BATTLES

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY,
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,
And other Well-known Writers

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BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA AND HIS CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS 1864-5

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

"As we go marching through Georgia."—*Refrain of Marching Song.*

THE famous march from Atlanta to the sea began on the morning of November 15th, 1864. Sherman left Atlanta in flames. His engineers had levelled to the ground the great terminus and machine-shops of the railroad, and had fired the wreck. The rebel arsenal was blown up, from which great quantities of live shells showered on the city, the heart of which was one great blaze.

His marching-out strength was close on 60,000 men all told, of whom 52,800 were infantry. Extraordinary measures had been taken to purge the army of non-combatants and men of defective physique, with the result that the whole force consisted of able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, inured to long marching, and, in Sherman's own words, "well equipped and provided, as far as human foresight could, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action." Ambulances accompanied it, for the universal haleness at the start could scarcely be expected to last during a march of some 300 miles; but few sick were expected, and the ambulances were intended chiefly for the needs of wounded men. The casualties, however, turned out singularly few. From Atlanta to Savannah they were but 567, inclusive of 245 wounded and 159 missing.

For the march Sherman divided his army into two wings, the right and the left, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Howard and Slocum, both comparatively young men, but educated and experienced officers fully competent for their important positions. Howard's —the right— wing was composed of the 15th and 17th Corps, the former of which had four and the latter three divisions; the left wing, Slocum's, consisted of the 14th and 20th Corps, each containing three divisions. Sherman had cut down his artillery to 65 guns, little more than a gun per thousand men, the usual proportion being three guns per thousand. He had no general train of supplies; each corps had its own ammunition and provision train. In case of danger the commander was to have his advanced and rear brigades unencumbered by vehicles. The orders provided that the army should "forage liberally on the country" during the march, each brigade commander to organise a sufficient foraging party under discreet officers to gather in supplies, so that the waggons should always contain at least ten days' provisions. Soldiers were forbidden to trespass, but, when halted, might supply themselves with vegetables and drive in live stock found in their vicinity. Where the army was unmolested, no destruction was to be permitted; against guerillas, "bushwhackers," or actively hostile inhabitants, relentless reprisals would be put in force. The army started with about twenty days' supplies, and there was on hand a good supply of beef-cattle to be driven along on the hoof.

Sherman and his staff, riding out from Atlanta in rear of the army, crossed the ground on which was fought the bloody battle of July 22nd, and could discern the copse of wood where McPherson had fallen. "Behind us," he wrote, "lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air and hanging like a pall over the wrecked city. Away off in the

distance was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun; right before us the 14th Corps, marching steadily and rapidly with a cheery aspect, and a swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles between us and Richmond. A band struck up the anthem of 'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on.' The men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!' chanted with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place. Then we turned our horses' heads to the east, Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became for us a thing of the past. An unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all hearts, even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out as I rode past, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!'" Sherman, however, kept his own counsel as to his objective: he had no purpose to march direct for Richmond, but always designed to reach the Atlantic coast first —at Savannah or Port Royal.

The troops of both wings made most of their advance along the railroad lines, which they utterly destroyed by bending the heated rails round the trunks of the nearest trees. All bridges and culverts were burned and wrecked. The negroes crowding round the general as he rode, begged for permission to follow the army to their freedom; but they obeyed him when he told them that, although he could accept as pioneers a few of the young, active men, if they followed in swarms of young and old, feeble and helpless, the result would be to load the army down and cripple it in its great task. The message he gave spread, and Sherman believed its acceptance "saved us from the danger we would otherwise have incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress." A quaint familiarity existed between Sherman and his soldiers. During a halt a soldier passed the general with a ham on his musket, a jug of molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honeycomb into which he was succulently biting, when, catching Sherman's eye, he remarked in a careless undertone to his comrade, "Forage liberally on the country"—an apt quotation from the general orders. Sherman had to smile grimly before he could assume the frown with which he reproved the soldier for foraging irregularly.

The success of the foragers was a leading feature of this march. Each brigade sent out daily a foraging party with an officer or two. The party would strike out right or left for some six miles, and then visit every plantation or farm within range. They would seize a waggon or a family carriage, and, having loaded it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, pigs, ducks, etc., would regain the route of march, usually in advance of their train; when this came up, they would deliver to the brigade commissary the miscellaneous supplies they had collected. Those foragers were known during and long after the war as "Sherman's bummers." He himself owned that the "bummers" were unscrupulous rascals, and that they committed many acts of pillage and violence; but his answer was that the old-world system of regular requisitioning was inapplicable to a region destitute of civil authorities, and that the methods of his "bummers" were simply indispensable to his success. The "bummers" had a grim humour of their own. In one foray a few chickens were captured. The lady of the house entreated that they should be spared her, asserting that the previous foraging party had consented to leave to her those few, the last of her stock. The "bummers" seemed moved by her piteous appeal, but looking at the chickens again were tempted, and with the stern observation, "The rebellion must be suppressed if it takes the last chicken in the Confederacy!" bagged the remnant. Another story may be worth quotation. In the days before the war, planters kept bloodhounds for the pursuit of fugitive slaves. Sherman's orders were that all those bloodhounds should be killed. A "bummer" picked up a poodle and was carrying it off, when its mistress besought him to spare the animal. "Madam," answered the "bummer," "our orders are stringent to kill every bloodhound found." "But this is not a bloodhound, it is a poodle puppy," pleaded the lady. "Well, madam, we cannot tell what it may grow into if we leave it behind," sagely remarked the "bummer" as he carried off the dog.

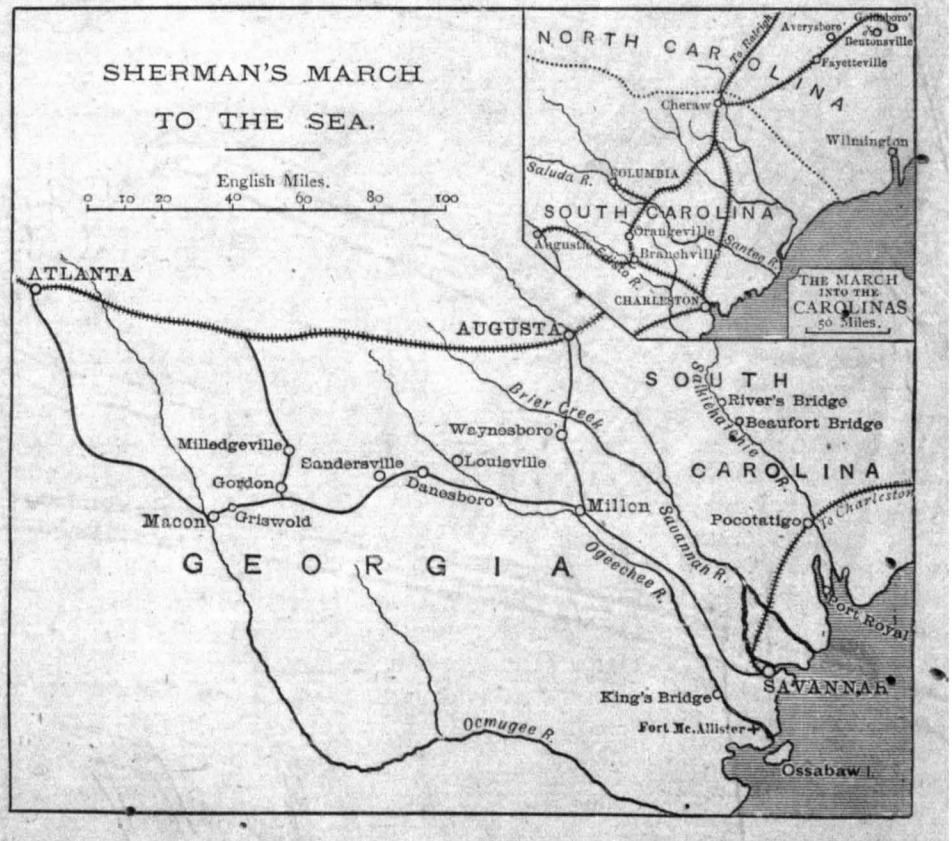
One evening on the march, Lieutenant Snelling, who was a Southerner by birth although on the staff of a Northern commander, recognised in an old negro a favourite slave of his uncle, who lived about six miles away. A brother officer asked the old man what had become of his young master. Sambo only knew that he had gone off to the wars, and supposed him killed, as a matter of course. Presently the old man gradually recognised "Massa George," whereupon he fell on his knees and thanked God his young master was alive, and with the

Yankees. Snelling obtained the general's permission to pay his uncle a visit. It appeared that the uncle was not by any means cordial when he found his nephew serving with the hated Northerners. Young Snelling endured his uncle's reproaches with great philosophy, and he came back, having without permission exchanged his own worn-out horse for a fresh one from his uncle's stable, explaining that had he not made free in this way a "bummer" would have been sure to get the horse.

On the 23rd of November the whole of the left wing, with which was Sherman, became united in Milledgeville, the State capital. Intelligence came in that the right wing was about twelve miles due south at Gordon. The first stage of the journey was, therefore, complete, and absolutely successful.

There had been some fighting about Macon. Kilpatrick with his cavalry had been scouting to the front, eastward of Macon, when some hostile cavalry came out against him. Kilpatrick drove that body back into the bridgehead on the Ocmugee, which was held by Confederate infantry. Kilpatrick charged the defences and got inside the work but could not hold it, and retired on his supports at Griswold, when Walcutt's infantry brigade took position across the road eastward of Macon. A rebel division sallied out on this force, but was driven back into Macon by Spencer repeating-rifles, with which Walcutt's brigade was armed.

The people of Milledgeville had remained at home, with the exception of the governor, state officers, and legislature, who had fled in the utmost disorder—some by rail, some in carriages, and many on foot. Sherman took possession of the governor's mansion, which the previous occupant had stripped of everything except the public archives. Some of the officers of the Northern army gathered in the vacant Hall of Representatives, elected a Speaker, and constituted themselves the legislature of the State of Georgia. A proposition was made to repeal the ordinance of secession, which was carried *nem. con.* after a sprightly debate. Orders were given



by Sherman for the total destruction of the arsenal and its contents, and of such public buildings as were capable of being utilised for hostile purposes. The right wing was on march toward Millen and Savannah by roads southward of the railroad, the track of which was continuously torn up and its iron destroyed. The left wing renewed the advance on the 24th, moving north of the railroad by Sandersville, Danesboro', and Louisville. Kilpatrick's cavalry had been brought to Milledgeville, and its commander had orders to press rapidly eastward to Millen, to rescue the Northern prisoners understood to be still confined there.

At Sandersville a brigade of rebel cavalry was

deployed before the town, only to be driven in and through it by the skirmishers of the 20th Corps. Sherman saw the rebel troopers firing stacks of fodder in the fields, and he told the leading citizens that if the enemy attempted to carry out the threat to burn the food, corn, and fodder along his route, he would execute relentless reprisals on the inhabitants. There was no more wanton destruction on the part of the rebels, for the people saw clearly that any such conduct would result in ruin to themselves.

FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

From Sandersville the 17th Corps took up the work of destroying the railroad, the 15th moving eastward by roads further south. When the left wing was heading for Louisville, north of the railroad, Kilpatrick had hurried north-east towards Waynesboro', where he had some sharp fighting with the rebel cavalry division commanded by General Wheeler. After some skirmishing, the latter was driven through Waynesboro', and beyond Brier Creek in the direction of Augusta, Kilpatrick thus doing good service in keeping up the delusion that Sherman's main army was moving toward that important town.

On December 3rd, Sherman entered Millen with the 17th Corps. The Federal prisoners of war had been removed from the place. The

a foretaste of French usage since Marmont's corps came among them at the beginning of the month, but that was going to prove as nothing to the misery of the next six days.

Early on the morning of the 15th, Murat clattered up to the door of the Quartier Général, and swinging off his horse went in to hold long counsel with his brother-in-law; after which, about noon, they both rode away into the stubble and the sheep pastures to reconnoitre around Lieberwolkwitz on a hill to the French left, and Wachau village with its orchard in a hollow, which formed the French centre five miles or so from the city, paying Poniatowski's corps a visit among the gardens of Dolitz, and finally returning to Lieberwolkwitz, where one of those dramatic Napoleonic ceremonies took place usual upon the presentation of the cherished Eagle to corps that had not previously possessed it.

Three regiments of light infantry clustered round their emperor, and, turning to one with the standard brandished in his hand, he exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Soldiers of the 26th Léger, I intrust you with the French Eagle: it will be your rallying point. You swear never to abandon it but with life; you swear never to suffer an insult to France; you swear to prefer death to dishonour: you swear!"

"We swear!" came the answer; "Vive l'Empereur!" And each regiment took the oath, and meant it.

The columns had filed down to their posts in the position chosen by Murat and sanctioned by Napoleon, and the line of battle stretched in a huge semicircle south of Leipzig, three miles and a half from end to end; Victor in the centre behind Wachau with the 2nd Corps; Prince Poniatowski on the right with the 8th, on the banks of the narrow Pleiss at Mark-Kleberg and Doetlitz; Lauriston on the left, on the hill of Lieberwolkwitz with the 5th Corps; while farther away still, beyond Lauriston, was gallant Macdonald, on the Dresden road, keeping a sharp look-out for Beningsen or the Hetman Platof.

In rear of Poniatowski were Marshal Augereau's men; between Poniatowski and Victor, the cavalry of Kellerman and Milhaud; between Victor and Lauriston the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg; and, finally, when they arrived, the Imperial Guard was stationed near the village of Probsteyda, behind Victor, and in front of the ruined windmill and tobacco factory where Napoleon took his stand when the fighting had once begun.

To the west, across the causeway previously mentioned, General Bertrand held Lindenau with the 4th Corps, and covered the road to Erfurt destined to form the French line of retreat; Marshal Marmont, with the 6th Corps, lay round Lindenthal, and protected Leipzig to northward; while Ney and Reynier, with the 3rd and 7th Corps, were in full march from Eilenburg, either to support Marmont or operate to eastward of the city—in all, 182,000 men to sustain the advance and attack of more than 300,000—namely, the Allied Grand Army, or Army of Bohemia, 90,000; the Army of Silesia, under Blücher, 70,000; the Army of the North, commanded by Bernadotte, 72,000; and about 15,000 partisans, Cossacks, and light horse.

There had been heavy rains for several days preceding the 14th, the night of which was miserable; but the weather cleared on the 15th, and everything was quiet, except the continued march of troops and the loopholing of the Leipzig walls.

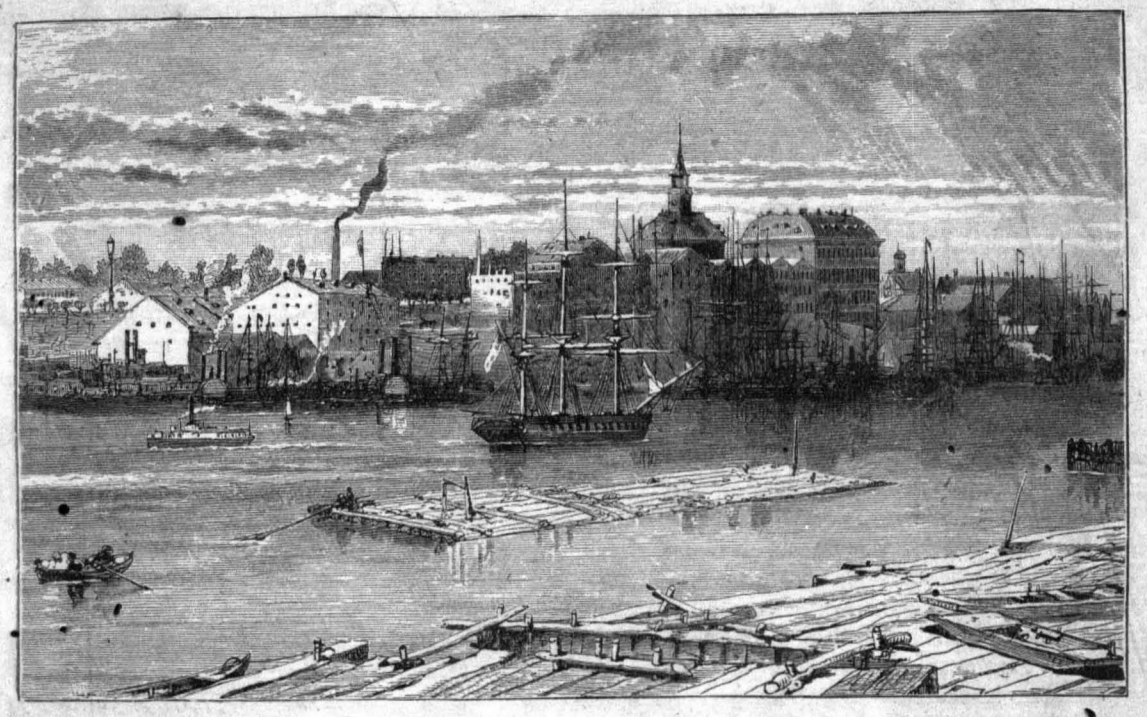
Suddenly, about eight in the evening, three brilliant white rockets rose into the starlit sky from the allies' headquarters at Pegau on the Elster, and these were answered a minute later by four red ones that trailed up beyond Halle—a signal which put the French on the *qui vive*.

