extreme measure as a bombardment, and was half inclined to excuse himself to the rebel General Contreras, who was an old comrade and brother-officer.

"*Cosas de España*," he murmured; "there is hardly a leader in our army who does not owe a step of his promotion to his connection with a successful revolution. Our troops are disciplined, but the discipline is tempered with *pronunciamientos*. Those who are in the trough of the sea to-day may be on the crest to-morrow." The general was a practical soldier of the Burgoyne type, and had seen service alongside the English levies in De Lacy Evans's time, and had been

engaged in all the minor domestic troubles since. He had a great respect for the man who laid out Carthage, for he knew his business and had taken advantage of every accident of the ground. So cleverly were the angles of the forts arranged that it was impossible to get ricochet shot. The

it, on a similar elevation, was the Fort St. Julian, and to our left back towards the town, was the fort of Moros, warding the bastions to its flank and rear. Down in the hollow between the hills and the Mediterranean was the town, with its arsenal, basins, barracks, rope-walks, hospitals,



"SHE SWOPPED BROADSIDES WITH THE *VICTORIA* ALMOST AT PISTOL RANGE" (p. 707).

walls were bastioned like those of Paris, but there was no moat or covered way. Towards the sea-side, which does not immediately concern us now, there were several batteries. The heights of Molinos and Despenaperros dominate the town, and on the land-side, on the extreme right as we looked, was the detached fort of Atalaya on a high hill. To the left of it was the castle of Galeras on an eminence, and corresponding with

and foundries. Galeras, it was estimated, could hold 500 men, and St. Julian and Atalaya 250 each. When General Pasaron sat down before Carthage his orders were to take it. In other words, he was given a task that was well-nigh impossible to perform, bar miracles. With a weak and undisciplined force and no artillery, he was asked to overawe the greatest marine stronghold in Spain, with its ramparts, forts, and

cannon—a garrison of revolted troops and released felons, backed by the greater portion of the Spanish fleet. He shook his head at the ignorance of those who instructed him, but he stood to his post all the same. The unexpected might come to pass: this was the land of surprises, and he might achieve a feat like that corporal of the Connaught Rangers who was questioned as to how he, single-handed, had captured and brought into camp three of the enemy. "By the tare of war," was the Irishman's reply—"I surrounded them!"

The attacking Spanish force was divided into three brigades, the left commanded by Lopez Pinto, the centre by Caleja, and the right by Rodriguez de Rivera. There were 400 gunners and 500 sappers engaged in the battering and entrenching works. One hundred cavalry, civil guards and troopers, were employed as orderlies, vedettes, and in patrol duty. And yet there were but seventeen guns in this bombardment; but then No. 1 battery consisted of four rifled guns of 16 centimetres—the first occasion that rifled ordnance was employed in a Spanish siege. No. 2 (the only battery which commanded the Plaza) comprised five guns of 21 centimetres; No. 3, six guns of 21 centimetres; and No. 4, or the Windmill battery, two guns of 16 centimetres each. Detachments of the 2nd and 3rd Foot Artillery handled the siege-guns, while men from the 1st, 4th, and 8th had in the background, to repel sorties if required, some pretty guns, field-pieces and howitzers, useless in siege operations.

There had been a futile sortie on the 25th on our centre from the Madrid gate towards Alumbres, which was sent home with empty hands when its design was discovered. About 500—an insufficient force for any good—was detailed for this duty. On the eve of the bombardment they were playing *Guzman el Bueno* at the theatre. The siege was getting serious; the programme was dabbled with blood. To the interlude of humour succeeded an interruption of horror. On the first day three persons were killed in the street and forty wounded; on the second seven were killed and fifty wounded. The Governor of Fort Julian was killed. The bombardment became less fierce. If it does not succeed at the opening alarm it will never succeed. An intermittent bombardment has no effect. An armistice of four hours from midnight was given for the removal of foreigners, women, and children from the town; but many of the women handled weapons, and scornfully rejected the proposal of leaving their people.

The bombardment was becoming more dogged. Let us go to the top of the Cabeza de Beaza on a bright day. This hill, which is about 100 metres above the level of the plain, is the exact centre of the line. In front, bounded by rocky heights, stretches the blue Mediterranean, with Chicarro's ships floating motionless upon it like birds on the wing at the back of Carthage. The town itself is perfectly open to the view—to the right, away back, is the ruined castle of Concepcion crowning a rising ground, and to the right of that the fort of Despenaperros, with Las Galeras frowning on a height above. Las Galeras commands the harbour on the right, and is about 220 metres above the level of the sea. Las Galeras is flanked on the side towards the sea by a fort on the harbour edge, the battery of the Navidad commanding the entrance, and of the Podadera sweeping ships on the side as they approach the mouth of the port. To the right of Galeras, and within the town, is the arsenal, and over it, but outside, and much nearer to our point of view than Galeras, is Atalaya. Atalaya is steep and loftier than Galeras. To the left of Concepcion and nearer to us on a sloping acclivity, not more than 20 metres high, outside the walls, is Moros. To the left rear of Moros is the castle of San Julian, corresponding in its efficacy for the defence of the port on that side with Atalaya on the other. San Julian is some metres higher than Atalaya, and is flanked by the forts of San Leonardo, Santa Fiorentina, and Santa Anna on the harbour's edge, in the order mentioned as they approach the sea, with the batteries of Trincabotija, upper and lower, outside. The battery of Calvario was on a hill nearer than San Julian, and to the right of it. So much for the defences of Carthage. The town itself is bordered on the left, as we look always, by the barrier of Santa Lucia, and presents a bastioned *enceinte* with the gate of St. José (leading to Herrerias) on the left, the fort of Monte Sacro about the centre, and the gate of Madrid on the right centre. To the extreme right, advanced towards the land side, is the barrier of San Antonio.

The batteries of attack commence on the left with that on the Sierra Gorda; one of the lateral hills extending from Herrerias. It is 100 metres lower than San Julian, and 65 lower than Calvario. This battery consists of four brass guns of 16 centimetres calibre, and is numbered nine, the batteries being numbered not as they occur, but by seniority. Between that and us in the open

field are the batteries of Ferriol (No. 3), consisting of six bronze guns of 16 centimetres calibre, 3,200 metres from the walls, and the most exposed to the fire of the besieged; and of San Felipe (No. 2) of four guns of 16 centimetres, at 4,000 metres distance. Between No. 2 and No. 3 is battery No. 7, a provisional one of Krupp guns, which does not work since the first day of bombardment, and appears only to have been thrown up to protect the permanent batteries from sallies. To the right of the Cabeza is the Solano battery (No. 1) of four iron guns with steel coils round the breech. This is the heaviest battery in use, consisting of pieces of 21 centimetres calibre, and is 3,600 metres from the walls. It has apparently most reason to complain of the Spanish artillerymen, as most of the elevating screws have been thrown out of use. There was a fifth gun, but it has burst, owing to some fault in the casting. To the right of the Solano, and exchanging shots with the gate of Madrid and Monte Sacro, is the Piqueta battery (No. 4) of four bronze guns of 16 centimetres of 3,600 metres range. Between No. 1 and No. 4, and so much behind that it is out of firing distance, is No. 6, a supporting battery of Krupp guns. No. 5, beside the railway and to the right rear of the Piqueta, fulfils the same functions. The extreme battery to the right, No. 8, in the pueblo of Dolores, one of the two recently erected, is intended to batter Atalaya, and is about 2,000 metres distance from the gate of Madrid. These batteries are supposed to be connected with each other and with headquarters by a telegraph wire. But the wire takes an occasional holiday, like any other Spaniard, and declines to work on the pretext of rain. There is a good anecdote *à propos* of this wire, which has the charm of being true, and which will be grateful to Englishmen as proof that red-tape exists with others as with them. The captain of the Sierra Gorda battery, while firing upon San Julian, saw that his platform needed shifting before the guns could touch the forts with precision. The alteration required was very little; the artillerymen on the spot could do the work in a few hours, but they dare not meddle with it—it was not their duty, but that of the engineers, and the engineers are jealous of encroachment upon their preserves. The captain of the battery telegraphed to the general to send the engineers to his aid, but the wire had struck work, the message miscarried, the guns had to lie idle under fire at a critical moment, and all because of the omnipotence of

red-tape. While on the subject of these batteries, another instance must be mentioned of how ill they were supplied, in addition to the want of proper glasses. Bunches of esparto had to serve as wads in many cases. Plugs of "grummet" or round rope were used with our old smooth-bore guns, and served very well; but the esparto is very bad, as it is not sufficiently close in texture, and permits a waste of explosive power.

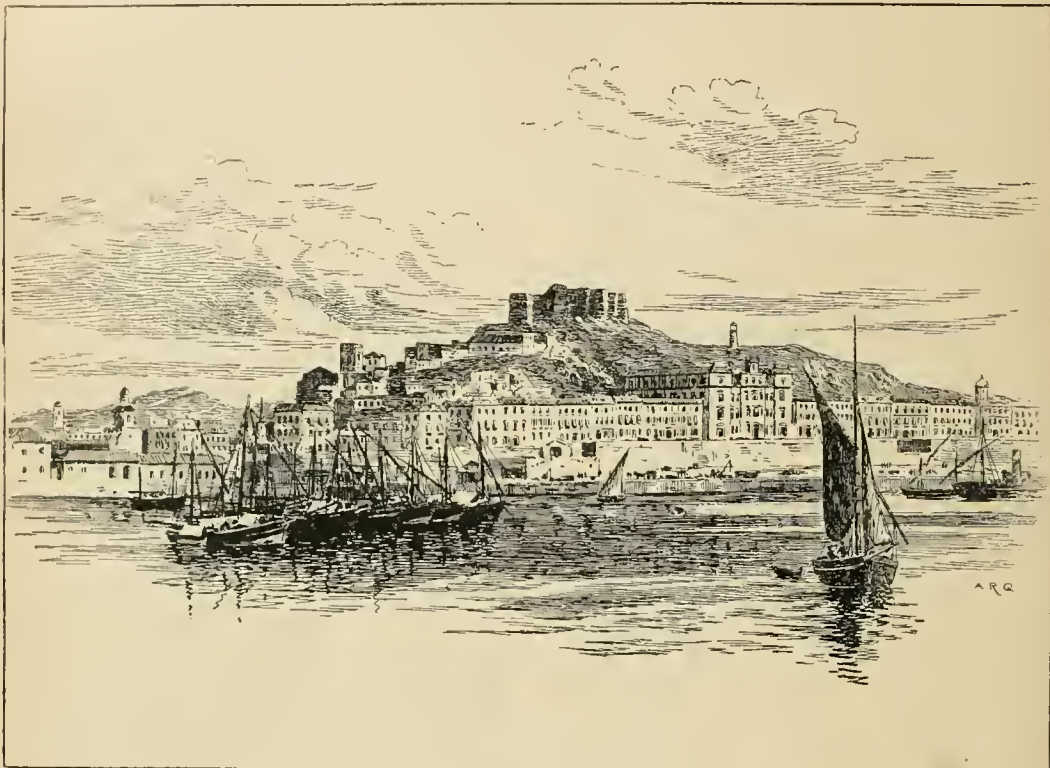
The siege was protracted for many weeks still, until the noise of cannon was monotonous. There were slight casualties daily. A pillar of flame shot up from an insurgent frigate towards the last days of the year. After burning for three hours the powder magazine exploded. The *Tetuan* was blown up. It was suspected that this was intentionally caused. At the Ferriol battery nineteen of ours were killed by an attempt to unload a shell which had been fired by the enemy.

On New Year's Day stormers from the Figueras battalion, young soldiers, assaulted Calvario with the bayonet. The insurgents had two killed, but spiked three guns before they decamped. On Twelfth Day a powder magazine in the town exploded, causing wide havoc and a panic alarm. Seventeen big guns were landed from the *Majorca* and joined our fire. The battery of Sierra Gorda silenced Calvario and shelled Fort Julian, and a few hours afterwards the San Antonio suburb was occupied, and a white flag drooped in the mists over Galeras to the mortification of Roque Barcia, the firebrand conductor of *El Canton Murciano*. It was reported that twenty-five of the besieging force had been treacherously admitted past the sentinels.

A deputation of the besieged, consisting of Benedicto, a major of the Mendigorria regiment, Rubio y Rubid, a great man of the canton, and four galley-slaves to keep an eye on the two spokesmen aforesaid, were conducted by Brigadier Carmona to the then general-in-chief, Lopez Dominguez, who was at headquarters to treat of surrender. It was an arrangement previously concluded. The high pretensions of the Intransigentes about flags flying and drums beating were not listened to, nor, perhaps, was it intended that they should, being merely meant as a cover to the Madrid authorities for the easy conditions granted. After a lot of preliminary tall talk about "the heroic defence" of Carthage, a general amnesty to all insurgents not guilty of ordinary crimes was signed, the mutinous officers of the army to hold their

previous rank, Mendigorria and Iberia being disembodied, but distributed among other corps, no penalty being exacted, the convicts to go back to prison unreprieved; the revolutionary Junta were the only persons exempt from grace. But the revolutionary Junta provided for that by taking leg-hail before the entry of the troops,

the gates were mined, and the first to enter would be blown up. But these promises are not always realised. We went to the Gate of Madrid, which was closed and guarded. At a side postern we knocked. The lieutenant's uniform was his passport, and, challenged as to who the writer was, he replied, "A British



CARTHAGENA.

embarking on the *Numancia*, which made for the Algerian coast near Oran, accompanied by the *Darro* packed to the water's edge. Chicarro made a pretence to bar the passage of the huge ironclad, but the *Numancia*, having feinted to ram him thrice, was allowed to go her course scot-free. The *Darro* was captured at sea, and her living cargo brought back, Roque Barcia among them. It is not known what happened to him, but certainly he was not executed; nor was Peters badly treated.

The entry was fixed at eight o'clock on Monday, January 12th, when Lopez Dominguez was to make his triumphal progress through the town. The writer, together with Mr. John G. Millvain, of Newcastle, and a lieutenant of Carabineros, both of whom had houses in Cartagena, chartered a tartana, as it was reported that

consul," and as to Mr. Millvain, he replied at random, "Another British consul." We entered the Calle della Marina Española, meeting a few truculent-visaged convicts with revolvers in their belts, but were unmolested. The thoroughfares were strewn with broken glass, large bronze cannon pointed threateningly at the gate, marks of desolation were everywhere in battered roofs, dismantled houses, and the wrecked stonework of public buildings. The walls about the barrier of San José were literally pockpitted with shot. Defaced bills of the *Siege of Zaragoza* to be played by Antonio Price in the bull-ring were visible. The lieutenant's house in the quarter of Santa Lucia was occupied by sixteen squatters in his absence. Mr. Millvain's pantry was looted, but none of his plate was touched. In his wife's boudoir a

shell had crashed through a girandole over the open piano, burst through a chandelier, and passed out at the opposite side. The music was open at *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and a copy of "Oliver Twist" lay with upturned back on the dust-coated flooring. It was nine before the general made his appearance. About fifty people awaited his arrival. He was preceded by two mounted civil guards and two dragoons with drawn swords. Then came the conquering hero himself attended by some officers of the staff, brigade majors, surgeons, and aides-de-camp, who went with anxious gaze, noisily clattering through the deserted hollow-sounding street to the Fonda Francesca by the water-gate. After them came 400 troopers—civil guards, lancers, hussars, and chasseurs; then, at an interval of twenty minutes, a mixtum-gatherum of demi-companies of cazadores, civil guards, engineers, carabinieri, and the line, blowing a quickstep on their light infantry bugles. Some officers from the foreign ships, those of the German frigate

Elizabeth foremost, and others from the Italian *Roma*, the French *Alma*, and some British ships, trotted briskly in their wake; Spanish officers of the revolted battalions met and embraced their incoming comrades, and there was much discourse of their valour. They were disappointed that they were not rewarded with promotion. In other armies they would have been summarily shot. By degrees the *cafés* reopened, hysterical females with pinched features peeped from lanes and alleys, a small shoeblack set up his stool at a street corner. The siege of Carthagená, which had wasted six months, during which there were forty-five days of bombardment of different degrees, and a serious prodigality of blood and money and loss of trade and reputation, was over. It had ended by a transaction. Philip of Macedon said no city that had a gate wide enough to admit a mule laden with gold was secure; and there was whisper of some wardens on the watch-tower not being proof against a bribe of ten thousand pillar-dollars.



"THE OFFICERS OF THE REVOLTED BATTALIONS MET AND EMBRACED THEIR INCOMING COMRADES."

ALI WAL : 28. JANꝰ
SOBRAON : 10. FEBꝰ 1846.

BY HERBERT COMPTON.

THE desperately-contested action of Firozshah, when the British army under Sir Hugh Gough snatched a bare victory from the Sikhs on the 21st and 22nd December, 1845, exhausted the resources of the conquerors, and for a breathless month reduced them to inaction. The commander-in-chief took up his headquarters at Sultán Khán Wala, a village but three miles nearer to the Sikh frontier than the battlefield, and showed no signs of advancing. There have lived few more impetuous or gallant generals than Gough, and only the most cogent reasons could have restrained him from resuming the contest. Ammunition, stores, heavy guns—all were wanting, and had to be sent up by slow-moving siege-trains from Delhi, two hundred miles and more distant. Reinforcements, too, were required, especially of cavalry (for the Sutlej campaign was fought on the level Punjab plains, where a horseman might ride for a week in a beadline), to resume the offensive against so stern and stalwart a foe as the Sikhs had proved themselves, who, despite the capture of a hundred of their guns at Múdkí and Firozshah, were still in possession of a numerous artillery and of large reserves of disciplined troops eager to give spirit to those who, in the moment of almost assured victory, had turned and retreated before that "thin, red line" which has traced the crimson border round the map of India.

After their repulse at Firozshah, the Khalsa army withdrew to the west of the Sutlej; but three small isolated Sikh outposts still flew their flag in our territories—namely, the forts of Wadni, Dharmkôt, and Badhowál. The two former were captured by Sir John Grey and Sir Harry Smith, but the latter was the scene of a minor reverse which, without being of strategic importance, gave the enemy great

encouragement. It came about in this way: Finding themselves unmolested, and attributing our attitude to fear, early in January, 1846, several predatory bands of Sikhs began to cross the Sutlej again, and advanced to our frontier station of Ludhiana, which had been denuded of troops to reinforce the main army, so that only a weak garrison remained in the fort. To the very walls of the fort the Sikhs penetrated, and burnt several bungalows in the cantonments and civil lines around it. Simultaneously one of their chiefs, Ránjur Singh, at the head of 8,000 disciplined troops and 70 guns, crossed the river at another point, either with the intention of reducing Ludhiana, or, as was thought more probable, of sweeping down and intercepting a siege-train moving up from Delhi.

Sir Harry Smith was immediately detached by the commander-in-chief to relieve Ludhiana and watch the movements of Ránjur Singh, who, hearing of his approach, broke up camp and retired to Badhowál, a small fort which lay in the route of the relieving army.

Sir Harry Smith could easily have avoided this stronghold, and was, indeed, warned to do so. But, after capturing Dharmkôt without difficulty, he pressed on to Ludhiana, and imprudently chose to beard the Sikh by taking a road that led him under the bastions of Badhowál.

Ránjur Singh immediately opened fire on him, to which Smith did not respond; whereupon the Sikh chief, by a clever tactical movement, "bent round one wing of his army, and completely enveloped Smith's flank." Sir Harry was compelled to withdraw, after losing the greater portion of his baggage. His retreat was skilfully covered by Brigadier Cureton, the manœuvres of whose cavalry, and their dashing charges, were amongst the most brilliant feats of the

campaign. By the night of the 23rd January Smith had effected the relief of Ludhiana, and being further reinforced by Wheeler's brigade and the 53rd Regiment, found himself at the head of a compact army of 10,000 men and 32 guns.

Eager to wipe out the slur of his late repulse, Sir Harry started from Ludhiana to give battle to Ránjur Singh, who had taken up an entrenched position at Aliwal, six miles distant, with the Sutlej river at his rear. The Khalsa troops were jubilant over the affair of Badhowál, and notwithstanding the earnest advice of their leader—who remembered the field action of Múdkí and its results—insisted on leaving their camp and issuing forth to meet the English on the open plain, instead of fighting from behind their earthworks. Over-confidence in their own prowess and their superior numbers—for their force had now swelled to 20,000 men, with 52 guns—was fated to meet with a rude disillusioning.

It was the 28th January, and the atmosphere was clear and the sky serene, when the battle of Aliwal began with a smart cannonade from the Sikh guns, under which the British infantry deployed into line. The village of Aliwal was the key of the enemy's position. Against this our attack was concentrated, and it was bravely stormed and captured, the 53rd leading the way. As our regiments advanced, Major Lawson galloped his light battery of horse artillery to within a short distance of the Sikh guns, halted, wheeled round, and unlimbered with admirable celerity, and opened such a brisk and well-directed fire that he forced the swarthy Khalsa artillerymen to quit their pieces, and materially assisted our capture of the village.

Sir Harry Smith now turned and fell on the left and centre of the Sikh line, whilst the cavalry, acting in co-operation, delivered several daring and effective charges, to receive the brunt of which the enemy made a singular disposition, said to be copied from the French. Instead of forming square, they closed up in a triangular formation, the apex to the front, so that when the 16th Lancers, who on this day made history for their famous corps, broke through the head of this novel defence, they were confronted by the base, bristling with bayonets. But nothing daunted, and splendidly led by their officers, our troopers broke through the wedge of flame and steel—a feat seldom accomplished by mounted men even against

Asiatic troops. As the impetus of their charge carried them past the dense mass, the Sikhs flung themselves flat on the ground, out of reach of the lances, only to rise directly the squadrons had emerged and pour a volley of bullets after them. Thrice did the gallant 16th repeat this reckless charge, losing a hundred of their number in the effort, or nearly one-fifth of the total casualties on the British side during the action.

Animated by this spirited example, the infantry stormed and took the Sikh batteries one after another, notwithstanding the amazing resolution with which they were defended. Step by step the Khalsa troops fell back, true to the discipline that had been so well taught, and halting every few paces to discharge a volley into the faces of their foes. At last they were forced to abandon the last of their fifty-two guns, and, being driven to the banks of the Sutlej, crossed in confusion under a heavy artillery fire, abandoning everything to their conquerors and saving only their bare lives.

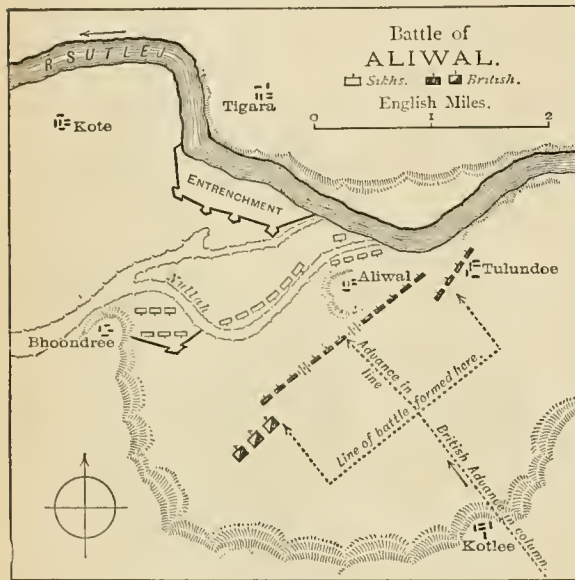
It was a brilliant battle, in which the combined powers of infantry, artillery, and cavalry were successively and successfully brought into play. To this day Aliwal is one of the most cherished memories of the 16th Lancers.

Three defeats had the Khalsa army suffered, but they still retained what Americans call their *grit*. The remnants of Ránjur Singh's force rallied at Sobraon, where the Sikh nation, represented by its warriors, was nerving itself for a great final effort. Their leaders had already resolved on another occupation of the east bank of the Sutlej, across which they had thrown a bridge of boats and possessed themselves of the village of Sobraon, situated on the British side in a deep bend of the river just below its junction with the Beas. Here they formed another vast entrenchment, semicircular in form, bristling with triple rows of guns, and much stronger in design than the earthworks of Firozshah. The plans had been laid down by a competent Spanish engineer officer, named Huerba. The *tête de pont*, covering the bridge of boats, consisted of a series of half-moon bastions connected by curtains, its front defended by a ditch and its flanks resting on the river, and further protected by batteries on the western bank of the river which could enfilade any hostile attack. These formidable works, which, for reasons never thoroughly explained, continued in progress for six weeks without any molestation from us, extended two and a half miles in length. A French officer,

Monsieur Mouton, serving under the Sikh flag, assured Tej Singh, the Khalsa commander-in-chief, that it was utterly impossible for the English to effect an entrance into Sobraon, which, defended as it was by 120 pieces of artillery and 30,000 picked troops, was an impregnable fortification compared to the entrenchments of Firozshah.

So slow was the crisis in culminating that our troops grew stale with waiting for the siege-train from Delhi. "The army was sickening for want of a battle," wrote Sir Herbert Edwards; "a malignant fever or epidemic horrors must have broken out at Sobraon had it been delayed

Sikhs after nightfall. Between Rhodawala and Little Sobraon stretched one of those tracts of low jungle which fringe most of the Punjab rivers. It abounded with wild pig, "and it was one of the events of the day to watch General Gilbert—a noted 'pig-sticker' and the commander of the central division of the army—riding after the boar with an enthusiasm which took him pretty close to the enemy's range, but without molestation." It is curious to note that the love of sport, so characteristic of the British race, was chivalrously respected by an enemy who, in the heat of action and when their fury was aroused, had proved themselves utterly merciless.



another week." During the fifty days intervening between the 22nd December and the 10th February, 1846, all that had been done was to advance the camp and headquarters a few miles nearer the river on three successive occasions. For the main army it was a period of absolute inaction.

On February 7th the first portion of the long-expected siege-train arrived, and on the following morning Sir Harry Smith's division rejoined the commander-in-chief. The British camp was pitched opposite Sobraon, between which and it lay a dry nullah, or river bed. Directly fronting the centre was the outpost of Rhodawala, and about two miles to the advanced right the Tower of *Chota*, or Little Sobraon. Rhodawala was the point of demarcation between the two armies, being, by a sort of tacit understanding, occupied by us during daylight and by the

Some hesitation occurred in deciding upon the attack, owing to a divergence of opinion amongst the engineer officers; but by the evening of the 9th February they were all won over to acquiescence, and the order went forth for the assault to be delivered on the following morning. It was proposed to cannonade and then storm the enemy's right flank, and sweep the camp from right to left. To accomplish this we had 15,000 men in the field, of whom one-third were Europeans, and about 100 guns. The enemy's numbers were more than double, their artillery superior, and their whole front protected by as formidable field-fortifications as it is possible to conceive.

It was a misty morning—this memorable 10th of February—such as is often experienced during the cold weather in the Punjab plains. Under cover of a fleecy bank of fog, in the cold, shivering dawn, the British army formed up in silence, the artillery in an extended semicircle which embraced the whole of the Sikh works within its range, and the infantry in three divisions supported by the cavalry. Sir Robert Dick's brigades were on the left of the line, their left flank touching the margin of the river; Gilbert commanded the centre, his right resting on the village of Little Sobraon; and Sir Harry Smith's division completed the investment, his right thrown up towards the Sutlej. General Sir Joseph Thackwell, the commander of the cavalry division, was in the rear of the left and centre divisions, whilst Colonel Cureton's brigade supported Sir Harry Smith and guarded the *Hārīchi ghāt*, or ford, on the further side of which the Sikh horse, under Lāl Singh, hovered threateningly.

