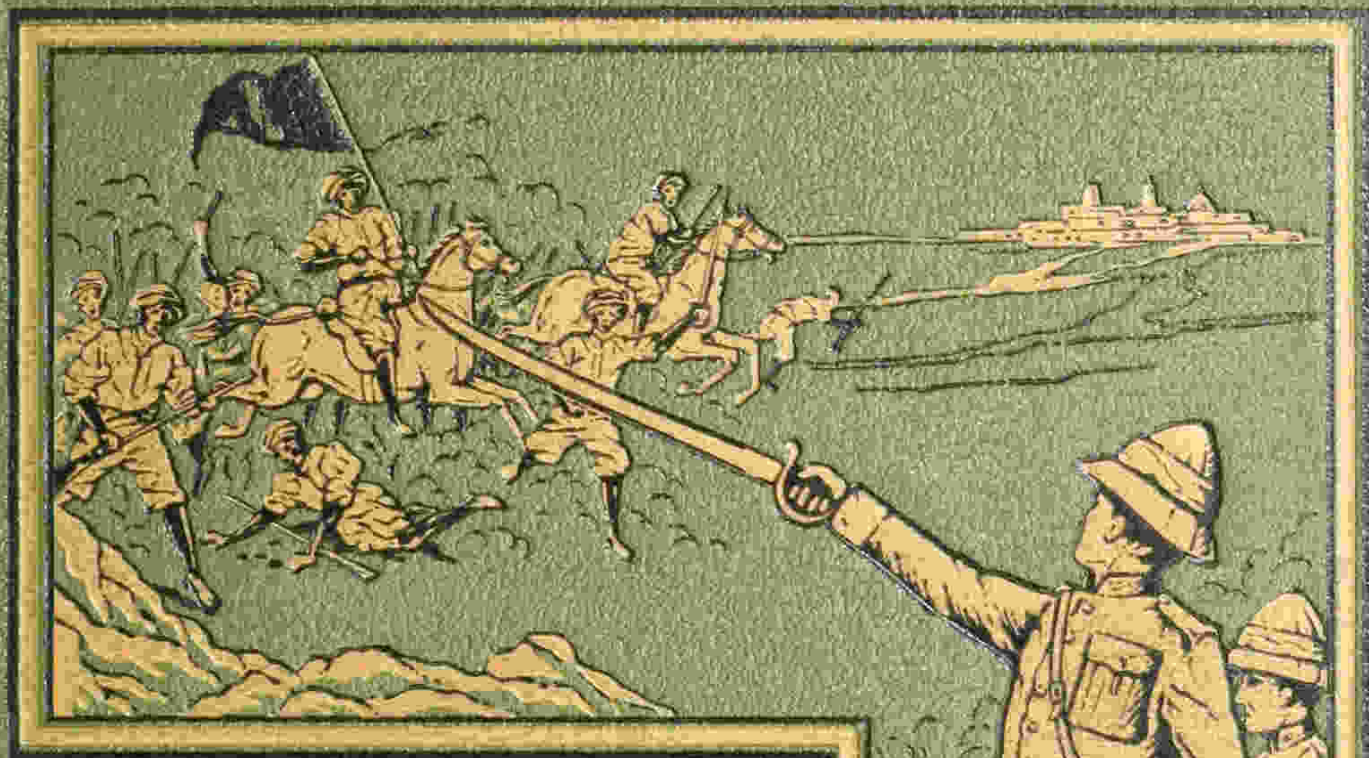


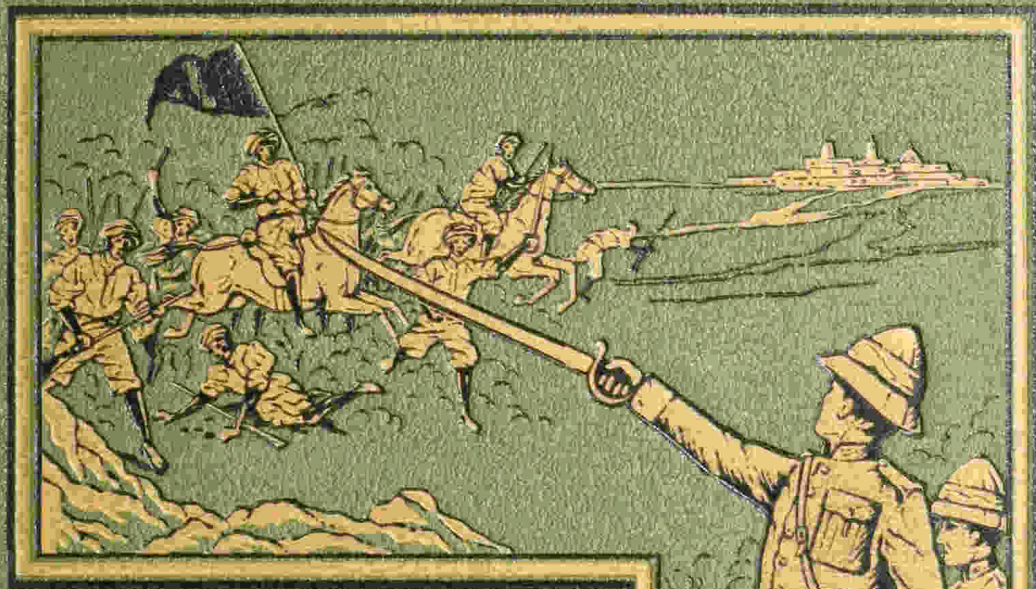


BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH... CENTURY



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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, VOL. 1 OF 7 ***



“The Duke gives the magic word, ‘The Whole Line Will Advance’” (*p.* [70](#)).

BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY,
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,

And other Well-known Writers

VOL. I.

SPECIAL EDITION

*WITH COLOURED PLATES AND NUMEROUS OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS*

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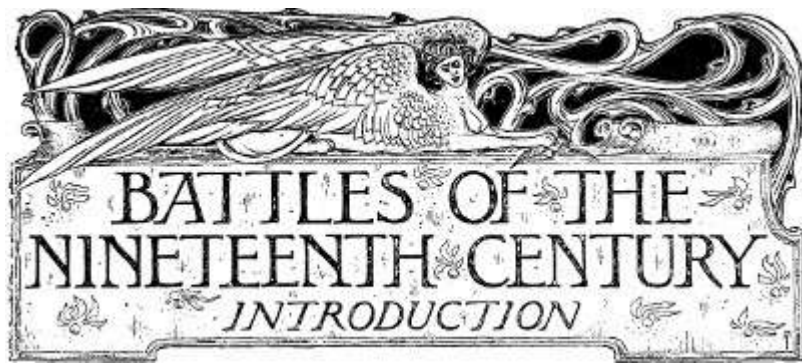
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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS



“BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY”—the words are like a trumpet-call, summoning up in array before us a hundred familiar forms of great soldiers—Napoleon and Wellington, Grant and Moltke, MacMahon and Garibaldi—great soldiers of all nations—great soldiers long dead, and great soldiers still living. Let us glance for an instant or two, in this introduction, at the individual careers of some of the most famous of them ere we pass on to the pages which shall deal with their exploits, battle by battle, and shall tell in detail of their skill and prowess, and their fortunes of war, their victories and their defeats.

The earliest wars of the present century were the nursery of military reputations, and in them several great soldiers grew on to imperishable fame. Two figures stand out prominently, a head and shoulders above all the rest—Napoleon and Wellington. It is needless to compare or contrast them—Napoleon, the Emperor-General, sole arbiter of the fate of millions; Wellington, the loyal servant of his country, who put duty before mere glory, and whose first thought in his triumphs was the vindication of the national honour and the re-establishment of peace.

Napoleon was all for self; but this very selfishness re-acted on his surroundings, and elicited an unbounded, unquestioning devotion to his person, which was the parent of many heroic deeds. Men suffered themselves to be cut to pieces to win a word of his approval; the wounded raised themselves in their agony to cheer on their comrades; the dying with their last gasp cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Over and above the glamour of his personal ascendancy, and his long-sustained prestige, Napoleon had a still stronger hold upon his followers, in that he held the supreme power in his own hands, the sole and exclusive right to reward or blame. Small wonder, therefore, if the soldiers of the First Empire were among the finest types of their class. No military *régime* has ever brought better men to the front or secured them more rapid advancement. Promotion to the very highest grades was to be had for the earning of it. How fast men rose from the lowest rungs to the top of the ladder will be understood from a few prominent cases. Marshal Ney was the son of an old soldier, and threw up a small appointment to enlist as a private hussar; Massena, the Prince of Essling's father, kept a wine-shop in Nice, and the marshal had begun life as a cabin-boy; Lannes' father was a livery stable-keeper, and Augereau the son of a mason. Junot was a sergeant of artillery at the siege of Toulon, who first attracted Napoleon's attention by his coolness under fire: a round shot kicked up the dust close to where Junot was receiving an order in writing, and the young sergeant, unmoved, merely said, "That will do to dry the ink."

Wellington could not have made use of such incentives to valour as Napoleon did, even if he had had them at his command. But he did not need them. It was with the British rank and file as with their generals: they did their best because it was their duty, and it was there to do. They fought because they were expected to fight, and fought well, because they liked it. So it was that throughout the long campaign in Spain the British were almost invariably successful. Wherever they met the enemy, they beat them. Even at Corunna, after a long and disastrous retreat, overmatched by numbers, led for a time by Napoleon himself, Sir John Moore turned on his pursuers, and snatched a difficult victory at the expense of his own life. He was struck down just as the French were repulsed, but his troops, undismayed, continued the action, which ended entirely in our favour, and permitted us to re-embark without loss.

Moore's death on the battle-field has been honoured in song; it was a hero's death, and to the last moment he would not surrender his sword, although the hilt had entered the wound. His body had to be buried on the battle-field; and it is greatly to the credit of a chivalrous foe that the French, recognising his merit, raised a monument over his remains.

Wellington's career was one of almost unequalled success. If he was compelled to retreat more than once, it was only to make a newer and a bolder advance. In all his battles he was victorious: thanks to his own great genius and the matchless bravery of his troops. The Peninsular records are full of great deeds done on great battle-fields, in combats, charges, and on the deadly breach; and in this book of ours we shall have pictured to us fully and completely the scenes of these deeds of valour and heroism: but here let us just glance at two or three of Wellington's victories to see what stuff he and his troops were made of. That passage of the Douro, for instance, in 1809, when he crossed in the face of Soult and a veteran army—one of his most brilliant exploits. Do you remember how Colonel Waters, one of his staff-officers, got over alone in a skiff and brought back three barges, and how, when the first boat was ready with its petty complement of twenty-five, he said simply, "Let the men cross"; and how this handful gained a foothold which they never relaxed till their comrades followed in thousands, and the surprised French were driven out of the town?

Talavera was both a general's and a soldiers' battle: the first because Wellington (then only Sir Arthur Wellesley) showed that imperturbable coolness and self-reliance, mixed prescience of danger and promptitude in meeting it, which are the highest qualities of leadership; the second, because it was won mainly by a single regiment, which acted with marvellous precision and courage at the decisive point just in the nick of time. The French in this battle were the assailants: the genius of their soldiers is for onslaught, and their greatest deeds have been in attack. But they were met and repulsed. It was of Talavera that Jomini, the well-known military writer, said it proved that the British infantry could dispute the palm with the best in Europe. Another instance of its prowess of another kind was shown at Talavera, when Craufurd's famous Light Brigade of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments came up, determined at all costs to take part in the action. They met crowds of Spanish fugitives, who declared the English army was defeated, its general a prisoner, the

French only a few miles off. But still they pressed on undaunted, and “leaving only seventeen stragglers behind,” says Napier, “in twenty-six hours crossed the field of battle, a compact body, having during the time marched sixty-two English miles in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight.”

At Busaco, again, the French were the assailants: veteran troops led by some of the bravest of French generals; and their numbers gave them the advantage. But the British were strongly posted on a craggy ridge of hills, so strongly that it was thought the French leader, Massena, would not attack. “But if he does, I shall beat him,” replied Wellington quietly; and he did. The French fought with signal bravery, but the ascent was toilsome, and they were met by men as brave.

In the retreat before the battle, two affecting incidents occurred which showed the quality of the soldiers Wellington commanded. There was a man in the famous 43rd, named Stewart, only nineteen years of age, but of gigantic strength and stature, whose comrades called him “The Boy.” He was deeply chagrined, and at a bridge which he was the last to cross, he turned, and facing the French advancing columns, he was heard to say: “So, this is the end of our boasting! This is our first battle (Talavera), and we retreat. The boy Stewart will not live to hear that said.” “Then,” says Napier, “striding forward in his giant might, he fell furiously on his nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them.”

The other story tells of a still finer instance of the noble spirit of the British soldier. It was at the passage of the Coa, a month before Busaco, when the 52nd would have been cut off from the bridge but for the gallantry with which McLeod of the 52nd came back rushing at full speed with a couple of companies, which charged “as if a whole army had been at their backs,” and repulsed the enemy. One of McLeod’s officers was the afterwards famous Sir George Brown, at this time only sixteen, who was leading his men gallantly up a slope, at the top of which were a couple of Frenchmen with muskets levelled at him. A sergeant interposed—M’Quade, himself only twenty-four—and, pulling his officer back, with the words, “You are too young, sir, to be killed,” offered himself as a target, and fell dead, pierced by both bullets.



SIR JOHN MOORE.

(After the Engraving by C. Turner.)

Three great sieges, ending in the storming and capture of three strong, almost impregnable, fortresses, were among the laurels gained in Spain—laurels tarnished, unhappily, by the shameful excesses of the victorious troops. When the breaches at Ciudad Rodrigo were declared practicable, Wellington's order was simply, "The place must be stormed this evening"; his soldiers' still simpler comment, "We will do it." The forlorn hope raced up to their death, followed by the no less eager body of stormers, and the main breach was carried with a furious shout. At Badajoz, Phillipon, the brave Frenchman, stood at bay to the last, and the "possession of Badajoz had become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation.... Ridge had himself placed a ladder where the wall was low, and climbed it; a second ladder alongside gave access to another officer, Canch; and as soon as these two were on the ramparts the stormers followed, and gained possession." Yet the fight elsewhere continued for hours, and Wellington had to organise a second assault, and

the captors of the castle were in some danger, although inside the town. Badajoz was taken, but at tremendous cost. No age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajoz.

In the course of this book we shall hear much more of these triumphs of Wellington: how at Salamanca he caught Marmont in an egregious tactical error, fell upon him in flank, and defeated 40,000 men in forty minutes; how at Vittoria he routed King Joseph, beating him at every point, and capturing everything the French possessed: “all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers”; how, in the Pyrenees, pitted against Soult, Napoleon’s ablest lieutenant, he won battle after battle: at Sauroren, at the Bidassoa, at the Nivelle, and finally, invading France, at Orthez and Toulouse. The passage of the Adour was a combined military and naval operation, carried out in the teeth of a fierce February storm. The bridge of boats which the British staff corps formed across the river was a “stupendous undertaking” which ranks amongst the prodigies of war; for the tide rose and fell fourteen feet, and large boats could only be employed. It was at Orthez that Soult, thinking victory secure, put forward all his reserves too rashly. Then Wellington, as he watched him, smote his thigh, and cried exultingly, “At last I have him!” On the spur of the moment he changed his plan of battle, and by a turning movement cut off Soult’s line of retreat.

The greatest of all the great achievements of the great duke was, of course, his victory at Waterloo—a battle which will always rank among the most important and decisive that have been fought, because so much depended upon the issue. The only hope of securing peace to Europe was in beating Napoleon, and it was not easy to do it. There were moments in the brief campaign, both before and during the great battle which finished it, when victory hung in the balance and inclined to the French. At the outset, Napoleon stole a march upon the Allies; he placed his whole force at a point between them, whence he might separate and roll up each in turn. He beat the Prussians badly at Ligny, but Ney was checked by our tenacious resistance at Quatre Bras. Still, the British and the Prussians retired divergently, as it is called; and had Napoleon followed up quickly, he might have fought them one by one. But Wellington drew off, retreating—not without danger—upon Waterloo;

and Blucher, recovering his communications with us, was able to come up at the close of the great fight, and make victory the more complete.



“HE FELL FURIOUSLY ON HIS NEAREST ENEMIES” (p. [2](#)).

By degrees new men, imbued with much the same high qualities, replaced the veterans of Spain and Waterloo; but till more than half the century was ended it was the generals who had been trained to war under Wellington who chiefly led the troops to victory and maintained British prestige. Charles Napier in Scinde, Hugh Gough in the Punjaub, Fitzroy-Somers (Lord Raglan) in the Crimea, Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, in China, the Crimea, and India, had all learnt and practised their profession in the early wars. They were all, however, men advanced in years before they came to a supreme command in the field. The long peace after Waterloo, lasting some thirty years, denied soldiers all chance

of active service, and it was not till Sir Charles Napier was sixty years of age that he found himself winning battles on his own account. Sir Hugh Gough was older by five years when he led an army against the Sikhs, and began the difficult conquest of the Punjaub. Lord Raglan was also an aged man when he was selected to command our armies in the Russian war of 1854–5.

Both Napier and Gough had won early laurels in Spain, and both as majors, temporarily in command of their regiments, had helped to win great battles, and paid in their persons for their valour. Napier was with Sir John Moore at Corunna, and at the head of the 50th (the gallant “Half-hundred”) had repulsed the French attack at one important point. Then when—to quote another Napier, his brother, and the famous historian of the war—“he was encompassed by enemies and denied quarter, he received five wounds. But he still fought and struggled for life till a French drummer, with a generous heart and indignation forcibly rescued him from his barbarous assailants.” The wounds he received were terrible: he had his leg broken by a bullet, a sabre-cut laid open his head, and he had had a bayonet stab in his back. It was at this battle of Corunna, when the young major (he was only twenty-six at the time) took command, that he found his men of the line wavering under the fierce fire. In order to steady them, he put them through several movements of the manual exercise, ordering them to “Slope arms!” “Carry arms!” and so on, until they recognised his voice and hardened under his hand.

Hugh Gough like Charles Napier, owed to the chance absence of his colonel the opportunity of winning early distinction. As a major, of barely thirty, he was in command of his regiment—the gallant 87th, long famous as the Irish Fusiliers—at the battle of Talavera, where he was severely wounded, but so distinguished himself as to earn promotion; he was at the head of the 87th when they made their famous charge at Barrosa, which decided the fate of that hard-fought day; and he was so foremost in the repulse of the French from Tarifa that he received the sword of the French leader when he failed in his assault upon the town.



MARSHAL SOULT.

(From the Portrait by Rouillard.)

Lord Raglan had never commanded troops in the field, but he had been the secretary and close confidant of the Iron Duke, his companion in every campaign; as Fitzroy-Somerset, he rode by Wellington's side through the day at Waterloo, and was one of the few survivors of his staff. But he lost his arm by a shot—one of the last fired—just after his chief had run imminent danger, and had been warned to withdraw, but held his ground, saying, "Never mind; let them fire away. The battle's won; my life is of no consequence now." The duke turned to ride off the field, when a stray bullet shattered Lord Fitzroy's arm at the elbow. It was the right arm unfortunately, and it had to be amputated at once; but Wellington retained his services as secretary, and Lord Raglan soon learnt to write with his left hand, so as to become a neat, rapid penman.



MARSHAL NEY.

(From the Painting by F. Gérard.)

Colin Campbell was junior in years and rank to the three great soldiers just mentioned, but he graduated in the stirring school of war when he was but sixteen, and learnt hardihood as a stripling. It was the custom in those days to send boys into the army at an age when many nowadays are still at school. They were brave boys, as their successors of to-day will admit. Let me tell you how young Campbell behaved in his first encounter with the enemy. To be shot at for the first time is a startling experience. Young Campbell, at Vimiera, suffered like many more, but his captain, an old and war-hardened campaigner, seeing his trouble, took him quickly by the hand, and led him out into the front of the regiment, upon which the enemy's guns had just begun to play, and for several anxious minutes walked him up and down under fire. The treatment calmed him completely, and he never knew the want of confidence again. On the contrary, Colin Campbell, just five years later, performed prodigies of valour in leading the forlorn hope at the storming

of San Sebastian. He had just forced his way to the summit of the breach, when he fell back, desperately wounded in the hip; but finding he could still move forward, he re-climbed the breach, to be fully disabled by another shot in the thigh. Three months later he lay in hospital, with his wounds but half healed, when he heard that Wellington's army was on the point of invading France, and he resolved to be one of the party. Escaping from hospital, with an equally ardent comrade, "by dint of crawling and an occasional lift from vehicles proceeding along the road, they made their way to the 5th division in which the 9th were brigaded, and were in action (on the Bidassoa) on the following day."^[1] His desertion from hospital was a breach of discipline, and Campbell would have been sharply dealt with; but in the fight he led his company so gallantly, and was again so badly wounded, that it was impossible to do otherwise than praise his bravery and ignore his bad conduct.

They were giants, these soldiers of the Peninsula, setting an example of courage and endurance to their successors for all time: an example which you may be sure has always, and will always, be followed by British troops of all ranks, from leader to fighting-man. Wellington's veterans never fell away from the traditions in which they had been raised, and which they bequeathed. Sir Charles Napier, at sixty, began his Scinde campaign with a daring operation which ranks with the boldest in war. His march upon the desert fortress of Emaun Ghur, with a few hundred English soldiers carried on camels—a lonely journey of eight days—was a feat, both in its performance and its consequences, which is not outdone by Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, the great American General Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, Drury Lowe's and Herbert Stewart's raid upon Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, when 1,500 horsemen galloped into the old capital of the Caliphs and seized it for the Queen. At that moment Cairo was held by a garrison of 10,000 of Arabi's men.

Again, Napier's victory at Meanee was a triumph over the most tremendous odds, when 2,400 British troops, 500 of whom alone were white, the rest native sepoy, encountered, attacked, and defeated 36,000 Beloochees in the open field. Napier would not stand on the defensive—that might have seemed to imply fear of the result, and injuriously affect the spirit of his native troops—so he resolved to attack, instead of waiting to be attacked. They met in mid-shock—for the Beloochees

made a counter-attack; and for three hours the unequal contest went on with a foe as brave and undaunted as ourselves. It was long a hand-to-hand fight, bayonet against sword and spear; but at the critical moment Napier sent all his cavalry against the enemy's right, and broke it. Then the 22nd charged home with tremendous force, and the battle was won. Not the least brilliant feat in this glorious victory was the self-sacrificing devotion of a captain of the 22nd—Tew by name—who gave his life for his duty. Before the fight, Napier had discovered that some 6,000 of the enemy occupied a building surrounded by a high stone wall, through which there was but one egress—a narrow doorway, which could, he thought, be completely blocked by a few determined men. Captain Tew was posted there with his company, and told he must die, if need be, but that he must never give way. He died where he was posted; but with his handful of men he closed the opening throughout the fight, and thus paralysed the action of a large portion of the enemy.

Sir Hugh Gough—afterwards Lord Gough—had long to wait for promotion to the higher ranks, and he was more than sixty when he commenced the campaigning in China which led to the cession of Hong-Kong. Soon afterwards he won the hard-fought battle of Mahrajpoor, in Gwalior, against that warlike and turbulent race the Mahrattas, whose subjugation had cost so much in the earlier days of the century. Gough won Mahrajpoor by a direct attack, marching right up to the enemy's position, and trusting to the British bayonet for success. "Nothing," as he himself wrote in his dispatch, "could withstand the rush of the British soldiers. They drove the enemy from their guns, bayoneting the gunners at their posts." Two officers—Stopford and Codrington—were found lying wounded just under the muzzles of the Mahratta artillery. The same tactics—for Gough was essentially a forward fighter—served him well at Moodkee, the first of the battles in the Sikh war.

The campaign was forced upon us suddenly. Gough was called up to support Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, who, when making a progress through the Punjaub, found the Sikhs on the point of declaring war. The force which Gough collected numbered only 14,000 men, and it had to traverse 150 miles to reach the scene of action. It was a toilsome march, under an Indian sun; water was scarce; the troops reached Moodkee worn-out with privations and fatigue; but when they heard their enemy was in front of them, they went, without resting, straight into

the fight. The Sikhs—splendid soldiers, trained by European officers—were more than double our numbers, with a fine cavalry and many guns; but the British infantry, “trusting to that never-failing weapon the bayonet,” drove the Sikhs out of their positions.

A second battle—a greater trial of strength, demanding higher qualities of fortitude and endurance—was near at hand. Gough moved forward at once, and attacked the Sikh entrenchments at Ferozeshah, Sir Henry Hardinge, who was with him, waiving his rank of Governor-General, and serving under Gough, in command of the left wing. The struggle was terrific: the Sikhs fought with splendid courage, and when night fell the battle was not ended. It was a drawn game so far, and some despondent spirits in the camp suggested retreat—the rash and inglorious course of cutting a road through to Ferozepore. Gough would not agree. “I tell you, my mind is made up. If we must perish, our bones must bleach honourably where we are.” Hardinge was no less firm. When an officer told him that Sir Hugh Gough feared it would be a fatal risk to renew the battle, Sir Henry scouted the idea. “Gough knows,” he cried, “that a British army must not be foiled; and foiled this army shall not be.” The contest, when it recommenced, was most unequal. Fresh reinforcements reached the enemy, but our troops met them undaunted, and went forward nobly to the attack. In the end, a turning movement of cavalry on both flanks, followed by a fresh infantry charge, decided the day in our favour, and the Sikhs were routed with tremendous loss.

These victories did not end the war or complete the conquest of the Punjaub. The Sikhs fell back upon the Sutlej, and established an entrenched camp in front of the village of Sobraon: they did not care to meet us again in the open field, but they stood a gallant siege at Sobraon, which had to be stormed like a fortress. A curious feature in this battle was the great charge of cavalry made through the breaches, in which the horsemen cut down the defenders at their guns. Another interesting fight was that at Aliwal, won by Sir Harry Smith as a detached operation, in which the 16th Lancers greatly distinguished themselves. These various victories broke the courage of the Sikhs, but only for a time; and the peace that followed was of short duration.



SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

It was abruptly ended by a deed of treachery such as has not been uncommon in our Eastern Empire: the British resident and another officer were murdered in Mooltan, and it was necessary to resume active operations. But the occasion furnished an opportunity of distinction to a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes, who, without waiting for orders, united his small detachment, posted on the Indus, to that of Colonel Courtrand, and fell upon the Sikhs, forcing them to retreat into Mooltan. Then followed the gathering of forces anew on both sides, and fresh battles, achieving at first but incomplete and unsatisfactory results. The name of Chillianwallah and the misfortune of that day will not be readily forgotten. It was a day of carnage, disaster, and disgrace; for an English cavalry regiment, weakened by previous losses and fearing an ambushade, gave way to panic and galloped off the field. It may, however, be said, in extenuation of this happily unusual military crime, that an injudicious order given by the brigadier originated the stampede. The consequences in any case were disastrous, and it

followed upon the nearly complete massacre of a line regiment—H.M.'s 24th, that which suffered afterwards so terribly at Insandlwana—which, emerging from a swampy jungle, was all but cut to pieces, because it paused to spike guns it had captured from the Sikhs.

A storm of indignation arose in England, and the public discontent was poured out on the Commander-in-chief. Lord Gough was immediately superseded by Sir Charles Napier, his previous brilliant services being entirely ignored; but before the conqueror of Scinde could reach India, Gough had completely vindicated our arms and his own reputation. Mooltan was carried by storm, and the final decisive victory at Goojerat—at first an artillery duel, in which our guns showed their marvellous superiority—completed the discomfiture of the Sikhs. From that time forth the Punjaub was incorporated in our British Indian Empire. The Queen has no more loyal subjects, no more devoted soldiers in her ranks, than the descendants of our former sturdy foes.



LORD GOUGH.

(After the Painting by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.)

The time was approaching when England was to be once more engaged in European war. Just when the nations hoped they had reached an era of universal peace, the clouds collected quickly, and two traditional foes joined hands to attack Russia. The expeditionary force which left these shores for Turkey in 1854, and which ere long won new victories, but at a terrible outlay of men and material, was one of the finest, as regards physique and fighting power, that England has collected. It was well armed, as the time went, and well commanded. Lord Raglan was at its head, and his lieutenants were mostly Peninsular veterans: Sir George Brown, already mentioned for his gallantry at the Coa; Sir De Lacy Evans, who had fought in Spain and America, and at Waterloo; Sir George Cathcart, who had been on Wellington's staff; Sir Colin Campbell, of whom more directly; and Sir John Burgoyne, a famous engineer officer, who had helped to construct the lines of Torres Vedras, and had served in the great sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz,

Burgos, and San Sebastian. But the army was unprovided with the trains, transport services, and means of supply which are of little less importance than valour in the field; and for the want of them, bravery was as nought, victories were wasted, and men's lives poured out like water.

The three principal battles fought in the Crimea by the English were essentially triumphs for the rank and file. At the Alma it was sheer hard slogging, headlong rushes against a strong position, which was carried, in spite of all resistance. The fighting fell mostly to the share of the 1st and 2nd Light Divisions, the Guards, the Highlanders, and the Fusilier and Rifle battalions; and it was done in the famous old formation—the thin red line. At one time the Guards were hard pressed, and they came to Colin Campbell, who commanded the 2nd Brigade, saying the Guards would be destroyed if they did not fall back. “Better that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should be dead on the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy,” replied Campbell, as he hastened with his Highlanders to their support.

At Balaclava, when “some one had blundered,” and the gallant Six Hundred went into the jaws of death, the English light cavalry were all but destroyed, but it won imperishable renown. “Magnificent, but not war,” was the French general's comment on the mad charge: an attack by cavalry on guns in position; but the whole of these reckless horsemen went forward with the same spirit that animated their leader, Lord Cardigan, who, rising in his stirrups, cried, “Here goes the last of the Brudenells!” It was a hopeless enterprise, but it was performed; and all the world wondered.

Inkerman, again, was pre-eminently the soldiers' battle—a hard personal hand-to-hand fight, where the Russians numbered thousands to our hundreds, and it was no less the almost impudent courage of the British than the impossibility to believe that so few could resist so many, except backed up by strong reserves, that prevented the Russians from carrying all before them. The attack was made at daylight, when the mists still lay thick on the ground, and concealed the meagreness of our forces; the Russian hosts came on in dense columns along a narrow front which prevented their opening out, and our men in the proverbial “thin line” could hit the head of the advance with tremendous effect. The onslaught fell first on Pennefather, who had won early fame at Meanee

against overwhelming odds; now, with a bare 3,000 men all told, he hurried down, and came to immediate blows against the Russians, nearly 20,000 strong, with powerful artillery. It was so throughout the battle. Attack was met by counter-attack; our handfuls constantly met the shock of great masses, checked them, drove them back, and followed, fighting lustily. The Light Division, under Codrington—1,400 men, no more—was as daring and tenacious. Until half-past seven, for nearly a couple of hours, these two kept the whole of the attackers at bay. Fresh troops then began to come up on both sides; another Russian general's corps, that of Dannenberg—19,000 men—renewed the assault; the Guards and 4th Division came up to stiffen Pennefather. It was at this period that the gallant general made a famous reply to General Cathcart, who had asked where he could give best assistance. "Get in anywhere," cried Pennefather; "there's lots of fighting going on all round."



CHARGE OF CAVALRY THROUGH THE
BREACHES AT SOBRAON (p. [7](#)).

The final Russian attack was made about 10 a.m., the sharpest and best intentioned of any in the day, but by this time the opponents were more equal in numbers. Bosquet's Frenchmen had come up to support, and we had gained the help of the two celebrated 18-pounder guns under Collingwood Dickson, which 150 artillerymen themselves dragged from the 1st Division camp to the field. This, with two batteries of French Horse Artillery, pushed gallantly forward to the "bare slopes fronting the enemy," had readjusted the balance of artillery fire; and at last the Russians fell back, sullenly, overmastered, but they were followed by no final charge. "When hopeless of success," the enemy "seemed to melt from the lost field; the English were too few and too exhausted; the French too little confident in the advantage gained to convert the repulse into a rout." The victory at Inkerman was but the prelude to terrible

sufferings during the long-protracted siege, but these could be borne with patience, because Inkerman had proved that we were more than a match for the Russians in the open field. Had we not won the battle, the whole of the allied armies, taken in reverse, would have been swept off the plateau in front of Sebastopol right into the sea.

The fortress itself proved a very hard nut to crack, and although frequently assaulted, was never actually taken by force of arms. The winter troubles, the inclement weather, the difficulties of supply which starved the troops and reduced the siege into a mere blockade, forbade attack. On the contrary, the besieged displayed such activity under the intrepid Todleben, that the initiative often passed to them, and by bold sorties they gained ground rather than lost it. Even our incessant bombardments, causing terrific carnage, did not dismay the defenders, and fresh reinforcements constantly arrived. It was not till June that the first real assault was delivered, and then only through the indomitable determination of the allied generals. The French were especially hampered by the interference of the Emperor Napoleon, who, with no military knowledge, claimed to control and advise from Paris. It was the first occasion on which the telegraph line began to be largely used in campaigning, a practice greatly calculated to paralyse the action of generals in the field. Napoleon was all in favour of leaving the siege to linger on, while field armies cut off the supplies to the fortress; but Pelissier, the French general, was a strong man who held to his own views, and he persisted in attacking Sebastopol.



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL
(AFTERWARDS LORD
CLYDE).

Early in June the French took the Mamelon, the English “the Quarries,” important outworks, and it seemed as if the end was near. But a second assault, delivered within a week or two upon the Malakoff and the Redan, was repulsed with terrible loss; only a detached attack, under the English General Eyre, upon the Cemetery succeeded, and for a time we were actually within the walls. But we could not stay there. Two months more elapsed, chequered by the death of Lord Raglan, who had won the love and respect of all, and by another fierce effort, made upon our communications. The battle of the Tchernaya was fought nearly on the same ground as Balaclava, and was won by the French and the newly-arrived Sardinian troops. Then, finally, on the 8th September, the French stormed the Malakoff again, and this time took it. The English had the more difficult task, because the Redan, which they attacked, was constantly reinforced by the masses driven out of the Malakoff. But our assault had not been planned on a big enough scale; it was not properly supported, although the trenches behind were crammed with reserves, and it failed. That night the Russians, feeling that in the Malakoff they had lost the key of their defence, evacuated the town, but not before they

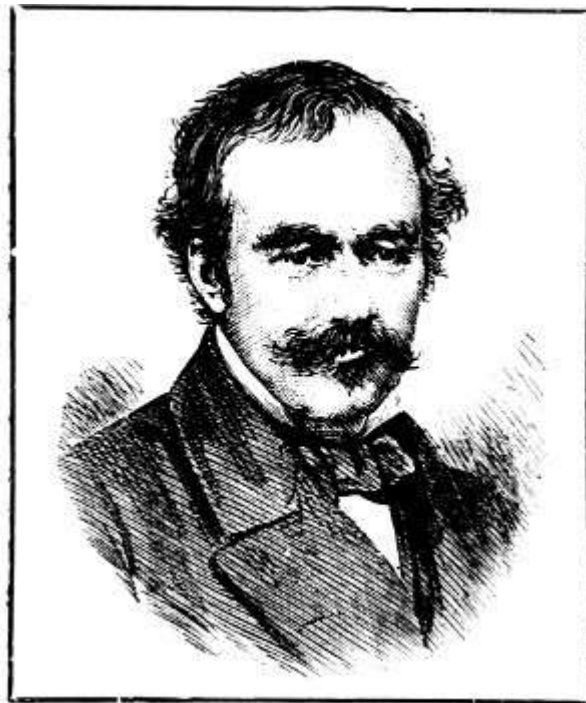
had blown up the forts, and set the whole place on fire. The sight will never be forgotten by those who saw it, as did the writer. The town in flames, great forts crumbling to pieces as though by magic, heavy columns of Russians crossing the bridge under an incessant fire from the allied batteries.

Peace with Russia had not long been signed when the British Empire was threatened in a most vulnerable place. For a time it seemed as though we might lose India. The revolt of the native or sepoy army burst out so suddenly—it was marked with such base treachery, disgraced by such cold-blooded atrocities—that the world still shudders at the details. The English were everywhere outnumbered; our hold on India depended greatly on prestige; implicit faith had been placed in these very mutineers. The force of white troops at hand was very small; very soon Upper India was in the hands of the insurgents: only here and there little groups, generally isolated and surrounded, fought with desperate courage against overwhelming odds, almost against hope. No page in our national annals is more glorious than that which enshrines the heroism of those who then saved India. Not only were soldiers brave, but civilians, unused to arms, showed dauntless pluck—frail women performed, too, great deeds in defence of their honour.

Although the whole country was more or less involved in the struggle, the principal interest was centred in the three great cities which were the scene of the fiercest efforts: at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow the conflict was long-sustained. Delhi, the seat of the new Empire, was thronged with mutineers from many neighbouring garrisons. It was held by numbers of disciplined, well-armed troops, with powerful artillery, to the use of which they had been fully trained, and it stood a long siege in which, at first, owing to the weakness of our forces, the besiegers were themselves besieged. But the little army was a band of braves led by heroes. Such men as the Nicholsons and the Chamberlains roused them to superhuman efforts; and when the place was captured, after a three months' siege, it was carried by the assault of four weak columns of barely a thousand each.

Cawnpore was another large station, which fell at once into the power of the miscreant, Nana Sahib, who has earned for himself undying execration as the most cruel and unprincipled of our foes. But the handful of Europeans would not easily yield; many were only women

and children; the fighting men were few; yet they held out in rough entrenchments for nineteen days, standing a siege under the tropical sun of June, and displaying a calm fortitude beyond all praise. Gentle ladies gave their stockings to make cartridge-cases; they nursed the wounded, fed the troops. One brave woman—a soldier's wife—mounted sentry, sword in hand, over a number of sepoy prisoners. The roll of heroes was well filled at Cawnpore. Such soldiers as Moore (of the 32nd), Jenkins, Mowbray Thomson; such civilians as Heberden and Moncrieffe, make us proud of our race. Who shall forget the cool courage of Delafosse, who stood over a tumbril of ammunition, the woodwork of which had been set alight by the enemy's fire—stood over it in imminent peril, while he tore off the burning timbers, and stifled the danger with earth? And yet the defenders could not escape their fate. When resistance became hopeless, they capitulated under promise of a safe conduct to Allahabad, and a general massacre followed, from which only two or three of these devoted martyrs escaped.



SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

The story of Lucknow is very similar; it is no less harrowing, but a source of equal pride in our race. The siege of the Residency, into which Sir Henry Lawrence retired with all his force and all their dear ones, was protracted to the utmost limits of endurance. Lawrence himself was

struck down by an exploding shell; but the legacy he left his comrades was the watchword “No surrender!” His dying words were: “Let every man die at his post, but never make terms. God help the women and children!” Lucknow held out till it was relieved by Havelock and Outram in September, only to be again besieged when the relieving force had got within the lines. It was not until November, when Sir Colin Campbell advanced with all the reinforcements that could be got together at Calcutta—bluejackets from the men-of-war, regiments detained on their way to China, a small band of volunteer cavalry recruited in the capital. He had to fight his way in. First, there was the relief of the Alum Bagh, which was held, although the enemy were in an entrenched position before it; then the capture of the Dilkhoosha Palace; then the Martinière Palace, which the enemy occupied with guns in position; after that the Secundra Bagh, where the 92nd and the Sikhs raced up to the breach neck-and-neck. Other buildings were stormed—the Mess House, the Moti Mahal—and from the latter an entrance was effected into the Residency, which at last was relieved.



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

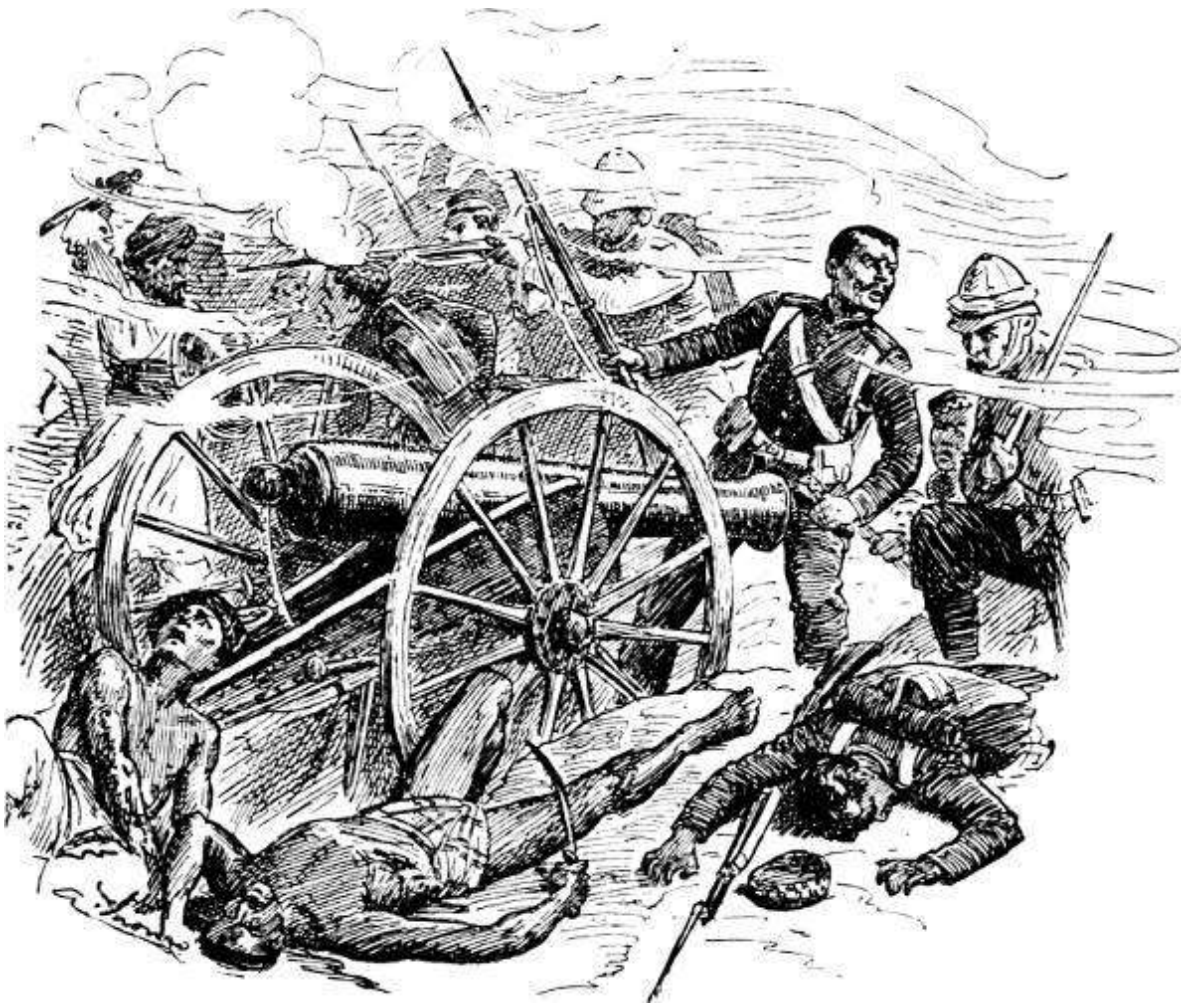
Assuredly there has been no falling off in the spirit of the British soldier, singly or collectively, whatever his rank. Our most recent military annals record episodes as gallant and as creditable to the pluck

and manhood of our race as any that have gone before. Every form of courage has been displayed: reckless daring enterprise, calm self-reliant heroism in the most despairing situations. Who shall forget the 24th at Insandlwana, massacred to a man by the countless Zulu hosts? A brave, pitiless, but chivalrous foe, who could pay the following tribute to their fearless demeanour in that unequal conflict: "Ah, those red soldiers! How few they were, and how they fought! They fell like stones, each man in his place." There is nothing finer, again, in war than the manner in which another British regiment—the 66th (Berkshire)—met death to a man at Maiwand, in Afghanistan. The general reporting it wrote that "history does not afford a grander instance of devotion to Queen and country." The 66th, although outnumbered a hundred to one, received undaunted the furious attacks of the Ghazis or Mohammedan fanatics vowed to slay the infidel, and were gradually slaughtered till only eleven officers and men remained. This small band stood back to back, unconquerable, still facing and keeping the foe at bay, until they were finally shot down from a distance.

Another famous story is that of Rorke's Drift, when two young subalterns, Chard and Bromhead, holding a river ford which was the only possible line of retreat for Lord Chelmsford's force, were threatened by overwhelming numbers. The Zulus were quite 3,000 strong, and the little English garrison no more than 139, of whom thirty-five were on the sick list. But there was no thought of surrender. A line of trenches was hastily contrived with biscuit-boxes and flour-bags, behind which our men fought gallantly the whole night through. At one time the hospital was a sheet of fire, and the feeble breastwork had been penetrated in more than one place. But the garrison never quailed: their heroic subaltern leaders never despaired, and they had beaten off their assailants when at daylight relief arrived.

The only parallel to Rorke's Drift is the gallant defence of Arrah during the Indian Mutiny, when a handful of English civilians defended a detached two-storeyed house for seven days against an army of sepoy mutineers. The collector, Mr. Wake, with fifteen other civilians, fifty Sikh police and one faithful Mohammedan, composed the garrison, and the assailants numbered 3,000, with two field-pieces. They had but little food, a motley lot of arms, unlimited ammunition, and there was not a military man among them. But they held out till they were relieved by a

man as gallant as themselves, Major Vincent Eyre, who was ascending the Ganges with a battery of artillery when he heard of the siege. He steamed back at once to Buxar, collected a small force of infantry, 154 bayonets in all, marched fifty miles to Arrah, was met by the enemy, twenty times his strength, but at once attacked them, and put them to flight. The sepoys could not face us in the open, even in such disproportionate numbers.



“THIS GUN BELONGS TO MY REGIMENT—2ND GOORKHA,
PRINCE OF WALES’S!”

The spirit shown collectively has, perhaps, been outdone by individuals. Endless instances of personal heroism exhibited singly might be quoted. What British boy can read without a thrill of the little Scotch drummer on the march with Roberts to Cabul, who, weary and footsore, refused to fall out, saying, “Nae, nae, I’ll nae fall out till I’ve washed my hands in the waters of the Caspian”? What of Major White, of the 92nd

Highlanders, the present commander-in-chief in India, who cried to his men in the battle of Candahar: “Highlanders! will you take those guns”—which were galling them terribly—“if I give you the lead?” What of the men who followed him to their very mouth? What, especially, of the little Goorkha warrior who went up with his Scotch friends, and who took one of the first of the guns, shouting as he thrust his cap into the muzzle in sign of proprietorship, “This gun belongs to my regiment—2nd Goorkha, Prince of Wales’s!” What of Sergeant Cox, of the 72nd, bringing in wounded officers to Sherpur, and who, with only ten men, faced the whole garrison of the Bala Hissar and forced his way through, advancing firing, till the enemy broke and fled? The *dhoolie* bearers (the natives carrying the officers) would have set down their loads and fled, but Cox threatened to shoot them if they did not do their duty. Sergeant Cox, by his coolness and intrepidity, set such a good example that his men seconded him admirably, and all the wounded were brought in safe to the cantonments. Cox had already received the distinguished service medal for his gallantry in the campaign.

We have, of course, no monopoly in brilliant feats of arms. Other nations have shown equal prowess, whether against us or each other. Bravery, indeed, will never go out of fashion; the will and power to show it, as well as the spirit to appreciate it, may be met with in every civilised country. Other nations, moreover, have been tried more seriously than ourselves in longer, larger, and more portentous struggles. France sacrificed much treasure and many men in assisting the Italians to throw off the Austrian yoke, and the campaign of 1859 was distinguished by at least two great battles. Both are, perhaps, better remembered by the colours called after them; but Magenta was a narrowly lost battle, and Solferino was gained by the devoted gallantry of the French troops. Austria was an intruder, and had no heart in the struggle.



THE MAORI WAR: ATTACK UPON THE ORAKAU BAH.

The War of Secession between the Northern and Southern States of America was a deplorable civil struggle fought out to the bitter end, but it was full of pregnant military lessons, full of strange vicissitudes in which victory inclined to either side, of tremendous conflicts over a vast extent of country. It was a war which embraced almost a whole continent: the whole of America was affected, from the gulf of Mexico to the Rocky Mountains. The campaigns and battles were commensurate with the territory affected. In the first instance the two capitals of the opponents—Washington and Richmond—were chiefly threatened. Both lay comparatively near their respective frontiers; both were in imminent danger more than once. McClellan, after Fredericksburg was in striking distance of Richmond and Lee, but for Gettysburg, would have swooped down on Washington.

But as General Grant rose in fame and authority through his splendid successes in the west, he urged upon the Federal Government the necessity for more comprehensive operations. The Confederates, as the Southerners were called, could only be conquered by something like extermination; they must be attacked with equal vigour on every line, isolated alike from supplies and from supports. The North commanded endless resources, unlimited credit, the means of purchasing recruits without number, any quantity of munitions of war. The South, shut in within narrow limits, saw its population drained of fighting men, and was dependent upon blockade runners for powder and shot. Grant was absolutely right, as the end proved. When Sherman, having triumphed in the west, made the famous flank march from Atlanta to the sea, he could swing round and threaten Richmond from the south. This was the beginning of the end. Grant now reaped the benefit of his long-protracted, bitterly-contested campaign in the "Wilderness," north of Richmond, and the armies closing round Richmond, the surrender of Lee became inevitable, and the Confederacy collapsed.

The war had brought forward many heroes, and several great commanders: Grant, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson—the name he earned, some say (for there is another version of the story), because once, when hardly pressed, he said his men would stand like a stone wall—Stuart, the Southern cavalry raider; Sheridan, a cavalry leader, hardly inferior to Seidlitz or Murat; Sherman, Johnson, Hooker, and many more. Some of them were recurring types—Grant, silent as Moltke, and as tenacious and prescient; Robert Lee, the patriot soldier, who thought only of his country, a man of duty like Wellington; Jackson, who might have been a Puritan Cromwellian, praying and fighting by turns, a Charles Gordon in his absolute trust in Divine help, an Ironsides in his eagerness to smite the foe. The rank and file comprised all classes of the community—artisans, handicraftsmen, scientists—and not the least remarkable features in the war were its engineering achievements: miles of road made in a single night, bridges built, forests removed, extensive entrenchments thrown up as if by magic when the order was given.

The "Seven Weeks' War," as it has been styled by its historian, Colonel H. M. Hozier, was the first of the short, sharp, and decisive conflicts which are to be the rule in modern campaigns. It was between the Prussians and the Austrians, and it was fought for the future

supremacy in the great empire of Germany. Before it no one knew how marvellously the Prussians had improved in the science and practice of war; how admirably their troops were trained, how splendidly armed, and with weapons of the newest invention. Still less was it expected that untried Prussian leaders would develop such unexpectedly superior generalship. From first to last this rapidly successful war was a surprise. It was carried into the enemy's country with extreme boldness and celerity; the young soldiers of Prussia, under grey-haired but mostly inexperienced officers, soon established a marked superiority over Austrian veterans who had served in many hard-fought campaigns. It was proved in the earliest engagements that the possession of the needle-gun, the breech-loading rifle long carried by a portion of the Prussian army, but never hitherto used, put the Austrians, with their muzzle-loaders and their traditional belief in the bayonet, on very unequal terms. In the fight Austrian soldiers could not stand before the Prussians at all. Then the Prussian generals always out-manœuvred the Austrian; they largely used a system of flanking attack, of turning the enemy's position at one end or side of it, while he was occupied and engaged by another attack on the front.

These were the tactics that led to the crowning victory of Sadowa, or Königgrätz, as it is sometimes called. After it the Austrians had no hope of success, and a retreat began, which soon after was completed by the ending of the war. At this battle the Austrians lost 40,000 men, the Prussians barely 6,000. Such is often the effect of superior generalship and better *morale*.

Not the least interesting part of this great battle was that Englishmen assisted in it as something more than mere spectators. The war correspondents of the *Times* on either side were both English officers. Captain Hozier rode with the Crown Prince of Prussia through the day, sharing his dangers as he noted the varying fortunes of the fight. On the Austrian side, Colonel C. B. Brackenbury was close by Benedek's side from first to last; and the Austrian commander-in-chief, in spite of his misfortunes, found time to ask for "his Englishman," and to praise him for his gallantry in facing the risks of the battle.

War is said to be full of surprises; and, again, that success is earned by the general who makes fewest mistakes. Napoleon III felt the bitter truth of both these sayings. The Franco-German war was a terrible

surprise to him, and both the Emperor and his generals made innumerable mistakes. The French began by expecting a “walk over”—a parade march to Berlin; they found they had caught a Tartar, and that they could not keep the Germans out of France. Napoleon had been assured that everything was ready for the campaign: not a “single button was wanting on a single gaiter” was the boast of his War Minister, General Le Bœuf. Yet, when the first blow was struck, inextricable confusion still reigned within the French army—neither men nor supplies were properly organised; while, from the very first collision, it was clear that the science was all on the German side. Man to man, the French fought as well as their opponents; but they were never manœuvred wisely nor judiciously led.

On the other hand, from the moment war became inevitable, everything worked with clocklike precision. It is said that von Moltke, the famous chief of the Prussians, had only to touch a bell and all went forward. Anyhow, the Prussians and their allies were quickly mobilised, and able to take the field long before the French. The Crown Prince fell upon the French general when still unprepared, won the first battle, and held the advantage from then to the end.

It was a strategical advantage; in other words, the general movements of the armies put them in superior strength at decisive points, and this secured success all along the line.



*[Photo.: Reichard & Lindner,
Berlin.]*

FREDERICK, CROWN PRINCE
OF PRUSSIA (AFTERWARDS
GERMAN EMPEROR).

Marshal MacMahon, beaten at Worth, had to retire, and become separated both from Bazaine about Metz and the army of the South. In between, the “Red Prince,” with the 1st German army, held Bazaine; and, after a series of fierce conflicts, the famous battles of Vionville, Gravelotte, and Mars La Tour drove him under the walls of the great fortress. MacMahon, frantic to regain communication with Bazaine, made a long detour—a dangerous flank march, as it was called—and found himself “headed off” at Sedan, with the Germans circling round him, and the neutral territory of Belgium, which he was forbidden to enter, in his rear. The surrender of the French army at Sedan, with the Emperor Napoleon at its head, was a disaster from which France never recovered. It was followed by the surrender of Metz and the whole of Bazaine’s army. Within five weeks France had been defeated in eight pitched battles; the bulk of the French regular troops were prisoners of war. France was not yet conquered. While the Germans pressed on to invest Paris—while their armies moved north, south, and west—the new

Government which had replaced the fallen Emperor made the most heroic and unheard-of efforts to improvise new levies. To place recruits and moblots—youths half-trained and inexperienced civilians—in the front line against regular troops flushed with victory, seemed hopeless enough. It is to the undying credit of the French nation that it was able to maintain the struggle for so many months longer, and to the sturdy patriotism of such men as Thiers and Gambetta, who never despaired. France fought it out alone: she had no allies, or the result might have been different. There are those who say that the intervention of a couple of English army corps in favour of France would have changed the situation. But it was not our quarrel, and England could not have thrown her weight into the scale, except on the most sentimental and insufficient grounds.

Nearly five-and twenty years have elapsed since this great struggle occurred, and its legacy of hate still rankles unappeased. France is once more as strong as her late foe—stronger, perhaps—and she is still pining to regain her provinces and her prestige. It may be that her rulers and her people are loth to be the first to draw the sword: the cost of unsuccessful war is a dear price in these latter days; and when she fights again it will be at the most fitting opportunity, when chance and a better cause than last time may be on her side. But that she will fight some day is nearly certain; and it is this conviction which keeps Europe on tenter-hooks, and converts the whole Continent into a standing camp.

England, happily, has been spared any life and death contest, any war on the gigantic scale of the foregoing. But while her neighbours have been at each other's throats, she has been engaged in numerous "little wars"—wars misnamed little, indeed, for the issues have often been immense and the efforts made most severe. In an empire so extensive as ours, causes of conflict abound, and fighting must be frequent. Since the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, we have had at least half a dozen campaigns. A diplomatic war with China, a war for supremacy in New Zealand, a war for the deliverance of captives in Abyssinia, of retaliation in Ashanti, of self-defence in Zululand, against a too-powerful neighbour, of aggression followed by "scuttle" in Afghanistan, of interference in Egypt, followed by the dire necessities of occupation.



*[Photo: Fradelle & Young,
Regent Street.]*

SIR GARNET (AFTERWARDS
VISCOUNT) WOLSELEY.

In many of these the chief work lay in combating the physical and climatic difficulties. There was not much fighting in the march to Magdala, but it was a stupendous undertaking to convey a British army across the “mountains of Rasselas,” to the nearly inaccessible stronghold of King Theodore. When Sir Robert Napier reached his goal, his troops had only four days’ rations left, other than meat, and everything had been carried up from the sea on mule- or donkey-back. In Ashanti there was the same urgency as regards supplies, but as no four-legged animals will live on the Gold Coast, the only means of conveyance was on the heads of native men and women. The organisation of transport was one of the greatest, although not the only difficulty. There was also the climate, which was at times, and in most places, pestilential. There was the absence of all means and appliances, almost of food, and there was the certainty of encountering a brave, if savage, enemy in the field. How well the Ashantis fought was shown by their stubborn stand at Amoaful, and again in front of Coomassie.

The most trying phases of the campaign were those anticipatory to the arrival of the white troops. A small and select band of staff-officers, under the then new and little tried General Sir Garnet Wolseley, were sent out to prepare the way, to make roads and bridges, secure native allies, carriers, and last, not least, to hold their own as best they could against the enemy, who was close at hand and threatening the very existence of the Cape Coast Colony. Within five months the whole of the arrangements were completed; two good black regiments had been organised and drilled under Colonels Evelyn Wood and Baker Russell, Rait's artillery was an effective body, and with these and a few sailors and marines from the fleet, the Ashantis had been driven back to the bush.

A good hard road had been made to the Prah, a rapid river which the engineers—under the indefatigable Colonel Home—had bridged, and when the English regiments arrived they had simply to go in and win. Two sharp engagements checked their progress, but only for a time, and Coomassie fell directly our army arrived before it.

Afghanistan is a country that will be always memorable in British military annals for the vicissitudes that have marked our operations. The earliest war in 1839 was a rapid and brilliant success; within a short year, through the treachery of our Afghan foes, thousands of our countrymen, their wives and children, were slaughtered in the mountain passes, and the



THE “BLACK WATCH” (42ND ROYAL
HIGHLANDERS) AT BAY AT QUATRE BRAS.

(*From the Painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I.*)] country had to be reconquered only to be again abandoned. The Afghans were always troublesome neighbours, and again in 1878 the insolence of the Ameer led to a new invasion. It was called a triumphal progress; but there was some hard fighting—some brilliant feats of arms. The capture of the fort of Ali Musjid by Sir Sam Browne’s column, the crowning of the Peiwar Kotal, and the opening of the Shuturgardan Pass by General Roberts were successful operations that were followed by the flight of the Ameer, and paved the way to the treaty of Gandamak, by which we placed a new Ameer on the throne and stationed a British resident at his court.

The second invasion of Afghanistan, in the autumn of 1879, was to revenge the base murder of this resident, Sir Louis Cavagnari, in Cabul, and it resulted in important operations. Sir Frederick Roberts, who advanced through the Shuturgardan Pass, direct upon Cabul, reached the capital after fighting the successful battle of Charasia, and was occupied in meting out punishment and strengthening his hold until the winter set in. But with the early snows there came very serious troubles. Nearly the whole of the Afghan tribes had been aroused to a *jehad*, or holy war, and the Ghazis gathered round the flag of a chief named Mohammed Jan to the number of 40,000. It was said that 100,000 might be expected to take up arms. Roberts’ whole force, English and native, was barely 5,000, but

the former were veteran troops, and the latter made up of Sikhs and Goorkhas, the bravest of our Indian levies. The force now arrayed against us was so threatening that he withdrew entirely within our lines, and there, practically besieged, held the enemy at bay. It was a humiliating change for an invading army, but it was the only safe course to pursue. At last, Mohammed Jan was rash enough to attack Sherpur, and was repulsed with tremendous loss. We had not been strong enough to go out and meet him in the field, but he was much too weak to capture our entrenchments.

Our restored supremacy was not again affected until the chiefs at Ghazni showed signs of turbulence, and a force was detached from Cabul to join hands with one coming from Candahar to punish the offenders. The battle of Ahmed Khel, fought and won by Sir Donald Stewart, was a brilliant victory over a most determined foe. Never in the annals of Afghan warfare had Ghazis shown such indomitable courage. They came right in among our men, fighting hand to hand, pistol and sword against breechloader and bayonet, selling their lives so dearly that they did great mischief before they were repulsed. A thousand dead Ghazis were counted on the field, and some of them were women.

But this did not end the fighting, nor did success always smile upon our arms. Another Afghan army, advancing from Herat under Ayoub Khan, was met on the Helmund by General Burrows from Candahar, and a deplorable defeat followed. The causes of the already mentioned disaster at Maiwand were bad generalship and imprudence, but the sting of the defeat was somewhat taken out of it by the devotion displayed. Maiwand imperilled Candahar, which was speedily invested by the triumphant Ayoub, and the garrison was in some danger. Two armies were at once set in motion to relieve the place. General Phayre moved up from Quetta; Sir Frederick Roberts was sent from Cabul, to perform the great forced march which has become famous in military history. Cutting himself adrift from his base—an act which is deemed most rash and generally unjustifiable in military science—he started off with 10,000 men, hampered by 8,000 baggage animals to carry food and indispensable supplies, with 8,000 camp followers, to march 300 miles across an enemy's country. His troops were the flower of the Indian army, their temper was the finest; no privations checked, no terrors daunted them; they bore without flinching the wide changes of

temperature—between 45 degrees at daybreak and 105 degrees at noon; they were never sure of food, and they knew that certain death awaited them if they lagged behind.

The march from Cabul to Candahar was accomplished in twenty days, making an average of fifteen miles daily march during that time: a splendid feat in pluck and unyielding endurance; and they reached Candahar travel-stained but unwearied, ready to join issue with the enemy directly they met him. Ayoub had raised the siege at the approach of Roberts, but he awaited him in a strong position; and then followed the decisive victory of Candahar, fought under the walls of the city, in which the defeat at Maiwand was fully avenged.

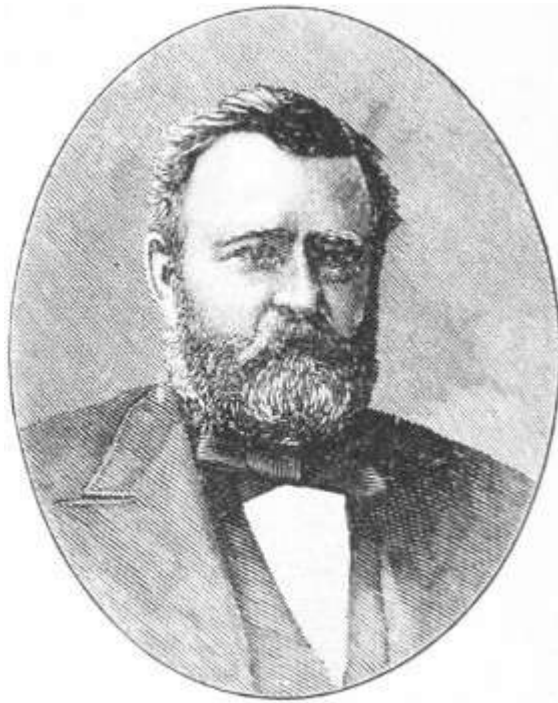
The Zulu war will be remembered with mixed feelings: sorrow for grave and regrettable disasters, pride at great achievements, which in a measure atoned for and avenged them. We entered into the struggle a little too lightly, perhaps, although enough must have been known of our opponents to have exacted respect for their prowess. The Zulus were a military nation, every able-bodied man was a soldier, trained in the skilful use of his weapons, light of foot, ardent for glory, highly disciplined and drilled. The Zulu generals were admirable tacticians, and their now well-known plan of attack with centre held back and two great horns thrust out on each flank was quite scientific. Cetewayo, the king, a despot who could deal with his braves as he pleased, could send some 50,000 of them into the field, all ready to sacrifice their lives for him.

Lord Chelmsford, when the invasion of Zululand was decided upon, did not command more than 16,000 men, of whom 9,000 were native levies. His plan of operations covered a wide front: his forces marched in five columns, widely apart, from the sea-mouth of the Tugela River to Luneberg and the borders of the Transvaal. The centre, which he led himself, was the first to suffer, and barely escaped annihilation while the general-in-chief was out on a reconnaissance with half his whole force. The enemy he was looking for, some 20,000 Zulus, swooped down upon the other half in an open undefended camp and destroyed it. The massacre of Insandlwana, when a battalion of the 24th Regiment and a number of native troops were cut to pieces, would have been avoided with proper precautions. What even light entrenchments could do to stave off even overwhelming attack was seen the same day at Rorke's Drift.

Retreat after Insandlwana was imperative. At one time it seemed as though the Zulus would pursue, and invade the colony of Natal. Fortunately, our arms were upheld elsewhere. The Tugela, or sea-coast column, under Colonel Pearson, had advanced some way towards Ulundi, and had established itself at Ekowe when the news arrived of Lord Chelmsford's misfortune. After a short debate, it was wisely and bravely resolved to stand firm. Ekowe was roughly fortified and bravely held against thousands of Zulus for more than three months, until it was at last relieved by Lord Chelmsford in person, who on his way up had fought and won the battle of Ghingilovo.

Another column, under Sir Evelyn Wood, the nearest to the two overwhelmed at Insandlwana, had also been hardly pressed. Wood was active, and his attitude firm. At the action called that of the Zlobane Mountain he was for a time surrounded, but in the subsequent fight, when he was attacked in "laager" at Kambula, his force gallantly repulsed quite ten times their number. Two companies of the 80th, with the fifth column, were, however, unfortunate, and one of the detachments sent out to escort waggons coming in with supplies was surprised and destroyed upon the Intombi River. The Zulus had come upon them unawares in the mist—4,000 men to 150—and none of the British escaped alive.

Presently reinforcements began to arrive, and before May the army numbered 22,000 men, of whom 17,000 were Europeans. A new general—the then Sir Garnet Wolseley—was also sent out to supersede Lord Chelmsford; but the latter, utilising his greater means, was able to recover his prestige before the arrival of his successor. Fresh columns were organised; Generals Newdigate and Wood converged upon Ulundi from the north side; General Crealock was to advance from the Tugela (but never got very far); General Marshall, with a cavalry division, joined in with Wood.



GENERAL GRANT.

The battle of Ulundi, when the king's kraal was captured and burned, ended the war. The Zulus by this time had lost much of their spirit; they were "beginning to be frightened," as one of their own chiefs said; and no doubt they now realised that the strength was on our side. Cetewayo was for some time a fugitive after Ulundi, and his pursuit and eventual capture by Colonel Maitland and Lord Gifford were not the least exciting episodes of the Zulu war.

This was not to be our last campaign in South Africa. The war with the Boers, which followed, is not a brilliant chapter in our military history. In the Transvaal, as in Zululand, we began by under valuing our enemy, and time was not allowed to recover our reputation. The fate of the general whose name will always be associated with the Boer war was its saddest episode. Misfortune pursued Sir George Colley: he was one of the "unlucky." Opinions differ concerning his latest failure, but there are many who hold that the story of Majuba—of the craggy and, seemingly, inaccessible hill climbed by Colley and his devoted band, only to find death and defeat on the top—ought, with better fortune, to have ranked with Wolfe's scaling of the Heights of Abraham, or Charles Napier's desert march on Emaum Ghur.



“THEY CAME RIGHT IN AMONG OUR MEN” (p. [18](#)).

Egypt has been our latest battle-ground. The campaign against Arabi and his insurgent troops may not seem a very glorious achievement, but the Egyptians were well disciplined; they had admirable weapons, and they fought behind strong entrenchments, armed with most powerful artillery.

The cavalry combat at Kassassin, the storming of the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, were very successful feats of arms. Fighting of a much more serious character was in store for us before we were long in Egypt. The Great Nile Expedition, for the relief of the ill-fated hero Gordon, was akin to those to Magdala and Coomassie, but it differed rather in scope and greatly in results. To ascend a mighty river, running down with a steady stream five miles an hour and barred at intervals by cataracts and rapids, was a greater task than scaling mountains or penetrating the bush. The enterprise was further hampered by the opposition of a most

determined and courageous foe. “Fuzzy Wuzzy,” as our soldiers christened the shock-headed Soudanese warrior, was an opponent worthy of our steel. His contempt for British squares and British breechloaders has been sung in strong language by Kipling, the soldier’s poet, and was shown by the recklessness with which he threw himself on the one and faced the other. Of all the brilliant battles fought by British soldiers, they may be most proud of Abu-Klea, Tamai, and El-Teb.

It has been often said in disparagement of our small wars, that they have been mostly waged against savage foes. But this is surely to our soldiers’ credit, for they have, in this way, encountered some of the most warlike races in the world, many of impetuous, of reckless fanatical bravery, who accepted none of the recognised canons and conventions of civilised warfare. To kill or be killed was the only watchword of the Afghan Ghazi, the stalwart Zulu, or the irrepressible Soudanese. There was no quarter, no making prisoners, except for subsequent butchery. In these desperate campaigns, our men fought with their lives in their hands. It was truly war to the knife, and called for the highest courage.

Nothing shows this better than the many deeds of heroism recorded in these wars, deeds that earned the most coveted of English military distinctions—the Victoria Cross. A chaplain, Mr. Adams, in the first fight outside Sherpur, bravely extricated a trooper who was under his dead horse in a *mêlée*, and who would certainly have been slain. In the Mutiny, Sir Charles Fraser, now a gallant general, won both the cross and the Humane Society’s medal at one and the same time for saving, under a heavy fire, a man who was drowning. In the closing affair of the Zulu war, before Ulundi, Lord William Beresford gallantly picked up a trooper, whose horse had been shot under him, and carried him off behind him on his own horse. The Zulus were near at hand in great numbers, and the fate of the fallen man would have been sealed. Commandant D’Arcy, of the frontier Light Horse, exhibited the same self-sacrificing courage on this occasion, but his own horse was wounded and fell under the double weight, whereupon D’Arcy mounted his man upon another trooper’s horse, and saw them safely off before he rode away.

Well, we have had our glance at the wars of the century—a cursory glance enough, and attracted chiefly by the red coat of the British soldier; let us now turn over the leaves of our book, and pass from battle to battle. We shall “go as we please”—passing from Plevna to Austerlitz, from Bull Run to Gravelotte, just as the spirit moves us, and unfettered by sequence either of date or place. Now we shall follow the fortunes of the Great Napoleon, now of Napoleon “the Little”; now of Wellington, now of Roberts and Wolseley; now of Moltke, Skobeleff, MacMahon, Sherman, Garibaldi. At one moment we shall be listening to the thunder of a broadside from the *Victory*, at the next to the bombardment of Alexandria. We shall pass from the shots and shells of civilised warfare to the assegais and spears of the Zulu, the hatchets of the Maori, the knives of the Soudanese. We shall see all the glories of war, deeds of daring and heroism, acts of noble self-sacrifice and devotion; but we shall see also that reverse side of the picture which should indeed be engraved still deeper on our minds: we shall see that its glories are outweighed by its horrors, its sufferings, its pitifulness.



Saarbrück

The Baptism of Fire

By Archibald Forbes

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

The pleasant little frontier town of Saarbrück was a very interesting place at the beginning of the Franco-German war. Within the distance of a mile from the low heights covering Saarbrück towards

the west, ran the frontier line dividing France from Germany. The place was being held “on the bounce,” for its garrison consisted merely of one battalion of the Hohenzollern infantry regiment and two squadrons of the 7th Rhineland Uhlans. All along this frontier line down in the broad smooth valley between the Saarbrück heights and the loftier and more abrupt Spicheren heights inside of the French border, the hostile piquets and videttes confronted each other.

As one stood in front of the little “Bellevue” public-house on the Reppertsberg, one saw in the plain below among the trees a Prussian piquet of Uhlans and infantry; and on the little knolls further in advance the videttes circling singly, their lance-pennons fluttering in the wind. Several hundred yards further away, by the side of the Forbach road, was the frontier custom-house which the French now used as a piquet house. Outside of it the red-breeched linesmen were to be seen sitting or lounging about in considerable numbers. In their front was the chain of their videttes. All along the frontier line, to the right and left of this point, there ran this arrangement of outposts confronting each other. On the Spicheren upland a French force was gradually gathering until, by the end of July, the whole of Frossard’s army corps was massed on the Spicheren, within gunshot distance of the low heights covering Saarbrück.

In those pleasant early days, while as yet there were no graves on the Spicheren Berg and no shattered men lying in the Saarbrück hospitals or littering the platform of the Saarbrück railway station on the blood-stained stretchers, the opposing piquets and videttes formed quite the diversion of the Saarbrück people. After the day’s work was over, the labouring folk used regularly to stroll up to the “Bellevue” to watch, as they drank their beer, the dropping fire, fain to see a German marksman proving his skill by hitting a Frenchman. Both sides were very cautious and few casualties occurred. As yet the Saarbrück hospital contained but two wounded Germans, both linesmen of the Hohenzollern regiment. The French were reputed to be in force in Forbach as well as on the Spicheren Berg—as many, it was said, as 15,000 men. Saarbrück, however, was in no trepidation and kept a good face with its little garrison of some 1,200 men all told.

It was on one of the earliest of those early days that the midday *table d’hôte* in the Rheinischer Hof was broken up abruptly by the report that

French cannon were being moved forward to the edge of the Spicheren Berg. Immediately the drummers paraded the town, beating to arms. A company of the Hohenzollerns occupied each of the two bridges and a third marched up the hill and took up a position among the trees skirting the exercise-field. A detachment of the Uhlans rode up on to the heights, while the rest stood to their horses in the Central Platz. From the “Bellevue” the French cannon were easily discernible through the field-glass, as they were being drawn forward into position by infantrymen.

Almost immediately came a puff of white smoke from the mouth of one of the guns, and a shell struck on the road close by the little beer-house, bursting as it fell. There was a stampede on the part of the civilians from their beer-mugs in the “Bellevue,” and they hurried into cover behind the crest of the height. They were only just in time. Another shell, ricocheting off the road, struck the front of the beer-house, went through the wall as if it had been paper, and burst inside, blowing out the windows and part of the roof. Four more shots were fired, and then the French withdrew their cannon. Their practice, no doubt experimental, was very good—of the six shells fired, three struck the “Bellevue.” Two rooms of it had been blown into one, the bar knocked into little pieces, the furniture wrecked, and a great gap in the floor made by a shell on its way to the cellar to cause a smash-royal among the bottles.

The outposts blazed away at each other until dusk. One of the last shots killed a soldier on patrol—he was the first man killed in the war. The poor fellow was hit full on the forehead, and he must have died instantaneously. His comrades carried in the corpse on a stretcher improvised of their rifles. The drops of blood pit-patted on the road as they carried him past, the moonbeams falling on the pale dead face. Quite a lad he was, with the down hardly grown on his face—likely enough a mother might have been thinking of and praying for her lad, little knowing that he was lying stark and cold, waiting for a grave.

The slow days passed in a strange bewildering calm, unbroken save by the trivial skirmishes occurring in the course of the constant reconnaissances and patrolling parties.

Frossard lay passive on the Spicheren save for the “potato-reconnaissances” his hungry soldiers occasionally made, sending out a

screen of skirmishers to the front while the working parties dug potatoes with great industry.

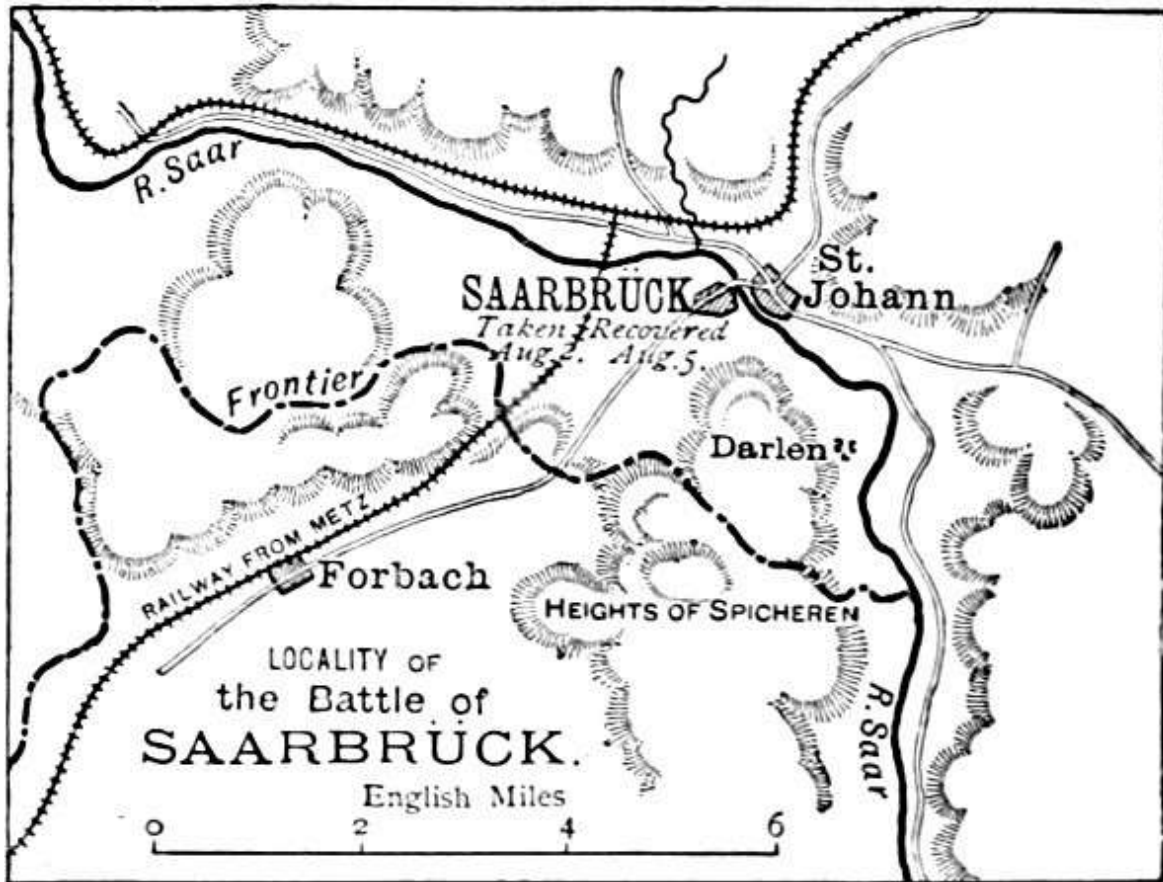
Brave old Major von Pestel of the Lancers, who commanded the handful of men holding Saarbrück, had received an order from Moltke to evacuate a place which was regarded as untenable; but von Pestel pleaded successfully to be left where he was, on the undertaking that he would not compromise his little command, but would fall back as soon as serious danger threatened.

Meanwhile he was never out of the saddle. Every afternoon he would come cantering over the Bellevue height with his cheery greeting and his shout, "Come along, English sir! I go to draw de shoots of de enemy!" The French marksmen expended a considerable quantity of ammunition on the worthy major; but the range was long and they never succeeded in hitting him, although certainly he gave them plenty of chances.

But in spite of Major von Pestel's cordiality, it was rather a tedious time. Men asked each other if it were possible that the French on the Spicheren were not aware of the weakness of the land on the other side of the frontier. The Prussian infantrymen and Uhlans, it was true, were manipulated dexterously and assiduously to make a battalion seem a brigade and a couple of squadrons a powerful cavalry force; yet it was felt that the place was being held only by dint of sheer impudence—for there were no supports as yet nigh at hand—and that the bubble must burst summarily if Frossard should abandon his unaccountable inactivity. Why the soldiers in red breeches lay so long basking lazily in the sun on the Spicheren slopes the men of Saarbrück could not comprehend; but the day must surely be near now, they said one to the other, when the red-breeches would gird up their loins and roll their columns on over the Reppertsberg, the exercise-ground, and the Winterberg, and across the Saar into the Köllerthaler Wald or the Pfalz. In their path—surely they must have known it—there stood but an open town, a couple of bridges partially barricaded with barrels, a single battalion of infantry and two reasonably strong squadrons of Uhlans.

The 1st of August, while the French on the Spicheren Berg were still supine, brought to near Saarbrück what all hoped was the earnest at last of a host, not alone of resistance, but also of invasion. On the afternoon of that day, the 1st and 3rd battalions of the Hohenzollern regiment, with

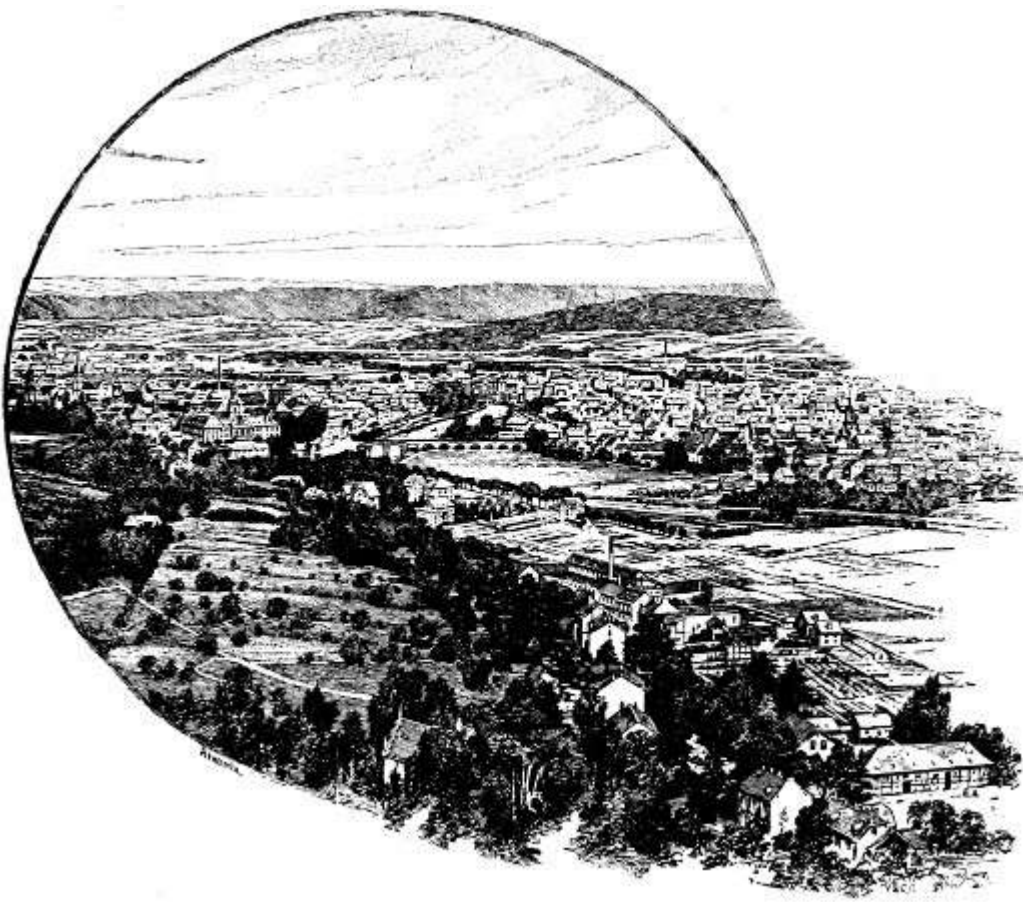
a battery of artillery, reached the vicinity and bivouacked on the edge of the forest at Raschpfuhl, some two miles north-west of the town. General Gneisenau also arrived and assumed the command.



LOCALITY of the Battle of SAARBRÜCK

On the morning of the 2nd, when the Hohenzollerns were basking in their sunshiny bivouac, the French Emperor, with his son, was travelling by train from Metz to Forbach. The German videttes down the valley heard the gusts of cheering with which Frossard's soldiers welcomed the Head of the State and his heir. Ignorant of the cause, some attributed the cheering to the announcement of a French success somewhere; others ascribed it to an extra issue of wine. How were the honest Uhlans to discern that the imperial parent had come to the frontier to make a military promenade wherewithal to throw dust in the eyes of his Parisians, and that "Lulu," as they impertinently styled the heir of the dynasty, accompanied his father that he might receive his "baptism of fire"?

The night had passed in quiet along the frontier, and in the morning it seemed as if the 2nd of August was to be as monotonous as had been the 1st. General Gneisenau and old von Pestel, now a lieutenant-colonel, had made a reconnaissance from the "Bellevue" and had come back to a leisurely breakfast. The soldiers in the barrackyards and in the several posts on the environs of the town, slept and smoked and gossiped, their arms stacked as usual; the officers sat under the trees drinking their Rhine wine, and the whole place seemed oppressed by the drowsiness of a fervently hot day.



SAARBRÜCK.

But the torpor was soon to give place to alert activity. At ten a.m. Saarbrück awoke at the announcement sent in from the outposts that the enemy was at last advancing. The two companies in front of Saarbrück moved at once into the line of defence. The company from St. Johann hurried by at the double to occupy the "Red House." Major von Horn hastened to strengthen the post on the Winterberg, which was most imminently threatened. Captain Gründer occupied the Löwenberg, and

moved with Leydecker's company and the rest of his own out to St. Arnual, where his rifle fire and the fire of two guns sent to him from Raschpfuhl gave a warm reception to the enemy debouching from the Stiftswald. As some English spectators hurried up to the "Bellevue" height, there rattled past them at a sharp trot a couple of guns which the general had ordered to be put in position on the Exercise Platz. The battery chief waved his hand cheerily as he galloped to the front.

From the "Bellevue" one looked upon an imposing spectacle. Three roads, crossing the plain from the wooded heights on the French side of the frontier, converge on Saarbrück. One of these is the great post-road from Forbach. Another, starting from the village of Spicheren, winds tortuously down the right flank of the precipitous "Rothe Berg"—the "Red Crag"—crosses the hollow and enters Saarbrück between the Reppertsberg and the Nussberg. The third, further to the east, is a mere green track of considerable breadth, which falls abruptly down into the valley by the poplar-clad slope from the plateau towards St. Arnual.

Down all these three roads were flowing from the upland dense and glittering streams of French troops, the stream on the great road flowing swiftest and fastest. The sunrays flashed on the bright bayonets, and threw up from the green or grey background the red and blue of the uniforms. The troops came on in the true careless, irregular French style, with scarcely a pretence of formation, but with a speed that was remarkable. The moment that the head of a column reached the valley, it broke into spray. As file after file reached a certain point, it became dissipated; the nimble linesmen extended further and further to right and left, till by the time that the heads of all three columns were in the valley, an unbroken but loose chain of skirmishers was drawn across the plain several hundred yards in advance.



LULU'S DÉBUT.

Then began the steady deployments of company after company, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment; and almost before one had realised the situation, a long dense line had been ruled along the valley behind the more ragged line of the skirmishers. Squadrons of cavalry streamed down, and forming line at a gallop, rapidly overtook the infantry. Passing through the intervals, they re-formed and pushed on to occupy and cover the flanks of the advance.

While all this was going on in the valley, the streams from behind the wood and the hill seemed to flow from a source that never would run dry. It was hardly a break that was caused in it by the two batteries that came down and wheeled off the road on to the verge of the plateau, the gunners unlimbering and standing ready by the venomous pieces that presently gave fire from their wicked black, mouths. Higher up on the crest were visible other batteries, apparently of larger guns. The peculiarity of the movements described was their perfect quietness and uninterrupted. The French tirailleurs had already begun to breast the gentle slope leading up

to the positions held by the Germans, when the chassepots began to give tongue; and then the silence gave place to a steady rattle of musketry fire, through the smoke of which the main advance moved steadily and swiftly forward.

Bataille's division formed the first line; of it Bastoul's brigade on the right of the main road moved against the Reppertsberg, the Winterberg, and St. Arnual; Pouget's brigade on the left of the road moved towards the exercise-ground. In the second line were the brigades of Michelet and Valazé; the remainder of Frossard's corps, the strength of which reached 35,000 men, followed in reserve. An army corps was marching against a couple of battalions.

Despite the disproportion, the Prussian defence was obstinate. It was only after a brisk combat that the weak detachment were driven from St. Arnual, the Winterberg, and the Reppertsberg. On the latter height a Prussian half-company met the French skirmishers with the bayonet, and then held them for a time at bay by a fire from behind the hedges.

The final withdrawal was conducted slowly, in excellent order. Baron von Rosen held his company to the last on the exercise-ground. His steadfast soldiers, lying down between the trees, waited until Pouget's skirmishers were within 300 yards, and then poured in a fire so heavy that the French assailants were compelled to halt and lie down for a time.

It was just as Rosen had received a peremptory order to retire that the few spectators who waited to accompany that movement witnessed the descent from the Spicheren height of a great *cortège* of mounted officers. The glittering procession rode forward at a slow trot, crossed the intervening level, and then ascended the slope of the Folster height, around which was massed the regiments of Valazé's brigade.

The *cortège* halted on the low crest of the Folster height; and through the telescope one saw the group open out and leave isolated two personages on horseback, one of whom was clearly discerned to be Napoleon III. The boyish figure on the smaller horse, whose gestures were so animated, was presumed to be the young Prince Imperial; and the cheers which rose above the din of the musketry-fire were taken to indicate the congratulations of the soldiers at the Prince's receiving his "baptism of fire"—which, indeed, it has been supposed, was the object of the otherwise pointless demonstration. Not on the Folster Höhe, but

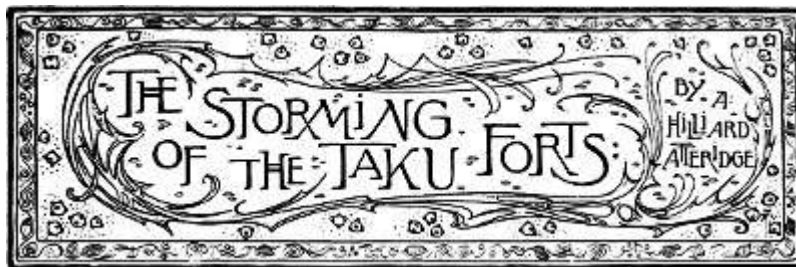
nearer to Saarbrück, under the trees of the exercise-ground, is now a stone with a somewhat brusque inscription, which being translated reads:—"Lulu's Début, 2nd August, 1870. Erected by H. H. Baumann, Veteran of 1814-1815."

It was just as Rosen was withdrawing his company from the immediate front of Pouget's advance that a curious and characteristic incident occurred. Among the few civilians who remained on the exercise-ground to the bitter end was a gallant British officer, Wigram Battye of the famous "Guides," who died fighting in Afghanistan in the campaign of 1878. A soldier was shot down close to him, whereupon Battye, who had been rebelling against the retirement, snatched up the dead man's needle-gun and pouch-belt, ran out into the open, dropped on one knee, and opened fire on Pouget's brigade. Pouget's brigade replied with alacrity, and presently Battye was bowled over with a chasseur bullet in the ribs. A German professor and a brother Briton ran out and brought him in, conveyed him later to a village in the rear, plastered successive layers of brown paper over the damaged ribs, and started him off in a waggon to the Kreuznach hospital.

The French did not press upon the orderly Prussian retirement, and, indeed, both of the bridges across the Saar remained in the possession of the Prussians. The firing had almost died out when, soon after noon, the French began to bombard the lower bridge and the railway station from three batteries which they had brought up on to the heights overhanging Saarbrück. One of these was a mitrailleuse, the storm of bullets from which swept the bridge so that nothing could live on it, and an unfortunate burgher, who did not believe in the mitrailleuse, had to alter his views on this subject when the lower part of his person was riddled by the bullets it poured forth. The Prussian artillery about Malstatt tried with four guns to make head against the French batteries, but had to give up the attempt and retire. The final detachment of Prussians remained under the shelter of Hagen's Hotel while the French were shelling the railway station, but ultimately ran the gauntlet and found refuge in the Köllerthal. The casualties of the day were trivial. The Prussians had eight men killed, four officers and seventy-one men wounded. The French loss amounted to six officers and eighty men.

During their short stay in and about Saarbrück the French behaved with great moderation. General Frossard, on the evening of the attack,

sent for the Mayor of Saarbrück, and told him that his orders were very strict against marauding, and that if any cases occurred the townspeople were to take the numbers on the caps of the evil-doers, when the fellows would be severely punished. But there was little occasion for complaint: the French soldiers paid their way honestly. They did, to be sure, drink a brewery dry, but the brewer refrained from reporting them. A corporal attempted to kiss pretty Fräulein Sophie—the *dame du comptoir* of the Rhinescher Hof; but a captain caught him in the act, ran him off the premises, and himself kissed the winsome lass. On the morning of the 6th the Prussian troops were back again in Saarbrück: the French had gone back to the Spicheren position on the previous night.



THE STORMING OF THE TAKU FORTS

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

“There’s many a victory, surely, decisive and complete,
As meant a sight less fightin’ than a hardly fought
defeat;
And if people do their duty, every man in his degree,
Why defeat may be more glorious than a victory needs
to be.”

These lines from a modern ballad put very clearly a truth that is too often forgotten. Victories are remembered and commemorated by medals and names inscribed in letters of gold on our regimental colours; but people do not talk about defeats. Yet when brave men fail against desperate odds, the story of their gallant efforts to carry their flag to victory is quite as well worth the telling and the remembering as if the chance of war had given them the coveted prize of success.

So it is that among the battles of the century that should not be forgotten we count the one solitary defeat that English sailors or soldiers ever suffered at the hands of the Chinese—Admiral Hope's failure to force the entrance of the Pei-ho River at the Taku Forts on June 25th, 1859: a failure amply avenged by the gallant storming of the same forts in the following year.

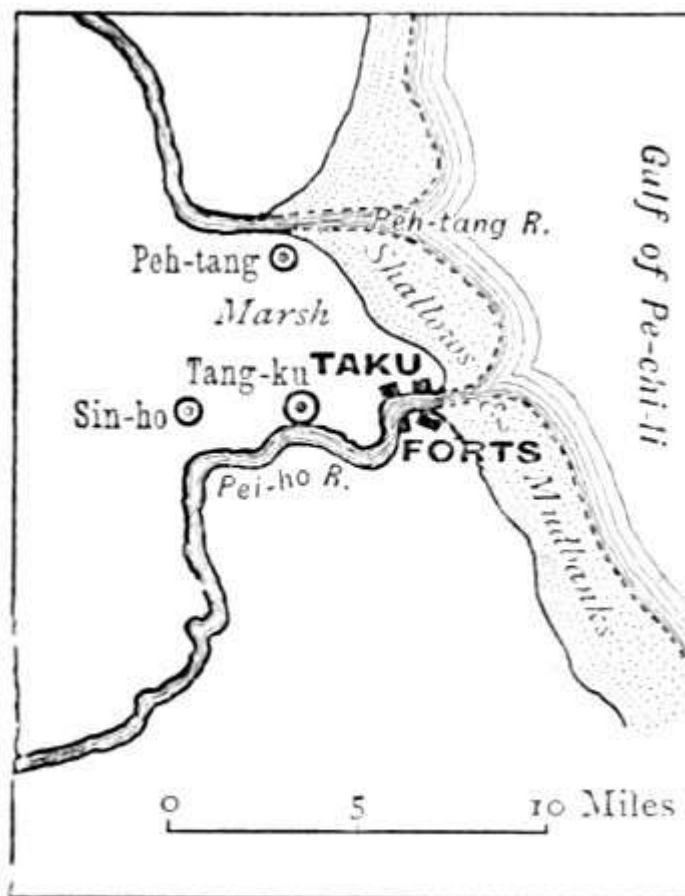
Taku is a town near the mouth of the Pei-ho (*i.e.* the "North River"), which, flowing between low, muddy banks, runs into the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Thirty-four miles higher up the river is Tien-tsin, built at the junction of the Pei-ho with the Grand Canal. It is the port of Pekin, and a busy and prosperous place. Pekin, the capital, is some eighty miles still further inland. In the year 1858 the French and English had forced their way to Tien-tsin, passing the forts near Taku at the river mouth with but little difficulty, for the works were badly armed and held by an irresolute garrison which made but a poor defence.

When Tien-tsin was occupied, the Chinese asked for peace, and a treaty was signed there containing, among other stipulations, an agreement that the envoys of England and France were to be received at Pekin within a year, and that the treaty was to be solemnly ratified there. Now the Chinese, as soon as the allies withdrew from Tien-tsin, began to regret having consented to allow the foreign ambassadors to enter their capital, and endeavoured to have it arranged that the treaty should be ratified elsewhere. But England and France insisted on the original agreement being carried out, and when the envoys of the two countries arrived off the mouth of the Pei-ho in June, 1859, and announced their intention of proceeding up the river to Pekin, they were escorted by an English fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Hope.

It was found that not only had the forts at the river mouth, which had so easily been silenced the year before, been put into a state of repair, but that the river was blocked against anything larger than rowing-boats by a series of strong barriers. The admiral was informed that these had been placed on the river to keep out pirates and it was promised that they should be removed; but so far from keeping this promise, the local mandarins set to work to strengthen the defences of the river. On June 21st, the admiral sent the Chinese commander a letter warning him that if the obstacles were not cleared out of the channel of the Pei-ho by the evening of the 24th, he would remove them by force.

The three days' grace thus given to the Chinese he employed in preparations to make good his warning message. He had several powerful ships in his squadron, but none of these could take a direct part in the coming fight, for the entrance to the Pei-ho is obstructed by a wide stretch of shallows, the depth of water on the bar being only two feet at low water, and hardly more than eleven at high tide; and this only in a narrow channel scoured out by the river. Thus, for the actual attack on the forts, he had to rely on the gunboats of his fleet, a number of small wooden steamers of light draft built during the Crimean war for service in the shallow waters of the Baltic and Black Seas. The gunboats with which Admiral Hope crossed the bar and anchored below the forts on the 23rd were the following:—

Plover, Bunterer, Forester, Haughty, Janus, Kestrel, Lee, Opossum, Starling, each of four guns; *Nimrod* and *Cormorant*, each of six guns.



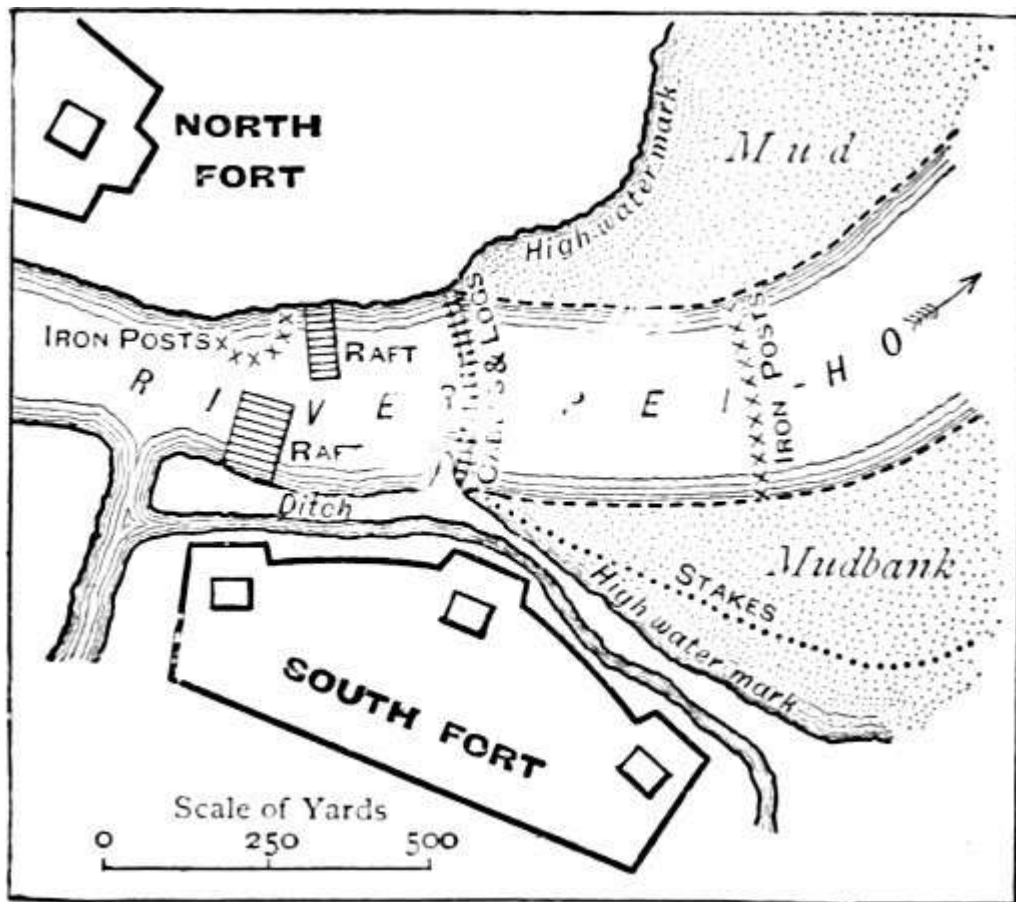
SCENE OF THE OPERATIONS OF 1859 AND 1860.

Each had a crew of forty or fifty officers and men, so that the eleven little steamers brought forty-eight guns and 500 men into action. The heavier ships outside the bar were to send in 500 or 600 more men, marines and bluejackets, in steam launches, boats and junks; this force being intended to be used as a landing party when the fire of the forts had been silenced. No one expected that this would prove a difficult business.

It was true that there was a big fort on the south side, with mud ramparts nearly half a mile long, and heavy towers behind them, and another large fort on the north bank, placed so as to sweep the bend of the river; but on all previous occasions the Chinese gunners had made very bad practice with their guns, and had soon been driven from them by the fire of English ships; and, besides, it was not supposed that there were any large number of guns in position on the forts, for very few embrasures had been cut in the mud walls, so far as anyone could see.

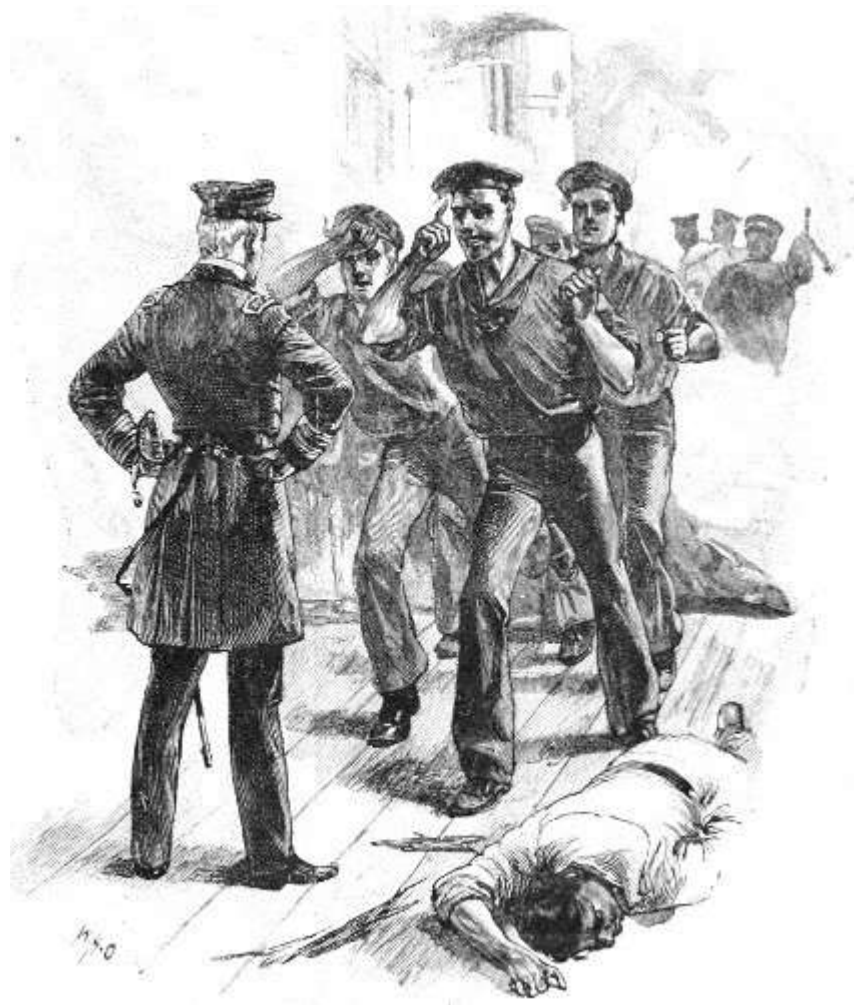
On the evening of the 24th, no answer having been received from the shore, it was announced that the attack would be made next day, and after dark the admiral sent in one of his officers, Captain Willes (now Admiral Sir George Willes, G.C.B.), to examine the obstacles in the river and see what he could do to remove them. Willes was accompanied by three armed boats, provided with explosives. Rowing up quietly under cover of the darkness the boats came first to a row of iron stakes, each topped with a sharp spike and supported on a tripod base, so that they were just in the proper position to pierce the side or bottom of a ship coming up the river at high water.

This first barrier was just opposite the lower end of the South Fort. Passing cautiously between two of the spikes, the daring explorers rowed up the river for a quarter of a mile, when they came to a second barrier, formed by a heavy cable of cocoa fibre and two chain cables stretched across the channel, twelve feet apart, and supported at every thirty feet by a floating boom securely anchored up and down stream. Two of the boats were left to fix a mine under the middle of this floating barrier, while Willes pushed on further into the darkness with the third. Just above the bend of the river he came to a third barrier, formed of two huge rafts, moored so as to leave only a narrow zigzag channel in mid-stream, this passage being still further secured with iron stakes.



DEFENCES OF THE PEI-HO, 1859.

Willes got out on one of the rafts and, crawling on hands and knees, examined it carefully, and decided that mere ramming with a gunboat's prow would not be enough to displace it. As he crouched on the raft he could see the Chinese sentries on the river bank, but was, happily, unseen by them. Returning to his boat, he dropped down to the second barrier. The mine was ready, and having lighted its fuse the boats pulled down the stream to the flotilla. The explosion revealed their presence to the Chinese, and a couple of harmless cannon shots were fired at them from the South Fort. The plucky little expedition had been a complete success; but before morning the Chinese had repaired the gap blown by the mine in the floating boom.



“WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, YOU RASCALS?” (p. [30](#)).

Early on Saturday, June 25th, the gunboat flotilla cleared for action. Admiral Hope's orders were that nine of the ships should anchor close to the first barrier and bring their guns to bear on the forts, while the two others broke through the barriers and cleared the way for a further advance. High water was at 11.30 a.m., and it was expected that all would be in position by that time; but the difficulty of working so many ships in a narrow channel, not more than 200 yards wide, with a strong current and with mud banks covered by shallow water on each side, was so great that it was not till after one that the ships had anchored, and even then two of them, the *Banterer* and the *Starling*, were stuck fast on the mud in positions from which it was not easy to get their guns to bear.

All this time the forts had not shown the least sign of life. Their embrasures were closed; a few black flags flew on the upper works, but not a soul was to be seen on the mud ramparts. It was a bright summer

day, blazing hot, with a cloudless sky of deep blue overhead, and all round the little flotilla the dark waters of the river came swirling down on the ebb, so that already patches of yellow mud were showing here and there under the rush-covered banks.

The *Plover*, with all steam up and the admiral on board, was close to the first barrier of iron spikes, and the *Opossum*, now commanded by Captain Willes, lay close by her, the special task of this ship being to deal with this first obstacle. At a signal from the admiral the *Opossum* hitched a cable round one of the iron stakes, and, passing it over one of her winches, reversed her engines and tried thus to tear the stake out of the river. But it was so well fixed that it was not until half-past two, after half-an-hour of anxious work, that the obstacle gave way.

The admiral in the *Plover* now steamed through the gap thus formed, followed by the *Opossum*. As the two little ships approached the floating barrier beyond, a flash from the long rampart on the left, the boom of a heavy gun, the whistle of a round shot in the air, warned them that the Chinese meant to resist.

Along the walls of the forts on either side banners were hoisted on every flag pole, embrasures were opened, guns run out, and from some six hundred yards of the rampart on the left, and from the North Fort out in front, the Chinese artillery, rapidly served and well laid, poured a storm of shot upon the leading ships.

Promptly came the English answer. Admiral Hope's signal, "Engage the enemy," flew from the masthead of the *Plover*; her four guns opened, three of them on the big fort away to the left, not more than two hundred yards off, the other replying to the North Fort, while the guns of the rest of the flotilla took up the loud chorus.

It was a fight at close quarters, and the English guns were worked by men who knew their business; but the Chinese fire, instead of slackening, seemed to grow heavier every minute. If a gun was silenced, if a shell burst in an embrasure and swept away all within reach of its explosion, another gun was promptly placed in battery, another band of daring gunners took the places of the slain. They fired so steadily and aimed so truly, that to this day many hold that they had trained European artillerymen helping them. The iron storm to which they were exposed began to tell upon the two leading ships. The *Plover* had thirty-one out of

her crew of forty killed or wounded in the first half-hour. Her commander, Lieutenant Rason, was literally cut in two by a round shot; the admiral was wounded in the thigh, but refused to leave the deck; and Captain McKenna, who was attached to his staff, was killed at his side. Nine unwounded men only were left on board, but they, with the help of some of their wounded comrades, kept two of the guns in action, though they fought on a deck slippery with blood, and with the bulwarks, boats, and spars of their ship cut to pieces by the Chinese shot.

It was about this time that a boat flying the Stars and Stripes came pulling in from an American cruiser that lay outside the bar. Commodore Tatnall of the United States navy was on board, and he had come to the *Plover*, regardless of the Chinese fire, to offer some help to the English admiral. As a midshipman he had fought against the British in the war of 1812, but, as the old sailor said to Admiral Hope, "blood is thicker than water"; and though, as a neutral, he could not join in the attack, he offered to send in his steam launch and help to convey the wounded out of danger, an offer that was gratefully accepted. When he bade good day to the admiral and went back to his boat, he had to wait a little for his men. They came aft, looking hot and with the black marks of powder on their hands and faces. "What have you been doing, you rascals?" said Tatnall. "Don't you know we're neutrals?" "Beg pardon, sir," said the spokesman of the party, "but they were a bit short-handed with the bow-gun, and we thought it no harm to give them a hand while we were waiting." The incident is remembered in the navy to this day as a good deed done for the Old Country by Brother Jonathan.

At three o'clock Admiral Hope ordered the *Plover*, now almost disabled, to drop down the river to a safer station, and transferred his flag to the *Opossum*, the *Lee* and the *Haughty* steaming up to the place left vacant in the front of the fight. A few minutes more, and a round shot crashed through the *Opossum's* rigging close to the admiral, knocking him down and breaking three of his ribs; but though suffering severely the brave commander made light of his injuries, a bandage was adjusted round his chest, and seated on the deck of the gunboat he still kept the command, and later on even insisted on being lifted into his barge in order to visit and encourage the crews of the *Haughty* and the *Lee*.

"*Opossum*, ahoy!" hailed an officer from the *Haughty*. "Your stern is on fire."

“Can’t help it,” shouted back her commander. “Can’t spare men to put it out. Have only just enough to keep our guns going.” But, in her turn, the *Opossum* had to give up the fight for awhile and drop down to the first barrier. The *Lee* and the *Haughty* now bore the brunt of the fight, and suffered severely. Everything that could be smashed on their decks was knocked to pieces, and the *Lee* was hit badly in several places at and below the water-line. Woods, her boatswain, informed her commander, Lieutenant Jones, that unless the shot-holes could be plugged she would sink, as her pumps and donkey engine could not get the water out as fast as it came in. “Well, then, we must sink,” said the lieutenant; “you can’t get at the worst of the holes from inside, and I’m not going to order a man to go over the side with the tide running down like this, and our propeller going.” But Woods replied by promptly volunteering to go over the side and see what he could do. His commander warned him that the screw must be kept going, or the ship would drift out of her place—so, besides the chance of drowning, he would risk being killed by the propeller blades; but Woods, remarking that the chance of being killed was much of a muchness anywhere just then, went over the side, with a line round his waist and a supply of shot-plugs and rags in his hands, and, diving again and again, and more than once sweeping down with the tide under the stern and rising just clear of the wash of the screw, he successfully plugged several shot-holes. But for all that the ship continued to fill, and before long had to give up her place in the fight and run aground to prevent her sinking.

The *Cormorant* replaced the *Lee*, the admiral, by his own request, being seated in a chair on her deck. He had already once fainted, and the doctors now persuaded him to allow them to send him to the hospital ship on the bar, and Captain Shadwell, the next senior officer, took the command of the attack. At half-past five, when the battle had lasted three hours, the *Kestrel* sank at her anchors. Of the eleven gunboats, six were disabled or put out of action. But the fire of the Chinese batteries was slackening, and at 6.30, after a hurried council of war on board the *Cormorant*, it was resolved to bring in the marines and sailors who had been waiting in boats and junks inside the bar to act as a landing party, and try to carry the South Fort by a bold rush.

It was after seven, and very little daylight was left for the daring attempt, when the boats were towed in by the *Opossum* and the *Toey*

'Wan, a little Chinese steamer. Captain Shadwell took command of the landing party, which was made up of bluejackets under Captain Vansittart, and Commanders Heath and Commerell, R.N. Sixty French sailors, under Commander Tricault, of the French frigate *Duhalya*, the marines under Colonel Lemon, and a party of sappers with scaling-ladders, under Major Forbes, R.E.

As the boats pulled in to the shore, the fire from the North Fort had ceased, and only an occasional shot was fired from the long rampart of the South Fort. The landing place was five hundred yards in front of the right bastion of this fort. The tide had fallen so far that it was not possible to get any nearer, and the column had to make its way across these five hundred yards of mud covered with weeds and cut up with ditches and pools, the ground being so soft in places that the men sank to their waists in it. And as the first boat's crew landed on this mud bank, suddenly, to the surprise of everyone, the whole front of the South Fort burst into flame.

The silence of its guns was only a clever *ruse*, to lure the British to a closer attack. Now every gun opened fire again, while the Chinese, regardless of the covering fire from the gunboats, crowded on to the crest of the rampart, and opened fire with small arms upon the landing party. As they struggled onwards to the river bank round shot and grape, balls from swivels and muskets, rockets, and even arrows, fell among them in showers. Captain Shadwell was one of the first to be wounded; Vansittart fell, with one leg shattered by a ball; dead and wounded men lay on all sides, and the wounded had to be carried back to the boats to save them from being smothered in the mud.

Three broad ditches lay between the landing place and the fort. Not 150 men reached the second of these, and only fifty the third, which lay just below the rampart. Several of this gallant band were officers—Tricault, the Frenchman, Commerell and Heath, Parke and Hawkey of the Marines, and Major Forbes of the Engineers. Their cartridges were nearly all wet and useless, and they had only one scaling-ladder. It was reared against the rampart, and ten men were climbing up it, when a volley from above killed three and wounded five of them, and then the ladder was thrown down and broken. There was no help for it but to retire.

It was now dark, but the Chinese burnt flaring blue lights and sent up rockets and fire-balls, and by their light fired on their retiring enemies. Sixty-eight men were killed and nearly 300 wounded, in the advance and retreat of the landing party. Several of the boats had been sunk, and many of the men had to wait up to their waists, and even their necks, in water, on the river's brink, till they could be taken off.

It was 1 a.m. before Commanders Heath and Commerell, the two last of the party, reembarked. Then the gunboats slipped down to the bar, a party being sent in next day to blow up or burn those of the grounded ships that could not be got off.

So ended the disastrous battle on the Pei ho. Next year an allied force of British and French troops, under General Sir Hope Grant and General de Montauban, taught the Chinese that, notwithstanding their victory over Admiral Hope's little gunboats, they were in no position to cope with the great Powers of the West. While the allied fleets watched the entrance of the river, 11,000 British and Indian troops and between 6,000 and 7,000 Frenchmen were landed at Peh-tang, some eight miles north of Taku. A wide expanse of marshes separated Peh-tang from the forts which were to be the first object of the allied operations; but these obstacles were turned by a march inland, in which the allies defeated the Chinese field-army at Sin-ho, on August 12th, and coming down the north bank of the Pei-ho, seized the walled town of Tang-ku, three miles above the forts, on the 14th.

These forts were four in number. There were, first, the North and South Forts, which Admiral Hope had attacked the year before, and a little higher up the river there were two others, known as the small North Fort and the small South Fort. They stood on opposite banks of the river, and were both alike—square structures enclosed by embattled walls of sun-dried mud, a few heavier guns being placed on a high platform in the centre, and the whole being surrounded with a double ditch, full of water, too deep to ford. Between the inner ditch and the rampart were broad belts of sharpened bamboo spikes, about fifteen feet wide. The swampy nature of the country rendered the approach to the forts difficult for artillery.

At first there was a difference of opinion between the two generals as to how the forts were to be attacked. It was agreed that as they were built

to protect the river mouth, and their strongest fronts were toward the sea, they should be assailed from the land side; but General de Montauban wanted to cross the river, and take the great South Fort first of all. Sir Hope Grant, however, insisted that a much better plan would be to begin with the small North Fort, and predicted confidently that if it were taken all the other forts would be quickly surrendered, as each of them in turn could bring its fire to bear upon those still in the hands of the Chinese. Happily, this plan was adopted, though the French general was so dissatisfied with it that he only sent a few hundred men to help in the attack of the fort, and came to look on himself, without even wearing his sword, as if he wished to disclaim all part in the business.

The swamps so narrowed the available ground in front of the small North Fort that the attacking force was limited to 2,500 English and some 400 French. On the evening of the 20th of August, forty-four guns and three 8-inch mortars had been placed in battery before the fort.

At five a.m. on the 21st they began the bombardment, which was to prepare the way for the storming party. The English fire soon began to silence the Chinese guns, and about an hour after the bombardment began, a shell from the mortar battery penetrated into one of the magazines of the fort. It blew up with a deafening explosion, and so dense was the cloud of smoke that settled down upon the scene of the disaster, so utterly silent was every Chinese gun in the work, that at first it seemed as if the fort had ceased to exist; but as the smoke cleared the Chinese bravely reopened fire.

Down at the mouth of the river, Admiral Hope's ships were once more engaging the two outer forts; but this was done merely to keep their garrisons well occupied, and to prevent them sending help to the smaller fort. Here, too, fortune helped the British, and one of Hope's shells blew up a magazine in the South Fort, doing a fearful amount of damage to its defenders.

Soon after six o'clock the storming column was ordered to advance against the small North Fort, the English force being mainly composed of the 44th and 67th regiments. In front of the column a party of marines carried a pontoon-bridge for crossing the ditches; but as they approached the walls they were met with such a heavy fire of musketry that the

attempt to bring up the pontoons was abandoned. Fifteen of the men carrying them fell under a single volley.

The French had adopted a simpler plan. They had bamboo ladders, which were carried for them by Chinese coolies. Heedless of the fire of their own countrymen, the coolies laid the ladders across the ditches, and, standing up to their necks in water, supported them while the Frenchmen scrambled across. "These poor coolies behaved gallantly," wrote Sir Hope Grant in his journal, "and though some of them were shot down, they never flinched in the least." The fact is, that a Chinaman does not seem to know what the fear of death is; and while these men were exposing their lives for a few pence, their countrymen on the ramparts were just as recklessly standing up on the very crest of the wall in order to get a better shot at the stormers.

The English crossed the ditches, partly by swimming and struggling through the muddy water, partly by the French ladders, partly over a drawbridge which Major Anson of the Staff very gallantly brought into use by crossing the ditch almost alone, and cutting through with his sword the ropes that held it up.

The stormers were now crowded together between the inner ditch and the rampart. The Chinese could no longer fire on them with their muskets, but they dropped cannon shot, big stones, explosive grenades, jars of lime, and stifling stink-pots on to their heads. The scaling ladders were replaced against the rampart, but the Chinese caught them and pulled them into the fort, or threw them down, spearing and shooting all who mounted them.



“ROGERS GOT IN, HELPED UP BY
LIEUTENANT LENON” (p. [34](#)).

Men and officers tried to scramble in where the bombardment had broken down the embrasures for the guns. One brave Frenchman reached the top of the wall, fired his rifle at the Chinese, took another which was handed up to him and fired it, and then fell speared through the face.

Another, pickaxe in hand tried to break down the top of the wall. He was shot dead, but as he fell Lieutenant Burslem, of the 67th, seized his pick and went on with the work.

He and his comrade—Lieutenant Rogers, of the same regiment (now Major-General Rogers, V.C.)—climbed into an embrasure, only to be thrown out; but Rogers got in through another, helped up by Lieutenant Lenon, who made a stepping-place for him by driving the point of his sword well into the mud wall, and holding up the hilt. Rogers helped up

Lenon and the others near at hand, and at the same time Fauchard, a drummer of the French storming party, got in close by.

Behind him came the standard-bearer of his regiment (the 102nd of the Line), and as the Chinese gave way there was a race between the Frenchman and young Lieutenant Chaplin (now Major-General Chaplin, V.C.), who carried the colours of the 67th, to see who would first get a standard fixed on the top of the fort. Chaplin, though he was wounded in three places, won this gallant race, and planted the British flag on the high central battery of the fort.

“The poor Chinese now had a sad time of it,” writes Sir Hope Grant. “They had fought desperately, and with great bravery, few of them apparently having attempted to escape. Indeed, they could hardly have effected their retreat by the other side of the fort. The wall was very high, and the ground below bristled with innumerable sharp bamboo stakes. Then intervened a broad deep ditch, another row of stakes, and finally another ditch. The only regular exit—the gate—was barred by ourselves. Numbers were killed, and I saw three poor wretches impaled upon the stakes, and yet a considerable number succeeded in getting off. The fort presented a terrible appearance of devastation, and was filled with the dead and dying. The explosion of the magazine had ruined a large portion of the interior. Many of the guns were dismounted, and the parapets battered to pieces.”

The Chinese lost 400 men out of a garrison of 500. The English loss was 21 killed and 184 wounded. The loss would have been heavier if the Chinese had had better cartridges. Thus, for instance, Sir Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), who led the advance of the storming column, was hit in five places by bullets, but none of them had force enough to do more than inflict a bruise.

The capture of the remaining forts was an easy matter. The smaller South Fort, only 400 yards from the North Fort, and commanded by its guns, was at once abandoned by the Chinese, and white flags were hoisted on the two larger forts; but on the great North Fort being summoned to surrender the garrison sent back a refusal. The guns of the captured fort were turned on it; other guns were brought up from the English batteries, and the attack was about to be begun by a bombardment, when General Collineau, of the French army, noticing that

there was no one on the rampart nearest him, marched forward rapidly with 600 men, sent a lot of them in through a big embrasure, opened a gate, and took the fort without firing a shot. About 2,000 prisoners were taken here, and, to their great delight, they were simply disarmed and told to go home. They evidently expected to be massacred. In the fort were some of the guns taken from the ships lost in the fight of June 25th, 1859.

In the afternoon the fort on the south bank was summoned to surrender, and, after some parleyings, Hang-Foo, the officer in command, agreed to hand it over next day. Early on the 22nd Sir Robert Napier took possession of the southern forts, in which he found no less than 600 guns, large and small.

The same day Admiral Hope's gunboats steamed up the river, and cleared away the barriers below which the fierce fight of the year before had raged so long, and thus the defeat on the Pei-ho was avenged and the way to Tien-tsin and Peking was open.

A few weeks later, the armies of England and France marched in triumph into the imperial city.



PALERMO:

THE COMING OF GARIBALDI

BY STODDARD DEWEY

The night of the 26th of May, 1860, came down on the city of Palermo, on the plains around it and on the hills which close it in

beyond, amid anxious uncertainty everywhere. Everyone was asking, "Where is Garibaldi?"

The city itself was held in a state of siege by its king, Francis II. of Naples. The sympathies of the great mass of the inhabitants were known to be with the Thousand men of Garibaldi and the Sicilian insurgents who had joined him in his march from the western coast to the hills above Palermo.

No one was allowed to leave the city, or to walk through the streets by day in company with others, or by night without a lighted torch or lantern.

Soldiers were picketed at the corners of the unlighted streets; companies of soldiers guarded each of the city gates which had not been walled up; and two lines of military outposts surrounded the whole city without.

On the plain to the west and north of the city 20,000 soldiers of the king were in camp; 4,000 more had for some days been pushing back the insurgents in the hills. Their general imagined it was Garibaldi who was retreating before them. No military man could understand how a thousand foot-soldiers, aided only by a few thousand ill-armed and untrained recruits, could give the slip to the pursuing columns of regular troops, and surprise the entrance to a city guarded at every point by battalions of trained men and commanded by the artillery of the forts and the warships in the bay.

Even now the descent of the Thousand into Palermo does not become plain until we go over carefully the condition of the city on that fateful night, the situation of the various bodies of troops that were guarding it, and the movements down the mountain side of Garibaldi and his men.

I.—IN PALERMO.

The Bourbons had now ruled over Naples, with the whole southern part of Italy and the island of Sicily, for 125 years.

Ferdinand II., who was dead but a single year, had been peculiarly unfortunate through the whole of his long reign. During its first years, after 1830, the secret societies of *carbonari* conspiring against him

multiplied everywhere in Sicily. The cholera year of 1837 reduced the pride of Palermo; but in 1848, when France again gave the signal of revolution, the city rebelled and held out for a year and four months. For four weeks King Ferdinand had the city bombarded from his fort in the harbour. This did not help to make the citizens love him the more when he finally conquered, and his name was handed down as “King Bomba.”

In 1859, his young and inexperienced son, Francis, found things in the worst possible condition.

In the north, Italians had united under the King of Sardinia against the Austrians and the petty princes who had so long divided up their country. With the help of France, the war was soon over. The Austrians were driven out of Lombardy; the Duchies of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany expelled their reigning houses; and a good part of the States of the Church was taken from the Pope.

All these, with Sardinia, now made up the one kingdom of Italy, with Victor Emanuel as constitutional monarch.

It was a long step forward toward the realisation of what had hitherto been but a dream—a united Italy. And Garibaldi had been the one hero of its making.

In Sicily a secret committee had been formed, under the name of the *Buono pubblico* (commonweal), to collect subscriptions among the nobles and property-holders for the purchase of arms and other munitions of war. It was in constant correspondence with the revolutionary committee existing at Genoa, of which Garibaldi was the soul. King Victor Emanuel was bound not to give open aid to any revolt against his cousin, the King of Naples, with whom he was supposed to be at peace. But it was known that his Government would put no hindrance in the way. Everyone knew also that no revolution would break out in Southern Italy except in the name of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi.



“THE PICCIOTTI PICKED OFF THEIR MEN ([p. 38](#)).

The counsellors of Francis II. had but one remedy for this evil state of things—the remedy of King Bomba and all the Bourbons before him. The city of Palermo was strongly garrisoned by troops from the mainland—Neapolitans or Swiss and Austrian mercenaries. Then fuller powers than ever were given to Maniscalco, the director of police, and his spies were placed everywhere. At Santa Flavia, eleven miles from Palermo by the sea, an armed insurrection suddenly broke out. It was crushed at once; but it was made the pretext for throwing several notable citizens into prison. Next Maniscalco was grievously wounded at the door of the cathedral, and, in spite of all the efforts of the police, the would-be assassin escaped with the help of the people. A reign of terror was now begun, especially against the nobles and the rich. In every house searches were made by Maniscalco’s *shirri*, or detectives, for guns and swords and bayonets. It was felt that, among the 200,000 inhabitants of Palermo, only the soldiers, the host of Government employés, and the countless members of the secret police were loyal to the king.

At last the Committee of Sicilian Liberties, as it was henceforth called, decided that the time had come to summon the citizens to revolt. Rizzo, a master mechanic of means, organised the movement. The rendezvous was given for the night between the 3rd and 4th of April, at the Franciscan convent of La Gancia, in the heart of the city. Rizzo's house was next door, and the arms which had been gathered were secreted in an unused well of his courtyard. A communication had been broken through the wall of the convent church. The friars were in the secret and in full sympathy with the conspirators. There was but one exception. He carried the news of what was going on to Maniscalco.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when the betrayal was made. General Salzano, who was in command at Palermo, was notified at once, and the convent was soon surrounded by troops. Rizzo and twenty-seven of his companions were already inside waiting for the coming of the others. Day broke, and no one had arrived. Looking out through the shutters, the little band saw the soldiers under arms, and understood that they had been betrayed. They resolved to sell their lives dearly, and Rizzo opened fire from the windows.

The troops brought their cannon to bear on the great door of the convent. Two shots were enough to batter it down, and the soldiers charged with their bayonets. They were met by the father superior, and ran him through on the spot. The insurgents held them back for a time, firing from the shelter of the friars' cells along the narrow corridors. Another friar was killed, and four more were wounded. Then Rizzo with his band made a last effort to escape in a determined sally through the courtyard, by the great door which the cannon had burst open. The troops were beaten back, but Rizzo fell with his leg broken by a bullet above the knee. The soldiers discharged their guns at him where he lay, inflicting lingering but mortal wounds. A dozen of his companions were taken prisoners with him; the others made good their escape.



PALERMO HARBOUR.

(From a Drawing by J. W. McWhirter A.R.A.)

The citizens, without arms and without a leader, kept to the shelter of their houses. The soldiers shot at anyone showing himself at a window. All who were connected with the conspiracy fled from the town into the fastnesses of the hills. The insurrection was again over in Palermo.

The *picciotti*—young men from fifteen to twenty-five years of age—had long been ready to join in the uprising. In the large town of Carini, ten miles to the west of Palermo, the impatience was so great that they anticipated the signal to be given at La Gancia. On the 3rd of April the tri-coloured flag of United Italy was unfurled, and barricades were thrown up across the mountain roads. Misilmeri, a few miles to the east of the city, next took up the cry. With the two priests at their head, the insurgents drove out the Neapolitan garrison of four soldiers, eight mounted gendarmes, and eight of Maniscalco's *sbirri*. On the 11th of the month the *picciotti* swept down on a body of troops and forced them back to the bridge over the Oreto, almost within gunshot of the city. Soon all the villages along the coast and in the surrounding country were in

full insurrection. The city began suffering from this blockade on the side of the land. All its provisions had to be brought in the king's vessels from Naples.

At Naples the news of the revolt led to the taking of extreme measures. The vessels of the royal marine, along with merchant ships appropriated by the Government for the occasion, were despatched to Palermo. All were filled with soldiers and munitions of war. In a few days there were 13,000 of the king's troops in and around the city, to face the insurrection.

In spite of the vigilance of the police, a newspaper from northern Italy had been smuggled into Palermo, making known to the inhabitants that the committee at Genoa was organising an expedition to come to the aid of the Sicilian patriots. On the 10th of April a secret messenger, Rosolino Pilo, who had been under proscription in his native land for ten years, succeeded in landing safely at Messina. He made his way from village to village by night. In the morning the sign of his presence was found written on the walls—

“Viene Garibaldi! Viva Vittorio Emanuele!”

Soon, in Palermo itself, the very children cried after the *sbirri* as they passed—“Garibaldi is coming!”

Word was passed around that, on a certain day, all whose sympathies were with the revolution should walk in the fashionable promenade of the Via Maqueda—the broad, straight street that divides the city in two halfway up from the sea. Even the greatest ladies came on foot; there was no room for the splendid equipages for which Palermo has always been noted. No one was armed. All kept an ominous silence.

Maniscalco was at his wits' end. He sent a band of soldiers and *sbirri* along the promenade to cry from time to time, “*Viva Francesco Secondo!*” There was no response from the crowd. Then the *sbirri* surrounded a group of the citizens and ordered them to repeat the cry, “*Viva Francesco Secondo!*” After a moment of deep silence one of the group, tossing his hat in the air, shouted, “*Viva Vittorio Emanuele!*” The soldiers bayoneted him on the spot, and then discharged their guns into the crowd. Two men were killed, and there were thirty women and children among the wounded. The mounted gendarmes charged on their horses, and swept the streets clear. But the next morning Maniscalco

could read in huge red letters on every dead wall of the city, "*Garibaldi viene!*"—"Garibaldi is coming!"

II.—WITH THE KING'S ARMY.

The regular troops were now kept constantly on the alert, and daily and nightly drawn by new alarms from the city toward the mountains, it was useless for them to give chase to the *picciotti* in their retreat along the winding goat-paths of the hills. In return, they brought their artillery against houses sheltering the helpless women and children of the insurgent villages.

It was on the 9th of May that the demonstration of the Via Maqueda took place, followed by the bloody police outrage on the people and the threatening prophecy written by night upon the walls. On the 13th word passed through the city that the prophecy was fulfilled.

"Garibaldi has landed at Marsala!"

It was on the 11th of May that Garibaldi and his expedition of a thousand men succeeded in entering the island. Two English ships stood between him and the royal cruisers, which gave chase, until men and arms were all safely on shore. The two Genoese merchant vessels that had brought the expedition were abandoned to capture, and the march began across the island. Nothing was left to the adventurous Thousand—old revolutionists and young university students from northern Italy, Hungarian officers of 1848, and French and Polish sympathisers with all that invoked the name of liberty—but to take Palermo or die.

The next day they were at Salemi, where, on the 14th, Garibaldi proclaimed himself Dictator of the island in the name of King Victor Emanuel. The guerilla bands and the *picciotti* began coming in from every quarter.

On the 15th the Thousand came face to face with the royal troops, which had taken strong positions along the hills overlooking the road at Calatafimi, fifty miles from Palermo. The only pitched battle of the campaign took place here. The *picciotti*, with all their goodwill, showed that they would be of little use in open warfare. They could not endure the fire of regular soldiers, and still less execute the charges necessary

for capturing the positions of the enemy. But the Thousand of Garibaldi were a host in themselves. The Genoese Carabineers were accustomed to his methods of fighting. Even the university students had been trained and hardened to practise his maxim, "Lose no time with artillery, but use your bayonets!"

General Landi and his thousands of regular soldiers were driven back, and the next day they beat a disorderly retreat as far as Palermo. The *picciotti*, from the shelter of every rock and clump of bushes, picked off their men by the way. The soldiers, in turn, sacked and pillaged the villages of Partanico and Borghetto. The Neapolitan officers complained bitterly that their mercenaries preferred pillage to fighting. Garibaldi, ever seeking to draw all Italians to himself, praised the bravery of the Neapolitans while congratulating his own army on its victory. It had cost him dear. There were eighteen of the Thousand among the killed, and 128 were wounded.

After a day of rest, Garibaldi marched forward, and on the 18th he was already on the mountains in sight of Palermo. There his men bivouacked in the rain. On the 20th he advanced his outposts to within a mile of Monreale, whence the high road leads directly down to Palermo, not five miles away. He now decided not to try to force an entrance into the city from the side of Monreale. He could not hope to make his way across the plain and past the headquarters of the royal army, even by night, without sacrificing half his men. He chose instead a movement that, perhaps, no other military man of the age would have attempted. Garibaldi himself said ever after that it could have been executed only in Sicily, under the circumstances of the time. To its success it was essential that the enemy, lying below in sight of his own camp fires, should have no knowledge of what was going on until all was over. The *picciotti* may not have been able to take their part in regular battle; but there were no traitors among them, nor in the mountain villages through which the expedition was to pass.

The evening of the 21st fell dark and rainy. With nightfall the Thousand set out on a toilsome march by unfrequented paths over three mountain tops to Parco. Garibaldi wished to move round from the west to the south of Palermo, nearer to the sea. Their few pieces of cannon were dismounted and carried on the backs of the men. At three in the morning the little army was at its destination, wet, and worn out with

fatigue, but without a man or gun or precious cartridge missing. The *picciotti* had kept the camp fires blazing above Monreale. General Lanza, who had just been appointed the king's *alter ego* in Sicily, was not to learn of the stolen march for many hours to come.

The day was passed in taking up positions along the zigzag mountain road leading up to Piana dei Greci, six miles further back from Palermo. Only then, after a night and a day of toil, the men bivouacked around their works.

At daydawn of the 23rd Garibaldi and Türr—the Hungarian, who was his other self in the expedition—climbed a summit whence they could command a view of Palermo and the plains around. The mayor of Parco had just provided the dreaded leader and his companion with sorely-needed trousers. They looked down on a gallant display of arms. With the exception of the necessary garrison for the forts and a few posts in the city, the royal troops were all in camp on the plains to the west and north of the city or by the headquarters of the general in the great place before the royal palace. Garibaldi's practised eye estimated their number at 15,000 men, and new reinforcements were arriving. To oppose them in serious conflict he could count on not 800 valid men.

Even as they looked, a body of troops, 3,000 to 4,000 strong, began its march on Monreale. When they reached the hills their movements were impeded by the ceaseless fire of the *picciotti* sheltered behind the positions left by the Thousand. The firing continued during the day and into the night.

When the morning of the 24th came, Garibaldi could see that General Lanza, with thousands of men at his disposal, was carrying out a plan of attack skilfully designed to envelop and sweep away his little army. Beyond Monreale the corps which had marched out yesterday was rapidly advancing toward Piana to surround his left. From below another strong body of troops was marching directly on Parco. Türr was at once sent to save their few pieces of artillery, and, with the help of the Carabineers and *picciotti*, to guard the left. Garibaldi began hurrying on the march to Piana. Türr's men were soon attacked by three times their number, and the *picciotti* fled in dismay. The Carabineers succeeded in escaping amid the hills, while Türr, with two companies, held the enemy with his cannon.

At half-past two in the afternoon the whole army arrived safely in Piana. In the evening General Garibaldi held a council of war with his colonels, Türr, Sirtori, and Orsini, and with Signor Crispi, a long-exiled Sicilian lawyer whom he had made his Secretary of State. He proposed his final plan, which was to deceive again and divide the forces of the enemy. It was put in operation on the spot.

Orsini, with the artillery and baggage and fifty men for escort, began an ostentatious retreat along the road leading to Corleone, many miles further in the interior. For one half-mile the general and the bulk of the army followed after. The royal outposts on the left hastened to bring the information to General Lanza, who was commanding in person, and he at once sent his whole body of troops in cautious pursuit. In the dense wood of Cianeto, Garibaldi and his men left Orsini to draw the enemy further and further away, while they turned into a path that led to Marineo.

The night was clear, and Türr and Garibaldi, as they marched side by side, looked to the star of the Great Bear, which the latter had connected with his destiny from a child. "General," said the Hungarian, "it smiles on you. We shall enter Palermo."

At midnight the little army bivouacked in the forest. At four o'clock they were again on foot, and at seven they were at Marineo, where they passed the day. With the night they took up again their secret march, and at ten they reached Misilmeri. La Masa was there with a few thousand *picciotti*, and there were a few members of the Committee of Sicilian Liberties. These were told to notify their friends in the city that the attack would be made on the morning of the 27th. Türr sent word to Colonel Ebers, his compatriot and correspondent of the London *Times* in Palermo, to come out and share in the adventure.



“GENERAL, IT SMILES ON YOU.”

The day of the 26th was employed in making ready. Garibaldi passed the *picciotti* in review at their camp of Gibilrossa. Then he ascended Monte Griffone to study the city and plain beneath. The royal guards along this south-east side of the city were almost within hearing of a trumpet blast from his mouth. They did not dream that he was nigh.

III.—THE DESCENT OF THE THOUSAND.

The sun set on the evening of the 26th in a mass of red vapours, portending the heat of the night. The army of Garibaldi was already forming on the table land of Gibilrossa, in the order which they were to follow in their attack on the Porta di Termini of Palermo.

First came the leaders, with Captain Misoni at their head, and three men from each company of the Thousand under the command of Colonel Tukery. They were in all thirty-two men. Immediately behind them was the first corps of the *picciotti*. The first battalion of the Thousand

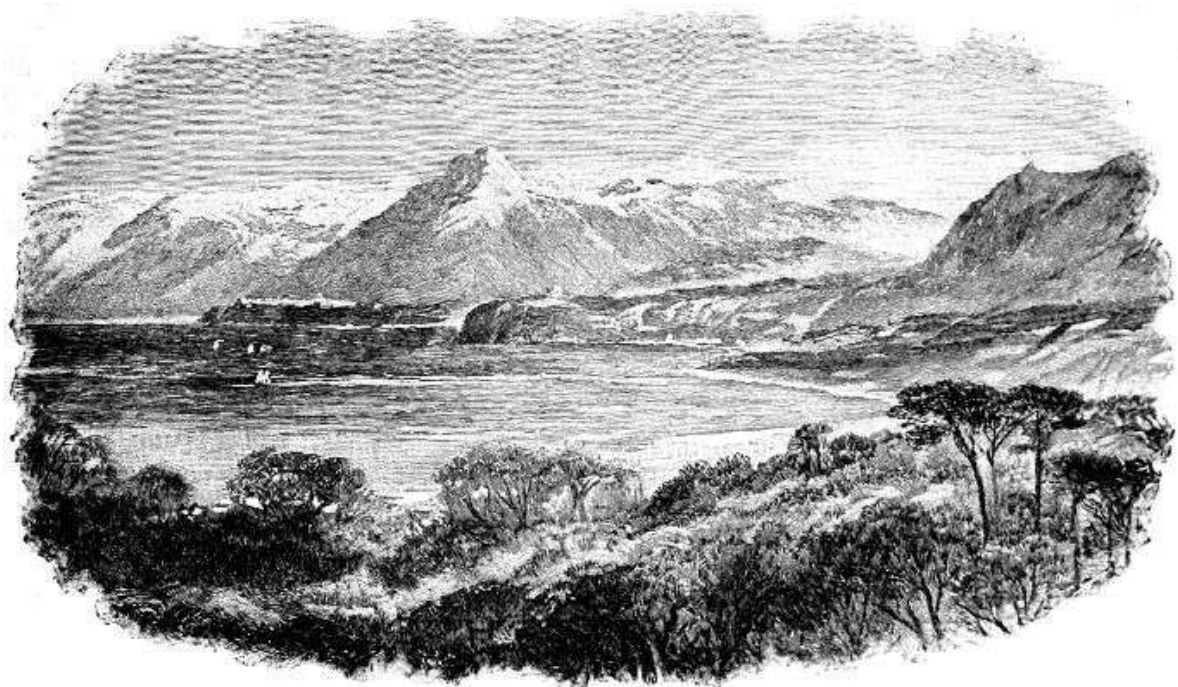
followed, under the command of Bixio, who was afterwards a famous general. Garibaldi came next, with Türr and the remainder of his Staff, followed by the Second battalion under Carini. Last of all was the second corps of *picciotti* and the Commissariat. In all they were 750 trained and veteran soldiers—all that was available of the original 1,065—with two or three thousand *picciotti*, preparing to face 18,000 regular troops of the King of Naples.

It was essential to the success of their enterprise that the alarm should not be given in Palermo until as late as possible. Even if they had wished to follow it, there was no direct road to the city. With as much order as might be, they clambered down the sides of a ravine which led to the valley opening on the highway. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at this point. Tukery halted his men to see if order was being kept in the rear. The *picciotti* had completely disappeared. A false alarm on the mountain-side had sent them flying. Two hours were needed to re-form the line, when it was found that their numbers were now reduced to 1,300 men. With all these delays, at half-past one in the morning they were still three miles from the city.

They marched forward in close columns until they came up with the Neapolitan outposts. It was now half-past three, and still dark. The soldiers fired three gun-shots and retreated to their guard-house. This was enough to disperse two-thirds of the *picciotti* who remained.

The thirty-two men composing the vanguard of Garibaldi now dashed forward to the bridge over the Oreto. This Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, by a strange coincidence, was the scene of the first combat of Robert Guiscard, the Norman, with the Saracen lords of Palermo, nearly 800 years before, and of Metellus with the Carthaginians 1,200 years before that. It was now defended by some 400 men. The soldiers of Garibaldi first attacked them by a running fire from behind the trees along the road, and then entered on a hand-to-hand fight. A single captain, Piva, was able to bring down four Neapolitans with six shots from his revolver. Misori hastened back to summon Bixio. The first battalion charged, followed by Türr at the head of the second. The bayonets now came into play, and the Thousand had won their first position.

The alarm was now thoroughly given. While the defenders of the bridge were fleeing to the right, a strong column of the royal troops advanced on the left. Türr sent thirty men to stop their advance, and the rest of the Thousand charged past with fixed bayonets.



THE COAST OF PALERMO, LOOKING TOWARDS TERMINI.

The Neapolitans now fell back on the street leading to the gate of Sant' Antonino, at the end of the Via Maqueda. This road was lined with the houses of a small suburb, and cut across the street of Termini, by which Garibaldi's men hoped to enter the town. The old gate of Termini had been torn down by King Bomba, and the street leading to the bridge widened to facilitate the movement of his troops. It now served the purpose of those who were trying to overthrow the rule of his son. The Neapolitan commander had already placed two cannons in the Via Sant' Antonino, and at every moment their shots swept across the path of Garibaldi. Even his veterans held back for a moment. A carabineer seated himself in a chair in full line of the firing, to persuade the *picciotti* to go on.

Garibaldi now came up, just as his faithful Tukery fell mortally wounded. As if animated by his death, one of the leaders seized the banner of United Italy, and bore it unharmed through the enemy's fire.

He was followed by five others, and, little by little, the whole line passed under the eyes of their general. He alone was on horseback, and the most exposed, as he urged his men forward.

Two hundred men were soon scattered through the different streets of the city, nearest to the gate; and their leaders penetrated to the old market, which had been the place of the revolution in 1848. Garibaldi soon arrived in the midst of the fire which the royal troops were keeping up on the rear of the little column. The members of the Committee of Palermo were waiting to receive him. He at once gave orders to make barricades behind, and thus entrenched himself in the midst of his enemies.

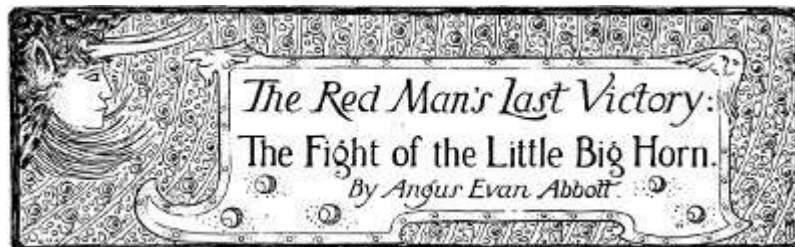
The people in the houses remained deaf to his first appeal; but by dint of calling they were at length induced to appear at the windows, where the sight of their deliverers gave them courage. Mattresses were flung from every window, and soon piled up over the barricades most exposed to the royal artillery. Then a few of the inhabitants began showing themselves in the streets. They had but one answer to give to the invitation to join with the invaders: "We have no arms." But they lent themselves bravely to the tearing up of paving-stones for the barricades, and the soldiers of Garibaldi found places of vantage in their houses.

With a part of his men Garibaldi now made his way to the centre of the city, where the Via Maqueda is crossed at right angles by the long Via Toledo (now the Corso Vittore Emanuele), leading from the port through the whole length of the city to the Royal Palace. The number of his men was greatly exaggerated in the imaginations of his opponents, and he easily drove back the royal troops close to their general's headquarters at the Palace. The Bourbon Government had just been paving this street with large flags. These were now torn up and built into barricades, while waggons and obstructions of every kind were thrown across the neighbouring streets.

At this moment the bombardment of the city began from the Fort of Castellamare, in the bay, and from the Royal Palace. The warships with their great guns swept all the streets within line of their fire. Three days were next taken up with the constant advancing and retreating of the now infuriated soldiers of the king, aided by the steady downpour of shot and shell on the quarters where the men of Garibaldi—the Italians, as they

were now called, even by their enemies—had entrenched themselves. But the crumbling of walls only aided to the making of new barricades, and impeded all the movements of the regular troops. As the royal mercenaries abandoned their positions, they set fire to the buildings they had left. The convent of the White Benedictines was burned, with fifty of the prisoners who had been confined in it. All Palermo worked actively with Garibaldi and his men, in a fury of rage against the royal army. Soon there remained to the latter only the two forts of the harbour, the Royal Palace, and the post at the Flora below the Porta di Termini, by the bay. Even these could no longer communicate with each other nor receive provisions.

Garibaldi had now conquered once more. On the fourth day the king's general asked for an armistice—to bury his dead. It was prolonged, and at last the king ordered that the troops should evacuate the city, provided that the garrison in the forts might depart with the honours of war. To save the lives of the prisoners still confined, this was granted. On the 20th of June the last Neapolitan soldier had left Palermo. Two days later the Thousand of Garibaldi were on the way to deliver Messina, the last hold of the Bourbons in Sicily.



The Red Man's Last Victory:

The Fight of the Little Big Horn

By Angus Evan Abbott

The Red man has fought his last great fight. The long and bloody struggle waged between the White man and the Red for the possession of the North American continent has ended, and ended for all time: the weaker has gone to the wall. From the day in 1609 when Samuel de Champlain and his hardy followers burst upon the Iroquois at Ticonderoga, and, armed with sticks that spoke with fire and spat out unseen death he put these hitherto invincible warriors to flight, to the day

when the United States were preparing to celebrate with unheard-of splendour the centennial of their independence, a ceaseless state of war existed between the children of the forest and prairie and the pale-faced usurpers. Every year had its tragedy, every mile its white gravestone in history. And as a fit ending to these centuries of conflict and bloodshed came the crimson tragedy of the blotting-out of Custer and his cavalymen in the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone. Many notable tragedies, dramatic in execution as appalling in effect, marked the long years, but none struck home to the hearts of the American people with such searching directness and force as the finale to the Indian tragedy, in which Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux, and General Custer, one of America's most dashing cavalry leaders, played the leading *rôles*.

Surely never were such Aborigines as the North American Indian! Surely never in the history of the world did the White man encounter so nearly his match as when he first plunged into the forests of the New World. A mere handful in numbers were these Red men at the best, and yet it can hardly be said that they were ever subdued. In turn they met and fought the Spaniard, then in all his glory, the Frenchman, the Englishman—long and savage wars these—and when Spaniard, Frenchman, and Englishman as such disappeared and the American took their place, the Indian fought him more fiercely than ever. When one thinks of the White man's countless numbers and the weapons which his ingenuity and handicraft supplied, the marvel is that the Indian has not long since disappeared from the face of the earth. But given their numbers and weapons and all, it has been estimated that in the wars which the White man waged against the Indians they lost more than ten killed to the Redskin's one. Yet notwithstanding the skill, the craftiness, the sensible recognition of existing facts, the clever stratagem and resistless ferocity which characterises the Indian nature, the level-headed way in which he set about his wars, to kill and not be killed his motto: notwithstanding all this, the prophecy of the great orator Red Jacket has come true. He said, "When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the White man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

The feud which began on the Atlantic coast hundreds of years before, was destined to end in the far North-West, away up in a corner of the

United States then almost wholly unknown to the White man, an angle of territory bounded on the west by the Rockies, and on the north by what formerly was known as Rupert's Land—British territory. The immediate cause of the trouble which led up to the massacre of Custer and his battalion was one which had often before provoked active hostilities. It was the refusal of sundry bands of Indians to settle down on the reservations placed at the disposal of the Indians by the United States Government. The Indians resented the attempt to confine them to restricted districts. The Red man of the prairie had been, from time immemorial, a notorious nomad. On his lean, shaggy, ungainly pony, his bow and quiver slung across his back, his buckskin breeches and shirt fringed with horsehair and painted in gaudy colours, his long, greasy black hair stuck full of the feathers of the turkey, hawk and eagle, he had for centuries roamed the vast prairie at will: now fighting his hereditary foe, and again camping for weeks at a time on the trail of the mighty herds of buffalo in their wanderings over the boundless prairie. For ages the chafings of restriction were unknown to him, until freedom had become almost as necessary to the savage of the plains as the air itself. This he enjoyed, until one day the advance guard of civilisation, a grizzly trapper, dressed in leather, and carrying a flintlock under his arm, peered out of the bushes and saw in astonishment the great rolling prairie, the home of the buffalo and the Sioux. The hardy pioneer soon followed, restless, and ever pressing westward; and one day, the Sioux, sitting astride his barebacked pony, saw in amazement the long train of white-topped waggons—the prairie schooner—drawn by oxen, trailing westward through the tall grass, and realised that his ancient fastness had been invaded. Immediately there began massacres on the one hand and retaliation on the other. The Sioux, the Bedouins of the prairie, were gradually driven back and back in the process. They strained fiercely at the bonds, but were unable to break them.



“UNTIL ONE DAY A GRIZZLY TRAPPER PEERED
OUT OF THE BUSHES.”

During the winter of 1875–6 the authorities at Washington, after every peaceable means had been tried in vain, found it necessary to sanction the use of force to compel certain refractory bands of Indians to cease their wanderings and outrage, to place themselves under the control of the Indian officials, and to settle on the reservations set aside for their use. These recalcitrant savages were Sioux, than whom there were none more warlike and cruel, and in their raids they wandered over an area of something like 100,000 square miles in the then territories of Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. There were a number of these bands of “Hostiles,” each having a chief of its own; but as dissatisfaction spread among them, all gradually centred around two great chiefs, “Sitting Bull” and “Crazy Horse.” “Sitting Bull,” at the time hostilities commenced, was with his band in the vicinity of the Little Missouri River in Dakota, and “Crazy Horse” and band were camped on the banks of the Powder River in Wyoming. The region was a wilderness: rugged, mountainous,

and deeply scarred by rapid streams and small rivers, and, as has been told, totally unknown to the United States soldiers. As guides to this unfamiliar region and to scout by the way, the command took with it Ree Indians under “Bloody Knife” Chief, and Crows, led by Chief “Half-Yellow Face.” These Indians did the scouting well, but the Rees took the earliest opportunity afforded them to slip away when fighting began.



“AND THE SIOUX SAW IN AMAZEMENT THE
LONG TRAIN OF WHITE-TOPPED WAGGONS.”

The first move made against these Sioux was on March 1st, 1876. General Sheridan, a distinguished leader in the American Civil War, was given the direction of the campaign, with headquarters at Chicago. General Terry held the active command of the troops in the disaffected country. Subordinate to Terry were Generals Custer and Crook, at the head of mounted columns. Terry ordered these leaders to move out against the “Hostiles,” specifying the route each was to take. Crook marched on March 1st, and on March 17th encountered “Crazy Horse” and his braves, and the command was so severely handled in the

engagement that Crook fell back to his base. Custer had been unable to make a simultaneous advance with Crook, owing to the weather being so bad that it was found impossible to venture into the region of heavy snows and swollen rivers.



“THE WARRIORS DANCED THE WAR-DANCE.”

The news of Crook’s defeat spread like wildfire among the Indian agencies. Couriers sped from the camps of “Crazy Horse” and “Sitting Bull.” To every Indian encampment in that part of the States one or more messengers came, and squatting on the hardened earth of some smoky Tepee, to the listening braves told of the killing of the Paleface and the triumph of the Red, and before he had finished his tale, wigwams were struck and loaded to the patient ponies, the squaws strapped their papooses to their backs, and the warriors, with faces painted in ghastly and fantastical streaks, danced the war-dance, snatched up their rifles, and mounting their ponies, set out to take part in reaping the harvest of scalps.

The defeat of Crook made a long war inevitable. General Sheridan reinforced the troops in the disaffected region, and remodelled his plan of

campaign. The troops were formed into three columns instead of two; and as soon as the weather moderated, so as to admit of favourable progress, all set out to trap the Indians. The three columns were commanded respectively by Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon. Custer would have led in place of Terry, had it not been that just before the setting out of the expedition he fell from the good graces of President Grant. Indeed, so displeased was Grant with Custer, that he sent definite instructions that Custer was not to be allowed to accompany the expedition; and it was only after a personal appeal to Grant by Custer, and the intercession of Sheridan, that the famous cavalry leader was allowed to take his place at the head of his regiment and march away, never to return.