That night Colonel Marbot, of the 23rd Chasseurs-à-cheval, lost an opportunity of changing the whole face of the campaign through no fault of his own, for, being in observation at the foot of a hill called the Kolmberg, or Swedish Redoubt, he saw several figures on the summit, outlined against the sky, and heard a conversation in French that made the blood tingle in his veins.

Stealthily drawing his regiment forward in the darkness, while the 24th crept round the other flank of the hill, a few minutes more would have sufficed to enclose the Kolmberg and capture the speakers, but one of his men accidentally fired his carbine. There was "mounting in hot haste." The figures vanished at full speed towards the allied position, and Marbot had a sharp brush with an escort of cavalry, learning afterwards, to his intense chagrin, that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were in the group that had escaped him!

Early in the foggy dawn of the 16th October Napoleon left his quarters, attended by his

several corps were now all within a short radius of Millen, in good positions and in good condition. Two-thirds of the whole distance had been accomplished with trivial loss. The waggons were full, but towards the coast the country



SAVANNAH FROM THE RIVER.

becomes sandy and barren, and supplies would become more scarce; so Sherman determined to push on to Savannah. He was aware that the Confederate general Hardee was between him and that city with some 10,000 men, a force incapable of being very mischievous. The fine railway station and other public buildings of Millen were destroyed, and on the 4th the march was resumed by the whole army direct on Savannah, by the four main roads. So seasoned was the force that the soldiers marched their fifteen miles day after day, as if the distance was nothing.

On the 8th, Sherman found the column turned off from the main road, and went forward to ascertain the cause. He found a group of men round a young officer whose foot had been blown to pieces by a torpedo planted in the road. This, as Sherman well said, was murder, not war. The rebels had deliberately planted a succession of 8-inch shells in the road, with friction matches to explode them when trodden on. Sherman immediately ordered up a squad of rebel prisoners from the provost guard, supplied them with picks and spades, and made them march in close order along the road, to explode their own torpedoes or discover and dig them up. They begged hard for exemption, but Sherman, although not a cruel man, reiterated his order, and could hardly help laughing at the gingerly stepping of the rebel prisoners as they went forward in front of the Northern column.

On the 9th and 10th, the several corps reached the defences of Savannah, the 14th Corps touching with its left the Savannah river. To the right was first the 20th, then the 17th, and the 15th on the extreme right, thus almost completely investing the city, involving the unpleasantness, apparently, of another siege. On one of those days Sherman had a very narrow escape. He was in a cutting through which the railroad passed straight into Savannah. He could see about eight hundred yards away a rebel parapet and battery. The gunners were loading, and he warned his officers to scatter. Watching closely he saw the ball rise, and thought it wise to step aside; at the moment a negro was crossing the track very close to him. The ball, a 32lb.-shot, struck the ground, rose in its first ricochet, and caught the negro under

the right jaw, literally smashing his head into pulp. The cut was promptly deserted.

It was manifest that Savannah was well fortified and garrisoned, under the command of a competent officer, General W. J. Hardee; and Sherman resolved, in the first instance, to open communication with the Federal fleet, supposed to be waiting in Ossabaw Sound with mails, supplies, and clothing. Leaving orders with General Slocum to press the siege, he sent General Howard, with Hazen's division of the 15th Corps and a force of engineers, to King's Bridge, fourteen-and-a-half miles south-west of Savannah, with instructions to rebuild the bridge. That work was finished on the night of the 12th, and at sunrise of the 13th Hazen passed over, having orders from Sherman to march rapidly down the right bank of the Ogeechee, and without hesitation to carry Fort McAllister by storm. Sherman then rode ten miles down the left bank of the Ogeechee to a spot where there was a signal station, whence could be watched the lower river for any vessel of the blockading squadron, which daily sent a steamer up the Ogeechee as near to Fort McAllister as was safe.

Assurances by signal came from Hazen that he was making his preparations, and would soon assault. As the sun was going down, Sherman's impatience increased. There was still an hour till dusk, when a faint cloud of smoke betokened the approach of a steamboat. Soon the Union flag was visible, and attention was divided between the approaching steamer and the imminent assault of the fort. "Who are you?" was the question asked by signal from the steamer. "General Sherman," was the reply. The next question from the steamer was, "Is Fort McAllister taken?" "Not yet, but very soon," was the answer. At the very moment, Hazen's troops emerged from the encompassing woods, the lines dressed as on parade with the colours flying, the gallant force marching at a quick, steady pace. The fort was belching volleys from its big guns, the smoke of which soon enveloped Hazen's assaulting lines. There was a momentary cessation of fire; then the smoke drew away like a curtain, and the parapets were blue with the Northern soldiers, who fired their muskets in the air and shouted till the echoes rang. Fort McAllister was taken, and the news was telegraphed to the approaching gun-boat, which had been shut out by a point of timber from the thrilling spectacle.

An oyster skiff was chartered, a volunteer crew undertook to pull the boat down to the fort, and Hazen was found at supper in the planter's house. After a hurried inspection of the fort, a yawl was found and manned; Sherman and Howard went aboard, and the craft was pulled down stream regardless of warnings as to torpedoes, for Sherman was determined to board the gunboat that night at whatever risk or cost, hungry as he was for news from the outer world. At length they were aboard of the *Dandelion* tender, and surrounded by half-a-dozen naval officers. The general learned that Admiral Dahlgren was on his flagship on Wassau Sound, that General Foster, commanding the department, was near by at Hilton Head, that several ships with stores for the army were lying in Tybee Roads and Port Royal Sound, and that Grant was still besieging Petersburg, things being little altered since the departure from Atlanta.

Sherman and Howard returned to the McAllister House, and lay down on the crowded floor to snatch some sleep. Sherman was summoned presently from slumber to take boat for the ship in which was General Foster, who was lame from an old Mexican wound. By-and-by Admiral Dahlgren was found, mails arrived and were distributed as soon as possible, rations were sent to the army, and Sherman, after having made his preparations, summoned General Hardee to surrender Savannah. Sherman's letter to him was not in accordance with the amenities of civilised warfare, and he must have repented such expressions as the following:—"Should I be forced to resort to assault, or to the slower and surer process of starvation, I will then feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures, and shall make little effort to restrain my army." Hardee replied like a gentleman. In a sentence he declined to surrender, and added—"I have hitherto conducted my military operations in strict accordance with the rules of civilised warfare, and I should deeply regret the adoption of any course on your part that might force me to deviate from them in future." Hardee's refusal reached Sherman on December 18th. Savannah was found evacuated on the morning of the 21st, and was immediately taken possession of. Hardee had carried away his field-artillery and blown up his ironclads and navy yard, but had left everything else, inclusive of an immense quantity of public and private property. With his entry to Savannah on 22nd December Sherman held to have terminated the "March to the Sea." He regarded that march simply as a "shift of

base"—as the transfer of an army from its work in the interior to a point on the coast whence it could achieve other important results. In other words, he considered the march to the sea as a means to an end, and not as an essential act of war. He himself expressed his measure of the relative importance of the march to the sea, and of that from Savannah northward, by placing the former at one and the latter at ten.

The Campaign of the Carolinas.

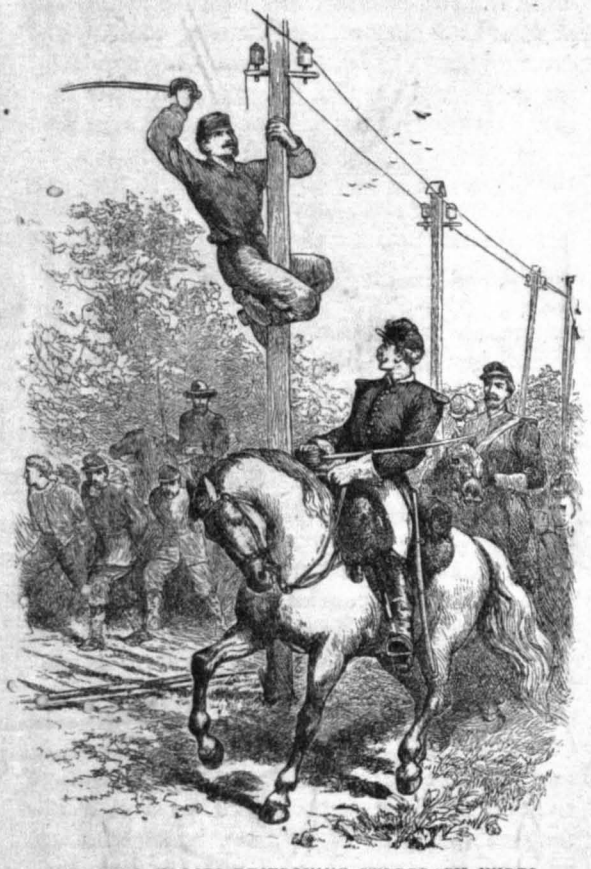
General Grant, who was Sherman's superior officer, had suggested that the latter, having established a strong base of all arms on the coast about Savannah, should bring northward by sea the mass of his seasoned and triumphant army to join the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg; but to Sherman's satisfaction, Grant subsequently, with good judgment, modified his views in favour of the strategy put forward by his great subordinate. Sherman's plan of campaign was that of a commander who was a master of the art of war. Leaving an adequate garrison in Savannah, his project was to move northward with his army resupplied, cross the Savannah river, feign against Charleston and Augusta, striking between the two and heading straight for Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina, thence advancing through North Carolina to Raleigh or Weldon. His appearance at one or other of those points would, he anticipated, force Lee to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond; and to take to the open field, throwing himself rapidly between Grant's and Sherman's armies.

During the latter half of January, 1865, Sherman's troops, about 60,000 strong, organised precisely as during the march to the sea, had been gradually taking up advanced positions northward of Savannah. The whole vicinity was more or less amphibious, the low alluvial land cut up by an infinite number of salt-water sloughs and fresh-water creeks. The Savannah river had risen in flood, which swept away Sherman's pontoon-bridge at Savannah and came near drowning one of his divisions while on the march to Pocotatigo. On February 1st Sherman's army was at that place, near the head of Port Royal inlet; his left wing, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, was still at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river, twenty-five miles north of the city. In spite of obstructions, the general march began promptly on the day named. The right wing moved up the Salkiehatchie on its right bank, the river brimming full, and presenting a most formidable obstacle. Through the swamps bounding the river proper the heads of columns marched in water up to their shoulders, until at River's Bridge and Beaufort Bridge respectively the 15th and 17th Corps forced their way across the river in face of the rebel brigade attempting to defend the passage. The Union loss was not severe, and the enemy at once abandoned the whole line of the Salkiehatchie.

On the 5th, Sherman was with the 15th Corps at Beaufort's Bridge, his left wing abreast, the cavalry ahead of him. The army was approaching the line of the Charleston and Augusta railroad about Midway station, and the general expected to encounter severe resistance, since the disruption of that line would sever the communications of the enemy between the sea-coast and interior points. On the 7th, in the midst of a rain storm, the railroad was gained at several points with scarcely any opposition, contrary to Sherman's expectation. A droll episode is recorded in regard to this seizure of the railroad. General Howard, with the 17th Corps marching straight on Midway, when about five miles distant began to deploy the leading division so as to be ready for battle. Sitting on his horse by the roadside while the deployment was in progress, he saw a man coming down the road as hard as he could gallop, whom as he approached the general recognised as one of his own "bummers," mounted on a white horse with a rope bridle and blanket for a saddle. As he came nearer he shouted, "Hurry up, general! come along, we have gotten the railroad!" "So," remarked General Howard, "while we generals were proceeding deliberately to get ready for a serious battle, a parcel of our foragers in search of plunder, had got ahead and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the rebel Government."

The Union army remained strung along this railroad till the 9th, working parties being detailed to tear up the rails, burn the ties, and twist the bars. Sherman was resolved on utterly wrecking fifty miles of a line of so great consequence, partly to prevent the possibility of its restoration, partly to utilise the time until General Slocum, who had been delayed at the Savannah river, should come up. Having sufficiently damaged the railroad and effected the junction of the entire army, the general march was resumed with Columbia as its objective, the right wing following the cross railroad from

Branchville to the Santee river by way of Orangeville. Kilpatrick was sent with his cavalry to the westward, to demonstrate strongly against Aiken and thus to maintain the idea that Augusta was being threatened. But Sherman was resolute not to deviate either to the right or to the left. He would not even allow himself to be tempted to turn aside to inflict punishment on Charleston, the bitter and stubborn hotbed of rebellion. His aspiration was to



FEDERAL TROOPS DESTROYING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

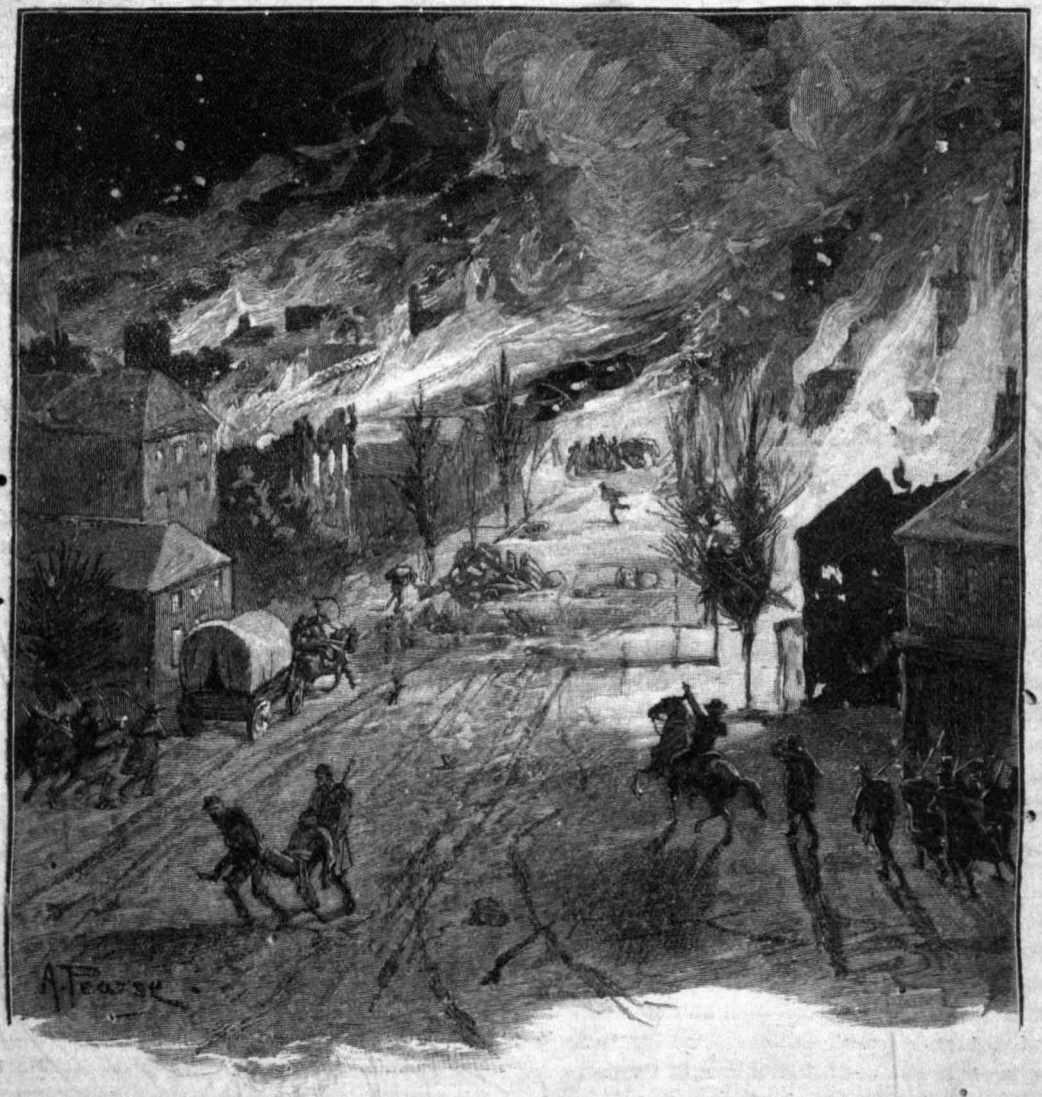
reach Columbia before any part of Wood's Confederate force—the advance of which, commanded by General Dick Taylor, was reported to be already in Augusta—should precede him in the occupation of the former city.