At seven o'clock Grant's battery of Horse

Artillery opened fire from Little Sobraon, and in a few moments the roll of the Khalsa drums beating to arms was heard, whilst our mortars and battering-guns took up the salvo, and soon the cannonade thundered out from the entire line.

Sheets of flame and clouds of blue smoke flashed out and drifted slowly away before the breeze, revealing in the sunlight the grim outlines of the Khalsa entrenchments, whence evil tongues of fire began to leap out, and the serried scarlet



“COLONEL WOOD SNATCHED THE COLOURS, AND, WAVING THEM ALOFT, CARRIED THEM TO THE FRONT” (p. 718.)

Suddenly—as if the god of war, aroused from his slumbers by the crash of battle, had drawn aside the curtain that hid the scene—the bank of fog rolled away, and the Sikh entrenchments and masses of British soldiery formed up for the attack came into view. It was a great and awe-inspiring drama that was rapidly developed.

rows of the British infantry ready for action. Before long the artillery duel was in fierce progress: the air rang with the roar of guns and mortars; rockets screamed as they whirled and darted overhead; and in the few lulls or the heavier cannonades the Sikh *zamburaks*, or 1-pounder swivels, snapped out their lesser venom.

The Sikh fire was not so destructive as it had been at Firozshah, the majority of their shells bursting in mid-air, and their aim in many cases being laid too high. But, on our side, the guns made no impression upon the enemy's earthworks, and after ineffectually pounding at them for two hours our ammunition began to run short, and it became evident that, if Sobraon was to be taken, it must be at the point of the bayonet.

It was a weapon Sir Hugh Gough loved and believed in, and essentially the weapon of the older school of officers. "The bayonet is almost the only weapon that a soldier ought to trust in," wrote one of the most gallant soldiers who helped to win India for us, "and Europeans ought to recollect that the bayonet is the service required of them, and that they demean themselves by firing at the foe!" These sentiments, although expressed seventy years before, were the same as those which ever animated Sir Hugh Gough, and he now determined to drive the Sikhs out of Sobraon with cold steel.

At nine o'clock the order went forth for the infantry to advance and storm the enemy's lines. Sir Robert Dick began the attack, sending forward Stacey's brigade, led by the 10th and 53rd Foot and supported on either flank by horse artillery. Away they went swiftly, but in perfect line, whilst the guns took up successive positions at the gallop until they came within 300 yards of the Sikh heavy batteries, where, under a withering fire, the brigade was forced into a critical halt. Sir Robert Dick immediately led his reserve forward, whereupon, with a wild cheer, the leading line rallied and rushed on. The 10th, on the extreme left, effected an entrance amidst the banks and trenches of the earthworks, and news of their success, rolling down the line as if by magic, reanimated their comrades, who, chafing under the slur of the check, broke their formation, and instinctively forming themselves into wedges and masses, stormed the entrenchments with irresistible insistence and drove the Sikhs before them in confusion.

The check sustained on the left had been observed by both Sir Hugh Gough and his second in command, Sir Henry Hardinge, and, although far apart and unable to consult, they sent simultaneous orders to General Gilbert to advance. The centre division was drawn up a mile to the right of Sir Robert Dick's, fronting the centre of the Sikh defences, their attack on which had originally been intended as only a feint. But, with the temporary repulse of the left, the plan

of action was changed; and first Gilbert, then Sir Harry Smith, were ordered forward in grim earnest to storm the lines and batteries directly facing them.

Gilbert's leading brigade took a somewhat diagonal line with a view to assisting Stacey, but it missed the objective and arrived, unsupported by either cavalry or artillery, in front of the apex and strongest point of the enemy's defences. Her Majesty's 29th and H.E.I.C.'s 1st European Light Infantry were leading, and in the face of a murderous fire of grape and canister crossed a dry ravine and charged right up to the earthworks, which were too high to clamber over.

The position was a desperate one, for the walls rose high above the reach of the men. Thrice did the 29th and the European Light Infantry attempt to scale them, and thrice were they repulsed and compelled to retreat across the ravine, followed each time to its edge by the Sikhs, who spared none and cut to pieces the wounded. At this critical moment Sir Henry Hardinge shouted out, "Rally those men!" His aide-de-camp, Colonel Wood, instantly galloped to the centre of the wavering line, snatched the colours from the hand of an ensign, and, waving them aloft, carried them to the front. The act of heroism was responded to as nobly as it was performed. The line rallied, returned to the assault, and flung itself against the high embankment. The men helped each other to scramble over, the pioneers tore open breaches with their pickaxes, and just as Dick's division had made good its footing on the left, Gilbert's men burst into the centre of the Sikh camp.

Smith, on the right, fared in much the same wise, his men sustaining a check before they finally carried the defences: "For a few seconds they winced under a hailstorm of bullets, which it seemed impossible to weather." But, in their extremity, the cavalry were ordered to their assistance, and dashed up under General Sir Joseph Thackwell, an ideal leader who, in the somewhat laboured phrase of the commander-in-chief, "established a claim on this day to the rare commendation of having effected much with a cavalry force, where the duty to be done consisted of an attack on field-works, usually supposed to be the particular province of infantry and artillery."

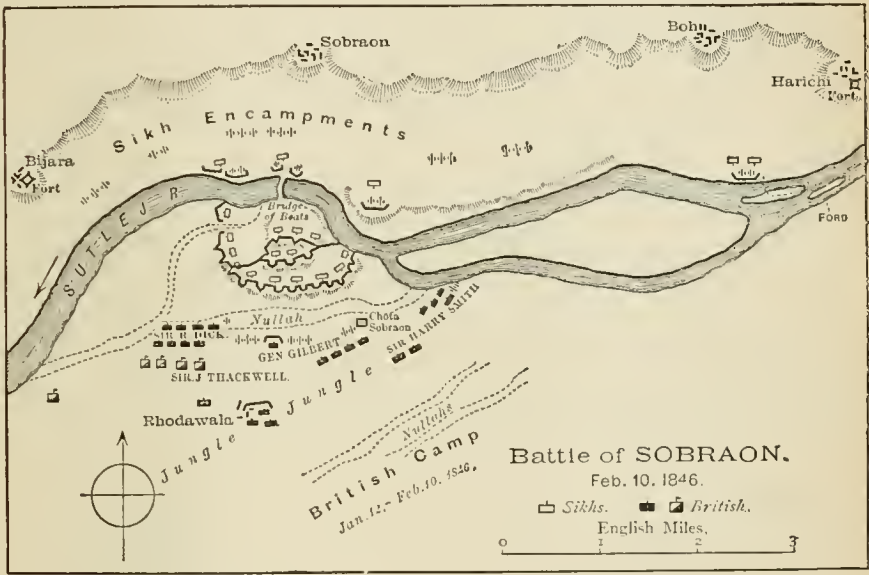
During the process of the assault the pioneers had made some openings in the Sikh earthworks, and through one of these Sir Joseph Thackwell led his squadrons in single file. "It seemed as though they were doomed to annihilation," an

eye-witness has recorded. This extraordinary feat of daring was achieved by the 3rd Dragoons, the same heroes who had swept through the Sikh camp at Firozshah, and "whom no obstacles usually held formidable by horse appeared to check." The memory of their former act of prowess was vivid in their recollections and gave confidence to their audacity. Filing through the earthworks, furrowed with trenches and blocked with batteries, they reformed inside the hostile camp, and then charged and cut down the Sikhs as they served their guns and manned their positions. A few minutes later, reinforced by the reserve brigade, Sir Harry Smith's division had carried its objective point. With this final success the whole weight of the three divisions of the British army was brought to bear simultaneously on the Sikh left, centre, and right, and with an irresistible force the semicircular attack contracted and concentrated upon the head of the bridge.

The Khals army defended itself with surpassing bravery and resolution, displaying a cohesion which had never before been apparent in its ranks. Shoulder to shoulder the Sikhs stood, and resisted sternly and stubbornly as one man. Perchance they had learnt the lesson from the British soldier against whom they had matched themselves so often and so gallantly in the short seven weeks of the war; perchance the fanaticism of a crusade urged them to conquer or to perish. They fought with the lion-hearted valour their national designation claimed for them, these *Singhs* of the Punjab.

Although their commander-in-chief—Tej Singh—with the characteristic cowardice of an Eastern potentate, fled at the first glint of British bayonets in his camp, there remained a worthy leader to the Sikhs. Shám Singh Atáriwala was an old and brave soldier who had fought under Ranjit Singh during his

warlike career. On this day Shám Singh commanded in the entrenchments, and was engaged at his devotions when the first boom of the British cannon fell upon his ears. Immediately gathering his officers and chiefs around him, he reminded them how great was the stake at issue, and bade them fight in a way worthy of the sons of Gúru Gobind, and exterminate the Feringhees. The only road to glory was the road in front of them; and that there might be no retreat from it the veteran chief commanded the two centre boats of the bridge over the Sutlej to be cut adrift. This done, he solemnly vowed to offer up his life that day as a propitiary



sacrifice to the Gurus of their race. Clothing himself in white, in token that he had devoted himself to death, he took his stand in the front of the Khalsa army, and there remained, a rallying point for his countrymen, until, covered with wounds and glory, he fell where the slaughtered bodies of his followers lay thickest.

Directly the British infantry had gained a footing in the works the Sikhs betook themselves to their swords, and a hand-to-hand struggle succeeded. Faster and more furious grew the conflict; but ever, with resistless pressure, like the contracting coils of some huge serpent wound round its victim, the red circle narrowed, as line after line of guns were stormed and taken, and the Khalsa soldiery were borne back upon the river. But there was no panic, no wild flight. The Singhs knew

disaster was at their rear, but they retreated in admirable order. At last their fire slackened, for they had become huddled into one dense mass as our three divisions closed in on the objective point of the bridge. Then it was recognised that the possibility of further resistance was over, and in a few seconds the narrow pontoon was crowded with guns, horses, and soldiery of all arms, swaying it to and fro as those who had reached the gap strove to keep back the pressure at their rear. Suddenly, with a mighty crash, the overladen bridge parted from its moorings, and the boats that composed it broke up and foundered or were swept down stream. There was no alternative left for the defeated army but to take to the river. During the flight the Sutlej had risen several inches, and the current ran strong and deep. Into it the Singhs plunged, literally in thousands, until they choked the water-way from bank to bank. Close at their heels followed the victors, whose horse artillery was galloped up to the water's edge, and brought to play upon the struggling mass of humanity. Then followed a scene of sickening slaughter. The river became a veritable hell of waters. It was packed with dead or dying Singhs, whose writhing bodies formed a bridge across the blood-dyed stream. "None were spared, for they had spared none," writes the historian of the Punjab. "In the whole

annals of warfare no parallel can be found to the carnage of Sobraon."

The actual contest at Sobraon was short, for the storm and battle only raged from nine to eleven o'clock; but in those two dread hours we lost 2,383 killed and wounded. Amongst the former was the gallant general of the left division, Sir Robert Dick, who fell at its head. "The bullet is not moulded that will kill Bob Dick," he was often wont to observe, for in a long career of fighting he seemed to have borne a charmed life. But this veteran of many a stern Peninsular battle, this Waterloo man who had led the Black Watch against Napoleon's Guards, met a soldier's death on the plains of the Punjab.

Of the Singhs, many thousands went to their last account. They faced their fate with the heroic fortitude of their race. Lion-hearted sons of the land of the Five Rivers, the gathering waves of their own frontier stream, across which they had marched so proudly to conquest, received them back into her bosom. The sacrifice of Shám Singh Atáriwala was the signal for the extermination of the Khalsa army of 1845, and the majestic instrument of war created by the ability and ambition of Ranjit Singh was annihilated at Sobraon. In the glare of the midday sun the glory of the Sikh nation sank beneath the silent waters of the shining Sutlej.



"INTO IT THE SINGHS PLUNGED."

The Story of Riel's Revolt.
CANADA: 1885
PART II
By Major-General T. Bland Strange.



A LONG the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains lies the prairie Province of Alberta, a country bigger than England and Wales, with a population of some 10,000 Indians and but few whites. In the immediate vicinity of the then small settlements of McLeod and Calgary there were about 2,500 braves—Bloods, Blackfeet, Peigans, and Sarcees—armed chiefly with Winchesters. The settlers, few in number, were unarmed, scattered over the country, and panic stricken. The half-breeds mixed with the white men were disaffected, and had already joined or instigated the Indians to plunder and ill-treat missionaries and solitary ranchers. The armed force at the disposal of her Majesty's Government in these parts consisted of a police inspector and four constables already in charge of five prisoners in the otherwise empty police barracks of Calgary, the rest of the force having marched East with Colonel Irving.

On the 29th March I received the following telegram from the Minister of Militia :—

" To Major-General Strange.

" Gleichen, Alberta.

" Can you get up corps? Would like to see you to the front again; trust you as ever. Arms and ammunition will be sent up upon a telegram from you.

" A. P. CARON."

In reply I put my fastest team into my buckboard (a light prairie contrivance on four wheels) and started for Calgary. As my half-broken bronchos were plunging to be off, the foreman, Jim Christie, making a long-forgotten military salute, put a paper into my hand. It was a list of volunteer troopers, to furnish their own horses, arms, and appointments. Heading the list were both my boys, one of whom sat by me on the buckboard, and with the twinkle of a merry brown eye he said, 'It's all right, governor; the boys will stick to

you—every man on the ranche is down.' He let go the horses, and I shouted back, 'All right, boys! Sergeant Christie, take charge.'*

On my way I was met by an Indian who handed me the following telegram:

" Gleichen, March 30.—To General Strange,—Latest report, Fort Carleton burnt. Crozier retiring to Prince Albert. Slight skirmish—2 mounted police killed, 10 wounded, 7 civilians. Not known how many Breeds. Great fright in Calgary Sunday night. Report Blackfeet going to take the town. People all assembled in hall. Great excitement. Women very much frightened. There will be a train going West to night or early a.m.—J. E. FLAHERTY, Stationmaster."

The Mayor of Calgary called a public meeting. Men, and fine ones too, were forthcoming, but of arms, ammunition, and saddlery there were not enough; of wild horses from the prairie ranches there was, of course, no lack.

Captain Hatton, an ex-militia officer, volunteered and obtained the command of the corps. A detachment of troopers, mostly cowboys, were posted on the Blackfoot Reserve to watch the braves and protect the railway. The military colonisation ranche was only seven miles from the Blackfoot Reserve. In my absence the family (until they could be taken to a place of safety) were left in the charge of my second son, only eighteen, and Jim Christie, an old hand with Indians. I left directions to put things in a state of defence, without alarming the ladies or letting the Indians see we were afraid. The six plucky fellows on the ranche were well armed. Jim Christie loopholed the cellar about the level of the ground, under the plea of ventilation: the house being plank, was not bullet-proof. The men's quarter—a log hut detached from ours and flanking it—was defensible. A band of Indians were camped in the

* I have been obliged in the course of this narrative to draw upon my autobiography, "Gunner Jingo," as well as upon official despatches and an article in *The United Service Magazine*.

brush near the river, without women or impedimenta, which meant mischief. They tried to run off our horses, but one of our men dropped the leading Indian; his comrades carried *him* off, but not our horses.

Major Steele's detachment of twenty police was withdrawn from the mountains. He added to this number a body of forty excellent scout cavalry, under Captain Oswald. Major Walker, an ex-police officer, was put in command of the volunteer home guards. Major Stuart raised the Mounted Rangers at Fort McLeod to patrol the frontier. But the main difficulty was transport, supplies, camp equipage, and field hospital. The first was got over by using Government survey carts and hiring settlers' waggons. Supplies were sent by the Hudson Bay Company from its Eastern branches—most of their posts in the North were already plundered. The two last, with arms, ammunition, and militia infantry, had also to come from the East, where the pressure was great—the West had to wait. General Middleton and the Militia Department at Ottawa were doing their best to meet the strain. The first troops to reach Calgary (April 12), were the 65th French-Canadian Voltigeurs—2,000 miles by rail—from Montreal, 298 rank-and-file, Major Hughes in command, Colonel Ouimet, M.P., being invalided. The majority were recruits who had never fired a rifle. It was found that few trained men could be taken from civil employ. During the week that elapsed before sufficient transport, etc., could be collected, Mr. Hamilton (Police) worked hard as supply officer. The Voltigeurs were encamped and drilled incessantly, target practice, outpost instruction, and their arms overhauled. Officers and men were cheery and active, for the French-Canadian has a touch of the *gaieté de cœur* of the soldier of Old France; they were armed with Sniders, and uniformed like the Rifle Brigade—spruce little men they looked when they started. I got the whole force supplied with the Western broad felt hat, looped to the left with the regimental button: it could be worn to the sunny side at will, and gave them a jaunty, devil-may-care aspect, except when the thermometer dropped below zero and a muffler was tied over it: anyhow, it was better than the spiked pot. Three days after the arrival of the first detachment of militia the advance was made under Lieutenant Corryell,* with fifteen mounted scouts, to escort

* Corryell was a land surveyor, who was trained at the Canadian Military College, an institution invaluable

back the settlers who had abandoned the Red Deer Settlement. I armed them with the first lot of Sniders received, and transformed the Rev. M. Beatty (nothing loth) into a sergeant. The Rev. John McDougall, a Methodist missionary, born in the country, volunteered to accompany this force with four faithful Indians. He pushed on, carrying despatches to Edmonton: the Citizen Committee of Defence had sent to me for help. Corryell had a rough experience: there had been a snowstorm, the glare of the sun producing snow-blindness. Corryell and seven of his men were so smitten; but not to be daunted, he got a leading-rein attached to his bridle and was led by a trooper. He so continued his advance to the Red Deer, where he looped the log houses and waited for the rest of the column. The few days' rest restored their sight. On the evening of the 17th, Colonel Osborne Smith reached Calgary with his newly-raised Winnipeg Battalion—326 of all ranks. The men were far superior in physique to a modern British regiment; the officers, except the colonel and a few others, had little military training, but all were eager to get to the front. He left a company at Gleichen to relieve the detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles guarding the railroad and workshops, and watching the trails from the North, which centre at Crowfoot. The rest of the battalion was camped at Calgary. Next morning Captain Valency's company set out to garrison Fort McLeod, a hundred miles south, from which a detachment of twenty mounted police, Inspector Perry, with field-gun, had been withdrawn for the Northern column.

On the 20th April the first column marched, Major-General Strange commanding, Lieutenant Strange, A.D.C.; Scout Cavalry, Major Steele; 20 Police, 40 Scouts, Captain Oswald; 65th, 160 men, Colonel Hughes; supply and transport officer, Captain Wright; medical officer, Surgeon Paré (six stretchers), 175 waggons and carts, with fifteen days' provisions and forage, reserve ammunition, tents, and the men's packs.

As I rode out of Calgary at the head of my command, an elderly man with a tired look in his face and wearing the Lucknow clasp and medal, took hold of my horse's mane and implored me to give him one more chance of a fight before he died. He was an old Indian comrade I had long lost sight of. He became a settler in Manitoba. I made him baggage boss on the spot, and as he performed the to Canada and the Empire: its pupils have already made a red mark in the annals of the British Army.

distressful duties satisfactorily, and as the only staff officer I had was my son, who was A.D.C., I appointed my veteran friend, Dale, brigade major. During the campaign he showed unwearying assiduity and pluck, though his old-time British-officer habit of damning militiamen in general and Frenchmen in particular was productive of much frictional electricity, which required all my best French and most oleaginous manner to neutralise.

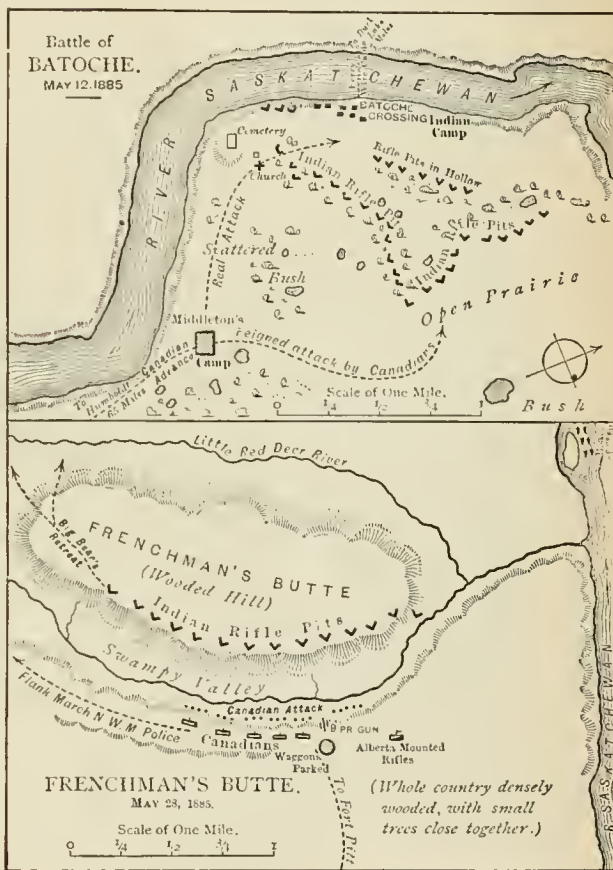
We were entering a wilderness country from which no supplies could be drawn; the Indians had burned the prairie to the Red Deer River, beyond was forest and swamp. The second and third columns were to march when transport was available. The early spring of 1885 was most unfavourable to the advance. A few days' warm chinook (as the wind from the Pacific is called) melted the snows, flooded the rivers and coulees, and made Sloughs or Despond in which waggons sank to the axletrees. Then the warm wind ceased, the thermometer fell, and blizzard snowstorms obliterated the trail. The first obstacle was the Bow River—three feet deep, with an icy current. It had to be forded: there was neither bridge nor ferry. Nose Creek, its tributary, was a second obstacle the same day: thus the first march was of necessity a short one.

21st.—The column marched to and camped at McPherson's Conlee. A snowstorm came on, and continued next day. The tents were frozen stiff, the ropes like rods, and the pegs had to be chopped out of the frozen ground with axes. But the march was not much delayed. As we came into brushwood country, numbers of white hares tempted the sporting proclivities of our medico, which had to be repressed for fear of false alarm.

The regimental officers were busy imparting what instruction was possible on the march. At every short halt they taught judging distance and aiming drill.

On the 25th the column reached Red Deer River, swollen and rapid with melted snows. There had formerly been a ferry run across by a wire rope. It had been cut adrift by "hostiles." As we neared the Red Deer dense clumps of poplar and alder clothed the north side of the river; the bush was too thick for cavalry to

scout with effect. The Voltigeurs were sent across in waggons raised on their axles by blocks of wood. The infantry advanced in extended order. They were not opposed, though the Indian signal-smokes (sent up in long and short puffs on the Morse system) showed they were watching our movements. They also used the heliograph. There is nothing new under the sun. An Indian brave wears a small looking-



BATTLES OF RIEL'S SECOND REVOLT.

glass on his breast, which he uses for flashing signals as well as for adornment—his vanity may be put on a level with that of Tommy Atkins wishing to captivate his best housemaid. Their vedettes on a subsequent occasion were seen on a rising ground signalling our advance by circling right and left, just as laid down in the red-book. The cavalry under Steele forded the river, then the transport waggons. A few carts were swept away, but were recovered, the provisions they contained scarcely damaged, as flour in sacks only wets to a depth of about an inch, the interior, from the caking of the outside layer, remaining

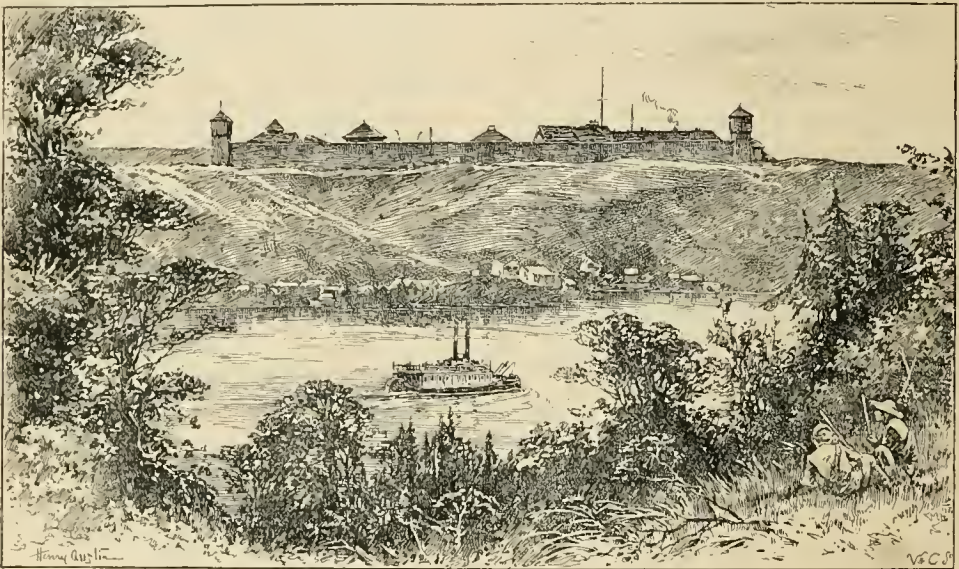
dry. The consumption of supplies had left waggons available to return to Calgary for the second column, and as the grass was sprouting, it was no longer necessary to carry forage.

27th.—The force camped on south bank of Blind Man's River, a deep but sluggish stream. The bridge had been partially burnt by "rebels," but was rapidly repaired by the pioneers. Canadians are axemen *par excellence*, and can build a house or make a toothpick with an axe.

29th.—At Battle River camp Fathers Lacombe and Scullen met us. They brought with them the now penitent thieves—"Ermineskin" and "Bobtail"—who had plundered the H.B. store

"I am sending the accompanying despatch. Please forward by first opportunity: The 'hostiles' are still at Frog Lake. The white women are in their hands worse than murdered. This is the latest Indian report sixteen days since—Fort Pitt was still all right, our mission Indians at White Fish Lake and Saddle Lake loyal, and this has influenced others to be so. I hope the advance will be quick to relieve Fort Pitt and rescue prisoners. There is still a feeling of insecurity about here. My regards to the boys."

There was also a despatch from Inspector Greisbach, who was holding Fort Saskatchewan, about twenty miles east of Edmonton, with ten police, who wanted help. The settlers from Beaver Lake had taken refuge with them. A



EDMONTON.

and Protestant mission, and who wanted to shake hands; but I put mine behind my back, saying I would shake hands on my return, provided they behaved themselves in the interim. Otherwise— I left a blank for their imagination to fill. I was told the Indians were not impressed by my little French-Canadian soldiers, who they declared were not King George's men, because they did not wear red coats, and talked French like half-breeds; but when the Winnipeg Light Infantry, in scarlet, and swearing in English, marched through their reserves, they began to feel that the long arm of the Great White Queen could reach them.