George Armstrong Custer's career, from the day he graduated at the United States Military Academy to the day of his death, fifteen years after, was one of meteoric brilliancy. A native of New Rumley, Ohio, he graduated at West Point on the very outbreak of the Civil War. From West Point he went direct to Washington, and on the day of his arrival at the capital he was entrusted by General Scott with despatches for General McDowell, then on his way with the army of the Potomac to fight the first general battle of the Civil War—Bull Run.

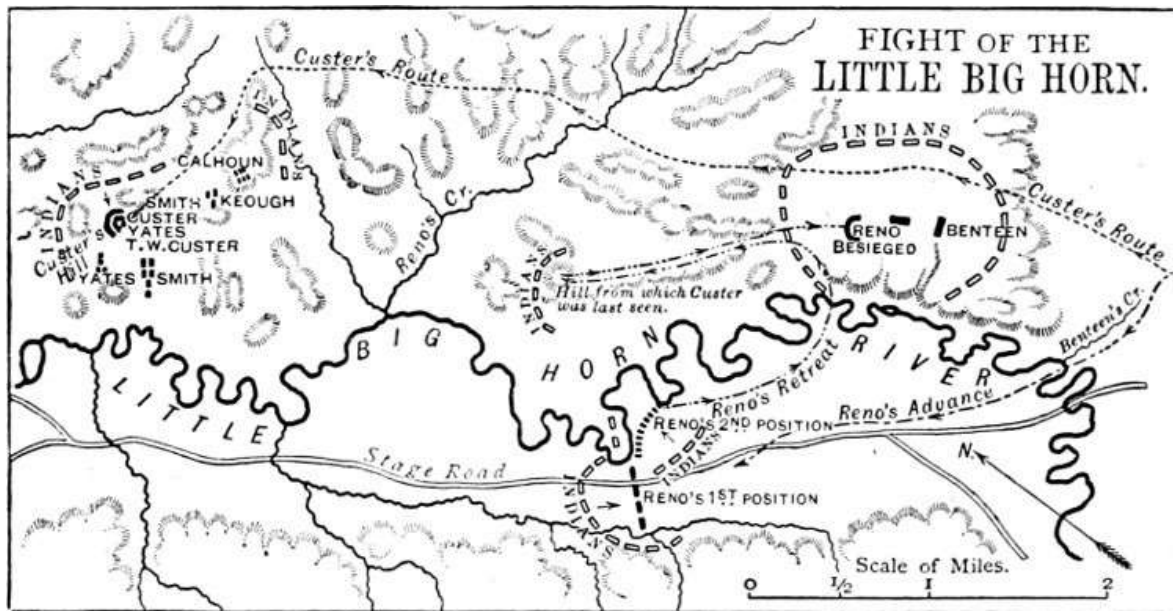
Custer arrived in the nick of time, was assigned to duty as lieutenant of the 5th Cavalry, and took his place in the company just in time to take part in the fight that followed. In his first battles he attracted the attention of his superior officers by his daring and dash and his brilliancy in handling men; and in 1862 his many exploits effected his promotion to the captaincy of the company. Immediately afterwards, by a clever ruse, he surprised the Southerners and captured the first colours taken by the army of the Potomac from the South in the war.

Continuing as he had begun, in each successive engagement he did some notable deed which brought him again and again to the attention of his superior officers, and in 1865 he had risen to the position of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was given command of the Michigan brigades.

He participated in all but one of the battles of the army of the Potomac, and was in a position to say with truth to his men: "You have never lost a gun, never lost a colour, and never been defeated; and

notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you.” He was a man of close upon six feet in height, lithe, active, handsome, a staunch teetotaller, and abstainer from the use of tobacco. Such was the soldier who took his place in command of the 7th United States Cavalry and rode away to the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone.

On May 17th the column marched from Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri River, and proceeding by easy stages, crossed the Little Missouri River on May 31st, and camped on the banks of the Powder, a tributary of the Yellowstone. The 7th Cavalry was divided into two columns, commanded by Major Reno and Captain Benteen. As the Indian country had now been reached, on June 10th General Terry sent Major Reno with his command (six troops) to scout up the Powder, and General Custer, with the left wing of the 7th, marched to the mouth of the Tongue and there awaited Reno’s return. The major reached Custer’s camp on the 19th, and reported plenty of Indian “signs” leading up the banks of the Rosebud. The whole command set out at once for that stream and pitched tents at its mouth on June 21st, and made ready for immediate active operations. At a consultation between Generals Terry, Gibbon and Custer, it was arranged that the 7th United States Cavalry, commanded in person by General Custer, should set out on the trail Major Reno had discovered, overtake the Indians, corner them, and bring about a fight. This they did.



FIGHT OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN

PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD; SHOWING ROUTES TAKEN BY THE TWO DIVISIONS AND THE SPOT WHERE CUSTER FELL.

With truly Anglo-Saxon superiority the generals wofully underestimated the fighting strength of the foe. General Custer, with his 700 cavalrymen, believed he would be able to cope with more savages than he was likely to have the good fortune to meet, and his brother generals were under the same impression. They found out their mistake when too late.

“Sitting Bull,” chief of a band of Uncpapa Sioux Indians, was at this time forty-two years old. A great, squatty, hulking, low-browed savage, of forbidding looks and enormous strength, and in height as near as might be to five feet eight inches. He had the reputation among his own followers, as well as the warriors of other bands, of being a Medicine-man of mark, a dealer in omens, a conjurer of demons, a weaver of magic, a foreteller of dire events, and a familiar of departed spirits. Outside of his magic he was known as a coward, but this defect they overlooked in the belief that his soothsayings fully compensated for the deficiency in his personal valour. Their faith in his incantations was unbounded. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, “Sitting Bull” divided his energies between getting as far from the scene of strife as his fat legs would carry him, and performing fanatical rites to the confounding of the

White man. The actual leaders in the fight were “Crazy Horse,” “Gall,” and “Crow King”; and in a lesser degree, “Low Dog,” “Big Road,” “Hump,” “Spotted Eagle,” and “Little Horse,” all chiefs of bands and men of ability and unflinching personal courage. These superintended the movements of the “Hostiles,” and by their personal feats of daring encouraged their followers, while “Sitting Bull” looked after the Fates and took the *kudos* of the game.

At noon on June 22nd Custer and his men set out for the wilderness. Warnings and omens do not seem to have been confined to the wigwam of the Red man, for on the fatal march to the Little Big Horn there were many that foretold disaster to the expedition.

Captain Godfrey, who marched with the columns, in his written account of the calamitous affair, mentions many incidents which were taken to point to disaster. He tells, for instance, that on the evening of the first day of their march Custer sent for his officers.

After a “talk,” Lieutenant Wallace said to Godfrey, as they walked away from the general’s tent, “Godfrey, I believe General Custer is going to be killed.” Asked his reasons for this belief, he simply answered: “I have never heard Custer speak in that way before.”

A little later in the evening Captain Godfrey came upon a camp-fire, around which sat “Bloody Knife,” “Half-Yellow-Face,” and the interpreter Bouyer. The half-breed asked the captain if he had ever fought against the Sioux. Answered in the affirmative, the interpreter gazed into the fire for a few moments before saying emphatically, “I can tell you we are going to have a —— big fight.”

Then again an ominous thing happened. The general’s headquarters-flag was blown down and fell to the rear, and in being replanted again fell to the rear.

These and many other eerie happenings seem to have sent a thrill of foreboding through the whole command as it went on its way to the unexplored valley of the Little Big Horn. In their tents, when night had fallen and the fires were out—for on this march no fire burned and nothing was done likely to attract the eye of any Indian who might happen to be roaming about in the vicinity—the men sat in the dark and told stories of scalpings and burnings at the stake. Even the Red scouts caught the prevailing current of premonition, and hastened to their

Medicine-man to be anointed as a charm against the cruelty of the dreaded Sioux.

During the march up the Rosebud, Indian “signs” were met with at every turn. Camping-place after camping-place was found. The grass had been closely cropped by herds of ponies; the ashes of a hundred camp-fires lay grey on the bare ground. On June 24th the column passed a great camping-place, the gaunt frame of a huge sundance-lodge still standing, and against one of the posts the scalp of a White man fluttered in the wind.

Soon after this the Crow scouts, who had been working energetically, returned to the camp and reported to Custer that although they had come across no Sioux, still, from indications discovered, they felt sure that the command was in the neighbourhood of an encampment. That night the column was divided into two, so as to raise as little dust as possible, and made a forced march; and on the morning of June 25th Custer, in a personal reconnoitre, discovered the foe of which he was in search. Although he found himself unable to locate the actual village, he saw great herds of ponies, saw the smoke curling up in the air of morning, and heard the barking of the dogs, denoting the presence of a village behind a hill that lay in front of him. It had been Custer’s intention to remain quietly where his command rested until night fell, when he would advance his forces, and in the grey of morning sweep down upon the Sioux. But this plan miscarried. Word reached the leader that a Sioux Indian had discovered the presence of the United States troops and had galloped off to warn his tribe. Custer resolved to attack at once.

The command set out for “Sitting Bull’s” village shortly before noon. It was divided into three battalions—Major Reno commanding the advance, General Custer following with the second, and Captain Benteen the third, the pack train being under the charge of Lieutenant Mathey. Custer’s battalion consisted of Troops “C,” commanded by the general’s brother, T. W. Custer; “I,” Captain Keogh; “F,” Captain Yates; “E,” Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis; “L,” Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden; with Lieutenant Cook adjutant, and Dr. G. E. Lord medical officer.

The whole command marched down a valley for some distance and then separated, intending to strike the village at different points. Custer’s battalion took to the right to cross the hills and ride down upon the

encampment, and Major Reno branched off to the left and forded the Little Big Horn—a stream that gives the battle its name—at the mouth of a stream now called Benteen's Creek. As they were separating, Custer sent an order to Reno to "move forward at as rapid gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterwards, and the whole outfit would support him."

After separation the only word received from Custer was an order signed by the adjutant, and addressed to Captain Benteen, which read: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring Packs;" and a postscript, "Bring Packs." About the time this message must have been despatched, those with Reno beheld the general and his men on top of a hill two miles or more away, looking down upon the village, and saw Custer take off his hat and wave it in the air, as if either beckoning the other battalions to his assistance or cheering his men.

The battalion disappeared over the brow of the hill, and after that no word or sign ever came from Custer or anyone of his whole command. Not a man of the hundreds that followed the general in the charge lived to tell the tale. The battalion was simply wiped out of existence. In after years, some of the Indians who took part in the massacre, laying aside their inbred taciturnity, consented to show a few United States officers over the field and explain what had happened and how it had happened; but beyond these meagre reports, and the position in which the bodies of the soldiers were found after the Indians had finished with their rejoicings and the mutilations of the dead, nothing is known of Custer's last charge. But those acquainted with Custer and with Indian fighting are able to picture the scene.

When Custer reached the top of the hill, instead of a village of some 800 or 1,000 warriors, he saw beneath him a veritable city of wigwams spread out in the valley. The smoke from the fires clouded the sky, great herds of ponies cropped the grass as far as the eye could see, thousands of painted Sioux, armed, and astride their shaggy ponies, galloped in circles, working themselves into a frenzy of fury to fight the White man. Medicine-men danced and yelled their incantations, and squaws busily struck the tents and hurried their papooses and swarms of dusky children out of harm's way. When this scene of angry life met his gaze, General Custer, old Indian fighter that he was, must have recognised that he was in for what seemed likely to be his last fight. But the mistake had been

made. The time had passed for new plans of battle. He could not turn his back on the warriors to join his battalion with the others, for already the painted bucks were circling round him and firing into his ranks, and already, in all probability, he heard the crack of rifles to his left, telling him that the Indians were upon Reno. Hemmed in, retreat out of the question, and trusting that his other battalions would hurry to his support, he called to his men, and together they plunged into the shrieking, shouting, seething mass of painted and befeathered Red men—and died.

Reno acted differently. Whether or no he carried caution to an unjustifiable length is a question that has been fiercely discussed, at least some of the officers who were with him being his greatest denouncers. So bitter were the charges made against him that a Government inquiry was instituted, and, it is only right to say, it exonerated him from blame.

Reno's battalion struck the Indians shortly after crossing the Little Big Horn, and the Ree scouts at once made for the rear to be out of danger. When the Sioux Indians appeared in considerable force on his front, instead of charging the village as Custer had ordered, Reno dismounted his troops to fight on foot, and taking advantage of timber he remained stationary for some long time in almost absolute security. Later he ordered a retreat to the Bluffs, and while executing this order, and in the preceding skirmishes, Lieutenants McIntosh and Hodgson, Dr. De Wolf, and twenty-nine men and scouts were killed.

Soon after reaching the Bluffs Captain Benteen's battalion joined Reno, placing the latter in command of a larger force than Custer had with him; but notwithstanding this, no active measures were adopted, the two battalions standing nerveless and inactive, listening to heavy firing and much ominous noise in the direction of the village, where Custer was engaged in his death-struggle. True, an advance was made to a hill—the hill from which earlier in the day Custer had been seen to wave his hat. From the top of this elevation could be seen a great commotion in the valley, much riding and shouting and firing; but still Reno and his men were not near enough to the spot to make out what it was all about. The officers with field-glasses tried their best to find out where Custer and his battalion were, but, of course, this was impossible, for by this time every man, with Custer, had been slain.



“THEY PLUNGED INTO THE SEETHING
MASS OF PAINTED AND BEFEATHERED
RED MEN” (p. [48](#)).

Chief “Gall” afterwards said that the news of the two columns of troops advancing against the village struck consternation to the heart of the Indians, but when Reno was seen to dismount and remain stationary, they were glad, for it allowed the whole Indian force to be hurled against Custer. Him out of the way, they concentrated against Reno. When this latter movement took place Reno retreated again to the Bluffs, where close to the river he picked upon a strong position and successfully withstood all the afternoon a heavy fire. Darkness came down, and the troops spent an anxious night intrenching themselves, and wondering what had happened to their companions with Custer, but knowing nothing except that the general must have been defeated.

Lying under the stars, surrounded by the “Hostiles,” they passed a night of restlessness and alarm. The sky was aglare with light from the bonfires; the silence of the night pierced by many strange cries of exultation and hate, by shots, and the monotonous beating of the tom-tom for the scalp-dance. At times a nervous man would spring from his bivouac on the earth to shout that he heard the march of approaching relief, and bugles rang out a welcome that was only answered by the echoes from the hills.

When morning dawned the Sioux opened fire, and the day which followed was one of fevered sorties and galling waiting. On the stronghold that day Reno’s men lost eighteen killed and had fifty-two wounded, and they spent a second anxious night. But on the morning of June 27th General Terry raised the siege and rode into camp. Terry, in his journey, had come across more than a hundred dead, and that an awful tragedy had been enacted he knew. But he did not know the full extent of the slaughter. On the 28th the army marched to the battle-field of the Little Big Horn. Scattered on the slope of the hill they found 212 dead. General Custer, his brother—Captain T. W. Custer—Captains Keogh and Yates, Lieutenants Cook, Crittenden, Reily, Calhoun, Smith, and other officers of their men were found, each scalped and mutilated except Custer himself. He lay apparently as he had fallen, the Indians refraining from wreaking vengeance on the leader, who was well known to “Sitting Bull” and others of the chiefs. The bodies of Lieutenants Porter, Harrington, and Sturgis, and Dr. Lord, were never found.

The killed of the entire command was 265, and the slaying of Custer and his men was the crimson spot of the first Centennial Year of the United States.

It is also rendered memorable as being the last great victory the Red man achieved over the White in the fight for the American continent. For as though frightened at the thoroughness of their victory, and fearing as harsh a retribution, the followers of “Sitting Bull” afterwards flitted from place to place, refusing to join issues with the armies sent to catch them, and gradually melted away, breaking up into small bands, or returning to the agencies from which they had surreptitiously marched but a few weeks before. The great armies which, immediately the news of Custer’s massacre reached Washington, were sent to trap the Indians, marched up

and down the Bad Lands; but in all their marching and countermarchings were never able to find an Indian to fight.



WELLINGTON

WATERLOO

BY D.H. PARRY

NAPOLEON

The great Imperial Eagle of France had been caught and caged at Elba, and after close on twenty-five years of storm and tumult, Europe was at peace.

The armies which had driven the Eagle out of France had marched home again, robbing the Eagle's nest of many ill-gotten trophies and leaving in his place a horde of vultures who claimed the nest as theirs.

As is the manner of vultures, there was much gorging: Louis XVIII., the man "who had learned nothing, and *forgotten* nothing," brought back in his train a host of hungry folk, princes of the blood royal, dukes, and noble dames; and France soon found that it would be made to suffer for its Revolution and its Republic, and that the victories of its Emperor were like to cost it dear. Royalists filled the high places in Church and State. Shameless rapacity and mean reprisals were seen on every side; and in the army the most scandalous injustices were unblushingly practised.

People began to look with regret towards the Mediterranean isle where the Eagle plumed his ruffled feathers moodily.

There were mysterious nods and glances, and allusions to a certain flower which a certain "little corporal" was known to have loved.

"He will return again with the violet," they said in whispers.

Ladies affected violet-coloured silks, and rings of the same hue became fashionable, bearing the motto "It will re-appear in Spring."

Nor were they wrong, for on the 1st March, 1815, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon the Great, with a hundred dismounted Lancers of the Guard, some veteran Grenadiers and a few officers, landed in the Gulf of San Juan, and began that triumphal progress which ended at WATERLOO.

His advance is curiously recorded in the papers of the day: I quote from the *Moniteur*:—

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris."

“Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not set his foot inside the walls of Paris.”

“To-morrow Napoleon will be at our gates!”

“The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau.”

“His Imperial Majesty Napoleon entered Paris yesterday, surrounded by his loyal subjects.”

At midnight on the 19th March, Louis the Gross got into his carriage by torchlight, and was driven off to Lille; the Comte d’Artois and the Court followed an hour later, and the good citizens found when they rose next morning, two notices fastened to the railings of the Place Carrousel —

“Palace to let, well furnished, except the kitchen utensils, which have been carried away by the late proprietor.”

And the other—

“A large fat hog to be sold for one Napoleon.”

At eight o’clock that evening the Emperor was carried up the grand staircase of the Tuileries on the shoulders of his officers, and from that moment until the 12th June the master-mind was wrestling with a task vast enough to have discouraged twenty brains!

Out of chaos he produced order; a new Government was formed, a new army created: five days after his entry the Allied Sovereigns declared him an outlaw; on the 1st June he distributed Eagles to his troops, and took an oath of allegiance to the new Constitution. But Europe had meanwhile flown to arms, and 300,000 Austrians were to enter France by Switzerland and the Rhine; 200,000 Russians were marching on Alsace; Prussia had 236,000, half of whom were ready for action, so that, including our English 80,000, the Netherland contingent and the minor States of Germany, he had to face the onslaught of more than 1,000,000 men, with only 214,000 at his immediate command. England and Prussia were the first to arrive; it would be July before the others could reach the frontier, so, Napoleon, leaving armies of observation at various points, marched against Belgium, hoping to defeat Wellington and Blücher in time to turn about and face the storm clouds gathering in the east.

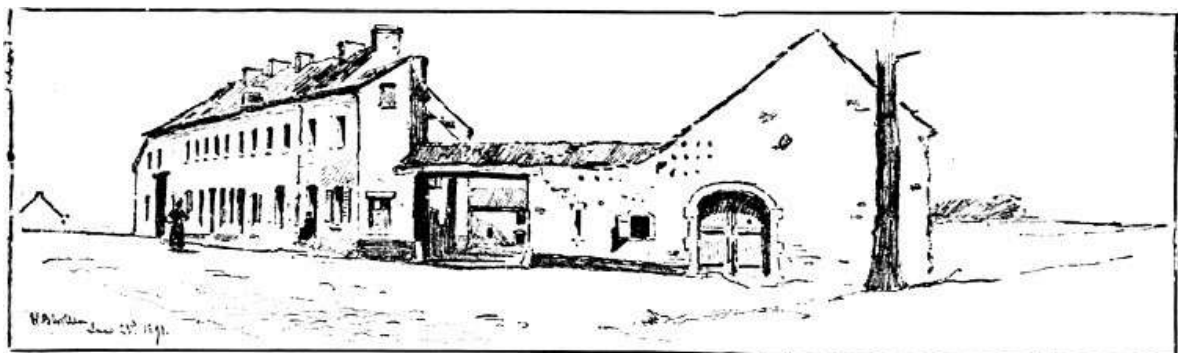
It was the month of June, and the weather was intensely warm. An army under Wellington, some 100,000 strong, including British, King's German Legion, Hanoverian, Brunswick, Dutch, Belgian, and Nassau troops, was distributed in cantonments from the Scheldt to the Charleroi *chaussée*.

It was a heterogeneous force, hastily got together, and a large proportion of it by no means to be depended upon.

Of the British regiments, many were formed of weak second and third battalions which had never been under fire, and nearly 800 militiamen fought in the ranks of the 3rd Guards and 42nd Highlanders, those in the Guards actually wearing their Surrey jackets.

Blücher's force, seasoned veterans for the most part, lay in four separate corps on the frontier south of Brussels, and so masterly were Napoleon's movements, that until the lights of his bivouac fires were suddenly seen glowing redly in the darkness beyond Charleroi, no one knew exactly where he was.

Brussels swarmed with fashionable folk, and the families of officers who were with the army.



THE FARM OF QUATRE BRAS.

The Duchess of Richmond gave a ball on the night of the 15th June, the list of invited guests being curious, and not a little melancholy. Among the two hundred odd names we read those of Wellington, Uxbridge, and Hussey Vivian; two Ponsonbys, one of whom was to die three days later; Hay, the handsome lad who had won a sweepstake at Grammont the Tuesday before, and whose young life ebbed out on the Friday at Quatre Bras; Cameron, of Fassifern, who also fell there; Dick of the 42nd, killed at Sobraon in '46; and *aide-de-camp* Cathcart, who lived till Inkerman, where a ball and three bayonet thrusts closed his strange career. These and many others of more or less note danced in the long, low-roofed, barn-like room which His Grace of Richmond had hired for the occasion from his neighbour, Van Asch, the coachbuilder.

About midnight Wellington, having already learned that the outposts had been engaged, went to the ball, where he found the Prince of Orange. Now, the Prince of Orange, who seemed fated to cause the useless sacrifice of valuable life, ought to have been at his post at Binche, and thither the duke promptly sent him, after first inquiring if there were any news.

“No, nothing, but that the French have crossed the Sambre, and had a brush with the Prussians!” Müffling had previously brought the intelligence, which should have arrived much sooner, the duke afterwards saying to Napier: “I cannot tell the world that Blücher picked the fattest man in his army to ride with an express to me, and that he took thirty hours to go thirty miles.”

Far from being surprised (as some writers have it), the duke's orders were despatched *before* he went to that now historic entertainment, and the dancing continued long after he and his officers had left.

At two o'clock, while it was yet dark, strange sounds were heard under the trees—the shuffling of men's feet, the ringing of musket-butts on the ground, short words of command, and the running ripple of the roll-call along the ranks.

People opened their windows and looked out; carriages returning from the ball drew up and waited: it was Picton's Division off to the front.



PICTON'S DIVISION OFF TO THE FRONT.

At four o'clock Pack's Highlanders, in kilt and feather bonnet, swung across the Place Royale and passed through the Namur Gate—the rising sun glinting on their accoutrements, their bagpipes waking the sleeping streets. “Come to me and I will give you flesh,” was the weird pibroch of the Black Watch, and many a Highland laddie heard it that morning for the last time.

Some of the officers marched in silk stockings and dancing-pumps. Lingered too long at the ball, they had not had time—or perhaps, as the night was warm, they had not troubled—to change them; and there were not a few who never found time again.

Out in the early morning along the great highway they went, past lonely farms and clustering villages, through the grey-green gloom of the beech woods of Soigne to Mont St. Jean, where they halted for breakfast,

and where about eight the duke passed them with his staff, leaving strict orders to keep the road clear; and at noon the troops were on the march again for Quatre Bras, which was the fiery prelude to the greatest battle fought in modern times.

The heat was so intense that one man of the 95th Rifles went mad, and fell dead in the road; but the others pushed on, and were soon afterwards under fire.

If you take a map of Belgium, placing your finger on Brussels, and pass it down the great road running south, you will find, some twelve miles from the capital, the village of Mont St. Jean; a little beyond which place a cross-road from Wavre intersects the *chaussée*, and at that point move your finger at right angles, right and left, for a mile or so each way, and you have, roughly, the English position on the 18th June.

Continuing again, still southward, you will pass La Belle Alliance and Genappe, and nine miles from the cross-roads before Mont St. Jean is Quatre Bras.

Rolling ridges of waving grain, some woods in all their summer beauty, a gabled farmhouse, and a few cottages where four ways meet—that is one's impression of Quatre Bras, which Ney had orders to take, and drive out Perponcher's Dutch Belgians posted there; but we arrived to their assistance, corps after corps, at intervals, and forming up in line and square, repulsed the Cuirassiers and Lancers who charged through the tall rye.

The crops were so high that the gallant French cavalry had to resort to a curious device in singling out our regiments. A horseman would dash forward, find out the position, plant a lance in the ground, and disappear; then, in a few moments, guided by the fluttering pennon, his comrades would burst upon us—invisible until within a few horse-lengths.

Waterloo has put Quatre Bras into the shade, but few conflicts have been more brilliant.

Our 69th—thanks to Orange, who interfered with its formation just as the 8th Cuirassiers came through the corn—lost its only colour, taken by Trooper Lami, although Volunteer Clarke received twenty-three wounds and lost the use of an arm in its defence.

The 69th's other colour had been captured at Bergen-op-Zoom, and was hung in the Invalides.

By four o'clock the 44th had upwards of 16 officers and 200 men killed and wounded.

A grey-headed French lancer drove his point into Ensign Christie's left eye, down through his face, piercing his tongue and entering the jaw; but in that shocking condition he still stuck manfully to the colour-pole, until, finding himself overpowered, he threw the colour down and lay upon it, and some privates of the regiment closing round the Frenchman, lifted him out of his saddle on their bayonet points!

The 92nd Highlanders—the old Gordons of Peninsular fame—were the last of Picton's men to reach the field, and were formed up in line.

“Ninety-second, don't fire till I tell you!” cried Wellington, as a mass of Cuirassiers charged them in his presence; and the word was not given until the dashing horsemen were within twenty yards.

A little later, the duke said again: “Now, 92nd, you must charge these two columns of infantry”; and charge they did, over a ditch, driving the French before them, but their beloved colonel, Cameron, received a death-wound from the upper windows of a house.

His horse turned and bolted with him, back along the road, until he came to his master's groom holding a second mount, when, stopping suddenly, the dying man was pitched on his head on to the stone causeway. But he had been terribly avenged; for the kilted Highlandmen burst into the house with a roar and put every soul inside to the bayonet.

“Where is the rest of the regiment?” asked Picton in the evening. Alas! upwards of half the “gay Gordons” had perished in the fray.

Through the broiling heat of that summer day our infantry stood firm, growing stronger as regiment after regiment arrived, and fresh batteries unlimbered in the trampled corn, until at night Ney fell back, leaving us in possession; our cavalry came up, jaded by their long marches; and we bivouacked on the battle-field, cooking our suppers in the cuirasses of the slain.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had beaten Blücher a few miles away at Ligny, but had neglected, in most un-Napoleonic fashion, to follow up his advantage, and the wily old hussar—he was over seventy-three—slipped off in the dark and retreated on Wavre.

When Wellington learned this next morning, he said to Captain Bowles: “Old Blücher has had a —— good licking, and has gone back to Wavre. As he has gone back, we must go too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can’t help that.” So back we went, along the Brussels road, our cavalry covering the retreat until we reached the stronger position before Mont St. Jean, where we halted and faced about, and glued ourselves on the ridge across the causeway in such a manner that all the magnificent chivalry of France could never move us.

During the retreat from Quatre Bras on the 17th, all went well until the middle of the day. The wounded had been collected; the columns filed off along the road; one of the regiments even found time to halt and flog a marauder: when, the enemy’s cavalry pressing our rear-guard too closely, some Horse Artillery guns opened fire, and the discharge seemed to burst the heavy rainclouds.

It poured down in torrents; roads were turned into watercourses, the fields and hollows became swamps; we had a smart brush with some Lancers at Genappe, where our 7th Hussars and 1st Life Guards charged several times; the 10th Hussars had also occasion to dismount some men and line a hedgerow with their carbines; but the main feature of the retreat was a weary tramp in a deluge of rain. The cavalry had their cloaks, it is true, but the greatcoats of the foot-soldiers had been sent back to England. Soaked to the skin, we arrived at the ridge above La Haye Sainte, and prepared to pass the night without covering of any kind. The French advanced almost up to us, and Captain Mercer was giving them a few rounds from his 9-pounders when a man in a shabby old drab overcoat and rusty round hat strolled towards him and began a conversation. Mercer, who thought him one of the numerous *amateurs* with whom Brussels was swarming, answered curtly enough, and the stranger went away.

That shabby man was General Picton, who fell next day on the very spot where he received this unmerited snubbing. He fought at Quatre Bras in plain clothes, having joined the army hurriedly in advance of his

baggage, and there is good reason to believe that he wore the same dress at Waterloo.

Now commenced preparations for a dismal bivouac. The French fell back and did not disturb us again, they too suffering from the drenching rain, which beat with a melancholy hissing on the cornfields, the clover, the potato patches and ploughed land which formed both positions.

Some of our officers found shelter in neighbouring cottages; Lord Uxbridge, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey, crept into a piggery and sipped tea with Waymouth of the 2nd Life Guards; but most of them cowered with their men round wretched fires which here and there were coaxed into burning.

One of Mercer's lieutenants had an umbrella, which had caused much merriment during the march, but he and his captain found it a haven of refuge under the lee of a hedge that night.

The cavalry stood to their horses, cloaked, with one flap over the saddle; some few were lucky enough to get a bundle of straw or peasticks to sit down upon, and all looked anxiously for the dawn—fated to prove the last to thousands of them. With morning the rain gradually declined to a drizzle, which finally ceased; fires sprang up, arms were cleaned, and a buzz of voices rose along the line as tall Lifeguardsmen went down behind La Haye Sainte to dig potatoes, where, a few hours later, they were charging knee to knee, and every one made shift to get what he could—with most it was only a hard biscuit—and to dry himself, which was a still more difficult matter.

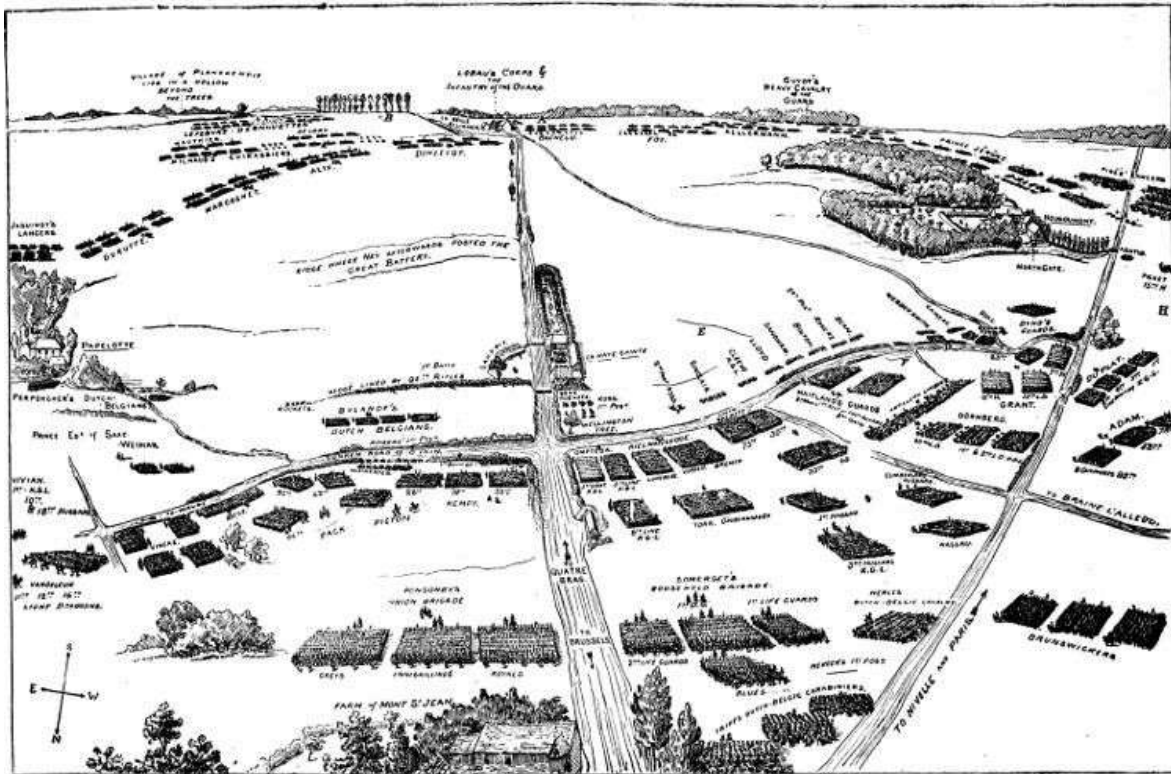
Wet to the skin, splashed from head to foot in mud and mire, cold, shivering, unshaven (the foundation laid of acute rheumatism, to which a pension of *five pence* a day, in some cases ten pence, was applied by a grateful country, to its indelible disgrace), such was the condition of those brave hearts who were about to make the name of "Waterloo-man" a household word for all the ages.

The Brussels road runs across a shallow valley, three-quarters of a mile in width, all green and golden with the ripening grain, dipping

sharply into it by the white-walled, blue-roofed farmstead of La Haye Sainte, and rising gently out again at the cabaret of La Belle Alliance on its way to the frontier beyond Charleroi.

The valley is bounded by two ridges: on the northern one along the cross road which runs nearly the whole length of the position, our army was posted in the form of a thin crescent; on the southern ridge and the slopes leading down into the valley the French forces were afterwards distributed, also, to some extent, in crescent shape.

These crescents had their tips advanced towards each other, and enclosed in the oval thus formed were two important strongholds—La Haye Sainte, in advance of our left centre, and the château of Hougoumont, some distance in front of our right wing; while away to the extreme left, the white buildings of Papelotte partly concealed Ter La Haye farm and the red-tiled hamlet of Smohain, the end of our line in that direction.

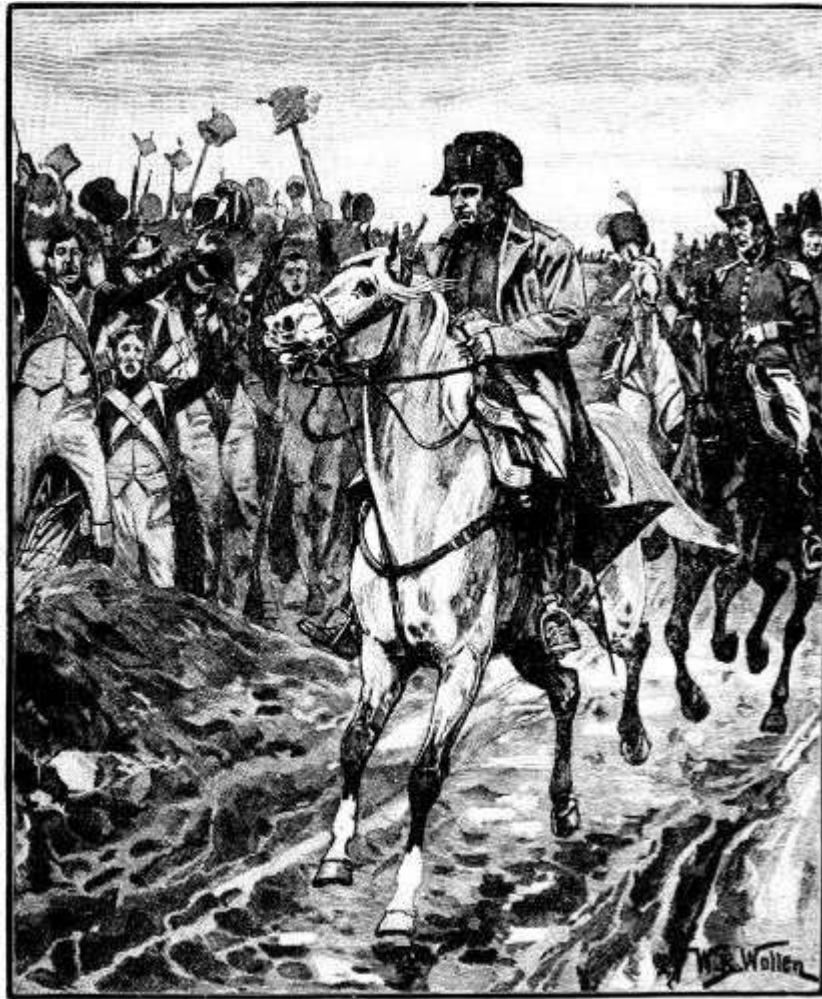


D. H. Parry, inv.]

R. Simkin, del.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE, SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1815.

A and B, Napoleons first and second positions; C, Napoleon's last position, from which he saw the defeat of the Imperial Guard; D, Wellington's position when the battle began; E, where Wellington stood when he ordered the whole line to advance; F, Mercer's post when he repulsed three charges of the Guard; G, post of 27th Regiment when Lambert's Brigade came into the front line; H, the 23rd Regiment, of Mitchell's Brigade, is shown, behind Byng, the others are out of plan at H, except company of 51st keeping the *abattis*. The spectator is supposed to be behind Mont St. Jean farm, a little to the left, and raised above the field.



“A SHOUT OF ‘VIVE L’EMPEREUR!’ ROLLED
ALONG THE FIELD” (p. [58](#)).

The cross-road which I have mentioned as lying along our position, and which was the celebrated “sunken road of Ohain,” runs in some places between banks, at others on the level; it is paved down its centre, like most Belgian roads, with irregular stones, terrible to traverse for any distance, and it undulates gently, as the ridge rises and falls, until it joins the Nivelles *chaussée* beyond Hougoumont. Hougoumont, surrounded by a quadrangle of tall trees, lies in a hollow in front of our ridge, perhaps halfway between it and the enemy’s line. A Flemish château with a garden laid out in the French style, and a smaller garden full of currant bushes; barns and quaint outbuildings clustering round the château, a brick wall about the height of a tall man, built on lower courses of grey stone, enclosing the garden, and at the east end of it a large open orchard; from the north-west corner, an avenue of ancient poplars winding into

the Nivelles road with an *abattis* of tree trunks there, held by a company of the 51st Light Infantry; between the south wall and the French, a beech wood, through which one could see the corn-clad slopes beyond: and that was Hougomont on the day of the battle.

The beech wood has been cut down, the apple-trees are sparse and scanty now, the château was burned by the French shells, and the garden is a grassy paddock; but the rest remains, loopholed and pockmarked with balls, a monument to the gallantry of two brave nations. The light companies of the Foot Guards occupied it on the 17th, and all night long they were busy, boring walls, barricading the gateways and erecting platforms from which to pour their fire.

On the high ground behind Hougomont on our side the 2nd Brigade of British Guards was posted, having Maitland's Guards on its left; beyond Maitland was Alten's Infantry and Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, flanked in their turn by the gallant King's German Legion, in the pay of England, whose left rested on the Brussels *chaussée*, behind La Haye Sainte. On the other side of the *chaussée* was Kempt, then Pack's Highlanders, the Royal Scots, and 44th Regiment, some more Hanoverians, under Best, the 5th Hanoverians of Vincke, Vandeleur's Light Dragoons, and Vivian's Hussar Brigade.

The 2nd Rifles of the German Legion held La Haye Sainte, three companies of our 95th occupying a knoll and sandpit on the other side of the road, and Papelotte was garrisoned by Dutch Belgians, who behaved with the greatest gallantry.

Along the front of this, our first fighting line, the artillery was posted at intervals, and sufficient justice has not been done to the brave gunners, the duke always being unfairly severe on that arm of the service. Our heavy cavalry stood, in hollows behind the line, right and left of the great road in front of the farm of Mont St. Jean, already full of the Quatre Bras wounded. Other troops were in reserve out of sight of the enemy, behind our ridge, ready to advance and fill up any gaps, and we had a strong force in and about Braine l'Alleud, two miles to our right, in case the French should try to turn us there.

Crops, as at Quatre Bras, covered the valley and ridges, and the whole plain undulated in every direction. The battle-field to-day is full of surprises. Sudden dips occur where the land seems flat from a little distance; tongues of ground and barley-covered hillocks rise unexpectedly as you approach them; and it is possible to lose sight of the entire field by a few yards of walking in some directions; so that, flat as Belgium is generally considered, it is not astonishing that the survivors of Waterloo could only speak to events in their own immediate vicinity.

Between nine and ten there was loud cheering, as the Duke of Wellington rode along the line with his Staff. He wore a blue frock coat, white cravat, and buckskin breeches, with tasselled Hessian boots; a short blue cloak with a white lining, and a low cocked hat with the British black cockade, and three smaller ones for Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. He was mounted on his favourite chestnut, Copenhagen, a grandson of Eclipse, and carried a long field-telescope drawn out for use.

At nine o'clock there was a movement on the opposite side of the valley; columns debouched into the fields right and left of the *chaussée*, and took up their positions as orderly as if upon parade; glittering files of armoured Cuirassiers trotted through the corn, and formed behind the infantry, lance-pennons fluttered on each flank, and by half-past ten 61,000 French soldiers were drawn up in battle array, their right opposite Papelotte, their centre at La Belle Alliance, their left wing somewhat beyond Hougomont.

The two greatest living commanders were about to measure swords for the first and only time; and as Napoleon galloped along his line, the music of the French bands was distinctly heard; helmets and weapons were brandished in the air, and a shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rolled across the field.

Blue-coated infantry formed their first ranks, with batteries of brass cannon dotted here and there; behind stood the heavy cavalry with more guns, supported, on their right, by the gay light horse of the Guard, on the left by the heavy cavalry of the Imperial cohort, and in rear of the

centre about the farm of Rossomme, stood the invincible infantry of the Guard, the most renowned body of warriors in Europe.

Napoleon was unwell.

At two in the morning he had been reconnoitring, and his horses were ordered for seven; at ten he still sat in an upper room in an attitude of bodily and mental suffering.

A little later he came down the steep ladder, and as his page, Gudin, was helping him into the saddle he lifted the Imperial elbow too suddenly, and Napoleon pitched over on the offside, nearly coming to the ground.

“*Allez*” he hissed, “*à tous les diables!*” and away he started in a great rage.

The page stood watching the *cortège* with tearful eyes, but when it had gone some hundred yards the ranks of the Staff opened, and Napoleon came riding back alone.

With one hand placed tenderly on the lad’s shoulder he said, very softly, “My child, when you assist a man of my girth to mount, it is necessary to proceed more carefully.” Yet it was of this man that Wellington could say, in after years, “The fellow was no gentleman”!

The page became a general, and fell in a sortie from Paris during the Franco-Prussian war.

There was a lull before the storm, and the duke went to have a final look at Hougoumont, where, in addition to the Guards, he had posted, in the woods and grounds, some Nassauers, Hanoverians, and Luneberg riflemen.

These foreigners were dissatisfied at their position, and as Wellington rode away *several bullets came whistling after him!* “How can they

expect me to win a battle with troops like those?" was his only comment.

About half-past eleven came the FIRST ATTACK!

One booming cannon echoed dully in the misty Sabbath morning, and a cloud of dark-blue skirmishers ran forward against Hougomont, firing briskly into the wood.

Puffs of white smoke issued from the trees; here and there a blue-coat turned a somersault and lay still; but the cloud increased, and a loud rattle of musketry was kept up on both sides, which lasted, with short intervals, the whole day.

Our men fell back upon the buildings through the open beech-trees, and in twenty minutes the French supporting columns were pouring up the hill towards the château grounds.

Cleeve's German battery opened on them, and his first shot killed *seventeen* men, the guns checking the advance and sending the column, broken and bleeding, down the ridge again.

Our batteries on the right now began; the French artillery replied; Kellermann's horse batteries joined in, and the infernal concert was in full blast.



SIR THOMAS PICTON.

*(From the Painting by Sir M. A.
Shee, P.R.A.)*

The green Lunebergers and the yellow knapsacks of the Hanoverians came helter-skelter back across the orchard, but the Foot Guards went forward at a run and drove the enemy off.

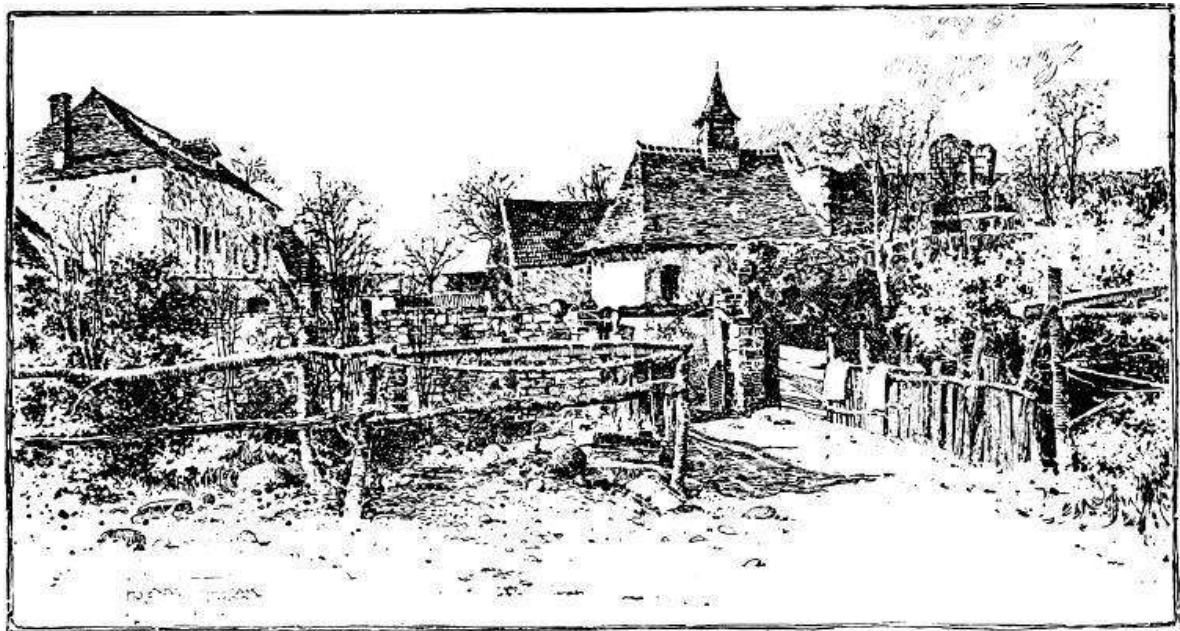
Bull's howitzers sent a shower of 5½-inch shells over the château into the wood, and as often as the death-dealing globes fell crashing through the branches, so often did the enemy retire in confusion, until Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, who was in command at Hougoumont, brought up Foy's Division to help the attack.

Bravely led by their officers, the tall shakoes and square white coat-facings of the line regiments, the dark-blue and black gaiters of the light infantry, pressed through the wood until they reached a stiff quickset hedge, separated by a thin strip of apple orchard from the long south wall, over which peeped the head-gear of our Guardsmen, and in the confusion of smoke and skirmish the bright-red brickwork was mistaken for a line of British—you can see to-day where the French balls crumbled that barrier. But soon discovering their error, the brave fellows struggled through the hedge and rushed forward.

A line of loopholes perforated the wall about three feet from the ground, crossed bayonets protruded viciously from the openings, and a hail of bullets poured forth with such ghastly effect that in half-an-hour there were *fifteen hundred* of God's creatures dead and dying on the green grass in the orchard, and still the others came on.

Some got as far as the loopholes, and seized the bayonets; others struck with their gunbutts at the men, who, on platforms behind the wall, fired down over the top, piling up the dead in dreadful heaps—privates and officers, conscripts and veterans.

From time to time our Foot Guards charged over the large orchard at the east end of the enclosed garden, and also at the south-west angle of the farm buildings, where a haystack helped to cover them until the French burned it; and this repulse and attack went on, time and again, until the evening, the enemy gaining no advantage but the beechwood for all their desperate valour.



THE FARM OF HOUGOUMONT.

The rest of our line had remained passive listeners to the firing, except for a little skirmishing here and there, but a hurricane was brewing and about to burst against our left and centre.

La Haye Sainte was a farm, lying like Hougoumont in a hollow; it was on the Brussels road, and was built with barn and stabling round three sides of an oblong yard, the fourth side being a high white wall, with a gate and a piggery alongside the roadway.

Towards the French position stretched a long orchard, a small garden lay behind the house, and a large double door opened from the yard into the fields on the Hougoumont side, half of which door had been burned for bivouac fires the night previous. The 2nd Rifles of the German Legion, dressed like our own in green with slate-coloured pantaloons, held the post, and held it like the heroes of old, three companies in the orchard, two in the building, and one in the garden, Major Baring, who had two horses shot under him, being in command.

The post was not as strong as Hougoumont, all the pioneers having been sent to fortify the latter place, and the “Green Germans” had a very insufficient supply of ammunition; Wellington afterwards admitting that he had neglected to make the most of the position there.

At 1:30 p.m. Marshal Ney had gathered seventy-four guns, mostly 12-pounders, on a ridge very near to La Haye Sainte on the French *right* of the road, and this was known as the “Great Battery.”

Behind the guns the whole of D’Erlon’s Corps, together with Bachelu’s Division, was massed in columns for the attack twenty regiments, Bachelu being in reserve. Ney sent to the Emperor to tell him all was ready, and with an appalling cannonade on our left and centre, they commenced the SECOND ATTACK.

When the smoke which hung about the guns had drifted slowly away across the slopes we could see four massive columns, led by the brave Ney, pouring steadily forward straight for our ridge.

The firing became general as we opened on the advance; men had to shout to be audible to their neighbours; long lanes were ploughed through Picton’s Division, and the balls went tearing through our cavalry in reserve, many of them striking the hospital farm, and some even travelling into the village beyond.

Bylandt’s Dutch Belgians, posted in front of the cross-road, forgot their gallantry at Quatre Bras, and bolted, almost running over the Grenadiers of our 28th, who were restrained with difficulty from firing

into them. One ball cut a tall tree into half at the hedgerow above the sandpit, bringing the feathery top down and half-smothering two doctors of the 95th, who had stationed themselves beneath it.



“SOME GOT AS FAR AS THE LOOPHOLES AND
SEIZED THE BAYONETS” (p. [59](#)).

Nearly 24,000 men advanced, with loud cries and the hoarse rolling of drums, in four masses: Durutte against Papelotte, Alix and Marcognet in front of Kempt and Pack, Donzelot upon the devoted Rifles in La Haye Sainte, the shock taking place about two o’clock, and lasting for more than an hour.

Durutte took Papelotte, but was driven out again; Alix and Marcognet breasted the rise, and gained the ridge under a murderous discharge; the smell of trampled corn mingling with the powder smoke as the Great Battery ceased firing lest it should kill its comrades, and with shouts of

“Vive l’Empereur!” the two columns hurled themselves against the steel barrier of bayonets on the hedge-lined bank above them.

Hand to hand, no quarter asked or given, veteran and conscript came on yelling like mad, Picton’s Division meeting them in line.

Some of Marcognet’s fellows crossed the Wavre road and blazed into the 92nd; but our men advanced, after a withering volley, and, jumping into the cross-road, went at them with a will. Cameron Highlanders, 32nd and 28th, Scots Royals, and Black Watch, Gordons and 44th, with colours waving and courage high, over the causeway they rushed, into the wheat and barley.

“Charge, charge! Hurrah!” cried Picton, his little black eyes sparkling, his florid complexion redder with excitement—a ball struck his right temple, he fell dead from his horse, and his men passed over him driving the foe down hill.

A mounted French officer had his horse shot, and getting to his feet seized the regimental colour of the 32nd, which was nearly new. Belcher, who carried it, grasped the silk and the Frenchman groped for his sabre hilt, but Colour-sergeant Switzer thrust a pike at his breast. “Save the brave fellow!” was the cry, but it came too late; a private, named Lacy, fired point blank into him, and he fell lifeless.

Ney stood in the road beyond La Haye Sainte watching Donzelot’s attack on the farm, where the “Green Germans” were forced, after a struggle, out of the long orchard into the buildings, and simultaneously a mass of Cuirassiers tore past the Hougoumont side and rode at the ridge.

Our Household Cavalry and Ponsonby’s Heavies had walked on foot to the height overlooking the struggle; the trumpets rang out “Mount,” and swinging into their saddles they swooped down into the thick of it. With a clatter across the causeway, and the muffled thunder of hoofs on the ground beyond it, the scarlet-coated Life Guards, wearing no armour then, and mounted on black horses, dashed past the Wellington tree into the potato field, with the Blues and King’s Dragoon Guards, swinging, slashing, stirrup to stirrup, to meet Kellermann’s troopers and Ordoner’s Cuirassiers. There was the snort of eager horses, the creaking of leather, the clash of sword on steel cuirass, the yell of passion and the scream of agony; a seething mass of fighting-men and steeds, glinting and

gleaming, swaying this way and that way, but always onward, jostling down the hill.

The 1st Lifes got jammed in the road beyond the farm with a body of Cuirassiers, on the spot where Ney had just before been standing, voltigeurs firing into them, on friend and foe alike!

Their Colonel, Ferner, led eleven charges, although badly wounded by sabre and lance.

The King's Dragoons jumped their horses over a barrier of trees which our Rifles had built across the causeway and went thundering along that way, while the Blues were reaping a harvest of glory in another direction, and the 2nd Life Guards charged to the left for a great distance beyond the sandpit alongside the farm, where Corporal Shaw met his fate after slaying *nine* of the enemy singlehanded.

After the battle men remembered this mighty swordsman, and told in solemn voices his deeds of derring-do. One cuirassier sat, out of the *mêlée*, coolly loading his carbine and picking off our troopers, and it is believed he gave Shaw his mortal hurt.

A survivor narrated how, exhausted at nightfall, he had lain down on a dung-heap, when Shaw crawled beside him, bleeding from many wounds. In the morning the life-guardsman was still there, his head resting on his arm as if asleep, but it was the sleep which knows no waking.

Ponsonby's Union Brigade was meanwhile making its immortal onslaught, more towards Papelotte, the ground they went over being billowy, and the troops before them infantry of the line.

The Royals gave a ringing cheer; "Scotland for ever!" was the war-cry of the Greys; and the Inniskillings went in with an Irish howl.

As they passed the 92nd, many of the Highlanders caught hold of their stirrup-leathers and charged down with them; the very ground seemed trembling under the iron hoofs; Marcognet and Alix were broken and trampled, and in three minutes more than 2,000 prisoners were wending their disconsolate way to the rear.

"Those beautiful grey horses!" said Napoleon, as he watched the charge.

Did he see that struggle round the Eagle of his 45th, I wonder—that famous “Battle for the Standard” which Ansdell has painted so well?

What says Sergeant Ewart, the hero of the incident? “It was in the charge I took the Eagle from the enemy. He and I had a hard contest for it. He made a thrust at my groin; I parried it off, and cut him down through the head. After this a lancer came at me; I threw the lance off by my right side, and cut him through the chin and upwards through the teeth. Next a foot-soldier fired at me, and then charged me with his bayonet, which I also had the good luck to parry, and then I cut him down through the head. Thus ended the contest.”



Sergeant Ewart Capturing the
Eagle at Waterloo (p. 62).

*(From a Painting by W. B.
Wollen, R.I.)*

Captain Clarke and Corporal Styles, of the Royals, took an Eagle from the 105th between them—a glorious gilded thing, embroidered with the names of Jéna, Eylau, Eckmühl, Essling, and Wagram—the gallant captain losing the tip of his nose in the struggle.

A man of the Inniskillings named Penfold claimed to have taken that colour; but his story is vague, and I incline to think that a blue silk camp-colour of the 105th, now at Abbotsford, was the one that Penfold seized and afterwards lost in the fray.

Sir William Ponsonby led the charge on a restive bay hack, and was killed; while some of the Greys got as far as the Great Battery, disabling many of the guns, and getting slain in the end.

Part of the 28th lost its head, and charged with the brigade; Lieutenant Deares of that regiment being taken prisoner, stripped of his clothes, rejoining at night in nothing but shirt and trousers.

Tathwell, of the Blues, tore off a colour, but his horse was shot and he lost it; and the greater part of the two brigades rode along the battery until heavy bodies of Cuirassiers and Lancers came to drive them back.

Vandeleur charged to their relief with his Light Dragoons—the 12th with bright yellow lancer facings, the 16th with scarlet, the buff 11th remaining in reserve.

“Squadrons, right half-wheel! Charge!” and the sabres of our light horsemen were soon busy in the valley below. The ground was very soft, for a month after the battle some of the holes made by horses’ feet were measured, and found to be *eighteen* inches deep, and in speaking of artillery movements it must be remembered that the guns were at times up to the axle in clay.

The heavy cavalry regained our position; but so much had they suffered that, later in the day, when they were drawn up in line to show a bold front, there were only fifty of them; Somerset, who led the “Households,” losing his hat, and wearing the helmet of a life-guardsmen, with its red and blue worsted crest, until nightfall.

The attack had failed, and there was a long pause, broken only by the firing at Hougoumont and some feeble attempts on La Haye Sainte; but it was now the turn of our troops in the centre, from the *chaussée* to the back of the château; and a terrible time they had!

A renewal of the cannonade—a forming of our regiments into squares and oblongs—and then the grandest cavalry affair in history, as *forty* squadrons of Cuirassiers and Dragoons crossed from the French right in beautiful order, wheeled up until they almost filled the space

from Hougomont to La Haye Sainte, and, about four o'clock, put spurs to their horses and began the THIRD ATTACK!

A forest of sword-blades, an undulating sea of helmets, a roar of mighty shouting as they came through the yet untrampled grain.

Wave after wave, far as the eye could scan, now glinting with thousands of bright points as the sullen sun shone for a moment upon them, now grey and sombre as the clouds closed together again. Nearer! nearer! nearer! Men clutched their muskets tighter and breathed hard; gunners rammed home and hastened to re-load before the smoke had drifted from the cannon.

Suddenly they left their guns, and ran to the infantry for protection as the sea burst upon us, and our ridge became alive with furious horsemen, surging and foaming round and round the squares. There were many who thought that all was over, but the little clumps of scarlet fringed with steel were impenetrable.

In vain the moustached troopers cut desperately at the bayonets; in vain they rode up and fired their pistols into the faces of our lads. For three-quarters of an hour they expended their strength in a hopeless task; and when our fresh cavalry from Dörnberg's and Grant's Brigades charged them, they went down the slope again, leaving the ground dotted with dead and dying.

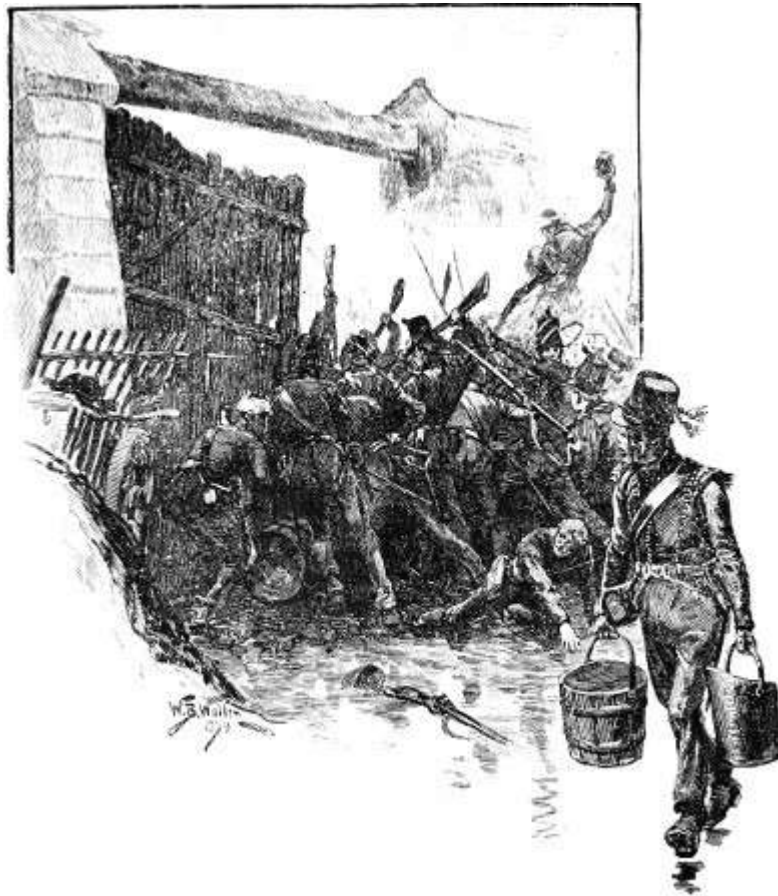
A moment's respite to re-form in the hollows below, and back they came once more, in the face of a fearful fire from our artillery, whose guns were double-shotted—some loaded with scattering grape and canister. Lanes, sickening to behold, were torn through the squadrons; but Milhaud's men were not to be daunted, and the same strange scene was repeated many times.

A small body of Cuirassiers that had surrendered was being escorted to the rear by a weak party of the 7th Hussars, when they made a bold dash for liberty along the Nivelles road, stampeding, *ventre à terre*, until they reached the *abattis* at the end of the Hougomont avenue.

Here they met Ross's company of the 51st, who killed eight men and twelve horses, the rest—about sixty—surrendering again.

One artilleryman was seen, under his gun, dodging a French trooper, who tried to reach him with his long sword.

After some moments the cuirassier's horse was shot, and the gunner, sallying out, hit him over the head with his rammer, and packed him off to the rear with a parting kick.



DEFENCE OF LA HAYE SAINTE BY THE
GERMAN LEGION (p. [66](#)).

The ridge was once more cleared, and Mercer's battery brought into the front line. The whole field was now littered with corpses and accoutrements. Gaily-dressed trumpeters, and officers on whose breasts hung crosses of the Legion of Honour, lay bleeding in the barley among hundreds of dead and wounded horses. Here a lancer in green and light blue, there a heap of cuirassiers of the 1st Regiment, mown down by grape shot; yonder a *chasseur-à-cheval*, propped against his charger, while swords and cuirasses were almost as numerous as the stalks of corn.

All the slope was torn and trampled; flies were busy in the now loathsome hollows; there was constant firing still at Hougoumont and La

Haye Sainte, when the trumpets sounded again, and with *seventy-seven* squadrons, including the cavalry of the Guard, France returned to the charge. Every arm of the mounted service was represented in this attack, the beauty and brilliancy of the uniforms baffling description. Carabiniers, white-coated, with brass cuirasses and red-crested helmets; Lancers, Dragoons, and Chasseurs in green, with facings of every hue; the Red Lancers of the Guard, clad in scarlet from head to heel, and Napoleon's own favourite *Chasseurs-à-cheval*, with hussar caps and red pelisses, richly braided with orange lace; tall bearskinned Horse Grenadiers, with white facings to their blue coats; the Cuirassiers, dark and sombre looking; the high felt shakoes of the Hussars—it was as though a flower garden in all its summer dress were moving at a slow trot upon us, heralded by the thunder of hell from the batteries behind it.

When the thunder stopped, which it always did as the leading files reached the crest of the ridge, our men could hear in the momentary intervals of their own firing the jingling of bits and scabbards, and the heavy breathing of the horses. Mounted skirmishers came close to the batteries and commenced firing at the gunners, who were literally dripping with perspiration from the exertions they made. One fellow took several pot-shots at Captain Mercer, who was coolly walking his horse backwards and forwards along a bank to set an example to his men. He missed each time, and grinned grimly as he reloaded, but as the head of the squadrons closed up the skirmishers vanished and were succeeded by the rush which threatened death to every soul on the plateau. Wellington's orders were to retire into the squares and leave the batteries, but Mercer's men stuck to their guns, repulsing three charges of the Horse Grenadiers, and dealing such slaughter that the position of "G Troop" was known next day by the enormous heap of slain lying before it, visible from a considerable distance.

The carnage on the slope was shocking—the oldest soldiers had seen nothing like it: men and horses lay piled one on another, five and six in a heap, every fresh discharge adding to the ghastly pyramid. The 1st Cuirassiers numbered 300 of the Legion of Honour in its ranks—it lost 117, including two lieutenants and the brave Captain Poinot, page to the Emperor in 1807, wounded at Moscow and Brienne. One officer, finding the fire from a particular gun playing havoc with his men, rode straight at it and was blown to atoms.



“A GALLANT ARTILLERY DRIVER RUSHED HIS HORSES TO
THE WALL” (p. [66](#)).

The horses during the battle suffered cruelly, and some of the details are heartrending: the charger of a very stout officer with the Duke’s staff, probably Müffling, was seen to rear for some time without the rider being able to bring it down—its front legs had been both shot off. Another trooper’s horse was seen next morning sitting on its tail, its hind legs gone; and one poor beast ran for sympathy to six guns in succession, and was driven off from each with exclamations of horror until it reached “G Troop,” where they mercifully killed it: the whole of its face below the great brown pleading eyes had been carried away by a round shot!

After a repulse and a re-attack, the remnant of the seventy-seven squadrons reeled back to their own lines: the cavalry of France, magnificent, irresistible, brave as lions, and nobly led, had shattered itself without result, and *the third great attempt had failed!*

All the afternoon there had been great doings at Hougoumont. About one o'clock Colonel Hepburn had relieved Saltoun in the large orchard with a battalion of the 3rd—now the Scots Guards—and the combat on that side became a long succession of advances with the bayonet to the front hedge and retirings into a green dry ditch, which is known to us as the “friendly hollow-way.” When our men fell back, a terrific fire from the short east wall would stagger the foe, and the Scots, having formed again, would scramble out of the hollow and clear the orchard of all but the dead.

Along the terrible south wall a staff-officer, who had been through all the Peninsula battles, afterwards said that the slain lay thicker than he had ever seen them elsewhere.

The château and barns were now burning furiously, fired by Haxo's howitzers at Napoleon's orders, and many of our wounded perished in the flames; some officers' horses tore out of the barn, galloped madly round the yard, and rushed into the fire again to be destroyed.

Twice the enemy got in: once by a little door in the west wall, through which they never got out alive; and the second time, when our Guardsmen had sallied out into the lane to drive off a body of infantry, about fifty French entered on their heels through the north gate. Then, by main strength of arm, Colonel Macdonell, Sergeant Graham, and three or four more, shut and barred the wooden gate in the faces of the others, and those inside were all shot down.

A brave fellow climbed on to the beam that crossed the gateway; but Graham fired, and he dropped with a scream on to the heads of his comrades outside the wall.

The fire stopped at the door of the château chapel, which was full of wounded, and a wooden figure of our Saviour had the feet nibbled by the flames, at which the superstitious marvel greatly to this day.

Columns of smoke hung over everything. A gallant artillery driver rushed his horses to the wall, and flung a barrel of welcome cartridges over into the yard. At the corner, before the gardener's house, Baron de

Cubières lay wounded under his horse; afterwards, when Governor of Ancona, he expressed himself very grateful that we had not fired on him!

Crawford of the 3rd Guards was killed in the kitchen garden, Blackman of the Coldstreams died in the orchard; but the attack and repulse grew gradually weaker, as both sides tired of the hideous slaughter.

Meanwhile, a serious trouble which had been menacing the Emperor on his right flank for some time at last grew terribly imminent.

The Prussians were coming in spite of Grouchy, who had been sent in their pursuit.

They should have arrived about one o'clock; but, thanks to the bad roads, a fire in the town of Wavre, which had to be extinguished before the ammunition-waggon could be got through, and some hesitation on the part of Gneisenau, Blücher's Chief of Staff, who doubted Wellington's good faith, it was *half-past four* when part of Bülow's corps came out of the woods at St. Lambert and confirmed Napoleon's previously awakened fears.

In the hazy weather they thought it was Grouchy, and a false report was afterwards sent through the French army to cheer the wearied men; but the Emperor and Soult knew otherwise, and the line of battle was weakened by a strong force being detached to meet the new arrivals.

There was no time to be lost; drums rolled and trumpets sounded again, and the last remnants of the cavalry had not regained their position when the Fourth Grand Attack began with a fury that even exceeded the others.

While fresh bodies of horse and foot advanced up the ridge, a most determined rush was made on La Haye Sainte. Baring had been reinforced, it is true; but, although he sent time after time for more ammunition, not a single cartridge was forthcoming!

A feeble excuse has been made that there were no means of getting it into the building; but a large door and several windows faced our line at the back of the house then, as now. They may still be seen by the visitor to Waterloo.

A horde of French infantry flung themselves on the buildings, setting the barn on fire, and besieging the broken gateway.

While the brave Germans filled their camp-kettles from the pond and extinguished the flames, others, with their bayonets only, kept the door leading into the field. Seventeen corpses they piled up there in a few minutes, one gallant fellow defending a breach with a brick torn from the wall! The individual acts of heroism on authentic record would fill many pages: but, without ammunition, they were at a fearful disadvantage.

The voltigeurs climbed on to the roof of the stable, and shot them down at their ease: the half barn-door is preserved to the present day, with eighty bullet-holes in it! Alten sent the brave Christian Ompteda to their aid, if practicable, with the 5th Battalion. He pointed to an overwhelming force; but the irrepressible Orange repeated Alten's suggestion in a tone that brooked no delay, and Ompteda went down with his 5th Battalion, and they died, almost to a man!

Baring dismounted to pick up his cap, knocked off by a shot; four balls had lodged in the cloak rolled on his saddle-bow, and a fifth then pierced the saddle itself, while the Scotch Lieutenant Græme, sitting on the rafters of the piggery, in which a calf was lowing, raised his shako to cheer his men, and his right hand was taken off at the wrist. He was only eighteen.

It was hopeless. "If I receive no cartridges," said Baring in his last appeal, "I not only must, but *will* abandon the post!" And very soon those neglected heroes retreated slowly through the house and out through the garden beyond, the French, bursting into the yard, chasing the remnant round and round and bayoneting them on the dungheaps.

A roar of cheering rang above the battle. At last they were victorious, and the French had taken La Haye Sainte.

Without a moment's hesitation their conquest was turned to the best possible advantage. Smart red-braided Horse Artillery galloped down the causeway, dragging their guns to the knoll above the sandpit, from which our 95th had been driven, and, unlimbering, opened fire at *sixty yards range* on to our line.

Skirmishers filled the hedgerows and the farm buildings. The Great Battery renewed its work of death, and in a few moments there was a

serious gap in the centre of our position.

Lambert's brigade had been brought up before this, and suffered terribly.

The 27th, which had lain down and slept soundly behind Mont St. Jean until after three o'clock, lost 478 out of 698 in its new quarters; and the 40th thirteen officers and 180 rank and file, one round shot taking off the head of Captain Fisher and killing twenty-five men.

Ompteda's brigade mustered a mere handful, Kielmansegge was almost destroyed, Halkett had two weak squares, one of his regiments being very shaky indeed, and, altogether, things were unpleasant when the Duke came up with reinforcements to patch our front as best he could.

Far off on our right Chassé's Dutch Belgians had arrived, shouting and singing, from Braine l'Alleud, *very drunk*, narrowly escaping a volley from us, as they wore the French uniform; and at this time, by reason of the bolting of Hake's Cumberland Hussars and some of our supports, with the enormous losses from the six hours of carnage, the British affairs were in bad case.

Halkett's 30th and 73rd in square had been charged no less than eleven times: the Duke pointed to a scarlet mass in front through the smoke, and inquired what regiment it was. It was the dead and wounded of those two corps, huddled together where they had fallen.

The green-faced 73rd was at one time commanded by Lieutenant Stewart, all the other officers having been killed or wounded; and at half-past seven the colours of both regiments were sent to the rear.

The 2nd Line Battalion of the German Legion went into action with 300 men, but mustered only six officers and thirty-six privates after the battle; but Blücher was now nearing the French right rear with nearly 52,000 troops and 104 guns, and the Emperor was obliged to send General Duhesme with eight battalions of the young Guard down into the straggling village of Planchenoit to help to check them.

He had been at La Belle Alliance all day, and Prussian shot were now falling about him.

Marshal Ney sent for more infantry to renew the attack. “Où voulez vous que j’en prenne: voulez vous que j’en fasse?” was the Emperor’s impatient reply—“Where can I get them: do you wish me to make them?”

The long June day was drawing into evening, and shadows began to lengthen across the fields. Wellington, who had always been seen where the fire was hottest, rode with a calm, inscrutable face, followed by a sadly diminished staff, his eagle eye taking note of the strength and weakness of our line.

The Hussars had been moved in rear of the centre; and Adams’ Brigade took position immediately behind the ridge. In front of the clover field where the 52nd stood in square, a pretty little tortoiseshell kitten, which had been frightened out of Hougoumont by the firing, lay dead—a strange feature in the scene of destruction.

The men were growing accustomed to the hideous sights and sounds around them, and became impatient at the inactivity which doomed them to endure without reprisal. Suddenly the brass guns blazed forth once more upon us; the *pas de charge* was rolling from a thousand drums; a serried line was seen advancing along our entire front, and, led by the Emperor himself, on his grey charger Marie, his famous *redingote gris* open and showing the well-known dark-green chasseur coat, the Grenadiers of the Guard marched in solid columns into the valley.

Two winding serpents of determined men; ten battalions in tall black bearskins, white facings and dark-blue pantaloons—that was their dress at Waterloo—with Friant and Morand, Petit, whom Napoleon had kissed at Fontainebleau, Poret de Morvan, and old Cambronne. The *élite* of the French army, the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the Old and Middle Guard, marching sternly to victory or death. Marcognet, Alix, and Donzelot, with their remnants, against our reeling left; Reille, Foy, and Jérôme renewing on Hougoumont—cavalry in the gaps and spaces—a simultaneous, mighty LAST ATTACK!

The yet unbroken Imperial Guard set their faces towards the spot where Maitland’s, Adams’ and Byng’s redcoats looked to their priming and closed their ranks: had Napoleon hurled them against the cross road behind La Haye Sainte, the story of Waterloo had been written differently.

He missed his chance; he threw away his final hope. The greatest of his many mistakes was committed, and, handing over the leadership to Ney, he remained on a hillock above the farm, and watched the downfall of France and the death-blow of his empire! For the last time in this world their Emperor addressed them, pointing towards the heights with a gesture all could understand.

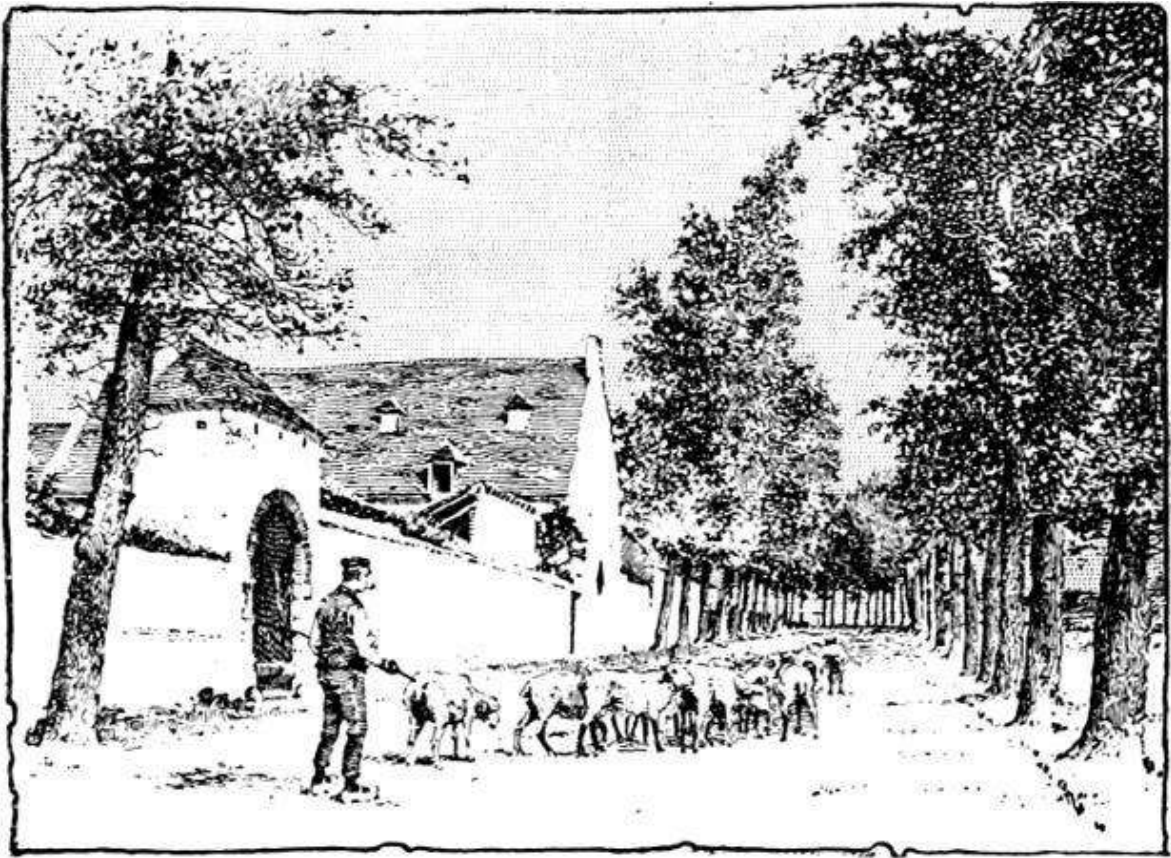
“*Déployez les aigles. En avant! Vive l’Empereur!*” and with a great shout they quickened their pace, passing proudly, unheeding, over the bodies of those comrades who had gone before.

Red tongues of flame burst from the smoke of our guns; whiz came the fiery rockets, darting into their ranks, scorching, blinding, and burning in their course; humming shells dropped among them with terrible destruction; but the Old Guard pressed on, and began to mount the ridge.

Ney’s horse fell—the *fifth* killed under him that day, and the “bravest of the brave,” went forward on foot. Alas, would that it had been to death!

Our Guards were lying down to avoid the hurricane from the French artillery. A shell dropped in one of the squares, and Colonel Colquitt, picking it up, fizzing and fuming, walked to the edge and flung it outside to burst harmlessly. Another officer, mortally wounded, said faintly:

“I should like to see the colours of the regiment again before I quit them for ever”: they were brought and waved round his body, and with a smile, he was carried away, to die.



LA HAYE SAINTE.

It was men like those that the oncoming columns had to face, and batteries as famous as those of Bull and Bolton, of Norman Ramsay, Whinyates, and Webber Smith, with guns double shotted and served as on parade; no need to sight so carefully, for the moving target is a wide one, and they hit in every time!

Now the skirmishers run out, shouting and firing as before, and when they have said their say, they fall back leaving all clear for the others; but the columns seem to get no nearer, though they are marching steadily; front rank after front rank is blown to shreds—*that is why they appear stationary!*

The gunners have done their work; the guns recoil, and are left there: it is the turn of the infantry now, and the time has come for that historic signal, “Up, Guards, and at ’em!” which in reality was never said.

But whatever the word was, they *do* “up,” and they *do* “at ’em”; and again it is bayonet to bayonet, and man to man.

One Welsh giant, named Hughes, six feet seven inches in height, is seen to knock over a dozen of the Old Guard single handed; the redcoats and the blue-coats mingle for a moment and the blue-coats melt away.

The second column, a little behind the other, is in good order: it has suffered less from the cannonade, and is full of fire and fury; but so also are our 52nd lads, who advance down the slope with three tremendous cheers.

Colborne is leading, and when they get abreast of the column he cries —

“Halt! Mark time!”

The men touch in to their left, and regain their dressing; Colborne’s horse is shot, and he comes forward wiping his mouth with a white handkerchief, still wearing Ensign Leeke’s blue boat-cloak.

“Right shoulders forward!”

The regiment swings round, and, four deep, faces the column’s flank two hundred yards away.

“Forward, 52nd—charge!” and the Foot Guards, who are back on the ridge again, behold a noble spectacle.



THE UNION BRIGADE CAPTURING THE FRENCH GUNS AT WATERLOO.

(From the Picture by W. B. Wollen, R.I.)

The crash is terrific; the Imperial phalanx is taken in flank. The contest is fierce, but it is soon over.

Brave Michel, in response to our officers, replies with glorious *esprit de corps*, "The Guard dies, and never surrenders!" his words instantly fulfilled, as he falls lifeless, sword in hand, while Cambronne, grown old in the service (to whom these words have been falsely attributed), gives up his weapon to William Halkett.

Halkett's horse is shot, and Cambronne hastens away, but his captor is too quick for him, and seizing his gold aiguillette, hands him to a sergeant to be taken care of.

On presses the 52nd, driving the broken Guard before it: it is a sight probably never repeated in history—one regiment traversing the field alone, in sight of the army; sending the foe like sheep into the hollow; dispersing and pushing them relentlessly back, until they turn and fly, and other corps make haste to join in that glorious progress.

There is a movement along the ridge as the setting sun shines out in a burst of sinking splendour, and the Duke, with cocked hat raised above

his head, gives the magic word, "The whole line will advance!" and then spurs down after the 52nd.

On the rising ground near La Haye Sainte, Napoleon sits on horseback, close to a small battalion which has formed square.

Jérôme, his brother, bleeding and exhausted, is with him, with honest old Drouot in his artillery uniform, in the pocket of which is a well-worn Bible; Soult and Gourgaud, Bertrand and brave young La Bédoyère are there, too: but the English Hussars are coming on at a fast trot.

All day long the waves of valour have been rolling northward, and breaking against an iron-bound shore; now the tide has turned, and rushes madly south again.

Nothing but confusion meets the eye: everywhere the French are in full retreat—solitary men, groups of three and four, ruined regiments, and the skeletons of squadrons.

Jérôme rides close to his brother, and says in a meaning tone—

"It were well for all who bear the name of Bonaparte to perish here!"

Napoleon orders some guns to open on the Hussars, and one shot hits Lord Uxbridge on the right knee as, mounted on a troop horse belonging to a sergeant-major of the 23rd Light Dragoons, he is leading the pursuit.

"Here we must die on the field of battle," exclaims the Emperor, preparing to head the weak column; but Soult seizes his bridle, saying, "They will not kill you: you will be taken prisoner"; and, held up in the saddle by two faithful officers, for he is worn out, Napoleon is galloped away in the gathering darkness.

On the left of the Brussels road some Prussian guns had come up and fired *on our men*.

They were the sole representatives of Blücher's force present before Mont St. Jean until *after* the retreat had begun; and they had been far better absent, as their pounding was cruelly felt by Mercer's battery and several of our regiments.

They were induced, after some time, to change the direction of their range, and then all went well. The 52nd still pursued its march, halting for a moment near La Haye Sainte to face and charge some rallying squares, where a Belgian soldier was seen killing a wounded Frenchman, and was run through by an officer of the regiment.

Leeke, who carried the King's colour, found a foot and a half of the pole wet with blood; Holman, the brother of the blind traveller, had three musket balls through his sword blade, and wore it for many years; Colborne and Major Rowan, being both dismounted, jumped on to two horses attached to an abandoned gun, calling to their men to cut the harness; but the advance continuing, they had to dismount with a hearty laugh and march on again on foot.

It was getting dark, and our Hussars were clearing the field in splendid style, the 10th, whose sabres were soon red as their scarlet cuffs, engaging with some strong remnants of the Old Guard and losing two officers.

Major Murray, of the dashing 18th, met a gun going at full speed, and leaped his charger over the traces, between the leaders and wheelers, while his men proceeded to cut the gunners down.

Colquhoun Grant, who had lost five horses and was then mounted on a magnificent chestnut, sent the gallant remains of his brigade at the retreating foe; and until it was impossible any longer to pick one's way among the vast heaps of dead, disabled cannon, and miserable wounded—in short, the absolute wreck of an army—our light cavalry went wheeling and slashing right and left, hurrying on the veteran, the conscript, the artillery driver and the officer alike, all the French accounts doing justice to these light horsemen. It is only in private letters, hardly in the official documents, that England can learn the heroism of her Hussars at Waterloo.

Meanwhile the 52nd had crossed to the left of the road and scattered a column debouching from Planchenoit, behind the buildings of La Belle Alliance, in front of which a mass of guns had been left to their fate. The regiment passed on, and on its return found them marked with the numbers of other corps that had succeeded them.

All the causeway was crammed with flying troops: a terrible struggle for liberty took place, in which discipline gave way to terror. General

officer and baggage waggon fled side by side; rifles and accoutrements were thrown away that their owners might hurry faster. The fields, the by-lanes, the woods, were all filled with fugitives—even the Emperor had to turn aside in order to get past.

Marshal Ney was one of the last to go. He had joined the army on the 15th, without money, without horses, almost without a uniform. He was to be found everywhere on that dreadful 18th, planting batteries, heading charges, rallying, raging, facing death at every stride, and when it was over he tottered exhausted away on foot, leaning on the shoulder of a compassionate corporal.

Now the Prussians have arrived in force. Planchenoit, its churchyard and crooked street, its orchards and barnyards, are full of French and Prussian slain.

The young Guard fought well, but they were outnumbered, and Blücher rides into the *chaussée* at La Belle Alliance.

A Uhlan band plays “God Save the King,” and farther along the road they meet the Duke returning on his way in the dark to write his despatches announcing the victory.

The two soldiers embrace, and sit talking for ten minutes while the stream goes hurrying by. Then the fiery old German follows up the retreat with a fury that is incredible.

At Genappe the Silesians have taken the Emperor’s baggage; Gneisenau mounts a drummer on one of the cream-coloured carriage horses, and away they go into the darkness after the fugitives, driving them from seven bivouacs, slaying, hacking, giving no rest, until the land is strewn for leagues with dead men, fallen under the Prussian steel.

Merciless it may seem to us, looking back with fourscore years between us and that moonlit night; but such was the vitality of the French that the most drastic steps were necessary to prevent their army mustering again.

What can I say of the battle-field, after the pursuit had rolled away, and it was left to the searcher and the plunderer?

If I could re-create one tithe of the horror those slopes and roads revealed you would sicken and turn away in disgust.

Prussian, Belgian, *and* British, there were, out on the plain that night, bent on no errand of mercy; stragglers and camp-followers creeping from group to group, tearing the rings from the fingers, and the teeth from the jaws!

Many a life was foully taken that tender nursing might have saved; but there were some groups who sought for a lost comrade or a favourite officer, and women there were, with woman's gentle sympathy, soothing and tending as only they can soothe.

The bulk of the British force had gone to bivouac beyond and about Rosomme, which was behind the French position; but some detached portions remained where they had fought, too weary to advance with the others.

Mercer was one of these, and creeping under the cover of a waggon, worn out with slaughter, he slept—waking to find a dead man stark and stiff beneath him! His men came to him in the morning, and asked permission to bury one of their comrades.

“Why him in particular?” asked the captain, for many a bearskin-crested helmet was empty in “G Troop.”

Then they showed him the horror of it.

The whole of the man's head had been carried away, leaving the fleshy mask of what had been a face, from which the eyes were still staring wildly.

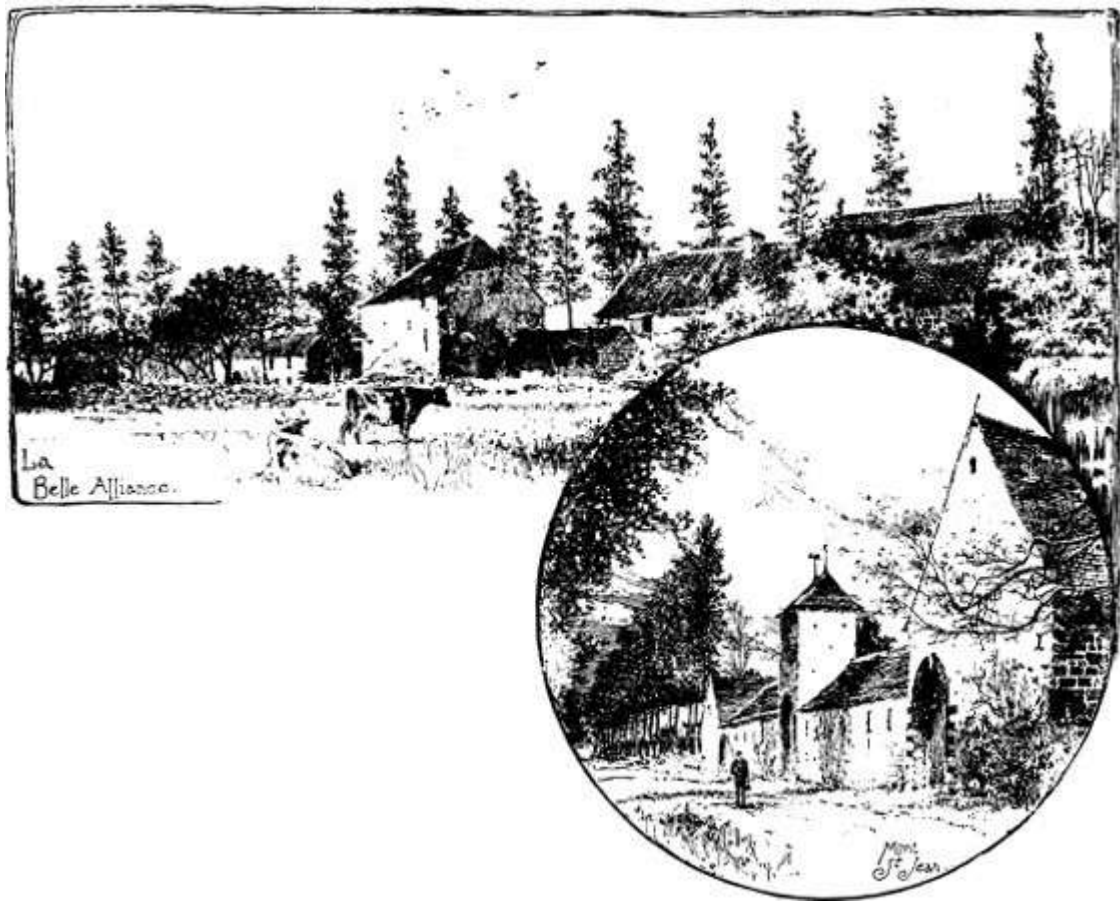
“We have not slept a wink, sir,” they said. “Those eyes have haunted us all night!”

With daybreak men stood aghast at the spectacle of that battle-ground.

The losses have never been satisfactorily reckoned; but I have seen it stated, curiously, that of the redcoats 9,999 were actually killed there. The French loss for the four days' campaign has been counted as 50,000;

and you can tell off the survivors of both armies to-day, perhaps, on the fingers of *one* hand.

Every house in the neighbourhood was full of wounded. For three days, the doctors tell us, they were being brought in by the search parties, a sharp frost having congealed the wounds of many and so saved them, and lines of carts jolted the shrieking wretches over that dreadful causeway to Brussels in endless succession.



At Hougomont, where the orange-trees were in blossom, they flung three hundred bodies down a well: it was a simple method, saving time and trouble; but a dark tradition lingers that voices were heard afterwards, faintly imploring, from the cavernous depths.

Wild strawberries hung their red clusters, and the little, blue forget-me-not peeped in the woods; birds of prey came croaking on the wing; and within twenty-four hours ten thousand horses had been flayed by the Flemish peasants, many of whom made fortunes by plunder!

Men gathered jewelled decorations and crosses by handfuls: it was impossible to take three strides without treading on a sword, a broken

musket, a carbine, or a corpse!

Near La Haye Sainte they found a pretty French girl in hussar uniform, and the farm itself was encrusted with blood; tufts of hair adhered to the doorways, the yard presenting a sight never to be forgotten. A pole to which a scrap of torn silk clung was picked up under the body of Ensign Nettles: it was the King's colour.

The remains of three French brothers named Angelet were among the slain, and the history of one was most romantic. Wounded in some of the Napoleonic wars, where he had lost a leg, he was taunted by a lady with the fact that he could only talk of what he *had* done for France—that he could *do* no more. The brave fellow seized his crutches, limped after the army, and met his fate at Waterloo.

Picton's body—wounded at Quatre Bras, though none but his valet knew it—was taken to England, and by a strange coincidence was laid, at the Fountain Inn, Canterbury, on the very table at which he had dined, a fortnight before, on his way to join the army.

Byng of the Guards said to Sir John Colborne in Paris: "How do your fellows like our getting the credit of what you did at Waterloo? I could not advance because our ammunition was all done."

The Foot Guards got their bearskins as a well-merited reward, only the Grenadier companies wearing them during the battle. The 52nd, for their great share in the closing scene, received—*nothing!* and the Duke, when approached on the subject of that glaring injustice, said, "Oh, I know nothing of the services of particular regiments. There was glory enough for all!"

They are nearly all gathered to the "land o' the leal" now. The last of Hougoumont's defenders—Von Trovich of the Nassauers—died in 1882; Albemarle, who fought with the 14th Foot, passed away quite recently; while the Guards turned out to bury a veteran not long since who paraded for the last time in Caterham workhouse! In 1894 John Stacey, aged *ninety-six*, of the German Legion, *walked* from Yorkshire to London to see if his *tenpence a day* might not be increased.

For thirty years you could mark, by the deeper colour of the corn, where they had buried the dead in greatest numbers: they still find buttons in the plough-land after rain, with bullets cut in half against our sword-blades, and sometimes bones! Ten thousand people, on an average, visit the field each year; and, though the land lies dozing under its wealth of crops, and the lark trills his requiem where the guns once thundered, and the herdboys' song rises in place of "Vive l'Empereur!"—never will the nations forget that fearful Sunday or the names of WELLINGTON and WATERLOO.



MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

(After Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)



Königgrätz

By Charles Lowe

King William I of Prussia

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria

Not since the “Völkerschlacht,” or Armageddon of the nations at Leipzig, in 1813, when the allies overthrew the hosts of Napoleon, had Europe witnessed such a stupendous conflict as was fought near Königgrätz, on the Upper Elbe, in Bohemia, on the 3rd July, 1866. This battle was called of Königgrätz by the Prussians, of Sadowa by the Austrians; and, as a matter of topographical fact, the latter was the more correct title, just as the field of Waterloo is known as Mont Saint Jean to the French, and Belle Alliance to the Prussians—in both cases with more justice. At Leipzig about 430,000 men had mingled in fight, while at Königgrätz, as we shall call it in compliment to our ancient and honoured allies the Prussians, the total number of combatants was about 435,000, or close on half a million of men.

What had called these armed hosts into the field? Briefly put, it was the question which was to be the leading Power among the German-speaking peoples—Austria or Prussia. For centuries the former had asserted this position of proud pre-eminence, but there came a time when this claim of the Hapsburgs was no longer allowed by the great and growing monarchy of the Hohenzollerns. Austria wanted to have everything in Germany done after her particular way of thinking, and Prussia began to find it quite incompatible with her honour and her self-respect to be thus lorded over by a State which in many respects she deemed to be her inferior in point of light and leading. Thus it came to pass that these two rival Powers began to lead a very cat-and-dog life at the council-board of the Germanic Confederation of States; and

Bismarck, who was the rising statesman of his time, prophesied that this condition of things could go on no longer, and that the only remedy for this eternal quarrelling between the two was a policy of “blood and iron” on the part of Prussia.

Once, however, they seemed to have suddenly become the best of friends. This was when they joined their forces, in 1864, to snatch Schleswig-Holstein, or the Elbe Duchies, as they were called, from the rule of the Danes. Bismarck was the great champion of “Germany for the Germans,” and he thought it scandalous and unreasonable that a foreign people like the Danes should continue to domineer over the Teutons in the Elbe Duchies. Prussia and Austria, therefore, at his far-seeing instigation, combined to oust the Danes from the Duchies, and this they finally did after storming the Danish redoubts at Düppel.

But the worst of it was that the conquerors could not agree as to their spoil. Prussia wanted to do one thing with the Duchies, and Austria another. It is a common enough thing for thieves to fall out over the distribution of their booty, and this was precisely what the rival German Powers did with regard to Schleswig-Holstein. Bismarck, the long-headed statesman that he was, clearly foresaw that they must and would do so, and this was the very thing he wanted. He wished to have a good pretext for going to war with Austria, in order that this Power might be altogether excluded from the German family of nations, and that Prussia, taking her place, might inaugurate a new and better era for the Teutonic peoples. Austria had fallen into the trap which he had laid for her, and she had no choice but to fight. Each, of course, claimed to be the injured party, and the old game of the wolf and the lamb was played over again to the amusement of all Europe. Some of the other German States sided with Austria, and some with Prussia, but the former were soon defeated and disarmed, and then Prussia was free to direct her whole strength against the Austrians.

It was known that the latter were collecting all their strength in Bohemia, and King William, who had General von Moltke, the greatest soldier of his time, for his Chief of the Staff, or principal counsellor in affairs of war, resolved to make a dash into this province before its Austrian defenders knew where they were, and smite them, as David did the Philistines, hip and thigh. Accordingly, he divided the forces of his kingdom into three main armies, each composed of several Army Corps.

The command of the First, or centre, Army, numbering about 93,000, was entrusted to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles, called by his soldiers the "Red Prince," from the scarlet uniform of the Zieten Hussars which he generally wore; the Second, or left-hand Army, totalling 100,000 men, was given to the King's high-souled and chivalrous son, the Crown Prince, Queen Victoria's son-in-law; while the Third, or right-hand host, called of the Elbe, fell to General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, who fought throughout the campaign with a courage worthy of "Hereward, the last of the English." But these three huge armies did not invade Bohemia in one overwhelming mass. Moltke, the great "battle-thinker," the "Silent One in Seven Languages," as his friends fondly called him, knew a trick worth two of that. His maxim was, "march separately, strike combined"; and yet it behoved him to keep the Austrians in perfect ignorance of where he meant to strike. The Crown Prince, on the left, started with his army from Silesia; the Red Prince set out from Lusatia, while Herwarth's point of departure was Thuringia.

Did Moltke himself also take the field? No, not at once; for it meanwhile sufficed this great military chess-player, this mathematical planner of victory, to sit quietly among his maps and papers at the offices of the Grand General Staff in Berlin, with his hand on the telegraph wire, and direct the movements of the three armies of invasion. Take the following description that was penned by an English witness of the crossing of the frontier by the army of the Red Prince:—"It was here" (at a toll-house gate) "that Prince Frederick Charles took his stand to watch his troops march over the border. He had hardly arrived there before he gave the necessary orders, and in a few moments the Uhlans, or Lancers, who formed the advance guard of the regiments, were over the frontier. Then followed the infantry. As the leading ranks of each battalion arrived at the first point on the road from which they caught sight of the Austrian colours that showed the frontier, they raised a cheer, which was quickly caught up by those in the rear, and repeated again and again till, when the men came up to the toll-house and saw their soldier-prince standing on the border line, it swelled into a rapturous roar of delight, which only ceased to be replaced by a martial song that was caught up by each battalion as it poured into Bohemia. The chief himself stood calm and collected; but he gazed proudly on the passing sections, and never did an

army cross an enemy's frontier better equipped, better cared for, or with a higher courage than that which marched out of Saxony that day."

Over the picturesque hills of Saxony, over the Giant Mountains into the fertile plains of Bohemia, swiftly sped the three superbly-organised armies like huge and shining serpents; and ever nearer did they converge on the point which, with mathematical accuracy, had been selected as the place where they would have to coil and deliver their fatal sting of fire. Hard did the Austrians try to block the path of the triune hosts and crush them in detail; but the terribly destructive needle-gun, with the forceful lance of the lunging Uhlan and the circling sabre of the ponderous Cuirassier, ever cleared the way, and a series of preliminary triumphs marked the progress of the three armies towards junction and final victory. By the 29th the Red Prince had reached Gitschin, the objective point of the invasion, while his cousin the Crown Prince lay at Königinhof, on the left, a long day's march distant. Meanwhile the Austrians had all retired under the shelter of the guns of Königgrätz, a strongly fortified town on the left bank of the Upper Elbe, there to take their final stand, with their backs, as 'twere, to the wall.

The Austrians were commanded by Feldzeugmeister Benedek, and their army had been reinforced by the troops of the King of Saxony, who had sided with the foes of Prussia in the impending conflict, and were sure to give a good account of themselves. An equally stubborn resistance was to be expected from the Hungarian subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who were second to none in all his polyglot dominions in respect of that ancient valour and other chivalrous qualities which had caused this gallant people to be called the "English of the East." Finer horsemen than the Hungarians existed in no army in all the world; and in this campaign, as in every other in which they had ever been engaged, the Austrians were particularly strong in cavalry. But, on the other hand, the Prussians were known to be armed with the lately-invented breech-loading needle-gun, while the Austrians still clung to the older-fashioned muzzle-loader, and professed to make light of their opponents' new-fangled rifle. They were soon to be shown convincingly which was the better weapon.

It was not till June 30th that King William and his paladins, Moltke, Bismarck, and von Roon, left Berlin by rail for the seat of war. They had scorned to witness the preliminary heats, so to speak, and only wanted to

be present at the grand final. On July 2nd, after reaching Gitschin, which was near the headquarters of the Red Prince, Bismarck wrote to his wife: “Just arrived from Sichrow. The field of battle there is still covered with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories (so far) are greater than we thought. It appears that we have over 15,000 prisoners, while the loss on the Austrian side is still greater in dead and wounded, being no less than 20,000. Two of the Army Corps are utterly scattered, and some of the regiments are wiped out to the last man. I have, indeed, up till now seen more Austrian prisoners than Prussian soldiers.”

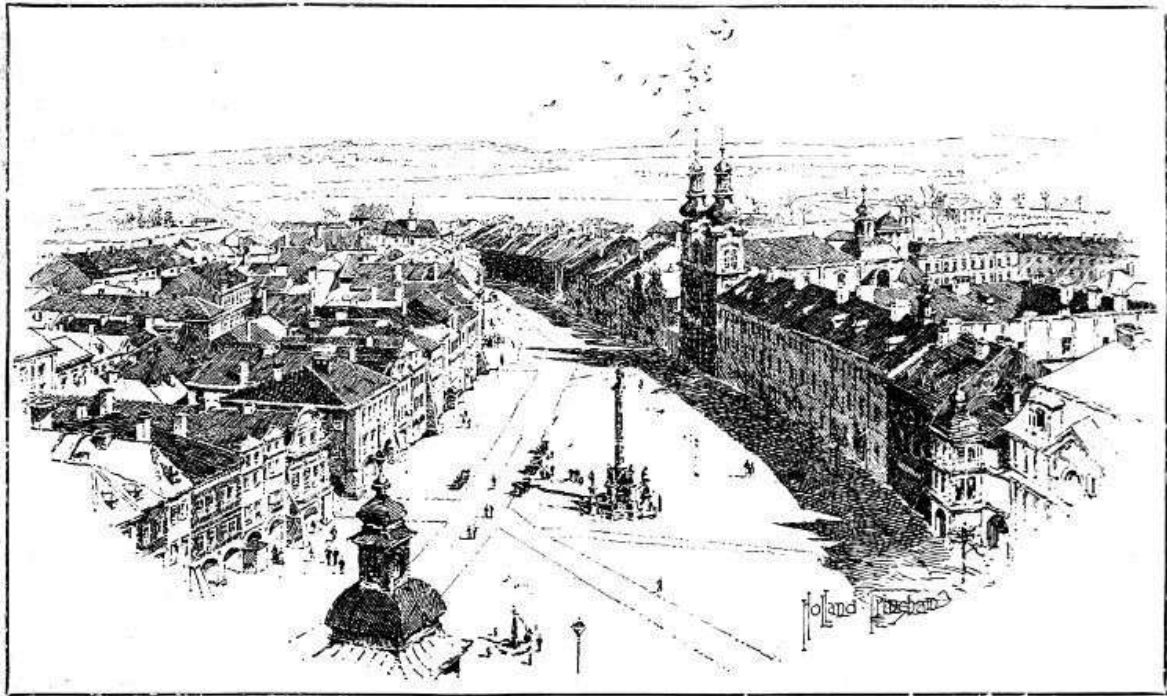


“MAJOR VON UNGAR CAME SPURRING
IN WITH A GREAT PIECE OF NEWS” (p.
[77](#)).

On the night of the same day (2nd July) King William, now in his seventieth year, had retired to rest in a little room of the “Golden Lion,” which overlooks the market-place of Gitschin—a quaint little old town nestling among the hills of Northern Bohemia, on the southern side of the Giant Mountains. Wearied out with the fatigues of the day, he had

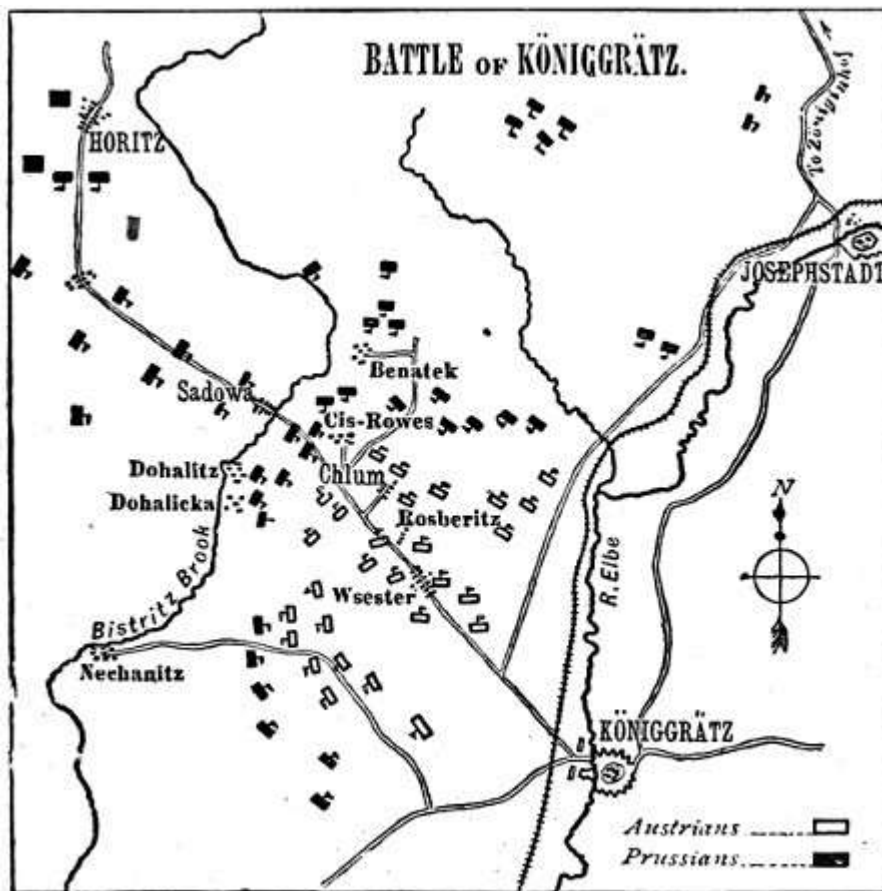
hardly closed his eyes in sleep when he was unceremoniously woke up. His Majesty opened his eyes, and found Moltke standing by his bedside, the bearer of most important news, which General Voigts-Rhetz had just brought in from the Red Prince, whose headquarters were some six miles further to the east, at the château of Kamenitz on the Königgrätz road. Voigts-Rhetz had first of all carried his momentous news to Moltke, who lodged on the opposite side of the square, and who was the real ruler of Prussia's battles, now and after in the French war. The King did nothing without consulting Moltke, nor did his Majesty ever issue an order that was not based on the well-thought-out advice of his Chief of the Staff.

The message of the Red Prince was of the very highest importance, for it upset all the resolutions which had previously been taken at the Prussian headquarters. Early in the day the exact whereabouts of the Austrians was unknown. It was *supposed* that they were on the left, or eastern, side of the Elbe, furthest from the Prussians, with their right and left flanks resting on two strong fortresses—Josephstadt and Königgrätz, respectively—a position which it would have been terribly difficult, if not impossible, for their adversaries to assail; so that, pending the discovery of their real whereabouts, it had been resolved to let the Prussian troops rest on the 3rd, as they had been wearied out by their incredible feats of marching and fighting. Presently, however, “from information received,” this resolution was revoked and replaced by another which deprived the fagged-out Prussians of the prospect of their much-needed day's rest; and a bold and rapid rider—Lieutenant von Norman—was despatched across country to the Crown Prince at Königinhof to ensure his co-operation with the Red Prince in a particular manner on the morrow.



KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

But von Norman had barely started on his long and perilous ride when, lo and behold! another officer, Major von Ungar, came spurring in to the quarters of the Red Prince with a great piece of news. Attended by only a few dragoons, this officer had gone out scouting in the direction of Königgrätz, and discovered that the bulk of the Austrian army was without doubt on the right, or Prussian, side of the Elbe, holding a strong position on the further bank of the Bistritz brook, which ran very nearly parallel with the Elbe at a distance from it of some four miles. The position was strong, but not half so much so as the dreaded one beyond the Elbe, and the hearts of the Prussians jumped for joy. It seemed to them as if God had already delivered the Austrians into their hands, as Cromwell avowed of the Scots when they left their high ground at Dunbar and descended to meet his Ironsides on the plain. After gleaning this priceless intelligence, von Norman had to ride for his life. A squadron of Austrian cavalry made a dash to catch him, but he rode like an English fox-hunter, and only left behind him, as a souvenir of his audacious visit to the enemy's lines, a part of his tunic which had been carried away by an Austrian lance-thrust.



BATTLE OF KÖNIGGRÄTZ.

This, then, was the news which Voigts-Rhetz had brought to Moltke and the King at Gitschin, and then the situation underwent an immediate and final change. It was resolved to assail the Austrian position early on the morrow with the whole force of the united Prussian armies, and another message to this effect, cancelling all previous ones, as a codicil does a will, was at midnight despatched to the Crown Prince on one hand and Herwarth on the other, informing them of the altered state of things, and desiring them on the morrow to assail the flanks of the Austrians as fast and furiously as ever they could; while the Red Prince would apply his battering-rams to their elevated and strongly entrenched centre. This urgent message was entrusted to Colonel von Finckenstein, who, after a very dark and dangerous ride of twenty miles, reached the Crown Prince's quarters about four o'clock on the morning of the 3rd July.

That fateful morning was a very wet and raw one, pretty similar to that which, after a rainy night, had dawned upon the English at Waterloo. Long before midnight the troops had all been in motion to the front. The

moon occasionally blinked out, but was mostly hidden behind clouds, and then could be distinctly seen the decaying bivouac fires in the places which had been occupied by the troops along the road from Gitschin to Sadowa and Königgrätz. These fires looked like large will-o'-the-wisps as their flames flickered about in the wind and stretched for many a mile, for the bivouacs of so large a force as that of the Red Prince's army of nearly 100,000 men spread over a wide extent of country. With the first signs of dawn a drizzling rain came on, which lasted until late in the afternoon. The wind increased and blew coldly upon the soldiers, and they were short of both sleep and food, while frequent gusts bore down the water-laden corn on both sides of the ground along the way.

Moltke and his staff had left Gitschin by four o'clock, driving to Horitz, where, mounting their horses, they rode on to Dub and joined Prince Frederick Charles. For this was the centre point of assembly. "A few short words," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "passed from the Commander of the First Army to his Chief of the Staff; a few *aides-de-camp*, mounting silently, rode away; and, as it were, by the utterance of a magician's spell, one hundred thousand armed Prussian warriors, springing into sight as if from the bowels of the earth, swept over the southern edge of the Milowitz ravine towards the hill of Dub."

About eight o'clock, King William, with Bismarck and others of his great men, arrived upon the scene. Behind the King, besides his staff, were his royal guests, with their numerous retinues of adjutants and equerries, grooms and horses, in number equal unto about a couple of squadrons—making a fine mark for the shells of the Austrians. Before mounting his good mare "Fenella"—thenceforth to be called "Sadowa"—the King had got into his great-coat and put on goloshes over his boots. A wrong pair of spurs had been brought from Gitschin and would not fit. A groom whipped his off, and strapped them on over the royal goloshes; and thus equipped, with a field-glass slung round his neck by a long strap, the King rode away to view the course of the terrific fight, being everywhere received with tremendous cheering by his enthusiastic troops. For it touched their hearts to see so hoary a king come forth at the head of his "*Volk in Waffen*" or people in arms, to do strenuous battle with the alien. No *roi fainéant*, or stay-at-home monarch he, but one of the good old sort, like our own royal Edwards and Harries,

under whose personal leadership the French were “beaten, bobbed, and thumped” at Crécy and at Agincourt.

It had been thought incredible by the Prussian leaders that the Austrians should have waived the advantages of a position behind the Elbe, and come forward several miles on its hither bank so as to meet their adversaries on the terms of the latter. But a closer inspection of their line of battle showed that it had been singularly well chosen. Along their front ran the boggy Bistritz brook, its banks dotted with farmsteads, villages, and clumps of wood, forming fine cover for infantry; while beyond this the ground rose in gentle undulations till it finally assumed the appearance of a commanding swell or ridge, from which Benedek’s batteries could pour down death and destruction on the advancing Prussians over the heads of his own infantry when engaging the helmeted wielders of the needle-gun. From the top of the slight elevation whereon stands the village of Dub the ground slopes gently down to the Bistritz, which the road crosses at the village of Sadowa, a mile and a quarter from Dub. From Sadowa the ground again rises beyond the Bistritz to the little village of Chlum (mark that village!), conspicuous by its church-tower crowning the gentle hill, a mile and a half beyond Sadowa—a beautiful bit of country not unlike some parts of England with its hill and dale, clustering cottages, peeping châteaux, hedgerows, groves, and waving grain-fields. Profiting to the full by the defensive advantages of this terraced terrain, the Austrians had seamed it with entrenched batteries, and palisaded their approaches with felled trees and intertwined branches, making of the whole a natural fortress formidable to their assailants.



GENERAL BENEDEK.

But nothing could daunt the hearts of the Prussians. They had got to beat Benedek and his 220,000 men, and the sooner the better. The Red Prince was afraid that, after all, Benedek might seek to retire behind the Elbe, and this had to be prevented at all costs and hazards. The Prince might not be able to beat him off-hand, but he could at least fasten on Benedek like a bulldog and hold him fast there till the arrival of the Crown Prince, when the bull could be altogether felled and laid upon its back. Bang, therefore, went the Prussian batteries, and presently the whole sinuous line of battle, extending about five miles from Cistowes (opposite Chlum) on the Prussian left, to Nechanitz on the right, began to be wrapped in wreathed cannon smoke. The Austrians returned shot for shot, and neither side either gained or lost ground. In the centre the Prussians pushed battery after battery into action, and kept up a tremendous fire on the Austrian guns; but these returned it with interest, knowing the ground well, and every shell fell true, heaping the ground with dead and wounded men and horses.

While this furious cannonade was going on, columns of Prussian infantry were moved down towards the Bistritz, with intent to storm the line of villages—Sadowa, Dohalitz, and Dohalicka—on the further side.

Shortly before their preparations were complete, the village of Benatek, on the Austrian right, caught fire, and the 7th Prussian Division made a dash to secure it; yet the Austrians were not driven out by the flames, and here, for the first time in the battle, it came to desperate hand-to-hand fighting. But the bloody *mêlée* here was nothing to what was now mixing up the combatants in the wood of Sadowa, and converting it into a perfect slaughter-house and hell upon earth. Boldly the Prussians advanced upon this village and its wood, plying the rapid needle-gun with awful effect upon the wood's defenders. But nothing could have exceeded the splendid courage with which the Austrian battalions clung to their cover, and their volleys, supplemented as they were by a truly infernal fire from the batteries behind and above, seemed to mow down whole ranks of their assailants. But neither bullets nor shells could decide the fierce struggle; the bayonet had to be called in to do this. And now ensued most horrible scenes of carnage, which ended, however, before eleven o'clock, in the capture by the Prussians of the aforesaid villages. And no wonder that the Austrians chose to call the tremendous battle after the village and wood where they had made so glorious but ineffectual a stand.



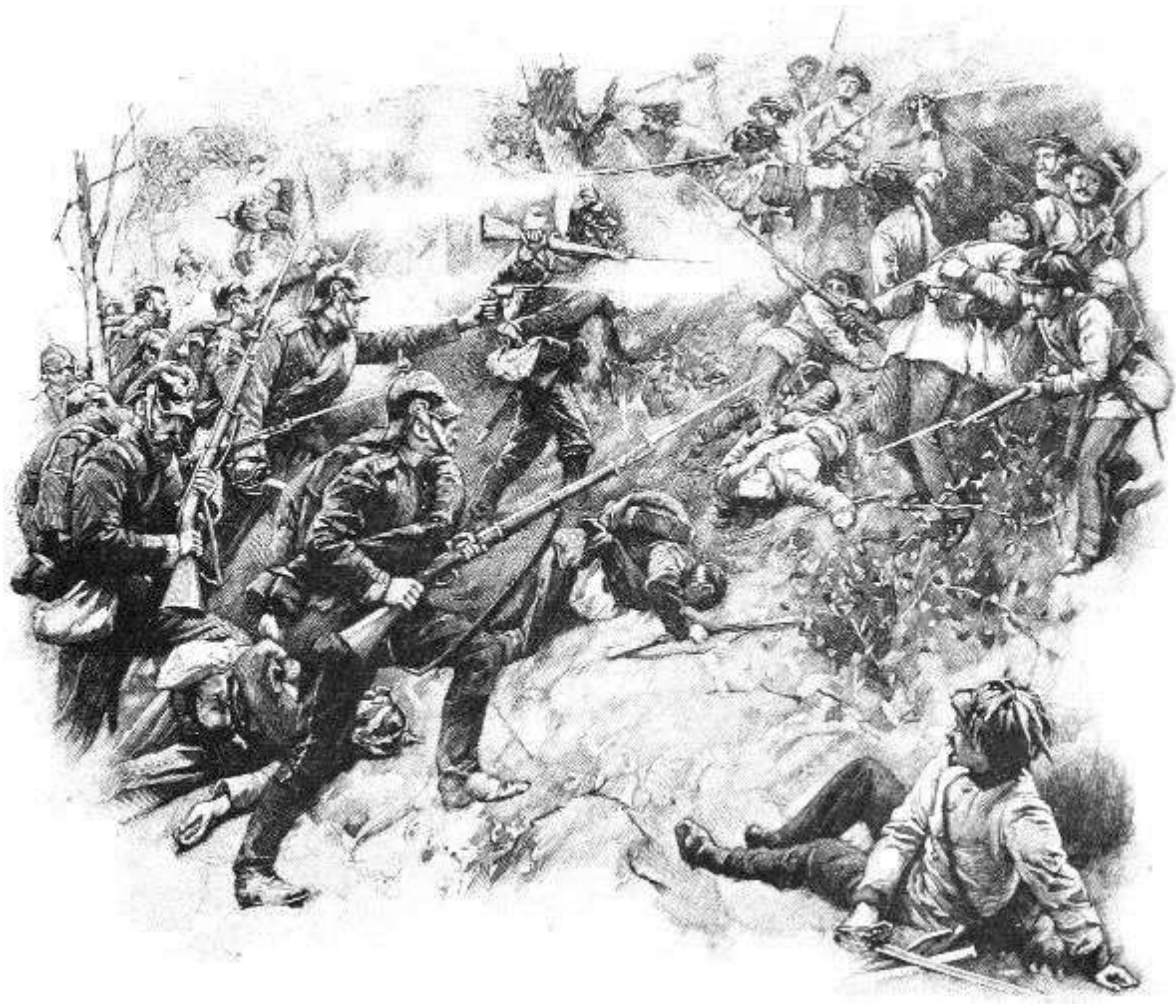
“THE PRUSSIANS PUSHED BATTERY AFTER BATTERY INTO ACTION” (p. [79](#))

Moltke himself afterwards related that, while he was watching the progress of events in front of Sadowa wood some roe-deer, startled from their leafy glades by the infernal pother around them, came bounding out and past him; and also how, when he and his suite rode forward a little way along the Lissa road to reconnoitre the Austrian position, he encountered an ownerless ox plodding along, serenely indifferent to the shells that were bursting all around it. Opposite the Sadowa wood on the Lissa heights, the Austrians had planted a most formidable entrenched line of guns, and Moltke afterwards told how he succeeded in getting the King to counter-order a command to storm these entrenched batteries from the front, which could only have ended in the bloodiest of disasters to their assailants.

About this time Bismarck, seeing how little headway the Prussians were making, began to be rather apprehensive as to the general result, fearing even that, if the Crown Prince came not up soon, they might,

after all, be beaten. But one little incident gave him fresh hope. Taking out his cigar-case he offered a weed to Moltke, who deliberately chose the best of the lot. "Oh," thought Bismarck to himself, "if Moltke is calm enough to do that, we need have no fear after all."

The coming of the Crown Prince, with his additional hundred thousand men, had been as anxiously looked for as the arrival of Blücher on the field of Waterloo, and in truth the two situations were closely alike. Suddenly Bismarck, who had been looking intently in the Crown Prince's direction, lowered his glass and pointed to certain lines in the far distance, but these the others pronounced to be furrows. "No," said Bismarck, looking again, "the spaces are not equal: they are advancing lines." And so they were; and by eleven o'clock the smoke of some Austrian batteries furnished a convincing proof that their fire was directed, not against the Red Prince's, but "Unser Fritz's" army; and the words "The Crown Prince is coming!" passed from lip to lip. But, some time before his advance had thus been signalled, Moltke made answer to the King, who had been questioning him as to the prospects of the fight, "To-day your Majesty will win, not only the battle, but also the campaign."



“BOLDLY THE PRUSSIANS ADVANCED UPON THIS VILLAGE
AND ITS WOOD” (p. [80](#)).

“The Prussian reserves,” wrote a correspondent with the Austrians, “were once more called upon; and from half-past twelve till nearly one o’clock there was an artillery fire from centre to left for six miles or more, which could not well have been exceeded by any action of which history makes mention. The battle was assuming a more awful and tremendous aspect, and the faint rays of sunshine which shot at intervals through the lifting clouds only gave the scene a greater terror.” About this time, also, “Benedek and his staff passed through the 6th Corps, which was in reserve. As the green plumes were seen rapidly advancing, the bands broke forth into the National Anthem, and the men cheered their commander with no uncertain note. Faces broke into broad smiles; Jäger hats were thrown into the air; all seemed joyous in the anticipation of an approaching triumph. Benedek, however, waved to them to cease

shouting, saying, in his peculiar tone of voice, ‘Not now, my children: wait till to-morrow.’” And it was wise advice; for by this time Benedek had begun to suspect that he and his men would soon all have a very different song to sing.

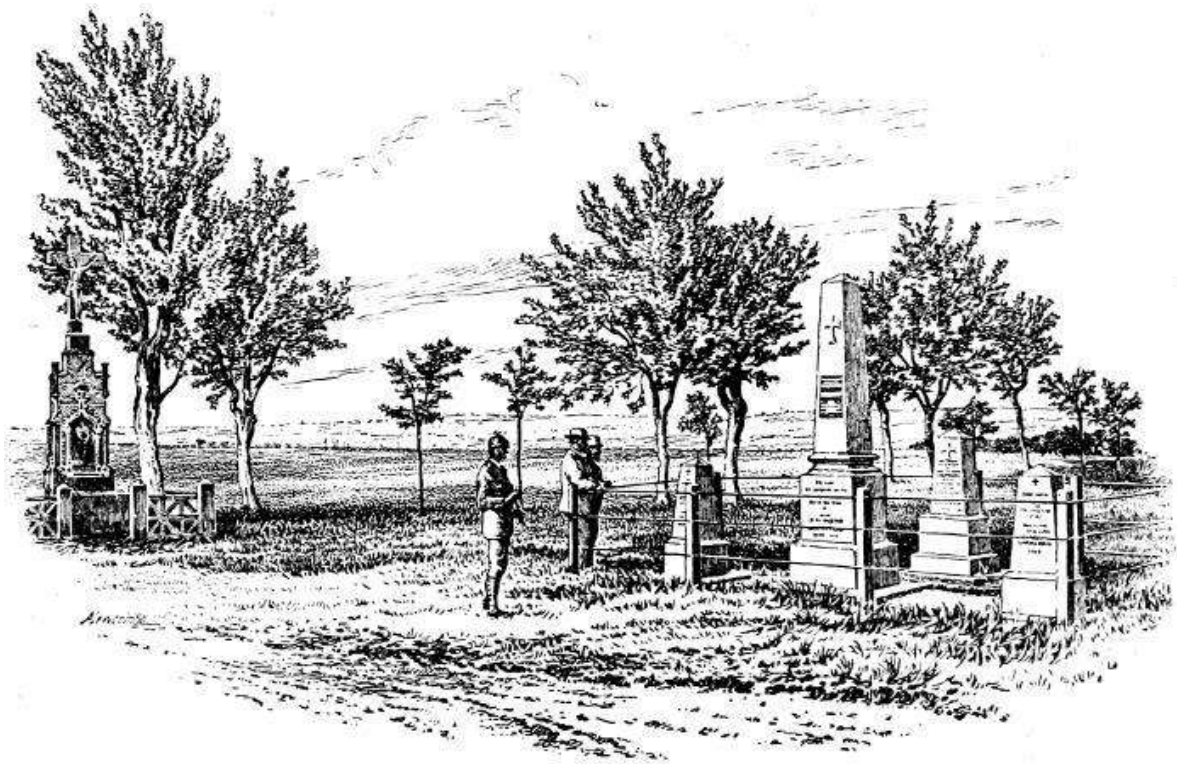
The storm and stress of battle were now beginning to tell heavily on the Austrians. They were, it is true, still holding their own, or something like it, on the line of the Bistritz; but what is that which suddenly attracts the attention of Benedek and his staff behind the village of Chlum? They gallop away thither to inquire into the cause of all this new turmoil, and are greeted with a destructive volley from the needle-guns of “Unser Fritz,” who had by this time, after a forced march of frightful difficulty across the sodden country from Königinhof, come upon the scene with his Guards, and not only turned the flank, but positively fastened on the rear of the Austrian fighting line, at which he was now hammering away with might and main. But his path, so far, had been encumbered with corpses and mutilated bodies in sickening masses. “Around us,” he wrote in his Diary, “lay or hobbled about so many of the well-known figures of the Potsdam and Berlin garrisons. A shocking appearance was presented by those who were using their rifles as crutches, or were being led up the heights by some other unwounded comrades. The most horrid spectacle, however, was that of an Austrian battery, of which all the men and horses had been shot down.... It is a shocking thing to ride over a battle-field, and it is impossible to describe the hideous mutilations which present themselves. War is really something frightful, and those who create it with a stroke of the pen, sitting at a green-baize table, little dream of what horrors they are conjuring up.... In Rosberitz, where the fight must have been frightfully bitter, to judge from the masses of dead and wounded, I found my kinsman, Prince Antony of Hohenzollern, who had been shot in the leg by three balls,” and died of his wounds soon after.

With the turning of the Austrian right by the Crown Prince, the battle was virtually won. On the extreme left, Herwarth had played similar havoc with the Saxons, in spite of the heroic desperation with which they fought; and by four o’clock the Prussian line of attack resembled a huge semi-circle hemming in the masses of battered and broken Austrian troops. Half an hour later the latter, perceiving that victory had at last been snatched from their grasp, began to give way all along their line; and then, with drums beating and colours flying, the Red Prince’s men,

with one accord, rose from their positions and began a general advance. Perceiving his opportunity, the King now gallantly placed himself at the head of the whole cavalry reserve of the First Army, which “charged and completely overthrew,” to quote his Majesty’s own words, a similar mass of Austrian horsemen.

The nature of the ground had hitherto prevented the cavalry of either army from acting in masses, but the country was more open on the line of retreat to Königgrätz, and it now became the scene of several splendid lance and sabre conflicts. As the squadrons of the 3rd Prussian Dragoons were rushing forward to charge some Austrian battalions near the village of Wiester, an Austrian Cuirassier brigade, led by an Englishman of the name of Beales, charged them in flank. They drove the Prussians back, and, smiting them heavily with their ponderous swords, nearly destroyed the dragoons; but Hohenlohe’s Prussian Uhlans, seeing their comrades worsted, charged with their lances couched against the Austrian flanks, and compelled them to retire. Pressed by the Lancers they fell back, fighting hard, but then the scarlet Zieten Hussars charged them in turn in the rear. A fierce combat ensued, and the gallant Beales himself was borne wounded to the ground.

But all would not avail. The Austrians were in full flight towards the fortress of Königgrätz, pursued by cavalry, volleyed at by infantry, and exposed to ever-increasing showers of shell-fire. Yet from some positions of advantage they continued to retaliate in kind; and it was while standing watching the pursuit that King William and his suite became exposed to a terrific counter-fire of shells. Bismarck, who was still with him, ventured to chide his Majesty for thus exposing his precious person so unnecessarily. “Does your Majesty, then, think they are swallows?” asked Bismarck, on the King affecting to make light of the whizzing of shells and bullets. “No one,” wrote Bismarck to his wife, “would have ventured to speak to the King as I did, when a whole mass of ten troopers and fifteen horses of a Cuirassier regiment lay wallowing in their blood close to us, and the shells whizzed in unpleasant proximity to the King, who remained just as quiet and composed as if he had been on the parade-ground at Berlin.” In spite of all remonstrances the King would not budge, so, edging up on his dark chestnut behind the King’s mare, Bismarck gave her a good sly kick with the point of his boot, and made her bound forward with her royal rider out of the zone of fire.



GRAVE-STONES ERECTED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD IN MEMORY OF THE FALLEN.

On coming up with the troops of the Crown Prince, the King had been nearly swallowed up by them for sheer joy. At sight of the venerable monarch, who had been exposing his person throughout the bloody fray like the most dutiful of his soldiers, battalion after battalion—some the mere shadows of their former selves—burst into frenzied cheering and rushed forward, officers and men, to kiss the hand, the boot, the stirrup of their beloved leader. But presently a scene more touching still was presented to the victorious Prussian troops, when the heroic Crown Prince rode up and met his father. “I reported to the King,” wrote the Crown Prince, “the presence of my army on the battle-field, and kissed his hand, on which he embraced me. Neither of us could speak for a time. He was the first to find words, and then he said he was pleased that I had been successful, and had proved my capacity for command, handing me at the same time the order ‘*Pour le mérite*’ (highest of Prussian war decorations) for my previous victories.” Earlier in the day “Unser Fritz” had met his cousin the Red Prince. “We waved our caps to one another from afar, and then fell into one another’s arms amid the cheering of the troops of my extreme right and his extreme left wing....

Two years ago I embraced him as victor at Düppel; to-day we were both victors: for, after the stubborn stand made by his troops, I had come to decide the day with my army."

The battle had been won, but at what a terrible cost! Even the victors shuddered at the sight of the multitudes of bodies which heaped the bloody field. By superior arms, superior numbers, and superior strategy, Prussia, at the cost of 10,000 of her bravest sons, had won a crowning victory over her Austrian rival, who lost 40,000 men (including 18,000 prisoners), 11 standards, and 174 guns. "I have lost all," exclaimed the defeated Benedek, "except, alas! my life!" The highest proportion of the Prussian loss of 10,000 had fallen on Franzecky's Division, whereof 2,000, out of 15,000, had bitten the Bohemian dust. But "*Franzecky vor!*" ("Franzecky to the front!") will always live in the Prussian soldier's song as a memory of the ever-ready leader who bore the brunt of the awful struggle on the line of the Bistritz.

That same night the King slept at Horitz—not upon a bed, but on his carriage cushions spread out on a sofa. Bismarck's couch was at first formed by a wisp of straw under the open colonnade of the same townlet, though afterwards he was invited to share the wretched room of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. Moltke rode back to Gitschin, a distance of about twenty miles from the battle-field, where a cup of weak tea was all the refreshment that could be got for him; and then, in a fever of fatigue, he threw himself down to sleep in his clothes, as he had to be up betimes and return to Horitz to procure the King's sanction for his further plans.



“THE CROWN PRINCE RODE UP AND MET HIS FATHER” (p. [83](#)).

It was he, the “Great Silent One,” who had won the greatest and most momentous battle of modern times.

It had taken Frederick the Great seven long years to humble the pride of Austria; it took William the Victorious, with Moltke as his “battle-thinker,” but seven short days to achieve the same result. The Prussian soldier preferred to call the battle which he had just helped to win, Königgrätz, because this name sounded to his ears as but a pun on the words “*Dem König geräth's*” (“The King will win”). But the King had only won by acting on the sage advice of his all-calculating Moltke, whose motto was “*Erst wägen, dann wagen*”—that is, “First weigh, then away!”



AYACUCHO

By W. B. ROBERTSON

That war whereby the power of Spain was broken in South America, is known as the South American War of Independence. On the one side was the imperial power of Spain fighting for supremacy; on the other side were her colonists—creoles, American natives of Spanish blood—fighting for freedom.

The first pitched battle was fought in Mexico near Aculco, in 1810; the last, on the plain of Ayacucho, in Peru, on December 9th, 1824.

Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador had already thrown off the Spanish yoke when General Bolivar, towards the end of 1823, arrived with his victorious army in Peru. He was hailed as “The Deliverer,” and addressed the National Congress at Lima in these words:—

“The soldiers who have come from the Plate, the Maule, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco as the deliverers of Peru will not return to their native country till they are covered with laurels, till they can pass under triumphal arches, nor till they can carry off as trophies the standards of Castille. They will conquer and leave Peru free, or they will die. This I promise.”

These words spoken, it remained to make them actualities; and how this was done will form our story.

In June of the following year Bolivar took the field with 10,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry. His cantonments were at Truxillo, and from there he began to move southwards to meet the enemy. The Spanish troops comprised 3,500 at Cuzco under the Viceroy of Peru, Laserna; 6,500 at Arequipa and Jauja under Canterac, and 1,000 away in the remote south under General Valdez, who was soon to be recalled to assist his companions in arms. The Spanish force nearest to Bolivar was thus

General Canterac's. This force was remarkably efficient and in the highest state of discipline. Its equipments were superior and complete; its artillery and cavalry particularly well appointed; and, what was not always the case with the liberating army, the troops were paid with the greatest regularity—a strong conducive to good discipline and order.

On August 2nd Bolivar reviewed his army on the tableland between Rancas and Pasco, a little north of Reyes, situated at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and amid a scene as majestic as may be found in the world. On the west rose the Andes, while on the east, and stretching away to the Brazils were the sublime ramifications of the Cordilleras. Surrounded by natural displays of such magnitude, Bolivar's army, composed of veterans who had fought in the Peninsular War, seen the conflagration of Moscow and the capitulation of Paris—as well as purely South American troops—looked a mere handful. Still it was enthusiastic, and the hills rang with “Vivas” at the termination of the General's stirring address that was read simultaneously to each corps.

“Soldiers,” so ran the address, “you are about to finish the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to men—that of saving an entire world from slavery.

“Soldiers! the enemies you have to overthrow boast of fourteen years of triumphs; they are, therefore, worthy to measure their swords with ours, which have glittered in a thousand combats.

“Soldiers! Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Even liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it? No! No! No! You are invincible.”

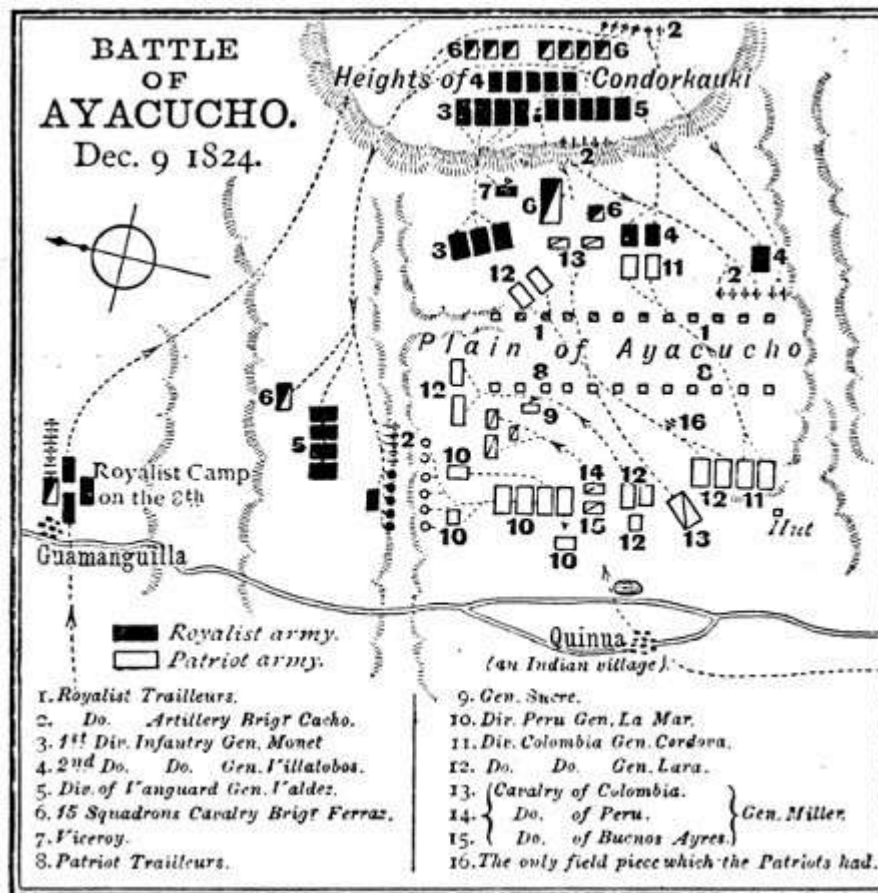
Meanwhile, Canterac, having united his forces at Jauja, was marching northwards to meet Bolivar. Between the two there lay a lake, and the patriot army marched south on the west side of this lake, while the Spanish army marched north on the east side. The result of this was to delay for four months the general engagement that was expected. Instead of the armies meeting face to face on the line of their march, only detachments entered into action on the plain of Junin, which lies to the south of the lake. It was purely a cavalry engagement, this—not a shot

was fired; the lance and sabre alone were used. As it was, the Royalists were worsted, losing nineteen officers, 345 rank and file, and eighty prisoners. The Patriots lost only three officers and forty-two rank and file, with a few wounded. Canterac now fell back upon Cuzco, which he reached with less than 5,000 men, his ranks thinned mostly by heavy desertions. The Patriot army continued to advance towards Cuzco, falling in, however, with no enemy. In October, Bolivar, expecting no further engagements that year, left the army and set out for Lima to hasten forward reinforcements that were expected from Colombia. He gave instructions to his second in command, General Sucre, to go into cantonments at Andahuaylas and Abancay, and, as the rainy season was about to commence, to cease active hostilities for the time being.

Bolivar had not been gone three days, when General Sucre began to question in his own mind the wisdom of his superior officer's instructions; so he called a council-of-war, at which, besides himself, were Generals La Mar, Lara, and Miller—the last, a distinguished British soldier. At this council-of-war it was agreed that if they did as Bolivar had commanded, and lay idle in their tents, the Spanish forces, recruited and united at Cuzco, would come upon them and annihilate them. The position was a delicate one, for obedience to a superior officer is a soldier's first duty. Still, there was Valdez marching from the south to join Canterac and Laserna at Cuzco, and it was proposed to endeavour to intercept Valdez. Operations were thus entered upon in the face of Bolivar's strict orders to the contrary, and these operations had the effect of drawing the enemy out of his stronghold.

Now followed two months of the most extraordinary manœuvring that ever preceded a battle. The Royalists, under the Viceroy Laserna, began to move in a westerly direction from Cuzco, and the Patriots to fall back. Twice the Patriot army offered battle, and twice it was refused. The Royalists, sure of success, sought to get behind the Patriots, thus cutting off their retreat and so annihilating them. At length, after several brushes—of which the most serious occurred in the Valley of Corpugwayco, where, besides losing their spare horses and some mules, the Patriots had 200 men killed, as against a death-roll of thirty on the other side—a position was reached which seemed to satisfy the requirements of both parties for the final grip. That position was on the plain of Ayacucho; and it is here that Bolivar's address to the soldiers should have been delivered

rather than on the eve of the affair of Junin: for it was here that the blow was struck that made the power of Spain in South America reel and totter to its fall.



BATTLE OF AYACUCHO.

Dec. 9 1824.

The plain of Ayacucho is situated at an altitude of 11,000 feet above sea-level, in the Peruvian department of Ayacucho. It is square-shaped and about two or three miles in circuit. On its north and south sides it is flanked by deep and rugged ravines. On the west it descends gradually for a couple of leagues to what was then the high road to Lima, and which runs along the base of a lofty mountain range which rises like a wall. On this side was stationed the Patriot army, its retreat by this road cut off by detachments sent by the Spanish Viceroy to destroy the bridges and render the defiles impassable. On the east side the plain was terminated by the abrupt ridge of Condorkanki, and a little below the summit of this ridge the Royalist army bivouacked during the night

preceding the fight. It was on the afternoon of the 8th of December that the respective armies reached these positions.

The eve of battle is worth describing. After the men on each side had been refreshed, and about two hours before sunset, a Spanish battalion of light infantry filed down into the plain and extended itself at the foot of the hill. A light infantry battalion of the Patriot army went forth to meet it. The opposing battalions, arrayed in extended files, engaged in skirmishing and performed evolutions to the sound of the bugle. The steadiness and behaviour of the men on each side were admired by the officers, and both parties agreed now and then to intervals of rest. During these intervals officers from the opposing sides approached one another and engaged in conversation. In the Patriot army was a Spaniard, Lieutenant-Colonel Tur, whose marriage to a beautiful woman of Lima had made him espouse the native cause. In the other army was his brother, Brigadier-General Tur, who sent a message to the former, saying how he regretted to see him, a Spaniard, in the ranks of rebels, and bearing arms against his king and country. "Yet," the message continued, "you may rely upon my protection when the coming battle will have placed you at the mercy of the Loyalists." The other brother was disposed to resent this message as an insult; still, they drew near to each other and ultimately embraced in view of both armies. When the shadows began to deepen across the plain, the different battalions retired to their quarters to waken to more serious work in the morning.

To waken, we have said. It is doubtful, however, if a single eye on Ayacucho were closed in slumber that night. All knew that they were about to engage in battle; none knew what the result might be, and whether this might not be his last night on earth. Both sides were wearied with the terrible marches and counter-marches, over mountains, down rocky defiles, and with the harassing watchfulness that had been continuously maintained. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officers of the Royalist army had kept their troops together. To prevent them from deserting, the different corps had habitually bivouacked in column, surrounded by sentinels, and outside of these again had been placed a circle of officers on constant duty. No soldier was allowed to pass the sentinels, who had strict orders to shoot down any one attempting to do so. Even detachments were not sent out for cattle and provisions, in case they should refuse to return; so the Royalists had been

obliged to eat the flesh of horses, mules, and asses. These galling restraints the soldiers knew could be ended in only one way, and that was by a decisive engagement with the enemy. So eager were they thus rendered for the fray that they had begun to murmur against their leaders, and were loudly accusing them of cowardice in avoiding a conflict with the foe.

On the other side, the Patriots, too, were sick of manœuvring. They had been subject to constant harassing attacks from hostile Indians, who hurled stones down the mountain sides into their ranks while on the march, attacked detached parties, even made prisoners, whom they cruelly ill-treated. Again, their provisions were nigh exhausted, and so scarce had their horses become that many of the cavalry soldiers were mounted on mules. These matters, instead of improving, were with the progress of time only becoming worse. All, then, were anxious to have a termination put to the weary round of monotonous marching, with increasing exposure to dangers that from their continual presence had ceased to be exciting. Men so placed are not likely to sleep during the night preceding the day of battle. Besides, the distance between the two armies measured only a mile, and Sucre, fearing that the Royalists might descend from their heights to surprise them in the dark, kept his corps in close column ready for the attack. He also sent forward the bands of two battalions with a company to the foot of the ridge. These continued to play during the night while a sharp fire was kept up upon the Royalist outposts, the idea being to make believe that the Patriots were under arms waiting to join in fight. In this way a lieutenant-colonel and three men were killed in the Spanish camp by chance bullets, so near were the opposing armies.

Under Sucre were 5,780 men, and these were arranged on the plain in the following order:—

Bogota, Caracas, Voltigeros, and Pinchincha regiments, under General Cordova, on the right.

Hussars of Junin, Granaderos of Colombia, Hussars of Colombia, Granaderos of Buenos Ayres regiments, cavalry, under General Miller, in the centre.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Legions regiments, under General La Mar, on the left.

Bargas, Vencedores, Rifles regiments, under General Lara, in reserve.

Artillery: one 4-pounder in front, under Commandant La Fuente.

The Royalist army numbered 9,310, and was commanded by the Viceroy, Laserna. It was posted on Condorkanki—a division under General Valdez on the north side of the height or extreme right of the Royalists; next to him, and still on the Royalist right, a division of infantry under General Monet, in the centre cavalry, and on the left a division of infantry with seven pieces of artillery under General Villalobos. At dawn of day, an unperceived movement took place in the Royalist camp. The division under General Valdez, comprising four field-pieces, four battalions, and two squadrons of hussars, stole away to the north.



“‘THERE LIES MY LAST HORSE!’” (p. [90](#)).

It was a chilly morning while the men were buckling on their armour, saddling their horses, examining their bayonets, and putting in order their various accoutrements. Amongst the things that the Colombia cavalryman had to do on mounting was the fixing of his bridle reins above his knees. By this means he guided his charger, and so had his hands left free to wield his heavy lance—a strong, tough sapling from twelve to fourteen feet long. The Patriot cavalry, let it be mentioned, were the finest horsemen in the world, drawn from the *gauchos* of the pampas, the *guasos* of Chili, and the *llaneros* of Colombia—all accustomed to ride from childhood.

Well, while such little details as we have mentioned were in progress, and the mounting sun had tempered the chilly air, the men on both sides were observed rubbing their hands and in other trifling ways showing the satisfaction which the nearness of the onset gave them.



“THE ROUTED SPANIARDS
CLAMBERED UP THE RUGGED SIDES”
(p. [90](#)).

At nine o'clock the first move forward began.

Then the division of infantry on the Royalist left under General Villalobos commenced to wind down the rugged side of Condorkanki. Laserna, the Viceroy, on foot, placed himself at the head of the descending files, and, obliquing to the left, led them into the plain. The other division of Royalist infantry, under General Monet, came down direct, while between these two divisions similarly descended the cavalry, the men leading their horses. As the different files reached the plain they silently formed into column. Meanwhile, General Sucre, of the Patriot army, rode along his line, and to each corps individually, in forcible words, recalled the achievements of the past. This done, he took up a position in the centre, and to his whole army in a loud voice, said:

“Soldiers! Remember that upon the efforts of this day depends the fate of South America.”

Then began the forward movement of the Patriots, the division of infantry under General Cordova and two regiments of cavalry being ordered to advance. Cordova, in front of his division, now formed into four parallel columns with cavalry in the intervals, having gone a few steps, dismounted, and plunging his sword into his charger, exclaimed:

“There lies my last horse! I have no means of escape, and we must fight it out together.”

This display of spirit on the part of their leader roused the men to such enthusiasm that they became irresistible. They thought of the enemy, not as something to be feared, but only as something to be vanquished. The consequence was that, having discharged their muskets, and Cordova’s shout of “Onward, with the step of conquerors!” ringing in their ears, they pressed forward and crossed bayonets with the foe. For four minutes, which contained the work of hours, the two contending forces struggled, the mass swaying now this way and now that, so that it was impossible to tell which would give way. At an opportune moment the Colombian cavalry charged at full gallop, and with both hands free wielding their tough lances with such force that, their onset proved irresistible, and the Royalists lost ground. The vigour of the Patriots was only increased by this advantage, which they followed up with such effect that the Royalists were hopelessly driven back with terrible slaughter. Colonel Silva, who led the cavalry charge, had fallen, covered with wounds. Wounded now, too, and taken prisoner, was Laserna, the Viceroy himself—representative of the proud monarch of Spain. The routed Spaniards clambered up the rugged sides of Condorkanki, and the chasing Patriots deploying, fired upon the fugitives, whose lifeless bodies rolled down the height till stayed by jutting crags or bushes.

While the crags and bushes of Condorkanki are being thus bathed in Spanish blood, quite a different fortune is attending the Patriot arms on their left. As already mentioned, General Valdez, with four field-pieces, four battalions and two squadrons of cavalry, had stolen at dawn of day, unperceived by the Patriots, away northwards from the Spanish camp. The object of that manœuvre now became apparent. He had made a *detour* of several miles, and while the contest we have just witnessed was

still in the balance, suddenly opened a heavy fire from his four field-pieces and a battalion in extended files upon the Patriot left. This obliged two battalions of General La Mar's division, posted on the left, to fall back, and its retreat was not prevented by the battalion Bargas from General Lara's division, which had been kept in reserve, sent to support it. Two of Valdez's battalions had now crossed the ravine into the plain, and pressed at the double-quick upon the retiring Patriots. At this juncture General Miller, who held a portion of the Patriot cavalry in reserve, led the Hussars of Junin against the Spaniards, and drove them back across the ravine. This brilliant charge conducted by Miller saved the battle. La Mar's division was thereby enabled to rally, and came to Miller's support. The Patriots in this part of the field, animated by Cordova's success against the Viceroy and the shouts of victory that were echoed back from Condorkanki, proved an easy match for Valdez's now somewhat scattered forces, and the Spanish general, so famous for his marches and tactical skill, soon found his division broken, his artillery taken, his cavalry flying in disorder, and his infantry dispersed. The day was now lost and won in little more than an hour, and the vanquished Royalists flying in all directions.

Among the Hussars of Junin so effectively led by Miller at the critical moment, were twenty-five who, owing to the scarcity of horses, had no better steeds than baggage-mules. This was simply for display and to lead the enemy to think their cavalry numbered more than their horsemen actually did. These Hussars on mules were ordered to remain in the rear and not to take part in Miller's charge. But they answered: "No; we will conquer or die with our comrades." And their bravery was soon rewarded, for after the charge they were able to substitute good Spanish horses, whose riders had fallen, for their less nimble mules. Six weeks previously, when on a reconnoitring expedition towards Cuzco, General Miller had been surprised at a place called Chuquibamba, and his horse, which was the finest in the army, and which he had ridden at Junin, with an orderly, fell into the enemy's hands. This horse was now seen amongst Valdez's retreating troops. Its rider was immediately singled out for pursuit, cut down, and the horse restored to its old master. Another object of interest to the pursuing Patriots were the silver helmets of the Spanish Hussars. The landscape gleamed with these helmets wherever bodies of cavalry moved. These became so attractive to the enemy that many threw them off to stop the pursuit, and the gleam was

quickly removed, the Patriots snatching them off and stowing them away in their valises.

At one o'clock on the day of the battle the divisions of the Patriot army, under Generals La Mar and Lara, reached the summit of Condorkanki. Here General Canterac was stationed, but before sunset he sued for terms of peace, and an hour later rode to General Sucre's tent, where the terms were agreed to. By these terms Canterac, as supreme commander in Peru, agreed to surrender to the liberating army the whole of the territory possessed by Spain as far as the Desaguadero. So in effect ended the War of Independence, and so was extinguished the power of Spain across the seas.

The losses on that day, on the side of the vanquished, were 1,400 killed and 700 wounded. Amongst the captured, besides the Viceroy and generals, were 16 colonels, 68 lieutenant-colonels, 484 officers, and 3,200 rank and file. The victors won at a cost of 370 killed and 609 wounded. The battle of Ayacucho was regarded as the most brilliant ever fought in South America. The discipline of the troops, seasoned with years of fighting, was considered such as would have been creditable to the best European armies, while they were led by the ablest officers on both sides. Bravery was conspicuous on every hand, the victory being not a matter of chance, but of determination, fire, and valour.

Besides General Miller, who played so important a part in this action, other countrymen of ours were that day engaged fighting for the cause of Independence. Among them were Major-General Francis B. O'Connor, brother of Fergus O'Connor; Major-General James Whittle, Colonel William Ferguson, Lieutenant Martin, who was killed, Major-General Arthur Sand, Captain George Brown, wounded, Captain Henry Wyman, wounded, and Captain Miller Hallows. These were chiefly officers in the Colombian battalion of Rifles, which was originally composed entirely of British subjects. During the long course of the war these had died or been killed, and the regiment was recruited from Colombian Indians, the officers, however, being still British. This regiment was the foremost in the fight amongst the troops that routed the divisions of Monet and Villalobos at the base of the Heights of Condorkanki.



LIMA.



The first Battle of Bull Run.

By Angus Evan Abbott

Major-General Robert Patterson, sixty-nine years old, ripe with experience gained in at least two wars, but burdened it may be with more of the indecision and fears of old age than is the usual lot of man—seeing before him, in fact, bogey numbers of enemies—marched his army one day this way and the next day that; and frittering away the time, at length, instead of fighting, he allowed General Johnston and 9,000 Confederate soldiers to slip quietly away from him. The result was the result to be expected. General Johnston by a rapid march reached General Beauregard's lines in time to turn the tide of battle in favour of

the South, and the first decisive struggle of the American Civil War was scored to the credit of the Confederates.

Four o'clock on the morning of April 12th, 1861, the Civil War began. At that hour a shell fired from a battery on shore struck Fort Sumter, a tiny fort built on a mudbank in the very centre of Charleston harbour; and this shot opened hostilities that were destined to last for years. The next day, Saturday, the news reached Washington that Fort Sumter, in possession of a United States garrison, had been bombarded by Southern militia acting under instructions from the Governor of South Carolina. President Abraham Lincoln realised at once that the time for pacific negotiations had passed and the time for the employment of force had come. On Sunday he drew up his first proclamation relating to the war. It called for 75,000 militia to assemble under arms to "repossess the forts, places, and properties which have been seized from the Union." In the two days which followed the issue of this call more than double the number of men asked for had volunteered for service. Every Free State in the Union responded with citizens eager to uphold the integrity of the Union. On the other hand, every Slave State insultingly refused her quota of the men required.

But ready and numberless as were the volunteers from the North, the resources of the States in the way of arms and ammunition, officers, and organisation, were utterly inadequate for the crisis. Although by many it had long been feared that the differences between the North and South were being accentuated to a dangerous degree, yet when the worst fears were realised and the actual outbreak of rebellion came, it took the country, as a country, completely by surprise. More than this, it caught those in authority unprepared. So it was that between the firing on Fort Sumter and the first great battle—Bull Run—three months elapsed. Those three months were spent in arming the volunteers—for the United States, then as now, had no standing army to speak of—in organising commissariat and other departments, transporting troops to various centres, and arranging the thousand and one details which, unless carefully attended to, would render the bravest army helpless.

But during the months of April, May, and June the absence of any organised body of opponents in the field allowed much telling work to be done by small parties of Southern soldiers. Unfortunately for the North, Washington, the capital of the Union, was to all intents and purposes

within the sphere of Southern influence—on the one side the State of Virginia, among the first States to refuse troops to Abraham Lincoln, and on the other, Maryland, riotous and to all appearances likely to cast in her lot with the rebel States. Federal soldiers on their way to guard the capital were shot and trampled to death in the streets of Baltimore, Maryland, but a few miles north from Washington. On the same day the railway bridges of lines running northward were destroyed, thus completely cutting Washington off from the North. To complete the dangerous position of the capital, a force of Confederate soldiers seized Harper's Ferry—the Harper's Ferry of John Brown notoriety—then a famous national arsenal, and there established a Southern camp. Next the important navy yard at Gosport, after the officers in charge had attempted to destroy it by fire, was captured by Southerners; and a number of other important points bearing on the capital city falling into the hands of the Confederates, Washington was surrounded. The battle of Bull Run was brought on by the North with the intention of relieving the capital of the Union by dispersing the enemies that surrounded it.