On the 11th the army crossed the South Edisto, and the next day the 17th Corps reached Orangeville, where the Charleston - Columbia railroad was cut and destroyed up to the Santee river. The North Edisto was crossed by pontoon bridges, and all the columns were then headed for Columbia, where it was believed that there was a great concentration of rebel forces. Later on the march, it was ascertained that the only troops in the capital were Wade Hamilton's cavalry along with General Beauregard, in a state of considerable confusion. During the night between the 16th and 17th a detachment had crossed the Saluda river close to Columbia, and next morning, while the bridge was being repaired, the Mayor of Columbia came out to surrender the city. A brigade was sent forward to occupy it, and General Sherman, with his staff and the general officers of the 15th Corps, entered Columbia just as Wade Hampton and General Beauregard rode away from it. The high wind was whirling about flakes of cotton from the burning cotton bales which were said to have been fired by the rebel cavalry before leaving the city that same morning. The railroad depôt and a large adjacent warehouse had been burnt to the ground, and piles of corn and meal in sacks were on fire. Sherman was quartered in the house of a fugitive citizen, where he was visited by a number of Northern people whom he had known in earlier days.

During the night great fires blazed in Columbia. Sherman ordered his troops to attempt to extinguish the flames, and they wrought hard; but the conflagrations nevertheless continued to increase. The high wind was spreading the flames beyond control, and the whole heavens became lurid. The air was full of sparks and of flying masses of cotton, shingles, etc., which the wind carried and started fresh fires. In the early morning the wind moderated and the fire was got under control; but the whole heart of the city, including several churches, the old State-house, and many other public and private buildings, was destroyed. One half at least of Columbia had been laid in ashes. Throughout the Confederacy it was believed, and the belief has not yet died out, that the burning of Columbia was deliberately planned and executed by Sherman. He steadfastly denied this, and the finding of the subsequent mixed commission on American and British claims was to the effect that the destruction of Columbia did not result from the action of Sherman's army. He himself directly charged the arson on Wade Hampton. During the two following days the railroads around Columbia were ruined, and the State arsenal with its contents was destroyed.

Columbia utterly ruined, Sherman's right wing marched northward to Winnsboro', where the left wing joined, and the advance was then to the north-east on Cheraw and onwards

towards Fayetteville, in North Carolina, considerable delay being encountered in bridging the Catawba and other rivers. When halted in Cheraw, newspaper intelligence gave Sherman the information that his feint to the left on Charlotte had in no way misled his antagonists; and he realised that he must prepare for the concentration in his front of a considerable force under General Jos. Johnston, who had been appointed to the supreme command of the Confederate forces in the Carolinas. Reaching Fayetteville on the 11th he found General Slocum in possession of that town, and all the rest of the army close at hand. He learned also that General Hardee, followed by Wade Hampton's cavalry, had barely escaped across Cape Fear river, burning the bridge which Sherman had hoped to preserve. Kilpatrick had experienced some curious vicissitudes a few days previously, when holding his cavalry strung out in line for the protection of the left flank of the army. Wade Hampton had broken through this line, capturing Kilpatrick and Spencer, his brigade commander, in a house which they were occupying for a few hours, and he held possession for a while of the camp and artillery of the brigade. Kilpatrick, however, and most of his people, had escaped into a swamp, and having re-formed and returned, put Hampton and his men to flight in their turn;

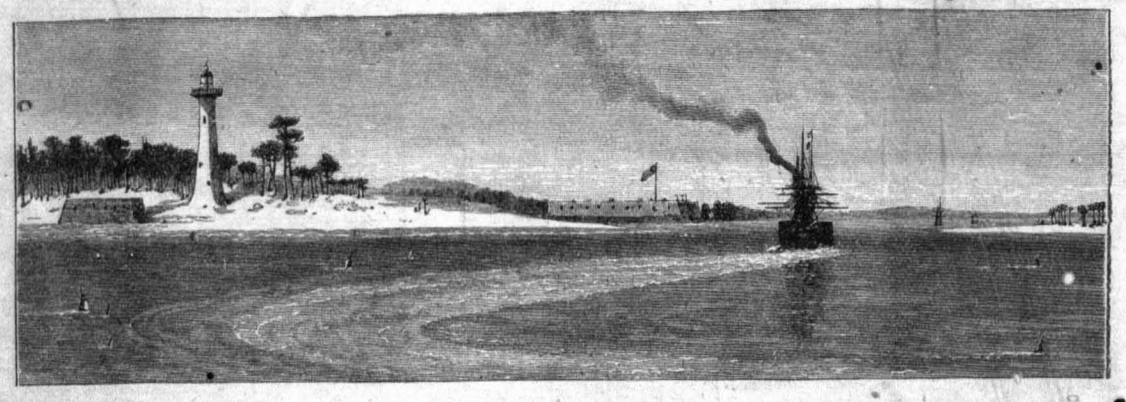


"THEY WROUGHT HARD, BUT THE CONFLAGRATIONS NEVERTHELESS CONTINUED TO INCREASE" (*p.* 8).

but the Confederate commander had carried off Kilpatrick's private horses and two hundred of his men as prisoners, whom he had displayed with great triumph in Fayetteville.

From Fayetteville Sherman was able to send to General Grant despatches reporting his progress and intentions; and he sent orders to General Schofield at Newbern and to General Terry at Wilmington, both places named being on the coast, to move with their effective forces straight for Goldsboro', where he expected to meet them by the 20th. On the 15th the whole army was across Cape Fear river on its march for Goldsboro'. On Sherman's extreme left were the 14th and 20th Corps with the cavalry acting in concert. Certain of being attacked on this flank, he ordered both wings to send their trains by interior roads, and each to hold four divisions ready for immediate action. Stubborn resistance was encountered from Hardee's troops of all arms, and on the 16th the Confederate commander was found in a strong position near Averysboro'. The divisions of Jackson and Ward deployed and pressed on, while a brigade made a wide circuit by the left; and the first line of the enemy was swept away, two hundred prisoners were taken, with three guns, and one hundred and eight dead Confederates were buried. Hardee withdrew and entrenched himself anew; but next morning he was gone, in full retreat towards Smithfield. In this Averysboro' combat the Federals lost twelve officers and sixty-five men killed, and four hundred and seventy-seven men wounded. The rebel wounded, numbering sixty-eight, were attended to by Sherman's surgeons, and then left in charge of a rebel officer and a few men.

From Averysboro' the left wing bent eastward towards Goldsboro'. On the 18th, Sherman had joined the right wing, to be near Generals' Schofield and Terry coming up from the coast towards Goldsboro'. He had heard some casual cannonading about Slocum's head of column, but did not regard it as serious until a messenger came in hot haste with the news that Slocum near Bentonsville had run up against Johnston's army, some 36,000 strong, considerably more than the whole of Slocum's command. Sherman sent orders to Slocum to fight on the defensive, pending his own arrival with reinforcements.



MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH.

A division was hurried to Slocum's flank, and the whole of the right wing was directed on Bentonsville, whence came loud and strong the roar of battle. Johnston was not pugnacious; he stood on the defensive entrenched in the V formation. Sherman explains in his memoirs that he "did not feel disposed to invite a general battle, in ignorance of Johnston's strength"; and he simply held his troops close up to the Confederate trenches for two days. At length, on the afternoon of the 21st, General Mower could stand inaction no longer, and with his division he broke through the enemy's left flank and pushed on towards Bentonsville. Sherman arrested the gallant Mower's offensive, and recalled him; repenting later of his having done so instead of supporting Mower, with the result of bringing on a battle the issue of which must have been in his favour by reason of his vastly superior numbers. The truth probably was that now Sherman was so near the successful ending of his undertaking, he was not willing to run any risks. Be this as it may, on the morning of the 22nd, Johnston was in full retreat on Smithfield, and Sherman marched into Goldsboro'. His loss at Bentonsville was 23 officers and

1,581 men killed, wounded, and missing. He had captured 1,287 prisoners. Johnston estimated his loss at 2,343 officers and men.

At Goldsboro' on the 22nd, Sherman found Terry with two divisions and Schofield with a whole corps, and the complete junction was then and there effected of all the army as originally designed.

"Thus," wrote Sherman, with pardonable pride, "was concluded one of the longest and most important marches ever made by an organised army in a civilised country. The route traversed crossed five great navigable rivers. Three important cities, Columbia, Cheraw, and Fayetteville, had been captured and occupied; the evacuation of Charleston had been compelled, all the railroads of South Carolina had been utterly broken up, and a vast amount of supplies belonging to the enemy had been seized and used. The country traversed was for the most part in a state of nature, with innumerable swamps, the roads mere mud, nearly every mile of which had to be corderoyed. Yet we had, in midwinter, accomplished the whole journey of 425 miles in fifty days, averaging ten miles per day; and had reached Goldsboro' with the army in superb order, and the trains almost as fresh as when we had started from Atlanta."

Sherman was still at Goldsboro' with his army about him when the tidings reached him of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond on 6th April. On the 12th he was officially informed of Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court House, and the war was regarded as over. Events came quickly. On the 14th, General Johnston made proposals to Sherman for the suspension of active operations, pending the termination of the war. Sherman was on his way to meet Johnston when a cipher telegram was handed him announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. The terms arranged between the two commanders were not approved of by the authorities in Washington, and Grant was sent to Sherman's headquarters to intimate to that commander that he was to demand the surrender of Johnston's army on the terms accorded to General Lee. Johnston accepted those terms. The great Civil War was now at an end; the gallant struggle of the Confederacy was over and done with, and thenceforth there was no longer rebellion within the wide boundaries of the great American Republic.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

The Battles round Leipzig: October 1813. By D. H. Parry.

THE well-worn old simile of the Phœnix rising from her ashes may be applied with truth to the French army on its return from Moscow; for, before its wounds were healed, almost before its actual losses could be counted, another mighty force was called into existence, and Napoleon, once more humming "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre," set forth from Paris to lead it to fresh glories and terrible defeat.

Lützen, Wurschen, Bautzen, Dresden, were victories dearly won at the expense of enormous slaughter; but Culm, Katzbach, and Gros Beeren came as heavy blows, and Napoleon's projects seemed threatened with tragic failure.

Whilst *his* men dwindled, and the German roads were thronged with his wounded Cuirassiers in wheelbarrows, or his troopers riding on lean cows, the allied armies, on the contrary, seemed to increase. Disaffection followed. The Saxons were deserting him *en masse*. Austria and Bavaria declared against him. As the enemy drew closer round him from all points, he hazarded everything on one cast of the die, chose a bad position, suffered a crushing reverse, and fled under circumstances of almost unparalleled horror.

Leipzig was at that time a small city girdled by a crumbling wall with four large and three smaller gates, a wet ditch where mulberry trees grew plentifully, and was separated from the extensive suburbs by a fine walk or boulevard planted with lindens which had grown to giant size.

It was a great centre of learning and commerce: Fichte, Goethe, and a host of famous men had studied or taught at its university; its three annual fairs were attended by booksellers from all parts of Europe; and before Napoleon's Continental system crippled trade it had lucrative industries in gold and silver, leather, silk, wool, yarn, and Prussian blue.

Had you mounted to the summit of one of its many towers, as hundreds did during the events I am about to describe, you would have seen beneath you the narrow streets of the quaint city, and farther out the gardens, public and private, for which Leipzig was justly famed, with the villas of the wealthy merchants peeping out of groves and orchards.

Far as the eye could reach stretched a gently rolling plain, wooded here and there, in other places barren where the harvest had been gathered and the stubble fields were brown; the whole expanse dotted with villages innumerable, each with its pointed spire; the plain intersected by great highroads and winding byways.

West of the city lay a marshy tract, where the rivers Pleiss and Elster flowed sluggishly in narrow channels, and joined the Partha, which came round the northern side. This tract was a mass of tiny streams and dykes, crossed by a narrow causeway leading to Lindenau, and so to the road by Weissenfels, Erfurt, and Frankfort to the Rhine.

From the Rhine Napoleon had allowed himself to be cut off, by staying at Dresden when every hour was of the utmost consequence. There seem to have come to him towards the close of his marvellous career strange attacks of indecision which no one has satisfactorily explained, and the lingering at Dresden while the allies had drawn nearer and nearer until they had him in a net, from which he escaped but with difficulty and at great sacrifices, was one of these.

At last his various corps were ordered on Magdeburg, and on the 7th October, at seven in the morning, the emperor himself left Dresden, and quitting the Leipzig road beyond Wurzen,

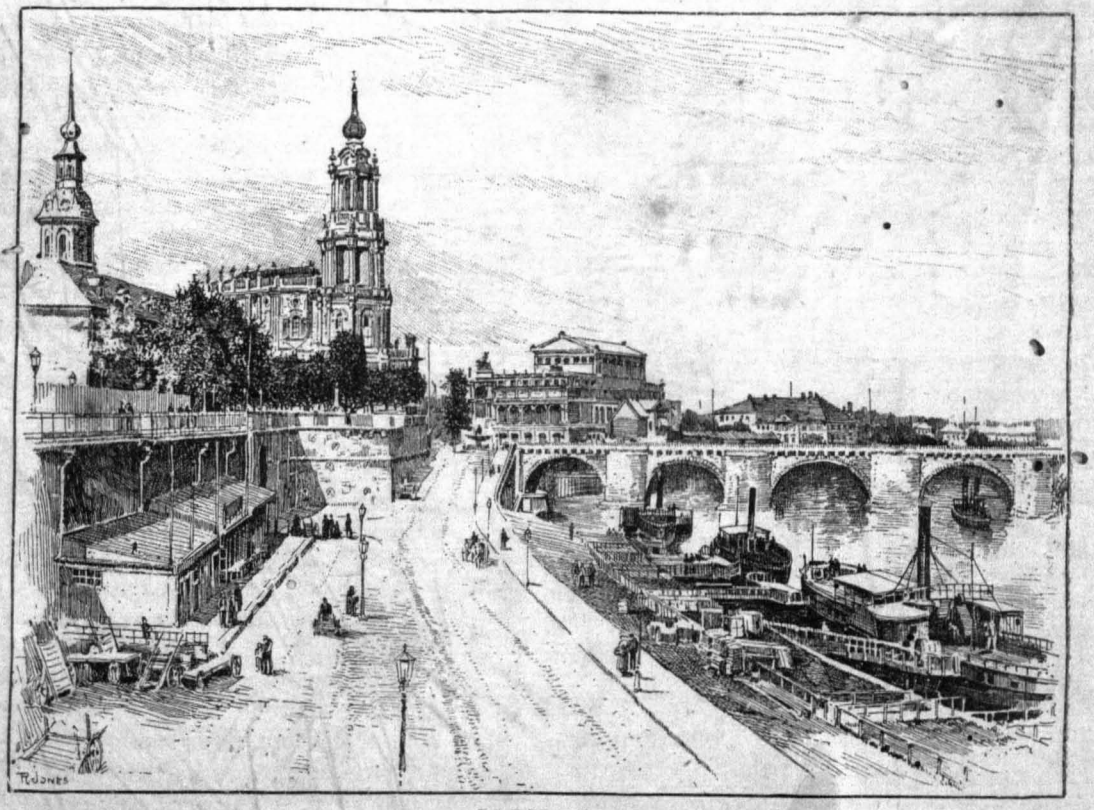
eventually reached the little moated castle of Düben on the 10th, where he stayed three days in further indecision, until he suddenly commanded a countermarch of his troops upon Leipzig, stopping himself to breakfast in a field by the roadside, at a point some fifteen miles from the city.