The plundered Protestant missionary families came into camp. The Rev. J. McDougall, my *avant courier*, wrote to Corryell from Edmonton on April 5th:

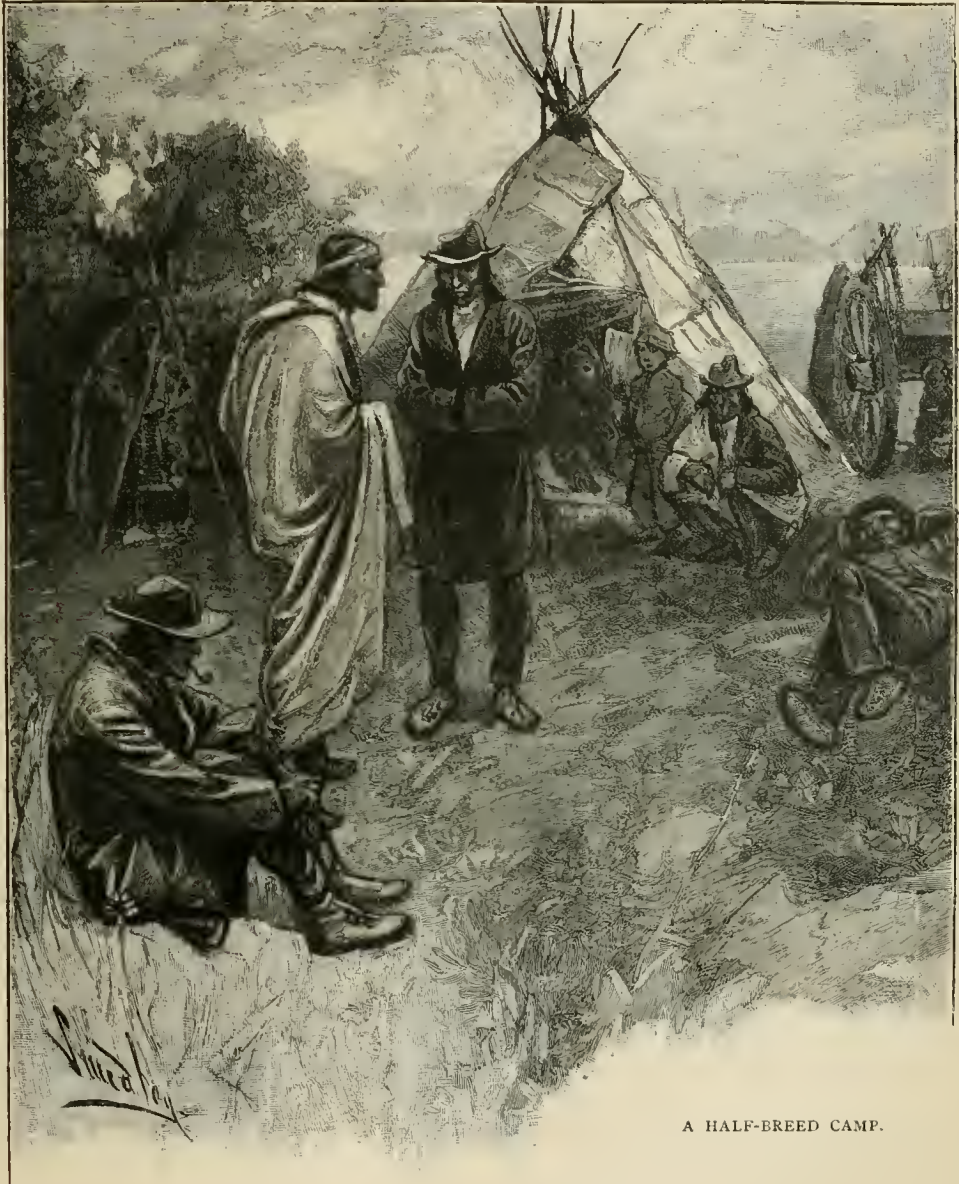
company of the 65th were left as garrison. As the column neared Edmonton the settlers came out with waggons for the tired soldiers; but the Voltigeurs, after their two hundred miles' march, were toughening, not tiring. That this little column, with its long line of waggons, reached its destination unmolested was due to the careful scouting of Steele and his men, who also guarded the horses at night. The march of two hundred miles was accomplished in ten days.

The approach to the little town of Edmonton, peeping through clumps of pine and poplar, the blue sky and brilliant sunshine gilding the grey stockades of the Hudson Bay fort, with its quaint bastions and buildings crowning the steep bank over the broad sweep of the Saskatchewan, made a picture that lingers in the memory.

As I neared the opposite bank white puffs of

smoke wreathed from the little guns of the fort, and the echoes of a salute reverberated across the river. The dear old flag floated over the grim citadel of the far North, its folds displaying

was rapidly put into a state of defence, and provisions collected. The chief factor anticipated a famine in the district, as many H.B.C. stores had been raided and communications interrupted.



A HALF-BREED CAMP.

the wondrous letters H.B.C. (Hudson Bay Company), which are a history of two hundred years of British pluck and trading energy.

"Hullo! What's them letters on the flag?" asked a young English scout.

"Why, I guess that's 'Here before Christ,'" was the ready reply of his Canadian comrade.

The force crossed the Saskatchewan, and on May 1st encamped under Fort Edmonton, which

A large flat-bottomed boat, 100 feet long by 25 feet beam, and four smaller ones, were patched and strengthened, as it was my intention to float down half my force and the bulk of the provisions, the other half and cavalry marching. All transport that could be spared was sent back to assist the second column, the remainder prepared for the forward march to Victoria. While waiting for the rest of the

force incessant drill and target practice were again carried on.

On the 5th, Steele's scouts were to march; but the teamsters refused to budge without arms. They knew that General Middleton's teamsters were supplied with rifles, and I only induced them to move by a promise (pie-crusty) that arms should be given at Victoria: they had been wired for before leaving Calgary. One was sick of worrying the wire and being worried by it. It was a relief that it went no further than Calgary, with which communications were established by couriers, and kept open by detachments of the 65th at Red Deer Ferry, Battle River, and Peace Hill Farm. The trail was also patrolled by a detachment of Alberta Mounted Rifles, and no convoy or courier was molested. It was otherwise with the other columns: a convoy was captured and looted by Poundmaker's men. Colonel Osborne Smith pushed forward the two remaining columns from Calgary, which marched simultaneously.

Inspector Perry arrived on the 5th with left wing of Voltigeurs and the field-gun. He had stretched a wire rope across the Red Deer and repaired the scow sufficiently to transport the gun, etc. As the artillery ammunition had been twelve years in store, it was necessary to try it and give the gunners practice. On the 8th, Colonel Hughes with the rest of 65th marched along north bank of Saskatchewan to Victoria, preceded by Steele's scouts. On the 10th, the third column arrived—Colonel O. Smith, W.L.I., Alberta Mounted Rifles, with further convoys of provisions. All the waggons and horses, except six for the guns, were sent on to Victoria under escort.

Some half-breeds from the settlement of La Boucan were arrested by Captain Constantine of the police, who knew them to have been concerned in Riel's first rebellion. Compromising letters from Riel's camp were found upon them. Half-breed pilots were the only men acquainted with the river, but such a scare was established as to the certainty of boats and men being destroyed, that it was difficult to obtain boatmen: indeed, it was evident that where the river was narrow, a few trees felled into the water, and carried down by the current to some of the numerous shallows, would effectually detain the flotilla under fire.

I made the best provision I could against plunging fire from the banks. The boats were not decked, but had a narrow platform running round. Barrels of salt pork and sacks of flour were arranged along the sides above and below

the gunwale, giving a double tier of fire, loopholes being formed by intervals between the sacks and holes cut under the gunwale. A high traverse was raised along the centre of the boat.

The gunboat and horse-boat were stouter than those for infantry, and protected by bales of pressed hay. The sketches (on p. 732) indicate the arrangements. My flour-clads, carried along by the current and steered by sweeps, did not inspire the same confidence as the steam flotilla of General Middleton. To add to my difficulties, some of my officers took to foolscap, "condemning the construction of the boats, requesting permission to try experiments on the penetration of flour sacks by rifle bullets, and finally condemning the ammunition issued to the troops, the defects of which had been brought to light by target practice." The protest against the boats was met by ordering a board of officers to take the evidence of the boatbuilders. The experiments on flour-sacks were left to the enemy, and officers objecting to the quality of ammunition were advised to restrict the fire of their men to short range.

A snowstorm delayed the embarkation till the 14th. The flotilla consisted of five infantry boats, a gunboat, a horse-berge, and a ferry scow, carrying a coil of wire rope, to span the river and establish communication, enabling the troops to act on either bank. The flotilla was preceded by river scouts in canoes, men of the type one finds on all the wilderness waterways of the West, who can navigate a log or balance a portly Englishman as he plays a salmon from a birch-bark canoe.

The weather cleared, the tall pines rustled overhead, and the swift, yellow gold-bearing waters of the Saskatchewan swirled beneath us for many a mile, for it was three hundred to Fort Pitt.

Il dolce far niente after hard marching was enjoyable, but a sharp look-out was kept, and the Winnipeg men pulled lustily at the sweeps, cheered by the lively boat songs of the French-Canadian pilots, with which one had become familiar in many a lumber camp in days gone by:

"C'est l'aviron qui nous monte qui nous mène,
C'est l'aviron qui nous monte en haut.

"Il y a longtemps que j'e t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

I had not the heart to stop them, though they might have attracted the attention of prowling Indian scouts. But the song dropped towards dusk—the men knew it was dangerous.

Passed Fort Saskatchewan on the morning of the 15th. The Metis prisoners were here handed over to the police. Another snowstorm, and the snow lodged on our blankets as we slept in the open boats. The refugees in tents within the palisades were far from comfortable. Among them were Major Butler, his family, and governess. These ladies bore their hardships splendidly, even the necessity of throwing all their finery and adornments down a well for concealment.

Major Butler begged to accompany my force. As he had some experience as a settler, I put him in charge of the road-repairing party. The ladies volunteered as hospital nurses, but of this offer I did not feel able to avail myself.

The composite character of volunteer service was added to by a telegram from an ex-hussar, my old friend Captain Palliser, who wired thus :

"OTTAWA.—Minister consents. Am off to join you as captain, but will serve with pleasure as full private."

He made his way to the front, riding courier's horses, which was rough on both parties, for he stood about six and a half feet, and rode over fourteen stone. Finally, he paddled down the Saskatchewan in a canoe with a half-breed, and restored communications which had been interrupted, rendering important service.

The church militant was strong in the force. With the leading scouts as interpreter was Canon McKay, of the Anglican church. He, like Mr. McDougall, was born in the Indian territory. The son of an old Hudson Bay official, he had a university education and the gift of tongues—Indian. Mr. McKenzie, a young Presbyterian minister, marched from Fort McLeod with the mounted police, and the 65th had their chaplain, Father Prevost.

All these gentlemen were well armed and mounted, except the latter, who rode in an ambulance, and carried no weapon but a crucifix, with which he went under fire to administer the rites of his church to the mortally wounded. These reverend scouts were men as well as missionaries, and eagerly desired to rescue the English women from the Indians.

Fort Victoria was reached on May 16th. Settlers, after the Frog Lake massacre, had crowded within the half-rotten palisade, and were without food. The young children looked wretched, and many died. I left rations in charge of the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. McLachlan, and a small detachment of the 65th as garrison.

The horse-boat sank near Fort Saskatchewan. The drivers swam the horses across the river and marched. The boat was raised by pumping,

and towed in rear. All this caused delay. On 17th Steele's scouts were pushed on to Saddle Lake. Peccan, a Cree chief, who had not joined Big Bear, sent messengers asking the inevitable "Pow-wow." I reluctantly consented, as it was important to get some of his men as scouts. My cowboys were on new ground and in wooded country, very different from the open prairie.

Corryell's scouts had not been heard of, and must be short of provisions. There was a report of their capture, and no news of Hattan with Alberta Rifles. Peccan came into camp on the 20th, and said that his people would not consent to act as scouts, so I marched from Victoria to Vermillion Creek with the Winnipeg Infantry and field-gun. The 65th, under Colonel Hughes, embarked in the boats, and dropped down the river, touch being kept between the land and river columns by mounted scouts. To encourage the others, who objected to the boats, I had embarked in one myself with my staff, but I had no intention of being caught floating. The tussle with Big Bear I knew must come off on land, and I wanted the stiffest part of my force with me—the dogged English-Canadians.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ.

Leaving the English of the Western Column to plod through forest and swamp while the French-Canadians floated in their flour-clads, we must return to the Eastern Column, to General Middleton's steam flotilla and the coming battle of Batoche. It must be borne in mind that the two columns were operating with about eight hundred miles of wilderness between them, and as yet without communication, hoping to concentrate at Fort Pitt. After the battle of Fish Creek, General Middleton was delayed, waiting for the steamer *Northcote* with supplies and reinforcements from his base at Qu'Appelle. On her arrival she was made, as far as practicable, bullet-proof, and "C" Company went on board, fifty strong, Major Smith in command, with orders to move abreast of General Middleton's shore column, 724 strong.

Lieutenant Freer (of the Canadian Military College) was appointed aide-de-camp; Colonel Strawbenzie, brigadier of infantry; and Captain Young, of Winnipeg battery, brigade major.

On the morning of the 7th May, leaving camp standing with a small guard, the column marched on Batoche, scouts in advance. As they neared the river a rattling fire and the steamer's whistle showed she was already engaged. The houses and village church were found to be held by the

enemy, who opened fire. The part taken by the artillery is best described by the man who commanded it—Colonel Montizambert.

“On the morning of the 9th the welcome command came, ‘Guns to the front!’ A three-mile gallop brought us there,* and the two guns of ‘A’ Battery came into action, Major Jarvis’s two guns being held in reserve.” The enemy retired behind the church and a large wooden house beside it, from which shots were fired as the advance continued. The gatling was turned on the house without effect. A white flag was waved at a window. General Middleton stopped the firing and rode up. Within were found some Catholic priests, Sisters of Mercy, and half-breed women and children. The advance was continued without molestation of the occupants.

The scouts were checked by a fire from brushwood about two hundred yards in front—they retired behind the church. “A rush was made on the guns by the half-breeds and Indians, but Lieutenant Rivers’s gatling was of service in the absence of any infantry escort, which was necessarily left far behind. Captain Howard (an American volunteer), acting as a gun number, turned the crank and poured in a fire which enabled the guns to be retired without serious loss.” After the infantry came up, the guns attempted the shelling of the pits from the same point, but the nature of the ground, consisting of rolling prairie and heavy bluffs, made it necessary to come to too close quarters for effective work. “Gunner Phillips was wounded at the edge of a ravine occupied by the enemy, and rolled down into it. Gunners Coyne and Beaudry went down and brought up their comrade, who was lying in front of the rebel pits not a hundred yards off; Phillips was shot the second time and killed while being carried up; the rescuers escaped unhurt.” The wounded were put in the church, where the priests and the sisters gave their aid to the doctors. On this day the casualties were two killed and eight wounded.

It was getting late, and though our men were holding their own, the enemy had been reinforced by those who had been engaged with the steamer, and the general did not think it advisable to attempt an advance through thick cover surrounding the village. He decided to retire a short distance and bivouac for the night.

*The Canadian Field Artillery are, for short distances, able to move at a rapid pace, as they carry the gunners on the off horses, gun-axle seats, and limbers, like the old Bengal Horse Artillery.

Bolton’s scouts, with Secretan (assistant transport officer), were sent to bring up the camp. The waggons were corralled on an open space about 1,000 yards in rear. No tents were pitched, except for the wounded, as the horses were inside the enclosure. The troops were gradually withdrawn, the enemy following until checked by a fire from the waggon corral. They kept up a desultory fire till darkness fell, killing two horses and wounding one man. The men lay down by their arms. The steamer’s whistle not being heard, a rocket was sent up to show the whereabouts of our force.

Orders were telegraphed from Humboldt to close up the troops on the line of communications, and Lord Melgund was sent to Ottawa with special despatches. The steamer *Northcote* had three men wounded. The captain, pilot, and most of the crew lost their heads and control of the steamer: she swept on to the wire ferry rope, which carried away her smoke stacks and steam whistle.

It was impossible to steam back against the current, towing the barges. It was decided to drop down to Hudson Bay Ferry, leave the barges there, take in firewood, and return to Batoche; but they ran aground at the Hudson Bay Ferry, where they found the steamer *Marquis* with a party of police. Both steamers started with the reinforcement, but the *Marquis’s* machinery broke down, and the *Northcote* took her in tow. They did not reach Batoche till late on the 12th. No doubt the approach of steamers had a dissolving effect on the rebel forces, and prevented Riel’s escape across the river. On May 10th, General Middleton received valuable reinforcements—the Land Surveyors Scouts, 50 strong, Captain Dennis. Many of the men had surveyed the country in which the struggle took place.

When the force moved out they found the positions captured the day before occupied by the enemy, who had also made fresh rifle-pits.

During the day the guns shelled houses occupied by the enemy. Our men constructed pits out of sight of the enemy to cover the evening retirement. When the force withdrew they were followed, but the enemy were stopped by the unexpected flank fire. They tried a few shots at long range. The casualties this day were one killed and five wounded.

On the 11th, French’s scouts having reported open prairie north-east of Batoche, General Middleton, leaving Van Strawbenzie to command the infantry, went with Bolton’s scouts and the

gating to the right, where the enemy had rifle pits. The gatling, supported by dismounted scouts, was advanced to a slight rise: the enemy were too well covered to be impressed, and the general brought the party back to camp. During his absence, the artillery had shelled the cemetery and rifle pits, from which the fire

two of Riel's white prisoners, brought a letter from Riel to the effect that "if his women and children were massacred, he would massacre the white prisoners." An answer was sent that if he would put the women and children in one place and indicate the exact locality, no shot would be fired at it. Mr. Ashby honourably



A SETTLER'S LOG HOUSE.

slackened. Seeing this, Colonel Williams, with his Midlanders, rushed the Indian post at the cemetery, and held it till the usual evening retirement, which was unmolested. The casualties were four wounded, including Captain Manly, Grenadiers.

On the morning of the 12th—General Middleton, with all the mounted men, one gun ("A" battery) and gatling, took up the former position to the right on the prairie—Messrs. Ashby and Jackson,

returned with the answer. The prisoners were shut up in a cellar, the trap door of which was kept down by heavy weights. Mr. Jackson declined to return. The general retired, the gun and gatling covered by the dismounted scouts, who here lost Lieutenant Kippen, shot through the head. On his return to camp, the general found to his chagrin that, owing to a high wind blowing from the camp, the firing had not been heard, and no simultaneous advance made.

He naïvely tells us he lost his temper and his head, and hurried off alone to the front. As he neared the church he was discovered, and so hot a fire opened that he had to indulge in an exercise to which he was not accustomed—running away. Fortunately, he reached one of our rifle pits, into which he dropped, till Captain Young, who had been watching the solitary reconnaissance with some anxiety, advanced a party and brought back the general. Meanwhile the men dined, and Strawbenzie was ordered to take up the old position and “advance cautiously.” The latter part of the order he disobeyed. The Midlanders, under Williams on the left, again carried the cemetery with a rush, the Grenadiers, under Grasset, prolonged the line to the right beyond the church—the 90th, at first, in support. But the Midlanders and their colonel were sick of advances and retirements, and swept the enemy out of the pits right down to the river. The Grenadiers advanced and drove the enemy from the ravine.

The whole line, led by Strawbenzie, gave a rousing cheer, which brought the general from his tent with his mouth full of lunch and expletives, disgusted that there had been any fighting he had not had a hand in. He found the line had pivoted on the centre and was now at right angles to the river, having turned the whole position. The gatling and guns were blazing away at the village and the ferry by which the enemy were escaping, the steamer not having yet come up. The 90th were extended on the right, and the scouts dismounted beyond them again on the extreme right. Ashby again appeared, running the gauntlet of fire from both sides, to bring another letter from Riel, who, he said, was “in a blue funk.” Outside the envelope was written, “I don’t like war. If you don’t cease firing, the question will remain the same as regards the prisoners.” The answer was an advance of the whole line, with ringing cheers, and officers well to the front. The place was carried, and the prisoners released: resistance had collapsed. About 6 p.m. the steamers appeared. Blankets and food were sent up from camp, part of the men bivouacked in the village, pickets were posted, and the men rested content with a good day’s work; but it had been paid for—five killed, of whom four were officers: Captains French and Brown, of the Scouts, Lieutenant Fitch, grenadiers, and Lieutenant Kippen, Surveyor Scouts: twenty-five wounded, including Major Dawson, Grenadiers, and Lieutenant Laidlaw, Midlanders. Total casualties

for the four days were eight killed and forty-six wounded. Twenty-three dead rebels and five wounded were left on the field. A Roman Catholic priest gives the rebel loss during the four days as fifty-one killed, one hundred and seventy-three wounded.

A camp of Indian and half-breed women and children was found under a cliff by the river, left by their owners. They were soon camping about the bivouac. Some of the ladies spoke in unparliamentary terms of the leaders who had brought the trouble upon them and then abandoned them. The following days the half-breeds kept coming in with white flags to surrender, sometimes accompanied by their priests. The general was given a list of the worst rebels, who were made prisoners, the remainder being released with a caution.

On the 14th the force marched to Lepines. The search continued for Riel and Dumont. On the 15th the former surrendered to three police scouts—Howrie, Deal, and Armstrong, producing a letter from General Middleton, which guaranteed his life until handed over to the civil power. Gabriel Dumont, the wily old hunter, made his escape to the States, from which, it is said, he visited England with Buffalo Bill’s circus. Riel, with others, was sent a prisoner to Regina, and handed over to the civil power.

On the surrender of Riel, General Middleton’s force crossed the Saskatchewan, and went on to Prince Albert in three steamers. Prince Albert was reached on 20th May, and Battleford on 24th.

FROG LAKE; FORT PITT; FRENCHMAN’S BUTTE.

— We have now to return to Big Bear.

At Saddle Lake Corryell’s scouts came in. They had opened communication with the boats which had been fired on, and returned it, but none of Mark Twain’s “good Indians” were found. I was anxious to open communication with Otter’s column at Battleford, and thus with General Middleton.

Sergeant Borradaile and Scout Scott volunteered to go in a canoe down the Saskatchewan to Battleford. Hiding themselves by day and paddling by night, they duly reached General Middleton. Eventually he sent them back to me with a letter for Big Bear, demanding his immediate surrender. This letter for various reasons—among others, the deficiency of pillar-post boxes—failed to reach that gentleman.

The morning of the 22nd we collected stores

of grain and potatoes, plundered and then abandoned by Indians. Struck camp, and marched at noon. The long-expected rifles having arrived, the teamsters—Western men, and mostly good shots—were at last armed, as I had promised, much to their content and mine, relieving the infantry from guarding the convoy.

23rd.—Camp near Dog Rump Creek. The Alberta Rifles at last overtook the force.

24th.—Camped at Moose Creek near Frog Lake. Queen's birthday, but not Queen's weather. Three cheers were given for her Majesty, and being Sunday, the first verse of the Old Hundredth was started by some Puritan soldier, and sung by everybody, and the march resumed amid terrible surroundings of massacre. The settlement consisted of the Roman Catholic mission, a mill, and eight or nine settlers' houses. The church, parsonage, mill, and every settler's house was burnt and levelled with the ground. In the cellar of the parsonage, guided by the terrible smell, a painful sight was witnessed—four headless bodies huddled together in a corner. Two of the bodies had been Father Fafard and Father Marchand, another was that of a lay brother, and the fourth someone unknown. The corpses were horribly mangled; all four heads were charred by fire beyond recognition. The bodies of the priests were recognised by their beads. The remains of Delany, Quinn, and Gilchrist were discovered in the woods near by. A body, supposed to be that of Mrs. Gowanlock, was found in a well. Both legs were severed near the thigh, and the arms above the elbows.

The following is condensed from the statement of an eye-witness, W. B. Cameron, H.B.C. employé, the only man spared in the massacre: When news of the disaster at Duck Lake reached Frog Lake, the "Bear" Indians were loud in their assurances of friendship; but before daylight they came in a body to the house of the Indian agent, Quinn, and two of them—Big Bear's son, "Bad-Child" or "King-Bird," and another Indian—went into his bedroom, intending to shoot him. Quinn was married to a Cree woman, and his wife's brother, "Lone-Man," followed "Bad-Child" upstairs, and prevented him from murdering his victim. Meantime, the Indians below had taken the guns from the office, and "Travelling Spirit" called out to Quinn to come down. "Lone-Man" told him not to go. He obeyed, however, and was taken to Delany's house. Before this the Indians had seized all the Government horses.

"Lone-Man" and "Travelling Spirit" went with the others to the H.B.C. storekeeper Cameron, and made him give them all the ammunition in stock. Big Bear now appeared, and said, "Don't *take* the things out of store. Cameron will *give* you what you want."

The Indians demanded beef. It was Good Friday. The priests went to the church without hindrance, and the white people were allowed to assemble there. Big Bear and "Miserable-Man" stood near the door, while all the others knelt. During service "Travelling Spirit" entered, kneeling in mockery in the centre of the church, rifle in hand, war hat on head, and face painted yellow. Without a pause or tremor in his voice the undaunted priest continued the service. When it was finished, the people were all taken to Delany's house, where the two priests and all the men except Cameron were killed.

Cameron, the women and children were kept close prisoners. They were not otherwise badly treated. During the action at Frenchman's Butte they were taken away by Indians some twenty miles into the woods, and then left. They were subsequently found by Major Dale, and brought into camp.

While the bodies of the murdered were being hastily buried, a report came in from Oswald, scouting in advance, that the Indians were in force near Fort Pitt, and that he required immediate support. I pushed on with the cavalry, the gun, and one company infantry in waggons, leaving Colonel O. Smith to follow with the rest of his regiment and the supply train. Orders were sent to the 65th to drop down in their boats parallel to us. Starting after mid-day, we reached Fort Pitt, thirty miles distant, before evening, finding Oswald's scouts posted in a poplar bluff, where they could observe the enemy without being seen. The Indians had retired, leaving a small part of the building intact. We camped for the night on a plateau above the fort, throwing out strong pickets.

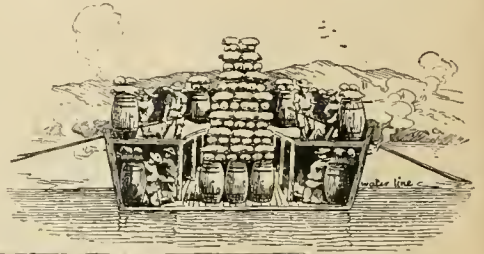
At daybreak on the 26th, working parties cleared out what remained of the fort. One large room was found knee-deep in flour; our approach had evidently interrupted a carnival of riot and waste, the whole neighbourhood was littered with the *débris* of broken furniture and articles for which an Indian has no use, a mass of religious books and tracts. Among them was a curious commentary on the Gospel: the

mutilated body of a policeman, whose heart had been cut out and stuck on a pole close by.