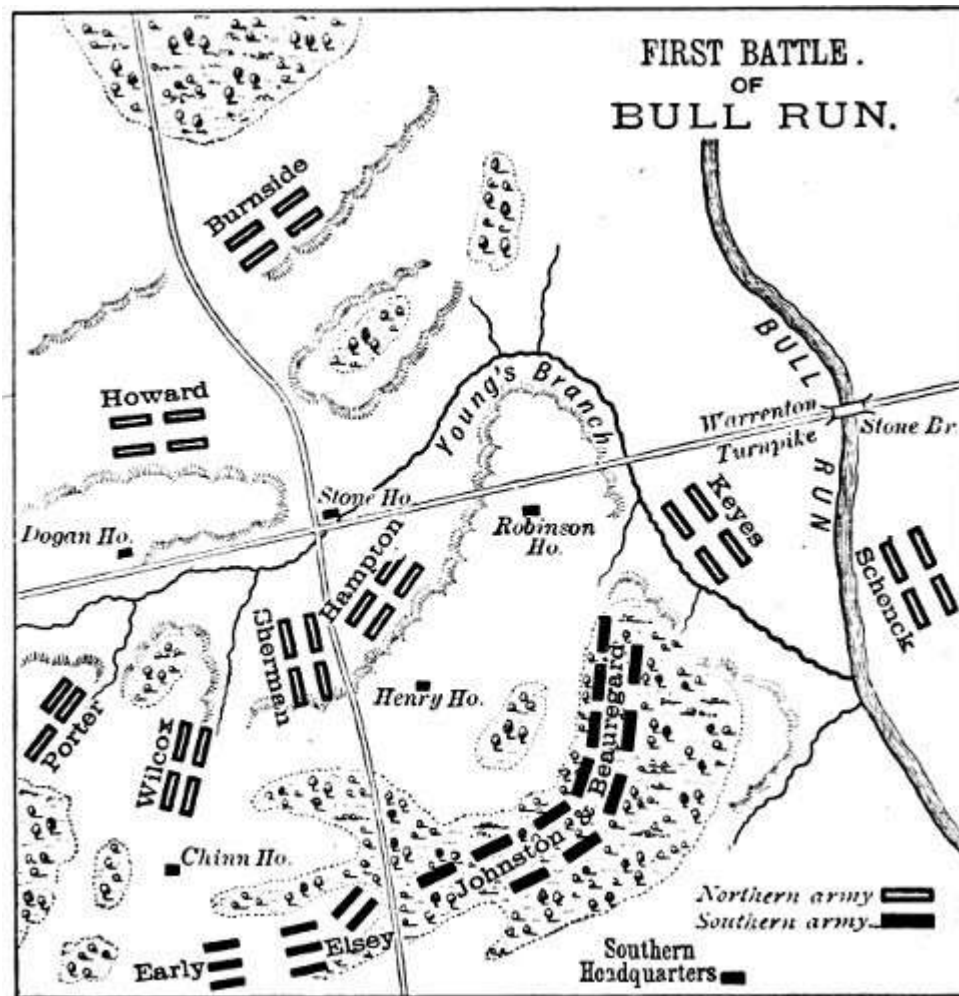
“THEY WOULD NOT KEEP IN RANK, ORDER AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASED” (p. [95](#)).

Bull Run, the stream that gave its name to the battle, is a sluggish, uneven waterway running in a south-easterly direction, and at the point where the engagement took place some five-and-thirty miles from Washington. Its banks are steep and at some places rocky, with heights, densely wooded, on its western shore, and the stream itself deep and sullen, yet at points fordable. A short distance south of Bull Run is Manassas Junction—a railway junction—and here General Beauregard had his headquarters.

Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, born in 1818, was a native of Louisiana, and passed through the United States Military Academy at West Point. Strangely enough, one of his class-mates at the Academy was the Federal general McDowell, who at this battle of Bull Run commanded the Northern forces. Beauregard had served through the Mexican campaign with distinction, taking part in the siege operations at Vera Cruz, and at Mexico he was twice wounded. To him fell the

distinction of being chosen to open the war for the South, and it was he who bombarded and finally, captured Fort Sumter.

General Beauregard had assembled a strong force of Confederates at this point with the evident intention of marching upon Washington, but before he was ready to move on the capital, a large army of Northerners managed to reach the city, and Beauregard found his plans defeated. Consequently, he entrenched himself securely and waited for the time to arrive when, sufficient troops furnished him, he could carry out his plan to capture the capital. The position for encampment had been carefully chosen. Along the western bank of Bull Run, from Manassas Junction to a stone bridge some eight miles up stream, the Southern forces were posted, each ford strongly guarded, the rocky banks and the deep water forming a natural breastwork, and the dense woods a natural stockade. Across Bull Run, a few miles towards Washington, is the village of Centreville, and here the advance guards, or more properly, a scouting party, was stationed to give news of any movement that might be made by the North; and, central and convenient, the headquarters at Manassas commanded the whole.



FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

POSITION OF THE FORCES AT NOON.

Woods, stream, and rolling country made General Beauregard's position a peculiarly strong one. In fact, as General McDowell, the commander of the forces of the North, soon found, the position was well-nigh invulnerable. To attack the Confederates in front, fording Bull Run, scaling the high bank and charging into a wood, was out of the question. Moreover, to strengthen Beauregard's hands, General J. E. Johnston, a soldier of energy and experience, was stationed at Winchester, to which town he had retreated from Harper's Ferry when he found himself confronted by General Patterson. General Patterson's orders from Washington were to retake Harper's Ferry from General Johnston. But the Southern general, fully convinced that Harper's Ferry was of no strategical importance, and more of a trap than anything else, fell back at Patterson's approach, and entrenched himself at Winchester. To the

Federals the great danger lay in the risk of Johnston by a forced march joining Beauregard, and opposing a united force to McDowell. To prevent this, General Patterson's second orders were to hold Johnston in Winchester. Patterson had plenty of men for the purpose, but failed to do what was expected of him. When the crucial moment arrived, Johnston arrived with it and ruined McDowell's chance of victory.

McDowell marched from Washington. It had originally been General Scott's intention to give the command of the Federal forces to Robert E. Lee; but that officer, destined to become the most famous general of the South, resigned his position, and journeying south, took charge of the raising of Confederate soldiers. McDowell, however, was an officer in every way competent to worthily represent the North.

A civil war makes strange opponents. Men hitherto the closest friends, found themselves divided, friends still, but facing one another on the field of battle, and fighting to the death for what each considered the right. This curious division affected officers and men alike. In fact, a large majority of the officers who, at the outbreak of hostilities found themselves in charge of the newly-enlisted regiments, had been educated together at West Point, and together received their baptism of fire and learned what real war meant under the sweltering sun of Mexico. General Irvin McDowell, as has been told, stood side by side with General Beauregard at West Point, and side by side with him on the battle-fields of Mexico. For some years he acted as assistant-instructor in infantry tactics in the Military Academy, and when war broke out he was relieved of his duties in the Adjutant-General's Department at Washington, and placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, now on its way to Bull Run.

When he set out from Washington he carried with him full instructions and the confidence of all concerned. Never was a battle more carefully planned. Every move likely to take place had been canvassed and discussed, President Lincoln and General Scott giving their personal consideration and assistance to McDowell. When the latter marched away at the head of his 30,000 men, it was thought that he had nothing to do but to act quickly and victory must rest with him. General Sherman afterwards said that Bull Run was one of the best planned and one of the worst fought battles of the Civil War.

On July 16th McDowell issued his orders to march. J. G. Nicolay, who was private secretary to Lincoln, gives this as the organisation of McDowell's army:—

“First Division, commanded by Tyler: an aggregate of 9,936 men, divided into four brigades, respectively under Keyes, Schenck, Sherman, and Richardson.

“Second Division, commanded by Hunter: an aggregate of 2,648 men, divided into two brigades, under Porter and Burnside.

“Third division, commanded by Heintzelman: an aggregate of 9,777 men, divided into three brigades, under Franklin, Wilcox, and Howard.

“Fourth Division, commanded by Runyon: an aggregate of 5,752 men; no brigade commanders.

“Fifth Division, commanded by Miles: an aggregate of 6,207 men, divided into two brigades, under Blenker and Davies.”

From these figures, it will be seen that McDowell marched with more than 34,000 men. But as Runyon's division was left to guard communications, and as some days before the fight a number of the volunteers were mustered out, their three months' time having expired, defections left the Federal general in command of something like 28,000 men to meet an equal or larger number of Confederates, entrenched, as we have seen, in a strong position, and fully prepared for a stubborn fight.

When the news flashed across the length and breadth of the great continent that at last a Northern army was to attack the South, the question on everybody's lips was “How will the American fight?” McDowell, in his army of 30,000, had but 800 regulars—the rest were volunteers who had never been trained to war. Raw, inexperienced, undisciplined, gathered from the four corners of the continent: rugged bushmen from the backwoods of Michigan, rough and restless men, hunters born and bred every one, marching side by side with workers from the Pennsylvania mines and New York factory hands; carters from Philadelphia and Chicago, farmers from Ohio and Illinois, clerks from Buffalo and Boston, all untried and untrained, having volunteered for what the most of them looked upon as a jaunt and picnic in the South, with, maybe, a little shooting by the way—all trudged merrily along

under the sweltering July sun, joking and playing pranks as they turned their faces to the South, and paying but small heed to their officers' attempts to keep them in order. McDowell, writing of this march to Bull Run, tells many strange things. He says that the advance was rendered tediously slow by the "fooling" of the men on the march. "They stopped every moment to pick blackberries or to get water; they would not keep in rank, order as much as you pleased; when they came where water was fresh, they would pour the old water out of their canteens, and fill them with fresh water. They were not used to denying themselves much; they were not used to journeys on foot." Before the long war was ended the troops became very used indeed to denying themselves much, and to weary journeys on foot.

On Thursday, July 18th, Tyler, commanding the first division, moved warily on Centreville, only to find that the Confederates stationed there showed no disposition to fight, but that they fell rapidly back towards Bull Run. This being so, on towards Bull Run Tyler continued his march, his orders being to carefully observe roads, positions, and lay of the land, but under no circumstances to engage in battle. He was to scout, to gather information for future use. But Tyler's enthusiasm got the better of his discretion, and, it is feared, caused him to forget his orders. He had seen the Confederates retreat before him from Centreville, as though fearing to fight, and then a temptation was thrown in his way in the shape of a favourable position for a battery from which a few shells could be dropped on the enemy. He planted a battery, and fired on a Confederate battery still on the Centreville side of Bull Run. The Southerners retired to Blackburn's Ford, and Tyler threw forward skirmishers against the Confederate skirmishers, and these getting into a hot exchange, Tyler was soon forced to bring forward a brigade, and then a second; and almost before he knew what was happening he found his battery and his men in a trap. Before he managed to bring away his battery and withdraw his men, he lost close upon a hundred killed, and his soldiers retired in confusion, the officers chagrined over the first serious check of the war.

But disastrous as was this the first skirmish of Bull Run to the Northern cause, it on the other hand exposed to General McDowell the position of the Confederates, and showed to him the hopelessness of an attack in front. McDowell's first plan of battle, perfected at Washington, was to make a vigorous attack on Beauregard's front, and when this

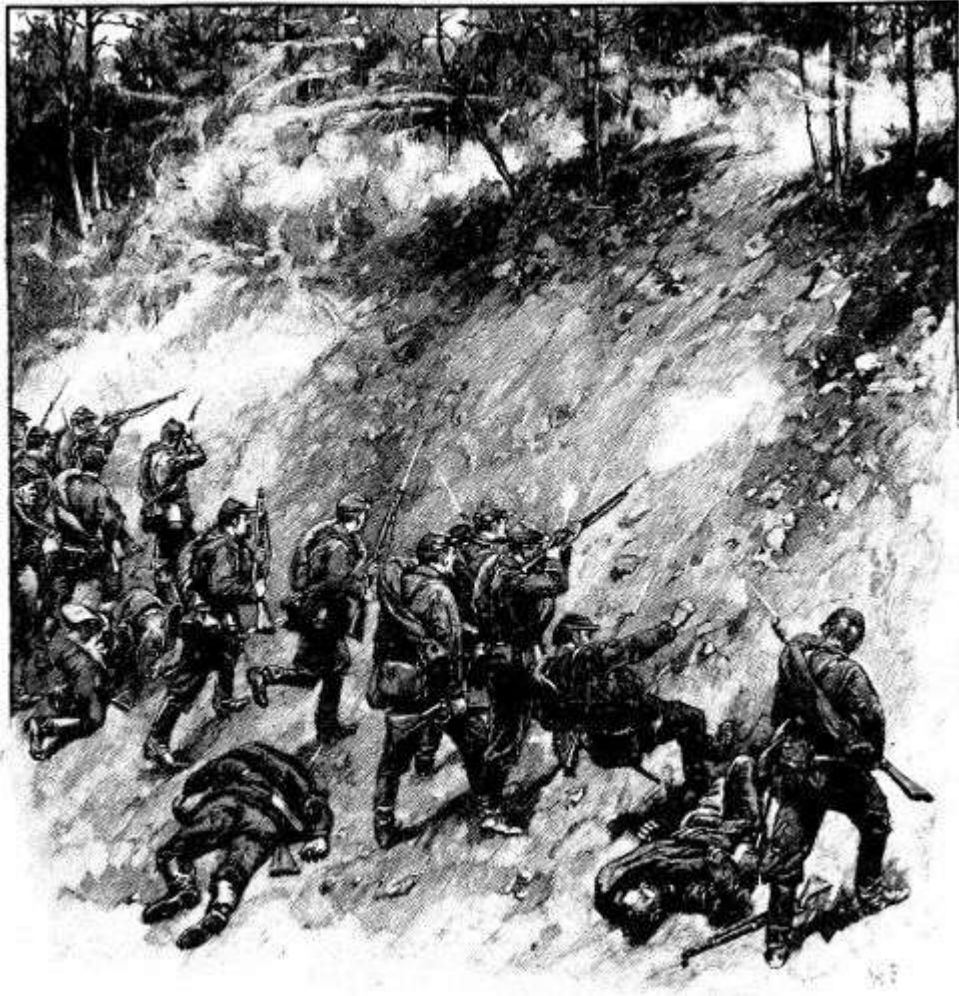
action raged, to cross Bull Run lower down, and while the Confederates were concerned about the safety of their van to fall unexpectedly upon Beauregard's right and turn it. A personal reconnaissance, made at the moment of Tyler's unfortunate experiment, proved to McDowell that this plan could not be carried out. The ground on Beauregard's right was totally unsuited to the job. High hills, densely wooded and strongly held, rendered the scheme clearly unfeasible. Some other plan must be devised. He rode to Centreville with all speed, and there Tyler and his officers reported rifle-its and strong barricades, natural and artificial, in front of every ford, the one bridge spanning the stream strongly guarded and prepared for blowing up if need be, and not the slightest chance of his untrained soldiers carrying the position. These reports convinced McDowell that only a demonstration must be made in front, and his whole energies applied to reaching the southern side of Bull Run, and fighting the battle across fields instead of across deep water. Richardson's brigade was ordered forward to continue the menace at Blackburn's Ford, and the engineers were sent up stream to survey Bull Run for a ford. But a ford they were unable to find until Saturday, and the battle of Bull Run could not be fought before Sunday, July 21st. A fatal delay this proved to be. News of Tyler's engagement at Blackburn's Ford on the Thursday reached Johnston at Winchester, and that energetic officer, seeing that a general action must soon take place, slipped away from the aged General Patterson, and by a forced march through Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge, he took train at Piedmont and marched most of his men into Beauregard's camp on Saturday evening. One of his companies, indeed, did not arrive until Sunday afternoon, when by falling upon the Federals' right, it gave the first intimation to McDowell that Johnston had given Patterson the slip.



GENERAL SHERMAN.

A close, hot night preceded the eventful day. A mist, such as is so often seen on sultry nights in America, hung over the valley of Bull Run, blurring everything into a grey, indistinguishable mass, notwithstanding that the moon shone brightly. Shortly after midnight the Northern army bestirred itself to begin the work that lay before it. Tyler's orders were to get away early from Centreville and to commence a hot attack on the stone bridge, as if it were McDowell's intent to force his way across the stream at that point. As soon as Tyler and his men cleared the camp at Centreville, Hunter and Heintzelman were to march rapidly to the ford which the engineers had located, cross, and at the topmost speed consistent with a good formation advance upon Beauregard's left, fall upon the rear of the defenders of the stone bridge and clear them away, and so allow Tyler to cross and join forces. McDowell hoped in this way not only to disorganise the Confederate arrangements, but also to prevent any chance of Johnston from Winchester joining Beauregard. He had no idea that Johnston had already effected the juncture. The Northern men, new to war, turned but drowsily from their sleep. It was night, and, unused to the necessity of quick and silent action, the men delayed and refused to be hurried. Consequently, before Tyler had got his men out of the way of Hunter, the hour for moving had long since passed. Tyler

intended to attack the stone bridge at four in the morning. It was not until six that he fired his first gun. Hunter and Heintzelman were proportionately delayed.



“TIME AFTER TIME THE ATTEMPT TO SCALE THE HEIGHT WAS MADE” (p. [99](#)).

Strange to tell, it was Johnston’s intention to attack McDowell that very morning. This General Joseph Eggleston Johnston—Beauregard’s superior in rank, and an officer of energy, foresight, and initiative, fifty-four years old—besides having served through the war with Mexico, had seen much fighting with the Red Indians in many parts of America; and, as never were trickier fighters alive than the Red men, Johnston’s wits had been sharpened to a wonderful degree by his border experiences. He suffered desperate wounds at Cerro Gordo, and again at Chapultepec, was particularly active at Vera Cruz and in half-a-dozen battles in Mexico, and at the very outbreak of the Civil War captured Harper’s

Ferry. In withdrawing his forces from Winchester to Bull Run—successfully outwitting General Patterson—he gave early proof of his skill in handling large bodies of men and readiness in rising to the occasion. He and Beauregard had planned on Saturday night to bring about a battle before it would be possible for General Patterson from Harper's Ferry to join with McDowell, which, Johnston felt convinced, Patterson would hasten to do when he found that the Confederates had marched away from him. Johnston had already given the orders for an attack on McDowell, when the guns thundered out from the stone bridge. Instantly General Johnston countermanded the order to advance. As McDowell had begun the attack, it were better to fight the battle with all the advantages Bull Run gave to the South. He awaited developments.

Colonel Evans held the stone bridge for the Confederates. He had with him, behind the timber *abattis*, a regiment and a half and four guns; and when Tyler opened fire it seemed to him that a determined attempt would be made to force his position, and he prepared to hold it at all hazards. But after the fighting had lasted a short time, it occurred to Evans that the attack was conducted with nothing like the vigour he would have expected under the circumstances, and he cast about him for an explanation. An explanation was not long in coming. Scouts hurrying from the wood to his left told him that a large force of men had forded Bull Run some miles above the stone bridge and were marching to fall upon his rear. Without a moment's hesitation, and waiting for no orders, Evans, leaving four companies with two guns to hold the bridge, posted the remainder of his men in as favourable a position to resist attack as he could come upon in the limited time at his disposal. When Hunter emerged from the wood, at ten o'clock in the morning, he found that his advance had been made known, and that there was now no chance of taking the Confederates by surprise.

First began an artillery duel. The sound of guns on his side of Bull Run told Johnston that the Federals had crossed the stream and had attacked his left. He hurried General Bee with four regiments and two companies to the support of Evans, already sorely pressed. Next Heintzelman, having now safely crossed the stream, came at the double-quick with a regiment to the assistance of Hunter, and joining forces, bore down upon the Southern lines. The front of battle at once changed from Bull Run stream to what had been the Confederates' left.

And now began the battle proper. The men who, a few hours before had refused discipline and disregarded orders from whatever quarter given, at last, within shot of the enemy, faced the situation seriously and fought well. With now the advantage of position and numbers, the men from the North drove the Southerners steadily down the hill, the Confederates fighting every inch of the way with that fiery courage that distinguished them all through the war. Every fence, house, and wood, every hillock, every stone on the way, every hollow and every ditch, was made a standing-place by the South, and tenaciously held to as long as mortal could endure the hail of bullets and crash of cannon-ball. But the Federals fought splendidly, and carried position after position with the courage and dash of veterans. McDowell, coming upon the scene of action at this point, hurried word to Tyler to press his attack upon the stone bridge. This Tyler did not do, but instead, fording Bull Run a short distance above the bridge, came upon the rear of the defenders and swept them away from their stronghold. Then, marching towards the sound of the fighting, he safely joined his commander-in-chief. At noon McDowell had the satisfaction of knowing that not a hitch had taken place in his plans. The bridge had been cleared, the Confederates' left turned, and his men had driven the enemy down the hillside, over a creek, across the valley, and up into a wood. The morning's work was all the North could desire. Everything pointed to a Northern victory, full and complete.

Johnston and Beauregard now found a difficult task before them. Their men, numbers of them thinking all lost, were hurrying to the rear in dire confusion, throwing away their arms and accoutrements as they ran. Many companies were entirely disorganised, and others cut to pieces in the fight. But the two Southern generals, riding to the front, personally supervised the re-formation of the lines. On top of the hills up which the Confederates had been forced was a large plateau, thickly wooded, and on this plateau the generals checked the retreat, and swung their disorganised regiments into line. Early's Brigade formed the left flank, and faced Wilcox and Porter, Elzey's fronted Sherman, and Hampton lay nearest to Bull Run. The Confederate position for the renewal of the fight was clearly a strong one. Down in the valley lay the Federals. To reach the Southerners, they must charge up a hill and into a dense wood. This proved altogether too difficult a task. Sherman said afterwards that had McDowell ignored the partially defeated and strongly entrenched army

of the South, and, instead of attempting to carry the plateau, marched around the hill and captured the enemy's headquarters, Manassas Junction, the Southerners would have been defeated by the very act. But probably neither McDowell nor Sherman thought of this at the time. The order was to further rout the apparently routed, and the Federals dashed themselves to pieces in the attempt. When Johnston and Beauregard got their men ready, the latter took personal command, and Johnston—superior in rank—hastened to headquarters to superintend the whole.

The battle of the afternoon was a battle of hopeless confusion. No two on the Federal side could afterwards agree as to what had taken place. The want of cohesion, of discipline; the rawness of the troops, the ignorance and lack of executive ability on the part of the officers, added to the disadvantageous position, soon brought the army of the North into a state of helpless chaos. The Confederates, strongly situated, lay quietly in the wood firing grimly down the hill. When the Northerners were first ordered to charge, they did so with determination; but scarcely had they advanced a few hundred feet than they came under an appalling fire, volley after volley sweeping down the steep incline. Time after time the attempt to scale the height was made; and the right did at one time gain a footing, but to no purpose. It was a hopeless task from the first.



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

In the woods on top of the plateau lay Thomas Jonathan Jackson and his men. Jackson was of English descent, and having been left an orphan at seven, he grew to manhood on a rough farm in Western Virginia, joined the army, fought in Mexico, and after teaching school was with Johnston at Harper's Ferry. Jackson's brigade was the first to get into position and check the advance of the Federals, the panic-stricken Southerners rallying upon his line. During the crisis, General Bee, rallying his men, shouted: "See; there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally on the Virginians." Immediately afterwards General Bee was shot dead; but the nickname "Stonewall" stuck to Jackson, and became probably the most familiar nickname of the war.

To the Confederate left stood Henry House. Built on a knoll, it commanded the whole field of action, and here McDowell deemed it important to plant a battery. To this ground two batteries were sent, and Ellsworth's Zouaves ordered to support them. In making their way to the position the officers of the Zouaves mistook an Alabama regiment for a Northern one, and did not find out their mistake until they had exposed their men to a fire that wiped the regiment out of existence. Another and another regiment was sent to the support of the battery, and the battle raged its wildest around the knoll at Henry House. Keyes, on the right, after a successful charge was driven back, Sherman in the centre charged again and again up the hill, each charge only resulting in a heavier loss, and the batteries at Henry House were taken and retaken time and time again. As the afternoon grew older, confusion gradually settled on the Northern lines. Companies beaten back from the brow of the hill got mixed with companies charging up the hill; men lost their officers and officers their companies, until after a few hours' fighting all was confusion, and the Northern army, victorious as it seemed a little earlier in the day, degenerated into a mob of struggling men, into which the South continued to pour a merciless fire.

Just when the army had been reduced to this pitiable state of confusion, a body of close upon two thousand fresh men came hurrying across the fields to take part in the conflict. They were the last arrivals from Winchester, Johnston's men, who hearing the roar of battle, stopped their train at the nearest point to the scene of action, and running as fast as legs could carry poured a volley into the Federals' right. This proved to be the last straw. Raising the cry: "Here's Johnston from the valley!"

the army of the North broke and fled panic-stricken across Bull Run, along the turnpike to Centreville and on to Washington, to let the President and the people of the North know that an appalling disaster had befallen the Federal cause. General McDowell tried his utmost to stay the flight, but to no purpose. It was every man for himself, and never was rout more complete.

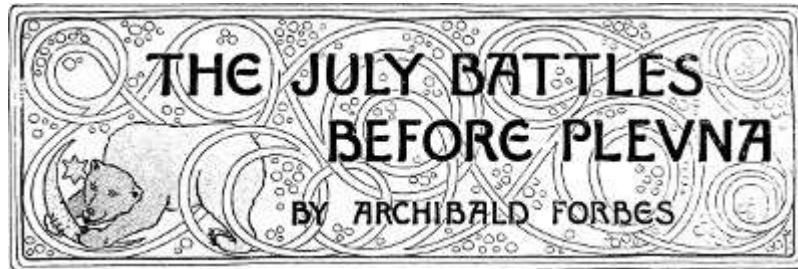


**“THE ARMY OF THE NORTH BROKE AND FLED PANIC-
STRICKEN.”**

When the sum of battle came to be reckoned, it was found that the North had 481 men killed, 1,011 men wounded, and 1,461 taken prisoners; while the Southern loss was 387 killed and 1,582 wounded.

Public opinion held General McDowell responsible for the crushing defeat, and as a consequence he was superseded in his command by General McClellan; and although a capable and honourable officer, he

played no great part in the subsequent events of the war. The first battle of Bull Run brought the seriousness of the situation vividly to the minds of the people of the North, and showed how fatally the position had been underestimated by everyone from President to peasant.



THE JULY BATTLES BEFORE PLEVNA

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

I n the early days of July, 1877, the soldiers of the Tzar were jubilant. So early as April Russian army-corps after army-corps had come tramping across the Pruth into Roumania, and in May the Danubian Principalities swarmed with sturdy Russian soldiers along the left bank of the great river, from Galatz on the east to Kalafat on the west. They gazed eagerly across the brown water of the Danube to the precipitous Bulgarian bank on the further side, but had to wait impatiently until the falling of the river gave them the opportunity for which they craved so ardently. At length, however, they had effected the crossing of the Danube from Simnitsa to Sistova and from Braila to Matchin, and the whole Russian army was now on Turkish soil. By the middle of the month Gourko was beyond the Balkans on that adventurous raid of his which spread panic from Hankioj to Constantinople. "Hey for Adrianople!" was the hilarious and confident shout, as army-corps after army-corps started on the enterprise which seemed so ridiculously easy. Princes and staff-officers betted with each other in hundreds of dingy paper-roubles as to the day on which they would dine in Stamboul.

The route which the main advance over the Balkans was to take was by Tirnova and the Shipka Pass, and thence on Adrianople through the rose-gardens of Kazanlik and down the beautiful valley of the Tundja. Two corps had been sent to the left to protect the advance from the Turks

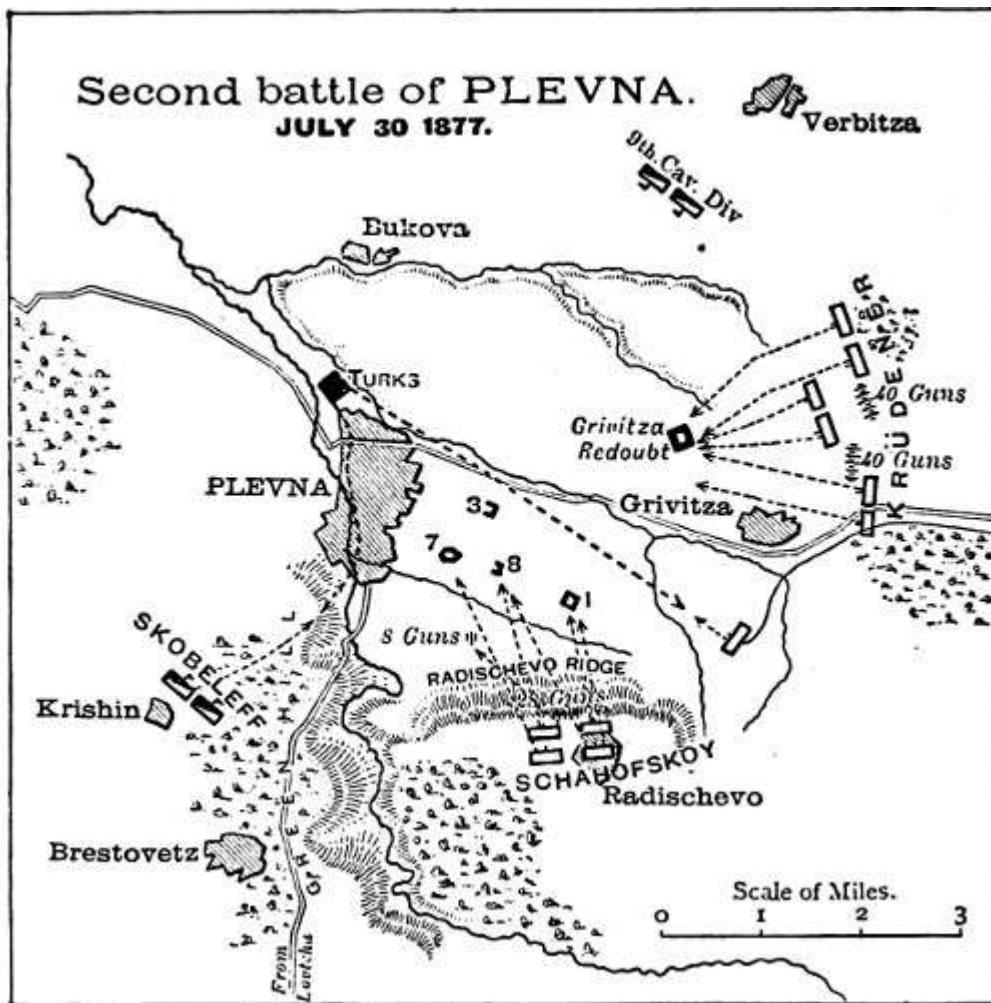
holding the Bulgarian quadrilateral. Old Krüdener, the chief of the 9th Corps, had been sent off to the right, with the airy order to storm the fortress of Nicopolis and then to march to the Balkans without delay, leaving as he passed detachments in Plevna and Loftcha for the protection of the right wing, and to cross the great range into Roumelia by the Trajan Pass. “Grandfather” Krüdener, grimmest and toughest of warriors, began handsomely. He so smothered with shell-fire the obsolete and crumbling fortress of Nicopolis, that after two days’ endurance of the Russian cannonade the garrison capitulated. It was quick work, and there were not wanting hints that he had backed his shell-fire by a bribe to the pasha in command. Anyhow, Krüdener scored, when on the 17th there surrendered to him 7,000 men, including the pasha—the cost of the triumph 1,300 Russians killed and wounded, and the trophies of it, among other things, six flags and 110 guns.

FIRST BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 20TH.

Next day the Grand Duke Nicolas telegraphed to Krüdener to “occupy Plevna as promptly as possible.” That smart old warrior had anticipated this order by pushing out towards Plevna, which is about twenty miles south-east of Nicopolis, an infantry regiment and the brigade of Caucasian Cossacks, and on the same day moved out General Schilder-Schuldner with an infantry brigade. In all this there was no apprehension in regard to Plevna; the order and movements just mentioned were simply in the line of fulfilment of the original instructions that Krüdener should hasten to cross the Balkans by the Trajan Pass.

But no Russian troops were to enter Plevna for six long months to come. Osman Pasha, whose fame was soon to ring through Europe, was on the march down the Bulgarian bank of the Danube from Widdin, with an army of 40,000 of the best troops in Turkey. Learning that the Russians had already crossed the Danube, he had turned inland, reached Plevna on the 17th, and, recognising the strategical and defensive characteristics of the place and its immediate surroundings, settled himself there, and promptly set about throwing up a line of entrenchments along the northern ridge from the village of Bukova eastward to the site of the subsequently famous Grivitza redoubt.

In utter ignorance that Plevna was already in Osman's occupation, Schilder-Schuldner advanced in its direction without the commonest precautions. He made no reconnaissances, for he had no cavalry with his main body; and the result of this stupid neglect was that, as he was unconcernedly crossing the Verbitza heights, he was suddenly halted by Turkish artillery fire from the Grivitza ridge. He had already sent the Kostroma regiment eastward to Zgalevitza, and the Caucasian brigade to Tutchenitza, actually south-east of Plevna. The disposal of his little force by Schilder-Schuldner for the night of the 19th July was a lively instance of an almost comic inability how to make war. His troops—6,500 men all told, with forty-six guns—were distributed over a distance of seventeen miles. Osman Pasha must have smiled as he posted his 40,000 men and ninety guns in the shelter-trenches and battery-emplacements with which his northern and eastern front was already garnished. Schilder-Schuldner scouted the suggestion that he should wait for reinforcements. No! He had his orders to attack on the morning of the 20th; he had always obeyed orders, and he meant to do so now!



Second battle of PLEVNA.

July 30th 1877.

PLEVNA: THE POSITION OF THE RUSSIANS.

Accordingly, at daybreak of that morning, he moved forward from Riben, three batteries in the centre, a regiment on either flank. After an hour's cannonade, the troops moved forward and assailed the Grivitza heights. The western extremity of the trenches was carried after a desperate struggle, in which both sides freely used the bayonet. The Vologda regiment, with part of the Archangel regiment on its left, notwithstanding a withering fire from the Turkish shelter-trenches, was able to continue the advance; and, after repelling a succession of attacks made by Turkish battalions, the Vologdas and Archangels fought their way to the northern outskirts of Plevna, where, at seven o'clock, they were brought to a halt by a very hot fire from behind the hedges and

ditches on the edge of the town. They nevertheless hung on here for some hours, fighting hard and losing heavily, until about eleven o'clock they received the order to withdraw.

The Kostroma regiment, coming from Zgalevitza, advanced from the south-east on the Grivitza position, where the subsequently famous redoubt had as yet scarcely been traced, and after a short cannonade delivered its assault in columns of companies. Over and over again the successive tiers of trenches were taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet and with cruel slaughter. A moment's hesitation in front of the last and strongest line of defence ended in the breaking up of the regiment into small columns of attack. The lines of those columns were strewn with dead and wounded, and all the superior officers went down. There was, therefore, no one who could order a retreat, and the troops charged forward under the command of a simple lieutenant, and finally carried the last Turkish entrenchment. They then chased the Turks right up to the edge of the town, where the latter found prepared positions in the gardens and houses of the eastern suburb, whence a cross-fire of artillery caused terrible losses in the Kostroma ranks. These losses, the exhaustion of ammunition, and the lack of reserves compelled its reluctant retreat, which was followed by heavy swarms of Turkish skirmishers and by volley after volley of artillery.

The Russian troops had been engaged to the last man for hours, and were worn out with their exertions. A general retreat was, therefore, wisely ordered at about noon; but in effecting it heavy losses were sustained by the sallies made by the Turks, who, however, did not pursue beyond their trenches. The Russians left on the field all their dead and most of their wounded, as well as two guns, twenty ammunition waggons, and all the baggage of the Kostroma regiment. Their losses were close on 3,000 men; nearly two-thirds of the officers and over one-third of the men were *hors de combat*. There are no data from which to estimate the Turkish loss. The Russians reckoned it about 4,000; the Swiss writer Le Compte calls it "about 200"—a wide discrepancy indeed. The Russian army was furious against Schilder-Schuldner, and there was a great clamour for a court-martial; but he was not even called upon to resign, and he blundered cheerfully along to the very end of the campaign. There is no need to point out his faults and errors. Without having learned anything about the strength or position of the enemy, and

with no reserves, he sent his troops blindly to the assault in two lines which had no communication with each other, and against an enemy more than four times their own strength. He had the doubtful and dangerous virtue of acting on his orders to their very letter. True, that is one way of avoiding responsibility.



GRAND DUKE NICOLAS.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF PLEVNA, JULY 30TH.

The Grand Duke Nicolas, commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in Bulgaria, was an obstinate and narrow-minded man. He would not believe that the Turks were in force in Plevna, notwithstanding the crushing defeat which Schilder-Schuldner had received on July 20th. He would not take the trouble to come down from Tirnova to the Plevna front, contenting himself with ordering Krüdener to make a renewed attack on Plevna with his own corps (the 9th), strengthened by the addition of an infantry and a cavalry brigade from the 11th corps, under the command of Lieutenant-General Prince Schahofskoy, and of the 30th division (4th corps), which had just crossed the Danube. Krüdener had reconnoitred the Plevna position with great care; and on account of its

natural strength and the force of the enemy, which he estimated at not less than 50,000 men, he did not at all fancy the task laid upon him. He had even ventured to remonstrate against the risk of failure which he apprehended; but he received a peremptory and even angry order from the Grand Duke to obey orders without delay, and not bother the headquarters with any more querulous croaking. Krüdener now became furious; he had the full belief that with 30,000 men in the open field against 50,000 in a strong fortified position, he was bound to be beaten disastrously, a belief which the event justified—but he was resolved to put in his last man, and as regarded himself he would rather prefer that he did not come out of the business alive. Throughout the Russian camp there was little of that excitement of anticipation which had been manifest on the evening before the crossing of the Danube. The Russian officer, subject of a despot though he is, has a habit of speaking his mind; and on the eve of this battle the ears of the Grand Duke Nicolas would have tingled had he heard the comments made upon him. Meanwhile the Turks were working with the utmost diligence upon their fortifications, confident that they would be again attacked in the course of a few days. By the 30th, the day of the battle, the Grivitza redoubt and four redoubts of the “middle group” east of Plevna were in condition for defence.

Krüdener was in chief command of the assailing forces. His orders for the 30th were that the troops of his own corps, forming the right wing, should advance to the attack of the Grivitza redoubt and the adjacent positions on the northern heights, the 31st division to lead, the 5th to follow in support; and that the left wing under Schahofskoy, consisting of two infantry brigades, should occupy the Radischevo ridge to the south-east of Plevna, and assail the redoubts of the “middle group” on the lower swell, due east of the town. Krüdener’s whole army was a little over 30,000 men, consisting of 36 battalions, 30 squadrons, and 176 guns; of which 24 battalions, 110 guns, and 10 squadrons belonged to his own (the right) wing, 11 battalions, 54 guns, and 8 squadrons constituted Schahofskoy’s (the left) wing, and 1 battalion, 12 guns, and 12 squadrons was Skobelev’s detached command on the extreme left. The main fault of the dispositions was that Krüdener and Schahofskoy were practically independent of each other, so that the two attacks were far apart and with no connecting link; but the gravest evil was the weakness of the assailing force. The key of the Turkish position was the Grivitza redoubt.



“THE GENERAL HAD RISEN, AND WAS STANDING AGAINST A TREE” (p. [106](#)).

Schahofskoy's advance from Poradim began at 6 a.m. As the infantry went swinging past their general, they cheered vigorously, and seemed ready for anything. After a two-hours' march the head of the column reached the upland in front of Pelischat, whence the whole Plevna region lay before it. The headquarter stood temporarily halted near the apex of a great horse-shoe, closed in at the heel by a wooded valley running north and south, in the centre of which lay the town of Plevna, its white minarets, on which the sun was shining, visible above the encircling trees. On the long ridge forming the northern section of the horse-shoe were discernible the tents of the Turkish camps, and on its nearer shoulder lay the Grivitza redoubt, of which later the world was to hear so much. Now it did not seem very formidable—merely a rough parallelogram—all of defence visible being a bank of earth with a ditch at its outer foot, a few guns here and there, and a good many Turks inside the work. To his left front, as Schahofskoy looked toward Plevna, he saw the long ridge of Radischevo, forming the southern edge of the horse-

shoe, and the valley behind it into which his advance troops were already moving.

Some of the gay young officers of Schahofskoy's staff would have it that slow old Krüdener had not yet got out of bed. But the old warrior was wide awake and well to the front. About 9 a.m. the Turkish guns opened fire on him from the Grivitza redoubt. Answering smoke rose to the eastward, and the cannon thunder came booming down on the wind.



“THEN THERE FOLLOWED A HEADLONG
RUSH” (p. [107](#)).

Krüdener's guns were in action, playing fiercely on the Grivitza redoubt. The artillery duel between the Turks and Krüdener lasted until after two p.m. Then the Russian, infantry were sent forward to the attack.

The brave Penza regiment led the way. Its first battalion carried the first line of trenches, a thousand yards north-east of the redoubt; the second line was carried by the second battalion, and the two battalions drove the Turks at the bayonet point across the intervening ravine, when three companies made a rush for the redoubt and actually reached the parapet, where, however, all perished. In a few minutes, so fierce was the Turkish fire, the three Penza battalions lost thirty officers and 1,006 men—half their officers and more than one-third of the men. Officers of the two regiments in reserve, looking through their telescopes, swore that they saw the blood of the Penzas flowing in streams down the outer face of the parapet of the Turkish redoubt. The Kosloff regiment followed the Penzas up to the second line, and a few men of it did reach the redoubt, but only to meet their death. Then the supports, consisting of the 17th and 18th regiments, made their effort, only to fail; the bitter and steadfast rifle from the redoubt struck them down by ranks. The left column, the Tamboff and Galitz regiments, tried to storm the southern face of the redoubt, but only filled with their dead bodies the outlying trenches. At sundown the stubborn Krüdener gave orders for a final general assault. It was made with such desperation that a general officer was killed within a few paces of the redoubt; but the attack utterly failed with terrible slaughter. Then Krüdener gave the order to retire; but so maddened were the troops that the fighting lasted all night, and the withdrawal was not completed till after daybreak of the 31st. In fine, the attack of the right wing had been an utter and bloody failure.

On the left wing, about ten a.m., Schahofskoy sent twenty-eight guns up on to the crest of the Radischevo ridge, which promptly opened fire on the Turkish positions of the “middle group,” whence a fire was as promptly returned. The infantry moved forward into the valley in rear and into the glades about the village of Radischevo, about which were falling many Turkish shells which had flown over the ridge crowned by the Russian artillery. It was strange to witness the peasant villagers standing in scared groups in front of their cottages, shuddering as the shells crashed into the place, while the children were playing about the dust heaps without any sense of their danger. A couple of correspondents, leaving their horses in the village, went up to the storm-swept crest where the Russian batteries were in action, and lay down between two guns to watch the scene. From their point of vantage they looked right down into the Turkish positions. Several guns in an earthwork (Redoubt

No. 1) about a hamlet or farmhouse, which seemed the most advanced of the Turkish works on the central elevation, were vigorously replying to the Russian fire. On its right were three more redoubts reaching backward to the edge of the valley in which the roofs and spires of Plevna sparkled in the sunshine from out the cincture of verdure. The place seemed so near that a short ride might bring one there to a sorely needed breakfast; but thousands of men were to die and many months were to elapse before Plevna should be accessible to others than Turks. As the watchers lay by the guns men were falling fast around them; for the elevated position was greatly exposed and the Turkish practice was most uncomfortably true.

Two o'clock came. Schahofskoy rode up the slope from the village to see for himself from the crest how things were going. As he reached the sky line the Turks marked the mounted group, and a volley of shell-fire was directed upon it. Schahofskoy promptly rolled out of the saddle and crept forward to where the two correspondents were squatting. His eyes were blazing and his face was flushed, as he swore most vigorously in the colloquial Russian of the common soldier. He looked at his watch; it was a few minutes past two. Krüdener seemed, after all these long hours, to be making no headway. Schahofskoy in his impatience threw his orders to the wind and determined to act independently. He turned to his Chief of Staff and shouted, "Bring up the 125th and 126th regiments at once! Quick!" These were his own two regiments which had accompanied him from the foot of the Balkans. General Tchekoff, the brigade commander, came up the slope at a canter and told the Prince the two regiments were following close. They came up with swift swinging stride and deployed just before reaching the crest, breaking to pass through the intervals between the guns. The General had risen, and was standing against a tree saluting his soldiers as they streamed past him. His guns recommenced firing as soon as the infantrymen were descending the further slope, and continued their fire while the regiments were crossing the intervening hollow to the assault of the Turkish positions. The Turkish shells crashed through the ranks as the regiments pressed forward; men were already down in numbers, but the long, undulating line pushed through the undergrowth of the descent and then tramped steadily over the stubble-fields below. No skirmishing line was thrown out in advance. The fighting line retained its formation for a time till, what with eagerness and what with men falling, it broke into a

ragged spray of humanity and surged on swiftly, but with no close cohesion. It was a rush of vehement fighting-men on which the spectators looked down with eyes intent—a helter-skelter of men impelled by a burning ardour to get forward and come to close quarters with the enemy calmly firing upon them from behind the shelter of his earthworks. The Turkish position was neared; and now men held their breath. The crackle of the musketry fire rose in a sharp continuous peal. The clamour of the cheering of the fighting-men came back on the wind, making the blood tingle with excitement. The wounded were beginning to withdraw, limping and groaning; the dead and the more severely wounded lay where they fell among the stubbles and amidst the maize. The living wave of fighting-men was pouring over them ever on and on. Suddenly the disconnected men were drawing together, the officers signalling for the concentration by the waving of their swords. Then there followed a headlong rush, led by a brave colonel. The Turks in the shelter trench held their ground, firing steadily and with terrible effect into the advancing assailants. The colonel staggered a few paces and then fell—he was a dead man.

His men, bayonets at the charge, rushed to avenge their gallant dead leader. They were over the shelter trench and over the parapet, and then down in among the Turks like an avalanche. The first redoubt was thus taken; but the Turks had got away ten guns; leaving only two in Russian hands. The captured redoubt was No. 1, which had fallen to the 126th regiment, the right regiment of Schahofskoy's first line. His left regiment, the 125th, was advancing simultaneously on Redoubt No. 8, about midway between No. 1 and Plevna, but No. 8 was much the stronger, an isolated mamelon with batteries on the rearward slope. Schahofskoy sent forward to No. 1 two batteries and two battalions, and a third battalion to strengthen his left flank, and then he ordered both his front line regiments to converge on redoubt No. 8 and to carry it, no matter at what cost. One could see through the glass Turkish officers on horseback standing behind its parapet and watching the oncoming Russian forces. Presently two rode away at a gallop and immediately returned with a swarm of men on foot, who clapped tackle on the guns in the redoubt and withdrew them all before the Russians took it. The capture at the last was curiously sudden. All of a moment along the lip of the Turkish parapet there was a final spurt of white smoke, through which were visible dimly swarms of dark-coated men scrambling over

the ditch and up the outer slope of the work. On the crest of the parapet itself there was a short but sharp struggle. Then through the telescope was seen a crowd of men in lighter blue in apparent full flight across the great stretch of vineyard behind the redoubt.

The Russians, then, at about half-past five of this bloody afternoon, had possessed themselves of two of the Turkish redoubts, but their tenure was very precarious. The Turks had not fled far from the second redoubt, about the northern and western faces of which they hung obstinately, while their cannon from further rearward dropped shell after shell into it with extraordinary precision. Schahofskoy sent forward eight guns to an intermediate knoll, to cover the troops in the redoubt and cope with the Turkish artillery fire which was punishing them so severely; but about six o'clock the Turks pressed forward a strong body of infantry to its recapture. The defence was stubborn, but the Moslems were not to be denied; and in spite of the stubborn Russian resistance, they reoccupied the redoubt half an hour later. In the course of the original advance on it, part of the troops of Schahofskoy's left had penetrated by a ravine up to near the south-eastern verge of Plevna. From the first, this body was very hard pressed by fresh Turkish reserves issuing from the town. The Russians, bent on entering the place, charged again and again till they could charge no more for sheer fatigue; and then the stubborn, gallant fellows stood leaderless—for nearly all the officers were down—sternly waiting death there for want of leaders to march them back. To their help Schahofskoy sent in succession the two battalions which were his last reserve; but all that these could do was to maintain a front with cruel losses, until the darkness would permit of a retirement to the Radischevo ridge. The ammunition had failed, for the carts had been left far in the rear; and all hope died out of the most sanguine as the sun sank in lurid glory behind the blood-stained and smoke-mantled field.

Then the Turks struck without stint. They had the upper hand now, and were clearly determined to show that they knew how to make the most of it. Through the dusk they advanced in swarms into their original first positions, and recaptured their two guns which the Russians had taken in their first assault, but which they had found no opportunity to withdraw. Turkish shells now again began to whistle and yell over the Radischevo ridge, and to crash into the village behind, by this time crammed with wounded men. The streams of wounded were incessant.

The badly-wounded lay where they fell, and were butchered ruthlessly by the Turkish irregulars, who swarmed over the battle-field and slaughtered indiscriminately. The moon rose on their bloodthirsty devilry; and in the hot, still night-air one could hear—and shuddered in the hearing—the shrieks of pain, the futile entreaties for mercy, and the yells of cruel, fanatical triumph.



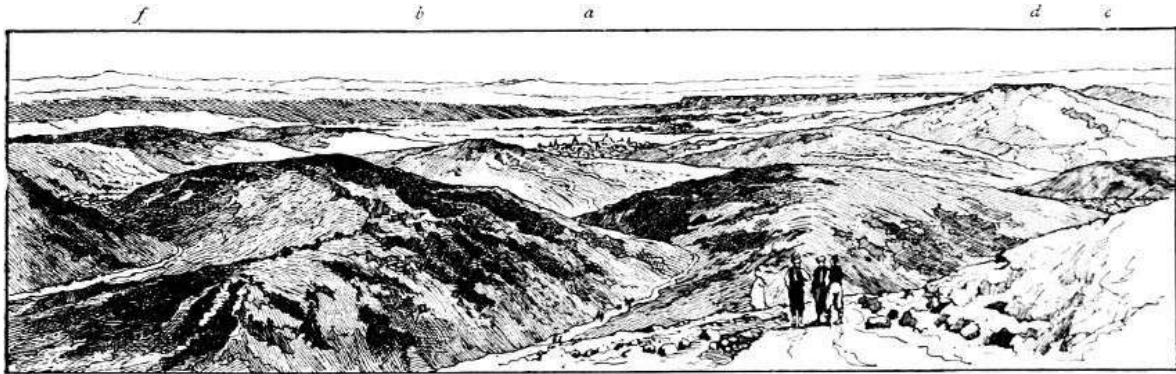
“THEY GATHERED TO THE SOUND.”

The Russian defeat was complete. The remains of the army came sullenly back, companies that had gone down hundreds strong returning by tens and twenties. For three hours there had been a steady current of wounded men up from out of the battle to the reverse slope of the Radischevo ridge, to which Schahofskoy still held on grimly. All round, the air was heavy with the moaning of the wounded who had cast themselves down by the fountain at the foot of the slope, craving with a pitiful longing for a few drops of the scanty water. In this awful hour Schahofskoy's attitude was admirable: now that the day was lost beyond remedy, he was cool and collected. To protect his wounded, and rally

what remained of his force, he was determined to hold the ridge to the last extremity. He ordered his bugle to sound the "Assembly." They gathered to the sound, singly and by twos and threes, many bleeding from flesh-wounds, yet willing still to fight on. But it appeared scarcely a company that came together; it seemed as if the rest of the army was quite dispersed. Schahofrkoy was loth to fall back, for he still hoped that belated troops would come back out of the valley of the shadow of death down below him; but he was disappointed. Meanwhile, as the ambulance work was going on apace, and the wounded withdrawn into the comparative safety of the village in the valley behind, the Turks continued to pour on the ridge a heavy fire of shells and bullets. At length, near midnight, Schahofskoy and his staff quitted the front, now protected, after a fashion, by a cordon of cavalry. As the forlorn *cortège* rode slowly away in the moonlight, an aide-de-camp remarked in an undertone to his neighbour: "We are following a general who has lost his army going in search of an army which has lost its general, who now, to make the day's loss complete, has lost his way." It was a miserable business.

But it was in a measure retrieved by the conduct of Skobeleff. His orders were to prevent any reinforcement from Loftcha from entering Plevna, and in general to cover the extreme left flank of Schahofskoy. For this wide range of duty he had at his disposal one infantry battalion, twelve squadrons of Caucasian Cossacks, and twelve 4-pounder horse-guns. His first undertaking was to make a reconnaissance on Plevna from the south-west, till he looked down on the place from a height within three hundred yards of it. When Schahofskoy began his cannonade on the redoubts, Skobeleff opened fire on the town, and drew upon himself a large body of Osman's forces. When attacked in strength he, of course, had to withdraw to his main force at Krishin; but he discovered that, from a hill two miles south of Plevna the Turks could enfilade Schahofskoy's line, and take his advance in reverse. To hinder the enemy from occupying this point he resolved to attack energetically; and he was able, by dint of skill and dexterity, to keep up an active fight throughout the day and on until after nightfall, and also to remove all his wounded. After dark, he made good his retreat to Krishin, and re-assembled there what remained of his little command. He had not spared it, for fifty per cent. was *hors de combat*. But he had gained his object in keeping the

Turks away from the Green Hill, from which, had they occupied it, they would have cut Schahofskoy's force to pieces.



ENVIRONS OF PLEVNA.

a, Plevna; *b*, Plevna Redoubt; *c*, Grivitza Village; *d*, Grivitza Redoubt; *e*, Radischevo Ridge; *f*, Balkan Mountains in distance.

The Russian losses were 169 officers and 7,136 men, out of a total of 30,000 engaged. Of this number, 2,400 were killed and left on the field. One of Schahofskoy's regiments (the 126th) had 725 killed and over 1,200 wounded—a total loss of about 75 per cent. of its strength. Over their respective responsibility, Krüdener and Schahofskoy quarrelled bitterly. Schahofskoy complained that Krüdener had not supported him. Krüdener retorted that Schahofskoy had disobeyed his orders in assaulting without permission. But the real responsibility for the defeat rested on the shoulders of the Grand Duke Nicolas, who had given peremptory orders from a distance to attack a position of which he knew nothing, and in the teeth of a remonstrance on the part of a commanding-officer who had carefully studied the subject.



THE SHANGANI PATROL

BY E. F. KNIGHT

"They were men of men, and their fathers were men before them," were the words of old Umjan, the chief induna of the Imbezu Impi—Lobengula's Royal Regiment—as he described the gallant stand of that handful of men under Major Allan Wilson which was cut to pieces by the Matabele, hard by the Shangani river, on December 4th, 1893. Umjan, a full-blooded Zulu warrior, who, as a stripling, had taken part in the conquest of Matabeleland with Moselekatse's raiding horde, led the force that slaughtered Major Wilson's party, and the terms of keen admiration which he employed when speaking of those brave men but represented the feeling of his whole people. That day's fight produced a deep impression throughout the country. Till then the Matabele were inclined to despise the white men, and considered them weak and timorous. True, the Matabele had been vanquished; but they argued that they had not been routed in fair fight, but by the aid of witchcraft—by the deadly fire of those invincible Maxims, which spirits had manufactured for the white men; they boasted that without Maxims the white men would never have had the heart to face the valorous *amajakas* of Lobengula. But they were undeceived by the brave doings of December 4th, which cannot rightly be called a day of disaster—valuable though were the lives we lost—when it is remembered how glorious was that gallant stand, how far-reaching were its results. That engagement brought the war to a sudden conclusion, and obviated further bloodshed. It inspired the Matabele with a profound respect and regard for their conquerors, which our previous victories alone would not have given them. Without that sacrifice it would have been long before we had brought about a true peace. Our vanquished foes would have regarded any clemency on our part as a sign of cowardice; the young *amajakas* would have bragged at their periodic

beer-drinkings, and organised risings against the white men. But having suffered so severely from that stubborn resistance to the death of a handful of white men unprovided with Maxims, they realised the hopelessness of again trying conclusions with the Chartered Company's forces; they were terrified at their own victory, and, as I myself experienced, it was possible, immediately after the Shangani fight, for a white man to travel alone and unarmed with safety throughout the greater portion of Matabeleland. The death of Wilson and his men brought a complete peace to the land, so they did not fall in vain. The story of the Shangani will be told in many a kraal; and the prestige these Britons won for their countrymen will go far to check the ardour of turbulent tribes and to preserve the peace of Africa.

Not one man of Wilson's party survived to tell the tale of that hopeless but fierce stand of the thirty-four against thousands; but various native rumours reached us. I was at Inyati when Dawson, some three months after the fight, returned from his mission to the Shangani: he gave me the full details he had gathered from Matabele who had taken part in the fight; and later on old Umjan himself came in, and told us all that had taken place, extolling the bravery of the white men with a simple but most impressive eloquence. It is his narrative I purpose to repeat here.

It will be well first to recall the events that led up to the despatch of Wilson's patrol. Lobengula's impis had been broken in two decisive battles; Buluwayo had been occupied by the Company's troops; a considerable proportion of the disheartened Matabele, having been offered by Dr. Jameson easy terms of peace, and, realising that they would be treated with generosity, were quite ready to "come in," but dared not so long as the King was still holding out with a large force of his followers. It was therefore essential that the King should be captured or be induced to submit, in order to effect the pacification of the country and avoid further bloodshed. Lobengula, in reply to Dr. Jameson's messages inviting him to surrender and guaranteeing his safety, had at first promised to "come in," but had subsequently either altered his intention, or had been constrained by his warlike following. Spies brought in information that he was retreating to the north with a considerable force consisting of the remnants of his broken impis, with

the object either of organising a stand further on, or of crossing the Zambesi to establish another military despotism beyond the great river.

Dr. Jameson accordingly sent a force, under Major P. W. Forbes, in pursuit of the King; but this column failed to come up with the fugitive, for, having exhausted its supplies, it was compelled to retire on Inyati, a mission station forty miles to the north-east of Buluwayo. It was afterwards ascertained that Lobengula was only three miles away when his pursuers turned back.

Reinforcements with food and ammunition were then sent to Shiloh, another mission station between Buluwayo and Inyati, and from this place Major Forbes set out afresh with 300 men, on November 25th, to overtake the King. There had been very heavy rains, and the roadless wilderness through which they had to go was little better than a morass, almost impassable for waggons. They had made but little progress by November 29th, and Major Forbes, finding that his horses and oxen were becoming exhausted and realising that the King would never be caught unless the column travelled faster, sent all his waggons and a considerable portion of his force back to Inyati, only retaining 160 men, mounted on the best of the horses, of whom sixty were troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police, the remainder volunteers of the Salisbury, Victoria, and Tuli columns. He took with him two Maxims, and horses carrying ten days' rations for each man. This little force then pushed on rapidly, despite the heavy rains and the fever that prevails at that season in the lowlands. They were on a hot scent, and knew that the King could not be far ahead of them. Each day they came to his recently abandoned camps, and found frequent signs of his retreat. They thrust their way through the thick bush and across the swamps, following the spoor of the King's three waggons, occasionally capturing stragglers from his force or some, of his cattle. The Matabele hovered round, watching them all the while; but no attack was made upon them, though the scouts had narrow escapes.

At last, on the 3rd of December, they came to a valley near the banks of the Shangani and found a *scherm* (enclosure of bushes), which had evidently been vacated but a very short time before, for the fires were still burning within it. A chiefs son, who was captured at this place, confessed that the King had slept there on the previous night, and was not far off. This was good news, and all hoped that they would be

rewarded for the privations they had undergone by the speedy capture of Lobengula. But it was now five o'clock in the evening, and darkness would soon make it impossible for the column to proceed; so Major Forbes, having selected a strong position in which to laagar for the night, decided to send Major Allan Wilson with a party of about twenty men, to reconnoitre. Among those who volunteered to go on this patrol were several officers and some of the leading settlers in Mashonaland: it consisted, indeed, of the very pick of frontier manhood. Major Wilson's instructions were to follow the King's spoor and ascertain his whereabouts, and to return to the laagar before dark. It was Major Forbes's intention to remain where he was until dawn, and then to make a final dash for the King. Supplies were now running short, and unless Lobengula was captured on the morrow the chase would have to be abandoned, and the column would have to return to Inyati. Shortly after the patrol had set out, a native prisoner gave Major Forbes reliable information to the effect that an impi of about 3,000 Matabele was then hemming in his force, so extra precautions were taken to guard the laagar against surprise during the night, which was an exceedingly dark one.

Early in the night, two of Major Wilson's party rode in with a message for the commanding officer. They reported that the patrol had crossed the Shangani, and that Major Wilson, having ascertained that the King, accompanied by but few of his followers, was only a short distance ahead of him, had thought it best not to return that night, but would bivouac where he was, close on the King's heels.

Before midnight three more men came in from Major Wilson. They corroborated the report that the King had sent his impi to surround the column and prevent its crossing the river. They said that the patrol had found a native to guide them, had followed the King's spoor for some distance, and passed several *schirms* full of women, children, and cattle. Then they fell in with some of the King's men, who offered no resistance, possibly imagining that this was the advance guard of the whole column, and that the dreaded Maxims were close behind. An officer, who was acting as interpreter, shouted to the natives that the white men would not injure them, but wanted to talk to the King. Just as it was getting dark, they approached some *schirms*, in one of which, the guide told them, was the King himself. A number of armed Matabele came out with threatening action ready to protect the waggons, and were

surrounding the patrol. A heavy rain-storm now rendered the obscurity intense, so Major Wilson was compelled to retire, and took up his position for the night in the bush half a mile away.



MR. RILEY.

UMJAN.

MR. DAWSON.

(The waggon is the one in which Messrs Dawson and Riley returned from the Shangani with the King's wives as described.)

Major Forbes, hemmed in as he was by the enemy's impi, would have been guilty of extreme rashness had he ventured to take his whole force and his Maxims across a difficult river and through dense bush on a dark night, when the Matabele could have easily rushed the column with their assegais and annihilated it; but he at once despatched Captain Borrow to Major Wilson with a reinforcement of twenty men, while he explained in a letter that he would cross the river at daylight with the column to join him.

At dawn, the column under Major Forbes prepared to advance, and, while doing so, heavy firing was heard across the river, showing that Wilson's party was already in action with the enemy. Major Forbes

followed the King's spoor towards the Shangani drift, and no sooner had the column reached the high river bank than a heavy fire was opened on it by the enemy concealed in the surrounding bush. The troopers were quickly formed up, the Maxims were got into action, and a smart skirmish ensued, in the course of which the white force lost sixteen horses, and had five men wounded. At last the enemy's fire was silenced, and Major Forbes was able to retire along the river bank and take up a better position where bush afforded cover.

In every way luck seemed to be against the white men on this fatal day; for it was now observed that the Shangani, which had been easily fordable on the previous day, had, as is the way of African rivers, suddenly swollen by the morning to a broad, deep, and rushing flood, across which it would be impossible to take a body of armed men, to say nothing of the Maxims. Heavy storms had been raging on the distant hills, and all the rivers were up, so that the main column and the patrol were cut off from one another.

But while the action I have described was taking place, three men had succeeded with some difficulty in swimming the Shangani. These were three troopers from Wilson's party. They rode up to the column with haggard faces that plainly told of disaster, and one of them—Burnham, the American scout—came up to Major Forbes, and said with breathless emotion: "I think I may say that we are the sole survivors of that fight."

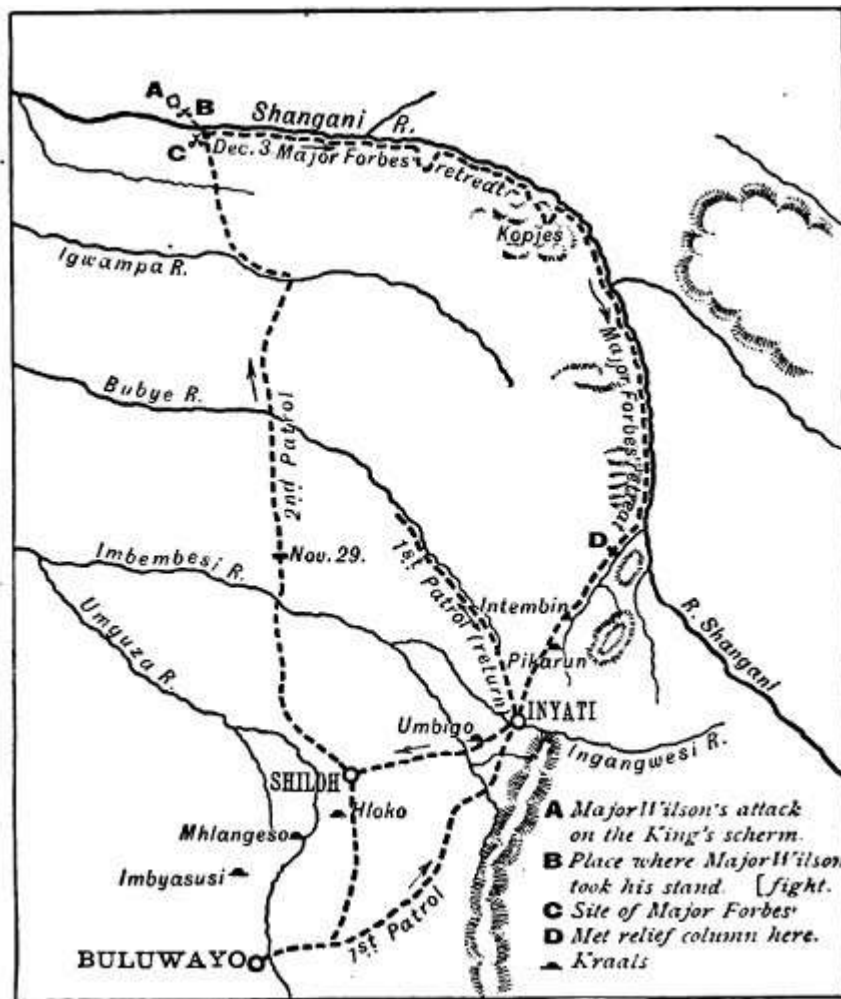


“THEY FOUGHT ON GRIMLY” (p. [118](#)).

Then he told his story. Captain Borrow and the reinforcement had reached Major Wilson’s camp on the previous night, without falling in with the enemy.

At dawn, Major Wilson decided to make a rush on the King’s waggons. The whole force galloped up to within a few yards of the *scherm*, and then halted, while the interpreter shouted out to the King to come out and speak with the white men. The reply was a heavy fire from the King’s *scherm* and from the bush on either side. The fire was returned by our men; but, finding that the enemy were surrounding him, Major Wilson retreated for about half a mile, and took up a position on one of the gigantic ant-heaps which are frequent in this part of Africa. Here the action was carried on for some time, the Matabele fire being very wild and-producing little effect; but as the enemy were again surrounding him, under cover of the dense bush, Major Wilson ordered his men to remount, and the party commenced their retreat towards the river, retracing their way along the spoor of the King’s waggons.

Major Wilson then asked Burnham to make an attempt to reach the column and inform Major Forbes of the position of affairs. Burnham took with him two of the best-mounted troopers, and the three galloped off. They had not ridden far before they came upon a large body of Matabele, which was evidently marching to cut off Major Wilson's retreat. The three troopers rode for their lives through the storm of bullets that was directed upon them, and contrived to escape uninjured to the river-bank. As they rode, they heard a heavy firing behind them, which told them that the body of the enemy they had just passed had attacked Wilson's party. Burnham said that the patrol must have been completely surrounded by several thousands of Matabele warriors, and that it was impossible that a single trooper could escape; for the patrol, as he explained, could only retreat slowly, if at all—it could not cut its way through the Matabele: several of the horses had been killed, so that some horses had to carry two men; most of the horses were worn out, and there would be wounded men also to carry off. True, the best-mounted men might have galloped through and saved their lives; but a *saue qui peut* is an expedient not resorted to in African warfare by white men, and still less so by men of the stamp of Wilson and his companions: they would certainly have stood by each other to the end.



THE SHANGANI PATROL.

On reaching the river at the point they had crossed it on the previous day, Burnham and his two companions found it in flood, and had to follow the bank for a considerable distance before they came to a place where they could swim across.

There was now nothing left to Major Forbes but to save the remnant of his force, and retreat on Inyati and Buluwayo. The river was still up, and might remain so for days. It was absolutely impossible to transport Maxims across it, and to have sent men over the river without Maxims would have been to condemn them to certain slaughter. Major Forbes remained where he was for one day, in the hope of hearing some news of Wilson's party; but none came. He then commenced his retreat along the left bank of the Shangani river, having first despatched two troopers to find their way to Buluwayo and ask Dr. Jameson to send reinforcements, food, and ammunition to meet him.

The hazardous retreat to Inyati occupied eleven days. The column suffered great privations, and was perpetually harassed by the Matabele, who hovered round it, creeping along through the bush on either side of the line of march, watching for an opportunity to rush the white men, but having a due respect for the Maxims. They occasionally opened a hot fire on the troopers and their horses, they attempted surprises, and were not repulsed without further loss to the already weakened column. In these skirmishes, the enemy succeeded in shooting a number of the horses, while many other horses died, or became so feeble that they had to be abandoned on the way: in all, about 130 horses were lost. The wounded men rode, but the troopers who were not ill and Major Forbes himself were now without mounts, and had to march over such rough ground that their boots soon wore out, and many of the men were walking in their wallets. At last there were no horses left sufficiently strong to carry the Maxims, so the gun-carriages were abandoned, and the Maxims were carried by men on foot. All baggage also was thrown away, the men retaining but a blanket each.

The men were worn out by the hard marching and constant anxiety, but displayed an admirable spirit. All supplies had run out, and they lived on the tough flesh of their exhausted horses. On one occasion they captured some of Lobengula's cattle; but the enemy then fell on the column, and, during the progress of a smart skirmish, recovered the cattle and drove them all off again.

At last, when they were within a day's march of Inyati, the troopers met the relief column that had been sent from Buluwayo with a good supply of food: they had now done with their privations and alarms, and reached Buluwayo without further difficulties.

At the end of January another patrol of 180 troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police, under Colonel Gould Adams, with two Maxims, set out for the scene of the Shangani disaster, with the object of recovering the remains of Major Wilson's party and the abandoned gun-carriages. It was also the aim of this expedition to follow up the Matabele *amajakas*—who were still holding out in force on the Shangani, and were preventing others from coming in—and to bring the King to terms if possible. This patrol, which I accompanied, did not get farther than Inyati. Very heavy rains made it impossible to push beyond that point for some weeks, and then, as the rainy season had set in in

earnest, and the men, bivouacking night after night on the muddy ground, would have suffered much from the lowland fever, the Imperial authorities countermanded the patrol.

Dr. Jameson was still very anxious to enter into communication with Lobengula, whose whereabouts was unknown. There could be no secured peace until he had come to terms. Several natives whom the Administrator had sent with messages to the King failed to reach him; they came back and confessed that when they had fallen in with raiding parties of young warriors from the King's force they had been afraid to go further, lest they should be put to death as spies of the white men.

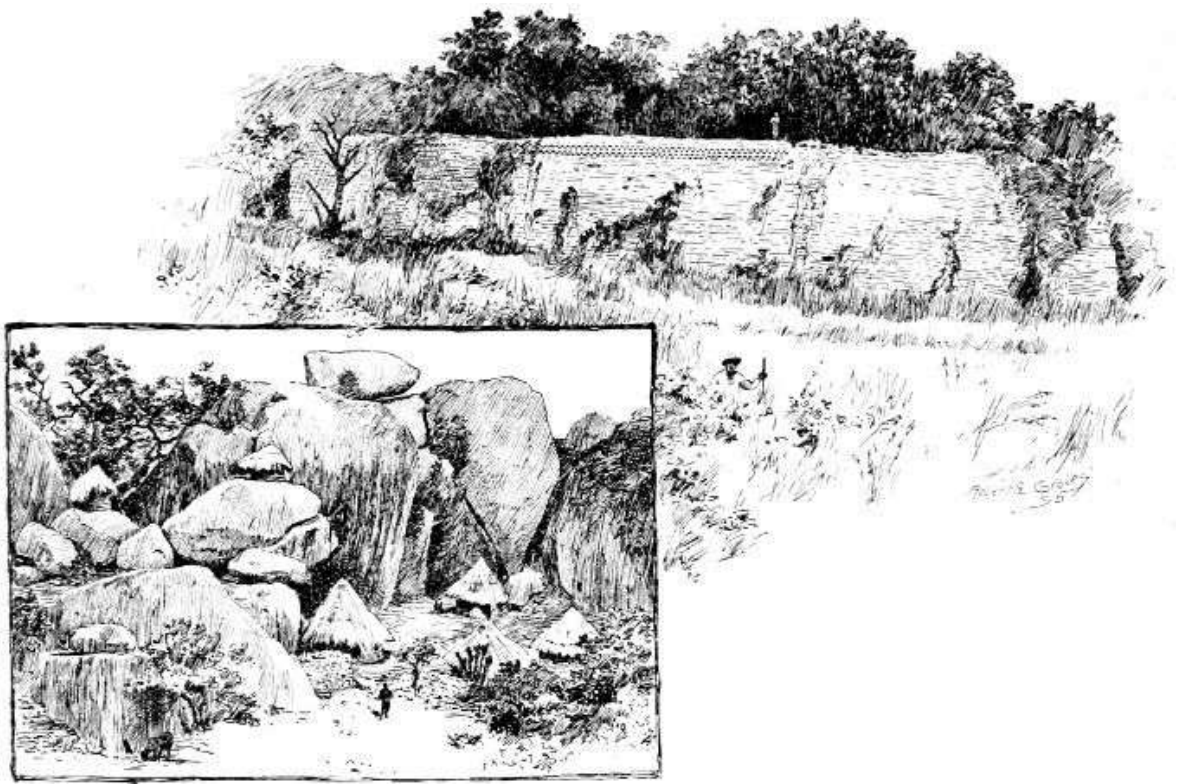
As native messengers, not unnaturally, shirked the duty, it became apparent that Lobengula could only be approached by some white man who happened to be a *persona grata* to the King, and who was willing to undertake the perilous adventure. Mr. James Dawson—a Scotchman, who had for some years been residing in Buluwayo as a trader, respected by both white and black, a man possessed of the tact so necessary to one negotiating with suspicious savages, and whose relations with the King had always been most friendly—now pluckily volunteered to go to the King himself and deliver Dr. Jameson's message. He accordingly set out with a Scotch cart on February the 4th, 1894, accompanied by one other brave white man, Mr. Patrick Riley, also an old resident in Matabeleland and a friend of Lobengula's.

We waited anxiously until March the 7th, on which day Messrs. Dawson and Riley, having successfully accomplished the objects of their hazardous mission, returned to Inyati. As it came in there were signs to show that the party had had a very rough journey. The Scotch cart, dilapidated, its tent-cover torn by the thorny bush, was slowly drawn towards the camp by weary oxen; while the natives, who had set out from here thirty-two days before, active, well-nourished, and cheerful, now painfully crawled along with a miserable air, lean, haggard, their wasted limbs aching with the fever of the pestilential region they had traversed.

Mr. Dawson told me the story of his journey. The heaviest rains of the season fell while he and his companions were away, and their progress was very slow. Four days after their departure they came to an uninhabited country, where they travelled with difficulty among rocky

kopjies or across deep morasses, often having to cut a way through the dense bush. Here wild beasts abounded, and each night numbers of lions roared around their camp. On reaching the banks of the Shangani they fell in with small parties of Matabele, who had decided to “come in,” and were on their way to Buluwayo. From these Dawson first learnt that the King was dead, and that his message would, therefore, have to be delivered to the chief indunas. On February 13th the mission arrived at the Shangani drift, and there found a number of natives suffering terribly from disease and lack of proper food: they had no grain of any sort, and had been subsisting on flesh alone. They were all anxious to “come in,” but had been afraid to do so, thinking that the white men would kill them in revenge for the cutting off of Major Wilson’s party. They were delighted to see Dawson and to hear his reassuring promises.

On the further side of the river was stationed a large force of Matabele, the *amajakas* of the Royal Regiment and others. These young warriors, suspecting that the two white men were the scouts of some patrol that was advancing to attack them, at first made hostile demonstrations; and it was, possibly, fortunate for Dawson and Riley that the Shangani was full at the time and quite impassable. The river did not subside until February 22nd; but in the meanwhile Dawson and the indunas of the regiments opposite communicated with each other by shouting across the swollen stream. Dawson thus succeeded in delivering his message of peace, allayed the apprehension of the Matabele, and established friendly relations with them. On the 22nd some men swam across the river to Dawson, and he was enabled to more fully explain to them the treatment they would receive if they “came in.”

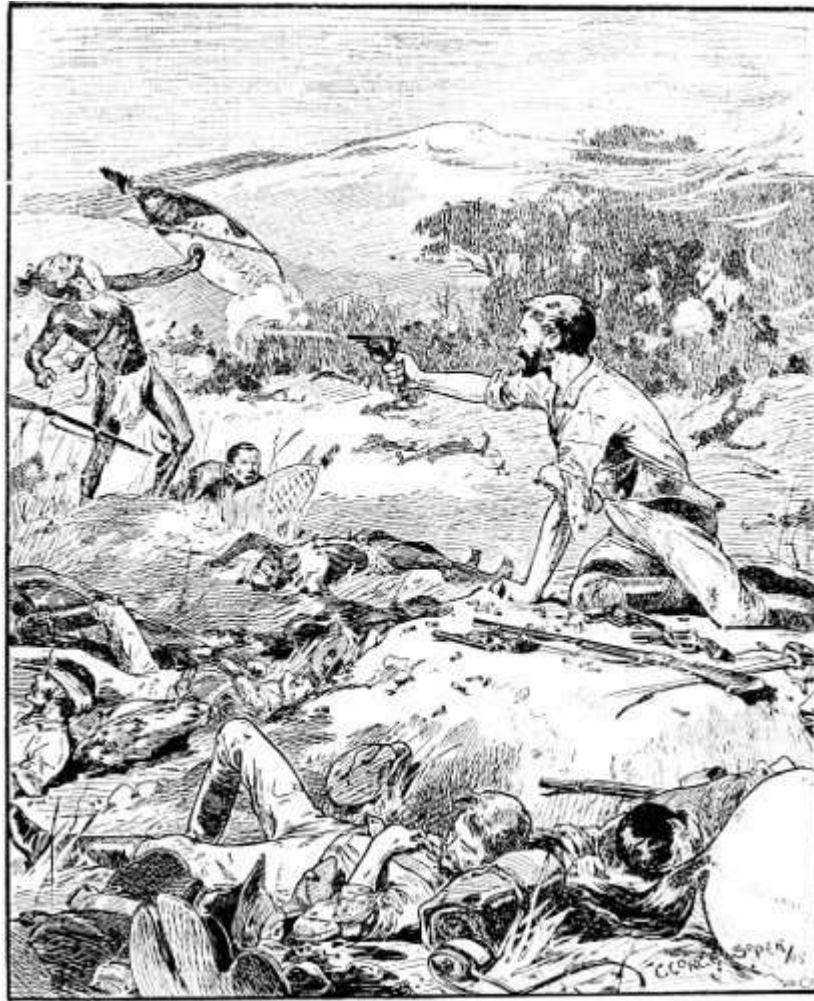


Left: ZIMBABWE KRAAL.

Right: ZIMBABWE TEMPLE.

On February 23rd the two white men crossed the river. This district must be excessively pestilential, for out of the thousands of Matabele whom Dawson found on the further bank of the Shangani, there was scarcely a man who was not down with fever, while numbers had perished. Their condition was most pitiable: many looked more like skeletons than men. Dawson found that even the young *amajakas*, weakened and dispirited by the sufferings they had undergone, had no heart for further fighting, but were anxious to “come in.” Dawson succeeded in convincing them that the white men, far from wishing to kill those who had fought in the war, respected these men most, and would treat them honourably. Umjan, who conducted the negotiations, was rejoiced to hear this, and said he knew the white indunas meant the Matabele well, for had they not sent to them as envoys the old friends of their people, Dawson and Riley, whom they trusted, and not strangers? So all agreed to go in and lay down their arms. The object of the mission was thus effected, and the rapid pacification of the country was insured.

Dawson found at this deadly spot not only Umjan, the old commander-in-chief, but several others of the leading indunas. He learnt that a number of people of note had died of disease or had committed suicide, and on Lobengula's death several of his wives had hung themselves. Umjan told Dawson the story of the King's decease and obsequies. Lobengula was suffering from fever and smallpox, but his heart was broken because the *amajakas* of his own—his favourite regiment, the Imbezu—had deserted him after the last fight: he contemplated suicide. Buzungwan, the head dance-doctor, or master of the ceremonies at the great festival of the first fruits, was the only man of note with the dying King. Umjan was sent for, but arrived too late to see Lobengula alive. "It is now time for your work—to bury the King," said Buzungwan to him, pointing to the corpse. Umjan performed this honourable duty according to the traditional custom. He carried the body to a hollow under a precipice, and placed it on a stone so that it sat upright with the face turned towards the rising sun. He put upon it the richest royal raiment and ornaments, and placed the King's war assegais in the dead hands. After piercing the body with an assegai, Umjan built a chamber of stones around it, with one great flat stone at the top, and then went away leaving Lobengula, the Calf of the Great Elephant, sitting in state, just as he was wont to do when alive.



“HE SOLD HIS LIFE DEARLY” (p. [119](#)).

All the people now prepared to leave the deadly banks of the Shangani and “come in.” Numbers were too weak to travel, so Dawson promised that food and medicine should be sent to them without delay. Some of the indunas accompanied him back to Inyati to represent the others. I was present when they were brought before Dr. Jameson. The Administrator explained to them that there would be no more king, and the white men would govern the country, but the indunas who behaved well would still rule their people, being answerable to the white magistrates; and there must be no more killing or witchcraft. He promised them full protection, and told them to return to the cultivation of the lands they had occupied before the war. He assured them that the white men bore no grudge against those of the Matabele who had taken up arms against them and killed their soldiers. White men knew they must lose some of their number when they went to war. The man he

respected most in the whole country was old Urnjan, who had fought hardest against us, and had stood by his King to the very end. Dr. Jameson then asked the indunas if they had anything to say. They replied that, having no other road to go, they had come to lay down their heads before the great white chief, who could kill them or not. They were pleased with the treatment they had received at the hands of the white man. "And now we can sleep," they concluded by saying—the usual Zulu method of expressing relief from anxiety. Often when men came in to surrender at Buluwayo, and Dr. Jameson asked them what they wanted, they would reply: "We have come to learn if we may sleep."

When Dawson and Riley were on the Shangani, the natives took them to the spot where Wilson's party had fallen—about four miles from the river-bank. They found the bones of the thirty-four troopers lying close together where the men had stood at bay and died fighting. Dawson buried these remains temporarily under a mopani tree, on which he cut the simple inscription: "To brave men." He described the trees and bushes all round this spot as being cut about by what must have been a tremendous fire. It is estimated that the thirty-four white men killed ten times their number of the enemy, at least, on that day before they were slaughtered.



LOBENGULA.

(From a sketch from life by Mr. A. E. Maund.)

The fine old warrior, Umjan, whom I met at Buluwayo when he “came in” to surrender to the Administrator, gave a graphic and clear account of all that occurred. Umjan said that the King was not with his waggons when Major Wilson’s party attacked them: he had fled the day before with several of his indunas. Umjan had been sent by Lobengula on December 2nd with a strong impi to fall on Forbes’ column in the dense bush. Finding the column encamped in the open near the river, Umjan had to alter his plans. He left a portion of his force to lie in ambush on either side of the drift, and returned with the remainder to guard the King.

On the night of the 3rd, Umjan returned to the King’s waggons and learnt that the King had gone, and he was informed that Major Wilson’s patrol was encamped not far off in the bush. Umjan decided to do nothing that night, and await dawn. Wilson’s party was thus caught in a trap: behind it was the force ambushed at the drift, which had allowed the white men to ride by; in front was the force with Umjan.

In the morning Major Wilson attacked the waggons, and was repulsed in the manner described by Burnham. Umjan said that the white

men retreated towards the river for about three miles, fighting gallantly all the while; and it was then that their further retreat was cut off by the other Matabele force which had crossed the river in the night, and which, hearing the heavy firing, had left the drift and was hurrying along the King's spoor to take part in the fight.

Umjan and those with him saw Burnham and the other two troopers ride off just before the white men were completely hemmed in by overwhelming numbers. The Matabele did not understand that these three men had been despatched to obtain reinforcements, and marvelled that those others of the white men who had horses did not also "take refuge in flight instead of fighting by the side of their comrades until all were dead together." We have only the Matabele account of what took place subsequent to the riding off of Burnham. Umjan said that the white men made several desperate attempts to break through the encircling swarms of Matabele, who were continually being reinforced by fresh arrivals.

At last, having lost several horses and having some men wounded, the troopers determined to sell their lives dearly. They formed into a close ring and, under cover of their fallen horses, opened a deadly fire on the Matabele whenever a rush was attempted. Umjan spoke with keen enthusiasm of the grand standing at bay of his white foemen. As they repelled each fresh attack with rifles and revolvers, and added to the heaps of Matabele dead that surrounded them, the troopers, said Umjan, "cheered and jeered at us as cowards, challenging us to come nearer." The Matabele perpetually raised their guttural war-cry, "*Shzee! shzee!*" while, from under cover of the bush, they poured a constant fire into the thick of the white men. There was no crying for quarter on the part of the latter. They fought on grimly: when a man was wounded he laid down and continued to fire, or, if he was unable to fight, handed up his ammunition to his companions. "The white men are indeed the right men to meet in battle, even when they have no Maxims!" exclaimed old Umjan with flashing eyes.

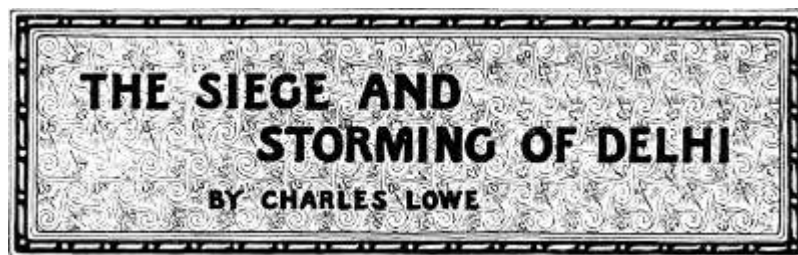
And so they fought on, until at last all were either killed or wounded so severely that they could not fight longer, with the exception of one big man "who would not die." "We could not kill him, often though we wounded him," declared Umjan, "and we thought that he must have been a wizard." This man, who was never identified, stood on the top of a

large ant-heap, which was in the centre of an open space. He had collected round him the revolvers and the rifles, and ammunition of several of his dead comrades, and he killed a number of his assailants. The Matabele could not muster courage to approach him, for, according to their description, "he picked up weapon after weapon and fired rapidly, and with wonderful accuracy in all directions—in front of him, to the side of him, and over his shoulders—whenever Matabele ventured to come out of the bush into the open." After killing many of them, he was at last shot in the hip, and had to fight sitting down. He sold his life dearly, and it was not till he sank exhausted from loss of blood from many wounds, that the Matabele made a rush on him, and stabbed him to death with their assegais. Even then it was not all over, for some of the dying troopers summoned sufficient strength to fire their revolvers at the approaching Matabele; and by this time the indomitable resistance they had met with, and the extent of their losses, had so awed and scared the enemy that they fled precipitately into the bush from that narrow circle of dead and dying Englishmen, and did not come back until some hours later when they found all was quiet: not one of their brave foemen was left alive.

Umjan, himself a gallant leader, far superior to his degenerate Zulu warriors, who often refused to follow him, thoroughly appreciated the dogged valour displayed by Wilson and his men. These were men after his own heart. Speaking to some of his *amajakas* in Dawson's hearing, he said: "We were fighting then with men of men, whose fathers were men of men before them. They fought and died together: those who could have saved themselves chose to remain and die with their brothers. Do not forget this. You did not think that white men were as brave as Matabele; but now you must see that they are men indeed, to whom you are as but timid girls."

Our men, it appears, did not exhaust their ammunition before they were slaughtered, as was at first reported, and Dawson found cartridges in the pouches and in the revolvers of the dead troopers; so it is more than probable that Wilson and his comrades gave a very good account of themselves, and sold their lives dearly as they fell, man after man, to the very last; and it is certain that they did not die before they had killed some four hundred of the enemy.

Dawson made a second journey to the banks of the Shangani, to carry supplies of food and medicine to the suffering Matabele, and brought back with him several leading natives and the surviving queens of Lobengula. The appearance of these people fully bore out his description of their condition. Though he had selected the strongest and most fit to travel, they were frightfully emaciated, some being reduced by famine and fever to the nearest approach to skeletons possible for a living creature: despite all his care, twenty-five people perished on the journey. On this occasion, Dawson disinterred the remains of Wilson's party, and brought back with him the thirty-four skulls, most of which, we observed, had been pierced by bullets. These skulls are to be buried in consecrated ground near those grand remains of an unknown civilisation and religion—the ruins of the Zimbabwe temple. Here Mr. Cecil Rhodes proposes to raise a granite monolith to the memory of these brave men. I have seen the site, than which none more suitable could have been selected—a bare rocky mound rising above a wilderness of dense tropical bush and flowering trees, halfway between the pagan temple on the plain and the rugged Zimbabwe *kopjie*, crowned with massive fortifications of immense antiquity. A monument of simple dignity, standing amid these mysterious ruins, and surrounded by this wild and lonely scenery, will produce a most impressive effect.



THE SIEGE AND STORMING OF DELHI

BY CHARLES LOWE

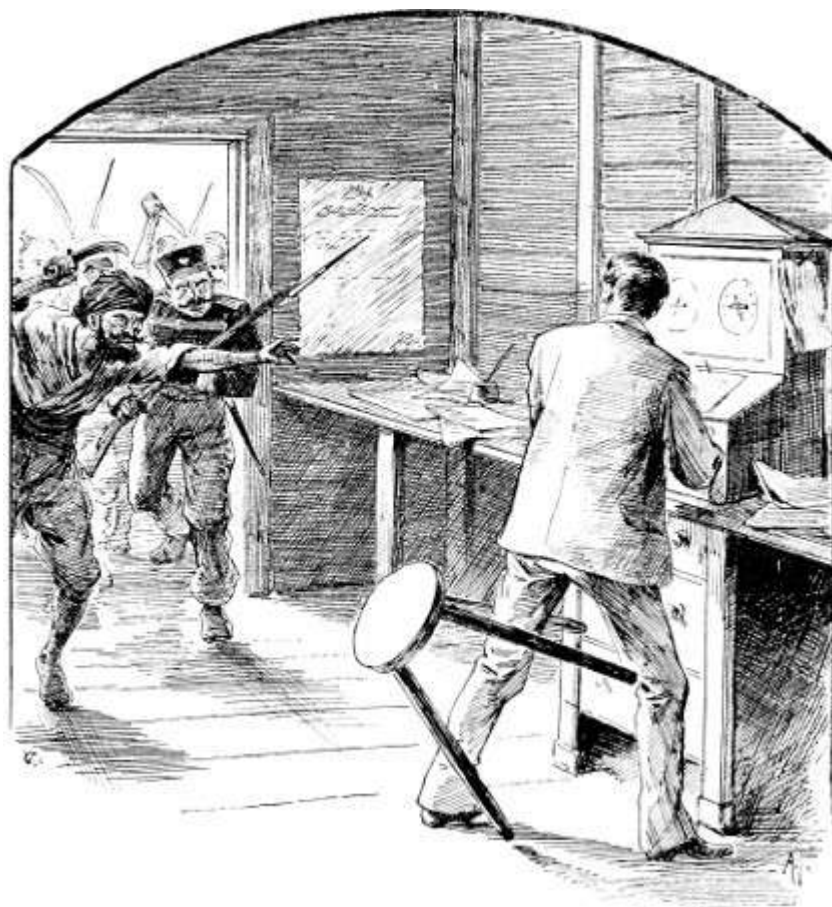
Delhi, the ancient and magnificent capital of the Grand Moguls, or Mahomedan rulers of India, became the focus of the great and ever-memorable mutiny which made our Indian Empire run with blood during the year 1857. Of this mutiny among the native Indian troops, or sepoys, in British pay, some ugly signs had already been observed early in the year; but it was only on the 10th of May that military revolt openly

raised its terrible head at Meerut—a place about forty miles north-east of Delhi. There were several causes of this rebellion, but perhaps the chief one was the fact that the native troops had been forced to use greased cartridges, which their religious principles or prejudices forbade them even to touch, as being encased with the fat of so unclean an animal as a pig. Out of respect for their scruples on this head, new rules had been made allowing the sepoys to tear, instead of bite, off the ends of the cartridges; but even this concession did not satisfy them, and, for positively refusing to touch the cartridges that were offered them, about a squadron of native cavalry at Meerut were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. In presence of the whole garrison, they were stripped of their uniforms, fitted with fetters, and marched off to prison, yelling out curses at their colonel as they went. Next evening the storm of evil and long-pent-up passions broke loose. The sepoy regiments at Meerut rose in open revolt, rushed to the gaol and released their comrades, murdered some of their English officers and their wives, plundered and slew like demons, and, leaving the place running with blood and wrapt in flames, fled to Delhi, the great stronghold of the Mahomedan dynasty and faith. So sudden and sanguinary had been this outburst against the British rule and name that the English commanders—all but a few whose energetic counsel was rejected—lost their heads completely for the time being, as if paralysed with astonishment and unbelief; and by the time they had recovered their senses the fugitive mutineers were safe within the walls of Delhi.

Standing on the right, or western, bank of the Jumna, which is here about a quarter of a mile broad, Delhi had a circumference of about seven miles and a population of nearly 200,000. In its palmy days the city was said to have covered an area of twenty square miles. At the time of the mutiny it formed a magnificent collection of temples, mosques, and palaces. Of the mosques the chief was that of the Jumma Musjid, or great Mahomedan cathedral—a truly noble structure, towering above the rest of the city. Again, there was the mosque of Roushan-ud-Daulah, where, in 1739, Nadir Shar sat and witnessed the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants. But that was nothing to what the present king of Delhi, Bahadoor Shah, was now about to look upon. Under the English, this descendant of Timour the Tartar had become the mere shadow of a king, and the thought that he was no longer a potentate, but a mere puppet in the hands of the real masters of India, had inflamed his heart

against them with a passion which only needed a spark of fire to set it in a blaze. That spark was supplied by the sudden advent of the mutineers from Meerut on the 11th of May.

Crossing the Jumna by the bridge of boats they swarmed into the courtyard of the palace, where they were eagerly joined by the royal guards. Captain Douglas, the commander of these guards, rushed down from the presence of the King to quiet the turmoil, but his presence only made it worse. He was joined by Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, and Mr. Hutchinson, the Collector; but the surging, roaring crowd closed in upon them with murder in their eyes. The Englishmen attempted flight, Captain Douglas flinging himself into the moat; but he was badly hurt by his fall, while Mr. Hutchinson was also wounded. As these two were being carried to the apartments over the palace gateway, Mr. Fraser made one last effort to appease the multitude; but while in the act of speaking he was cut down and hewn to pieces. The whole ferocious crew then rushed to the upper rooms, where Mr. Jennings, the Chaplain, his daughter, and a young lady friend were tending the wounds of Captain Douglas and Mr. Hutchinson. Bursting open the doors, the dark, demoniacal throng poured in and hacked them to pieces. Then the sepoys, maddened with blood, streamed forth from the palace, and, accompanied by the scum of the city—the very vilest of mankind—flew to the European quarters, where they slew, burned, ravished, and raged without mercy—tossing English babies up on the points of their bayonets, and committing the most inhuman barbarities on their mothers, of which the very description would still bring burning tears to the eyes. An English telegraph clerk heard the awful uproar, but even when the flood of murder came surging towards him he went on with his work—click, click, click—flashing his warning message up to the authorities at the various military stations in the Punjab. “The sepoys,” he wired, “have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up.” The last click died away. The red-handed rebels burst in, and the staunch, cool-headed signaller died at his post, as most of his English countrymen did, and all were prepared to do, on that awful day of blood.



“THE COOL-HEADED SIGNALLER DIED AT HIS POST.”

Among these Englishmen in Delhi none acted with greater heroism than Lieutenant Willoughby—a “shy, refined, boyish-looking subaltern,” scarce capable of saying “Bo!” to a goose in piping times of peace, though his friends well knew what his spirit could be in the hour of danger. On this terrible day Willoughby chanced to be in charge of the magazine, containing vast stores of ammunition which he knew would be coveted by the mutineers. At once taking in the situation, he sent for help to Brigadier Graves, who was in command of the native garrison outside the city in its cantonments; but no help came, and for the simple reason that at this very time the English officers of this garrison were being massacred by their mutinous men. Willoughby could not trust his own native troops, but he had eight of his own countrymen, whom he knew to be as staunch as steel—Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors (*i.e.* warrant-officers of the Ordnance Department) Buckley, Shaw, and Scully; Sub-Conductor Crow; and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart. Barricading the outer gates of the magazine, Willoughby placed guns

there, double-charged with grape, which made the mutineers pause: but not for long.

Encouraged by the reports of their scouts, who had been sent out to see whether there was yet any prospect of English succour arriving from Meerut, they at last sent to demand the surrender of the magazine, “in the name of the King of Delhi,” who had meanwhile assumed the title of Sovereign of all Hindostan. To this insulting request only one answer was possible—none at all. Then the red-handed hordes of murderers came on against the magazine with ladders to scale the walls, and were mown down by the grape-shot of Willoughby’s guns. But the gaps made in their ranks were swiftly filled by fresh men swarming up the ladders, and within fifty yards they poured upon the “noble nine” Englishmen below a deadly shower of bullets. Two of them fell mortally wounded, but Forrest and Buckley, heedless of the leaden hail, continued to work their guns with a coolness as if on parade. At last they were struck—one in the hand and another in the head, and the guns could now be worked no longer. A loud shout of triumph rose from the mutineers, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood.

Willoughby saw that his case was now indeed desperate. He had kept the rebels at bay for about three hours, during which time he had repeatedly run to the bastion to strain his eyes and see whether he could discern the coming of any English help from Meerut. But neither from Meerut nor from the cantonments outside the city walls did any help make its appearance; and now the rebels were bursting in upon him in a roaring, bloodthirsty crowd. His countrymen at Meerut had not been true to him; but he would be true to himself. Foreseeing the possibility of his defences being forced, he had taken other measures of precaution. A train had been laid from the powder store to a tree standing in the magazine yard, and by this tree stood Conductor Scully, who had heroically volunteered to fire the train at a given signal from his chief. For this signal the time had come when the guns of Willoughby could no longer be worked. Then he quietly gave the order to Buckley, who raised his hat to Scully, who in turn fired the train; and in a moment more the city of Delhi was shaken to its foundations as with the shock of an earthquake, accompanied by a terrific roar of thunder and the flames and smoke of a volcano.

Scully fell an immortal martyr to the cause of his country, but with himself he blew into the air more than a thousand rebels, and, above all things, baulked the mutineers of their inestimable prey—the magazine. Four of the “noble nine,” wounded, shattered, and bruised, made good their retreat from the ruins; but the heroic Willoughby only survived to be murdered on his way to Meerut. Never has the Victoria Cross been given for a more heroic deed than the defence and blowing up of the Delhi magazine; and it was well said that the 300 Spartans, who in the summer morning sat “combing their long hair for death” in the passes of Thermopylæ, have not earned a loftier estimate for themselves than these nine modern Englishmen.

While the fight for the magazine had been going on, a tragedy of equal horror was taking place at the Cashmere Gate, and in the cantonments beyond the city walls. At both these places the sepoys had shot down or bayoneted their English officers, and when the magazine blew up, the natives of the 38th Regiment, throwing off the mask, suddenly fired a volley at their officers, three of whom fell dead. “Two of the survivors,” writes an historian of that awful time, “rushed up to the bastion of the main guard and jumped down thirty feet into the ditch below. The rest were following, when, hearing the shrieks of the women in the guard-room, they ran back under a storm of bullets to rescue them. The women were shuddering as they looked down the steep bank, and asking each other whether it would be possible to descend, when a round shot whizzing over their heads warned them not to hesitate. Fastening their belts and handkerchiefs together, the officers let themselves down, and then, having helped the women to follow, carried them with desperate struggles, up the opposite side,” whence the fugitives could reach the jungle. At the cantonments the fate of the English—women, children, and a few surviving officers—was something similar, and then began that piteous flight, with all its frightful sufferings, which hardened the hearts of the British to inflict a terrible revenge.

Meanwhile, in the city of Delhi itself rebellion was triumphant and merciless. All the Europeans that could be found were massacred and tortured in the most barbarous manner. Some fifty of them at the first sound of alarm had barricaded themselves—men and women—in one of the strongest houses of the English quarter. But they were ill-armed and without supplies, and what could they do against the furious rabble or

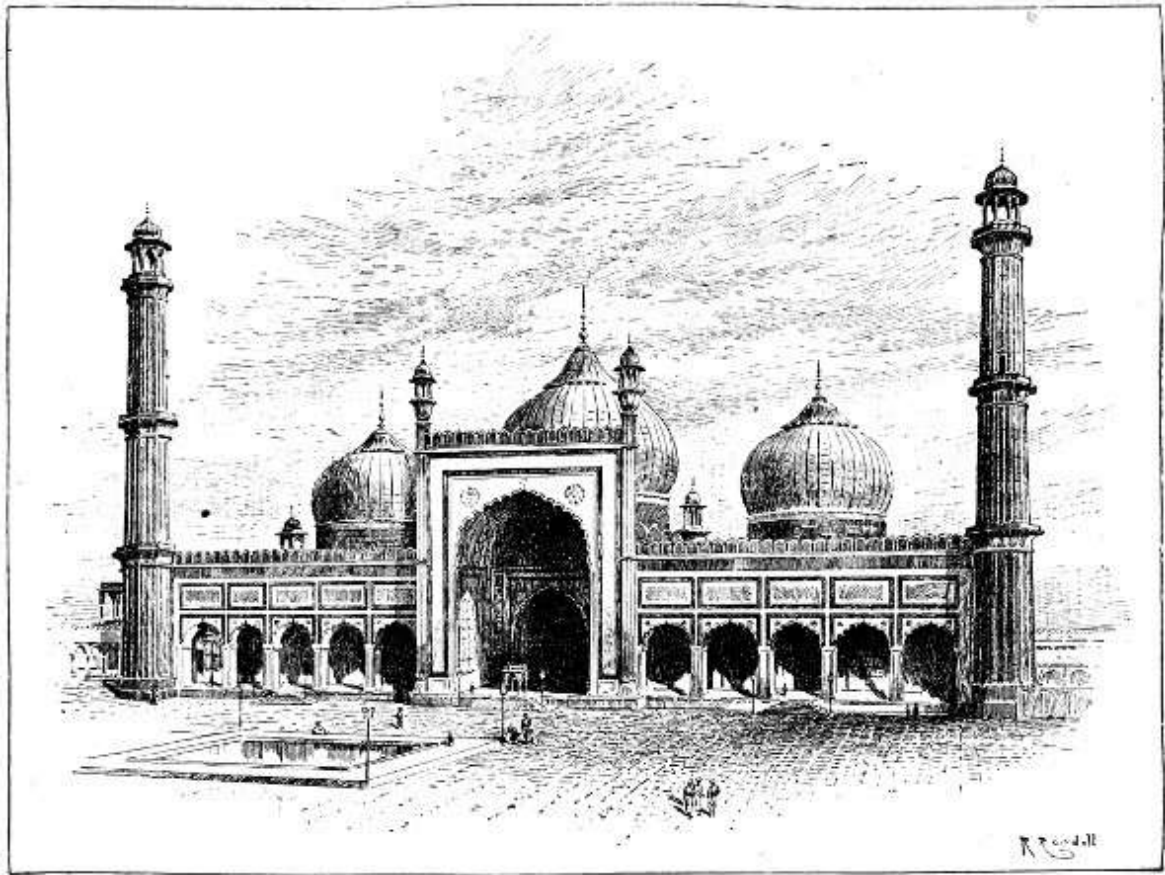
ruffians who besieged them? They were dragged to the palace and lodged in a dungeon without windows, and with only one door. After five days these were all taken out into a courtyard and butchered in cold blood, their mangled bodies being piled on carts and thrown into the Jumna. That was on the 16th May—five days after the arrival of the mutineers from Meerut; and now Delhi had been cleansed of its last Christian. Murder and rapine, arson and outrages which cannot even be named, had done their fell work, and the English *Raj*, or rule, had been trampled underfoot no less at Delhi than at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and other centres of revolt. The climax of the rebellion had now been reached, but there still had to come the inevitable anti-climax. The blood of hundreds of English men, and women, and children, wantonly slaughtered, was crying aloud for vengeance, and a terrible vengeance it would be.

The mill-wheels of God, it has been said, grind slowly if surely; but rarely had they turned round so slowly as they now seemed to be doing after the terrible news from Delhi reached Meerut and the chief places in the Punjab. The mutiny had broken out so suddenly that the authorities were at first quite unable to cope with it, and precious time had to elapse before the army of retribution could be got to take the road. But meanwhile a cheerful and plucky spirit prevailed both amongst officers and men, notwithstanding all their fatigues, privation, and sickness; and if there was one man more than another, as his brother afterwards wrote of him, who helped to inspire and keep up this spirit—if there was one more than another who merited that which a Roman would have considered the highest praise, that he never despaired of his country—it was Lieutenant Hodson, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, formerly of the Guides. “I can but rejoice,” he wrote, “that I am employed again; certain, too, as I am, that the star of Old England will shine brighter in the end, and we shall hold a prouder position than ever. The crisis is an awful one, but with God and our Saxon arms to aid us, I have firm faith in the result.”

“Hodson is at Umballa, I know,” wrote an officer at Meerut; “and I’ll bet he will force his way through, and open up communication between the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves. At about 3 o’clock that night I heard my advanced sentries firing. I rode off to see what was the matter, and they told me that a part of the enemy’s cavalry was approaching their post. When day broke in galloped Hodson! He had left Kurnal (seventy-

five miles off) at 9 o'clock the night before, with one led horse and an escort of Sikh cavalry, and, as I anticipated, here he was with despatches for Wilson! How I quizzed him for approaching an armed post at night without knowing the parole! Hodson rode straight to Wilson, had his interview, a bath, breakfast, and two hours' sleep, and then rode back the seventy-five miles, having to fight his way for about thirty miles of the distance." It was no wonder that another officer, writing to his wife at this time, said: "Hodson's gallant deeds more resemble a chapter from the life of Bayard or Amadis de Gaul than the doings of a subaltern of the nineteenth century. The only feeling mixed with admiration for him is envy." "The pace pleased him" (the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson), wrote Hodson himself, "for he ordered me to raise a Corps of Irregular Horse, and appointed me its commandant."

At last, after a delay which nearly fretted to death the hearts of men like Hodson, the bulk of the army of vengeance started from Umballa under General Anson, who was presently, however, stricken down with cholera and carried off. He was succeeded by General Sir Henry Barnard in the chief command of the Delhi field force, consisting of only three Brigades, totalling about 3,000 Europeans, 1,000 native troops, and twenty-two guns—a poor enough army, surely, to be sent to recapture Delhi, with its hordes of highly-disciplined and well-armed sepoys behind its cannon-bristling walls. The plan of operations was that the two Umballa Brigades should advance to Baghput, where they would be joined by the Meerut Brigade, under Archdale Wilson, and then sweep on to the work of vengeance at Delhi. As it was the hottest season of the year, with its burning suns and blistering airs, the men rested in their tents during the day, and marched by night. "The nights were delicious," wrote one who took part in the campaign; "the stars bright in the deep dark sky, the fireflies flashing from bush to bush, and the air, which in Europe would have been called warm and close, was cool and refreshing to cheeks that had felt the hot wind during the day. Along the road came the heavy roll of the guns, mixed with the jingling of bits, and the clanking of the steel scabbards of the cavalry. The infantry marched on behind with a dull, deep tread; long lines of baggage-camels and bullock-carts, with the innumerable sutlers and camp-servants, toiled along for miles in the rear, while the gigantic elephants stalked over bush and stone by the side of the road."



[Photo.: Frith, Reigate.]

JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

The Meerut Brigade, being much nearer Delhi, set out on its march some days later than the Umballa force, and it had to fight its desperate way to the point of junction. After three nights' marching the Meerut column, at dawn on May 30th, reached the village of Ghazi-ud-din-Nagar, near the river Hindun, about ten miles from Delhi; and here the bugler had barely time to call to arms when the rebels opened fire with heavy guns placed on a ridge. "The first few rounds from the insurgent guns," wrote an eye-witness, "were admirably aimed, plunging through our camp; but they were ably replied to by our two eighteen-pounders in position, under Lieutenant Light, and Major Tombs' troop, most admirably led by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Mackenzie, who, raking them in flank with his six-pounders, first made their fire unsteady, and in a short time silenced the heavy guns." At the same time the 60th Rifles went for the rebels in a most spirited manner, and captured several of their heavy guns. But in doing so Captain Andrews and four of his men

were blown up by the explosion of an ammunition waggon fired by one of the mutineers. The 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabineers, then charged and completed the rout of the rebels, who left in the hands of their victors all their ordnance, ammunition, and stores. That night the officers drank in solemn silence to the memory of their brave departed comrades, who were buried at dawn beside a babool tree.



“THE OFFICERS THEN, HAVING HELPED
THE WOMEN TO FOLLOW, CARRIED THEM
UP THE OPPOSITE SIDE.” (p. [123](#)).

Next day, which was Whit-Sunday, the rebels again returned to the attack, for they had been taunted with cowardice on presenting themselves at Delhi, and reinforced in order that they might redeem their reputation by hurling back the advancing force of Feringhees, or hated Franks—the name by which the English were known in India. But again the hurling back was all on the side of the sepoy, and once again they

were sent scampering home to Delhi, though the English, at death's door almost with the scorching heat and their parching thirst, were unable to follow up this second victory of theirs by pursuit. Twenty-three of the enemy lay together in one ditch, and for three miles the road to Delhi was strewn with dead bodies. The English had to mourn the loss of four officers and fifty men—among the former being Napier, an ensign of the Rifles, so active, so full of life, so brave, that he won the love and admiration of all. A bullet struck his leg, and the moment he was brought into camp it had to be amputated. During the operation never a sigh betrayed any sensation of pain. "I shall never lead the Rifles again," he plaintively murmured; "I shall never lead the Rifles again." A few weeks later the brave and generous lad was laid in his grave.

Next day the Meerut Brigade, which had done all the fighting hitherto, was reinforced by a battalion of Goorkhas, who were so overjoyed at the prospect of another fight that they threw somersaults and cut capers like so many mountebanks. But, much to their disappointment, the enemy did not return. Six days later the whole Meerut force crossed the Jumna and joined General Barnard's Umballa Brigade at Alipur, being loudly cheered as they marched into headquarters camp with the captured guns and other trophies of their victories.

A day or two previously the intrepid Hodson had again been on the war-path. It was impossible for Barnard to move forward on Delhi without knowing something of the positions of the rebels in front of the city, and who but Hodson should volunteer to ride on and discover all that his commander wished to know! Taking with him a few troopers, he rode, as he wrote, "right up to the Delhi parade-ground, and the few Sowars (or native horsemen) whom I met galloped away like mad at the sight of one white face. Had I had a hundred Guides with me I would have gone up to the very walls." A day or two later (8th July) he wrote:—"Here we are, safe and sound, after having driven the enemy out of their position in the cantonments up to and into the walls of Delhi. I write a line in pencil on the top of a drum to say that I am mercifully untouched, and none the worse for a very hard morning's work. Our loss has been considerable, the rebels having been driven from their guns at the point of the bayonet."

This was a reference to the battle of Badli-Ki-Serai, where the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment and the 60th Rifles again carried the day by a magnificent bayonet charge, though at a cost of 53 killed and 130 wounded, while the rebel loss amounted to about 1,000. The British loss had been severe; but the victory was worth the price, for the enemy had now been forced to surrender to their conqueror a commanding position, from which he could attack them with the greatest advantage, and the rebels had been driven ignominiously by a force far inferior to their own to take refuge within the walls of the city from which they had but lately expelled every Christian whom they had not slaughtered.

So here then, at last, on the 8th of June, our tiny British force had established itself in front of walled and embattled Delhi. Had anything so audacious, not to say impudent, ever been heard of before in the annals of warfare? Troy, surely, was mere child's play to this, and Sebastopol a game of battledore. But weakness of numbers can sometimes be made up for by strength of inspiration; and every British soldier felt his heart swell to the size of that of twenty men when he looked around the cantonments before Delhi and beheld the still extant traces of the late massacre of his countrymen—the marks of blood, the broken furniture, the blackened walls, the shreds of ladies' dresses, and even the locks of their hair, and, more maddening than all, the tiny boots of English babies who had been barbarously slaughtered and tossed up on the bayonets of the rebels. What the British soldiers, heroically strong in their numerical weakness, now longed with a fierce and overmastering desire to do was to cross bayonets with those incarnate fiends whom they had already swept back behind the walls of Delhi.

These walls, with a circumference of about seven miles, were made of large blocks of grey freestone, crowned by a good loop-holed parapet. At intervals along the circumference they were provided with bastions, each armed with ten, twelve, or fourteen guns, a hundred and fourteen in all, in addition to sixty field-guns. The city had ten gates, strong, and aptly named after the cities or provinces towards which they opened—Cashmere, Cabul, Lahore, etc. The walls were about twenty-four feet in height, while in front ran a dry ditch, twenty-five feet wide and about twenty feet deep. The counter-scarp—*i.e.* the outer side of the ditch—and the glacis, or smooth open slope leading away from the edge of the ditch, were such as to move the admiration of the English engineers. One side

of the city, the eastern, was washed by the broad and deep Jumna, and could not be thought of. On the other hand, with his tiny force, it was equally impossible for Barnard to invest the whole place. So he selected the northern front of the city as the object of his attack when he should be in possession of heavy enough siege-artillery to breach the wall and let in the avenging flood.

Meanwhile his position was the famous “Ridge”—a rocky elevation of about sixty feet above the general level of the city, extending along a line, obliquely to the front of attack, of a little over two miles, its left resting upon the Jumna some three miles above Delhi, and its right approaching the Cabul gate at a distance of about a thousand yards. Prominent points on this “Ridge” were the Flagstaff Tower, a ruined mosque, an ancient observatory, Hindoo Rao’s House, and Swami House, which, in the mouth of Tommy Atkins, speedily became “Sammy” House. These were all good points in favour of the British. But, on the other hand, the rebels, sallying out of the city, could profit by the cover afforded them by the suburban villages (Subzee Munde, or “vegetable market,” the chief of them), gardens, groves, house-clusters, and walled enclosures, to indulge in a perpetual series of attacks on the British position. For though the English had come to besiege, the fewness of their numbers and the temporary want of heavy guns reduced them at first to the position of besieged; and for a long time—more than three months, in fact—their energies were consumed in fending off the ferocious sorties of the Delhi garrison. These sorties they began on the very day after the sitting down of the British on the “Ridge,” but were sent packing back again with serious loss. The repulse of their first sally was mainly due to the bravery of the famous Corps of Guides, composed of stalwart frontier men of all races, arrayed in their own loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans, who had marched into camp with a swinging stride that very morning, after moving for twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, at the hottest time of the year—one of the greatest feats of the war. Three hours after their arrival they were launched against the rebels, whom they pursued up to the city walls, but at the cost of their dearly-loved commander, Lieutenant Quintin Battye. “Now I have a chance of seeing service,” he had joyfully exclaimed on setting out with his regiment, for he was a keen soldier, a good swordsman, and a splendid rider. But he fell in his very first fight, saying

gaily to a comrade as he breathed his last: "Well, old fellow, *dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*; you see it's my case."



MAJOR TOMBS.

A few days after this General Barnard, believing with Macbeth that "twere well it were done quickly," had yielded to a scheme for storming the city offright—a scheme in which the bold and fiery Hodson had a prominent share. Under cover of the darkness, two columns were to steal up to as many gates, blow these in with gunpowder, and then rush into the city. But owing to a misunderstanding on the part of one of the commanders, the plan had finally to be abandoned—much to the disgust of the younger members of Barnard's staff, who were simply dying for the performance of such a feat. Another council of war debated the chances of its success; but cautious—call it not timorous—counsels meanwhile prevailed, for the news of a repulse, following upon an ill-advised assault, would have added fresh fuel to the fire of the mutiny, which was now blazing up more furiously than ever, beyond the extinguishing power of rivers of blood, over the length and breadth of Hindostan.

From every part of the country the mutineers continued to stream in to Delhi, and ever, as fresh contingents arrived, they were sent out to try

their prowess on the holders of the “Ridge”; and hold it they did with a tenacity which neither wounds, nor death, nor disease, nor pestilence could in the least degree relax. In the men’s tents they made merry, and, like the Greeks before Troy, had their sports just as if they had been far away at home on the village-greens of Old England. Stricken to death, the soldier told his officer he would soon be up again and ready for another brush with the mutineers. In the space at our disposal we cannot detail, we can scarcely enumerate, the actions that were fought in front of Delhi—more than thirty of them in twelve weeks, and all to the glory of the British name. Let one or two instances of conspicuous personal valour before the foe serve to illustrate the spirit which animated all our little besieging army.



“IT WAS BAYONET TO BAYONET” (p. [130](#)).

“I must tell you,” wrote an officer, “of a noble action of Lieutenant Hills of the Artillery (a young man who only four years ago had been a pupil at the Edinburgh Academy). He was on picket, with his two horse-artillery guns, when the alarm was sounded and an order sent him to

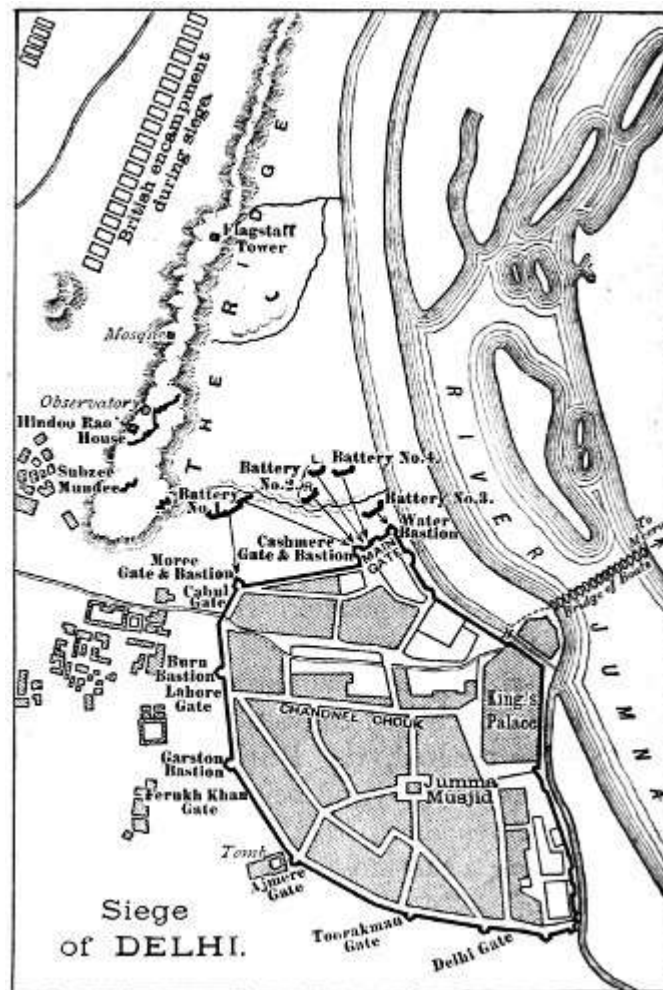
advance, given under the impression that the enemy were at some distance. He was supported by a body of Carabineers—eighty, I believe, in number. He advanced about 100 yards, while his guns were being limbered up to follow, and suddenly came on about 120 of the enemy's cavalry close upon them.

Disgraceful to say, the Carabineers turned and bolted. His guns being limbered up, he could do nothing, but, rather than fly, he charged them by himself. He fired four barrels of his revolver and killed two men, hurling the empty pistol in the face of another and knocking him off his horse. Two horsemen then charged full tilt at him, and rolled him and his horse over. He got up with no weapons, and, seeing a man on foot coming at him to cut him down, rushed at him, got inside his sword, and hit him full in the face with his fist. At that moment he was cut down from behind, and a second blow would have done for him had not Tombs, his captain, the finest fellow in the service, who had been in his tent when the row began, arrived at the critical moment and shot his assailant—by a splendid shot, fired at thirty paces. Hills was able to walk home, though his wound was severe; and on the road Tombs saved his life once more by sticking another man who attacked him. If they don't both get the Victoria Cross, it won't be worth having." But they both did.

Another personal exploit of a similar kind was thus recorded by an officer:—"We took Khurkonda by surprise, and Hodson immediately placed men over the gates and we went in. Shot one scoundrel *instanter*, cut down another, and took a ressalidar (native officer) and some sowars prisoners, and came to a house occupied by some more, who would not let us in at all. At last we rushed in, and found the rascals had taken to the upper storey, still keeping us at bay. There was only one door and a kirkee (window). I shoved in my head through the door, with a pistol in my hand, and got a clip over my turban for my pains. My pistol missed fire at the man's breast, so I got out of that as fast as I could, and then tried the kirkee with the other barrel, and very nearly got another cut. We tried every means to get in, but could not, so we fired the house, and out they rushed—running amuck among us. The first fellow went at Hugh (the writer's brother), and somehow or other he slipped and fell on his back. I saw him fall, and, thinking he was hurt, rushed to the rescue. A Guide got a chop at the fellow, and I gave him such a swinging back-hander that he fell dead. I then went at another fellow rushing by my left,

and sent my sword through him like butter, and bagged him. I then looked round and saw a sword come crash on the shoulders of a poor little boy—oh, such a cut! and up went the sword again, and the next moment the boy would have been in eternity; but I ran forward and covered him with my sword and saved him.”

“What a sight our camp would be,” wrote another officer, “even to those who visited Sebastopol! The long lines of tents, the thatched hovels of the native servants, the rows of horses, the parks of artillery, the British soldier in his grey linen coat and trousers, the dark Sikhs with their red and blue turbans, the Afghans with the same, their wild air and coloured saddle-cloths, and the little Goorkhas, dressed up like demons of ugliness in their black worsted Kilmarnock bonnets and woollen coats. In the rear are the booths of the native bazaars, and further out, on the plain, thousands of camels, bullocks, and horses that carry our baggage. The soldiers are loitering through the lines or in the bazaars. Suddenly an alarm is sounded, and everyone rushes to his tent. The infantry soldier seizes his musket and slings on his pouch; the artilleryman gets his gun horsed; the Afghan rides out to explore; and in a few minutes everyone is in his place.”



Siege of DELHI.

Such was the state of the camp in repose. And now for a picture, from another hand, of the same camp when roused into action. "I was out this night," wrote an officer, "in one of our principal batteries with a party of my Guides, placed there to protect the guns; and I shall never forget the scene at two o'clock in the morning. The sight was a most magnificent one—all our batteries and all the city ones were playing as hard as they could, the shells bursting, round shot tearing with a *whooshing* sound through our embrasures, the carcasses (or large balls of fire) flying over our heads, the musketry rolling and flashing, made the place as light as day. The noise was terrific, though the roar of the cannon was frequently drowned in the roar of human voices, for, when the whole city turned out, there could not have been less than 20,000 voices all screaming at once. The mutineers' yell of 'Allah! Allah! Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!' was answered by our jolly English hurrahs, and the

din was most frightful. I never remember seeing such a beautiful sight or hearing such a noise. The mutineers, though they tried very hard to take our batteries, could not succeed, though some of them got up near enough to throw hand-grenades into them. The grand attack lasted about two hours, when the enemy gave in a little, though they didn't retire. The fighting went on all the rest of the night, and up to two o'clock next day, when both sides retired. We were all glad of a little rest, as most of us had been fighting for upwards of thirty hours."

It was only after the 23rd of June that the prospects of the besiegers had begun to brighten. This was the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Clive, at Plassey, had founded British rule in India; and there had been a superstitious belief among the natives that on this centenary the English Raj would also come to an end. Accordingly, the Delhi mutineers, hounded on by their priests and astrologers, as well as encouraged by copious draughts of bhang (the native intoxicant), made an unusually vigorous push for the British position with intent to turn it and assail it in the rear; but they were finally repulsed with great slaughter, carrying back with them the bitter conviction that, far from being exterminated, the British Raj was now again in a fair way of being restored to its previous supremacy.

But perhaps the most brilliant action fought in front of Delhi—or, rather, several miles to the west of it—was that of Nujuf-gurh. The mutineers had got to know that our heavy siege-train, with but a slender escort, was at last approaching, and they determined to make a dash for it. But this was a game at which two could play, and Brigadier Nicholson, one of the greatest heroes of the war, who had by this time come down from the Punjab to take part in, and indeed conduct, the siege, was despatched with the Movable Column to do diamond cut diamond against the rebels. He found them in a very strong position, and greatly superior to him in numbers and guns. But what did that matter? Turning to his infantry, whom he ordered to lie down to avoid the showers of grape, Nicholson thus addressed them: "Now, 61st, I have but a few words to say. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell said to you at Chillianwallah, and you must also have heard that he used a similar expression (to his Highlanders) at the Alma: that is, 'Hold your fire till within twenty or thirty yards of the battery, and then, my boys, we will make short work of it.'"

Let one of Nicholson's officers now take up the tale:—"Our guns went away to the flank. We got 'Fix bayonets; quick—march!' On we went, in a beautiful line, at a steady pace. On we went, and we got within some fifty yards of them, when the men gave a howl, and on we dashed, and were slap into them before they had time to depress the guns. It was bayonet to bayonet in a few moments, but we cut them up and spiked the guns. We had very few men killed in the charge, as we got in before they fired the grape. Lieutenant G., 61st, was bayoneted by a sepoy after cutting down two. N. shot the man that did it. He had his horse shot under him, and I saw him hand-to-hand with a sepoy, whom he polished off with his sword.... On we went after the brutes, and cut up a heap at the serai and behind it. We then drew up in line, rallied, and went at the camp, took it, sent a party to take the village, and then we went and took the guns at the bridge, over which the enemy was bolting in thousands. Here we took six guns more. Up came our guns, and blazed away at the enemy, and off they went, leaving a host of stores, etc., all along the road.... I was so tired that I lay down on a hide and fell asleep. Next morning the work of destruction was finished, and off we marched with a lot of treasure, etc., and thirteen guns, and brought all safe into camp, after a hard march, arriving at the camp-bridge just in the cool of the evening, when the camp turned out to meet us, and gave us 'three times three,' and played us in with some lively airs, with a final 'Hip—hip—hurrah!' for the gallant 61st, who had reserved their fire, as the Highlanders of the 'thin, red line' had done at Balaclava, until they had almost seen the whites of their enemy's eyes, and then 'given them beans' with bullet and bayonet."

On the 4th of September the siege train, each gun drawn by twenty pairs of bullocks, at last arrived, and the hearts of all the British beat high at the thought that the assault must now soon be delivered on the doomed city. Two days later also considerable reinforcements came in, bringing up our little siege army to 6,500 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 600 artillery—of which only 3,317 were British troops, and the European corps were now mere skeletons of their former selves. In order to stimulate the spirits of this miscellaneous host, Wilson issued a general order, in which he expressed his assurance that "British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers whom we are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold and exterminated"; but, to enable them to do this, he warned

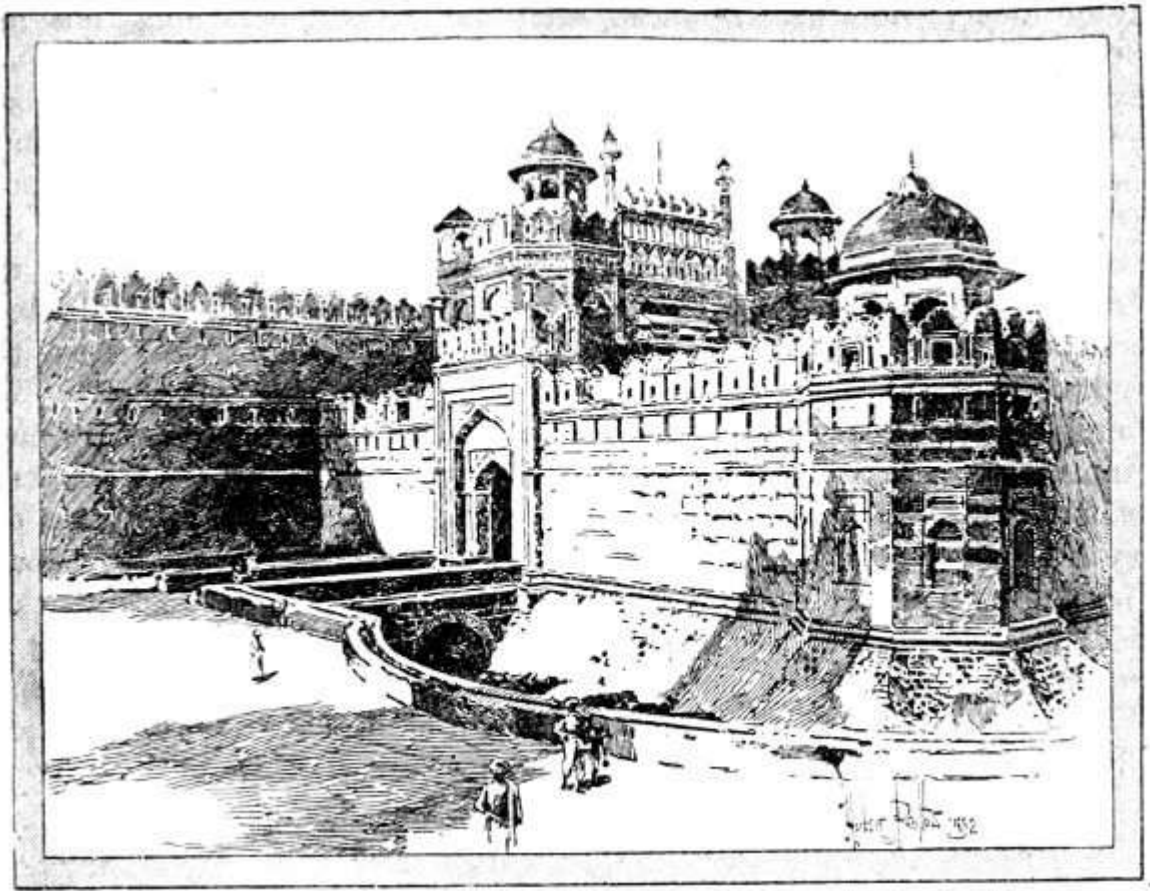
the troops of the absolute necessity of their keeping together, and not straggling from their columns. By this only could success be secured. "Major-General Wilson," he continued, "need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders of their officers and comrades, their wives and children, to move them to the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers! At the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way."

Meanwhile the Engineers, directed by Baird-Smith, another of the giants of this Trojan-Delhi fray, set to work in the darkness and silently traced out the siege-batteries. A long string of camels brought in fascines and sandbags, and hundreds of men exerted themselves to the utmost in raising them, as the work had to be completed before dawn. Showers of grape-shot were rained on them from the battlements, but our devoted men worked on with a will, and by morning Battery No. 1 was in working order and belching forth its eighteen-pound shot at such a rate that the Moree Bastion soon became a heap of ruins. This battery was commanded by Major Brind, of whom it was said that "he never slept," and would say to his men as he shouldered a musket—"Now, you lie and rest; your commandant will defend the battery." "We talk about Victoria Crosses," said someone; "Brind should be covered with them from head to foot!" Battery No. 2, of eighteen guns, was constructed in two portions on the left about 500 yards from the Cashmere Gate, its task being to knock away the parapet right and left that gave cover to the defenders, and to open the main breach by which the city was to be stormed. Conspicuous for his cool bravery in this battery was a young lieutenant—Roberts—who had some very narrow shaves during the siege, but luckily escaped death in all its various forms to become one of the most distinguished fighters ever produced by India, that cradle of great soldiers, and to gain for himself an immortal name as the hero of the famous march from Cabul to Candahar.

Two other batteries, Nos. 3 and 4, were also raised, one of them mounting six eighteen-pounders; and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th of September a terrific roar announced that our biggest breaching-guns had opened fire. A loud cheer, sending the smoke whirling away in eddies, burst from the throats of our artillerymen as they saw how well their fire had taken effect, and beheld huge blocks of

stone tottering and tumbling down from the parapets of the walls. Cheer after cheer went up at this most gratifying sight, and in about ten minutes the enemy's counter-fire from the bastions had been completely silenced. Yet they did not at once give up the artillery duel. For what they could not do from the walls they tried to compass in the open, and ran out several guns, with which they did great damage by enfilading our batteries. They also sent out rockets from their Martello towers, and kept up a storm of musketry from their advanced trench as well as from the walls, causing us severe loss. But who cared for loss when Delhi was there to be won? Night and day, day and night, did our siege-batteries belch forth their thunderbolts against the city walls; and by the 13th of September it was concluded that the long-wished-for time had at last arrived. Yet it behoved the besiegers to proceed with caution, and so four Engineer officers were selected to steal forward to the Cashmere and Water Bastions and find out whether the breaches there were now big enough to allow of the assault.

There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and with the lurid light of flashing rockets and fire-balls. Suddenly, as the clock struck ten, the thunder of the guns ceased, and then the explorers, drawing their swords and feeling for their revolvers, began to creep towards the ditch. Medley and Lang, Home and Greathed were the officers who had volunteered for this perilous service. The two former got down into the ditch undiscovered; but then, to quote the words of Medley himself, "a number of figures appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky, and not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not apparently see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their steel ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go away, when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile, we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns on the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable to get to the top, but the sentries would not move." Medley then gave the signal, and the party started to return to the camp. But the sound of their departing feet betrayed them. "Directly we were discovered a volley was sent after us; the balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched." A favourable report being also received from Home and Greathed, orders were given for the assault at dawn.



THE PALACE, DELHI.



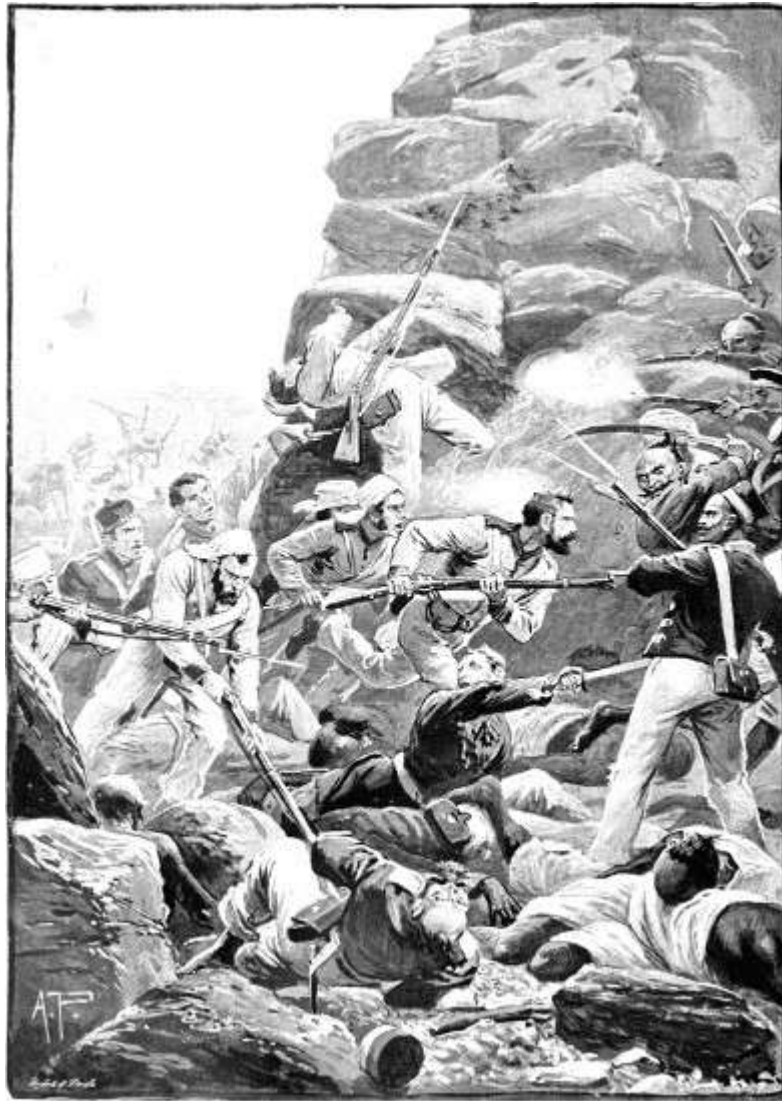
[Photo: Frith & Co., Reigate.]

THE CHANDNEE CHOUK, DELHI.

The infantry of the storming force was divided into five columns, the duty of the first, under Brigadier Nicholson, being to storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion. The second, under Brigadier Jones, had likewise to storm the Water Bastion. To the third, commanded by Colonel Campbell, fell the task of storming through the Cashmere Gate after it had been blown in; while the fourth column, under Major Reid, was told off to assault the suburb of Kissengunge and support the main attack by effecting an entrance at the Cabul Gate after it should be taken; and the fifth, under Brigadier Longfield, was to follow the first and act according to circumstances.

By three o'clock the whole camp was astir. Many of the officers and men had taken the Holy Communion the night before, and in some tents the Old Testament lesson for the day had been read—the chapter being that in which the doom of Nineveh was foretold. Some 6,000 men, of whom only about 1,200 were British soldiers, were going to take a walled city defended by 30,000 desperate and disciplined rebels. The

news of the foul and treacherous massacre at Cawnpore by the Nana Sahib had by this time reached the soldiers, and inflamed their hearts anew with the desire to take fearful vengeance on such barbarous foes. They had suffered more than tongue could tell; but the hour of their retribution and their great reward was now at hand.



“THE STORMERS DASHED OVER THE
DÉBRIS OF THE BREACH” (p. [133](#)).

Suddenly the roar of the guns ceased, and the columns started to their feet as the Rifles, with a loud cheer, dashed to the front in skirmishing array. In a stern silence the storming columns tramped away towards the ditch; but it was now bright day, for, owing to some hitch, they had not been able to move with the dawn. The consequence was that before they had reached the crest of the glacis, with the Engineers and laddermen in

front, numbers of them had fallen under the truly infernal shower of bullets that was rained upon them from the walls. For several minutes the first column found it impossible to lower the ladders and descend into the ditch while the fiendish-looking rebels cursed and yelled at them from the other side, daring them to come on. Presently the ladders were thrown into the ditch, and the men, leaping down after them, planted them against the scarp and swarmed up. Nicholson himself, the “Lion of the Punjab,” as he was well called, was the first to mount the breach, waving with his sword for his men to follow. In a similar manner Lieutenant Fitzgerald led the escalade of the adjoining bastion and fell mortally wounded. With a rousing cheer the stormers dashed over the *débris* of the breach like an irresistible wave bursting in a breakwater wall. For a few minutes there was a wild chaos of cheers, groans, yells, blazing of musketry, and clash of crossing bayonets, and then the rebels turned and fled like a pack of wolves, leaving this portion of their ramparts in possession of the victorious Nicholson.



“OUR DEVOTED MEN WORKED ON WITH A
WILL” (p. [131](#)).

Meanwhile, the second column on the extreme left had carried the Water Bastion by an equally successful, but an equally sacrificial, rush. For of the thirty-nine laddermen preceding the column, twenty-nine were struck down in a few minutes; but their comrades seized the ladders and reared them up against the scarp, while others rushed up the breach, and bayoneting all before them, drove the rebels from the walls. Then, turning to the right, the stormers swept along the ramparts towards the Cashmere Bastion, where they were joined by some of Nicholson’s men, and, rushing ever along the walls, reached the Moree Bastion, where they slew the gunners and leapt on to the parapets, sending up a cheer and waving their caps to their comrades on the Ridge as a signal of victory.

All this work had been short and sharp, and done with a splendid courage. But perhaps the scene of the finest acts of individual heroism was the Cashmere Gate, where the third column, under Colonel Campbell, had meanwhile also forced an entrance in the following

manner: Covered by the fire of the 60th Rifles, a party of sappers and miners advanced at the double toward the Cashmere Gate. Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Mahoo leading and carrying the powder-bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and some others. They reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but passing by the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying his powder, but when this was at last laid, the advanced party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to do its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded just as he had successfully done his duty. Then a terrific thunder-roar and explosion, scattering large masses of masonry, and mangled human forms in all directions, announced that these acts of heroism had been crowned with success. Lieutenant Home now ordered Bugler Hawthorne to sound the regimental call of the 52nd Regiment as the signal for the advance of the column; and this was thrice repeated, lest, amid the noise and tumult of the assault, the tones of the trumpet should not be heard. Then, after having thus coolly blown his bugle, the brave Hawthorne turned to Lieutenant Salkeld and bound up his wounds under a heavy musketry fire, thus ensuring for himself the Victoria Cross, which was also conferred on the few survivors of this “glorious deed—the noblest on record in military history,” as Baird-Smith justly called it when bringing it to the notice of his chief. “Salkeld mortally wounded,” said another writer, “handing over the portfire and bidding his comrade light the train, is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history.”

With a way thus opened up for it, Colonel Campbell’s storming column now burst into the city, slaughtering all it met; and was only stopped in its career of conquest when it reached the Chandnee Chouk, or Piccadilly of Delhi, running right through the city from the Lahore Gate to the Palace.

In the meantime Major Reid’s fourth column, whose task was to advance against the Cabul Gate, had been less successful—had, in fact,

come to grief. For having to fight his way through some suburbs affording splendid cover to the rebels, his men were very much cut up, and, on the fall of their leader, had to retire. At one time it was gravely feared that the enemy, elated with their success at this point, would issue in overwhelming numbers and seek to turn the flank of the British outside position and thus threaten the camp. But at the critical moment Hope Grant brought up the Cavalry Brigade, which had been covering the assaulting columns, and made the rebels pause. For two hours the troopers, drawn up in battle array, sat like statues, while the ranks were every minute rent by musket ball and grape. Not a man flinched from his post, though under this galling fire for two hours. Of Tombs' troop alone twenty-five men out of fifty, and seventeen horses were hit. The 9th Lancers had thirty-eight men wounded, sixty-one horses killed, wounded and missing, and the officers lost ten horses. Nothing daunted by these casualties, these gallant soldiers held their ground with a patient endurance, and on their commander praising them for their good behaviour they declared their readiness to stand the fire as long as ever he chose. Against such firmness the foe could make no headway, and outside the city their counter-attack was at last foiled.

It would take a volume to describe the course and incidents of the conquering career of the various storming columns which had forced their way into the heart of the city; but let the following description of the doings of Nicholson's first column serve as a sample of the fighting which had still to be done. The writer, Mr. Forrest, drew up his narrative after visiting the spot in the company of Lord Roberts.

"On reaching the head of the street at the Cabul Gate, the enemy again made a resolute stand, but were speedily driven forward. A portion of the first column was halted here, and proceeded to occupy the houses round the Cabul Gate, while the remainder continued the pursuit. As the troops advanced up the Rampart Road, the enemy opened a heavy and destructive fire from the guns on the road and a field-piece planted on the wall. The English soldiers, raising a shout, rushed and took the first gun on the road, but were brought to a check within ten yards of the second by the grape and musketry with which the enemy plied them, and by the stones and iron shot which they rolled on them. Seeking all the scanty shelter they could find, the men retired, leaving behind the gun they had captured. After a short pause they were re-formed, and the order given to

advance. Once again the Fusiliers, scathed with fire from both sides, rushed forward and seized and secured the gun. They plunged forward, and had gone but a few yards when their gallant leader, Major Jacob, fell mortally wounded. As he lay writhing in agony on the ground, two or three of his men wished to carry him to the rear; but he refused their aid, and urged them to press forward against the foe. The officers bounding far ahead of their men, were swiftly struck down, and the soldiers, seeing their leaders fail, began to waver. At this moment the heroic Nicholson arrived, and, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to follow him, and instantly he was shot through the chest. Near the spot grows a tall, graceful tree, and Nicholson ordered himself to be laid beneath its shade, saying he would wait there till Delhi was taken. But for once he was disobeyed and removed to his tent on the Ridge.”

Had Nicholson been allowed to lie under the tree, he would have had to wait several days yet before the capture of the city was completed. So far the besiegers had done little more than effect a foothold within its walls, and at a cost of 66 officers and 1,100 men in killed and wounded—or about two men in nine. The bullets of the rebels had worked sad havoc among the stormers, and what these bullets had spared drink and debauchery threatened to destroy. For, knowing the weakness of the British soldier for strong drink, the rebels had cunningly strewn the deserted shops and pavements with bottles of beer, wine, and spirits; and now there ensued scenes of revelry and abandoned indulgence in liquor which recalled to mind the assault and capture of Badajoz. But the demon of destruction filled the breast of the British soldier as well as the demon of drink, and though, true to the injunction of his commander, he spared, and was even kind to, women and children, he slaughtered without mercy all the males who crossed his avenging path. But if provocation be any excuse for massacre, or blood be the just equivalent of blood, then certainly the British soldier in Delhi must have had many apologists.

The task of carrying the rest of the town was carried out day by day with skill and caution. From the first a continuous fire from our guns was kept up on all the remaining strongholds of the rebels—the Palace, Jumma Musjid, etc.; and at dawn on the 16th the magazine was stormed and taken with but slight loss. The same day the rebels evacuated the suburb Kissengunge. On the evening of the 19th the Burn Bastion was

surprised and captured by a party from the Cabul Gate, and early next morning the Lahore Gate, to which the Engineers had sapped their way through the adjacent houses, was taken, as well as the Garsten Bastion; finally, on the same afternoon, the gates of the Palace, which had witnessed the cruel murder of English officers, women, and children, were blown in, and our troops raised a final shout of victory before the throne of Bahadoor Shah. That shadow of a monarch had fled and taken refuge in the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, outside the city; but here he was sought and found by Lieutenant Hodson, who, escorted by only a few sowars, undertook the exceedingly dangerous task of capturing the king.

The story of this capture, as told by one of Hodson's comrades, reads like a romance. After securing his captives, "the march towards the city began—the longest five miles, as Hodson said, that he had ever ridden; for, of course, the palkees only went at a foot-pace, with his handful of men around them, and followed by thousands, any one of whom could have shot him down in a moment. His orderly told me it was wonderful to see the influence which his calm, undaunted look had on the crowd. They seemed perfectly paralysed at the fact of one white man carrying off their king alone. Gradually, as they approached the city, the crowd slunk away, and very few followed up to the Lahore Gate. Then Captain Hodson rode on a few paces, and ordered the gate to be opened. The officer on duty asked simply as he passed what he had got in his palkees. 'Only the King of Delhi,' was the answer, on which the officer's enthusiastic exclamation was more emphatic than becomes ears polite. The guard were for turning out to greet him with a cheer, and could only be repressed on being told that the king would take the honour to himself. They passed up the magnificent deserted street to the Palace Gate, where Captain Hodson met the civil officer, and formally delivered over his royal prisoner to him. His remark was amusing: 'By Jove! Hodson, they ought to make you Commander-in-Chief for this.'"

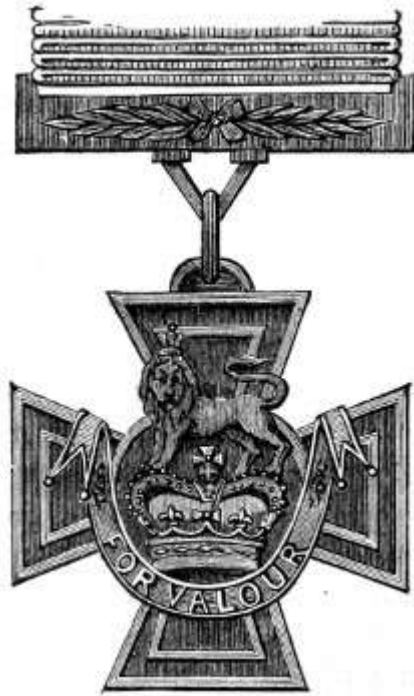
Next day Hodson returned for the king's sons, but to them he was less merciful. "I came," he wrote, "just in time, as a large mob had collected and were turning on the guard. I rode in among them at a gallop, and in a few words I appealed to the crowd, saying that these were the butchers who had slaughtered and brutally ill-used helpless women and children, and that the Government had now sent their

punishment. Seizing a carbine from one of the men, I deliberately shot them one after another. I then ordered the bodies to be taken into the city, and thrown out on the 'Chiboutra,' in front of the 'Kotwalie,' where the blood of their innocent victims could still be traced. The bodies remained before the Kotwalie until this morning, when, for sanitary reasons, they were removed. Thus in twenty-four hours, therefore, I disposed of the principal members of the house of Timur the Tartar. I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches."

This summary act of vengeance aroused much difference of opinion as to its justice and humanity, but Hodson himself wrote: "I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say, while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right."

That same night the toast of "Her Majesty the Queen," proposed by the conqueror of Delhi, was drunk with all honour in the Dewan-i-Khas by the headquarters staff. Never had the old building re-echoed with any sound half so fine. The cheer was taken up by the gallant Goorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion who formed the General's personal guard, and was, indeed, soon re-echoed all over India, all over the English world.

Thus, then, ended this famous siege, one of the greatest and most memorable in the history of England—a siege which, out of an effective force that never amounted to 10,000 men, entailed a loss of 992 killed and 2,845 wounded, apart from all those who died from disease and exposure; but a siege, at the same time, which added an imperishable leaf to England's laurel crown, and enabled her to retain her imperial hold on Hindostan.



THE VICTORIA CROSS.



Gislikon by A. J. Butler

“What battle is this?” we can conceive our readers asking; “and where is Gislikon?” The form of the name may put some on the right track. In one of the most frequented regions of Switzerland “-ikons” are as common as “-inghams” in England, and no one who has travelled over any of the railways about Zürich or Lucerne can have failed to notice some instance of the odd-looking termination. Switzerland is indeed the country to which we are going, and among those of our readers who have already visited that “playground of Europe,” we will venture to say that at least one-half have been close to, if they have not actually passed over, the field on which the battle that we are going to describe was fought. For Gislikon lies not more than six miles from the

top of the world-famous Rigi; it is a station on the not less famous St. Gotthard railway.

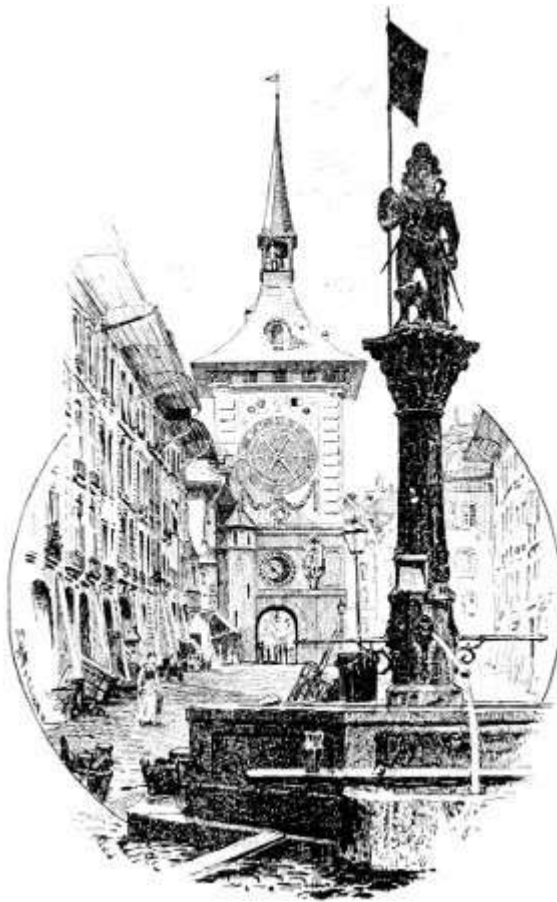
Having got so far, we are prepared for further inquiries, not unmixed with incredulity. It is hard for us to realise that a battle has been fought in Switzerland during the last fifty years. One can almost as easily imagine a battle in England as in that prosperous little country, which many of us look upon as almost an appendage to England, and associate with nothing more serious than holidays and hotels and mountain-rambles. The better-informed have heard of cantons, and probably think that they are something equivalent to English counties or French departments; while they suppose that the country called "Switzerland" has always been much where it is now, with the same frontier and the same territory. How many, we wonder, realise when they cross the well-known Gemmi Pass from Leukerbad to Kandersteg that they are passing from one sovereign State, with its own laws, into another, and that while the State into which they are going, Bern, has been part of the Confederation which is now called Switzerland for more than 500 years, the one which they are leaving, Valais, only became so at a date when Mr. Gladstone was already six years old? So it is, however, and men much younger than Mr. Gladstone can remember a time when Bern and Valais were actually at war with each other, just as, a few years later, Pennsylvania and Louisiana were at war. Happily, in the case of Switzerland the war was quickly finished, lasting hardly as many weeks as the greater conflict lasted years, and involving, as we shall see, a far smaller loss of life and property than many wars which have had far less important results. It is probably not too much to say that had the battle not been fought where it was, or had the issue been different, there would now be no Switzerland at all on the map of Europe.

Before describing the battle, we must give some account of the events which led to it. The years of peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, were by no means years of domestic tranquillity for most of the Continental States. The various absolute governments had been thoroughly frightened by the events of the French Revolution, and ruled

more absolutely than ever. The rearrangement of Europe also, which followed the fall of Napoleon, had, in many cases, produced much discontent; and, in one way or another, every country was going through a critical period. Kings were driven from their thrones; men were constantly punished for the mere expression of their opinions; secret societies were formed, and assassinations were frequent.

Switzerland, too, had its troubles, though as the form of government in every canton was already republican, these took the shape rather of fights between contending parties than of rebellion followed by repression. One great cause of difference was to be found in the various views as to a revision of the "Federal Pact," or treaty, which governed the relations of the States to the Confederation, the Liberals wishing to see these drawn closer, while the Conservatives favoured cantonal independence. Other differences were due to local causes. Thus in Schwyz a serious quarrel arose over the use of the common pastures. The wealthier men who could keep cows were thought to have unfair privileges over those who had only sheep and goats. The former were known as "horn-men," the latter as "hoof-men." They represented the Clerical (or Conservative) and Liberal parties respectively, and the Federal Diet had, in 1838, to interfere to keep the peace between them. The comparative strength of parties varied very much in the different States, and even in the same State sudden changes of feeling were not infrequent. Moreover, matters were complicated by religious differences. Some of the cantons were Catholic, some Protestant, while in others the population was more or less evenly divided between the two forms of faith. It by no means followed that the political divisions went on the same lines as the religious; and in almost every canton there were representatives of both parties. Lucerne was the most powerful of the Catholic cantons, and until 1841 had been on the Liberal side, and in favour of a revision of the Federal Pact. In that year, however, the Government was utterly overthrown at the polls, and the Clerical party came into power, headed by Constantine Siegwart, an able and ambitious man, who had formerly been strong on the other side. The neighbouring canton of Aargau, which was divided between Catholics and Protestants, and which had only joined the Confederation in 1803, had in the previous year found it necessary to suppress its monasteries, which had fomented opposition to the Government. Lucerne made a strong effort to persuade the Federal Diet to treat this as a breach of the Constitution,

according to which all religions were to be respected; and Aargau, although many of the Catholic inhabitants were in favour of the suppression, only escaped stronger measures by consenting to restore some of the monasteries. This business, which was not finally settled till 1843, embittered the feeling between the two cantons, and in Switzerland generally. Seven cantons—Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg, and Valais—made a formal protest against the decision of the Diet to leave Aargau alone; and subsequently formed themselves into a separate league, “for the protection of the Catholic religion.” This league was known as the *Sonderbund*.