While there, the distant booming of cannon told him that Murat was engaged to the south of Leipzig, and at the same moment the King of Saxony came up with his Queen and a strong escort.

Napoleon had desired them to accompany him, and advancing to the carriage door, he reassured the frightened lady, who went on after a short halt with her unfortunate husband, destined to pay so dearly for his loyalty to the French cause.

The day was grey and lowering, and Murat had had several smart cavalry affairs near Borna, in one of which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning with a single trooper, he had been hotly pursued by Lieutenant De Lippe of the 1st Neumark Dragoons, who repeatedly shouted "Stop, King!" "Stop, King!" After a galloping fight the pursuer was killed by Murat's attendant, to whom Napoleon gave the Legion of Honour, and who rode the dead man's horse next day in his capacity of equerry to the King of Naples.

Meanwhile, the columns were tramping in and taking up their positions; outside the house of Herr Vetter at Reudnitz, a picturesque village two miles from Leipzig, a chasseur of the Guard with loaded carbine showed where Napoleon had fixed his quarters. Waggons,



DRESDEN.

It was the anniversary of Iéna, and by a strange coincidence Napoleon was using the identical copy of Petri's atlas which he had consulted for the campaign that had laid Prussia at his feet in two short weeks. Now the tables were turned, and Prussia was about to have a terrible revenge.

carriages, escort, and orderly officers thronged the streets; every hour witnessed the arrival of a grenadier regiment, a corps of tirailleurs, or a rumbling battery of guns, whose grey-coated drivers forced a passage through the crowd with almost as little ceremony as the emperor's suite itself. The citizens had experienced

orderly officers and the escort of the Guard, and riding on to the hill of Lieberwolkwitz again, he was joined by Murat, the pair gazing long through their glasses towards the enemy's lines, where, when the fog melted into the drizzle of a cold and gloomy day, they saw several columns forming for the attack.

Huge riding-cloaks were then the fashion, and as the cavalcade left the hill muffled to the ears three signal-guns crashed out about 9 o'clock, sending their balls over the heads of the staff into the Guard and the Cuirassiers beyond, doing some damage, and commencing what is known as the battle of Wachau.

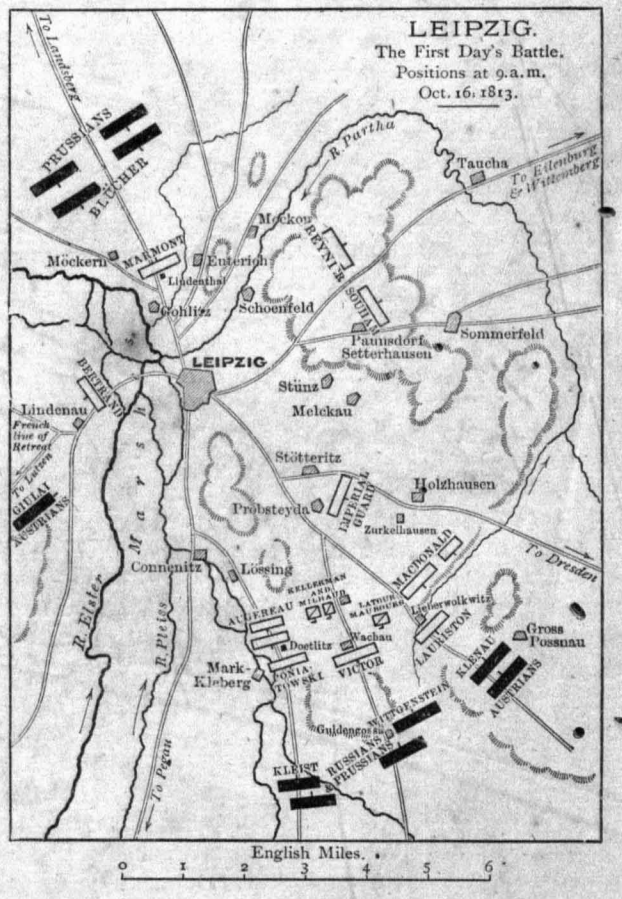
Kleist, with a mixed force of Russians and Prussians, advanced on the French right wing in the marshes of the Pleiss and took the village of Mark-Kleberg; Wittgenstein, commanding two columns, also of Russians and Prussians, was partially successful in the Wachau hollow; and the Austrian general Klenau flung his men at the hill of Lieberwolkwitz, which Napoleon regarded as the key of his position.

Ordering forward half the young Guard under Marshal Mortier, and sending for a part of Macdonald's corps, the emperor repulsed the Austrians with great loss, captured a portion of the wood of the university, and having separated Klenau from the rest of the allied army, turned his attention on his centre at Wachau, bringing up two divisions of the Guard under Oudinot to support Victor, placing his reserve artillery on the heights behind the village, and moving Milhaud's and Kellerman's cavalry to attack the Russian left.

All this while the most furious cannonade was in progress along the whole line, until, as one who was present has declared, "the earth literally trembled."

As the French horsemen gained the plain, affairs became serious for the allied centre, which was bayoneted out of Wachau by a superior force, and retired slowly, fighting all the way, leaving a thousand men dead in the stubble fields before it reached its reserves at the farm of Auenhayn; but, fortunately for Prince Eugène of Würtemberg, who commanded the retreating column, Nostitz arrived with a host of white-coated Austrian cavalry, which, after some dashing charges, drove Milhaud's and Kellerman's back, and saved the allied centre from a similar separation on the left wing to that which had already happened on the right.

Still, the allies had gained nothing but the village of Mark-Kleberg. Six desperate attacks had been repulsed by the French; and at Napoleon's command the bells of Leipzig were rung during the afternoon to celebrate a victory and



a band played gaily in the market square, where the Saxon Grenadiers stood under arms for the protection of their king.

Away beyond the rivers at Lindenau, Bertrand had stood his ground against General Giulai while the great fight waged to the south; but north of Leipzig Marshal Marmont had been less fortunate at the battle of Möckern, where Blücher took 2,000 prisoners, three guns, and forty ship's-cannon, which Marmont could not remove for want of horses.

The marshal fought hard though, in spite of the odds of three to one against him; and although he had to retire at nightfall on to the

Halle suburb, he retained Gohlitz and Möckern as advanced posts, and kept possession of Euterich.

Ney had drawn up in Marmont's rear early in the morning; but hearing the cannonade at Lieberwolkwitz before Marmont was attacked, the Duc d'Elchingen marched off towards the firing until Blücher's guns recalled him, and he is said to have lost both combats in consequence.

Returning once more to the south, one little incident deserves to be recounted, which had happened when the Kolmberg was stormed.

Napoleon, seeing the necessity of a strong charge, turned to a regiment drawn up motionless spectators, and asked which it was.

"The 22nd Light, sire."

"Impossible!" he cried. "The 22nd Light would never stand with its arms folded in presence of the enemy!"

Instantly the drums rolled the "pas de charge," the colours were waved, and, supported by Marbot's Chasseurs, they rushed forward. The sides of the Swedish redoubt became alive with blue figures and white cross belts, and the hill was taken under the eye of that leader who knew so well how to flatter the vanity of his followers, and who probably got more out of flesh and blood by a few artful sentences than any commander who ever existed, "charmed he never so wisely."

NAPOLEON I.

Between three o'clock and four, when the allied centre had been driven back, leaving its right exposed, Murat detected that weakness and prepared to swoop down with Latour-Maubourg's cavalry into the plain.

Alexander, whose station was behind the village of Gossa, tried to get his reserves up in time, but by some mischance they were jumbled together in some broken ground, leaving two regiments, the Lancers and Dragoons of the Guard, to face the rush of fifty squadrons, thundering down from the heights, the sun full on them as they came.

They were the 5th Cavalry Corps, with Murat, Latour-Maubourg, and Pajol leading — five thousand horsemen, mostly dragoons, green coated, grey breeched, high booted; white cloaks rolled *en banderole* across the square *revers*, which showed scarlet and crimson and rose, and bright yellow and dull orange; brass helmets with the whisk of horsehair about them; bearskins of the *Compagnies d'élite* bedraggled with the rain: one of those furious waves that in the early days of the Empire were wont to annihilate everything in their course, and which now tore, heedless of a storm of cannon shot, capturing twenty-six guns in the twinkling of an eye, and hustling the Russian dragoons over a brook in their rear.

A few causeways crossed the rivulet and the ground was swampy; the cavalry were splashed with mud from crest to spur, and the horses hock-deep in many cases.

The Russian lancers fell back and formed to the left, without crossing the brook; and checked in the moment of victory by the marsh into which they had floundered, the French squadrons became confused and unmanageable.

Guns were brought to bear upon them; the hussars of the Russian Guard charged in on their right rear, and they scrambled out in great disorder which degenerated into a panic and a hasty retreat, seeing which the Emperor Alexander sent his personal escort of Cossacks under Count Orloff Denissof to take the mass on the other flank.

Back streamed the broken dragoons, nor did they halt until they reached their infantry, for they had been sent at the enemy without any supports into ground where a voltigeur would have hesitated.

Latour-Maubourg had his leg taken off at the thigh by a ball, and brave Pajol met with a terrible experience.

A shell entered the breast of his horse, burst inside, and flung the general many feet in the air, breaking his left arm and several ribs as he fell, to be rescued with great difficulty by his

aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Biot, and some staff officers.

Murat had a narrow escape ; twenty-four of the guns were retaken by the Russians, and a grand opportunity was lost, while Gossa later in the day became the scene of a fierce encounter with the light troops of the Russian Guard, who forced the French to retire, and held that place as the allied right ; their centre being then at Auenhayn, their left at Mark-Kleberg.

fallen on both sides, but the allies could afford to lose them, and the French could not.

He was hard pressed by Blücher on the north ; to southward the enemy were being strongly reinforced, and a hideous stream of wounded crawled back to the city to show how severely the Grand Army had suffered.

The corn magazine, capable of holding 2,500 men, was crammed full to overflowing, the rest lay about the streets untended, and reflected the

THE ALLIED STAFF AT LEIPZIG.

At Connenitz, between Doetlitz and Leipzig. Count Meerfeldt had crossed the Pleiss unexpectedly, but Curial, with the Chasseurs-à-pied of the Guard, came upon him, routed his battalion, and being unhorsed and wounded, the Austrian general gave up his sword to Captain Pleineselve.

Darkness fell, and as the clocks chimed six the guns ceased firing, the rattle of small-arms died away, and the French remained practically in the same position, while the front of the allies had been considerably narrowed.

Nevertheless, Napoleon had gained no real advantage : it was of little consequence that he had maintained his ground. Many men had

greatest discredit on the ambulance arrangements, never adequate to the needs of any of those gory campaigns ; while out beyond the city a circle of fires and blazing villages showed where the armies bivouacked among the dead.

Sunday came, the 17th October, dark and stormy with gusts of rain ; and the allies, hearing that Beningsen and Collorado would not be up before evening, postponed the attack until the following day. But Napoleon, finding that Wintzingerode, with the advance-guard of Bernadotte's army, had worked round to the east of Leipzig and appeared at Taucha on the Partha's banks, and that the net was closing tighter, spent the hours in anxious meditation,

and made fresh plans to concentrate his forces closer round the city.

He pitched his five blue and white-striped tents in a dry fish-pond near Probsteyda that night with the Old Guard encamped about him, and waited in vain for a reply to his negotiations, having sent General Meerfeldt, on his parole, to the allied sovereigns with certain proposals.

"They are deceived in respect to me," he had said to that officer. "I demand nothing better than to repose myself in the shade of peace, and ensure the happiness of France, as I have ensured her glory"; but the sovereigns were no longer to be hoodwinked by specious words: with time had come experience.

Down a long vista of eighty years we can now look back calmly, if with wonder, at this stirring period; feeling almost a reverence for the little figure on the white horse, as we marvel at his mighty genius, and gaze with admiration at the faded flag he kissed at Fontainebleau, or the moth-eaten *chapeau* he wore at Eylau; but set the clock back, and picture how he looked in 1813.

Napoleon had become a public nuisance in Europe: no king was safe on his throne, no people within his reach knew at what hour the tap of the drum might not sound on the high-road and a locust scourge spread over their fields and homesteads.

* * * * *

During the night Napoleon knew no sleep; Nansouty and various generals were called up to be questioned, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the four lamps of the emperor's carriage flashed outside Ney's quarters at Reudnitz—the same that Napoleon had occupied on his arrival.

After an hour of close consultation the emperor left in the rain, and walking with Murat along the swollen dykes for half an hour, again sought his tent, much absorbed.

It is also said they rode along the causeway as far as the Kuhthurm, or Cow Tower, towards Lindenau, to give Bertrand instructions to occupy Weissenfels and keep the road clear.

An alteration in the French position had been effected in the night and early morning, and now Connenitz formed the right wing under Prince Poniatowski, raised to the dignity of marshal for his gallantry the day before.

Victor had fallen back to Probsteyda; Lauriston, between that village and Stötteritz, upon which latter place Macdonald had retired; General Reynier with a brigade of Saxons occupied Mockou, and also Paunsdorf, on the Wurtzen-Dresden road; Ney was in force near Setterhausen, not far from Reudnitz, and at Schoenfeld on the Partha; while the northern suburbs of Leipzig were defended by Marmont as before. Thus, with Bertrand on the west, the city was completely surrounded, the position having one great fault, as Napoleon well knew—namely, in case of defeat all these scattered corps, miniature armies in themselves, would be forced to get away by the narrow causeway across the Pleiss and Elster.

South of Leipzig Murat was in command; east and north, Marshal Ney; the emperor himself remaining the greater part of the time on a hill behind Probsteyda, near the ruined windmill and tobacco factory, that gave him a panoramic view of the field, and round about which his guard was waiting.

By eight o'clock on the 18th, Napoleon was on the windmill hill, and a little later the allied troops were again descried on the march to attack him.

The weather had cleared and the sun was shining; the Prussians began to sing "Hail to thee in victory crowned," their bands joining in; and, from their quarters at the dismantled château of Rotha, some ten miles away, the Emperor Alexander and his suite rode into the plains at Glossa, joined by Frederick William of Prussia, who had slept at Borna, to witness the commencement of a conflict so fierce that it has been called the "Battle of the Giants" by some, and by others the "Battle of the Nations."

Three columns were in motion: 1st, Beningsen, with Bubna, Klenau, and the Prussians under Zeithen—35,000 in all, or thereabouts—was to advance by Holzhausen on Murat's left—helped, it was expected, by Bernadotte's army; 2nd, Barclay de Tolly, with Kleist's Prussians, Wittgenstein's men, and the Russian reserves—estimated at 45,000 in all—who was to aim for Wachau and the centre; and, 3rd, the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was to lead 25,000 Austrians down the marshy Pleiss against Dösen and Doetlitz, while Meerfeld's Corps, under General Lederer, went down the left bank of the same stream to renew the attempts against Connenitz which the Old Guard had baffled the day before.