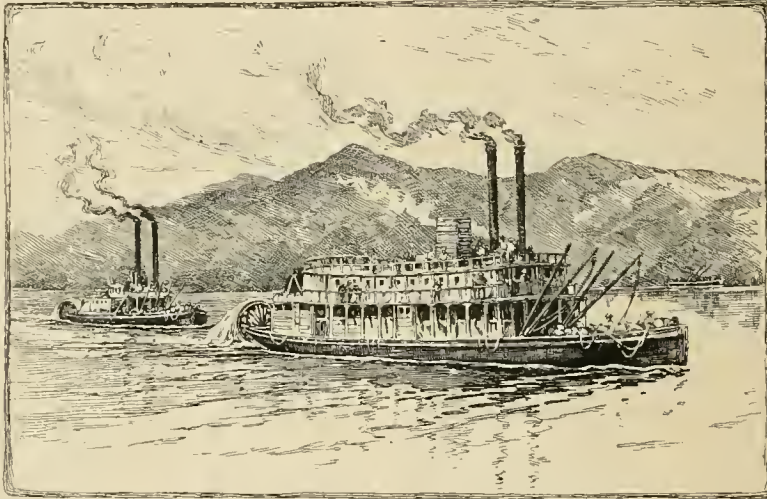
On 27th, my scouts had a skirmish with the Indians, and I found another commentary, written this time by a white man on a red one the body of an Indian chief bereft of his scalp lock. *À la guerre comme à la guerre.*

The whereabouts of Big Bear being unknown, it was an open question, first, whether he had crossed the river and travelled east to join Poundmaker, of whose discomfiture we had not heard; second, whether, after crossing the river, he would go west, and fall on my communications; third, whether he would strike north into forest and swamp that stretches to the

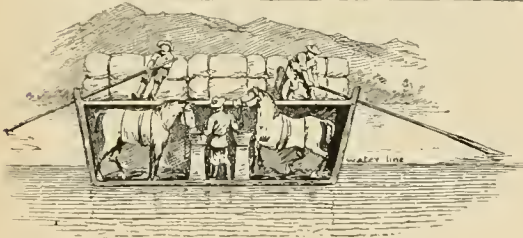
Steele, with the rest of the cavalry, was sent to reconnoitre west and north. He found a recent trail, indicating the movement of a large party. After travelling about thirty miles, he found himself at nightfall in thick brushwood on the river bank, within three miles of where he started. Steele, six shooter in hand, was himself leading, followed closely by one of his men.



Section of
Port & flour-clark
for
by party.



Section of
Hay-clark
Horse-boat.



Their advance was noiseless. There is no jingle about the accoutrements of a Western scout; his horse's unshod hoofs are muffled in the soft soil, and—to use an Hibernianism—his stirrup-irons are wood, and for head-collar chain he has a raw-hide rope.

The movements of the red men are equally noiseless. Suddenly an Indian challenged in a low tone, not knowing friend from foe in the gathering gloom. Sergeant Butlin, the white scout with Steele, answered in Cree, "*Keeka!*" ("Wait"), but the native gentleman promptly fired at Steele, missed him, and received in return Steele's bullet and the scout's. A few scattering shots were exchanged in the twilight, and the Indians retired. Two ponies were captured.

The Indian cayuse—beau-ideal beast to carry a rifleman—browses while his master fights: any other sort of rest only makes him tired. The fallen Indian was the chief who had started the

Arctic circle. Scouts were sent in the three directions indicated.

Inspector Perry, with twenty police, accompanied by McKay and McDougall, were ferried across the Saskatchewan. They found the tracks of Cree carts opposite Fort Pitt, and the prints of white women's slippers. Perry was ordered to follow the tracks for ten miles, where I knew the trail divided into three, and report along which the white women had been taken. The half-breed scouts who followed the trail west along the south bank found it unused and returned.

outbreak at Saddle Lake : he wore the Queen's medal supplied by the Canadian Government—an ornament about the size of an agricultural trophy for a prize pig. These medals are solid silver, and much valued by the chiefs, who hand them down from father to son. Some of them bear the image and superscription of good King George III. Next morning, on passing the spot where he fell, I noticed the tall, athletic figure of the dusky warrior as he lay like a bronze statue overthrown by some iconoclastic hand, and clothed only with a grim smile and

river, so that the force could act on either bank. On getting Major Steele's report that he had found the enemy, I immediately marched with all available men : 200 infantry, the field-gun, 27 cavalry, leaving a company of the 65th to garrison Fort Pitt. Only three days' rations remained. We were already on a reduced scale, officers and men sharing alike. No supplies had reached us since I left Edmonton. The situation was serious, some 300 men, including teamsters, in a wilderness country, and destitute of supplies. I decided to take my three days'



"THE NATIVE GENTLEMAN PROMPTLY FIRED" (p. 734).

a breech clout, the usual full-dress fighting uniform of the red man. He had lost his medal and his scalp.

In the meantime, the infantry had been busy putting what remained of the fort in as defensible a condition as possible—for the site, like that of most police posts, was chosen regardless of military necessity, and was commanded by an adjacent plateau, from which the Indians shot fire arrows into the wooden roofs, their rifles commanding the path to the river, which was the only water supply. It is not surprising that Inspector Dickens and his men quitted the fort.

The wire cable had been stretched across the

rations and attack Big Bear and the Indians in the hope of making them drop their prisoners.

Unfortunately, Inspector Perry, with his twenty police, who were trained gunners, McKay and McDougall, the only reliable men who knew the country, had not returned. Their absence caused me anxiety, until I heard that they had run down General Middleton instead of Big Bear. I did not know the exact whereabouts of either, not having heard of Batoche, and my couriers were like the raven sent from the ark—they did not return.

Steele told me that his half-breed scouts had

been badly scared : they fell into ambush, and only escaped by hard riding and good luck.

The waggons were corralled, and we advanced in fighting formation about four miles through difficult country. We found the enemy occupying an advantageous position on the slopes of a thickly wooded ridge, intersected with ravines. The summit of the ridge to our left was bare. Upon this we could see a number of mounted men ; some were circling and signalling our approach. The gun, which I had put in charge of Lieutenant Strange and Sergeant Conner of the police, and a volunteer detachment of Winnipeg men, opened fire : a few rounds of shrapnel cleared the ridge.

The scouts and one company of Winnipeg Infantry were extended to the left, and the remainder to the right. We advanced thus to the crest of the hill without serious opposition.

It was difficult to maintain connection in the dense bush. The gun, which had to follow the trail, was the only portion of my small army which could not break away from me in this big country. The Voltigeurs, who had dropped down the river parallel to us, left the boats and their uneaten dinners, and advanced with alacrity at the first sound of the firing. We followed the enemy's trail till dark through dense wood, where space could scarcely be found to corral the waggons, which had been brought up. After scouting a short distance in advance, we bivouacked round and inside the corral under arms. The Voltigeurs had neither blankets, greatcoats, nor rations ; their comrades, the Winnipeg Infantry, had but short rations to share with them. The fires were extinguished after cooking. The darkness of the night, and the black shadows of the forest which surrounded the corral, rendered objects invisible. The horses were brought into the corral and tied up to the waggons. In the event of attack, the men were cautioned against wasting ammunition. Night-firing, as a rule, is not effective, except on friends.

On the morning of the 28th the force was roused at daybreak without bugle, and after a scanty breakfast, again moved forward, scouts on foot extended and flanking each side of the trail. The Voltigeurs formed the advanced guard, the Winnipeg Infantry the main body, the gun following, and the supply waggons bringing up the rear. The whole column was confined by the thick wood to a narrow trail. Suddenly we came to an open space on which numerous trails converged. It was the camp-

ground where the braves had held their last sun dance. The poles of the sacred lodge, with leafy garlands still hanging from them, showed a batch of young warriors had been lately initiated with the usual rites of self-torture, while the old warriors recounted their achievements in murder and horse-stealing.

The great number of lodge fires confirmed the report of the scouts that we were opposed by about seven hundred braves. We halted, and I rode on with the advanced scouts. On the edge of a wide open valley, right across our line of march, we came upon a fire still alight, an abandoned dough-cake in the ashes. The valley stretched for over a mile in length, and about six hundred yards wide. Along the bottom ran a sluggish creek, widening into a swamp, and fringed here and there with willow-brush. The descent into the valley on our side was abrupt—a wooded slope, down which in zigzags ran the trail. The opposite crest was thickly wooded, and sloped in a bare glacis to the stream, a tributary to the little Red Deer, which flows into the Saskatchewan. From tall trees on the opposite crest hung streamers of red and white calico, the spoils of Fort Pitt. There was no sign or sound of movement : the banners drooped in the still morning air. Our old Indian fighters were nonplussed at so wanton a departure from the traditional Indian tactics of concealment.

Leaving Steele and his men behind the brow, I rode down into the valley with scout Patton. We reached the bottom and were close to the little stream when his horse suddenly sank to the girths. I reined back, and he scrambled with difficulty to solid ground, followed by his sagacious broncho. It was evident we could not cross, so we returned to the crest of the hill overlooking the valley, where some Cree carts were seen in the distance to the left. Word was passed to bring on the gun, which came up at a gallop, the infantry clearing off the narrow trail and cheering—they thought it meant business. A round was fired at the retreating carts. Hardly had the echoes died away when the opposite crest was outlined in a fringe of smoke, followed by the rattle of small arms : the Indian position stood revealed.

Steele's police and scouts rapidly extended to the left ; dismounting, they descended the hill to a fringe of willows along the edge of the creek. The Voltigeurs, under Colonel Hughes and Major Prevost, went down the hill at the double, and extended on the right of the

dismounted scouts. Two companies Winnipeg Infantry, under Major Thibaudau, prolonged the line to the right; the remainder, under Colonel Smith, formed the reserve withdrawn from the edge of the valley. The Alberta Rifles, dismounted, were extended on the right flank, where the wood was very thick. The waggons were brought up and corralled in the only space about two hundred yards in rear.

The gun was in the open, and the rifle bullets "pinged" rapidly round it. The officer made his men lie down after loading, and laid the gun himself. The shrapnel bullets tore through the branches, but did not seem to touch the men in the pits. But a few percussion common shell, passing through the loose earth, exploded in the pits, and silenced some of the largest. The mangled bodies of the occupants were afterwards found hastily buried.

Meantime, the infantry were trying to cross the swamp: they sank waist deep. I saw the advance checked, and rode along the ridge to the left, and descended to the position occupied by Steele and the Voltigeurs. I saw for myself it would be impracticable to carry the position by direct assault. Constable McRae and two of the 65th were here severely wounded. I ordered Steele to withdraw, mount and move up the valley, to find a crossing by which the enemy's right could be turned and their retreat pushed towards the river up which I was hourly expecting General Middleton. After an hour or more a report came from Steele "that the enemy's position extended about a mile and a half, and he could find no means of turning it." In reality, the Indians kept moving parallel to Steele up the opposite side of the valley behind the screen of trees, and so prevented his outflanking them. I had tried to join Steele, to judge for myself; but the half-breed scout led me in a circle through the woods, and I found myself in the spot whence I started. He said he had lost his way. While we were trying to turn the enemy's right, they were trying to turn ours, creeping through the thick wood which closed that end of the valley. A few rounds of case fired over the heads of our skirmishers stopped the attempt, and a heavy fire was opened by Hatton's men on the wood to our right.

It was now late in the day, and we had eaten nothing since 3.30 a.m., and but little for the last twenty-four hours. Only one day's rations remained, and no signs of General Middleton's steamers. I decided to retire to open ground to graze the horses and cook there the men's

dinners. The advance line was withdrawn from the valley, and the force re-formed on the high ground. It was found that Private Le Mai, of the 65th, had been left severely wounded where he had fallen. Covered by a sharp fire of case shot, Surgeon Paré and a stretcher party of the 65th, followed by Father Prevost, went down. They were exposed to a hot fire. But the dying man (shot through the lungs) could not speak. He was carried to the ambulance in a stretcher.

By this time the enemy had ceased firing. The gun remained in position to cover the retirement. A party of scouts were left to watch the enemy, who did not molest us. On reaching open ground about six miles distant, the waggons were corralled, the horses left to graze, and the men to cook. Our difficulties were aggravated by the boats of the 65th dropping down the river behind an island for concealment. They could not return against the current. With them went the remainder of our food supply, and the blankets and greatcoats of the 65th. There was nothing for it but to return to Fort Pitt, five miles distant. Fortunately, our long-looked-for convoy of provisions reached us next day by boat. The Alberta field force had received its baptism of fire, and taken it well.

On arrival at Fort Pitt I sent two scouts in canoes to look for the barges of the 65th with a despatch for General Middleton. When the scouts arrived within forty miles of Battleford, they met a steamer with a large contingent of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Bedson, supply officer, and provisions, but no troops. My messengers were taken on board, and the steamer returned to Battleford.

THE PURSUIT OF BIG BEAR; LOON LAKE.

On 30th May, with a full commissariat, we again marched for Frenchman's Butte, which the half-breed scouts had been told to watch—a duty they had performed in a perfunctory fashion, for we found the position abandoned. We had to make a detour two miles to the north of the old position to avoid the swampy ground. Here we found ourselves in a *cul de sac*, surrounded by dense forest impassable for wheeled transport. The scouts found no less than seven trails on which the enemy had dispersed. They eventually converged into two. Along one of these the scouts found traces of Mr. McLean and the ladies of his family, who, with true woman wit, had knotted bits of coloured worsted to twigs, and

dropped a piece of paper saying they were all well and being carried north-west. At this juncture a message reached me from General Middleton that he had passed up the river to Fort Pitt, and would be in my camp next day with reinforcements. The Indians had abandoned twenty-five waggons and forty carts in their flight, together with tools, sacks of flour, furs, and odds-and-ends of all sorts, the plunder of Fort Pitt. As the trail could only be followed by mounted men in single file, with any prospect of overtaking them, I sent on Major Steele with all my cavalry.

They carried nothing but ammunition, tinned meat, and biscuits in their haversacks. The smaller trail was followed by McKay, H.B.C., with ten Alberta Mounted Rifles. They captured thirty-six of Big Bear's band, and released Mrs. Gowanlock (who we were thankful to find had not been barbarously murdered), Mrs. Delany, and several other prisoners. On June 2nd Major Dale brought into camp Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Quiney, Messrs. Cameron, Halpin, and Dufresne, and five half-breed families who had escaped during the attack on Big Bear's position. Next day General Middleton arrived in camp with 200 mounted men. I told him Steele had been sent in pursuit, and required support. He decided to await Steele's report, but I obtained permission to march towards Beaver River, a Chippewyan settlement, where there were large H.B.C. stores for which Big Bear appeared to be heading. At 2 a.m. a courier arrived from Steele, reporting an engagement and three men wounded. He was falling back.

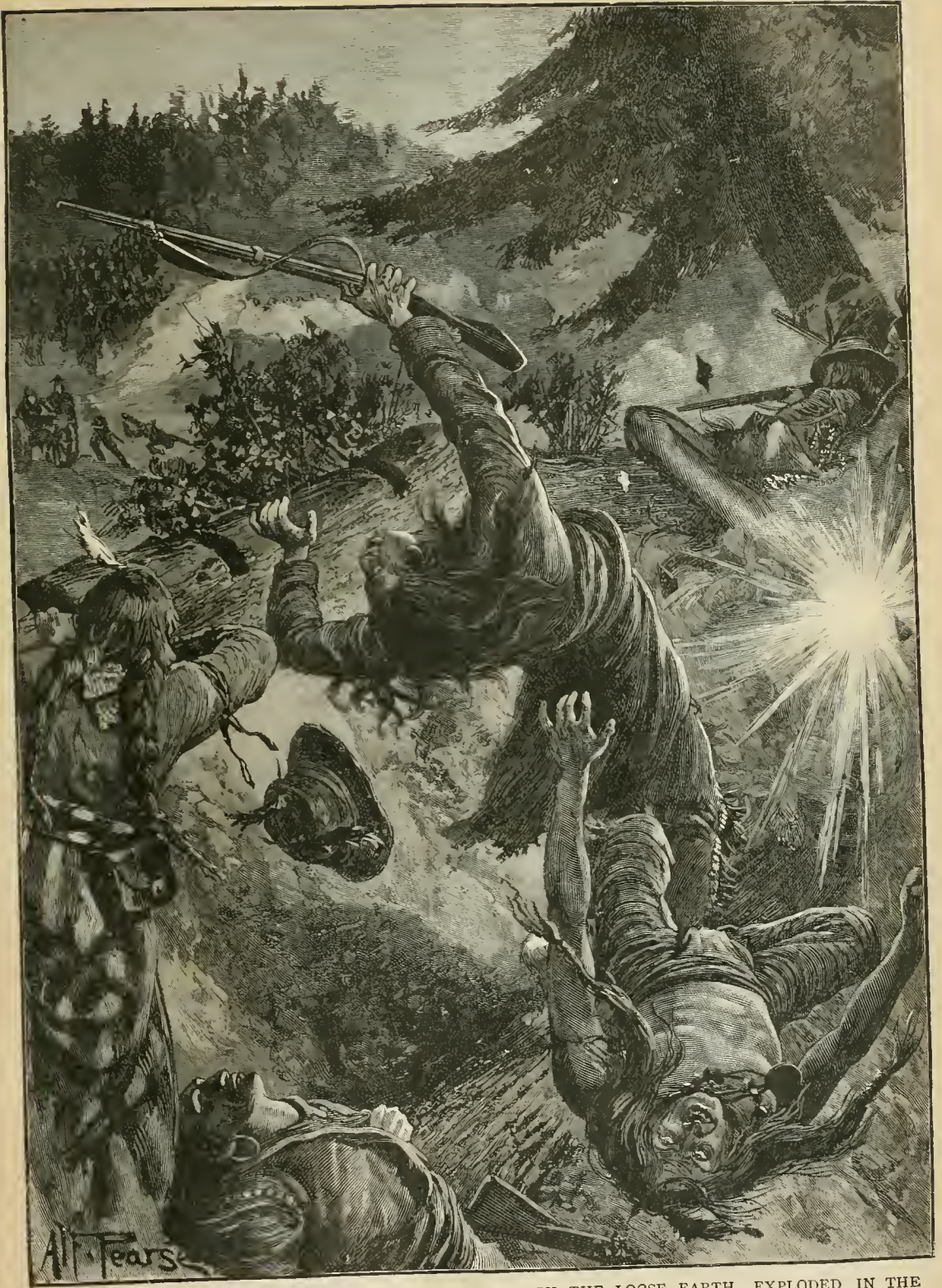
The following is his condensed report:—"Marched twenty-five miles; halted at noon for dinner. While cooking, was alarmed by two shots fired by McKay at Indian scouts.* These men hid in the bush further on, and shot scout Fisk, who was leading the advance, breaking his arm. We continued our advance, and camped forty-five miles north-east on Big Bear's trail. Fisk pluckily rode on without a murmur. Marched next day at daylight. Found a note from McLean, 'All's well.' On topping a hill, came on Indian camp of previous night. Two tepees were occupied. The main body were crossing a ford about 1,200 yards off. We counted fifty-three camp fires the previous night, and knew the enemy must be too strong for us to attack. I only intended to parley with them

through McKay. They, however, fired on us, and seeing them retiring to an inaccessible place on an island, the horses were put in cover and the men extended on the brow of the hill. The chief called to his men to go at us. We were very few. The Indians crawled up the hill under cover of the brush. The leader was killed by teamster Fielders within ten feet of him. Two more were shot. We then fired a volley into the tepees and at the Indians taking cover, and charged to the bottom under strong fire, the left taking the hill commanding the position, the right taking the swamp along the lake. Sergeant Fury was shot through the breast while going up the hill. The scouts were on the brow in a few minutes. We had cleared the whole ridge half an hour after firing commenced, driving the enemy into the ford. We then showed a white flag to parley. McKay, who exposed himself freely, told them to surrender the prisoners. The answer was a volley. A second attempt met with no better result. They shouted back that they could fight and clear us out. The chief tried to rally his men to re-cross the ford, unsuccessfully. Three of our men were badly wounded and twelve Indians killed. We destroyed the ammunition found in the tepees, and burnt them, capturing four horses, which we brought away. We then retired twenty-four miles to the first feeding ground for the horses. Next day returned to camp. Fourteen of our horses were disabled. All under my command behaved steadily, and were well led by the officers."

On going over the ground at Frenchman's Butte 300 rifle pits were counted, and two large and deep trenches, 50 feet long and 8 feet deep, with loopholed logs for head cover, and a ledge to stand on and fire from, the whole concealed by branches stuck in the loose excavated earth. These large trenches were on the left flank of their position, and formed an ambuscade commanding the trail approaching it. Here the red rags were invitingly displayed to tempt the British bull. From what I saw I could well believe my half-breed scouts, who were familiar with the defenders, that many of the latter had experience in Indian wars against the United States troops, who found, as we did, that one dead Indian counts for two or more white men.

On June 6th we were nearing the Beaver River. The infantry were dead beat from incessant marching. The Voltigeurs having been in the first advance had tramped the soles off their boots. Some were literally barefoot, others with muddy, blood-stained rags tied round their feet.

* Some allowance must be made for my reverend scout's eagerness. His destined bride was among the captives for whom he so freely risked his life.



"A FEW PERCUSSION COMMON SHELL, PASSING THROUGH THE LOOSE EARTH, EXPLODED IN THE PIT" (P. 735).

Yet Goldwin Smith (professor of veracious history) writes, "*No French regiment went to the front.*" Their commanding officer told me the men could march no more. Outwardly I thanked that officer, and rode up to the battalion: they presented a grotesque yet pitiable aspect in their tattered uniforms, "the remnants of their trousers being patched with flour sacks bearing alarming legends, such as 'patent self-raising,' etc., but a little French officer remarked, 'N'importe, mon général! l'ennemi ne voit jamais un Voltigeur par derrière.'

"Addressing the battalion in French, as was my habit, I said: 'Mes enfants, votre commandant m'a dit que vous demandez quand vous pouvez retourner chez vous? Mais je n'ai qu'une réponse—celle de votre ancien chanson:

" 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre-a!
Ne sait quand reviendra!'"

It had the desired effect. The weary little Voltigeurs shouted: 'Hourra pour le général! En avant! Toujours en avant!' And they stepped out to the refrain of their ancestors,

" 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre-a!' etc."

Queer whirligig of time, that an English general should be cheering the soldiers of New France by a couplet in which their ancestors unconsciously enshrined the memory of Marlborough! But the shade of Marlborough could not carry my exhausted infantry, to say nothing of a field-gun, through some thirty miles of swamp and forest, in time to head off the swiftly-moving remnants of Big Bear's band, who were making for the H.B.C. provision store on the banks of the Beaver River.

I left orders for Colonel Osborne Smith (whose men were in better condition than the 65th) to push after me as fast as he could, but the Voltigeurs would not be outmarched by their English comrades. Captain Perry, who had returned to me with his detachment of police gunners, said that the 65th not only kept up, but dragged the gun and horses with ropes through a long and deep muskeg.

The infantry marched all night and overtook me by daybreak at the H.B.C. store, which I reached by riding ahead with my staff and fifteen mounted men: all I had—the remainder were with General Middleton. We reached it just in time to secure eighty sacks of flour and a supply of bacon. It was nightfall when we arrived; and we saw a party of Indians making for the same goal, but they turned back into the woods. We indulged so freely in a supper

of fried bacon and dough-cakes, that I for one fell asleep on the floor of the H.B.C. store, pipe in mouth. I was awakened by my A.D.C., to whom I had set fire as well as to myself. The sentries seem to have been more vigilant, for we were not molested.

Next morning, June 7th, the infantry having rejoined, a party were left to guard the provisions and watch the trails, and I moved on to Beaver River, following the trail of the Indians seen the previous night. They crossed the river in canoes, this being their own reserve, to which they returned after Frenchman's Butte. The Roman Catholic church and mission had been plundered, and his flock had carried off Father Le Goff when they joined Big Bear at Fort Pitt. At a second H.B.C. store near the mission a hundred sacks of flour were secured and a couple of boats. On June 9th Father Le Goff came into camp to plead for his flock. I sent him back to the Chippewayans with an ultimatum for unconditional surrender "within twenty-four hours, otherwise they would see the smoke of their log houses, as I would burn every building on the reserve except the chapel, the priest's house, and the H.B.C. store." They surrendered within the time, and forty-four braves came into camp with rifles and guns, the women and children following on the next day.

On the 11th I held a court of inquiry on the Chippewyan prisoners: Father Le Goff, and Messrs. Halpin and Cameron gave evidence. The former, with true pastoral love, would gladly have exonerated his flock, but the proofs were too strong: all the young men had fought against us. General Middleton afterwards held a "pow-wow," and told them not to do it again. The majority had acted through fear of Big Bear, and all were tempted by plunder. The most curious thing revealed by the inquiry was that the Indians were largely swayed by the belief that North-West Canada would be sold to the United States, and only those who joined the outbreak would receive any portion of the purchase money.

Scouts reported that the Wood Crees had taken the McLean family to Lac des Iles, where fish are abundant. Big Bear himself abandoned his prisoners and turned in his tracks after being pressed by Steele at Loon Lake. At this place General Middleton was obliged, by impassable muskegs, to give up the pursuit and to follow my trail to Beaver River, which he reached on the 14th with his own cavalry and mine. In the meantime my men were repairing and

constructing boats. I proposed to descend the Beaver River. Osborne-Smith volunteered, with a hundred of his men and McKay as guide, to rescue the McLean girls; but at this juncture their Indian captors released them: they had all along treated them with a certain respectful chivalry, and "Tall Poplar" was *désolé* at their refusal to marry him. They were met by Bedson, who took them to Fort Pitt, where they found repose and sympathy for the courage with which they had endured their privations. Constantine had also scouted in search of them until his provisions ran short, and he made his way to Fort Pitt in a semi-starved state.

The release of the captives, the surrender of the tribes and métis, crowned as it was by the capture of Riel, Poundmaker, and Big Bear, enabled the citizen soldiers to turn their faces homeward with light hearts but saddened memories of the comrades who slept under the prairie sod and by the forest trail.

This campaign had been carried through without the aid of a British bayonet or the expenditure of a British shilling. Except the Winnipeg infantry left to garrison Fort Pitt, and the Alberta cavalry, who, with the Western transport train, retraced their long march to Calgary, the force was broken up and sent down the Saskatchewan eight hundred miles to Winnipeg in steamers, and thence to their homes by rail.

I accompanied them to settle the teamsters'

and farmers' claims for supplies, transport, etc. On my way down at Battleford I saw my old enemy, Big Bear, in durance vile. His appearance indicated natural intellect; he had a massive head: his own people said of him that he had a big head but a small heart. I felt no animosity towards him for the many weary miles he had led me. After evading all the columns, and travelling almost alone, he made his way to Fort Carlton ferry, where he was arrested by Sergeant Smart, of the police—about the only man in the force who had never gone after him, as he had been left in charge of the ferry.

Big Bear was sentenced to imprisonment for life for having made war upon her Majesty's Government. I, for taking up arms in her defence, "under a Colonial Government," was deprived of a pension for thirty years' service.

Soon after, Big Bear was set at liberty by her Majesty, and the King of Kings gave him a fuller release. My pension was restored, and I also await my fuller release, when we shall both find wherein we both erred.