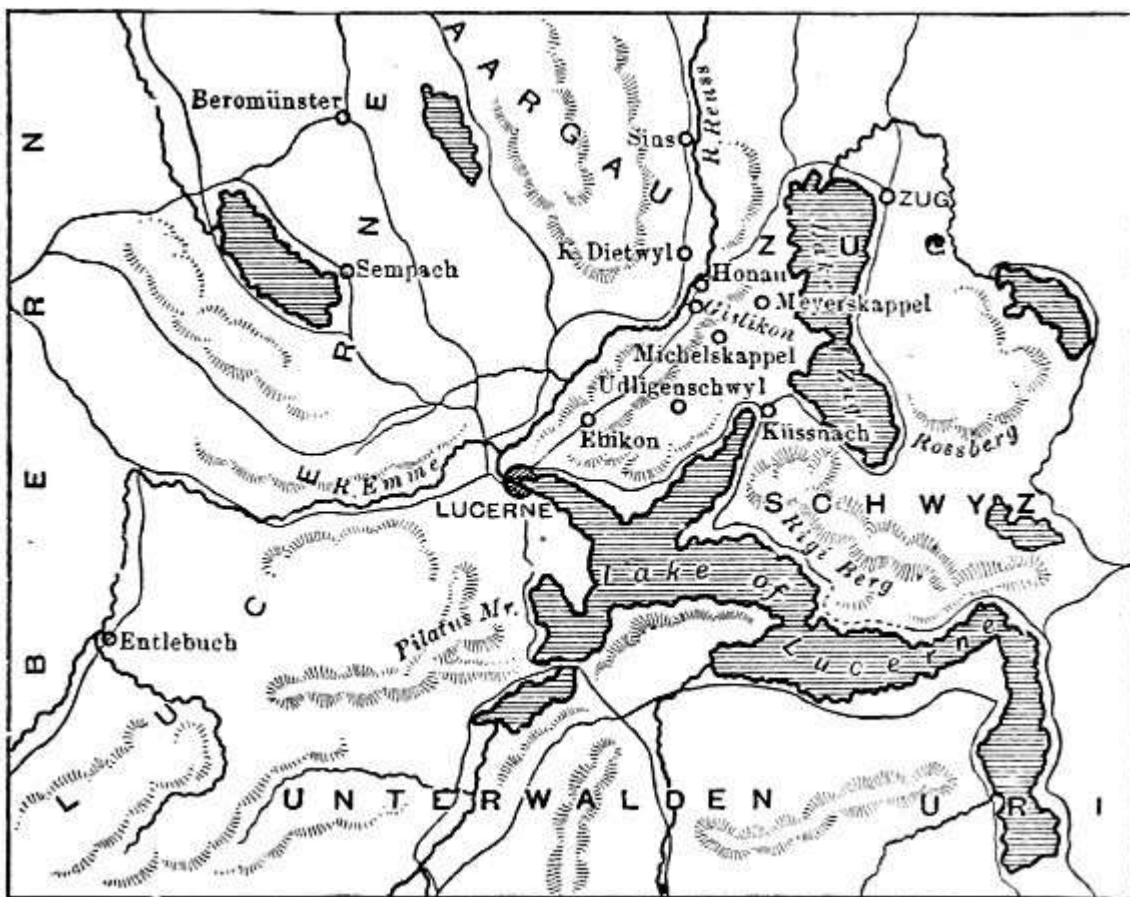
AT BERN.

Events now began to move rapidly. In May, 1844, fighting took place in Valais, not far from the spot where tourists now go to see the “Gorge of the Trient,” and the Liberals, who had been in power until the previous year, were driven out, not without bloodshed; the leaders only escaping by swimming the Rhone. About the same time Lucerne called in the Jesuits to direct education in the canton. There has always been in

Switzerland a good deal of suspicion of this order, who have been, rightly or wrongly, believed to exercise a considerable underhand influence in politics; indeed, the recent conflict in Valais was thought to have been instigated by them; and though they already had a footing in some cantons, their introduction into what was at this time the leading State of the Federation was viewed with alarm, even by many Catholics and Conservatives; while it grievously offended all the cantons in which there was a Liberal majority. Matters were not improved when the Lucerne Government seized and imprisoned its leading opponents. In the following winter and spring armed bands of irresponsible volunteers from Aargau, Bern, and other cantons, with some exiles from Lucerne, made attempts to invade that State. In the second and more serious of these 3,600 men, under Colonel Ochsenbein (who, a year or two later, was President of the Diet), succeeded, on March 31st, 1845, in getting within a few miles of the city of Lucerne, but were beaten back by the cantonal troops, with a loss of 140 killed and 1,800 prisoners. Herein they got no more than they deserved; but the Lucerne Government put itself in the wrong by the extreme severity, amounting to a Reign of Terror, with which it now proceeded to treat its opponents, and by the undisguised manner in which it promoted the organisation of the separate league. The Government also began to intrigue with foreign powers, especially France and Austria, obtaining arms from the former and money from the latter. Three thousand muskets with ammunition which the Austrians attempted to forward from Milan, were impounded by the authorities of Canton Ticino; and so audacious were the Lucerne Government grown, that they actually complained of this as a violation of State rights.

It was obvious that the remaining fifteen cantons, comprising nearly five-sixths of the whole population, could not long tolerate the presence of this hostile league in their midst. A glance at the map will show that of the seven cantons composing it, one, Fribourg, lies apart, while the others stretch continuously from the extreme south-west of Switzerland, near Chamonix, away to the Lake of Zürich. Not only do they divide the Confederation almost in two, but they hold three out of the five main roads which lead through Switzerland into Italy, including the two which at that time were, and probably still are, by far the most frequented—the Simplon and the St. Gothard. Moreover, the attitude of the Great Powers showed plainly that the very existence of Switzerland as a separate and

independent nation was at stake. None of the Continental Governments had any love for the little State, which, besides showing that men could live and thrive under a republican constitution, was always ready to offer shelter to those of their subjects whose political views made residence in their native countries unsafe. Accordingly, we find the Protestant King of Prussia no less anxious than the Protestant M. Guizot, Minister of Louis Philippe, for the success of the Catholic Sonderbund; while Austria and Sardinia, who a few months later were to be at each other's throat, agreed at least in sending help to Lucerne.



LUCERNE AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

The task of the loyal cantons was not easy. In several of them parties were very evenly divided. The only central authority at this time consisted of the Federal Diet, in which every canton, no matter what its size, had an equal representation, while the members were only deputies, bound to vote as the majority of their State directed them. The important canton of St. Gallen, the fifth in numbers, and one of the wealthiest, was long in deciding. The Catholics form about three-fifths of the population

there, and it was not till May, 1847, that the local elections resulted in a Liberal majority, and consequently the return of a Liberal member to the Diet. On July 20th the Diet was at last able to pass a resolution calling upon the Sonderbund to dissolve itself, as being in contravention of the Federal Constitution. The next three months were spent in efforts to bring this about peaceably, but the leaders had gone too far to retreat. They relied, also, not merely on the intervention of the Great Powers, but on their own favourable position in a district almost inaccessible from most sides, on the ancient reputation of the so-called “Forest Cantons”—Schwyz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne, which had been the original cradle of Swiss liberty.



AT FRIBOURG.

On October 29th the Sonderbund deputies offered to dissolve their league, but only on conditions which were equivalent to a concession by the other side of all the claims to assert which the league had been formed, and on the rejection of these terms by the majority, they left the Diet, Bernard Meyer, the deputy from Lucerne, calling upon God to

decide between them. "You had better not speak of God," exclaimed the deputy from Catholic Solothurn; "this business is not His, but the Devil's work." On November 4 the Diet finally resolved that the Sonderbund be put down by force of arms, that the frontiers of the seceding cantons be occupied, and all intercourse with them be broken off.

The command of the Federal forces had been entrusted to Colonel William Henry Dufour, of Geneva. Switzerland possesses no standing army; but every able-bodied man goes through military training, and there is a permanent staff of superior officers, on which Dufour held the post of Quartermaster-General. He was now sixty years old; and though in his youth he had served in the French army during all the time of Napoleon's great campaigns, and risen to the rank of captain, he had seen no active service, having passed those stirring years as an engineer-officer in the island of Corfu, which for most of the time was blockaded by the English fleet. When Geneva became part of Switzerland, in 1815, he transferred his services to the Confederation, and gained a considerable reputation as a student and teacher of military science. He was also at the head of the Commission which from 1833 onwards was engaged in the production of the finest map of any country which up till then had existed—the Ordnance Map of Switzerland. Only a few days before he had remarked to one of his officers that it was lucky for them both that their duties would prevent them from taking an active part in the conflict! As the result showed, no better man could have been chosen. On October 25th he received the rank of General, and took the oath of office as Commander-in-Chief. In a few days he had under his orders a force of nearly 100,000 men and 174 guns.

The Sonderbund leaders had been unable to find a commander among the citizens of the seceding cantons. Their choice finally fell upon Colonel Ulrich Salis-Soglio, of Chur in Graubünden. Like Dufour, he was an elderly man, but had had the advantage of actual military experience. He had served in the Bavarian army during the Leipzig campaign, and had distinguished himself at the battle of Hanau. For twenty-five years he had been an officer in the Swiss regiment in the Dutch service. He is described as a man of charming manners and chivalrous courage; but by no means Dufour's equal as a strategist. Curiously enough he was a Protestant. The Sonderbund forces amounted in all to about 78,000 men and 72 guns. He commanded only the forces

of the “Forest Cantons” and Zug. General Maillardoz commanded in Fribourg, General Kalbermatten in Valais.



“MAJOR SCHERRER SEIZED THE COLOURS” (p. [144](#)).

Dufour’s first care was to secure himself from attack in the rear by subduing Fribourg, which, as we have said, is separated by the cantons of Bern and Vaud from the rest of those composing the Sonderbund. His strategy for this purpose was simple, but effective. The town of Fribourg is not more than sixteen or seventeen miles from Bern, in a westerly direction. It was strongly fortified, and defended by a force of from 12,000 to 15,000 men. The defenders naturally expected that the attack would come from the direction of the Federal capital, and they had made their arrangements to resist it on that side by throwing up batteries and blocking the roads with trees. Dufour caused his first division, under Colonel Rilliet, to advance in three brigades from Vevey, Moudon, and Payerne, in Canton Vaud, with instructions to reach Matran, some four miles south-west of Fribourg, on November 12th. This manœuvre was executed punctually. At the same time Colonel Burckhardt’s division,

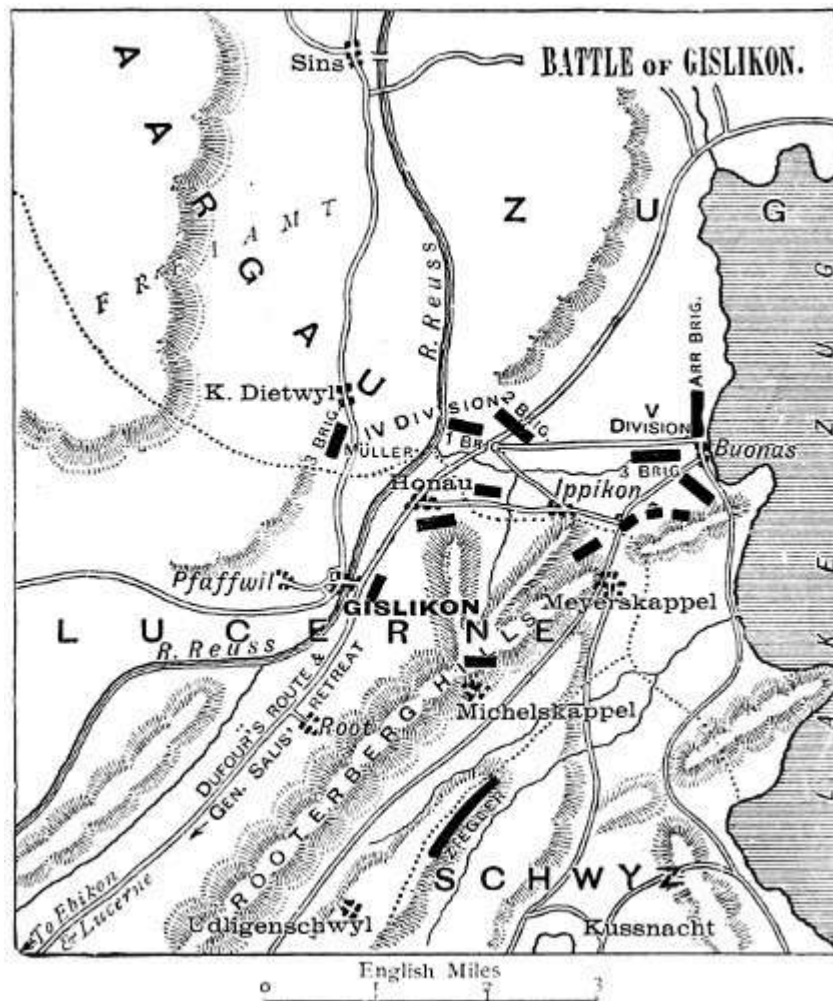
which had been stationed in Canton Bern, instead of advancing directly upon Fribourg, made a night-march to the right, and took up a position about the same distance north-west of the town. Lastly, Colonel Ochsenbein was directed to make a demonstration on the side of Bern, so as to draw off the attention of the defenders from the movements on the west and north, and at the same time to watch the approaches from the south. These dispositions were all so accurately carried out that on the morning of November 13th Dufour was able to send a missive to the mayor of Fribourg, pointing out that his city was surrounded by superior forces—they were from 25,000 to 30,000 men, with sixty guns—and that under the circumstances he could surrender without discredit. The authorities of the city saw the force of his arguments, and agreed to an armistice for twenty-four hours; and on the following day a capitulation was signed, the first article of which bound Fribourg to leave the Sonderbund forthwith. This success was not quite bloodless, for on the afternoon of the 13th some of the outposts of the first division who were stationed in a wood on the west of a town, and had not heard of the armistice, made, under some misconception, an attack upon a redoubt which was close in front of them. The artillery on both sides came into action, and the Federal troops lost seven killed and fifty wounded.

The fall of Fribourg, says Dufour, fell like a thunderclap on the Sonderbund, and astonished the rest of Europe. His own task became much easier, owing to the spirit of cheerfulness and unanimity which now took the place of the indecision and even reluctance which had been felt in many quarters. He lost no time in grappling with the more arduous part of his work—the subjection of Lucerne. Hitherto he had given strict orders to his subordinate commanders that they were to act entirely on the defensive, and his orders had been obeyed, though to do so must have required some self-restraint on the part of those officers. For the Sonderbund forces were by no means inactive. The canton of Aargau runs down in a long tongue between Lucerne and Zug, forming the district known as the Freiamt. At the northern end of this tongue, where it widens out to the full breadth of the canton, is the village of Muri, where one of the suppressed monasteries had been situated. Perhaps the Sonderbund expected to find some sympathisers in that district. At all events, on November 12th a strong force, in two columns, under General Salis and his Chief of the Staff, Colonel Elgger, respectively, entered Aargau, with the intention of marching by different routes upon Muri.

The General, starting from Gislikon, entered the Freiamt at its southernmost point; while Elgger, keeping within the territory of Lucerne, was to take a parallel line and approach Muri from the southwest. It was a foggy day, and the two columns, separated by a range of lofty hills, completely lost touch of each other. In the afternoon, Salis made an attempt to destroy a bridge which the Federal engineers had thrown over the river Reuss, to connect Zürich with Aargau. But he was met with a stout resistance, and compelled to retire. Near Muri he again fell in with troops from St. Gallen and Appenzell, who received him with a vigorous fire, and he found nothing to do but return to his starting-point. Colonel Elgger was at first more fortunate, and drove the Aargau troops back with some loss. His own son, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, got a bullet in his head, but lived to edit the Swiss Military Gazette thirty years later. Presently an order to the artillery to retire in order to take up a better position, caused a panic among some troops from Valais, who probably did not understand the words, and only saw the movement. They fled, and Elgger, having lost a part of his force and hearing the sound of Salis' guns grow fainter and fainter, had nothing to do but to withdraw. A third column, which was to have invaded Aargau further to the westward, succeeded in surprising the Federal outposts and bombarding an unfortified village; but did not wait for the arrival of the Aargau battalions, which hastened up at the summons of the alarm-bells.

In the south, where the Federal strength was less, matters for a few days looked more promising for the Sonderbund. On November 17th a body of 2000 men, with four guns, crossed the St. Gotthard Pass in a storm of wind and snow, and fell upon Airolo. The Ticino troops, who were holding that place, 2700 strong, hardly expected a visit in such weather, and allowed themselves to be surprised. Before they knew what was happening, the village was surrounded by the riflemen of Uri, and cannon-balls were crashing through the snow-covered roofs. They fled in disorder to Bellinzona, with a loss of six killed and thirty wounded, leaving weapons, ammunition, baggage, even their colonel's despatch-boxes and dressing-case, in the enemy's hands. This was the nearest approach to success which the Sonderbund had. It was hoped that Ticino, being a Catholic canton, at least a portion of the population might welcome the invaders; but they received no encouragement, and in a few days the approach of the Federal army to Lucerne rendered their retreat necessary.

For Dufour did not let the grass grow under his feet. Two days after the capitulation of Fribourg had been signed, his headquarters were at Aarau, the capital of Aargau, and all his dispositions made for striking the decisive blow. Lucerne is very well situated for defence against an enemy approaching from the north. The stream of the Reuss, flowing out of the lake towards the north-west, presently sweeps round to the north-east. Just at the angle the smaller River Emme joins it from the south-west, so that a continuous obstacle is offered to an attacking force. Between the Reuss and the Kussnacht arm of the lake (which washes the foot of the Rigi) is a range of lofty wooded hills called the Rooterberg, which continue almost to the Lake of Zug; and in the other direction, a similar line of hills, cut by deep gorges, runs parallel to the Emme. It was on this latter side that the ill-starred attempt of the Free Corps had been made in 1845. Dufour determined on this occasion to approach from the other direction, along the line of the Reuss, and between that river and the Rooterberg. It was a hazardous operation: in his own words, "taking the bull by the horns." Gislikon, the point where the main road crosses the river, while that on the right bank comes close to it, was strongly fortified; and the Rooterberg afforded an admirable position for sharpshooters and artillery. But by advancing from this side he would, if successful, separate Lucerne and Schwyz, and would strike at the heart of the secession. Therefore, while ordering all the five divisions which he intended to employ, to converge by various roads on Lucerne, from east, north, and west, he resolved to make his main attack with the fourth and fifth, under Colonels Ziegler and Gmür. Of these, the former was at present quartered in Aarau, the latter between the Reuss and the Lake of Zürich.



BATTLE OF GISLIKON.

The attack was fixed for November 23rd. Two days before, the little canton of Zug, which had entered the Sonderbund somewhat reluctantly, seeing that further resistance was useless, capitulated, thereby relieving Dufour of anxiety for his left flank. On the 22nd the General issued a proclamation to his troops, reminding them that they were performing a duty to their country, and bidding them lay aside all feeling of hostility as soon as the victory was won. They were specially enjoined to respect all churches and buildings used in the service of religion, and to see that no injury was done to non-combatants or to private property.

That evening Colonel Ziegler's division bivouacked in the "Freiamt," right up to the frontier of Lucerne. It was a clear night, and round the Lake of Zug they could see the watch-fires of the fifth division, which was now occupying that canton. In the early morning of the 23rd the Aargau engineers threw a bridge of boats over the Reuss at Sins, another

being placed a couple of miles higher up, at Oberrüti. Ziegler, with two brigades of his division, under Colonels Egloff and König, crossed to the right bank, and came into touch with Colonel Gmür and the fifth division, advancing from the Lake of Zug. The third brigade, under Colonel Müller, was to remain on the left bank, and attack Gislikon from the direction of Klein Dietwyl. It should have acted in conjunction with the third division, under Donatz, which occupied the next place to the westward, but bad roads hindered that commander from arriving in time to take part in the main action. About nine in the morning the batteries of Gislikon opened fire upon Müller's brigade, compelling it to retire for a time. One of the first shots killed Captain Buk, a refugee from Lucerne, who was marching with the column. Colonel Ziegler, meanwhile, was making progress on the other side of the Reuss. In spite of the fire from the Rooterberg, and from the Lucerne artillery in front of the village of Honau, he pressed on, and presently his guns coming into action caused the enemy's batteries to retire. They made a short stand in Honau, but were soon forced back upon Gislikon, where regular earthworks had been thrown up. Here they made a resolute defence, the battery under Captain Mazzola specially distinguishing itself. On the other side, Rust's battery (from Solothurn) galloped through Honau, leaving the infantry behind, and took up its position in an orchard, five hundred paces—this was before the days of rifled cannon—from the earthworks. Its first shot killed and wounded five men in Hegi's company, which retired, leaving Mazzola's left flank uncovered. Mazzola, however, literally "stuck to his guns," though the artillery on the further side of the Reuss was now playing upon him, and presently compelled Rust to retire behind the fighting line, barely saving his guns from capture by the Lucerne *chasseurs*. A plucky action on the part of one of his subordinates is recorded. Just after the Solothurn guns had retired, a body of troops was seen in the spot they had occupied. In the smoke and haze of the November day, it was not certain whether they were friend or foe. Corporal Pfiffer asked his captain's permission to go and ascertain, which Mazzola willingly gave. Pfiffer left the battery, and went forward till he could see the others clearly; then, waving his sword, cried: "Fire, Captain; it is the enemy!" and made his way back. General Salis, who had taken up his position in the battery, pressed a piece of gold into his hand; but the sturdy Swiss rejected it, saying: "No need for that, General; I only did my duty." The narrator of this story, himself a bitter partisan

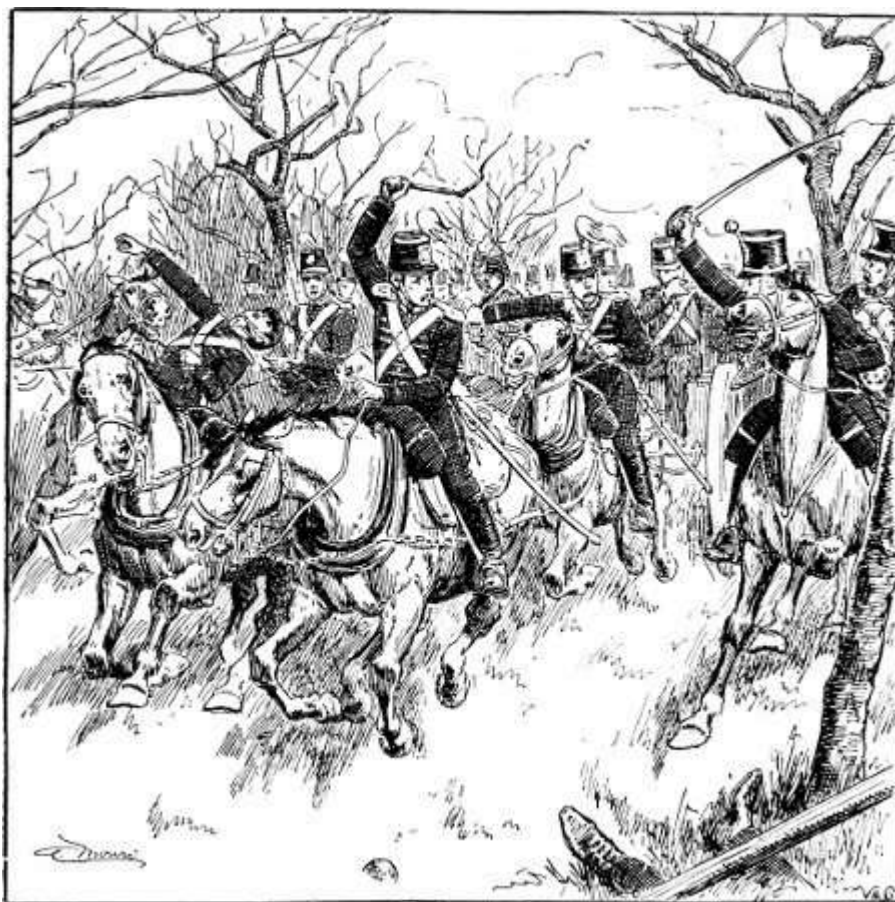
on the Catholic side, adds that Pfiffer was a well-known adherent of the Liberals. Here, as later in the American Civil War, when hostilities had once begun, men put the defence of their homes first, and let their private opinions wait for quieter times.

The troops whose identity Corporal Pfiffer had ascertained were some battalions of Egloff's and König's brigades. These were Appenzellers under Benziger, and Aargauers under Häusler. The former could not face the storm of grape with which they were received, and took shelter in some gravel-pits. Häusler's men, with whom the Brigadier-Colonel Egloff was himself riding, began in their turn to waver. At this moment Major Scherrer, whose own battalion was also unsteady, seized the colours, and fixing them into the ground, cried out: "Switzers, do you know what that means?" Thus encouraged, Häusler's men held their ground, and, presently, through the personal efforts of Egloff and his staff, the fugitives were rallied, and the line restored. Meanwhile, the Lucerne and Unterwarden companies had pressed too far in the direction of the Rooterberg, allowing the Federal skirmishers to penetrate between them and the artillery, so that the earthworks were denuded of all covering infantry. Egloff at once ordered up three batteries, and under the fire of these, combined with that from others on the other bank, the intrepid Mazzola, after nearly an hour's duel between his one battery and five or six of the enemy's, was compelled to withdraw, and abandon Gislikon. General Salis, too, who had taken up his position in the battery, had been severely wounded in the temple by a grape-shot, though he made light of his wound, and refused to leave the fight.

König's brigade, meanwhile, to which had been assigned the duty of clearing the west slopes of the Rooterberg and sheltering Egloff's left flank, had met with a sudden resistance. Again and again they had to fall back, until Ziegler himself, dismounting and leading the right wing, succeeded in pressing the enemy so far up the hill as to secure Egloff from a flank attack, and set part of his own main force to operate against Mazzola. König, with the left wing, attempted to force the position of Michelskappel, on the crest of the ridge, but could not succeed in dislodging the troops from Schwyz who held it. Gmür's division, meanwhile, had captured Meyerskappel, on the eastern side of the ridge,

and was advancing upon Lucerne by the road between the hills and the lake.

But the retreat from Gislikon had decided the battle. At 3 p.m. General Salis gave the order to retire upon Ebikon, a village not more than three miles from Lucerne. In the city itself men had been listening all day long, with painful anxiety, to the thunder of the cannon, but no news of the fight had reached them. At four, arrived an orderly from the General, bringing a message couched in the form usual with defeated commanders, to the effect that he had been compelled to retire temporarily upon Ebikon, but hoped to maintain his ground there for a time. He added, however, that the loss of Gislikon had rendered the position of Lucerne very precarious. A steamer had been in readiness all day, and on the receipt of this news, the Council-of-War, with Siegwart and Meyer at its head, went on board, taking the military treasury and all documents, papers, etc., with them, and steamed up the lake to Flüelen, leaving orders to General Salis to arrange for an armistice. The General himself arrived about 8 p.m., suffering from his wound, and after giving the requisite instructions, departed to Unterwalden. As an old soldier, he doubtless knew that further resistance meant useless bloodshed. Colonel Elgger, his Chief of the Staff, had been for two days maintaining a stout resistance in the Valley of Entlebuch, west of the city, to the seventh Federal division, under Colonel Ochsenbein—who had his former defeat on almost the same ground to avenge—and had hastened back to Lucerne, when night put an end to further fighting on the 23rd. He was at first in favour of defending the city; but was soon convinced of the hopelessness of the situation, and agreed to communicate with Dufour. At 9 in the morning of the 24th came the reply that it was too late to countermand the advance, but that if the Federal troops were allowed to enter peaceably, and the Federal flag was displayed, no warlike measures would be taken.



“RUST’S BATTERY GALLOPED THROUGH HONAU” (p. [144](#)).

Accordingly, at midday on the 24th, the Federal forces marched into Lucerne by all the gates. Twenty days had finished the civil war. The total losses were, on the Federal side, 60 killed and 386 wounded; on that of the Sonderbund, 36 and 119. Dufour attributes the smallness of these figures to the fact that the fighting took place in a broken and thickly-wooded country, where cover was plentiful. Something was, no doubt, also due to the inexperience of the gunners.

Great care was taken to prevent any excesses on the part of the victors. The Bern division, between whom and Lucerne bitter feelings had existed ever since 1845, was not allowed to take part in the entry into the city, but had to remain, by Colonel Ochsenbein’s orders, in the suburbs. Dufour ordered a joint “Church-parade” to be held, the Catholic troops attending Mass in the chief church of Lucerne, while a service was held in the open-air for the Protestants. Subsequently he wrote, “The

troops on both sides showed by their conduct that every Swiss is a born soldier.”

The Confederation had had a narrow escape. On the day when war had been declared, M. Guizot had, on behalf of France, proposed to the other Great Powers that a joint note should be sent to the Swiss Diet calling upon them to submit the questions at issue to foreign arbitration. As it was hardly doubtful that the proposal would be rejected, this meant armed intervention, with the certainty of an ultimate partition of Switzerland. The Continental Powers were ready enough, but Lord Palmerston, then English Foreign Secretary, who had, as he said, “no wish to see Switzerland made a Poland of,” managed, by objections and suggestions, to postpone the delivery of the note till November 30th. By that time the Diet was able to reply that there was no longer any Sonderbund. In the course of the following year, Prussia, Austria, and France had matters enough of their own to attend to; and the Swiss were able to proceed unmolested with the revision of their Constitution into the form under which the country has prospered ever since. Formerly a Confederation of States, they have since 1848 been a Confederated State.

The conflict left—except, perhaps, among a few of the Sonderbund leaders—no ill-feeling behind. Some years later Dufour could write: “The citizens of the old cantons (i.e. the Forest Cantons) nearly all have pipes with my picture on them, and call me ‘Our little Dufour.’” His long and useful life ended in 1875.



LAKE ZUG.



INSANDHLWANA

BY C. STEIN

About ten miles from the Buffalo river, which forms the eastern frontier of Natal, rises conspicuous a tall, rocky, precipitous hill, called in the language of the natives "Insandhlwana," or "The place of the little hand," from a fancied resemblance in its form to an outstretched hand. Near this hill was fought, on the 22nd January, 1879, one of the

most desperate actions ever engaged in under the British flag. Here, overwhelmed by numbers, an English force suffered a complete and most disastrous defeat, and here, bravely facing inevitable overthrow and death, English soldiers sternly answered to the call of duty and fell with honour, grimly defiant to the last.

Of the actual details of the battle there are no complete records. The men who could have furnished them lie under the shade of the hill, and the veldt grass grows green over their silent and glorious bed. But sufficient is known, as much from the subsequent testimony of their gallant foes as from the words of the few survivors of the fatal field, to tell us how determined, though unavailing, was the courage, how great the self-abnegation, of the warriors who then maintained the honour of our country.

Let us tell the story as far as it can be gathered, and if it ends with no shout of victory, at least we can impress on our minds that the heroic dead left a memory of which we may be sadly proud, and that they were not found wanting in carrying on the noblest traditions of the English people.

The Zulu kingdom was a military power that, under a line of despotic and warlike sovereigns, had long been a standing menace to the English colony of Natal and to the Transvaal, the Dutch Republic, which in 1878 was annexed by England. The first king of Zululand, Chaka, had so organised his realm that it was always ready for war at short notice, and his system was maintained by his successors—Dingaan, Panda, and finally Cetewayo, who became monarch in 1872. Every able-bodied Zulu was enrolled in one or other of the king's regiments, and no one was allowed to marry without the king's permission. The permission to marry was generally given as a mark of favour to a whole regiment at once for long or good service, particularly if it had "bathed" its assegais—or, in other words, had covered them with blood in conflict. The discipline of the Zulu army was the sternest. Implicit obedience was required, and every fault was punished with death. Cowardice was unknown, for the coward dare not meet the vengeance and wrath of his king. The saying of each man was, "I am the king's ox"—meaning, I accept life or death as the king may award, and my only business is to carry out his orders without question. The burden of one of their war-songs was, "If I go back I am killed; if I go on I am killed. It is better to go on." With such

feelings, added to their natural fierceness and hardihood, influencing a peculiarly powerful and athletic race of men, it may be conceived how formidable was the Zulu array, and with how much truth it came to be called “a very perfect man-slaying machine.”

The war-dress worn by the Zulu soldiers made them striking and alarming-looking figures. On the head of each man was a plume of feathers, or sometimes a single beautiful feather, taken from the bell crane, rising a good two feet into the air. Round his waist hung a kilt of white oxtails, and beneath his right knee and shoulder were small circles of white goat's hair. For the rest, he was naked; unless he was a chief, in which case he wore a leopard's-skin kaross, or cloak, as an emblem of authority. In his left hand he carried a fighting shield made of oxhide, of which the colour varied according to the regiment to which he belonged. In his right hand he held his great broad-bladed “bangwan,” or stabbing assegai. He also had three lighter and smaller assegais for throwing as javelins, and a “knobkerrie,” or club, made of hard “umzimbete” wood. Many of them had rifles, but very few were good shots, and their fire only became formidable when they had a broad mark, like a body of men, to aim at.

The Zulu tactics were always the same. They always tried to attack in a half-circle, throwing forward both flanks of their fighting force, like two horns, which strove to encircle and threaten the rear of their enemy, while their centre, in successive waves of men, charged to their front with irresistible determination.



[Photo.: Crewes.]

KING CETEWAYO.

It has been said that the warlike Zulu kingdom had been a standing menace for years to the European colonies on its frontier. Except in the towns these colonies were only occupied by farmers, whose solitary homesteads were scattered over the country at wide distances from each other, each European's house having near it a small "kraal," or village, where lived the peaceful and unwarlike Kaffirs who formed the native population. In days not long gone by, the first settlers had frequently been obliged to fight for their lives, and the Dutch names of such places as "Weenen" (weeping) kept alive the memory of old Zulu incursions. Many were the alarms which spread through the country from time to time lest these incursions should be renewed, and many were the frontier farms which had been, in consequence, deserted by their owners. Causes of dispute had arisen, moreover, with Cetewayo, and the savage potentate had showed that war would be far from unwelcome to him. The English Governor and High Commissioner in South Africa in 1878 was Sir Bartle Frere, one of the ablest of the many able politicians and administrators who have been produced by our Indian Empire, and he did all in his power to induce the Zulu king to come to such terms as might secure the continuance of peace—to no purpose. Finally, an ultimatum was sent to

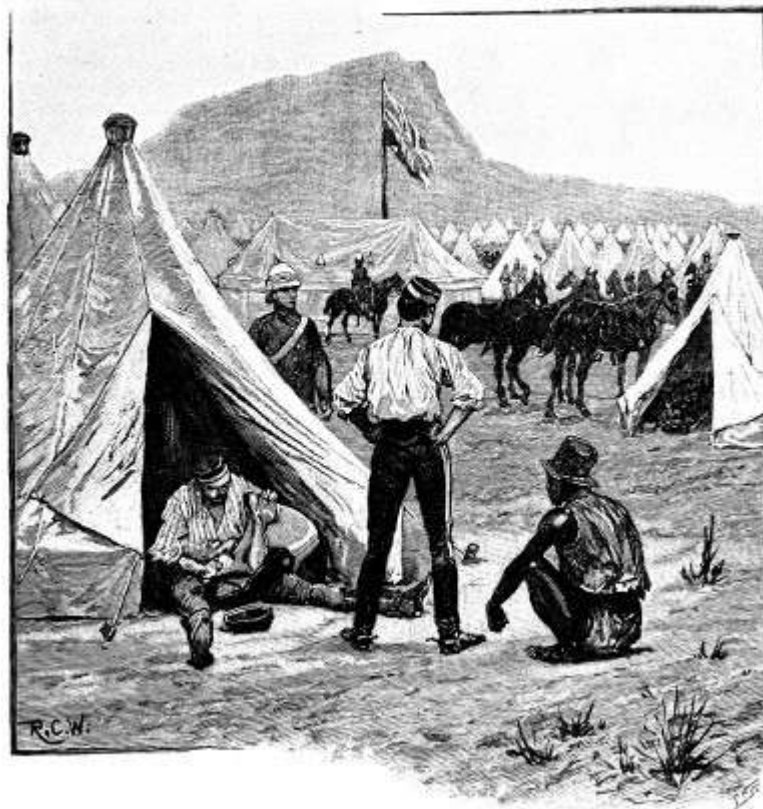
Cetewayo, and he was warned that if it was not complied with before the 11th January, 1879, operations against him would be at once commenced.

It had long been foreseen in Natal that war was almost inevitable, and all the available troops had been massed along the frontier, under the command of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B. The whole resources of the colony had been organised and prepared for a campaign. There were seven regiments of English regular infantry, a naval brigade, seventeen guns and a rocket battery Royal Artillery, and two companies Royal Engineers. There was no regular cavalry, but there were two squadrons of mounted infantry, and nearly 800 colonial volunteers and police, besides more than 300 native Basuto horse. There was also a native contingent, about 9,000 strong. The whole amounted to 6,639 Imperial and colonial troops, 9,035 native contingent, with 802 conductors and drivers in charge of nearly 700 waggons, forming the transport train.

The period allowed to Cetewayo for reply to the ultimatum having expired, a declaration of war was made by Sir Bartle Frere, who then placed in the hands of Lord Chelmsford the further enforcement of all demands.

Lord Chelmsford's army as detailed above was divided into five columns, which were to march into Zululand at different points, and to move on Ulundi, Cetewayo's capital, where they were expected to be able to concentrate victoriously. For our present purpose we need only consider the 2nd and 3rd columns, as the others were in no way involved in the operations which led to the battle of Insandhlwana. The 2nd column, under Colonel Durnford, R.E., was almost entirely composed of natives, and was, in the first instance, more intended to be used as support and communication between the 1st and 3rd columns than for any other purpose. The 3rd column was the strongest and most important, and to it Lord Chelmsford attached himself and his staff. It was under the immediate command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., and was formed by six guns, R.A., one squadron mounted infantry, the 1st battalion 24th Regiment, the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment, about 200 Natal volunteers, 150 Natal police, three battalions of the native contingent, and some native pioneers. This force crossed the Buffalo river on the 11th of January, and encamped on the further side. The rainy

season was not yet over, and not only was there some difficulty and even danger in crossing the flooded river, but the broken country in front of the column was nearly impassable from swamps and heavy ground, so that much road-making had to be undertaken to enable the guns and transport to push forward.



“THE CAMP WAS A PICTURESQUE SIGHT”
(p. [150](#)).

A successful attack was made on the 12th against the Isipezi Hill, but the stubborn resistance that was then made by the induna, or chief, Sirayo and his followers showed that no final success was to be hoped for except at the cost of hard fighting. Several long reconnaissances were made by the mounted men into Zululand, and shots were exchanged with detached parties of the enemy, but there was nothing to show how fearful a storm was gathering in the horizon and was nearly ready to burst.

By the 20th of January all the first difficulties had been overcome, and the 3rd column was encamped at the foot of the Insandhlwana Hill.

The position of the camp was thus described:—"We had a small 'kopjie' (stony hillock) on the right of our road, and then about fifty yards to our left rises abruptly the Insandhlwana mountain, entirely unapproachable from the three sides nearest to us, but on the further—viz., that to the north—it slopes more gradually down, and it is there connected with the large range of hills on our left by another broad neck of land. We just crossed over the bend, then turned sharp to the left, and placed our camp facing the valley, with the eastern precipitous side of the mountain behind us, leaving about a mile of open country between our left flank and the hills on our left, the right of the camp extending across the neck of land we had just come over, and resting on the base of the kopjie before mentioned."

The camp was a martial and picturesque sight in the glow of the African sunset. Here were the tents of the Queen's Infantry, the men busy cleaning their arms and cooking their rations, there the long lines of picqueted horses, there the gun-park, there the swart native contingent, as savage-looking as the foe that they had come to fight, while the flag of England waved over the marquee of the general, speaking pride and defiance to all assailants. There was one fatal mistake, however. The waggons, which should have been ranged end to end in front of or round the camp, in the fashion called in Africa a "laager," forming a defensible barricade against sudden assault, were drawn up uselessly in line behind the camp, and many a veteran of the old colonial wars saw with apprehension that old lessons were neglected, and that undue confidence had taken the place of the caution taught by experience.

It was known that, at about twelve miles from Insandhlwana, there was, on the Inhlazatye range of hills, the stronghold of a chief called Matyana; and on the 21st two separate parties were despatched from the camp at an early hour to reconnoitre and, if possible, attack the place. One of these parties consisted entirely of mounted men—Natal volunteers and police—under Major Dartnell, the other of two battalions of the native contingent under Commandant Lonsdale. Major Dartnell, the head of the police, was an experienced soldier, who had served with the highest credit in the English army, and had taken part in several campaigns. Commandant Lonsdale was also an old soldier of proved knowledge and judgment. Major Dartnell's force encountered Matyana's men about ten o'clock in the morning, and, though the enemy appeared

anxious to fight, it was not considered prudent to engage them without supports. The Zulus occupied a rugged “kloof,” or cleft in the hills; and whenever the mounted men approached they sallied out in large numbers. Mr. Mansel, of the police, a most daring officer, was sent forward with a small body to try to make them show their force, and succeeded in this, as the Zulus advanced to attack, throwing forward their two “horns” and trying to surround Major Dartnell. The volunteers and police then retired before superior numbers, and joined Commandant Lonsdale’s men about three miles from the kloof.

The native contingent had shown on several occasions that they were subject to panics, and were not to be depended upon; so Major Dartnell decided that he and Lonsdale would bivouac for the night where they were, and sent a messenger to Lord Chelmsford asking for the assistance of some regular infantry to enable them to storm Matyana’s position.

In the middle of the night Dartnell’s communication was received, and, as it told of the enemy being in far greater numbers on the Inhlazatye hills than had been supposed, the general considered that an overwhelming strength should be brought against them, and that an opportunity was presented of striking a paralysing blow against an important part of the Zulu army. He therefore ordered the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment, the mounted infantry, and four guns to be put under arms at once in readiness to march, and, placing himself at their head, he moved with the first faint grey of morning to join Major Dartnell. As this detachment would considerably weaken the camp, Lord Chelmsford at the same time sent orders to Colonel Durnford—who, with a portion of the 2nd column, was now near Rorke’s Drift—telling him to move at once to Insandhlwana with the rocket battery and the Basuto horse.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine, of the 24th Regiment, was left in command of the camp. He had with him six companies of the 24th, two guns R.A., about eighty mounted men, including mounted infantry, police, and volunteers, and four companies of the native contingent. His orders were to draw in his line of defence and infantry outposts, but to keep his mounted vedettes still far advanced.

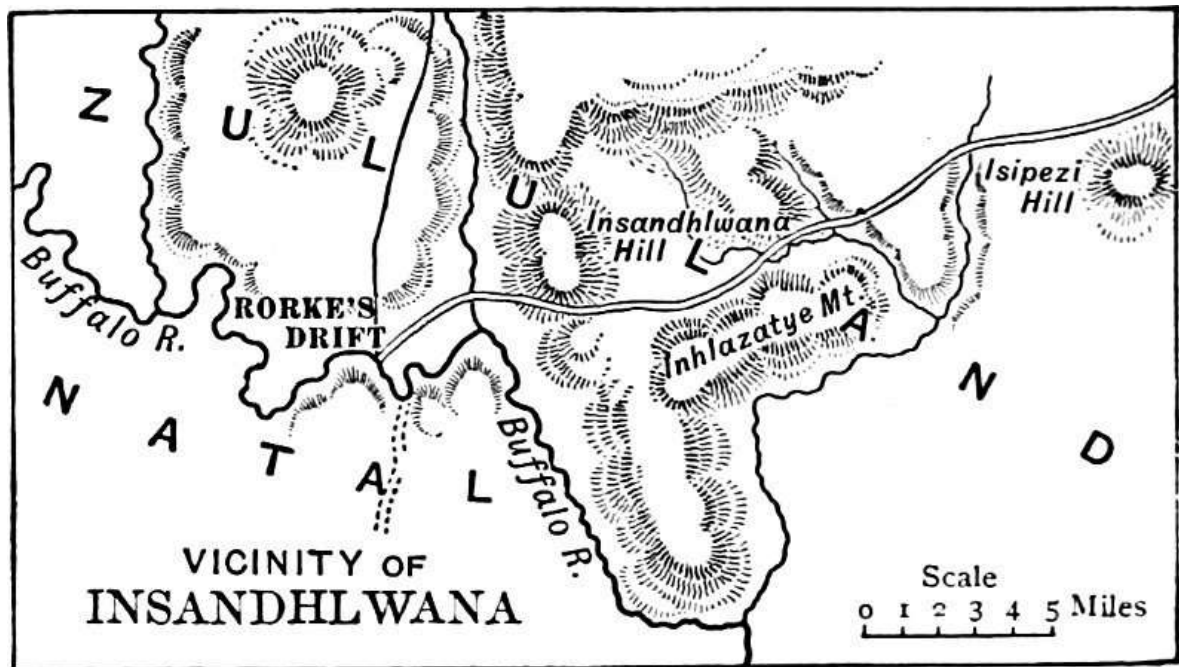
After the departure of Lord Chelmsford with the detached column, nothing unusual occurred in the camp till between seven and eight o’clock, when it was reported from a picquet about 1,500 yards to the

north that a body of the enemy could be seen approaching from the north-east, and the appearance of various other small bodies was subsequently noticed. Then, in the camp, there was all the bustle of quick preparation for battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine put every available man under arms. The draught oxen, which had been grazing, were driven into camp and tied to the yokes; the native contingent was pushed forward on advanced duty on the hills to the left; the guns were put in position on the left of the camp; the mounted men stood ready by their horses; and the 24th were formed up, awaiting the duty which the turn of events might bring.

About ten o'clock Colonel Durnford arrived in camp, and, as the senior officer, became by right the commander. He did not, however, take the dispositions out of Colonel Pulleine's hands, and the two officers worked cordially together. Colonel Durnford had served for more than six years in South Africa, knew the natives and their customs thoroughly, and, with the most undaunted valour, which he had proved in war and to which a disabled arm bore testimony, he combined a chivalrous and sympathetic heart towards all who were brought in contact with him, whether Europeans or natives. A handsome, soldier-like man, with a long, fair moustache, he had an anxious expression of face, as of one who is born to misfortune.

Repeated and more or less conflicting reports now came rapidly from the outposts on the left: "The enemy are in force behind the hills;" "The enemy is in three columns, one moving to the left rear, and one towards the general;" "The enemy is retiring in all directions." The estimates of the enemy's strength were most varied, but none approximated to the real numbers that were threatening the doomed English force, and the full extent of the danger was not realised.

On hearing these reports Colonel Durnford sent one troop of his Natal Native Horse to reinforce his baggage-guard, which had not yet joined him, and two troops, under Captains G. Shepstone and Barton, to the hills on the left, while he himself determined to go out to the front with the remaining two troops, which were to be followed by Major Russell's rocket battery, escorted by a company of the native contingent.



VICINITY OF INSANDHLWANA

It is here worth while to say a word about the Natal Native Horse, than which no corps fought more loyally, bravely, and disinterestedly during the troubles in South Africa. They were principally recruited in Edendale, a Basuto agricultural settlement formed by Wesleyan missionaries, who had recognised that Christianity could best be taught to people who had given up a savage life, and had been trained in and appreciated the arts of peace. The good missionaries had taught the wild Basutos to build houses, to make waggons, and to cultivate the ground scientifically, and, in conjunction with these benefits, had inculcated the Christian's moral law and the Christian's sentiments. The settlement at Edendale flourished exceedingly, and the Basutos became not only prosperous citizens, but God-fearing men. When war threatened, they were appealed to to give their services to the Queen, and they eagerly responded. As soldiers, they were like the old Covenanters. Every morning they assembled round their head-man for prayer, during the day no troops were more daring and trustworthy, and at night, before they lay down to rest, they again assembled for united worship. In truth, they were soldiers whom any general would be glad to command, and disciples whom any religious body would be proud to claim.

Colonel Durnford had asked Colonel Pulleine to let him have two companies of the 24th, but when it was represented that they could ill be spared, the request was not pressed.

As has been said, the full amount of the impending danger was not realised, and there was no expectation of an attack on that day. As a precautionary measure, however, a company of the 24th, under Lieutenant Cavaye, was sent out as a picquet about 1,200 yards north of the camp, while the remainder of the troops were dismissed from parade, but to remain in readiness to fall in at a moment's notice.

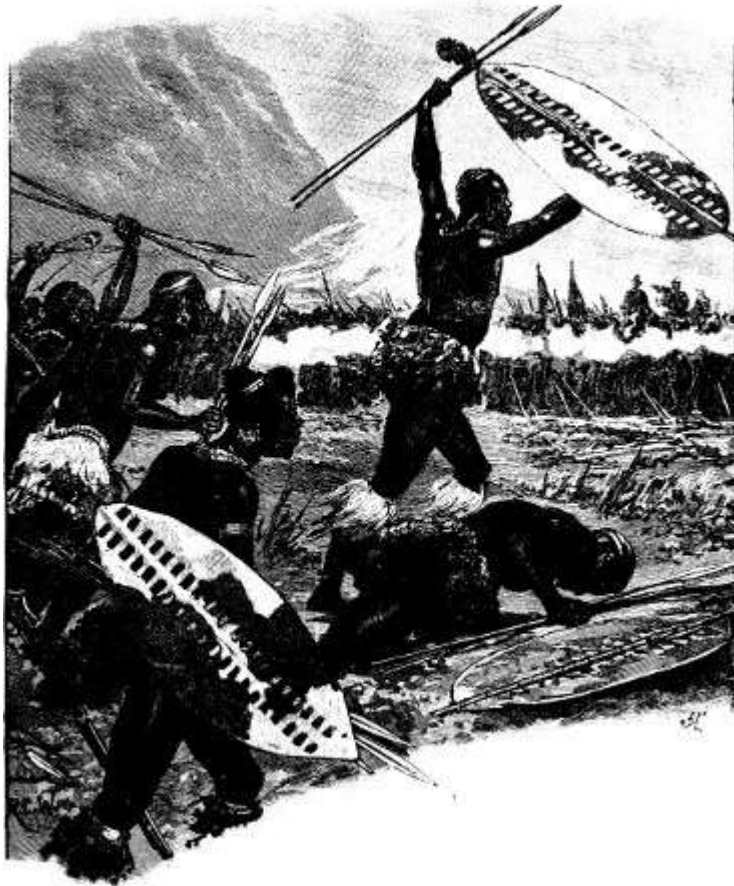
The two troops which had been sent out under Shepstone and Barton had proceeded about five miles from the camp, when they met a large Zulu force on the march. Captain Shepstone at once ordered a retreat, and himself rode in with the warning that an attack was probably imminent, but the appearance of masses of the enemy surging over the hills had already given the alarm. Meantime, Colonel Durnford had, with two troops, moved to the front at a canter, followed by the rocket battery at a slower pace. After he had proceeded some miles, his advanced files reported an immense "impi" behind the hills, and almost immediately the Zulus appeared in force on his front and left in loose order, ten or twelve deep, with heavy masses in support. They opened fire and advanced with the startling rapidity which marked all their movements. Colonel Durnford retired a little way behind the shelter of a "donga," a ravine-like crack in the plain. There he extended his men and commenced a steady fire, but the numbers against him were so overwhelming that he had to continue his retreat, only to find that the enemy had been beforehand, and had annihilated the rocket battery, slaying its commander, Major Russell, with all his gunners. Deserted by the escort of the native contingent, the battery had fought with unflinching courage, but had been overwhelmed by the fierce charge. Durnford, sorely pressed, disputed every inch of ground until he reached another donga, where he found himself in line with the camp troops, and was reinforced by thirty or forty Natal Volunteers, under Captain Bradstreet. Here his last desperate stand was made.

Two companies of the 24th, under Captains Mostyn and Younghusband, had been pushed forward to the support of Cavaye's picquet, but they were too weak for the gigantic task, and all were driven in upon the main body.

The situation was now this: The usual Zulu attack in half-circle was being made on the camp, while a whole Zulu regiment, the Undi, was pushing round the English left to gain possession of the waggon road and line of retreat upon Rorke's Drift.

The two guns and the whole of the 24th were in line, the native contingent was on the right of the 24th, and then came Durnford's shattered and weary band. All were doing their duty manfully and well. The guns were in action, served coolly and steadily as on a home parade. The 24th, one of the smartest battalions in the service, was dealing withering volleys, and Basutos and Volunteers fought stubbornly for the homesteads of Natal. The enemy fell in hundreds, but kept on advancing with undiminished resolution. Rank after rank of the foremost were swept away, but still others pressed forward. The air was rent with the roar of battle. The guns, which had been firing shell, now at such close quarters were pouring in case, and each shot of the infantry told on the dense masses. Even Zulu courage could not maintain an advance against the deadly hail, and Cetewayo's chosen warriors wavered and lay down, seeking shelter and covering the valley in detached groups to the depth of three-quarters of a mile. It almost seemed for a space as if English tenacity was once again, as in the past, to be rewarded with victory.

But the dire crisis of the day was at hand. The widespread horns of the Zulu army had worked their way round the flanks, and were even now showing themselves in rear of the English position. The native contingent had always been a broken reed upon which to lean, and it now broke and fled in the utmost disorder, thus laying open the right and rear of the 24th. The ammunition began to fail, and the Zulu opportunity had come. Nor were their chiefs slow to note and profit by it. Hitherto the attack had been made in the silence of perfect discipline. Now, as the iron-hearted warriors recovered from their momentary check they raised the ominous Zulu war-shout, and dashed forward in a last irresistible charge. They poured through the fatal gap in the line of defence, and in a moment the English soldiers were lost in the midst of the seething savage crowd.



“THEY RAISED THE OMINOUS ZULU
WAR-SHOUT, AND DASHED FORWARD”
(p. [152](#)).

So sudden was the catastrophe, so rapid the charge, that but few of the English soldiers had time to fix their bayonets and prepare for the hand-to-hand struggle. Many a brave heart among the defenders was cold in death long ere this, and sadly reduced were the numbers that strove desperately against the nervous Zulu arms and the assegais thirsting for blood. The savage warriors closed upon the doomed men with a shout of “Bulala umlongo!”—Kill the white man! Then followed a scene of direst confusion. Horse and foot, English and Zulu, friend and foe, in one writhing slaughtering mass, slowly pushed through the camp towards the road to Rorke’s Drift, the road of retreat to safety. But of the 24th, few, if any, left the ground where they had fought so well. The battalion fell and lay by companies, surrounded by slain enemies. When the battle-field was revisited, the remains of officers and men were all found in the line of their last parade. No man had flinched, and all had died as they had

lived, shoulder to shoulder. When all was lost, the artillery had limbered up and striven to save the guns, and the mounted men who were yet unwounded forced their way, weapons in hand, through the press. But the right of the enemy already occupied the waggon road and barred the outlet. There was no safety except in seeking another passage to the Buffalo River, and the ground to be traversed was rugged, boulder-strewn and broken. None but mounted men had escaped from the precincts of the camp, and the ground was such that an active Zulu could cover it even faster than a horse. The guns were soon hopelessly impeded, and the drivers were assegaied in their saddles. The long ravine, which has since been called the "fugitives' path," was a scene of continuous slaughter, and even when the Buffalo was reached, it ran swift, deep and fordless, an alternation of boiling current and sharp rocks. Not half even of those who arrived on its bank succeeded in crossing. Many were drowned, many assegaied, some were shot, and the unrelenting pursuit continued even into Natal. The only troops which had maintained a semblance of cohesion were some of the Natal Native Horse. These gallant Basutos assisted many in the flight, which they covered as well as they could under Captain Barton, who rendered essential service by checking the pursuit on the Natal bank of the Buffalo.

Such a day as that of Insandhlwana could not pass without the performance of many deeds of gallantry and devotion, but the actors and spectators in too many cases were left among the slain, and their voices are dumb. We know of the heroic death of Captain George Shepstone, who, having disengaged his men, and finding that Colonel Durnford was still among the foe, said, "I must go and see where my chief is," and turned his horse again into the *mêlée*, there to lay his body with that of his friend and leader. Private Wassall, of the mounted infantry, gained the Victoria Cross by plunging a second time into the torrent of the Buffalo, under a heavy fire, to save a wounded comrade, who would otherwise have been lost. Captains Melville and Coghill, of the 24th, who were both mounted, saved the Queen's colour of their regiment after they had fought to the last in its ranks. They made their way to the river, and Coghill managed to get to the further side. Melville lost his horse, and was left struggling in the swift current. With sublime chivalry Coghill rode back to his assistance, when his horse also was shot. Both these brave officers succeeded in reaching the Natal shore, but, exhausted and

wounded, they could do no more, and were overtaken and killed, fighting till the fatal “bangwan” did its work.

In this terrible disaster there perished twenty-six imperial officers and 600 non-commissioned officers and men, while the loss of the colonial forces was not less severe, twenty-four officers being among the slain. All the waggons and oxen, two guns, 1,200 rifles, and an immense quantity of ammunition and commissariat supplies, were also lost.

Of all the regiments in the Queen’s army, the 24th has perhaps paid as high a price as any for the glorious legends inscribed on its colours. Insandhlwana was the second battle-field in which a battalion had been practically annihilated. About thirty years before, at Chillianwallah, thirteen officers and the greater part of the non-commissioned officers and men had laid down their lives for the honour of England. Then the cheers of victory had been raised over the dead. The evening of the second fatal day in the regimental history closed in gloom and unrelieved sorrow.

We must return to Lord Chelmsford and the column which he had led forth in the morning to the support of Major Dartnell. Between six and seven in the morning the general had joined the force, which had bivouacked out during the night, and operations against what was then supposed to be the main portion of the Zulu army were at once commenced. The mounted infantry were despatched to the left front to press the enemy seen in the distance, while the general with the main body and the guns, protected on the right by the police and volunteers, moved up the valley against the position which had checked Dartnell on the previous day. That “kloof” was now found deserted, but a strong force was seen to be established on the mountain spurs. It was engaged and driven back with heavy loss. Everywhere the English troops gained ground; everywhere the Zulus retired before them. But it is more than probable that the retirement was a piece of elaborate strategy, intended to draw the general farther and farther away from his camp and thus reduce the force available for its defence. Whether such was the case or not, the result was the same, and at midday the general found himself twelve miles from Insandhlwana, looking for a spot on which to form a second camp. Several messengers had been despatched to him by Colonel Pulleine, telling of the threatened attack, but by fatal mischance none of them reached him. Between twelve and one reports were brought in by

scouts that firing had been heard at Insandhlwana, but when, from the top of a hill, careful examination had been made with a powerful telescope, nothing unusual could be detected, and, consequently, no uneasiness was felt. The presence of large bodies of Zulus on the plain which had been traversed in the morning was now announced, and Lord Chelmsford resolved to retrace his steps with the mounted men and the native contingent, leaving the artillery and the second battalion of the 24th in bivouac. At four p.m., when he was within six miles of the camp, a solitary horseman met him, reeling in his saddle and riding at a foot's pace. It was Commandant Lonsdale, who, having been taken ill with fever in the morning, had sought medical aid. He brought the ghastly news, "The camp is in possession of the enemy." It appeared that when, riding in the half-lethargy of sickness, he was entering the camp, he was startled by a shot fired at him. He looked up and saw, sitting in and around the tents, groups of redcoats. He then saw a gigantic Zulu stalking out of a tent with a blood-smeared assegai in his hand. Looking more carefully, he saw that the wearers of the red coats were black men, and black men only. The real state of the case flashed upon his mind, and he turned and galloped off under a scattered fire. Providentially he was not hit, and was able to meet the general and prevent him from riding with his staff into the trap of destruction.

Orders were at once sent to the guns and the 24th to join the general, but it was six o'clock before they came. The force then collected was in little case for much exertion. They had covered nearly thirty miles under an African sun with only the slight supply of food which each man carried in his haversack. They knew that a nearly equal force of their comrades had been destroyed, and that a victorious army was between them and support. English soldiers never lose heart, however, in the hardest straits, and Lord Chelmsford's men did not fail to respond gallantly to the call which he made for renewed effort. The march was resumed, and at nightfall they were again beneath the "little hand." There was no sign of life or movement, but the enemy might be lying hidden ready to break forth. Two or three rounds of shell were fired, but they only awoke the slumbering echoes. Then two companies of the 24th, under Major Black, ascended to the neck of ground south of the great hill. The enemy had gone, bearing with them their blood-stained plunder.

The night had fallen, and the silence of death was around. There was nothing for it but to bivouac on the spot. No one who shared that bivouac will ever forget its horrors. The air was heavy with the scent of blood, and mangled corpses of English soldiers and Zulu warriors lay thickly around. It was well that the shades of night hid the blood-curdling details. The infantry lay down grasping their rifles, and the mounted men held the reins of their horses during the long, anxious night. Shots were fired and alarms spread at intervals, but it is doubtful whether the enemy wished to make any real attack. If they had, though each man was prepared to die in his place, the attempt would in all probability have been successful.

With the earliest light of morning the retreat to Rorke's Drift was continued unmolested. Bodies of the enemy were seen on the hills overhanging the road, but no collisions with them took place. When the Buffalo River was reached a first gleam of encouragement and hope for the future came from the British flag, still waving over the feeble fortifications which Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead had so resolutely made good against the long assault by a numerous and determined foe.



LORD CHELMSFORD.



LISSA

BY A HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

Give me iron in the men, and I shall not mind much about the iron in the ships,” said the American admiral Farragut, when some of his officers were discussing the changes that would be introduced into naval warfare by the new ironclad navies. And Farragut was right in holding that, whatever the ships might be made of, the most important thing was to have enough “iron in the men” who worked and fought them. We are sometimes too apt to think that the power of rival fleets can be estimated by setting off their weight of guns and thickness of armour in two parallel columns, and striking a balance, as if it were an account in a ledger. But all naval history goes to prove that, within certain wide limits, the power of navies depends chiefly upon an element that can only be tested by the stress of storm and battle—namely, the courage, the nerve, and the “grit” of their officers and men.

No more striking proof of this was ever given than that which is afforded by the sea-fight of Lissa, the only battle between ironclads that has yet taken place in European waters. In ships, in guns, in armour the Italian fleet was superior to the Austrian. On paper there could be no doubt on which side lay the power that would secure, in event of war, the command of the Adriatic. The war came, and its grim reality showed how fallacious was the comparison made beforehand. The object of the Italians in 1866 was to drive the Austrians out of Venetia, by attacking them there while they were occupied elsewhere by the struggle with Prussia. The Italian plan of campaign was to march against the Austrians in northern Italy, and, after defeating their land army, besiege Venice by sea and land. The fleet was to crush the Austrians at sea, in the early days of the war, so to be ready to co-operate in the operations against Venice. It all worked out beautifully on paper. But the plan was never reduced to

practice. War was declared on June 20th, and four days later the Italian field army was defeated by the Austrians at Custoza.

Nearly a month before war was declared, Count Persano had been placed in command of the Italian fleet, and ordered to prepare it for active operations in the Adriatic, making Ancona his headquarters. On June 20th, the day of the declaration of war, eight ships (including two ironclads) were at Ancona. Persano with the main body of the fleet, consisting of ten wooden ships and nine ironclads, was still at the naval arsenal of Taranto. Admiral Tegethoff, the Austrian commander, was getting his fleet ready for sea at Fasana and Pola, at the head of the Adriatic. He had taken command on the 9th of May, and ever since had been hard at work fitting out his ships and training his crews. The only effective portion of the fleet was a squadron of seven ironclads, broadside ships, with thin armour, and no guns of really heavy calibre. At first, the Austrian Admiralty suggested that the fleet should consist only of these ironclads and a few light steamers to act as scouts and despatch-vessels. But there were lying in the dockyard at Pola and in the port of Trieste an old wooden screw line of battle-ship, the *Kaiser*, and six wooden frigates. Tegethoff asked for these to be added to his command. "Give me every ship you have," he said: "you may depend on it I will find good use for them." He was given a free hand, and he organised his fleet in three divisions. The first was composed of seven ironclads. The second, under his friend Commodore Petz, consisted of the seven wooden ships. The third was made up of gunboats, paddle-steamers, and other light craft. The crews were rapidly recruited among the fishing population of the Dalmatian coast, and the sailors of Trieste and Pola. So new were many of them to work on board a man-of-war that they were not even uniformed when the fleet sailed, and they still wore at Lissa the clothes in which they enlisted. But they were brave and hardy seamen to begin with, and Tegethoff had given them some weeks of training in which the crews were busy from morning to night at target practice, the captains of the guns being taught to lay a whole broadside so as to converge on a single mark; and there was also practice in manœuvring under steam, in which great stress was laid on the importance of rapid turning so as to avoid the enemy's rams, and use the same weapon successfully against them. The result was that even the newly-enlisted men learned confidence in themselves and in the brave and skilful leader who commanded them.



“FROM THIS POINT TEGETHOFF KEPT
ON THE BRIDGE>” (p. [160](#)).

As soon as war was declared, Tegethoff sent one of his steamers out with orders to reconnoitre the Italian coast from Ancona southwards as far as Bari. On June 23rd she returned to the Admiral's headquarters at Fasana, and reported that there were only a few ships at Ancona, and no sign yet of the enemy's main fleet coming up the coast. Tegethoff, on this, resolved to see if it was possible to make a rapid attack on Ancona, and on the 26th he put to sea with thirteen ships, including six of his ironclads. He arrived off Ancona next day, and saw for himself that in the meantime Persano had collected his entire force in the harbour. But the Italians showed no signs of coming out to meet him, and he had no intention of fighting both their forts and their ironclads at one and the same time. So he steamed back to Fasana.

Persano's orders were “to clear the Adriatic of the enemy's fleet by destroying it or blockading it in its harbours.” But though he had on his

side superior numbers, heavier guns,^[2] and thicker armour, he seemed very reluctant to begin. The fact is, he had not much confidence either in his own powers or in his officers and men. He remained at Ancona till July 8th, and only put out to sea on that day because he had received a telegram from the Government bidding him to look for the Austrian fleet, and blockade it if it was still at Pola. But even then all he did was to steam across to the Dalmatian coast and come back to Ancona on the 13th, after practising some fleet manœuvres. The appearance of his fleet off the island of Grossa was telegraphed to Tegethoff, who, however, refused to sail from Fasana till he knew clearly what were the plans and destination of the enemy.



SHORES & PORTS OF THE ADRIATIC.
(Naval Campaign of 1866.)

Two days after the Italian fleet returned to Ancona its admiral received a peremptory message from his Government informing him that, after the great hopes that had been built upon the fleet, everyone

was disappointed with his inactivity, and that if he did not do something at once he would be removed from the command. It was suggested that he should attempt to capture by a *coup-de-main* the fortified island of Lissa on the Dalmatian coast, and several battalions were placed at his disposal to act as a landing party in case he decided to adopt this plan.

Persano was thus driven to venture upon what has always been recognised as one of the most dangerous of naval operations. He was to escort a fleet of transports across the Adriatic, and co-operate with the troops embarked in them in an attack upon a maritime fortress, having all the time a hostile fleet watching for the opportunity to fall upon him, while he was engaged in the siege. True, the Austrian fleet was supposed to be inferior to that which he commanded; but, if this was so, the sound course for him was to blockade it in its harbours or crush it if it tried to come out. The enemy's fleet ought to have been dealt with before anything else was attempted. If he was not strong enough to do this, he could not hope to reduce Lissa and keep Tegethoff at bay at the same time. But the fact is, he was not acting on any sound principle of naval war. He was merely trying to "do something" to satisfy public opinion; and there was just the chance that he might reduce Lissa before the Austrians arrived, or that Tegethoff might shrink from attacking him; or, if there was a battle, he might still hope that numbers and weight of metal would give Italy the victory over Austria.

Lissa is an island about thirty miles from the Dalmatian coast, and one hundred and thirty from Ancona. As the nearest of the Dalmatian Islands to Italy, it has always been a naval station of some importance when a war has been in progress in the Adriatic; and in our last war with France its waters were the scene of a brilliant frigate action in which our sailors defeated a much superior French force. In 1866 the chief harbour of Lissa, that of San Giorgio, and the neighbouring inlet of Porto Carro were protected by strong batteries. There were also batteries on the high rocks at Porto Comisa and at Manego. The signal station on Monte Hum, the highest point in the island (about 1,600 feet above the sea), commanded in clear weather a view of both sides of the Adriatic, and the island was connected by a submarine cable with the neighbouring island of Lesina and the Dalmatian coast. The garrison of Lissa consisted of 1,800 men, with eighty-eight guns, commanded by Colonel Urs de Margina.

On July 17th Persano steamed round the island, reconnoitred its defences, and decided on his plans for the attack. Next day Admiral Vacca, with three of the Italian ironclads and one wooden ship, attacked the batteries of Porto Comisa. The main body of the fleet closed in upon the harbour batteries of San Giorgio, in order to keep the garrison there as much occupied as possible while Admiral Albini, with another squadron, brought six large screw steamers crowded with troops into the bay at Porto Manego in order to effect a landing there. At Porto Comisa, Vacca found he could not elevate his guns sufficiently to do any serious damage to the high batteries, and he was driven off by their shells. At Porto Manego, a heavy surf on the beach and the fire of the Austrians from the shore made the landing impossible. At San Giorgio, Persano silenced the low-lying batteries at the harbour mouth, blowing up two of their magazines, but the inner batteries prevented his ships from entering the port. During the day one of his steamers had gone in to the neighbouring island of Lesina and cut the telegraph cable there. While the Italians were in possession of the telegraph station at Lesina, a message from Tegethoff came through. It was addressed to Colonel de Margina, and told him to hold out to the last, promising that the fleet would come to rescue him. Persano tried to persuade himself that this message was intended to fall into his hands, and was a piece of mere “bluff” on the part of his opponent.

On the following day he renewed the attack on Lissa, but again failed to force his way into the harbour, while an attempt to land troops at Porto Carober was repulsed with heavy loss. On this same day, July 19th, Tegethoff put to sea with every ship he could muster. His last order to his captains was to close with the enemy before Lissa, and once the battle began, to “Ram everything painted grey.” This was the colour of the Italian ships. He gave his own hulls a coat of black paint before they started, in order to make it easier to distinguish friends from foes in the coming *mêlée*.

On the evening of the 19th Persano was undecided what to do next day. He had been two days in action, and though his ships had received only slight injuries, his supply both of coal and ammunition was running short. Yet if he went back to Ancona without having obtained a decided success he would be deprived of his command. So he at last resolved to capture Lissa by a combined attack by land and sea. Early next day he

signalled to his colleague Albini to prepare for the landing. It was a fine morning, with a good deal of white haze on the sea shutting off the distant view. Albini was getting the soldiers into the boats, and two of his frigates were standing in towards the creek of Carober to clear the way for the landing. A hospital ship had joined the fleet and was taking its wounded on board. The ironclads had assembled, and were getting up anchor for the attack on San Giorgio. It was eight o'clock: the attack was to begin at nine; but suddenly out of the haze to the north-westward appeared the frigate *Esploratore*, which had been scouting in the offing. She was steaming her fastest, and as she came nearer, Persano was able to read the signal she was flying. "*Suspicious-looking ships are in sight.*" He knew at once that he had to deal with the Austrian fleet.



Top: THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LISSA.]

Bottom: THE BATTLE OF LISSA. 10 a. m.

The Fleets closing.

Tegethoffs's fleet had been steaming all night in three lines, the ironclads leading, the wooden ships and gunboats following. The despatch-boat *Stadion* was out ahead, and at seven a.m., long before Persano knew what was coming, six of his ships were sighted by the keen eyes of the look-out at the masthead of the leading Austrian ship. She signalled to her consorts, "*Six steamers in sight.*" Then the haze closed down ahead, and Tegethoffs slackened speed in hopes it would clear, for in such thick weather he did not care to venture into the narrow waters between Lissa and Lesina. He formed for battle, each of his lines throwing forward its centre so as to assume the shape of a flattened wedge. He led the first line in the *Ferdinand Max*, with three ironclads

on either beam. The second line also consisted of seven ships, Petz in the *Kaiser* leading, with three frigates on each side. Thus the squadron moved towards Lissa under easy steam. The haze was breaking up: it was a hot summer day, and a little before ten o'clock the sky was bright, the air clear, and the sea smooth; and close ahead the Austrians saw the forts of Lissa with the imperial flag still waving over them, and in front of the harbour mouth the mass of wooden ships, transports, and small craft, interrupted in their preparations for the landing, and nearer still the Italian ironclads steaming out in one long line ready for battle.

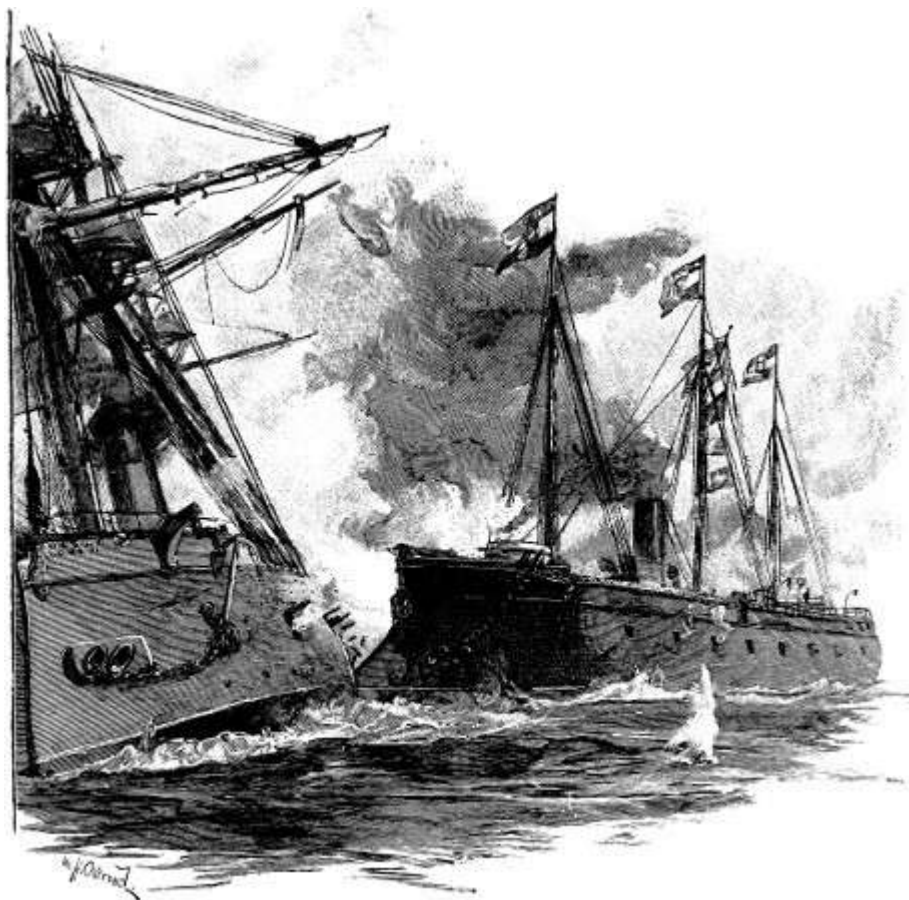


TRIESTE HARBOUR.

Persano, regarding his wooden ships as useless, had decided to take only his ten ironclads with him, believing that they would be able to deal with the seven which Tegethoff was bringing against him. He formed his ironclads in three divisions, each of three ships, with the turret ship and ram *Affondatore*, then the most powerful vessel in the Adriatic, ^[3] on the starboard side of the central division. The *Affondatore*, with her ram and her heavy turret guns (two 300-pounders), was to come to the help of whichever of the three divisions was in need of succour. At the last moment he himself went on board of her—an unfortunate move, which

led to much confusion during the battle, as his captains were mostly unaware that the *Ré d'Italia*, a large broadside ship, which had till then been flagship, no longer carried the Admiral.

When the haze cleared, the Italian fleet was steaming across the Austrian front. Tegethoff had already signalled to clear for action. He now signalled to open fire with the bow guns, and the distant shots from the leading Austrian ships were answered by the broadsides of Admiral Vacca's division, which led that of Italy. But the range was fully two miles, and these "long bowls" did no harm. The fleets were wrapped in drifting clouds of smoke, and geysers of foam shot up here and there from the blue water in the space between. "Full steam ahead," signalled Tegethoff. The fleets were closing, the Italians still keeping their broadsides to the advancing foe. The fire was closer, and now spars and ropes were cut away, boats and wooden fittings were knocked to splinters, and signalmen and others who had not yet got under cover were wounded or killed by bursting shells. "*Ironclads will ram and sink the enemy*," signalled Tegethoff, the last order he gave till the battle was won. From this point he kept on the bridge of the *Ferdinand Max*, regardless of personal danger, and led his fleet by showing his consorts what a well-handled battle-ship could do. Two of his captains, Molb of the ironclad *Drache*, and Klint of the *Novara*, were killed as the fleets came to close quarters, Molb being struck down by the first Italian shot that fell on board his ship.



“THE RAM CRUSHED IN HER IRON SIDE.”

The two lines of ironclads closed amid thick clouds of smoke. The Austrian ships broke into the gap between Vacca's three ironclads and the rest of the Italian fleet, and Petz, with the wooden ships coming up on their right, co-operated with them in their attack on the Italian centre. In a moment all order was lost, and the battle became a *mêlée*. The *Ferdinand Max* twice rammed a grey ironclad without succeeding in sinking her, when suddenly up out of the smoke loomed the tall masts of the *Ré d'Italia*, which came up to the rescue of her consort. Tegethoff, thinking he was dealing with the Italian flagship, charged her full speed and struck her fairly amidships. This time he had succeeded: the ram crushed in her iron side, and the tall masts toppled over as the ironclad went down with her crew of 600 men. The *Ferdinand Max* had reversed her screw to clear the wreck, when another Italian vessel, the name of which could not be made out by the Austrians, came bearing down upon her, trying to ram. The Austrian flagship just avoided the collision, and the two ships grazed past each other almost touching. As she thus ranged

up alongside, the Italian ship fired a broadside. What followed would be incredible, only for the clear evidence which supports the Austrian record. So close were the muzzles of the Italian guns to the side of the Austrian flagship that the smoke of the broadside poured in through the open portholes of the *Ferdinand Max* and made her gun-deck for the moment dark as night. But neither the ship nor the men were injured, for in their hurry and confusion the Italian gunners had fired *a broadside of blank cartridge!*

Admiral Ribotti, with the rearward division of the Italian fleet, as he came into the fight encountered only the wooden squadron of Commodore Petz. Ribotti ought to have sunk them one by one, but the Austrians evaded his attempts at ramming, and Petz in the *Kaiser* boldly drove the oaken bows of his battle-ship against the iron sides of his adversaries. He was not able to do them much damage. He hit the *Ré di Portogallo*, Ribotti's own ship, one good blow, that left its mark on her armour, but in doing so his own ship was disabled. The bowsprit was carried away, the foremast fell across the funnel, and the wreck of mast and spars took fire. The *Kaiser*, her crew working hard at cutting away the *débris* and putting out the fire, steamed through the Italian fleet and stood in to the harbour of Lissa, exchanging shots with some of the Italian wooden vessels. Cheered by the garrison, she passed the harbour mouth and anchored under the guns of the forts, the first of the relieving squadron to arrive at San Giorgio.

Meanwhile the *mêlée* continued. While Tegethoff was in the thick of the fight, Persano made the great ram *Affondatore* nearly useless by persisting in keeping on the outskirts of the conflict. If he had ventured in with her it is very likely he would have been sunk by the better-handled Austrian ships. The *Palestro*, which had gone into action immediately astern of the *Ré d'Italia*, had been almost as severely handled as her leader. She had been rammed. Her steering gear and rudder had been knocked to pieces, and her gun-decks were on fire. She drew out of the fight, her commander getting his steam hose to work to drown the magazine. The Austrian ships were now clearing the Italian line, and steering for Lissa. The *mêlée*, which had lasted for rather more than half-an-hour, was over. The position of the two fleets was reversed. The Austrians with their left near Lissa, were forming up in line across the channel between that island and Lesina. Everyone of their ironclads

was still in good condition, and even the disabled *Kaiser*, which had gone into the harbour with her foremast burning and her decks strewn with nearly two hundred killed and wounded, was again clearing for action. The Italian wooden ships were assembling off the western end of the island. To the northward the ironclads were scattered here and there, on the waters that had just been the scene of the fight. As the smoke cleared, Persano signalled to the nearest ship—"Where is the *Ré d'Italia*?" and got for answer, "Sunk to the bottom." Close astern of the *Affondatore* lay the *Palestro*, the black smoke pouring from hatchway and porthole. Her crew believed that the magazine had been successfully drowned, and that they were getting the fire under. As they recognised Persano on the bridge of the *Affondatore*, they gave him a cheer. His own crew were answering it when there was a burst of flame and a volume of dense smoke from the *Palestro*, and an explosion louder than all the din of battle went echoing over sea and shore. It was the death-knell of 400 men, for the *Palestro* had blown up with all on board.

Admiral Vacca, thinking that Persano had gone down with the *Ré d'Italia*, had signalled to the fleet to re-form in line of battle. The same signal from the *Affondatore* showed him where his commander was. And the ironclads, now reduced from ten to eight, re-formed in line. It was noon on a blazing hot day, and for some time the two fleets watched each other across the sunny space of open water that divided them. Persano had still the advantage of numbers, and everyone expected that he would signal to renew the attack. But if he had very little confidence in his fleet before the battle, he was now reduced to a condition of something like despair. Even the wooden ships of the Austrian squadron had passed in safety through his line, while their ironclads had destroyed two of his ships and more than a thousand of his men. It must be added that he had now been three times in action, and his stock of both coals for his engines and ammunition for his guns must have run very low. In this state of affairs, he persuaded himself that he need not actually attack the Austrians; all that honour demanded of him was to give them the opportunity of renewing the trial of strength if they wished. So for another hour he remained in line of battle, just out of long range of his enemy's guns.

But Tegethoff had accomplished the task assigned to his fleet. He had relieved Lissa, by bringing the guns, the men, and the supplies of his

fleet to the help of its brave little garrison. He had done this, too, not by slipping past the Italians in the morning fog, but by fighting his way through their most powerful squadron, making them pay dearly for their attempt to intercept him. Why should he renew the fight when there was nothing more to be gained for the moment?

Persano at last decided that he, too, had done enough for honour. He signalled to the fleet to steam away to the north-west, and shortly after altered his course for Ancona. He anchored there next day, and added to all his previous blunders the final folly of sending to his Government, and wiring all over Italy, the report that he had fought a pitched battle with the Austrians, and won a victory over them in the waters of Lissa. That night Florence (then the capital) was illuminated in honour of his "triumph." Next day the facts began to be known. It was impossible to deny that the Austrian fleet was intact; that the Italians had lost two ships, and had been forced to raise the siege of Lissa. It was in vain that Persano argued that he was the victor because he had remained in possession of the waters in which the battle had been fought, and that he had for a whole hour dared the Austrians to come on again. There was the obvious reply that a naval battle is not fought for the possession of a stretch of open water; that Persano had tried to prevent the Austrians reaching Lissa, that they had gone there in spite of him; and that they would have been fools to come back in order to show twice over that they were not afraid to fight him. There was a wild outburst of indignation against the unfortunate admiral; there were riots at Florence, and a royal decree removed him from the command of the fleet. As if to add to the general collapse of the Italian navy, the *Affondatore*, supposed to be its most powerful ship, whether through injuries received at Lissa, or through mere defects in her structure, sank at her anchors in the harbour of Ancona.

On the side of Austria, there were rejoicings in which the name of Tegethoff was celebrated as that of an heroic sailor who had given his country the consolation of a naval victory at a time when her fortunes on land were at the lowest. He had won his great victory with comparatively little loss. The *Kaiser* was the only ship that suffered at all heavily. In some of the ironclads there were only a few wounded, and every one of the ships was in a position to continue the fight when the Italian fleet retired. The battle was the first that had been fought by ironclad fleets in

European waters, and the impression it made upon naval experts was that the ram would be the chief weapon of future battles on the sea. Yet, though we have by no means clear or full accounts of what happened in the *mêlée* while the two fleets were passing through each other's lines, it is certain that the number of attempts to ram made by the Austrians was out of all proportion to their two successful attacks. All the attempts of the Italians to ram ended in failure. It must be remembered that since Lissa a great change has come over naval tactics, through the development of the torpedo and the quick-firing gun, and it is now generally recognised by naval men that to attempt to ram an adversary till he is disabled by gunfire or otherwise is to invite failure and disaster. Tegethoff regarded the ram as his chief weapon. Nowadays it is looked upon as the means of giving the *coup de grâce* and completing a victory that is already half won.

The victor of Lissa was rightly honoured by his sovereign and his countrymen, while Admiral Persano was put on his trial on the charge of having lost the battle through cowardice and incompetence. He was acquitted of the charge of cowardice, but found guilty of having sacrificed his fleet through his incompetent conduct at Lissa, and he was deprived of all rank and dismissed from the navy. There is no doubt that although he alone was condemned, he was not the only officer of the Italian fleet who was responsible for the defeat of Lissa. Throughout there was a lamentable want of energy, pluck, and decision. Otherwise the Austrians would not have achieved their victory with so slight a loss. Albini's conduct in looking on idly with his frigates while Petz on the Austrian side was leading his wooden squadron against Ribotti's ironclads, is a good instance of this.

Indeed, the Battle of Lissa, considered in its details, shows that success on the sea, as well as on land, is primarily a question of brave and competent leadership. Good officers are the first condition of naval success; well-trained and disciplined crews the second; powerful ships are the third. Public opinion is often so ill informed as to put in the first place what really stands last; but none of these elements of naval power can be safely neglected by a maritime State, and one which claims the Empire of the Sea must spare no effort to possess all three, and to possess them in abundance.



MACMAHON AT MAGENTA

BY STODDARD DEWEY

It was noon of the 4th of June, 1859, before the French general, Trochu, at the head of his division, could move out in turn from Novara along the high road leading to Milan across the river Ticino. The Emperor, Napoleon III., was commanding in person the united French and Italian armies. He had gone on ahead, and was himself preceded by several divisions of the French troops. It was known, in a general way, that the Austrian enemy was not far distant to the south and eastward beyond the river. An attack was expected, but it was uncertain where it would be made.

Suddenly the noise of cannon was heard from the front, several miles away. It went on steadily increasing.

“What is the meaning of that?” inquired Trochu of an officer he met watering his horse by the roadside.

“At first we thought it was a fight,” was the answer; “but it is only General Lebœuf trying his cannon.”

“Cannon would not thunder like that under trial,” replied Trochu. “Those guns are loaded with something heavier than powder.”

He hastened the march of his troops with not a little anxiety. Soon another officer, in the sky-blue uniform which marked the personal staff of the Emperor, dashed up.

“Ah, General, what a fearful surprise! The Emperor has been attacked by the Austrians when he least expected them. We are all but beaten.”

“Where is MacMahon?” asked the General.

“MacMahon had orders to march forward, no matter what happened, to the church-tower of Magenta.”

“Then nothing is yet lost. MacMahon is not a Cæsar, but he is stubborn. If he has been told to march on the tower of Magenta, he will reach it in spite of all. And then it is we who shall have outflanked the Austrian army.”

Several hours passed before the guns of MacMahon made themselves heard. It was late at night before the Emperor learned what MacMahon and his men had been doing. Generals and soldiers, wearied out with the afternoon’s bloody fighting by the river, could not believe that a great victory had been won in the evening without them over by Magenta. In the morning, when they looked for the battle to be renewed, they found that the enemy was indeed drawing off, sullen and beaten.

Even afterwards, when each movement of the hostile troops was known and could be followed on the map, great authorities in practical warfare, like the Prussian general, von Moltke, criticised the winning of the battle. MacMahon at Magenta is an instance of a battle won contrary to rule.

I.—THE PREPARATIONS OF BATTLE.

The enmity between Austrians and Italians was of old date. It belonged to the great popular movement in favour of a common government for all of the Italian race and language. Until now the whole of Italy had been divided up piecemeal among many rulers. To the north-west Victor Emanuel had his kingdom of Sardinia, or Piedmont. He represented the Italian hopes in this war with Austria which held possession of the rich provinces of Lombardy and Venice to the east of his dominions. Toward the south were the petty duchies of Parma and Modena, the grand-duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the kingdom of Naples, or the Two Sicilies. All these were at one with Austria in striving to keep things as they had been so long; but their people were ripe for the revolution which was bound to come. Magenta was the first decisive victory won, after an invasion of the Austrian territory, in the name of United Italy.

The war had been long preparing. In 1849 the Austrians crushed for a time the Italian uprising by a victory over the Sardinians here at Novara. For many years nothing could be done but by way of diplomacy. This was the work of Cavour, the Minister of King Victor Emanuel. From 1852 he had been persuading the governments of Europe that there was an Italian question which would soon have to be settled.



“GENERAL LEBŒUF ... DASHED UP” (p. [166](#)).

Louis Napoleon, who was now Emperor in France, had himself been a revolutionist in Italy when he was only a needy adventurer. That was in 1831, when he took part in an insurrection in the Papal States. He then became a *carbonaro*, or member of one of those secret societies in which the chief obligation was to forward the cause of Italian unity. For a long time after he became emperor he shrank from precipitating the war to which his oath obliged him. The explosion of a bomb under his carriage in Paris by Orsini, the son of the man who had stood sponsor for him in the revolutionary society, reminded him that the *carbonari* were relentless in their vengeance on traitors to their cause. In July, 1858, it was made known that the Emperor of the French had entered into close alliance with the King of Sardinia.

Austria, seeing that war was inevitable, preferred that it should come sooner rather than later. On the 19th of April, 1859, she summoned Sardinia to put her army on a peace footing within three days. Cavour refused, and on the 29th the Austrian commander Gyulaï invaded the Sardinian territory.

Napoleon III. now announced that the acts of Austria constituted a declaration of war on France, the ally of Sardinia. At once he set about organising his army for the Italian campaign. On the 4th of May his troops were entering the valley of the Po, along which lay the open way to Lombardy. On the 10th the Emperor himself left Paris for the seat of war, to command the allied armies in person.

The news of Napoleon's coming was enough to send Gyulaï back from the threatening movement which he had already made on Turin, the capital of Sardinia. Napoleon had not yet his artillery, but the Austrian commander did not know the essential weakness and confusion of the forces that were coming to meet him. Until the battle of Magenta, when consistent and energetic measures were already too late, the Austrian movements were a strange alternation of forward marches leading to no decisive action, and of hasty and fatiguing retreats when no enemy pursued.

General Gyulaï's mind in the matter is now known. He was continually urged from Vienna, and afterwards from Verona, in Italy, where the Austrian Emperor had placed himself to direct the campaign, to push forward with his numerous, well-drilled, and well-equipped troops, and take the offensive. He himself was beset with fears that the enemy might pass him by and take Lombardy unprotected. He was not reassured when a division of his army in the north had succeeded in driving the free bands of Garibaldi to the very edge of the neutral Swiss territory. He gradually drew back to the region where the river Ticino, in its lower course, separated Lombardy from Sardinia. There he gave all his attention to concentrating his forces around the strong defensive positions which he had already prepared. But all this gave time to the French army to perfect its order and equipment, and to concentrate its own strength in line with the Sardinian troops.

Such was the general situation of things on the 1st of June, when Napoleon was directing the main body of the allied troops along the

great highway leading to Milan, the capital of Lombardy, only twenty miles beyond the Ticino. On that day Gyulaï again retreated with all his forces, leaving the astonished French Emperor free to enter Novara. Napoleon could not believe that the Austrians would long delay their attack. On both sides the service of scouts was so ill-organised that neither commander had any clear idea of the other's strength and position.

On the 2nd of June Napoleon sent forward two divisions of MacMahon's corps to see what was awaiting them along the Ticino. General Camou reached the river, with his light infantry, at Porto di Turbigo, six miles to the north-east of Novara. He found no one facing him from the Austrian side but the single Customs officer, who was still faithful to the post which he had occupied in time of peace. From the yellow and black flagstaff beside him floated the double-headed eagle of Austria. Camou ordered first one, and then a second cannon-shot to be fired. The functionary disappeared open-mouthed. General Lebœuf, who was in command of the artillery, dashed up, pale with indignation.

"General," he cried to Camou, "what are you firing at? It is lucky there is no one in front of you. Do you wish to bring the enemy down on us?"

In this campaign of blunders fortune steadily favoured the French and Italian armies. Unmolested by any sharpshooters that might have been hidden in the marshy thickets across the river, the bridge of pontoons was completed, boat by boat, and at half-past six in the evening a division of the light infantry was safely established on the enemy's ground.

General Espinasse, with his division, had gone forward along the high road to Milan as far as the stone bridge of San Martino. This was expected to be a strong defensive position of the Austrians. To his surprise he found that it too had been abandoned, after an ineffectual attempt to blow it up. The only two arches that had been seriously injured were repaired that same afternoon, and another way lay open into the enemy's country.

It now seemed evident that the Austrians would make their stand along the Naviglio Grande—the broad and deep canal which here follows the general course of the Ticino, at from one to three miles'

distance toward Milan. The indecision of the French Emperor was still great. He could not determine on any general advance of the allied armies further to the east, fearing always that the invisible enemy might be turning back to attack him from the south.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of June, the light infantry reached a bridge over the canal. It was untouched, and the Austrians were not there to defend it. Two companies of the French troops at once installed themselves in houses on the bank, and, by mattresses at the windows and otherwise, prepared a defence against any sudden attack. The remainder of the battalion crossed the bridge and disposed itself behind the stone walls of the gardens and the haystacks which were near at hand. In this way an enemy would be covered by the fire from each bank. MacMahon's entire corps, comprising the divisions of Generals Espinasse and Lamotte-rouge, besides the light infantry of Camou, had been ordered to cross the river and canal by the bridges which had thus been secured. While the greater part were still at the pontoons, MacMahon and Camou, with a large body of troops, pushed on beyond the canal to Turbigo, a village farther north. The corps thus took the position, which it kept through all the subsequent fighting, of left wing (farthest to the north and east) of the long, scattered line of the allied armies.

General Mellinet, with the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, was substituted for Espinasse at the bridge of San Martino to the south. The Austrian division of Clam-Gallas, which was occupying Magenta, faced all these troops approaching it from the north and west.

The Turcos, whom MacMahon had brought with his other soldiers from their posts in Algiers, soon dislodged the few Austrian companies that were on guard at Turbigo. Seeing the way clear, MacMahon, with Camou and a small escort, rode forward to the hamlet of Robecchetto, where the two generals climbed the church-tower with the hope of ascertaining the position of the enemy. Instead, they saw a large number of the Austrian troops charging down on them. They had barely time to get to their horses and ride away, with the Austrians behind them in hot pursuit. The Algerian sharpshooters came to the rescue, and soon a serious battle was raging around Turbigo.

At the same time a column of 4,000 men, preceded by a battalion of Tyrolese sharpshooters, was directed against the bridge over the canal, which the French troops had occupied in the early morning. The Austrian commander now foresaw the results of the negligence which allowed the allied troops to cross both river and canal above the positions on which he relied for defence. It was too late. Before the Austrian attack could dislodge the French infantry, who answered their fire from each end of the bridge, MacMahon had gained the day at Turbigo, and his cannon sounded nearer and nearer. The enemy, fearing to be cut off from their main body, hastily retreated. It was seven o'clock in the evening. The combat of Turbigo, which was the prelude of the morrow's work, had been fought and won. Napoleon, who came up during the fray, gave the name to one of the broad, new streets he was opening in Paris.

The Emperor returned to Novara for the night, and made out the necessary orders for a general movement forward of the allied armies on the following day. These orders were changed next morning in several of their details. As they were based on no precise knowledge of the enemy's position and movements, they were again upset by the fighting and surprises of the midday.

II.—THE RIDE OF THE COMMANDANT.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 4th of June, Napoleon despatched Commandant Schmitz of his staff with his final orders.

"Go first to the King. Inform him of my march forward, and tell him to begin moving his men, following Camou over the left side of the river." This was for Victor Emanuel, who was in command of 22,000 men, one-half of the Italian regiments of the allied armies. He was but a short distance to the west of the pontoon bridges which had been thrown across the Ticino at Porto di Turbigo.

"Go on next to the Ticino. I have ordered two of the bridges to be brought down to San Martino, to hasten what will be the long crossing of our own troops." The Emperor referred to the main portion of his army, made up of the 41,000 men of Canrobert and Niel, who were still back of Novara, and of 40,000 more belonging to the corps of Baraguey

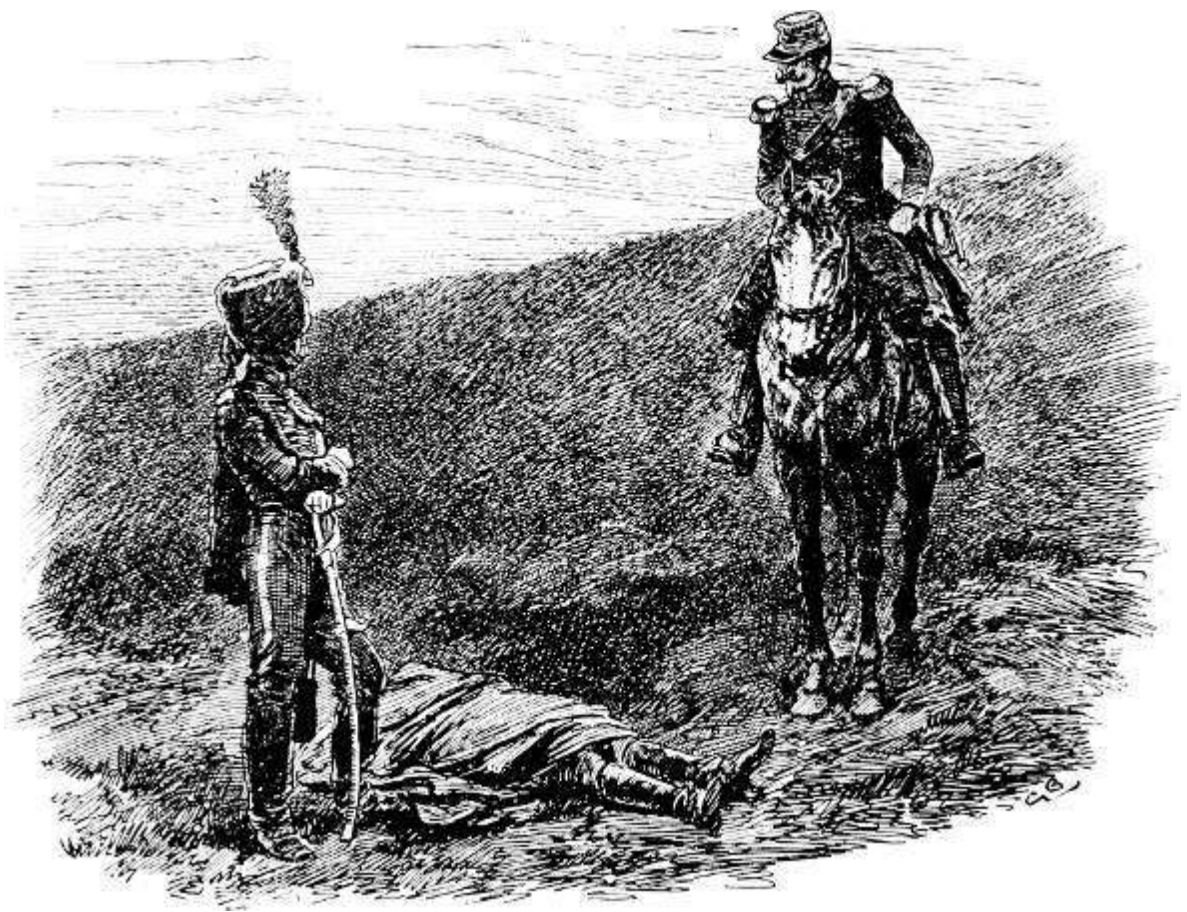
d'Hilliers and the second Italian division. The latter were so many miles in the rear that they could be of no use in any battle to be fought that day.

“Then find MacMahon, who must be already beyond Turbigo. Ask him what he counts on doing if he has the enemy in his front. Inform him of the march and position of the Guard, which he has at his right.” This was General Mellinet’s division, which had been detached from Camou and was already across the river at San Martino. With the remainder of the Guard under Camou, and the entire divisions of Espinasse and Lamotterouge, this brought to 32,000 the number of men sharing in MacMahon’s offensive movement on Magenta.

“I shall be at Trecate” (halfway from Novara to the bridge of San Martino), continued the Emperor, “at noon precisely. Make the entire round, and be exact in reporting to me at that hour.”

The line of march thus formed left MacMahon in command of the left wing of the army. This was already in great part across both river and canal, and was to be followed closely by King Victor Emanuel with his Italian regiments as a reserve. The Emperor was commanding in person the centre and right—that is, the long line of troops which was to advance, division after division, along the high road of Milan. He had to expect a sharp fight in forcing the strong defensive positions held by the enemy where the road crosses the canal, before reaching Magenta. The movement of MacMahon’s corps on Magenta from the other side was designed by him to divide the Austrian forces during this attack.

In the absence of all precise information, Napoleon still believed that the bulk of the Austrian army was disposed in a long line parallel to his own, and several miles to the south. To avoid a possible general attack all along the line, he had arranged the march of his troops so that division trod on the heels of division from far beyond Novara. He hoped, by forcing back the right wing of the Austrian army, which alone he supposed to be defending the approaches to Magenta, to be able to pass by the main body of the enemy and march on Milan. At least, this is the only way of explaining the Emperor’s orders for this 4th day of June. As a line of battle his forward movement was preposterous, straddling a river and canal, which were not easy of passage, and without any defensive positions to support him in case a concentrated attack should be made in the meantime.

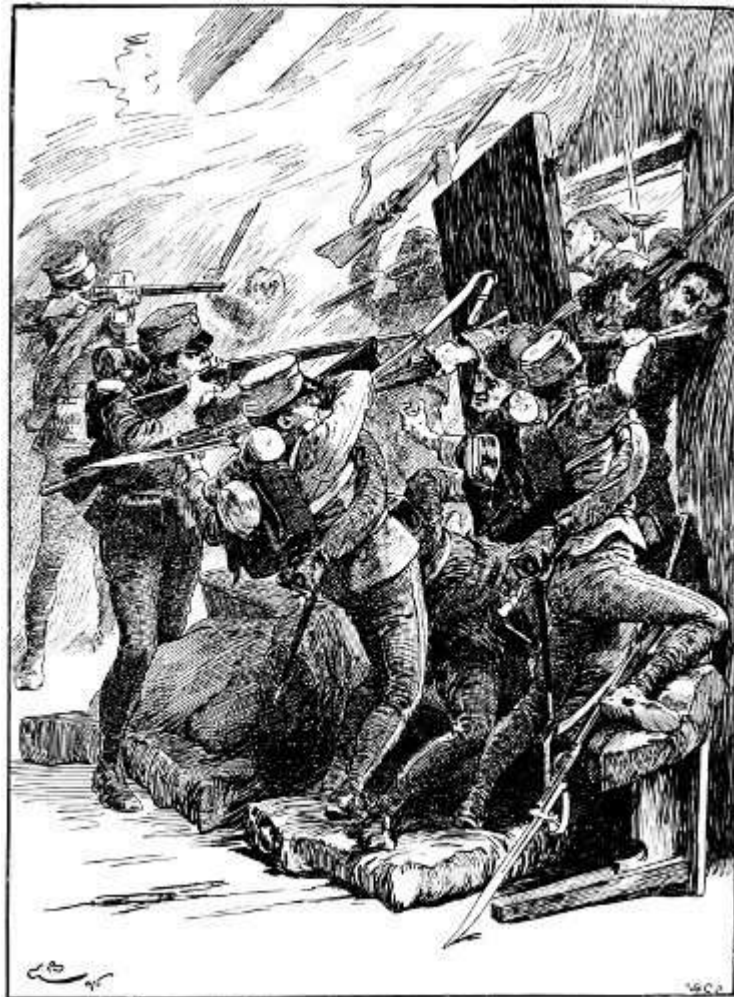


“ON THE TRACK ... LAY A BODY COVERED WITH A BLUE CLOAK” (p. [170](#)).

General Gyulai did not know the advantages of his position. The line of battle which he opposed to the French advance admitted of a quick concentration of his troops which might, by the mere force of numbers, have crushed the corps of MacMahon and the Guard before the divisions of Novara could have marched up to their aid. Around Magenta the troops of Clam-Gallas faced MacMahon to the north, and the high road from San Martino to the west. There was a strong body of cavalry at Corbetta close at hand. The divisions of Liechtenstein were at Ponte Vecchio (the Old Bridge) and Robecco, along the canal below where the road crosses it. These, which formed the right and centre of the line of the Austrian army as it was actually engaged in battle, numbered 36,000 men. The left was in the immediate neighbourhood, with Zobel not two miles to the south and the rest just beyond at Abbiategrosso, 28,000 in all. At Vigevano across the Ticino there were 24,000 more, quite as near as the central divisions of the French. The remaining 25,000 men of the

Austrian army, like the extreme rear of the allies, were too far away to be counted on for this day's work.

As it was, between ignorance and indecision, the battle was to be fought with about equal forces on either side. It was to be an instance of an adage often in the mouths of military men—"Victory belongs to him who makes the fewest blunders."

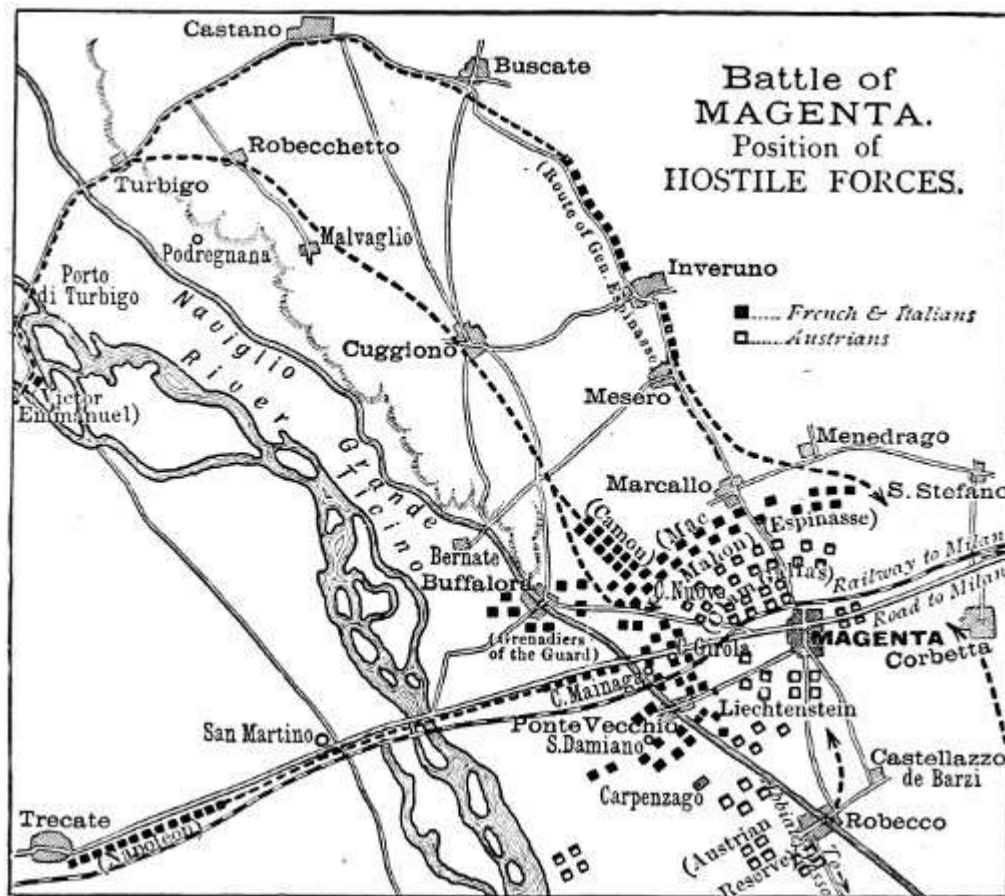


“IN THEIR FRENZY HIS ZOUAVES
BROKE THROUGH THE DEFENCES” (p.
[172](#)).

Commandant Schmitz galloped off on his long morning ride. He warned the King to hasten the movement of his troops, which would be needed as a reserve in case MacMahon should be attacked. Only one of the pontoon bridges would be left him for the tedious crossing over the Ticino. Beyond the river he found the division of Camou already on the

way to follow the main column led by MacMahon. It was half-past ten o'clock before he came up with MacMahon himself, riding at the head of the division of Lamotterouge.

"The Emperor asks what you reckon on doing if you meet the enemy."



Battle of MAGENTA.

Position of HOSTILE FORCES.

"I have no news yet, and there is no attack along the front. On account of the narrow road I have only the division of Lamotterouge with me. I have sent Espinasse by a roundabout way at a half-hour's march from my left. He is keeping up with me. Camou is behind. Tell the Emperor that I count on being at Magenta at two o'clock."

The Commandant rode back, after warning MacMahon that the King had not yet begun crossing the river with the troops which ought to be his final reserve for the day. He reached Trecate at noon, just as the

Emperor was alighting from his carriage. All along the way he had heard the noise of cannon from beyond San Martino. Napoleon received his report, mounted his horse, and rode off hastily with his escort in the direction of the firing.

It was the portion of the Guard which was under General Mellinet that had been violently engaged beyond the bridge at the village of Buffalora by the canal. Napoleon sent back at once to hurry on the corps of Niel, which was marching forward along the road from Novara. The disposition which had been made of the troops rendered this no easy task, and Mellinet was obliged to hold his own as best he might for three hours longer.

At half-past four the Emperor, more and more disquieted at hearing nothing from MacMahon, sent Commandant Schmitz once more by the weary round of the morning to get news of him. There was no nearer way by which he might escape the enemy's fire in crossing the canal. At six o'clock the Commandant reached the pontoons, which the Italian regiments had not yet finished crossing. Victor Emanuel asked if it was Canrobert who was attacked.

"No, sire: it is the whole army. Have you nothing from MacMahon?"

"Yes; a word in pencil, signed by his aide-de-camp; but it is not pressing."

Commandant Schmitz could only conjure the King not to lose a moment of time, and asked for an officer to keep him company in his own search. As they rode off, the Piedmontese infantry was straggling over the pontoons. Some of the men were stopping to heat their soup in the islands of the river, and all, when a new burst of artillery was heard from the distance, gave vent to their patriotic cry—"Viva l'Italia!"

It was eight o'clock and night was falling when Commandant Schmitz reached the line of railway from Milan, just beyond Magenta. On the track before him lay a body covered with a blue cloak and guarded by a staff-officer in tears. It was General Espinasse, who had been shot dead as he entered Magenta. At the other end of the town a sharp fusilade was still going on. In the confusion, it was some time before MacMahon could be found; and it was half-past eleven at night before the Commandant arrived with his news at Napoleon's quarters by the river. The Emperor was lying, dressed, on the bed in an attic room of

the little inn. He arose, and by the light of a candle dictated the telegraphic despatch to the Empress Eugénie which set all Paris rejoicing next day.

“A great battle—a great victory!”

III.—THE FIGHT AT MAGENTA.

From the beginning, the task assigned to the troops of MacMahon was long, difficult, and dangerous. After crossing both river and canal, they had to march down toward Magenta in a line trending always to the right. They would thus be ready to aid in the attack which the divisions under the command of the Emperor were bound to make on the enemy's positions along the canal.

Shortly after Commandant Schmitz left him in the morning, MacMahon came suddenly on the enemy in front of Buffalora. This small village, situated on both sides of the canal, was one of the strongest Austrian positions, and the first serious obstacle which Napoleon would encounter in his own movement forward from the other side. MacMahon at once ordered the attack. It was made, with their wonted violence, by the Turcos and the foot-soldiers of the 49th Regiment of the line. They were in the thick of the fray when a strong column of the enemy was discovered moving up to attack the divisions of MacMahon from the right. So far as he could discern, he would have to face the main body of the Austrian army. The smoke of battle already clouded the air, heavy from the damp rice-fields by the river, and it would be no light task to bring his various divisions into line from their march across country. The enemy's advance already threatened to separate him from the troops led by Espinasse, and from Camou, who was not yet in sight.

Before him, where the combat was actually engaged, disorder had already begun. The shells, on which the Austrians chiefly relied in this campaign, were whizzing through the air and leaving clouds of smoke and dust that added to the difficulty of his movements. One regiment, which had been ordered to fall back, found itself marching straight on the enemy; and another, wishing to rush forward to the attack which had been begun, turned back in the opposite direction.

MacMahon now gave orders that the Turcos and foot-soldiers should give over the attack on Buffalora and rally to his main column. This was a work of time. It was necessary to tear the men from a mortal combat which they were sharing with the Grenadiers of the Guard. These, at the head of Mellinet's division, had come up from the other side and were already taking their position in the village. MacMahon next ordered Espinasse to move his men steadily to the right until he should be able to act in concert with the division led by himself. He then suspended his own movements until he could enter into communication with Camou, who was approaching but slowly from behind.

In these first movements of the day, General MacMahon has been reproached for his sudden attack on Buffalora; but this seems to have been in harmony with the essential plan of the Emperor, who had little idea of the real strength of the Austrian troops concentrated round Magenta.

He is next blamed for withdrawing his men from the attack when the Guard was in most danger; but it was the business of the Emperor to protect his own line of attack. MacMahon had been made responsible for the important attack on Magenta itself; and the advance of the enemy on his right threatened to render this impossible. Besides, the Grenadiers of Colonel d'Alton-Shee had already secured possession of Buffalora, which they had now only to defend.

Most of all, MacMahon is criticised for the long pause which now ensued in his operations, while the enemy was attacking in force close at hand. This was contrary to the tradition of the French army, praised by Moltke, that haste should be made where the cannon sounds. It can only be answered that MacMahon had been positively ordered to march forward to the church-tower of Magenta; that he was not responsible for the slowness of Camou which retarded his own movements; and that the victory which he won when he did move on the enemy shows who it was made the fewest blunders on that day.

In directing the movements of his thirteen battalions, General Camou, whose experience of war went back to the First Napoleon, had been following all the rules. At the sound of the cannonading in front, he marched straight across the fields toward the church-tower of Magenta, on which he knew MacMahon was advancing before him. The fields

were separated from each other by dense thorn-hedges, and divided into small patches of maize. These, in turn, were separated by rows of mulberry trees bound together by wires, along which grape-vines were trained. At each moment the Sappers were called on to use their axes, and the other soldiers their sword-bayonets. This needed no great time; but, at every open space, the command of the tactician Camou was heard, stopping all movement in order to straighten properly the line of his advance.



“HE DICTATED THE TELEGRAPHIC
DESPATCH” (p. [171](#)).

At half-past four o'clock MacMahon himself, with his uniform in disorder and accompanied only by a few officers of his staff, dashed up to hurry forward this reserve which was necessary to his own attack. On the way he had run into a body of Austrian sharpshooters who saluted him as one of their own commanders, not dreaming of the presence of the French general. Hastening back to give directions to Espinasse, he

again barely escaped being captured by the Uhlans. Camou had taken six hours for less than five miles of march.

The drums now beat the charge, and a determined attack was made on the enemy's main column. It was taken between two fires, from the division of Espinasse on one side, and from that of Lamotterouge, led by MacMahon in person, on the other. Step by step, resisting desperately to the end, the Austrian troops fell back on Magenta, where their general and his staff were watching the fortunes of the battle from the church-tower.

Espinasse, by order of MacMahon, hastened his movement on the town from the side of the railway, to stop the fire of artillery which fell obliquely on the troops of Lamotterouge. A company of Tyrolese sharpshooters had entrenched themselves in one of the first houses. General Espinasse and his orderly fell dead under their unerring shots. In their frenzy, his Zouaves broke through the defences of the house and put to the bayonet each man of the three hundred Tyrolese. The bloody fight was continued around the railway station and through the narrow streets of the town. It left everywhere dead bodies clothed with the hostile uniforms, the red breeches of the French mingling with the white jackets of the Austrians.

On his side, MacMahon charged again and again, but the resistance was still obstinate around the church. At last, from the tower, the Austrian commander caught sight of the four regiments of Camou advancing in that regular order which became old soldiers of the Guard. They were impatient to share in the fray, but the Austrian general abandoned the place before them. Not one of their number had burned a cartridge or received a scratch. Their coming two hours earlier would have saved no end of good French blood. The Italian reserve, under King Victor Emanuel in whose cause the war was waging, did not appear all this day.

With nightfall, the soldiers of MacMahon—those who had fought and those who had only marched bravely—bivouacked as best they could outside the town. The doctors began their all night's work among the wounded in the church.

General Trochu had brought his battalions forward at quick step along the road from Novara. At the bridge over the Ticino he found the Emperor quite alone, listening intently to the sounds of the battle. The officers of his escort had been despatched in every direction for information to relieve his uncertainty. Trochu asked for directions. Napoleon, white and trembling, could not answer. At last, in a scarcely intelligible whisper, he said, pointing to the bridge—

“Pass!”

From General Regnauld de Saint-Jean d’Angély, who was in command on the other side, Trochu learned that the enemy still held out at the Old Bridge (Ponte Vecchio) over the canal, in spite of Canrobert’s impetuous onsets. He ordered his men to move forward, rifle on shoulder and all the drums beating and trumpets sounding. The Austrians, believing in the arrival of a large body of fresh troops, abandoned their last positions. At four o’clock in the morning Trochu followed them to the south with his artillery, and their defeat became a rout. When Napoleon, on this day (the 5th of June), sent 50,000 men against what he still supposed to be the main body of the enemy, not an Austrian was to be found.

After a day for rest, on the 6th, MacMahon, with his corps, was off to check the advance from the north of General Urban, who was hurrying back from his chase of Garibaldi. Napoleon stood at the bridge of San Martino to see the troops pass by. Calling MacMahon to alight from his horse, he said:

“I thank you for what you have done. I name you Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta.”

At the request of the generals who could not yet understand how the battle had been won without them, the dignity of Marshal was also bestowed on the modest and valiant commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, General Regnauld de Saint-Jean d’Angély. It was the heroic resistance of General Mellinet and his Grenadiers of the Guard, left unaided for hours at Buffalora, that allowed to Camou all the time he required for bringing up his men according to military rules. It also gave MacMahon the shorter time needed to march forward and to reach the church-tower of Magenta.



“THE DOCTORS BEGAN THEIR ALL NIGHT’S WORK” (p. [172](#)).



The Battle of The Alma

By Major Arthur Griffiths

I t is now more than forty years since we entered upon our last great European war, when, allied with the French and the Turks, we were opposed to Russia. The early part of 1854 was spent in complete inaction at Varna, on the Black Sea. Cholera made terrible havoc in our camp, and the men were growing disheartened, while everybody at home was dissatisfied. The great strength of the Russians lay about Sebastopol,

a nearly impregnable fortress on the opposite shore; and it was at length decided to invade the Crimea and attack Sebastopol. A magnificent armada was prepared, and the allied armies were carried across in a vast flotilla of steam and sailing transports, escorted by a proud array of battle ships. All who saw it, declare that it was one of the most imposing spectacles in modern war.

A powerful Russian fleet lay in the harbour of Sebastopol, but it made no attempt at resistance, although it might have done much mischief; and the allied armies were all safely landed on the 19th September, at a place called Old Fort, in the Crimea.

The Russians did not oppose us at first. Prince Mentschikoff, who was in supreme command throughout the Crimea, preferred to wait. Although he knew all our movements, and might easily have interfered with the disembarkation, he thought he could do us more mischief when he had us well on shore. He had chosen a fine position for his army—that, in fact, on which the battle of the Alma was fought two days later, and he thought it impregnable. He was a self-sufficient, headstrong man; a poor soldier, and very presumptuous, as we shall see.

He believed that the allies would soon waste themselves fruitlessly; that he might easily hold them at bay, perhaps for weeks. Then, when they were weakened by losses, and disheartened by failure, he meant to strike back, confidently hoping to drive them into the sea. Not a man, he declared, should regain the ships.

Pride often goes before a fall, and the result of the first battle was very different from what Mentschikoff expected. He was wrong all round: wrong in his estimate of the fighting qualities of the troops opposed to him, especially of the British; wrong in his belief in the great strength of his position; altogether wrong in his dispositions for defence.

It was very extensive, this position: from the sea, its westernmost limit, to the eastern slopes of the Kourgané Hill was some five and a half miles; the whole front was covered by the river Alma—a river in places deep and rapid, at others fordable, and there was a good timber bridge at Bourliouk, in the centre of the position, which carried the great causeway or post road from Eupatoria to Sebastopol. The western cliffs, nearest the sea, were steep, and supposed to be inaccessible; but the hills fell away as they trended further inland, and the approach from the river became

practicable, although still offering a rather stiff climb. The ground about the centre and right rose high at two particular points: one was called the Telegraph Height, and it dominated the principal road; the other was the famous Kourgané Hill, an elevated peak around which the battle ebbed and flowed, and which is now acknowledged to have been the key to the position.

Mentschikoff was but scantily supplied with troops to occupy so long a line as this. But he was not very greatly concerned about it. According to his view—and he arrived at the conclusion a little too readily, as he soon found to his cost—the west cliff, that part of the position nearest the sea, could defend itself, he felt sure. They were untenable, too, as he told himself, for the whole surface of this plateau was within range of the allied fleets, and the fire of their guns would soon have swept it of the Russian troops. These reasons sufficed to justify him in holding his chief strength, about 36,000 infantry, between the two hills just mentioned, the Telegraph and the Kourgané, a front limited to less than three miles. His cavalry, in which he was especially strong, having about 3,600 sabres in all, guarded his right flank when the more open down-land was favourable to their movement. His ninety-six guns were distributed over the whole ground: some commanded the causeway, some were with the cavalry, some with the great reserves, some in the two redoubts.

These dispositions showed both carelessness and want of skill. The Prince had not satisfied himself of the impregnability of the west cliff. Had he visited and inspected it, he would have found that a good waggon track ascended the hill from the village of Almatamack, which could be used, and was, for artillery. Yet he could easily have broken up this road; just as easily as he could have thrown up formidable entrenchments to make assurance doubly sure, and forbid absolutely all attempt to attack on this side. This neglect to fortify all along the front, although the ground lent itself admirably to such defensive works, was no less blamable. Whether or not the position was everywhere naturally strong, it might soon have been made so. If the heights of the Alma had been converted into a properly and scientifically entrenched camp, the allies would hardly, perhaps never, have captured them.

All Mentschikoff did was to construct two works, one named by our men the “Greater,” the other the “Lesser” Redoubt. The first was nothing more than a breastwork—breast high, that is to say, without a ditch, and

some three hundred yards above the Alma, just on the lower slopes of the Kourgané Hill. The Prince was very proud of this fortification, which had two short sides for flanking fire, and was armed with twelve heavy guns. More to the right, on the same hill, was another slight entrenchment facing north-east, and armed with field artillery. This was the Lesser Redoubt.

The allied forces marching on Sebastopol, arrived in front of this position on the 20th September, 1854. It was a momentous occasion. For the first time in modern history the French and English, two hereditary foes, were about to fight side by side. A newer and a better rivalry had effaced old feuds. The fierce contests in Spain and at Waterloo were forgotten, although the English commander and many of his generals had won their laurels against the French. Now the two old enemies were the fastest of friends. Lord Raglan, who, as Fitzroy Somerset, had lost his arm at Waterloo, was revered by all ranks in the French army; and when Marshal St. Arnaud, the French commander-in-chief, passed along the British line, he was received with loud cheers, to which he replied, lifting his hat, and speaking in good English, "Hurrah for old England!"



PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF.

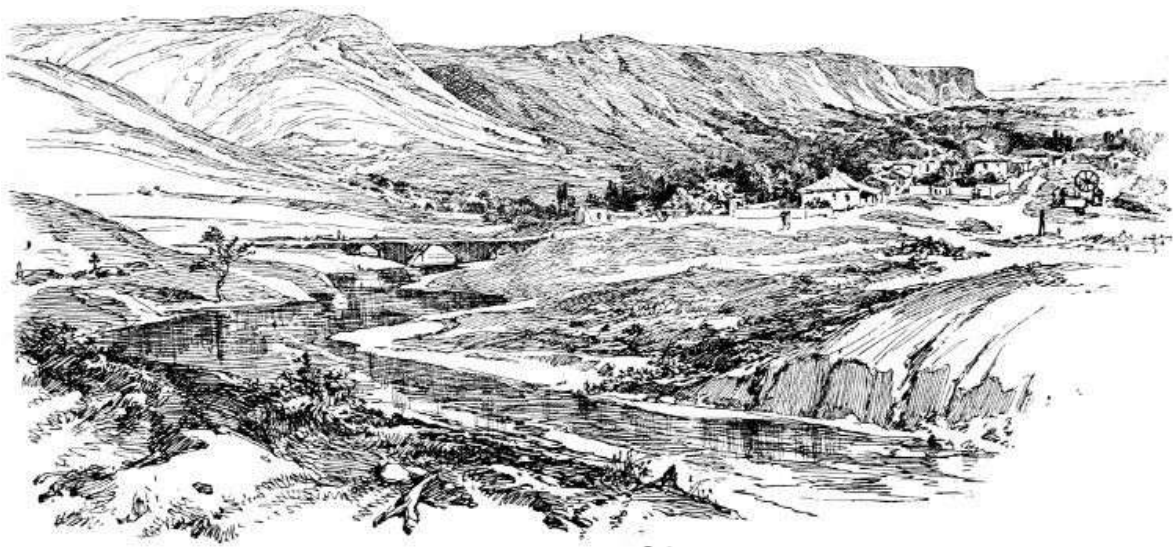
Emulation in great deeds is a fine thing, but when allies fight side by side there is always the fear of divided counsels, the chance of divided action in the field. The English and French generals did not exactly disagree, but each went very much his own way. St. Arnaud wished to take the front attack from the sea to beyond the causeway, leaving Lord Raglan to turn the Russian right. This the English general did not choose to do: he thought a flanking movement would be dangerous in the presence of a superior cavalry, over ground especially suited to it—like a racecourse, in fact, open, and covered with smooth, springy turf. It ended in an agreement that each army should go up against what was before it, the French attacking the west cliff, from the causeway to the sea, the English taking the hills from the causeway to the extreme right.

The result of this was that the French found no enemy, and the brunt of the battle fell upon us. The honour was all the greater, of course. But this arrangement neutralised all our advantages of superior numbers. French and English together numbered some 63,000, as against 30,000 Russians. As, however, Mentschikoff held the bulk of his forces about his centre and right—in other words, just opposite the English attack—it followed that Russians and English would fight upon pretty equal terms. This was all the more emphasised by the French moving so much to their right that a large portion of their army was quite out of the action, while the rest was only partially engaged.

The allied troops were astir at daylight on the 20th September, but the battle was not really fought till the afternoon. Delays that were vexatious yet inevitable interposed. Lord Raglan was obliged to draw towards him two of his divisions, with which he had been covering his exposed left flank, and at the same time he gave a safer direction for his baggage train. The slow transfer of the latter from the left to his own immediate rear occupied the whole forenoon, and the French, who had no such troubles, chafed greatly at the delay.

But at length Bosquet began the ball at 2 p.m. He led off with his, the extreme right or seaward French division, and went up against the west cliff. One brigade, Bonat's, followed by the Turks, crossed the river Alma at its mouth, and scaling the heights without difficulty, advanced—to do no more. His 15,000 men met no enemy, and were put out of action for the rest of the day. Bosquet's other brigade, D'Autemare's, with which he rode in person, faced the stiff slope and surmounted it. Both

men and guns got up, and were ready to go in and win; but, like Bonat, they found nothing in front of them. Bosquet's successful climb had only placed him alone in an isolated and really unsafe position. He was quite unsupported. Bonat was detached far away on his right; Canrobert, his nearest neighbour, had got mixed up among the rocky, broken country above him, and could barely hold his own, much less extend his hand. Next to Canrobert was Prince Napoleon; but the latter hung back unaccountably—unless the stories afterwards published discrediting his courage are deemed true.



THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA.

At this moment, it is generally thought, the allies were within reach of grave disaster. Had Mentschikoff been a Napoleon or a Wellington, with the genius to see and the skill to use his opportunity, he might now have dealt a crushing blow at the allies. He was in between his foes: one army was caught amongst a difficult country, and separated in two parts by a wide interval; the other army, not yet engaged. Had he sent his cavalry to hold the English in check, just as the German cavalry at Mars la Tour with such desperate gallantry turned Bazaine back to Metz, he might have fallen upon Canrobert and almost eaten him up. The utter defeat of one French division at this early part of the day would have probably decided the battle, and in favour of the Russians.

But such masterly tactics were not to be expected from such an incapable general. All Mentschikoff could do when Bosquet scaled the

west cliff, was to hurry up eight battalions from his reserve to confront him; then, hesitating to join issue, to march them back whence they came, and thus lose their services for more than an hour. His cavalry remained inactive till the golden opportunity was lost, and then he found himself so fiercely assailed by the hitherto despised English that he lost the power of the offensive.

While the French were in this critical condition, the English, who were also jeopardised, still remained passive, halted, and lying down under a dropping artillery fire. But now, at length, Lord Raglan gave the signal for attack; and the order was received with soldier-like glee by our troops, to whom the long inaction was very irksome. At last the battle was to be fought in real earnest, but to understand what follows we must realise exactly how our forces were arrayed.

1. Sir De Lacy Evans with the 2nd Division stood next the French. His right rested on the village of Bourliouk opposite the causeway bridge; his left joined on to and was rather jammed in with the right of—

2. The Light Division under Sir George Brown, who faced the Kourgané hill, with its two redoubts heavily armed, and a garrison of eighteen battalions: a very formidable position to storm. At the same time his left was what soldiers call “in the air”—resting on nothing, that is to say, and exposed.

3. Immediately behind the Light Division came the Duke of Cambridge with the 1st, composed of the Guards and the Highland Brigades.

4. The 3rd Division supported the 2nd, but at a long interval.

5. The cavalry under Lords Cardigan and Lucan, not a thousand sabres, were held withdrawn to the left rear.

6. The 4th Division of infantry were a long way behind, and did not come up till after the action.

The first fighting fell to Evans, but at the moment of his advance the enemy set fire to the village of Bourliouk, which burst up into instantaneous flames, and Evans, to avoid it, drew one brigade—Pennefather’s—to the left, and sent the other—Adams’—by a long *détour* to his right, where it was in touch with the French. All Pennefather’s men got across the river, but were stayed by the fierce fire

of the causeway batteries; and one of his regiments—the 95th—crushed in by the right of the Light Division, joined it and its fortunes for the rest of the day. Evans had thus only three battalions left, and with so scanty a force he could make no impression: he could but simply hold his ground beyond the river.



“THEN YOUNG ANSTRUTHER
RACED FORWARD” (p. [178](#)).

Part of the Light Division, the right, or Codrington’s Brigade, was soon engaged in a weightier battle. The left, or Buller’s, also moved forward, but being entrusted with the protection of the exposed flank of the whole army, two of its regiments were held in hand while the rest became involved in Codrington’s attack; for this gallant soldier was no sooner across the river with his regiments all disorganised, and in no sort of formation, than he led them immediately forward.

His superior officer, the divisional general, Sir George Brown, was not within hail, and Codrington felt that his plain duty was to go ahead.

He himself headed the desperate charge upon the Great Redoubt, which was now made in quite inferior numbers, and in the teeth of a murderous fire of big guns. His colonels, especially Lacy Yea of the 7th Fusiliers, took the cue, and springing to the front cried to their men:

“Come on—never mind forming! Come on anyhow.”

“Forward! forward!” was the universal cry of all; pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, but always straight on, the first brigade of the Light Division rushed up the slope.

The Russians were really in tremendous strength. There were heavy columns of them all around; the Redoubt was armed with twelve big guns, yet they could not resist an onslaught which seemed only the vanguard of an imposing attack.

There was another cause, no doubt, for their weakness, as we shall presently see; but now already they were limbering up their guns and going to the rear. Then young Anstruther, a mere boy fresh from school, raced forward with the Queen’s colour of the 23rd, and placed it triumphantly on the crown of the breastworks. He was shot dead, the colour falling with him. A sergeant, Luke O’Connor, following close, succeeded to his mission, and raised the flag erect.



MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

He, too, was struck down, but would not yield, and although desperately wounded, carried the colours for the rest of the day. This was the crisis of the fight; the flag was the rallying point; crowds came rushing in, and the Redoubt was carried—for a time. The battle itself would probably have been completely won had reinforcements been at hand. But the 1st Division, which had been ordered to support the Light Division, had not yet crossed the river. Its advance was hastened by the Quartermaster-General, General Airey, speaking for Lord Raglan, who, as we shall see, was at another part of the field. So the Duke of Cambridge moved forward, but slowly; the Guards Brigade to the right, in line—a well-dressed two-deep “thin, red line,” which kept its formation even when crossing the stream, each man walking on whatever was before him, shallow water or deep pool. On the left were Sir Colin Campbell’s three famous Highland regiments—the 42nd, 93rd, and 79th—advancing in an echelon of deployed lines, one behind and a little further to the left of the one in front of it. Such a stern array would have more than sufficed to stiffen our hold upon the Great Redoubt; but it came too late, and other untoward events had also occurred.

The Russians, of whom there were eighteen battalions in these parts, could not brook the loss of the Redoubt to what seemed only a handful of

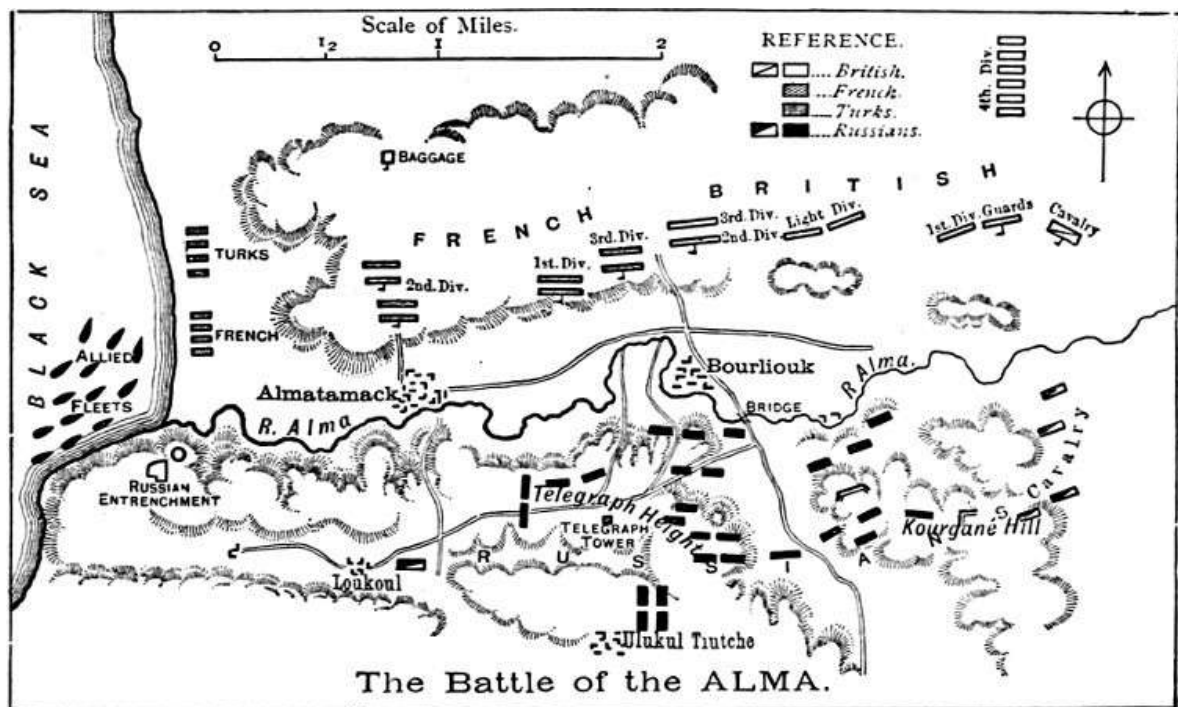
redcoats, and they came forward again in great strength to recover the work. The Vladimir regiment, approaching close, was mistaken for a French column, and no one fired at it; then some misguided English bugler sounded the “retire”—by whose orders it was never ascertained—but the call was taken up and repeated, till at length, most reluctantly, Codrington’s men in possession of the Redoubt prepared to leave it. They clung for a time to its reverse slopes, but presently gave way, and under a murderous fire retreated down the hill. Only indomitable Lacy Yea, with his bold regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, refused to withdraw, and, in line against a column double his strength, alone maintained the fight.

All this time the French were not prospering. Bosquet still clung, isolated, upon the west cliff; Canrobert had climbed it, but had made no forward movement; Prince Napoleon stood halted, irresolute, on the safe side of the river. The Russian general in command of the centre, which was posted around the Telegraph Height, now put in motion eight of his battalions, in dense double column, and crossed the plateau to smite Canrobert, who forthwith crumbled back over the cliff. He had supports at hand—a brigade (D’Aurelle’s) of Forey’s Division, which was on the hilly road jammed in between him and Prince Napoleon, and the Prince himself was close behind; but these supports were in marching columns, with no frontage for attack, and could not help Canrobert. Had Kiriakoff, the Russian general, pressed on, he would probably have completely “rolled up” the French. But he paused, and the battle meanwhile passed into a fresh phase.

Strange as it may seem, the turning-point in the action was a hazardous, and, speaking by the book, a perfectly indefensible step taken by the English commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan, with his staff and a few dragoons—not twenty horsemen in all—had ridden boldly, blindly, into the very centre of the enemy’s line. He had gone down towards Bourliouk, but avoiding the burning village, and, anxious to see what was in progress beyond the river, had dashed into it, crossed, and galloped up the opposite slope. He came out at a point under the Telegraph Height and *above* the causeway, and thence could survey at ease—for no enemy, happily, was near enough to injure him—the whole state of the battle. Better still, he looked into the enemy’s line of defence, taking it in reverse, and realised at once the supreme advantage his really dangerous position gave him.

“If only we had a couple of guns up here!” he cried, and two artillery officers—Dacres and Dickson, who rode with his staff—dashed off to fetch them, while General Airey was sent to bring up the nearest infantry, Adams’ brigade of Evans’ 2nd Division.

The messengers found Turner’s battery struggling across the ford, and Turner himself hurried up two of his guns, which were soon unlimbered and worked—one, at least—by Colonel Dickson’s own hands.



The Battle of the ALMA.

Their very first shot was a surprise to the whole field. It proved to the enemy, whose guns were posted in advance in the causeway, that they had been taken in reverse and had better retire. It overjoyed Evans, who still stood checked by this causeway battery. “Hark! that is an English gun,” he cried, and prepared at once to advance, knowing that the barrier in front would soon be removed. And so it was. Evans swept forward triumphantly with his three remaining regiments, their left still covered by stout Lacy Yea and his splendid Fusiliers, who just about this time had finally conquered the Russian column with which they had so long been engaged. Yea’s obstinate heroism had not only paved the way for the

advance of the 2nd Division, but it had made another attack possible upon the Kourgané Hill.

The Scots Fusilier Guards had been the first of the Duke of Cambridge's troops to get across the river in support of Codrington's discomfited brigade. The Russians on the hill now numbered some 15,000 men, part of them being the Vladimir column, which had retaken the Great Redoubt. A very stout resistance was made. The Scots Fusiliers were met with so bold a front and such a withering fire that they fell back in some disorder. It seemed as though the Grenadier Guards would also be involved, but this regiment, under Colonel Hood, stood firm, and presently advanced in beautiful order—a well-dressed, steady line, as perfect as though it was in Hyde Park. To the left of the Scots Guards were the Coldstreams, another regiment in magnificent array, which had not been touched by the fire, and moved up the hill with admirable precision. The Duke of Cambridge rode with the Coldstreams.

So fierce was the fight into which the Guards now entered, so strong the opposition, that some cried in alarm, "The Brigade will be destroyed." There was a talk of falling back, and then it was that stout old Sir Colin Campbell made his famous speech to the Duke:—"Better, sir, that every man in her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should turn their backs upon the enemy." The Guards needed no stiffening—they were only too eager to get on. But Campbell did more than exhort in words. He had here, close at hand, his three superb Highland regiments, and he was ready to use them, to the last man, in support.

The Highlanders were now on the left of the whole line. Although Buller's two regiments on this extremity, the 88th and the 77th, had held their own during the day, they were now beginning to fall back. But Campbell took charge of the flank, and, despising the still irresolute Russian cavalry, he brought up his deployed regiments in echelon, and prolonging our line, threw them at the Russian right. Our front was very extensive, for the line was only the depth of two men; but it looked so threatening, that the Russian general, Gortschakoff, concluding there were heavy masses behind, thought himself outnumbered and overpowered.



THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE ALMA.

Sir Colin spoke a few words of encouragement to his men. “Be steady—keep silence—fire low;” and then, with fierce emphasis, he finished—“Now, men, the army will watch us: make me proud of the Highland Brigade!” He was about to engage twelve battalions with his three; each regiment as it advanced, the 42nd first, seemed to be outflanked by a heavy column; but beyond each flank came the next regiment in the echelon behind, and in this formation the Highlanders carried all before them. The Russians, after another despairing and unavailing stand, began to retreat, and the Guards and Highlanders took possession of the Kourgané Hill.



“TURNER HIMSELF HURRIED UP
TWO OF HIS GUNS” (p. [179](#)).

All this time Lord Raglan had held his ground—no longer perilous—above the causeway; but now he was joined by Adams’ two regiments, and a red line was seen surmounting the slope. He left them there, to be used, if needs were, in hastening the retreat of the Russian columns; a brigade of the 3rd Division, Eyre’s, had also arrived, and was across the Bourliouk bridge. Now the French made head against Kiriakoff, who could not hold out with his comrades in full retreat; and as he fell back Canrobert came on, and, gaining the heights, took full possession of the Telegraph Hill. There was very little more fighting to be done, except with a handful of forgotten riflemen: the Russians were gone. Following Canrobert, Prince Napoleon and D’Aurelle advanced, so that soon two strong and unbroken French divisions and a whole brigade occupied the ground.

Then followed the grievous mistake of not following up the beaten enemy. It was clear that the English could not do this with effect: the

bulk of our men had been engaged, we had suffered severely, and the survivors were worn out with their exertions. Our cavalry could do little against the Russian, which was still quite fresh, and ready, if not too anxious, to cover the retreat. Lord Raglan hoped that the French would now reap the full advantage of the victory, and urged St. Arnaud to press on in pursuit. The only answer was that any further advance of the French that day was “impossible.” The men, when moving up to the attack, had left their knapsacks on the other side of the river, and they could not go on without them. So the Russian army, which was now nearly dissolved, a broken, helpless mass of fugitives, was suffered to continue its headlong retreat upon Sebastopol. A little more energy on the part of the victors would have dealt a crushing blow and probably annihilated it.

In this first error was sown the seeds of the long and disastrous siege of Sebastopol.



LORD RAGLAN.

(From the Painting by Andrew Morton.)]



AUSTERLITZ

BY C. STEIN

O n the 21st of November, 1805, a striking and warlike cavalcade was traversing at a slow pace a wide and elevated plateau in Moravia. In front, on a grey barb, rode a short, sallow-faced man with dark hair and a quick, eager glance, whose notice nothing seemed to escape. His dress was covered by a grey overcoat, which met a pair of long riding-boots, and on his head was a low, weather-stained cocked hat. He was followed by a crowd of officers, evidently of high rank, for their uniforms, saddle-cloths, and plumed hats were heavily laced, and they had the bold, dignified bearing of leaders of men. In front and in the flanks of the party were scattered watchful vedettes, and behind followed a strong squadron of picked cavalry in dark green dolmans with furred pelisses slung over their shoulders, and huge fur caps surmounted by tall red plumes. The leading horseman rode in silence over the plateau, first to one point then to another, examining with anxious care every feature of the ground. He marked carefully the little village from which the expanse took its name, and the steep declivity which sloped to a muddy stream below. No one addressed him, for he was a man whose train of thought was not to be lightly interrupted. Suddenly, at length, he drew rein, and, turning to the body of officers, said: "Gentlemen, examine this ground carefully. It will be a field of battle, upon which you will all have a part to play." The speaker was Napoleon. His hearers were his generals and staff. He had been reconnoitring, surrounded and guarded by his devoted Chasseurs of the Guard, the plateau of Pratzen, the main part of the arena where was to be fought in a few days the mighty conflict of Austerlitz.

Napoleon's headquarters were then at Brunn. The French host, then for the first time called the "Grand Army," had, at the command of its

great chief, in the beginning of September broken up the camps long occupied on the coasts of France in preparation for a contemplated invasion of England, and had directed its march to the Rhine. It was formed in seven corps under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoust, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, with its cavalry under Prince Murat, and the Imperial Guard as a reserve.

The Rhine was crossed at different points, and the tide of invasion swept upon the valley of the Danube. From the beginning the movements had been made with a swiftness unprecedented in war. Guns and cavalry had moved in ceaseless and unhalting stream along every road. Infantry had pressed forward by forced marches, and had been aided in its onward way by wheeled transport at every available opportunity. The Emperor had resolved to strike a blow by land against his foes which should counterbalance the several checks which the indomitable navy of England had inflicted on his fleets at sea. Austria and Russia were in arms against France, and he was straining every nerve to encounter and shatter their separate forces before they would unite in overwhelming power. The campaign had opened for him with a series of brilliant successes. The veterans of the revolutionary wars, of Italy and of Egypt, directed by his mighty genius, had proved themselves irresistible. The Austrians had been the first to meet the shock, and had been defeated at every point—Guntzberg, Haslach, Albeck, Elchingen, Memmingen—and the first phase of the struggle had closed with the capitulation at Ulm of General Mack with 30,000 men.

But there had been no stay in the rush of the victorious French. The first defeats of the Austrian army had been rapidly followed up. The corps which had escaped from the disaster at Ulm were pursued and, one after another annihilated. The Tyrol was overrun, and its strong positions occupied by Marshal Ney. From Italy came the news of Massena's successes against the celebrated Archduke Charles, and at Dirnstein Marshal Mortier had defeated the first Russian army under Kutusow. The Imperial headquarters had been established at Schönbrunn, the home of the Emperor of Austria. Vienna had been occupied and the bridge across the Danube secured by Lannes and Murat. Kutusow, after his defeat at Dirnstein, had been driven back through Hollabrunn on Brunn by the same marshals at the head of the French advanced guard, and had now joined the second Russian army, with which was its Emperor Alexander

in person, and an Austrian force under Prince Lichtenstein, accompanied by the Emperor of Austria.



“THE SAYING PASSED, ‘OUR EMPEROR DOES NOT MAKE USE OF OUR ARMS IN THIS WAR SO MUCH AS OF OUR LEGS.’”

The main body of the “Grand Army” had, under Napoleon, followed its advanced guard into the heart of Moravia. Its headquarters and immediate base were now at Brunn, but its position was sufficiently critical, at the extremity of a long line of operations, numbering less than 70,000 disposable men, while the Russo-Austrian army in front amounted to 92,000. So rapid had been the movements since the camp at Boulogne was left, that the common saying passed in the ranks that “Our Emperor does not make use of our arms in this war so much as of our legs”; and the grave result of this constant swiftness had been that many soldiers had fallen to the rear from indisposition or fatigue, and even the nominal strength of corps was thus for the time seriously diminished. It is recorded that in the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard alone there was a deficiency of more than four hundred men from this cause. But all these laggards were doing their best to rejoin the army before the great battle

took place which all knew to be inevitable, and in which all were eager to bear their part.

Napoleon had himself arrived at Brunn on the 20th of November, and during the following days till the 27th he allowed his army a measure of repose to enable it to recover its strength after its long toils—to repair its arms, its boots and worn material, and to rally every man under its eagles. His advanced guard had been pushed forward under Murat towards Wischau on the Olmutz road, Soult's corps on his right had pressed Kutusow's retreat towards Austerlitz, and the remainder were disposed in various positions to watch Hungary and Bohemia and to maintain his hold upon Vienna.

On the 27th the French advanced guard was attacked and driven back by the Russians at Wischau, and certain information arrived that this had been done by a portion of the main Russian army under the Emperor Alexander. It had been thought possible by Napoleon that peaceful negotiations might be opened, but this confident advance of his enemies seemed to show that they had by no means lost heart, and when on the 28th he had a personal interview with Prince Dolgorouki, the favourite of Alexander, he found the Russian proposals so insulting and presumptuous that he broke off abruptly any further communication.

We have seen Napoleon reconnoitring on the 21st of November, and we have marked the marvellous *coup d'œil* and prescience with which he foresaw the exact spot where the great battle, then looming before him, must take place. Every succeeding day saw the reconnaissances renewed, and never was a battle-field more thoroughly examined, never was forecast by a general of the actual turn of events to be expected more completely justified by fulfilment.

It had become certain that the united army of two mighty empires was close at hand. From the tone of Dolgorouki's communication it was evident that both the Russian and Austrian monarchs had resolved to trust their fortunes to the ordeal of battle, and that they, with their generals and soldiery, were eager to retrieve their previous misfortunes, and full of confidence that they would do so. That confidence had been increased by the repulse of the French advanced guard at Wischau; and they now longed to complete their work by pouring their superior numbers on the comparatively weak French main body.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(From the Painting by Paul Delaroche.)

With this knowledge before him, Napoleon proceeded to carry out the plan of action which he had carefully matured. To the astonishment of many veterans in his army, a general retreat of his advanced troops was ordered. Murat fell back from Posoritz and Soult from near Austerlitz. But this retrograde movement was short, and they were halted on the ground chosen by Napoleon for his battle-line. The outlying corps of Bernadotte and Davoust were summoned to complete his array. Munitions, food, ambulances were hurried to their appointed posts, and it was announced that the battle would be fought on the 1st or 2nd of December.

The line of a muddy stream, called the Goldbach, marked the front of the French army. This stream takes its source across the Olmutz road, and flowing through a dell, of which the sides are steep, discharges itself into the Menitz Lake. At the top of its high left bank stretches the wide Pratzen plateau, and it appeared to Napoleon's staff that he had made an error in relinquishing such a vantage ground to his enemy; but he told them that he had done so of set purpose, saying, "If I remained master of this fine plateau, I could here check the Russians, but then I should only

have an ordinary victory; whereas by giving it up to them and refusing my right, if they dare to descend from these heights in order to outflank me, I secure that they shall be lost beyond redemption.”

Let us examine the positions occupied by the French and the Austro-Russian armies at the close of November, and we shall the better understand the general strategy of the two combatant forces and the tactics which each made use of when they came into collision. The Emperor Napoleon rested his left, under Lannes and Murat, on a rugged eminence, which those of his soldiers who had served in Egypt called the “Santon,” because its crest was crowned by a little chapel, of which the roof had a fancied resemblance to a minaret. This eminence he had strengthened with field works, armed and provisioned like a fortress. He had, by repeated visits, satisfied himself that his orders were properly carried out, and he had committed its defence to special defenders under the command of General Claparède, impressing upon them that they must be prepared to fire their last cartridge at their post and, if necessary, there to die to the last man.

His centre was on the right bank of the Goldbach. There were the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, the Grenadiers of Duroc and Oudinot, and the Imperial Guard with forty guns. Their doubled lines were concealed by the windings of the stream, by scattered clumps of wood, and by the features of the ground.

His right was entrusted to Davoust’s corps, summoned in haste to the battle-field, and of which only a division of infantry and one of Dragoons had been able to come into line. They were posted at Menitz, and held the defiles passing the Menitz Lake and the two other lakes of Telnitz and Satschau. Napoleon’s line of battle was thus an oblique one, with its right thrown back. It had the appearance of being only defensive, if not actually timid, its centre not more than sufficiently occupied, its right extremely weak, and only its left formidable and guaranteed against any but the most powerful attack. But the great strategist had weighed well his methods. He trusted that the foe would be tempted to commit themselves to an attack on his right, essaying to cut his communications and line of retreat on Vienna. If they could be led into this trap, the difficulty of movement in the ground cut up by lake, stream, and marsh would give to Davoust the power to hold them in check until circumstances allowed of aid being given to him. Meantime, with his left

impregnable and his centre ready to deal a crushing blow, he expected to be able to operate against the Russo-Austrian flank and rear with all the advantage due to unlooked-for strength.

The right of the Russo-Austrians, commanded by the Princes Bagration and Lichtenstein, rested on a wooded hill near Posoritz across the Olmutz road. Their centre, under Kollowrath, occupied the village of Pratzen and the large surrounding plateau; while their left, under Doctorof and Kienmayer, stretched towards the Satschau Lake and the adjoining marshes.

The village of Austerlitz was some distance in rear of the Russo-Austrian position, and had no immediate connection with the movements of the troops employed on either side, but the Emperors of Russia and Austria slept in it on the night before the battle, and Napoleon afterwards accentuated the greatness of his victory by naming it after the place from which he had chased them.

The two great armies now in presence of each other were markedly unequal in strength—92,000 men were opposed to 70,000, and the advantage of 22,000 was to the allies. But this inequality was to a great extent compensated by the tactical dispositions of the leader of the weaker force. Of the two antagonist lines, one was wholly exposed to view, the other to a great extent concealed—first advantage to the latter. They formed, as it were, two parallel arcs of a circle, but that of the French was the more compact and uninterrupted—second advantage; and this last was soon to be increased by the imprudent Russian manœuvres. The two armies, barely at a distance of two cannon-shot from each other, had by mutual tacit consent formed their bivouacs, piled arms, fed and reposed peaceably round their fires, the one covered by a thick cloud of Cossacks, the other by a sparse line of vedettes.

Napoleon quitted Brunn early in the morning of the 1st December, and employed the whole of that day in examining the positions which the different portions of his army occupied. His headquarters were established in rear of the centre of his line at a high point, from which could be seen the bivouacs of both French and allies, as well as the ground on which the morrow's issue would be fought out. The cold was intense, but there was no snow. The only shelter that could be found for

the ruler of France was a dilapidated hut, in which were placed the Emperor's table and maps.

The Grenadiers had made up a huge fire hard by, and his travelling carriage was drawn up, in which he could take such sleep as his anxieties would permit. The divisions of Duroc and Oudinot bivouacked between him and the enemy, while the Guard lay round him and towards the rear.

In the late afternoon of the same day Napoleon was watching the allied position through his telescope. On the Pratzen plateau could be seen a general flank movement of Russian columns, in rear of their first line, from their centre to their left and towards the front of the French position at Telnitz. It was evidently supposed by the enemy that the French intended to act only on the defensive, that nothing was to be feared from them in front, and that the allies had only to throw their masses on their right, cut off their retreat upon Vienna, and thus inflict upon them a certain and disastrous defeat. It was forgotten by the Russo-Austrians that in thus moving their principal forces to the left, the centre of their position was weakened, and on the right their own line of operations and retreat was left entirely unprotected. When Napoleon detected what was being done, trembling with satisfaction and clapping his hands, he said: "What a manœuvre to be ashamed of! They are running into the trap! They are giving themselves up! Before to-morrow evening that army will be in my hands!" In order still more to add to the confidence of his enemy and to encourage them in the prosecution of their mistaken plan, he ordered Murat to sally forth from his own position with some cavalry, to manœuvre as if showing uneasiness and hesitation, and then to retire with an air of alarm. This order given, he returned immediately to his bivouac, dictated and issued the famous proclamation in which he assured his army that the Austro-Russians were exposing their flank and were offering certain glory to the soldiers of France as a reward for their valour in the coming struggle: he said that he himself would direct their battalions, but that he would not expose himself to danger unless success was doubtful, and he promised that, after their victory, they should have comfortable cantonments and peace.