At first the columns found little to oppose them: Beningsen cleared the French advanced posts out of Engelsdorf and stayed there, as Bernadotte was not yet in evidence; Zeithen carried Zurkelhausen with much spirit and took some guns, while Klenau drove Macdonald's

rearguard from Holzhausen village; but the near presence of Ney and the non-arrival of the Army of the North crippled the action of the 1st column for a time.

The 3rd column flung its white battalions on Dösen and Doetlitz, and had a hard fight among the bushes and garden walls.

Napoleon stayed for an hour on his right flank to watch the opening struggle; Hesse-Homburg was wounded, and Bianchi took command; Kellerman's Horse and old Augereau's men supported Poniatowski with some success, but the Austrians eventually took Connenitz, and there they stayed, unable to do more, and held in check by the firm front of brave Poniatowski, backed by Oudinot with some of the Guard.

All day they kept up an incessant skirmishing, and the brown batteries of Austrian artillery on the one side, and the blue batteries of the French on the other, continued to thunder and boom almost without intermission until darkness fell.

Somewhere about ten o'clock, or an hour after the battle began, Napoleon left the right flank and galloped away to Probsteyda, a circular village surrounded by villas and gardens, strongly occupied by Victor; and there he found the 2nd column of the enemy, which had passed through Wachau unmolested, preparing for the attack.

Probsteyda, and Stötteritz a mile off to the left, were the keys of the French centre, and massing Lauriston's men between the two, rather in the rear, with the bulk of the Imperial Guard on the windmill hill behind Probsteyda, Napoleon turned all his attention to that portion of the field, viewing the conflict from the ruined windmill itself.

A furious artillery duel began on both sides—a duel which was, perhaps, the most prominent feature of the Leipzig battles, for, from morn till eve the whole plain resounded with the roar of cannon, and the smoke of 1,600 pieces hung round the city, through which the watchers on the ramparts and steeples could catch hasty glimpses of surging cavalry or the progress of infantry columns rushing to engage.

Under cover of the guns three Prussian brigades flung themselves on Probsteyda, met by the fire of Victor's troops, who lined the walls and fired from the attics and windows.

Many forgotten scrimmages took place in alleys and pretty gardens; the hedges hid long lines of dead and dying who had fought with desperation in attack and defence; the people in Leipzig questioned the wounded who staggered in through the gates, "How is it going?" and it was always the same reply, "Badly enough; the enemy is very strong!"

By two o'clock Prince Augustus and General Pirch had taken half the village, but reprisal was at hand, and the emperor descended at the head of his Guard and led it with loud shouts of victory down the hill, where the bearskins thronged into the streets and hurled the Prussians out again.

French horsemen in a dense body rode round the end of the village soon after, but Grand Duke Constantine—he of the lowering brow—moved *his* troopers forward with a strong support of foot and held them in check, while smoke and flames rolled over Probsteyda, and the horsemen did not charge. Shot and shell tore backwards and forwards, until it seemed little short of miraculous that men could live; battery after battery swept the plain: the officer riding with a vital order, the drummer beating to advance or retire, the surgeon dressing a limb in the shelter of a burning farmhouse—all were hit, death was in the very air itself; yet Murat, in sable-trimmed pelisse, galloped hither and thither unhurt, and the emperor himself tore heedlessly through his troops after his usual manner; his suite sometimes riding down an unlucky *fantassin* or two who did not get out of the way fast enough.

All day they fought at Connenitz, at Probsteyda, and round about Stötteritz, without making any headway on either side; but to north and east clouds were rolling up in spite of every effort of the heroic Ney to ward them off.

After hot skirmishing all morning on the banks of the Partha, Langeron's Russian corps crossed that river at Mockou; and about two o'clock Wintzingerode's cavalry passed it higher up and came into touch with Beningsen, whom we left waiting at Engelsdorf.

Ney accordingly concentrated his forces between Schoenfeld and Setterhausen to oppose the approach of the Army of the North, which began to appear at Taucha.

Reynier, who was under Ney, had been fighting hard for several hours with Bubna, and his difficulties were increased by the presence of the Hetman Platoff, with 6,000 roving Cossacks.

Poor Reynier was destined to meet with severe reverses on that day, and also to experience a novelty in warfare, for there trotted up about the same time a little body of horsemen

clad in smart blue jackets braided with yellow, with large semicircular crests of black bear-skin on their leather helmets. English horse

LEIPZIG: THE MARKET PLACE.

artillery they might have seemed from a distance but for the long bundles of what appeared to be lance-shafts which they carried in buckets by their sides.

English they were—Captain Bogue's troop of the Experimental Rocket Brigade attached to the Swedish army; and soon there came fiery serpents into Reynier's ranks, whizzing and burning and causing great disorder.

Bogue was killed by a ball in the head, and Lieutenant Strangways took command—the same man who, as General Strangways, said gently, "Will someone kindly lift me from my horse?" when a cannon shot tore off his leg at Inkerman in 1854.

Often enough those rockets went the wrong way, and caused consternation among the troop itself; but it is certain that they astonished the French tremendously, and not long after eleven Saxon battalions, three squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of guns stalked over from Mockou in the heat of action, and deliberately joined Bubna, leaving Reynier to his fate.

The French Cuirassiers understanding too late what was happening, charged after them, but the traitorous artillery slewed round and fired on their late comrades, the rest of the Saxon brigade marching into bivouac a league behind the allies.

This serious defection caused Napoleon to send a strong force to Reynier's assistance; but all it could do was to rescue the remnant of that general's corps, and the desertion remains a standing disgrace to Saxon honour for all time.

Twice during the morning had Ney sent to Reudnitz for a fresh horse, and again for a third in the afternoon. Several times did Langeron assault Schoenfeld without success, but at last he took it; and Bülow carrying Paunsdorf later in the evening, Ney fell back on his quarters at Reudnitz, wounded by a ball in the shoulder. Sacken having pressed Marshal Marmont hotly in the suburbs of Leipzig itself, and Blücher

having been driven out of Reudnitz by Napoleon in person.

Darkness was approaching, and with it came the rain.

The guns continued after that, and, as on the previous night, a circle of conflagration once more surrounded the city, thirteen villages and farms being in a blaze, and a multitude of bivouacs glowing wherever the eye rested.

A fire was kindled by the ruined mill, and Napoleon dismounted beside it with a heavy heart.

It was 6 o'clock, and the result of the battle was practically against him, for, though his position had been retained, the carnage had been frightful, and the allies were in perfect touch with each other along his whole front from Connenitz to Schoenfeld. He was not in a condition to renew the combat next day, and there only remained a retreat under cover of the night, for which he gave orders to Berthier, and then threw himself on a bench they had brought from a neighbouring cottage, and slept in the open air by the fire for a quarter of an hour with his arms folded, the staff standing round him silent and sorrowful.

Waking, he received a report from Generals Sorbier and Dulauloy, of the artillery, to the effect that since the actions began the French had expended no less than 250,000 cannon balls, and, including the reserve, there only remained 16,000 more, or enough for two hours' firing.

The Austrian return for the 16th and 18th is 56,000 from 320 guns alone. That of the whole allied army must have been something stupendous!

Order upon order did the baffled emperor give, directing his troops to retreat by the causeway on Lindenau, which was still held by Bertrand; and somewhere about 8 o'clock

"NAPOLEON RODE AWAY WITH A SMALL SUITE THROUGH ST. PETER'S GATE" (*p.* 22).

Napoleon rode away to Leipzig, where, finding the Thunberg crowded with wounded, he put up at the "Prussian Arms," or, as some have it, the "Hôtel de Prusse," in the horse-market, leaving his windmill at the same time that Excelmann's division startled for Lindenau, which they did not reach until 4 a.m.

The night was intensely and unusually dark. The plain was thronged with the retreating army, and so great was the confusion inside the city that whole corps had passed through before the inhabitants realised that the French were leaving them.

The baggage entered by four gates, and tried to get out through one, and that so narrow that a single carriage alone could pass it at a time. Farther on, again, the Cow Tower was only the same width, and nowhere was the road more than thirty feet from side to side, crossing three English miles of marshy meadows and five unfordable streams by small bridges until it reached Lindenau, where a larger bridge finally conveyed it to firm ground.

No sleep had Napoleon that night, nor indeed had anyone in Leipzig save those utterly worn out by the protracted struggle, for the city rang with tumult as the troops struggled through the narrow streets, often in single file where the way was blocked with waggons and guns. Mounted Grenadiers of the Old Guard, Cuirassiers muffled against the rain in white cloaks, conscripts crying from very weariness—all streaming onward, many under the windows of the hostelry itself where Napoleon, in his dressing gown and with head tied in a handkerchief, sometimes looked out on the defeated mob, which had no "Vive l'Empereur!" then.

For once the Grand Army—or, rather, its remnants—showed a provident spirit, making great efforts to guide large herds of lowing cattle through the press, in which they were not altogether successful, and only added to the confusion thereby, as we read that numbers of oxen were browsing quietly in the town ditch when the allies stormed the suburbs next day.

Officers had pleaded for the construction of other bridges over the Pleiss and the marshes, and one had been made, though by whom is not clear; but it broke down as the first battalion crossed it, and was not replaced, Berthier afterwards making his usual excuse, "The emperor had given no orders."

Napoleon's horse was waiting at 2 o'clock in the morning, but it was, 9 ere he got into the saddle, and for half an hour before that the enemy's cannon had been heard beyond the Grimma suburb.

To the house where the King of Saxony was staying the emperor rode at a quick pace, and for twenty minutes he was alone with his faithful ally and the distressed queen, the king ultimately attending him to the head of the staircase when he took his departure.

Apparently irresolute what course to pursue, he threaded the crowd with some difficulty, and finally dashed by St. Thomas's Church to the gate of St. Peter, where he paused in obvious indecision.

His proposal to the allies that he should evacuate the city, and declare all the Saxon troops neutral, on condition that he should be allowed to convey his artillery and baggage to a specified point, was insulting to the intelligence of those to whom he had addressed it, and the guns he heard thundering on several sides made fitting reply. Still, he seemed loth to go, and finally rode as far as the Civic School in the direction of his quarters.

There he came under fire, and is said to have had an interview with Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, and as brave a man as any in that brave age. So hotly had the prince been engaged in the various battles about Leipzig, that fifteen officers of his personal staff had been killed or wounded; he himself had been hit on the 14th and again on the 16th, and he was destined to receive two further wounds before the waters of the Elster closed over him for ever.

To him Napoleon entrusted the defence of the Borna suburb with a handful of 2,000 Polish troops, and Poniatowski's last words to the man who had made him a Marshal of France two days before were: "We are all ready to die for your Majesty!"

Lauriston, Macdonald, and Reynier likewise remained in Leipzig, and abandoning an idea he had entertained of firing the suburbs to check the enemy, Napoleon gave orders to protract the resistance from house to house, and rode away with a small suite through St. Peter's Gate, calm and inscrutable of face, but as eye-witnesses tell us, in a profuse perspiration.

"Place pour Sa Majesté!" secured no passage; the chaos of the Beresina was in progress, without the snow, though the Cossacks were close at hand; and compelled to leave the highway, the fugitive emperor plunged into a labyrinth of lanes, and had proceeded some distance *towards the enemy* before the mistake was discovered,

when, after questioning some natives closely as to whether any byway to Borna and Altenburg existed, and being answered in the negative, he at last rode through Richter's garden, and so gained the crowded causeway by the outer Ranstadt Gate.

After he had gone, the King of Saxony sent a flag of truce to the allied sovereigns, who occupied the same hill from which Napoleon had directed the battle of the 18th, entreating them to spare the city, the answer being "as far as possible," on the condition that no French should be harboured or concealed; General Toll, one of Alexander's aides-de-camp, riding back with the messenger to see the King himself.

Against the city on the south the three great divisions of the allied army began the attack in pretty much the same order as on the preceding days, the Austrians marching along the road from Connenitz, Barclay de Tolly on their right, Beningsen still farther to the right again; at last the Army of the North came into absolute action, and stormed the eastern suburbs, while Sacken's corps bombarded the city from the north across the Partha.

Poor Bernadotte has been abundantly reviled for taking part against the French; but it must be remembered that it was forced upon him, in the first instance, by Napoleon's arbitrary conduct, and that he gave strong proof of his reluctance to shed the blood of his own countrymen in arriving so late; for had he wished otherwise, the Army of the North could well have joined the rest of the allies several days before.

As a Marshal of France Bernadotte had won his spurs worthily, in spite of the jealousies of some of his comrades-in-arms and the dislike of Napoleon himself; when he had it in his power to be revenged against his old enemy, he refrained as long as honour allowed it to be possible, which cannot be said of some who owed more to the emperor than ever Bernadotte had done: that his character has stood the test of time Swedish annals show.

A nominal rear-guard of 6,000 men had been left in the city, but it is asserted by many present that there were quite 30,000 about the walls and suburbs, to say nothing of sick and wounded; for the remains of Reynier's corps were still in the place, with a host of others more or less disorganised, and under such leaders as Macdonald, Poniatowski, and Lauriston, the fiercest resistance was made, every house being loopholed in some quarters, and barricades constructed of furniture and felled trees.

The attack was in full swing at eleven, and the fighting desperate; shot crashed in from the north and east, and a few shells dropped into the streets from the direction of Halle. The Pfaffendorf farm hospital was burnt, with most of the wounded, when the Jägers got there; but in spite of their overwhelming numbers, the allies only took the city inch by inch, and the final catastrophe was even then hastened by a terrible and unforeseen accident.

When Napoleon had traversed the causeway and crossed the Elster, he ordered General Dulauloy to have the bridge undermined, and then galloping on to Lindenau mounted to the first storey of a windmill, while his officers attempted to infuse some order into the fugitives by directing them to certain points where they would find their regiments.

Dulauloy entrusted Colonel Montfort of the Engineers to form *fougasses* beneath the bridge, which were to be fired instantly on the approach of the enemy; Montfort handed over the charge of the mines to a corporal and four sappers, and everything being ready, they listened to the uproar growing louder and louder in Leipzig, and watched the stream of retreating humanity which still poured towards them over the marshes.

The bulk of the Guard and the best part of the baggage had already passed through Lindenau; regiments, squadrons, batteries, and stragglers had been going by for many hours, and but for the crash of musketry in the distance, it seemed as though the crowd then on the causeway must be the last of the Grand Army to leave the city.

Sacken, Bülow, and Bernadotte's Swedes gained a foothold about the same time; the Young Guard stood at bay in the cemetery of Grimma, sallied out, were repulsed, and died almost to a man among the graves, fighting to the bitter end—neither the first time, nor the last, that French valour has showed itself at its best in "God's acre."

The Russians carried the outer Peter's Gate, and fell with tremendous violence on the rear-guard in Reichel's garden; the Baden Jägers bolted from the inner gate without firing a shot, and afterwards turned their weapons on the defeated French.

The wild burden of the "Stürm" march rang through the streets with loud huzzas and shouts

of "Long live Frederick William!" as the Prussians entered the Grimma Gate; the Halle suburb and the northern side of the city were in the enemy's hands, in spite of Reynier and his men; but still the French maintained an heroic resistance.

The houses of Leipzig were tall, with many landings, and some of those landings have their legends even now!

But while they were fighting with a fierceness that increased as they felt the superior weight of numbers was surely if slowly overpowering them, a loud explosion boomed in their rear towards the marshes and the causeway, and a whisper followed it: "We are cut off; the bridge has been destroyed!"

The whisper became a cry—a wave of panic followed it; the gallant bands left the streets and yards and gateways, and rushing to the head of the causeway, found the rumour true!

Under the walls of the city the Elster approached very close to the Pleiss, and ran roughly parallel with it until the two rivers joined; across the Pleiss and the first narrow strip of swamp the horrified rear-guard could pass, but no farther: a gulf yawned between them and the continuation of the causeway, isolating every soul in Leipzig from their more fortunate comrades at Lindenau.