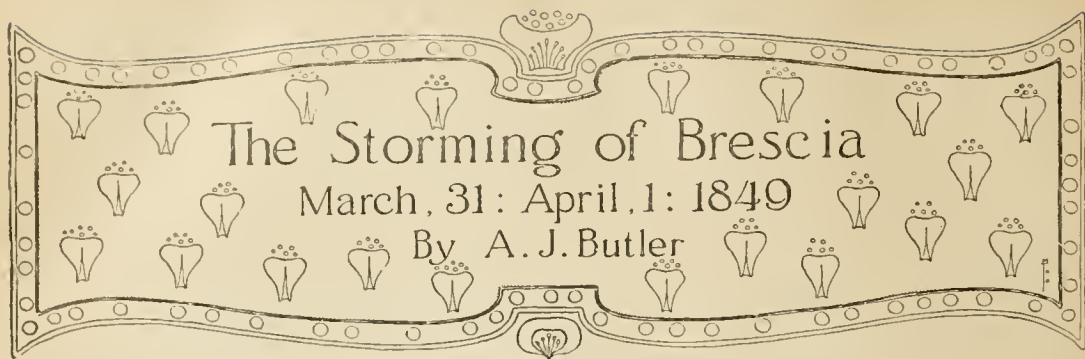
"The irony of fate" is a favourite phrase. The humours of a constitutional monarchy are occasionally as startling. Riel was tried, condemned, and hanged. Had he been released after a term of imprisonment, he would perhaps have been elected a member of the Canadian Parliament, where his oratorical talents might have gained him the dignity of knighthood.



BIG BEAR AND SOME OF HIS PRISONERS.

(From a Photo.)

- | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------|--------------|-----------------|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Ma Choose
("The Worm"). | 2. The Four Sky Bird. | 3. Bad Child
(Big Bear's son). | 4. "The Boy." | 5. Big Bear. | 6. Angus McKay. | 7. François Dufresne (prisoner). | 8. Stanley Simpson, H.B.C. Clerk (prisoner). |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------|--------------|-----------------|----------------------------------|--|



THE year 1848 has been called the "Year of Revolution." All over the Continent of Europe thrones were tottering, in some cases falling; the old arbitrary and repressive systems of government which had prevailed since the downfall of Napoleon were drawing towards their end. In Italy the movement was strongly felt. Over a great part of that country arbitrary government existed in its most hateful form, being administered by foreigners. The provinces of Lombardy and Venetia had to take their orders from Vienna; and though as individuals the Austrian-Germans are a kindly and genial race, their political system was marked by pedantic officialism, and their rule was consequently of a kind calculated to be especially offensive to a high-spirited and somewhat disorderly people, with traditions of hatred to Germans extending back over six or seven centuries. The Lombard cities with Milan at their head, and glorious memories behind them of municipal liberties wrested at the sword's point from German emperors, chafed especially under the yoke; and the sight of the neighbouring State of Piedmont enjoying, as part of the Sardinian kingdom, something like constitutional government under its old rulers, the house of Savoy, was not likely to make them more patient. In March, after five days of fighting, Milan drove out the Austrians, and almost simultaneously the Sardinian army invaded Lombardy. Venice also rose in insurrection, and even in Vienna itself matters looked so threatening that the minister, Prince Metternich, who had been the mainstay of reactionary and coercive policy, was forced to resign. Fortunately for the Austrians, their affairs in Italy were in the hands of a capable soldier. Marshal Radetzky was at this time little short of eighty years old, but he had lost nothing of his skill. Withdrawing behind the Mincio, he rallied

his forces, and issuing forth again, before the end of the summer, he had inflicted a series of defeats on the Sardinian army, driven it out of Lombardy, and retaken Milan.

Among the other Lombard cities none was so closely linked with the fortunes of Milan as the neighbouring city of Brescia. Lying at the very foot of the Alps, of which the last spurs descend in green vine-clad undulations to the Lombard plain, and clustered round the foot of the hill on which stands its ancient citadel, known in mediæval times as "The Falcon of Italy," Brescia has had a chequered and turbulent existence almost since the beginning of history. Few cities, probably, have been more frequently in a state of revolt against something or somebody. It was hardly to be expected that the Brescians would sit quiet while their brethren of Milan were striking a blow for freedom; but their rising was soon suppressed, and all that they gained was the imposition by the Austrian general, Haynau, of a fine upon the city amounting to some £50,000.

During the winter Brescia was seething with revolution, but no overt steps were taken. The Austrian commander seems to have thought that dissatisfaction could be removed by stopping all outward manifestations of it, even the most childish; and edicts were issued forbidding the wearing of red shoes, velvet coats, and hats of a particular shape. In March, 1849, the Sardinians renewed the war, and on the 16th all troops were withdrawn from Brescia for service in Piedmont, leaving only a garrison of 500 men with fourteen guns in the castle, a few gendarmes in the town, and a great many sick in the various military hospitals, where also arms seem to have been stored. Half the fine imposed by General Haynau had been paid, and the remainder fell due on the 20th of this month. Half of this balance had by the 23rd been received at the municipal treasury, but no more. All further

payments were refused, and the officials of the corporation, whose duty it was to collect it, were maltreated, and ultimately sent out of the city in custody. Throughout the proceedings the deputy mayor (in the absence of the mayor himself) and the other regular municipal authorities, seeing the impossibility of a successful

A few troops, mostly deserters from Italian regiments in the Austrian service, were at the disposal of the insurgent leaders; but these, to the number of about 400, were kept outside of the city, on the slope of the hills known as the Ronchi, lying to the north of the road which leads eastward from Brescia to Verona. There



"THEN BEGAN A MURDEROUS FIGHT" (p. 743).

resistance, and foreseeing the terrible consequences which a fresh revolt would undoubtedly entail, did their best to counsel moderation and submission; but they were either not listened to or insulted as aristocrats and cowards. A "Committee of Public Defence" was formed, consisting of an engineer and a lawyer, the latter being apparently the moving spirit. A man with a turn for devising inflammatory proclamations, and no practical knowledge of military affairs, is about the worst leader that an excitable populace can have at such a juncture; and such Signor Cassola, to judge from his own account of the transactions of these days, seems to have been.

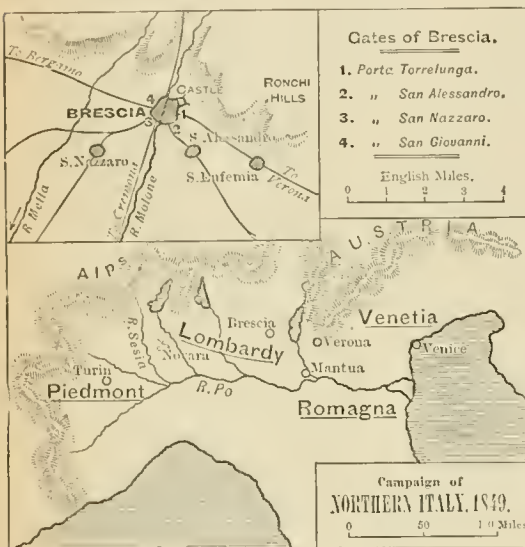
were also in the city a certain number of retired officers who were willing to cast in their lot with their fellow-citizens; but their offers of service were declined, and every parish was told to elect its own chiefs.

The first actual attack on the Austrian garrison was made on the 23rd, when a piquet of soldiers, engaged in conveying provisions to the castle, was set upon and roughly used, being chased through the town, and a few men clubbed to death. The imperial eagles were also torn down from the public buildings. An attempt was then made to get arms from one of the hospitals; but the guard opened fire, and the insurgents

retired. The commandant of the castle, however, thought it as well to withdraw into the castle such of the sick as could be moved, as well as the gendarmes, and further demanded of the town council that the officials who had, as we saw, been arrested earlier in the day, should be delivered up to him. These had been placed in the custody of the troops on the Ronchi, so that the town council were unable to comply, whereupon a few shells were thrown into the town during the night; while from every tower the church-bells hurled back defiance in the old Italian fashion. On the following morning, at the request of the military doctors who remained

over the river Sesia, had succeeded in dividing it, and forcing the great part to lay down their arms, had in turn extorted from Radetzky an armistice binding him to evacuate Lombardy at once. This ridiculous story, though wholly unconfirmed, was placarded over the town by the Committee of Public Defence, who must be held responsible for the stubborn resistance to which it excited the people, and for the terrible retribution which that resistance incurred.

On March 25th General Nugent arrived before Brescia, bringing with him a force of 1,000 men and two guns, which reinforcements, in the course of the next few days, more than doubled. He established himself in the village of Sant' Eufemia, about three miles to the east of Brescia, after dispersing the force on the Ronchi, and on the 26th summoned the citizens to surrender and take down the barricades which by this time had been erected. On their refusal, he assaulted the Torrelunga gate, by which the Verona road enters the city, but was repulsed after four hours of furious fighting. The bombardment from the castle was now renewed, and the Committee sent a message to the commandant threatening for every shell that fell into the town to put to death ten of the sick in the hospitals. It does not appear that this atrocious threat was ever carried into execution. But by this time there was very little government or discipline in Brescia. Sorties were undertaken without orders, just at the pleasure of the commanders of the armed bands. Then, on the evening of March 28th, a body of young men, headed by Tito Speri, made a sortie from the Torrelunga gate. Falling in with a superior force of the enemy, Speri, who seems to have kept his head, proposed to retire. His followers, however, cried out upon his cowardice, and, waving his sword, he called upon them to follow him, and dashed at the enemy. As usually happens in such cases, not more than thirty had the courage of their tongues, and Speri, with his little band, were soon surrounded. After a short scuffle, most succeeded in cutting their way through; but the leader and five others were taken prisoners, and a few remained on the field. Speri presently managed to make his escape, but was in after-days recaptured and hanged at Mantua, one of the stupid pieces of cruelty which in these years too often disgraced the Austrian Government. On the final liberation of Lombardy in 1850, his fellow-citizens erected a statue of him in a square of the town through which the visitor passes on his way to



in the hospitals, the bombardment was suspended, on condition that the sick should not be molested, as in the present temper of the people it was not unlikely that they might be.

Meanwhile, the fate of Italy was being decided, at any rate for some years to come, on another field. Radetzky had met the Sardinian army under its king, Charles Albert, and overthrown it utterly on the field of Novara. News travelled less rapidly then than now, and it was not for two or three days that the result of the battle was known at Brescia, and then the true intelligence was disastrously blended with falsehood. A Polish adventurer, named Chrzanowski, held high command in the Sardinian army. A bulletin, purporting to come from this man, was spread through Piedmont and Lombardy, to the effect that, repudiating the armistice signed after Novara, he had attacked the Austrian army, and favoured by the breaking down of a bridge

mount the steep lane which leads to the castle. After this adventure, sorties were forbidden, and hostilities were confined for a day or two to keeping up a fire of small-arms upon the castle from the neighbouring houses and barricades, by which a few gunners were killed. But the end was not far off. In the night of the 30th, General Haynau arrived and took the command. Including the troops in the corps, he had less than 4,000 men at his disposal, but his arrangements were quickly made. Throwing one battalion into the castle, to which at its north-eastern corner there is access without passing through the town, he divided the remainder into five bodies, sending one to block each of the roads by which the city is approached. The main assault was to be delivered, as before, on the Porta Torrelunga. In the course of the forenoon he was approached by the municipal officials; and at their request he undertook to abstain from further action till two in the afternoon, on the chance of his terms being accepted. But by this time passion ran too high for any conciliation. The people hardly knew in what cause they were fighting: they had nothing to do with Piedmont—even the tricolour of United Italy was not displayed. For the present they fought under the red flag; and even this to the majority probably had no particular signification. As of old, the citizen knew no country but his own city; and if Florence three hundred and fifty years before had overawed the hosts of France by the mere threat to ring her bells, why should not Brescia try her fortune against Austria? At two o'clock, then, the bells rang out once more, and the rattle of musketry gave the answer of the citizens to all proposals for surrender. Still Haynau, ruthless as he is reputed to have been, seems to have shrunk from exposing either his men to a street-fight or an undisciplined population to the fury of a storming army, and it was not till four o'clock that the guns of the castle opened upon the town. At the same time a detachment of troops was sent to make its way along the eastern rampart, and take in flank the barricade which defended Porta Torrelunga. This was effected, and Nugent's column fought their way in. The general himself fell mortally wounded, but the column pressed on. "Then," says Haynau, in his report to Radetzky, "began a murderous fight, conducted on the part of the insurgents, from barricade to barricade, from house to house, with the utmost obstinacy. I could never have believed," adds the stolid

German with some *naïveté*, "that so bad a cause could have been so stubbornly defended." The troops, however, fought no less stubbornly, and though losing heavily, had before nightfall established themselves in some of the first houses.

At daybreak on April 1st the bells of Brescia rang out for the last time. Haynau, on his side, ordered a vigorous bombardment, and renewed the assault. Fighting was resumed with more ferocity than ever. No quarter was given, and every house from which a shot came was mercilessly set on fire. Discipline was bound to tell at last. Foot by foot the soldiers advanced, under pouring rain, through the narrow, barricaded streets. Flank attacks gradually cleared the gates of San Alessandro on the south, and San Nazzaro at the south-east corner (where now is the railway station), and by evening that of San Giovanni on the west was in the hands of the Austrians. Meanwhile, a force from the castle had forced the barricades which had been raised at the head of all the streets leading to it, driving the defenders back to the lower ground.

The insurgents were now cooped up in the north-western angle of the city. Their ammunition was failing. The "Committee of Public Defence," as such bodies are too apt to do, had taken steps to secure its personal safety; the municipal authorities offered the capitulation which had been demanded a few hours before; and by six o'clock the struggle was over. On the Austrian side, a general, two colonels, six other officers, and 480 men had been killed, and at least as many wounded. That the conduct of the troops, after the capture of the city, was worse than usual under similar circumstances has hardly been proved; but many brutalities were undoubtedly committed. Still, it hardly behoves us, with our memories of San Sebastian, to cast stones at others; and it must be admitted that their provocations were great. From the cowardly attack on a few soldiers and gendarmes, with which the rising began, to the murder of some alleged "police-agents" perpetrated when it became clear that the cause was lost, many acts were committed by the insurgents which could not fail to exasperate the victors. But the unhappy city had surely been punished enough, and the shootings, hangings, and floggings which earned for General Haynau the nickname of "the hyæna," were superfluous cruelties. They were not forgotten ten years later, and served to add a louder ring to the cheers with which Brescia welcomed the French and Sardinian armies within her walls in 1859.

THE FALL OF PLEVNA
 THE FOURTH BATTLE: 10. DEC^R 1877
 BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

ON December 1st, 1877, my major summoned to his mud-hut in our redoubt the thirteen officers of his battalion who—out of a total of twenty-seven—had survived three great battles, numerous skirmishes, and the horrors of a six-weeks' siege, and asked our opinion on the following points:—

"Shall we remain in Plevna until food is exhausted, and surrender when there is nothing left to eat? or shall we make a desperate attempt to force the lines of investment?"

These were the questions which a council of war, called for that day by Osman Pasha, the Turkish commander, was to decide.

After a solemn deliberation, eleven—including myself—answered "No" to the first question, and "Yes" to the second, whilst two replied in the reverse sense.

With this message the colonel of my regiment departed to headquarters, the voting of each of his four battalions having resulted in the same finding. The council arrived at no decision.

"Let no man deceive himself," Osman had said, "as to the chances of success of such an attempt. They are infinitesimal. But the honour of our country, and the fair fame of our army, render it incumbent upon us to make a last and supreme effort."

They met again on the following day, when a sortie was finally decided upon.

Prospect of activity, eagerness to fight, and hope of success fairly intoxicated the men. Our numerous preparations, which kept us in a fever-heat of occupation for more than a week, were made in a methodical and thorough manner.

The fourth battle of Plevna—better known as the last sortie—which was fought on the left Vid plain on the morning of the 10th December, 1877, and with which this article deals, con-

stitutes the fifth act in the sanguinary drama of the defence of Plevna, which latter forms the central episode of the great Russo-Turkish War. Thrice (on July 20th, July 30th, and September 11th) had the allied Russian-Roumanian armies essayed to take Plevna by storm, and had failed disastrously. Then Plevna was invested, in order to be starved into submission; and when the position had become untenable and unbearable, when all hope of outside help had vanished, Osman Pasha, abandoned to his fate by an ungrateful country, acting upon the unanimous verdict of the council of war summoned by him, decided to strike a last and desperate blow for liberty.

Considerations of space forbid me to enter into a detailed description of the terrible sufferings we had to undergo during the investment. Ever since the middle of October snow and frost had reigned supreme. The food-stores were nearly exhausted, and the rations had been reduced to such a minimum (a quantity of maize-meal equal to about ten ounces per man per day) as was barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. The clothing was in rags, and exposure to the bitter weather—we dwelt in half-open mud-huts—claimed scores of victims. Fuel was so scarce that a piece of wood was treasured as priceless. Hideous diseases raged unchecked, and did more ravage in a day than the Russian guns did in a week. The mortality from illness was appalling. It amounted to 800 persons a week out of a total of 45,000, including peaceful inhabitants, or 8 per cent. per month. The Plevna camp, twenty-five square miles in area, was a vast cemetery, with the town for its central charnel-house. Under these trying circumstances the Turkish soldiers exhibited to an admirable degree that quality which they possess in a larger measure than any troops in Europe—cheerfulness under suffering. Discipline was

not affected, and the draconic laws issued by headquarters were seldom called into play.

I commanded a company of infantry which had been reduced by death, wounds, and illness from its original strength of 5 officers, 7 non-coms., and 170 men—plus a draft of 1 officer, 1 non-com., and 20 men, giving a total of 6 officers, 8 non-coms., and 190 men—to 3 officers, 3 non-coms., and 80 men. My station was in the great central redoubt of our north front, on the hill called Janik Bair.

Our preparations for the final battle were so

drummers, train-soldiers, and non-combatants generally, and also the gunners, received rifles.

Each man carried 130 cartridges—80 in the pouch and 50 in the haversack. Each battalion had a reserve stock of 180,000 cartridges, in 180 boxes of a thousand each. There were 300 shots per gun, and two or three ammunition-carts per battery.

Every rifle was taken to pieces, inspected, cleaned, oiled, tested. The bayonets were sharpened; the men had two each—one sword-shape and one of the ordinary kind.



THE "GIANT" BATTERY IN THE RUSSIAN LINES.

numerous and manifold that I can but indicate the principal features.

The remaining stock of maize-meal and biscuits was distributed in equal parts among the men, the rest of salt, sugar, and quinine among the battalions. The public cash was dealt out to the tune of twenty-five piastres (four shillings and sixpence) a man, and something extra for the officers. I received seventy-five piastres. To each man was given a small quantity of linen rags to serve as bandages for light wounds or sore feet. The non-commissioned officers had doses of ointment for the same purpose.

There being an abundance of arms in Plevna, and in order to diminish the quantity which we should have to leave behind (buried), the buglers,

For the transport of ammunition, water, forage, tents, tools, blankets, and baggage we had per battalion 60 pack-horses, and 12 carts drawn each by two oxen, with three oxen as reserve. The cart-wheels and those of the gun-carriages were greased and bound up with straw, so as to render their action noiseless. A redistribution of the tents was made, resulting in a share of 30 per battalion. A sufficient quantity of lanterns was dealt out to each company. A copy of the *ordre du jour*, occupying ten or twelve pages, was given to each officer down to the company-leaders, and each battalion had a separate order from its divisional general. In these orders the battalions, batteries, and squadrons were timed to a minute from the moment of abandoning their

redoubts on the evening of the 9th until that of taking up their positions in the battle line at dawn on the 10th. And, last not least, we had to burn our standard.

In silence and reverence we watched the flames devour the venerable rag which had preceded the battalion for fifty years, which bore the honoured names of Giurgevo, Silistria, Eupatoria, and Sebastopol, and had fluttered beside me in five bayonet charges.

The Turkish army consisted of 59 battalions of infantry (mustered an average of 400 men: that is, half the normal strength), 24 squadrons of cavalry (counting an average of 60 men), and 88 guns—a total of 34,000 men, including 9,000 non-combatants, convalescents, and wounded. The latter were to accompany the army in 200 carts, and only those that could not be moved—800—were left behind in town, to be slaughtered subsequently by the Christians of Plevna. The Turkish residents went also with the army, at their urgent entreaties, to escape the fury of the Bulgarian rabble, the women and children in 500 carts, the men acting as drivers and general assistants to the huge train, which, in its totality, consisted of 1,100 vehicles and 5,000 pack-horses and baggage-mules.

The Turkish army was divided for the purposes of the sortie into two divisions, each of three brigades, and an unattached seventh brigade. The first six brigades counted eight battalions each; the seventh, ten battalions, the remaining battalion acting as escort to the staff. The sortie was to be executed in a north-westerly direction, starting from the Vid Bridge and the two auxiliary pontoon bridges recently erected for that purpose. Had it succeeded, the army would have retreated to Berkovitz, and thence across the Balkans to Sofia. Cavalry and artillery were distributed among the brigades.

The first division, with two battalions of the second division, two of the seventh brigade, and the escort battalion, was to do the actual fighting, forcing its way into and through the Russian lines; whilst the seventh brigade was to serve as convoy to the train, and was to cross the Vid with the latter in good time. The second division was to act as rearguard to the general movement, occupying the fortifications recently erected east of the Vid. Its right flank was to hold the Opanetz, or northern redoubts; its left, the redoubts in the south-western section of the camp. All other redoubts and the town itself were abandoned. The second division was to follow in the track of the first, as

soon as the train had crossed the river and the first was fairly engaged with the enemy. The assailing force was to take up position in battle order on the left bank during the night, and the train was to have crossed before daybreak.

The force which actually executed the sortie by means of a bayonet charge on a scale of unprecedented magnitude consisted of 20 battalions, 11 squadrons, and 48 guns—a total of 14,000 men—and its front was two miles long. The column was arranged in two lines, each of 14 battalions. The attacking force had thus a frontage of 14 battalions and a depth of two, and each battalion was in itself a solid double oblong, each oblong being 20 men broad and 10 men deep. In front of the whole line were 14 companies of picked troops, drawn out in skirmishing order. My battalion formed the extreme right of the attacking column with another battalion, a battery of six pieces, and two squadrons of cavalry. The extreme left was composed of eight squadrons and a horse battery. Osman Pasha commanded the attacking force in person, his second being Tahir Pasha, the chief of staff. The three storming brigades were led by the three ablest fighting officers of the army—namely, Atouf Pasha, Yunuz Bey, and Tewfik Pasha; and the six regimental officers (four battalions were massed into a regiment) were also men renowned for their dash in attack. The whole of Osman's army was composed of crack battalions, with the exception of a few battalions of *Mustafiz* (*levée en masse*); and of this fine army the twenty-nine battalions of the storming force were again the pick.

The second division, which covered the movement to rearward and on both flanks, was commanded by Adil Pasha, the most accredited among Osman's generals of division and brigade. The convoy brigade and the train had for their leader the Colonel Said Bey, a man fully qualified for this difficult post.

The Russian-Roumanian army of investment consisted of 132 battalions, 66 squadrons, and 482 guns—a total of 100,000 men; and was thus four times stronger in men, and nearly six times stronger in guns, than the besieged force. It was commanded nominally by the Prince (now King) Charles of Roumania, the real leader being the Prince's adjutant, General Todleben, of Sebastopol fame. It was arranged in six sections, and that section against which the Turkish attack was delivered consisted of the corps of Imperial Grenadiers, commanded by General Ganetzki.

Totleben's dispositions were admirable. An elaborate system for sending reinforcements to any given point of the line of investment from any other given point or points had been not only organised, but rehearsed, with the result that the Russian leaders knew to a battalion, and within a fraction of an hour, what forces could be sent, and whence, and in what time, to any attacked portion of the circle. In each section several brigades were kept constantly ready to assist any other section.

I had duties in town in the early morning of the 9th December, and, when leaving it, bade good-bye for ever to the personal friends among the inhabitants; to a girl, also, who had done me many a womanly service when I lay wounded in the ambulance, and later, when sick and helpless, I had been an inmate of that veritable hell—which I cannot recall without a shudder—the fever hospital. Arrived in my redoubt, I had a humble meal of maize porridge, and then—having been commanded for the afternoon to the staff office—I accompanied my battalion's train to town, after having bidden farewell to the redoubt which had harboured me for twenty weeks of slaughter and sufferings.

The place of tryst for the trains was a bare hill halfway between town and Vid Bridge, and the time the afternoon of the 9th; whilst the place of tryst for the troops and guns was the immediate neighbourhood of the three bridges, and the time the night of the 9th to the 10th.

I installed my train in its temporary bivouac on the hill-top—where there was already a vast assembly of carts, pack-horses, and baggage-mules—just as the sun was setting in the dim and hazy west, behind the very ground which was to be the point of our attack, the possession of which meant glorious freedom after the atrocious sufferings and horrors of a siege. Quietly the Vid flowed beneath me, reflecting the faint glow of a winter sunset, and behind me the tops of Plevna's domes and minarets were gilded by the dying light of day.

The temperature for some days past had been playing about freezing-point—a degree or two above in daytime, a degree or two below at night. There was slush on the ground, and a thin cover of dirty, dripping snow on roofs and trees. A slight frost set in as I gazed at the dreary desolation of the scene. I, having carefully examined, the day before, the Russian lines through my glasses when I had formed one of a reconnoitring party, knew the attempt to break through to be hopeless. I did not deceive myself.

It was all up with us. A whole army was bent upon suicide for the sake of that phantom—the honour of the flag. And 500 families of peaceful citizens were to share the fate of the combatants; and 800 wounded, left behind, were to be abandoned to the tender mercies of a fanatical and murderous rabble, men and women who carried, locked up in their breasts, the grudge of centuries of feud, extortion, and race hatred. The air was still and oppressive, despite the cold; the sky-line murky everywhere, except in the west, where a halo of gold and orange pointed out the end and aim of the stupendous struggle that was to ensue. But the glory faded quickly, and a night black and damp set in. Weeping women near me knelt down on the wet ground to pray, and I, with other officers, joined them. I made my peace with the Almighty, and recommended to His mercy the lives of those whom I loved best in this world, my friend and comrade of many a battle, and that patient, heroic girl. But my prayer was not heard. I was spared to tell the awful and wondrous story, and they fell.

In the impenetrable darkness, guided by my lantern, I walked back to town. Battalion after battalion and battery after battery passed me in faultless order on the way to their appointed stations. In a subdued voice the men repeated the phrase "No surrender!" as they marched to their doom.

What pen is capable of describing the aspect of Plevna, once a prosperous and pretty town, during the latter part of the siege? A starving, plague-stricken, desolate, utterly ruined town—a town where a cup of coffee fetched half-a-sovereign and a piece of bread was held beyond earthly price; where sheds, styes, and stables had been turned into ambulances or fever-hospitals; where men crawled into dogs' kennels to die in awful forsakenness; where wounded rotted in a living body, and ghastly operations had to be performed on *conscious* men for want of stupefying drugs; where women raked up disgusting heaps of offal in search of edible scraps, and children cried aloud in the agony of starvation; where mortality was so great that in households and families a death excited neither comment nor feeling; where dead bodies were thrust into the gutters as the quickest way of getting rid of them, to be picked up by the carts sent round for that purpose at regular intervals.