The evening of the 1st of December closed in. The allied movement towards their left was still continuing, and Napoleon, after renewing his orders, again visiting his parks and ambulances and satisfying himself by his own observation that all was in order, threw himself on a bundle of

straw and slept. About eleven o'clock he was awakened and told that a sharp attack had been made on one of the villages occupied by his right, but that it had been repulsed. This further confirmed his forecast of the allied movements, but, wishing to make a last reconnaissance of his enemy's position, he again mounted, and, followed by Junot, Duroc, Berthier, and some others of his staff, he ventured between the two armies. As he closely skirted the enemy's line of outposts, in spite of several warnings that he was incurring great risk, he, in the darkness, rode into a picquet of Cossacks. These sprang to arms and attacked him so suddenly that he would certainly have been killed or taken prisoner if it had not been for the devoted courage of his escort, which engaged the Cossacks while he turned his horse and galloped back to the French lines. His escape was so narrow and precipitate that he had to pass without choosing his way the marshy Goldbach stream. His own horse and those of several of his attendants—amongst others Ywan, his surgeon, who never left his person—were for a time floundering helpless in the deep mud, and the Emperor was obliged to make his way on foot to his headquarters past the fires round which his soldiery were lying. In the obscurity he stumbled over a fallen tree-trunk; and it occurred to a grenadier who saw him, to twist and use some straw as a torch, holding it over his head to light the path of his sovereign.

In the middle of the anxious night, full of disquietude and anticipation, the eve of the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation, the face of Napoleon, lighted up and suddenly displayed by this flame, appeared almost as a vision to the soldiers of the nearest bivouacs. A cry was raised, "It is the anniversary of the coronation! Vive l'Empereur!"—an outburst of loyal ardour which Napoleon in vain attempted to check with the words, "Silence till to-morrow. Now you have only to sharpen your bayonets." But the same thought, the same cry, was taken up and flew with lightning quickness from bivouac to bivouac. All made torches of whatever material was at hand. Some pulled down the field-shelters for the purpose—some used the straw that had been collected to form their beds; and in an instant, as if by enchantment, thousands of lights flared upwards along the whole French line, and by thousands of voices the cry was repeated, "Vive l'Empereur!" Thus was improvised, within sight of the astonished enemy, the most striking of illuminations, the most memorable of demonstrations, by which the admiration and devotion of a whole army have ever been shown to its general. It is said

that the Russians believed the French to be burning their shelters as a preliminary to retreat, and that their confidence was thereby increased. As to Napoleon, though at first annoyed at the outburst, he was soon gratified and deeply touched by the heartfelt enthusiasm displayed, and said that “This night is the happiest of my life.” For some time he continued to move from bivouac to bivouac, telling his soldiers how much he appreciated their affection, and saying those kindly and encouraging words which no one better than he knew how to use.



MARSHAL PRINCE MURAT
(AFTERWARDS KING OF
NAPLES).

(From the Painting by Gérard.)

The morning began to break on the 2nd of December. As he buckled on his sword, Napoleon said to the staff gathered round—“Now, gentlemen, let us commence a great day.” He mounted, and from different points were seen arriving to receive his last orders the renowned chiefs of his various *corps-d’armée*, each followed by a single aide-de-camp. There were Marshal Prince Murat, Marshal Lannes, Marshal Soult, Marshal Bernadotte, and Marshal Davoust. What a formidable circle of men, each of whom had already gathered glory on many

different fields! Murat, distinctively the cavalry general of France, the intrepid paladin who had led his charging squadrons on all the battle-fields of Italy and Egypt; Lannes, whose prowess at Montebello had made victory certain; Soult, the veteran of the long years of war on the Rhine and in Germany, the hero of Altenkirchen, and Massena's most distinguished lieutenant at the battle of Zürich; Bernadotte, not more renowned as a general in the field than as the minister of war who prepared the conquest of Holland; Davoust, the stern disciplinarian and leader, unequalled for cool gallantry and determination—all were gathered at this supreme moment round one of the greatest masters of war in ancient or modern times, to receive his inspiration and to part like thunder-clouds bearing the storm which was to shatter the united armies of two Empires.

The Emperor's general plan of action was already partly known, but he now repeated it to his marshals in detail. He was more than ever certain, from the last reports which he had received, that the enemy was continuing the flank movement, and would hurl the heaviest attacks on the French right near Telnitz.

To Davoust was entrusted the duty of holding the extreme right and checking, in the defiles formed by the lakes, the heads of the enemy's columns which, since the previous day, had been more and more entangling themselves in these difficult passes.

Of Soult's three divisions, one was to assist Davoust on the right, while the other two, already formed in columns of attack, were to hold themselves ready to throw their force on the Pratzen plateau.

Bernadotte's two divisions were to advance against the same position on Soult's left. This combined onslaught of four divisions on the centre of the Russo-Austrians which they had weakened by the movement to their left, would be supported by the Emperor himself with the Imperial Guard and the Grenadiers of Oudinot and Duroc. Lannes was ordered to hold the left, particularly the "Santon" height; while Prince Murat, at the head of his horsemen, was to charge through the intervals of the infantry upon the allied cavalry which appeared to be in great strength in that part of the field.

It was thus Napoleon's intention to await and check the enemy's attacks which might be expected on both his flanks, and more especially

on his right, while he himself made a determined and formidable forward movement against their centre, where he hoped to cut them in two, and then, from the dominant position of the Pratzen plateau, turn an overwhelming force against the masses on their too-far-advanced left, which, entangled and cramped in its action among the lakes, would then be crushed or forced to yield as prisoners.

It was eight o'clock. The thick wintry mist hung in the valley of the Goldbach and rolled upwards to the Pratzen plateau. Its obscurity, heightened by the lingering smoke of bivouac fires, concealed the French columns of attack. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry told that the allied attack on the French right had begun and was being strenuously resisted, while silence and darkness reigned over the rest of the line. Suddenly, over the heights, the sun rose, brilliantly piercing the mist and lighting the battle-field—the “Sun of Austerlitz,” of which Napoleon ever after loved to recall the remembrance.



“THOUSANDS OF LIGHTS FLARED UPWARDS” (p. [188](#).)

The moment of action for the French centre had come, and the corps of Soult and Bernadotte, led by the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, rushed forwards. No influence that could animate the minds of

these gallant troops was wanting. They fought directly under the eye of their Emperor. They were led by chiefs in whom they had implicit confidence. Their ardour was fired by the proclamation which had been issued on the previous evening, and the bands accompanied their regiments, playing the old attack march—

“On va leur percer le flanc

Rataplan, tire lire en plan!”

The Pratzen height was escalated at the double, attacked in front and on the right and left, and the appearance of the assailants was so sudden and unexpected, as they issued from the curtain of mist, that the Russians were completely surprised. They had no defensive formation ready, and were still occupied in the movement towards their left. They hastily formed in three lines, however, and some of their artillery were able to come into action. Their resistance was feeble. One after another, their lines, broken by the stern bayonet charge, were driven back in hopeless confusion, and at nine o'clock Napoleon was master of the Pratzen plateau.

Meanwhile, on the left, Lannes and Murat were fighting an independent battle with the Princes Lichtenstein and Bagration. Murat, as the senior marshal and brother-in-law of the Emperor, was nominally the superior; but, in real fact, Lannes directed the operations of the infantry, which Murat powerfully supplemented and aided with his cavalry. General Caffarelli's division was formed on the plain on Lannes's right, while General Suchet's division was on his left, supported by the “Santon” height, from which poured the fire of eighteen heavy guns. The light cavalry brigades of Milhaud and Treilhard were pushed forward in observation across the high road to Olmutz. The cavalry divisions of Kellermann, Walther, Nansouty, and d'Hautpoul were disposed in two massive columns of squadrons on the right of Caffarelli. Against this array were brought eighty-two squadrons of cavalry under Lichtenstein, supported by the serried divisions of Bagration's infantry and a heavy force of artillery.

The combat was commenced by the light cavalry of Kellermann, which charged and overthrew the Russo-Austrian advanced guard.

Attacked in turn by the Uhlans of the Grand Duke Constantine, Kellermann retired through the intervals of Caffarelli's division, which, by a well-sustained fire in two ranks, checked the Uhlans and emptied many of their saddles. Kellermann re-formed his division and again charged, supported by Sebastiani's brigade of Dragoons. Then followed a succession of charges by the chivalry of France, led by Murat with all the *élan* of his boiling courage. Kellermann, Walther, and Sebastiani were all wounded, the first two generals seriously. In the last of these charges the 5th Chasseurs, commanded by Colonel Corbineau, broke the formation of a Russian battalion and captured its standard. Caffarelli's infantry were close at hand, and, pushing forward, made an Austrian battalion lay down its arms. A regiment of Russian Dragoons made a desperate advance to rescue their comrades, and, mistaking them for Bavarians in the smoke and turmoil, Murat ordered the French infantry to cease firing. The Russian Dragoons, thus encountering no resistance, penetrated the French ranks and almost succeeded in taking Murat himself prisoner. But, consummate horseman and man-at-arms as he was, he cut his way to safety through the enemy, at the head of his personal escort.

The allies profited by this diversion to again assume the offensive. Then came the opportunity for the gigantic Cuirassiers of Nansouty, which hurled the Russian cavalry back upon their infantry, and, in three successive onslaughts, scattered the infantry itself, inflicting terrible losses with their long, heavy swords and seizing eight pieces of artillery. The whole of Caffarelli's division advanced, supported by one of Bernadotte's divisions from the centre, and, changing its front to the right, cut the centre of Bagration's infantry, driving its greater part towards Pratzen, separated from those who still fought at the extremity of their line.

The Austro-Russian cavalry rallied in support of Bagration, who was now hotly pressed by Suchet. Then came a magnificently combined movement of Dragoons, Cuirassiers, and infantry. The Dragoons drove back the Austro-Russian squadrons behind their infantry. Simultaneously followed the levelled bayonets of Suchet's division and the crushing shock of d'Hautpoul's mailclad warriors. The victory was decided—the Russian battalions were crushed, losing a standard, eleven guns, and 1,800 prisoners. The rout was completed by the rapid advance of the light cavalry brigades of Treilhard and Milhaud on the left, and of

Kellermann on the right, which swept away all that encountered them, and drove the shattered allied troops towards the village of Austerlitz. The Russo-Austrian losses on this part of the field of battle amounted to 1,200 or 1,500 killed, 7,000 or 8,000 prisoners, two standards, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery.



“Simultaneously followed the levelled bayonets of Suchet’s Division” (p. [150](#)).

While Napoleon had thus struck a heavy blow at the allied centre and had been completely victorious on his left, his right, under Davoust, was with difficulty holding its own against Buxhowden (who had assumed the command of the columns of Doctorof and Kienmayer), and but that the masses brought against it were unable to deploy their strength it must inevitably have been crushed. Thirty thousand foemen of all arms were pressing in assault upon 10,000 French, already wearied by a long and rapid march to their position at Raygern. But Davoust was able to concentrate what power he had, and to meet at advantage the heads only of the columns which were winding their way along the narrow passes that opened between the lakes and through the marshy ground in his front. Even so the strain was terrible, and would have been more than

less hardy troops under a less able and determined leader could have stood. But Napoleon was quite alive to the necessities of the gallant soldiers who were standing their ground so staunchly. He ordered his reserve of Grenadiers and the Imperial Guard to move up to the support of his right centre and to threaten the flank of the columns that were attacking Davoust, while he also directed the two divisions of Soult's corps, which had made the attack on the Pratzen plateau against Buxhowden's rear.

It was one o'clock, and at this moment, while the orders just given were being executed, the Russian infantry, supported by the Russian Imperial Guard, made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day near Pratzen, and threw themselves in a fierce bayonet charge on the divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire, which offered a stout resistance. But, with the Russian Guard ready to join in the combat, the odds against the French divisions were too great. It was the crisis of the day.

Napoleon, from the commanding position where he stood, saw before him the Emperor Alexander's guard advancing in dense masses to regain their morning position and to sweep before them his men, wearied and harassed by the day's struggle. At the same time he heard on his right the redoubled fire of the advanced Russian left, which was pressing Davoust and was threatening his rear. From the continued and increasing roar of musketry and artillery it almost seemed as if success must, after all, attend the great flank movement of the allies. Small wonder if even his war-hardened nerves felt a thrill of confusion and anxiety when he saw dimly appearing through the battle smoke another black mass of moving troops.

"Ha! Can those, too, be Russians?" he exclaimed to the solitary staff-officer whom the exigencies of the day had still left at his side. Another look reassured him, however. The tall bearskins of the moving column showed him that it was his own Guard, which, under Duroc, was moving towards the lakes to the support of Soult and Davoust. His right and rear were, at any rate, so far safe.

But the Russian infantry attack had been followed by a headlong charge of the Chevalier Guards and Cuirassiers of the Russian Guard, under the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor Alexander, supported by numerous lines of cavalry. So well led and so impetuous

was the attack, that the two battalions on the left of Vandamme's division were broken and swept away in headlong flight. One of these battalions belonged to the 4th of the line, of which Napoleon's brother Joseph was colonel, and the Emperor saw it lose its eagle and abandon its position, shattered and destroyed, forming the one dark spot to sully the brilliancy of French steadfastness on that day of self-devotion. The tide of panic-stricken fugitives almost surged against the Emperor himself. All efforts to rally them were in vain. Maddened with fear, they heard not the voices of generals and officers imploring them not to abandon the field of honour and their Emperor. Their only response was to gasp out mechanically: "Vive l'Empereur!" while still hurrying their frantic pace. Napoleon smiled at them in pity; then, with a gesture of contempt, he said: "Let them go!" and, still calm in the midst of the turmoil, sent General Rapp to bring up the cavalry of his Guard.

Rapp was titular Colonel of the Mamelukes, a corps which recalled the glories of Egypt and the personal regard which Napoleon, as a man, had been able to inspire into Orientals. They, with the Grenadiers à Cheval and the Chasseurs of the Guard, now swooped upon the Russian squadrons. The struggle of the *mêlée* was bloody and obstinate between the picked horsemen of Western and Eastern Europe; but the Russian chivalry was at length overwhelmed and driven back with immense loss. Many standards and prisoners fell into the hands of the French, amongst others Prince Repnin, Colonel of the Chevalier Guards. His regiment, whose ranks were filled with men of the noblest families in Russia, had fought with a valour worthy of their name, and lay almost by ranks upon the field. It had been the mark of the giant Grenadiers à Cheval, whose savage war-cry in the great charge had been, as they swayed their heavy sabres, "Let us make the dames of St. Petersburg weep to-day!"

When success was assured, Rapp returned to report to Napoleon—a warlike figure, as he approached, alone, at a gallop, with proud mien, the light of battle in his eye, his sword dripping with blood and a sabre cut on his forehead.

"Sire, we have overthrown and destroyed the Russian Guard and taken their artillery."

"It was gallantly done: I saw it," replied the Emperor. "But you are wounded."

“It is nothing, sire: it is only a scratch.”

“It is another quartering of nobility, and I know of none that can be more illustrious.”

Immediately afterwards the young Count Apraxin, an officer of artillery who had been taken prisoner by the Chasseurs, was brought before Napoleon. He struggled, wept, and wrung his hands in despair, crying: “I have lost my battery; I am dishonoured: would that I could die!” Napoleon tried to console and soothe him with the words, “Calm yourself, young man, and learn that there is never disgrace in being conquered by Frenchmen.”

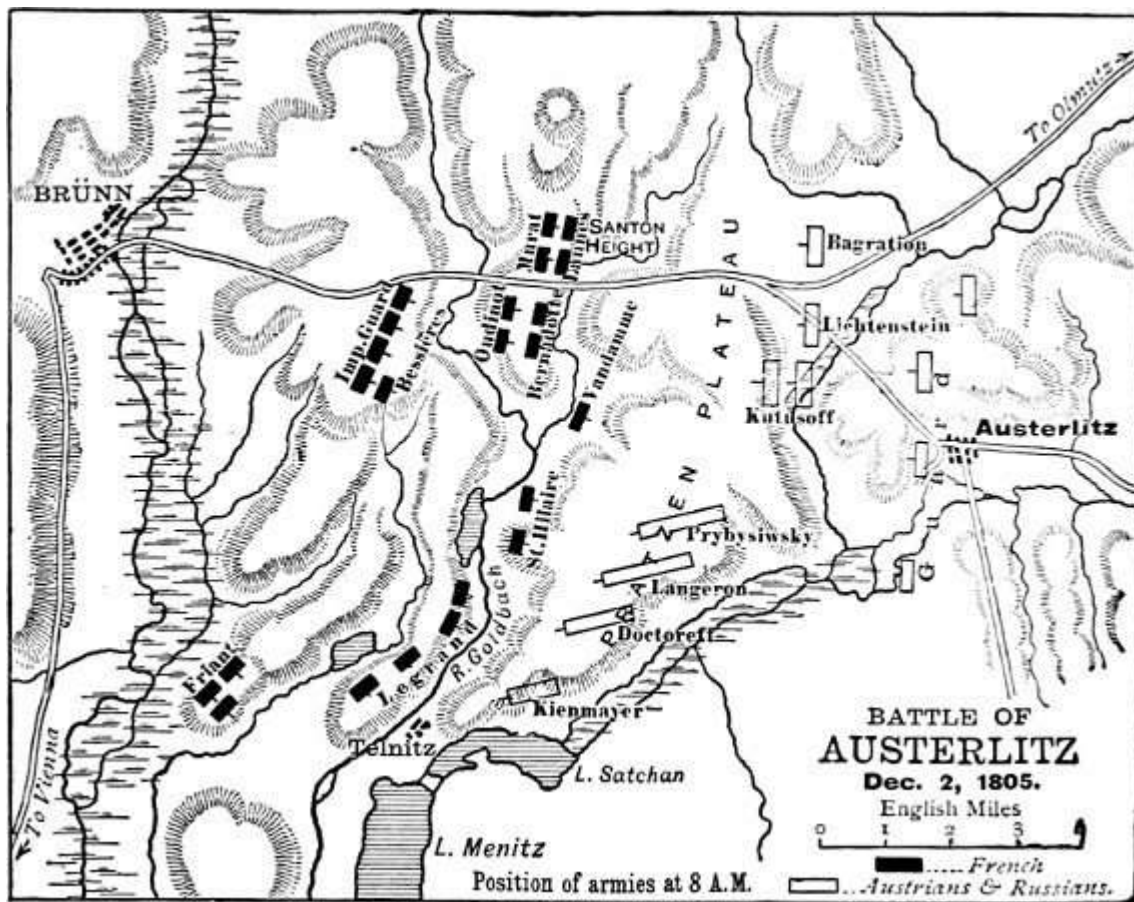


CHARGE OF THE CHEVALIER GUARDS.

The French army was now completely successful on its centre and left. In the distance could be seen, retiring towards Austerlitz, the remains of the Russian reserves, which had relinquished hope of regaining the central plateau and abandoned Buxhowden's wing to its fate. Their retreat was harassed by the artillery of the Imperial Guard, whose fire ploughed through their long columns, carrying with it death and consternation. Napoleon left to Murat and Lannes the completion of

their own victory. To Bernadotte, with the greater part of the Guard, he entrusted the final crushing of the enemies who had been driven from the Pratzen plateau; while he himself, with all of Soult's corps, the remainder of his cavalry, infantry, and reserve artillery descended from the heights and threw himself on the rear of the Austro-Russian left near Telnitz and the lakes. This unfortunate wing—nearly 30,000 men—had in vain striven since the morning to force its way through Davoust's 10,000. Now, still checked in front and entangled in the narrow roads by the Goldbach and the lakes, it found itself in hopeless confusion, attacked and ravaged with fire from three sides simultaneously by Davoust, Soult, Duroc with his Grenadiers and Vandamme. It fought with a gallantry and sternness which drew forth the admiration of its enemies, but surrounded, driven, overwhelmed, it could not hope to extricate itself from its difficulties. There was no way of escape open but the Menitz lake itself, whose frozen surface seemed to present a path to safety, and in an instant the white expanse was blackened by the flying multitude. The most horribly disastrous phase of the whole battle was at hand. The shot of the French artillery which was firing on the retreat broke the ice at many points, and its frail support gave way. The water welled through the cracks and washed over the broken fragments. Thousands of Russians, with horses, artillery and train, sank into the lake and were engulfed. Few succeeded in struggling to the shore and taking advantage of the ropes and other assistance which their conquerors strove to put within their reach. About 2,000, who had been able to remain on the road between the two lakes, made good their retreat. The remainder were either dead or prisoners.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle was over, and there was nothing left for the French to do but to pursue and collect the spoils of their conquest. This duty was performed with energy by all the commanders except Bernadotte (even then more than suspected of disloyalty to his great chief), who allowed the whole of the Russo-Austrian right, which had been defeated by Lannes and Murat and driven from its proper line of retreat on Olmutz, to defile scatheless past his front and to seek shelter in the direction of Hungary.



BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ

Dec. 2, 1805.

After the great catastrophe on the Menitz lake which definitely sealed the issue of the conflict, Napoleon passed slowly along the whole battle-field, from the French right to their left. The ground was covered with piles of the poor remains of those who had died a soldier's death, and with vast numbers of wounded laid suffering on the frozen plain. Surgeons and ambulances were already everywhere at work, but their efforts were feeble in comparison with the shattered, groaning multitude who were in dire need of help. The Emperor paused by every disabled follower and spoke words of sympathy and comfort. He himself, with his personal attendants and his staff, did all in their power to mitigate the pangs of each and to give some temporary relief till better assistance should arrive. As the shades of night fell on the scene of slaughter and destruction, the mist of the morning again rolled over the plain, bringing with it an icy rain, which increased the darkness. Napoleon ordered the strictest silence to be maintained, that no faint cry from a miserable

sufferer should pass unheard; and his surgeon Ywan, with his Mameluke orderly Roustan, gave to many a one, who would otherwise have died, a chance of life by binding up their hurts and restoring their powers with a draught of brandy from the Imperial canteen.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the Emperor arrived at the Olmutz road, having almost felt his way from one wounded man to another as they lay where each attack had been made and each stubborn defence maintained. He passed the night at the small posthouse of Posoritz, supping on a share of the soldiers' rations, which was brought from the nearest bivouac, and issuing order after order about searching for the wounded and conveying them to the field hospitals.

Though many of the most noted leaders in the French army were wounded in the great battle, comparatively few were killed. One of the most distinguished dead was General Morland, who commanded the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard. His regiment had suffered terrible losses in the charge under Rapp against the Russian Guard, and he himself had fallen, fighting amongst the foremost. Napoleon, who was always anxious to do everything to raise the spirit of his troops and to excite their emulation, ordered that the body of General Morland should be preserved and conveyed to Paris, there to be interred in a specially magnificent tomb which he proposed to build on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The doctors with the army had neither the time nor the materials necessary to embalm the general's body, so, as a simple means of conservation, they enclosed it in a barrel of rum, which was taken to Paris. But circumstances delayed the construction of the tomb which the Emperor intended for its reception until the fall of the Empire in 1814. When the barrel was then opened for the private interment of the body by General Morland's relations, they were astonished to find that the rum had made the dead general's moustaches grow so extraordinarily that they reached below his waist.

The defeat suffered by the Russians was so crushing, and their army had been thrown into such confusion, that all who had escaped from the disaster of Austerlitz fled with all speed to Galicia, where there was a hope of being beyond the reach of the conqueror. The rout was complete. The French made a large number of prisoners, and found the roads covered with abandoned guns, baggage, and material of war. The Emperor Alexander, overcome by his misfortunes, left it to his ally,

Francis II., to treat with Napoleon, and authorised him to make the best terms he could for both the defeated empires.

On the very evening of the 2nd December the Emperor of Austria had asked for an interview with Napoleon, and the victor met the vanquished on the 4th. An armistice was signed on the 6th, which was shortly afterwards followed by a treaty of peace concluded at Presburg.

The total losses of the Austro-Russians at Austerlitz were about 10,000 killed, 30,000 prisoners, 46 standards, 186 cannon, 400 artillery caissons, and all their baggage. Their armies practically no longer existed, and only about 25,000 disheartened men could be rallied from the wreck.

In the joy of victory Napoleon showed himself generous to Austria and Russia in the terms which he imposed, and he at once set free Prince Repnin, with all of the Russian Imperial Guard who had fallen into his hands. To his own army he was lavish of rewards and acknowledgments of its valour, and in the famous order of the day which he published he first made use of the well-known expression—"Soldiers, I am content with you." Besides a large distribution of prize-money to his troops, he decreed that liberal pensions should be granted to the widows of the fallen, and also that their orphan children should be cared for, brought up, and settled in life at the expense of the State.

The campaign of Austerlitz is probably the most striking and dramatic of all those undertaken by Napoleon, and its concluding struggle was the most complete triumph of his whole career. It was the first in which he engaged after assuming the title of Emperor and becoming the sole and irresponsible ruler of France. Unlike the vast masses of men which he directed in subsequent wars, his army was then almost entirely composed of Frenchmen, and its glories belonged to France alone. Though for several years to come the great Emperor's fame was to remain undimmed by the clouds of reverse, it never shone with a brighter lustre than at the close of 1805.



KASSASSIN TEL-EL-KEBIR

BY CHARLES LOWE

LORD WOLSELEY

Arabi Pasha and his rebellious ambition were the cause of the British campaign in Egypt (1882) which culminated in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—a word which simply means “the large village.” Arabi was of low origin, but had risen by his ability and force of character to be a very popular colonel in the Egyptian army of the Sultan of Turkey’s Viceroy, or Khedive, Tewfik. He was an ardent advocate of the policy of “Egypt for the Egyptians”; but in the championship of this policy he forgot that, amongst other countries, England had immense interests at stake in Egypt, not only as the holder of about four millions sterling of Suez Canal stock, but also as the mistress of India, to which the Canal formed a commercial and military route. But Arabi, making light of these things, became violently opposed to the growth of English influence in his native country, and to such an extent that at last he even sought to substitute his own power for that of his master, the Khedive.

To let things go on in Egypt in this way would have been to allow them to drift into chaos, and therefore England resolved to put down the rebellious Pasha. The latter had been making great progress with his

plans at Alexandria, which became the scene of a massacre of Europeans; and he had begun to arm the seaward forts of the city in a manner most threatening to the British fleet. Thereupon he was told that if he placed any more guns in position, he would draw upon himself the fire of Sir Beauchamp Seymour's ironclads in the bay. Arabi made bold to disregard this warning, and, accordingly, on the morning of July 11th, Sir Beauchamp's war-vessels opened fire on Arabi's forts, battering some to pieces and silencing all before sunset. This was the first noteworthy action which the British fleet had fought since the days of Sebastopol, proving that its glory—founded on the courage, skill, and discipline of its sailors—had by no means departed.

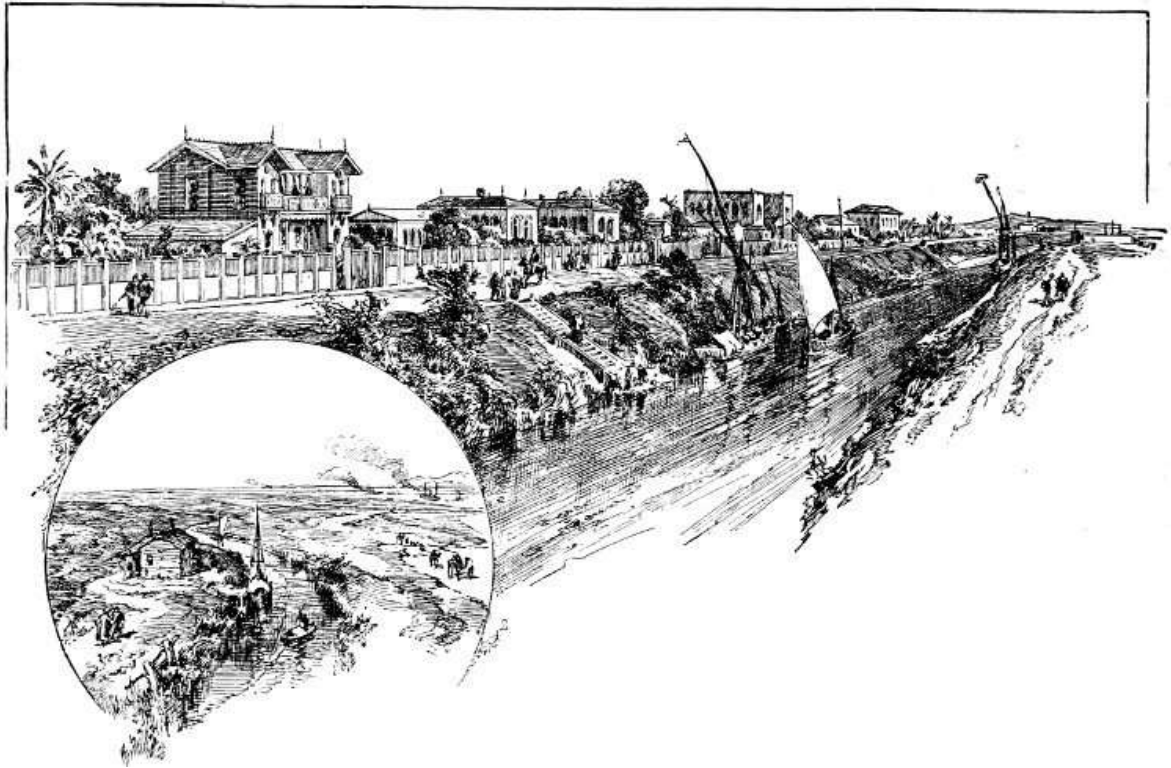
But his defeat at Alexandria, far from breaking the power and pride of Arabi, had the effect only of deepening his hatred of the English, and he retired into the interior with the view of organising further opposition to our arms. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and England could not refuse to pick it up. As our fleet could not sail up the Nile to Cairo, it behoved us to equip and send out an army which should land in Egypt, seek out Arabi wherever he was to be found, and make an end, once and for ever, of him and his rebellious force. This army was entrusted to the command of Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount) Wolseley, who had already distinguished himself in so many of our "little wars" that he was facetiously termed "our only General."

Nor could the command of the expedition have been given to a better man. Sir Garnet was a tried soldier, and now he became a prophet as well. Before leaving England he had laid his hand, with remarkable foresight, upon the map, and, pointing to Tel-el-Kebir, said that he would engage and beat the army of Arabi there, about the 13th September; and he kept his word to the very letter. At first the French seemed inclined to share with us the work of restoring order in Egypt; but at the last moment they stood aside and left England to deal with the task of quelling Arabi.

To accomplish this task, England at once began to bring together in Egypt an army—or Army Corps—of about 40,000 men. Some came from our garrisons in the Mediterranean—Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar—others were brought from India, and the remainder sent out straight from England.

Being gathered, as it was, from so many different sources, this huge force could not, of course, all land at once; but the marvel was that its component parts reached the trysting-ground in Egypt so soon as they did, and it was admitted on all hands that no other nation in the whole world could have performed such a difficult transport operation so swiftly and so well.

It was known that Arabi had about 60,000 fighting men at his disposal, which was 20,000 more than were commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley; and if these two armies had met one another in full force, there is no saying but that the result of the campaign might have been different. But the beauty of Sir Garnet's war-policy was that he kept his opponent so long in the dark as to where he meant to strike; with the natural result that Arabi, deeming it wise to be prepared on every hand, had his 60,000 men portioned out at the likeliest places, all over the Delta—some in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, some at Cairo, and some at Tel-el-Kebir, a commanding point on the railway between Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, and the capital. This suited Sir Garnet to perfection, and his great aim was to make Arabi think that he meant to land the bulk of the British force in Alexandria, and challenge him to battle at the Egyptian lines of Kafr Dowar.



Top: THE SWEET-WATER CANAL, AT ISMAILIA.

Bottom: THE SWEET-WATER CANAL.

In order to encourage this delusive belief in the mind of the rebel Pasha, a considerable force had already landed here and indulged in feints against the foe. Sir Garnet had craftily caused it to be spread abroad that the gross of his force aboard the transports in the bay was going to be put ashore; but what was the surprise of everyone—for the secret had been in the keeping of only one or two—to behold one night the magnificent flotilla of troopships, escorting-ironclads and all, steaming away in majestic procession towards the east and the mouth of the Suez Canal!

Ismailia, on the Canal, midway between Port Said and Suez, had been aimed at by Sir Garnet from the beginning; and here, in truth, on the 20th August—only a short eighteen days after he had left England by the sea route—the British army began to disembark on the burning sands of Egypt.

Among these burning sands water was more precious than gold and silver to the British soldier; but the only source of its supply was the

Fresh-water Canal running through the arid desert from the Nile to Ismailia alongside of a railway line, and it therefore behoved the English commander to secure the water in this canal from being cut off by the enemy. But to do this it was necessary above all things to push forward an advance force about twenty miles into the very heart of the desert as far as a place called Kassassin, where there was a lock, and accordingly this was done with the utmost courage and promptitude.



“THE EGYPTIAN BATTALIONS ... HAD BEEN TRAMPLED AND SABRED INTO POSITIVE ANNIHILATION” (p. [199](#)).

At Mahuta the Egyptians had made an attempt to bar this advance, but their opposition was swept away like chaff, and soon thereafter General Graham reached Kassassin Lock with his vanguard, entrenching himself in that position with strict orders to hold it against all comers. Well aware of the importance of this position for the British, the Egyptians made several attempts to drive them out of it and back to Ismailia before reinforcements could reach them; but each time they

recoiled from the enterprise with the bitter conviction that British bullets and sabres were things on which no one could reasonably hope to whet his teeth and thrive. Two main actions were fought at Kassassin—though these formed the mere prelude, so to speak, to the grand spectacular drama that was presently to be enacted at Tel-el-Kebir.

The chief of these preliminary actions, fought on the 28th August, will always be memorable for the grand cavalry charge which closed it. Early in the morning General Graham had become aware that the Egyptians were making preparations to attack him from a circle of sand-hills which formed a kind of amphitheatre around Kassassin. Graham's force was by no means a large one, but it was impossible for the Egyptians to make out how strong it really was, and it is always half the battle to be able to conceal your plans and numbers from the enemy. A few days previously Arabi had sent out his second-in-command, Mahmoud Fehmi Pasha, a great engineer and reader of military signs, to discover the strength and dispositions of Graham, but by a curious accident he fell into the hands of the English and never returned to his own side. To this capture Arabi himself afterwards attributed the sole blame of his not having been able to oust the audacious English from their advanced post at Kassassin—and the incident will show how very important it must always be in warfare to seize and detain spies.

to their guns. Sunstrokes were numerous, but our men bore all their sufferings with a fortitude truly heroic. The scorching heat was probably the reason why the Egyptians had drawn off from their first attack on Kassassin, but towards the cool of the evening they again began to push forward from their sand-hills and threaten the British position. The left of this position was well protected, but the right less so; and, indeed, General Graham expressly made such a disposition of his force on the latter flank as might tempt the enemy down from his sand-hills so as to essay a turning movement, when they would be caught in the trap which he was preparing for them.

To this end, about 5.20 p.m., he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Pirie, 4th Dragoon Guards, with a message to Drury Lowe, in the rear, at Mehsameh, or wherever he should be found, “to take the cavalry round by our right, under cover of the hill, and attack the left flank of the enemy’s skirmishers.”

But when Lieutenant Pirie did at last reach Lowe, after a long and fatiguing ride through the arid desert sand—in the course of which his horse fell under him from sheer exhaustion and he had to borrow another mount from a gunteam—he delivered his message in this altered form, that “General Graham *was only just able to hold his own*, and wished General Drury Lowe to attack the left of the enemy’s infantry skirmishers.” The famous cavalry charge at Balaclava had been due to a similar mistake in the delivery of a verbal order, though at Kassassin, as it turned out, the repetition of this mistake did not result in disaster, but in victory. So far was Graham from not being able to hold his own that, about two hours after despatching Lieutenant Pirie for the cavalry, he had ordered a counter-attack and a general advance of his line, which had meanwhile been reinforced by a fresh battery, for his other guns had been obliged to retire out of action, owing to want of ammunition, it having been found impossible to drag the battery carts through the deep and yielding sand.

It was while Graham was engaged in this general advance that at last Drury Lowe arrived upon the scene with his cavalry. The sun had now set, but a bright moon was shining, and the flashes from the Horse Artillery and infantry afforded some guide for the movement of the British horsemen, which was directed on the evening star—the orbs of heaven being the only landmarks in the nocturnal desert. Suddenly the

cavalry came in sight of the extreme left of the Egyptians, and was at once exposed to a heavy fire. "Shells screamed and shrapnel bullets tore up the road on either side of us." Rushing to the front, the guns of the Horse Artillery attached to the Cavalry Brigade unlimbered and belched out several rounds of shell on the Egyptian masses. Then the front of these British guns was rapidly cleared, and Drury Lowe gave the Household Cavalry the order to charge.

Led on by Colonel Ewart, away with a wild cheer went the three ponderous squadrons of clanking giants straight at the Egyptian battalions, which in a few more moments had been trampled and sabred into positive annihilation. "Now we have them!" Sir Baker Russell had cried out to the men; "trot—gallop—charge!" Sir Baker's own horse was shot under him, but he caught another, and was soon again in the thick of the fray. Many were the feats of personal adventure in connection with this glorious charge. Some of the troopers were killed, some lost themselves in the darkness and were taken prisoners, happy to escape the barbarous mutilations that were perpetrated by the Egyptians on the British dead and wounded.

The cavalry charge at Kassassin was a splendid feat of arms, but it somehow or other became the subject of as curious a myth as that which gathered round the sinking of the *Vengeur* on the "glorious 1st of June." At Balaclava the Light Brigade had ridden down upon the Russian guns, and nothing would content the chroniclers of Kassassin but the performance of a similar act of glory. The illustrated papers of the day which had artists in Egypt gave stirring pictures of our Life Guardsmen dashing through the smoke of the Egyptian batteries, slashing and thrusting at the gunners as they crouched for shelter beneath their pieces. But this was pure imagination. If commanded to do so the Life Guards would have charged into the very "mouth of hell," not to speak of Egyptian guns. But what they were ordered to "go for" was the Egyptian infantry, which was considerably in front of its guns, and these had limbered up and retired from action, rendering it impossible for our victorious troopers to see and capture them in the darkness. But the day had been won all the same, and another bright name blazoned on the victory roll of the British army.

A few days later, on 9th September, another attack of the Egyptians on Kassassin was beaten off in the most brilliant manner, the 13th Bengal

Lancers, in their picturesque turbans, especially distinguishing themselves; and there were many who thought that Sir Garnet Wolseley ought to have rushed the not far-distant entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir there and then. But though this might certainly have been done, there were certain weighty reasons of military policy against the step. For a commander must not be too much of a Hotspur, but think of ulterior aims as well as of present opportunities. It is the man who can bide his time that will ultimately win.

Foiled in their repeated attempts to bar the British advance, Arabi and his Egyptians now finally withdrew behind the entrenched lines of Tel-el-Kebir, there to stand on the defensive and await attack. These formidable lines, which ran along a ridge of rising ground, presented a front of about four miles long, and had been constructed according to the most advanced principles of military engineering. The Egyptians are great hands at the spade, being constantly employed in the throwing up of waterdams and the like, and many thousands of willing hands had been at the disposal of Arabi in the task of raising his famous line of earthworks. How many men of all kinds—Egyptians, Nubians, Bedouins, etc.—Arabi had behind the shelter of these parapets Sir Garnet Wolseley did not exactly know, but concluded that the number could not be far short of 22,000.

On the other hand, the English commander had now with him about 17,000 officers and men, with sixty-seven guns, wherewith to crack the nut that was presented by Arabi's entrenchments, and these Sir Garnet resolved to storm at the hour when darkness was beginning to glide into dawn—for the reasons that at this cool hour his troops would naturally fight much better than under the roasting rays of the sun, that they would be less exposed to the enemy's fire in the faint light, and that they would also profit by the demoralisation which invariably seizes upon soldiers when set upon unawares. But, to make the surprise complete, it was necessary that the very utmost care should be taken to give no indication to the watchful Egyptians behind the earthworks of the stealthy approach of their British foes. When ranked into line, the storming columns were to advance—not to the word of command, but by the mere guidance of the stars, like so many ships at sea. Not a pipe was to be lit, not a whisper heard in the ranks, and one man of the Highland Light Infantry, whose high-strung feelings found vent in sudden shouts, only escaped

bayoneting on the spot by being chloroformed to keep him still and left behind.



SABA BIER.

The Valley of the Saba Bier (Seven Wells), along which the troops marched on the advance upon Tel-el-Kebir.

The night (September 12–13) was more than usually dark, and it was some time before the troops could be placed in the positions assigned them. On the right marched the 1st Division, commanded by General Willis, the front, or leading Brigade, under Graham, consisting of the Royal Irish, Royal Marines, York and Lancasters, and Royal Irish Fusiliers. Behind them, at a distance of about a thousand yards, was the Brigade of Guards (Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstreams), under the Queen's soldier-son, the Duke of Connaught. The left of the attacking line was occupied by the 2nd Division, led by General Hamley (a great writer on the art of war), the front position of honour and of danger being accorded to the Highland Brigade of one-armed Sir Archibald Alison (son of the celebrated historian of "Europe"), composed of the famous Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, Cameron Highlanders and Highland Light Infantry, four of the finest battalions that ever wore the kilt and trews or thrilled to the stirring strains of the Celtic war-pipe. Behind these Scottish battalions marched, as a reserve, Ashburnam's Brigade of the King's Royal Rifles and Duke of Cornwall's Infantry, while in the interval between the two Divisions was placed General Goodenough's crushing mass of artillery of forty-two guns. On the extreme right rear flank of the assaulting force marched Drury Lowe's cavalry heroes of Kassassin, already spoiling for another charge; while on the extreme left

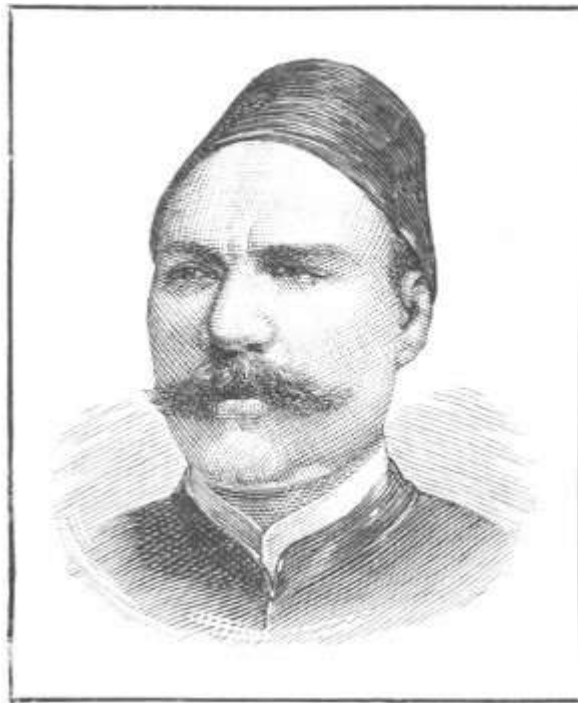
of the British line, on the other side of the Fresh-water Canal, followed the Indian contingent of General Macpherson, consisting of the Seaforth Highlanders, three battalions of native infantry, Bengal Cavalry, and some mountain guns, the task of this contingent being to turn Arabi's right flank, which rested on the canal.



“CARRYING THEM WITH THE BAYONET” (p. [203](#)).

Arabi and his men fondly believed that all this British force was sleeping the sleep of wearied soldiers at Kassassin and other points between that place and the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, it was marshalling itself in line of battle array as above detailed on an elevation called Ninth Hill, about five and a half miles from Arabi's lines, from which it remained hidden by the impenetrable curtain of the night. Some of the regiments—notably the Highlanders—had but a few hours before hurried up to the front from Ismailia^[4]; yet, though wearied by the long and strenuous march, they were all eager to be led on to the fight without further delay. Until the hour of starting, all the men stretched themselves on the sand to snatch what brief and hurried sleep they could. From previous experience it was reckoned that the actual progress over the desert, with its darkness and other difficulties, would be about one mile per hour—just think of that!—so that by starting at 1.30 a.m., Sir Garnet

calculated to reach the enemy's works just before the first gleam of dawn—so nicely was everything planned beforehand. "The long sojourn at Ninth Hill," wrote General Hamley, "while waiting for the moment to advance was of a sombre kind: we sat in silence on our horses or on the sand, while comrades moving about appeared as black figures coming out of the darkness, unrecognisable except by their voices. A skirmish had taken place some days before near this spot, in which men and horses were slain, and tokens of it were wafted to us on the breeze." Once there was a false alarm on the right, and the prostrate men sprang to their feet; but it turned out to be only a body of British cavalry moving across the front of the line.



ARABI PASHA.

At last, in the lowest undertone, word was passed along all the line to advance, and soon nothing was heard but the "swish-swish" of the battalions footing it warily across the sand as if it had been snow—silence otherwise and darkness around and above, with the stars shining down as they had done in the time of the Pharaohs and the other dynasties of Egyptian kings lying entombed in the Pyramids. Well might the British troops have been impressed with the suspense of the moment and the awful solemnity of the scene. Directing poles had been previously fixed in the sand by the Engineers, but they proved of little or

no use, the only effective finger-posts being the everlasting stars, and even these were now and then obscured by clouds. Sometimes the mounted men of the Headquarters' Staff, moving up to the columns with whispered instructions, were mistaken for prying Bedouins; but silence and discipline were wonderfully well preserved, and forward, ever forward, moved the invisible and barely audible masses of fighting men. Once the Highland Brigade lay down to rest for twenty minutes, and this was the occasion of some confusion which was like to have ended in a calamity. For the order thus given in the centre of the Highland line did not reach the outer flanks, by reason of its being so cautiously passed from mouth to mouth, till some time after, the consequence being that as the flanks continued to step out, while maintaining touch with the recumbent centre, those flanks lost their direction and circled round in such a manner that the Brigade finally halted in a crescent-shaped formation, with the right and left almost confronting each other; and but for the intelligence and efforts of the officers, these opposing flanks, mistaking each other for enemies, might have come to actual blows.

With great difficulty the proper march-direction was restored, and on again swept—or, rather, crept—the whole line, like thieves in the night. Weird and ghostly was the effect of the dim streaks, looking like shadows of moving clouds, but which were really lines of men stealing over the desert. All these men knew that they were forbidden to fire a single shot until within the Egyptian lines, and that these were to be carried with a cheer and a rush at the point of the bayonet; so that they almost held their breath with eagerness, and plodded ever on like phantoms of the desert—silent, resolute, and prepared. For nearly five hours they had thus advanced, and then they knew that the supreme moment must now be near. Nearer, indeed, than they fancied! For, to use again the words of General Hamley, who was riding behind his Highlanders: “Just as the paling of the stars showed dawn to be near, but while it was still as dark as ever, a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries, or small pickets, outside the enemy's lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the shots killed a Highlander; the movement was unchanged, and then a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before daylight, which just before seemed very doubtful. Yet a minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the Egyptian bugle was blown, and then the whole extent of

entrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown of, poured forth a stream of rifle fire. Then, for the first time that night, I could really be said to see my men, lighted by the flashes. The dim phantom lines which I had been looking on all night suddenly woke to life as our bugles sounded the charge, and, responding with lusty, continued cheers, and without a moment's pause or hesitation, the ranks sprang forward in steady array."

It was as if the footlights of the rebel Pasha's long-extended stage had suddenly flashed out with blinding flame; and now the vast and solemn theatre of the desert, which a moment before had been wrapped in the deepest silence and darkness, grew luminous with lurid jets of fire and resonant with the deafening rattle of Egyptian musketry and the roar of guns—a transformation scene as sudden as it was impressive. Never had British soldiers been actors on such a grandly picturesque stage. But do you suppose that these soldiers returned the volleys rained on them by the Remingtons of Arabi's men? Not a bit of it. Not a single shot was fired from our lines; but bayonets were fixed, and away like an avalanche dashed the redcoats on the foe. Their distance from the blazing line of entrenchment was deemed to be about 150 yards, and in the interval nearly 200 men went down, the 74th (Highland Light Infantry) on the left losing five officers and sixty men before it got to the ditch. This was six feet wide and four feet deep, and beyond was a parapet ten feet high from the bottom. The first man to mount this parapet was Private Donald Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, a brave young soldier from the braes of Athol; but he at once fell back among his struggling comrades with a bullet through his brain, dying the noblest of all deaths. Little wonder that, on passing the 79th, after the battle, General Alison exclaimed, "Well done, the Cameron men! Scotland will be proud of this day's work!"

It so happened that in the darkness the Highland Brigade, which formed the left of the attack, had got considerably in front of the rest of the line, so that it was the first, so to speak, to break its bayonet-teeth on Arabi's entrenchments; and the seizure of these works for the first ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the fight was the history of the advance of the kilted warriors from the North. They had not fought better even at Fontenoy, Quebec, and Quatre Bras; nor were their present foes to be despised, seeing they were allowed by all to have borne the charge with a

discipline and a desperation worthy of the best troops. "I never saw men fight more steadily," said Sir A. Alison. "Five or six times we had to close on them with the bayonet, and I saw those poor men fighting hard when their officers were flying before us. All this time, too, it was a goodly sight to see the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders—mingled together as they were in the stream of the fight, their young officers leading in front, waving their swords above their heads—their pipes playing, and the men rushing on with that proud smile on their lips which you never see in soldiers save in the moment of successful battle."

When the Black Watch had reached the crest of the works, and were being re-formed to attack some other guns in the interior entrenchments, a battery of the newly-formed Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery swept past them, shouting out "Scotland for ever!" as the Greys and the Highlanders had done on the ensanguined slopes of Waterloo. Here the Black Watch had to mourn the death of Sergeant-Major MacNeill, who fell pierced by three bullets after laying low six of the enemy with his good claymore. There is a story that at one time some confusion was caused in the onward rushing ranks of the Camerons by some voices shouting "Retire! retire!" and that these cries were found to have emanated from a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen"—Fenians who wished no good to the cause of England and her army—and that they were put an end to there and then, meeting with the just fate of all traitors. But this has been shown to be incorrect. There were no traitors at Tel-el-Kebir. The Irish soldiers did their fair share of the fighting. The Royal Irish on the extreme right, with a wild yell, and all the splendid valour of their nation, went straight as a dart at their particular portion of Arabi's works, carrying them with the bayonet, and turning the flank of his position.

All along the line the engagement now became general, our men plying butt and bayonet upon the Egyptians, who fell in scores—in swarms. At the bastions stormed by the Highland Brigade the enemy lay in hundreds. On the other hand, the total losses of the British army at Tel-el-Kebir amounted to 339, of which 243 occurred in the Highland Brigade, leaving 96 to represent the losses of the rest of the force.

Under the Queen's soldier-son the Guards were in the second line as a reserve, but so quickly and successfully had the works been stormed that they were not required to fire a shot. Some, however, were wounded (Father Bellew, their Roman Catholic chaplain, and Colonel Sterling

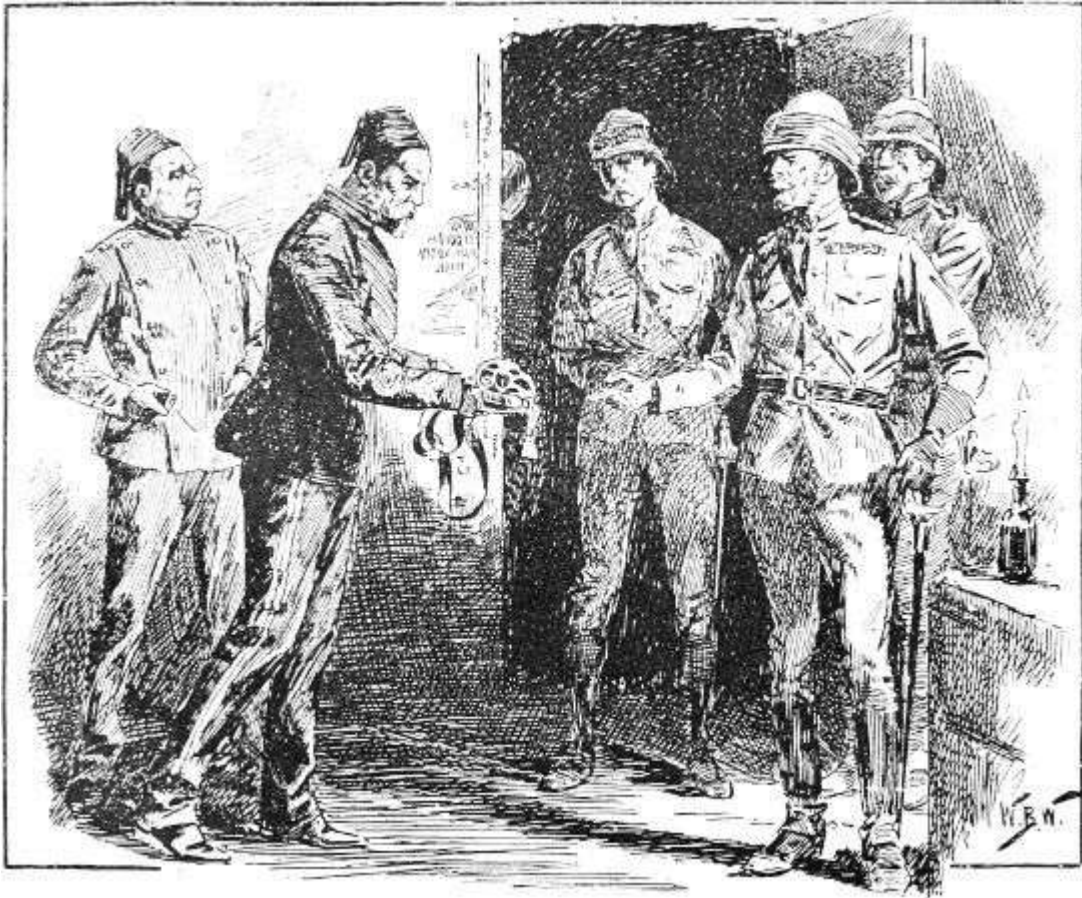
amongst others), for Arabi's men shot high, sometimes over the heads of the attacking party. On the other side of the canal, the Indian contingent, with the Seaforth Highlanders, the bronzed companions of Roberts in his immortal march from Cabul to Candahar, had met with less opposition, and came up just in the nick of time to turn Arabi's right flank and complete the rout of his broken men. His camp, stores, and ordnance were all captured, and he himself fled alone from the field of battle on a swift steed.

It was asserted by some of our ill-natured foreign critics who were rather jealous of our brilliant victory, that we had dimmed its lustre by massacring many of the wounded Egyptians. But this was not true in the sense implied. None but savage nations commit such barbarities, and British troops have never been wanting in a humanity equal to their courage. Certainly some of the wounded soldiers of Arabi had to be bayoneted as they lay, but this was simply owing to the fact that when our triumphant troops were rushing on through the prostrate ranks of their foes, numbers of the latter, feigning to be dead, suddenly raised themselves and fired at the backs of our forward-bounding men. There was even one case, at least, where a wounded Egyptian did this after being treated to a pull from the water-bottle of a kind-hearted Highlander (the Sergeant Palmer to whose account of the battle reference has already been made in a note); and for such an act of base ingratitude and treachery, there could only have been one possible answer—the bayonet point. By the time the action was over, our own men were suffering frightfully from thirst, nor could many of them be restrained from rushing to quench their thirst in the adjacent canal, although the water was almost putrid from the corpses of men and the carcasses of animals.

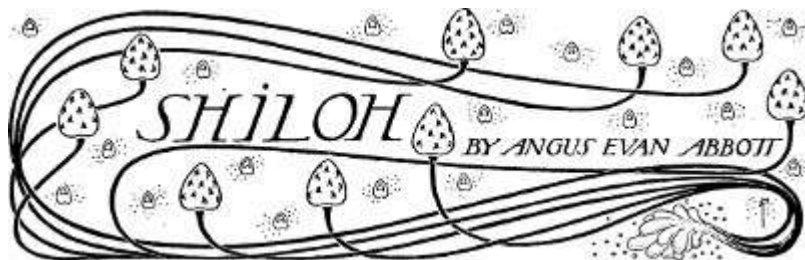
The battle had been won by the British infantry, but the artillery and cavalry (as well as a splendid body of Blue Jackets) came up to carry on the pursuit of the flying foe and pluck the fruits of victory, which, on the night of the following day, fell into the hands of the English, when their cavalry, after a splendid forced march of about forty miles under a blazing sun, entered Cairo just in time to save the city from destruction and capture Arabi himself.

After Waterloo we sent the despot Napoleon to St. Helena, and after Tel-el-Kebir we sent the rebel Arabi to Ceylon, where he had leisure

enough to reflect on the folly of having called out into the field against him as finely-organised a force as ever added lustre to the British arms.



ARABI SURRENDERING TO GENERAL DRURY LOWE.



SHILOH

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

It must have seemed to the people of the United States as if Sunday was to be for them a day of fate. Bull Run, the initial battle of the Civil War, was fought on a Sunday, and Shiloh, the battle which

may be considered the second clear point of the great struggle, began on a Sunday. But here coincidences between the battles did not end. A General Johnston (Albert Sidney at Shiloh and Joseph Eggleston at Bull Run) and General Beauregard commanded the Southern forces on both occasions; moreover, each battle may be said to have had two clearly defined parts, and in each first appearances, as is so often the case in things civic or military, proved deceptive. At noon on the Sunday of Bull Run the Federals had carried all before them; and at noon on the Sunday of Shiloh the South was in as favourable a position. Yet, in the end, the North suffered defeat at Bull Run, as did the South at Shiloh.

The fortunes of war, ever fickle, went sadly against the Confederates at Shiloh. Skilfully planned and boldly executed by the Southern leaders, if luck had been at all equally divided between the two armies, the Confederates must surely have won. But in the thick of the action, when Sherman had been driven back step by step, when Prentiss and his whole command had been captured, and when nothing seemed able to stay the march of the South, and none to withstand their savage charges—when, in fact, it looked as though Grant and his army must inevitably be annihilated or swept into the Tennessee River—then it was that a rifle-bullet struck General Johnston. The leader of the Confederate army fell, and in a few minutes bled to death.

The news ran along the Southern line, and to everyone who heard it, foretold disaster. It checked the charges of the South more effectively than ten thousand Federals could have done. The men from the South lost heart. Their ardour cooled, and the partial cessation of the fight allowed the Northerners the breathing-time they so sorely needed.

To add to the confusion of the Confederates, General Beauregard, second in command to Johnston, could not at once be found, and for a time the army was leaderless. When Beauregard learned of the death of his chief, he hastened to assume command; but before he could get his army in hand, two invaluable hours were lost. This left him with far too short a spell of daylight before him to successfully accomplish all that was needed to be done for victory. Night came on, and with the night came General Buell and 30,000 men to the relief of Grant.

Next day General Beauregard found himself outnumbered, an army of fresh men opposing him, and the victory so nearly won was snatched

from him.

The defeat of the Federal forces at Bull Run came as a great humiliation to the North, but it served a good purpose nevertheless. Up to the destruction of McDowell's army at Bull Run, the people of the Free States had looked upon the rebellion of the Slave States as a trivial matter, of little moment, scarcely a rebellion at all. But when the dead, wounded, and missing of Bull Run were counted, the gravity of the situation came home to a people unused to war. It was then recognised that the enlisting of 75,000 men, and these for three months only, had been but trifling with a situation full of grave danger. President Lincoln called for 500,000 men to serve for three years, and this call was answered by close upon 700,000. These men enlisted in all sincerity, and from that day to the close of the war there were no longer lighthearted, boisterous mobs, tramping gaily to the South, but armies moving seriously, and fully recognising that a stubborn contest lay ahead. Bull Run was fought near Washington on the Atlantic slope, but Shiloh brings us to the Mississippi Valley. The battle-field is in the State of Tennessee, near to the border of the State of Mississippi, and rests on the Tennessee River at a place called Pittsburg Landing. Indeed, the battle would have been more appropriately named the Battle of Pittsburg Landing—many do speak of it as such.

Leading up to the Battle of Shiloh were several important movements and events. In the first place, at the outbreak of rebellion, the State of Kentucky, to use an American expression, attempted to "sit astraddle the fence." A majority of those in authority in that important State, sympathising with the South, but recognising that the people of the State were largely in favour of maintaining the Union, tried to induce them to declare neutrality—to notify both North and South that any attempt to send troops into Kentucky would be resisted by the troops of the State.

This, on the face of it, was an impossible position. If President Lincoln had recognised the right of a State to remain neutral, and to forbid the passage across it of national troops, he would soon have found a barrier of such States running clear across the continent, and in the end he would have been unable to stamp out the rebellion at all. Lincoln refused to recognise such a position, and the people of Kentucky, thinking better of it, declared their loyalty and offered service.

When those at the head of Southern affairs saw that Kentucky could not be hoodwinked even by such a plausible plea as negative action, General Polk, commanding a Southern force of considerable dimensions, was ordered to push up into the State. This he did, and seizing Columbus, an important town some twenty miles or so south of the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, established there his headquarters.

Another force of Southern troops took possession of Bowling Green, an important centre on the far east of Kentucky. Between these two Confederate centres the rivers Tennessee and Cumberland flowed, the rivers themselves and their valleys forming natural highways to the very heart of the South. To prevent any such use being made of these by the Federals, the Confederates built two forts—Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland River. These were placed at points where the two rivers were only twelve miles apart; and a line drawn from General Polk's headquarters, Columbus, on the Mississippi east to Bowling Green, intersecting the two forts, would be the line between the North and the South.

This General Polk, commanding at Columbus, was a character in his way. When war broke out it found him Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Louisiana; and without resigning his ecclesiastical position—intending, in fact, to again resume active work when the war should be over—he accepted command of a Confederate force and served with considerable distinction, effectively checking Grant at the Battle of Belmont, and holding Columbus until the capitulation of Fort Donaldson, when he fell back to join General Johnston at Corinth, which movement brought him on the field of Shiloh. He was killed on Pine Mountain by a cannon shot in 1864.

When Polk and his Confederates seized Columbus, a Federal force was massed at Cairo, in the State of Illinois, not many miles north of the Confederate headquarters. Among the officers stationed at Cairo there was one who, although as yet in a comparatively subordinate position, was destined to become the central figure of the war. Before the struggle ceased the name Ulysses S. Grant became known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Like a large majority of the officers engaged in the war, Grant had served through the Mexican campaign, and at the taking of Mexico won

personal compliments from General Worth for, among many other remarkable deeds, mounting a Howitzer in a church belfry, and from that elevation firing upon the enemy. When the Mexican war collapsed, Grant retired from the army and lived in obscurity, at one time tilling a small farm near St. Louis, at another clerking in a hardware store, and again, earning his living as a carter; but when the civil strife began, the Governor of Illinois appointed him mustering officer, and step by step he advanced until the capture of Fort Donaldson brought his personality vividly before the people of America. From that day his fame as a leader spread. After years of fighting he brought the war to a conclusion, and before he died had been twice elected President of his country.

But stationed at Cairo, and confronting General Polk, he had his reputation still to make. The headquarters of the Northern forces were at St. Louis, General Halleck being then the commander of the Federals in that part of the country. To him Grant proposed a scheme, and applied for permission to break the Southern line by an attack and capture of the twin forts, Henry and Donaldson. Supplementing Grant's appeal, this plan was urged upon Halleck by many prominent military experts in the North.

For a long time General Halleck did not even reply to Grant's request. However, on February 1st, 1862, Grant obtained the permission for which he sought, and, marching against Fort Henry, quickly reduced it. Without losing a moment's time he pushed across the twelve miles intervening, and set about the taking of Fort Donaldson. This proved a much more difficult undertaking than Fort Henry had been, but on account of divided authority among the Confederates holding the fort, and excellent fighting by the Northern forces, this in time fell. For these successes General Halleck was assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi, and Grant, raised to the rank of major-general, assigned to the command of the military district of Tennessee.

Polk evacuated Columbus, made a stand at "Island No. 10," was driven from there, and the Southern line was shattered.

Grant drove the Southern forces out of the State of Kentucky and across the whole breadth of the State of Tennessee.

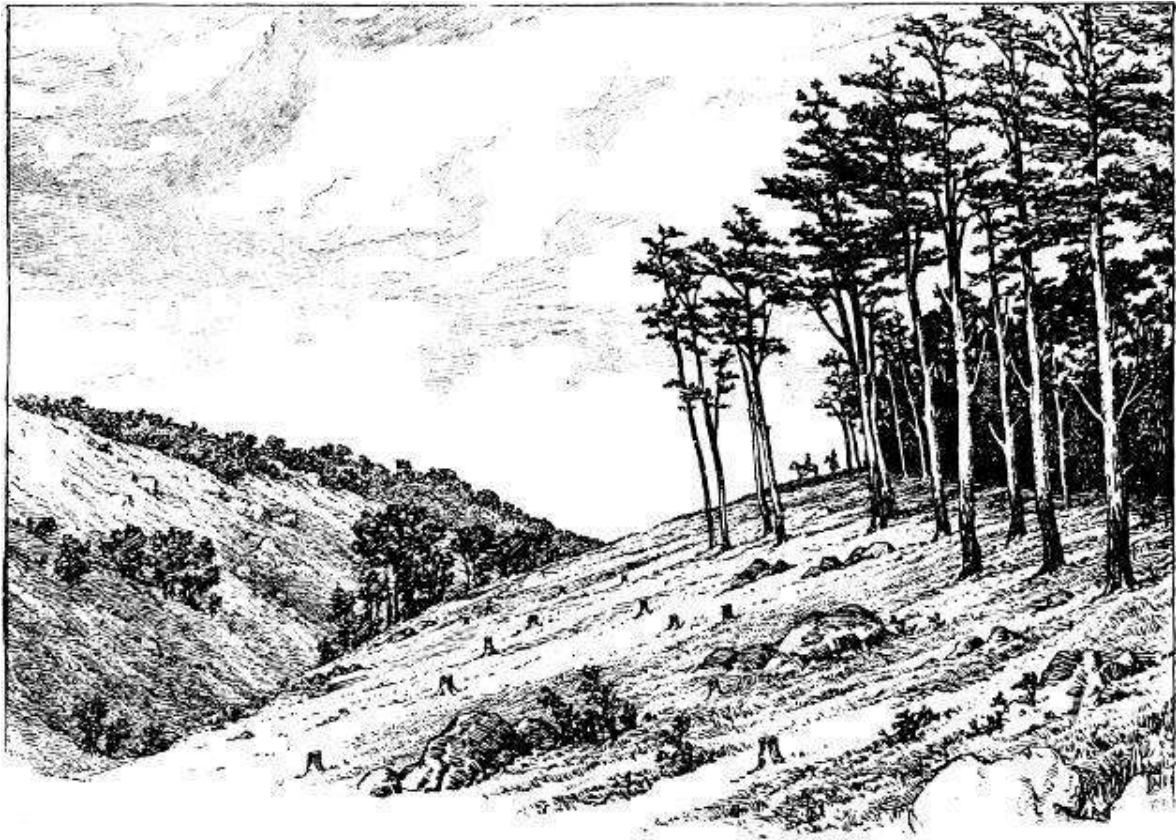
General Johnston, the Southern commander, ordered a concentration at a place called Corinth, near the border-line of Tennessee and

Mississippi, and the Northern forces concentrating at Savannah, twenty-three miles farther north, made the battle of Shiloh inevitable.

On March 11th President Lincoln in a war order commanded, "That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be considered and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said Department." Halleck was an exacting officer, who carried caution and prudence to such an extent that they ceased to be virtues. About the time Lincoln issued this war order, Grant in some way had offended Halleck, and, as a consequence, had been superseded for the time being in the command by General C. F. Smith, a sturdy soldier, held in high esteem by his superiors. Smith was first ordered to Savannah, and when there, General Halleck instructed him to search out a fit position in the vicinity to assemble the Federal army preparatory to advancing on Corinth. Pittsburg Landing, nine miles south of Savannah on the Tennessee River, and on the direct line to Corinth, was the chosen spot, and thither General Grant, reinstated in his command, proceeded to take up his position to await the arrival of General Buell and 22,000 Northern troops who were on their way to reinforce him before he advanced to Corinth. Both North and South, recognising the inevitability of a decisive battle, set about the amassing of troops at their respective centres—Pittsburg Landing and Corinth.

Albert Sidney Johnston, a general who had seen much service against the Mexicans and Indians, and who was looked upon as the most brilliant of all the Southern leaders, had his headquarters at Nashville, Tennessee, when the crushing news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson reached him. He saw that he must without delay fall back and at some point consolidate the scattered forces of the South. On February 18th he moved out, evacuating Nashville, and leaving in that city only a small company to preserve order, made Corinth his object point. General Beauregard, second in command at this time as at Bull Run, was guarding the Mississippi, and Johnston now set about joining their two armies to check the advance of the Federals under Grant. To accomplish this it was imperative that Johnston should give up his hold either on the Mississippi or Central Tennessee, and he decided to hold the Mississippi

at all hazard. For this purpose, and to retain control of railways indispensable to the South, he decided that Corinth was the proper point for concentration. Picking up on his way all those who had escaped capture at Fort Donaldson, he arrived at Corinth on March 24th with 20,000 men. To meet him came General Bragg, from Pensacola, with 10,000 men; General Polk, from Columbus; General Ruggles, from New Orleans; and General Beauregard, commanding the whole. In all, his force numbered about 50,000 men. General Grant, already stationed on what was destined to be the field of the Battle of Shiloh, had about 38,000 men, and General Buell, marching to reinforce Grant, had something like 22,000 men. Johnston's troops as a whole were poorly armed. Thousands of them were, in fact, practically without arms, and many regiments were under the necessity of borrowing rifles from other regiments with which to do their drills. Moreover, there was a serious deficiency in ammunition, and the clothing of the majority of the troops was in a deplorable condition. But Johnston and his officers set to work with the greatest determination. Green regiments were broken into their duties, the country was scoured for volunteers, and train-loads of arms were hurried from the Atlantic coast. Johnston strained every nerve to complete arrangements and to get his army in a proper state to admit of his attacking Grant and beating him, before Buell could arrive with reinforcements. He had been so fortunate as to effect the concentration of his forces first, and there was, so it seemed to him, a good chance of finding himself in a position to fight the Northern army in sections. If he could but come at Grant before Buell arrived he entertained no fears of the results. Grant once beaten, a highway to the north would be thrown open to him. Buell, as it happened, was being seriously delayed by broken bridges and roads well-nigh impassable from heavy rains and overflowing streams; but Grant, with false security, awaited his coming with no impatience. It seems never to have crossed Grant's mind that there existed a possibility of Johnston attacking him. He erected no breastworks, nor does he seem to have taken the simple precaution of keeping a sharp look-out with scouts or pickets at a reasonable distance in front of him. The absence of ordinary prudence must have cost him thousands of lives in this, the Battle of Shiloh.



SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD: SCENE ABOVE THE RIVER WHERE
THE CONFEDERATES' ADVANCE WAS CHECKED IN THE
EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

All matters carefully arranged, Johnston determined to strike at Grant without further delay, issuing marching orders on the afternoon of April 3rd, and the Confederate army set out to surprise the Federal army as it lay on the banks of the Tennessee. The marching force consisted of 40,000 men divided into three corps, commanded by Generals Bragg, Hardee, and Polk; Breckenridge commanding the reserve. Johnston, of course, assumed supreme command, and Beauregard was second in command, without specific orders. Hardee led the van, Bragg followed, and Polk and Breckenridge on the left and right brought up the rear.

As it turned out, the march to Shiloh was one of galling hardship. Blinding sleet, and snow, and rain beat upon the advancing hosts that struggled along knee-deep in slush and mire, painfully dragging after them laden waggons and heavy guns. Ill clad, poorly fed, and sore-footed from long marches to the place of concentration, the soldiers of the South still made the best of matters, and seemed as eager as their

commander to strike the blow before it would be too late. Johnston hoped to reach a position to permit of his attacking Grant early on Saturday, April 5th; but when he saw the slow progress his men made along roads that were nothing but stretches of quagmire, he almost despaired of ever covering the miles that lay before him, and, indeed, gave up all hope of surprising the Federals. That Grant would fail to hear of his approach he could not believe. But in this he was mistaken. Grant seemed to have abandoned all caution, and to have made very little, if any, attempt to keep himself in touch with the movements of the Confederates.



THE MARCH TO SHILOH.

After two days wallowing through the mire, Johnston bivouacked his army within four miles of the Federal camp, and neither Grant nor his officers knew anything about the movement.

To show how completely in the dark the Federal commander must have been, it is only necessary to look at official reports.

Sherman on Saturday reported to Grant—"All is quiet along my line"; and later, "I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position."

The same day Grant, reporting to his superior, Halleck, wrote—"I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attempt being made upon us"; and in an earlier telegram he said—"The main force of the enemy is at Corinth."

When he was writing these words the Confederate army, 40,000 strong, was at his very door.

It clearly could never have entered the head of General Smith, when he picked upon Pittsburg Landing as the proper camping-place for the Northern army until such time as accumulated forces warranted a march against Corinth, that there was a ghost of a chance of the South assuming the offensive. Three sides of the camp were bordered by waterways impassable to troops. To the rear of the camp the broad Tennessee River flowed, to the right Snake Creek, to the left Lick Creek—both deep, sluggish, and unfordable. The ground enclosed by these waters was high, and in places deeply scarred with gullies. The situation was a *cul-de-sac*, the only opening that towards Corinth. And when on that Sunday morning General Johnston's army suddenly appeared, stretching across this opening, the army of the North found itself in a trap from which, if beaten, there could be no escape. Retreat was utterly impossible. There was nowhere to retreat. Never was an army more hopelessly hemmed about than the army of Grant at Shiloh.

Shiloh Church stood at what may be called the entrance to the *cul-de-sac*. Against it, forming the right wing of Grant's army, lay Sherman, clearly the hero of the battle. In the centre, and on a line with Sherman, was stationed Prentiss, while at the extreme left near Lick Creek lay Stewart. To the left and rear of Sherman was McClernand, while in the rear lay the divisions of Generals Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace. Another General Wallace, Lewis by name, with 5,000 reserves, was encamped some miles distant on the northern side of Snake Creek. On the Tennessee River, opposite Pittsburg Landing, a few gunboats rode at anchor, and these, later in the day, played a prominent part in the action.

It was a few minutes after five o'clock on Sunday morning, April the 6th, that Johnston ordered his army to advance. A short distance from the

Northern army the Federal pickets were encountered. These were brushed aside, and the Southern soldiers came cheering and firing through the wood. Before the Federals encamped on the banks of the Tennessee were rightly awake, the Confederates came charging down upon the camp. Sherman's men were the first encountered. The firing of the pickets and the subsequent cannonading had awakened this general to the situation, and he called his men under arms, and drew them up to resist the attack. Sherman's brigades standing firm as a rock, the Confederate attack glanced off his ranks and struck Prentiss with irresistible force. This unfortunate general attempted to stay the charge, and for some minutes his men, half-dressed and in confusion, fought valiantly; but in a very short time Prentiss himself and whole companies of his men were surrounded and taken prisoners, his guns captured, and his camp overrun and destroyed.

Grant on Saturday had received a request from General Buell to meet him at Savannah on this Sunday morning. Little thinking that an engagement was imminent, Grant had gone thither to keep the appointment, and the first news he had of the Confederate movements was conveyed to him by the thundering of the cannon. Listening, he soon realised that a serious engagement was beginning. Taking steamer to Pittsburg Landing, he arrived on the scene of battle at eight o'clock, and found the whole Confederate army about his ears. With 33,000 men, to all intents and purposes men who had been taken by surprise, he had to fight 40,000, who for days had been looking forward to the fray. Already his men had been driven back all along the line. The situation was desperate, Sherman alone having for the three hours made a good struggle of it. Stubbornly fighting against overwhelming odds, himself sorely wounded, and his men falling by scores about him, General Sherman held his ground so that those behind him might have time to get into line and take up favourable positions. Hard pressed, and in the thick of the fire, he rode up and down the lines, personally supervising every detail of the fight, and nerving his men to the great occasion. But the soldiers of the South were not to be gainsaid. Like a wedge, they drove themselves between Sherman and Prentiss, being slaughtered by hundreds in the process; but, unflinchingly persevering, they assailed Sherman's left so savagely that the general was in the end forced to use his right as a pivot, and in that way to swing his whole command into a fresh position to save his left being turned. In the process he lost two of

his batteries and his camp. This movement of Sherman's permitted General Johnston to hurl his forces against McClernand, who, unable to withstand the ferocity of the charge, was driven far back. Stewart, who held the extreme left near Lick Creek, also fell back, and Hurlbut in the centre was only saved from annihilation by General W. H. L. Wallace's division coming to his succour, and allowing his command to retire from the open ground into a wood, where all the day he was obliged to fight like a tiger, withstanding charge after charge delivered by the fiery Southerners. In the defence of this position General W. H. L. Wallace was killed.

General Lewis Wallace, in command of the Federal reserves—5,000 men—lay the other side of Snake Creek, and for his arrival Grant waited with impatience, for matters were becoming desperate. The only way Wallace could possibly reach the scene of battle was by means of a bridge across Snake Creek, and so it seemed to Grant the existence of his army now depended on this bridge being held against capture. Sherman knew this, too, and he gradually fell back, until to fall back any further meant the loss of the bridge. Then he took up as favourable a position as he could find, and refused to retreat one step more, although one-half of the Confederate army dashed against his lines. During the long hours that he stood there, waiting for Lewis Wallace and the reserves, it seemed as though his whole command must be wiped out of existence.

Drawn up in the partial cover of a wood, with before them open rough country, across which the enemy's forces must rush, and with the knowledge that should they allow themselves to be forced back their whole army would be exterminated, each Federal under Sherman and McClernand stood and fought with the desperation of a trapped and stricken tiger. General Johnston, hoping to force the position, hurried forward brigade after brigade, and hurled them against the soldiers of the North. Again and again the van of the Confederates pierced the ranks of the Federals, fighting hand to hand and face to face, with thrust of bayonet and crash of clubbed rifle, but pierced the line only to be blotted out of existence by the men who stood, as it were, with their backs to a wall, and who fought the fight of grim despair. This was the first great slaughter-pen of the bloody battle of Shiloh. Whole companies of Southern troops, bareheaded, barefooted, in rags, hungry, and ill-equipped, but undaunted and determined, rushed headlong across the

rugged ground, and with the fury of fanatics flew at the hemmed-in ranks of the North, only to be beaten back by those who could go back no farther. The men of the North grimly held to their position, trusting that fate would soon bring Lewis Wallace and his reserves on the scene to succour an already defeated army.

The South fought for victory, but the North fought for time, for darkness, for life.



THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

At ten o'clock in the morning General Johnston had the satisfaction of knowing that all his plans had worked out to a nicety. He had forced Grant into a corner, carried position after position, captured many guns, and taken prisoners by hundreds. Grant's army was now confined in a space of not more than 400 acres. At eleven o'clock there came a lull in the fight. The time had arrived for General Johnston to begin the second

movement of his plan of battle. This was to turn Grant's left, sweep him from Pittsburg Landing, and crush the left against Sherman on the right. To do this the Confederates must advance across open ground in the very teeth of batteries and entrenched infantry. In the thick of this, the most difficult work of the day, the South suffered a sudden and irreparable loss. General Johnston while directing the movement was struck by a rifle-bullet. He fell, and almost immediately died. The news ran from lip to lip, and checked the charge. And, to add to the confusion, General Beauregard, on whom the command devolved, could not at once be found to be told that his chief was dead. The fight still continued, but during the time it took to find Beauregard, and the further time that elapsed before he could get the strings of battle into his hands, the Southerners fought themselves into some confusion, and Grant was able to re-form and tighten up his lines. Moreover, the Southerners had driven the Federals so close to the river that they themselves, in following up their successes, found themselves within range of the guns aboard the boats on the Tennessee River, and shells from the gunboats began to play havoc in the Confederate lines. But this could not be helped. It was the price of success. The afternoon was advancing, and Beauregard hastened to the task of the turning of the left before darkness should make further fighting impossible. Across the ground that divided Federal from Confederate ran a deep scar, and on the shoulder of the opposite bank of this Grant had thrown up some hasty breastworks. When the Southerners dashed into this gully, shot and shell from the gunboats on the river shrieked up the length of it, and an appalling rifle-fire came down the slope and into the mass of men that struggled forward to take the breastwork. The Federals were at their last resource. If the breastwork should be taken, and their left turned, it meant the end of all things to them. The Confederates, too, were in desperation, for night was falling upon the land, and victory still unwon. Into the valley they poured, and up the bank they struggled and scrambled, but scarcely one of them reached the top. Shot and shell and bayonet-thrust soon filled the valley with Southern dead and wounded; and while the fight still continued, darkness fell, and put an end to the day's struggle. Beauregard, reporting the state of things after the first day's fight, said:

“At six o'clock p.m. we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl (a tributary of Snake Creek) and Lick Creeks but one, nearly all his field artillery, about thirty flags, colours, and standards,

over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small-arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions of war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory—such, indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles.”

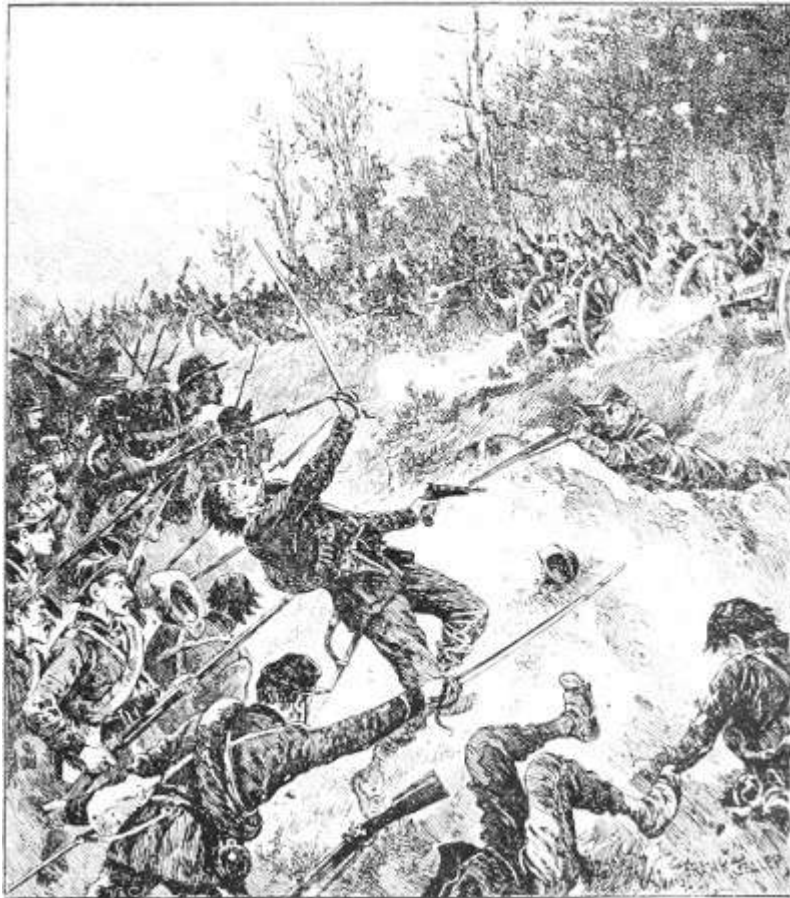


SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD: SCENE WHERE GENERAL JOHNSTON
FELL.

But this was to be the end of the fruits of victory for the South.

When the bugles rang out on the evening air the order to cease fighting, the soldiers of the North, as well as those of the South, sank to the ground in hopeless exhaustion. They had fought like fiends from early morning, travelled miles of country, scrambled through thickets, across quagmires and stagnant waters, hauling guns and waggons and stores, assisting the wounded, savagely attacking and repulsing attack; and now that a truce for the night had been declared, the soldiers found themselves so worn and weak that many paid no attention to the cravings of hunger and the urgings towards material comforts, but lay down on

the ground and bivouacked where they had stood when the order to cease fighting reached them.



“UP THE BANK THEY STRUGGLED AND SCRAMBLED” (p. [212](#)).

All the dark, stormy night it rained a chilling rain. A cold wind moaned through the trees, and so exhausted were the unwounded that the wounded lay in the main unattended. Grant himself lay with no other covering than the clothes he wore, his head to the stump of a tree, and passed the night as best he could. To add to the horrors of the night, the two gunboats, riding safely upon the bosom of the Tennessee, kept up a deafening bombardment of the Confederate quarters throughout the whole of the night, the shells shrieking and crashing among the trees, hurling great limbs, and even whole tree-tops, to the ground, and finally setting fire to the leaves that were on the ground and the underbrush, until the badly wounded were burned where they lay.

It was indeed a night of horror, of suffering, and of despair.

But worst of all for the South, in the middle of the night Buell arrived, and had the field of battle explained to him; and when the morning dawned, his army—22,000 men—fresh and eager to fight, marched upon the scene, together with General Wallace's 5,000 reserve. When Beauregard arose to continue the battle, he found himself hopelessly outnumbered, and, fighting bravely still, was rapidly driven from all the advantages he had gained, and in the end routed. His men marched a miserable march to Corinth, again through sleet and mire, but, fortunately for them, the North had been too sorely cut up to follow for any great distance. In this woeful retreat 300 men died of cold and privation.

In this Battle of Shiloh about 100,000 troops all together were engaged, and of these 23,269 were killed, wounded, or missing. It was simply a hard, stubborn fight from start to finish; and the death of Johnston, and Buell's fortunate arrival in the nick of time, in all likelihood saved the Northern army from a most disastrous defeat. The Confederates fought with the fury that distinguished them all through the war. On the other hand, the Federals fought with the dogged determination which ultimately won them the rights for which they had taken up arms. Draper, in his history of the American Civil War, gives the following as the Federal and Confederate losses:—

In Grant's army there were six divisions. Their losses, in killed and wounded, were:—

1st. McClernand's, loss both days	1,861
2nd. W. H. L. Wallace's, loss both days	2,424
3rd. Lewis Wallace's, loss second day	305
4th. Hurlbut's, loss both days	1,985
5th. Sherman's, loss both days	2,031
6th. Prentiss' (no report), loss estimated	2,000
Aggregate loss	<u>10,606</u>

Of Buell's army, four divisions had marched to Grant's aid; of these, three were engaged:—

2nd. McCook's loss	881
4th. Nelson's loss	693
5th. Crittenden's loss	390
Aggregate loss	<u>1,964</u>

The Confederate losses were 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, 959 missing. Total, 10,699.

General Beauregard, after Shiloh, retired from the command of the Confederate forces on the plea of ill-health, and General Bragg was made permanent commander.



[Photo., Handy, South Washington, D.C.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



AMOAFUL

BY G. A. HENTY

The 31st of January, 1874, will long be a day noted in the memories of the people who were, prior to that time, a scourge to

their neighbours and a standing menace to the native tribes under the British protectorate at Cape Coast. It is probable that the exact date itself has long ere this been forgotten, even if—which is very doubtful—the Ashantis possess a calendar, or have any means of calculating the dates of events, unless these happen to occur on the longest or shortest day, or, perhaps, on the occasion of a new or full moon. The memory of the battle, however, owing to a singular custom that prevails among them and the other peoples of the coast, will never be lost as long as the Ashantis remain a tribe. As the Greeks and Romans used to swear by their divinities, the Ashantis swear by their misfortunes; and the most solemn oath that can be taken by a king or chief of these peoples is a national defeat or disaster. Assuredly, then, Amoaful will for many generations be one of the most binding oaths among the Ashantis.

Ashanti had long shared with Dahomey the reputation of being the most warlike and bloodthirsty of the peoples of West Africa; they were constantly at war with their neighbours, the object of the incursions committed being not so much the extension of territory as the carrying away of large numbers of prisoners, to be sacrificed on the occasions of their solemn festivals. They had long borne ill-will to the British at Cape Coast, because of the protection granted by us to the Fanti tribes; and from the commencement of the present century hostilities have broken out at frequent intervals, and more than once the Ashantis have carried fire and sword up to the very walls of Cape Coast, and on one occasion defeated and destroyed a British force under Sir Charles Macarthy.

This state of occasional warfare might have continued indefinitely, had not the British exchanged some possessions with the Portuguese, acquiring by this transaction the town of Elmina, some five miles north of Cape Coast Castle, and the protectorate of the district lying behind it. The tribe of this district had been allies of the Ashantis, and Elmina itself had been their port of trade. The Portuguese had been in the habit of paying a small annual sum to the Ashanti; this sum was considered by them to be a present, but was regarded by the Ashantis as a tribute. Ashanti, therefore, objected to the transfer, and marched an army across the Prah to the assistance of their allies in the districts dependent on Elmina. Early in June, having brushed aside the resistance of the Fantis, the invading army reached Elmina, being joined by all the tribes in its neighbourhood. A small party of Marines and Marine Artillery were

landed from the ships on the coast, and inflicted a severe blow on the invaders as they were on the point of entering the town.

The position was so serious that the British Government sent out Sir Garnet Wolseley, with some twenty British officers, to organise, if possible, a native force to cope with the enemy; or, if this could not be done, to prepare the way for the landing of a British force of sufficient strength to strike a heavy blow at the Ashantis in their own country. Just as the party left England, a disaster befell us. Commodore Commerell started to ascend the Prah with boats from the squadron on the coast. They had gone but a short distance when they were fired upon by the Ashantis, in ambush behind the bushes lining the bank of the river. Commodore Commerell was severely wounded, as were other officers and many seamen, and the expedition was forced to return.

The attempt to get up a large native force failed; but an expedition was undertaken from Elmina, composed of bluejackets and marines, and a portion of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, and this, after a sharp brush with the enemy, burnt several villages and cleared the neighbourhood of the Ashantis, who had been suffering very much during the wet season from disease and the want of food. An attack on Abra Crampa, whose king had joined us heartily, was repulsed; there was sharp fighting at Dunqua and other skirmishes; and the Ashantis, disheartened by want of success, and more than decimated by fever, fell back across the Prah. The invasion had, thus far, been repelled solely by the naval forces, aided by the 2nd West Indian Regiment and two native regiments commanded by Sir Evelyn Wood and Major Baker Russell, each of whom had some eight English officers under him.



CAPE COAST CASTLE.

A road was made to the Prah, huts erected at suitable distances for the use of the white troops, and when these landed, early in January, all was ready for their advance. The force consisted of a battalion of the Rifle Brigade and the 42nd; the 23rd Regiment remained on board the transport that had brought them, it being considered that it was better for them to stay in reserve, as the difficulties of carriage were so great that the fewer the number of men taken up the better. There was also a naval brigade, composed of bluejackets and marines, some companies of the 1st and 2nd West Indian Regiments, Wood and Russell's native regiments, and a battery of little mountain guns commanded by Captain Rait, and manned by natives trained by him, and a small party of Royal Engineers. After a few skirmishes of no great importance, the force made their way nearly to Amoaful, where it was known that the Ashanti army was assembled in force to oppose their further advance.



“THE BONNY MEN LED THE
ADVANCE” (p. [221](#)).

The white regiments halted at Ingafoo, while the two native regiments, with the Engineers and Rait's artillery, marched forward to Quarman, a little more than half a mile from the enemy's outposts. Lord Gifford, who commanded the scouts, lay all day in the bushes within sound of the voices of the Ashanti, while Major Home, R.E., with the sappers, cut paths almost up to the edge of the bush. At half-past seven on the morning of the 31st of January, a naval brigade, with two companies of the 23rd who had just come up, the 42nd, and Rifle Brigade, arrived at Quarman and marched on without a halt, followed by the force already in the village, where a garrison was left with the baggage. The two native regiments were now reduced to but seven companies altogether, owing to the necessity for leaving garrisons at the various posts along the road. The plan of operations had already been

determined upon. The 42nd Regiment were to form the main attacking force. They were first to drive the enemy's scouts from the little village of Agamassie, just outside the bushes where Gifford's scouts were lying, and were then to move straight on, extending to the right and left of the path, and, if possible, to advance in a skirmishing line through to the bush. Two guns of Rait's battery were to be in their centre, and to move upon the path itself. Half the naval brigade and Wood's regiment were first to cut a path out to the right, and then to turn parallel with the main path, so that the head of the column should touch the right of the skirmishing line of the 42nd, while the other half of the naval brigade, with Russell's regiment, was to proceed in similar fashion on the left.

The two companies of the 23rd were to come on behind the headquarter staff; the Rifle Brigade were to remain in reserve. The intention was that the whole should form a sort of hollow square, the column on the right and left protecting the 42nd from the flanking movements upon which the Ashantis were always accustomed to rely for victory. With each of the flanking columns were detachments of Rait's battery with rocket tubes.

The 42nd, as they burst out from the bush, encountered but little opposition; the eight or ten houses composing the village being occupied by but a small party of the enemy, who fled at once into the bush beyond. This was so thick, and the open ground round the village so small, that it was necessary to clear away a space for the bearers of the litters, surgical appliances, and spare ammunition, and it was nearly half an hour before the rest of the force issued from the narrow path into the open.

The pause had been a trying one, for a tremendous roar of fire told that the Black Watch were hotly engaged, and, indeed, had gained but a distance of a couple of hundred yards while the native labourers were clearing the bush round the village. As soon as they reached the open space, the flanking columns turned off to the right and left, and it was not long before the increasing roar of musketry showed that they, too, were engaged.

The scene bore little resemblance to that presented by any modern battle-field. The Ashanti bush consists of a thick wood of trees some forty or fifty feet high, covered and interlaced with vines and creepers, while the heat and moisture enable a dense undergrowth to flourish

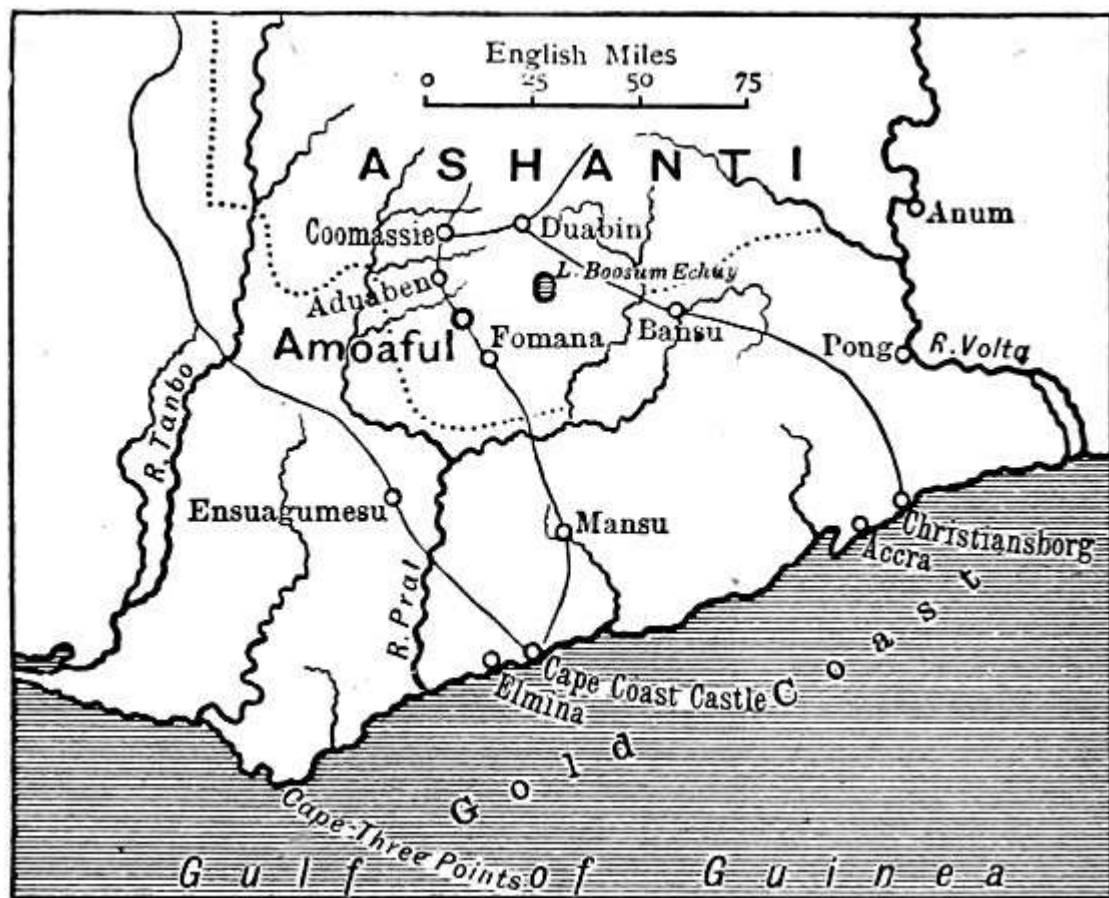
beneath their shade. Above all tower the giants of the forest, principally cotton trees, which often attain a height of from 250 to 300 feet.

Progress through this mass of jungle and thorn is impossible even for the natives, except where paths are cut with hatchet or sword. These paths are generally wide enough only for a single file, and two persons meeting in opposite directions have a difficulty in passing each other, the more so as long use wears down the soft, moist earth until the tracks are converted into ditches two or three feet deep. The ground across which the 42nd were trying to force their way was more open than usual, owing probably to the undergrowth having been cleared away to furnish firing to the little village. It was somewhat undulating, and the depressions were soft and swampy. Each little rise was held obstinately by the enemy, who, lying down beyond the crest, behind trees, or in clumps of bush, kept up an incessant fire against the Black Watch; and even the aid of Rait's two little guns and two rocket troughs failed to overcome their resistance. The two flanking columns encountered even more strenuous opposition: before they could advance into the bush a way had to be cut for them by the natives under the orders of the Engineer officers. Although the troops endeavoured to cover this operation by an incessant fire into the bush on either side, the service was a desperate one. Several of the men fell dead from the fire of their hidden foes, others staggered back badly wounded, and Captain Buckle, of the Royal Engineers, one of the most zealous and energetic officers of the expedition, fell mortally wounded by two slugs in the neighbourhood of the heart.

Little wonder was it that, although the natives behaved with singular courage, at times they quailed under the fire to which they were exposed; consequently the advance of the two columns soon came to a standstill, and the men lying down kept up a constant fire on the unseen enemy, directing their aim solely at the puffs of smoke spurting from the bushes. So difficult was it to keep the direction in this dense bush that both columns had swerved from the line on which it was intended that they should advance. The roar of fire was so general and continuous that none of the three columns were in any degree certain as to the direction in which the others lay, and from each of them messenger after messenger was sent back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had taken up his position with his staff at the village, complaining that the men were exposed to the fire from the other columns.

The noise was, indeed, out of all proportion to the number of combatants. The Ashantis use enormous charges of powder—which, indeed, would be absolutely destructive to the old Tower muskets with which they were armed were these loaded with tightly-fitting bullets. This, however, was not the case, as on the powder three or four slugs of roughly chopped-up lead were dropped loosely down: the noise made by the explosion of the muskets so charged was almost as loud as that of small field-pieces; and, indeed, although but two or three hundred yards from the village the reports of Rait's mountain guns were absolutely indistinguishable in the din. The trees broke up the sound in a singular manner, and the result was a strange and confused reverberation, mingled with the hissing sound rising from the storm of bullets and slugs mingled with that of the rockets. Well was it for our soldiers that the enemy used such heavy charges, for these caused the muskets to throw high, and the slugs for the most part whistled harmlessly over the heads of the troops and almost covered them with the showers of leaves cut from the trees overhead.

For an hour this state of things continued, the two companies of the 23rd were then ordered to advance along the main path and to aid the 42nd in clearing the bush, where the Ashantis still fought stubbornly not two hundred yards from the village. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade were sent up the left-hand road to keep that path intact up to the rear of the Naval Brigade, while on the right, the rear of Colonel Wood's column was ordered to advance further to the right, so that the column might form a diagonal line, and firing to their right only, not only cover the flank of the 42nd, but do away with the risk of stray shots striking them. Wounded men were now coming fast into the village—42nd, Rifles, Naval Brigade, and natives.



ASHANTI

On the left the firing gradually ceased, and Colonel McLeod, who commanded there, sent in to the general to say that he was no longer hotly attacked, but that he had altogether lost touch of the left of the 42nd. He was therefore ordered to cut a road north-east until he came in contact with them. He experienced a resolute opposition, but the rockets gradually drove the Ashantis back. In the meantime, the 42nd were fighting hard. In front of them was a swamp, and on the rise opposite the ground was covered with the little harbours that constitute an Ashanti camp. Not an enemy was to be seen, but from the opposite side the puffs of smoke came thick and fast, and a perfect rain of slugs swept over the ground on which the 42nd were lying. The path was so narrow that Rait could bring but one gun into position. This he pushed boldly forward, and, aided by Lieutenant Saunders, poured round after round of grape into the enemy until their fire slackened and the 42nd were again able to advance.

Step by step they won their way, each advance being covered by the little gun, which did terrible execution among the crowded, though unseen, ranks of the enemy. The camp was won; but beyond it the bush was thick and absolutely impenetrable for a white soldier, and it was necessary to advance solely by the narrow path. This was swept by a storm of slugs from the bush on either side, although the Snider bullets searched the bush and the guns poured in showers of grape. At last the Ashanti fire diminished, and the troops dashed forward up the lane, and the bush thickened on either side until too dense even for the Ashantis to occupy it. With a cheer the Black Watch issued from the upper end of the pass, and spread out into the wide open space dividing the village of Amoaful into two sections. For a short time the Ashantis kept up a fire from the houses and from the other end of the cleared space, but the 42nd soon drove them from the houses; and a shell from a gun fell among a group at the farther end of the clearing and killed eight of them, and the rest retreated at once. Major McPherson and eight other officers were wounded, and the total of 104 casualties in a force of 450 men showed how severe had been the struggle.

It was now twelve o'clock, and although they had lost their camp and village and had suffered terribly, the Ashantis were not yet finally beaten. The principal part of the force that had been engaged upon our left had swept round to the right, and were pressing hard upon our right column, and cutting in between them and the 42nd. Fortunately, however, the left column had cut its path rather too much to the east and now came into the main path, and so formed a connecting link between the 42nd at Amoaful and the head of the right column. Although the latter had been strengthened by the addition of a company of the Rifles, it suffered severely: Colonel Wood and six naval officers were wounded, together with some forty men. The fire of the enemy at last slackened, and it seemed as if all was over, when suddenly a tremendous fire broke out from the rear of the column, showing that the Ashantis were making a last and desperate effort to turn our right flank, and to retake the village from which they had been driven in the morning.

For a few minutes the scene in the village was exciting. So near were the enemy that the slugs came pattering down among the remainder of the Rifles still held in reserve there, and they and the guard of the reserve ammunition prepared to resist an attack, three companies of the Rifles at

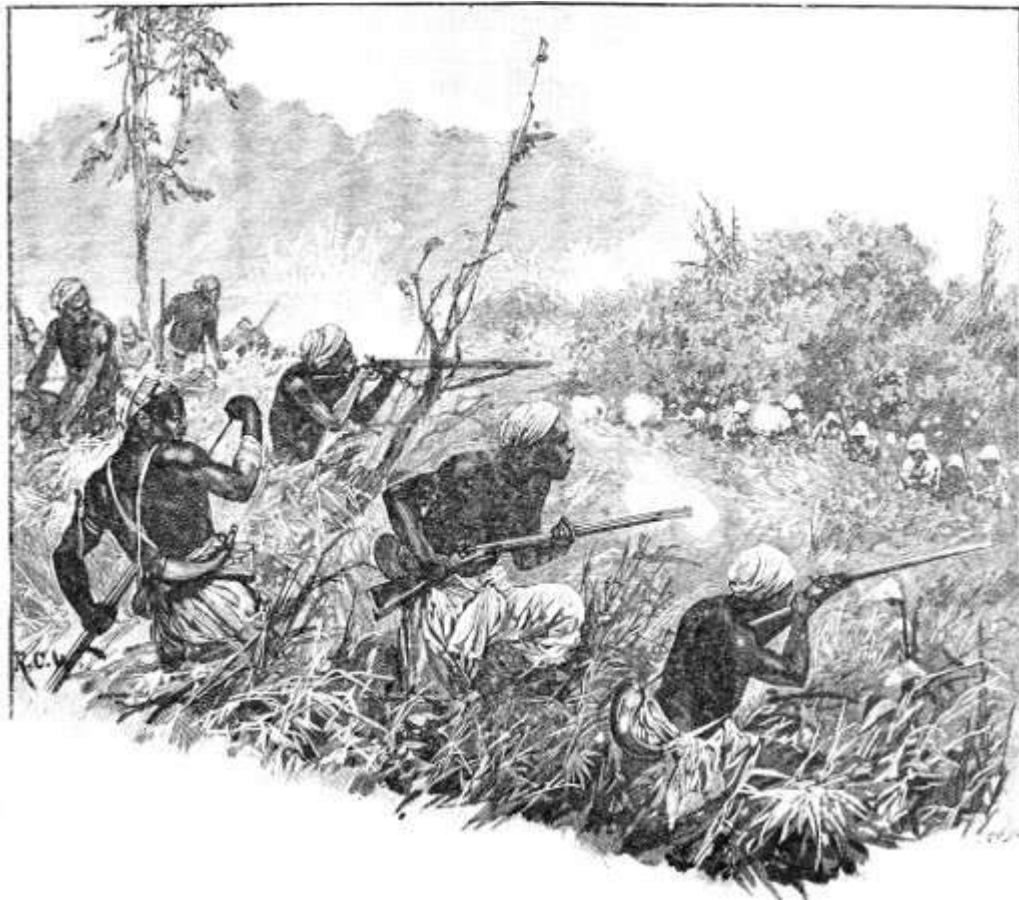
once moving out to prolong the rear of the right column, and so to cover that side of the village. For a while the roar of musketry was as heavy and continuous as it had been during the morning, and continued so for three-quarters of an hour. While it was going on another strong body of the enemy attacked Quarman, but the small force of forty men of the 2nd West Indian Regiment and half a company of Wood's regiment, under the command of Captain Burnett, although taken by surprise—for with a great battle raging but half a mile away, they had no idea of being attacked—defended themselves with great gallantry, and even sallied out and brought in a convoy that had arrived near the village, and finally, being reinforced by a company of Rifles, took the offensive and drove off their assailants.

Finding themselves met on whatever side they attacked, the Ashanti fire began to relax. As soon as it did so, Sir Garnet gave the word for the line to advance, sweeping round from the rear so as to drive the enemy northward before them. The movement was admirably executed. A company of men who had been raised at Bonny, and who had fought steadily and silently all the time they had been on the defensive, now raised their shrill war-cry, and slinging their rifles and drawing their swords, dashed eagerly forward, while by their sides, skirmishing as steadily and quietly as if on parade, the men of the Rifle Brigade searched every bush with their bullets; and in five minutes from the commencement of their advance the Ashantis were in full retreat.

The number of casualties on the part of the white and native troops amounted to about 250—a very heavy proportion, considering the comparatively small number of the force engaged. Fortunately the wounds, for the most part, were comparatively slight: the flying slugs inflicted ugly-looking gashes, but seldom penetrated far. Captain Buckle, of the Engineers, was the only officer killed, but the number of wounded was large, and included two other Engineer officers out of the total of five engaged.

No one had shown more determined bravery than the natives, who worked as sappers under their orders. The work was trying enough for the men, who for five hours remained prone, returning the fire of their invisible foes. The natives, however, for the same time, were working continuously, cutting paths through the thick bush and exposed defenseless to the enemy's fire. Nearly half their number were among the

wounded. The total number of deaths did not exceed twenty. On the side of the Ashantis no accurate record was obtained of the number who fell. It is their custom always to carry off the killed and wounded, unless hotly pressed; and therefore, until the last rush of the Black Watch into Amoaful, they had ample time to follow their usual custom. Nevertheless, the number of dead found was very large, and the lowest calculation placed their loss at 2,000. Among these was Ammon Quatia, the general-in-chief of the Ashantis, and Aboo, one of the six great tributary kings of Ashanti. The Ashantis fought with extraordinary pluck and resolution; they, indeed, enormously outnumbered the little British force, and their position was admirably adapted for their peculiar method of fighting. But, on the other hand, they were wretchedly armed, and their old and worn-out muskets were poor weapons indeed compared with the breechloaders of the whites, who had, in addition, the assistance of their guns and rocket tubes.



“EACH LITTLE RISE WAS HELD OBSTINATELY BY THE ENEMY” (p. [218](#)).

Great credit was due to both sides: to the Ashantis for their obstinate and long-continued defence, and for the vigour with which, when their centre was penetrated, they strove to redeem the day by their flank attack upon us; to the British for their long endurance of a terrific fire from unseen foes, by the manner in which they fought under conditions so absolutely novel to them, and for the unwavering resolution with which they won their way through the bush and finally defeated a foe of ten times their own numerical force. The victory of Amoaful virtually decided the result of the campaign, for although the Ashantis fought again on the other side of the river Dah, the terrible punishment inflicted upon them at Amoaful had greatly reduced their spirit; nevertheless, they fought stoutly.

On this occasion the Bonny men led the advance up the path beyond the river, and before they had gone half a mile were hotly engaged. Lieutenant Saunders, with one of Rait's guns, endeavoured to clear the bushes, but little progress was made for two hours, and Lieutenant Eyre, the adjutant of Wood's regiment, fell mortally wounded when standing near the gun. The Rifles now relieved the Bonny men, and led the advance, and made their way slowly forward until within fifty yards of a large clearing, surrounding a village; then with a cheer they rushed forward, drove the enemy from the clearing, and occupied the village. But behind them the combat raged for another two hours. The troops lined the sides of the path, and repulsed all the efforts of the Ashantis to break through them, holding the position while the native carriers took the stores, spare ammunition, and medical comforts along the path and up to the village. As soon as the last of these had passed along, the troops followed, until the whole force were gathered in and round the village.

The loss of the Ashantis can have been but little inferior to that which they suffered at Amoaful, for they several times approached in such masses that the whole bush swayed and moved as they pushed forward. On the other hand, our casualties were very slight, for as the road was, like all the paths in the country, hollowed out by the traffic fully two feet below the general level, the troops lying there were protected as by a breastwork of that height. When the whole force were assembled in the village, the enemy still kept up serious and desperate attacks upon the rear, but were always repulsed by the Rifles, who lined the edge of the clearing. Mingled with the continued din of musketry was the lugubrious

roar of the great war-horns throughout the woods, and the wild war-cry of the Ashantis.

The halt was a short one; Coomassie was still six miles distant, and soon after the force were gathered round the village the Highlanders, with Rait's guns, moved forward along the path. For the first twenty minutes the fire of the enemy was very heavy, but when the Black Watch gained the crest of the rise beyond the village, the resistance became more feeble, and they dashed forward at the double, sweeping all opposition aside. The resistance of the Ashantis at once ceased; they had done all that was possible for them to do to oppose our advance, and had failed. Their main body was still in the rear of the village, engaged in unavailing attacks upon the force there. Probably their best and bravest troops were with this force, and at the rapid advance of the 42nd a panic seized the defenders of the path; those in the bush could not hope to move forward as rapidly as did the troops in the open, while those in the villages along the path, warned by flying fugitives of the rapid approach of the foe, joined in their flight. The road was strewn with articles of clothing, the stools of state of the chiefs, weapons, and food.

From this time no single shot was fired. The warriors in the bush, seeing that they could not hope to get ahead of the advancing force and make another effort to defend the capital, either went off at once to their villages, or made a wide circuit and came down behind Coomassie upon the road between that town and a spot, five miles away, where the kings of Ashanti were buried, and where, doubtless, another battle would have been fought had the troops advanced to the sacred spot. The 42nd halted at the last village before arriving at Coomassie, until they were there joined by the rest of the force; then, after crossing a deep and fetid marsh surrounding the town, they entered the capital of the enemy. It was not, as might have been expected, deserted: a good many of the inhabitants remained, some of the men being still armed, and watched with curiosity rather than with alarm, the entry of the white warriors who had broken the strength of their nation. Orders were given to disarm them at once; but as soon as they perceived that this was the case, they gradually withdrew, and in half an hour the whole of the natives of Coomassie had disappeared in the bush.

Several fires broke out in various parts of the town. Some of these may have been the work of the Ashantis themselves, but most of them

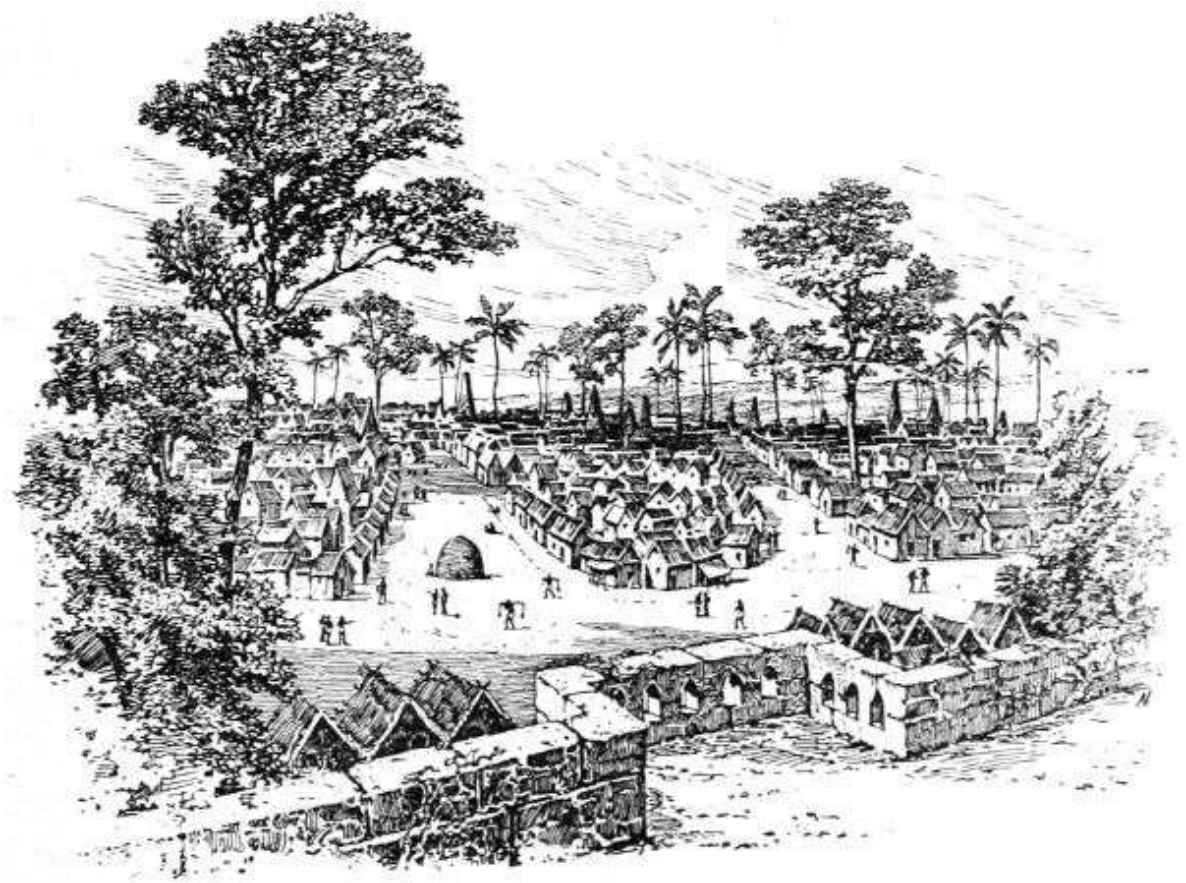
were caused unquestionably by the native camp-followers, who, in spite of the stringent orders against looting, stole away in the darkness to gather plunder. Some of them were flogged, and one was hung, and then, after posting pickets thickly outside the town, the troops went off to sleep.

The next morning the captured town could be fairly seen. The streets were very wide; trees grew in them; and from the irregularity with which the houses were scattered about, it resembled a great straggling village rather than a town. The houses were of the kind with which the troops had already become familiar, and resembled the architecture of a Chinese temple rather than that of any other known building. Outside was an alcove with red steps, high raised floor, and white pillars supporting the roof. This formed the front of the house, and as there was no entrance from it into the interior, it was, in fact, a sort of summer-house and balcony, where the master must have sat to look at the passing world and chat with his acquaintances. Inside, the houses were all of the same character, comprising a number of little courts with alcoves on one or more sides. Everything in Coomassie bore signs of the superstitious belief of the inhabitants in fetish. Over every door was suspended a variety of charms—old stone weapons, nuts, gourds, amulets, beads, bits of china, bones, and odds-and-ends of all kinds. The principal apartments of the larger houses were lumbered up with drums, great umbrellas, and other paraphernalia of processions; but there were no real valuables of any kind.

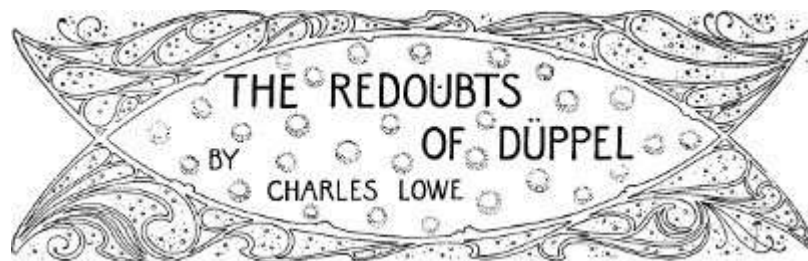
The great objects of interest to the troops in the town were the palace and the great fetish-tree from which Coomassie took its name. In a large clump of bushes adjoining the latter were found the remains of some thousands of victims sacrificed in the bloody festivals. The majority were, of course, but skeletons; but there were hundreds that could have lain there but a few weeks, many which must have been sacrificed within a few days. The stench from this charnel-place was horrible, and pervaded the whole town. The palace occupied a very large extent of ground. It consisted of a central stone building of European architecture, which was used as a storehouse and was crowded with articles of furniture, silver plate, gold masks, clocks, glass, china, guns, cloth, and caskets, resembling in its confusion and the variety of its contents a

succession of auction-rooms. The rest of the palace was of native work—similar, but on a much larger scale, to the houses of the great chiefs.

A horrible smell of blood pervaded the whole place—for many of the executions were held in the palace itself. During the day the rain fell in torrents; and as it became known that the king had gone right away into the interior of the country, as provisions were running very short, the troops were already feeling much the effects of the climate, and as the rains would swell every stream and fill every swamp, it was decided to make a start for the coast the next morning, after burning down the place that had been the scene of such countless horrors and atrocities. This was done as the column marched out of the town. The Engineers fired the houses and blew up the king's palace; and a vast cloud of smoke rising high into the air must have told the Ashantis, scattered far and wide through the forests, that vengeance had at last fallen on the city that had for so many years been regarded by them as sacred, and had been the object of superstitious terror and hate to the tribes for hundreds of miles round.



COOMASSIE.



THE REDOUBTS OF DÜPPEL

BY CHARLES LOWE

Schleswig-Holstein, the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race, was the beautiful and interesting province which formed the bone of bloody contention between the Prussians and the Danes in the year 1864, just a year after the Prince of Wales had wedded the Danish “sea-king’s daughter from over the sea,” and made all Englishmen take the very

deepest interest in the hopeless struggle of her undaunted countrymen against an overwhelming foe.

The cause of quarrel was one of the most complicated questions which ever vexed the minds of statesmen, and seemed so incapable of solution that an irreverent Frenchman once declared it would remain after the heavens and the earth had passed away. But on the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark, in November, 1863, Herr von Bismarck, who had the year before become Prussian Premier, determined that the difficulty should now be settled by "blood and iron." Briefly put, the new King of Denmark, Christian IX., father of the Princess of Wales, wanted to rule over the Elbe Duchies, as Schleswig-Holstein was called, in a way, as was thought at Berlin, unfavourable to the rights and aspirations of their German population; while, on the other hand, the Germanic Diet, or Council of German Sovereigns at Frankfort, was resolved that this should not be so. And rather than that this should be so, it decreed "execution" on the King of Denmark, who had a seat in the Diet as for the Duchies, and selected two of its members, Hanover and Saxony, to enforce its decision.

But not content with this, Austria and Prussia, the leading members of the Diet, also resolved to take the field, as executive bailiffs, so to speak, of the judgment of the German Court; and this they did at the beginning of 1864 with a united force of about 45,000 men. That was not so very large a force, considering the size of modern armies, but it was much larger than that opposed to it by the valiant Danes, about 36,000 in number, who were commanded by General de Meza. The Austrians were commanded by Field-Marshal von Gablenz, and the Prussians by their own Prince Frederick Charles, surnamed the "Red Prince," from the scarlet uniform of his favourite regiment, the Zieten Hussars.

The Commander of the combined Austro-Prussian army was the Prussian Field-Marshal von Wrangel—"old Papa Wrangel," as he was fondly called—who looked, and spoke, and acted like a survival from the time of the Thirty Years' or the Seven Years' War. He was a grim old *beau sabreur*, who, in his later days, used to grind his teeth (what of them were left) and scatter groschen among the street arabs of Berlin, under the impression that he was sowing a crop of bullets that would yet spring up and prove the death of all democrats and other nefarious

characters dangerous to military monarchy and the rule of the sword in the civil state.

“In Gottes Namen drauf!”—“Forward in God’s name”—“Papa” Wrangel had wired to the various contingents of his forces on the 1st February, when at last the Danes had replied to his demands with an emphatic “No!” and then the combined Austro-Prussian army swept over the Eider amid a blinding storm of snow.

The Prussians took the right, the Austrians the left of the advance into the Duchies; and after one or two preliminary actions of no great moment, the invaders reached the Danewerk, a very strong line of earthworks which had taken the place of the bulwark thrown up by the Danes in ancient times against the incursions of the Germans. Here the Prussians prepared for a stubborn resistance, but what was their surprise and their delight, on the morning of the 6th February, to find that the Danes had evacuated overnight this first bulwark line of theirs, leaving 154 guns and large quantities of stores and ammunition a prey to their enemies! Caution, not cowardice, had been the motive of this retreat of theirs, for they saw that, if they had remained, they would have run the risk of being outflanked and outnumbered; so they determined, from reasons of military policy, to retire further northward and take up their dogged stand behind their second line of entrenchments at Düppel, there to await the assault of their overwhelming foes.



FIELD-MARSHAL VON WRANGEL.

Sending on the Austrians on the left into Jutland to dispose of the Danes in that quarter, "Papa" Wrangel selected the "Red Prince" and his Prussians to crack the nuts which had been thrown in their way in the shape of the redoubts of Düppel. Prince Frederick Charles was one of the best and bravest soldiers that had been produced by the fighting family of the Hohenzollerns since the time of Frederick the Great. A man about the middle height, strongly built, broad-shouldered, florid-faced, sandy-bearded, bull-necked, rough in manner and speech, and homely in all his ways—he was just the sort of leader to command the affections and stimulate the courage of the Prussian soldier. There was much of the bulldog in the "Red Prince," so he was the very man to entrust with such a task as that of hanging on to the Danes at Düppel.

Yet this task was one of exceeding difficulty, for the redoubts of Düppel formed such a formidable line of defence as had rarely, if ever, before opposed the advance of an invading army in the open field. All the natural advantages of ground, with its happy configuration of land and water, were on the side of the Danes, whose main object it was to prevent their foes from setting foot on the Schleswig island of Alsen, forming a stepping-stone, so to speak, to Denmark itself, much in the same way as the island of Anglesey does to Ireland. To continue the comparison, the

Menai Strait corresponds to the Alsen-Sund which separates the mainland of Schleswig from the island of Alsen. Of this island the chief town is Sonderburg, which was connected by the mainland, into which it looks over, by two pontoon bridges, at the end of which the Danes threw up a *tête-du-pont*, or bridge-head entrenchment, to defend the approach and passage; while about a couple of miles further inland they had constructed a chain of no fewer than ten heavy forts, or redoubts, all connected by lesser earthworks and entrenchments.

This line of redoubts, about three miles long, ran right across the neck of a peninsula of the mainland, called the Sundewitt, one end resting on the Alsen-Sund and the other on a gulf, or bay, of the Baltic, called the Wenningbund. The redoubts were placed along the brow of a ridge which overlooked and commanded all the undulating country for miles in front, while in the rear again the ground dipped away gently down towards the Alsen-Sund and its bridge-head, affording fine shelter and camping-ground to the Danes. A lovelier or more romantic-looking region, with its winding bays and silver-glancing straits, its picturesque blending of wood and water, could scarcely be imagined.

Such a position as that which the Danes had taken up would have been of no value whatever against foes like the English, seeing that the latter might have gone with their warships and shelled the Danes clean out of their line of redoubts without ever so much as landing a single man, for, as already explained, the line of forts rested on the sea at both ends. But at this time, fortunately for the Danes, the Prussians had little or nothing of a navy, so that they must needs essay on land what they could not attempt by sea; while the Danes, on the other hand, though weaker on land, were decidedly superior to their foes on water. In particular, they had one warship, or monitor, the *Rolf Krake*, which gained immortal fame by the bold and devil-may-care manner in which it worried, and harassed, and damaged, and kept the Prussians perpetually awake. It lurked like a corsair in the corners of the bays, and creeks, and winding sea-arms of that amphibious region, and darted out upon occasion to shell and molest the Prussians in their trenches before the Düppel lines.

For the Prussians had soon come to see that it would be quite impossible for them to capture the Düppel redoubts save by regular process of sap and siege. The redoubts proved to be far more formidable

than they ever fancied; and it would have involved an enormous sacrifice of life on the part of the Prussians to rush for them at once. The pretty certain result of such impetuosity would have been that not a soul almost of the stormers would have lived to tell the tale. For three whole years the Danes had been at work on these redoubts, and what it takes three years to construct cannot by any possibility be captured in as many days. Much had to be done by the Prussians, then, before sitting down before the redoubts. If a simile may be borrowed from the game of football, the “forwards” of the Danes had first to be disposed of. For not only did they occupy the redoubts, but likewise all the strong points in the country for two or three miles in front of them, just as modern ironclads hang out nets to guard their hulls from the impact of torpedoes. In a similar manner the Danes had thrown out a network of men to fend off all hostile approach to their forts and prevent the Prussians from settling down near enough to them for the purposes of sap and siege.

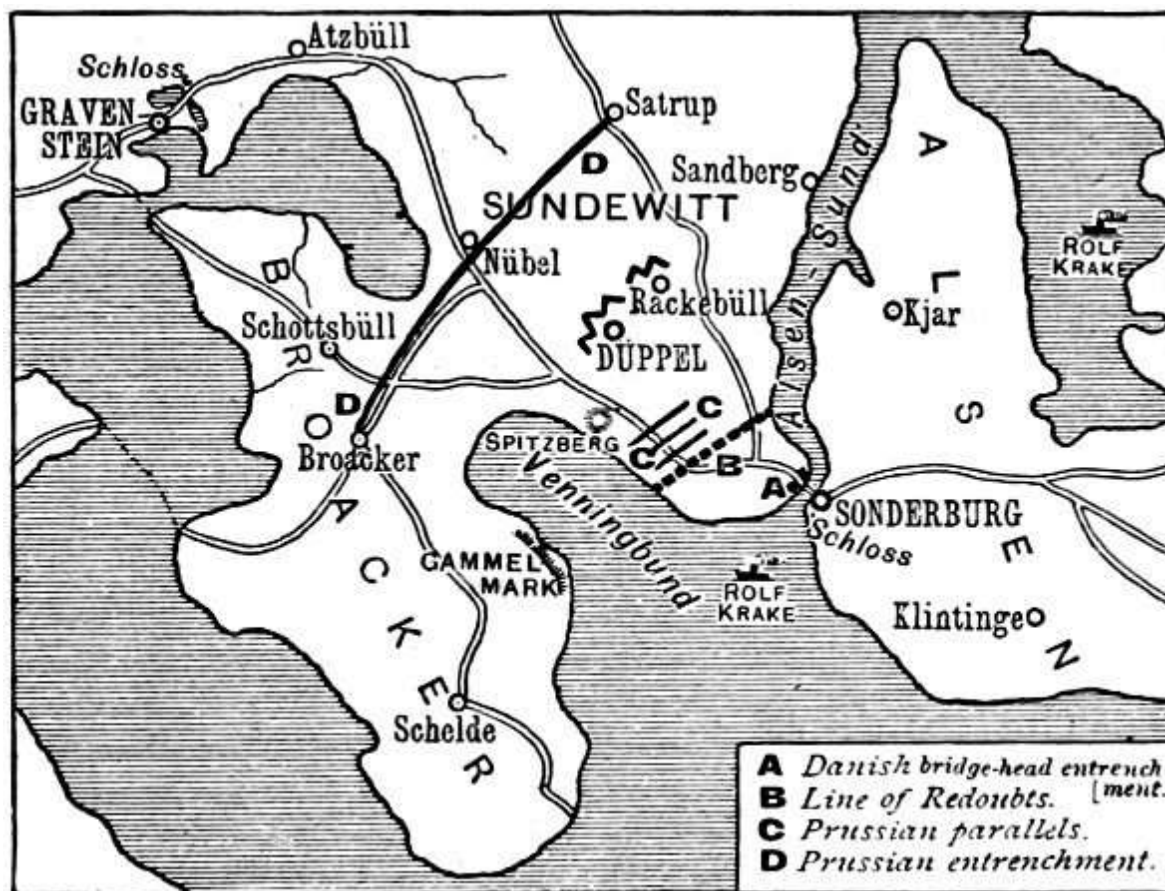
While, therefore, the Prussians were busy bringing to the front their heavy guns and other siege-material, others of them were set to the work of sweeping clean, as with a broom of bayonets, the open positions in front of the redoubts held by their defenders. But this sweeping process was by no means either an easy or a bloodless task. For while the Danes numbered 22,000 troops, the “Red Prince” in front of them disposed at this time (though later he was reinforced) of no more than 16,000 men, and there was always the danger that the Danes, assuming the offensive, would sally out of their lines and seek to overwhelm their numerically weaker foes. Consequently the Prussians had recourse to the spade in order to supplement the defensive power of their rifles, and thus they first of all took up an entrenched position running in a long semi-circle from Broacker on their right to Satrup on the left, at a distance of about three miles or more from the real object of their ambition—the line of Danish redoubts.

Two positions in front of these redoubts—the villages of Düppel and Rackebüll—were fiercely contested by the Danes; but on the 17th of March, after fighting in a manner which gave their foes a very high opinion of their courage, they retired behind their earthworks with the loss of 676 men, while the Prussians, on their part, had to pay for their victory by only 138 lives. This disparity in loss was doubtless due to the fact that, while the Danes were only armed with the old smooth-bore

muzzle-loading musket, the Prussians had adopted the new *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun, the parent of all modern breech-loading and repeating rifles, which gave them a tremendous advantage over their opponents. In one of the preliminary encounters above referred to, a party of Danes, against whom a superior force of Prussian light-infantry (*Jäger*) was advancing, threw down their arms in token of submission; but as the Prussians came forward, they snatched them up again, fired a volley, and rushed on with the bayonet. The Prussians let them come to within twenty-yards' distance, and then, raising their deadly needle-guns, shot them down to a man. The treacherous conduct of the Danes above referred to caused great bitterness among the Prussians; but, even after death, the latter showed their foes the respect which brave men owe to one another, and in West Düppel they raised a cross with this inscription:—"Here lie twenty-five brave Danes, who died the hero's death, 17th February, 1864."

The result of these preliminary tussles was that the Danes attempted no more outfalls, and from the 17th to the 28th of March one might almost have concluded that an armistice had been agreed to but for an occasional sputtering and spitting of rifle-fire between the foreposts, who thus employed their time when not exchanging other courtesies in the form of pipe-lights, tobacco-pouches, and spirit-flasks. But now the time was come when it behoved the Prussians to get as close to the redoubts as possible, for the purpose of opening their siegetrenches, and General von Raven's Brigade was selected to sweep the ground in front of the Danish position of all its outposts. It was an early Easter this year, and just when the preachers were proclaiming to their congregations that the season of peace and goodwill to all men had now again come round, the Danes and Prussians were lighting like fiends under cover of the darkness.

The 18th Prussian Fusiliers had crept forward as far nearly as the wire-fencing and palisades in front of the redoubts, when the dawn suddenly revealed them to the Danes; and just at this moment, too, what should appear upon the scene but the ubiquitous *Rolf Krake*, which, at a distance of about five hundred yards, opened upon the advancing Prussians such a shower of shell and grape-shot as forced them to retire, causing these baffled fusiliers to curse the very name of the ship-builder who had ever laid the keel of such a bold and bothersome vessel.



At length, during the night of the 30th March, the Prussians managed to open their first parallel at a distance of about eight hundred paces from the line of the redoubts, and now, so to speak, they had reached the beginning of the end. The men on duty in this parallel, or shelter-trench (about eight feet deep), were relieved at first every forty-eight hours, and then every twenty-four, the former period having been found to be too great a strain on the soldiers, who, in consequence, had soon as many as ten per cent. on the sick list. For nothing could have been more trying to the constitution than this trench-life, with its cold nights, and rain, and mud, and manifold wretchedness.

Yet the Prussian soldiers, who were all very young fellows—mere boys some of them—kept up their spirits in the most wonderful manner, and indulged in all kinds of fun—mounting a gas-pipe on a couple of cart-wheels, and thus drawing the fire of the Danes, who imagined it to be a cannon; making sentries out of clay, and otherwise indulging in the thousand-and-one humours of a camp. They were also cheered by frequent visits from their commander, the “Red Prince,” who—although housed in most comfortable, not to say luxurious, quarters at the Schloss,

or château, of Gravenstein, about six miles to the rear—failed not to ride to the front every day and acquaint himself with all that was going on. With such a commander soldiers will do anything, and hence the whole Prussian force in front of the Danish redoubts began to burn with a fighting ardour which neither cold, nor wet, nor knee-deep mud could in the least degree damp or depress.

On the other hand, the Danes, though better off for shelter in their blockhouses, wooden barracks, and casemates, were not in such good spirits. One of the few things, apparently, that cheered their hearts was the sight of the numerous English tourists—"T. G.'s," or "travelling gents," as they used to be called in the Crimea, and *Kriegsbummler*, or war-loafers, as they are dubbed in Germany—who, arrayed in suits of a most fearful and wonderful make, streamed over to the Cimbrian Peninsula in quest of sensation and adventure, exposing themselves on parapet and sky-line to the shells of the Prussians with a devil-me-care coolness which proved a source of new inspiration to the Danskés.

Simultaneously with the pushing on of their parallel work, the Prussians kept up a tremendous fire on the forts, but the Danes showed their good sense by lying quietly in their casemates and scarcely noticing the storm of missiles directed against them. These missiles did them and their earthworks very little harm, and they were not to be terrified by mere noise. Before the Prussians had settled down to their trench-work, their batteries over the bay at Gammelmark firing day and night had in the course of a fortnight thrown about 7,500 shot and shell into the Danish redoubts, yet not more than seventy-five officers and men had been killed or disabled by all this roaring volcano of heavy guns; and, indeed, it was computed about this time that the Prussians were purchasing the lives of their enemies at about 500 cannon-shots per head. "The huge earthen mounds or humps (of forts)," wrote a correspondent, "might have marked the graves of an extinct race, or been the result of some gigantic mole's obscure toil," for all the signs of life which the Prussian bombardment drew from the redoubts.



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

One night a curious thing happened to a company of the 60th Prussian regiment. In the course of some skirmishing it got too far forward, and, when day broke, it found itself in a slight hollow of the ground so near to Forts 1 and 2 that, had it tried to return to its own lines, it must have been annihilated by the grape-shot of the Danes. The shelter afforded it by the nature of the ground was so trifling that the men were forced to lie down flat upon their bellies to avoid being shot. In this unpleasant position they lay the whole day, for the Danes, strange to say, did not seek to sally out and capture them; and it was not till late in the evening that the company, under cover of the darkness, was able to rejoin their friends. They had eaten nothing in the interval, for, though they had provisions in their pockets, or haversacks, the least movement they made to get at this provender exposed them to the enemy's fire.

The first parallel had been opened on the 30th of March, and the second was accomplished in the night of the 10th of April. It was now expected that the "Red Prince," without more ado, would make a rush for the forts and be done with them—the more so as there now began to be whisperings of a political conference of the Powers which might meet and baulk the Prussian soldier of the final reward of all his toil. But still Prince Frederick Charles gave not the signal for the assault, and then it

oozed out that this delay was simply due to the command of his royal uncle, King (afterward Kaiser) William, a very humane monarch, who, wishing to spare as much as possible the blood of his brave soldiers, had directed that still another—a third—parallel should be made, so as to shorten the distance across which the stormers would have to rush before reaching the redoubts. Meanwhile the Prussians prepared themselves for the assault, among other things by getting up sham works in imitation of those they had to attack, where the battalions destined for the purpose were practised in breaking down palisades and using scaling-ladders, as well as in disposing of *chevaux de frise* and other impediments usual in the defence of forts. The Danish redoubts were known to the Prussians as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, beginning from their—the Prussian—right on the sea, and their foremost parallel fronted this line of forts from 1 to 6. Against these forts the Prussians had thrown up twenty-four batteries mounting ninety-four guns, and now at last these guns were to give voice in a chorus such as had not rent the sky since the fall of Sebastopol.

But just as every storm is preceded by a strange delusive silence, so the day before the assault on the Düppel redoubts—the 17th of April—was a beautifully calm, sunny Sunday, with earth and sky embracing in a common joy over the birth of spring, and the encircling sea smooth as glass—a lovely day, and the last but one that many a brave man was doomed to see. For the order had gone forth from Prince Frederick Charles that at 10 o'clock precisely on the following (Monday) morning the redoubts should at last be stormed. At dawn of day the whole line of Prussian batteries should open fire on the forts, pouring upon them one continuous cataract of shot and shell till 10 o'clock, when the storming columns would start out of their trenches and “go for” the redoubts with might and main.

At 2 o'clock a.m. these columns—six in number, drawn by lot from the various brigades so that all might have an impartial share in the honour of the day—emerged from the Büffell-Koppel wood well in the rear, and silently marched in the darkness to the parallels. Each of these six columns was thus composed:—First of all a company of infantry with orders to take extended front about 150 paces from its particular redoubt, and open fire on the besieged. Following these sharpshooters, pioneers and engineers with spades, axes, ladders, and all other storming gear,

including bags of blasting powder, and after them, at 100 paces distance, the storming column itself, followed at 150 paces by a reserve of equal strength, together with a score of artillerists for manning the captured guns of the Danes.



THE GERMAN SOLDIERS MAKING SENTRIES
OUT OF CLAY ([p. 227](#)).

The Danes, in the darkness of the night, knew nothing whatever of all these preparations, and it was only when the first streaks of dawn began to chequer the eastern sky that they were aroused out of their sleep by such an infernal outburst of cannon-thunder all along their front as had never before, in lieu of the twittering and chirping of birds, greeted the advent of a beautiful day in spring. For six long mortal hours did the Prussians continue this terrific cannonade, of which the violence and intensity may be inferred from the fact that during this time no fewer than 11,500 shot and shell were hurled at and into the Danish redoubts. The material damage done to these redoubts was less, perhaps, than the

demoralisation thereby caused to their defenders; but the latter was the result which the Prussians, perhaps, aimed at and valued most.

Shortly before ten the awful cannonade suddenly ceased, and was followed by a few minutes' painful silence. During this brief interval the field-preachers, who had given the Sacrament to all the stormers the night before, now again addressed to them a few fervid words of religious encouragement, and then at the "*Nun, Kinder, in Gottes Namen!*" ("Now, my children, away with you in God's name!") of their commanders, the six storming columns, raising a loud and simultaneous cheer, dashed out of their trenches and across to their respective redoubts to the stirring music of the *Preussenlied* played by the bands of three regiments—"Ich bin ein Preusse: kennt Ihr meine Färbe?" ("I am a Prussian: know ye then my colours?")

For a few seconds the Danes seem to be taken aback by this sudden onrush of their foes, and then they recognise that this is no mere outpost affair such as caused them some time before to boast that they had repulsed a Prussian attack all along their line. They look and comprehend; and by the time their Prussian assailants have half covered the distance between the trenches and the forts, their parapets are fringed with the smoke of sharp-crackling volleys of musketry, for, strange to say, they do not use their guns and dose their assailants with destructive rounds of grape. The Prussians rush forward, and many of them fall. Their pioneers cut down the wires, hack and blow up the palisades, tug, strain, and open up a passage for the stormers, who swarm down into the ditch and up the formidable face of the breastwork.

The Crown Prince, at the side of "Papa" Wrangel, is looking on from the Gammelmark height on the opposite side of the bay, while his cousin, the "Red Prince," and his staff have taken their stand on the Spitzberg, well to the rear of the line of zigzags. The stormers swarm up the breastworks like ants, and some of them fall back upon the heads of their comrades mortally struck by Danish bullets. At last they reach the top of the parapets and see the whites of their enemies' eyes, and a short but desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensues. Many of the Danes, seeing the foe thus upon them, throw down their arms and surrender, but many will not give in, and are shot or struck down with bullet, bayonet, and butt.

At Fort 2 the Prussians cannot force their way through the palisades, and are consequently slaughtered as they stand. “Better one of us than ten!” cries a pioneer, Klinké by name (for a monument now stands to his memory on the exact scene of his heroism), who rushes forward with a bag of powder and blows at once the palisades and his own person into atoms—sacrificing himself to save his comrades, and thus secure himself a golden register in the annals of the Prussian army. The stormers now dash on and up, and presently the black-and-white flag of Prussia is seen waving on the parapets of the redoubt. It sinks again, but is once more raised to remain, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time that the stormers sprang out of their trenches they are masters of six redoubts. It was all done, so to speak, in the twinkling of an eye—short, sharp, and decisive. From the six redoubts thus so swiftly rushed, the Prussians made a sweep to the rear of the others, and captured them in much the same manner, though one fort spared them the necessity of fighting for it by surrendering.

As it was at Fort 2 where the highest act of individual heroism had been performed on the side of the Prussians by brave pioneer Klinké, so it was also within this redoubt that Danish courage found its most brilliant exponent in the person of Lieutenant Anker. The Prussians were quite aware that a man of more than usual bravery was posted here, for they had admired the stubborn valour with which the redoubt had always been defended. And when at last they had stormed their way behind its parapets, they beheld the man himself whose acts had hitherto moved their admiration. He had spiked some of his guns, and was in the act of firing another when a Prussian officer sprang upon him, and, clapping a revolver to his breast, cried, “If you fire, I fire!” Anker hesitated, and finally desisted. But just afterwards he took up a lighted match and was making for the powder magazine, when the Prussian officer cut him over the head with his sword, only just in time to prevent him from blowing up himself and a considerable number of his foes. He was then taken prisoner, and his lifelike figure may now be seen on the fine bronze bas-relief of the Storming of the Düppel Redoubts, which adorns the Victory Column in Berlin.

The Danes had been defeated—not so much because the Prussians were braver men, which they were not, as because the latter were armed with better guns and rifles, and more expert at handling them; but, above

all things, because they had taken their foes by surprise. For it cannot be doubted that this was the fact. Said a Danish officer who was taken prisoner: "We waited all morning, thinking the assault might still be given, although we had expected that it would take place still sooner; we waited under the terrific cannonade kept up against us, while hour after hour passed slowly away. At last we said to ourselves that we must have been misinformed, or that the Prussians had changed their minds, and the reserves were withdrawn. It was past nine o'clock when I left the forts and went back to breakfast. While thus engaged, I heard somebody utter an exclamation of dismay. 'What is that? The Prussian flag floats over Fort 4!' And so it was—the forts were lost."

But there was still another and a better reason for concluding that the Danes had not yet awhile expected the Prussian assault, and that was the circumstance that the *Rolf Krake*, most daring and deviceful of warships, did not immediately appear upon the scene to pour its volleys of shell and shrapnel into the flanks of the storming columns. True, it was lying at the entrance to the bay (Wenningbund), like an ever-vigilant watchdog; but by the time it had got its steam up and come to where it was most wanted, the Prussians were already within the Danish redoubts, and, after firing a few ineffectual rounds, the monitor had to retire again well battered with Prussian cannon-balls, but by no means beaten yet like the battalions which had held the forts.

Yet even these battalions, when beaten out of the redoubts, continued to cling tenaciously to the ground behind them, and once or twice they even made a counter-attack with the object of recovering their lost positions. But Prussian ardour proved too much for Danish obstinacy; and at last the Danes in the country behind the forts, after several hours' fighting, were all swept back to the bridge-head in their rear, and then over into the island of Alsen, leaving their foes undisputed masters of all the field.

This latter phase of the fight was well described by a correspondent with the Danes, who wrote:—"Düppel was lost, but the battle was by no means at an end. Indeed, as we watched the terrible cannonade from 12 at noon till 3 or 4 p.m., the violence of the fire seemed to increase at every moment. Anything more sublime than that sight and sound no effort of imagination can conjure up, and we stood spellbound, entranced, rooted to the spot, in a state that partook of wild excitement

and dumb amazement—a state of being which spread equally to the dull hinds, ploughmen, woodmen, and the foresters, and their families of wives and children, as they emerged from fields, woods, and huts, and clustered in awestruck, dumbfounded groups around us. The flashes of the heavy artillery outsped the rapidity of the glance that strove to watch them; the reports were far more frequent than the pulsations in our arteries, and the reverberation of the thunder throughout the vast spreading forest lengthened out and perpetuated the roar with a solemn cadence that was the grandest of all music to the dullest ear. The air seemed all alive with these angry shells. I have witnessed fearful thunderstorms in my day in southern and in tropical climates; but here the crash and rattle of all the tempests that ever were seemed to be summed up in the tornado of an hour. Nor was all that noise by any means deafening or stunning. It came to us lingering far and wide in the still air, softened and mellowed by the vastness of space, every note blending admirably and harmonising with the general concert—the greatest treat that the most consummate pyrotechnic art could possibly contrive for the delight of the eye and ear.”

Many of the Danes surrendered, but many more were taken prisoners; and as they came along the Prussian soldiers shook them good-naturedly by the hand and tried to cheer them up. Few of the men seemed to want cheering up, being only too glad, apparently, to have escaped with their lives, though their officers looked gloomy enough over their defeat. The Prussians found these captive Danes “sturdy fellows, but by no means soldierly-looking,” with their “rich sandy hair reaching far below the nape of their necks.” And, to tell the truth, their victors, no less than their admirers throughout Europe, expected that they would have made a far more vigorous defence; for desperate a defence could scarcely have been called which resulted in the capture of their chief redoubts within the brief space of about ten minutes.

The Prussians had won a glorious victory, but a dear one; for in dead they had lost 16 officers and 213 men, and in wounded 54 officers and 1,118 men. Among the officers who were wounded—mortally, as afterwards proved—was the brave General von Raven, who, as he was being borne to the rear, exclaimed: “It is high time that a Prussian General should again show how to die for his King.” On the other side General du Plat was also killed, while in dead and wounded officers and

men and prisoners the Danish loss otherwise amounted to about 5,500. Among the trophies of victory which fell into the hands of the Prussians were 118 guns and 40 colours.

On being informed of all this, King William telegraphed from Berlin —“To Prince Frederick Charles. Next to the Lord of Hosts, I have to thank my splendid army under thy leadership for to-day’s glorious victory. Pray convey to the troops the expression of my highest acknowledgment and my kingly thanks for what they have done.” On seeing that victory was his, the “Red Prince” had bared his head and muttered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, while some massed bands played a kind of *Te Deum*. “In the broad ditch to the rear of Fort No. 4,” wrote Dr. Russell, “the bands of four regiments had established themselves, and while the cannon were firing close behind them, they played a chorale, or song of thanksgiving, for the day’s success. The effect was striking, and the grouping of the troops and of the musicians, with their smart uniforms and bright instruments, standing in the deep trench against the shell-battered earthwork, and by palisades riven and shattered and shivered by shot, was most picturesque.”



THE PRUSSIANS ATTACKING THE DANISH BREASTWORKS (p. [230](#)).

But King William was not content with telegraphing to his troops, through his nephew Prince Frederick Charles, his acknowledgment of their bravery. Following hard on his telegram his Majesty himself hurried to the seat of war, with his “blood-and-iron” Minister, Bismarck, at his side, and passed in review the troops who had so stoutly stormed the redoubts of the Danes. These troops appeared on parade in the dress and equipment they had worn on the day of their great feat, and in the course of their march past jumped a broad drain to show his Majesty how nimbly they had stormed in upon the Danes. A fortnight later a select number of the Düppel stormers escorted into Berlin the guns—more than a hundred in number—which they had captured from the Danes, and were received with tremendous enthusiasm.

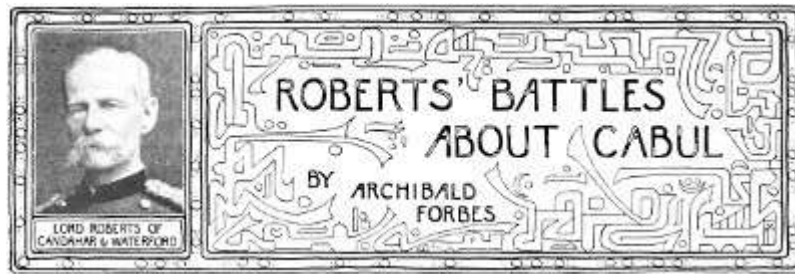
But this popular jubilation grew louder still when a few weeks later the war was ended altogether by the storming of the island of Alsen, into which the Danes had retired after their defeat at Düppel and entrenched

themselves down to the water's edge. In the deep darkness of a summer night (June 29th) the Prussians, in 160 boats, crossed the channel—about eight hundred yards broad—between the mainland and the island, though not without the usual amount of harassing opposition from the *Rolf Krake*, and under a murderous fire jumped ashore and made themselves master of the position in a manner which made some observers describe the affair as a mere “skirmish and a scamper.”

But all the same it was a feat which recalled the “Island of the Scots,” as sung by Ayton, and will always live in military history as a splendid feat of arms.



LIEUTENANT ANKER TAKEN PRISONER (p. [230](#)).



ROBERTS' BATTLES ABOUT CABUL

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

LORD ROBERTS OF CANDAHAR & WATERFORD

The Afghan War of 1878–79 was terminated by the completion of what is known as the “Treaty of Gundamuk,” which was signed at that place in May, 1879, by Yakoub Khan—who, on the flight of his father, Shere Ali, had succeeded that ill-starred potentate as Ameer of Afghanistan—and by Major (afterwards Sir Louis) Cavagnari, representing Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India. This treaty gave practical—although, as it turned out, only temporary—effect to the “scientific frontier” of North-Western India, on the attainment of which the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister, greatly plumed himself. The “scientific frontier” detached from Afghanistan and annexed to British India for the time being a large tract of territory. The Treaty of Gundamuk stipulated that a British envoy should thenceforth be resident in the Afghan capital; and to the onerous and dangerous post, at his own request, was assigned the resolute and cool-headed officer to whose wise and calm strength of will was mainly owing the accomplishment of the treaty. Sir Louis Cavagnari took with him to Cabul a subordinate Civil Servant, a surgeon, and a small escort of the famous “Guides,” commanded by the gallant Hamilton.

On the night of September 4th, 1879, a weary trooper of the Guides—one of the few who had escaped the slaughter—rode into a British outpost on the Shutargurdan height, with the startling tidings that Sir Louis Cavagnari, the members of his mission and the soldiers of his escort, had been massacred in the Balla Hissar of Cabul on the 3rd. The news reached Simla by telegraph on the morning of the 5th, and next day Sir Frederick Roberts, accompanied by Colonel Charles Macgregor,

C.B., was speeding with relentless haste to the Kurum valley, the force remaining in which from the previous campaign was to constitute the nucleus of the little army of invasion and retribution, to the command of which Roberts was appointed. In less than a month he had crossed the Shutargurdan, and temporarily cutting loose from his base in the Kurum valley, was marching swiftly on Cabul, whence the Ameer Yakoub Khan had fled and thrown himself on Roberts' protection.

All told, the army which Roberts led on Cabul was the reverse of a mighty host. Its entire strength was little greater than that of a Prussian brigade on a war-footing. Its fate was in its own hands, for, befall it what might, it could hope for no timely reinforcement. It was a mere detachment marching against a nation of fighting-men plentifully supplied with artillery, no longer shooting laboriously with jizails, but carrying arms of precision equal or little inferior to those in the hands of our own soldiery. But the men of Roberts' command, Europeans and Easterns, hillmen of Scotland and hillmen of Nepaul, plainmen of Hampshire and plainmen of the Punjaub, strode along buoyant with confidence and with health, believing in their leader, in their discipline, in themselves. Of varied race, no soldier who followed Roberts but came of fighting stock; ever blithely rejoicing in the combat, one and all burned for the strife now before them with more than wonted ardour, because of the opportunity it promised to exact vengeance for a deed of foul treachery. Roberts' column of invasion consisted of a cavalry brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Dunham Massy, and of two infantry brigades, the first commanded by Brigadier-General Macpherson, the second by Brigadier-General Baker, with three batteries of artillery, a company of sappers and miners, and two Gatling guns.

The soldiers had not long to wait for the first fight of the campaign. At dawn, of October 6th, Baker marched out from Charasiah towards his left front, against the heights held by an Afghan host in great strength and regular formation. Sweeping back the Afghan hordes with hard fighting, Baker wheeled to his right, marched along the lofty crest, rolling up and driving before him the Afghan defence as he moved towards the Sung-i-Nagusta gorge, which the gallant Major White^[5] had already entered. While Baker had been turning the Afghan right, White and his little force had been distinguishing themselves not a little. After an artillery preparation, the detached hill covering the mouth of the pass

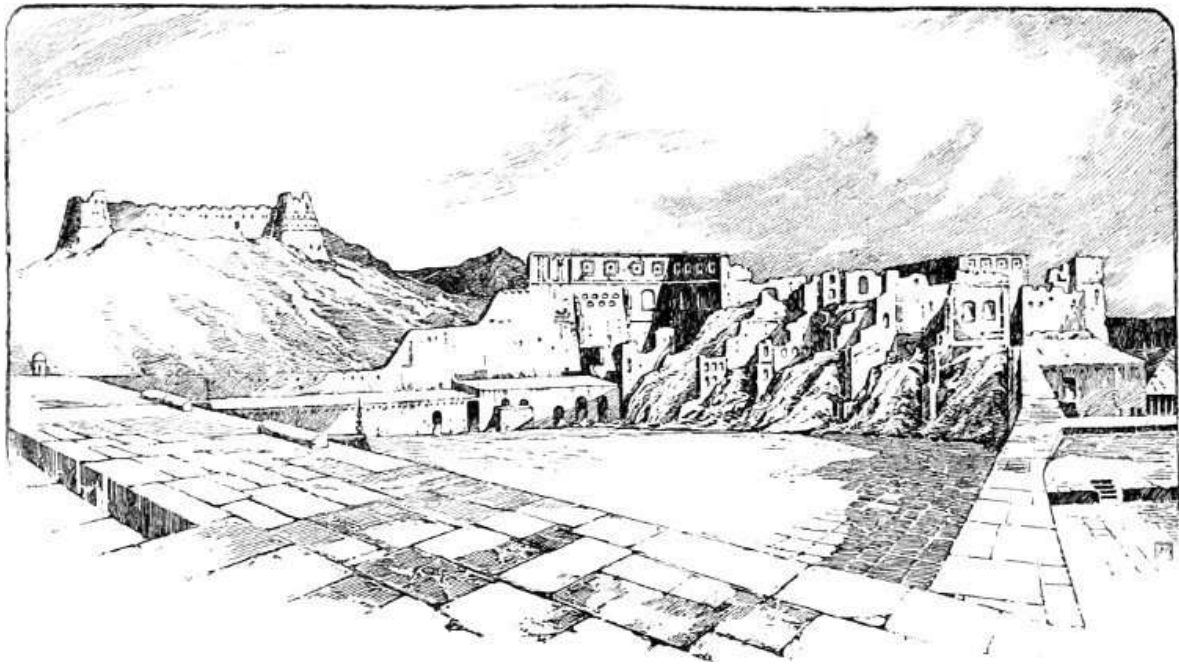
had been won as the result of a hand-to-hand struggle. Later had fallen into the hands of White's people all the Afghan guns, the heights to the immediate right and left of the gorge had been carried, the defenders driven away, and the pass opened up. Artillery fire crushed the defence of a strong fort commanding the road through the pass. The Afghans were routed, and on the following day the whole division passed the defile and camped within sight of the Balla Hissar, and the lofty mountain chain overhanging Cabul. In the fight of Charasiah less than half of Roberts' force had been engaged, and this mere brigade had routed the army of Cabul and captured the whole of the artillery the latter had brought into the field. The Afghan loss was estimated at about three hundred; the British loss was twenty killed and sixty-seven wounded.