Alarmed by the low shackoes of Sacken's light infantry, who had got into the Rosenthal island close to the bridge, the corporal had fired his train and shattered the only means of escape. A panic followed, and the enemy were not slow to take advantage of the circumstance, which in a moment had transformed a resolute foe into a mob of frantic fugitives.

Napoleon sent the 23rd and 24th Chasseurs full trot towards Leipzig, where they rescued about 2,000 men, who managed to scramble through the Elster, among them Marshal Macdonald, who arrived stark-naked, and who was hastily rigged out and mounted by Colonel Marbot on his own led horse.

Lauriston, returned drowned in the bulletin was taken prisoner in full uniform, over which he had thrown an old drab great-coat; and, including those captured in the battles, 30,000 men, 22,000 sick and wounded, 250 guns, and upwards of 1,000 waggons fell into the hands of the allies.

Poniatowski's heroic end is well known. When everything was lost he drew his sabre, and with his left arm in a sling, for he had been wounded again during the morning, he exclaimed to the little band of officers and mounted men that still surrounded him: "Gentlemen, it is better to fall with honour than to surrender!" and straightway dashed into a column that interposed between him and the river.

A bullet struck him, strangely enough, through the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of his gala uniform of the Polish Lancers, but he cleared the column, and leaped down the steep boarded banks into the Pleiss, where he lost his charger, and was helped out on the other side thoroughly exhausted.

Somebody gave him a trooper's horse, and on it he managed to cross the intervening marsh and plunge into the Elster, but the animal had no strength to mount the farther bank; the mud was deep, its hind legs became entangled, and falling backwards on to the weary man, steed and rider disappeared!

Five days after, a fisherman recovered the body, still wearing the diamond-studded epaulettes, and rings on many fingers, and it was embalmed and ultimately buried in the cathedral of Warsaw, a monument being erected on the banks of the Elster by M. Reichembach, the banker, from whose garden the unfortunate prince sprang into the river, the actual spot being now covered by a handsome quay.

Colonel Montfort and the corporal were tried by court-martial, the result of which has never been made public; but the report afterwards circulated that Napoleon had ordered the premature explosion to cover his own retreat is without foundation. Charles Lever has woven a pathetic romance round it, but all the evidence goes to prove that the corporal was alone answerable, and that no *blame* in reality attached to him, as his orders were explicit, and the enemy had appeared a few yards off when he fired the mines.

* * * * * *

The exact moment when the allies came into possession of the city is difficult to discover: the bridge was blown up shortly after eleven. Cathcart says he rode in with the sovereigns about twelve, but other accounts from eye-witnesses say the entry was at half-past one. If the time is uncertain, however, the attendant circumstances are clear: Alexander and the King of Prussia marched into Leipzig at the head of a brilliant column of Guard cavalry, passed the Saxon monarch on the steps of his house without notice, and eventually took up their station in the great square, where they were joined by Bernadotte, Blücher, Beningsen,

"BUT STILL THE FRENCH MAINTAINED AN HEROIC RESISTANCE" (*p.* 24).

Platoff, and later by Napoleon's father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria.

Every effort was made to prevent excesses: if the allies afterwards made loyal allegiance to Napoleon an excuse for robbing Frederick Augustus of an immense portion of his territory, they certainly took steps to ensure the safety of the citizens, and that is to their credit, whatever may be thought of their subsequent treatment of an unfortunate king whose memory is still revered in the land where he once held sway.

Leipzig had suffered terribly, and its inhabitants were starving.

At the Ränstadt Gate piles of corpses met the gaze, and the mill-dam was full of them; in Löhr's garden on the Göhlitz side, where dark groves once sheltered the nightingale, and Grecian statues stood among the greenery, the French gunners and artillery horses lay scattered about in death. In Richter's garden, through whose iron railings Napoleon had escaped, the Cuirassiers had been engaged: their steel breastplates littered the walks, and arms and feet protruded above the water.

Seventeen generals are said to have been taken, and among those slain on the 18th was General Frederichs, the handsomest man in the French army.

Pursuit abated a league from the city. The French retired to Markränstadt, nine miles off, and thence continued their way towards the Rhine, severely handling the Bavarians who tried to oppose them at Hanau.

A solemn Te Deum was sung in the great square at Leipzig, all the sovereigns and their officers attending. Alexander reviewed the Swedish force and the English rocket troop, and preparations were made to follow on the track of the Grand Army; a march which, in spite of the campaign of 1814, greatest of all Napoleon's efforts, may be said to have never stopped until the allies entered Paris and drove the emperor to Elba.

MARSHAL BERNADOTTE.
(From the painting by F. Gérard.)

THE INDIAN MUTINY

LUCKNOW

PART 1. MAY-SEPTR 1857

BY G.A.HENTY

THOUGH the siege of Delhi was of far greater importance, both political and military, yet most people, if asked to mention the most striking event in the Indian Mutiny, would undoubtedly name the defence of Lucknow. The incidents appeal more forcibly to the imagination, and the fact that the lives of numbers of women and children were at stake, as well as those of the male defenders of the position, excites a degree of sympathy far greater than that which can be aroused by purely military operations.

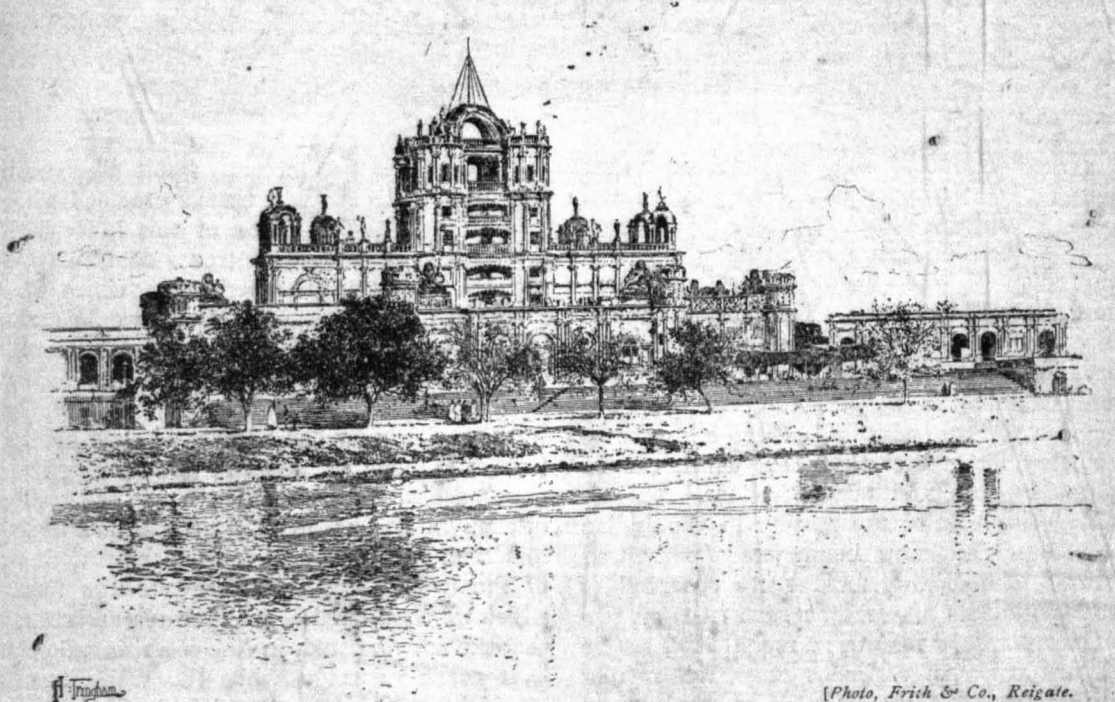
The outbreak of the mutiny in the Indian army found Lucknow ill prepared for such an event. The British force there consisted of three regiments of regular native infantry, two of Oudh irregular infantry, a regiment of native military police, a regiment of native regular cavalry, two or three of irregular cavalry, and three batteries of native artillery. To repress trouble should it arise, there was but the 32nd Regiment and a battery of European artillery.

At that time Lucknow was one of the largest towns in India, and the population was an exceedingly turbulent one. Before the annexation of Oudh, the state of that kingdom closely resembled that of England under the Plantagenets. The great landowners, like our own barons, dwelt in castles, defended by numerous guns, and maintained a strong force of armed retainers, by whose aid they waged war upon each other. Every village was surrounded by a stone wall for defence, not only against the neighbouring lords, but against other village communities. Thus, then, when a new state of things was introduced, and the zemindars were called upon to hand over their cannon and to disband their troops, a general feeling of discontent was caused. A large proportion of the guns were buried, and the disbanded soldiers, now without means of earning a livelihood, resorted to the great towns, where they were ripe for mischief should a chance present itself.

With a large population of this kind, with the fidelity of the native troops doubtful, and the certainty that the regiments which had mutinied in other parts of Oudh would make for the capital, the feeling was naturally one of great anxiety. Fortunately, in Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, the troops at Lucknow had a leader of tried ability, personally much respected by the natives, intimately acquainted with their customs and modes of thought, and possessed of firmness and determination. His first step at the commencement of the trouble was to concentrate the forces which were scattered about over a large area, so that the natives could, in case of a rising, do the least possible damage, while the white troops would be available for the defence of the residents, whose numbers were swollen by an influx from outlying stations, by many civilians, and by military officers whose troops had already broken out into mutiny.

In the beginning of May, the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused the cartridges, and mutinied; but, upon the 32nd Europeans and the artillery marching on to their parade-ground, the greater portion of them fled, and the rest were disarmed. On the 13th, news was received of the mutiny and massacre at Meerut. Up to that time the Treasury and the Residency were under the guard of native troops; but on the 16th a hundred and twenty men of the 32nd, with the women and sick, and four guns of the European battery, were marched into the Residency enclosure, and next morning the rest of the regiment was also called in. The movement was at once followed by the residents in the bungalows near their former encampment also coming into the Residency. This was a large and handsome mansion of

modern construction, standing on rising ground, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Near these were several buildings occupied by civil and military officials. The whole stood upon a sort of irregular plateau, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the surrounding ground, and when, later on, it became evident that there was a distinct danger that the place might be besieged, by the fire from the financial buildings. At the north angle was a projecting work known as Innes's garrison. At the north-west angle stood the house of Mr. Gubbins, a Commissioner. His duties had taken him much among the natives, and several well-affected men came in and were received into his house, which was very large and strongly built, and they did good



[*Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE MARTINIÈRE.

the engineers began to fortify the position, and a low earth-bank was thrown up round the edge of the high ground, the earth being dug out from the inside so that men standing in the ditch so made could fire over.

Two batteries, one on the north, the other on the south side, were thrown up, and guns placed at various points on the bank. On the north-east the ground sloped down to the river Goomtee, and as the Residency grounds extended nearly to the water, this side was free from houses, and the guns of one of the batteries covered this face of the enclosure. On the other three sides, however, the native houses reached up to the defences, some of them closely abutting on the buildings within it. The main gateway into the enclosure was on the eastern side. It was flanked on one side by the Baily guard, while on the other stood the house of Dr. Fayrer, and the face of the wall here was covered service during the siege. On the western side stood a small square, where the Sikhs who remained faithful were quartered; next to this was the brigade mess, and adjoining it a house which throughout the siege was known as the Martinière. Here the boys, some sixty-five in number, of the Martinière College, with their masters, were quartered, the position of the college being too far away from the Residency to be defended. Next to them were the barracks of the 32nd. The largest of the buildings inside the enclosure was the Begum Kothie.

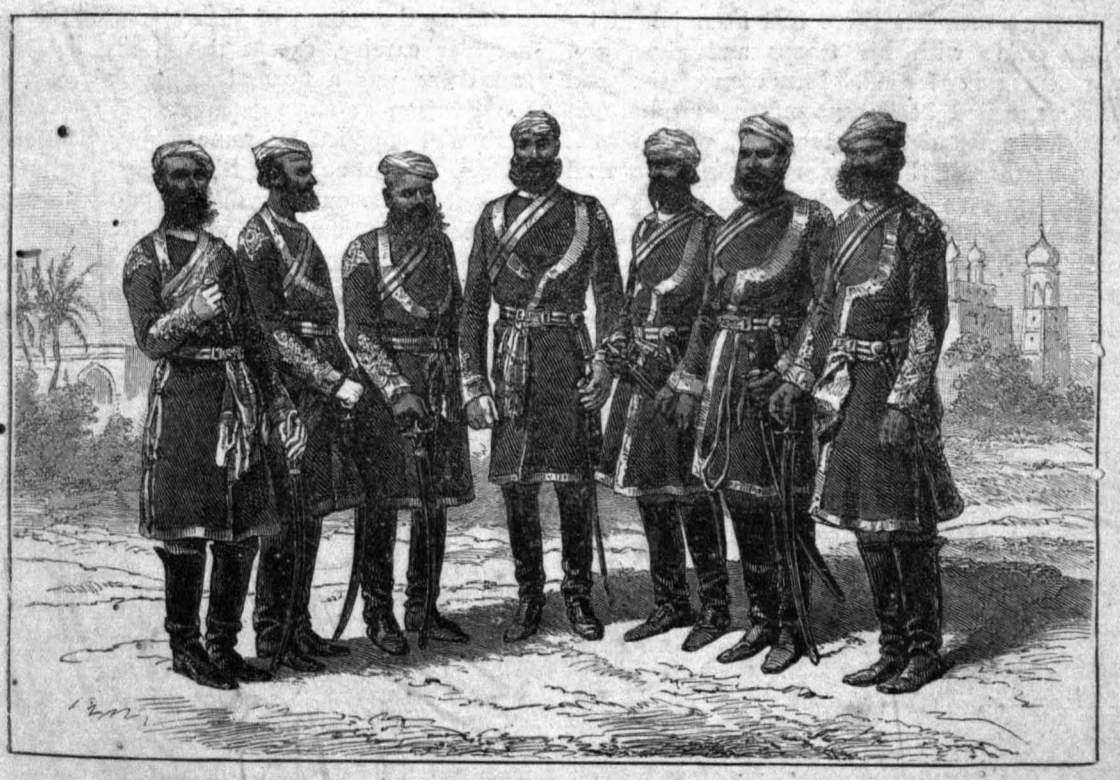
Things went on quietly until the 30th of May, when, without any previous notice, the 48th, the 13th, and the 71st Native Infantry rose. A few discharges of the guns soon sent them in headlong flight; Brigadier-General Handscomb, however, was killed, Lieutenant Grant, of the 71st, murdered by his men, and several other officers were badly wounded.

The mutineers were joined at once by a portion of the population of the town, and the bungalows outside the lines were all plundered and burned. The artillery followed the mutineers for some distance, and then returned, as the infantry were unable to keep up with them. When the three native regiments mutinied some 400 of the men had remained with their colours. These were in the course of the next few days joined by 700 or 800 others, who came back one by one.

Unfortunately, at this time Sir Henry Lawrence's health was giving way under the exertion and the great strain of responsibility, and he could not bring himself to carry out the advice of the leading military and civil officers, all of whom were in favour of the disarmament of these men, who constituted a constant source of danger and anxiety, as at any moment they might break into mutiny again, and they had, therefore, to be incessantly watched by the Europeans. He considered that such a step would be to break finally with the natives, and that it would be better to run a certain risk than to show that all confidence in the sepoys was at an end.

So long as the troops at Lucknow had remained faithful many of those in other parts of Oudh had kept quiet. Risings now took place at a number of points, notably at Seetapoor, where, as at other spots, many whites were massacred. Some, however, succeeded in escaping, and made their way to Lucknow, after going through almost miraculous adventures.

For some time the efforts of the authorities at Lucknow were directed not only to the fortification of the Residency enclosure, but to that of the Muchee Bawn, an old fortress standing on rising ground nearly a mile from the Residency. It was much dilapidated, and although it might have been defended for a considerable time, would have crumbled under an artillery fire. It had been used as a great storehouse, and there was at first some idea of moving the women and children there, and of making it the principal point of resistance. As, however, the mutiny extended all over Oudh, the news that most of the rebels were marching towards Lucknow, and the fact that there was no probability of aid from without for a long period, showed that the situation was



OFFICERS OF NATIVE CAVALRY AT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY.

much more serious than it had at first been deemed, and that it would be wiser to concentrate the whole force at one point. Some of the stores were therefore moved from the outlying fort to the Residency, but Sir Henry Lawrence could not for the present bring himself to decide finally upon its evacuation.