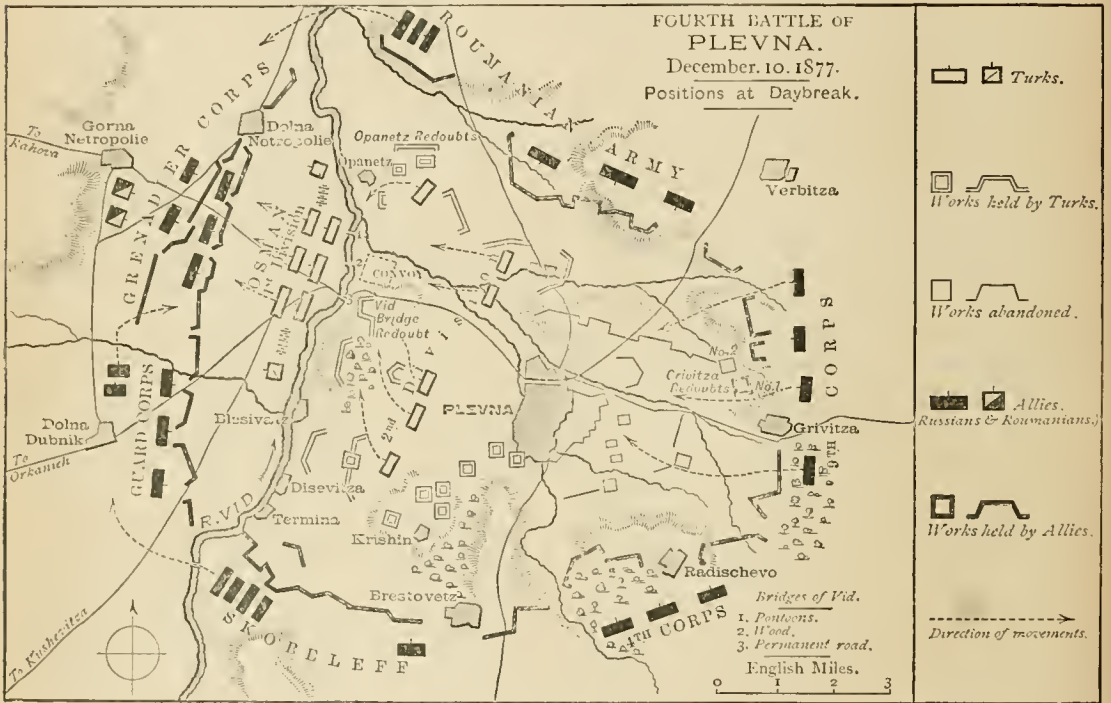
I had various duties to perform: assisting the staff in clerical labours, helping to pack up the archives and records, and pasting labels with

the inscription "There are only wounded in this house," surmounted by a cross, on the doors of the houses in which the helpless ones had been brought together. Never shall I forget the utter desolation of those dead and ruined streets in the blackness of a winter night, with the scanty snowflakes coming down lazily, and none to speak to me save a ragged Bulgarian woman, who implored me, for the love of the Saviour, to get her children something to eat. So ravenous were the people that when I was returning to the staff's office some men robbed me by

position on the extreme right of the line of attack.

The snowfall had ceased, the mist cleared as the morning advanced; but the sun, veiled all day, never shone upon the last sortie. The temperature was above freezing-point, and on the tracks and roads the snow was soon turned into slush under the tread of charging battalions.

An imposing sight was that straight line—two miles long—of the first division as it gradually emerged out of the morning vapours, extending as far as eyes could travel. Of 29 battalions

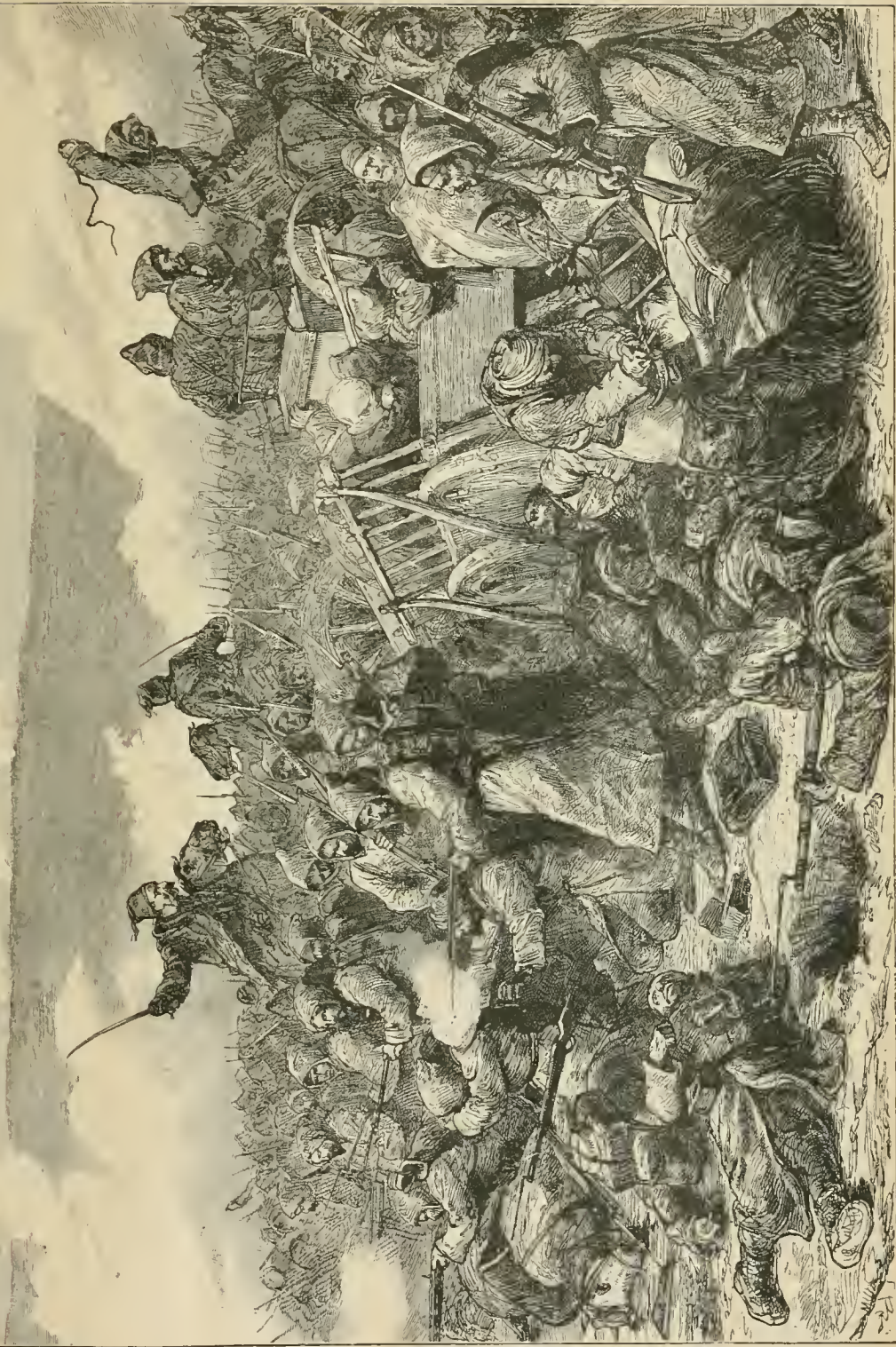


violence of my paste-pot, being, without a doubt, under the impression that the vessel contained food.

I met Osman Pasha in the public building, whither he had gone with some of his officers to bid good-bye to the one official who was to stay behind. After midnight we all went. I was among the last half-a-dozen soldiers to leave the town.

I slept uneasily with some comrades in a deserted boat-house by the river bank, and in the morning, before daylight set in, I met my battalion at the appointed place of tryst—the head of one of the pontoon bridges. We crossed the river just as the day dawned behind us hideously in murky grey, and took up our

every man at his post waiting but for the command to advance, every company in faultless order, the whole body ready in grand and solid battle array. The dark hoods of the greatcoats drawn over the fezes, pointed upwards grotesquely, and the glittering steel blades of the sword-bayonets reflected the sombre grey hue of the snow-pregnant sky in endless files. In front, two miles away from us, on the summit of the gently rising ground, the Russian entrenchments rose out of the vapours, sinister and threatening, the barriers betwixt us and liberty; beyond them the misty distance meant freedom, the end and goal. This was our last resource, our last appeal to arms, our last and supreme effort, and "No surrender!" went up once more



"THE DENSE AND DISORDERLY CROWD OF THE TURKISH ARMY BECAME THE FOCUS OF A MOST AWFUL ARTILLERY FIRE" (p. 75).

into the dim heavens in a great shout, as, just after nine o'clock, the cannon on both sides commenced to play. Half an hour later the bugles sounded "Advance," and the huge column began to move. I was in the front line with one half of my company, my English comrade, Lieutenant Seymour, by my side; the second half was thirty yards to rearward, in charge of the only other surviving officer.

Up to that point the whole of Osman Pasha's grand plan had been executed without a hitch. The huge train had crossed the three bridges before nine o'clock in faultless order, thanks to the convoy brigade. The first division had been in battle array even before the dawn of day; the second had occupied already during the previous evening the positions east of the bridge assigned to it for the rearward protection of the attack. Except that the latter was commenced about an hour after the stipulated time, the programme had been gone through point by point without a single disturbance.

I had been in three great battles, but never before had I beheld anything faintly approaching in grandeur that stupendous rush for liberty. Let the reader paint the scene in his imagination: Twenty-nine battalions charging simultaneously with a two-mile front across a level gently rising plain devoid of shelter or obstacles, swept by the enemy's cannonade, and, as we came within range, by his terrific rifle fire. The men of the skirmishing line fired without stopping. We went at the quick, hurling a hail of lead before us. The troops repeated incessantly the Arabic phrase, "In the name of the merciful God!" From battalion to battalion the prayer spread, the sonorous syllables kept pace with the step of charging brigades, and in the end thousands upon thousands of human throats sent the despairing invocation up to the inexorable heavens. Deep gaps were torn into our lines. At last we approached the first Russian trench. The bugles blazed forth the command "Storm!" Down went the bayonets, the roll of 200 drums shook the air, the skirmishers fell back, and now the terrific struggle commenced. Lieutenant Seymour fell by my side with a bullet in his breast. In an incredibly short time we had the first trench in our possession, then a second, and a third; and before we knew what we were about we were amid the Russian guns, hacking, clubbing, stabbing, using bayonets and butt-ends, swords and revolvers, whilst overhead flew countless shells like an infernal gale of gigantic hailstones, each with a hissing white trail. The

confusion was terrible. In the smoke one knew no longer who was friend and who foe. The din was so deafening that my voice, as I tried to cheer the men, was soundless to my hearing. Frantic faces streamed with blood. The air reeked with the breath of thousands of panting creatures. It seemed as if all the passion and all the iniquity of this world had been let loose; and speaking now, after the lapse of eighteen years, I can but gaze back aghast at the turmoil and the devilry of this collision. My men were amidst a Russian battery of eight pieces. The enemy's gunners got their prancing, terror-stricken horses out, and succeeded in removing five of the guns; two others the Grenadiers dragged away by hand. One piece remained in our possession. We pursued, and found ourselves in a maze of mud-huts, every one of which was fought for and won. Finally, we were clear of the Russians, having taken along our whole front the first line of their entrenchments. Five hundred yards ahead loomed a second and stronger line.

I collected my men, and found sixty of them. I was the only surviving officer of my company. Both my comrades had died the true soldier's death—face to the foe.

In the meantime, on the other side, Todleben's dispositions had commenced to work like a huge piece of machinery set into motion by the turning of a single wheel. Through my glasses I saw whole divisions coming up from the east. Before the Turkish forces—necessarily in a state of great confusion after so desperate an encounter—could be got into order and position for an attack upon the second line of Russian entrenchments, and before any part or fraction of our second division could start in aid of the almost exhausted first, the Russians commenced a vigorous counter-attack with overwhelming numbers, which threw the gravest disorder into the Turkish ranks, and caused finally a panic. In a mad torrent of horses, vehicles, and men the crazy crowd rushed back across the plain, each man fondly and foolishly hoping to find safety behind the river.

It may not be amiss to give an outline of the general course of the action up to this point.

Already an hour before midnight on the 9th the Russians had discovered the eastern redoubts to be abandoned, and had occupied them. After daybreak the southern redoubts, those on the Janik Bair, and the town itself were occupied.

The rush of the first division, headed by Osman Pasha in person, with sword in the right

hand and revolver in the left, attended by every officer of his staff, had been uniformly successful; the front line of the hostile entrenchments had been seized, with twelve guns and some hundreds of prisoners. But the Russian camp wires flashed the news that the Turks had attacked Ganeizki's corps to every portion of the huge circle of investment; from the other sections strong reinforcements started to aid the Grenadiers, and everywhere further columns were organised. The Russian counter-attack threw confusion into the Turkish ranks. Osman was grievously wounded in the leg by a shell-splinter, and Tahir took the command. The latter, though he did undoubtedly all that lay within his power, was not able to maintain the conquered positions. The troops, seeing no longer their beloved chief, became demoralised; Tahir himself was slightly wounded, and Adil, the most trusted leader after Osman, was still on the right bank, miles away, where his brigades were so hotly engaged that the original plan—namely, to come to the aid of the first division—could not be executed. Of the three brigadiers who had taken part in the charge, two (Atouf Pasha and Yunuz Bey) were wounded, and the six regimental officers were all either killed or disabled. So great was the number of casualties among the officers that several battalions were in charge of junior-lieutenants.

The result of this combination of circumstances was the crazy flight across the Vid plain, which would have terminated, there and then, in the annihilation of the army, had not Said Bey, the commander of the convoy, thrust some of his battalions—led by Lieutenant-Colonel Pertev Bey, who was wounded in this encounter—between the retiring columns and the pursuing enemy. On all points the Turks retreated across the river, and on the other side they made their last stand.

Meanwhile the Roumanians had brought about by a ruse the surrender of the six battalions which held the Opanetz redoubts: they had sent a *parlementaire* to the commander, Edhem Pasha, with the message that Osman had laid down his arms; whereas, in fact, Osman surrendered at least two hours later than Edhem. Thus the right Turkish flank was bared. Reinforcements reached the Russian lines from all points; and the narrow confines of the locality which now harboured the dense and disorderly crowd of the Turkish army became the focus of a most awful artillery fire. To rearward and on the left flank the Russians began to press so hard

that Adil Pasha's remaining two brigades could maintain their positions only at the cost of terrible sacrifices. The confusion, caused principally by the cumbersome train, was so great, the exhaustion of the men so complete, that further resistance seemed impossible, and yet the Turkish forces had still a good deal of fight left in them.

On the right Vid bank Osman Pasha's army made its last stand. It was not attempted to restore the tactical formations; the men organised themselves voluntarily into columns and took up position along the bank, whilst the guns deployed on the slope of the hills. The carts were sent to the rear. When dense columns of Russian infantry came within range the Turks were ready for them, and for the last time the clatter of rifle-fire aroused the echoes of devastated vine-slopes. The cannonade became simply infernal. It is said that even the Balkan outposts of the so-called "Army of Relief," recently organised in and around Sofia, heard the growl of the distant thunder, forty miles away, and that they whispered to each other, in awe and wonder, that Osman the Victorious was making his last stand. The earth trembled, as if convulsed by the spasms of the dying Empire of the Crescent; and a great event, that was to shape the course of European politics for decades to come, was born amidst such labour and travail as history has rarely witnessed.

Osman had been carried to a shed on the bridge road, and thither came orderlies and aides-de-camp from every quarter with this one message: "It is all up with us. In another hour the Russian guns will have annihilated us." I, having been sent by my major with a request for help to Osman after the first successful Turkish attack, had been drawn into the vortex of the panic, and the mad torrent of humanity had carried me back across the river; and on my way to regain my battalion I came among the five hundred carts with the women and children, which the Russian shells seemed to single out for their aim. Such scenes as I witnessed there, such sounds as I heard then, I trust the reader will be mercifully spared from ever seeing or having to listen to. Then I passed by the shed to which Osman was brought just as I lingered there for a moment, and the terrible expression on his tortured features haunted me long afterwards. I did not stay to witness the hoisting of the white flag: this did not take place until an hour or more after I had left the neighbourhood. I learned later that Osman

had obstinately refused to give way to the entreaties of his officers to stop the slaughter by consenting to a capitulation, until the continued arrival of messengers from all sides, imploring for a cessation of hostilities, induced him to give, broken-hearted, the order to hoist a white flag on the roof. Numerous messengers were despatched to stop the firing. *Parlementaires* sent to the Russian general (Ganetzki) commanding the troops that were now coming up from all sides in serried ranks towards the Vid, asked for a capitulation with certain conditions; but Ganetzki demanded unconditional surrender, to which Osman had to agree. Tahir Pasha and General Ganetzki met

on the battlefield and concluded the capitulation.

Thus was accomplished the fall of Plevna, after a defence which had lasted 143 days, which embraced four great battles, twenty-five minor actions, and numerous skirmishes; which involved a cost in life and limb of close on 100,000 human beings, and which, to quote the Czar Alexander II., "is one of the finest things done in military history."

The Russians give their losses in this, the fourth and last battle of Plevna, at 2,100 in killed and disabled, of which figures 1,700 fell upon Ganetzki's corps of Grenadiers. The

Roumanian casualties were only a hundred or so. The Turkish losses amounted to 5,000 (of which 3,000 in the first division, 1,500 in the second, and 500 in train and convoy); 200 peaceful inhabitants, mostly women and children, had

been killed or wounded, and the Christians of Plevna massacred at least 500 invalids, convalescents, and residents. Thus in this action nearly 8,000 human beings were slaughtered or disabled.

General Ganetzki, as the man to whom Osman Pasha actually surrendered himself, is of course entitled to a share of the glory; but to call him the conqueror of Plevna, as has been done, is absurd. The Defender of Sebastopol is the Conqueror of Plevna; for

this proud title is fully due to General Todleben, who had brought about the fall of the best-defended town of modern times by the patient, calculating skill of the mathematician.

I had joined my battalion just in time to take part in the last stand made against overwhelming numbers of Roumanian infantry coming towards us from the north. Then a messenger brought the order to cease fire, and half-an-hour later I surrendered myself and the sad remnants of my company (forty men) to a Roumanian colonel, as the dusk, sullen and threatening, closed over the fall of Plevna.



THE SURRENDER OF OSMAN PASHA.

APPENDIX.

A GENERAL LIST OF ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

COMPILED BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

- 1801.—April 2: DENMARK having joined league of Northern Powers against England, Hyde Parker and Nelson attack **Copenhagen**; British victory.
- 1802.—EGYPT. British Expedition to expel French. March 8: Abercrombie lands at **Aboukir** in spite of French opposition. March 21: Battle of **Alexandria**; French defeated; they agree to evacuate Egypt.
- 1803.—INDIA. Mahratta War: British victories: Aug. 12, **Ahmednuggur**; Sept. 23, **Assaye**—Wellington's first great victory; Nov. 1, **Laswaree**; Nov. 29, **Argaum**.
- 1804.—Nov. 17, **Furruckabad**.
- 1803-1805.—Napoleon's plans for invasion of England are defeated by his failure to obtain command of the sea; to keep him employed on Continent England forms coalition with Russia and Austria; Austria declares war before Russia is ready, August, 1805.
- 1805.—Oct. 5; Nelson destroys French and Spanish fleets at **Trafalgar**.
- WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—Aug. 27-Sept. 24: French Grand Army under Napoleon marches from Boulogne into Germany; Mack with Austrians advances to Ulm, in Bavaria; French close on Ulm and cut Mack off from Austria, defeating Austrians (Oct. 8) at **Wertingen**; (Oct. 9) **Günsburg**; (Oct. 11) **Haslach**; (Oct. 14) **Elchingen** (Ney commands French); and (Oct. 15) **Michelberg**. On Oct. 17, Mack capitulates at Ulm.
- Oct. 30-Nov. 5: Napoleon advances on Vienna, Austrians and Russian auxiliary corps retiring before him and fighting rear-guard actions at **Ried**, **Lambach**, **Steyer**, and **Amstetten**. Nov. 8: Davoust's victory at **Maria-Zell**. Nov. 11: Mortier defeated at **Dürrenstein**. Nov. 13: Murat seizes bridges of the Danube by stratagem. Nov. 28: Napoleon enters Vienna.
- (EVENTS IN SOUTH OF AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.)—In Italy Massena opposes Archduke Charles. Oct. 30-31: Battle of **Caldiero**, indecisive; Archduke retires into Illyria. On news of Ulm, Austrians under Archduke John evacuate Tyrol, retiring eastwards and fighting three actions, all claimed as French victories—Nov. 2, **Mittenwald**; Nov. 4, **Scharnitz**; Nov. 11 and 12, **Gries**. Nov. 24: Austrians under Rohan surrender to St. Cyr after defeat at **Castelfranco**.
- CAMPAIGN OF AUSTERLITZ, against Russians and Austrians. Nov. 11: Russians under Alexander I. and Kutusoff unite with Austrian army at **Olmütz**. Nov. 28: Murat surprised by Russian vanguard at **Wischau**. Dec. 2: Battle of **Austerlitz**; decisive defeat of allies by Napoleon. Dec. 4: Armistice between French and Austrians. Dec. 24: Peace of **Pressburg**; Austria abandons Russian alliance, and cedes extensive territories to France and her tributary states.
- INDIA.—April 2: **Bhurtapore** besieged by Lake.
- 1806.—SOUTH AMERICA.—June 27: **Buenos Ayres** taken by British under Popham.
- MEDITERRANEAN.—British expedition to South Italy. Stuart lands in Calabria, and (July 4) defeats French under Reynier at Battle of **Maida**, but, failing to excite rising against French, retires to Sicily.
- CENTRAL EUROPE.—Campaign of Jena and Auerstadt. Napoleon tries to make peace with Russia at expense of Prussia; Prussia mobilises her army, and Russia breaks off negotiations. Napoleon strikes at Prussia before Russia is ready to help her. Aug. 9: Prussia declares war. Aug. and Sept.: Concentration of the armies. Oct. 10: Lannes defeats Prussians at **Saalfeld**. Oct. 14: Battles of **Jena** and **Auerstadt**; complete defeat of Prussians. Oct. 25: Napoleon enters Berlin. Prussians pursued northward by Murat; Oct. 28, surrender of Hohenlohe's army; Oct. 29, fortress of **Stettin**; Nov. 7, **Blücher's** army; Nov. 8, fortress of **Magdeburg**. On Nov. 30, French occupy **Warsaw**. Dec. 24: they defeat Russians at **Czarnovo**, in Poland.
- 1807.—Jan. 1: French go into winter quarters. Jan. 18: Russians march into East Prussia to help remains of Prussian army holding **Königsberg**. Jan. 25: They defeat Bernadotte at **Mohrungen**. Napoleon marches against Russians. Feb. 3: French victory at **Bergfried**. Feb. 7 and 8: Battle of **Preuss-Eylau**, claimed by French as victory, by Russians as drawn battle. Feb. 16: French return to winter quarters. May 25: **Dantzic** surrenders to French. Russians retire towards their own frontier pursued by French. June 10: they check French pursuit at **Heilsberg**. June 14: They accept battle at **Friedland**, and are completely defeated. July 9: Treaty of **Tilsit**; Prussia loses half her territory; the Grand Duchy of **Warsaw** formed out of part of old Polish kingdom.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—Feb. 3: **Whitelock** takes **Monte Video**. July 5: but is defeated at **Buenos Ayres**.
- DANISH WAR.—In consequence of information that Napoleon and the Czar had planned the seizure of the Danish fleet, the British Government demands surrender of the fleet to England, and, on refusal, (Sept. 2-5) **Cathcart** attacks and bombards **Copenhagen**, enforcing surrender.
- NAPOLEON'S INTERVENTION IN SPAIN.—Oct. 29: Treaty of alliance signed between France and Spain against Portugal, in virtue of which a French army under Junot marches through Spain, seizes **Lisbon**, and expels Portuguese royal family. Other French troops, entering Spain nominally to support Junot, treacherously seize fortresses of the North. Result, Spanish risings against the French and Peninsular War of following year.
- 1808.—May: risings against French in Spain and Portugal. July 15: Battle of **Medina del Rio Seco**; defeat of Spaniards. July 20: Battle of **Baylen**. Spaniards force 18,000 French under Dupont to surrender. July 24. Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed King of Spain.
- RUSO-SWEDISH WAR.—Feb.: The Czar declares war against Sweden, and Russian troops enter Finland. March 2: They take **Abo**, the capital. March 8: They besiege **Sweaborg**. April 6: The fortress surrenders. May: **Aland** and **Gothland** retaken from Russians by Swedish fleet supported by British squadron. May 17

and July 7: Swedes under Klingspoor defeat Russians in **East Bothnia**. July 29: Russian fleet driven into harbour by Swedes and British. July 17: Finland ceded to Russia by a convention, confirmed by formal treaty of peace next year.

THE PENINSULAR WAR begins August.—British under Wellesley land in Portugal (at Mondego Bay). Aug. 17: they defeat French under Laborde at **Rorica**. Aug. 21: Battle of **Vimiera**; Wellesley defeats Junot. French agree (Convention of Cintra) to evacuate Portugal. Sept. 30: Evacuation completed.

Nov. 30: Spaniards defeated at **Tudela**. British army under Sir J. Moore advances from Portugal into Spain. Dec. 22: It joins a force under Baird from Corunna, but not being properly supported by Spaniards, and being threatened by superior force under Napoleon and Soult, Moore retires on Corunna.

1809.—Jan. 16: Battle of **Corunna**; British beat off French and secure re-embarkation of the army (for Lisbon).

Feb. 21: **Saragossa** taken by French.

April 22: Wellesley again in command at Lisbon. May 12: Passage of the Douro. He enters Spain with mixed British and Spanish force. July 27, 28: He defeats French at **Talavera**. Not receiving reinforcements he retires on Almeida.

July and August: Walcheren expedition.

Nov. 20: Spanish defeat at **Ocana**; French overrun South of Spain. In the winter Wellington forms the fortified lines of Torres Vedras to cover Lisbon and provide a secure base, resting on the sea, for his army.

Meanwhile Napoleon's difficulties in Spain encourage Austria to renew the struggle with France.

CAMPAIGNS OF ECKMÜHL AND WAGRAM.—April 9: Austrians defeat Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, at **Pordenone**. The Austrian main-army under Archduke Charles invades Bavaria, and on April 16 defeats Bavarians (French allies) at **Landshut**. Austrians under Archduke Ferdinand invade Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and on April 19 defeat Poles and French under Poniatowski at **Raszyn**. April 20: Ferdinand enters Warsaw. Napoleon re-occupies Landshut on April 21, and on April 22 defeats Archduke Charles in battle of **Eckmühl**. Austrians retreat by Ratisbon; Napoleon advances on Vienna, which he occupies on May 13.