On the 9th the camp was moved forward to the Siah Sung heights, a mile eastward from the Balla Hissar (the palace and citadel of Cabul), to dominate which a regiment was detached; and a cavalry regiment occupied the Sherpur cantonment, the great magazine of which had been blown up, and whence the regiments which had been quartered in the cantonment had fled.

It was a melancholy visit which Sir Frederick Roberts made to the Balla Hissar on the 11th. Through the dirt and squalor of the lower portion, he ascended the narrow lane leading to the ruin which a few weeks earlier had been the British Residency. The commander of the avenging army looked with sorrowful eyes on the scene of heroism and slaughter, on the smoke-blackened ruins, the blood-splashes on the white-washed walls, the still smouldering *débris*, the half-burned skulls and bones in the blood-dabbled chamber where apparently the final struggle had been fought out. He stood in the breach in the quarters of the staunch and faithful Guides, where the gate had been blown in after the last of the sorties made by the gallant Hamilton, and lingered in the tattered wreck of poor Cavagnari's drawing-room, its walls dented with bullet-pits, its floor and divans brutally defiled. Next day, under the flagstaff from which waved the banner of Britain, he held a durbar in the audience chamber of the palace—in front and in flank of him the pushing throng of obsequious sirdars, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow; behind them, standing immobile at attention, the guard of British infantry, with fixed bayonets which the soldiers longed to use.

Promptitude of advance on the part of the force to which had been assigned the supporting line of invasion by the Khyber-Jellalabad route was of scarcely less moment than the rapidity of the stroke which Roberts was commissioned to deliver. But delay on delay marked the mobilisation and advance of the troops operating by the Khyber line. There was no lack of earnestness anywhere, but the barren hills and rugged passes could furnish no supplies; the country in rear had to furnish everything, and there was nothing at the base of operations, neither any accumulation of supplies nor means to transport supplies if they had been accumulated. Communications were opened from Cabul with the Khyber force and India, it was true, but no reinforcement came to Roberts from that force until the 11th December, when there arrived the Guides, 900 strong, brought up by Jenkins from Jugdulluck by forced marches. Five weeks earlier, when the Kurum line of communication was closed for the winter, Roberts had received the welcome accession of a wing of the 9th Lancers, Money's Sikh regiment, and four mountain guns: his strength was thus increased to about 7,000 men.

For some weeks after Roberts' arrival at Cabul, almost perfect quiet prevailed in and around the Afghan capital, but the chief was well aware how precarious and deceitful was the calm. When the impending announcement of Yakoub Khan's dethronement and deportation should be made, Roberts knew the Afghan nature too well to doubt that the tribal blood-feuds would be soldered for the time, that Dooranee and Baraksai would strike hands, that Afghan regulars and Afghan irregulars would rally under the same standards, and that the fierce shouts of "Deen! deen!" would resound on hill-top and in plain. He was ready for the strife, and would not hesitate to strike quick and hard, for Roberts knew the value of a resolute and vigorous offensive in dealing with Afghans. But it behoved him, above all things, to make timely choice of his winter-quarters where he should collect his supplies and house his troops and their followers. After careful deliberation the Sherpur cantonment, a mile outside of Cabul, was selected. It was overlarge for easy defence, but hard work, skilled engineering, and steadfast courage would remedy that evil. And Sherpur had a great advantage in that, besides being in a measure a ready-made defensive position, it had shelter for all the troops and would accommodate also the horses of the cavalry, the transport animals, and all the needful supplies and stores.



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AFTER THE ATTACK.

The deportation to India of Yakoub Khan and his three principal ministers was the signal for a general rising. The Peter the Hermit of Afghanistan in 1879 was the old Mushk-i-Alum, the fanatic chief moulla (or priest) of Ghuznee, who went to and fro among the tribes proclaiming the sacred duty of a religious war against the unbelieving invaders. The combination of fighting tribes found a competent leader in Mahomed Jan, a Warduk general of proved courage and capacity. The plan of campaign was comprehensive and well devised. A contingent from the Logur country south of Cabul was to seize the Sher Darwaza heights, stretching southward from Cabul toward Charasiah. The northern contingent from the Kohistan and Kohdaman was to occupy the Asmai heights north-west of the city, while the troops from the Maidan and Warduk territory away to the south-westward of the capital, led by Mahomed Jan in person, should come in by Urgundeh across the Chardeh Valley, take possession of Cabul, and rally to their banners the disaffected population of the city and the surrounding villages. The concentration of the three bodies effected, Cabul and the ridge against which it leans occupied, the next step was to be the investment of the Sherpur cantonment, preparatory to an assault in force upon that stronghold.

The British general, through his spies, had information of those projects. To allow the projected concentration would be fraught with mischief, and both experience and temperament enjoined in Roberts a prompt initiative. He resolved, in the first instance, to deal with Mahomed Jan's force, which was reckoned some 5,000 strong; the other contingents might be disregarded for the moment. On the 8th of December Baker marched out with a force consisting of 900 infantry, two and a half squadrons, and four guns, with instructions to break up the tribal assemblage in the Logur valley, march thence south-westward, and take a position across the Ghuznee road in the Maidan valley, on the line of retreat which it was hoped that Macpherson would succeed in enforcing on Mahomed Jan. Macpherson was to move westward with 1,300 bayonets, three squadrons, and eight guns, across the Chardeh valley to Urgurdeh, where it was expected that he would find Mahomed Jan's levies, which he was to attack and drive southward to Maidan upon Baker. Should this combination come off, the Afghan leader would find himself, it was hoped, between the upper and the lower millstone, and would be punished so severely as to hinder him from giving further trouble.



“HE HELD A DURBAR” (p. 235).

It happened, however, as Macpherson was about starting on the 9th, that a cavalry reconnaissance found the Kohistanee levies in considerable strength about Karez Meer, some ten miles north-west of Cabul. It was imperative promptly to disperse them, and Macpherson, on the 10th, had to alter his line of advance and move against the Kohistanees, a divergence from the original plan which had the effect of wrecking the previously arranged combined movement and bringing about a very critical situation. After a sharp fight Macpherson routed the Kohistanees, and halted on the ground for the night. In the hope that the combination might still be effected, he was ordered to march south-west toward Urgundeh on the morning of the 11th, where it was hoped he would find Mahomed Jan and drive him towards Baker. Macpherson had left his cavalry and wheeled guns at Aushar on the eastern edge of the Chardeh valley; and he was informed that they would leave that place at 9 a.m. of the same day, under the command of Brigadier-General Massy, and move across the valley in the direction of Urgundeh, where Macpherson, it was

expected, would re-unite himself with them. Massy's orders were to proceed cautiously to join Macpherson, but "on no account to commit himself to an action until the latter had engaged the enemy."

Macpherson marched from Karez Meer at eight a.m. of the 11th. Massy left Aushar an hour later, and went across country instead of keeping to the road. His force consisted of two squadrons 9th Lancers, a troop of Bengal Lancers, and four horse artillery guns. Near Killa Kazee his advance guard sent back word that the hills in front were occupied by the enemy in considerable force. Massy halted when he saw some 2,000 Afghans forming across the road, and from the hills to right and left broad streams of armed men pouring down the slopes and massing in the plain. The surprise was complete, the situation full of perplexity. There was no Macpherson within ken of Massy. If he retired, he probably would be rushed. If, on the other hand, he should show a bold front, and, departing from his orders in the urgent crisis face to face with which he found himself, should strain every nerve to "hold" the Afghan masses in their present position, there was the possibility that he might save the situation and give time for Macpherson to come up. Massy, for better or for worse, committed himself to the offensive, and opened fire on the Afghan masses. But they were not daunted, and the guns had again and again to be retired. The outlook was ominous when Roberts arrived on the scene. He acted promptly, as was his wont, directing Massy to retire till he found an opportunity to charge; he sent General Hills back to Sherpur to warn its garrison to be on the alert, and to order the despatch at speed of a wing of the 72nd Highlanders to the village of Deh Mazung in the throat of the gorge of the Cabul river, which the Highlanders were to hold to extremity.

The moment seemed to have come for the action of the cavalry. Colonel Cleland led his lancers straight for the centre of the Afghan line. Captain Gough, away on the Afghan left, eagerly "conformed," crushing in on the enemy's flank at the head of his troop. There have been few forlorn hopes than the errand on which, on this ill-starred day, over 200 troopers rode into the heart of 10,000 Afghans flushed with unwonted good fortune. Through the dust-cloud of the charge were visible the flashes of the Afghan volleys and the sheen of the British lance-heads as they came down to the "engage." There was a short interval of suspense, the din of the *mêlée* faintly heard, but invisible behind the bank of smoke

and dust. Then from out the obscurity of the battle riderless horses came galloping back, followed slowly by broken groups of dismounted troopers. Gallantly led home, the charge had failed. What other could have been the result? Sixteen troopers had been slain, seven were wounded; two brave young officers lay dead where they fell. Cleland came out with a sword cut and a bullet wound, which latter gave him his death a few months later. The Afghans pressed on. A gun had to be spiked and abandoned, its officer, Lieutenant Hardy, remaining by it until killed; three other guns stuck fast in a watercourse. All four were gallantly recovered by Colonel Macgregor the same afternoon by a most skilful and daring effort, which only he would have ventured upon. The retreat was stubborn and orderly; but there was an anxious interval at Deh Mazung until the Highlanders came through the gorge at the double; when, after a short interval of firing, the Afghans climbed the slopes of the Sher Derwasa heights, and occupied the summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah. Macpherson, marching in, struck and broke the Afghan rear. On the 12th, Baker fought his steadfast way back to Sherpur. The casualties of the 11th were not light—thirty men killed and forty-four wounded. The Afghans were naturally elated by the success they had achieved, and it was clear that Mahomed Jan had a quick eye for opportunities and some skill in handling men.

From the Sher Derwasa heights Macpherson, with barely 600 men, attempted, on the morning of the 12th, to carry the rocky summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah, but after a prolonged and bitter struggle it had to be recognised that the direct attack by so weak a force, unaided by a diversion, could not succeed. Macpherson remained on the ground he had actually won, informed that on the following morning he was to expect Baker's co-operation from the south. The casualties of the abortive attempt included three officers, one of whom—Major Cook, V.C., of the Goorkhas, than whom the British army contained no better soldier—died of his wounds.

The lesson of the result of attempting impossibilities had been taken to heart, and the force which Baker led out on the morning of the 13th was exceptionally strong, consisting as it did of the 92nd Highlanders and the Guides infantry, a wing of the 3rd Sikhs, a cavalry regiment, and eight guns. Marching in the direction of the lateral spur stretching out from the main ridge eastward towards Beni Hissar, Baker observed that

large masses of the enemy were quitting the plain villages in which they had been spending the winter night, and were hurrying upward to gain and hold the summit of the spur, which constituted the main defensive position of the Afghan reserve. His opportunity flashed upon the ready-witted Baker. By gaining the centre of the spur he would cut in two the Afghan mass, holding its continuous summit, and so isolate and neutralise the portion of that mass in position from the centre of the spur to its eastern extremity. To effect this stroke it was, however, necessary that he should act with promptitude and energy. His guns opened a hot fire on the Afghan bodies holding the crest of the spur. His Sikhs, extended athwart the plain, protected his right flank; his cavalry on the left cut into the groups of Afghans hastening to ascend the eastern extremity of the spur. With noble emulation the Highlanders and the Guides sprang up the rugged slope, their faces set towards the centre of the summit line. Major White, who had already earned many laurels in the campaign, led on the 92nd; the Guides, burning to make the most of their first opportunity to distinguish themselves, followed eagerly the gallant Jenkins, the chief who had so often led them to victory on other fields. Lieutenant Forbes, a young officer of the 92nd, heading the advance of his regiment, reached the summit accompanied only by his colour-sergeant. A band of Ghazees rushed on the pair, and the sergeant fell dead. As Forbes stood covering the body, he was overpowered and slain. The sudden and bloody catastrophe staggered for a moment the soldiers following their officer, but Lieutenant Dick Cunyngham rallied them immediately and led them forward at speed. For his conduct on this occasion Cunyngham worthily received the Victoria Cross.

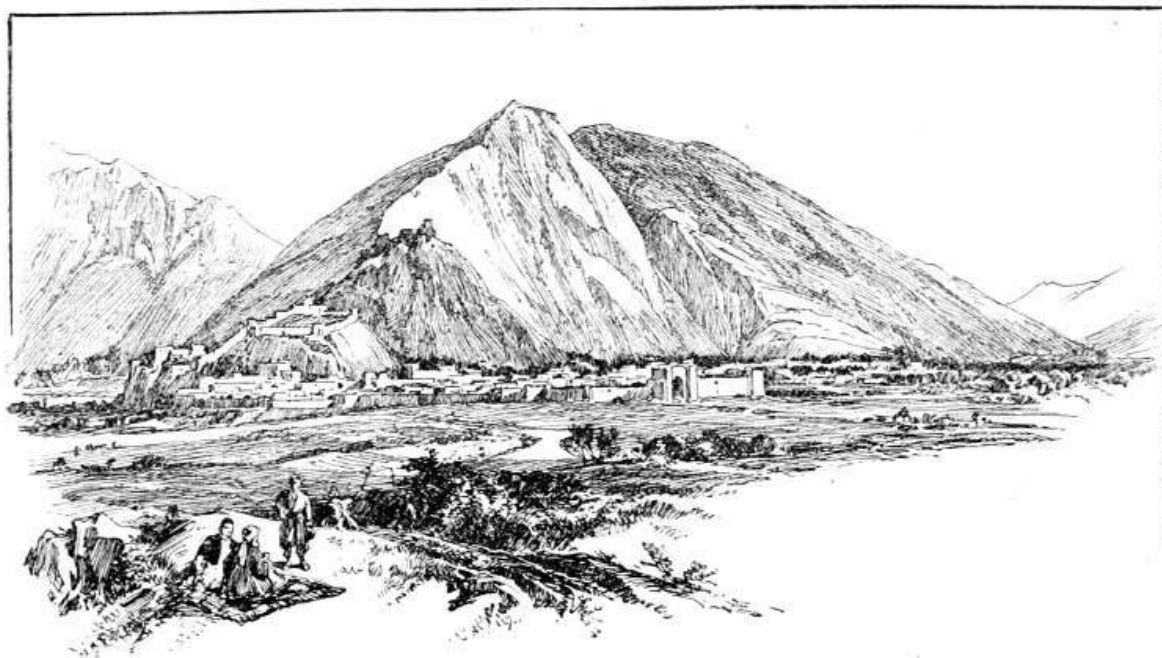
With rolling volleys the Highlanders and the Guides reached and won the rocky summit. The Afghans momentarily defended the position, but the British fire swept them away, and the bayonets disposed of the Ghazees, who fought and died under their standards. The severance of the Afghan line was now complete. A detachment was left to maintain the isolation of some 2,000 of the enemy who had been cut off; and then swinging to their right with a cheer Baker's regiments swept along the spur towards the main ridge and the Takht-i-Shah. As they rushed forward they rolled up the Afghan line, and the enemy fled in panic flight. Assailed from both sides, for Macpherson's men were climbing the north side of the peak, and shaken by the fire of the mountain guns, the garrison of the Takht-i-Shah evacuated the position. Baker's soldiers

toiled vigorously upward towards the peak, keen for the honour of winning it; but that honour justly fell to their comrades of Macpherson's command, who had striven so valiantly to earn it on the previous afternoon, and who had gained possession of the peak and the standards left flying on its summit a few minutes in advance of the arrival of White's Highlanders and Jenkins' Guides. As the midday gun was fired in the Sherpur cantonment, the flash of the heliograph from the peak told that the Takht-i-Shah was won.

While the fight was proceeding on the mountain summits, another was being fought on the Siah Sung upland springing out of the plain, within artillery range of Sherpur. On this elevation had gathered masses of Afghans from the turbulent city and from the villages about Beni Hissar, with intent to hinder Baker's return march. The Sherpur guns shelled them, but they held their ground, and the cavalry galloped out from the cantonment to disperse them. The Afghans showed unwonted resolution; but the British horsemen were not to be denied. Captains Butson and Chisholme led their squadrons against the Afghan flanks, and the troopers of the 9th Lancers swept their fierce way through and through the hostile masses. But in the charge Butson was killed, and Chisholme and Trower were wounded; the sergeant-major and three men were killed, and seven men were wounded. Brilliant charges were delivered by the other cavalry detachments, and the Siah Sung heights were ultimately cleared. The Guides' cavalry attacked, defeated, and pursued for a long distance a body of Kohistanees marching north apparently with intent to join Mahomed Jan. The casualties of the day were sixteen killed and forty-five wounded—not a heavy loss, considering the amount of hard fighting. The Afghans were estimated to have lost in killed alone from 200 to 300 men.

The operations of the 13th were successful so far as they went, but the actual results attained scarcely warranted the belief that the Afghans had suffered so severely that they would now break up their combination and disperse to their homes. The General, indeed, was under the belief that the enemy had been "foiled in their western and southern operations." But the morning of the 14th effectually dispelled the optimistic anticipations indulged in overnight. At daybreak large bodies of Afghans, with many standards, were discerned on a hill about a mile northward of the Asmai heights, from which hill and from the Kohistan

road they were moving on to the Asmai crest. They were presently joined there by several thousands climbing the steep slopes rising from the village of Deh Afghan, the northern suburb of Cabul. It was estimated that about 8,000 men were in position on the Asmai heights, and occupying also a low conical hill beyond their north-western termination. The array of Afghans displayed itself within a mile of the west face of the Sherpur cantonment, and formed a menace that could not be brooked. To General Baker was entrusted the task of dislodging the enemy from the threatening position, with a force consisting of about 1,200 bayonets, eight guns, and a regiment of native cavalry. Baker's first object was to gain possession of the conical hill already mentioned, and thus debar the Afghan bodies on the Asmai heights from receiving accessions either from the hill further north or by the Kohistan road. Under cover of the artillery fire, the Highlanders and Guides occupied the conical hill after a short conflict. A detachment of all arms was left to hold it, and Colonel Jenkins, who commanded the attack, set about the arduous task of storming from the northward the formidable position of the Asmai heights. The assault was led by Brownlow's brave Highlanders of the 72nd, supported on their right by the Guides operating on the enemy's flank, and the Afghan position was heavily shelled from the plain and the cantonment.



CABUL.

In the face of a heavy fire the Highlanders and Guides climbed the rugged hillside leading up to the Afghan breastworks, on the northern edge of the summit. The British shrapnel fire had driven many of its defenders to seek shelter down in Deh Afghan; but the Ghazees in the breastworks fought desperately, and died under their standards as the Highlanders carried the defences with a rush. The crest—about a quarter of a mile long—was traversed under heavy fire, and the southern breastwork on the Asmai peak was approached. It was strong, and strongly held; but a cross-fire was brought to bear on its garrison, and then the frontal attack, led gallantly by Corporal Sellar of the 72nd, was delivered. After a hand-to-hand grapple, in which Highlanders and Guides were freely cut and slashed by the Ghazees, the position, which was full of dead, was carried, but with considerable loss. The Afghans streamed down from the heights, torn as they descended by shell-fire and musketry-fire: when they took refuge in Deh Afghan that place was heavily shelled. The whole summit of the Asmai heights was now in British possession, and it seemed for the moment that a decisive victory had been won.

But scarcely had Jenkins found himself in full possession of the Asmai position, when the fortune of the day was suddenly overcast. A

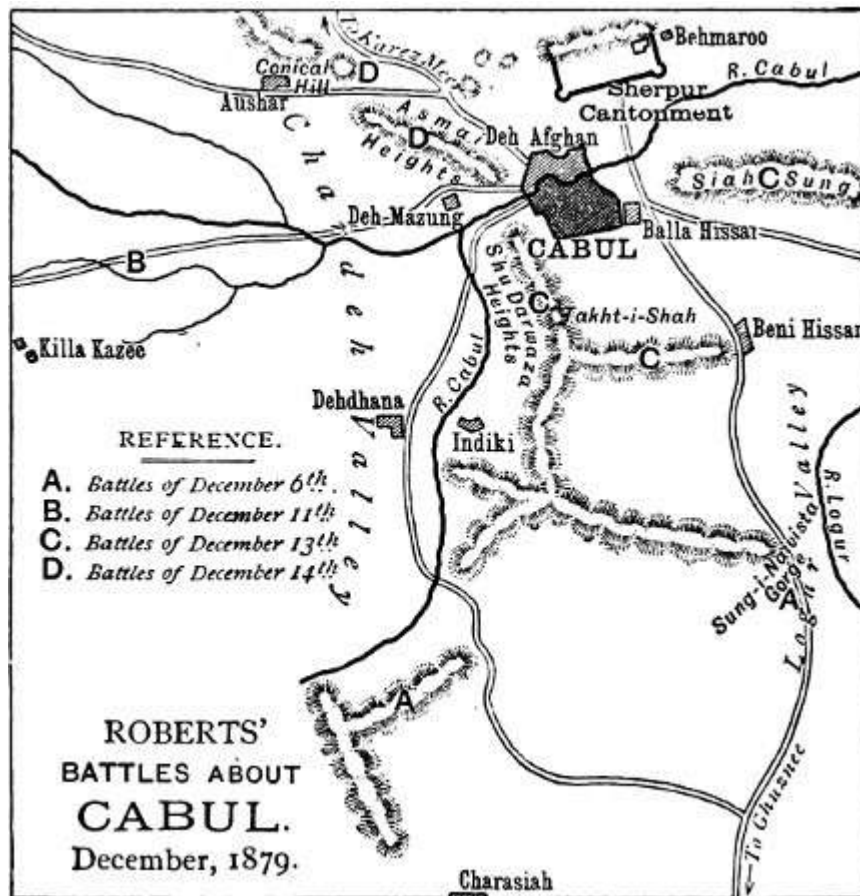
great host of Afghans, estimated to number from 15,000 to 20,000, had debouched from the direction of Indiki into the Chardeh valley, and was moving swiftly northward with the apparent object of forming a junction with the masses occupying the hills to the north-west of the Asmai heights.



“COLONEL CLELAND LED HIS LANCERS” (p. [238](#)).

Cavalry scouts galloping from the Chardeh valley brought in the tidings that large bodies of hostile infantry and cavalry were hurrying across the valley in the direction of the conical hill, which was being held by Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, with only 120 Highlanders and Guides. Baker, recognising Clark’s weakness, reinforced that officer with four mountain guns and 100 bayonets—a reinforcement which proved inadequate. The guns, indeed, opened fire on the Afghan bodies crossing the valley and drove them out of range; but these bodies coalesced dexterously with the host advancing from Indiki, and then the great

Afghan mass, suddenly facing to the right, struck the whole range of the British position, stretching from near the Cabul gorge on the south to and beyond the conical hill on the north. The most vulnerable point was about that eminence. Baker sent Clark a second reinforcement, and 200 Sikhs doubled out from Sherpur to further strengthen him. But the Afghans, swarming up from out the Chardeh valley, had the shorter distance to travel, and were beforehand with the hurrying reinforcements. As the Afghan front and flank attacks developed themselves, they encountered from the garrison of the conical hill a heavy rifle fire, and shells at short range tore through the loose rush of Ghazees; but the bhang-maddened fanatics sped on and up without wavering. As they gathered behind a mound for the final onslaught, Captain Spens with a handful of his Highlanders, charged out on the forlorn hope of dislodging them. A rush was made on the gallant Scot; he was overpowered and slaughtered after a desperate resistance, and the charge of the infuriated Ghazees swept up the hillside. In momentary panic the defenders yielded the ground, carrying downhill with them the reinforcement of Punjaubees which Captain Hall was bringing up. Two of the mountain guns were lost, but there was a rally at the foot of the hill, under cover of which the other two were extricated. The Afghans refrained from descending into the plain, and directed their efforts towards cutting off the British troops still in position on the Asmai heights.



ROBERTS' BATTLES ABOUT CABUL.

December, 1879.

It was estimated that the Afghan strength disclosed this day did not fall far short of 40,000 men; and General Roberts, reluctantly compelled to abandon for the time any further offensive efforts, determined to withdraw the troops from all isolated positions and to concentrate his whole force within the protection of the Sherpur cantonment. The orders issued to Baker and Macpherson, gradually to retire into the cantonment, were executed with skill and steadiness. Macpherson coolly marched through Deh Afghan, his baggage sent on in front under a guard. Jenkins' evacuation of the Asmai position was conspicuously adroit. Baker held a covering position until all the other details had steadily made good their retirement, and he was the last to withdraw. By dusk the whole British force was safely concentrated within the cantonment, and the period of the defensive had begun. The casualties of the day were serious—35 killed and 107 wounded. During the week of fighting the little force had lost altogether, in officers and men, 83 killed and 192 wounded.

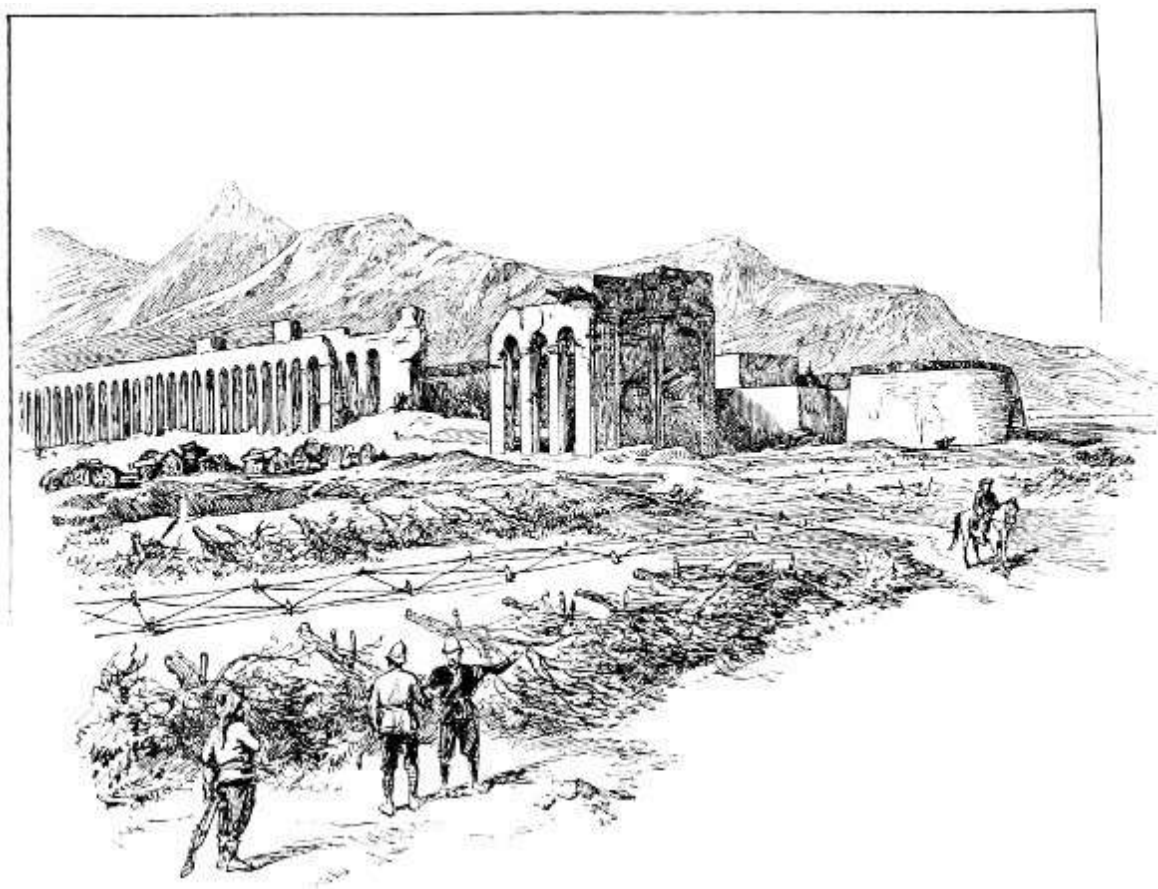
Although overlarge for its garrison, the Sherpur cantonment possessed many of the features of a strong defensive position. On the southern and western faces the massive and continuous enceinte made it impregnable against any force unprovided with siege artillery; but on the eastern face the incomplete wall was low, and the northern line of defence on the Behmaroo heights was defective until strengthened by a series of blockhouses supporting a continuous entrenchment studded with batteries. The space between the north-western bastion and the heights was closed by an entrenchment supported by a laager of Afghan gun-carriages and limbers; the open space on the north-eastern angle was similarly fortified; the unfinished eastern wall was heightened by built-up tiers of logs, and its front, as elsewhere, was covered with *abattis* wire entanglements, and other obstacles. The enceinte was divided into sections, to each of which was assigned a commanding officer with a specified detail of troops; and a strong brigade of European infantry was under the command of Brigadier-General Baker, ready at short notice to reinforce any threatened point. Before the enemy cut the telegraph wire, in the early morning of the 15th, Sir Frederick Roberts had informed the authorities in India of his situation and need for reinforcement.

During the 15th and 16th the Afghan troops were busily engaged in sacking the Hindoo and Kuzzilbash quarters of Cabul, in looting and wrecking the houses of chiefs and townsfolk who had shown friendliness to the British, and in fiercely quarrelling among themselves over the spoil. On the 17th and 18th they made sundry ostentatious demonstrations against Sherpur, but these were never formidable. Although they made themselves troublesome with some perseverance during the daytime, they consistently refrained from night-attacks, to which ordinarily the Afghan hillmen are much addicted. There never was any investment of Sherpur, nor indeed any approximation to an investment. The Afghan offensive was not dangerous, but annoying and wearisome. It was pushed, it was true, with some resolution on the 18th, when several thousand men poured out of the city, and skirmished forward under a cover of the gardens and enclosures on the plain between Cabul and the cantonment. Some of the more adventurous were able to get within four hundred paces from the enceinte, but could make no further headway, although they long maintained a brisk fire. The return fire was chiefly restricted to volleys directed on those few of the enemy who offered a sure mark by exposing themselves; and shell-fire

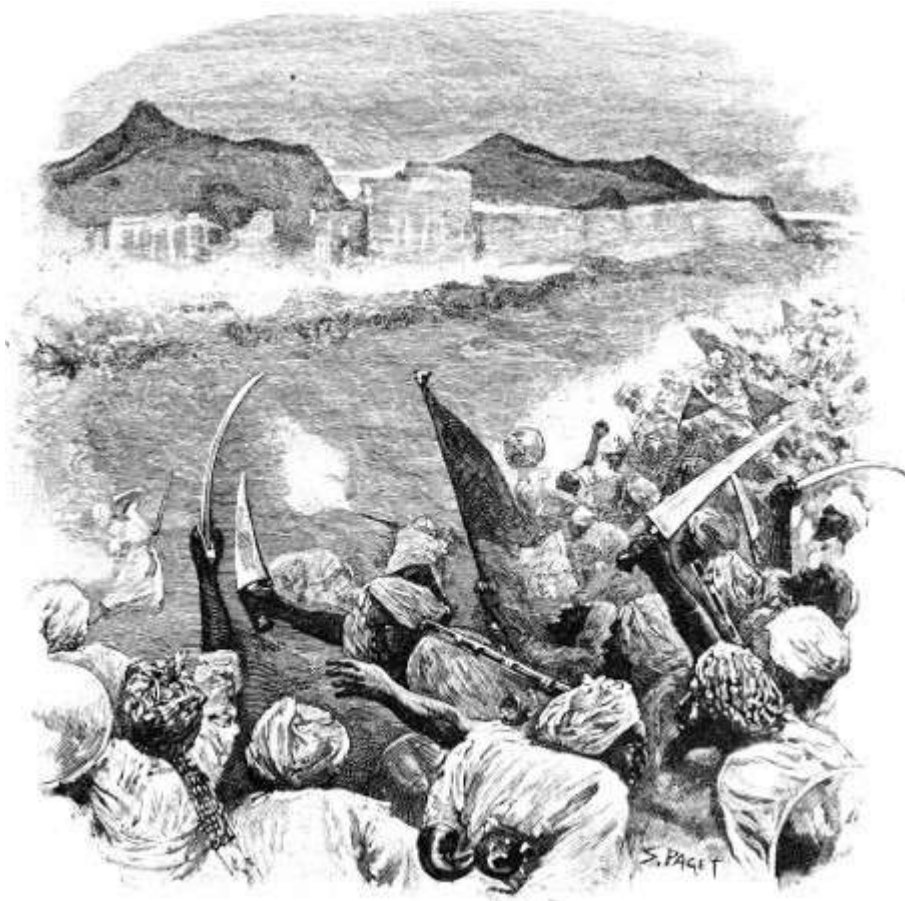
was chiefly used to drive the Afghan skirmishers from their cover in the gardens and enclosures. On the morning of the 19th it was found that in the night they had occupied the Meer Akhor fort, a few hundred yards in front of the eastern face of the enceinte. Baker went out on the errand of destroying it, with 880 bayonets, two guns, and a party of sappers. In the approach through the mist, a sudden volley struck down several men, and Lieutenant Montenaro, of the mounted battery, was mortally wounded. The fort was heavily shelled, its garrison was driven out, and it was blown up.

For the moment circumstances had enforced on Roberts the wisdom of accepting the defensive attitude, but he nevertheless knew himself the virtual master of the situation. He had but one anxiety—the apprehension lest the Afghans should not harden their hearts to deliver a real assault on his position. That apprehension was not long to give him concern. On the 20th the enemy took strong possession of the Mahomed Shereeff fort on the southern face of Sherpur; and they maintained themselves there during the two following days against the fire of siege guns mounted on the bastions of the enceinte. On the 21st and 22nd large numbers of Afghans quitted the city, and passing eastward behind the Siah Sung heights, took possession in great force of the forts and villages outside the eastern face of Sherpur, which should have been destroyed previously. On the afternoon of the 22nd a spy brought in the intelligence that Mahomed Jan and his brother chief had resolved to assault the cantonment early on the following morning. His tidings were true; and the spy was even able to communicate the details of the plan of attack. The 2,000 men who were holding the King's Garden and the Mahomed Shereeff post had been equipped with scaling-ladders, and were to make a false attack, which might become a real one, against the western section of the front. The principal assault, however, was to be made against the eastern face of the Behmaroo village, unquestionably the weakest part of the defensive position. The 23rd was the last day of the Mohurram—the great Mahomedan religious festival—when fanaticism would be at its height; and further to stimulate that incentive to valour, the Mushk-i-Alum was his holy self to kindle the beacon fire on the Asmai height which would be the signal to the faithful to rush to the attack.

The information proved perfectly accurate. All night long the shouts and chants of the Afghans filled the air. Purposeful silence reigned throughout the cantonment. In the darkness the soldiers mustered and quietly fell into their places. The officers commanding sections of the defence made their dispositions. The reserves were silently standing to their arms. Every eye was toward the Asmai height, shrouded still in the gloom of the night. A long tongue of flame shot up into the air, blazed brilliantly for a few moments, and then waned. At the signal a fierce fire opened from before one of the gateways of the southern face, the flashes indicating that the marksmen were plying their rifles within two hundred yards of the enceinte. The bullets sped harmlessly over the defenders sheltered behind the parapet, and in the dusk of the dawn reprisals were not attempted. But this outburst of powder-burning against the southern face was a mere incident. What men listened for and watched for was the development of the true assault on the eastern end of the great parallelogram. The section-commanders there were General Hugh Gough, in charge of the eastern end of the Behmaroo heights, and Colonel Jenkins from the village down past the native hospitals to the bastion at the south-eastern corner. The defending troops were the Guides from Behmaroo to the hospital, in which were 100 Punjaubees; and beyond to the bastion the 67th reinforced by two companies of the 92nd. From beyond Behmaroo and the eastern trenches and walls as day broke, there came a roar of voices so loud and menacing that it seemed as if an army 50,000 strong was charging down on our thin line of men. Led by Ghazees, the main body of Afghans, who had been hidden in the villages and orchards on the east side of Sherpur, rushed out in one dense horde, and every throat was filling the air with shouts of "Allah-il-Allah!" The roar surged forward as the line advanced, but it was answered by such a roll of musketry that it was drowned for the moment, and then merged into the general turmoil of sound that told our men with Martinis and Sniders were holding their own against the assailants.



NORTH END OF SHERPUR ENTRENCHMENTS, CABUL.



“THE ROAR SURGED FORWARD” (p. [243](#)).

When the first attack was made the morning was so dark and misty that the outlook from the trenches was restricted, and the order to the troops was to hold their fire until the enemy should be distinctly visible. The Punjaubee detachment in the hospital opened fire prematurely, and presently the Guides, holding Behmaroo and the trenches on the slopes, followed the example, and sweeping with their fire the terrain in front of them broke the force of the attack when its leaders were still several hundred yards away. Between the hospital and the corner bastion, the men of the 67th and 92nd awaited with impassive discipline the word of permission to begin firing. From out the mist at length emerged dense masses of men, some of whom were brandishing swords and knives, while others loaded and fired when hurrying forward. The order to fire was not given until the leading Ghazees were within eighty yards, and the mass of assailants not more than two hundred. Heavily struck by volley on volley, they recoiled, but soon gathered courage to come on again; and for several hours there was sharp fighting, repeated efforts

being made to carry the low eastern wall. So resolute were the Afghans that more than once they reached the *abattis*, but each time they were driven back with heavy loss. About ten o'clock there was a lull, and it seemed that the attacking force was owning the frustration of its attempts; but an hour later there was a partial recrudescence of the fighting, and the assailants once more came on. The attack, however, was not pushed with much vigour, and was soon beaten down, but the Afghans still maintained a threatening attitude, and the fire from the defences was ineffectual to dislodge them. The General then determined to take them in flank, and with this intention sent out into the open through the Behmaroo gorge four field-guns escorted by a cavalry regiment. Bending to the right, the guns came into action on the Afghan right flank, and the counterstroke had an immediate effect. The enemy wavered, and soon were in full retreat. The Kohistanee contingent, some 5,000 strong, cut loose and marched away northward with obvious recognition that the game was up. The fugitives were scourged with artillery and rifle fire; and Massy led out the cavalry, swept the plain, and drove the lingering Afghans from the slopes of Siah Sung. The false attacks on the southern face from the King's Garden and the Mahomed Shereef fort never made any head. Those positions were steadily shelled until late in the afternoon, when they were finally evacuated, and by nightfall all the villages and enclosures between Sherpur and Cabul were entirely deserted. Some of these had been destroyed by sappers from the garrison during the afternoon, in the course of which operation two gallant Engineer officers, Captain Dundas and Lieutenant Nugent, were unfortunately killed by the premature explosion of a mine.

Mahomed Jan had been as good as his word: he had delivered his stroke against Sherpur; and that stroke had utterly failed. With its failure came promptly the collapse of the national rising. Before daybreak of the 24th the formidable combination, which had included all the fighting elements of North-Eastern Afghanistan, and under whose banners it was believed that more than 100,000 armed men had mustered, was no more. Not only had it broken up—it had disappeared. Neither in the city itself nor in the adjacent villages, nor on the surrounding heights, was a tribesman to be seen. So hurried had been the Afghan dispersal that the dead were left to lie unburied where they had fallen. His nine days on the defensive had cost Sir Frederick Roberts singularly little in casualties: his losses were eighteen killed and sixty-eight wounded. The enemy's

loss in killed and wounded, from first to last of the rising, was reckoned to be not under 3,000.

On the 24th the cavalry rode far and fast in pursuit of the fugitives, but they overtook none, such haste had the fleeing Afghans made. On the same day Cabul and the Balla Hissar were reoccupied, and General Hills resumed his functions as military governor of the city, *vice* the old moulla Mushk-i-Alum, departed precipitately to regions unknown. Cabul had the aspect of having undergone a siege at the hands of an enemy; the bazaars were broken up and deserted. After making a few examples, the General issued a proclamation of amnesty, excluding therefrom only five of the principal leaders and fomenters of the recent rising. This policy of conciliation bore good fruit; and a durbar was held on January 9th, 1880, at which were present about 300 sirdars, chiefs, and headmen from the various provinces. Although the country remained disturbed, there were no more outbreaks. Cabul and Sherpur were strongly fortified, military roads were made, and all cover and obstructions for the space of 1,000 yards outside the enceinte of Sherpur were swept away. In March the Cabul force had increased to a strength of about 11,500 men and twenty-six guns; and General Roberts formed it into two divisions, one of which he himself commanded, the other being commanded by Major-General John Ross.

On 2nd May, Sir Donald Stewart arrived at Cabul from Candahar, and took over from Sir Frederick Roberts the command in North-Eastern Afghanistan.



[Photo., Lock & Whitfield. Regent St., W.
SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS IN 1880.



CUSTOZZA.

By A. Hilliard Atteridge.

When Nicholas Nickleby suggested to Mr. Vincent Crummles that the “terrific broadsword combat” on his stage would look better if the two adversaries were more of a size, the veteran manager replied that the remark showed how little he knew about the business. What the public really liked to see was the little fellow getting the better of the big one. And Mr. Crummles was right. Most men have a “weakness for the weaker side,” and if there is one thing they like better to see than a fair and even fight, it is the spectacle of a victory won by

skill and pluck against superior strength. Such was the victory that splendid old soldier the Archduke Albert of Austria won at Custozza during the brief campaign of Northern Italy in 1866.

As it happened, it was—so far as tangible results were concerned—a barren success. The prize that was fought for was the possession of Venice and its territory; and by the course of events this went to Italy at the close of the war, notwithstanding her defeats by land and sea. But for all that, Custozza and Lissa were a solid gain to Austria, for they enabled her to yield to fate without losing heart and hope for the future. Broken as her power was on the wider field of the struggle with Prussia, she could yet trust to sailors of the stamp of Tegethoff, soldiers like the Archduke Albert, to secure for her the respect even of the victors, and to ensure that before long she would again be a factor to be reckoned with in the councils of Europe.

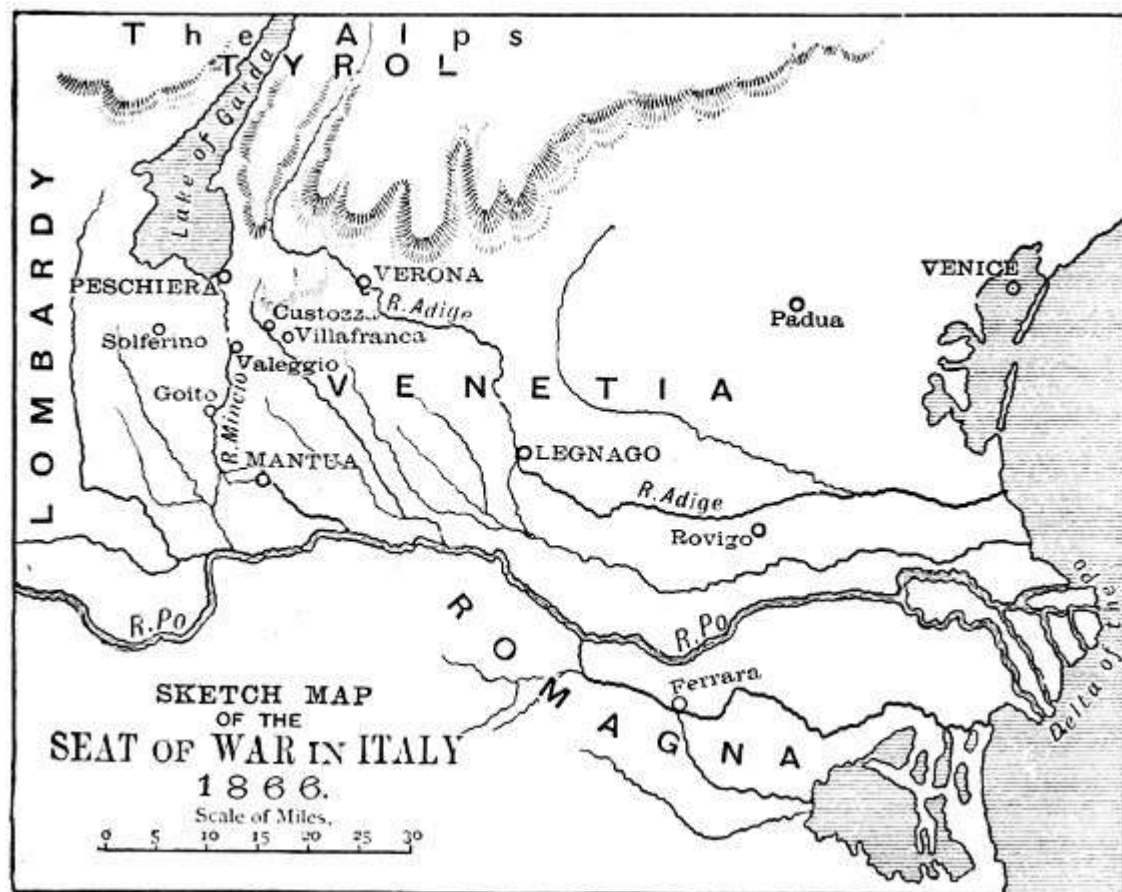
The Archduke Albert was the son of a famous soldier, the Archduke Charles, who was one of the most formidable opponents of the Great Napoleon, and who by the victory of Aspern brought him within sight of ruin many years before Waterloo was fought and won. The Archduke Albert had distinguished himself in the campaigns of Italy in 1848 and 1849, taking part in more than one hard-fought action on the very ground which he held in 1866. When, in that year, Italy began to prepare to take the field against Austria as the ally of Prussia, the Government at Vienna concentrated the bulk of its forces on the northern frontiers of the empire to meet the more formidable attack that was threatened from Berlin, and the Archduke was left to hold Venetia against the Italians with very inferior forces. It was this marked inferiority that gave special interest to his successful campaign against the great armies that were marshalled against him.

At the end of the month of May the Italians had concentrated a main army of 140,000 men in Lombardy, and a second force of about 60,000 between Ferrara and Bologna in the Romagna. The army in Lombardy was commanded nominally by the King, Victor Emmanuel; really by his chief of the staff, the veteran General La Marmora, the same who had commanded the Sardinian contingent in the Crimea. The army was divided into three corps under Durando, Cucchiari, and Della Rocca. The King's eldest son, Prince Humbert, then Crown Prince and now King of Italy, commanded a division in Della Rocca's corps. His brother, Prince

Amadeo, afterwards King of Spain, commanded a brigade of Grenadiers in the first corps. This army was destined to cross the little river Mincio, which formed the boundary between Lombardy and Venetia, thus attacking the Austrians in front; while the second army of 60,000 men under Cialdini would be in a position to cross the lower course of the Po, and fall upon their flank. On the left of the royal army Garibaldi was assembling a third force of between 30,000 and 40,000 men, with which he was to invade the Tyrol.

To meet these three armies—amounting in all to at least 235,000 men—the Archduke Albert had nominally at his disposal a force of 135,000. Thus he had a majority of 100,000 against him at the very outset, but even this does not represent the whole deficiency. First he had to detach 12,000 men for the defence of the Tyrol. These were expected to be able to deal with Garibaldi's 30,000 or 40,000 volunteers; 12,000 more were assigned to the defence of Istria and the neighbourhood of Trieste and Pola, where, considering the strength of Italy on the sea, there was supposed to be some danger of a naval descent; 40,000 were employed in the garrisons of the Quadrilateral (Mantua, Verona, Peschiera and Legnago) and in the fortresses of Rovigo and Venice; finally 6,000 had to be left to guard his communications with Austria. This reduced the field army to a little over 60,000 men, and with these he had to meet the 200,000 of Italy.

The Italians had divided their forces, and the Archduke saw that his best chance of success would lie in an attempt to deal with one of their armies before the other could come to its assistance. In order to do this it would be necessary from the very outset to conceal his own position and movements, and be fully informed of those of his opponents. Therefore, concentrating his army in a central position behind the Adige, a little to the east of Verona, a point from which he could move either against the King or against Cialdini, he left only a screen of cavalry outposts along the Mincio, between Peschiera and Mantua, and along the north bank of the Po, opposite Ferrara. Once war was declared they allowed no one to pass the frontier in either direction, and even before that only those few privileged persons who had obtained a special passport from the Austrian military authorities were allowed to cross.

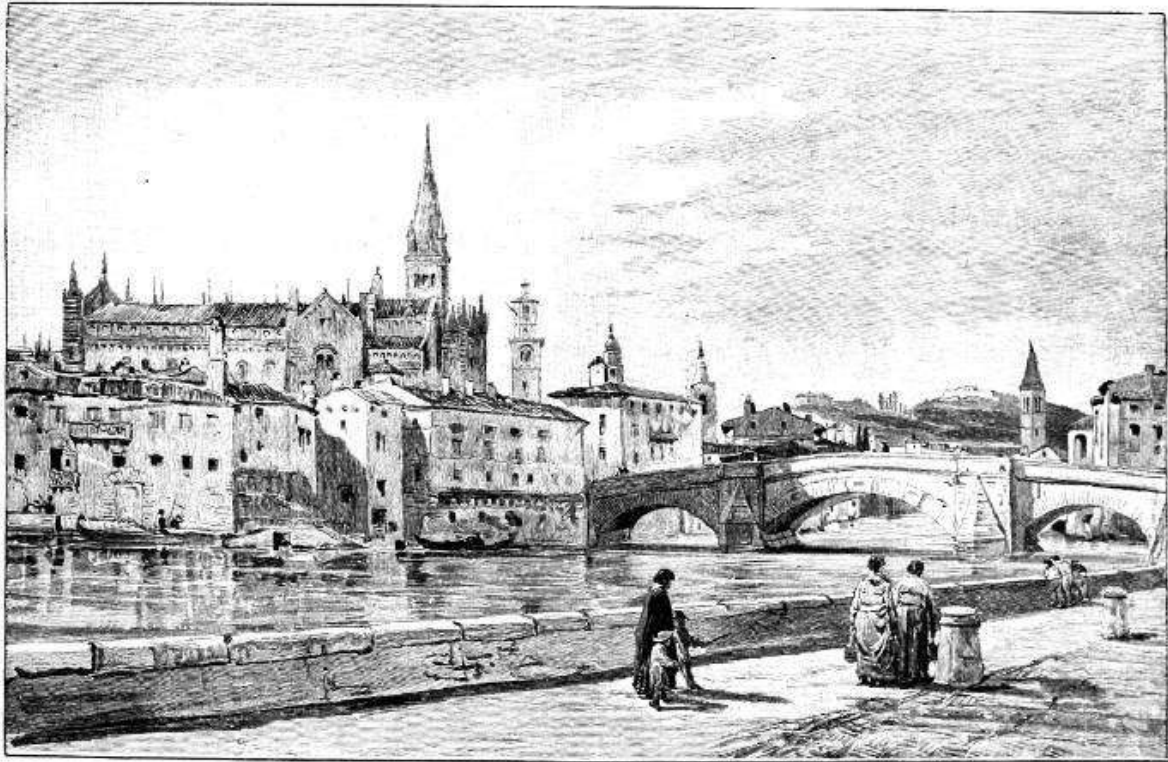


SKETCH MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN ITALY 1866.

The cavalry scouts and vedettes did their work to perfection. They prevented the Italians from obtaining any information as to the plans or movements of the Archduke, and they kept him well informed as to all that was going on upon the Lombard shore of the Mincio. The Archduke had in the last few days before the declaration of war made up his mind to attack the King's army. If Victor Emmanuel crossed the Mincio he would fall upon him on the ground between that river and the Adige; or if the Italians remained in Lombardy he intended himself to cross the Mincio, trusting to be able to defeat them, and then return in time to deal with Cialdini. In both cases he would have the advantage of being able to make one or other of the four fortresses of the Quadrilateral the base of his attack. On June 20th he received notice that war had been declared. On the same day he had reports from his cavalry outposts to the effect that both the Italian armies were preparing to advance. From the westward the King's army was closing in upon various points on the Mincio, and to the southward Cialdini was collecting material to

construct bridges across the Po at Francolinetto, and had actually occupied an island in the middle of the wide stream at that point. The Archduke remained quiet near Verona for nearly two days longer. His plan was to lull his enemy into a false sense of security, and then strike swiftly and sharply. All the bridges on the Mincio were left standing, and the screen of cavalry posts received orders not to oppose the Italians seriously at any point when they tried to cross. When the invaders entered Venetia the Austrian horsemen were to fall back before them, to do as little fighting as possible, but never to lose sight of them.

On Thursday, June 22nd, the royal army of Italy was concentrated on the right or Lombard bank of the Mincio. At Monzambano the engineers were at work constructing bridges. At Valeggio and Goito the cavalry of De Sonnaz was ready to seize the existing bridges as soon as the word was given to advance. In the grey of the early morning of Friday they crossed the river at both points. The Austrian cavalry, under Colonel Pulz, fell back without firing a shot. Avoiding the hills that lie northward towards the Garda lake, Pulz retired across the level ground of the plain of Villafranca. The plain is thickly populated. There are numerous villages and hamlets, and plenty of roads, footpaths, and tracks; but it is difficult country to manœuvre in, for everywhere the ground is cut up with small watercourses and irrigation channels—hedgerows, orchards, and plantations restrict the view. Along the course of the streams are swampy rice-fields, and on every stretch of sloping ground there are thickly-planted vineyards. Pulz was able to make the Italians very slow and cautious in their advance. It was the afternoon before he retired from Villafranca, and behind the little country town he made a stand with his horsemen and a battery of artillery; and though he again retreated after a short skirmish, the result was that the Italian cavalry of De Sonnaz did not push their explorations any further that day. They reported to the royal headquarters that the Austrians had no force between the Adige and the Mincio beyond a couple of regiments of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery; and this confirmed La Marmora in his idea that the Archduke would be compelled by his inferior numbers to remain on the defensive near Verona.



VERONA.

All day the Italian army had been pouring across the bridges of the Mincio, and advancing by the hot, sandy roads—the right into the plain of Villafranca, the left towards the low hills that border it on the northward, stretching from the lake of Garda to Custozza and Somma Campagna. General La Marmora was confident of victory. He was occupying the very ground where the allied armies of France and Italy had stayed their onward march in 1859. He was going to take up the work of conquest where Napoleon III. had left off, and he hoped to complete it by entering Venice as a victor. North and south and away to his front lay the famed fortresses of the Quadrilateral, the keys of Northern Italy; but their garrisons were cowering behind the ramparts, and doing nothing to disturb his movements.

On the Saturday night about half the Italian army was across the river, and the rest was close up to the bridges, ready to follow in the morning. The troops were to be moving by 3.30 a.m., and La Marmora had issued orders for an advance upon Verona. The right was to move by the plain of Villafranca to the hills round Somma Campagna; the left was to enter the hill country, more directly marching from Monzambano and

Valeggio on Castelnovo and Sona. The object of the movement was to occupy the mass of hills to the south-east of the lake of Garda, cut off Peschiera from Verona, and threaten the positions held by the Archduke near that fortress.

On the Sunday morning the Italians were under arms at half-past three, and soon after their columns were on the move. The men had no breakfast before starting, beyond a piece of bread or a biscuit taken from the haversack and eaten as they waited for the order to march off. It was intended to halt later on for breakfast, but the Italian staff was anxious to get the march over as early as possible, as it was expected that it would be a very hot day. So sure were they that the enemy would not be encountered in force that no cavalry were sent out to scout in front. In front of each column there was an advance guard; but so badly was the march arranged, and so loosely was the connection between the advance guards and those that followed them kept up, that the vanguard of Sirtori's division, consisting of some 2,500 men with six guns, took the wrong road, and got in front of the vanguard of Cerale's division; while, by a blunder of the leading portion of Cerale's column, his main body wandered on to the road assigned to General Sirtori. Thus there was the singular spectacle of two advance guards following each other on one road, while their main bodies calmly marched in long procession along another.

The start had been made shortly before four o'clock. The march had proceeded for a little more than an hour, and five had just struck from the village bell towers, when General La Marmora, who was riding with centre, was surprised at hearing far away to the right, in the direction of Villafranca, the roar of guns in action. The two divisions of the Italian third corps, commanded by the Crown Prince Humbert and by General Bixio, had been attacked by Austrian cavalry and horse artillery. The Italians behaved well. The infantry formed into squares, and beat off three cavalry charges; the artillery galloped up, unlimbered, and drove away the Austrian guns with a few well-aimed shells. By six o'clock the fight was over, and the enemy was in retreat. La Marmora had ridden towards the firing, and when he received the report of what had happened, he at once made up his mind that the affair was of very little importance. He felt sure that the Austrian force consisted only of Pulz's regiments, the same which had been watching the river two days before,

and had retired through Villafranca when the Italians advanced on the Saturday.

The divisions of his first corps on the left had now entered the hilly country, and at half-past six, a good half-hour after the last shot had been fired at Villafranca, there was a still more startling incident on the left. Sirtori was marching his division across the deep little valley through which the Tione flows, and the leading regiment was ascending the slope beyond its left bank. Sirtori himself rode near the head of the column. Suddenly a volley was fired at the leading ranks by riflemen lying in ambush among the trees and enclosures of a farmstead at the top of the slope. Sirtori, pulling up his horse, looked through his field-glasses at the wreaths of smoke that hung in the still, clear morning air; but so well hidden were the riflemen that he could not make out their uniforms. Nevertheless, he felt so sure that the Austrians were not in front of him, and he so little suspected that his vanguard was on another road, that he told those near him that the ambushed foes must be their own comrades of the vanguard firing on them by mistake, and he sent two of his officers galloping forward to stop the fire. They came careering back down the slope to tell him that they had narrowly escaped being killed or captured by a regiment of Austrian Jagers, and the next minute the sight of guns unlimbering on the ridge told the startled Italian general that he had come upon a hostile army in battle array. A minute more and the deep voice of the first gun told even La Marmora that he had made a terrible mistake, and that the Austrians were in action on his left as well as his right.

What had happened? The Italian columns working their way into the hills—one by this road, another by that, with no connection between them, with no concerted plan of action, and, what was worse, with the men fasting and unprepared for a long day's battle, were one by one coming into collision with the army drawn up to receive them under the cover of the first ridges of the hills. Late on the Friday the Archduke had learned of the Italian advance, and had given orders for the crossing of the Adige, near Verona. On the Saturday, while the Italians believed he was still inactive behind the river, he had got his whole army across it, and he bivouacked for the night within striking distance of the royal army, in which no one, from the King to the youngest soldier, had an idea that 60,000 foes were so close in their front. Considering how densely peopled the whole district is, it is a marvel that none of the inhabitants

warned the Italians of their danger. If any of them made an effort to pass the Austrian outposts, the attempt was a failure. At midnight the Archduke received a telegram from General Scudier, who commanded on the lower Po. It informed him that Cialdini's vanguard was crossing the river, and the Austrians were slowly retiring before his advance. But this made no change in the arrangements for next day. The Archduke still counted on smashing up the King's army before the two Italian armies could get near enough to help each other. He believed the King's plan would be to march direct through the plain of Villafranca to the Adige; and his own orders for next day were that the various corps were to face southward and westward, moving from their camps at 2 a.m., gaining the hills, and then sweeping round, so as to descend on the flank of the Italian advance. Although he had not completely divined the plans of the Italians, his own plans were so sound that they met even their altered arrangements. Instead of falling on their flank, he struck the heads of their ill-connected columns as they strove to gain the hills. His own march had begun at 2 o'clock, in the darkness of a midsummer night. There was soon enough light to move rapidly and surely. At five the sound of guns engaged in the brief action at Villafranca led the Austrians for awhile to believe that the main Italian advance was in the plain; but their scouts soon brought them news of the real direction in which the enemy was moving, and when the Italians entered the hills they blundered into a fight for which they were not prepared, while the Austrians met them with a well-organised battle line, every unit in which worked well with those to the right and left of it, and proved once more that even enormous numbers count for less than discipline and union under one strong will directed by a clear and well-trained mind.

So far as the Italians were concerned, Custozza was a series of detached fights; for the Austrian commander it was a tremendous struggle, of which he controlled and co-ordinated all the parts.

Let us return to the fight at the point where it began on the Italian left. As soon as Sirtori found that he had an Austrian force to deal with, he got his division into line on the very unfavourable ground on which its leading battalion stood when the first shots were fired, and made repeated efforts to drive the enemy from the farm and the ridges round Pernisa. Soon he heard firing away to the left and right. The battle was becoming general. To the left, about a mile and a half away, his advanced

guard, under General Villahermosa, had come upon the Austrian reserve division holding the slopes of Monte Cricol, a bold ridge over which the Valeggio road runs about two miles to the south of Castelnuovo. The fight here had a very important effect on the fortunes of the day. Villahermosa, believing that he had the whole of Sirtori's division close behind him, resolved to clear the way for it by driving the Austrians from the hill, and sent forward his riflemen—the famous Bersaglieri—whose ordinary marching pace is a smart run. They made a gallant dash at the Monte Cricol, but the attack was a failure. Outnumbered and over-weighted, the Italian riflemen fell back, and then the Austrians came charging down the hill after them, and began to drive Villahermosa and his vanguard along the Valeggio road. More than an hour had passed in this fight in front of Monte Cricol, when again the tide was turned by the arrival of the leading troops of General Cerale's division, which had marched towards the firing. The division consisted of some 12,000 men, with eighteen guns. First came General Villarey, a Savoyard soldier, with two battalions of Bersaglieri as the vanguard. Then came the rest of Villarey's brigade—eight battalions—and behind it the guns and a brigade of eight more battalions under General Dhô. As Cerale brought his division into action he saw not only the victorious Austrians in front, but other white-coated columns moving on the hills to his right, beyond the Tione. These were part of the corps that was attacking his colleague Sirtori, but they brought their guns to bear even upon the Valeggio road, so that Cerale had to turn some of his own artillery upon them. His main force he threw against the Austrians in front, in order to rescue Villahermosa, and for the moment superior force was on the side of the Italians. They cleared the road, captured two guns, and, pushing boldly on, got to the crest of the Monte Cricol, and also turned the enemy out of Mongabia on the right of the road. It looked as if here, on the extreme western edge of the battle, the Italians were winning.



ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

But now came an incident which shows how, even in modern war with tens of thousands in the field, a handful of brave men can change the whole aspect of a battle. Across the Tione, to the right of this portion of the fight, there was a regiment of Austrian cavalry, known as the Sicilian Uhlans (lancers, who had formerly had the King of the Two Sicilies for their honorary colonel). Colonel de Berres, who commanded the lancers, had been watching through his field-glass the fight for the Monte Cricol, and seeing that the Austrian brigade, which was now retiring before the Italians, was hard pressed, he thought he could help his friends by a sudden charge on Ceralé's flank. One Italian brigade was in line of battle driving in the Austrians; the other was in a long marching column on the road. Berres called up one of his captains—Bechtoldsheim—and ordered him to take three troops and attack the enemy on the road. The three troops numbered exactly 103 officers and men. The brigade of General Dhô was at least 5,000 strong, but the hundred without a moment's hesitation trotted off to charge the 5,000. They descended the slope to the Tione, found a ford, got across, and quietly made their way up the hill to the right of the Italians. These seem not to have had the least warning of the coming attack. They were moving slowly forward in column when the handful of splendid

horsemen came rushing down the hill like a hurricane. Generals Ceraie and Dhô, with their staff, were riding at the head of the column. The Uhlans, falling on the flank of the foremost regiment, crashed through it with levelled lances, and then rode for the crowd of officers, and scattered them right and left. The two generals escaped with difficulty. Ceraie was hit by a revolver bullet in the *mêlée*, and Dhô received three lance wounds. Two guns which were on the road just behind the staff were galloped back to the rear by their teams, and battalion after battalion broke and ran as the lancers dashed down the road cheering and striking right and left with their lances, the retiring guns being now the main object of their charge. At last the frightened gunners cut the traces, and the guns were overturned in the press. But, with the exception of one battalion, Dhô's division was now a panic-stricken mob. On both sides of the road the valley was full of men who had thrown away their arms and were running for their lives. Two thousand of them did not stop till they had put the bridges of Monzambano and Valeggio between them and the enemy. And yet that enemy consisted only of a handful of lancers. If one company had stood its ground and fired one steady volley the charge would have been stopped. When the lancers at last pulled bridle and turned to ride back they had not lost a score of their small number. Captain Bechtoldsheim, their brave leader, had had his horse killed under him, but close by an Italian major had just been run through with a lance, and Bechtoldsheim caught the horse of his fallen foe and again put himself at the head of his men. But as they rode back they found the one Italian battalion that had kept together had lined the ditches on both sides of the only possible track. The lancers had to gallop through a sheet of flame from the hostile rifles, and the road was strewn with men and horses. When Bechtoldsheim regained the hill there were only sixteen of his brave Uhlans beside him. They had left two officers, eighty-four men, and seventy-nine horses in the valley, killed and wounded; but they had done their work, and their charge had decided the fortune of the day.



THE CHARGE OF THE AUSTRIAN LANCERS (p. [252](#)).

Villarey's brigade was now all that was left of Cerale's division. The Austrians had been reinforced, and they promptly attacked and retook the Monte Cricol, and drove the Italians down the hill and along the same valley which had just witnessed the charge of the lancers. The Italians tried more than once to make a stand, but they were driven from position after position, and their commander, Villarey, was shot dead while forming the 30th Regiment for a counter-attack on the victors. After his fall there was nothing but wild confusion on the Italian left. Here and there, however, handfuls of brave men acted in a way that did something to redeem the honour of the Italian arms. A little group of ten officers and thirty men of the 44th Regiment, finding that they were abandoned by their panic-stricken comrades, threw themselves into a farmhouse, taking the flag of the regiment with them. They held it for two hours against the Austrians, and only surrendered it when the building was set on fire. But their flag was not captured. They had cut it into forty pieces, and each of

them took a piece. When they came back from Austria after the war the pieces were sewn together, and the flag was restored to the regiment.



BATTLE-FIELD OF CUSTOZZA.

The village of Oliosi, between the Valeggio road and the Tione, was held by the Italians, and afforded some protection to their retreat from the disastrous fight before the Monte Cricol. It was stormed by a column of two Austrian regiments under General Piret, which crossed the river, and cleared the village without much difficulty. In one house—the presbytery, near the village church—the Italians held out for nearly two hours. When the house was all but demolished the little garrison surrendered, and five officers and forty-nine men were made prisoners.

What was left of Cerales's division, together with part of Sirtori's vanguard, now rallied on the bold ridge of Monte Vento. To their left General Pianelli's division, which had just crossed the Mincio, was coming up from the bridges of Monzambano, bringing some 12,000 fresh men to support them. The Austrians were pushing in between the

hill and the river; and one of their rifle regiments advancing over-boldly, was surrounded by Pianelli's troops, and the 700 Jagers were all either shot down or captured. The reserve of the Italian 1st corps, consisting chiefly of Bersaglieri, was also directed upon Monte Vento. On the possession of this ridge the safety of the whole army depended, for if the Austrians took it they would be in a position to cut off the Italians from the bridges over the Mincio.

So far the fight on the left had gone by ten o'clock. On the rest of the field it was the same. Everywhere the Italians had come into action piecemeal against solid masses of Austrians, and in every one of the detached fights that was in progress from left to right they were being pushed back. In the Tione valley Sirtori had failed to carry the ridge near Pernisa. He had himself been routed and driven across the river by the advancing Austrians, and had lost three guns. He had rallied his men and crossed the stream a second time, only to be a second time driven back. Still further to the right among the hills towards Custozza Brignone's division had come to grief. The Italians had fought well and lost heavily, Prince Amadeo and General Gozzani both falling severely wounded at the head of their brigades. About ten, La Marmora was so alarmed by the reports that reached him from every side that he told the King he thought it was a lost battle, and was on the point of giving the order to retire to the bridges when an encouraging message from Durando, who was bringing the reserves into action on the left, led him to change his mind, and continue the fight. Having made at the outset such a terrible mistake as to the position of the Austrians, he seemed all day to be expecting some new surprise and disaster; and though really there were only Pulz's cavalry in the plain to his extreme right, he was so anxious about a possible attack in that direction that he kept Bixio and Prince Humbert's division inactive all day at Villafranca. They had not fired a shot since the short skirmish with the cavalry in the early morning, and all through the blazing heat of the day the men sat or lay stretched in the shadows of the trees, listening to the roar of the fight in the hills, while their officers impatiently waited for orders to move. The only order they got was a message that all was lost, and the moment had come to retreat. But this was some hours later. By eleven o'clock the Austrians had disposed of Sirtori's division, and crossing the river after his retreating battalions, they stormed the strong position of Santa Lucia, thus almost interposing between the Italian left and right. Artillery was massed against Monte

Vento, and further westward a column of attack moved forward to attempt to seize the bridges on the Mincio at Monzambano. On the right the two fresh divisions of Cugia and Govone strengthened the Italian line, and delayed for a while the advance of the Austrians, whose object in this quarter was the capture of the village of Custozza, which stands on a bold hill overlooking the plain of Villafranca.

The loss of Santa Lucia made it very difficult for the Italians to hold on to Monte Vento. General Durando was actually discussing the question of retiring when he was shot down, and General Chilini, who had assumed the command in his stead, abandoned the position as soon as the Austrians advanced upon it. This made the defeat of the whole Italian army inevitable, for the Austrians could now advance and seize the ground between Monte Vento and the Mincio, the very ground over which the Italian army must retire if it was to withdraw to its own territory, and across which it would have to keep up its communications with Lombardy, even if it could maintain itself in Venetia.

On the right the Italians had been driven back upon Custozza. It was near four o'clock. The Austrians had every available man and every gun in action. Their men were weary with the night march and the long fight among the hills under the blazing midsummer sun, which shone in a cloudless sky. But it was worse for the Italians. Most of them had eaten nothing all day, and they had none of the inspiration of success. They had been losing ground all day, and they had lost all confidence in their chiefs and in themselves. Yet they had still forty thousand men who either had not fired a shot or had not been seriously engaged. These were the two divisions at Villafranca (Bixio's and the Crown Prince's) and the two reserve divisions of Cucchiari's corps, which were struggling along roads so encumbered with a confused mass of baggage and ammunition waggons that it was only when all was over that they approached the field. It would be difficult to find more striking proof of the hopeless incapacity of La Marmora and his staff.

At five o'clock the village and hill of Custozza were stormed with a fierce rush by the columns on the Austrian left. The hills were now completely in the possession of the Archduke. He had driven the last of the Italians on to the low ground, and everywhere they were retiring towards the river, thousands having already streamed across the bridges in a confused and disorderly march. The Austrians were so exhausted

with their nineteen hours of marching and fighting that there was no pursuit. If the Archduke had had a few thousand fresh troops he might have captured whole masses of the fugitives, who were huddled together along the Mincio, waiting to cross. Next day the Austrian cavalry pushed into Lombardy, and such was the impression made on the Italian army by the collapse of Custozza that La Marmora made no effort to stop them, but retired first behind the Chiese and then behind the Oglio, abandoning a considerable part of Lombardy. Meanwhile, the Archduke had marched from the scene of his victory back to the Adige, in order to be able to fall on Cialdini if he persisted in his invasion of Venetia. But the lesson of Custozza was enough to make the second Italian army withdraw into the Romagna.

The Austrians lost in the battle 960 killed, 3,690 wounded, and some hundreds of prisoners, chiefly the Jagers captured by Pianelli's division. The Italian loss in killed and wounded was not quite so heavy, the killed being 720 and the wounded 3,112, but they lost in prisoners and missing 4,315 officers and men. On the Italian side General Villarey was killed, and Generals Dhô, Durando, Gozzani, and Prince Amadoe were wounded. But a mere comparison of losses can give no idea of the effect of the battle on the two armies. The Austrian army was for all practical purposes intact, full of confidence in itself and in its leader. A great part of the Italian army had degenerated into something like an armed mob, all confidence in the generals was gone, and, instead of talking of a march upon Venice, men were asking themselves if they could hold Northern Italy against an Austrian invasion. Custozza had given one more proof of the fact that victory is not always with the big battalions, and that a skilful leader can bring to nought the onset of less ably handled troops, though they outnumber his own by tens of thousands.





The Taking of Badajoz

By D. H. Parry

O n the 16th of March, 1812, when the poplar trees that fringed the Guadiana were bending under a tempest of wind and rain, a British force some 15,000 strong, with a battering train of fifty-two guns, reached Badajoz—a strongly-fortified Spanish town near the frontier of Portugal—the bugles of the “95th” playing “St. Patrick’s Day” as they faced the furious equinoctial gale.

About a year before, the scoundrel Imas had delivered up the place to Marshal Soult, whose clubfoot did not prevent his being one of the most active men and fearless riders in the French service; and although we had made two attempts to retake it, we had failed on each occasion after heavy losses, our battering train being shamefully insufficient, and the enemy very much on the alert; the third time we were successful, and it is of this I am about to tell.

Badajoz was the *pax augusta* of the Romans, and a granite bridge with twenty-eight arches, dating from Roman times, still spanned the sluggish river on the north-west; but, save that the town had been frequently taken and retaken by Moors, Goths, and Spaniards, and was the birthplace of Morales, the painter, there was nothing very remarkable about its quaint, crooked streets and massive cathedral beyond the natural strength of its position, rising some 300 feet above the marshy plain, with eight bastions and their connecting curtains to protect it from attack.

It remained for Philippon and his gallant garrison, and our veteran troops under the Earl of Wellington—as he was then styled—to render Badajoz immortal, and bring a flush of pride and a thrill of horror to future generations who may read the tale.

The General of Brigade Philippon, colonel of the 8th of the French Line, and member of the Legion of Honour, commanded in Badajoz with a force of 4,742 men—composed partly of the 9th Light Infantry, the 88th Regiment, the Hesse-Darmstadt, some dragoons and chasseurs, artillery, engineers, and invalids, and seventy-seven Spaniards who ought to have been fighting on the other side.

Although somewhat short of powder and shell, Badajoz presented a formidable task to a besieging army, being protected on one side by the river, 500 yards wide in places, and having several outworks, or forts, notably one called the Picurina, on a hill to the south-east, whose defenders could be reinforced along a covered-way leading to the San Roque lunette close to the town walls.

Philippon had, moreover, taken every means possible to strengthen his post: mines were laid, the arch of a bridge built up to form a large inundation, ravelins constructed and ramparts repaired, ditches cut and filled with water, and that he should have no useless mouths to fight for, the inhabitants were ordered to lay up three months' provisions or march out there and then.

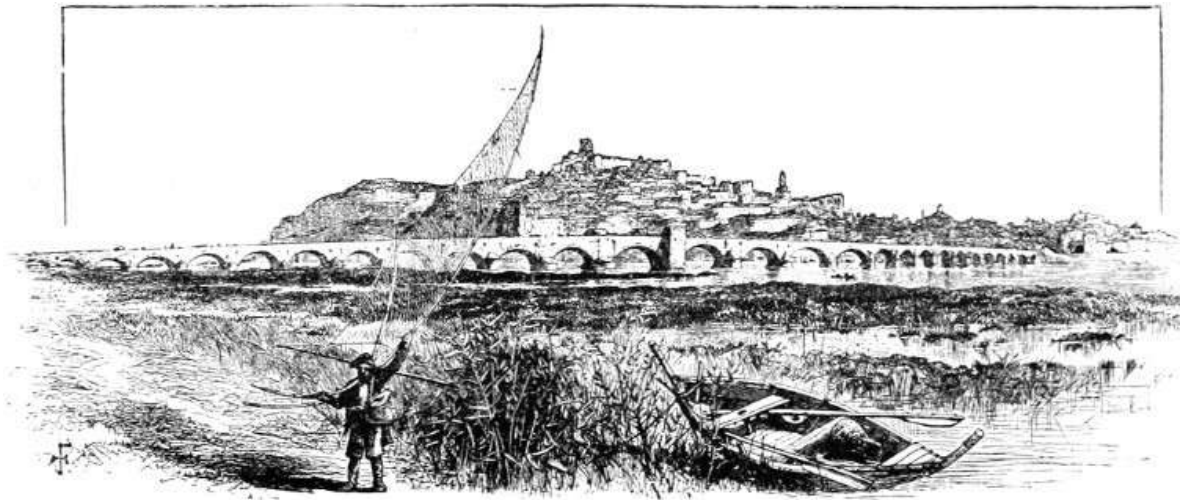
Such was Badajoz when Picton's 3rd, or "Fighting," Division; Lowry Cole's 4th—or, as they were nicknamed at the close of the war, "Enthusiastic"—Division; and the Light, known as "*The*" Division, invested it in the rain.

The rest of the army watched Soult's movements closely, and prepared to oppose the relief of the town if that should be attempted, and the 5th Division was on its way from Beira to assist the siege.

As soon as darkness had fallen on the night of the 17th, 2,000 men moved silently forward to guard our trenching parties, and, with mattock and shovel, we began to break ground, 160 yards from the Picurina, the sentinels on the ramparts hearing nothing, as the howling of the wind drowned the sound of digging, and the sputtering rain fell incessantly into the works. So well had the volunteers from the 3rd Division laboured, for we had no regular sappers, that the light of the misty March morning revealed 4,000 feet of communication, and a parallel 600 yards long, on perceiving which the garrison opened a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry. The deafening roar of the heavy guns and the crack of rifles and smooth-bores continued with little cessation for many

days, increasing as we finished battery after battery and brought them to bear upon the doomed town.

The condition of our siege artillery would hardly be credited were it not borne out by the unanimous published statements of credible witnesses.



BADAJOZ.

Of the fifty-two pieces, some dated from the days of Philip II. and the Spanish Armada; others were cast in the reigns of Philip III. and also John IV. of Portugal, who reigned in 1640; we had 24-pounders of George II.'s day, and Russian naval guns; the bulk of the extraordinary medley being obsolete brass engines which required seven to ten minutes to cool between each discharge, lest the overheating should cause the muzzles to drop.

The ammunition was little better, and an engineer officer tells us that his 18-pound shot was of *three* distinct sizes, which had to be sorted out and painted different colours, while it was often possible to put a finger between the ball and the top of the gun, when the former was placed ready for ramming. Yet, with this miserable *matériel* we were expected to fight the most intelligent army in Europe!

Wellington learned from his spies that the garrison were to make a sally on the 19th, and at 1 o'clock the Talavera Gate suddenly opened, a little body of horsemen jingling out, followed by 1,300 infantry, who

concealed themselves in the covered trench connecting San Roque with the Picurina.

The cavalry pretended to skirmish, and, dividing into two parties, one pursued the other towards our lines, where they were challenged, and allowed to pass, on replying in Portuguese.

There was some excuse for the conduct of our pickets, as the French dragoons, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring new uniforms from France, were allowed to use the brown cloth so general all over the Peninsula, and were thus easily mistaken for our Portuguese allies, some of whom also dressed in brown. But we were soon undeceived, for the troopers dashed at the engineers' park, cut down some men, and galloped off with several hundreds of the entrenching tools, for which Philippon had offered a large reward.

Simultaneously the infantry sprang out of the covered-way with a part of the Picurina garrison, and, rushing forward, began to destroy our works.

We drove them back almost to the walls of Badajoz, killing thirty and wounding 287. But we lost heavily, for it was a sharp encounter; and, unhappily, our chief engineer, Colonel Fletcher, was badly hit, a bullet striking a silver dollar in his fob and forcing it an inch into the groin, confining him to his tent until the latter end of the siege, the Earl going each morning to consult about the day's operations.

Our movements were by no means faultless, Wellington having great difficulties to contend with in many directions; in fact, during the whole of the Peninsular War he may be said to have fought the French with one hand, and Spanish pride, obstinacy, and selfishness with the other—fortunate indeed in possessing a genius which was ever at its best the more trying the emergency. We stationed a cavalry regiment to prevent any further surprises, and continued our digging, the pitiless rain slanting unceasingly on the trench guards in their grey overcoats and oilskin shakoe-covers, while the working-parties shovelled and measured, and piled up long ridges of earth, standing ankle-deep in the water which filled the saps and trenches.

Many a man of the 3rd Division spun round and fell on the wet ground, for the enemy kept up a steady fire, and one shell dropped,

fizzing, into a parallel and exploded, killing fifteen of the workers in a moment.

The Guadiana, too, rose in full flood and tore away the pontoon bridge which connected us with our stores at Elvas: it was replaced, however, and the garrison of Badajoz saw us creeping nearer and nearer to their walls, until, at last, our men finding the fire from the Picurina terribly galling, it was decided to storm that fort on the 24th.

The rain had ceased, and the dark mass of the fort, held by some of the Hesse-Darmstadt Regiment, loomed up, stern and silent, as five hundred of Picton's Division mustered before it about nine o'clock on a fine night.

A hundred men were kept in reserve, while the remainder, divided into two bodies, were to advance against the right and left flanks, also securing the communication with San Roque to prevent any succour coming from the town.

Scarcely had the word to march been given, when soaring rockets went up from the ramparts, port-fires illuminated the darkness in places, and the stillness became a babel of sounds, as shells came hissing towards us, drums rolled, and the bells of Badajoz rang wildly amid the deep booming of the heavy cannon. Red flashes streamed through the openings in the palisading, the Hesse-Darmstadt opened a murderous fire, but we swarmed irresistibly up the rocks and groped for the gate, the pioneers of the Light Division leading with their axes.

Down in the communication our fellows repulsed a battalion coming to the rescue, but it seemed for a time as if we had been baffled; the sides of the hill were dotted with our dead. Oates, of the Connaught Rangers, three engineer officers, with Majors Rudd and Shaw, who commanded the attack, and many a private soldier had fallen there. But as Powis, of the 83rd, brought up the reserve and forced the palings in front, the pioneers discovered the gateway on the town side, and, battering it down, rushed in with a shout.

Nixon, of the 52nd, was shot two yards within the entrance, and we fought with gun-butt and bayonet against a most heroic resistance; but at last they were overpowered, and half the garrison slain. One officer and thirty men floundered through the inundation and gained Badajoz in safety, but brave Gaspard Thierry, with the eighty-six survivors, were compelled to surrender, and the death-dealing Picurina was ours.

The firing from the town ceased at midnight, but with the dawn of day they turned their guns on to the captured fort, driving us out and crumbling it to pieces.

Philippon had hoped to have held the work for four or five days, while he completed certain partially-finished defences, and its capture and destruction were a severe blow to him. But he urged his garrison to fresh efforts by reminding them of the English prison-hulks, which, as Napier justly says, were a disgrace to our country.

Three breaching-batteries were now constructed, one against the Trinidad bastion, another to shatter the Santa Maria, and the third—which consisted of howitzers—was to throw shrapnel into the ditch, and so prevent the garrison from working there. We had been eleven days before the town, and in spite of all the obstacles had made considerable progress, although latterly a bright moon had interfered with our nocturnal operations.

Overcoats were laid aside, and our men appeared in the well-worn scarlet coatee with white-tape lace, and the black knee-gaiter, which was the dress of a British-infantry private at that time. Pigtails had been done away with four years previously, and the well-known grey trousers were not issued to the troops until the following September. The Rifle Corps wore dark green, and used a wooden mallet to drive the ball down the grooved barrel; fusiliers and the grenadier companies of the line had bearskin caps, and light infantry were distinguished by green tufts in their felt shakoes, while our Portuguese friends were mostly clad in blue or brown, with green for the *caçadores*, or riflemen, each man carrying—including knapsack, accoutrements, kit, and weapons, etc.—a weight of seventy-five pounds twelve ounces, or ten pounds more than their opponents. The soldiers were enraged at the inhabitants of Badajoz for admitting the French, a sentiment which boded ill to them if we took the town. But, in the meantime, many instances of pluck on both sides were

exhibited. One morning, early, before the working-party arrived, a brave fellow crept out of Badajoz and moved a tracing-string nearer to the walls, so that when we began digging in fancied security, their guns suddenly opened and bowled the men over like nine-pins. Another time, two of our officers and some men stole forward in the night, gagged a sentry, and laid barrels of powder against the dam which confined the inundation, and got back in safety; but the explosion did not have the desired effect.

At last, the stones began to fall from the Trinidad bastion, amid clouds of dust, as ball after ball went home with terrific force; the Santa Maria also crumbled under the cannonade, but, being casemated, it resisted better than the other, which, by the 2nd of April, yawned in a manner that must have dismayed the garrison, for they commenced to form what is known as a retrenchment, or second line of defence, within the walls, by levelling houses behind the growing breach. In places where the fortifications had not been completed the energetic Frenchman hung brown cloth which resembled earth, and his men were able to pass freely along; they also made a raft with parapets and crossed the inundation to our side. But all their efforts were useless: the breaches became larger as masses of stone and rubbish fell like mimic avalanches into the fosse below; and, on the 6th, a tremendous gap showed in the ancient masonry of the curtain between the two bastions which had not been renewed when the bastions themselves were rebuilt about 1757.

Then came a moment's pause. Soult, Drouet, and Daricau were advancing: a battle was imminent, and would need all our forces. In twenty-one days we had expended 2,523 barrels of gunpowder, each barrel containing ninety pounds, and we had fired 35,346 rounds of ammunition. Badajoz must be taken at all risk; and orders were now given for the most terrible of all species of warfare—*the night-attack by storm!*

Wellington's commands were precise and to the point, but they were terribly eloquent to those who read them. I have extracted a few

paragraphs from the original memorandum, and give them word for word:—

“1. The fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at 10 o’clock this night (6th of April). 2. The attack must be made on three points—the castle, the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria. 3. The attack of the castle to be by escalade; that of the two bastions, by the storm of the breaches.... 20. The 4th Division must try and get open the gate of La Trinidad; the Light Division must do the same by the gate called the Puerta del Pilar. 21. The soldiers must leave their knapsacks in camp.... 24. Twelve carpenters with axes, and ten miners with crowbars, must be with the Light, and ditto with the 4th Division.”

The time had been altered from 7.30 to 10 o’clock, and during that interval the French placed the celebrated *chevaux-de-frise* of sharpened sword-blades in the gap we had made in the connecting curtain; piles of shot and shell were laid along the ramparts, with beams of wood, old carriage-wheels, and every conceivable missile that their ingenuity could devise; each soldier had three loaded muskets beside him, and, as the unusual stillness in our trenches warned them that something was in preparation, an officer tried to reconnoitre us with a little escort of cavalry, but we drove him back, and all was quiet once more.

It was the calm before the storm, and men grew silent and thoughtful as the time drew near.

Letters were written home by hands that would never use pen again; absent friends were talked of in hushed voices, wills hastily made as in the presence of death; the married soldiers lingered in their quarters till the last moment, and then gave it out that they were “going on guard”!

The April day drew into evening; a grey mist rose from the river and stole among the trenches and the marshy ground, where frogs piped dismally and field-cricket kept up their perpetual chirp; then night came, still and cloudy, not a star visible, but here and there lights flitted along the ramparts, and the challenge of the sentries could be distinctly heard.

There was no bustle to show that eighteen thousand men were forming for a desperate attack; company after company they mustered and got under arms silently, words of command being given in a whisper.

Picton had been hurt by a fall, and his famous 3rd Division was led by Kempt in consequence.

Its destination was the castle, whose walls were from eighteen to twenty-four feet high; and the regiments which formed it were the 5th, 45th, 74th, 77th, 83rd, 88th, and 94th British, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese.

The 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith—composed also of English and Portuguese—had to make a feint upon the Pardaleras outwork to the left, and then march round and storm the San Vincente bastion in rear of the town, while General Power made a false attack on the bridge-head beyond the Guadiana.



SPAIN & PORTUGAL to illustrate THE PENINSULAR WAR.

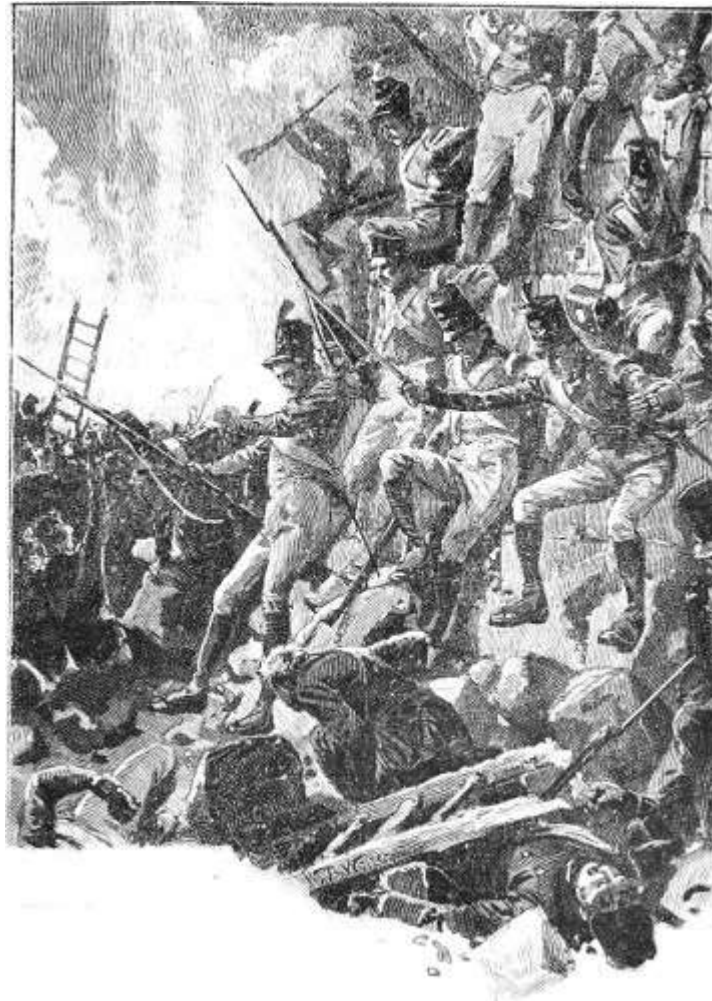
The Light Division and the 4th, under Generals Colville and Barnard, were to tackle the trenches, and were composed of the following corps—the Light having the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th British, the 1st and 3rd Portuguese Caçadores; and the 4th Division, the 7th, 23rd, 27th, 40th, 48th, and 97th British, with the 11th and 23rd Portuguese, and the 1st Battalion of the Lusitanian Legion.

The trench-guards and the “forlorn hope” fell in, and about 9 o’clock four companies of the 95th Rifles crept forward and lay down, under the crest of the glacis, within a few yards of the French sentinels, whose heads could be seen, passing to and fro, against the sky.

Not a word was spoken as they crouched, unnoticed, in the mist that veiled their dark uniforms. They waited the arrival of the “forlorn hope” to begin the attack. At length a sentry peered over the parapet: something had caught his quick ear, for he cried “*Qui vive?*” and there was a moment of keen suspense.

Not satisfied, he again challenged, and, receiving no reply, fired his musket into the darkness; and instantly the drums of Badajoz beat to arms.

Still, for ten minutes more the riflemen lay motionless, until the “forlorn hope” came up, and then, each man sighting carefully at the heads above the rampart, they poured in a volley, and the attack began.



“THE NEXT THEY WERE LEAPING,
SLIDING, CLIMBING” (p. [262](#)).

It was unfortunate—as it happened—for Wellington wished all our assaults to take place simultaneously, but it could not be undone; moreover the garrison threw a huge mass of combustibles, called “a carcass,” from the walls, and by its powerful blaze they saw the 3rd Division drawn up under arms; so, “Stormers to the front!” was our cry, and we rushed on with an uproar of cheers and shouting.

The ladder-parties and those carrying the grass-bags ran forward, scrambling across the trenches and broken ground, and, filing over the Rivillas by a narrow bridge, reached the foot of the castle wall under a heavy fire.

Brave Kempt, who afterwards fought at Waterloo, fell, badly wounded, and as they carried him back he met Picton hurrying to take

command with his sword drawn.

The 3rd Division had only twelve ladders, and eighty to a hundred men were all that could mount at a time; but they reared them against the masonry, and fought with each other who should be first to ascend.

Stones, earth, live shells, beams, heavy shot, and a rain of musket balls poured down; those who reached the top were stabbed and flung on to the others behind them—here a cheer as a man grasped the coping—there a howl of rage as the ladder was hurled broken from the wall and all its occupants flung in a heap below.

“Forward the 5th Fusiliers—Come on, Connaught Rangers.” A corporal of the 45th fell wounded on hands and knees, a ladder was placed on his back in the confusion, his comrades mounting above him, and he was found next day crushed to death, the blood forced from his ears and nose.

Several of the ladders were broken, and those that remained were flung off repeatedly by the garrison on the ramparts, until the French cried “Victory,” and the 3rd Division retired for a moment, to re-form under the crest of the hill.

Meanwhile, the 4th and Light Divisions, after a double allowance of grog had been served out, marched quickly on to the breaches, and the trench-guard rushed at San Roque with such fury that they bayoneted its defenders and carried the lunette without a rebuff.

As the stormers of the Light Division moved off, Major Peter O’Hare—who had risen from the ranks to a commission in the 95th (a most unusual thing in those days), and who was, moreover, one of the ugliest men and one of the bravest in the army—shook hands with George Simmonds, of the Rifles, saying—“A lieutenant-colonel or cold meat in a few hours!” They found him next morning stone dead and stark naked, with nearly a dozen bullets in his gallant frame. Officers were divided into two categories by the Peninsular soldiers—the “Come on” and the “Go on.” O’Hare was one of the former.

As the firing commenced at the castle, the heads of the double columns reached the glacis to find all quiet and the place wrapped in profound gloom.

The ditch yawned beneath them, and the stormers threw their grass-bags, which measured some six feet by three feet, into it, lowered the *five* ladders which did duty for both divisions, and the “forlorn hope” of the Light Division descended into the chasm, doomed to a man!

A musket-shot told them that the silence was a treacherous one; but none were prepared for the awful scene that followed. The ditch was crowded with the stormers, and men waited their turn to follow down the ladders, when all at once a tongue of flame lit up the darkness, a terrific explosion seemed to rend the earth itself, and five hundred brave fellows were blown into eternity under the eyes of their comrades on the glacis above them.

One second’s space the Light Division stood aghast, the next, they were leaping, sliding, climbing, never heeding the depth, into the gory grave that lay between them and the breaches, with a roar that went echoing along the walls of Badajoz—a roar of fury never to be appeased until bayonet should meet bayonet on the towering ramparts, fringed with the foe, beyond.

Down poured the 4th Division and mingled with them: the ditch was full of shouting redcoats, all struggling, regardless of rank, to get at the French, who, yelling defiance in their turn, showered grape, round shot, canister, hand grenades, stones, shells, and buckshot upon them; rolling huge cannon-balls from the parapet, sending baulks of timber thudding into the tumult, and coach-wheels that acquired a fearful velocity as they bounded down the rocks into the living mass of British valour pent up in the deathtrap below.

Bursts of dazzling light were succeeded by moments of intense darkness; for an instant the huge bastions showed, bristling with armed men, to be lost again in a Stygian gloom, re-illuminated the next minute by the flashing guns—by wavering port fires, and trailing rockets. A hundred Albuera men of the Fusiliers were drowned in an unexpected water-ditch; the air was heavy with gunpowder smoke and the sickening stench of the stagnant pools; individuals and regiments alike surged and scrambled to find a passage; until at last, getting on to an unfinished

ravelin, mistaken in the confusion for a breach, both divisions were jumbled together, and great disorder ensued.

Wellington, watching from a hill, and seeing the pause, exclaimed repeatedly: “What can be the matter?” sending aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to report progress, as the glare revealed the faces on the ramparts and the peculiar hollow booming reached him, caused by the garrison firing down into the cavernous depths of the ditch.



THE 5TH DIVISION STORMING BY
ESCALADE THE RAMPARTS OF SAN
VINCENTE (p. [263](#)).

At length there was a rush for the great breach. Officers and men, having extricated themselves from the carnage below, rushed on, to find an impenetrable barrier of sword-blades fixed in wooden beams and set firmly across the opening, while the *débris* in front was strewn with

planks covered with spikes: if a soldier trod on one of them it slid down, either throwing him on the spikes or sending him back on to the bayonets of his comrades; and, to crown all, the garrison rolled barrels of powder into the middle of us, which exploded with shocking effect, filling the nostrils with the smell of burning flesh and singed hair, and strewing the breach with scarlet figures in every conceivable attitude of agony and death!

Our gallant fellows charged madly in masses, in groups, and even singly, one private of the Rifles forcing himself among the sword-blades, where the enemy shattered his bare head with their musket-butts.

It was not until the cruel slaughter had lasted *two hours* that the diminished divisions withdrew to the bottom of the slope and stood furious and exhausted, but powerless to effect their aim, and still under a fire that was thinning their broken ranks, while the enemy cried mockingly down to them, "Why don't you come into Badajoz?" Captain Nicholas, of the Engineers, gathered a few men and made frantic efforts to force the Santa Maria breach, and he was joined by Lieutenant Shaw, of the 43rd, who collected fifty men from various regiments and struggled over the broken masonry with them, but, two-thirds of the way up a hail of balls and hissing grape-shot mowed them nearly all down, and the divisions remained stolidly confronting inevitable death, unable to advance, unwilling to retire, for the bugles sounded twice unheeded, while, strange irony it seemed, a bright moon shining peacefully overhead, the Santa Maria, or "Holy Mary," looking down upon them on the one hand, La Trinidad, "The Trinity," on the other, and all around an Inferno such as Dante never dreamed of! About midnight Wellington ordered them back to re-form for another attack, and in the meantime Picton's Division, whom we left also re-forming, had rushed forward again, led by Colonel Ridge, who placed a ladder against the castle wall, where an embrasure offered a chance of foothold. A grenadier officer named Canch reared a second one alongside it, and the two mounted together, followed by their men, securing the ramparts after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, and driving the enemy out of the castle into the town.

The garrison sent a reinforcement, and there was a sharp passage of arms at the gate, our redcoats firing from one side almost muzzle to

muzzle with the blue-clad, square-shakoed French on the other; but we kept the castle, though, unhappily, the gallant Ridge was slain.

Our reserves found the two ladders still standing, the top rungs of one being broken; and when the 28th Regiment practised storming a dry bridge with these, a couple of months afterwards, they were even then covered with blood and brains!

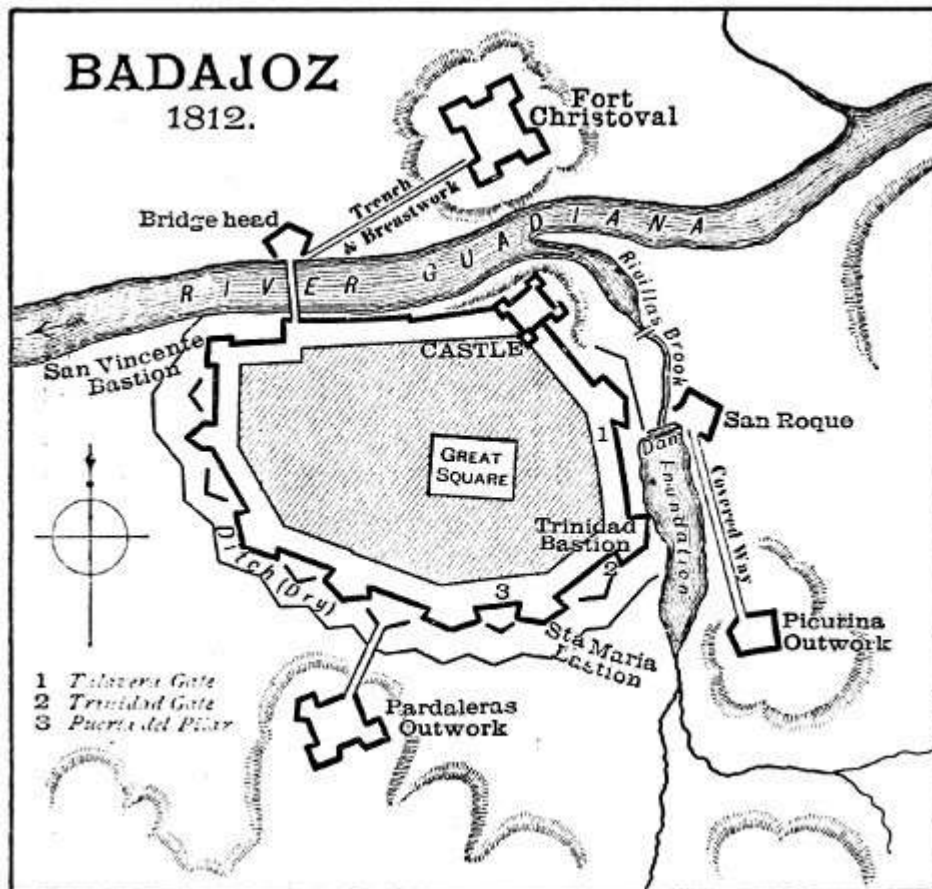
It was about half-past eleven when the 3rd Division succeeded in their escalade, and, retarded by unforeseen obstacles, it was not until the same hour or thereabouts that the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, came under the breastwork before San Vincente at the west end of the town. As the 1st, 4th, 9th, 30th, 38th, and 44th Regiments, with a Portuguese brigade, halted, undiscovered, a few yards from a guard-house where the French could be heard talking, the roar of a distant explosion sounded, and the men whispered among themselves, "It is at the breaches!"

All was intensely silent around them; the murmur of the river rose on their left, the fortifications showed clearly before them as the moon came out; they knew that their comrades far off on the other side of the citadel were engaged, and an eager thrill went through the ranks. A sentinel discovered the mass of men and the glint of the moonbeams on the bayonets at the moment when our engineer guide exclaimed "Now's the time!" and as he fired we ran forward against the gateway.

Seized by a sudden panic the Portuguese ladder-party bolted, but we snatched up the heavy ladders and our axemen chopped fearlessly at the gate and wooden palings that fringed the covered-way, while from the walls which towered thirty-one feet overhead, the same tempest of beams, and shot, and bags of powder showered down on the heads of the 5th Division.

We cleared the paling and jumped into the ditch, crossing the cunette with difficulty and finding the ladders too short for our purpose; the engineer was killed, and a small mine exploded under our feet, but, as luck would have it, the ramparts at San Vincente had been thinned of some of their defenders, who had gone off at the double to attack Picton's men in the castle, and we placed three ladders under an embrasure where there was a gabion instead of a gun, and where the scarp was only twenty feet high.

Hand over hand, the troops clambered up under a concentrated fire that dropped them off by dozens, and the topmost stormers had to be pushed up by those behind before they could reach the embrasure, as the ladders were all too short; but at last the bold fellows got a foothold, and pulled the others up alongside them, until the redcoated mass grew larger and larger, and half the King's Own charged the houses while the rest of the division went roaring along the ramparts, Brown Bess in hand, hurling the stubborn garrison out of three bastions in succession. There was a great shouting, mingled with the scream of the grape-shot and the whistling hum of shells; yells, howls, prayers and curses were drowned or half-heard amid the boom of cannon and the incessant bang-bang of the deadly muskets fired at close-quarters.



BADAJOZ

1812.

The awestruck watchers on the hill above our camp stood in an agony of suspense, spectators of the terrific struggle; the entire citadel

seemed full of flame and noise, as mine after mine exploded, and fire-ball after fire-ball was flung over the walls to light the besieged in their heroic resistance: never had Napoleon's soldiers fought with more determined gallantry, officer and man vying with each other in their efforts to keep us out, and as we drove them from one defence they retired into another and stood once more at bay.

Philippon, and Vielland, the second in command, though both wounded, flew from rampart to rampart, sword in hand, encouraging their brave fellows by word and deed, while the solemn chime of the cathedral rang out unnoticed hour after hour of that night of horrors.

A strange incident occurred at San Vincente when General Walker fell riddled with balls on the parapet: either by accident or design, he made a masonic sign as he staggered backwards, and a brother-mason in the French ranks dashed aside the threatening bayonets of his countrymen and saved him: afterwards, it is said, the general found his preserver a prisoner-of-war in Scotland, and procured his exchange in remembrance of his chivalry on the ramparts of Badajoz.

The 5th Division had obtained firm hold, knowing nothing of what was happening at the castle or the breaches, and as a portion of them were pursuing the enemy along the walls they rounded an angle and came upon a solitary gun with one artilleryman, who flung a portfire down as they approached.

Instantly there arose a cry of "A mine! a mine!" and our fellows retired helter-skelter, followed by a fresh body under Vielland, who drove them back to the parapet again and pitched several over into the ditch, but a reserve of the 38th, under Colonel Nugent, about two hundred strong, poured a volley into them, and we rallied and charged along the wall towards the breaches.

The King's Own had entered the town at the first onslaught of Leith's Division, and a strange contrast they found it to the uproar of the bastions, as, with bayonets fixed and bugles blowing, they filed through the streets, silent and deserted as the tomb; every door shut, lamps alight in many of the windows, but not a soul abroad, except some soldiers leading ammunition mules, who were promptly taken prisoners.

Sometimes a window opened and was immediately closed again; voices were heard, but the speakers were invisible; a few shots came

from beneath the doors, but they were unheeded, and the adventurous 4th continued its march into the great square, where the same silence reigned, although the houses round it were brilliantly lighted.

The renewed fury at the breaches turned their steps in that direction, and they hurried off to take the garrison in rear: the attempt was well meant, but they were met by a fire that repulsed them, and they continued their wandering down streets and lanes, but the French began to be disheartened, as well they might.

The castle in our possession they could possibly have besieged from the town side, as there was only one gate by which the 3rd Division could have issued; the Trinidad and Santa Maria were also well-nigh impregnable in spite of their shattered condition, had the garrison been able to concentrate there, but the forcing of San Vincente had let us in *behind* them, and the struggle was only a matter of time; so, brave Philippon and Vielland, with their remnants, forced the bridge and shut themselves up in San Christoval across the Guadiana, sending a few horsemen on the spur to carry news to Soult, and, the bleeding 4th and Light Divisions scrambling up again and rushing the breaches, BADAJOZ WAS OURS!

As the heavy firing died away towards morning, a mighty shout arose inside the walls, caught up and echoed far and near by our victorious soldiery, "Hurrah! hurrah! the town's our own, hurrah!" and the carnage-maddened men, breaking from all control, began a wild orgy, which lasted for two days and two nights, indelibly sullyng the glory of our triumph.



“‘ILL YOU DRINK, OLD BOY?’” (p. 266).

Churches and mansions were entered and pillaged; costly sacramental plate and silver money from the military chest strewed the rugged pavement of the town; wine flowed down the gutters as freely as blood had done on the ramparts, and men staggered along with their shakoes full of liquor. One bestrode a cask with a loaded musket and compelled officer and private alike to drink as they passed him; here a group fired aimlessly down a street, caring little whom they hit, others blazed away at the convent bells, while some masqueraded in court-dresses, in French uniforms, and monks' cowls, howling, singing, dancing, like men possessed.

Many of the wretched inhabitants placed lighted candles and flasks of aquadienta on their tables and sought to hide themselves, hoping the marauders would drink and go away; they drank, but every cranny of the house was ransacked before they took their leave, and things were done of which we cannot speak, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the army.

“The town is ours, hurrah!”

Women and children ran shrieking to the officers for protection, which, alas, it was not always in their power to afford. Many an indignant subaltern risked his life among his own men in frantic attempts to recall them to order; an officer of the Brunswickers was shot while struggling for the possession of a canary bird; one party was seen tormenting a wounded baboon that had belonged to the colonel of the 4th French Regiment. And breaking open the jail, they liberated the prisoners, some of the 5th and 88th holding candles aloft as the scum of a Spanish prison poured out to add to the disorder. Wellington himself was surrounded by a mob of drunkards, who fired their muskets to his infinite peril, shouting as they brandished bottles of wine and brandy—“Will you drink, old boy? The town’s our own, hurrah!”

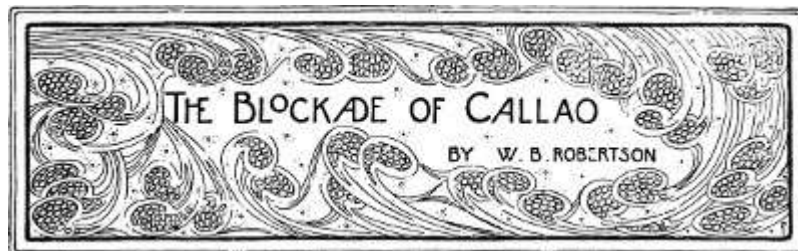
At length a gallows with three nooses reared its ominous form in the square, and a man named Johnny Castles, of the 95th, was placed beneath it; but no one was hanged, and by degrees the troops were drawn out of the town, credited with having murdered eighty-five of the inhabitants—in actual fact, the number being thirty-two. In fearful contrast to the licence within the walls was the scene outside. Philippon had surrendered to the future Lord Raglan, and retired from the service, in 1816, a General of Division, Baron of the Empire, and wearer of the Legion of Honour and the Order of St. Louis. The ditch, the slope, from the edge of the glacis to the top of the bastions, resembled a huge slaughter-house, nearly 2,500 of our men having fallen between the Santa Maria and La Trinidad alone, within a space of a hundred square yards; the 43rd and 52nd, respectively the gayest and the most sedate regiments in Spain, losing 670 men between them, and the place presenting an unusually shocking appearance from the explosions which had taken place there.

In one place the wife of a grenadier of the 83rd moaned over the corpse of her husband; in another a little drummer-boy of the 88th lay with his leg broken beside his dead father; the most heartrending sights were witnessed as the women and children sought frantically for their dear ones amid thousands of bodies, and the mangled fragments of what had once been living men.

Amid the horror of it all, two Spanish ladies came out of the town and implored two officers of the Rifles to assist them: one of them, Donna Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon, afterwards married her protector, who became Sir Harry Smith, of Aliwal fame, and was long a prominent figure in English society—a curious instance of the “romance of war.”

We took the colours of the garrison and the Hesse-Darmstadt, but there were no eagles in the town. The first man to die at the Santa Maria was a Portuguese grenadier, and there was a story current in the army that José de Castro, bugle-boy of the 7th Caçadores, had sounded the French “recall” at a critical moment, for which he received a hundred guineas from the Earl of Wellington: certain it is that when a very old man, gaining a bare living by teaching the cornet in the town of Golega, he was still petitioning the Portuguese Government for a pension.

Five generals wounded, five thousand officers and men fallen during the siege—that is the story of Badajoz. And when Wellington stood in the breach and looked around him, stern Spartan though he was, he burst into tears.



THE BLOCKADE OF CALLAO

BY W. B. ROBERTSON

At the invitation of the newly-created Republic of Chili, Admiral Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, sailed from England in the month of August, 1818, in the *Rose*, merchantman, to organise and take supreme command of the Chilian navy. With him he took, besides his wife and two children, English naval officers upon whom he could rely in the arduous fighting he was soon to engage in against the superior armaments of Spain. He landed on November 28th at Valparaiso, whither General O’Higgins, Supreme Director of the Chilian Government, had

come to receive him. His reception was so warm both at Valparaiso and at Santiago, the capital, and the continuation of proposed festivities in his honour threatened to be so prolonged, that he had to remind his Excellency O'Higgins that he had come to Chili to fight, and not to feast.

Preparations were accordingly pushed forward to get such ships of war as the Chilians possessed into some kind of fighting order. These ships were the *O'Higgins*, formerly the *Maria Isabel*, a Spanish frigate of 50 guns, which the Chilians had captured and re-named after their adored chief; the *San Martin*, formerly the *Cumberland*, Indiaman, with 56 guns; the *Lautaro*, also a purchased Indiaman, with 44 guns; the *Galvarino*, recently the British sloop-of-war *Hecate*, with 18 guns; the *Chacabuco*, with 20 guns; and the *Araucano*, with 16 guns. This modest squadron of seven vessels was to contend with and conquer the Spanish fleet, made up of four frigates—the *Esmeralda*, 44 guns, the *Venganza*, 42 guns, the *Sebastiana*, 28 guns; four brigs—the *Maipo*, 18 guns, the *Pezuela*, 22 guns, the *Potrillo*, 18 guns, and another, whose name is not known; one schooner, name not known; six armed merchantmen—the *Resolution*, 36 guns, the *Cleopatra*, 28 guns, *La Focha*, 20 guns, the *Guarmey*, 18 guns, the *Fernando*, 26 guns, and the *San Antonio*, 18 guns; and twenty-seven gunboats.

Such were the opposing forces, whose operations for the next two years now were to command the attention of the civilised world. Under any other but Cochrane's leadership the result could never have been doubtful. Cochrane, however, had already shown under the British flag that odds made no difference to him—a reputation that he was still further to maintain.

It is necessary here to say that though Chili had vanquished the Spanish forces in the interior and had overthrown the Spanish Government, her long line of coast was still exposed to attacks from the Spanish fleet. Besides, the enemy still held the impregnable forts that commanded the port of Valdivia. These advantages, added to the fact that her power in Peru was still intact, made Spain even yet a formidable foe to the newly-acquired liberties of the Chilians. Thus, before Chili could rest assured that Spanish dominion would not again be re-asserted over her, she must break the power of the Spanish navy, clear the Spanish garrisons out of Valdivia, and see her neighbour, Peru, liberated. It was to contribute to the accomplishment of these ends that Admiral Cochrane

had now conferred upon him by commission the titles of “Vice-admiral of Chili” and “Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of the Republic.”

On December 22nd, nearly a month after his arrival at Valparaiso, Cochrane hoisted his flag on the *O’Higgins*, named, as already mentioned, in honour of the Supreme Director, who was the son of an Irish gentleman of great distinction, who had risen so high in the Spanish service as to occupy the position of Viceroy of Peru—the highest post at that time in South America. The son, however, on the outbreak of revolution, joined the patriots, and, as a reward for his signal services in the field, was chosen head of the young Republic.

Resuming our narrative, we find Cochrane sailing from Valparaiso on January 16th, 1819, with only four ships—the other three being not yet ready. On that day Lady Cochrane with the children had come on board to bid him adieu. She had gone ashore, and the last gun to summon all hands on board had been fired, when suddenly a loud hurrah near the house in which she was residing made her go to the window to see what the matter might be. She was petrified at the sight that met her gaze. Her little boy of five years, who had slipped away from her unperceived, was perched on the shoulders of Cochrane’s flag-lieutenant who was hurrying with him down to the beach. The excited populace were shouting and hurrahing, while the little fellow, who had begged of the by no means unwilling lieutenant to be taken aboard, was waving his cap over their heads and crying “*Viva la patria.*” Before Lady Cochrane could interfere, the two were being rapidly rowed off in a small boat to the flagship which was already under weigh. It was thus impossible, to the delight of the sailors as well as the youngster, for him to be sent back; and though he had only the clothes that were on him, which were altogether insufficient, the sailors said that didn’t matter—they would make him others!



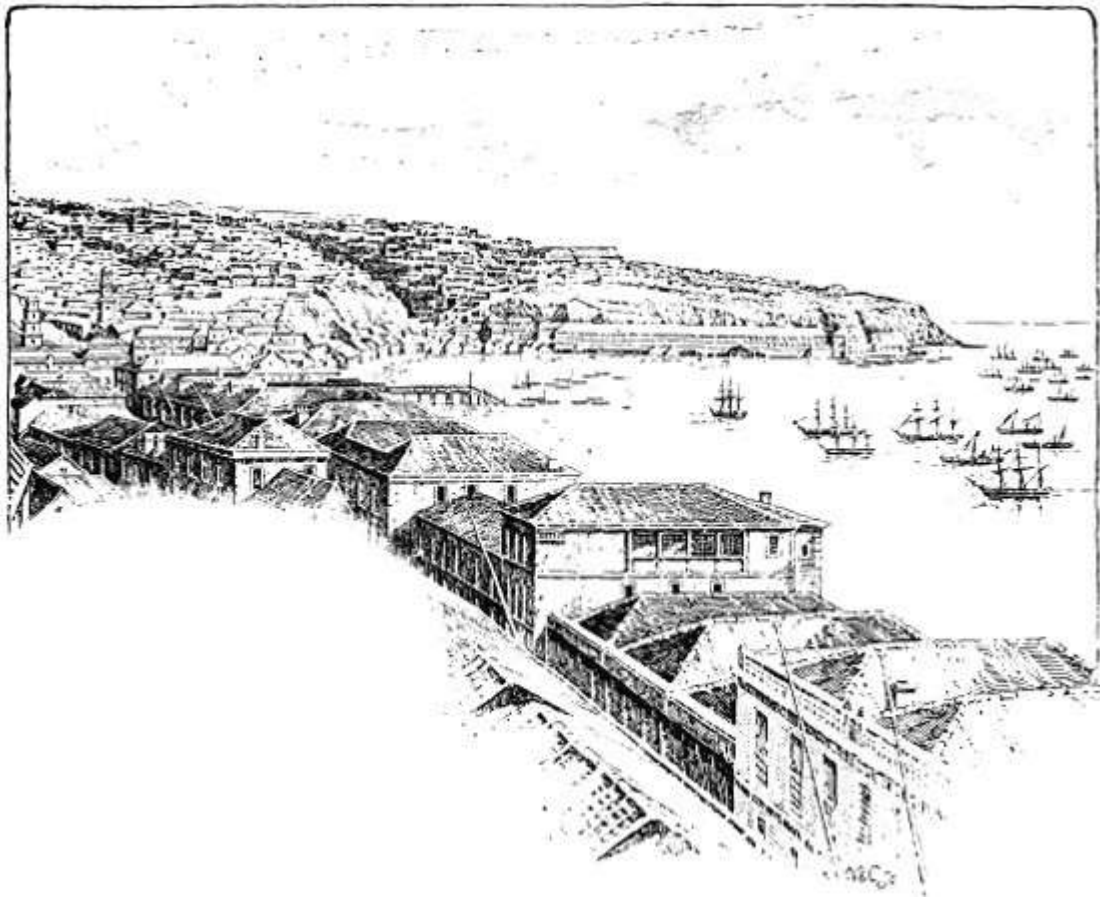
LORD COCHRANE.

(From the Painting by Stroehling.)

During this cruise Cochrane inflicted so many disasters upon the Royalist cause, as to become known amongst the Spaniards by the title "*El diablo*." These disasters cannot be given in detail: so we pass to the end of February, when he entered the port of Callao with the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro* under American colours. In this port was practically concentrated the naval force of Spain in the Pacific; yet such was the terror with which Cochrane had already inspired them, that the Spaniards dared not go out to meet him. Instead of this they dismantled their ships of war, and with the topmasts and spars made a double boom across their anchorage to prevent his approach. An unimportant action, however, took place, and at the commencement of the firing Cochrane locked his little boy in the after-cabin. In the middle of the engagement a round shot took off a marine's head. This attracted Cochrane's attention to the spot, where he was horror-stricken to see his son, close by the decapitated marine, and covered with blood. The boy had escaped from his confinement through the quarter-gallery window, and throughout the fight, in the little midshipman's uniform that the seamen had made for

him, had been busily engaged in handing powder to the gunners. His father now thought him killed. But it was only the blood and brains of the unfortunate marine that he was bespattered with, and up he ran to his agonised father. "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me: Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mama's boy." "Mama's boy," however, was forthwith ordered to be carried below.

It may here be pardonable to cite a few words as showing what kind of "mama" that boy had. By a writer in the *North British Review*, we are told that one night whilst Lord Cochrane was in command of the Chilian fleet, "his ship got becalmed under a battery from which he was assailed with red-hot shot. His men were seized with a panic and deserted their guns. If the fire from the shore were not returned, it would speedily become steady, sustained, and fatal. He went down to the cabin, where her ladyship lay: 'If a woman sets them the example, they may be shamed out of their fears: it is our only chance.' She rose and followed him upon the deck. We have heard her relate that the first object that met her eye was the battery with its flaming furnaces, round which dark figures were moving, looking more like incarnate demons than men. A glance at her husband's impressive features and his 'terrible' calmness reassured her. She took the match, and fired the gun when he had pointed it. The effect on the crew was electrical: they returned to their posts with a shout, and the battery was speedily silenced."



VALPARAISO.

One more glimpse at Lady Cochrane. General Miller—subsequently the hero of Ayacucho, and as brave an officer as ever unsheathed sword—was on one occasion sent on a secret service under the orders of Lord Cochrane. With his force, comprising 600 infantry and sixty cavalry, he proceeded to Huacho, a little to the north of Lima. “On the day after his arrival there,” the account proceeds, “and whilst he was inspecting the detachments in the Plaza, Lady Cochrane galloped on to the parade to speak to him. The sudden appearance of youth and beauty on a fiery horse, managed with skill and elegance, absolutely electrified the men, who had never before seen an English lady. ‘*Que hermosa! Que graciosa! Que linda! Que airosa! Es un angel de cielo!*’ were exclamations which escaped from one end of the line to the other. Colonel Miller, not displeased at this involuntary homage to the beauty of his countrywoman, said to the men, ‘This is our *generala*,’ on which Lady Cochrane, turning to the line, bowed to the troops, who no longer

confining their expressions of admiration to suppressed interjections, broke out into loud ‘vivas.’”

After the action in Callao Harbour, already referred to, Lord Cochrane, on March 2nd, sent Captain Foster with a Spanish gunboat and crew they had captured, and the launches of the *O’Higgins* and *Lautaro*, to take possession of San Lorenzo, a small island about three miles distant. Here they found thirty-seven Chilians, who had been taken prisoners eight years before, and who, all that time, had worked in chains under the supervision of a military guard. The military guard were now taken prisoners, and the Chilians released.

These showed their liberators the filthy shed in which, chained by one leg to an iron bar, they had been compelled to sleep. From them, too, it was learnt that the patriot prisoners in Lima were in a more deplorable plight still, and that the fetters on their legs had worn their ankles to the bone. The pitiful tale told by these men moved Cochrane to send a flag of truce to the Viceroy in Lima, with a request for an exchange of prisoners, and complaining of the harsh treatment accorded the Chilian prisoners, while the Spanish prisoners in Chili were well treated. To this message the Viceroy replied that he had a right to treat the prisoners as pirates, and that he was surprised that a British nobleman should be found in command of the maritime forces of a Government “unacknowledged by all the Powers of the globe.” So he refused to treat for an exchange of prisoners. To the Viceroy, Cochrane replied that a British nobleman was a free man, and therefore had a right to adopt any country which was endeavouring to re-establish the rights of aggrieved humanity, and that he had, hence, adopted the cause of Chili with the same freedom of judgment that he had previously exercised when refusing the offer of an admiral’s rank in Spain, made to him not long before by the Duke de San Carlos in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh.

So ended Cochrane’s humane endeavour on behalf of the prisoners of both parties. Meanwhile, with the rather contemptible force and appliances at his command being unable to successfully attack the Spanish fleet, which lay under the shelter of the guns of the forts of

Callao, he put to sea and made some important captures. Among these was a vessel laden with treasure lying in the river Barrançá; another on the way from Lima to Guambucho with 70,000 dollars, the pay of the Imperial troops; and on April 10th the *Gazelle*, with 60,000 dollars. He also landed parties at various points on the Peruvian coast, routed the different Spanish garrisons with his marines, and captured their military stores. In this way he was able to make the enemy provide for the wants of his squadron, and his extraordinary success was due to his treatment of the natives. These he always paid for everything required from them. He also paid them highly for any information they might bring him regarding the movements of the enemy. Thus the natives became a kind of detective force working on his behalf. On June 16th he returned to Valparaiso, where, laden with the spoils of many victories, he was received with loud and warm acclamations.

It was not for these, however, that he had returned. It was to organise a more effective force, whereby he might not only blockade—that was too slow and luxurious a method of fighting for him—but even drive the enemy out of Callao, and so himself command the approach to Lima from the sea. His plan was, by means of rockets and explosives, to blow up the booms protecting the enemy's ships to seaward, and to burn the shipping. To superintend the making of the rockets Mr. Goldsack, principal assistant of Sir William Congreve, at Woolwich, was engaged, and to actually make the rockets the Government foolishly employed the prisoners-of-war. These prisoners, knowing that the explosives they were engaged in making were intended for the destruction of their own friends, put sand, sawdust, manure, and whatever other rubbish they could find, at intervals in the tubes, which should otherwise have contained a continuous packing of gunpowder. The result was that when, some months later, Cochrane again found himself before Callao, and proceeded to put his scheme into execution, the rubbish in the rockets prevented the progress of their combustion, and reduced his elaborate design to a fiasco. It was then the Spaniards fired red-hot shot upon him, and, after losing twenty men and a lieutenant, who was cut right in two by a round shot, he was forced to abandon the attempt.

However, he did not proceed home until he had gathered fresh laurels, equipped though he was with weapons more useless than toys. He captured one or two treasure-ships, of which one, the *Potrillo*, had on

board 30,000 dollars, the pay of the garrisons at Valdivia; he also captured Pisco, in the square of which town General Miller was shot with three bullets—one entered the arm, another entered his chest and passed out at his back, while the third shattered his left hand. He even captured Valdivia itself—a feat that was considered impossible.

The result of all these achievements was that, when he again put in at Valparaíso, he was covered with fresh glory, to the discomfiture of those who had been sedulously seeking to discredit him and to put upon him the entire blame of the failure of the expedition against Callao. Strange to say—and, indeed, mortifying to those who would entertain favourable views of human nature—Cochrane's brilliant exploits and consequent popularity had awakened feelings of jealousy against him amongst political intriguers at Santiago. Their machinations drove him to offer his resignation. Thereupon the officers of his fleet tendered him their commissions, with the assurance that under him, and him alone, would they serve. This brought his enemies to their senses. He was implored to withdraw his proffered resignation, and induced to do so by the promise of more earnest support.

The Chilean Government had not behaved well to the sailors who had been fighting so bravely for them under Cochrane. These sailors actually had not been paid their wages, and had not received their proper prize-money, though their captures of money and stores had been more than sufficient to keep the squadron afloat. The result was that, when preparations for the next expedition were nearing completion, seamen, naturally, refused to enlist. To overcome this difficulty the following proclamation was issued:

“On my entry into Lima I will punctually pay to all foreign seamen who shall voluntarily enlist into the Chilean service the whole arrears of their pay, to which I will also add to each individual, according to his rank, one year's pay over and above his arrears, as a premium or reward for his services, if he continue to fulfil his duty to the day of the surrender of that city and its occupation by the liberating forces.

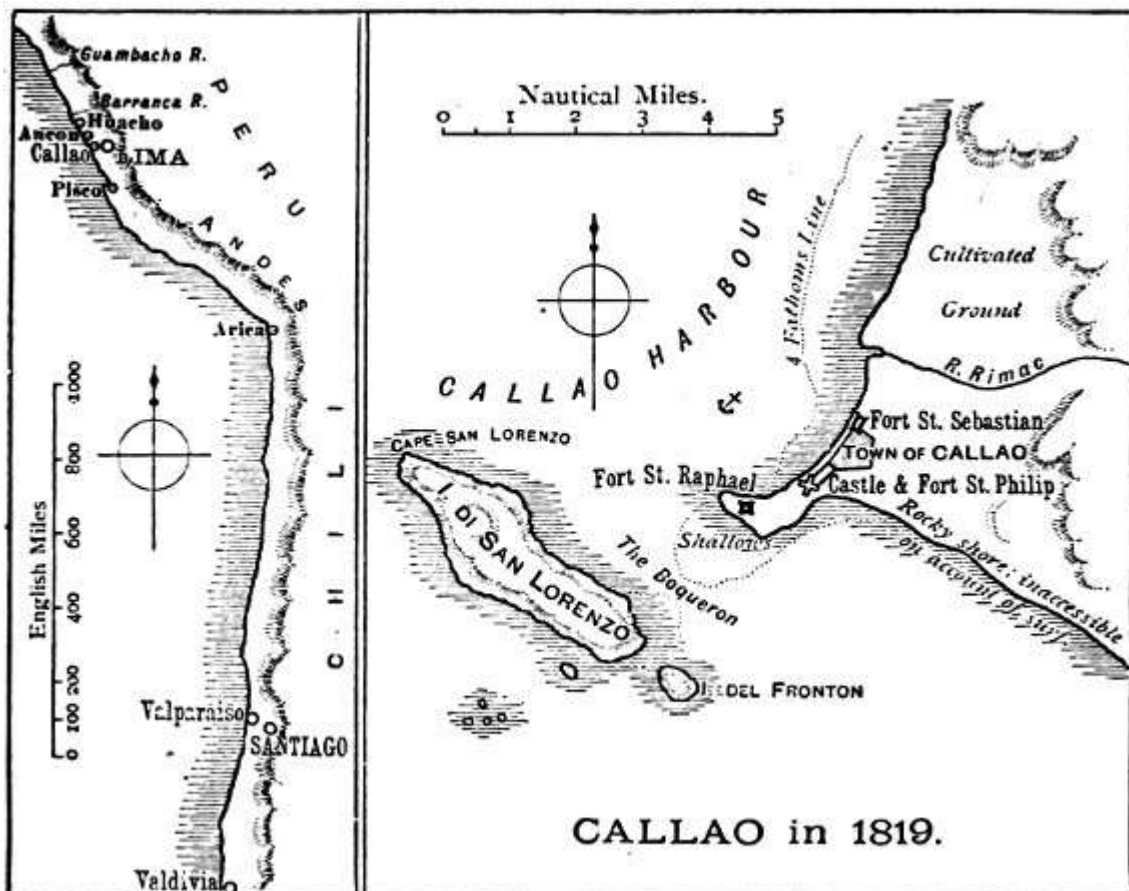
“(Signed) JOSE DE SAN MARTIN.

“COCHRANE.”

General San Martin signed this proclamation as commander-in-chief; but his signature alone would not have moved the men. They knew Cochrane was their friend. In him they had faith; on him they could rely to do whatever he promised, if it were humanly possible. Consequently, on the appearance of this proclamation the crews were immediately completed, and the squadron sailed, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the people, on August 21st, 1820.

Under convoy Cochrane had transport vessels, laden with 4,200 troops under the command of General San Martin. These troops were to be disembarked in close proximity to Lima, and to march upon the city by land, while the ships-of-war engaged the enemy by water at Callao. Differences between Cochrane and San Martin early developed themselves. Cochrane was for an immediate attack upon Lima. San Martin delayed, and was landed, according to his varying wishes, now here and now there, all the while accomplishing nothing; so that at last Cochrane lost patience, and on the 30th of September they parted company in the roads of Callao. Cochrane had reconnoitred the fortifications, and urged San Martin to immediately disembark and storm the forts of Callao. He himself would see that the troops were safely landed. San Martin, however, shrank from the undertaking, and insisted on being landed at Ancon, a little to the north. Cochrane, having no power as regarded the disposition of the troops, detached from his squadron the *San Martin*, *Galvarino*, and *Araucano* to convoy the transports to Ancon. He himself retained the *O'Higgins*, *Independencia* (an American-built corvette that had been added to the squadron in the previous year), and *Lautaro*, under the pretence of continuing the blockade. In reality, he had, while reconnoitring the fortifications, formed a daring plan of attack, which he kept concealed even from the commander-in-chief. That plan was nothing short of capturing the brigs-of-war in Callao harbour, moored though they were beneath the ordnance of the surrounding forts, putting their crews to the sword, cutting adrift or burning the entire shipping of the enemy, and getting possession of a treasure-ship on which he had learnt was embarked a million of dollars, kept in readiness in case it should be necessary for the authorities at Lima to seek safety in flight. How far he succeeded in carrying out his ambitious design, it now remains for us to describe.

The attack was to begin on the *Esmeralda*—a frigate of 44 guns and manned by 370 picked sailors and marines, who slept every night at quarters in readiness against surprises. The *Esmeralda*, with two other frigates, lay under the protection of 300 pieces of artillery mounted in the batteries ashore. Surrounding her, in semi-lunar shape, were 27 gunboats and armed blockships; and exterior to them, as the first line of defence, was a strong boom with chain moorings. How on earth was Cochrane to capture this, the finest ship on the Pacific Ocean? How even was he to get near her, situated amid such defences? As well try, one would think, to capture the Castle of Callao itself by proposing to creep into the mouths of the cannon and pluck out the charges! However, Cochrane went to work; and for three days, without divulging his design to anyone, continued to make ready for the final *coup*. Let it here be said that two neutral warships were lying in Callao—the British man-of-war *Hyperion* and the American *Macedonian*.



CALLAO in 1819.

On the evening of November 5th, Cochrane's intentions were revealed with this proclamation, which was posted up on his own ship, the *O'Higgins*, and sent to be similarly posted up on the other two, *Independencia* and *Lautaro*, which comprised his squadron:

“Marines and seamen! This night we are going to give the enemy a mortal blow. To-morrow you will present yourselves proudly before Callao, and all your comrades will envy your good fortune. One hour of courage and resolution is all that is required of you to triumph. Remember that you have conquered in Valdivia, and be not afraid of those who have hitherto fled from you.

“The value of all the vessels captured in Callao will be yours, and the same reward in money will be distributed amongst you as has been offered by the Spaniards in Lima to those who should capture any of the Chilian squadron. The moment of glory is approaching, and I hope that the Chilians will fight as they have been accustomed to do, and that the English will act as they have ever done at home and abroad.

“(Signed) COCHRANE.”

While the men on the different ships, gathered in groups, discussed the proclamation, it was announced that Cochrane was to lead the attack in person, and volunteers were invited to come forward, as he would lead no man unwilling to go into so hazardous an undertaking. A buzz of excitement followed this, and the whole of the marines and seamen on the three ships stepped forward. As it was impossible to take them all, the captains of the ships were ordered to select men from each crew—the total not to exceed 160 seamen and 80 marines. These having been assembled on the flagship, Cochrane gave the signal for the *Independencia* and *Lautaro* to weigh anchor with all haste, and put off to sea as if in pursuit of some vessel in the offing. This manœuvre had the desired effect. The look-out on the *Esmeralda* reported the departure of the two vessels, and the officer in command, as he received the report, observed: “Ah, well, then we may sleep soundly to-night!” It had been all along the constant fear of the Spaniards that Cochrane would spring a night-attack upon them; and, in the case of such, an arrangement had been made with the two neutral vessels, the *Hyperion* and *Macedonian*,

that they should display certain peculiar lights, so as not to be mistaken for the enemy by those directing the fire from the batteries ashore.

The Spanish officer had scarcely finished his comforting remark, “We may sleep soundly to-night,” when the picked men from Cochrane’s crews, who had been receiving minute instructions as to what each was to do, were paraded on the deck of the *O’Higgins*. It was now dark; so the enemy, however keen their vision, could see no movement. The men presented a ghostly appearance as they moved quietly to the ship’s sides and dropped into the fourteen boats arranged below to receive them. Not a word was spoken, not even an order given. Besides, the men were draped in white with a blue band round each left arm—this, that in the conflict so soon to stain the waters of Callao Harbour, and in the blindness of their ferocity, with their blood boiling, they might not in mistake fall upon and slay one another. In each right hand was a gleaming cutlass and in each left a loaded pistol. In each man’s ears, too, still lingered Cochrane’s last command, given below: “Not a word, not a sound, not a whisper; use your cutlasses alone: now come and do your duty.” It must have been a weird sight that band of 200 white-sheeted men, in the darkness of night, dropping silently and stealthily into the boats.



“THE CHILIAN CUTLASSES SWEEP THE DECK” (p. [274](#)).

By ten o'clock this strange company, every one with visage firmly set, began to move slowly towards the small opening left in the boom for the enemy's own convenience. Cochrane's boat led the way. The boats were in two divisions—the first commanded by Flag-Captain Crosbie, the second by Captain Guise. One division was to board the *Esmeralda* at different points on one side, while the other division was simultaneously to board her from the other side. Thus, in the same instant of time upon the unsuspecting Spaniards would rush from every point a couple of hundred armed and determined men. Meanwhile, these daring seamen have more than two hours' silent rowing—for the oars are muffled—before them, and during their progress to the scene of action

we shall give an extract from the orders issued, as revealing somewhat of Cochrane's full design. "On securing the frigate," runs the order, "the Chilian seamen and marines are not to give the Chilian cheer; but to deceive the enemy, and give time for completing the work, they are to cheer '*Viva el Rey.*' The two brigs-of-war are to be fired on by the musketry from the *Esmeralda*, and are to be taken possession of by Lieutenants Esmonde and Morgell, in the boats they command; which, being done, they are to cut adrift, run out, and anchor in the offing as quickly as possible. The boats of the *Independencia* are to turn adrift all the outward Spanish merchant-ships; and the boats of the *O'Higgins* and *Lautaro*, under Lieutenants Bell and Robertson, are to set fire to one or more of the headmost hulks; but these are not to be cut adrift so as to fall down upon the rest." This shows that Cochrane meant nothing less than clearing out the entire port so far as Spain was concerned in it.

Just on midnight, to return to our surpliced dare-devils, they are nearing the opening in the boom and are challenged by the vigilant gunboat set to guard it. Cochrane himself is well in front of his party, and in a low voice, but with a look that means all he says, gives the watch to know that instant death will follow any attempt at raising the alarm. So no alarm is raised, and in a few minutes the boats are in line alongside the unsuspecting frigate. Another moment and that peaceful deck is the scene of a hundred fights. The Chilian crews have swarmed up her sides, and their bare cutlasses are already drenched in blood. Cochrane, boarding her by the main chains, has been knocked back by the butt-end of a sentry's musket and has fallen on the thole-pin of his boat. The pin has entered his back near the spine, and inflicted a severe injury. He feels it not, however, and, recovering his feet, re-ascends. This time he reaches the deck, and is immediately shot through the thigh. Hastily a handkerchief is bound round the bleeding wound and he takes his place in the fight, hewing down Spaniards till he meets Captain Guise with his party hewing them down from the other side. Together they drive them back now, and the Spaniards retreat to take their final stand on the forecastle. Meanwhile Cochrane hails the foretop, and receives an "Ay, ay, sir," from his own men; he similarly hails the main-top, and is similarly answered. So far his orders have been carried out, and his men have got possession of the ship.

The Spaniards, however, entrenched on the fore-castle have yet to be overcome. The Chilians charge them with their cutlasses, and are driven back scorched with their fire. The Spaniard, as the Chilian knows by experience, cannot face cold steel; so another charge immediately follows, and again the Chilians have to retire. It is only for a second, and, at the third charge, the Spanish musketry being spent, the Chilian cutlasses sweep the deck. At this juncture it became known that this scene of carnage had its onlookers. The British ship *Hyperion* was so near the *Esmeralda* that those on board witnessed the whole proceeding, and a midshipman standing at the gangway so far forgot his neutrality as to cheer at the way Cochrane cleared the fore-castle. For this he was immediately ordered below by his commander, Captain Searle, and, further, threatened with arrest.

After the fore-castle was cleared as described, the fight was renewed on the quarter-deck—only for a moment, however, the Spanish marines who did not leap overboard or into the hold being instantly cut down. Meanwhile, the last quarter of an hour's uproar had attracted the attention of the garrisons ashore, and these, presuming that what had been so much dreaded—viz., the capture of their frigate—had been accomplished, opened fire upon the *Esmeralda*. For this, however, Cochrane was prepared. He knew the arrangement made with the neutral vessels whereby they were to be distinguished by carrying certain lights, so he hoisted similar lights on the captured frigate. The result was that the garrisons were puzzled, and struck the neutral vessels oftener than they did the *Esmeralda*. This made these vessels cut their cables and move away.

Now it was that Cochrane's orders began to be departed from. Wounded twice, as we have already seen, he was at length obliged to retire from the direction of the conflict. The command, accordingly, fell upon Captain Guise, who gave orders to cut the *Esmeralda's* cables. This done, there was nothing for it but to loose her topsails and follow the retiring neutrals. Captain Guise's excuse for so violating his superior's commands was that he had lost all control of the men, who had burst into the spirit-room of the *Esmeralda*, and had otherwise broken up into disorganised bands bent solely upon pillage. But for this, seeing that they had succeeded in capturing the *Esmeralda*, with her picked and specially equipped crew, they might surely have chased the Spaniards from the

other ships, one after another, as fast as their boats would take them, and so the whole fleet might either have been seized or burned. This was Cochrane's intention, and to this end all his previous plans had been laid. But Cochrane now lay a wounded and exhausted man, and perhaps, under any other leadership, his daring design—if attempted in full—would have ended disastrously.

As it was, their prize was no mean one. They certainly missed the treasure-ship with its million of dollars, which the captured frigate, provisioned for three months and with stores sufficient for a two years' cruise, was meant to convoy. Aboard, however, they found and made prisoner the Spanish admiral, with his officers and 200 seamen. The rest of the 370, who had originally manned her, had been either killed or drowned. On Cochrane's side the losses were eleven killed and thirty wounded. The whole affair, from the moment of boarding to the cutting of the frigate's cables, occupied only a quarter-of-an-hour. Yet in that quarter-of-an-hour, according to Captain Basil Hall, who at the time was commanding the British warship *Conway* in the Pacific—Cochrane had struck "a death-blow to the Spanish naval force in that quarter of the world; for although there were still two Spanish frigates and some smaller vessels in the Pacific, they never afterwards ventured to show themselves, but left Lord Cochrane undisputed master of the coast."

The bitter feelings aroused in the breasts of the Spaniards by the disaster of that night received brutal exemplification next morning. Then, as usual, the market-boat put off from the United States ship *Macedonian* for the shore for provisions. As the boatmen jumped ashore they were surrounded with an angry crowd, who began to accuse them of assisting the Chilians the previous night. The boatmen's denials were made in vain, and were answered with the confident and positive statement that, without such assistance, the feat had been impossible. Then the mob, their anger increasing and their belief in the charges they were making becoming more assured by the mere force of repetition, set upon the innocent boatmen and foully massacred them.

After this, Cochrane tried hard to draw the Spaniards from the shelter of their guns by placing the *Esmeralda* in positions that might tempt them to try to recapture her. Only once, when she was placed in a more than usually tempting position, did they venture out with their gunboats, and an hour's sharp firing followed. As soon, however, as they saw the

O'Higgins manœuvring to cut them off, they hastily retreated. Thus, finding it impossible to draw the enemy into an engagement afloat, Cochrane induced General San Martin to lend him 600 soldiers, and with these and the ships of his squadron he so harassed the Peruvian coast from Callao to Arica, that he virtually compelled Lima to capitulate on July 6th, 1821. Three weeks later, on the 28th of July, the national flag was hoisted in the city of the Incas and in these words Peruvian Independence declared:—

“Peru is from this moment free and independent by the general vote of the people and by the justice of her cause, which God defend.”



The Taking of the Gate Pah

by A. Hilliard Atteridge

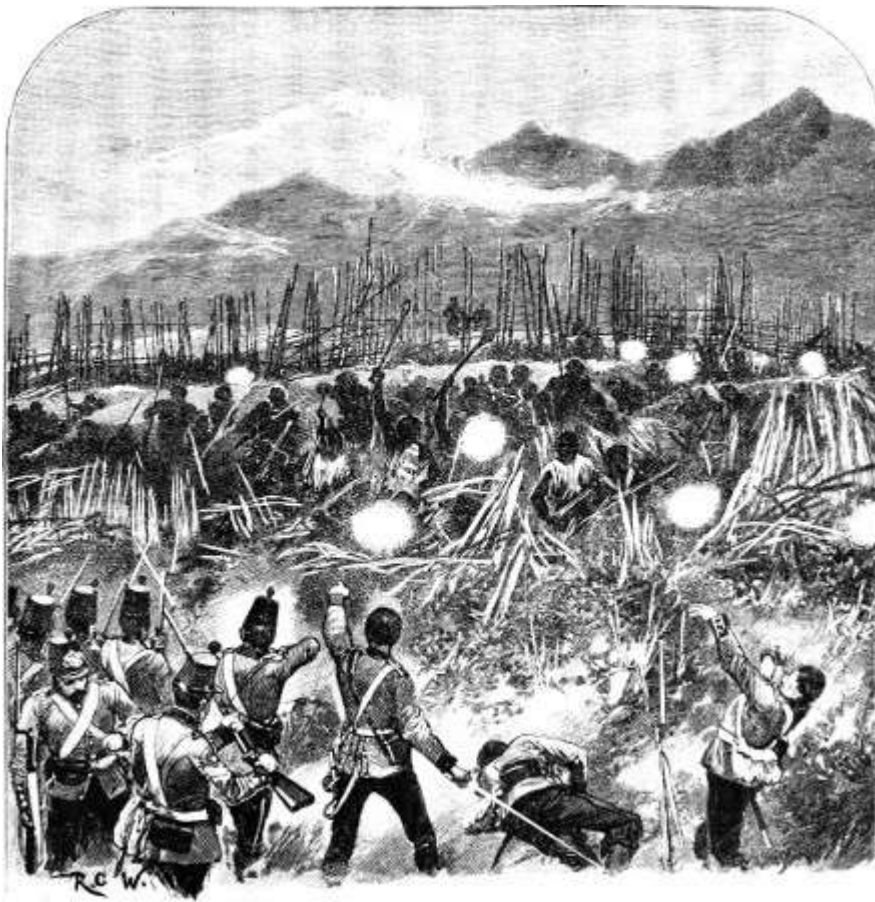
“**A** poor benighted heathen, but a first-rate fighting-man,” is the description of a savage adversary which Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts into the mouth of Tommy Atkins. The New Zealanders who fought against us in the sixties were not all of them “poor benighted heathens”: some of them had been pupils in the mission schools, others had come into the mission stations as grown men to learn something of the religion of the white men. When the everlasting quarrel between natives and settlers over land rights led to strife and bloodshed, and the Maories, or natives, took to the bush, most of them forgot what Christianity they had learned, though some of them clung to the old observances; and it is said that when one of their forts was surprised on a Sunday morning, they told the victors that, had it not been for a service which they were holding, they would have been at their posts, and that the English must be strange Christians to fight on Sunday. But whatever were the opinions of the Maori tribesmen in such matters, there is no doubt the second part of the description applied to them. They were “first-rate fighting men.” They had a skill in constructing earthworks which no other race has ever

surpassed, and they held them with desperate courage. Frequently when they abandoned them it was not from any fear of their adversaries, for it was one of the principles of their mode of warfare that the rapidly constructed pah, or fort, was only to be held long enough to inflict labour, delay, and loss upon the enemy, and then it was to be secretly evacuated and another work of the same kind held further inland. Of all the battles they fought against us, none displayed their soldierly qualities in a higher degree than the fight at the Gate Pah, which for a time seemed likely to end in a serious disaster to a force that far outnumbered the Maori garrison of the pah, and that brought against it all the resources of modern civilised warfare.

The fight was one in a long series, all of which ended in successes for our arms. Sir Duncan Cameron, who commanded the British forces operating against the rebel Maories in the North Island of New Zealand, was a brave and skilful Highland soldier, and the temporary check at Gate Pah was no fault of his, for he had done everything to ensure success, and it was the first time that there was anything like failure in his whole career. In the spring of 1864, which in that southern climate is the late summer and early autumn of the year, he had made Auckland his base of operations, and while the navy blockaded the coast to prevent arms and ammunition being conveyed to the rebels, he had made a successful expedition up the valley of the Thames, and with very little bloodshed had broken up the Maori power on that river and on the Waikato.

Early in April all fighting was over in the province of Auckland and the district of the Thames. The natives who had been in arms against the Government had returned to their allegiance. General Cameron was discussing with the local authorities the steps to be taken for the further pacification of the North Island, when news arrived that there was a considerable gathering of armed natives near Tauranga, in the Bay of Plenty, and the General resolved to transfer the forces under his command from Auckland and the mouth of the Thames to this new centre of disturbance. A detachment of the 68th Regiment, under Colonel Greer, was already encamped near the mission station of Tauranga. With the help of the naval squadron on the coast, the troops were rapidly transferred from the Thames Estuary to the Bay of Plenty, and by April 26th General Cameron had collected at Tauranga a formidable little force

of nearly 1,700 men, including a naval brigade of 400 men and officers, the 68th Regiment, 700 strong, the 43rd, nearly 300 strong, detachments of the 14th and 70th Regiments, each about 100 strong, and a small force of the Royal Artillery, with two 40-pounder Armstrongs, and two 6-pounders, two 24-pounder howitzers, and eight mortars. In the harbour, or close at hand and within call, was a strong naval squadron made up of her Majesty's ships *Curaçoa*, *Esk*, *Miranda*, *Harrier*, and *Eclipse*, under the command of Commodore Sir William Wiseman, and there was a small garrison at Maketu.



THE ATTACK.

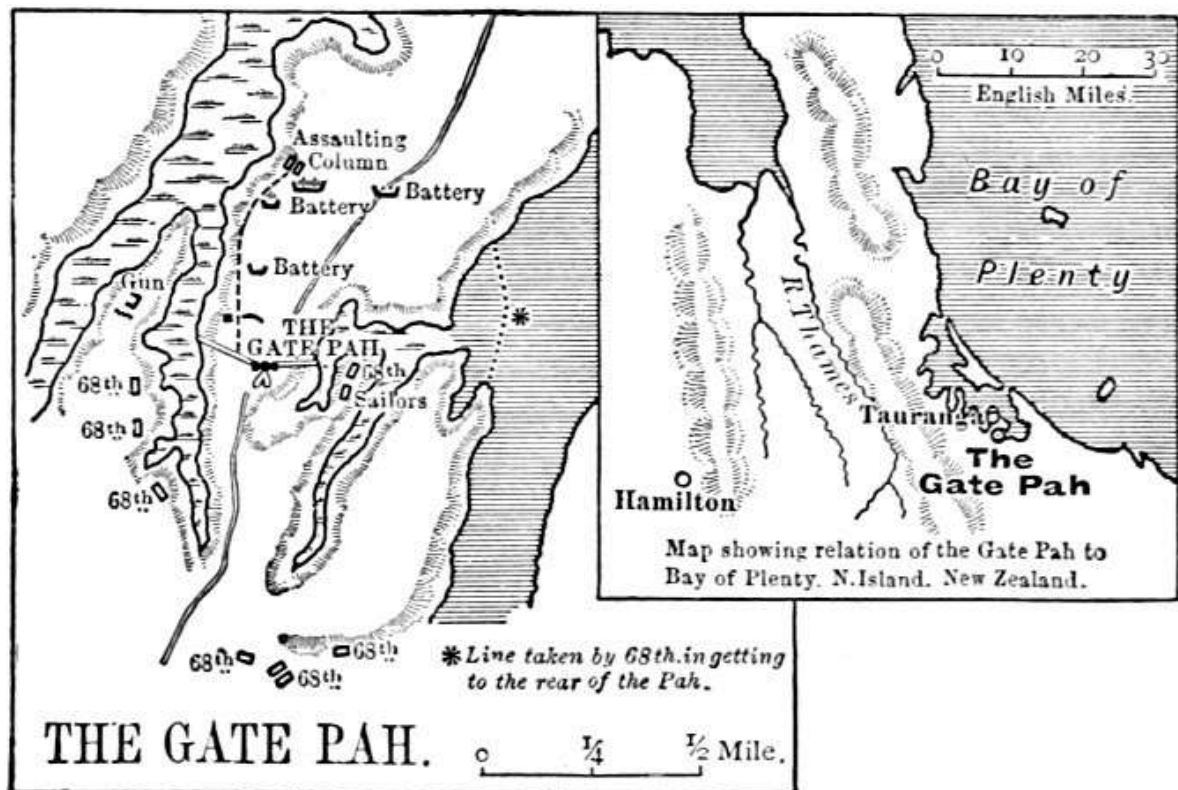
The enemy had taken up a position about three miles and a half from the Tauranga mission station, on a neck of high ground about 500 yards wide, over which ran the road or track from Tauranga to the interior. The ridge was a swell of the ground about fifty feet high. On both sides it sloped easily to a tract of swampy land very difficult to pass anywhere, even by men on foot. To the right beyond the swamp was one of the inlets of Tauranga Harbour. The Maories had rapidly fortified the high

ground, the spot where they fixed their pah, or earthwork, being evidently suggested to them by the fact that just below the highest swell of the ridge it was crossed by a three-foot trench, which marked the boundary between the mission station property and the bush and native lands. They deepened and widened this trench, carrying it down to the swamp on either side. Behind it they dug out their pah—an oblong enclosure, about eighty yards long by thirty wide. The military despatches of the time describe it as a “redoubt,” but the word is rather misleading. The Maori pah in this case, as in all others, was a series of trenches, one within the other, and communicating by cross cuts, and looking at first sight like a labyrinth. In the sides of the trenches shelters were hollowed out so that the garrison could crouch in them until the assault was actually begun. Further shelter was secured by roofing in the trenches with wattle hurdles, made with twigs and branches, thatching over this with ferns, and sometimes shovelling earth upon it. The eaves of the roofs were kept up by posts at a height of six or eight inches above the edge of the trench, so that the garrison could sweep the ground in front with their guns. At the Gate Pah, as this improvised fortress was called, there were three tiers of rifle-pits or trenches, one within the other, all having a zigzag trace, so that it was all the more difficult to make out at first sight their general plan. On either side of the ridge, a line of trenches or rifle-pits ran down the hill towards the swamps, so as to sweep with their fire the approaches to the flanks of the main work. In these rifle-pits, at intervals, traverses or banks of earth lying across the general direction of the trench, had been erected to protect them from flanking fire. In front of the works a light, open fence of posts and rails, a kind of loosely-constructed stockade, had been erected to impede the rush of a storming party. The whole was a work which would have done credit to European engineers. The garrison was certainly not more than 400 natives, perhaps less. They had very few rifles, their favourite firearm being double-barrelled shot-guns, which they were able to load and fire much more rapidly, and at close quarters quite as effectively, as the old-fashioned muzzle-loading Enfield rifle then carried by the soldiers. They loaded with slugs and bullets, and sometimes even with buckshot. For the fight at close quarters they had their spears of hard wood, small axes, or tomahawks, sometimes of stone, and the beautiful greenstone or jade war-clubs or *merés* of the chiefs.

On Thursday, April 27th, General Cameron began his preparations for the siege of the pah. The naval brigade had made a formidable addition to his artillery force by getting ashore from one of the ships an Armstrong 110-pounder gun, then the heaviest gun in the service, and probably the heaviest gun ever used on shore against a tribe of half-savage warriors. On the 27th the 68th Regiment, and a detachment of 170 men under Major Ryan, of the 70th, moved up to a point about 1,200 yards from the front of the pah and encamped there. As the Maories had no artillery, and no long-range rifles, and were not likely to risk a sortie, the camp was safe from disturbance. On that and the following day the guns and mortars were being got into position for the attack, the handy bluejackets from the fleet lending, as they always do on such occasions, invaluable assistance. During the day it was ascertained that at low water it was possible to pass along the beach outside the swamp on the enemy's right, and so get to the rear of his position. Acting on this information, Colonel Greer, with the 68th Regiment, left the camp after dark on the Friday evening and slipped down to the beach, working along quietly in the dark, so as to outflank the Maories. To prevent the garrison of the pah from paying any attention to chance noises coming from the beach and so discovering this move, the main body at the camp pushed forward a few riflemen, who fired long-ranging shots at the stockade, from which the double-barrelled guns of Maori sentries answered with random shots fired in the dark, without much idea of range, or even of direction. This firing was soon over, and meanwhile Greer's men had got round the back of the swamp and were settling down for the night among the tall ferns to landward of the enemy's position. At the camp the sailors and gunners spent the dark hours making the last preparations for next day's bombardment. When the sun rose, the Armstrong guns, including the big 110-pounder, besides a battery of mortars, were in position, waiting for the word to open fire. Inland the 68th held a position from which they could shoot down any of the garrison of the pah who ventured out of the work to get water from the stream behind it, or who attempted to escape inland.