On the 9th of June Sir Henry's health entirely gave way, the medical adviser stating that further application to business would endanger his life. A council was formed by his authority: of this Mr. Gubbins was the president; the other members were the judicial commissioner, Mr. Ommanney, Colonel Inglis, of the 32nd Regiment, Major Banks, and Major Anderson, chief Engineer officer. The first business to be considered by this Council was a letter brought from Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, saying that the mutineers there had been joined by Nana Sahib with his troops and guns, and urgently asking for aid. Fifty men of the 32nd Regiment had been sent off to Cawnpore in vehicles a fortnight before, and, painful as it was, it was felt that it was impossible to send further aid, as the whole of the whites were already on duty and were engaged in carrying out the works of defence and in watching the native troops. The same evening it was determined to get rid of the sepoys by offering to give them leave to return to their homes until November.

All with the exception of 350 at once accepted the offer, the greater portion of those who remained being Sikhs. Three days' rest enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to take up his work again. A corps of thirty men, belonging to a daring and adventurous tribe some thirty miles from Lucknow, was organised by Mr. Gubbins to act as messengers. These men rendered great service, passing backwards and forwards through the mutineers, carrying news and bringing back replies. On the 12th the military police, which furnished the jail guard and kept order in Lucknow, mutinied and marched off. They were pursued by seventy Sikh Horse and about fifty English volunteer cavalry, overtaken, and cut up. It was now that the greatest efforts were made to complete the fortifications. This was done partly with hired labour, but principally by the military and civilian officers who had been divided among the various houses in the enclosure, and by the natives who remained faithful. Some inner defences were now undertaken, behind which the garrison of the outer line of houses could retreat should their position be carried.

Near the redan battery on the north and on the western face a number of native buildings were demolished, but many were left from want of time and means to level them; and during the siege the greatest loss of the defenders was inflicted by the musketry fire from the windows and roofs of these houses, to which almost every point within the enclosure was exposed. The wives of the soldiers were quartered in underground rooms beneath the Residency, and the rest of the buildings were completely filled with ladies and children. The Residency banqueting-hall was used as a hospital. At the post-office were the headquarters of the engineers and artillery; the large building known as the Begum Kotee was also filled with women and children.

During the month of June the whole of the irregular cavalry, except the Sikhs, deserted, and there was a general feeling of relief in the garrison at their departure. Their places were well supplied by some eighty pensioned sepoys, who came in at Sir Henry Lawrence's order from the outlying district, and who without exception behaved well throughout the siege. The civilian clerks, many of whom had never handled a gun, were trained in musketry, and fifty men of the 32nd were converted into artillerymen. Fortunately, two hundred native cannon were discovered in an old magazine and brought in.

On the 28th of June news came of the surrender of Cawnpore and the massacre of all the male prisoners, and on the following day word was brought in that a strong force of mutineers was advancing towards Lucknow, and that their advance-guard of 500 infantry and 100 cavalry were at Chinhut, within eight miles of the town. Sir Henry Lawrence started early next morning with 11 guns, 36 European volunteer cavalry and 80 Sikhs, 300 men of the 32nd, and 220 native infantry, the remains of the regiments that had mutinied. They started too late, and the heat of the sun soon became excessive. When within 1,400 yards of Chinhut the enemy's guns opened fire, and those of the little column replied. After half an hour's artillery duel two heavy masses of the enemy appeared on each flank; the field-pieces opened on them when within a distance of 400 yards, but without checking them. The cavalry were ordered to charge, and the little body of volunteers dashed boldly at the enemy and drove back a portion of their infantry; but only

two of the Sikhs went with them—the rest fled at once. From a village on an eminence the enemy's infantry opened so heavy a fire on the 32nd that Colonel Case fell badly wounded and two of his lieutenants mortally so, and the men retired to the road.

There was now great confusion. An elephant that drew one of the guns became frightened and ran off, the spare bullocks that had been brought out stampeded, and the gun was abandoned. The water-carriers had run away: the men, suffering from intense thirst, were so exhausted that they could scarce drag themselves along. The enemy pressed upon their retreat, and a body of mutineer cavalry took post on the ground in front of them. The volunteer cavalry charged them and cleared the way, and then returning, covered the retreat, frequently making charges on the pursuing enemy. At last the Residency was reached, but the loss had been severe indeed. Captain Stevens and Captain Maclean were killed, in addition to the three officers before named, and several others were wounded; three field-guns, an 8-inch howitzer, and almost all the ammunition-waggons were lost, and 122 European soldiers were killed and 44 wounded. The enemy's force was reckoned at about 5,500 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 12 guns.

This disaster shook the faith of the native regiments still in the cantonment, and all three of them at once mutinied.

The pursuit of the enemy was stopped at the bridges across the Goomtee by the guns of the redan battery and Muchee Bawn, but they at once began to shell both these positions. Numbers of mutineers forded the river, got guns across, and occupying the houses round the Residency enclosure, opened fire that evening upon it.

The panic in the Residency when the news of the disaster reached it, and the remains of the column returned, was great. The work-people at the batteries at once took flight, most of the native servants, clerks, and orderlies also deserted, and there was a general depression even among the garrison. It was at once seen that the heavy loss that had been sustained rendered it impossible to hold the Muchee Bawn as well as the Residency, and the garrison there were ordered by signal to evacuate the place, to blow up the magazines, and to return to the Residency. Fortunately, this was accomplished without loss, the troops making their way by a circuitous route through quiet streets, and reaching the Residency unobserved by the enemy, to whom the first intimation of the movement was conveyed by the tremendous explosion of the magazines. The sudden abandonment of the unfinished works on the west and south faces of the position left these almost undefended, but Mr. Gubbins collected a number of natives, and by the promise of a cash payment seven or eight times higher than they were accustomed to receive, induced them to work at night at the bastion at the angle where his house stood.

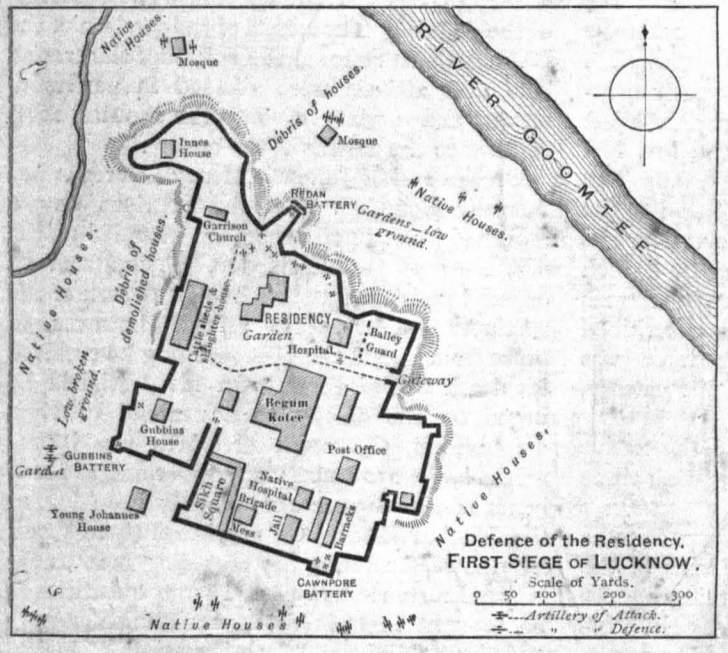
For some five hours seventy or eighty men laboured incessantly under the guidance of some officers, and at last completed the work, which, as its fire swept the approaches to the north and west sides, was of vital importance to the success of the defence. The arrival of the garrison of the Muchee Bawn restored the spirits of the troops. The new arrivals were divided in parties of fifteen and twenty among the houses most exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

On the 2nd of June Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded. On the previous day a shell had burst in the room he occupied on the first floor of the Residency, which, from its exposed position, was the favourite mark of the mutineer artillery. He refused, however, to move from it, and the next morning he received his death wound there. On his death-bed he urged on the officers to be careful of their ammunition, the stock of which was by no means large, 250 barrels of powder and as many boxes of rifle ammunition having been lost at the Muchee Bawn. Of provisions there was a large store, for during the preceding months Sir Henry Lawrence had caused large quantities to be brought in from the surrounding country; and as no relief could for a long time be looked for, it was certain that the siege must be of many weeks'—if not months'—duration.

It was some little time after the siege began before matters settled down in the Residency, for the desertion of the servants, and still more that of the men who had been hired to attend upon the bullocks and horses, disarranged everything. The principal commissariat officer had been seriously injured at Chinhut, and almost all the clerks and subordinates had fled. The able-bodied men of the garrison were all employed in strengthening the defences. Thus there was no one to water or feed the animals, and they wandered all round the enclosure. Numbers were killed by the enemy's fire, and the labour of burying the dead animals increased the work of the garrison. Almost greater trouble was caused by the plague of flies. These, attracted

by the smell of blood, swarmed in countless hosts, blackening the ground, filling the houses, and preventing the men who had been working at night from obtaining sleep; rising in immense swarms whenever any one came near them, tainting the meat, and falling in numbers into every plate and cup.

As soon as the commissariat reorganised their arrangements, rations were issued of beef or mutton, with flour, rice, or soup. The house-work was performed by the ladies, the bakers had all deserted, and chupatties were the only food that such servants as remained were able



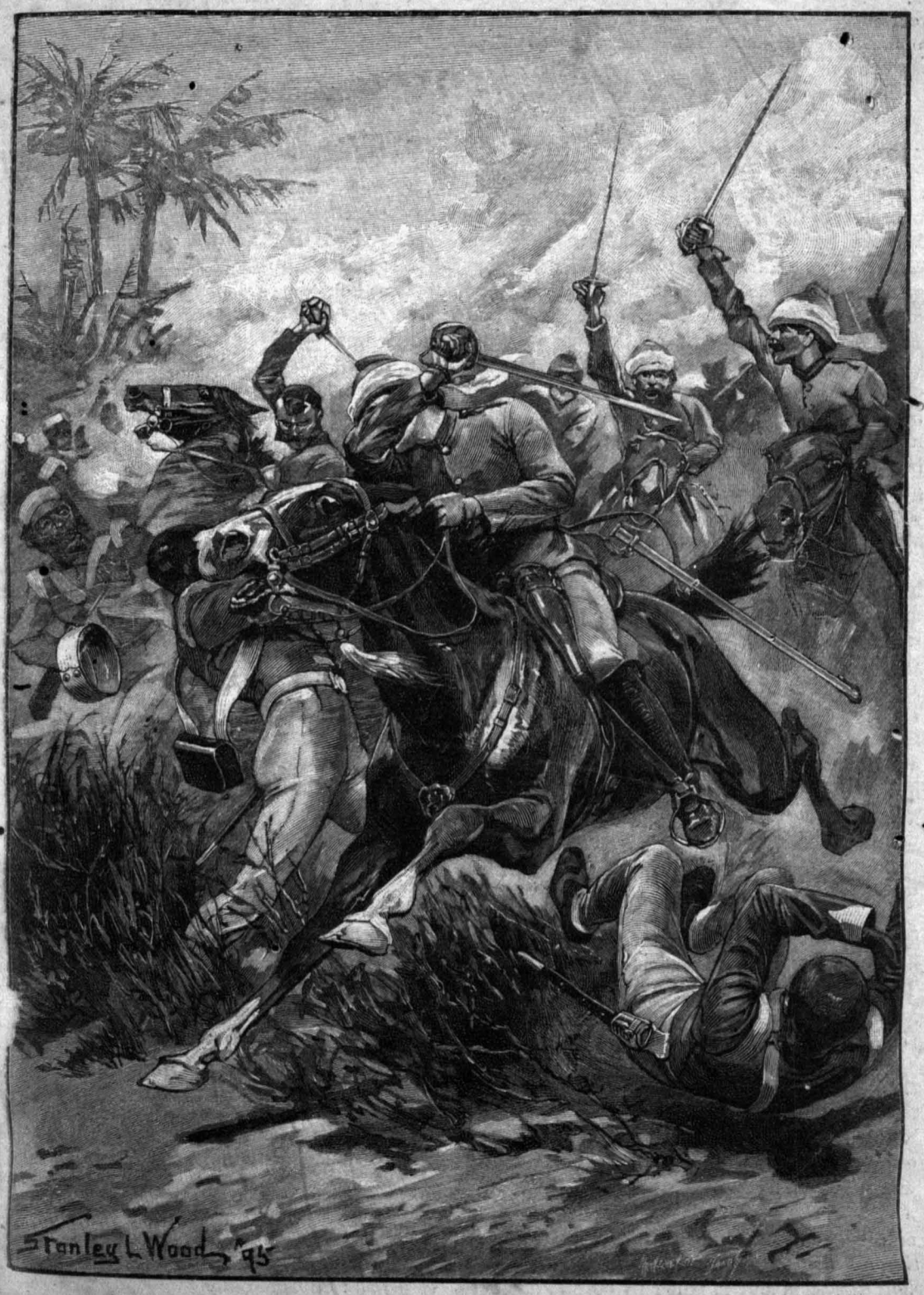
to produce. Everyone recognised now how great a mistake had been made in postponing preparations for defence, and especially the most necessary one of destroying all houses within gunshot range. Had this been done, the casualties would have been comparatively small, and all could have moved freely about the enclosure. As it was, the whole area within the walls was open to the view of the mutineers on the roofs or at the upper windows, and anyone who ventured out during the hours of daylight was made a target of. Nor was there at first much greater safety inside the houses. Every window was used as a mark by one or more of the mutineers, and their shot penetrated everywhere, until the windows were all protected by thick planks nailed across them, and by sandbags inside. This added to the safety of the inmates, but rendered the houses almost uninhabitable from the stifling heat.

At the banqueting-hall, which had been converted into a hospital, several casualties took place: patients were killed in the beds, ladies struck down while attending upon them, and the clergyman, Mr. Polehampton, was killed while carrying out his ministrations.

Early in the siege many other officers received their death wounds. Among those were Mr. Ommanney, the Judicial Commissioner, and Major Francis. On the 7th of July a sortie was made against a large building known as Johannes' house; from the roof of this the enclosure was overlooked, and a very fatal fire kept up. It was known to be full of mutineers, and the sortie was made to ascertain whether the enemy were driving mines under the works. The sally was completely successful: the mutineers fled without any attempt at resistance, but some twenty of them were killed.

Before the end of a week the enemy had planted batteries all round, and instructed as the gunners had been by European officers, their fire was very accurate, and they adopted every precaution to protect themselves. Earthworks were thrown up across all the thoroughfares exposed to our fire. In some places the guns were mounted on inclined planks, up which they were pushed to be fired, the recoil at once running them back out of view. Sometimes they were concealed behind the corners of houses, from which they were run out to fire, being pulled back into shelter by a drag-rope.

The garrison obtained some news of what was passing without through the Sikhs. Their comrades, who had deserted, were in the habit of making their way up the barricade in front of the Sikh square after dark, and exhorting them to follow their example and to aid in the general destruction of the whites. In some cases the appeals were successful; the occasional loss of a soldier was, however, counterbalanced by the information gained in these conversations of what was going on elsewhere, what fresh



"THE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY CHARGED THEM AND CLEARED THE WAY" (p. 31).

regiments of mutineers had entered the town, and with Talookdars had made common cause with them.

The work of the garrison was still excessive, although by this time the commissariat arrangements had been greatly improved; it was necessary to grind the wheat for food, to bury the cattle that had died, to carry the sick and wounded to the hospitals, to repair the damages inflicted by the enemy's guns, and to move cannon and mortars to new positions. The greater part of the horses had been turned out to shift for themselves beyond the lines, and these were all appropriated by the enemy. The privation most felt by the men was the absence of tobacco. While plenty of provisions had been collected, the store of tobacco had been neglected, and in a fortnight after the siege had begun it was no longer to be had, and the men greatly felt the loss of what, under the circumstances of almost continual work in a tainted atmosphere, was almost a necessity.