The Archduke Charles having approached Vienna from northwards, Napoleon crosses the Danube to meet him. June 21 and 22: Battles of **Aspern** and **Essling**; French defeated, re-cross the river. June 14: The Viceroy Eugene defeats Archduke John at **Raab**. July 4 and 5: Napoleon having been reinforced, crosses to north shore of Danube. July 5 and 6: Battle of **Wagram**; Napoleon defeats Archduke Charles, who retreats to Znaim. July 11: Battle of **Znaim**; Archduke again defeated. July 12: Armistice, followed by Treaty of Schönbrunn.

Aug.—Dec.: **TYROLESE WAR**.—The Tyrolese under Hofer and other leaders rise against French and Bavarians. Aug. 14: Hofer enters **Innsbruck** in triumph. Eventually the Tyrolese are everywhere defeated, and Hofer is captured and shot.

WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—Sept. 26: Turks defeat Russians at **Silistria**. Failure of Russian attempt to invade Bulgaria.

1810. **PENINSULAR WAR (continued)**.—July: French under Massena again invade Portugal July 11: They take Ciudad Rodrigo. Sept. 27: Battle of **Busaco**; Wellington defeats French. After the battle he retires slowly on lines of Torres Vedras. Nov. 14: Massena, unable to attack the lines, or to maintain himself longer in front of them for want of supplies, begins to retreat towards Spanish frontier.

1811.—Feb. 19: Battle of **Gebora**; Soult defeats Spaniards;

he then takes Badajoz. March 5: Battle of **Barossa**, Graham defeats Victor; Wellington having been reinforced, follows Massena. April 3: Battle of **Sabugal**; Massena is defeated and retires from Portugal; Wellington besieges Almeida. May 5: Battle of **Fuentes de Oñoro**; Massena, advancing to relief of Almeida, is again defeated by Wellington; Almeida surrenders. Wellington then besieges Badajoz, but fails to reduce it. May 16: Soult marching to relief of Badajoz is defeated at **Albuera**. Sept. 10: Battle of **Ximena**; Spaniards defeat French. Oct. 28: Hill defeats French at **Merida**.

1812.—Jan. 4: Battle of **Albufera**; Suchet defeats Spaniards. Jan. 19: Wellington takes **Ciudad Rodrigo** by storm. April 6: He takes **Badajoz** by storm, and then advances into Spain. April 6: Defeat of Soult at **Llerena**. July 12: Battle of **Salamanca**; Wellington defeats French under Marmont.—Aug. 12: Wellington enters Madrid. Unable to maintain himself here through Spaniards failing to guard his communications, he retires to borders of Portugal.

FRENCH INVASION OF RUSSIA.—**CAMPAIGN OF MOSCOW**.—Russian jealousy of French alliance with Austria, and refusal of Czar to join Napoleon's "Continental System" against England, leads to war between France and Russia. In the early summer Napoleon concentrates the Grand Army, 600,000 strong, on western borders of Russia. June 24: He crosses the Niemen, near Kowno. July 23: Battle of **Mohilev**; Davoust defeats Russians. July 25 and 26: Russian defeat at **Ostrowno**. Aug. 12: Schwarzenburg, with right of Grand Army (Austrians, etc.), defeats Russians at **Gorodeczno**. Aug. 18: Napoleon defeats Russians at **Smolensko**. On same day St. Cyr wins battle of **Polock**. Aug. 19: Rear-guard action at **Valutinagora**, fought by Russians to cover their retreat on Moscow. Sept. 7: Battle of **Borodino** (or of the **Moskowa**); Napoleon defeats Russian main army under Kutusoff. Sept. 15: French enter Moscow, the Russians retire along the Moscow-Kaluga road.

Moscow is set on fire by the Russians. Napoleon, after attempting to dictate a peace to the Czar, finds he cannot maintain himself in such an advanced position for the winter. Oct. 15: French march out of Moscow south-west, by Kaluga road, in order to retire by a line of country not laid waste in the advance. Oct. 18: Battle of **Winkowo**; Murat surprised by Kutusoff. Same day: Second battle of **Polok**; St. Cyr, guarding left of French communications, defeated by Russians. Oct. 24: Battle of **Malo-Jaroslavetz**; indecisive on actual field, but resulting in Napoleon's giving up attempt to retreat by a more southerly line, and falling back through country already wasted. Kutusoff moves parallel to him a few miles off; Cossacks harassing French. Nov. 3: Battle of **Wiasma**; Russians repulsed. Heavy snow begins. Nov. 15, 16, and 17: Battle of **Krasnoi**; repeated attacks by Kutusoff on French columns, final attack repelled by Napoleon at head of the Guard. Nov. 21: Tchitchagoff seizes bridge of Borisov, by which Napoleon hoped to cross the Beresina. Nov. 23: Battle of **Borisov**; Oudinot surprises the town, but the Russians burn the bridge and hold opposite bank. Napoleon secretly prepares a bridge at Studianka. Nov. 27 and 28: Battle of the **Beresina**; Napoleon crosses at Studianka and gains the Wilna road with heavy loss. He then resigns command to Murat, and hurries back to Paris. Dec. 15: Murat reaches Kowno with 5,000 men, and then re-crosses the Niemen. Dec. 18: Russians enter Wilna, with army reduced to 40,000 men.

NORTH AMERICA.—**SECOND AMERICAN WAR** begins (arising out of American resistance to English claim of right to search United States ships for British deserters). Oct. 13: Battle of **Queenston Heights**; Americans defeated by Canadians.

- 1813.—PENINSULAR WAR (*continued*).—April 13: Battle of **Castalla**; Murray defeats Suchet. June 21: Battle of **Vittoria**; Wellington defeats King Joseph. July 28-Aug. 2: Battles of the **Pyrenees**; Wellington defeats Soult. Aug. 31: **St. Sebastian** stormed by Graham. Nov. 10: Wellington defeats Soult at **Nivelle** and enters France. Dec. 9-13: Passage of the **Nive** by Wellington.
- UPRISING OF EUROPE AGAINST NAPOLEON. CAMPAIGN OF LEIPZIG. Jan.: Remains of various corps of Grand Army retreat into Prussia slowly followed by Russians. Feb. 17: Prussia allies herself with Russia. March 6: French evacuate Berlin. April 15: Battle of **Möckern**; Eugene defeats Russians. May 2: Battle of **Lützen**; Napoleon defeats allies and occupies Dresden. May 19: Battle of **Königswartha**; Ney defeats Russians. May 20 and 21: Battle of **Bautzen**; Napoleon defeats allies. May 30: Armistice. June and July: Unsuccessful peace negotiations. Aug. 11: Armistice ends; Austria joins allies. Aug. 21: Battle of **Löwenberg**; and Aug. 22: Battle of **Katzbach**; Napoleon twice defeats Prussians. Aug. 23: Battle of **Gross-Beeren**; Reynier defeated by Prussians. Aug. 26: Second battle of **Katzbach**; French defeated by Prussians. Aug. 27: Battle of **Dresden**; Napoleon defeats the Austrians. Aug. 29 and 30: Battle of **Kulm**; French under Vandamme defeated by allies. Napoleon defeats Blücher (Sept. 4) at **Hochkirch**, and (Sept. 5) **Markersdorf**.—Sept. 6: Ney defeated at **Dennewitz**. Oct. 3: Bertrand defeated at **Wartenberg**. Oct. 14: Great cavalry action at **Liebertowitz**; Murat fails to prevent junction of allies near Leipzig. Oct. 16, 17, and 18: Battle of **Leipzig**; Napoleon defeated by allies, and retreats westward. Oct. 30: Battle of **Hanau**; Napoleon defeats Bavarians, who try to intercept his retreat to the Rhine. Dec. 21: Austrians and Russians cross the Rhine.
- NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR (*contd.*).—Jan. 22: French Town taken by Americans. May 27: They take Fort George. June 6: Americans defeated at **Burlington Heights**. Oct. 26: Action at **Châteauguay**. Nov. 11: Battle of **Chrysler's Farm**, Canada. Dec. 8: Battle of **Black Rock**.
- 1814.—NAPOLEON'S "CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE."—Jan. 1: Blücher crosses the Rhine. Jan. 25: Napoleon takes command of the army at Chalons (only about 50,000 men). Jan. 29: He surprises Blücher at **Brienne**. Feb. 1: He defeats allies at **La Rothière**. Feb. 7: Victory of allies at **Bar-sur-Aube**. Napoleon defeats Blücher at (Feb. 10) **Champaubert**, (11th) **Montmirail**, (12th) **Château-Thierry**, and (13th) **Vauchamps**. Feb. 17: He defeats Russian vanguard at **Mormant**. Feb. 18: He defeats allies at **Montereau**. March 7: Battle of **Craonne**; French victory. March 9: Marmont fails in attack on Prussians at **Laon**. March 13: Napoleon surprises Russian corps under St. Priest at **Rheims**. March 21: He makes unsuccessful attack on Schwarzenburg at **Arcis-sur-Aube**. The allies now take advantage of their superior numbers to oppose Napoleon with a portion of their forces, while they push on to Paris with the rest. Napoleon leaves Marmont and Mortier with 30,000 men to cover Paris, and tries to operate against communications of the invaders. March 25: Battle of **La Fère Champenoise**; Marmont and Mortier defeated; they retire to suburbs of Paris. March 30: Allies storm French positions in the suburbs (Battle of the **Barriers**). March 31: They enter Paris. April 30: Napoleon assembles a force at Fontainebleau to attempt recapture of Paris, but is persuaded to accept armistice already signed by Marmont and Mortier.
- WELLINGTON'S INVASION OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.—February 27: He defeats Soult at **Orthez** and (March 30) at **Tarbes**. April 10: Battle of **Toulouse**; final defeat of Soult by Wellington.
- May 30: Peace of Paris; Napoleon, having abdicated, is given island of Elba. Bourbons restored in France.
- NORTH AMERICA.—SECOND AMERICAN WAR (*contd.*).—May 4: Battles of **Longwood** and (July 6) **Chippewa**; British defeats. July 25: Battle of **Lundy's Lane** or **Wigara Falls**. British victory. August 15: British repulse at **Fort Erie**. August 24: Battle of **Bladensburg**; General Ross defeats Americans and captures Washington. Sept. 12: British victory at **Baltimore**.
- INDIA.—NEPAUL OR GURKHA WAR begins this year. British unsuccessful at outset.
- 1815.—CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.—Feb. 26: Napoleon leaves Elba. March 1: He lands in France. March 20: He reaches Paris, the army declaring for him. The allies declare war against him. Murat, King of Naples, begins a war against the Austrians, but is defeated at **Ferrara** (April 12) and **Tolentino** (May 2). June 15: Napoleon marches into Belgium. June 16: Battle of **Ligny**; he defeats Prussians under Blücher. Same day: Battle of **Quatre Bras**; British hold their own, but on hearing of Prussian defeat, retire to position of Waterloo. June 18: Battle of **Waterloo**; Napoleon defeated by allies under Wellington and Blücher. Same day: Battle of **Wavre**; French under Grouchy defeat Prussians under Thielmann. On hearing of Napoleon's defeat, Grouchy makes good his retreat to France. June 21: Napoleon abdicates. July 3: Paris surrenders to Wellington and Blücher.
- SECOND AMERICAN WAR (*continued*).—Jan. 8-15: British repulse at **New Orleans**.
- INDIA.—GURKA WAR continues. Battle of Malau.
- 1816.—INDIA.—GURKHA WAR ends with Ochterlony's victories in Nepal.
- MEDITERRANEAN.—Aug. 20: Pirate stronghold of **Algiers** bombarded by British and Dutch fleets under Exmouth.
- 1817.—SOUTH AMERICA.—Feb. 12: Battle of **Chacabuco**; Spaniards defeated by revolted Chilians.
- INDIA.—Nov. 5: Battle of **Kirkee**; defeat of the Peshwa. Dec. 21: Battle of **Mehadpore**; defeat of Holkar.
- 1818.—SOUTH AMERICA. April 5: Decisive victory of the Chilians at **Maipo**.
- 1819.—SOUTH AMERICA.—Aug. 7: **Boyaca**; Bolivar defeats Spaniards.
- 1820.—Nov.: Dundonald's blockade of **Callao**.
- 1821.—INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENTS AGAINST THE TURKS IN GREECE AND THE BALKAN PENINSULA, with aid of Russian and other foreign sympathisers.—May 27: Battle of **Valtezza**; Turks defeated. June 19: Battle of **Dragaschan**; Greeks under Ypsilanti defeated. October 5: **Tripolitza** stormed by Greeks.
- 1822.—July 13: Greeks defeat Turks at **Thermopylæ**. Sept. 16: **Corinth** taken.
- 1823.—French intervention in Spain against the Liberals. Capture of the **Trocadero**.
- 1824.—WEST AFRICA.—Jan. 21: Battle of **Accra**; Sir Charles Macarthy defeated and killed by the Ashantees.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—Dec. 9: Battle of **Ayacucho**; Peruvians defeat Spaniards.
- INDIA.—FIRST BURMESE WAR begins.
- 1825.—May 28: Battle of **Rangoon**.
- 1826.—INDIA.—FIRST BURMESE WAR ends with annexation of Assam, Tenasserim, and Aracan. Jan. 18: British capture **Bhurtpore**. AFRICA.—Aug. 7: British defeat Ashantees at **Accra**.
- 1827.—GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—May 17: **Athens** taken. Oct. 20: Battle of **Navarino**; Turkish fleet destroyed by united fleets of England, France, and Russia. Dec. 18: Czar publishes a manifesto announcing armed intervention in Turkey.

- 1828.—**RUSO-TURKISH WAR.**—Jan. -March: Russian armies under Wittgenstein concentrating in Bessarabia. May 7: They cross the Pruth. June 8th: They cross the Danube at Satunovo, below Galatz, meeting with little resistance, and march on Varna. July 11: Battle of **Bazardjik**; Russians defeat Turks north of Varna. July 12: Battle of **Kosludja**; Sortie of Varna garrison repulsed. Oct. 10: Varna surrenders. Russians go into winter quarters.
- 1829.—Diebitsch takes command of Russian field-army; he besieges Silistria. May 17: Battle of **Eski Arnautlar** (near Varna). June 17: Battle of **Kulevcha** or **Marasch**; Turks defeated. June 17: Silistria surrenders. July 1: Battle of **Kainly**; Russians defeat Turks, and then cross Balkans near the sea, keeping touch with their fleet. July 25: Battle of **Ajtos**; 31st, **Jamboli**; Aug. 12, and **Slivno**; Russian victories south of Balkans. Aug. 30: Diebitsch enters Adrianople with only 15,000 men. Pestilence in his army. Threatened by an army of 40,000 Arnauts, and unable to advance or retire, Diebitsch is extricated from a dangerous position by diplomatists, who (Sept. 14) induce Turkey to conclude a peace. This is followed by a formal treaty, acknowledging independence of Greece and semi-independence of Danubian principalities.
- 1830.—**NORTH AFRICA.**—July 5: **Algiers** taken by French.
- POLAND.**—Nov. 29: Successful insurrection at Warsaw. The Grand Duke Constantine takes to flight.
- 1831.—Jan. 25: Polish Parliament decrees deposition of Russian Imperial family from all rule in Poland. Feb. 5: Diebitsch with Russian army enters Poland. Feb. 17: Poles defeated at **Dobre** and **Kaluszyn**; retire towards Warsaw. Feb. 19 and 20: Russians force Polish position at **Wawer**.—Feb. 25: Battles of **Bialolenka** and **Grochow**; indecisive.—April 10: Poles defeat Russians at **Seidlice**. May 26: Battle of **Ostrolenka**; claimed by both sides as a victory. June 8: Diebitsch dies of cholera, which ravages both armies. July: Russians under Paskiewitch march down north bank of Vistula to Prussian frontier, bridge it with Prussian help, and in August march on Warsaw by the south bank. Aug. 15: Battle of the **Bzura River**; Poles driven back on Warsaw. Sept. 6 and 7: Polish positions in suburbs of **Warsaw** captured after hard fighting. Sept. 8: Paskiewitch enters Warsaw. End of the war.
- 1832.—**FRENCH INTERVENTION IN BELGIUM.**—A French corps under Marshal Gérard marches into Belgium to expel the Dutch from Antwerp, their last stronghold, Dec. 23: Citadel of **Antwerp** surrenders to French and Belgians after an obstinate defence.
- WESTERN ASIA.**—Egyptians under Mehemet Ali invade Syria. Turks defeated by Egyptians (July 8) at **Homs**, (July 29) **Beylan**, and (Dec. 21) **Koniya**. Result: Syria ceded to Mehemet Ali by the Porte.
- 1836.—**FIRST CARLIST WAR.**—Disputed succession to Spanish crown. Civil war between adherents of Don Carlos (Carlists) and supporters of Queen Christina, as regent for her daughter, Queen Isabella II. (Christinos). The latter are assisted by a British Legion, organised with approval and help of British Government. May 5: Battle of **Hernani**; Carlists defeated. Oct. 1: Carlist defeat at **St. Sebastian**. Dec. 24: Siege of **Bilbao** raised.
- TEXAN INSURRECTION.**—Siege of **Alamo**. April 2: Battle of **San Jacinto**; Mexicans defeated by Houston.
- 1837.—March 16: Carlists again defeated at **Hernani**. May 17: British Legion defeats Carlists at **Irun**. July 15: Fighting at **Valencia**. Aug. 24: Battle of **Herrera**; Don Carlos defeats Burenno.
- NORTH AFRICA.**—Oct. 13: French take **Constantine**.
- NORTH AMERICA. CANADIAN REBELLION.**—Dec. 14: Battle of **St. Eustace**; rebels defeated.
- 1838.—Nov. 17: Battle of **Prescott**; Canadian rebels defeated.
- CARLIST WAR.**—June 22: Battle of **Penacerrada**.
- 1839.—Jan. 19: Aden taken by British.
- FIRST AFGHAN WAR.**—July 23: Storming of **Ghuznee**. Aug. 7: Cabul occupied.
- SYRIA.**—Mehemet Ali (believed to be encouraged by France) renews war against the Porte. June 23: Battle of **Nisib**; Complete defeat of Turkish army of Asia by the Syro-Egyptian army.
- 1840.—Quadruple alliance of England, Austria, Russia, and Turkey having been formed to secure *status quo* in the East and check progress of Mehemet Ali, British fleet under Napier is sent to the coast of Syria. Sept. 27: **Sidon** taken by Napier. Oct. 10: Allies defeat Egyptians at **Beyrout**. Nov. 3: **Acre** stormed by allies.
- INDIA.**—Battle of **Kotriah** (Scinde); British victory.
- 1841.—**CHINESE WAR.**—Jan. 7: English victory at **Chuen-pe**. Jan. 26: **Bogue Forts** (Canton) taken. Aug. 27: **Amoy** taken.
- AFGHANISTAN.**—Rising against British towards end of year.
- 1842.—Jan.: Destruction of British army retiring from Cabul. March 10: Afghans defeated at **Candahar**. April 5 and 6: **Khyber Pass** forced by Pollock. Sept. 6: Afghans defeated at **Ghuznee** by Nott.
- CHINESE WAR (continued).**—March 10: Chinese defeated at **Ningpo**.—July 21: **Chinkiang** taken.
- 1843.—**INDIA, SCINDE WAR.**—Feb. 17: Napier's victory at **Meanee**.
- MAHARATTA OUTBREAK AT GWALIOR.**—Dec. 29: Gough defeats Mahrattas at **Maharajapore**.
- 1844.—**NORTH AFRICA.**—Aug. 14: Battle of **Isly**; French defeat Abd-el-Kadr.
- 1845.—**INDIA.**—**FIRST SIKH WAR.**—Gough defeats Sikhs (Dec. 18) at **Múdkí** and (Dec. 20 and 21) **Firozshah**.
- 1846.—Jan. 28: Smith defeats Sikhs at **Aliwal**. Feb. 10: Gough defeats them at **Sobraon**.
- NORTH AMERICA.—UNITED STATES INVASION OF MEXICO.** May 8 and 9: Battle of **Palo Alto**. Sept. 21-23: Battle of **Monterey**; American victories.
- 1847.—Feb. 22: Battle of **Buena Vista**. Aug. 19 and 20: Battle of **Ozontero**; United States victories.
- SWITZERLAND, CIVIL WAR OF THE SONDERBUND.**—Nov. 23: Battle of **Gislikon**.
- 1848.—**WAR AGAINST AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.**—March 15: Revolution in Vienna. March 18-22: Revolt of **Milan**; Radetzky (Austrian commander) retires to Verona. March 22: Revolution at Venice. March 23: Radetzky storms **Malegnano**, where insurgents try to cut off his retreat. March 28: Charles Albert and Sardinian army enter Lombardy to support insurgents against Austria. April 8: Battle of **Goito**; C. Albert defeats Austrians and crosses Mincio. April 30: Austrian defeat at **Pastrengo**. May 6: C. Albert fails in attack on **Santa Lucia**. May 9: Nugent, advancing with Austrian reserve army, defeats Italians at **Poderobbia**. May 24: Battle of **Vicenza**; indecisive. June 2: Peschiera surrenders to C. Albert. June 10: Italians under Durando defeated at **Vicenza**. July 24-26: Battle of **Custoza**; C. Albert defeated by Radetzky in three days' fighting about Custoza and Sonma Campagna. Italians retreat into Lombardy pursued by Austrians. Aug. 6: Radetzky re-enters Milan. Aug. 9: Armistice.
- SLESWICK-HOLSTEIN WAR.**—Prussia asserts claim of Germany to Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, and marches into the territory, the invasion being preceded by rising of German sympathisers against the Danes. April 9: Danes defeat rebels. April 23: Prussians defeat Danes at the **Dannewerke**.
- CROAT CAMPAIGN IN HUNGARY.**—The Croats under Jellachich (incited thereto by Vienna Government) invade Hungary, but (Sept. 27) are defeated at Battle of **Velenezo** by Hungarian national army.

- INDIA.—SECOND SIKH WAR begins with outbreak at **Mooltan** in 1848.
- 1849.—Gough defeats the Sikhs (Jan. 13) at **Chillianwallah** and (Feb. 21) **Goojerat**.
- WAR IN ITALY.—March 12: C. Albert gives Radetzky notice that armistice will end on 20th. March 20: Austrians enter Piedmont. March 21: Italians defeated at **Mortara**. March 23: Battle of **Novara**; complete defeat of the Italians. March 26: Armistice between Austrians and Piedmontese. March 29: **Brescia** (which has not heard yet of **Novara**) rises against Austrians, but (March 31) is recaptured by Haynau. April: Austrians under D'Aspre drive revolutionary Governments from Modena, Parma, and Florence. April 30: French under Oudinot defeated by Garibaldi near **Rome**. May 19: Garibaldi defeats Neapolitans at **Velletri**. July 3: **Rome** taken by the French. Aug. 24: Venice surrenders.
- WAR IN HUNGARY.—Feb. 27: Battle of **Grau**; Hungarians defeat Austrians. After numerous defeats the Austrians call in Russians to help in destruction of the national Government at Pesh. Austrian and Russian armies (250,000) march against Hungarian national army (about 130,000). Hungarians defeated at **Pered** (June 21) and **Acs** (July 2 and 10). July 17: Russians take **Waitzen**. July 31: Battle of **Schassberg**; Russians defeat Hungarians under Bem. Aug. 10: Austrians under Haynau defeat Hungarians at **Temesvar**. Gorgei's capitulation ends the war.
- 1850.—DENMARK. Battle of **Idstedt** (Sleswick-Holstein); Holsteiners and Prussians defeated by Danes.
- 1850—54.—Kaffir War in Cape Colony.
- 1852.—INDIA.—SECOND BURMESE WAR.—Mar. 7: Donabew. April 12-14: Capture of **Rangoon**; Pegu annexed.
- 1853.—Beginning of the war between RUSSIA and TURKEY, arising out of Russian claim to custody of places of pilgrimage in Palestine, and to right of protectorate over Russo-Greek Christians in Turkish Empire. Western Powers subsequently intervened to check Russian progress, hence the CRIMEAN WAR of 1854-56.
- July 2: Russian army enters Moldavia. Nov. 4: Battle of **Oitenitza**; Turks defeat Russians. Nov. 30: Battle of **Sinople**; Russians destroy Turkish squadron in Black Sea.
- 1854.—Battle of **Citate**; Turks defeat Russians.—May 17: Russians besiege Silistria.—June 22: Russians, menaced by Austrian concentration in their rear, raise the siege and evacuate the Danubian principalities. July 29 and 30: Russians defeat Turks at **Bayazid**, in Asia Minor. Aug.: The allied army (British, French, and Turks) at Varna ordered to invade the Crimea. Sept. 1: Embarkation at Varna begins. Sept. 14: Landing in Crimea begins. Sept. 20: Battle of the **Alma**; Russian defeat. Oct. 9: Siege of **Sebastopol** begins. Oct. 25: Battle of **Balaclava**; claimed by both sides. Nov. 5: Battle of **Inkerman**; Russian defeat.
- AUSTRALIA.—Dec. 3: The **Eureka** stockade.
- 1855.—Sardinian force joins allies in Crimea.—Feb. 17: Russian attack on Eupatoria repulsed. June 18 (Waterloo day): Unsuccessful attempt of allies to storm **Sebastopol**. Aug. 16: Battle of the **Tchernaya**; Russian defeat. Sept. 8: French storm the **Malakoff**; English attack the **Redan**. In the night the Russians abandon south side of Sebastopol.
- Asia Minor.—Nov. 27: Russians take **Kars**.
- 1856.—Treaty of Paris ends the war.
- PERSIAN WAR.—Dec. 10: British defeat Persians at **Bushire**.
- 1857.—British defeat Persians (Feb. 8) at **Kooshab** and (March 26) at **Mohammerah**.
- THE INDIAN MUTINY.—May 10: Sepoy Mutiny begins at **Meerut**. May, June, and July: fighting in and near **Delhi**. June 27: Massacre of **Cawnpore** garrison.
- June 29: **Lucknow** besieged by the rebels. July 11: Havelock defeats rebels at **Futtehpore** and marches on Cawnpore.—Aug. 15: Battle of **Pandoo Nuddee**; Neill defeats rebels. Sept. 14-20: Assault and capture of **Delhi**. Sept. 26: Relief of **Lucknow** by Havelock and Outram. Nov. 16: Second relief of **Lucknow** by Campbell. Dec. 6: Campbell defeats rebels near **Cawnpore**.
- 1858.—Jan. 2: Campbell's victory at **Futteghur**. Feb. 4: Inglis defeats rebels at **Calpi**. Jan. 12 and Feb. 21: Outram defeats rebels near **Lucknow**. March 9-15: Colin Campbell drives rebels from **Lucknow**. Victories of Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) in Central India. Battles of (April 4) **Jhansi**, (May 11) **Koonch**, and (June 17) **Gwalior**. June 7: **Bareilly**. Sept. 15: Battle of **Bajghur**; defeat of rebels under Tantia Tope by Mitchell. Nov. 24: Battle of **Dhoodea Khera**; Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) defeats rebels.
- 1859.—Feb. 10: Horsford defeats the Begum of Oude and Nana Sahib. What remained of the rebel bands was broken up in the course of the year.
- WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—After Crimean War Napoleon III. plans with Sardinian minister, Cavour, a French intervention in Italy, to drive out the Austrians and substitute French for Austrian influence south of the Alps.
- April 23: Austria, provoked by French and Sardinian war preparations, sends ultimatum to Turin; French troops at once enter Piedmont and land at Genoa. May 20: Battle of **Montebello**; Forey defeats Austrians. May 26: Garibaldi makes unsuccessful attack on Austrians at **Varese**. May 30 and 31: Allies defeat Austrians at **Palestro**. June 1: French advance against Austrian position on the Ticino covering Milan. June 3: action at **Turbigo**; MacMahon crosses the Ticino. June 4: Battle of **Magenta**; defeat of Austrians. June 7: French enter Milan. Austrians retire to the Mincio. June 8: Bazaine defeats Austrian rearguard at **Malegnano**. June 24: Battle of **Solferino**; defeat of Austrians. July 8: Armistice of Villafranca, followed by peace of Zurich. Lombardy given to Piedmont, which cedes Savoy and Nice to France.
- CHINA.—June 25: English gunboat flotilla repulsed in attack on the **Taku Forts** (Pei-ho River).
- 1860.—SPANISH WAR WITH MOROCCO.—Spaniards under O'Donnel defeat Moors (Jan. 1), at **Castillejos**, (Feb. 4) **Tetuan**, and (March 23) **Guad-el-Ras**.
- WARS OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.—Garibaldi, with secret support of Sardinian Government, raises insurrection against Bourbons in Sicily. May 15: He defeats Neapolitans at **Calatafimi**. May 27-31: He takes **Palermo** after some street-fighting. July 21 and 22: Defeats Neapolitans at **Milazzo**; Sardinian troops march through Papal States into kingdom of Naples, defeating Papal troops under La Moriciere (Sept. 18) at **Castelfidardo**, and besieging and taking **Ancona**. Oct. 1: Battle of the **Volturno**; Garibaldi defeats Neapolitan royalists before **Capua**. Oct. 17: Battle of **Isernia**; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans in the Abruzzi. Nov. 3: Battle of the **Garigliano**; Sardinians defeat Neapolitans.
- CHINESE WAR.—Aug. 21: Allies (British and French) capture **Taku Forts**. Sept. 18: Battle of **Chan-kiawan**, and Sept. 21: Battle of **Pa-li-chao**; Chinese defeats, as result of which Peking is taken.
- NEW ZEALAND.—Maori insurrection.
- 1861.—ITALY.—Gaeta surrenders to Victor Emmanuel. Hill fighting against Neapolitan Royalists in Calabria and the Abruzzi in this and the two following years.
- TURKEY.—October and November: Unsuccessful rising of Montenegrins.
- NORTH AMERICA.—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR (War of Secession) began. April 12: the Confederates bombard