At half-past six a thin line of skirmishers pushed forward to the edge of the swamp on the left of the pah and in front of the British right. General Cameron thought it possible that the enemy would abandon the work and bolt across the swamp, and took this means of hemming them in on all sides. The natives in the rifle-pits on the slope above thought

this move must be the beginning of an attack, and fired ineffectually at the redcoats. This was taken as the signal for opening fire from the batteries, and guns and mortars began to send their shells roaring through the air. Over the pah a red flag waved on a tall mast. From the batteries this seemed to be the centre of the pah, and at first most of the gunners took it for their mark in laying their pieces. When the pah was captured, it was discovered that the flagstaff really stood, not in the centre of the pah, but further off, just behind its rearward stockade. The result of this mistake was that for the first two hours many of the shells passed harmlessly over the Maori position.



THE GATE PAH.

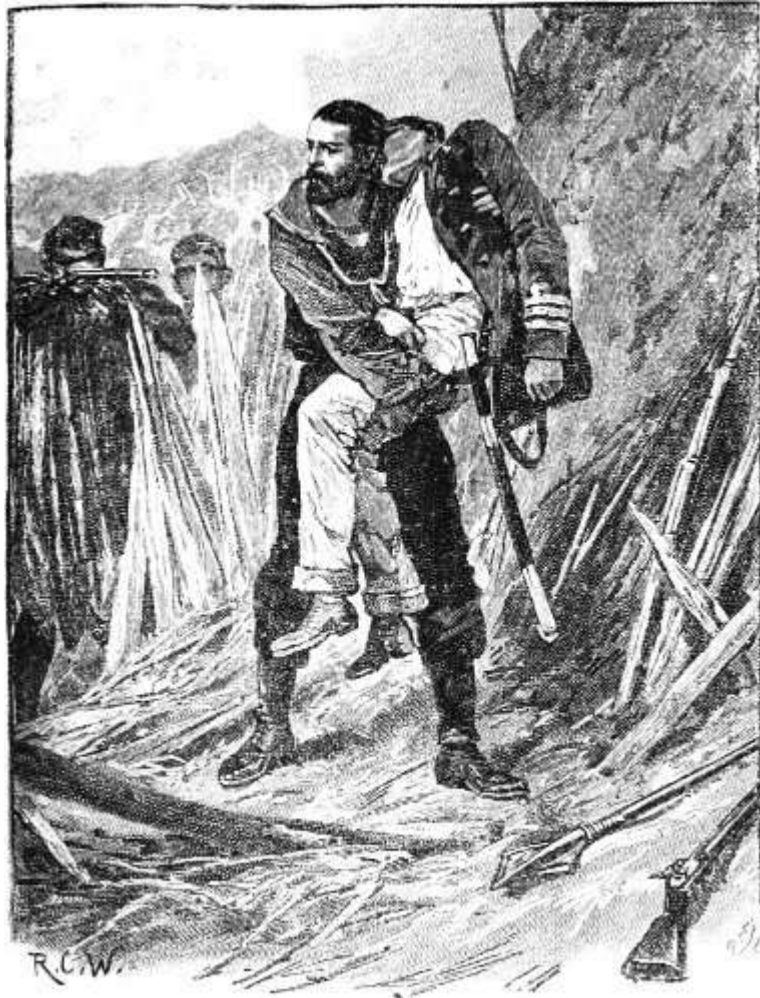
Not long after the artillery opened fire the Maori musketry ceased. The garrison had got under cover, but they were watching the proceedings of the besiegers, for when the guns were directed on the left angle of their fort in order to demolish the stockade and make a breach in the parapet, every now and then a brave rebel would creep up to the crumbling mound, shovel a few spadefuls of earth into the gap, and slip back again, heedless of the imminent danger of being blown to pieces by a bursting shell. Once a plucky fellow actually succeeded in hanging a

blanket across the stockade, evidently to conceal the movements of those who were bringing up material to repair the breach close by. By this time the mortars had got the range, and were dropping shells into the work. The place was completely surrounded. The 68th and the naval brigade had closed in, and were firing at the pah on the right and in the rear. Twelve guns and mortars were blazing away at the front and breaching the left angle. A thirteenth gun had been got into position beyond the swamp on the left, so as to rake the rifle-pits on the slope, and thirty riflemen on the edge of the marsh were firing into the pah at a range of only 400 yards. Surrounded on all sides, and with shells bursting over the wattle roofs of their trenches, the garrison was in a position in which most European troops would have given up the defence as hopeless. The big Armstrong gun fired no less than a hundred 110-pound shells at the pah before it had to cease firing (towards 3 o'clock) for want of ammunition. The marvel is that the wretched little fort was tenable. But subsequent inquiry showed that the Maories had constructed their shelters so well, and lay so close in them, that they lost very few men. About noon they replied for awhile with musketry to the storm of bullets and shells that was pouring into the pah, but their fire was ineffectual. Indeed, in the earlier stage of the attack, the only losses of the assailants appear to have been three men of the 68th Regiment, wounded by shells that flew over the pah and burst close in their front.

Crouching in the hollowed sides of the trenches, or stealing round to the front to look out over the parapet, the Maories must have realised that before nightfall the storm of fire would suddenly cease to allow a superior force to rush their shattered fort with the bayonet. But they waited quietly for the supreme trial of strength, encouraged, doubtless, by finding that even the huge shells thrown by the white men, though they made a terrible noise, killed or wounded very few of the garrison against whom they were directed. It was an anticipation many years earlier of the experience of the Turkish garrison of the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna, who lost only a handful of men under the volcano-like fire of the great bombardment.

After three o'clock the bombardment slackened. The breach was considered to be wide enough to be rushed by a strong storming party on a broad front, and there were no obstacles on the slope before it. When, just before four o'clock, the stormers were drawn up behind the batteries

and received the order to advance, the immediate capture of the Gate Pah seemed to be a certainty. The storming column was 600 strong. The vanguard, under Colonel Booth and Commander Hay, of H.M.S. *Harrier*, was made up of 150 men of the 43rd Regiment and as many more of the naval brigade. The support, which was led by Captain John Hamilton, of H.M.S. *Esk*, consisted of the rest of the seamen and marines and of the 43rd—in all, 300 men. At four o'clock General Cameron gave the word to advance, and, with a cheer, the men dashed up the slope. A few shots were fired from the pah, and some heavy volleys from the rifle-pits, but, until they were almost in, a swell of the ground gave some cover to the stormers, and the loss they suffered was trifling. Still cheering, they streamed in through the wide gap in the stockade, poured like a flood over the shattered parapet, and found themselves almost without opposition masters of the left corner of the pah.



“THE BRAVE FELLOW BROUGHT HIM
OUT AT CONSIDERABLE RISK” (p. [281](#)).

What happened next will never be known with absolute certainty, for many of those who survived, after being in the thickest of the wild scene of slaughter that followed, give contradictory accounts of what occurred. It seems certain that a part of the garrison was attempting to retire by the back of the pah, when they were met by a sharp fire from the 68th Regiment, which was closing in upon the works, answering with a loud cheer the cheering of the stormers. The Maories, on this, rushed back into the pah, giving some of the stormers the impression that the garrison had been suddenly reinforced. When they first passed the parapet, all that the naval officers and those of the 43rd noticed of the garrison were a few wounded men lying near the breach. The openings of the trenches close by looked like a tangled labyrinth, and it was not easy to see which was the easiest way into the centre of the work. The roofs of the Maori

shelters jutted up here and there, and the men seem in some cases to have broken their ranks, and even laid down their weapons under the impression that these were abandoned houses that could be safely entered in search of curios and plunder. Suddenly gun barrels were pushed out from under the eaves, and several officers and men dropped, struck by shots that appeared to come out of the earth. On all sides dusky figures sprang up as if from trapdoors, yelling, firing, flourishing spears and axes. From the rear of the work came a wild rush of spears and guns. The soldiers, especially those who had broken their formation, seemed seized with a sudden panic. They felt as if they had been led into an ambushade. Instead of resistance being over, it was only beginning. Several of their officers had fallen at the first volley. A few men gave way to the surprise and terror of the moment, and then the panic spread with that mysterious suddenness with which it seems to be able to run through a mass of even individually brave men. What happened at the Gate Pah has happened in every army in the world; and if there was headlong panic among many of the men, there were many, too, who stood bravely. The officers and the sergeants of the 43rd, and the officers and leading seamen of the naval brigade, did their duty splendidly, and suffered losses that bore only too striking evidence to the tenacity with which they strove to restore the fortune of the fight. There was more than one cry to retire, though the officers were calling out to the men to push forward. At this moment Captain Hamilton brought up the reserve, pushed gallantly forward to the second line of trenches, and sprang upon the bank above them, waving his sword and calling out, "Come on, my men!" A shot struck him in the head and he fell, closing by an heroic death a career of high distinction and great promise. His fall renewed the courage of the defenders, the panic of the assailants. The struggling mass of sailors and soldiers streamed back out of the breach, leaving nearly all the officers of the 43rd and several of the naval officers dead and wounded in the pah. Major Ryan of the 70th Regiment and Captain Jenkins of H.M.S. *Miranda* were among the last to leave the work, after hopeless efforts to rally what were left of the six hundred stormers.



THE GATE PAH AFTER OCCUPATION.

How many brave deeds were done amid the wild panic in the breach of the Gate Pah would take a long time to tell. Two Victoria Crosses were won in the disaster, one of them by Surgeon Manley, R.A., who exposed himself most recklessly in order to remove and give first help to the wounded close under the fire of the victorious Maories. The other was secured by Samuel Mitchell, the captain of the foretop of the *Harrier*. He had entered the breach close beside Commander Hay, and when his officer fell mortally wounded, he took him up to carry him out of danger. Hay told Mitchell to leave him where he was, and take care of his own life; but the brave fellow brought him out at considerable risk to himself, and then dashed back into the fight. Watts, the gunner of the *Miranda*, charged by the side of Captain Hamilton. He marked out and cut down the Maori who had killed his leader, but the next moment he was himself brained with a tomahawk. James Harris, a seaman of the *Curaçoa*, actually dashed right through the pah. He chased a Maori out of the rear of the work, hunted him down to the position of the 68th Regiment,

bayoneted him there, and was shot while making a reckless attempt to again traverse the pah and rejoin his comrades.

While the storming column was engaged with the enemy in the pah, the 68th had made an attempt to rush it in the rear, but were met with such a heavy fire that they gave up the attempt. The repulse of the attack was hailed with loud cheers by the garrison. The General with his staff rallied the storming column as it retired, and then rode forward to reconnoitre the pah. At this point someone told him that the troops had got into and were holding the rifle-pits on the left. Turning in this direction to verify the report, he was met by a volley which wounded his horse and put two bullets into the saddle of an officer who rode beside him. The enemy held all the works, from which they fired occasional shots at intervals for the rest of the evening. It was soon dark, and the night was cloudy and starless. In the dusk Captain Jenkins had a narrow escape. There had not been a shot for some time, and he went out to see if the pah had been abandoned. A volley fired at close quarters told him he was mistaken, and showed him that he had wandered into the lower part of one of the enemy's trenches.

Dispirited by the collapse of the 43rd Regiment, the repulse of the whole column and the loss of so many officers, the troops spent a wakeful, anxious night. More than once after dusk the Maories called out to them in English, daring them to come on again; but Cameron had resolved not to make an attempt in the dark, which might only end in confusion and renewed disaster, but to rush the pah at daybreak. Meanwhile, the men were set to work to throw up a line of advanced entrenchments within about a hundred yards of the stockade, so as to maintain possession of all the ground that had been won. During this work, all fire having ceased from the pah, Major Greaves, of the staff, crept up the slope to see if the natives were retiring from it. In the dark he could make nothing out for certain. Just before midnight he went up again and penetrated into the breach. All was silent within, but away landwards, to the rear of the work, some shots were fired. The natives had scattered in small parties and withdrawn towards the interior, and the shots came from the outposts of the 68th, some of whose sentries heard the Maories stealing by in the dark, but could not stop them.

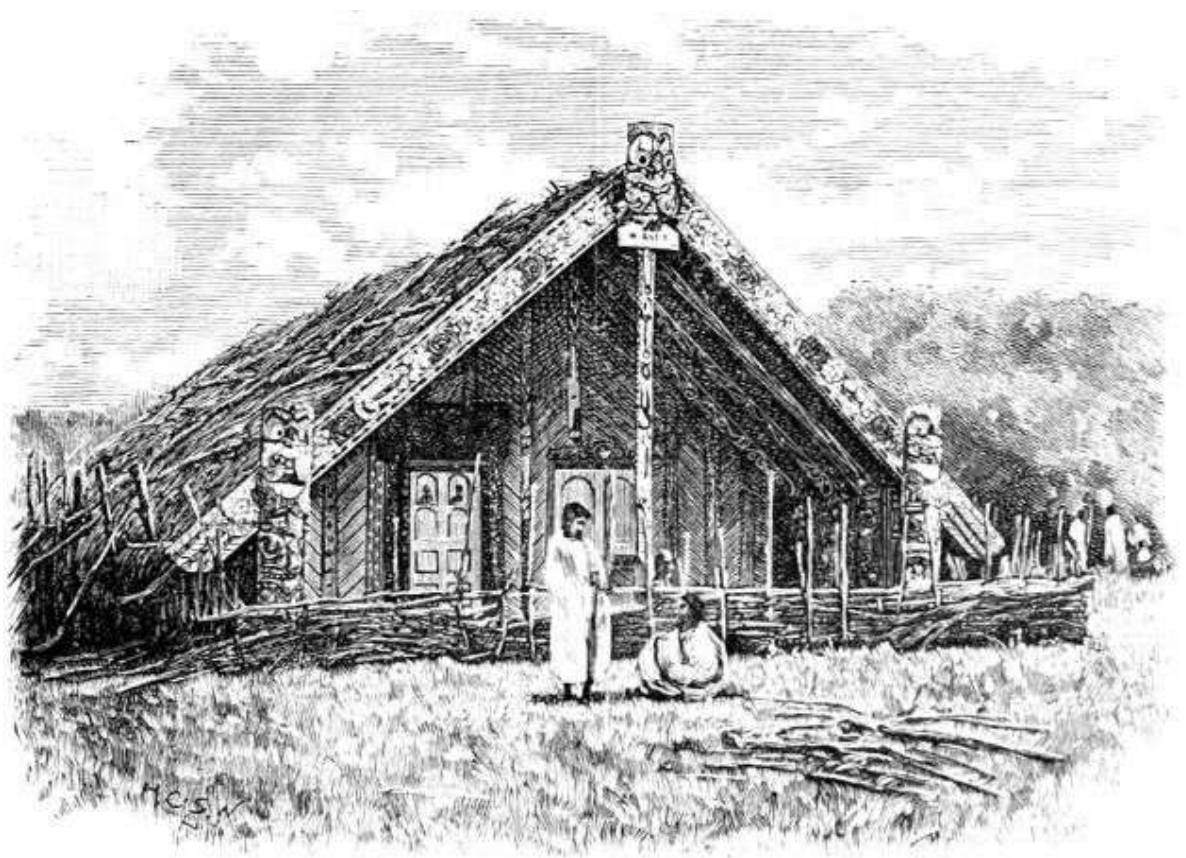
How little the officers relied upon their men after the previous day's experience is shown by the fact that they did not venture to lead them

into the fort until the first light of the dawn appeared on the early morning of the Sunday, 30th. When the pah was entered a grim sight met the eyes of the victors. A few yards inside the breach four captains of the 43rd lay heaped together: two were dead, killed by bullet wounds in the head and neck, another had been slain at close quarters with a tomahawk, which had cut through his shoulder into the chest; a fourth, struck in the head by a bullet, was still breathing when his comrades found him, but died before he could be removed. A little further on lay Colonel Booth, of the same regiment, shot in the spine and the right arm, still alive after that terrible night, but not far from his death. Captain Muir, of the 43rd, and Captain Hamilton, R.N., lay dead together well forward in the second trench, with no other bodies near them. A little to the left lay Lieutenant Hill, R.N., of the *Curaçoa*, shot in the neck and through both cheeks. He had been alive some time after he fell, for he had tied his handkerchief round his wounded face. Watts, the gunner of the *Miranda*, lay dead with his head split from crown to chin with a tomahawk. Another seaman had had his head cut in two crosswise by the same weapon, scattering all the brains. The body of a Maori was found in the centre of the pah fairly cut in two by a bursting shell. There, too, the chief, Reweti, or Davis of Tauranga, was picked up, with seven bullets in his body and his legs broken by a shell-burst, but still not only alive but ready to talk to the white men, and wondering why his countrymen had not carried him off with the other wounded, whom they had removed. In all, during the attack, 9 officers and 23 men had been killed, and 5 officers and 75 men wounded, a total loss of 112 officers and men, nearly all of whom fell in the actual assault, and most of whom would have come out of the affair, safe in life and limb, if the advanced party of the 43rd had stood by their officers. At the moment of the panic there is no doubt the stormers were well into the work, and standing as most of them did on the high ground between the trenches, they could have bayoneted the Maories as they scrambled out, or shot them through the roofs. Of the British wounded many died within a week of the fight.

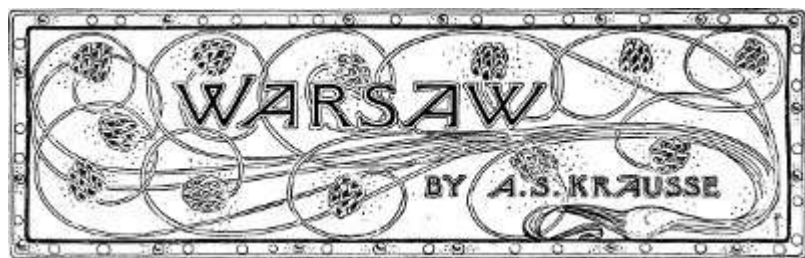
The garrison had lost very few in killed and wounded. Twenty dead and six wounded men were found in the pah. Ten more were picked up dead in the swamp, and the retreating Maories must have carried some wounded men with them. But their whole loss seems to have been under fifty. The chief, Rawiri, who commanded the defence, escaped unhurt. The wounded chief, Davis, told the English that if his advice had been

taken there would have been no such prolonged defence of the pah; but, he added, there were a lot of big chiefs present, and they wanted a fight. It is pleasant to be able to record that both sides acted with that chivalrous respect for each other which was worthy of brave men. The Maories had not touched the watches and chains or rings worn by the dead and wounded soldiers and sailors who fell in the pah, nor had they in any way injured the bodies. General Cameron showed his sense of this conduct on their part by ordering that the dead Maories should be given a respectful burial, and all possible care bestowed on the wounded men. Even the fragments of the body that had been torn by the shell were laid together in the row of dead outside the pah, and word was sent to some friendly Maories, belonging to a tribe which had helped to garrison the Gate Pah, that they might come in and bury their dead kinsmen, the messenger adding that, if they did not, the English would do it for them. Before noon on Sunday they came to the fort and dug a grave for the twenty dead warriors from the pah. In the bottom of it they laid the men of lower rank, that they might form a bed across which lay the corpses of the chiefs. "It is well that the warrior should die, to be a couch for his chief," runs an old proverb of the warrior Maori race.

Later in the day the English dead were laid in rows of graves at the Tauranga mission station, under a great tree, not far from the beach, and the volleys rang out their parting salute to the men who had fallen so bravely trying to stem the tide of disaster. The struggle between the white man and the Maori has, happily, ended years ago, and now both parties to the quarrel remember only that it was bravely fought out, and that in the tribes of the North Island even British soldiers and sailors found foemen well worthy of their steel. The last traces of the Gate Pah have long since been removed from the ridge above Tauranga. A monument commemorates the gallant dead. Hamilton has found another memorial in a flourishing town on the Waikato River, founded and named after him by the colonists, in the very year of his death, in admiration of his splendid valour.



A MAORI DWELLING.



WARSAW

BY A.S. KRAUSSE

Throughout the summer of 1831 the city of Warsaw lay like a city of the dead. Its magnificent palaces appeared as though deserted; its streets were lonesome, and the few who ventured from within their dwellings moved about as though smitten.

Although not declared, Warsaw lay in a state of siege. The struggle for liberty, long maintained by the brave nation of Poles, was drawing to

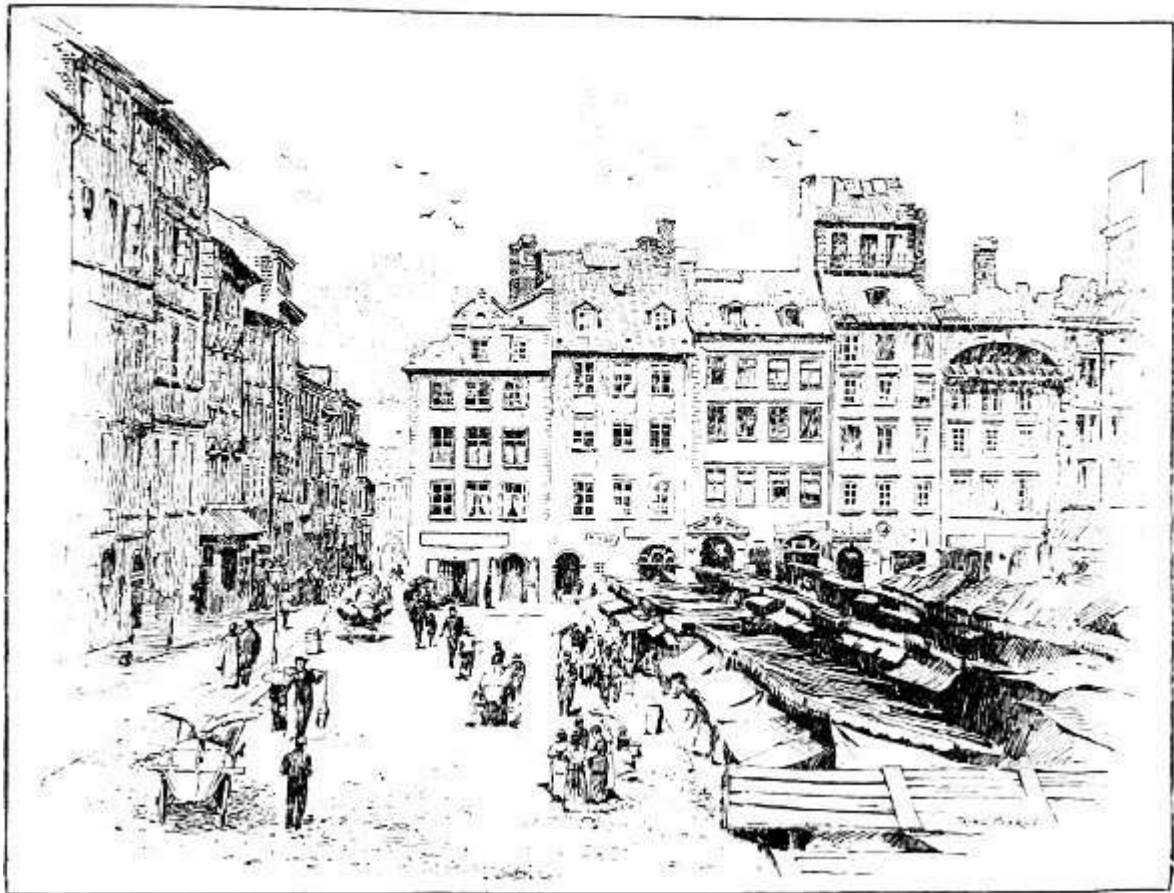
a close, and all felt that though hitherto victorious in the field, they must fall before the countless hordes of Russia in the end.

There had been a rising in the previous year. Undeterred by the knowledge that they were a handful against millions, and encouraged by the recent examples of France and Belgium, the Poles of Warsaw had risen in revolt against the despotism of Russia, as personified by Constantine, the ferocious governor of their city.

The direct cause of the outbreak was, as is usual in such cases, slight—a bogus trial on a popular officer for an imaginary offence. A verdict contrary to the weight of evidence, a street row among the military students, a dozen of whom were promptly flogged with the knout, while others were imprisoned, and the mischief was done. The young Poles rose in November, and without ceremony broke into the prison and freed their comrades. The gates of the palace were forced, and the governor sought; but without success, he having escaped. But while Constantine evaded the vengeance of his victims, his lieutenants fared otherwise, and many of them fell into the hands of their relentless enemies. For the moment the Polish capital was in the hands of the Poles. The Russian aristocracy disappeared, and at every street-corner meetings were held at which the proceedings were constantly interrupted by cries of “*Niech żyje Polska*”—Poland for ever!

This state of things continued throughout the winter of 1830. The icebound steppes forbade the Russians taking action. But the Czar vowed vengeance, and he kept his vow. In the first days of spring a large army was despatched against the rebel Poles under General Chlopicki, who, while in command of the thirteenth and fourteenth Army Corps, had earned for his troops the nickname of the Lions of Varna. The war was waged to the death. The Russian troops, well drilled and ably commanded, elated with the successes of the past, met the untutored Polish soldiers with a confidence bred of conceit. The Poles, imbued with a sense of patriotism, and recognising that it was to do or to die, fought each man for his own hand, neither giving nor expecting quarter, and the slaughter was frightful. Even at Ostralenka, where the Poles left seven thousand dead on the field, the Russian loss was over fifteen thousand; and at Waror the Poles took ten thousand Russian prisoners, besides a number of cannon, which were exhibited in the streets of Warsaw, amid the enthusiastic applause of the inhabitants.

After being beaten all along the line the Russian army withdrew, leaving the flower of its surviving officers imprisoned in Warsaw, and for a while the Poles had rest. But only for a while. In the early summer another army marched on the capital, and at the end of June General Paskewitsch, who had been specially chosen by the Czar, took the command. This officer enjoyed the personal friendship of the ruler of Russia, and he took the field with the express instruction from his master to teach the rebels a lesson which they would not forget. He lost no time in resuming operations, but changed his predecessor's plans. Hitherto, all attempts on Warsaw had been made from the right bank of the Vistula. With the exception of the Praga suburb the city lies on the left or south bank, so that to capture it from the north the Russians would have to fight their way across the Vistula either through the streets and across the bridges of Praga, or under the fire of the guns in the Polish works. Paskewitsch decided upon making a flank march down the right bank of the river, crossing it near the Prussian frontier, where he had secretly arranged to obtain supplies and bridging material from the Prussian fortress of Thorn, and then marching up the south bank of the Vistula he could attack Warsaw on the side on which it was not protected by the broad river which had hitherto barred the Russian advance.



OLD TOWN, WARSAW.

The Polish Government was at this period presided over by General Skryznecki, a patriot of good family and education, and a man of the highest principle. Skryznecki recognised the danger too late. He hurriedly occupied a strong position on the line of the Bzura river with 30,000 men, in the hope of barring the Russian advance; but on August 15th the Russians, in overwhelming force, drove the Poles from the river bank and forced them back upon Warsaw. Their city was now threatened by 60,000 troops, who cut them off from the country to the south of the Vistula, from which they had hitherto drawn supplies and reinforcements. While Paskewitsch thus hemmed in the Poles on the south, another Russian army watched Praga; and thus by the end of August, while the roads for miles round were guarded by Russian legions, the Poles found themselves shut in like rats in a trap.

And now for the first time the Poles realised their position. Surrounded by a relentless horde, their supplies cut off, they realised the futility of the claims of a just cause against the exigences of necessity.

The whole of the resources of Russia were against them; and while the sympathies of France and England went far to cheer the desperate band of patriots who yet fought for freedom, the fact that Prussia, though nominally a neutral state, was aiding the common enemy, was not reassuring. So far back as June this fact had been known, and General Skryznecki had written to the King of Prussia enumerating the various acts indulged in by his ministers, and demanding that they should cease. In this historic document the General proved that the Prussians were supplying the Russians with food from the storehouses at Thorn, that they had lent their skilled artillery to the Russians, that they had supplied ammunition and uniforms made in Prussia, and that most of the engineering works required by the Russians—including the bridge over the Vistula—had been executed by German engineers.

This letter was never answered, and Prussia continued in her breach of the laws of war, while the outlook in Warsaw became blacker every day. Nor were the dangers only from without. The Polish mob began to become turbulent, and necessitated the watching of soldiers who would have been better employed negotiating the enemy. But even these measures were insufficient to keep the rough element down. The irresistible descent of the Russian army was the excuse for an outcry against the noble Skryznecki; and in the hope of uniting the besieged he resigned his command of the Polish army, General Dembinski being appointed in his place.



RUSSIAN OPERATIONS AGAINST WARSAW. 1831.

But even this step did not succeed in quieting the rabble. On the night of the 15th August the mob rose and marched to the State prison, where Russian officers who had been taken prisoners in the war had been incarcerated. The excitement of the mob was intense. Their blood was up, and this is the only excuse that can be urged for the foulest deed that blemishes the history of Poland. The gates of the prison were forced, and the prisoners led out and shamefully ill-treated. The crowd behaved like wild beasts, chasing and attacking the unfortunate Russians; and after being tortured in every way that occurred to the imagination of their captors, the miserable beings were butchered in the streets, the gutters literally running in blood. Among the victims of this tragedy were four Russian generals and several ladies of high birth, who had been suspected of sympathising with the enemy. All were brutally murdered, the atrocities being continued for two days. At length order was restored by the military, who were withdrawn from the defence of the city for this purpose.

While these events were taking place within the city General Paskewitsch was pressing on in pursuit of the Polish army, which he had

compelled to retreat from the Bzura. But even here the defenders were unable to hold their ground, and on the 1st of September they retired behind the entrenchments which had been thrown up immediately before Warsaw. Here the final stand had to be made. The headquarters of the Russians was only three miles away from the city walls, and the capital was threatened on every side. The position was, in short, so acute that it is a matter of some surprise that the Poles did not retire within the city and stand a siege. This question has been ably discussed by a trustworthy historian, who writes as follows:—

“It would have been very easy,” says M. Brozowski, “for the army to defend itself within the walls and from house to house. It had already performed more difficult feats, and Europe doubtless would have rung with its heroism if, after the example of Saragossa, it had buried itself under the ruins of Warsaw. But the Poles could not, for the sake of a mere empty renown, consent to the destruction of a city which is the hearth-stone of their patriotism and the centre of their nationality—a city which in future struggles is yet destined to play an important part, for the Poles are far from succumbing under their present misfortunes—very far from abandoning the hope of again becoming a nation.”^[6]

But still, the attacking army waited before striking the final blow. Reinforcements from the south were expected. Several days were wasted pending their arrival, and when they arrived their pontoons stuck in the mud. But Paskewitsch did not mind the delay. He is reported to have said to one of his staff, “I await the aid of two armies—the army of the south and the army of famine.” Nor were these expectations vain. While beleaguered from without, the doomed city was ravaged within. Gaunt famine marched unchecked through the fine streets, and starvation claimed more victims than did shot or shell.



EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

Then it was that, recognising all resistance as futile, the Poles attempted to open negotiations with the enemy; but the mob would not have it, and the overtures made were cancelled in order to prevent a revolution, while an offer of terms made by Paskewitsch was rejected for a similar reason.

These preliminaries over, the attack upon Warsaw began in earnest on the morning of the 6th September. The fighting on this day was mostly at long range, but the Russian attack was so strong and the firing so fierce that the Poles had to abandon their first line of entrenchment. The assault then ceased, and both sides rested during the night; but at daybreak on the 7th the attack was renewed, and the slaughter was terrible. The Poles—especially the battalions occupying the redoubt on the Wola side of the Vistula—made an heroic resistance. The Russians had on this day no fewer than 386 guns in position, and the fire from them was so fierce and so continuous that nothing could stand before it. The Poles were ploughed down by the hail of projectiles, and those spared by the shells were despatched by small arms. After some hours of bombardment, when a mere handful of the garrison of the Wola redoubt remained, the Russians closed up in their strength and charged with their bayonets. The result was disastrous in the extreme. General Sowinski, who commanded

the outpost, fell pierced through and through; and when the Russians finally occupied the redoubt only eleven men remained alive out of three thousand.

While this scene of carnage was being enacted outside, the city was itself the scene of intense excitement. The majority of the inhabitants foresaw that their fate was sealed. Their only chance of salvation—the interposition of England or France—had failed them. Were even that to come now it would be too late. The cannonade of the besiegers was continuous, and every now and again a stray shell would fall in the streets, scattering death and devastation around. And all that could be done in response was to fire occasional charges from the few guns left to the garrison. Men there were in plenty in Warsaw, and women, too, willing to play the man's part in fighting for their country; but the guns were few, and it was no uncommon sight to see eager, able men tear the rifles from the hands of the wounded as they fell, in order that the most might be made of the slender sources at their disposal.

Amid all this scene of horror there was one item of news which caused rejoicing. Marshal Paskewitsch had been wounded. It was said that he was, indeed, disabled. This was the one cheering event of the 7th September.



“THE RUSSIANS CLOSED UP IN THEIR STRENGTH AND CHARGED WITH THEIR BAYONETS” (p. [287](#)).

The 8th opened still and fine, but it was destined to be a bitter day in the story of Poland. The Russians had moved up to the very gates of the town in the night, and only the innermost line of trenches and the shaky walls stood between them and the inhabitants. The cannonade recommenced soon after daybreak, and the attack was even more furious than on the previous day. At least, it seemed so to those within the doomed city. The men in the trenches were ploughed down like flies, but their bravery was indomitable, and as each man fell, another took his place, to be ploughed down in turn. The men finally stood upon the brink of their trenches, and used the dead bodies of their comrades as cover; but it was futile. On and on came the Russian host, back and back went the Poles, until only the gaunt walls of Warsaw stood between them and those they sought to save. The enemy fought with irresistible fury, carrying everything before them, inch by inch, at the point of the bayonet, while their guns were busied in sending missiles within the city,

which spread fire and rapine in their train. The day was still undone when the walls were gained. The inmost line of defence was captured, its last defender slain. The plain for a mile around was strewn with the mutilated remains of what had once been brave men, and the tyrants of the North held Warsaw in their hands.

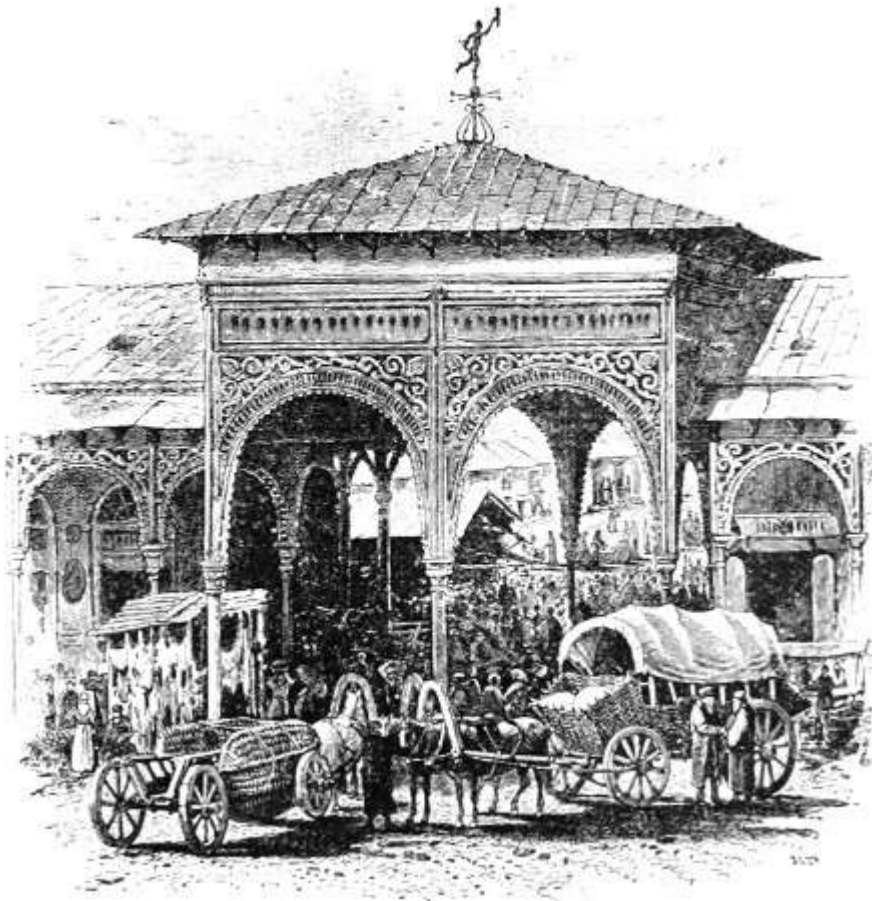
The city capitulated as the sun sunk in the west, and its inhabitants realised too late that their doom was sealed. What that doom was to be even the most imaginative failed to realise.

Having taken Warsaw, Paskewitsch spoke fair. He would, he declared, not enter the city till the following day, and meanwhile the Polish army, what was left of it, might retire to Plosk. The Marshal admitted to having 3,000 men and 63 officers killed, and 7,500 and 445 officers wounded, while the Polish loss was found to amount to 9,000 slain.

Defeated though they were, reduced in numbers, without the hope of succour, and exhausted by the events of the past few days, the Poles retained their heroism. The army, what was left of the 30,000 men of which the garrison had consisted, formed in order in the great place in the centre of the city, and marched towards the gate. But it did not march to Plosk. It went instead to the fortress of Modlin, and made preparations for a final stand—a forlorn hope—trusting to fortune to turn the Russians yet. But the scheme was foredoomed. Paskewitsch, whose wound was slighter than was supposed, heard of the move, and promptly despatched a brigade against the Polish remnant. The garrison of Modlin was promptly surrounded, all retreat cut off. Entrapped, defenceless, without guns or food, the band of heroes lay down their arms and sought refuge on neutral territory across the Prussian frontier.

It does not come within the province of this history to detail the events which followed the capture of Warsaw. So far as the military history of this, the last great struggle for Polish independence, is concerned, the battle of Warsaw brings the story to a close. The horrors that followed still linger in the memories of the very old. The fearful outbreak of Asiatic cholera which devastated Central Europe, the tragic fate of the thousands of Poles who, trusting in the charity of the King of Prussia, were hounded across the frontier into the hands of the Russians; the equally tragic fortunes of those who took the word of the Czar and

gave themselves up to the authorities; and the bitter savageries committed by the Russians in compulsorily emigrating the bulk of the people of Warsaw, sending children away from parents and husbands from wives, even to the furthest parts of Eastern Russia, are all part of history. Of the civilising efforts of the Russians while in occupation of Warsaw, we have a sample in the fact that the conquerors took nearly a million volumes of books from the city—400,000 from the Zuluski Library alone.



THE JEWS' MARKET, WARSAW.



THE STORMING OF THE NILT FORTS.

BY E.F. KNIGHT.

O f our recent wars on the frontiers of India, the Hunza campaign was in many respects the most remarkable, and the storming of the enemy's defences at Nilt afforded an ample proof of what excellent material our Indian army is composed. At the extreme north corner of British India, or rather of the territories of our feudatory the Maharajah of Kashmir, buried amid the loftiest and wildest mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, hemmed in by glaciers which are the vastest in the world outside the arctic regions, and by hundreds of barren leagues of rock and snow, are two little States of hereditary robbers, the Hunzas and the Nagars, the first occupying the right bank, the second the left bank of the Hunza or Kanjut torrent. These people belong to what is known as the Dard race, and are supposed to be of the purest Aryan stock: many of them have the features and the fair complexions of Europeans.

This inhospitable region is the very cradle, some say, of the Aryan race; and the Hunza-Nagars present one of the most interesting ethnological problems in the world—a problem, however, which up till now could only be studied from a safe distance, for the half-dozen or so of Europeans who had penetrated the Hunza valley previous to the campaign I am about to describe had done so at considerable risk to their lives. From the earliest times the Hunza-Nagars have engaged in organised brigandage and slave-hunting; they were the most redoubtable warriors of the Hindoo Koosh. The head waters of the Hunza and its tributaries are on the slopes of the Pamirs, and the tribesmen, ascending the passes that lead from their valleys on to the “roof of the world,” were wont to raid into Turkistan and fall on the caravans that carry on the trade between India and Yarkand. For hundreds of years they have thus amassed rich booty, and they sold all the prisoners they captured to the

Kirghiz nomads. When the Kashmir State conquered the Gilgit district it did its utmost to quell these two lawless tribes, but all in vain: secure in their mountain strongholds, they successfully resisted the largest forces that were sent against them, and carried their forays both into Kashmir territory and into Central Asia, though a Kashmir garrison of 6,000 men was always stationed at Gilgit. It was estimated that the “thums,” or kings, of these two valley States could muster 5,000 fighting men, fairly well armed with native matchlocks, Martini-Henrys, Berdans (supplied by the Russians), Sniders, and other rifles. They also had some smooth-bore six or seven pound guns of their own manufacture.

When the Indian Government undertook to exercise a more direct control over the affairs of the grossly mismanaged State of Kashmir, an agency was established at Gilgit which then became the northernmost outpost of our Empire in Asia. The Hunza river flows into the Gilgit river two miles below Gilgit fort, and the frontier of the robber States is some thirty miles up the Hunza valley. The thums, though jealous of the establishment of British influence in their close vicinity, were persuaded by Colonel Durand, our agent at Gilgit, to enter into a treaty by which they recognised Great Britain as the suzerain power, and agreed to desist from raiding and slave-hunting, while the Indian Government was to pay the thums an annual subsidy each. But the thums, stirred up by Captain Gromchevsky—who had visited the Hunza valley with a party of Cossacks, and had done his utmost to damage British prestige in these regions—soon broke their faith with Colonel Durand; they recommenced their evil practices, and in the spring of 1891, having first greatly strengthened their defences in the gorges near Nilt, they defied the Maharajah and the British agent, declared that they would renew their raids, threatened the Kashmir fortress of Chalt with a considerable force, and so endangered our position at Gilgit that the long-suffering Government of India found it necessary to send a punitive expedition into the Hunza valley.

At this time the Agent’s bodyguard consisted only of a score or so of Pathans of the 20th Punjab Infantry, while the Kashmir troops who garrisoned the forts were scarcely to be relied on, for these were the same men who had been repeatedly defeated by the Hunzas. They belonged, it is true, to regiments of the recently organised Imperial Service troops which the Maharajah had set aside for purposes of Imperial defence, and

which had been trained for some months by specially selected British officers; but they had never been tried in actual warfare since the new system had been inaugurated, and it was therefore considered advisable to despatch from Abbotabad 200 men of our 5th Gurkha regiment, and two seven-pound guns of the Hazara mountain battery.

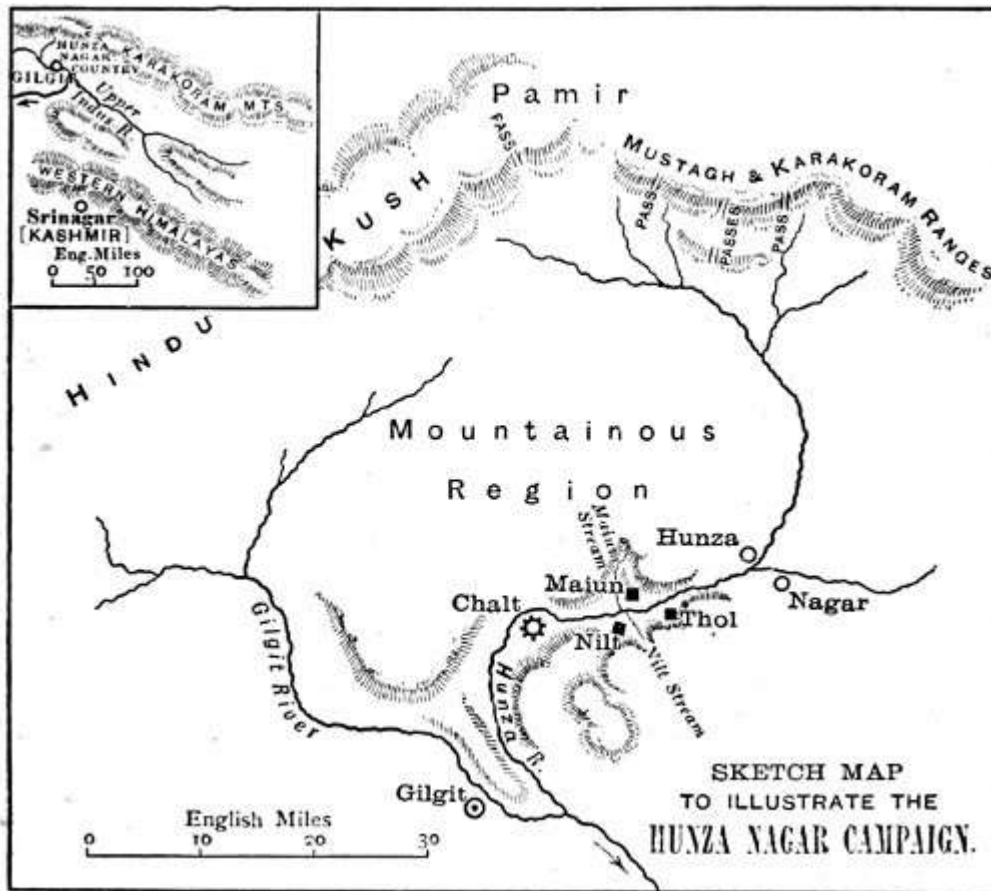
The present road from Kashmir to Gilgit had not then been completed, and great difficulties had to be overcome in sending even this small force to the North. The distance from Srinagur to Gilgit is 240 miles, or twenty-two marches. The track winds among the mountains, and crosses two high passes, one being over the main chain of the Himalayas, which divides Kashmir proper from the northern possessions of the Maharajah. These passes are only open for about four months; for the rest of the year they are closed by deep snow and are exposed to violent gales of extreme coldness, which prove fatal to travellers overtaken by them. One of these storms sprang up while the 5th Gurkhas and a number of transport coolies were on the march, and nearly 100 men perished of frostbite. Captain Barrett himself, who was in command, lost several toes on this occasion, and was incapacitated from taking part in the campaign. This dreary road traversed for many marches a rainless and almost desert region. Of wild vegetation there is scarcely any: it is only by means of artificial irrigation from the glacier streams above that the sparse population succeeds in raising scanty crops here and there. There are signs of a more extensive cultivation in the past, but the forays of the Shinakas—raiding tribes who occupy a little-explored region beyond the mountains that border the Gilgit road on the west—have long since made these valleys desolate. The road, where not winding over the barren mountain ridges, follows the bottoms of the gloomy ravines where the discoloured torrents rush between cliffs and huge slopes of fallen boulders. The country affords no supplies to an invading force, and even the forage for our horses had to be imported from a distance.

During the four summer months of 1891 thousands of coolies were employed in carrying up to Gilgit the supplies required for the expedition; but despite all the efforts of our transport officers, a large quantity of necessaries never crossed the Himalayas: an early winter and heavy snowstorms suddenly closed the passes, and our little force was cut off from all chance of reinforcement or communication with the outer world for several months. Isolated by impassable mountains, we were

now left to fight it out, not only with the 5,000 Hunzas, but probably also with the Shinakas, who could put 15,000 men in the field, for they were known to have a defensive alliance with the Hunzas, and our line of communication was open to their attack at several points.

The force at Colonel Durand's disposal consisted of three regiments of Kashmir Imperial Service troops, 188 men of the 5th Gurkha regiment, about thirty men of the Agency bodyguard, two guns of the Hazara mountain battery, and 160 irregulars from the mountains of Puneal—in all about 2,000 men. Of these 1,000 men were left to garrison the forts and to guard our long line of communication. The field force, therefore, numbered roughly 1,000 men, of whom more than 700 were untried sepoy of the Kashmir regiments (Dogras and Gurkhas), and quite untrained irregulars. Only thirteen British officers were with the field force. To Mr. Spedding, C.E., and his staff of six civilians, was entrusted the duty of opening out a road for the column: these civilians were on the roster, and had under them 200 Pathan navvies, who were armed with Snider carbines, and took part in the fighting.

Despite the rigour of the climate in these highlands, it was decided to prosecute the campaign in mid-winter, for it is only at that season that Hunza can be invaded with any hope of success. The tribesmen have purposely left the approaches to their country as difficult as possible. The awful gorges of the lower Hunza valley afford position after position that would be impregnable if properly held. A very narrow track, trying to the nerves of any but cragsman, was then the one route by which the valley could be ascended in the summer months; for at that season the torrent, swollen by the snows melting on the mountains, rages deep and unfordable, filling the bottom of the ravines from the precipices on one side to those on the other, so that one has no choice but to follow the dangerous path high up the hillside, in places crossing the precipices by frail scaffoldings of wood which a single man could in a moment dislodge and send tumbling into the torrent below, leaving impassable walls of rock to face the invader. But in the winter the difficulties are much lessened. The intense frost silences all the tributary streams, the Hunza torrent shrinks considerably in volume, is generally fordable, and it is possible in most parts of the valley to follow the dried margin of the river bed instead of scaling the precipices above.



SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE HUNZA NAGAR CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Spedding and his men quickly opened out a road, just practicable for a mule battery, to Chalt, the last Kashmir fort in the valley. Here the field force collected, and all being ready, we crossed the river on December 1st, and having formed a zereba, encamped for the night in the enemy's territory. The tribesmen were known to have gathered in force ten miles higher up the valley at a point where several large forts defended a naturally very strong position. It was Colonel Durand's intention to make an immediate attack on the most important and the nearest to us of these forts—that of Nilt.

Accordingly, at daybreak on December 2nd, our force advanced; but it was not until midday that we reached our destination, for our road lay across very difficult ground, and at some precipitous places the enemy had broken away the track, so that the column had to halt while Spedding's Pathans with pick, shovel, and gunpowder cleared the way. The enemy offered no opposition, and, indeed, we saw no signs of them until we had turned a rocky spur of the mountain side, when we suddenly

beheld, right in front of us and only two hundred yards or so distant, the grey fortress of Nilt, with the quaint triangular flags of the Hunzas waving on its walls.

The illustration (on p. 297) will render clear the following description of the enemy's position at what the tribesmen have for centuries considered to be the impregnable gateway of their country. On the right and left are the great gorges of Nilt and Maiun, which pour their tributary waters into the Hunza river. At the mouth of the Nilt gorge stands the fortress of Nilt, while on the cultivated terraces beyond the two gorges are the large fortresses of Thol and Maiun and several smaller forts. The two gorges descend from the glaciers and snowfields of mighty mountains whose peaks attain a height of 25,000 feet. The cliffs that fronted us on the opposite slopes of both gorges are inaccessible in most parts, and were lined at their summits from the edge of the glaciers high above down to the river bed with *sangas*, or stone breastworks, filled with the enemy's marksmen ever ready to roll down avalanches of rocks on any foe that should attempt the scaling. The high cliffs also that fell from the cultivated terraces on either side forming the river banks were lined with *sangas* for several miles up the valley, so that an attempt to turn this formidable position by an advance up the river bed would be met by a withering fire on either flank. We were confronted, in short, by a line of defence which extended from the glaciers on one side to those on the other, held by some 4,000 determined men.

Our first object was to capture Nilt fort, the only one of the enemy's defences which was on our side of the tributary gorges. Our troops had by no means an easy task before them. As the Hunzas and Nagars, when not united to raid on foreign soil or to repel an invader, used frequently to wage war on each other, all their villages are strongly fortified. Nilt consists of a congregation of stone houses, some of which are two or three storeys in height, all strongly built, and having flat roofs of large stones so well put together that our shells produced no effect on them. These houses are built close together, and often open out one into another, while a labyrinth of very narrow alleys intersects this human rabbit-warren. The town is enclosed by a massive stone wall nearly twenty feet in height and twelve feet in breadth, loopholed for musketry, with towers at intervals. This wall is surrounded by another loopholed wall eight feet in height, distant some six yards from the first wall. This

outer wall, where it does not hang over the precipice, has a deep trench outside it, at the bottom of which the enemy had placed a strong abatis of branches lashed together, and, lastly, another abatis lined the outer edge of the trench.



“CAPTAIN AYLMER IGNITED THE FUSE” (p. [294](#)).

As soon as we turned the spur of the mountain the Hunzas opened fire upon us from their loopholes. Our troops deployed on to the flat terrace of irrigated fields and returned the fire. The 5th Gurkhas, who led the attack, made short rushes, section after section, availing themselves of the cover afforded by the low walls that divided the fields, and directed a brisk fire on the loopholes of the fort at 100 yards range. The Punialis and the men of the 20th Punjab Infantry scaled the steep mountain spur above the fort to the ridge on which we afterwards had our “ridge picket” (see illustration on p. 297), and fired down into the centre of the fort. The two seven-pounders took up a position about 150 yards from the fort, and opened fire upon it with shrapnel and shot, which appeared to produce no effect on the strong walls.

The action continued thus for about an hour. The loopholes of the fort offered but small targets to our riflemen, and the losses of the enemy must have been slight. On the other hand, our own men began to drop pretty fast, and it was soon obvious that the enemy's marksmen were picking off the British officers, most of whom had narrow escapes. Colonel Durand himself was severely wounded in the groin, and the command devolved on Captain Bradshaw, 35th Bengal Infantry. The loopholes of Nilt were luckily but few in number, or our losses would have been very severe.

Just before he was wounded Colonel Durand ordered that an attempt should be made to blow up the main gate of the fort, and take the place by assault. The story of how this was carried out should be one to stir the blood of Englishmen, for few so gallant deeds have been recorded even in the glorious annals of our Indian warfare. Under cover of a very heavy fire opened upon the loopholes of the fort by the rest of the force the storming party of one hundred men of the 5th Gurkhas, led by Lieutenants Boisragon and Badcock, and accompanied by Captain Aylmer (on whom, as our engineer officer, fell the duty of blowing up the gate), made a rush on the outer abatis. Through this the kukris of the Gurkhas quickly clove a narrow opening, and then the three officers, followed by their men, leapt into the trench and began to cut their way through the other abatis at the bottom. The officers, with some half-a-dozen men at their heels, scrambled through first, climbed the side of the trench, and found themselves before the outer wall. They ran along it till they came to a small gate, through which they had little difficulty in hacking their way. Passing through this they found themselves between the two walls, and exposed to the fire from the lower loopholes of the main wall, which could not be silenced by the covering party. Turning to the right they followed the main wall till they came to a large and strongly-built wooden gate flanked by two towers. To cut through this gate, which had been barricaded within with a wall of stones, was impossible, so Captain Aylmer, accompanied by his Pathan orderly and a Gurkha sepoy, ran up to the foot of the gate, and as rapidly as possible made his preparations to blow it up, the enemy all the while firing at him through the loopholes of the towers and gate, and throwing large stones over the parapets upon him. His companions protected him as far as they could by firing into the loopholes at the range of a few feet, the officers

using their revolvers. That a single man of this gallant handful escaped death is indeed marvellous.

Captain Aylmer, stooping down, removed some stones from under the foot of the gate, inserted his slabs of guncotton, packed them with stones, and ignited the fuse. While he was doing this he was shot through the leg from a loophole so near to him that his clothes and flesh were burnt; and of the two men who were in the gateway with him the Gurkha was shot dead, and the Pathan orderly was severely wounded in the head. Captain Aylmer and the orderly then crawled along the foot of the wall to a safe distance, and awaited the explosion. The given time elapsed, and there was no sound. It was obvious that the fuse had failed. So Captain Aylmer, wounded as he was, once more returned to an almost certain death, in order to complete his task. He cut the fuse with his knife, readjusted it, lit a match after several attempts, for the wind was strong, reignited the fuse, and again withdrew to safe shelter. This time while at work in the gateway he received a second wound. His hand and arm were very badly crushed by a large stone that was thrown at him over the walls.

This time, happily, the fuse did its work. There was a loud explosion; the stones came toppling down from the shaking walls, and it was seen that the gate and the barricade had been blown in. Then, even before the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared, the three British officers—for Captain Aylmer was ready for the fight, indomitable as ever, though streaming with blood from his wounds—and the five surviving sepoy rushed through the breach, and were within the fort. Here they at once engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand fight with the bravest of the enemy who flocked down the alleys leading to the gate. This handful of men, standing close together in this narrow place, resolutely held the position they had gained against the whole Hunza garrison. They gave a very good account of themselves, and killed a number of the enemy with bullet and cold steel: Lieutenant Badcock, with his revolver, shot the commander himself, Mahomet Shah, Wazir of Nagar. But the odds against them were too overwhelming: two more of the sepoy were soon killed, and nearly all were wounded. Captain Aylmer was now wounded for yet a third time, being shot through the arm with a jezail, while Lieutenant Badcock was severely wounded in the shoulder. It was evident that not one of the little party at the gateway would be left alive

unless support came up quickly. They had thus been fighting for about a quarter of an hour, when Lieutenant Boisragon volunteered to go out and find his men, thus exposing himself both to the fire of the enemy and that of the covering party. He got through safely, and was very soon back in the fort at the head of a number of Gurkhas, eager to avenge their fallen comrades. They fought, as is their wont, like little demons with their deadly kukris. The tribesmen defended themselves with desperate valour, but they could not long withstand the fierce attack of the Gurkhas, who at last drove them back with great loss, and hunted them panic-stricken through the labyrinth of alleys into the surrounding gorges.

That the Gurkhas had not more quickly followed their officers and six comrades to the gateway was not due to any unreadiness on their part, for Gurkhas are never backward in a fight. It seems that after they had cut through the abatis and crossed the trench they were unable to see which way their officers had gone before them, and turning to the left, instead of to the right, had missed the gateway, and had been checked by a great abatis which extended from the wall to the brink of the precipice.

The storming of Nilt only cost our force six men killed and twenty-seven wounded. The enemy left about a hundred dead behind them in the alleys of the fort, and many were shot down while escaping to their defences beyond the gorge. Captain Aylmer and Lieutenant Boisragon were both decorated with the Victoria Cross in recognition of their gallantry on this day, and Lieutenant Badcock, who was also recommended for a V.C., received the Distinguished Service Order.

Thus fell Nilt Fort; but its capture was only the first step towards the subjugation of the Hunza-Nagars. The real strength of their position lay before us, and the enemy, not in the least disheartened by their defeat, prepared to make a resolute stand along their line of defence beyond the two gorges. They omitted no precaution: not only did they break away all the roads across the ravines, but, taking advantage of the hard frost, they turned the irrigation canals over the river cliffs where they were assailable, and so formed smooth ramparts of ice to oppose us.

For eighteen days we vainly endeavoured to turn this formidable position. On December 3rd an attempt was made to repair the road and push across the Nilt gorge; but no sooner did our men appear in the open than they were driven back by a volley from the *sangas* opposite, which

killed three men and wounded six others, among the latter being Lieutenant Gorton. We now had five of our officers *hors de combat*, and in all forty men killed or wounded. Several reconnaissances were made by day and by night, to find out a weak spot in the enemy's line of defence. Once a party explored the river bed for some distance, and found that it was obstructed by barricades that ran across the beach: a heavy fire from either bank compelled this patrol to beat a hasty retreat. It was quite evident that an attempt to advance that way would mean the annihilation of our force. On the night of December 8th another futile endeavour was made to force the mouth of the Nilt gorge. On one dark night a small party that had crossed the river to surprise Maiun was discovered and repulsed. We even attempted to find a way across the glaciers at the head of the gorge, but were frustrated by impassable crevasses. Whenever a night surprise was attempted at some point of the cliff that appeared accessible the ever-watchful enemy would roll down their avalanches of rocks and also great fire-balls of resinous wood, whose blaze disclosed the whereabouts of our men, and enabled the defenders above to open a deadly musketry fire.

Day after day our men were engaged in these perilous but fruitless efforts to force a way past these rocky bulwarks of the enemy. Still we were held in check, and our position became one of considerable peril. The Hunzas, emboldened by the success of their resistance, threatened our line of communication with Gilgit, and the Shinaka tribes also were mobilising with the intention of falling upon us from below. Had they done so our small force would have probably been caught in a trap and cut to pieces, even as was the fate of a far larger force of Kashmir troops some years before in this very valley. Shut out, as we were, from all hope of succour for several months by the wintry Himalayas, but one course lay before our commander—at all risks to force the enemy's position before their Shinaka allies could come to their assistance.

To Nagdu, a gallant Dogra sepoy of one of the Kashmir Imperial Service regiments, the credit is due for having discovered what was possibly the only practicable method of effecting our object. This man, like all his race, a good cragsman, volunteered to explore the precipices on the further side of the Nilt gorge, with a view of finding a point at which they could be scaled by our troops. Night after night he did this at great risk, for the enemy, perceiving him, used to roll down rocks and

fire upon him from above. At last on one dark night he actually succeeded in climbing quite alone from the bottom of the gorge to the top of the cliff, undetected by the enemy, and reached the foot of the four strong *sangas* indicated in the illustration. The enemy evidently considered this to be a vulnerable point, for we had observed that they used to roll down their rock avalanches from these *sangas* at intervals each night, until at last a regular chute was worn apparently as a light streak against the darker cliff. Nagdu climbed down again in safety, returned to camp, and propounded his scheme. Nagdu, of his own native wit, realised a truth the ignorance of which has on more than one occasion brought commanders to grief—namely, that an almost perpendicular cliff is but a treacherous position under certain circumstances, and proves a deathtrap to those who would defend its summit. Nagdu pointed out that the cliff was so steep that the enemy would have to come out of their *sangas* and lean over the edge of the precipice in order to fire at a scaling party, and this, he said, we ought to be able to prevent them from doing with a covering party of picked marksmen posted on our side of the gorge.



“HE ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN
CLIMBING QUITE ALONE.”

Nagdu's plan was so obviously the right one that it was adopted, and it was decided to storm the enemy's position at this point in broad daylight. Captain Colin Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who was in command during Captain Bradshaw's temporary absence at Gilgit, despatched this forlorn hope without any delay. The 5th Gurkhas had borne the brunt of the first action; it was now the turn of the Imperial Service troops. Accordingly, Lieutenant Manners-Smith and Lieutenant Taylor, with 100 men of the Kashmir Bodyguard Regiment, left the camp noiselessly on the night of December 19th, which was very dark, and bivouacked in the Nilt gorge at a spot sheltered from rock-rolling, and just below the precipice that Nagdu had scaled. That night in camp we listened anxiously for any sound, for had the enemy detected the party as it ascended the gorge the rock avalanches would have wrought great

havoc at several exposed places on the way. But we had luckily at last caught the tribesmen off their guard, and all was quiet.

Before dawn on the 20th the covering party, consisting of 135 marksmen selected from the different regiments, ascended the ridge and took up a position near the block house indicated in the illustration. Our men lined the edge of the cliff, having been divided into four parties, each of which was instructed to open a steady independent fire upon one particular *sanga* of the four that were to be stormed. I was in command of one of these parties, and was therefore a spectator of what I am about to describe. The enemy opened fire upon us from the four *sangas* (which were about 450 yards from our ridge) and from other *sangas* that dotted the hillside. It was not long before the four *sangas* were completely silenced by the fire we directed upon them: not a defender dared stand behind a loophole. Then Lieutenant Manners-Smith commenced the difficult ascent, followed by fifty of the sepoy, Lieutenant Taylor coming after with the other fifty. We saw the men, forming a long scattered stream, slowly and with difficulty scale the 1,200 feet of precipice, often coming to a check and having to return some distance to try again at some more accessible point. Only cragsmen, such as these were, could have climbed this frightful wall of rock.

At last, when they were two-thirds of the way up, Lieutenant Manners-Smith came to a sheer precipice no man could scale: he tried to the right and left of it, but could find no way of getting by, and then, to our dismay, abandoned the hopeless attempt, and took all his men down again to the foot of the gorge. But Manners-Smith, himself an expert cragsman, was determined to scale the cliffs somewhere that day and to try conclusions with the enemy at close quarters. So he started again at a point higher up the gorge, and this time, as we fired over his head, we saw him and a few of the most active of his followers attain a ledge only sixty yards below one of the four *sangas*. Here he waited a few seconds until more of his men had come up, and then he rapidly clambered to the edge of the cliff.



NILT FORTS, FROM THE SOUTH.

It was only at this moment, when the storming party had all but effected its task, that it became visible to the defenders of Maiun and of the other forts below, who, hearing the unwonted heavy firing, had come out upon the roof-tops and were gazing upwards at the ridge. They shouted a warning across the river, which was taken up by *sanga* after *sanga* on the cliff side, till it reached the men in the four *sangas* that were the object of our attack, who for the first time realised that a party of men were scaling the cliff beneath them. They then, but too late, made a desperate attempt to defend their position. They threw rocks over the parapets, and some brave Hunzas rushed boldly out of the *sangas* and rolled down the ready-piled-up mounds of stone, whose falling stirred great showers of rocks, ever increasing in volume as they thundered down the gorge. From our side we shot down each man as he appeared in the open, in most cases before he had time to roll down a single stone. Luckily, our men had by this time passed the most dangerous part of the ascent, and the greater portion of the stones rushed harmlessly to the left

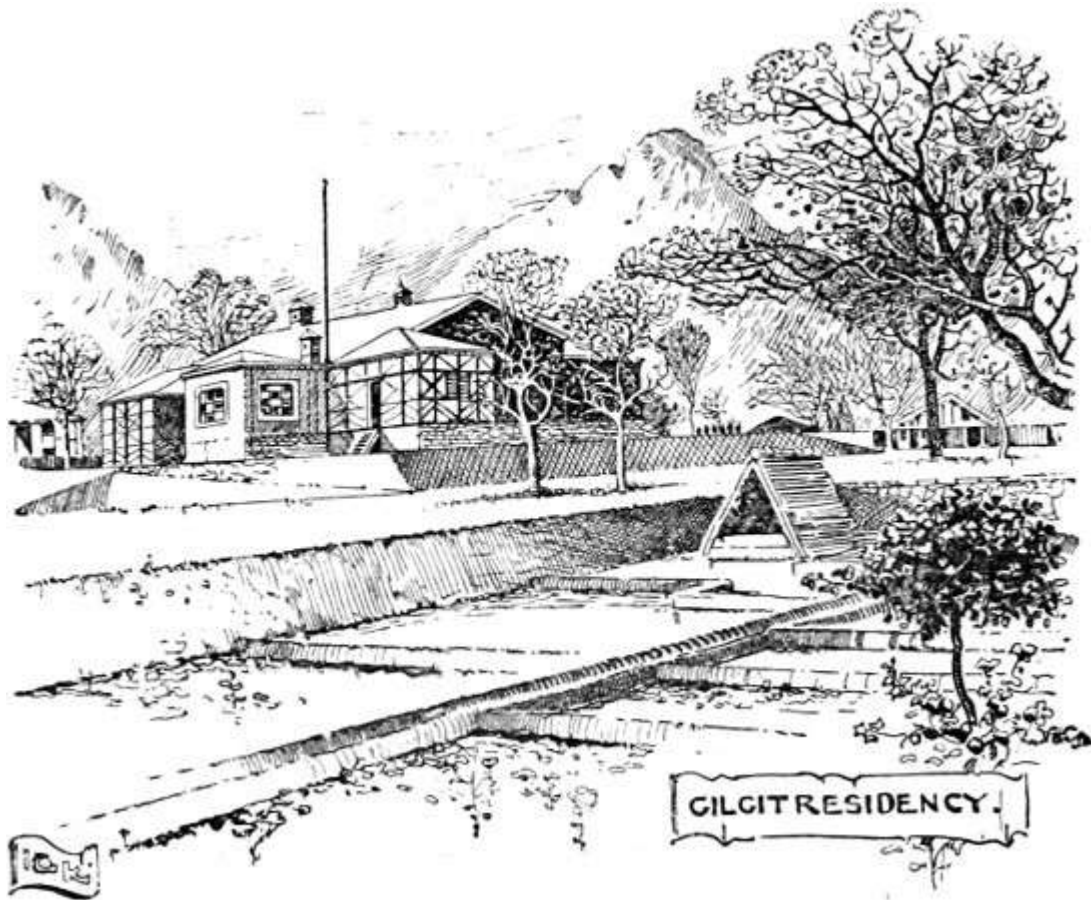
of them. Some men, however, were wounded, and Lieutenant Taylor was knocked down, but not severely injured, by a rock. Had the enemy received their warning but a few minutes earlier, the cataracts of rock would probably have swept a large proportion of the scaling party off the face of the cliff.

And now the order was given to the covering party to cease firing, and, as the smoke cleared, we saw Lieutenant Manners-Smith and a few men reach the foot of the *sanga* to the right. They ran quickly round to the opening at the back of the *sanga*, a few shots were fired by the attacking party and the defenders, and then the former, rushing in, took the *sanga* at the point of the bayonet, slaying most of those within. The rest of the sepoys now came up, and, despite the gallant stand of many of the enemy, *sanga* after *sanga* was taken by assault, and the whole hillside was covered with the flying tribesmen hurrying to the forts below. Upwards of 100 of them were shot down by our riflemen, but the greater portion escaped. This gallant forlorn hope had been rewarded with complete success, and the Kashmir Imperial Service troops had proved on this their first trial how well they could acquit themselves when properly led.

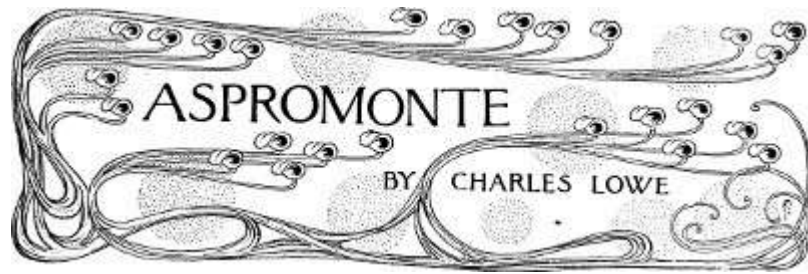
And now the defenders of Maiun, Thol, and all the fortifications on the plain below, seeing that their position—which they had deemed impregnable, and which from time immemorial had defied their enemies—had been actually turned, and knowing that we should cut off their retreat unless they escaped at once, lost heart, and, abandoning their posts, took to their heels. We saw the tribesmen in their hundreds fleeing up the valley for their lives on both sides of the river. They were not given time to recover from their panic and to organise a stand higher up. Our covering party was at once brought down the hill, our sappers quickly opened a rough track across the mouth of the gorge; we effected a junction with Lieutenant Manners-Smith's party; and then, leaving baggage and commissariat behind, our whole force pushed up the valley in pursuit of the routed enemy. A forced march of thirty miles over the most difficult ground, along the face of precipices, across frozen torrents, glaciers, and wastes of rocky *débris*, brought us to the capital of Nagar in about twenty-four hours—a most creditable performance. The enemy offered no further resistance, and on the following day we occupied the thums' hitherto inviolate citadel in the capital of Hunza.

The complete pacification of the country quickly followed. The Hunza-Nagars, having been treated with clemency, are now very well disposed to us. They acknowledge our suzerainty, but are ruled by their thumbs as of old; and we do not interfere with them in the least so long as they abstain from raiding and slave-hunting. The Hunza valley provides a new recruiting ground for India. When it was proposed to raise a Hunza levy for frontier defence, the young tribesmen gladly volunteered; and within a few months of the Hunza War, a small body of our recent foes, led by British officers, completely defeated a far superior force of Shinakas which had attacked our outposts on the Indus.

Lieutenant Manners-Smith, in recognition of his gallant leading of the forlorn hope on the 20th, received the Victoria Cross—the third that had been gained in the course of this short but memorable campaign.



GILGIT RESIDENCY.



ASPROMONTE
BY CHARLES LOWE.

Giuseppe (or Joseph) Garibaldi was for many years the most picturesque and interesting figure in all Europe. He might be called the William Wallace, or the William Tell, of Italy. His name (which is still a common enough one in Genoa among all ranks of life) is said to have been a corruption of Garibaldo, *i.e.* “Bold in War.” At any rate, a warlike star presided over his birth (at Nice in 1807), for he first saw the light in the very house where, forty years before, Masséna, one of the Great Napoleon’s greatest generals, was born.

At the time of his birth his native country—Italy—was in a woful state of disunion, and much of it was under the yoke of the foreigner—the Austrians in particular. It was cut up into several conflicting monarchies; while the Pope, the spiritual head of the Roman Church, also claimed—and had his claim allowed—to be temporal sovereign of Rome. But as the century grew older, the Italian people began to be stirred with a deep desire for national unity, without which they knew they could never become great, strong, or respected; and of all who threw themselves into this movement, none did so with more ardour than the son of the humble Nice skipper who sailed his own little vessel all over the Mediterranean.

This son, Giuseppe, took to his father’s calling, and began life as a sailor. Once, when second in command of a brig, he was attacked by Greek pirates, after which he landed at St. Nicholas to re-victual without so much as shoes to his feet. An Englishman, taking pity on him, offered him a pair, and this touched him to the heart.

“When I look back upon it now,” wrote Garibaldi in 1870 to *Cassell’s Magazine*, “I cannot help remembering that it was the first of the many

acts of kindness which bind me with such strong and lasting ties of gratitude to your noble nation.”

In 1836 he had joined a revolutionary movement, which failed; and, after many privations and vicissitudes, he finally sailed for South America, where for the next ten years he led a life of the most stirring excitement and adventure among the quarrelsome young Republics of that continent—fighting now on one side and then on the other, like Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty in the Thirty Years’ War, and gaining a name for the greatest personal bravery. The wanderings and adventures of Ulysses were nothing to those of Garibaldi, which would fill volumes of as fascinating reading as can be found in the pages of a novelist.

When the revolutionary movement of 1848 swept over Europe—including Italy—Garibaldi returned home with a knowledge of guerilla—or irregular—warfare such as was possessed probably by no other man alive; and then, with his volunteers, he threw himself heart and soul into the movement for “making Italy free,” as the phrase ran, “from the Alps to the Adriatic.”

With his Red-Shirt Volunteers, Garibaldi took a prominent part in the fighting of 1848 and 1859, and with his “Thousand”—as famous a fighting force as Xenophon’s “Ten Thousand”—he, in 1860, attacked and conquered the Two Sicilies (*i.e.* the island of Sicily and Naples), and made a present of these kingdoms to his sovereign Victor Emmanuel, after which he returned to his solitary farm on the little island of Caprera. Here, on this rocky island—fifteen miles in circumference, and five in length—Garibaldi was monarch of all he surveyed.

“The absence of priests,” he wrote, “is one of the especial blessings of this spot. Here God is worshipped in purity of spirit without formalism, free from mockery, under the canopy of the blue heavens, with the planets for lamps, the sea winds for music, and the green sward of the island for altars.”

This was the den, so to speak, into which the lion-patriot retired when no political prey was stirring. But no sooner did he scent the opportunity for action than out again he would rush with a roar, which was sometimes just as disquieting to his friends as to his foes. This was more particularly the case on the occasion which led to Aspromonte. But,

before proceeding to the tragic scene of this encounter, let us see what sort of fighters Garibaldi and his red-shirted followers were.



GENERAL GARIBALDI.

“Garibaldi,” wrote a correspondent of *The Times*, “was a middle-sized man, and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, since he sat in the saddle with such perfect ease, and yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampas. But his chief beauty was the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould: the forehead was high and broad, a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. The brow was open, genial, sunny; the eyes dark grey, deep, shining with a steady reddish light; the nose, mouth, and chin exquisitely chiselled, the countenance habitually at rest, but at sight of those dear to him beaming with a caressing smile, revealing all the innate strength and grace of his loving nature.

“His garb consisted of a plain red shirt and grey trousers, over which he threw the folds of the Spanish-American *poncho*—an ample upper garment of thin white woollen cloth with crimson lining, which did duty as a standard, and round which his volunteers were bidden to rally in the thick of the fight, as did the French Huguenot chivalry round Henry of Navarre’s ‘*panache blanche*.’ His sword was a fine cavalry blade, forged in England and the gift of English friends, and with it he might be seen at his early breakfast on the tented field cutting his bread and slicing his Bologna sausage, and inviting those he particularly wished to distinguish, to share that savoury fare. The sabre did good slashing work at need, however, and at Milazzo, in Sicily, it bore him out safely from the midst of a knot of Neapolitan troopers who caught him by surprise and fancied they had him at their discretion. Garibaldi carried no other weapons, though the officers in his suite had pistols and daggers at their belts; and his negro groom, by name Aguyar, who for a long time followed him as his shadow, like Napoleon’s Mameluke, and was shot dead by his side at Rome, was armed with a long lance with a crimson pennon, used as his chief’s banner.

“His staff officers were a numerous, quaint, and motley crew, men of all ages and conditions, mostly devoted personal friends—not all of them available for personal strength or technical knowledge, but all to be relied upon for their readiness to die with or for him. The veterans he brought with him from Montevideo, a Genoese battalion whom his friend Augusto Vecchi helped to enlist, and the Lombard Legion, under Manara, were all men of tried valour, well trained to the use of the rifle, inured to hardships and privations; and they constituted the nucleus of the Garibaldian force throughout its campaigns. The remainder was a shapeless mass of raw recruits from all parts of Italy, joining or leaving the band almost at their pleasure—mere boys from the Universities, youths of noble and rich family, lean artisans from the towns, stout peasants and labourers from the country, adventurers of indifferent character, deserters from the army, and the like, all marching in loose companies, like Falstaff’s recruits, under improvised officers and non-commissioned officers; but all, or most of them, entirely disinterested about pay or promotion, putting up with long fasts and heavy marches, only asking to be brought face to face with the enemy, and when under the immediate influence of Garibaldi himself or of his trusty friends seldom guilty of soldierly excesses or of any breach of discipline. The

effect the presence of the hero had among them was surprising. A word addressed to them in his clear, ringing, silver voice electrified even the dullest. An order coming from him was never questioned, never disregarded. No one waited for a second bidding or an explanation. ‘Your business is not to inquire how you are to storm that position. You must only go and do it.’ And it was done.”



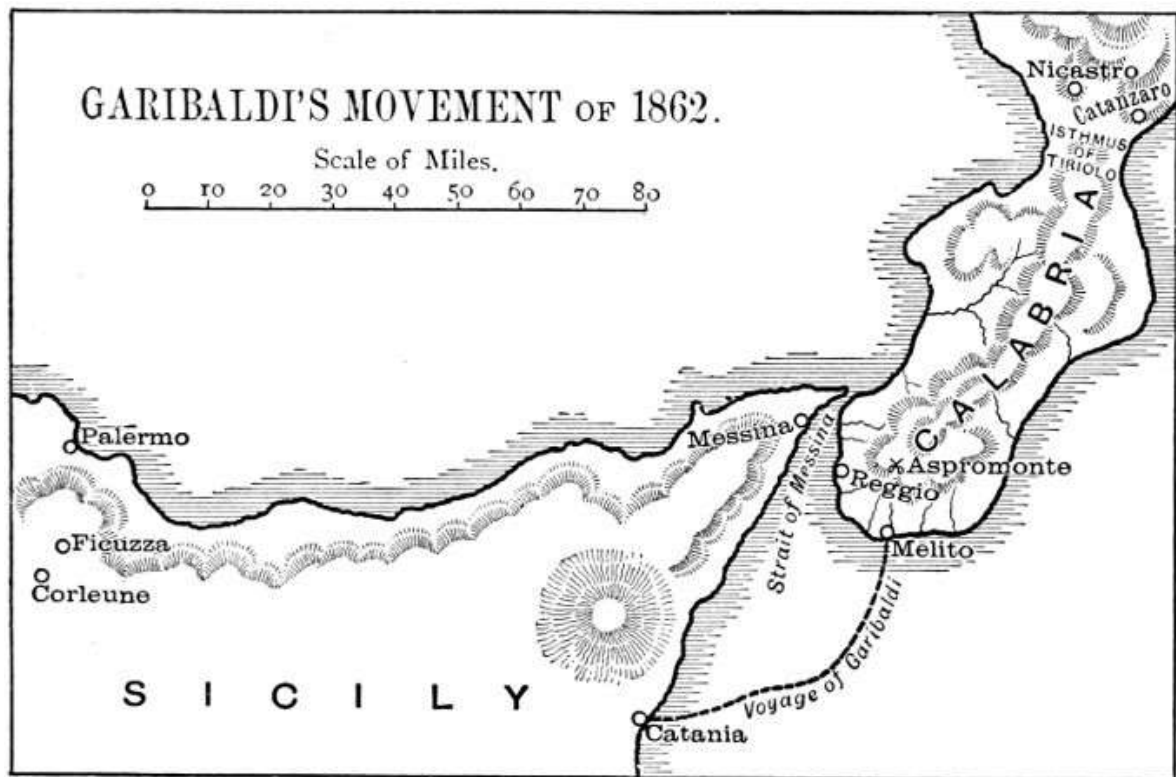
“EVERYWHERE THIS FREE-LANCE
EVOKED ENTHUSIASM” (p. [302](#).)

“On the approach of a foe,” wrote one of his Lombard volunteers, Emilio Dandolo, “Garibaldi would ride up to a dominating point in the landscape, survey the ground for hours with the spyglass in brooding silence, and come down with a swoop on the enemy, acting upon some well-contrived combination of movements by which advantage had been taken of all circumstances in his favour.” And as this was his custom in the field of war, so it was ever also his habit in what must be called the

field of politics. After finishing a campaign he would sheathe his sword and return to Caprera, there to stand and strain his eyes towards the mainland, watching for his next opportunity of action. Not an event escaped his notice, and he heard with a smile of contentment how Victor Emmanuel had stormed the fortress of Gaeta, and the two crowns of the Sicilies had been placed upon the head of the Piedmontese King. But the national unity was still far from complete. Above all things, Venice still remained under the yoke of the Austrians, while Rome was equally in the power of the French, who remained there to champion with their bayonets the pretensions of the Pope.

They had been there ever since 1849, when the Romans rose against the Pope, declared a Republic, and were supported by Garibaldi and his Red Shirts. But then the French rushed to the assistance of the Pope, and after a three months' siege—during which the Garibaldians behaved with splendid bravery—at last stormed the city, restored the authority of the Pope, and compelled the Hero of Caprera to retire to the mountains.

“Soldiers!” he had said, on leading his men away from the Eternal City, “that which I have to offer you is this: hunger, thirst, cold, heat; no pay, no barracks, no rations; but frequent alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet;” and 4,000 men had readily answered to this appeal.



GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENT OF 1862.

The memory of this defeat rankled ever after in Garibaldi's mind, and he determined to seize the first opportunity of retrieving it. This opportunity, he deemed, had at last come in the year 1862, soon after the death of the great statesman Cavour, who had been the Bismarck, so to speak, of Italian unity, as Victor Emmanuel had been its King William. But while Garibaldi had been their greatest support, he had also been the source of their greatest weakness. For he was not a regularly appointed servant of the Government, but the self-constituted soldier and champion of his country. He chose his own time for fighting, irrespective of what the King and his ministers wished, and thus often placed them in the greatest difficulty. So little, indeed, did Garibaldi consider his times and seasons for action, that he was said by many to have "an ass's head linked to a lion's heart." He was nothing but a headlong soldier, who scorned the arts of statesmen; and his head was turned with his extraordinary popularity among the masses of the Italian people, who paid him something like Divine honours.

Everywhere this free-lance hero evoked far more enthusiasm than was even shown the King, who, naturally enough, followed Garibaldi's

movements with the greatest solicitude, whilst recognising that he had done so much for his country that the very greatest indulgence and forbearance had to be shown him.

But there came a time when it was thought that Garibaldi should not be allowed the free hand which had hitherto been granted him. This was when he announced his intention of placing the national flag on the walls of Rome, which still owned the dominion of the Pope, and was garrisoned by the French. However much Victor Emmanuel desired to see Rome become the capital of Italy, he could not forget the debt of gratitude which he owed the French, who had been his allies in the successful war against Austria in 1859; and when he heard of Garibaldi's proposed enterprise, he issued a proclamation to his subjects, saying: "It is painful to me to see deluded and inexperienced young men forgetting their duties and the gratitude we owe our best allies, and making the name of Rome a watchword of war.... Italians! beware of guilty impatience and incautious agitation. When the hour to finish the Government work shall have come, the voice of your King will be heard among you. A call which does not come from him is a call to rebellion and to civil war. The responsibility and the rigour of the law will fall upon those who do not listen to my words."

But this warning had no restraining effect on the eager Garibaldi, who only panted to recover for his country the Eternal City, exclaiming: "Rome! Rome! Who is not urged by thy very name to take up arms for thy deliverance?" At the same time, there is considerable reason for believing that the King and his Government had given secret encouragement to Garibaldi to embark upon his mad enterprise, in order to have a pretext for arresting the lion-hearted but inconvenient rebel. In any case, away to Sicily he went to make preparations for his Quixotic expedition. He probably calculated that the news of his enterprise would induce his countrymen to rise *en masse*, and that the French Emperor, seeing the enthusiasm of the Italian people, would withdraw his troops from Rome.

He landed at Palermo, whence a body of his volunteers marched to Corleone, a town of the interior, where they overpowered the National Guard and armed themselves with their muskets. Then they took up their quarters in a camp at Ficuzza, a forest district about twenty miles from

Palermo. Here they were visited on August 1st by Garibaldi, who thus addressed them:

“My young fellow-soldiers! To-day again the holy cause of our country unites us. Again to-day, without asking whither going, what to do, with what hope of reward to our labours, with a smile on your lips and joy in your hearts, you hasten to fight our overbearing dominators, throwing a spark of comfort to our enslaved brethren.... I can only promise you toils, hardships, and perils; but I rely on your self-denial. I know you, ye brave young men, crippled in glorious combat! It is needless to ask you to display valour in fight. What I ask is discipline, for without that no army can exist. The Romans were disciplined, and they mastered the world. Endeavour to conciliate the goodwill of the population we are about to visit, as you did in 1860, and no less to win the esteem of our valiant army, in order, thus united with that army, to bring about the longed-for unity of the country.”

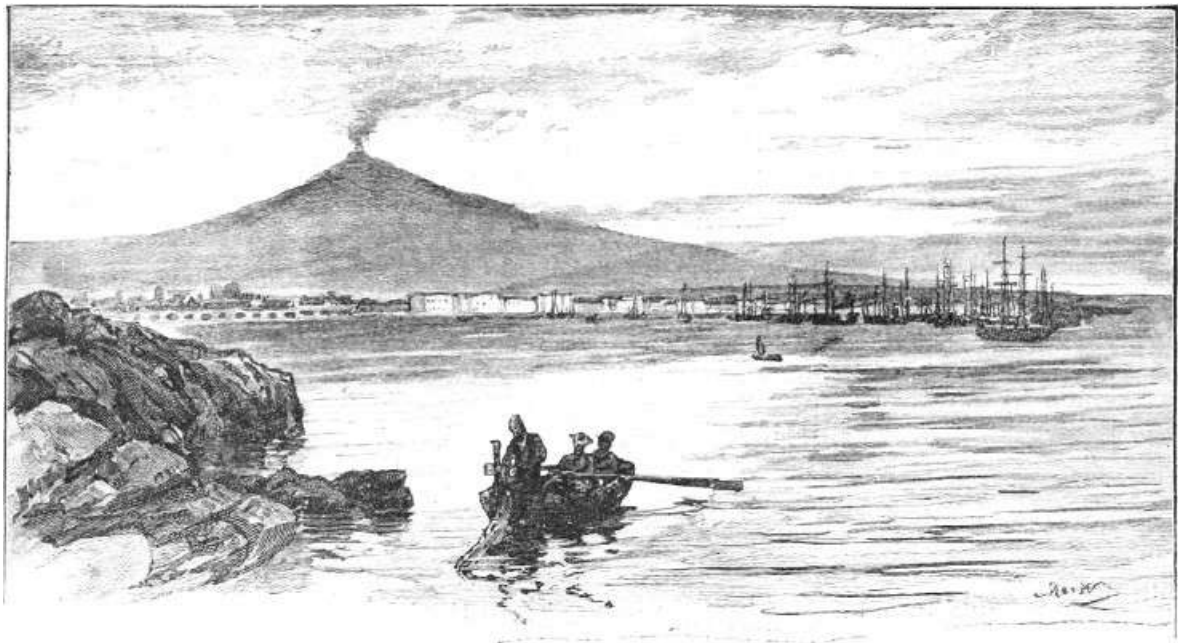
Garibaldi now went to Catania, where the royal troops already began to close round him with intent to take him prisoner. But many deserted to his side in the hope of sharing the martial glory which they believed to be again in store for the wayward Hero of Caprera. His force soon swelled to a very considerable body; but here it was on the island of Sicily, and how was it to get across to the mainland in order to commence its march on Rome? Garibaldi had no ships; but in the harbour of Catania there were lying three vessels—a French frigate, the *Marie Adelaide*; a French steamer, *Le Général Abbaticci*; and an Italian steamer, *Il Dispaccio*, belonging to the Florio Company. In addition to these vessels there was a royal Italian man-of-war—*Il Duca di Genova*—the commander of which gave out that he would fire on any of the other three ships which made bold to carry over Garibaldi and his Red Shirts to the mainland.

One day, however, the *Duca di Genova* took it into its head to go for a little cruise outside the Straits of Messina—probably, indeed, because it had received secret orders to do so, in order the better to lure Garibaldi into the trap which had been laid for him. On the disappearance of the *Duca di Genova*, Garibaldi stepped into a boat with several trusty followers, and was rowed off to the other three vessels above referred to, when he put their respective captains under arrest, and then proceeded to fill them up with his impatient Red Shirts.

“At five o’clock in the afternoon,” says one of his biographers, “the embarkation commenced, and the good people of Catania crowded the harbour, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. Menotti” (Garibaldi’s son) “and his ‘Guides,’ the Tuscans, and the flower of the Sicilian volunteers, moved off for *Il Dispaccio*; General Corrao, with some more Sicilians, occupied *Le Général Abbatucci*; whilst Garibaldi took the command of the former and put Burratini in command of the *Marie Adelaide*, with orders to get her filled with troops as soon as possible. During this time it had been growing dark, and each ship was filled to suffocation, no one being able to lie down, or get any rest, as boats were for ever arriving with their cargoes of men. About midnight the ships were got under way; and after crossing the Straits in the dark, without any mishap, the troops were all safely landed at Melito next morning, on the spot celebrated as the one on which the former expedition had gone ashore.”

Garibaldi landed in Calabria with a force of about 3,000 men—a very insignificant body, one would have thought, to march against walled and embattled Rome with its formidable French garrison. But by the time he came into collision with the royal troops, who had been sent after him to arrest his progress, his little army of Red Shirts had dwindled by about a half on account of the privations to which it was exposed and the rapid marches which had been exacted of it.

On hearing of Garibaldi’s naval *coup-de-main* at Catania, and his crossing over to Calabria, General Cialdini at once gave chase, and in order to catch the Hero of Caprera, he sent two of his generals—Revel and Vialardi—with a body of royal troops to draw a cordon across the isthmus of Tiriolo at its narrowest point, between Nicastro and Catanzaro, so as thus to bar the Rome-ward march of the Red Shirts. Having done this, he next ordered three vessels of war to cruise about the Straits so as to prevent Garibaldi from re-embarking, and then despatched Major-General Pallavicini, at the head of a considerable force, from Reggio, with instructions to drive the Red Shirts northwards in the direction of the aforesaid cordon on the isthmus, as game is driven by the beaters towards the sportsmen—Pallavicini’s instructions being to attack Garibaldi “anywhere and anyhow,” unless he consented to an unconditional surrender.



CATANIA.

Things had thus assumed a very serious aspect indeed for the disillusioned Hero of Caprera, who, on the evening of the 28th August, after a long and tiring day's march, had pitched his camp on the brow of the far-famed hill of Aspromonte, on a plateau overlooking the sea, with a wood behind which connected it with a high range of the Apennines, and would afford ample shelter for his troops. The men were encamped *al fresco* under cover of this wood, whilst Garibaldi occupied one of two woodmen's huts which were on the plateau, and gave the spot the name of "*i forestali*." It was wet and gloomy, the rain put out the bivouac fires, every rag on their backs was soaked, and they had no provisions with them; so that the position of the volunteers was far from enviable.

Next morning General Pallavicini came up with the Red Shirts, and at once proceeded to carry out his orders. How he did this let us see from his own pen.

"On the morning of the 29th I set forth early, directing my course towards San Stefano, where I arrived at about half-past eight a.m. There, from secret information received, I knew that General Garibaldi had encamped with his force during the night on the plateau of Aspromonte. I ordered the troops to pursue the march until within a short distance of the plateau, and before allowing them to proceed I caused the troops to rest

themselves, as they were excessively fatigued by a long march by abrupt paths. In the meantime I learned that only two hours previously General Garibaldi had encamped at the foot of the plateau of Aspromonte, and I saw that by two paths I could descend towards his camp.

“I then divided my troops into two columns, which arrived at the same time in view of the Garibaldian encampment, already abandoned by him, he having taken up a position on the crest of a rugged hillock to the east of the plateau of Aspromonte. I then sent an order to the commandant of the left column, while making the right column fall back by a rapid movement. I attacked the left flank of the rear of the rebels, in order to cut off their retreat. In the meantime, with a battalion, I caused the entrance of the valley to be occupied, that they might not regain the plateau. The left column, with the 6th Battalion of the Bersaglieri at their head, then attacked the rebels, and after a smart fire carried the position at the point of the bayonet with cries of ‘*Viva il Re!*’ ‘*Viva Italia!*’ while the left side was also attacked by our troops. General Garibaldi and his son Menotti” (who had written to a friend in Liverpool, “In three weeks we shall be in Rome!”) “having been wounded, and the rebels being surrounded on all sides, resistance became useless, whereupon the Garibaldians gave the signal to cease firing.”

Their own account of the engagement was somewhat different. Garibaldi himself wrote:—“They thirsted for blood, and I wished to spare it.... Yes, they thirsted for blood. I perceived it with sorrow, and I endeavoured, in consequence, to do my utmost to prevent that of our assailants from being shed. I ran to the front of our line, crying out to them not to fire, and from the centre to the left, where my voice and those of my aides-de-camp could be heard, not a trigger was pulled. It was not thus on the attacking side. Having arrived at a distance of two hundred metres, they began a tremendous fire, and the party of *Bersaglieri* who were in front of me, directing their shots against me, struck me with two balls—one in the left thigh, not serious; the other in the ankle of the right foot, making a serious wound.

“As all this happened at the opening of the conflict, and I was carried to the skirt of the wood after being wounded, I could see nothing more, a dense crowd having formed round me while my wound was being dressed. I feel certain, however, that up to the end of the line (of troops) which was at my litter, and to that of my aides-de-camp, not a single

musket shot was fired.... It was not so on our right. The *Picciotti*, attacked by the regular troops, replied by a fire along the whole line, and, although the trumpets sounded to cease firing, there was at that spot a smart fusilade, which lasted not more than a quarter of an hour. My wounds led to some confusion in our line. Our soldiers, not seeing me, began to retreat into the woods, so that, little by little, the crowd around me broke up, and the most faithful alone remained.”



“RAISING HIS CAP IN THE AIR, HE CRIED ‘VIVA L’ITALIA!’” (p. [306](#)).

A Garibaldian officer who was present thus wrote: “When the general received the bullet he was passing along our front, ordering the men not to fire. I saw a slight shiver pass through his body; he took two or three steps, and then began to stagger. We ran to him, holding him up; he was regardless of his sufferings. Raising his cap in the air, he cried ‘*Viva l’Italia!*’ I had his poor foot resting on my thigh; he called out to his assailants, and asked what they were doing with his people. I felt a

shivering in all his limbs; and, reminding him of his wounds, I implored him to be quiet.”

While the surgeon was dressing his wounds, the sturdy soldier calmly produced a cigar and began to smoke, inquiring of the doctor whether he thought amputation would be necessary. Twenty minutes later he had an interview with his conqueror and captor, General Pallavacini, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that this was the most miserable day of his life. Yet he had received certain orders, and he had no choice but to obey.

It was the bitterest of all moments for the hero of Italian unity when, staggering from the effects of his double wound, he fell forward upon the Italian soil to which he had devoted his whole life. Generals Cialdini and Pallavacini had been his friends and comrades, their troops were his compatriots and brothers-in-arms.

Two bullets had thus put an end, sudden and complete, to Garibaldi's march on Rome, though he was to live to make another and an equally unsuccessful attempt upon the Eternal City. Meanwhile, the illustrious rebel was carried to prison at Spezzia, where he was, however, kept but a short time, and then removed to Pisa. There Dr. Nélaton, of Paris, who came all the way for the purpose, succeeded in extracting the bullet from Garibaldi's ankle, for which bullet a hero-worshipping Englishman offered as much as 30,000 francs.

Two years later, when he had recovered from his wounds, he visited England, a country which had always taken the keenest interest in his adventures, and even sent him volunteers, as well as a doctor to attend him in his illness. High and low welcomed him with the warmest enthusiasm, and the attentions that were rained upon the Hermit of Caprera culminated in a grand banquet given in his honour by the Lord Mayor and City of London.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.



Napoleon's Moscow Campaign

By D.H. Parry.

One must go back through centuries of history to find anything approaching the horrors of the Russian War of 1812.

Towards the end of June, 610,058 armed men and an enormous multitude of non-combatants—women and children—crossed the broad Niemen, joined afterwards by 37,100 more, making a total of 647,158; and on the 13th December—or rather less than six months later—16,000 alone repassed that river with weapons in their bruised and frozen hands, almost the sole remains of a magnificent army whose bones are to this day turned up by the plough of the Russian peasant.

The Niemen flows between Prussia and Poland; and in the forest of Pilwisky, behind the rocky heights on the Prussian side, a multitude of men lay concealed, speaking a score of tongues, and wearing a strange variety of uniform, many nations having sent their best and bravest to swell the ranks of the *Grande Armée*.

The famous Imperial Guard was sleeping in the green corn, dreaming of future conquests, and that mighty host awaited the word of one man to embark on a campaign whose disasters have had no equal—one little pale-faced man dressed now in a long grey riding-coat and a Polish cap—the man who, by the force of his own intellect and the marvellous power of using men and circumstances to his own ends, had ground the whole of Europe—England alone excepted—under the heel of his military boot!

At two o'clock in the morning of June 23rd Napoleon mounted his horse and rode off to reconnoitre the river, his charger stumbling and throwing him on to the sandy bank.

A voice exclaimed in the darkness: "That is a bad augury: a Roman would go back." But no one knew who had spoken, and, after ordering three bridges to be constructed for the following night, the little party returned to its quarters, the words sinking ominously into their hearts.

Next evening some sappers, with their white leather aprons and keen axes, crossed in a boat, and were met by a Cossack officer, who rode forward alone to inquire what they wanted in Russia.

"We are Frenchmen," said one of the sappers, "come to make war upon you—to take Wilna—to liberate Poland!"

The solitary horseman disappeared without a word, and the sappers fired their muskets into the silent woods.

For three whole days the tramp of men and the heavy rumble of guns filled the air as the army filed down to the banks, and poured across the bridges—Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs, and Dragoons, regiment succeeding regiment, corps after corps. Now the scarlet and green of the 8th Hussars; again the heavy squadrons of Sebastiani's Cuirassiers, smart Polish Lancers of the Guard and Line, Carabineers with brass body-

armour and snow-white uniforms, long trains of lumbering artillery, waggons and field-forges, carriages, and caissons, the sutler's cart jostling the caleche of the general officer, a sultry sun overhead, and the river dancing in merry ripples beneath them as the bridges trembled under the tread of the marching thousands.

Napoleon crossed at Poniemen with his Guard, the corps of Marshals Davout, Oudinot, and Ney, and Murat's dashing cavalry; Prince Eugène, with the army of Italy, passed at Piloni on the 29th; and Jérôme Bonaparte's Westphalians advanced upon Grodno which they reached on the 30th.

To the north Macdonald attacked Riga on the Baltic, and Prince Schwartzenberg marched through Galicia in the south; but it is the army of the centre, under the Emperor himself, whose fortunes we shall most closely follow, omitting the marches of the thirteen divisions into which the invading forces were formed, and not pausing to notice the minor actions in which they were sooner or later engaged.

Hardly had Napoleon gained the enemy's side than a black cloud gathered in the sky, and a furious storm broke over the country for fifty leagues right and left. The rain descended with surprising violence, the air grew piercingly cold, and the flat land covered with tall black pine-trees became a swamp, through which they splashed dismally onward.

Ten thousand horses died, heated by the green corn which formed their forage, and then chilled by the rain as they stood shivering in their exposed bivouacs.

The bridge across the Vilia having been destroyed by retreating Cossacks, Napoleon impatiently ordered a squadron of the Polish Lancers of the Guard to swim the swollen stream, and, clad in crimson uniforms, faced with dark blue and laced with silver, they gained the centre, only to be carried away by the current, and many of them drowned, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" as their heads disappeared under water.

Beyond Wilna, Octave de Ségur (brother of the historian) and his 8th Hussars drew first blood from the Russians, and were sadly cut up; but Oudinot drove Witgenstein back at the same moment, and, sending Murat in pursuit, the Emperor returned to Wilna, to waste twenty days in

raising unsatisfactory levies, and to disgust the Poles with disappointing hopes of liberty.



ALEXANDER I., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Russian proposals of peace were rejected by Napoleon, whose entire conduct during the campaign has baffled his friends and foes; and leaving Wilna at half-past eleven at night on the 16th July, he marched to attack Barclay de Tolly, provided he could find him.

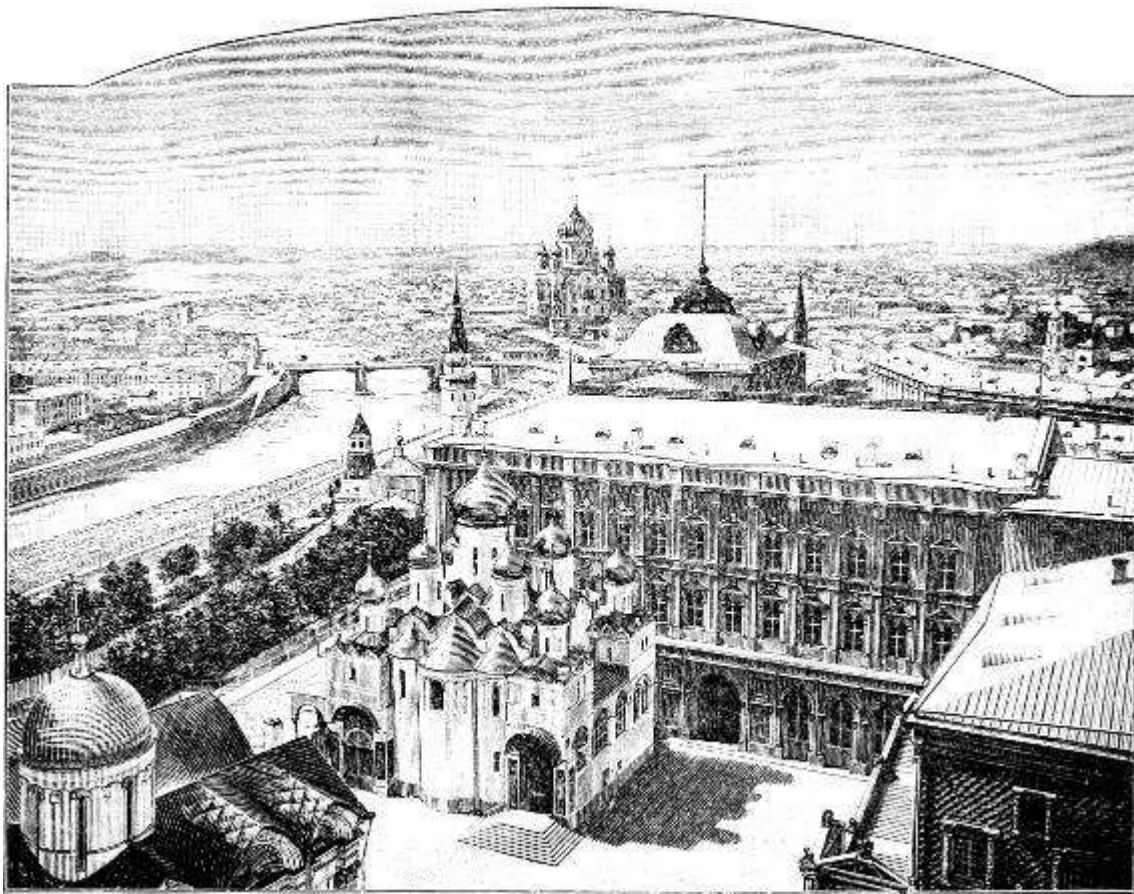
Two hundred and fifty thousand Russians had been formed into three distinct armies—the First Army of the West under De Tolly; the Second, under Prince Bagration; and the Third, which was not then completed, under the cavalry general Tormasoff; 18,000 Cossacks being distributed among them, those of the Hetman Platoff especially destined to win a terrible renown.

The infantry wore green, with slate pantaloons and mud-coloured greatcoats, the officers affecting wasp waists, tremendous curled whiskers, and gold rings in their ears. The Cossacks of the Line were dressed for the most part in blue, with fur caps and long lances; generally swarming with vermin, they were mounted on active little horses, which they urged on with whips, there being also bands of wild horsemen

called Baskirs, who used *bows and arrows* with a precision that caused mourning in many a French home.

The war assumed a curious character: on through the swamps and lonely forests of Lithuania, interspersed here and there by deserts of choking sand, the long columns wound; the Russians burning their villages as they retired, the French in their turn destroying what the Russians had left, devastation and disorder marking every league of the way; the roads dotted with the bodies of dead men and horses, who had sunk with fatigue, and the rear-guard of the enemy disappearing as the French advance-guard came in sight of it.

Napoleon derided the foe as arrant cowards; but the persistent retreat was all part of a wise policy, originated by De Tolly, to draw them into an unknown country, far from their magazines, until hunger, forced marches, the burning heat of the days followed by nights of intense cold, and last of all the terrible winter of those latitudes, should crumble away the army and utterly destroy it.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

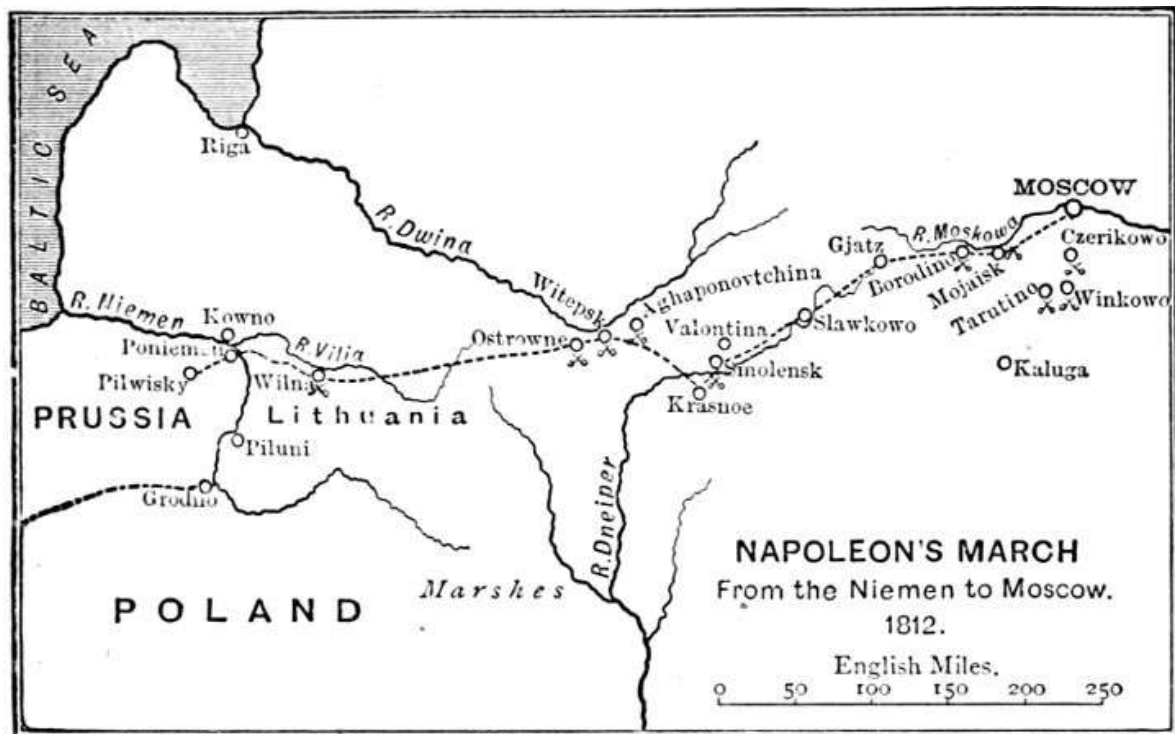
The young blood of Russia naturally revolted at such a course and wished to fight, but results have justified its adoption, the significant fact remaining as additional proof of its wisdom, that in nearly every instance during the advance, where the two forces came into contact, the French proved victorious.

At Ostrowno the remnants of the 8th Hussars came up with three Russian cavalry regiments, and routed them in quick succession among the birch woods; Murat ordering some Poles of the Line to charge, and being obliged to lead them, although, as commander, he should have kept out of danger.

The lances were lowered in a glittering row behind him, and the troopers, gay in blue and yellow, came thundering on. From the nature of the ground escape was impossible, so, making a virtue of necessity, the King of Naples flourished his famous riding-switch, galloped at their head, and the charge was successful: the 106th took the Russians on one

side, Piré's Hussars and 16th Chasseurs on the other. The French artillery resumed its fire; and falling back in disorder, the foe melted away into the forest that hid Witepsk.

At that place De Tolly made a stand, hearing that Bagration was about to join him; and Napoleon saw the sun glinting on the arms of eighty thousand men on a bright July morning, as two hundred voltigeurs of the 9th crossed a narrow bridge and formed in front of the Russian horse.



NAPOLEON'S MARCH

From the Niemen to Moscow.

1812

Murat sent the 16th Chasseurs-à-cheval at the enemy, without any support; but though their sky-blue facings had figured in almost every campaign since 1793, they had no chance singlehanded on broken ground, and the Cossacks of the Guard put them to the right-about, pursuing as far as a hill on which the Emperor stood, and only being driven off by the carbines of his personal escort. On their way back the Cossacks attacked the voltigeurs with great fury, the army holding its breath and regarding them as lost; but the little band took post in some

brushwood, and routed the Lancers in full view of both forces, the French clapping their hands and cheering their comrades to the echo, Napoleon sending to inquire to what corps the heroes belonged.

“To the Ninth,” was the reply; “and three-fourths of us are lads of Paris.”

“Tell them that they are brave fellows,” said the Emperor to his aide-de-camp, “and that they all deserve the Legion of Honour”—one account stating that every man received it.

Murat, Eugène, and Lobau rushed on the enemy’s left, and compelled him to retire behind the Luczissa; but believing that De Tolly meant at last to stand his ground, Napoleon stopped the conflict, although it was only eleven o’clock, saying to Murat: “To-morrow at five you will see the sun of Austerlitz.”

The morrow came; the sun rose redly through the mists; but the wise Barclay had vanished, having learned during the night that Bagration had been worsted, the French discovering *one* Russian asleep in a thicket, and not a reliable trace of the direction the others had taken.

The expedition had never been popular, either with officers or men, and they began to grumble with good cause; for an army that had conquered Prussia in fourteen days, and whose standards were heavy with the gilded names of a hundred glorious victories, had now penetrated for more than a month into a land teeming with discomforts. Many of the regiments were shoeless, the cavalry horses died by dozens every day, the hospitals were full of sick; extremes of heat and cold, bad food and little of it, blinding dust, a draught of muddy water to wash it down—all this and more had been their daily lot since they crossed the Niemen, and there had been no great battle to revive their drooping hearts; besides which, the rye bread seriously disagreed with them, and dysentery and deadly typhus laying its wasting hand upon them, had already sadly thinned their ranks.

Their pride, too, sustained a shock when news came that the advance-guard had been repulsed at Aghaponovtchina; and at length awaking from a lethargic dream, the Emperor sent the various corps into cantonments on the skirts of Poland, Russia proper still before them; and returning to Witepsk with his Guard, took off his sword and laid it on his

maps, saying: "Here I halt.... The campaign of 1812 is over; that of 1813 will do the rest!"

But his ambition gave him no peace. Murat came riding in from the front, his green surtout all laced and bejewelled, and urged his brother-in-law to action; and although Napoleon went daily to inspect the huge ovens, where 39,000 loaves of bread were baked at a time, and arranged that theatrical companies should come from Paris to enliven the dreary winter months, his suite soon began to find him bending down to his maps again, turning his eyes towards Smolensk and Moscow.

Soon afterwards he came across a proclamation calling upon Russia to rise and exterminate the invaders, and containing some very forcible hometruths which enraged him; and hearing, to his great chagrin, that Alexander had made peace with Turkey, he gathered up his legions in four days, left Witepsk to join them on the 13th of August, and rushed headlong into difficulties and disaster, from which neither he nor his army ever recovered.

By one of those masterly movements of his (so conspicuously absent during the rest of the war), he crossed the front of the Russian army unknown to them, and two days later fell unexpectedly on their left flank at Krasnoë.

Ney forced the town, to find General N  w  rowskoi beyond it, with 6,000 infantry and Cossacks belonging to Bagration, which formed into a square of such thickness that the French cavalry sabred its way far in without being able to break it, and the tall corn, now mellowed by Autumn's breath, saw some ghastly work as N  w  rowskoi came to a strong palisade and had to halt; his rear ranks facing round to fire on the Wurtemberg Horse, while the front-rank tore down the obstacle; the body succeeding in their escape, although they left 1,200 dead, 1,000 wounded, and eight guns in the hands of the French, who fired a salute in honour of the victory, which happened to have fallen on Napoleon's birthday.

The good folk of Smolensk were coming out of church, where they had been returning thanks somewhat prematurely, when N  w  rowskoi's fugitives poured panting into the city, closely followed by Marshal Ney, who, receiving a ball in the neck, lost his temper, and led a battalion at

the charge against the citadel, under a hail of musketry that slew two-thirds of them.

Falling back to a hill whence he could reconnoitre, he conducted Napoleon thither, who exclaimed, "At last I have them!" as several immense columns of men were seen hastening towards them on the other side of the Dnieper, being nothing less than Barclay and Bagration with 120,000 troops, coming on at a run, after learning how the Emperor had outwitted them, and arriving out of breath to succour the threatened city.

Some sanguinary fighting took place, and a great battle was expected for the next day; but the wily De Tolly again retreated, his black columns being discovered on the opposite bank marching swiftly away, to the mortification of the invaders.

Even the fiery Murat tired of the campaign, and at length urged Napoleon to stop; but the Emperor persevered, and the King of Naples, exclaiming prophetically as he strode out of Napoleon's tent, "Moscow will be our destruction!" galloped to the front of a Russian battery, flung himself from his horse, and waited for a ball to kill him.

A violent attack was made on the city; twenty-two men fell by a single shot from a Russian gun, while Murat, who courted death, was unhurt. The gorgeous artillery of the Guard pounded unceasingly. An attempt to storm the place was baffled by the defenders, and when night descended, Smolensk was seen to be in flames, the army finally entering the city to find it a heap of smouldering ruins, and the state of the army itself truly terrible.

General Rapp, who had ridden post to join Napoleon, and who consequently followed their route, gave a vivid recital of the misery and devastation he had witnessed in the rear. Sebastiani revealed the condition of affairs in the heavy cavalry, and the Emperor could close his eyes no longer.

"It is frightful, I am fully aware," he said. "I must extort peace from the enemy, and that can be done only at Moscow."

At the hill of Valoutina a shocking conflict was waged by the gallant Ney far into the night, both sides fighting with terrible fury. Junot, Duke of Abrantes, the Emperor's old companion-in-arms, showed symptoms of the insanity that caused him to commit suicide not long after; and failing

to charge at the right moment, the enemy saved his baggage and wounded. General Gudín was killed, the whole army mourning the loss of as gallant and good a man as ever fell in action.

Lieutenant Etienne, of the 12th, took the Russian General Touthkoff, in the middle of his troops. Napoleon gave eighty-seven crosses to Gudín's regiments, and presented an eagle to the 127th with his own hands; but the misery of the troops outweighed the glory they had gained: they had seen seven hundred wounded Russians left untended for three days at Witepsk, and the French surgeons tearing up their own shirts for bandages; at Smolensk, fifteen large brick buildings saved from the fire were then full of groaning men, Lariboissiere's gun-wadding and the parchments in the city archives being used to dress their wounds. There, also, a hospital containing a hundred sick was overlooked for three days, until Rapp discovered it by chance. Eleven thousand Bavarians had been *marched* to death without firing a shot, and discipline was so lax that at Slawkowo the Guard burnt for firewood the only bridge by which the Emperor could continue his route next day.



GARDENS OF THE KREMLIN.

Many Cuirassiers rode on native ponies, regiments straggled along and pillaged without check, Davout's corps alone preserving anything like its usual order: the popular impression that the French disasters began with the winter's snow is utterly false; the Army of the Centre alone, under Napoleon in person, having lost 105,500 in fifty-two days, and advancing on Moscow with only 182,000, after deducting 13,500 left at Smolensk.

Everything pointed to a decisive battle to restore the *morale* of the *Grande Armée*, and Napoleon seemed for the moment to pull himself together, if we may be permitted a homely phrase. Countless orders were despatched, every carriage was to be destroyed that was likely to retard the advance, and meeting with that of his aide-de-camp Narbonne, he had it burned before his eyes, without allowing the general to remove a single article.

A change came over the Russian tactics at the same time: all ranks clamoured for a leader who would fight and not retreat, and consequently De Tolly was replaced by old Kutusoff, who, notwithstanding his defeat at Austerlitz, was a Russian, and beloved by the army for his superstitious practices, and an affectation of Suvarrow's eccentricity of manner.

The French advanced in three columns, and troops of Cossacks began to hover round them threateningly. Beyond Gjatz, Murat became so annoyed at the hordes of those filthy, unkempt horsemen, that he rushed forward, and standing in his stirrups, with the very sublimity of conceit, waved them back with his sword, and they retired in astonishment and admiration.

But soon the high road debouched on to a natural battle-ground, and dark masses of troops were seen drawn up in solid bodies, there being no longer any doubt that the Russians intended fighting to cover "The Holy City," Moscow, a large field-work commanding the road itself, bristling with cannon in a threatening manner.

The army attacked without delay, and drove the foe back to a range of hills, General Compans leading the 61st, with bayonets fixed, against the fortification.

Three times they took it, and three times they were dislodged; but at length, other positions being forced in their rear, the brave garrison evacuated the blood-stained ramparts, and Compans retained possession.

Among the heaped-up slain inside, a Russian artilleryman, decorated with several crosses, lay beside his gun, grasping it even in death with one hand, and clenching the hilt of his broken sword with the other; while next day, when Napoleon reviewed the survivors of the 61st, he asked, with surprise, what had become of the 3rd Battalion.

"It is in the redoubt," said the colonel grimly.

A cold drizzle began to fall that night, and Napoleon, through the striped curtains of his tent, pitched in a square of the "Old Guard," saw a great semi-circle of fire from the Russian bivouacs.

He slept little, and went early in his grey riding-coat to reconnoitre once more, afraid even then that the foe might retreat; but when morning

came the huge force was still in position, extending for six miles, the flanks retired, and the centre advanced towards him.

Its right was protected by a marsh, its centre strongly entrenched, a strong redoubt mounting twenty-two guns frowned near the left centre, and the entire left wing was on lower ground, terminating on the old Moscow road, with two more redoubts before it. To turn that left wing, storm the works, and drive the Russians into the marshes on the opposite flank was the Emperor's plan, the battle proving one of the most murderous ever fought by the *Grande Armée*, and known afterwards by them as the "Battle of the Generals," from the number who fell there, or, officially, the Mosqua, from the river flowing near—the Russians naming it after the village of Borodino, where some of the hardest fighting took place.



NAPOLEON'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

Marmont's aide-de-camp arrived with the news of that marshal's defeat at Salamanca, but the disaster was forgotten in another incident—namely, the unexpected receipt of a portrait of Napoleon's little son, the King of Rome, which he showed to the grenadiers at his tent door.

A proclamation was issued to the army, beginning: "Soldiers! behold the battle which you have so ardently desired! Victory now depends on yourselves," and concluding with the words, "Let it be said of you—'he was in the great battle under the walls of Moscow';" but being distributed late, many regiments went into action without reading it.

It was the 7th September. A sky of cloudless blue stretched over the amphitheatre of hills, where the leaves were already falling, and at six o'clock Count Sorbier opened fire. Pernetty and Compans were in full march; the Russian processions of priests in glittering vestments that had chanted hymns and invoked the aid of Heaven retired precipitately, and an hour later Davout had his first horse killed under him as the fighting became general.

Compans' division found itself before one of the enemy's works, and Charriere, colonel of the famous 57th, gave the simple command, "To the redoubt!" the regiment running briskly forward up the slope with a shout.

Compans fell wounded, Dessaix had his arm broken a little later, and Rapp took command.

"Grape shot, grape shot—nothing but grape shot!" cried Belliard to the artillery, as a heavy column of Russians poured down to resist the attack. Within sixty minutes Rapp was hit four times, the fourth time on the left hip—the twenty-second wound received in his exciting career; and while Poniatowski struggled with his weak corps among the pine-trees on the Russian left, Delzon advanced with drums beating, on the village of Borodino, where Plauzonne was killed at the head of the 116th, and where the 30th had to fight its way out, leaving General Bonnomy badly wounded, Morand's eighty guns tearing the dense mass before him, and Ney seizing the heights of Chewarino.

The fiercest conflict raged about the redoubts. Two were retaken by the Russians, and the third was in danger, when Murat dismounted and, waving his plumed cap with one hand, laid about him with a private's musket.

So terrible was the carnage that one colonel ordered his men to retire, and Murat, seizing him by the collar, demanded what he was doing.

“We can stay here no longer,” said the colonel, pointing to half his regiment dead on the trampled ground.

“I can stay here very well myself,” exclaimed Murat.

“*Eh bien*,” replied the officer, looking steadily at him: “soldiers, face to the foe—to be slain!”

Rapp, carried wounded before the Emperor, had said to him, “The Guard is required to finish it,” but Napoleon shook his head, saying, “No, I will not have that destroyed—I will gain the battle without it.”



Battle of BORODINO. 1812.

(Sept. 7. 5 a.m.)

It was noon, and though the Russian left had been forced, they still stood their ground obstinately. Murat sent four times for the Guard, but Napoleon paced slowly up and down, always returning to his chair, some cannon shot rolling almost to his feet; and it was obvious that he was not himself, he saying repeatedly during the day that “he did not see the moves clearly on his chess board,” the old activity of mind and body having apparently forsaken the greatest warrior that Europe has ever produced.

The thunder of a thousand guns boomed and echoed far and near, the French alone firing ninety thousand rounds and many *millions* of ball cartridge.

The Russians re-formed for the third time, and General Montbrun, at the head of the heavy cavalry, was killed by a ball from the great redoubt.

“Do not weep,” said Auguste Caulaincourt, who took command, to Montbrun’s aides. “Follow me, and avenge him!” and crying to Murat, “You shall see me there immediately, dead or alive!” he placed himself at the head of the 5th Cuirassiers, whose long swords gleamed in the bright sunshine, and turning to the left, entered by a gorge, and took the work, falling mortally wounded at the moment of victory, and dying within an hour. He was only thirty, and had left Paris to join the army on his wedding day.

Dense smoke clouded the heights, rolling into the ravines to shroud the wretched wounded; flames showed where villages were blazing, the crash of muskets and the shouts of 250,000 men only diminishing as they fell by thousands to redden the soil, or to crawl shrieking to the rear, where the surgeons, under Baron Larrey, were busy from morning until long after darkness came.

Kutusoff had made so sure of victory that he was feasting with his staff well out of danger, the bulletin announcing a French defeat already written, when officers came crying for reinforcements, the conceited old man at first refusing to listen to any details that differed from his own idea of what *ought* to be taking place, his long pigtail wagging incredulously the while. But the reports were true. The French had won the plain, and were battling for the heights with irresistible fury.

Eugène improved Caulaincourt’s success; Belliard shattered the last Russian attack with the concentrated fire of thirty guns; Lauriston

galloped up the reserve artillery, and did tremendous execution; and Grouchy—so well known in after years from the undeserved abuse showered on his brave head—had swept the high road and the plain beside it. The Russians, beaten in detail, retired to a second range of heights, from which the army was too exhausted to dislodge them without the assistance of the Guard, and night saw the two battered and bleeding forces still facing each other amid a fearful *débris* of slain.

On the French side Davout had been hit three times; Generals Montbrun, Caulaincourt, Plauzonne, Huard, Compere, Marion, and Lepel were killed; Nansouty, Grouchy, Rapp, Cempans, Dessaix, Morand, Lahoussaye, and many more—some forty in all—had been hit; and of the soldiers 35,000 lay dead and wounded, mangled by the showers of grape and the large musket balls used by the Russians.

They, on their side, counted three generals, 1,500 officers, and 36,000 men killed and wounded, accounts varying greatly as to the number of prisoners taken by the French, some making them 5,000, others 700 or 800 at the most.

Riding slowly across the battle-field, when the surgeons and the burial-parties were doing their ghastly work, the hoof of Napoleon's charger brought a groan from a prostrate form, and one of the staff remarked in his hearing, that "it was only a Russian"!

"After a victory," exclaimed Napoleon severely, "none are enemies, all are men."

The army advanced and fought a sharp action at Mojaïsk, where the Emperor lay for three days, burnt up with fever, and compelled, notwithstanding, to transact enormous arrears of business—dictating to seven people at once, and, when his voice left him, explaining with difficulty by writing and signs.

He left Mojaïsk on the 12th of September to join the advance-guard in that famous travelling-carriage which Londoners know so well, his legions reduced to 198,000; and two days later, having mounted his horse once more, he saw the goal of his ambition, the ancient capital of Russia, glowing in the light of the afternoon sun.

In the centre of a vast plain, and built, like Rome, on seven hills, the two hundred and ninety-five churches and countless magnificent

buildings of the “city of the gilded cupolas,” twenty miles in circumference, with a river meandering through it, burst on the view of the army as it crested the “Mount of Salvation,” and a shout went up of “Moscow! Moscow!” as the soldiers cheered and clapped their hands; whole regiments of Poles falling on their knees to thank the God of Battles for delivering it into their grasp.

Fairy-like it stretched before them, dazzling with the green of its copper domes and the minarets of yellow stone. Oriental in its architecture, and constructed in Asiatic style with five enclosures one within the other, it was like some fabled city of the Arabian Nights, sparkling with brilliant colours, the famous Kremlin towering above the palaces and gardens.

The advance-guard under Murat mingled with bands of Cossacks, who applauded him for his known valour, and the King distributed his jewellery and that of his staff among them; but an officer arrived from Miloradowitch with a threat of burning the city if his rear-guard were not allowed time to evacuate it.

Napoleon stayed his march therefore, and the day wore on. When Murat at last entered by the Dorogomilow Gate, he found that Moscow was deserted: the streets were empty, the houses closed, a few loathsome wretches released from the prisons, and a handful of the lowest of the low, alone surged round their horses near the Kremlin; but the inhabitants were gone, in a cloud of dust that hid the retreating Russian army, towards Voladimir. The gates of the Kremlin were battered open by cannon shot, a convoy of provisions captured, some thousands of stragglers were afterwards taken, but that was all; and on the gate of the Governor’s mansion at Voronowo, the following notice was found in French:—

“I have passed eight years in embellishing this retreat, in which I have lived happily in the bosom of my family; the inhabitants of this property, to the number of seventeen hundred and twenty, quit it at your approach, and I set fire to my house in order that it may not be defiled by your presence. Frenchmen, I have abandoned to you my two houses in Moscow, with furniture to the value of half a million of roubles. *Here* you will find nothing but ashes.—ROSTOPSCHIN.”

With the army singing the “Marseillaise” Napoleon entered at night, and appointed Marshal Mortier governor, saying: “No pillage—your head shall be responsible for it.” And though several French residents acquainted him with the Russian intention of burning the city—that the senate had agreed to it with only seven dissentient voices, that all the engines had been removed, and they were treading on the brink of a volcano—he refused to believe it, and tried in vain to sleep.



GENERAL JUNOT.

At two o'clock in the morning they brought him news that Moscow was on fire!

When daylight came he hurried to the spot to reprimand Mortier and the Young Guard, but the marshal showed him that black smoke was issuing from houses that had not been opened, and the whole affair had evidently been carefully planned.

He went to the Kremlin—a vast structure, half palace, half castle, surmounted by the great Cross of Ivan, and built on a hill—from which he wrote overtures of peace to the Czar, overtures that received no attention.

In spite of the efforts of the soldiers the flames spread, a ball of fire had been let down into Prince Trubetskoi's palace, the bazaar was in a blaze, and the strong north wind blew towards the Kremlin itself, which, report whispered, was undermined.

Murat, Eugène, and Berthier urged the Emperor to leave the city, without success: he had come there, and there he would remain—a conqueror in the very centre of the Russian empire. But the cry arose that the Kremlin itself was on fire: a police-agent was discovered near the burning tower, and bayoneted by the Old Guard almost in Napoleon's presence. There was no longer time for hesitation, or dreams of empty glory, and passing down the northern staircase, where the massacre of the Strelitzes took place under Peter the Great, he left the city for the castle of Petrowsky, a league on the St. Petersburg road.

The army also marched out, encamping in the fields, eating their horseflesh from silver dishes and swathing their wounds with costly silks, the rain falling in torrents, and Moscow a sheet of fire for four days.

Much has been written of Napoleon's escape by a postern, of hurried wanderings through burning lanes, past convoys of powder, which the whirling sparks might have ignited at any moment, and various dramatic situations dear to the French historian. In point of fact, he ran little personal risk, and left the Kremlin by the great gate, returning thither when the flames had abated, and ordering the Guard to occupy the ruins of the city on the 20th and 21st.



By permission of the Council of the Manchester City Art Gallery.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Yvon.)

About a tenth of the houses remained intact, especially in the Kitaigorod, or Chinese quarter; many rich merchants' dwellings, and here and there a palace or church reared their barbaric forms amid the general chaos; gay flower-beds still bloomed in the suburbs, and the old red wall that surrounded the Kremlin was comparatively unharmed; but the aspect of the place, which should have furnished winter quarters for the *Grande Armée*, struck a chill into the hearts of all, and caused the Emperor to say that "the commerce of Russia was ruined for a century, and the nation had been put back fifty years." In *six*, however, a new Moscow had arisen and Napoleon was a captive in St. Helena!

Six thousand Russian wounded are said to have been in the city when the French entered: what became of them one dare not contemplate.

On the return of the troops universal pillage became the order of the day, and readers of the early French editions of Labaume's narrative will understand why I pass much over in silence. Some of the inhabitants had returned, others had been concealed in the vaults of churches and the

cellars of their homes; but the grenadiers routed them out and committed unmentionable excesses.

In the camps and quarters all the wealth of the East lay scattered about under foot: priceless carpets, velvet hangings, lamps of gold and silver set with gems, ecclesiastical vestments and works of art, became the prey of settlers and the riff-raff of Parisian slums; choice wines and liqueurs flowed like water; lace, linen, and ladies' jewellery were taken from carved chests and coffers of exquisite workmanship, for the household effects had been left untouched when the city was abandoned.

Drunken sappers lolled on sofas covered with costly satin, and muddy boots were cleansed on rich furs and Cashmere shawls of enormous value: seldom had an army, famed for its rapacity, had such an opportunity for its gratification, while, with the Russian forces, white bread was six shillings a loaf, sugar ten shillings a pound, and butter unprocurable at any price.

In the midst of this disorder, the real originator of it all dated his correspondence from the Kremlin Palace, and thought of pushing on to St. Petersburg. A march of nine hundred leagues, with sixty conflicts *en route*, had produced nothing, difficulties were increasing, winter was coming fast. Still the Czar kept an ominous silence, and although an armistice had been declared, the Russians daily cut off the foraging parties, and the peasantry rose to arms.

"Take your three-pronged forks," wrote Rostopschin in his proclamation to them. "A Frenchman is no heavier than a sheaf of corn!"

Murat, always to the front, had followed Kutusoff in his circuitous march round Moscow, and lay observing him between that city and Kalouga, fighting two sharp but indecisive actions—Czerikowo and Winkowo.

During the truce the Russian officers asked the French if they had not corn, and air, and *graves* enough in their own country; adding, "In a fortnight the nails will drop from your fingers."

The little pale-faced man grew visibly paler with anxiety, and went on hoping against hope; discussing poetry just arrived from Paris, drawing up regulations for the *Comédie Française*, and trying to reassure himself that the winter was still far off by poring over the almanacks for

forty years back, and trusting to the hot sun that still shone in a blue sky above him.

Chef d'escadron Marthod, with fifty Dragoons of the Guard—his Guard, so seldom defeated—had been cut off while foraging. A slight fall of snow lay white for a few hours on the plain—a foretaste of what was coming. No message arrived from Alexander, and one day, to crown all, while he was reviewing some troops, young Beranger galloped in with the alarming news that Murat had been overthrown at Tarutina, near Winkowo, two generals being killed, the King wounded, and the advance guard almost destroyed.

It was clearly time to go, and dismissing the troops, Napoleon issued orders for immediate departure, leaving Moscow late the same evening, October 18th, or, as some say, before dawn on the 19th, Marshal Mortier remaining behind with the Young Guard to cover the retreat and blow up the Kremlin.

Where are the words that will paint that enormous and disorderly throng moving in a ragged column over the plain to the south of the ruined city? Coats and gaiters were patched and mended; shakoes assumed every shape but the regulation one; brass no longer shone, and steel had grown rusty, as the troops straggled onward, their knapsacks bulging with plunder; bearskin-capped grenadiers pushing wheelbarrows full of gold and silver plate, and the ambulance waggons creaking and groaning with costly brocade, household furniture, pictures, statuary, and every conceivable articles of value the pillagers could carry away.

Napoleon set the example; for the huge Cross of Ivan, torn down by his orders, lumbered along with many other trophies, under a strong escort, and miles of carts of every description thronged the road and the fields on either side.

The French residents fled in the wake of the army; delicate ladies, clad in thin dresses and stuff shoes, peering at the strange procession from the windows of travelling-carriages; wounded soldiers jolted by, lying on piles of loot, their aching limbs ill-tended amid the lavish

profusion of spoil, for never has man's selfishness displayed itself more forcibly than during that terrible retreat.

Night fell, and the host halted only a league from the city. With the 103,000 men who marched, more than 500 guns were dragged by lean horses, the Emperor insisting that they should not be abandoned; but at the present moment the bulk of them are ranged in rows in the great square of the Kremlin—a lasting memorial of that awful war.

Two roads led from Moscow to Kalouga, and Napoleon pushed along the old one, on which Kutusoff awaited him; but at Krasno Pachra, the Emperor turned off to the right and crossed the fields to the *new* road, in the rain, which hampered the artillery and lost much time; but once on the causeway, which they gained on the 23rd, they set their faces towards Kalouga again, trusting to pass Kutusoff undetected in one day's march.

Napoleon slept at Borowsk that night, and Delzons had occupied Malo Jaroslavetz, four leagues in advance.

In the early morning, however, Doctoroff, with the 6th Corps of Kutusoff's army, came shouting out of the woods, drove Delzons down the steep hill, and commenced one of the fiercest battles of the campaign.

At sunrise Delzons forced the town again, and the victory seemed won, but a ball through the head slew him. His brother tried to carry him out of the *mêlée*, and another ball laid *him* lifeless. Guillemillot placed a hundred grenadiers in the churchyard on the left of the road, and for hours it became a mimic Hougoumont, the Russians alternately charging past it and being driven up again, exposed to a hot fire from the loopholed wall.

The whole of the 14th Division was engaged, and the fight surged along the high road, now on the heights, now in the valley by the river; the wooden town ignited by the howitzers, and burning the wounded, while the guns, breasting the hill at a gallop, scrunched the charred corpses, grinding the living and the dead into a sickening pulp.

The 15th Division, mostly Italians, attacked the burning town and suburbs, and took it for the fourth time, but were driven back to the foot of the slope, and as a last resource, Eugène advanced with his Guard. The 13th, 14th, and 15th Divisions rallying, and Colonel Peraldi charging bravely with the Italian Chasseurs, they gained the heights for the last

time, and the Russians, 50,000 strong (some say 90,000), retired from their vantage ground before 18,000 men, who had fought *uphill* against the most stubborn resistance.

All the eye witnesses speak of the awful sight presented by the high road and churchyard. The brothers Delzons were buried in one grave, and the Grenadiers of the 35th fired a salute over General Fontane; while Napoleon himself had a narrow escape as he hurried towards the sound of the cannonading.

The road was blocked by the baggage train; stragglers marched along in safety in the midst of the army, when the Emperor, Rapp, Berthier, and a few officers, having outstripped the escort, saw bands of Cossacks darting out of the woods, between the rear of the advance-guard and the head of the *Grande Armée*.

“Turn back!” shouted Rapp; “it is they!” and grasping the bridle, he pulled the Emperor’s charger round.

Reining in by the roadside, Napoleon drew his sword, and they awaited the attack, Rapp riding forward to shield his Emperor.

A Cossack’s lance penetrated six inches into the chest of Rapp’s horse and brought him down, but the staff rescued him, and unconscious of the prize within their reach, the Cossacks rode for the baggage waggons, until the cavalry of the Guard came up and drove them into the woods again. They were 6,000 of Platoff’s men, and Napoleon’s life had hung in the balance!

That night, in a weaver’s hut, filthy beyond expression, an emperor, two kings, and three marshals of France held a stormy council of war, at which Murat and Davout quarrelled, as was their wont, and which Napoleon broke up by saying, “It is well, messieurs—I will decide,” electing eventually to retreat by the most difficult road—that which the army had wasted on its advance.

It was the last time that they had any option in the matter. A few days more, and the retreat became a disorderly rout—emperor, kings, marshals, and men glad to seize the first road that led them from their remorseless enemies.

On the 23rd, at half-past one in the morning, a hollow boom had startled their ears, even those who were expecting it. The *capitaine*

Ottone, of the Naval Artillery, had fired his train. Mortier's orders were executed, and the Kremlin had been partially blown up by 180,000 lbs. of gunpowder, Mortier rejoining, to the surprise of all, at Vereia with 8,000 men, mostly dismounted cavalry.

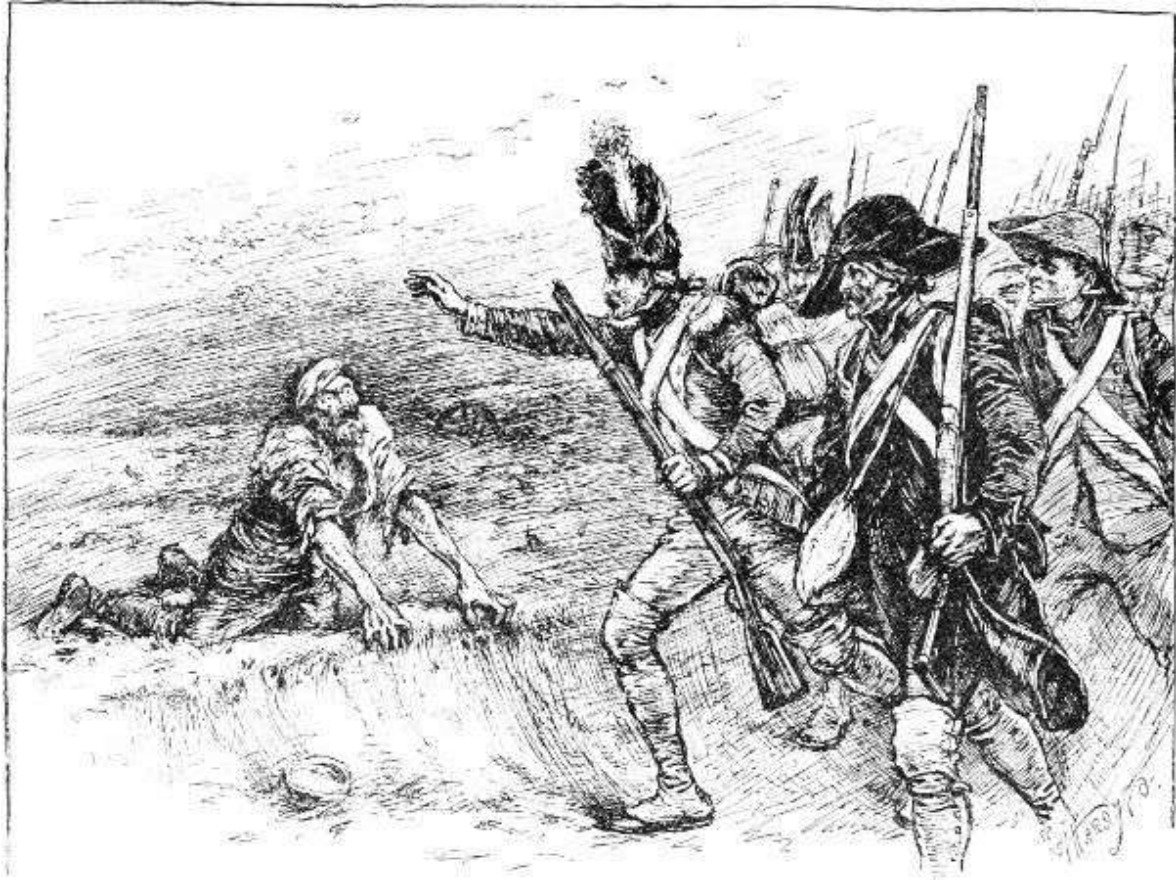
At Vereia there was another brush with Platoff, and his son, mounted on a magnificent white Ukraine horse, was killed by a Polish trooper.

On a hill covered with sombre fir trees the Cossacks buried the dead boy, riding slowly round him with lances lowered, uttering wild cries of grief, and then filing silently away with vengeance in their hearts.

Every village at which the French halted was burned on their departure, each succeeding corps helping to complete the devastation, so that the route was marked by ruined homes, huge dogs from each hamlet following the army until they increased to enormous packs, *living on the dead* who lined the road, and adding a new terror to the retreating invaders.

At Mojaisk the sky lost its intense blue, and the landscape became gloomy, the cold wind sobbing and wailing down the avenues of melancholy pines, and the men drawing closer to each other as they marched.

The columns debouched on to the field of Borodino, and sad memories were aroused at every step; for, although thousands of bodies had been burned by the Russians, the plain, the heights, and especially the redoubts were littered with broken weapons and innumerable accoutrements, the hands and feet of the hastily buried slain protruding from the sandy soil in all directions.



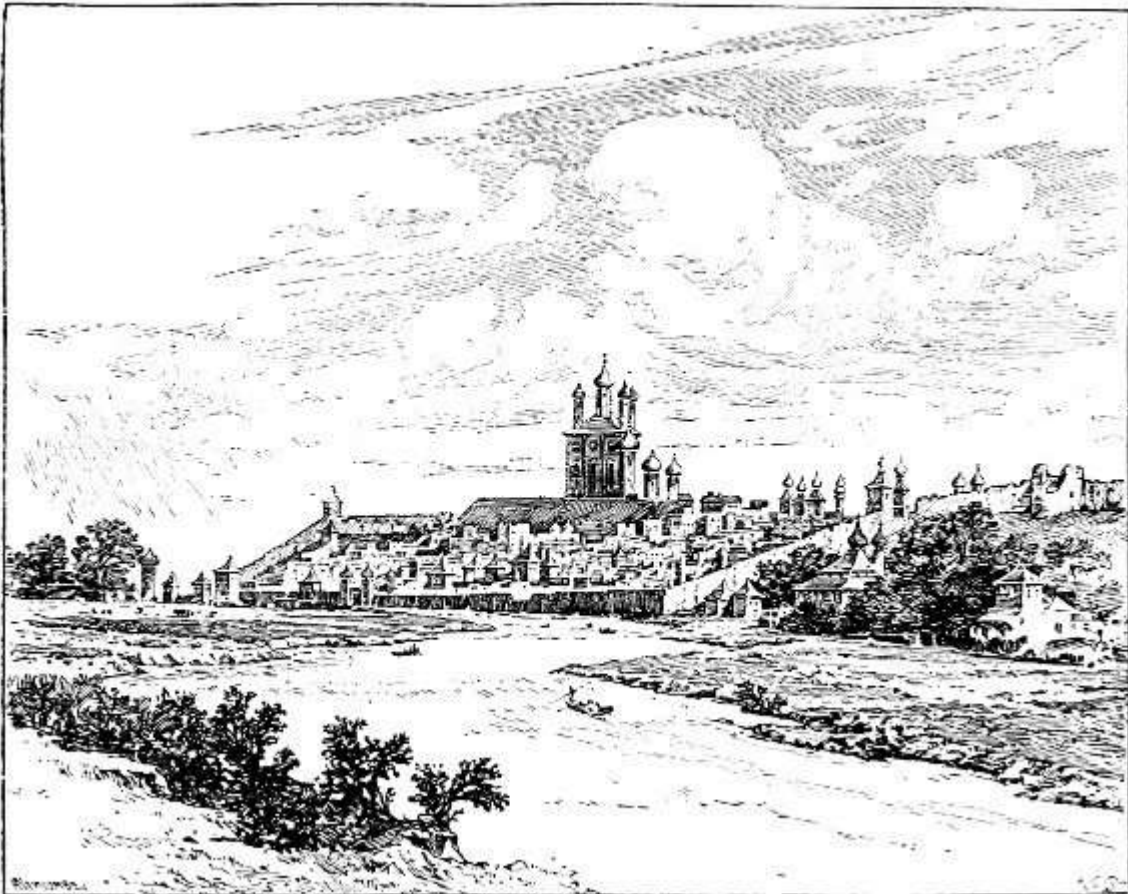
“A MUTILATED SPECTRE CRAWLED TOWARDS THE STARTLED SOLDIERS.”

One ghastly incident, vouched for by the great majority of writers, occurred as the head of the army traversed the field. Cries were heard, and a mutilated spectre crawled towards the startled soldiers. It was a Frenchman, whose legs had been broken during the battle more than *seven weeks* before, and who, unaided, had lived on the putrid flesh around him, sleeping in the stinking carcase of a disembowelled horse.

Taking him tenderly up, the army hurried on. The skeletons they were leaving behind grinned silently as the straggling band passed by. A little further on, the wounded at the abbey of Klotskoi held out their hands beseechingly, and an order was issued that every vehicle should carry at least *one* of them, the weakest being left to the tender mercies of the Russians.

Every now and again a dull explosion came from the line of march as caisson after caisson was blown up when the horses became too weak to

drag them; and a few miles on the road to Gjatz a terrible outcry arose as wounded men were found lying on the ground, having been thrown out of the sutler's carts in order that the vile wretches might save their plunder—one sufferer, *a general*, living just long enough to tell the tale.



SMOLENSK, FROM THE BANKS OF THE DNIEPER, IN 1812.

(From a Contemporary Print.)

As evening drew down and Napoleon approached Gjatz a fresh horror awaited him; for Russian dead, still warm, and with their brains battered out in a peculiar manner, were met with at every few yards. The escort of Poles, Portuguese, and Spaniards told off to guard the prisoners had chosen that method of ridding themselves of the weakly ones who lagged behind.

A stringent order went forth, and the murders ceased; but every night the miserable captives were herded together like cattle, without fire, on the bare ground, a meagre ration of raw horseflesh served out to them,

and when that failed the frantic wretches *turned cannibals and devoured each other*.

The 4th Corps, under Eugène, meanwhile followed the Imperial column, and Davout commanded the rear-guard, five days' march behind.

Intense cold had now set in, and the land was icebound; violent winds fluttered the ragged uniforms, the fifteen days' rations brought from Moscow were exhausted, and the depth of misery seemed to have been reached. Yet all this was as nothing to the sufferings in store.

Napoleon waited thirty-six hours at Wiazma for the rear-guard to come up, and seeing no sign of it, left Ney there to relieve it, and marched for Dorogobouje on the 1st November; while Eugène and Davout, arriving at Wiazma on the 3rd, found Ney hotly engaged with Miloradowitch, the Russian Murat, who opposed further advance.

A battle ensued, lasting many hours. Great heroism was displayed, especially by the 25th, 57th, and 85th Regiments, and at length Eugène got away through the town; Davout, in his turn, retiring step by step before 20,000 men and the crashing fire of twenty-four guns, was met by another force in the winding streets, and only extricated himself after tremendous loss, the bulk of the Russians under old Kutusoff remaining motionless within earshot, in spite of all the efforts of Sir Robert Wilson to induce him to attack.

During the fourteen days since the *Grande Armée* left Moscow it had lost 43,000 men, reducing its numbers to 60,000; and its condition may be understood from the fact that the day after Wiazma a little flour, carefully measured out in a spoon, formed the only food of the officers of the 4th Corps.

The dogs howled round the tail of the straggling columns, croaking ravens followed in black flocks. When a horse fell the hungry soldiers rushed upon it and tore it to pieces before life was extinct; and on the 6th November the sun disappeared, a grey fog enveloped the troops, the wind dashed them one against the other as they stumbled mechanically along, AND IT BEGAN TO SNOW!

Whirled on the storm wind, the flakes shut out the country on either hand. No sooner had a waggon—a gun carriage—a decimated regiment

gone by than it was instantly lost to sight. The road vanished, the hollows were filled up; one could pass within twenty yards of a log hut and not see it. Everything became white—a pitiless, monotonous, dead level of snow, and strong men sobbed struggling onward—as they hoped—towards that *Belle France* that not a third of their number were destined to reach again.

Napoleon was on the heights above Mikelewska when the snow began, and news of the most serious import reached him at the same moment, Count Daru arriving with the account of General Mallet's attempted conspiracy in Paris.

Surrounded by a circle of his Chasseurs, shivering in their scarlet pelisses, the Emperor listened to the startling narrative, the storm howling round him as he bent over the neck of his horse; and even when he retired into a posthouse to digest the alarming intelligence his cup of bitterness was not full, for Colonel Dalbignac came from the rear-guard, which Ney had taken over, with a terrible report of the disorder that the marshal had discovered at Dorogobouje.

“I do not ask you for these details, colonel,” said Napoleon; but some waggons arriving from Smolensk laden with provisions, he waved Bessières, who wished to keep them for the Guard, aside, and sent them on to Ney, saying, “Those who fight shall eat before the rest,” begging him, if possible, to check the foe, and allow the main body some time to reorganise at Smolensk.

The bulk of the Russian spoil, including the great Cross of Ivan, had been sunk in the lake of Semlewo, and cannon were abandoned at every mile. Generals and staff officers marched in bands, without men, without thought of anything but their own preservation. Twelve to sixteen horses were required to draw a single gun up the slightest hill, slippery as glass, and, with the thermometer registering twenty-eight and thirty degrees of frost, 10,000 wretched animals died in a single night—the terrible night of sixteen hours of darkness. In some Italian villages they still speak with horror of “the night of the fifteen hundred frozen”—that being the number of Italians that died on one occasion between sunset and sunrise.

Even the Russian Miloradowitch suffered from a frozen eye, and men who sat to rest a moment on the snow fell back in a stupor, a little blood gushed from mouth and nose, and their earthly woes were over.

Horrible the fate of those who straggled from the track and fell in with the villagers. Sir Robert Wilson at one place saw sixty naked Frenchmen laid in a row, their necks on a felled tree, while men *and women* hopped round them, singing in wild chorus, and battering out their brains in succession with faggot sticks.

At Wiazma fifty were *burned alive*; at Selino the same number, still breathing, were *buried*, the dog belonging to one of them returning daily to the graveside for a fortnight before the peasants slew it.

Yet amid all this misery, his men wearing bed quilts, pieces of carpet, women's clothes from the baggage waggons which they began to pillage on the 7th November, and existing too often on the bodies of their comrades roasted by the flames of a burning log hut. Marshal Ney, well styled "the bravest of the brave," set his face to the foe, and fought for ten days and nights against Cossacks—artillery, horse, foot, and dragoons—and, worst of all, the terrible *Général Morizov*, as the Russians called the frost. Holding each wood, contesting every hill, knowing that he was virtually sacrificed to save the wreck of the army, his men deserting, despairing, dying, he fought on foot to give them courage, his face livid with the cold, and almost unrecognisable from the long red beard he had allowed to grow.

Some idea of the stubborn character of those wild Cossacks may be formed from one little incident. One of them came into the Russian camp, having ridden twenty miles after being hit by a cannon shot. His arm was taken out at the shoulder-joint by the famous Doctor Wiley, who afterwards amputated Moreau's legs at Dresden. During the operation, which lasted four minutes, the man never spoke, the next morning walked about his room, and drank tea, and, getting into a cart which jolted him fourteen miles over a Russian road, was afterwards heard of, many hundreds of miles on his journey homeward to the Don, doing well!

Small wonder, then, that the hoarse *hourra* struck terror into the fugitives, and that half a dozen of the barbarians would send a battalion of bleeding conscripts flying for their lives down the glittering aisles of drooping birches, whose fairy-like branches glistened with magic beauty in the wintry sunshine.

Eugène was attacked as his corps crossed the Wop with five or six thousand soldiers under arms, double that number of stragglers and wounded, and more than a hundred guns. The ford became blocked, the current was very rapid, and the river only partially frozen. A shameful pillage of the waggons took place, gold, silver, and costly plunder being scattered in the mud; and it was not until a brave Italian colonel named Delfanti crossed up to his waist in the floating ice that the others took heart and followed him.

Colonel Labaume tells us that he picked up a magnificent cup of splendid workmanship, drank some muddy water out of it, and flung it aside with indifference; but others, thinking only of gain, exchanged silver money for gold at a great sacrifice, secretly laughing at their comrades, who soon sank under the weight, while they escaped with the lesser bulk.

One officer, apparently lifeless, felt a man pulling off his boots, and exclaimed, "Ah, rascal, I have still need of them. I am not quite dead."

"*Eh bien, mon général,*" said the soldier, coolly sitting down beside him, "*I can wait.*"

Napoleon rested five days at Smolensk; but so neglected had been his orders that no meat was found there—only rye flour, rice, and brandy—and the army fought desperately at the doors of the magazines, killing many men, raging at the Guard, whom they accused, with great reason, of being unduly favoured, and breaking out into excesses of every kind.

On the 14th November, at four o'clock in the morning, the main column left for Krasnoë, leaving little or nothing behind them for Eugène, Davout, and the valiant Ney, who had instructions to evacuate the city with a day's interval between each corps, Ney to blow up the place when he took his departure.

Out of 37,000 dashing cavalry who had crossed the Niemen only *eight hundred* remained mounted at Smolensk, the 20th Chasseurs being credited with a hundred; and this remnant was collected under Latour-Maubourg, a brave and very popular officer, who, on losing a leg at Leipzig the following year, said to his weeping servant, "*Mon ami*, why do you grieve? In future there's only one boot to clean."

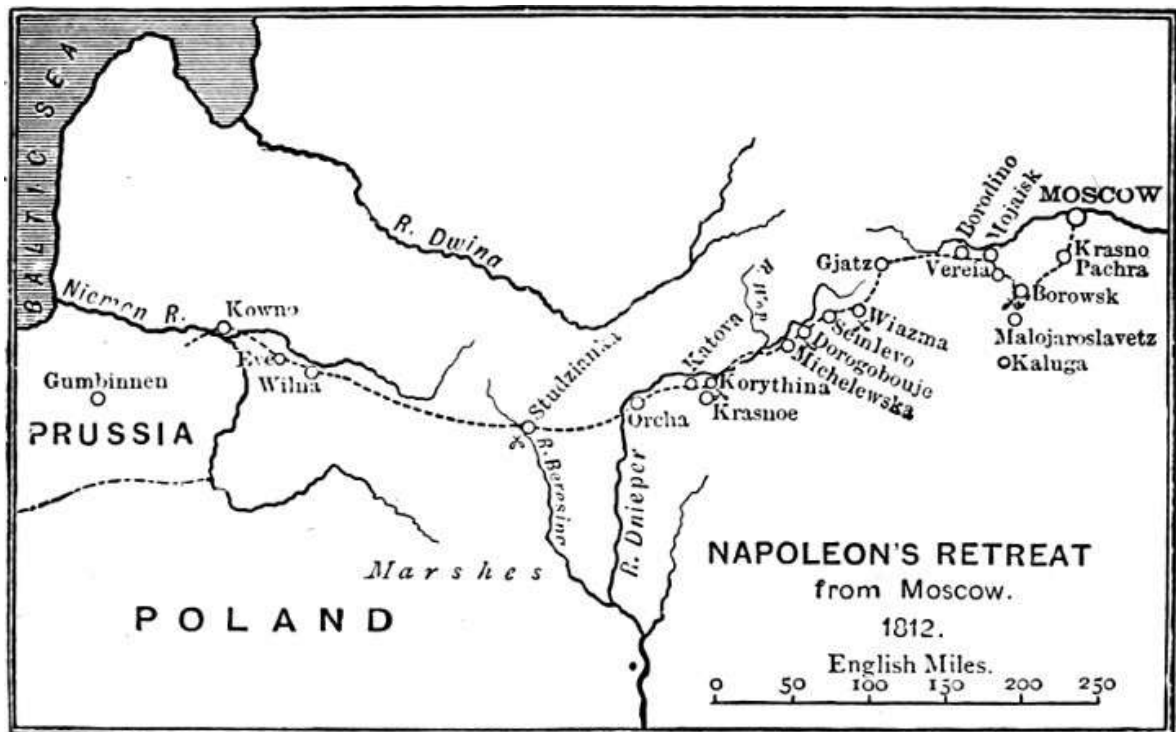
The army was now 42,000 strong, having lost 18,000 in the previous eight days; but it was estimated that 60,000 unarmed stragglers still impeded the march. Before leaving Smolensk, however, a reinforcement brought the force up to 47,000, to meet *four* Russian armies, one of them with 90,000, under Kutusoff, another commanded by Miloradowitch with 20,000 men.

The artillery of the Guard took twenty-two hours to do the first five leagues out of Smolensk. One company of sturdy Wurtembergers mustered *four* men, and when Eugène reached the abandoned city in a furious gale his men had to mount the slippery hill literally *on their knees*.

Beyond Korythnia Miloradowitch opened on the Imperial column, and Napoleon rode in the centre of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for three times a certain Captain Finkein had penetrated Moscow to kill him, and he was often under fire during the retreat. This time, however, he had to pass a hill bristling with cannon, and the band struck up a then well-known air, “Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?”

“Stop,” cried Napoleon, fearful of the memories it might raise in the minds of the men. “Rather play, ‘Let us watch over the safety of the Empire.’” And to that air they marched past the batteries, soon leaving the danger behind them.

When the column had gone, Miloradowitch descended from the hills, drew across the road, and cut off the rear corps, who had to fight their way through with terrible loss.



NAPOLEON'S RETREAT from Moscow. 1812.

Eugène tried to force a passage, but failed; and leaving his fires burning—and what miserable fires they were!—turned the flank of the Russians, and got by in the night.

At the critical moment the moon shone out, and the wretched band was challenged.

“Hist, fool,” whispered a Polish officer named Klisby in Russian. “Do you not see that we belong to Suvarow, bound on a secret mission?” And so, without interruption save from the Cossacks, the Viceroy joined his stepfather at Krasnoë, where Napoleon made a retrograde march to succour Davout, who came in, his baggage gone, his marshal’s baton taken, his men reduced to a few platoons, and with no news of Ney, who was reluctantly left to his fate, the army moving on Orcha, Mortier and the wreck of the Young Guard retiring slowly in the rear, after holding Krasnoë as long as possible, Laborde saying to the troops, “The marshal orders the ordinary time—do you hear?—the ordinary time, soldiers,” although under a heavy fire of balls and grape shot.

At Orcha Napoleon destroyed his papers. At Lubna the twenty-one staff officers of the 4th Corps crouched round a miserable fire in a cart-

shed, with their horses behind them. At Krasnoë the brave Delfanti limped along on the arm of Villeblanche. A round shot struck him between the shoulder blades, carried off Villeblanche's head, and they fell dead on the snow. Wherever one turned it was horror upon horror. Delicate women and little children lay by the roadside. The Cossacks stripped everyone they found.

Wilson has some dreadful details in his interesting diary. At one place a number of naked men sat round a burning hut, their backs quite frozen, when, turning to warm them, the fire caught the congealed flesh and roasted it in his presence.

Again, he saw four wretches huddled together, hands and limbs immovable, *but minds yet vigorous*, with two dogs snarling and tearing at their frozen feet; while nearly all the dead he came across seemed to have been "writhing with some agony at the moment their heart's blood congealed."

Woe to the man who lost his bivouac, and strayed to another fire. He was driven away with blows and curses from one after another until he sank and died. If anyone fell on the march, and implored a helping hand, the passers-by shook their heads and passed on, although many were still laden with plunder.

An awful thing occurred as Ney left Smolensk, showing the depths to which human nature can sink, a female sutler being seen to throw her little five-year-old boy off her heavily-laden sledge and leave him. Twice the marshal had him placed in her arms, and twice she flung the child from her, saying, "He had never seen France, and would never regret it, while she was resolved to see it again." The soldiers could stand it no longer, They carried the boy safely through the rest of the march, and left the unnatural woman to perish in the snow!

Ney's retreat with the rear-guard was one of the great events in French history, and has never been exceeded by any general for courage, determination, and self-reliance.

With barely 6,000 men, twelve guns, and 300 crawling skeletons—which it is a mockery to call horses—and burdened with 7,000 stragglers, whose wants and selfishness added greatly to the difficulties, he followed the traces of the *Grande Armée*, easily recognisable by the burnt-out bivouacs with their circles of dead—the white mounds that

indicated where a cuirassier, a dragoon, a barefooted voltigeur, slept his last sleep, and the patches of trampled, blood-stained snow strewn with helmets and corpses, over which the dogs wrangled and the ravens croaked in the dull light that showed a battle-ground.



“THE ENGINEER SET FIRE TO THEIR SOLE
MEANS OF ESCAPE” (p. [327](#)).

Beyond the plain of Katova, where, three months before, they had driven Newerowskoi through the cornfields, they were summoned by an officer in the name of Kutusoff; but while he was speaking forty guns opened on the French, and Ney exclaimed, “A marshal never surrenders—you are my prisoner,” the astonished Russian marching with them for twenty-six days without attempting to break his parole.

Ney boldly attacked the *eighty thousand* men, heading his feeble band in person. They broke the first line, and were rushing on the second when the guns began again, sweeping the columns and killing some women in the waggons.

The French fell back in confusion, but Ney rallied them again, replying with his *six* remaining guns, and showing his teeth with the *two thousand* ragged wretches who kept their ranks. If Kutusoff had sent a single corps against them, not a man would have survived to tell the tale. As it was, when night fell Ney turned his back on them, and retreated towards Smolensk.

After an hour's dreary march they halted, Ney, as usual, in the rear; and breaking the ice on a streamlet to find which way the current ran, followed its course through the silent forests until they reached the Dnieper.

Guided by a lame peasant, they found a spot where the ice would bear them, although a thaw was setting in; and, after lighting fires to deceive the hovering Cossacks, the intrepid marshal rolled himself in his cloak and slept on the river bank for three hours.

At midnight they began to cross, the ice parting and letting many of them in as they crept in single file. An attempt was made to get the wounded over in the waggon, but the treacherous blocks gave way, and they were drowned with heartrending screams, Ney himself rescuing one survivor, an officer named Brigueville.

Using the cowardly stragglers as a shield, by placing them between his men and the foe, he pursued his way, taking advantage of the woods, surrounded by 6,000 Cossacks, and repeatedly played upon by cannon; lying in the forests by day, and marching when darkness had set in, until, with 1,500 men under arms, most of the stragglers slain or taken, and all his guns and baggage gone, he rejoined the wreck of the army at Orcha on the 20th November, Napoleon well saying before his arrival, "I have two hundred millions (francs) in the cellars of the Tuileries, and I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Oudinot and Victor also joined the wreck about this time, bringing up the total number to 30,000 or thereabouts, the Emperor's column mustering only *seven* thousand men and *forty* thousand stragglers, mingled with the enormous baggage train of the 2nd and 9th Corps that had escaped much of the previous disaster; and closely pressed on each flank by the immense armies of Kutusoff and Witgenstein, the doomed men prepared to cross the Berezina in the face of Admiral Tchitchakof, who lined the opposite bank.

Latour-Maubourg had only 150 horsemen left, and Napoleon formed 500 mounted cavalry officers into what he called his Sacred Squadron, Grouchy and Sebastiani commanding it, and generals of division serving in it as captains; but in a few days this last romantic idea had crumbled away.

Corbineau, with the remains of the 8th Lancers and 20th Chasseurs, saw a peasant riding a wet horse, and compelled him to show them the ford opposite to Studzianka; and while the French made all the parade they could lower down the river to attract Tchitchakof's attention, the brave engineer Eblé arrived at Studzianka in the dark winter evening of the 25th November with two field forges, six chests of tools, some clamps made from waggon tyres, and a few companies of pontoniers, and began to make a bridge, the water rising, the ice floating in blocks, and the men working up to their necks without even a draught of brandy to protect them from the cold.

As the grey dawn broke, the first pile was driven; eight hours' work was required before the bridge would be practicable, and the haggard fugitives waited with agonised hearts for the cannonade that would destroy their last hope; but to the astonishment of all, the admiral was seen in full retreat on the farther bank, disappearing into the woods with all his guns.

A caricature exists, showing Kutusoff and Witgenstein tying Napoleon up in a sack, while Tchitchakof is cutting a hole in the bottom of it; clearly indicating the Russian view of that individual's conduct.

Napoleon wished to question a prisoner, and two officers swam their horses across, through the ice, Jacqueminot, Oudinot's aide-de-camp, seizing a Russian, holding him on his saddle-bow, and *swimming back with him*.

When an old man he mounted to the top of Strasbourg Cathedral, and hung fearlessly from an arm of the cross with hundreds of feet of space beneath him: it was natures like his alone that survived the retreat.

Chef d'escadron Sourd, with fifty men of the 7th Chasseurs, carried some infantry over behind them, and two rafts conveyed four hundred more across to defend the bridge head. A second bridge for artillery and baggage was finished at four o'clock; it broke twice during the night, and again the following evening: all was confusion and disorder. The

Russians were expected any moment on the heights that commanded the low-lying snow-covered shore, yet the stragglers waited fatuously until the morning of the 27th, and then all attempted to cross at the same time.



“WHEN THE REMNANT OF THE
GUARD WAS SEEN CLEARING A WAY
FOR THE EMPEROR, THERE WAS A
RUSH” (p. [326](#)).

When the remnant of the Guard was seen clearing a way for the Emperor, there was a rush; the bridges were blocked—men, women, and children were crushed to death and many drowned. Yet that night—the panic over—thousands returned to the bivouacs of Studzianka, and the bridges were deserted again.

Victor, with 6,000 men, kept Witgenstein in check; Tchitchakof, a martyr to the cold, who had by that time warmed his toes thoroughly,

returned to the opposite shore and began firing, and another terrible rush was made for the frail structures on the 28th, while Ney, across the river, was repulsing the admiral, and Victor fought all day long to give the wretches time.

The waggons and carriages were more than could have crossed in six days, said Eblé—who died soon after from exposure. Ney wished them burned, but Berthier, who was little better than a writer of reports and a species of machine actuated by Napoleon himself, opposed it on his own responsibility, and caused the death of a multitude of sufferers in consequence; for when the shot and shell began to fall in the river and splinter the ice, the drivers charged down on the bridges, tearing their way remorselessly through the living obstacle.

Sword in hand, single horsemen cut a passage for themselves; women, waistdeep in the water alongside, were frozen with their arms raised to preserve their children, who were too often left to freeze there by the passers-by.

The Countess Alesio—a young Italian bride of eighteen, who had accompanied her husband on that ghastly wedding-trip—survived all these horrors, and *lives*, as I write these lines, full of terrible memories of the retreat.

Selfishness and heroism went hand in hand. An artilleryman jumped from the bridge to save a mother and her two little ones, succeeding in rescuing one boy; others pushed their comrades off to find room for themselves. And even when the early night settled down, the Russians knew where to point their guns by the screams and curses that rang over the waste amid a fearful snowstorm.

When the 4th Corps reached the other side, their only fire was a miserable blaze lighted for Eugène, of wood begged from some Bavarians, and his officers ran about *all night* to keep warm.

The artillery bridge had long since broken down—hundreds being engulfed—and only one remained, leading into a marsh choked with carriages, guns, waggons, wounded, dead and dying; across which, at nine o'clock, Victor's shattered battalions had to force their way over with their bayonets.

One instance of remarkable coolness is recorded of an artillery officer named Brechtel, whose wooden leg was smashed by a cannon ball. "Look for another leg in waggon No. 5," he said to a gunner; and when it was brought, he screwed it on, and calmly continued his firing.

Ney's pay-waggon was crossing at the same time under the care of Nicolas Savin, a hussar who had been at Toulon in 1793, in Egypt with Bonaparte, at Austerlitz, Iena, and in the Peninsula; but through a breakage of the bridge he and his gold were taken by Platoff's Cossacks, and marvellous to relate, the veteran died in Russia, during the winter of 1894, at the extraordinary age of 127.

In vain Eblé urged the fugitives to fly—many still lingering on, until at half-past eight on the morning of the 29th, the engineer set fire to their sole means of escape on the approach of the enemy.

Heartrending was the scene; language fails to describe it, though many men of many nations have poured forth all their eloquence upon the theme.

Snow, flames, round shot and shells; the half-frozen river, the army already passed on its way; France, friends, home, *everything* gone. A father on one bank, a mother on the other, never to meet again in this world; brothers, children, old men and young girls, the bridges blazing, and the hoarse "Hourra!" of the Cossacks as they tore down the bank among the forsaken crowd like vultures on a carcass.

A little while and the frozen land was still again; the wolves came out of the woods to sniff at the ghastly heaps; the white dogs, no longer lean and famished, wrangled with each other for the choicer morsels, finding the mother and the babe more to their liking, and leaving the war-worn veteran to the carrion crows.

When spring thawed the ice, *thirty thousand* bodies were found and burned on the banks of the Berezina; and happy they whose troubles had ended there. For the weather grew colder, the storms were more frequent, hundreds of miles had yet to be traversed; the Old Guard had lost from cold and missing a *third* of its diminished numbers, the Young Guard *half*, and the army was reduced to a wandering mob of *nine thousand*, twenty-one thousand having fallen in three days and four actions.

Over the marshes in the keen north wind they hurried, Ney still commanding the rear-guard; on the 30th, Oudinot, badly wounded, defended himself in a wooden house with *seventeen men* for several hours, and drove the Russians out of the village.

The sun shone out to mock them; there was hard fighting almost every day; and at length, when the main body reached Smorgoni, the Emperor resolved to put in practice an intention he had formed some time before of hurrying secretly to Paris to forestall the real truth of his disasters.



“IN A TOWERING PASSION THE MARSHAL DREW HIS SWORD”
(p. [329](#)).

He has been unjustly accused of deserting his men when they were at their last gasp; but in reality no blame attaches to him, as his presence in France was absolutely necessary, and had he remained with the army he could have done nothing to restore it, for things had gone too far. To what extent he had contributed to those disasters is, of course, another matter.

After revising his 29th Bulletin, and appointing Murat to the chief command, he got into his carriage with Caulaincourt (brother of Auguste), Rustan the Mameluke, and Captain Wukasowitch sitting on the box, Duroc and Lobau following in a sledge, and escorted by some Polish lancers, drove off in the dark on the night of the 5th December.

Later on he exchanged the carriage for another sledge, the peasant driver of which died in Bavaria as recently as 1887, preserving to the last some of the coins Napoleon had given him.

On the 18th the Emperor arrived in Paris. The day after his departure the cold increased to a frightful degree; men lost their reason, and sprang into the burning huts. At Wilna, where there were great stores of food, they pillaged without check; and even the Old Guard paid no heed to the *générale*. All Napoleon's linen and his state tent were burned there, and the few remaining trophies, drawings being made of them before their destruction by his orders.

The Jews committed nameless cruelties on the French wounded, and although Durutte's division increased the army by 13,000, they died by hundreds, immense numbers having been frozen and suffocated at the gate of the city in their mad attempt to get in.

The day after their arrival the Russians were on them again. De Wrede's Bavarians were routed, Murat lost his head and bolted, and everything devolved on the heroic Ney, who volunteered again for rear-guard duty, keeping Kutusoff at bay while the army retreated on the road to Kowno, the last Russian town before they could reach the Niemen, 4,000 men alone preserving an orderly demeanour under arms.

At the hill of Ponari the Cossacks fell foul of them, and, while under fire, Napoleon's private treasure was portioned out equally among such of the Guard as remained, every man who survived afterwards accounting for his share to the last coin.

The final scene may be summed up by a brief narration of the fabulous gallantry of Marshal Ney.

It had been his invariable custom to halt and rest from five in the evening until ten, and then resume the march; but at Evé, near Kowno, he woke up to find his *fourth* rear-guard gone, their arms still piled, and glistening in the frosty night.

When he overtook them they were in disorder, and could not be rallied, Ney entering the town attended only by his aides, but instantly setting to work to form a *fifth* guard.

He found 2,000 drunken men dead on the snow, and the fugitives gone on to the river; but with 300 German Artillery and 400 others, under General Marchand, he set about to defend Kowno.

The last remnant, having crossed the Niemen, were flying through the Pilwisky forest, from which they had issued five months before in very different plight, only 13,000 in reality mustering behind that river. Kowno was attacked on the morning of the 14th December, and hastening to the Wilna Gate, Ney found the German artillery had spiked their guns and fled.

In a towering passion the marshal drew his sword and rushed at the officer in command, who still remained there, and, but for his aide-de-camp averting the blow, would have slain him. The officer escaped, and Ney summoned one of his two weak battalions, also German, and after a spirited address, formed them behind the snow-capped palisade as the enemy approached, but fate was against him.

A ball broke the colonel's thigh, and he blew out his brains before his men, who instantly threw down their guns and fled, leaving Ney alone.

Gathering all the muskets he could reach, the marshal fired them through the palisade—*one* man against *thousands*—until others came to his help; the town was attacked on the opposite side at the same time, and though he maintained his post with thirty ragged scarecrows until dark, he had to retreat step by step, through the town and across the Niemen, the last man, after forty days' and nights' incessant fighting with the rear-guard, to leave the Russian shore.

In Gumbinnen, Mathieu Dumas was sitting down to breakfast, when a man in a brown coat entered, his beard long, his face blackened and looking as though it had been burnt, his eyes red and glaring.

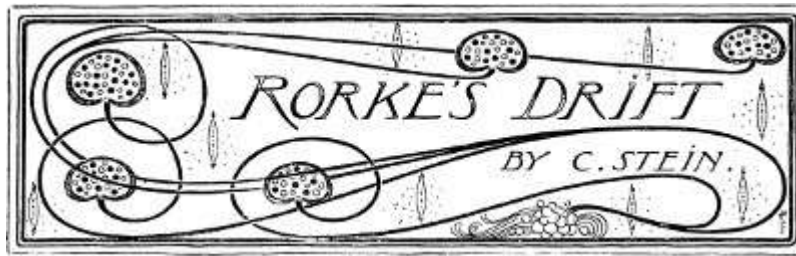
“At length I am here,” he exclaimed. “Don’t you know me?” “No,” said the general. “Who are you?” “I am the Rear-Guard of the *Grande Armée*; I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown the last of our arms into the Niemen, and come hither through the woods. I am Marshal Ney.”

Macdonald, in the North, was reduced by hardship and the defection of the Prussians; Schwartzberg, in the South, had been obliged to retire, and the magnificent army of the Centre, led by masters in the art of war, under the Emperor himself, we have seen dwindled down to 13,000 in less than six months. It was not altogether the Russians, it was not entirely the frost, although both contributed to its destruction: when all laws, physical and moral, are transgressed, when flesh and blood are tried beyond the limits of possible endurance, and wild ambition takes the place of common-sense, something will give, and disaster is certain in the long run.

By one of the most careful of contemporary computations it is concluded that 552,000 unfortunate creatures who had marched under the eagles of Napoleon never returned from that campaign, and the medal struck by Alexander to commemorate it, sums up the whole case in a sentence of singular piety.

On one side, in a triangle surrounded by rays, is the Eye of Providence, with the date beneath it; on the other, the inscription: “*Not unto us; not unto me; but unto Thy Name.*”





RORKE'S DRIFT

BY C. STEIN.

At the end of 1878 there stood upon a rocky terrace on the Natal side of the Buffalo River two stone buildings with thatched roofs, which had formed a Swedish mission station, one of them having been used as a church and the other having been the dwelling of the missionary. These two humble edifices were destined to be, on the 22nd January, 1879, the scene of the most brilliant feat of arms performed during the whole Zulu War—a defence by a small determined force against the attack of vastly superior numbers, an exploit whose lustre, relieving a period of disaster, maintained the prestige of British arms, and whose success, there can be little doubt, secured Natal from invasion when failure would have laid the colony open to the advance of a savage enemy. So perfect was the conduct of the officers and men concerned in the episode, and so well conceived and executed were the measures adopted, that even foreign military books quote the exploit as an example of the value of improvised fortifications when they are held by brave men.

When war was declared by Sir Bartle Frere, the High Commissioner for South Africa, against Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the conduct of operations was placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief. It was determined to invade Zululand, and all the forces available for this purpose were moved to the frontier. They were divided into five columns, of which three were to advance into the enemy's country from different points, with the intention of finally concentrating at Ulundi, the Zulu capital, while the other two were in the first instance to guard the frontier against possible Zulu raids. The third column, under the command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., the centre of the three columns of invasion, was to assemble near Rorke's

Drift and cross the Buffalo River at that spot, within a mile of the old Swedish mission station.

The river at Rorke's Drift was, like most African streams, an impassable torrent after rain, but the flood quickly ran off, and a passage could then be effected by the "drift," or ford. There had also been established two ponts, or big, flat-bottomed ferry-boats, each of which could transport an African wagon or a company of infantry.

Colonel Glyn's column crossed the river on the 11th January, 1879, and from that time was engaged in operations in Zululand. Its line of communications with Pietermaritzburg, the chief city of Natal, was through Rorke's Drift to Helpmakaar, and thence by Ladysmith and Estcourt, or by the shorter, though more difficult, route through Greytown. Rorke's Drift, as the actual starting-point of invasion, was formed into a depôt of stores and a hospital. The deserted mission-station buildings were utilised for this purpose, the old church being converted into a storehouse and the missionary's dwelling forming the hospital. As a garrison for this important post and to secure the passage across the river, Colonel Glyn left B Company of the second battalion of the 24th Regiment, under command of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead. With him were also Major Spalding, who was in general charge of the line of communications, Lieutenant Chard, Royal Engineers, Surgeon Reynolds, Army Medical Department, and other officers. This garrison was encamped near the store and hospital.

For some days after the departure of the third column, which was also accompanied by Lord Chelmsford and the Headquarter Staff, the quiet routine of duty was pursued. Letters were passed to and from the front, necessary stores and supplies were sent on, and the men wounded in the first engagements were received into the hospital. Among these last was one of the enemy, who had been shot through the thigh at Sirayo's kraal, and who was treated and nursed with the same care and attention as the Englishmen against whom he had fought. On the 20th January, however, a large portion of the second column, under Colonel Durnford, Royal Engineers, arrived at Rorke's Drift and encamped. Their stay was brief, for they were summoned to the fatal camp of Insandhlwana on the morning of the 22nd, Colonel Durnford leaving a company of the Natal Native Contingent, under Captain Stephenson, to strengthen the little post. It became evident from various circumstances

that Colonel Glyn's column was encountering a stronger resistance than had been anticipated, and that, as the enemy were in force within a few miles, they might make a rapid descent upon the weakly-guarded line of communications. It was known that two companies of the first battalion of the 24th were at Helpmakaar, ten miles distant, and Major Spalding resolved to go there at once in order to bring them up as a reinforcement to Lieutenant Bromhead's force. In his absence, Lieutenant Chard became senior officer at Rorke's Drift, and responsible for its well-being.

Although on the 22nd January there was thus a feeling of uneasiness at the river post, nothing had occurred till some hours after midday to cause any special alarm to its garrison. We may believe that a general plan of action had been considered if an attack should be made upon it, but in the meantime all the officers and men were engaged in their usual employments. Lieutenant Chard was at the ponts, and Lieutenant Bromhead was in his little camp hard by the store and hospital. Shortly after 3 p.m. two mounted men were seen galloping at headlong speed towards the ferry from Zululand. There is little difficulty in recognising messengers of disaster, the men who ride with the avenger of blood close on their horses' track, and Chard, as he met them, knew that something terrible had happened. His worst anticipations were more than realised when the two fugitives—Lieutenant Adendorff, of the Native Contingent, and a Natal volunteer—told their story: the camp at Insandhlwana had been attacked and taken by the enemy, of whom a large force was now advancing on Rorke's Drift. The Natal volunteer hurried on to give the alarm at Helpmakaar; but one man was enough for this service, and Adendorff—gallant fellow!—said that he would remain at Rorke's Drift, where every additional European would be a valuable reinforcement, and cast in his lot with its defenders. Chard at once gave orders to the guard at the ponts to strike their tents, put all stores on the spot into the wagon, and withdraw to the main body of the post. Now occurred the first incident which testified to the spirit which animated the small force on the banks of the Buffalo. The ferryman—Daniells—and Sergeant Milne, of the 3rd Buffs (who was doing duty with the 24th), proposed that they should be allowed to moor the two ponts in the middle of the river, and offered, with the ferry-guard of six men, to defend them against attack—a brave thought, indeed, but it was put aside. Chard was too good a soldier to divide his few men in any way. He saw at once that the commissariat stores and hospital would require every available rifle for

their defence, and that the safety of every other place was comparatively a very minor consideration.

While he was giving his orders an urgent message came from Bromhead asking him to join him at once. To Bromhead also had come several mounted men fleeing from Insandhlwana, bearing the same dread intelligence which Adendorff had brought to the ferry, and the trained officer of engineers was required to concert and decide upon measures of defence. But when he joined the infantry subaltern he found that the latter, aided by Assistant-Commissary Dunne and Assistant-Commissary Dalton, had already set to work, and that there was nothing to change, if much was still left to complete. The three officers held a hurried consultation, and prompt use was made of all ordinary expedients of war, while materials never before employed in fortification were pressed into service. The store and hospital were loopholed and barricaded, the windows and doors blocked with mattresses; but it was necessary to connect the defence of the two buildings by a parapet. There were no stones at hand with which to build a wall, and if there had been, there was no time to make use of them; the hard rocky soil could not be dug and formed into ditch and breastwork; but there was a great store of bags of mealies, or the grain of Indian corn, which had been collected as horse provender for the army. Assistant-Commissary Dalton suggested that these should be used in the fashion of sandbags for the construction of the required parapet. Everybody laboured with the energy of men who know that their safety depends on their exertions. Chard and Bromhead, Reynolds, Dunne, and Dalton not merely directed, but engaged most energetically in the work of preparation. When the alarm was first given it was intended to remove the worst cases from the hospital to a place of safety, and two wagons were prepared for the purpose; but it was found that the attempt to move the patients at the slow pace of ox-teams when the Zulus were so close at hand would only result in offering them as easy victims to the murderous assegai. The two wagons were therefore used as part of the defences, and mealie bags were piled underneath and upon them, so that each formed a strong post of vantage.



LIEUTENANT CHARD.

(Photo, J. Hawke, Plymouth.)



LIEUTENANT BROMHEAD.

*(Photo, Elliott & Fry, Baker
Street, W.)*

The ferry-guard had joined the rest of the force at 3.30 p.m., and a few minutes later an officer of Durnford's Natal Native Horse, with a hundred of his men who had been heavily engaged at Insandhlwana, rode up and asked for orders. Chard directed him to watch for the approach of the enemy, sending out vedettes, and when he was pressed, to fall back and assist in the defence of the post. So far it seemed certain that when the threatened Zulu attack developed itself against the Rorke's Drift fortifications they would be found, though hurriedly devised and executed, to be adequately defended by the company of the 24th, Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent, and about a hundred Basutos of the Natal Native Horse. But if the gallant English officers who had striven so hard and with so much military genius to make their position tenable looked forward to this amount of support, they were destined to grievous disappointment and mortification. At 4.15 p.m. the sound of firing was heard behind a hill towards the south, and told that the vedettes of the Native Horse were engaged with the enemy. Their officer returned, reporting that the Zulus were close at hand, and that his men would not obey orders. Chard and his comrades had the sore trial of

seeing them all moving off towards Helpmakaar, leaving the garrison to its fate. Nor was this all. The evil example was only too soon followed. Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent also felt their hearts fail, and, accompanied by their commander, also fled from the post of duty. For the Native Horse there is some excuse to be made. They had been in the saddle since daybreak; they were the survivors of a terrible defeat and massacre; they had seen a large number of their comrades slain, and they were demoralised by the loss of their beloved commander, Colonel Durnford. If on this occasion their valour failed them, it is to be remembered that they had behaved nobly in the early part of the day, and that in later episodes of the war their gallantry and self-devotion were proverbial. But for the Native Contingent company nothing can be said. They were fresh, and as yet unscathed by war; they had the best example in the calm demeanour of their English comrades, and they had many causes of feud and quarrel with the enemy. But, as in all other occasions of the war where Natal Kaffirs were employed, they gave way in time of stress, and the greatest shame of the matter was that their colonial European officer now shared their misconduct.



RORKE'S DRIFT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

*(From a Photo by Mr. G. T. Ferneyhough,
Pietermaritzburg, South Africa.)*

The garrison at Rorke's Drift was now reduced to Bromhead's company of the 24th—about eighty strong—and some men of other corps, the total number within the post being 139, of whom thirty-five were sick or wounded men in hospital. The original scheme of defence had provided for a much larger force, and Chard recognised that it would now be impossible long to occupy effectively the range of parapets and loopholes which had been prepared. There was nothing for it but to form an inner line of defence, to which the garrison might fall back when the outer line became untenable. He decided that, if necessary, the hospital must be abandoned, and that the defence must be restricted to the store and the space in front of it, including a well-built stone kraal or enclosure which abutted on it to the eastward. To carry out this plan he commenced an inner retrenchment, forming a parapet of biscuit-boxes across the larger enclosure. This was only about two boxes high when the expected

flood of attack hurled its first waves against the frail solitary bulwark which stood between Natal and savage invasion.

About 4.30 p.m. five or six hundred of the enemy appeared, sweeping round the rocky hill to the south of the post, and advancing at the swift pace characteristic of the Zulu warriors against the south wall which connected the store and hospital. But they had to deal with stern men who were braced up for the encounter by feelings of duty, patriotism, and the long habit of regimental discipline and comradeship which makes each feel assured and confident that all are striving shoulder to shoulder, and that none will blench from his appointed place. From the parapet of mealie bags and from the hospital poured forth a heavy and well-sustained fire, which was crossed by a flanking discharge from the store. No man wasted a shot, and the aim was cool and deliberate. Even Zulu valour and determination could not face the deadly leaden hail, and the onslaught weakened and broke within fifty yards of the British rifles. Some of the assailants swerved to their left, and passed round to the west of the hospital; some sought cover where they could, and occupied banks, ditches, bushes, and the cooking place of the garrison. But this first attack was only the effort of the enemy's advanced guard. Masses of warriors followed and flowed over the elevated southward ledge of rocks overlooking the buildings. Every cave and crevice was quickly filled, and from these sheltered and commanding positions they opened a heavy and continuous fire. It was fortunate that the spoil in rifles and ammunition taken at Insandhlwana was not yet available for use against the English, as at Kambula and later engagements, but the enemy's firearms were still the old muskets and rifles of which they had long been in possession. Even so, at the short range these were sufficiently effective, and, in the hands of better marksmen than Zulus usually are, might have inflicted crushing losses.

The first attack repulsed, a second desperate effort was made by the enemy against the north-west wall just below the hospital; but here again the defenders were ready to meet it, and again the assailing torrent broke and fell back. Such of the sick and wounded in the hospital as were able to rouse themselves from their beds of pain had by this time seized rifle and bayonet and joined their comrades; but though every man was now mustered, the total number was all too small for the grim task before them. The misfortune of the extreme hurry in the preparations for

defence was now painfully apparent. In strengthening any position for defensive occupation one of the first measures taken by a commander is to clear as large an open space as possible round the parapet or fortifications which he proposes to hold. All ditches and hollows should be filled up; all buildings, walls, and heaps of refuse should be pulled down and scattered; all trees, shrubs, and thick herbage should be cut and removed; so that no attack can be made under cover, no safe place may be found from which deliberate fire may be delivered, or any movement can be made by an enemy unseen, and therefore unanticipated. At Rorke's Drift, not only were the buildings and parapets overlooked and commanded to the southward by a rocky hill full of caves and lurking-places, but there was a garden to the north, a thick patch of bush which was close to the parapet, a square Kaffir house and large brick oven and cooking trenches, besides numerous banks, walls, and ditches, all of which offered a shelter to the enemy, which they were not slow to profit by. The post was encircled by a dense ring of the foe, and from every side came the whistle of their bullets.

Up till this time, though several men had been wounded, no one had been struck dead. Suddenly a whisper passed round among the 24th, "Poor old King Cole is killed." Private Cole, who was known by this affectionate barrack-room nickname, was at the parapet when a bullet passed through his head, and he fell doing his duty—a noble end.

If the Zulu fire was telling, however, the steady marksmanship of the English officers and men was still more effective. Private Dunbar, of the 24th, laid low a mounted chief who was conspicuous in directing the enemy, and immediately afterwards shot eight warriors in as many successive shots. Everywhere the officers were present with words of encouragement, exposing themselves fearlessly and showing that iron coolness and self-possession which rouses such confidence and emulation in soldiery on a day of battle.

Assistant-Commissary Dalton was continually going along the parapet, cheering the men and using the rifle with deadly effect. There was a rush of Zulus against the spot where he was, led by a huge man, whose leopard-skin kaross marked the chief. Dalton called out "Pot that fellow!" and himself aimed over the parapet at another, when the rifle dropped from his hand, and he spun round with suddenly pallid face,

shot through the right shoulder. Surgeon Reynolds was by his side at once, and bound up the wound.

Unable any longer to use his rifle, Dalton handed it to storekeeper Byrne, but continued unmoved to superintend the men near to him and to direct their fire. Byrne took his place at the parapet, and his bullets were not wasted. In a few minutes Corporal Scammell, Natal Native Contingent, who was next to him, was shot through the shoulder and back. He fell, and crawling to Chard, who was fighting side by side with the men, handed him the remainder of his cartridges. In his agony he asked for a drink of water. Byrne at once fetched it for him, and whilst handing it to the suffering soldier, was himself shot through the head, and fell prone, a dead man.

While fighting was thus going on all round the post, a series of specially determined attacks was made against the northern side. Here the Zulus were able to collect under cover of the garden and patch of bush, and from that shelter were able to rush untouched close up to the parapet. Soon they were on one side of the barricade, while the defenders held the other, and across it there was a hand-to-hand struggle of the bayonet against the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stabbing assegai. So close were the combatants that the Zulus seized the English bayonets, and in two instances even succeeded in wrenching them from the rifles, though in each case the breechloader took a stern vengeance. The muzzles of the opposing firearms were almost touching each other, and the discharge of a musket blew the broad “dopper” hat from the head of Corporal Schiess, of the Natal Native Contingent. This man (a Swiss by birth), who had been a patient in hospital, leaped on to the parapet and bayoneted the man who fired, regained his place, and shot another; then, repeating his former exploit, again leaped on the top of the mealie bags and bayoneted a third. Early in the fight he had been struck by a bullet in the instep, but though suffering acute pain, he left not his post, and was only maddened to perform deeds of heroic daring.

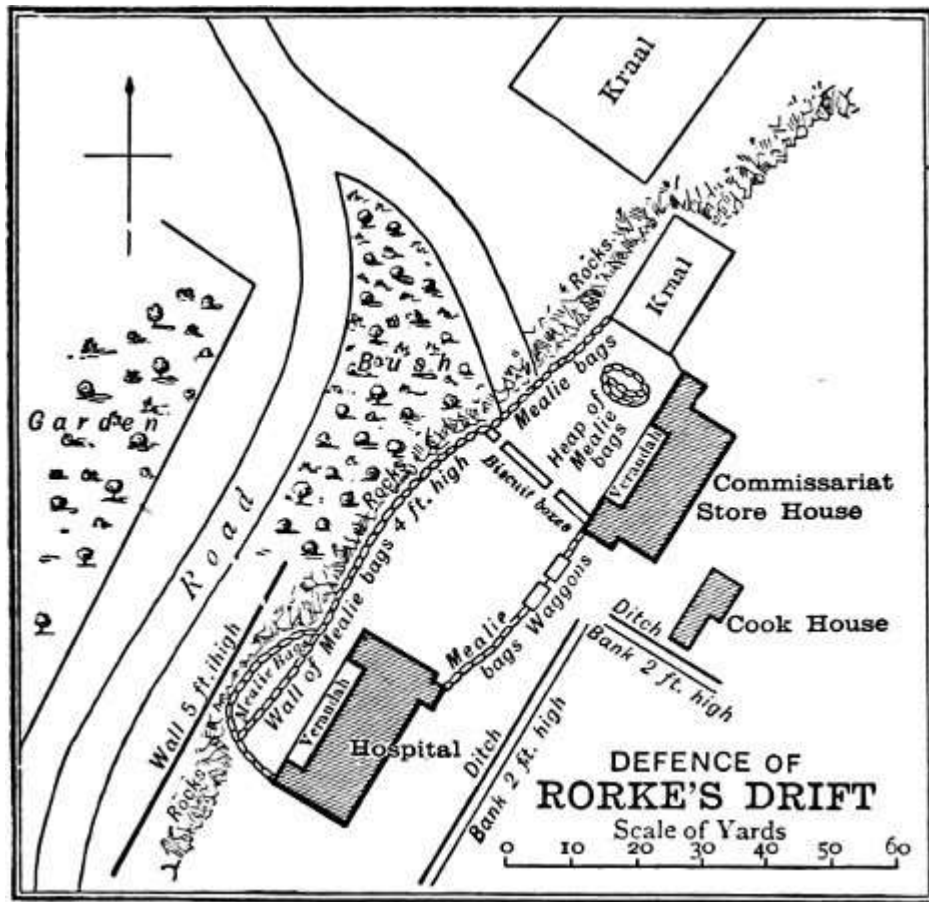


LINES OF COMMUNICATION ZULU CAMPAIGN. 1879.

The struggle here was too severe and unequal to be long continued. Besides the ceaseless attacks of their enemy in front, the defenders of the parapet were exposed to the fire which took them in reverse from the high hill to the south. Five soldiers had been thus shot dead in a short space of time. At six p.m. the order was given to retire behind the retrenchment of biscuit-boxes. When the defence of the parapet was thus removed, the dark crowd of Zulus surged over the mealie bags to attack the hospital; but such a heavy fire was sent from the line of the retrenchment that nearly every man who leaped into the enclosure perished in the effort. Again and again they charged forward, shouting their war-cry "Usutu! Usutu!" and ever the death-dealing volleys smote them to the ground.

The story has now been told of the struggle during the first hour and a half about the storehouse and large enclosure, till the moment came

when it was no longer possible to hold the whole of the defences as they were at first organised, and Chard was constrained to withdraw behind the biscuit-box retrenchment which his foresight had provided. All this time the enemy had been making fierce and constantly reiterated attempts to force their way into the hospital, which was at the west end of the enclosure. Here Bromhead personally superintended the resistance, and here such deeds of military prowess, cool presence of mind, and glorious self-devotion were performed as our nation may well inscribe on its proudest records. It has been said that the building had a thatched roof, and the Zulus not only strove to force an ingress, but used every expedient to set the thatch on fire, and thus to destroy the poor stronghold which so long mocked at their attempts to take it. While many of the patients whose ailments were comparatively slight had risen from their pallets and taken an active part in the defence, there were several poor fellows, utterly helpless, distributed among the different wards; and it is difficult to conceive a situation more trying than theirs must have been, listening to the demoniac yells of the savages, only separated from them by a thin wall, thirsting for their blood. At every window were one or two comrades, firing till the rifles were heated to scorching by the unceasing discharge. Bullets splashed upon the walls, and the air reeked with dense sulphurous smoke. The combatants may have been excited and carried away by the mad fury of battle; but to men depressed by disease, weakened and racked with pain, truly the minutes must have been long and terrible in their mental and physical suffering. Shortly after five o'clock the Zulus had been able so far to break down the entrance to the room at the extreme end of the hospital that they were able to charge at the opening; but Bromhead was there, and drove them back time after time with the bayonet. As long as the enclosure was held, they failed in every fierce attempt. Private Joseph Williams was firing from a small window hard by, and on the next morning fourteen warriors were found dead beneath it, besides others along his line of fire. When his ammunition was expended, he joined his brother, Private John Williams, and two of the patients who also had fired their last cartridge, and with them guarded the door with their bayonets. No longer able to keep their opponents at a distance, the four stood grimly resolute, waiting till the door was battered in and they stood face to face with the foe.



DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

Then followed a death struggle. The English bayonet crossed the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stalwart Warwickshire lads met the lithe and muscular tribesmen of Cetewayo, and the weapons glinted thirsty for blood. In the *mêlée* poor Joseph Williams was grappled with by two Zulus, his hands were seized, and, dragged out from among his comrades, he was killed before their eyes. But now it was known that the hospital must be abandoned, and as the usual path was occupied by the enemy, a way had to be made through the partition walls. John Williams and the two patients succeeded in making a passage with an axe into the adjoining room, where they were joined by Private Henry Hook. John Williams and Hook then took it in turn to guard the hole through which the little party had come, with the bayonet, and keep the foe at bay, while the others worked at cutting a further passage. In this retreat from room to room, another brave soldier, Private Jenkins, met the same fate as did Joseph Williams, and was dragged to his death by the pursuers. The others at last arrived at a window looking into the enclosure towards the

storehouse, and leaping from it, ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire till they reached their comrades behind the biscuit-box retrenchment. To the devoted bravery and cool resource of Privates John Williams and Hook, eight patients, who had been in the several wards which they had traversed, owed their lives. If it had not been for the assistance of these two gallant men, all the eight would have perished where they lay. These, however, were only some of the hairbreadth escapes from the hospital, and only some of the deeds of stubborn hardihood performed in it.

A few of the sick men were half carried, half led by chivalrous comrades across the enclosure to the retrenchment, but many had to make their own way over the space now swept by the Zulu bullets, and that that space was clear was due to the steady fire maintained by Chard, which prevented the Zulus themselves from leaving the spots where they were under cover. Trooper Hunter, Natal Mounted Police, a very tall young man, who had been a patient, essayed the rush to safety, but he was hit and fell before he reached his goal. Corporal Mayer, Natal Native Contingent, who had been wounded in the knee by an assegai-thrust in one of the early engagements of the campaign, Bombardier Lewis, Royal Artillery, whose leg and thigh were swollen and disabled from a wagon accident, and Trooper Green, Natal Police, also a nearly helpless invalid, all got out of a little window looking into the enclosure. The window was at some distance from the ground, and each man fell in escaping from it. All had to crawl (for none of them could walk) through the enemy's fire, and all passed scathless into the retrenchment except Green, who was struck on the thigh. In one of the wards facing the hill on the south side of the hospital, Privates William Jones and Robert Jones had been posted. There were seven patients in the ward, and these two men defended their post till six of the seven patients had been removed. The seventh was Sergeant Maxfield, who, delirious with fever, resisted all attempts to move him. Robert Jones, with rare courage and devotion, went back a second time to try to carry him out, but found the ward already full of Zulus, and the poor sergeant stabbed to death on his bed.



“THERE WAS A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE” (p. [335](#)).

It has been mentioned that a wounded prisoner was being treated in the hospital. So much had he been impressed by the kindness which he had received, that he was anxious to assist in the defence. He said “he was not afraid of the Zulus, but he wanted a gun.” His new-born goodwill was not, however, tested. When the ward in which he lay was forced, Private Hook, who was assisting the Englishmen in the next room, heard the Zulus talking to him. The next day his charred remains were found in the ashes of the building. That communication was kept up with the hospital at all, and that it was possible to effect the removal of so many patients, was due in great part to the conduct of Corporal Allen and Private Hitch. These two soldiers together, in defiance of danger, held a most exposed position, raked in reverse by the fire from the hill, till both were severely wounded. Their determined bravery had its result in the safety of their comrades. Even after they were incapacitated from

further fighting, they never ceased, when their wounds had been dressed, to serve out ammunition from the reserve throughout the rest of the combat.

When the defence of the hospital was relaxed, it had been easy for the enemy to carry out their plan of setting fire to the thatched roof, and now the whole was in a blaze, the flames rising high and casting a lurid glare over the scene of conflict. The last men who effected their retreat from the building had as much to dread from the spreading conflagration as from the Zulu assegais. We have seen that, from the want of interior communication, it had been necessary for those who did escape to cut their way from room to room. Alas! to some of the patients, it had been impossible for the anxious leader and his staunch, willing followers to penetrate. Defeated by the flames and by the numbers of their opponents, Chard records in his official despatch, "With the most heartfelt sorrow, I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate."

While in the hospital the last struggle was going on, Chard's unfailing resource had provided another element of strength to his now restricted line of defence, and had formed a place of comparative security for the reception of his wounded men. In the small yard by the storehouse were two large piles of mealie bags. These, with the assistance of two or three men and Assistant Commissary Dunne, who had from the first been working with energy and determination, he formed into an oblong and sufficiently high redoubt. In the hollow space in its centre were laid the sick and wounded, while its crest gave a second line of fire, which swept much of the ground that could not be seen by the occupiers of the lower parapets. As the intrepid men were making this redoubt, their object was quickly detected by the enemy, who poured upon them a rain of bullets; but Providence protected them, and unhurt, they completed their work. The night had fallen, and the light from the burning hospital was now of the greatest service to the defenders, as it illumined every spot for hundreds of yards round, and gave every advantage to the trained riflemen of the 24th. The Zulu losses had been tremendously heavy; but still they pressed their unremitting attack. Rush after rush was made right up to the parapets so strenuously held, and their musketry fire never slackened. The outer wall of the stone kraal on the east of the store had to be abandoned, and finally the garrison was confined to the commissariat store, the enclosure just in

front of it, the inner wall of the kraal, and the redoubt of mealie bags. But the steadfastness of the defenders was never impaired. Still every man fired with the greatest coolness. Not a shot was wasted, and Rorke's Drift Station remained still proudly impregnable. At 10 p.m. the hospital fire had burnt itself out, and darkness settled over defence and attack. It was not till midnight, however, that the Zulus began to lose heart, and give to the garrison some breathing space and repose. Desultory firing still continued from the hill to the southward, and from the bush and garden in front; but there were no more attacks in force, and stress of siege was practically over. The dark hours were full of anxiety, and even the stout hearts which had not quailed during the long period of trial that was past must have had some feeling of disquietude for the morrow, lest wearied, reduced in numbers, and with slender supply of water, they should be called upon to meet renewed efforts made by a reinforced foe.

The dawn came at last, and the eyes of all were gladdened by seeing the rear of the Zulu masses retiring round the shoulder of the hill from which their first attack had been made. The supreme tension of mind and body was over, and if the struggle had been long and stern the victory was for the time complete. How bitterly it had been fought out was shown by the piles of the enemy's dead lying around, and by the silence of familiar voices when the roll was called. There was yet no rest. The enemy might take heart and return, for, though many of their warriors had seen their last fight, still their numbers were so overwhelming, and they must have known so well how close had been the pressure of their attack, that they might well think that, with renewed efforts, success was more than possible. Patrols were sent out to collect the arms left lying on the field. The defences were strengthened, and, mindful of the fate of the hospital, a working party was ordered to remove the thatch from the roof of the store. The men who were not employed otherwise were kept manning the parapets, and all were ready at once to snatch up their rifles and again to hold the post which they had guarded so long. A friendly Kaffir was sent to Helpmakaar, saying that they were still safe, and asking for assistance. About 7 a.m. a mass of the enemy was seen on the hills to the south-west, and it seemed as if another onslaught was threatened. They were advancing slowly when the remains of the third column appeared in the distance, coming from Insandhlwana, and, as the English approached, the threatening mass retired, and finally disappeared.

Lord Chelmsford, Colonel Glyn, and that part of their force which, having been engaged elsewhere, had not been in the Insandhlwana camp when it was attacked and taken, had passed the night in sad and anxious bivouac among the dead bodies of their comrades and the *débris* of a most melancholy disaster. Full of disquietude about the fate of the post at Rorke's Drift, and the line of communications, they had pushed on with earliest dawn. Their advanced guard of mounted men strained eager eyes towards Rorke's Drift. The British flag still waved over the storehouse, and figures in red coats could be seen moving about the place. But smoke was rising where the hospital had stood, and, remembering that the victorious Zulus at Insandhlwana had clad themselves in the uniforms of the dead, there was a moment of dread uncertainty to the officer who was leading the way. But surely that was a faint British cheer rising from the post! A few hundred yards more of advance, and it was known that here at least no mistake had been made; here courage and determination had not been shown in vain; and that here something had been done to restore the confidence in British prowess which had just received so rude a shock elsewhere. What a sight was the spot in the bright morning sunlight! There lay hundreds of Zulus either dead or gasping out the last remains of life; there was the grim and grey old warrior lying side by side with the young man who had come "to wash his assegai"; there a convulsive movement of arm or leg, the rolling of a slowly glazing eye, or the heaving of a bullet-pierced chest showed that life was not quite extinct; and there were the defenders wan, battle-stained, and weary, but with the proud light of triumph in their glance, standing by the fortifications which they had so stoutly held—fortifications so small, so frail, that it seemed marvellous how they had been made to serve their purpose. The skeleton of the hospital still was there, but its roof and woodwork had fallen in, and in the still smoking pile men were searching for the remains of lost comrades. And there, in the corner of the enclosure, reverently covered and guarded, were the bodies of the dead who had given their lives for England and sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. Well might Lord Chelmsford congratulate the defenders of Rorke's Drift on the brilliant stand that they had made, and well might the colony of Natal look upon them as Heaven-sent saviours from cruel invasion.

In telling the story of the events of the 22nd, it has been said that Major Spalding left Rorke's Drift to seek reinforcements at Helpmakaar.

There he found two companies of the 24th, under Major Upcher, and with them he at once commenced to march to the river post. On their way they met several fugitives who asserted that the place had fallen, and when they arrived within three miles of their destination, a large body of Zulus was found barring the way, while the flames of the burning hospital could be seen rising from the river valley. It was only too probable that if they went on, they would merely sacrifice to no purpose the only regular troops remaining between the frontier and Pietermaritzburg. Helpmakaar was the principal store depôt for the centre column, full of ammunition and supplies, and it seemed best that its safety should, at any rate, be provided for as far as possible. The two companies were therefore ordered to return, and preparations for the defence of the stores were commenced.

Many names have been mentioned of men who, when all did their duty nobly, were particularly remarkable in the duty which they did and in their manner of doing it. Two men have not, in this narrative, been yet specially named, but they were each as heroic as any of those who stood behind Chard's improvised defences. Theirs was not the duty of handling deadly weapons; theirs was not the lot to meet the enemy hand to hand. It was for them to comfort the dying, to tend the sick, to give aid to the wounded—and right worthily they played their part. The Rev. George Smith, acting chaplain to the forces, and Surgeon Reynolds, Army Medical Department, were exposed to all the dangers that surrounded every man of the garrison, and to every man they showed the example of treating those dangers with a grand indifference. Besides performing to the full the tasks of their noble professions, they were constantly present among the soldiers with words of cheer and encouragement. They distributed such poor refreshment as was available, and were indefatigable in supplying reserve ammunition to those whose cartridge-boxes were empty. Never can British soldiers hope to have with them, in a time of trial, better men than the Rev. George Smith and Surgeon Reynolds.

According to the closest estimate, the number of Zulus who attacked Rorke's Drift was about 4,000, composed of Cetewayo's Undi and Udkloko regiments, and about 400 dead bodies were buried near the post after the attack. The wounded were all carried away from the field. The

loss of the garrison was fifteen killed and twelve wounded, of whom two died almost immediately.

No military rewards could have been too great for the glorious actions at Rorke's Drift, and of rewards there was no niggardly distribution. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead became Captains and Brevet-Majors. The Rev. George Smith, a missionary chaplain in Natal, received a commission as Army chaplain. Every officer was promoted in his corps or department, and besides the decorations given to others, Chard, Bromhead, and Dalton, Corporal Allen, Privates John Williams, Henry Hook, William Jones, Robert Jones, and Frederick Hitch received the Victoria Cross; Colour-Sergeant Brown and eight men received medals for distinguished service in the field.

Many brave exploits have been performed by men of the English army, and we may believe that the scroll of glory is not yet complete; but whatever the future may have in store, it would be difficult to find in past history any action which excels in brilliancy the defence of Rorke's Drift.



“THE BRITISH FLAG STILL WAVED OVER THE STOREHOUSE”
(p. [339](#)).



Mars-la-Tour

By Charles Lowe

Look out for cavalry!” Such was the cry that was raised on the sanguinary field of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour oftener than in any other battle of the Franco-German war.

When France declared war against Germany in July, 1870, she sent all her available troops—numbering about 300,000 men—as fast as ever she could to her eastern frontier, where they formed themselves into what was called the “Army of the Rhine,” under the supreme command of the Emperor Napoleon. This “Army of the Rhine” was composed of eight separate Army Corps, or Corps d’Armée, commanded by Marshals Bazaine, MacMahon, and Canrobert, and by Generals Bourbaki, Frossard, Ladmirault, Faily, and Félix Douay.

On the other hand, the Germans divided their forces into three main armies—each also consisting of several Army Corps—of which the combined strength was about 384,000 men; and so quickly had the Germans—who are famous for their powers of organisation—done the difficult work of mobilising their forces (that is to say, preparing them to take the field), that, within a fortnight after the order for this process had been issued, no fewer than 300,000 helmeted defenders of the Fatherland stood ranked up and ready along the Rhine. Old King William of Prussia assumed the nominal command of all this tremendous fighting force; but in reality the man who directed and controlled its movements was Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, who was perhaps the most studious and scientific soldier the world had ever seen. He had divided all the field strength of Germany into three separate armies—each also composed of several Army Corps. The First Army, on the right, was commanded by General von Steinmetz; the Second, in the centre, by Prince Frederick Charles, known as the “Red Prince,” and the Third, on the left, by the Crown Prince, son-in-law of Queen Victoria.

The Crown Prince was the first to draw blood, on the 4th August (war had only been formally declared on the 19th July), when he won the great battle of Weissenburg, and on the 6th at Wörth, when he completed the defeat of Marshal MacMahon’s army. On this very same day, too, Steinmetz, on the right, had stormed the heights of Spicheren at a very great sacrifice of life, causing Frossard, who held these heights, to fall back on the excessively strong fortress of Metz, which stands in the lovely valley of the Moselle. MacMahon had retreated towards the great training camp—the Aldershot, so to speak, of France—at Châlons; while the rest of the “Army of the Rhine” meanwhile retired on Metz, and thither the Germans now also began to push with might and main.

It was thought probable by Moltke, from all appearances, that the French meant to make a desperate stand in front of Metz. But he met with less resistance there than he expected; and on the 14th August a victory gained by the Germans at Colombey-Nouilly had the effect of making all their opponents in the open field thereabouts withdraw towards the fortified city. This battle had been fought on the east of Metz, while on the west side ran the high road to Verdun and Paris. On the 15th the Germans came to the conclusion that the French in Metz, not wishing to expose themselves to the risk of being cooped up and rendered useless within their fortress, meant to escape towards Verdun, to join hands with MacMahon's beaten forces, and then give battle to the advancing Germans in the plain.

For the French were confident that they could give a good account of their hitherto victorious foes, could they but meet them on pretty equal terms in the open. The Germans saw very well that the object of the French at Metz was to escape to the west, and they therefore determined to strain every nerve to prevent this. Yet they sadly feared they would not succeed, for they were on the right, or east, bank of the Moselle, while the French were on the left, or west side; and it was necessary for their pursuers to make a wide sweep in order to cross the river and insert themselves in good time between Metz and Paris, so as to have the retreating Frenchmen face to face.

As early as the evening of the 15th a Division of Cavalry—the 5th, under Rheinbaden—had crossed the Moselle, and pressed round and forward with prying intent as far as the village of Mars-la-Tour, on the Verdun road, where it bivouacked for the night. It had seen certain masses of French troops away in the direction of Metz, but was unable to conclude whether this formed the rear-guard of the French army retreating on Verdun, or only its vanguard. As a matter of fact, this army was still struggling with the difficulties of getting away from Metz.

Early on the morning of the 16th the French Emperor, escorted by two brigades of cavalry, had driven away to Verdun by the Etain road, which was still comparatively safe, leaving the command of the Metz army to Marshal Bazaine.

All the roads from Metz were blocked by heavy baggage, and the French army could not get away from the fortress with expedition and

method. The left wing of the army was ready to march, but not the right; and so the left had been sent back to its bivouacs until the afternoon. Thus Bazaine lost much valuable time, and what he lost the “Red Prince” won. For by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 16th August, the 3rd, or Brandenburg, Army Corps—one of the best and bravest in all Germany—had come within sight of the Verdun road, marked at intervals of about a mile by the successive villages (coming from Metz) of Gravelotte, Rezonville, Vionville, and Mars-la-Tour, which the German soldiers punningly called *Marche-rétour* after the French had been finally beaten back on Metz. It was an excessively hot day, the sun pouring down its rays on field and wood with almost tropical force; and by the time the brave Brandenburgers of General von Alvensleben, who had crossed the Moselle at Novéant the previous night, and resumed their forced march after a brief snatch of rest—by the time, I say, they had threaded the wooded glen of Gorze, leading right on to the Verdun road, they beheld to their great joy that a French force was in front of them.

After some preliminary skirmishing and wood-fighting, Alvensleben came to the conclusion that he had to deal with the whole, or at least the greater part, of Bazaine’s army, which had thus not escaped after all. But before the arrival of Alvensleben’s Corps on the scene, the action had been opened by the horse-batteries of Rheinbaden, which, advancing from Mars-la-Tour towards Vionville, opened a destructive shell-fire on Murat’s dragoons, who, encamped thereabout, were engaged in cooking. A regular stampede ensued, the dragoons bolting through the camp. But the French infantry were quickly on their guard, and opened so heavy a fire on the audacious German horsemen—who had, of course, followed their guns—that the latter were soon driven to seek shelter in hollows and behind copses.

It was at this time that Alvensleben’s Corps made its timely appearance, and began to enter into action, although it could not doubt that it had to contend against desperate odds. But it had been sent forward by its old commander, Prince Frederick Charles—who still wore the scarlet uniform of one of its Hussar (Zieten) regiments, and hence was known as the “Red Prince”—to seek out and hold Bazaine at bay, as a bulldog would a bull, until the arrival of reinforcements; and the doughty Brandenburgers were ready to resist to the very last man, if they must die for it. What would their beloved “Red Prince” say if they

allowed the game to escape? Their only chance lay in the hope that Bazaine would not be able to concentrate all his colossal host and hurl it against them at once, and that the 10th Prussian Corps, with other parts of their army which they knew to have been despatched on the same errand as themselves, would meanwhile hurry up to their assistance and save them from complete annihilation.

The infantry part of the battle began on some wooded hills above the village of Gorze, about eight miles south-west of Metz, on a stream running from Mars-la-Tour into the Moselle at Novéant. "The Prussians," said a correspondent of the *Daily News*, "pushed into the woods, gradually, by dint of numbers and sheer hard fighting, driving the French skirmishers from them. What happened in this part of the battle no one knows or can know, as it was entirely in the woods and valleys, and no general view of it could be obtained. The French position here was a most formidable one, and the wonder is, not that it took the Prussians seven hours to take it, but that they ever got it at all. The woods above Gorze extend to within about two miles of Gravelotte, behind which village the French lay in the morning, as also at Rezonville, another village higher up on the road from Metz to Verdun. Nearly the whole of the Prussian second position was backed by the thick woods they had got possession of in the morning.

"The plain on which the battle was fought extends from the woods to the Verdun road, about one mile and a half, and is about three miles in length. On the French right the ground rises gently, and this was the key of the position, as the artillery, which could maintain itself there, swept the whole field. More towards the centre are two small valleys, one of which, being deep, was most useful to the Prussians in advancing their troops. In the centre of the field is the road from Gorze to Rezonville and Gravelotte, joining the main road to Verdun between the two villages.^[7] From the woods to Rezonville, on the Verdun road, there is no cover, except one cottage midway on the Gorze road. This cottage was held by a half-battery of French mitrailleuses, which did frightful execution in the Prussian ranks as they advanced from the wood."

The Brandenburg Corps consisted of two Divisions, one (the 5th) commanded by Stülpnagel, and the other (the 6th) by Buddenbrock. The latter was on the right of the German line, and it fought its way to the

front with desperate courage, but with varying fortune. One regiment in particular—the 52nd—lost heavily in recovering some ground which had been wrested from it by the French. Its first battalion lost every one of its officers, the colours were passed from hand to hand as the bearers were successively shot down by the bullets of the chassepôts, and the commander of the brigade, General von Döring, fell mortally wounded. General von Stülpnagel rode along the line of fire to encourage the men, while General von Schwerin collected the remnants of the troops bereft of their leaders, and held the most commanding point on the field of battle until reinforced by a portion of the 10th Corps.

But it was Buddenbrock's Division, on the left wing, which began to be so sorely pressed. This Division had been ordered to advance on the old Roman road, also leading from Metz to Verdun, on the assumption that Bazaine might choose this as his main line of retreat. But on approaching Tronville, near Mars-la-Tour, it was quick to see how matters stood, and then, wheeling to the right, it advanced with the most death-despising courage against Vionville and Flavigny.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to describe all the ins and outs of the tremendous conflict which now ensued; I can only give its salient points and incidents. When Bazaine had seen the Germans advance *from the direction of Verdun*, whither he himself was bound, he muttered to himself: "*C'est une reconnaissance*" ("It is only a scouting affair"). But he was quickly undeceived, and saw that he would have to fight and conquer before he could continue his westward march. The position of the French was one of great advantage, their left flank being protected by the fortress of Metz and their right by formidable batteries along the old Roman road, while they also had at their disposal a very strong force of cavalry (three and a-quarter Divisions to two German ones), so that they could thus afford to wait an attack on their centre.

The two Infantry Divisions of the Germans began to get very much mixed; but, by taking advantage of every rise in the ground for cover, the regimental officers got their men steadily forward in spite of the very heavy fire from the French infantry and guns. Flavigny was taken by assault, and one cannon, with a number of prisoners, fell into the hands of the brave Brandenburgers. Slowly, but surely, the Prussians made their way beyond Flavigny and Vionville, and, assisted by a heavy fire from their artillery, compelled the right wing of the 2nd French Corps to retire

on Rezonville—a movement which turned into a perfect flight when the French generals Bataille and Valazé had been killed.

To regain the lost ground, the French Cuirassier Guards turned resolutely on their Prussian pursuers; but their charge was cut short by the *schnellfeuer* (or rapid fire) of two companies of the 52nd Regiment, drawn up in line (like the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava), who waited until the rushing horsemen, with their flashing swords and waving plumes, were within 250 yards, and then poured a murderous volley into the teeth of their assailants. The latter, parting to right and left, rushed past and into the fire of more infantry behind, leaving 243 of their horses and riders lying on the plain. These French Cuirassiers barely escaped complete annihilation; for scarcely had they turned to retire when they were set upon by Redern's Horse Brigade (of Rheinbaden's Division), consisting of the 11th Black Brunswickers—Prussia's "Death or Glory" boys—and 17th Hussars, who, emerging from a hollow behind Flavigny, dashed straight at the flying foe and cut many more of them out of their saddles.



COUNT VON MOLTKE.

But their pursuit was presently checked by a French battery in front of Rezonville, which began to blaze away at them; and for this battery, in

turn, they went like the wind. Shots and sabre-cuts are exchanged in the wild *mêlée*, the gunners are cut down, and only a knot of mounted French officers remain. One of them—a short, broad-shouldered, bull-necked man, with drawn sword—is evidently a general of high rank from the richness of his uniform. As a matter of fact it is Bazaine himself, the commander-in-chief of the French army, who has placed this battery in position. A knot of the Black Brunswickers make a dash at him, but his Staff surrounds him, parrying the sabre-thrusts and cuts of the Hussars, till at last he is rescued by a timely charge of the 5th French Hussars forming his escort, and many of the Brunswickers straightway find death as well as glory.

But now the 6th Cavalry Division of the Prussians—Cuirassiers, Lancers, and Hussars—led on by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, rushes up in turn to repel this cavalry counterstroke of the French which had the effect of rescuing Bazaine; and then is seen another surging mass of mounted combatants mingling in a “murder grim and great.” Presently the eye is diverted from this dust-enveloped spectacle by the sight of the red-tunicked Zieten Hussars—so called after the Great Frederick’s greatest horse-captain—emerging from the dust-clouds and dashing themselves with a wild cheer at a line of French infantry—Grenadier Guards—in their front. But at about 500 paces distance they are received with a truly infernal fire from chasseur, field-gun, and mitrailleuse, and their colonel—also a Herr von Zieten—falls dead out of the saddle, while Captain von Grimm is mortally wounded, and the horse of the adjutant, Lieutenant von Winterfeldt, is literally torn to pieces by a shell. The bravest men on earth cannot face such a fire; so the Zieten Hussars wheel round and rush back to their lines, leaving the ground strewn with scarlet uniforms, as if it were an English battle-field. The French fire is too murderous; the Germans must check their advance; the battle for some little time after becomes an artillery duel.

It was now two o’clock. So far, Alvensleben had skilfully deceived the enemy, with regard to the slender number of his troops, by incessant assaults. But the battle was now at a standstill, the battalions visibly thinned by four hours of the hardest and bloodiest fighting, while the infantry had almost exhausted their cartridges. There was not a battalion, not a battery, left in reserve all along the exposed line. Nevertheless the

Brandenburgers would not yield a single inch of the ground they had so bravely won.

Presently, however, they were threatened with a new danger. Their left wing at Vionville was very much exposed to the French artillery on the Roman road, and they were threatened with a turning of this weakest flank. At the same time Marshal Canrobert, our old Crimean ally, discerned from his position in the centre the true moment to make a push for Vionville with all his forces. Ruin or retreat stared the Germans in the face. It looked as if they were going to be completely overwhelmed in this part of the field. The reinforcements from the 10th Corps, which they were so anxiously awaiting, had not yet made their appearance, and the French were assuming an ever more threatening attitude. What was to be done?

In a hollow behind Vionville was standing Bredow's heavy Cavalry brigade, consisting of the 7th Magdeburg Cuirassiers (Prince Bismarck's regiment) and 16th Uhlans, or Lancers, both of the Old Mark of Brandenburg. The former was commanded by Colonel Count von Schmettow, the latter by Colonel von der Dollen. The regiments were in a reduced condition, having only three squadrons each instead of five. Before them were the enemy's guns, and behind these, dense masses of infantry, fresh to the front. "That infantry over there must be broken!" said an aide-de-camp to General von Bredow. "That infantry?" echoed the General, in some surprise, as his eye ranged along its bristling front behind the guns. "The fate of the day depends upon it," was the brief reply.



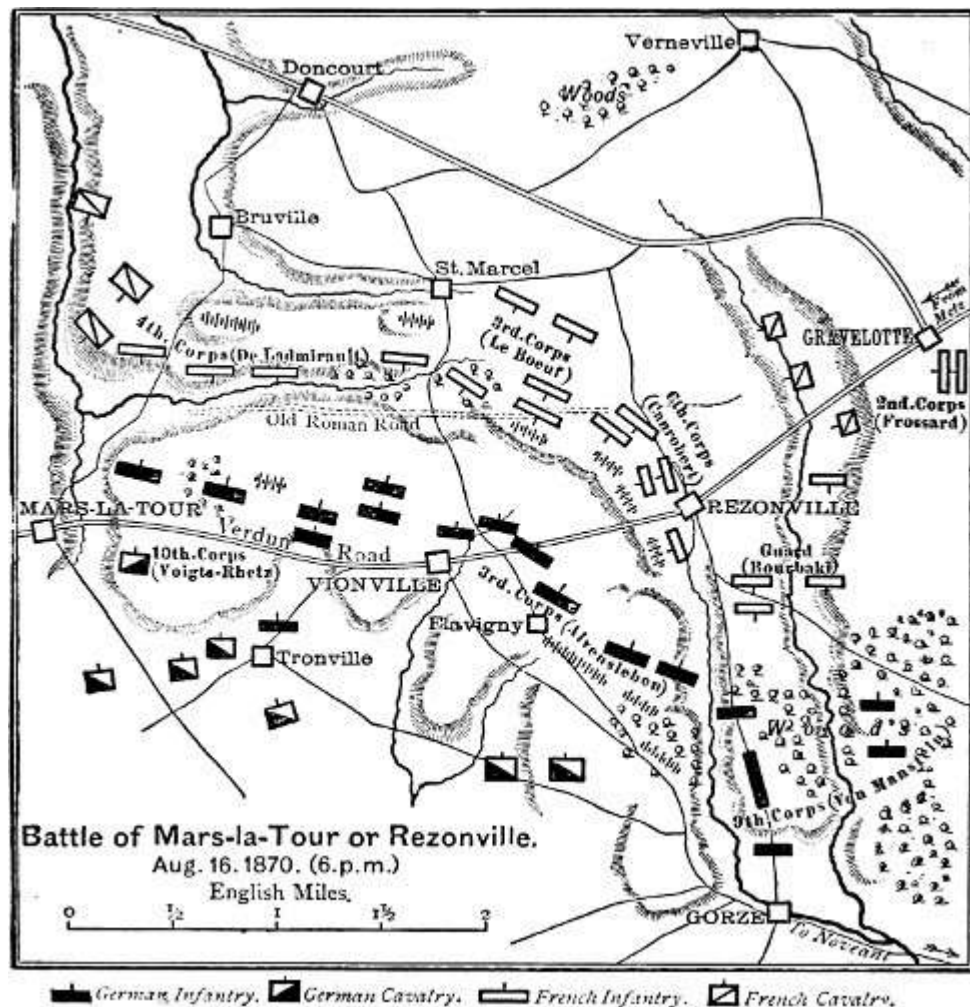
“THE PRUSSIANS PUSHED INTO THE WOODS ... DRIVING THE FRENCH SKIRMISHERS FROM THEM” (p. [342](#).)

That was quite enough. Leading his brigade out of the hollow in column, he quickly formed it into line of squadrons—the Cuirassiers on the left and the Uhlans on the right, a little thrown back—and then, with a “Forward!” “Trot!” “Charge!” while their thrilling clarions rang out above the din of battle, away dashed the devoted troopers with a loud and long-continued roar more than a cheer. It is Balaclava over again. In a few moments they are among the first French guns, sabring and stabbing the gunners; and then, in the teeth of a frightful hail of bullets from cannon, musket, and mitrailleuse, they storm across to the next infantry line, with which they play equal havoc. The second infantry line was next broken through by the ponderous horsemen, many of whom had already fallen, and the panic they created by their heroic *Todtenritt*,

or ride to death, even spread to the remoter line of batteries, which prepared to limber up. In its excitement the brigade, like the Scots Greys at Waterloo, rode far beyond its mark, and, like the gallant Greys, it suffered terribly for its excess of ardour.

After charging on thus for about 3,000 paces, it was set upon in the most furious manner by an overwhelming force of French horsemen—the cavalry brigades of Murat and Gramont, and the entire division of Vallabreque. Thinned as Bredow's ranks now were, and exhausted by their exertions so far, how were they to cope with such hordes of horsemen? Yet cope they did with them stoutly and gallantly, like Scarlet's Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, riding in and out of the ranks of their assailants and bearing many of them to the ground.

And as "Scotland for Ever!" was the cry of the "Greys," both at Waterloo and Balaclava, so Scotland is also again to the front on this battle-field of Vionville in the person of one of her adventurous sons. This is young Campbell of Craignish, in the shire of Argyll, who is serving as a lieutenant in the Bismarck Cuirassiers, and who, rushing where the fight is thickest, captures a French eagle after cutting down its bearer. Then he is set upon by a crowd of French troopers, who are determined to win this darling badge of honour back. It is the one French standard which has been captured, and at all costs it must be recovered. A pistol-shot shatters Lieutenant Campbell's hand, and he has to relinquish his trophy. But some of his men, hewing their way into the circle of his assailants, succeed in cutting him out of the *mêlée*.



Battle of Mars-la-Tour or Rezonville.

Aug. 16. 1870. (6. p.m.)

All that the little remnant of the brigade could now do was to rally as well as possible and sabre its way back to its own lines. This it did, pursued by the masses of French horsemen, volleyed at by infantry, and rained upon by mitrailleuse bullets, but game to the last. Less than half of the men returned to Flavigny alive, where they were reorganised into two squadrons—two, instead of six. Of 310 Cuirassiers who had gone into action, only 104 came out of it; while only 90 Uhlans answered to the roll-call. Of our Light Brigade charge at Balaclava, Marshal Canrobert observed that it might be magnificent, but it certainly was not war. But the charge of Bredow's Heavy Brigade at Vionville, which was equally witnessed by Canrobert, was both one and the other, as the gallant Marshal himself must have been the first to admit. It had been beautiful to look at, and it had entailed a fearful sacrifice of life; but it had

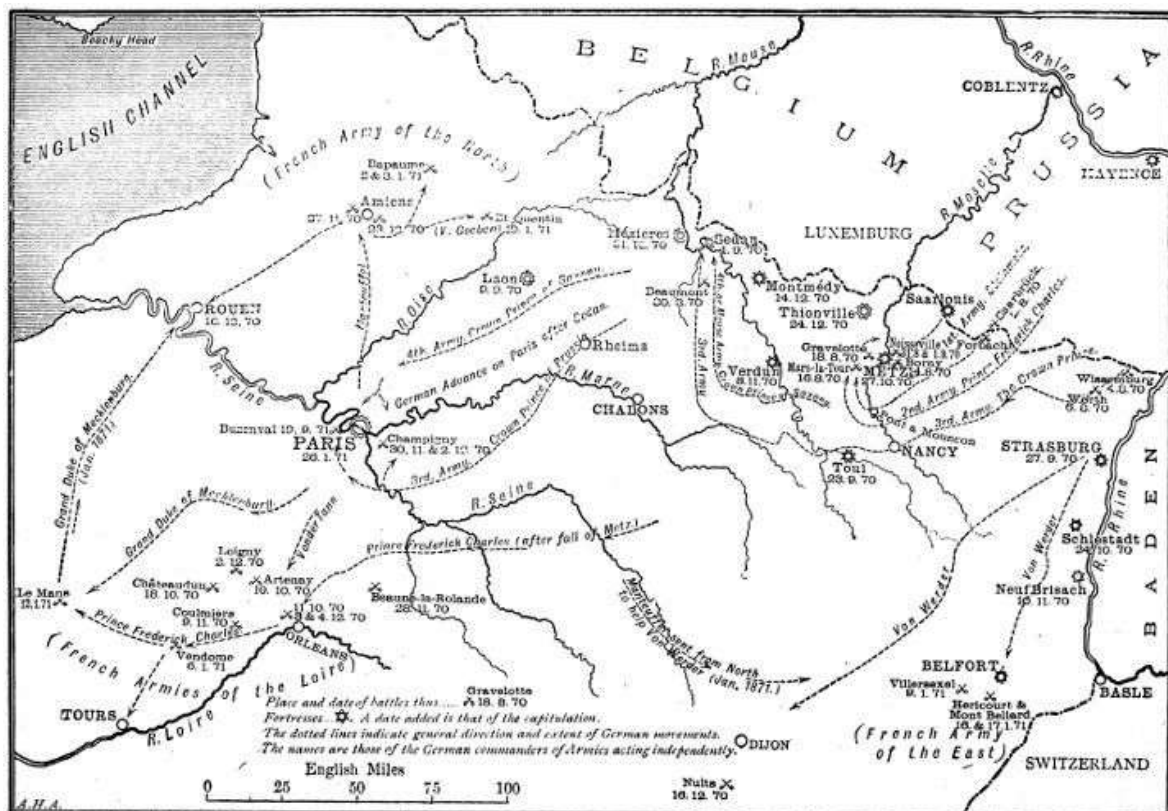
achieved its object, which was to save Buddenbrock's infantry Division and give it breathing-time. The French had received such a shock from the charge of Bredow's Brigade that, for the present, they abandoned their attempt to encircle the German left and advance on Vionville and Flavigny. The loss of life had been immense, but it had been justified by the result; and, after all, that is the main thing in war.

General Henry, of Canrobert's Corps, afterwards said: "On taking position with my battery nothing was to be seen of Prussian cavalry. Where in the world had these Cuirassiers come from? All of a sudden they were upon my guns like a whirlwind, and rode or cut down all my men save only one. And this one was saved by Schmettow. The gunner ran towards the Cuirassiers, crying '*Je me rends! je me rends!*' But the Prussians, not understanding this, were for despatching him, and were only prevented from doing so by their colonel, Count von Schmettow." The man lived to tell the tale, and to receive the golden medal. General Henry continued: "It was only by the skin of my teeth that I myself escaped as the mass of furious horsemen swept past me, trampling down or sabring the gunners. But it was a magnificent military spectacle, and I could not help exclaiming to my adjutant as we rode away, '*Ah! Quelle attaque magnifique!*'"

On the other hand, Count von Schmettow, who commanded the Cuirassiers, gave the following account of their "death-ride":—"Every one of the gunners of the first battery on which the troopers fell were cut down or pierced" (the Count himself striking down the captain). "In approaching the second battery my helmet was pierced by two bullets, and my orderly officer thrown from his horse, wounded in two places. Lieutenant Campbell, the Scottish officer, when the French Cuirassiers fell in turn upon us, seized the eagle of the regiment in his left hand, which was at once shattered by a bullet, and he was surrounded by the French horsemen; but some of our own Cuirassiers cut their way desperately towards him, and saved him. Never shall I forget the moment when I gave the order to the first trumpeter I met to sound the rally. The trumpet had been shattered by a shot, and produced a sound which pierced us to the quick." This incident has been immortalised by the great German poet Freiligrath in the following ballad, entitled "The Trumpeter of Mars-la-Tour"—the spirited English version being by his daughter, Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker:—

Death and destruction they belched forth in vain,
We grimly defied their thunder;
Two columns of foot and batteries twain—
We rode and cleft them asunder.
With brandished sabres, with reins all slack,
Raised standards, and low-couched lances,
Thus we Uhlans and Cuirassiers wildly drove back,
And hotly repelled their advances.
But the ride was a ride of death and of blood;
With our thrusts we forced them to sever,
But of two whole regiments, lusty and good,
Out of two men, one rose never.
With breast shot through, with brow gaping wide,
They lay pale and cold in the valley,
Snatched away in their youth, in their manhood's pride—
“Now, Trumpeter, sound to the rally!”
And he took the trumpet, whose angry thrill
Urged us on to the glorious battle,
And he blew a blast—but all silent and still
Was the trump, save a dull hoarse rattle;
Save a voiceless wail, save a cry of woe,
That burst forth in fitful throbbing—
A bullet had pierced its metal through,
For the Dead, the wounded was sobbing!
For the faithful, the brave, for our brethren all,
For the Watch on the Rhine, true-hearted!—
Oh! the sound cut into our inmost soul!—

It brokenly wailed the Departed!
 And now fell the night, and we galloped past,
 Watch-fires were flaring and flying,
 Our chargers snorted, the rain poured fast—
 And we thought of the Dead and the Dying!



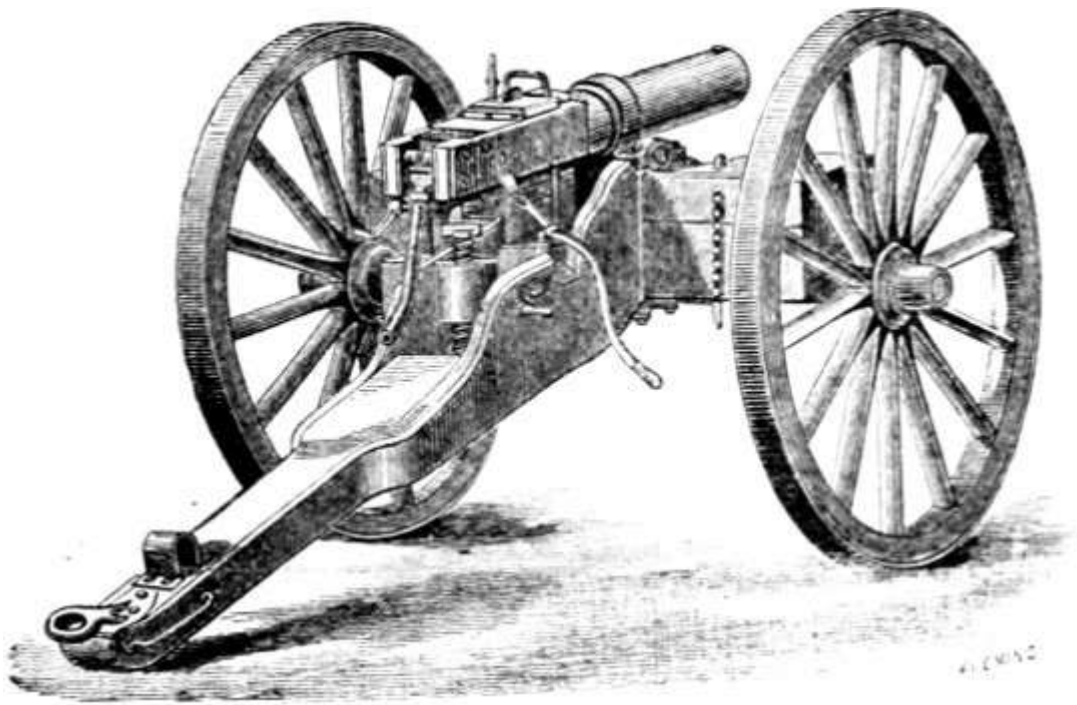
MAP SHOWING SCOPE OF OPERATIONS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71.

NOTE.—Many battle-fields are called by some authorities by their German names and by others by their French names, thus: Spicheren = Forbach; Wörth = Reichshoffen; Colombey-Nouilly = Borny; Rezonville = Mars-la-Tour or Vionville; Gravelotte = St. Privat. In all these names the German precedes the French.

Then take the following from a correspondent of *The Times*, who was a witness of the battle:—"The want of infantry caused a somewhat serious sacrifice of cavalry, which had repeatedly to charge both infantry and artillery to hold them in check. The men do not ride particularly well

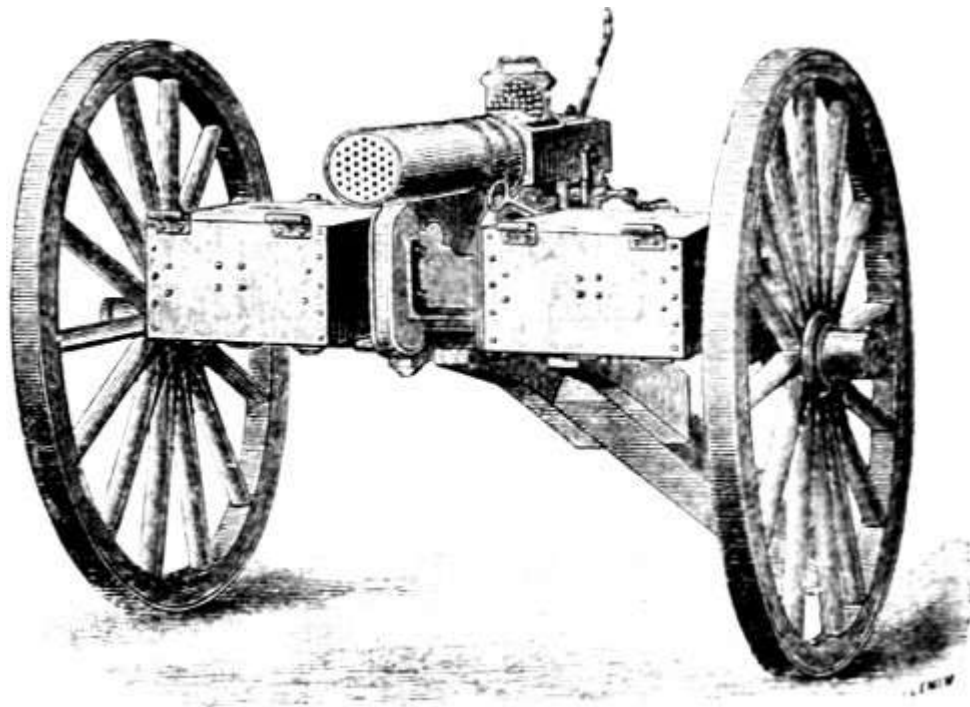
to look at, but the manner in which they ride into the jaws of death is really quite *à la* Balaclava. One regiment—the 7th Cuirassiers—was ordered to charge a battery of artillery, and actually got into it, one of the first in, I am proud to say, being a young Englishman, who has taken service in the Prussian army, and has just got his lieutenancy. It went in some 300 strong, and what its loss is I tremble to say. When I next saw it, it scarcely seemed to me a hundred all told. At 2.30 the reserve artillery was brought up, and the cannonade became heavier than ever. The sun, too, at this moment seemed to have come nearer to us, as if to see this fearful butchery of mankind, and the heat became tremendous. Then, wherever you went, came the pleading cry of ‘Water! water! For pity’s sake give me water!’ The *Krankenträger*, or bearers of the sick, had now more than they could do, admirable as the whole machinery of the corps is worked.... The positions of both the combative forces were perfectly stationary for about an hour, a sort of duel being carried on between them, which, though at some distance, was quite near enough to have fearful results. I saw a whole string of (French) prisoners brought in of every description. There was the burly giant of cuirassiers beside the little French liner, the green-jacketed hussar, and the artilleryman—all chattering away, and seeming to me uncommonly glad to be out of the affair at any price.

“Seeing some of the infantry engaged on the extreme right, I went there, and met one regiment just coming out of action to recruit, being at that moment commanded by a youth of nineteen, having lost thirteen of its officers since the morning. The number of it was the 52nd, and to the usual inquiring glance that all officers who had not seen me before threw over my most unregimental attire, I replied by offering him a drink of some of the dirtiest water I ever saw, which I had procured from a pond, and which to both of us was better than the best iced champagne. There was no inquiring then. I was instantly the best fellow he ever saw, and he told me all about what fun it was to be in command, and that he was sure to get something now, and that he meant to have another go in directly, etc. He was the most thoroughly English-German boy I ever saw. We stood under a tree together, and I gave him some cigars and left him. Two hours afterwards I saw his dead body laid out with others in a row, the cigars still stuck between the buttons of his coat. This one little anecdote—when I say it is but a fair sample of other regiments—will show how fearful the loss has been on the Prussian side.”



MITRAILLEUSE (BACK VIEW).

At a subsequent roll-call near Tronville it was found that the 24th Regiment had lost 1,000 men and 52 officers, while every officer of the 2nd battalion of the 20th Regiment was killed. It was not till three in the afternoon that the 3rd Corps, which had been fighting singlehanded for five hours against a fivefold force, received any efficient assistance from the 10th Corps, which was now to the Brandenburgers what Blücher's army had been to Wellington at Waterloo. It was only the devotion of the artillery which had meanwhile saved the infantry from complete annihilation. For, after recovering from the shock of Bredow's brigade, the French had again concentrated their attack on the German left, and compelled it to retire, fighting as it went.



MITRAILLEUSE (FRONT VIEW).

But presently reinforcements from the 10th Corps began to come up, and these were followed by the arrival of a man who was a host in himself—Prince Frederick Charles. His headquarters were away at Pont-à-Mousson, about fourteen miles to the south; and on hearing rather late in the day that his own Brandenburgers were up to the hilt in action and so hotly pressed, he mounted his horse and galloped away, without ever once drawing rein, to the field of battle. And now let Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, give us one of his telling battle-pictures:—

“It was barely four o’clock when he” (the “Red Prince”) came galloping up the narrow hill road from Gorze, the powerful bay he rode all foam and sweat, sobbing with the swift exertion up the steep ascent, yet pressed ruthlessly with the spur, staff and escort panting several horse-lengths in rear of the impetuous foremost horseman. On and up he sped, craning forward over the saddle-bow to save his horse, but the attitude suggesting the impression that he burned to project himself faster than the beast could cover the ground. No wolfskin, but the red tunic of the Zieten Hussars, clad the compact torso; but the straining man’s face wore the aspect one associates with that of the berserker. The bloodshot eyes had in them a sullen lurid gleam of bloodthirst. The fierce sun and

the long gallop had flushed the face a deep red, and the veins of the throat stood out. Recalling through the years the memory of that visage with the lowering brow, the fierce eyes, and the strong-set jaw, one can understand how to this day the mothers in the French villages invoke the terrors of 'Le Prince Rouge,' as the Scottish peasants of old used the name of the Black Douglas to awe their children wherewithal into panic-stricken silence.

"While as yet his road was through the forest, leaves and twigs cut by bullets showered down upon him. Just as he emerged on the open upland a shell burst almost among his horse's feet. The iron-nerved man gave heed to neither bullet-fire nor bursting shell; no, nor even to the cheers that rose above the roar of battle from the throats of the Brandenburgers through whose masses he was riding, and whose chief he had been for many years. They expected no recognition, for they knew the nature of the man—knew that, after his fashion, he was the soldier's true friend, and also that he was wont to sway the issues of battle. He spurred onward to Flavigny, away yonder in the front line; the bruit of his arrival darted along the fagged ranks; and strangely soon came the recognition that a master-soldier had gripped hold of the command as in a vice."

With the arrival of the "Red Prince" and of reinforcements, the battle now again took the form of a desperate infantry fight. Let me notice only one of its leading incidents, which was graphically described by Moltke. When General von Wedell's Brigade, no more than five battalions strong, advanced to the attack by way of Tronville, he found himself in front of the extensive line of the 4th French Brigade. The two Westphalian regiments advanced steadily under the storm of shell and mitrailleuse fire until they suddenly reached the edge of a deep ravine. This, however, they soon crossed; but, after scaling the opposite bank, they were met by a murderous shower of bullets from the French infantry, who were everywhere close upon them. Almost every one of the generals and officers were killed, the remnant of the broken battalions fell back into the ravine, and 300 men—unable to re-ascend the steep southern slope after the fatigue of a twenty-four-miles march, almost at the double—were taken prisoners. Those who escaped mustered at Tronville around the bullet-riddled colours which Colonel von Cranach—the only officer who still had a horse under him—brought back in his hand. Seventy-two

officers and 2,542 men were missing out of 95 officers and 4,546 men—more than a half.

And now there occurred another of those magnificent cavalry charges in which the battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour was so sacrificially rich. Raising a shout of triumph over the repulse—almost the annihilation—of Wedell's brigade, the French infantry advanced at the double for the purpose of completing the wreck of the German left, and all seemed lost. But just at this critical moment out rushed the 1st Dragoon Guards in their sky-blue tunics and dashed straight at the pursuing foe, who poured into the ranks of their assailants a murderous bullet-fire, while shrapnel played upon their flanks. But "*immer vorwärts!*" stormed the devoted dragoons, and plied their sabres on the French *fantassins* with terrible effect.

Again this cavalry regiment had achieved its object—which was to save its own infantry from destruction—but at a frightful cost. Colonel von Auerswald was mortally wounded, and it was reserved for the youngest Captain, Prince Hohenlohe, to rally the remnants of the brave regiment and lead it out of action. Only about a third of the troopers afterwards answered to the roll-call. The regiment had left on the field 15 officers, 11 non-commissioned officers, 7 trumpeters, 103 privates, and 250 horses. The importance of this great sacrifice of life may be gathered from a remark made by the Emperor William two years later, on the occasion of a visit he paid to the barracks in Berlin. "Gentlemen," he said, "but for your gallant attack at Mars-la-Tour, who knows whether we should have been here to-day?" This gallant regiment afterwards became the "Queen of England's Own," and a higher military compliment could scarcely have been paid her Majesty by her German grandson, William II.

Among the ranks of the 1st Dragoon Guards at Mars-la-Tour were the two sons of Prince Bismarck, riding as private troopers; for this happened to be the year in which they were doing their compulsory term of military service. The Chancellor's sons—one in his twenty-first, the other only in his eighteenth year—behaved in action with a courage worthy of their father. The elder, Herbert, had received no fewer than three shots, one through the front of his tunic, another in his watch, and the third in the thigh; while his brother William (Count "Bill" he was always called) had come out of the deadly welter unscathed. "During the

attack at Mars-la-Tour,” said Bismarck once, “Count Bill’s horse stumbled with him over a dead or wounded Gaul, within fifty feet of the French square. But after a few moments he shook himself together again, jumped up, and not being able to mount, led the brown horse back through a shower of bullets. Then he found a wounded dragoon, whom he set upon his horse, and, covering himself thus from the enemy’s fire on one side, he got back to his own people. The horse fell dead after shelter was reached.”



MARSHAL BAZAINE.

But the charge of the 1st Dragoon Guards was scarcely over when it became apparent that the French were preparing for another attack on the invincible left wing of the Germans by hurling upon it a stupendous mass of their cavalry. Three regiments of Le Grand’s Division, and both regiments of the Guards Cavalry Brigade, were seen trotting up to the west side of the Grayère ravine. Opposite to them stood the whole of the Prussian cavalry, concentrated to the south of Mars-la-Tour, in the first line being the 13th Uhlans, 4th Cuirassiers, and 19th Dragoons, and behind them the 16th Dragoons and 10th Hussars. The 13th Uhlans dashed straight against the foremost French cavalry line; but the regiment had become somewhat disordered, and the French Hussars rode right through it. Then, however, the 10th Hussars turned up for the

second time, and repulsed the enemy's cavalry. The two evenly-balanced masses of horsemen rushed upon each other in an awful cavalry *mêlée*. But, as a mighty cloud of dust concealed the ensuing hand-to-hand encounter of 5,000 men swaying to and fro, it was impossible to follow with minuteness the incidents of the conflict.

Fortune gradually decided in favour of the Prussians, for, man to man, they were heavier than their opponents. General Montaignu was taken prisoner, severely wounded, and General Le Grand fell while leading his Dragoons to the assistance of the Hussars. This, the greatest cavalry combat of the war, had the effect of making the French right wing give up all attempts to act on the offensive. But out of this gigantic combat of horsemen the victorious Prussians had again emerged with great loss; and among those who had fallen was Colonel Finckenstein of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who had been the midnight bearer of Moltke's momentous message from Gitschin to Königshof during the Bohemian campaign of 1866.

Darkness was now approaching, and the battle had practically been won by the Germans. The troops were utterly exhausted, most of the ammunition spent, while the horses had been saddled for fifteen hours without anything to eat. Some of the batteries could only be moved at a slow pace, and the nearest Prussian troops on the left bank of the Moselle were a day's march off. Nevertheless the impetuous Red Prince, desiring to increase the moral impression of the day's endeavours, and, if possible, destroy altogether the internal cohesion of the French, ordered a general advance against their position. But the poor Prussian troops were too utterly fagged out by their incessant exertions during the day to do much more than make a formal response to this cruel and unnecessary command; and, again, they suffered great loss without inflicting a corresponding one on the French.

Fighting did not entirely cease till ten o'clock—that is to say, the bloody battle had lasted for twelve long hours, entailing a loss of about 16,000 officers and men on either side. But the Germans had won the battle. For they had achieved their object—which was to prevent the escape of Bazaine. Yet, in his despatch to the Emperor, Bazaine had made bold to assert that “the enemy, beaten, retreated on all points, leaving us masters of the battle-field.” Moltke, on the other hand, wrote that “the troops, worn out by a twelve-hours' struggle, encamped on the

victorious but bloody field immediately opposite the French lines.” And Moltke wrote the truth. Bazaine had evidently learned the habit of lying about his reverses from the Great Napoleon, and even from Napoleon the Little.



CHARGE OF THE 16TH UHLANS (p. [346](#)).

Yet Mars-la-Tour was only the prologue to the still bloodier and more decisive drama of Gravelotte two days later. “The battle of Vionville,” said the Emperor William II. once, “is without a parallel in military history, seeing that a single Army Corps, about 20,000 men strong, hung on to and repulsed an enemy more than five times as numerous and well equipped. Such was the glorious deed that was done by the Brandenburgers, and the Hohenzollerns will never forget the debt they owe to their devotion.”

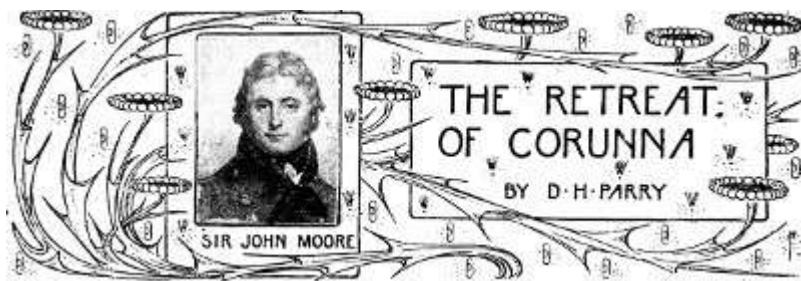
Several years later I visited the field of battle just described. Leaving Gorze, with its gilded statue of *la Sainte Vierge* on the brow of a beetling cliff, I passed up the steep and wooded defile through which the

Brandenburgers pressed on the 16th of August, and here the first affecting relics of the bloody strife appeared. In a little, lonely green valley skirted by the road, a few grassy mounds luxuriant with the crimson poppy and the wild fern, each being surmounted by a white wooden cross, told where the *tapfere Krieger* began to drop from the bullets of the chasseur. But when the summit is reached, what a touching sight! The rising plateau on every side is dotted with white crosses, which thicken, thicken, thicken as you advance, and the not far distant horizon edge is bristling with obelisks and stone memorials of more pretentious and lasting form, making the whole region look like one colossal cemetery. An involuntary sadness comes over the traveller, and when approaching every tomb and commemorative tablet he feels instinctively moved by the mute appeal contained in the inscription: "*Sta, viator, heroen calcas!*" The graceful obelisk, with its lengthy death-roll of officers and men, the railing-encircled and ivy-grown mound looking like a well-filled family vault, the silver-edged cross still hung with withered oaken wreaths and immortelles, the slender column snapped in twain to indicate the fate of hopeful youth suddenly cut off, the neatly-trimmed sepulture and the graveyard plot of flowers—conceive all these objects scattered over the summit of a bare plateau facing northwards to the west of Metz, and you will have some idea of the scene.

On an eminence behind Vionville, which formed the centre of the German position, is a pyramidal kind of monument of roughly-hewn stone, surmounted by the Hohenzollern eagle, and surrounded by a railing hung with shield-like tablets bearing the multitudinous names of those officers of the 5th Division who fell on that fatal day. The reverse and coverless side of the plateau—densely dotted with mounds and monuments testifying to the terrible losses of the brave Brandenburgers—leads you down to the village of Vionville, where tombstones on the public highway point to where the dust of Gaul and German is commingled in the reconciliation of death. "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" is the recorded war-cry on the monument of one Teutonic soldier; while at its side there stands a marble cross, tastefully wreathed with flowers, to the memory of one brave and noble young lieutenant of the Empire who died on the field of honour with these words, preserved in golden letters, on his lips: "*Dites à ma mère,*" he cried, "*que je meurs en soldat et en chrétien. Marchez en avant!*"—"Tell my mother that I died like a soldier and a Christian. Forward!"



FRENCH UNIFORMS IN 1870.



THE RETREAT OF CORUNNA

BY D. H. PARRY

SIR JOHN MOORE

East of the kingdom of Portugal lie the great plains of Leon, bordered north and south by mighty mountain ranges; and in the short December days of 1808, when wintry winds swept howling through the passes and across the level land, and the red roofs of Salamanca were covered with snow, a small British army, some 23,000 strong, was preparing to assist Spain against Napoleon.

Led by the gallant Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, and wearing the red cockade out of compliment to the nation, we had been received with great enthusiasm, and were given to understand that the country burned with patriotic zeal and had large forces, perfectly equipped; but this was soon found to be untrue, for, while the Spaniards were ready for

any amount of castanet playing and looking-on, the English were expected to do their fighting for them.

Their magnificent army dwindled upon investigation to half its supposed numbers, and, with a few honourable exceptions, proved itself one of the wretchedest collections of ragamuffins of which history bears any record, so that Sir John Moore found himself in as awkward a position as ever fell to the lot of a British general. Nevertheless, in spite of the severity of the weather, the impertinent meddling of Mr. Frere, the English Minister at Madrid, the poor equipment of our troops and the absence of Spanish aid, we marched boldly out of Salamanca on the 11th December to attack Soult in the north, and afterwards succour the capital if that should be practicable.

It was a brave little army, and its doings are deeply carved on the pillar of British fame. There were five cavalry regiments, all Hussars, dashing fellows in braided pelisses, and mounted on active nagtailed horses: viz., the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th, with the 3rd of the King's German Legion.

Artillery, Engineers, Waggon Train, and a detachment of the scarlet-coated Staff Corps filed out across the plain, white and monotonous under a gloomy sky.

Two battalions of the 1st Guards and thirty-two of the Line completed our force, including amongst others such splendid regiments as the Royal Scots, the 4th, 5th, and the 9th, nicknamed the "Holy Boys," because they afterwards sold their Bibles for wine; the Welsh Fusiliers and 28th "Slashers," the Black Watch, the Fighting 43rd, the 71st Glasgow Highland Light Infantry, now the strictest regiment in the service, the Cameron Highlanders, and the green 95th Rifles.

General Baird was hastening from Corunna to join us, and we had already advanced several marches towards the enemy, when a blustering French aide-de-camp got himself murdered in a village; his papers were purchased for twenty dollars, and Sir John Moore learned for the first time the true extent of the overwhelming odds against him.

Madrid, which was to have made such a brave defence, had held out *one* day; the shops were open and the people tranquil; Toledo, Ocaña, and the whole of La Manche were in the hands of the French; a strong force was about to march on Badajoz, and the Emperor Napoleon was reviewing 60,000 veteran troops, including part of his famous Imperial Guard, at the capital.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand men were mustering to oppose us; their cavalry alone exceeded our entire army by 12,000, and to linger on the plains with such a horde closing round us would have been absolute madness. There was nothing for it but to show a bold front to Soult, and gain the sea with as much honour as possible before the others could come up; and though the word “retreat” has an unpleasant sound to English ears, when it is attended with as great a display of heroism as upon that unfortunate occasion, it becomes a page in British annals which we could ill afford to spare.

The Reserve, on whom, with the cavalry, most of the fighting devolved until the army reached Corunna, was formed of the 20th and 52nd, and the 28th, 91st, and 95th, under Generals Anstruther and Disney. First blood was drawn at Rueda, where the 18th Hussars took fifty prisoners, and the same evening the band of the 7th Hussars played the Reserve into Toro, on the Douro.

Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, whose brother, Lord Edward, was in command of the Reserve, marched the 10th and 15th Hussars on a bitter and intensely dark night to Sahagun, arriving in the grey dawn to find the place full of French cavalry. Without a moment’s hesitation the 15th charged and overthrew them, taking thirteen officers and a hundred and fifty-four men in twenty minutes.

The 15th was the Duke of Cumberland’s regiment, and one of the most expensive in the army.

Napoleon heard of our advance on the same day that Sahagun was fought, and, leaving 10,000 men to overawe Madrid, marched with 50,000 to cross the Guadarama range.

Pushing on in the depth of winter—the Spaniards forced to cut roads through the snow for them—they reached the passes, and toiled up for twelve hours without the advance guard being able to gain the summit; but so tremendous was the wind that the Emperor had to dismount and struggle forward on foot, holding on to the arms of Marshals Lannes and Duroc, the staff following linked together, with heads bent before the driving snow.

Half-way up they stopped, the generals exhausted in their heavy jack-boots, and bestriding some brass guns, Napoleon and his officers in that manner arrived at the top, seeing through the whirling flakes the plains of Leon far below them.

Scrambling down, he hurried the jaded troops ten and twelve leagues a day until he came within three miles of the river Esla—only to find that we had already crossed it, and had had two days' rest at Benevente.

Furious at our escape, he sent his favourite Chasseurs-à-Cheval of the Guard in hot pursuit, with a support of infantry; but without waiting for the foot-soldiers, the gallant Charles Lefebvre Desnouettes splashed through the fords with his horsemen into the open fields full of camp-followers, and drove our pickets back towards the town.

Six hundred of those splendid troopers, in green jackets and red pelisses, careered magnificently over the trampled snow; but behind some straggling houses Paget was waiting with the 10th Hussars, until they should have got sufficiently forward.

Then a line of blue and silver, and curving sabres and brown busbies, tore out of the concealment, gathered up the retiring pickets, and rushed upon the Chasseurs. There was slashing and shouting and riding down, and the French squadrons returned through the fords again at full gallop, leaving fifty-five killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners.

They re-formed on their own side, and for a moment it was thought they would charge us, but a couple of guns put them to the right-about, and their leader remained in our hands.

Private Levi Grisdale, of the 10th, saw him riding for the river, in a green frock, with a hat and feather, and, spurring after him, dodged a pistol-ball and cut him over the left cheek.

Grisdale was promoted, although the 3rd Germans claimed that a private of theirs, named Bergmann, had taken the general; but the uniforms of the two regiments were very similar then, both being in blue with yellow facings and white braid, and it is difficult to distinguish things accurately in the hurry of a combat.

Desnouettes lived at Malvern and Cheltenham, where he made many friends, until May, 1812, when, breaking his parole, he escaped to France, only to be taken again at Waterloo, where Grisdale also fought as a sergeant, and the unlucky general was eventually drowned off the Irish coast in 1822.

At Benevente the 3rd Hussars alone lost forty-six men and twenty-two horses, with forty-seven more wounded; but we had checked the Guard and shown our teeth; and when the night winds were howling among the porcelain friezes and broken porphyry columns of the old castle on the hill, we withdrew cautiously in a thick fog and continued our retreat.

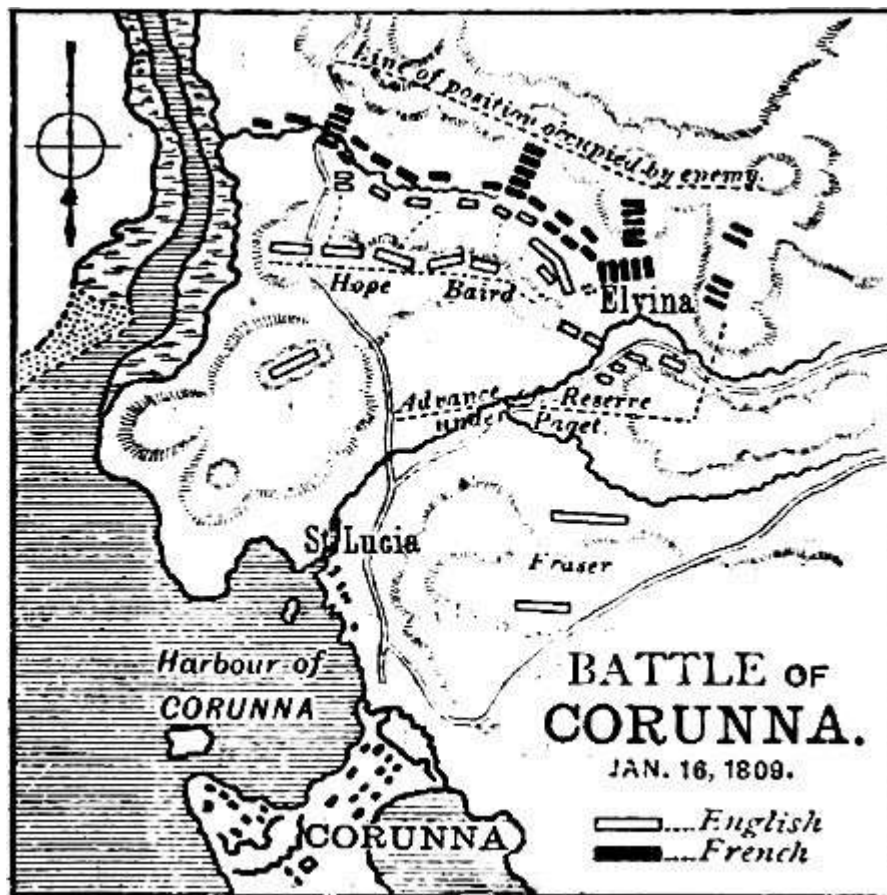
Captain Darby and seventeen privates of the 10th died of fatigue during the march to Bembibre, and they shot sixty horses that could go no farther.

Deep snow lay on the ground, rutted and trampled by the passage of the guns and bullock carts; this had frozen like iron, and then been concealed by another snowstorm, so that men and horses stumbled and lamed themselves at every stride.

One officer lost a boot among the ruts on Christmas morning, and marched all day without it!

Every regiment had received a new blanket per man and a hundred and fifty new soles and heels, but the execrable roads quickly wore out the leather.

Astorga was found to be full of miserable Spanish soldiers, who had eaten up most of the stores, and whose condition was summed up in their own words: "Very hungry—very sick—very dry!"



BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

JAN. 16, 1809.

A number of women and children followed the army, and their sufferings were truly terrible. Soldiers began to fall out, unable to keep up with the columns, and the rear-guard passed scores of poor wretches frozen to death in the snow, while at Bemibre, where there were large wine-vaults, discipline began to relax its hold, and shameful drunkenness stained the hitherto excellent record of the troops.

Meanwhile, Napoleon made the most strenuous efforts to overtake us.

He insisted on marching from Benevente to Astorga in one short winter day, a distance of thirty odd miles, under an icy rain, the infantry being obliged to strip five or six times and scramble through the streams, holding their clothing and ammunition above the water.

So exhausted was his army that three veteran grenadiers of the Old Guard blew out their brains, unable to go on, and knowing that the sullen peasants in their sheepskin *capas* would murder them if they lagged behind.

Napoleon was much affected, but he still pushed forward, and late at night, drenched to the skin, and attended only by Lannes, the staff, and a hundred Chasseurs, he dashed into Astorga. Had Paget, who was only six miles off, learned this, he might have swooped down with the Hussars and changed the future fate of Europe by capturing the Emperor himself. Napoleon had marched two hundred miles in ten days with 50,000 troops in the depth of winter, but for all his haste, we had eluded him and gained the mountains, and at Astorga the Emperor handed the reins to Soult, reviewed his legions, and returned to Valladolid, leaving the Marshal Duke of Dalmatia to drive us into the sea.

The features of the retreat now underwent a change: our columns began to ascend into a wild and dreary region, the road winding along the mountain sides halfway between the summits and the rushing water in the valleys below.

Here and there a solitary cottage showed its slate roof; at intervals the weary leagues were marked on stone pillars by the way; the droning hum of the axles of the bullock carts could be heard for a great distance, and slanting rain beat on the tired stragglers, whose numbers were by this time terribly increased.

Bembibre, when the Reserve entered it on New Year's Day, was full of drunken soldiers from Baird's divisions; officers and men grew careless, and thought only of themselves, and it was found necessary to flog and hang to restore some semblance of order, with an active enemy on our very heels.

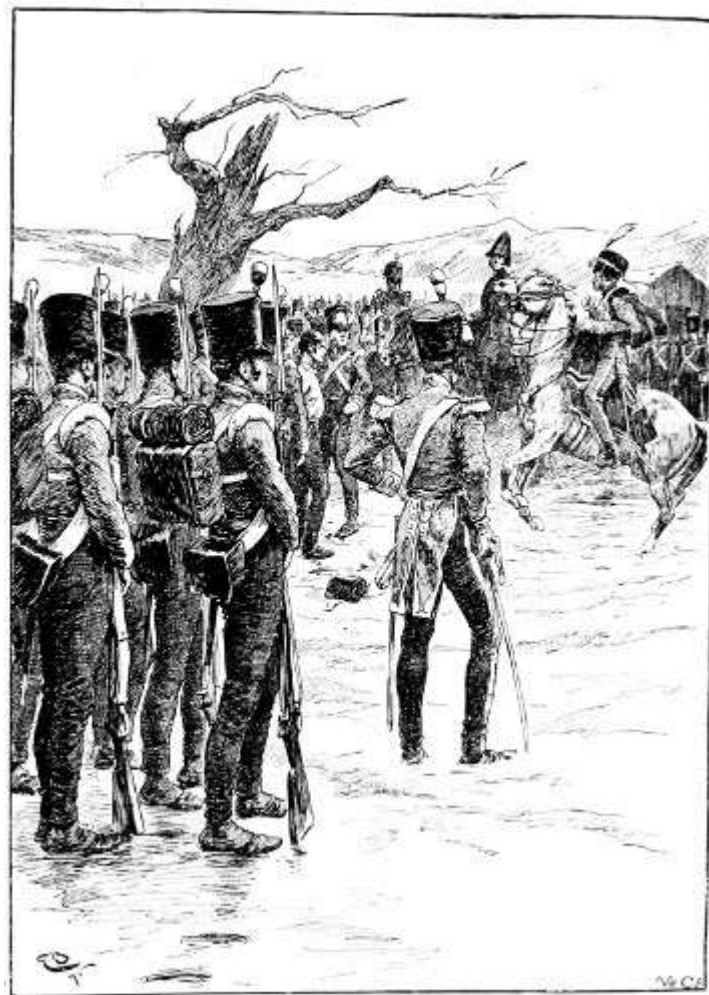
The light troops had marched for Vigo, whither Sir John Moore intended to follow, but at Orense a message overtook them, bidding them send the transports round to Corunna, and Captain Heisse, after a hard gallop through the snow, was just in time to despatch the vessels before an unfavourable wind set dead into the harbour mouth.

At Calcabellos, while Lord Edward Paget was haranguing the Reserve on the subject of the growing insubordination, two plunderers were caught in the act. The troops were instantly formed in hollow

square round a tree to witness their execution, when a hussar dashed in with news that the enemy were upon us.

“I don’t care if the entire French cavalry are here,” roared the general; “I’ll hang these scoundrels!”

They were lifted in the arms of the provost-marshal’s men, the ropes were adjusted, and in another moment they would have dangled in mid-air, when a second hussar came up, and carbine shots rang out from the 3rd Germans at the bridge.



“A HUSSAR DASHED IN WITH THE
NEWS THAT THE ENEMY WERE UPON
US!” (p. [356](#)).

“Soldiers,” cried Lord Edward, “if I pardon these men will you promise better behaviour for the future?”

“Yes,” was the unanimous reply.

“Say it again!”

“Yes, yes!” from a thousand throats.

“A third time!”

It was done with a cheer, the men were released, and the troops went off at the double towards the firing.

Colbert attacked us there with a large body of cavalry, and our Rifles, posted in a vineyard, emptied a score of saddles as the French dragoons and light horse tore up the road to the bridge-head. Colbert was not only a splendid soldier, but a good man, in an army where, unfortunately, virtue was at a low ebb, and two days before, at the review, Napoleon had said to him, “General, you have proved in Egypt, Italy, and Germany that you are one of my bravest warriors: you shall soon receive the reward due to your brilliant successes.”

“Make haste, sire,” replied Colbert, “for, while I am not yet thirty, I feel that I am already old.”

At Calcabellos, an Irishman of the 95th, named Tom Plunkett, ran out and threw himself on his back in the snow. Passing the sling of his rifle over his foot, he sighted and fired, and Colbert fell from his horse. Jumping up Plunkett cast about and reloaded, firing again and killing the aide-de-camp who had rushed to his general’s assistance, after which the lucky marksman rejoined his comrades in safety (only to be discharged some years afterwards, without promotion, a victim to drink, that curse of our Peninsular armies).

Wherever the danger was pressing, Sir John Moore was to be found—nothing could exceed his personal exertions on the retreat.

At Villa Franca, romantically situated in a deep valley, with the pointed turrets of a Dominican convent rising against a background of bare hills, and where the ferocious Duke of Alva once had a castle, the army committed great disorders, and Sir John had a man shot in the market-place as a warning to the others.

Although we checked the enemy wherever the rear-guard faced about, the march had not been resumed long when their horsemen were

again riding among the stragglers, cutting them down without mercy—man, woman, and child!

The 28th, with its brown calfskin knapsacks, taken from the French stores in Egypt, toiled over the snow, and the handsomest man of the Grenadier company, named McGee, fell lame and dropped behind, his comrades carrying his pack and musket for him, but two French troopers came up, and, unarmed as he was, slashed him to pieces almost in sight of his company.

Misery and disorder increased; the cavalry were sent on ahead, with the exception of a part of the 3rd Hussars, and the rear-guard fought every yard of the way until they reached Lugo, where Sir John drew up in order of battle, and discipline was again restored.

All day, in the drenching rain, we waited for the French to attack, but Soult was too wary; and at night, leaving the fires burning, the army continued its retreat, gaining several hours' start before the enemy became aware of it.

The pay-waggons, heavily laden with silver dollars, were abandoned, as the oxen were quite used up, and Lieutenant Bennet stood with a drawn pistol and orders to shoot any soldier who lingered there.

Hugo, of the 3rd Hussars, gave an equal proportion to each man of his detachment, and it was carried in their corn-sacks to Corunna and delivered to the Commissariat; but the rest—£25,000 worth—was pitched over into the valley, the barrels breaking on the rocks and sending a silver cascade far down beyond the reach of the marching army.

The stragglers crowded round and fought for the money spilled on the road, one woman—wife of Sergeant Maloney, of the 52nd—making her fortune for life; but, stepping from the boat on to a transport at Corunna, she slipped, and the weight of the stolen treasure took her to the bottom of the harbour, never to rise again!

While the miserable wretches were scrambling in the snow, the enemy came up and slaughtered without mercy, stopping in their turn to gather up the spoil, and giving us a little breathing-time.

Farther on we met some Spanish troops discharging their muskets briskly, as though skirmishing, and it was feared that the French had

intercepted us, but on getting closer we were told that the contemptible riff-raff were “*only firing to warm their hands!*”

At Lugo Sir John Moore had issued an order in which he said: “It is evident that the enemy will not fight this army, notwithstanding the superiority of his numbers, but will endeavour to harass and tease it on its march.... The army has now eleven leagues to march; the soldiers must make an exertion to complete them. The rear-guard cannot stop, and those that fall behind must take their fate!”

Many of the troops were now barefooted, and all were more or less in rags. Far too many camp-followers had been allowed to accompany us, and all were starving in a wild and sterile country, where a yellow fowl was often the only result of a plundered cottage.

The 28th found nothing at Villa Franca but one piece of salt pork, which Major Browne tied to his holsters—to lose it in the night-march to Herrerias.

The same officer, on embarking, exchanged his horse for a pig, but in the confusion the major was shipped on board one transport and the pig on to another!

Small wonder that the “Slashers,” on finding some Spaniards frozen to death among the *débris* of two bread-waggons, moved the corpses to hunt ravenously for the crusts among which they were lying!

At length it was the custom to stop all stragglers and take from them a proportion of the food they carried, and by that means they collected sufficient to serve out a ration to every man of the rear-guard!

At Nogales—where the country reminds one of Glencoe—a private who had been sent on ahead found a quantity of potatoes, which he boiled, and as the 28th filed past the house he distributed three or four to officer and man alike, without distinction; and at the same place some officers of the “Slashers” went into a cottage where there was a fire, and where they stripped to dry their clothes.

A Spanish general was sleeping snugly in an inner room, well wrapped in furs, and his two aides-de-camp were standing by the fire.

One of the “Slashers” laid his valuable watch down, and, returning from the door, where he had been directing some stragglers, found that

one of the aides-de-camp had walked off with it!

“I cannot be held responsible for all the people about me,” was the grumpy remark of the Spanish general. What could be expected from an army whose officers were thieves?

The last halt was made at Betanzos, and while the rear-guard covered the partial destruction of the bridge there, the army marched in column to Corunna, only to find the Atlantic roaring on the rocks, but not a sail in sight!

The French were in great force at Betanzos, and furious at our continued escape. One sergeant charged *alone* in advance of his squadron, to the centre of the bridge, but a private of the 28th, named Thomas Savage, stepped out and shot him, securing his cloak before the others came up.

The Engineers bungled the bridge, and blew up one of their officers with it, while we had to fall back on Corunna before it was properly destroyed.

Fine weather now dried our rags. On the 11th January the Guards were quartered in the town, the Reserve near St. Lucia, and the other regiments posted in strong positions. Vast stores were meanwhile destroyed in Corunna, and two hundred and ninety horses of the German Legion shot in the arsenal square at St. Lucia, amid the tears of the brave troopers.

The 12th proved damp and foggy, and no trace of the fleet could be seen. The French still held back, our officers exchanging pot-shots with them until Paget put a stop to it; and on the 13th a terrific explosion from 4,000 powder-barrels caused something very like a panic in both armies. Corunna was shaken, its windows smashed, and a rain of white ashes fell for a considerable time.

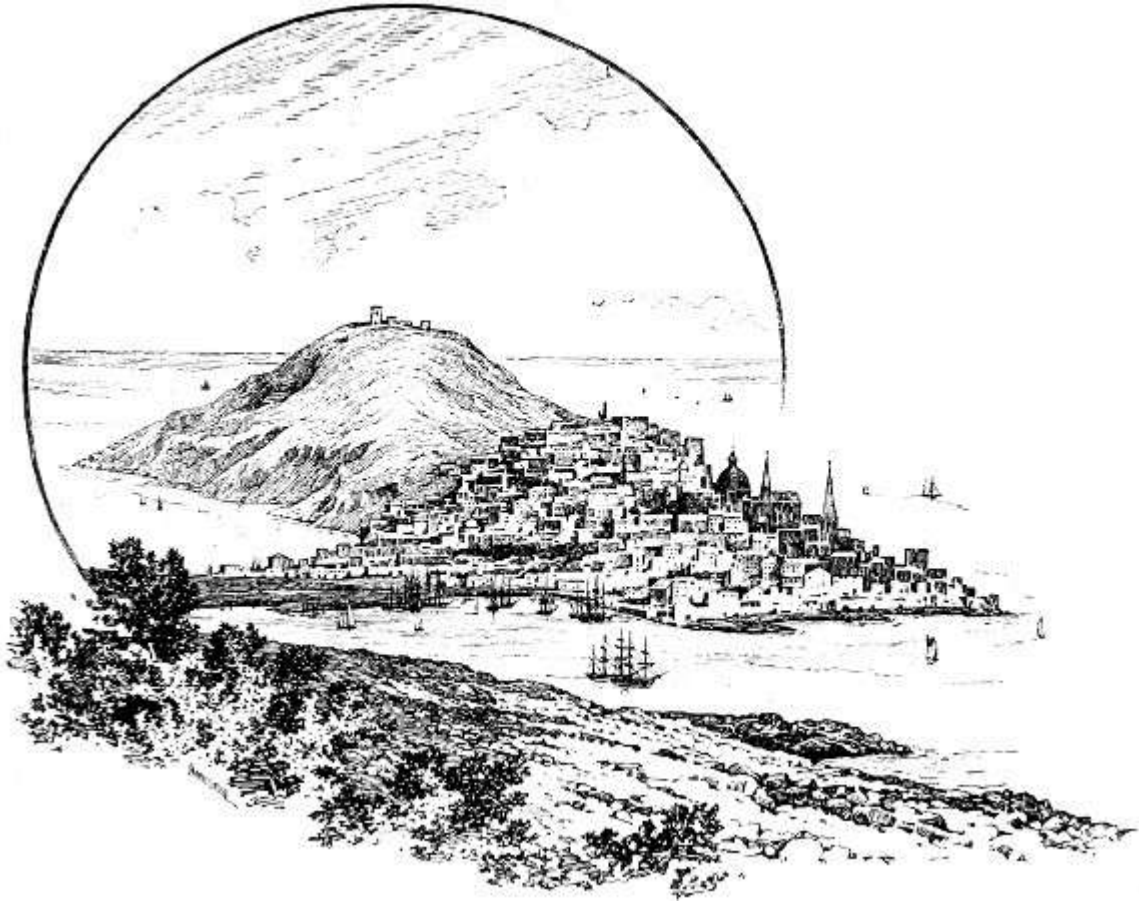
At last, on the afternoon of the 14th, the transports hove in sight, and as soon as they were anchored we began to embark the wounded and the guns, the cavalry being ordered to ship thirty horses per regiment and shoot the rest as there was not time to get them on board with a heavy sea running. The 15th Hussars brought four hundred to Corunna, and landed in England with thirty-one! The 10th—the Prince of Wales’s particular regiment, and the first in our service to wear the showy

Hungarian dress, which its hussar troop had adopted in 1803 and the entire corps two years later—began the campaign with six hundred handsome chargers and took thirty home again.

The greatest confusion took place among the camp-followers, but by degrees the embarkation proceeded, our gallant tars going in some cases two days without food in their noble efforts to help us.

There was a little skirmishing, but no very decided movement, until the 16th—in fact, French officers were seen picking up shells on the sands at low water within range of our muskets—but at last the infantry alone remained on shore, and the 28th, among others, was ordered to fall in at two o'clock on the 16th to march down to the boats.

Scarcely had they mustered when, a violent cannonade being opened upon us, and a forward movement being observed, they went off at the double towards the enemy again. They had done eighty miles in the last twelve days, standing several nights under arms in the snow; they had repulsed the French seven times, and the 28th alone had lost more than two hundred men; yet, when the battle of Corunna began, the Reserve had fewer men missing than any other division!



CORUNNA.

Some of the generals wished Moore to come to terms with Soult, but nothing was farther from the brave Scotchman's thoughts.

Circumstances had compelled us to retreat, but it was no part of a British soldier's training to shirk a battle at the last moment; consequently, the low hills behind Elvina were soon echoing to the rattle of musketry as our black-gaitered infantry opened fire on the French columns.

There was little or no manœuvring during the engagement: Soult advanced in three masses, driving our pickets out of the village of Elvina.

Baird, of Seringapatam fame, held the right of our line, Sir John Hope formed the centre and left with his division, while Paget and Fraser were in reserve before Corunna: 14,500 men in all, facing 20,000.

Sir John Moore sent the 50th and 42nd to retake Elvina, which was rendered formidable by sunken lanes and stone walls, but after a brave scrimmage which lasted half an hour, the French were driven out and the Guards advanced to take up the position originally occupied by the two regiments.

The Black Watch having exhausted their cartridges fell back, thinking the Guards were marching to support them, and the enemy returned in force and entered the village again.

Sir John rode up to the 42nd, and learning that their ammunition was expended, said, "You have still your bayonets, my brave Highlanders—remember Egypt!" and with a yell the Black Watch rushed forward once more.

While Sir John Moore was watching the struggle, a round shot struck him on the left breast and dashed him out of the saddle; but without a groan, he sat up, resting on his arm and for a moment gazed intently at the Highlanders driving the French steadily back.

Then, as a happy look came into his handsome face, the staff crowded round him and saw the shocking state of his wound. The shoulder was completely shattered, and the left arm hung by a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, while the muscles of the breast were torn into shreds and strips, among which the hilt of his sword had got entangled.

"I had rather it should go out of the field with me," said the dying hero, as Hardinge made an attempt to disengage it.

Men of the 42nd and Guards carried him tenderly in a blanket, taking an hour to reach Corunna, the general frequently making them halt and turn him round.

Like Wolfe at Quebec, his anxiety was for the success of the army, and like Wolfe his last moments were cheered by the knowledge that we had beaten the French.

Soult had fallen back, General Baird was badly wounded, and Hope carried out Sir John's original plans for the embarkation.

"I hope the people of England will be satisfied," said the dying man. "I hope my dear country will do me justice. Oh, Anderson!" he

whispered to his friend, “you will see my friends at home; tell them everything—my mother——” then he broke down.

He was believed to be devotedly attached to Lady Hester Stanhope, eldest daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, famous alike for his eccentricity and his study of the electric fluid; and Moore’s last recorded words were in remembrance of her, addressed to her brother, his aide-de-camp.



DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

He passed away very quietly in his forty-eighth year, and England lost one of her most chivalrous soldiers.

His burial, in the citadel at night by some men of the 9th, has been described in a poem which does immortal honour to the Irish clergyman who penned it, and the gallant enemy flew the tricolour halfmast high on

the citadel and fired a salute over his grave, Marshal Soult afterwards erecting a tomb to his memory.

Our loss at Corunna was 800, the French, from their own accounts, 3,000.

Six cannon, 3-pounders, sent on without Sir John's orders, had been abandoned during the retreat, and nearly 4,000 men left their bones to whiten the plains of Leon and the rugged roads of Galicia; but the retreat won praise from Wellington and Napoleon alike, and not a regimental colour remained in the enemy's hands.

The 95th was the last regiment to enter Corunna, the 23rd the last to leave it.

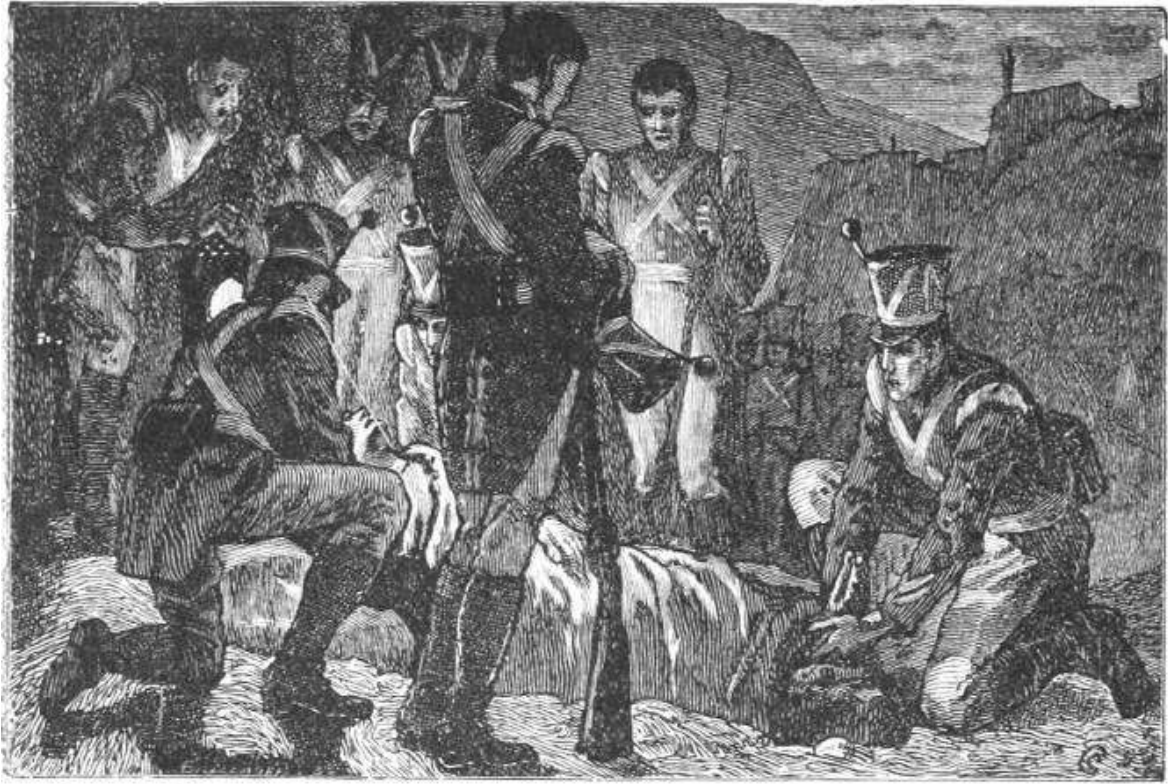
Great confusion existed on board the vessels, and an attempt to transfer the men to their respective ships was prevented by the enemy opening fire from St. Lucia. The cables were cut, and the three hundred transports put to sea on the 17th, convoyed by several men-of-war, the old *Victory* amongst them, and after cruising about in the offing for two days, they put helm up for England, where the army landed in a wretched condition.

All the clothing of the Rifles was burned behind Hythe barracks, in a state that spoke volumes for the misery undergone.

The *Smallbridge* went ashore near Ushant, and over two hundred of the German Legion were drowned. Then the newspapers began to raise a disgraceful outcry against the whole expedition, and the good name of Sir John Moore was placed under a cloud by men whose information was false, and whose opinion was of no more value than a spent cartridge.

We have learned the true state of things since then, and ample justice has been rendered to Moore's noble character in the subsequent histories of that glorious period.

The last survivor of Corunna, Thomas Palmer, of the 23rd, died at the great age of a *hundred*, and was buried at Weston-super-Mare, with full military honours, in April, 1889—*eighty years* after his chief was laid to rest "with his martial cloak around him."



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

“We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams’ misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning.”

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.



NAVARINO

BY HERBERT RUSSELL

The immediate causes which led to the battle of Navarin, or Navarino, are of a romantic and dramatic character. On the 6th of July, 1826—the Greeks having risen in revolt against the oppression of the Turks in 1820—a treaty had been signed in London on the part of Great Britain, France, and Russia, having for its object the pacification of the Levant by intervention between Turkey and Greece. Through the indiscretion of some unknown official the treaty found its way to the *Times*, which published it in its issue of July 12th, 1826—six days after its signature. It thus became fully known to all concerned before the official instructions which it rendered necessary could be delivered. As a result, Sir Edward Codrington, the British admiral in the Mediterranean, found himself in a situation of perplexity, and was directed to consult with the French and Russian admirals, and arrange a plan of action with them.

The instructions of the three admirals in question definitely required an armistice between Turkey and Greece, and limited the period for its acceptance to one month. If the result of negotiations should be—as was, of course, anticipated—acceptance by Greece and rejection by Turkey, the admirals were instructed to enter into friendly relations with the former country, and unite their fleets to prevent all Turkish or Egyptian reinforcements or warlike stores from being transported for employment against the Greeks. Each of the allied admirals had particular instructions to take care, if possible, that any measures they might adopt in restraining the Ottoman navy should not wear the aspect of open hostilities. They were directed to endeavour to carry their arguments rather by a display of force than by the employment of it. This, briefly, is a review of the situation whose climax was the battle of Navarino.

Sir Edward Codrington, the British admiral in the Levant, as we have already said, found himself in a situation of perplexity on the publication of the treaty. The French squadron was at Milo, and the Russians had not yet arrived. But with that instant resolution which has always been such a fine characteristic of the British naval officer's spirit, Sir Edward determined to take the initiative, and with three sail of the line he placed himself before Hydra to oppose, "when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot" the whole of the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. The "general order," which he issued to all his captains on September 8th, 1827, well illustrates the policy which the English commander-in-chief resolved to adopt.

"You are aware," he writes from on board the *Asia*, "that a treaty has been signed between England, France, and Russia for the pacification of Greece. A declaration of the decision of the Powers has been presented to the Porte, and a similar declaration has been presented to the Greeks. The armistice proposed to each, in these declarations, has been acceded to by the Greeks, whilst it has been refused by the Turks. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the allied naval forces to enter, in the first place, on friendly relations with the Greeks; and, next, to intercept every supply of men, arms, etc., destined against Greece, and coming either from Turkey or Africa in general. The last measure is that which requires the greatest caution, and, above all, a complete understanding as to the operations of the allied naval forces. Most particular care is to be taken that the measures adopted against the Ottoman navy do not degenerate into hostilities. The formal intention of the Powers is to interfere as conciliators, and to establish, in fact, at sea the armistice which the Porte would not concede as a right. Every hostile proceeding would be at variance with the pacific ground which they have chosen to take, and the display of forces which they have assembled is destined to cause that wish to be respected; but they must not be put into use, unless the Turks persist in forcing the passages which they have intercepted. All possible means should be tried, in the first instance, to prevent the necessity of proceeding to extremities; but the prevention of supplies, as before mentioned, is to be enforced, if necessary, and when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot. In giving you this instruction as to the duty which I am directed to perform, my intention is to make you acquainted thoroughly with the object of our Government, that you may not be taken by surprise as to whatever measures I may find it necessary to adopt. You

will still look to me for further instructions as to the carrying any such measures into effect.”

On September 11th Sir Edward Codrington, with the *Genoa* and *Albion*, arrived off Navarino, and beheld the whole of the expedition from Alexandria at anchor in the harbour, where it had arrived two days previously. The English squadron hovered off this place for above a week, awaiting the coming of the allies. On the 19th September Sir Edward Codrington notified the admiral commanding the Ottoman force in the port of Navarino that he would be prevented—by extreme measures, if necessary—from attacking the Greeks. Notwithstanding, on the 21st a division of the Turkish expedition got under way, and came out of the harbour. Their intentions were clear, and the British ships cleared for action. What the issue of this incident might have been it is difficult to say, had not the sails of a strange squadron appeared upon the horizon to windward whilst the English and Turks were still manœuvring near the land. The vessels turned out to be the French fleet, under Admiral de Rigny, and whatever might have been the intentions of the commander of the Ottoman expedition, it retired back into the harbour immediately the strangers were near enough for the French colours to be visible.

By the arrival of Admiral de Rigny at Navarino, not only was Sir Edward Codrington’s force largely augmented, but he was relieved of his isolated and critical responsibility by the certainty of a joint action in whatever steps might now be taken. The Russian squadron had not yet appeared; but the British and French admirals at once commenced proceedings by interviewing Ibrahim Pacha, the commander of the Turkish forces at Navarino, and clearly impressing upon him the determination of the allied Courts to carry out the spirit of the treaty, and the necessity imposed on them (the admirals) to enforce the armistice referred to in their instructions. The interview was a long one. Ibrahim said that the admirals must be aware he was a soldier like themselves, and that it was as imperative for him to obey orders as for them; that his instructions were to attack Hydra, and that he must put them into execution, it being for him merely to act and not to negotiate. The admirals replied that they quite sympathised with the feelings of a brave man under such circumstances, and that they congratulated him upon having a force opposed to him which it was impossible to resist. They reminded him that if he put to sea in defiance of their amicable warning

they must carry their instructions into execution, and that if he resisted by force the total destruction of his fleet must follow, which, they added archly and significantly, was an act of madness the Grand Seignior could not applaud. Amidst a profusion of Oriental compliments, French politeness, and British bluntness was this interview between the warlike Turk and the allied admirals carried on; and, although in conclusion Ibrahim pledged his word of honour to observe the armistice, yet the actual result of the long palavar was to leave things very much in the same situation in which they had been before.

Admiral Codrington's description of Ibrahim, contained in a letter written by him to his sister Jane shortly after the interview referred to, is particularly interesting. After a very graphic description of the Turkish camp and of Ibrahim's tent, he proceeds:—"They first began with the ceremony of introduction, which, as there were a good many of us on either side, was proportionally long.... At length, however, I got settled, and began to look around me again.... This tent also was open, and from his sofa he looked down over the whole harbour, and really the sight was beautiful, covered as it was by the ships and boats of all sorts continually passing to and fro. His tent was *outside* the walls of Navarin; and, indeed, what force he had with him appeared to be outside of the town. Altogether, I thought he had chosen the coolest and most convenient place to pitch his tent in that could be found. But to return thither. He is a man of about forty years old, not at all good-looking, but with heavy features, very much marked with the smallpox, and as fat as a porpoise. Though I had no opportunity of seeing his height—as he was on his sofa, lying down or sitting the whole time—I should not think him more than five feet seven inches. He was, *for a Pacha*, plainly dressed, I think, particularly as his followers and officers were covered with gold and embroidery; and, *for a Turk*, I think his manners were very good indeed. The conversation first began about the weather, and such common-place things; for I learnt (from the interpreter) he does not talk of business till *after coffee*."



ZANTE

Ibrahim proved treacherous. He disregarded his own word of honour to accept the armistice, and there followed a long series of negotiations, in which the attitude of the allied admirals gradually grew more threatening and that of the Ottoman leader proportionately defiant. On the 2nd of October, in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm, the Turkish fleet boldly put to sea. This was a direct breach of the parole which had been passed, and the Honourable Captain Spencer, in the *Talbot*, was instructed to inform the Turkish admiral that he would not be permitted to proceed, and that if he allowed a single gun to be fired at the English flag the whole of his fleet would be destroyed. This message speedily caused the Turks to bring their ships to the wind, and the second in command, Halhil Bey, came on board the *Asia*. He admitted that he had been present at Sir Edward Codrington's interview with Ibrahim Pacha, when the latter bound himself in honour not to send any of his fleet out of the port, but pretended to believe that it had been sanctioned for a Turkish squadron to go to Patras. The British admiral bluntly informed

Halhil that, having broken their faith with him, he would not trust them henceforth, and that if they did not put about and return to Navarino he would make them. This message was accompanied by the *Asia* firing a gun and filling her main-topsail; on which the Turkish fleet, by a signal from their admiral, swung their yards afresh and stood back towards the harbour.

This little incident confirmed Sir Edward Codrington in his intention of summarily enforcing the treaty he had been despatched to uphold. Admiral de Rigny, on his part, showed no less a degree of determination to maintain the pledge which his nation had conjointly given to the Greeks. Down to this period, however, the Russians had not appeared upon the scene; but on the 15th of October their squadron, under Count Heiden, joined the French and British fleets off Zante. Sir Edward Codrington, from seniority of rank, was commander-in-chief of the combined fleet. On the 18th of October the three admirals held a conference for the purpose of concerting the measures of effecting the object specified in the Treaty of London—namely, an armistice *de facto* between the Turks and Greeks. They considered: “That Ibrahim Pacha having violated the engagement he entered into with the admirals on September 25th for a provisional suspension of arms, by causing his fleet to come out and proceed towards another point in the Morea; that since the return of the fleet, owing to meeting Admiral Codrington near Patras, the Pacha’s troops had carried on a warfare more destructive and exterminating than before, killing women and children, burning habitations, etc., for completing the devastation of the country; and that all endeavours to put a stop to these atrocities by persuasion and conciliation, by representations to the Turkish chiefs, and advice given to Mehemet Ali have been treated as mockeries, though they could have been stopped by a word: Therefore the admirals found that there remained to them only three modes of action:—

“1st. The continuing throughout the whole of the winter a blockade—difficult, expensive, and perhaps useless, since a storm might disperse the squadrons, and afford to Ibrahim the facility of conveying his destroying army to different parts of the Morea and the islands;

“2nd. The uniting the allied squadrons in Navarin itself, and securing by this permanent presence the inaction of the Ottoman fleets, but which

mode alone leads to no termination, since the Porte persists in not changing its system;

“3rd. The proceeding to take a position with the squadrons in Navarin, in order to renew to Ibrahim propositions which, entering into the spirit of the Treaty, were evidently to the advantage of the Porte itself.”

Having taken these three modes into consideration, the admirals unanimously agreed that the last method was best calculated, without bloodshed, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadrons, to produce the desired end. Sir Edward Codrington had a considerable difficulty to contend with in the jealousy which existed between the Russian and French admirals, and it called for no small exercise of tact on his part to maintain harmony in the combined fleet. The allied force was as follows:—

English: Three line-of-battle ships, four frigates, four brigs, one cutter.

French: Three line-of-battle ships, one double-banked frigate, one frigate, two cutters.

Russian: Four line-of-battle ships, four frigates.

In all twenty-four ships of war.

The Ottoman force was as follows:—Three line-of-battle ships, four double-banked frigates, thirteen frigates, thirty corvettes, twenty-eight brigs, six fire brigs, five schooners, forty-one transports.

In all, one hundred and thirty sail of vessels. The Turks had in addition to this imposing force an army of 35,000 Egyptian troops in the Morea, of whom 4,000 were on board the transports.

On the 19th of October Admiral Codrington issued his instructions to his colleagues as to the manner in which the combined fleet was to be disposed on entering the port of Navarino.

“It appears,” runs the order, “that the Egyptian ships in which the French officers are embarked are those most to the south-east.^[8] It is, therefore, my wish that his excellency Rear-Admiral Chevalier de Rigny should place his squadron abreast of them. As the next in succession appears to be a ship of the line with a flag at the main, I propose placing

the *Asia* abreast of her, with the *Genoa* and *Albion* next to the *Asia*; and I wish that his excellency Rear-Admiral Count Heiden will have the goodness to place his squadron next in succession to the British ships of the line. The Russian frigates in this case can occupy the Turkish ship next in succession to the Russian ships of the line; the English frigates forming alongside such Turkish vessels as may be on the western side of the harbour abreast of the British ships of the line; and the French frigates forming in the same manner, so as to occupy the Turkish frigates, etc., abreast of the French ships of the line. If time permits, before any hostility is committed by the Turkish fleet, the ships are to moor with springs on the ring of each anchor. No gun is to be fired from the combined fleet without a signal being made for that purpose, unless shot be fired from any of the Turkish ships, in which case the ships so firing are to be destroyed immediately. The corvettes and brigs are, under the direction of Captain Fellows, of the *Dartmouth*, to remove the fire vessels into such a position as will prevent their being able to injure any of the combined fleet. In case of a regular battle ensuing, and creating any of that confusion which must necessarily arise out of it, it is to be observed that, in the words of Lord Nelson, ‘no captain can do very wrong who places his ship alongside that of an enemy.’—Edward Codrington, Vice-Admiral.”

The combined fleet made an attempt to stand into Navarino on the 19th of October, but the wind was too light and the current too strong to enable them to effect their purpose. On the following day, however, at about two o’clock in the afternoon, the allied squadrons passed the batteries at the entrance to the harbour to take up their anchorage. The Turkish ships lay moored in the form of a great crescent, with springs upon their cables, the large ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, and the smaller craft filling up the intervals between them. The allied fleet was formed in the order of sailing in two columns, the British and French forming the starboard or weather line, and the Russian the lee column. Sir Edward Codrington, in the *Asia*, led in, closely followed by the *Genoa* and *Albion*, and anchored in succession close alongside a line-of-battle ship flying the flag of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and one of the large double-banked frigates, each thus having her proper opponent in the front line of the enemy’s fleet. The four ships to windward, which formed a portion of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to Admiral de Rigny’s vessels; and those to leeward, in the bight

or hollow of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line covering those of the English line, and being followed by the frigates of their division.

Admiral Codrington had been very express in his instructions that no gun should be fired until some act of open hostility was committed by the Turks, and this order was strictly carried out. The three English ships were permitted to pass the batteries, and proceeded to moor in their respective stations with great celerity. But upon the *Dartmouth* sending a boat to one of the six fire vessels lying near the entrance to the harbour, Lieutenant Fitzroy and several seamen in her were killed by a volley of musketry. This immediately produced a responsive fire of musketry from the *Dartmouth* and likewise from *La Syrène*, the flagship of the French admiral, followed almost at once by the discharge of a broadside gun from one of the Egyptian ships, and in a breath almost the action became general.

The *Asia* was ranged alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, and equally close to that of Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian squadron. As neither of these ships opened upon the British flagship, notwithstanding the action was raging briskly to windward, Sir Edward Codrington withheld his fire. No interchange of hostilities between the vessels took place, therefore, for a considerable while after the *Asia* had returned the first volley of the Capitana; and, indeed, it was evidently the intention of the enemy to try and avoid a regular battle, for Moharem sent a message that he would not fire at all. Sir Edward Codrington, equally willing to avert bloodshed, sent the British pilot, Peter Mitchell, who also acted as interpreter, to Moharem with a message to the effect that it was no desire of his to proceed to extreme measures. As the boat went alongside, a discharge of musketry from the Egyptian ship killed Mitchell, and at the same time she opened fire upon the *Asia*. Upon this Admiral Codrington opened his broadside in real earnest, and so furious was the fire from his ship that in a very little while the ship of the Capitana Bey and that of Moharem were reduced to total wrecks, and went drifting away to leeward.

The French and Russian squadrons played their part gallantly and well. "The conduct of my brother admirals, Count Heiden and the Chevalier de Rigny, throughout," wrote Sir Edward to the Duke of Clarence, "was admirable and highly exemplary." In the British division

the *Genoa* and *Albion* took their stations with magnificent precision, and maintained a most destructive fire throughout the contest. The *Glasgow*, *Cambrian*, and *Talbot* followed the example set by the intrepid Frenchman who commanded the *Armide*, which effectually destroyed the leading frigate of the enemy's line and silenced the batteries ashore. Captain Fellows, in the *Dartmouth*, succeeded in frustrating the designs of the fireships stationed near the mouth of the harbour, and preserved the *Syrène* from being burnt. The battle was maintained with unabated fury for above four hours, and owing to the crowded formation of the Ottoman fleet, and the close quarters at which the allied ships engaged them, the havoc and bloodshed were prodigious. As the Turkish vessels were one after another disabled, their crews set them on fire and deserted them, and the lurid scene was rendered infinitely more terrible and weird by the flaming ships and incessant explosions among the huddled and shattered craft. The resistance of the enemy then began to sensibly slacken. By the time that night had closed down upon the scene, the Turkish fleet was so crippled as to cease any longer to be a menace to the violation of the Treaty. "When I found," wrote Sir Edward Codrington, "that the boasted Ottoman's word of honour was made a sacrifice to wanton, savage destruction, and that a base advantage was taken of our reliance upon Ibrahim's good faith, I own I felt a desire to punish the offenders." And most terribly punished they were. Never did British arms bear part in a more complete and decisive victory. When the dusk of the Oriental evening, obscured into a pall-like gloom by the dense banks of smoke, descended over the terrific spectacle, the enemy's cannonade had grown feeble and scattered, and presently ceased altogether. Their vessels continued to blaze and to explode. Out of the proud fleet which in the noontide of that day had floated serenely upon the blue waters of Navarin harbour sixty ships were totally destroyed, and the remainder driven ashore in a shattered condition, with the exception of the *Leone*, four corvettes, six brigs, and four schooners, which remained afloat after the battle. The carnage was frightful. According to the statistics furnished by Monsieur Letellier, the French instructor to the Egyptian navy, to Commander Richards, of the *Pelorus*, the enemy's losses amounted to 3,000 killed and 1,109 wounded. The defeat, indeed, practically amounted to annihilation. At ten o'clock on the night of the battle, Sir Edward Codrington was writing an account of the victory to his wife: "Well, my dear, the Turks have fought, and fought well too, and we have

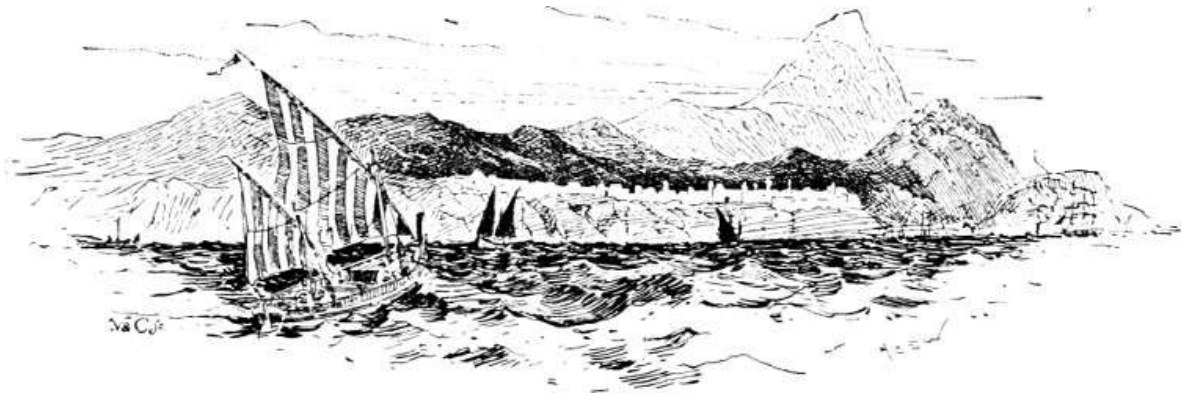
The combined fleets quitted the harbour of Navarino on the 25th of October, having tarried awhile, unmolested, to repair damages. They were suffered to depart by the Turks without the firing of a single shot, although it had been quite expected that the batteries would open upon them as they passed the harbour mouth. On the 3rd of November they arrived at Malta. Here they spent some considerable time in refitting. For his services Sir Edward Codrington received the Grand Cross of the Bath; the King of France conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Military Order of St. Louis; and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, in an autograph letter, bestowed upon him the rare honour of wearing the second class of the Military Order of St. George.



“THE BATTLE WAS MAINTAINED WITH
UNABATED FURY FOR ABOVE FOUR
HOURS” (p. [368](#)).

Navarino was fought without any declaration of war, and the news of hostilities created great surprise in England. Many questions were asked in Parliament as to whether the British Commander-in-Chief had done wisely to treat the Turks as enemies, and there was much vacillation displayed by the weak Government—Lord Goderich's—then in power. In the following June Sir Edward Codrington received a letter of recall from Lord Aberdeen, dated at the Foreign Office, London, May, 1828. It was a most elaborate document of twenty paragraphs, embodying a number of charges of misconception and actual disobedience of his instructions, and concluded: "His Majesty's Government have found themselves under the necessity of requesting the Lord High Admiral to relieve you in the command of the squadron in the Mediterranean." He left Malta for England on September 11th, amid the hearty regret of his companions-in-arms, and arrived home in the *Warspite* on the 7th of October, 1828. A revulsion of public feeling had meanwhile taken place during the interval—indignation at his recall and general reprobation of the injustice with which he had been treated. The Duke of Wellington's ministry was now in office. His Grace summoned Sir Edward to an interview, but seems to have behaved in a very cavilling manner. The pride and sense of honour of the fine old naval officer were deeply injured by the treatment he was receiving from a country to whose annals he had just added fresh laurels. His resentment of the injustice done him is well illustrated by the following anecdote:—About a year after he had been recalled, Sir Edward Codrington was present at a party given by Prince Leopold, when the Duke of Wellington came up to him and said: "I have made arrangements by which I am enabled to offer you a pension of £800 for your life." The admiral's answer was ready, and immediate: "I am obliged to your Grace, but I do not feel myself in a position to accept it.... I cannot receive such a thing myself while my poor fellows who fought under me at Navarin have had no head-money, and have not even been repaid for their clothes which were destroyed in the battle." The duke remonstrated, said there was no precedent for head-money, and insisted that, as the pension was bestowed by the king, Sir Edward could not refuse it. But refuse it he did, stoutly and resolutely. Shortly afterwards one of the duke's political friends inquired: "What are you going to do with Codrington?" "Do with him!" answered the duke, "what are you to do with a man who won't take a pension?" But time rights most things; and Sir Edward Codrington lived to see full honour

accorded to him, and those who had fought under him at the battle of Navarino.



NAVARINO.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Shadwell's "Life of Lord Clyde," p. 33.

[2] The heavier armament of most of the Austrian ships consisted of smooth-bore 48-pounders. New rifled guns of larger calibre were being made for the Austrian fleet by Krupp at Essen, but when war became probable the Prussian Government stopped the delivery of them. On the other hand, one of the Italian ships carried 300-pounder Armstrong guns, mounted in a turret, and some of the other ironclads had 150-pounders in their armament.

[3] The *Affondatore* was a new ship built in the Thames just before the war. A correspondent of the *Times* who saw her at Cherbourg, where she called on her way down Channel, wrote that she looked sufficiently formidable to destroy the whole Austrian ironclad fleet singlehanded.

[4] For an account of many striking incidents of the march, some of our readers may be glad to be referred to the graphic narrative of Sergeant Arthur V. Palmer, of the 79th Highlanders, in the *Nineteenth Century* for March,

1890, entitled “A Battle Described from the Ranks,” and to the controversy to which it gave rise in ensuing numbers of the same publication.

[5] Now Sir George White, Commander-in-Chief in India.

[6] “La Guerre de la Pologne.”

[7] There is a slight inaccuracy here. The Gorze road runs into the main road to Verdun at Rezonville.

[8] It was known that a number of French officers were in the enemy’s ships, and to these Admiral de Rigny addressed a letter of warning.

Transcriber’s Notes:

1. Obvious printers’, punctuation and spelling errors have been corrected silently.
2. Some hyphenated and non-hyphenated versions of the same words have been retained as in the original.

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