- Fort Sumter** (Charleston). June 10: Federal defeat at **Big Bethel**. July 5: Confederate defeat at **Carthage**. July 21: Battle of **Bull Run** or **Manassas** (first big battle of war); defeat of Federals. Aug. 10: Federal victory at **Springfield**. Sept. 20: Confederates take **Lexington**, and (Oct. 21) win battle of **Ball's Bluff**.
- MEXICO.—England, France, and Spain intervene in Mexico in interest of Mexican bondholders, and occupy Vera Cruz in December without resistance. England and Spain soon retire from the enterprise, but France tries to found an empire in Mexico under an Austrian archduke.
1862. ITALY.—Garibaldi tries to organise a movement against Rome, but on August 29 he is wounded and his volunteers dispersed by the royal troops at **Aspromonte**.
- AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—Feb. 16: Federals take **Fort Donnellson**. March 9: Battle of **Hampton Roads**; first fight of the ironclads, *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. April 6 and 7: Confederate victory at **Shiloh**. April 27: Farragut takes **New Orleans**. Confederate successes at (May 5) **Williamsburg** and (25th) **Winchester**. May 31 and June 1: Battle of **Fairoaks**. June 25-July 1: Battles of the **Chickahominy**. Aug. 9: Confederate victory at **Cedar Mountain**. Aug. 23-29: Fighting on the **Rappahannock**. Aug. 29 and 30: Second battle of **Bull Run**; Federal defeat. Sept. 17: Federal victory at **Antietam**. Dec. 13: Lee defeats Federals at **Fredericksburg**.
- FRENCH INVASION OF MEXICO.—April 28: Mexicans defeated at **Acultzingo**. May 5: French repulse at **La Puebla**. June 13 and 14: Battle of **Orizaba**; French victory.
- 1863.—POLAND, UNSUCCESSFUL RISING AGAINST RUSSIA.—Numerous small battles and skirmishes, chiefly near Galician frontier. Battle of **Brody**.
- AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—May 3: Battle of **Chancellorsville**; Lee defeats Federals and attempts invasion of the North. June 14: Confederate victory at **Winchester**. July 1, 2, and 3: Battle of **Gettysburg**; Lee defeated by Federals under Meade. July 4: Grant, after long siege, takes **Vicksburg** on the Mississippi. (Gettysburg and Vicksburg decided the war against the South, though it dragged on till 1865.) Sept. 19 and 20: Confederate victory at **Chickamauga**. Nov. 23 and 26: Federals victorious at **Chattanooga**.
- MEXICAN WAR.—May 17: **La Puebla** taken by French after desperate resistance. June 10: Marshal Forey enters Mexico; Juarez and Mexican republicans keep up a guerilla warfare. Dec. 29: Battle of **Uruapan**; Mexican defeat.
- INDIA. UMBEYLA CAMPAIGN.—Oct-Dec.: Fighting in the pass. Dec. 15-16: Chamberlain captures Umbeyla.
- 1863-64.—CHINA.—Gordon's successful campaign against Taeping rebels, in which he wins more than thirty battles.
- 1864.—DANISH WAR. Austria and Prussia unite to enforce German claim to duchies of Sleswick-Holstein and Lauenburg. Feb. 1: Allies cross frontier. Feb. 3: Danes defeated at **Jägel** and **Overseik**. Feb. 5: they evacuate the Dannewerke. Feb. 5: Danes defeated at **Oversee** and (Feb. 8) at **Viele**. April 18: Prussians storm **Düppel**. May 9: Danes win naval fight near **Heligoland**; armistice. Unsuccessful peace negotiations. June 28 and 29: Prussians force passage of strait into **Island of Alsen**. July 21: Rendsburg taken; armistice, followed by Danish surrender of the disputed territory.
- AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—Grant and Meade advance against Confederate capital, Richmond. May 10-12: Battles of **Spottsylvania** and the **Wilderness**. June: Federals begin siege of Confederate lines of **Petersburg** (the defences of Richmond). June 19: *Alabama* sunk by *Kearsarge*. Sept. 2: Sherman occupies
- Atlanta, from which he marches through Georgia to the sea at Savannah. Confederates defeat at **Winchester** (Sept. 19), **Cedar Creek** (Oct. 19), and **Franklin** (Nov. 30). Dec. 14-16: Thomas defeats Hood and last Confederate army in their western territory at **Nashville**.
- MEXICO. Guerilla warfare continues in the provinces; Maximilian proclaimed Emperor.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—In 1864 Spain became involved in a dispute with Peru; Chili joined Peru as an ally. The only fights were attacks on coast towns by Spanish fleet.
- NEW ZEALAND.—MAORI WAR.—April 27: Fight at the **Gate Pah**.
- 1865.—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. Feb. 17: Confederates evacuate Charleston. April 1: Lee defeated at **Five Forks**. April 2: Confederates evacuate Richmond. April 6: Action at **Farmville**; final defeat of Lee and the Confederate cause. He surrenders a few days later.
- MEXICO.—Feb. 9: Capture of **Oajaca** by the French.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR begins (lasts till 1870). Paraguay, under President Lopez, holding out against a league of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. Sept. 18: Battle of **Santayuna**; allies victorious.
- 1866.—WAR IN GERMANY AND ITALY.—Immediate cause a quarrel about the Danish duchies; real cause the struggle between Austria and Prussia for the headship of Germany. Italy acts as ally of Prussia; Hanover and most of the South German States join Austria. June 14: Decree of German Diet against Prussia begins the war. June 18: Prussians occupy Dresden and begin march into Bohemia on 22nd. June 26: Battle of **Podol**; indecisive. June 27: Austrians defeated at **Nachod** and **Trautenau**. Hanoverians repel Prussian attack at **Langensalza**, but are subsequently forced to capitulate. June 28: Austrian defeats at **Skalitz**, **Rudersdorf**, and **Münchengrätz**. June 29: Austrians defeated at **Gitschin** and **Königinhof**. July 3: The two Prussian armies (King and Crown Prince) unite on battlefield of **Sadowa** or **Königgrätz**; crushing defeat of Austrians and Saxons; Vienna hurriedly fortified. Prussians defeat South Germans at (July 10) **Kissingen** and (July 14) **Aschaffenburg**. July 15: Austrian defeat at **Tobitschau**. July 22: Battle of **Blumenau**; stopped by news that armistice had been signed.
- THE CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.—June 23: Italians cross the Mincio. June 24: They are defeated at **Custoza** and recross the river. July: Garibaldi and Medici fail to penetrate into the Tyrol. July 20: Italian fleet defeated by Austrians at **Lissa**.
- At end of war Prussia becomes head of German federation and Italy obtains possession of Venice.
- MEXICO.—Withdrawal of French troops is followed by rapid spread of rising against Maximilian.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Feb. 25: Battle of **Paso de la Patria**; indecisive. April 16: Battles of **Parana** and (May 2) of **Estero Velhaco**; allies victorious. July 16 and 18: Battle of **Tuyuty**; allies defeated. Sept. 17, 19, and 22: Battle of **Curupaity**; allies defeated. October 30: third battle of **Tuyuty**; allies victorious.
- SPANISH WAR WITH PERU AND CHILI.—March 31: Spaniards bombard **Valparaiso**.
- 1866-68.—INSURRECTION IN CRETE.
- 1867.—ITALY.—Garibaldi invades Papal States, and (Nov. 3) is defeated at **Mentana**.
- MEXICO.—May 15: **Queretaro** surrenders to Juarez. June 19: Maximilian shot.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—PARAGUAYAN WAR.—June 13: Brazilians take **Corumba**.
- 1868.—REPUBLICAN REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.—Sept. 27-28: Prim defeats royalists at **Alcolea**. Isabella leaves Spain.

- AFRICA.—British expedition to Abyssinia.—April 10: Defeat of Abyssinian army at **Arooghee**.—April 13: Storming of Magdala.
- ASIA.—May 25: Russians take **Samarcand**.
- AMERICA.—CUBA.—On news of Spanish revolution, a rebellion began in Cuba, which was not suppressed till 1878.
- PARAGUAYAN WAR.—December 11: Battle of **Villela**; defeat of Lopez by Brazilians.
- 1869.—Aug. 12, 16, 18, 21: Repeated defeats of Paraguayans under Lopez.
- 1870.—March 1: Battle of **Aquidaban**; Paraguayans defeated by allies; Lopez killed; end of the Paraguayan War.
- FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—Immediate cause, candidature of a German Prince for Crown of Spain, but rivalry of Prussia and France since Sadowa the real cause. July 19: Declaration of war. Aug. 2: Battle of **Saarbrück**; French success. Aug. 4: Battle of **Wissemburg**; Douay's division surprised the Crown Prince's army.—Aug. 6: French right defeated at Battle of **Wörth** (or **Reichshoffen**) and left beaten at Battle of **Forbach** (or **Spicheren**). French retire on Metz (MacMahon's troops to Chalons). Battles round Metz. Aug. 14: Battle of **Borny** (or **Colombey-Nouilly**). Aug. 16: Battle of **Mars-la-Tour** (**Vionville** or **Rezonville**), and Aug. 18 Battle of **Gravelotte** (or **St. Privat**). The two first claimed by both sides, but resulting in delay of French retreat from Metz; the last a great German victory, shutting up Bazaine and French Army of the Rhine in Metz. End of Aug.: MacMahon with Army of Chalons tries to march to relief of Metz by the north. Aug. 30: De Failly's corps of MacMahon's army surprised and routed at **Beaumont**. Aug. 31: Bazaine makes a sortie from Metz; first day of Battle of **Noisseville**; indecisive. Sept. 1: Second day of Battle of **Noisseville**; French retire into Metz. Same day, Battle of **Sedan**; MacMahon wounded, and his army cut off and surrounded by the Germans. Sept. 2: Capitulation of Sedan. Sept. 4: Republic proclaimed on news reaching Paris. Sept. 9: **Laon** taken by Germans. Sept. 19: Battle of **Chatillon** (South of Paris); French defeat. Sept. 20: Siege of Paris begins. Sept. 23: **Toul** surrenders. Sept. 27: **Strasbourg** surrenders. Oct. 10: Battle of **Artenay** (or first battle of **Orleans**); Army of Loire defeats Bavarians under Von der Tann. Oct. 18: Battle of **Chateaudun**; French defeat. Oct. 20: Unsuccessful sortie west of Paris. Oct. 27: Surrender of Metz; Bazaine and the French Army of the Rhine made prisoners. Nov. 8: Surrender of Verdun. Nov. 9: Battle of **Coulmiers**. Nov. 27: Battle of **Amiens**; French Army of the North defeated by Manteuffel. Nov. 28: Battle of **Beaune-le-Rolande**; right of the Loire army defeated. Nov. 30: Great sortie from Paris; Champigny and Brie captured, but further progress checked (known as Battle of **Villiers**, or first battle of **Champigny**). Dec. 2: Battle of **Champigny**; French hold villages captured on 30th, but retire into Paris next day; Battle of **Loigny**; defeat of Army of the Loire. Dec. 3 and 4: second battle of **Orleans**; French defeat; Germans retake Orleans. Dec. 16: Surrender of Rouen. Dec. 23: second battle of **Amiens**.
- 1871.—Jan. 2 and 3: Battle of **Bapaume**; French claim victory, but after two days' fighting fail to advance on Amiens. Jan. 6: Battle of **Vendôme**; defeat of Army of Loire.—Jan. 9: Battle of **Villersexel**; victory of Bourbaki in the east; his further progress checked by hurrying reinforcements to Germans from the north. Jan. 12: Chanzy and Loire army defeated at Battle of **Le Mans**. Jan. 16-17: Bourbaki defeated at **Héricourt** and **Montbeliard**; his army retreats into Switzerland. Jan. 19: French Army of the North defeated at **St. Quentin**. Same day, last sortie from Paris; Battle of **Buzenval**; French defeat. Jan. 26: Paris surrenders; armistice. (Peace concluded, France ceding Alsace and part of Lorraine to Germany and paying a heavy indemnity.)
- CIVIL WAR OF THE COMMUNE.—Second siege of Paris. March 18: Insurrection in Paris. March 27: Commune proclaimed. May 20: Army of MacMahon enters Paris.
- AFRICA.—News of French disasters, and partial withdrawal of French garrisons, lead to a rising in Algeria, which is suppressed with much hard fighting.
- 1872.—SPAIN, CARLIST WAR: Don Carlos (grandson of first Don Carlos) in North of Spain, is defeated (May 3) at **Oroquieta**. But Carlist guerrilla warfare continues in the northern provinces.
- 1873.—CARLIST WAR continues.—Aug. 5 and 6: **Elgueta**.—Oct. 6: **Puente de la Reyna**; Carlist victories. July: SIEGE OF CARTHAGENA. The city and forts held for six months by Red Republicans.
- ASIA.—Dec. 11: French capture **Nam-dinh** in Ton'kin.
- 1874.—AFRICA.—British expedition against Ashantees. Jan. 29: Battles of **Borborassie**; Jan. 31: **Amoaful**; Feb. 1: **Bocquah**; Feb. 2: **Fommanah**; Feb. 4: **Ordashu**; Coomassie, the king's capital, occupied by Wolseley.
- SPAIN, CARLIST WAR (*continued*).—May 2: Concha defeats Carlists near **Bilbao**. June 26-27: Battles of **Pena de Muro** and **Estella**; Concha defeated by Carlists and killed. Nov. 10: Laserna defeats Carlists at **Irun**. Dec. 7 and 8: Carlists defeat Loma near **Tolosa**.
- 1875.—ASIA.—Sept. 4 and 21: Russians invade **Khokand** and defeat the Khan's troops. War begun between Dutch in Sumatra and Sultan of Achim—continues till 1879.
- AFRICA, ABYSSINIA.—Oct.: Egyptian expedition defeated.
- 1876.—SERVIAN WAR.—Serbia and Montenegro, assisted by Russia, make war on Turkey. July 1: War begins. July 2 and 3: Indecisive actions at **Zaitschar**. July 6: Turkish victory at **Novi-bazar**. July 28: Montenegrins defeat Turks at **Urbitz**. Aug. 5 and 7: Turkish victories at **Gurgusovatz**. Aug.-Oct.: Servians holding entrenched camp at **Alexinatz**, receiving reinforcements and supplies from abroad, and trying to hold on till they are strong enough to assume offensive, or till Russia moves; continual fighting round Alexinatz, much of it mere skirmishing, ending with (Oct. 31) Battle of **Alexinatz**; Russo-Servian army defeated; armistice follows.
- CENTRAL ASIA.—Battle of **Assake**; decisive Russian victory in Khokand.
- AMERICA.—June: Battle of the **Little Big Horn**; destruction of Custer's force by Indians.
- 1877.—RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. (Intervention of Russia on behalf of Bulgarians.) April 24: War declared. Russia enters Roumania. June 26: Passage of the Danube at **Simnitza**. July 7-18: Gourko's raid across the Balkans; he captures the **Shipka Pass**. July 16: Russians take **Nicopolis**. July 20: first battle of **Plevna**. Defeat of Russians. July 30: second battle of **Plevna**. Russians defeated by Osman Pasha. Aug. 17-23: Suleiman's attacks on **Shipka Pass** repelled by Russians. Sept. 6-12: Joint Roumanian and Russian attack on Osman Pasha; third battle of **Plevna**; Turkish victory; regular siege of Plevna begun. Dec. 4: Russian defeat at **Elena**. Dec. 10: Fourth battle of **Plevna**; Osman surrenders. Winter march of Russians across Balkans.
- THE WAR IN ASIA.—Oct. 14-15: Mukhtar Pasha, after having driven Russians back to the frontier, is defeated at the **Aladja Dagh**. Nov. 17-18; **Kars** stormed by the Russians.
- 1878.—WAR IN EUROPE (*continued*).—Jan. 2: Goutko occupies Sofia. Jan. 3: Battle of **Itchiman**; Turks defeated. Jan. 9: Turkish army surrenders at the **Shipka**. Jan. 16-17: Fighting near **Philippopolis**. Jan. 18: Russians enter Adrianople. Jan. 30 They reach the shore of the Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople.
- [Treaty of San Stefano (revised by Treaty of Berlin) end-

- war, Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro secure independence; Principality of Bulgaria and tributary State of Eastern Roumelia created; territory ceded to Russia in Europe and Asia; Austria occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina, meeting with some armed resistance (1878-79). England occupies Cyprus.]
- AMERICA. Cuban rebellion (begin in 1868) suppressed.
- ASIA.—AFGHAN WAR.—Nov. 22: **Ali Musjid** (entrance to Khyber Pass) taken. Dec. 2: Battle of **Peiwar Kotal**.
- 1879.—April 2: Battle of **Futtehabad**. Oct. 6: Battle of **Charasiab**.—Dec.: Fighting about **Cabul**.
- ZULU WAR.—Jan. 22: British force destroyed at **Isandhlwana**; defence of **Rorke's Drift**. July 4: Decisive defeat of Zulus at **Ulundi**.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—Chili declares war against Peru and Bolivia. Oct. 8: Capture of Peruvian ram **Huascar** by the Chilians. Nov. 21: Battle of **Dolores**.
- 1880.—AFGHAN WAR (*continued*).—April 19: Stewart's victory at **Ahmed Khel**.—July 27: Ayub Khan defeats Burrows at **Maiwand**.—Sept. 1: Roberts completely defeats Ayub near **Cabul**.
- 1881.—TRANSVAAL WAR.—Jan. 28: Battle of **Laing's Nek**; Feb. 8, **Ingogo River**; Feb. 26, **Majuba Hill**; British defeated by Boers.
- CENTRAL ASIA.—Jan. 24: Turkoman stronghold of **Geok Tepe** taken by Russians under Skobelev.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—War between Chili and Peru continued. Jan. 17: Battle of **Miraflores**; Peruvians defeated. June 21: **Lima** taken by Chilians; end of war.
- NORTH AFRICA.—French occupy **Tunis**; fighting at **Sfax**.
- 1882.—EGYPTIAN WAR.—July 11: Bombardment of **Alexandria**. Aug. 24-25: Fighting at **Tel-el-Mahuta** and **Masameh**. Aug. 28 and Sept. 9: **Kassassin**. Sept. 13: Battle of **Tel-el-Kebir**; defeat of Arabi by Wolseley.
- 1883.—CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE MAHDISTS.—Nov. 3-5: Battle of **Kashgal**; Egyptian Army under Hicks destroyed.
- ASIA.—French expedition to Tonkin; Admiral Courbet blockades the coast and forces Court of Hué to accept French protectorate. Dec. 11-16: Capture of **Son-tai**.
- 1884.—AFRICA.—Mahdist War.—Feb. 4: First battle of **Teb**; Baker's Egyptian army destroyed.—Feb. 29: Second Battle of **Teb**; and March 13: Battle of **Tamai**; Sudanese under Osman Digna defeated by British under Graham; Gordon goes up to Khartoum, where he is besieged by Mahdists during latter part of year; rescue expedition under Wolseley is sent up the Nile. Sept.: Advance begins. Nov.: Second Cataract passed. Dec.: Desert Column under Stewart organised to march across desert to Metemneh.
- FRENCH WAR WITH CHINA. Aug. 24: French fleet destroys Chinese flotilla, and bombards arsenal at **Foochow**.—1884-5: French occupy Formosa.
- 1885.—AFRICA.—MAHDIST WAR (Nile Expedition continued).—Jan. 17: Battle of **Abu-Klea**; Desert Column defeats Mahdists. Jan. 19: Battle of **Gubat**; Mahdist defeat. Jan. 26: Mahdists take **Khartoum**; Gordon killed. Jan. 28: Wilson with steamers arrives in sight of Khartoum; too late. Feb. 10: Battle of **Kerbekán**; River Column defeats Mahdists; Earle killed. Second Expedition to Suakim.—March 20: Battle of **Hasheen**. March 22: Battle of **Tofrek**; Mahdist defeats.
- CENTRAL ASIA.—March 30: Russians attack and defeat Afghan force at **Ak Tapa**.
- AMERICA. CANADA.—SECOND REVOLT OF RIEL.—Canadians defeat rebels at **Fish Creek** (April 24), **Battleford** (May 3), and **Batoche** (May 9).
- ASIA.—THIRD BURMESE WAR.—Oct.: Ultimatum to King Theebaw. Nov. 15: British force under Prendergast crosses Burmese frontier and ascends the Irrawaddy.
- Nov. 28; Mandalay taken; Burmah annexed. (Country not completely pacified for two years, during which there is desultory fighting with the Dacoits.)
- SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR.—Nov. 14: Servian troops cross Bulgarian frontier. Nov. 17, 18, 19: Bulgarians defeat Servians in three-days' battle at **Slivnitza**. Nov. 22: Bulgarians storm **Dragoman Pass**. Nov. 24: They defeat Servians at **Zaribrod**, and (Nov. 26) enter Servia. Nov. 27: they take **Pirot**. Nov. 28: Armistice.
- 1887.—AFRICA.—Battle of **Dogali**; Italian force destroyed by Abyssinians.
- 1888.—AFRICA.—Dec. 20: Mahdists defeated near **Suakim** by Anglo-Egyptian force under Grenfell.
- 1889.—AFRICA.—SOUDAN.—July 2: Battle of **Arguin**; Wodehouse defeats Mahdists.—Aug. 3: Battle of **Toski**; Grenfell defeats Mahdists.
- AFRICA (EAST).—Oct. 27: Storming of **Witu**, near Zanzibar.
- 1891.—AFRICA.—Feb. 19: Battle of **Tokar**; Mahdists under Osman Digna defeated.
- SOUTH AMERICA. CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.—Aug. 28: Battle of **Placilla**; the dictator Balmaceda defeated.
- INDIA.—Dec.: Hunza-Nagar expedition; storming of the **Nilt Forts**.
- 1892.—AFRICA.—Jan.: Italians defeat Mahdists at **Agordat** in the Soudan.
- FRENCH EXPEDITION TO DAHOMEY.—Nov. 17: Abomey occupied.
- 1893.—AFRICA.—French occupy Timbuctoo.
- BRITISH INVASION OF MATABELELAND.
- ASIA. FRENCH DISPUTE WITH SIAM.—July 13: French gunboats force entrance of the **Menam River**.
- 1894-5.—WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.—Aug.: War declared. Sept. 16: Battle of **Pin-yang** (Corea), Chinese defeat. Sept. 18: Naval Battle of the **Yalu River**. Nov. 21: Japanese take **Port Arthur**.
- 1895.—Feb. 13: Japanese take **Wei-hai-wei**.
- BRITISH EXPEDITION TO CHITRAL.—April 3: Storming of the **Malakhand Pass**.
- INSURRECTION IN CUBA begins on Feb. 24th.
- FRENCH INVASION OF MADAGASCAR.—Sept. 30: **Antanarivo** taken.
- ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.
- 1896.—THE TRANSVAAL.—Jameson's raid. Jan. 1 and 2.
- ABYSSINIA.—March 1: **Adowa**; Italians defeated.
- SOUDAN.—Advance on the Nile. June 7: Battle of **Firket**. Sept. 19: **Hafir**. Sept. 23: **Dongola** taken.
- SOUTH AFRICA. March: Matabele rising begins.
- 1897.—NIGER CAMPAIGN.—Jan. 27: **Bida**. Feb. 16: **Ilorin**.
- BENIN EXPEDITION.—Feb. 18: Capture of **Benin**.
- GRECO-TURKISH WAR.—April 10: **Maluna Pass**. April 23: **Larissa** taken. May 5: **Pharsala**. May 16: **Domoko**.
- SOUDAN.—Aug. 7: Battle of **Abu Hamed**.
- INDIA.—July: Rising on the N.W. Frontier. Aug: Fighting on the Malakand and near **Peshawur**. Oct. 21: **Dargal**. Nov.: March into **Tirah** valley.
- 1898.—SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.—April 22: Blockade of Havana. May 1: Battle of **Manila Bay**. May 12: Bombardment of **San Juan**. June 6: Bombardment of **Santiago Forts**. July 1-2: Land battles before **Santiago**. July 3: Destruction of Cervera's fleet. July 15: **Santiago** surrenders. July—Aug.: Miles's campaign in Puerto Rico. Aug. 13: **Manila** taken.
- SOUDAN.—Aug.: Advance on Khartoum. Sept. 1: Battle of **Omdurman**, Khalifa defeated by Kitchener.

NOTE.—A number of small expeditions in Africa and India, and much revolutionary fighting in South America, are not included in the foregoing list.

A. H. A.

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