Day by day the enemy closed in. All the houses near were crowded with men, who kept up a galling musketry fire, while our artillery was for the most part silent, for the enemy were known to be short of shot for their cannon, and every round shot fired was picked up and returned. After a time they succeeded in manufacturing hammered shot, of which as many as five hundred were at various times collected by the besieged. The best rifle-shots of the garrison were constantly engaged in the endeavour to keep down the musketry fire of the enemy, aiming at the loopholes that they had made in the houses.

On the 14th of July the enemy made a rush forward, and occupied a building close to the lines, known as the Younger Johannes' house. This necessitated the erection of a strong palisade along a part of the defences on the west side.

On the 20th of July the mutineers made their first serious attack. At nine o'clock in the morning the look-out on the top of the Residency reported that large bodies of men could be seen moving in different directions, and the defenders at once mustered to repel an attack. It commenced by the explosion of a mine near to the redan battery: fortunately, the rebel engineers had not driven it in the right direction, and it failed to do any damage. Directly afterwards the enemy assaulted the position on all sides, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. The principal attacks were against the redan battery and Innes' post at the extreme northern angle. Both assaults were repulsed with very heavy loss. Large forces pushed forward to the attack within twenty-five paces of the redan, but were unable to face the heavy fire from the guns and musketry of the defenders.

At Innes' post, which was unprovided with artillery, they came close up to the wall, and endeavoured to plant the scaling-ladders they had brought with them; but so hot a musketry fire was kept up, that after repeated efforts they were forced to retire. At all other points the attack was equally repulsed. The engagement lasted until four in the afternoon, but only five of the defenders were killed, while the enemy's loss amounted to hundreds.

The result greatly cheered the garrison, and they now felt confident of their power to repulse any attack that might be made. The enemy, however, were not discouraged, for on the following day they poured out from the Younger Johannes' house and adjacent buildings into the narrow lane that separated Gubbins' enclosure from the Sikh squares. Fortunately, there was a loophole commanding this lane, and here Mr. Gubbins posted himself with two double-barrelled rifles, which were loaded for him by a native servant as fast as discharged; and for two hours his fire prevented the natives from forcing their way through the weak defences by the side of the lane. At length a mortar was brought up and shells thrown into the crowd in the lane and beyond it, and as they fled a heavy fire was poured upon them from every roof which commanded the ground. Major Banks in aiding to repel this attack lost his life.

On the following night news reached the garrison, a native scout bringing in tidings of the capture of Cawnpore and the defeat of Nana Sahib. This was satisfactory in a double sense, as not only did it prove that the British were taking the offensive, but it relieved the garrison from the fear they had entertained that Nana Sahib would bring up his whole force and his guns to aid the besiegers. After the death of Major Banks the civil authority ceased to exist in the garrison; Brigadier Inglis, who was in military command, now exercising supreme authority, and martial law prevailed in the garrison. The native messenger started on his return as soon as he had delivered the message, and succeeded in re-entering the lines on the night of the 25th July with a letter from the quartermaster-general of General Havelock's force, saying that

the troops were crossing the river and hoped to relieve the place in five or six days.

The news was most opportune: it raised the spirits of the garrison to the highest point, and was especially useful in cheering the natives, among whom desertions had become very frequent. After a day's rest the scout again went out, bearing despatches and plans of the defences and of the roads leading to them.

As the casualties caused by the fire from the houses close to the line on the west side were very heavy, a sortie was made by Brigadier Inglis through a hole dug in the wall, and some of the buildings burnt down. It was soon found that the enemy were driving a number of mines: the redan and Cawnpore batteries were threatened by these, but the gallery against the latter was driven so close to the surface that heavy rain caused it to fall in, and a shell thrown into the opening blew up the gallery. Three other mines threatened the brigade mess, the outer Sikh square, and the building known as Sago's house. Counter-shafts were sunk and mines driven to meet those of the enemy. A party broke into the gallery against the Sikh square, pursued the enemy along it, and blew up the house from which it had been driven. The mutineers now harassed the garrison greatly by throwing in shells, which had been brought them by a regiment of the Cawnpore mutineers.

Wet weather continued, but although the rain caused much discomfort to the defenders, it was beneficial to them, as it not only cooled the air, but washed away the accumulated dirt, while it filled the enemy's trenches on the lower ground and hindered their mining operations. Cholera, however, occasioned many heavy losses among the defenders, especially among the children, who, pent up in underground chambers without fresh air or suitable food, died in great numbers.

An anxious watch was kept up at the end of July, when the approach of Havelock's force was expected; but it was not until the night of the 5th of August a messenger arrived with the news that Havelock had fought two engagements with the enemy and had defeated them, but was halting until some reinforcements reached him. The monotony of the defence was varied by a few small sorties, by which some of the enemy's guns were spiked; but there were good mechanics among the mutineers, and the guns were soon rendered fit for service again.

The boys of the Martinière college rendered great service, the older lads aiding in the defence, while the rest were made useful in domestic duties and as attendants in the hospital. The Residency was now in so bad a state that most of the troops who occupied it were divided among the various houses.

On the 10th of August the enemy made another general attack, exploding a mine from Johannes' house, destroying fifty feet of the defences in front of the Martinière, and bringing down part of the wall of the house. They lost, however, so much time before following up the advantage that reinforcements from the other buildings came up in time to receive them, and speedily drove them back.

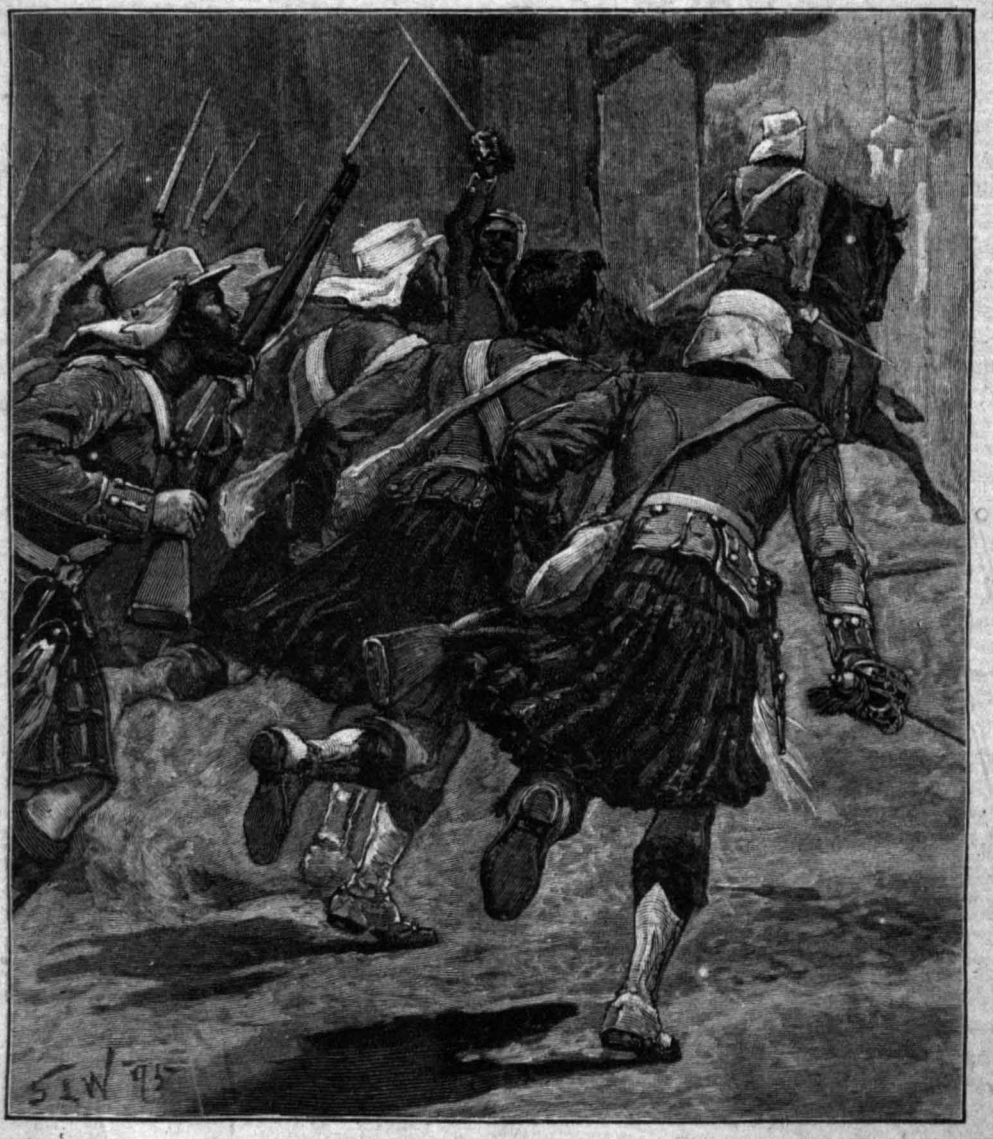
Similar attacks were made at four other points, but were everywhere defeated. On the 15th the news came that Havelock had been obliged to fall back to Cawnpore, and on the 24th a letter from Havelock himself, saying that reinforcements might reach him in the course of twenty-five days, and that as soon as they did so he would push on without any delay.

The siege now became an underground battle. The operations were incessant: one day the enemy would fire a mine and make a breach in the defences; the next, one of the houses from which they annoyed us would be blown into the air; frequently our counter-mines were run into the enemy's galleries, when the sepoys always fled, and a barrel of powder speedily destroyed their work.

Day by day the buildings in the enclosure gradually crumbled, eaten away by the rain of fire. The Residency was pierced with round shot in every direction, and became so unsafe that it was necessary to remove all the stores placed here. Other houses were in no better plight, and the women and children had to be transferred from some of them to the underground rooms of the Begum Kotee.

In the second week of September the enemy's mining work was carried on more incessantly than ever. It was evident that they recognised that, weak as the garrison must be, it was able to resist all open assaults, and that the only hope of capturing the place that had for months defied so large a force, was by blowing up some important position. Scarce a day passed without a mine being detected by our watchers, but several were exploded, doing a good deal of damage. Fortunately, in each case the gallery had not been carried quite far enough, and though very heavy charges were used, they failed in their object. On the 14th, Captain Fulton, one of the most able and energetic officers of the garrison,

who had borne the principal share in the mining operations, was killed. On the 22nd of September the trusty native who had so frequently managed to make his way through the matchlock men, crossed the river—some by the bridges and some by swimming, showing that a panic had spread through the town. The enemy besieging the Residency opened fire with every



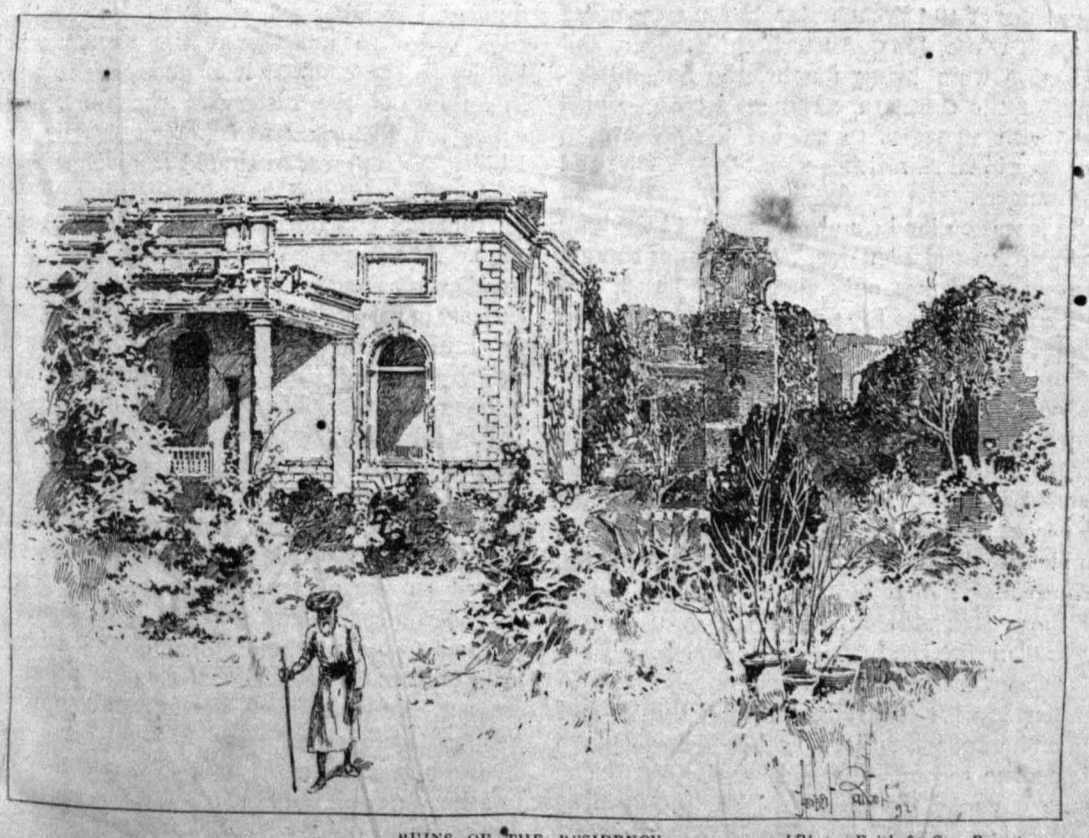
"A FORCE OF HIGHLANDERS TURNED INTO THE MAIN STREET LEADING TO THE RESIDENCY."

enemy's lines, brought in a letter from General Outram, saying that the army had crossed the Ganges on the 19th, and would speedily relieve the place; and the next morning the sound of artillery was distinctly heard, and by the afternoon had approached to within five or six miles.

On the 25th the guns were heard early, and the sound became louder and louder. At half-past eleven numbers of the city people, carrying bundles of property, with many sepoys and gun in their batteries, as if they would leave nothing for the relieving force to find standing. At 2 o'clock the smoke of the guns could be seen rising in the suburbs, and the rattle of musketry heard; while, from the look-out, European troops and officers could be made out crossing open spaces. At 5 heavy firing broke out in the street hard by, and two minutes later a force of Highlanders and Sikhs turned into the main street leading to the Residency. Headed

by General Outram, they ran forward at a rapid pace to the Bailey-Guard gate, and amid the wild cheers of the defenders made their way into the long-beleagured enclosure, and the first siege of Lucknow was at an end.

The garrison had indeed reason to be proud of their defence. They had had every difficulty, every trial save hunger and thirst, to encounter. The odds against them were enormous. Their defences were slight: it was the brave hearts rather than the earthworks that were the bulwarks impassable by the enemy. They had opposed to them men who had been drilled in our service, led by their native officers, well supplied with powder and ammunition, and able from the housetops to keep up an incessant fire that searched every niche and corner of the defences. The heat was terrible. Sickness raged in the crowded and underground rooms. The rains were heavy and incessant. The garrison were deprived of all the comforts that are almost a necessity to Europeans, and especially to European children. They were deserted by their servants, and the few native troops who remained were a source of constant anxiety. Happily, however, though all luxuries disappeared very shortly after the siege began, there was no anxiety whatever as to food, for the supply of grain in the magazines would have been sufficient had the siege been prolonged for another six months. In addition to this, there were a number of wells in the enclosure which furnished an abundant supply of excellent water. Hunger and thirst were not among the foes with whom the garrison had to contend; but in point of endurance, of dauntless courage, and in the prolonged resistance of a weak position against enormous odds, the defence of Lucknow was one of the most gallant recorded in history.



RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY. [*Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate*

THE EUREKA STOCKADE

AUSTRALIA'S ONLY BATTLE

3. DECEMBER: 1854

BY JUSTIN CHARLES MAC CARTIE

THE history of Australia begins properly with the entrance of the "first fleet" into Botany Bay in January, 1788; and during the hundred and odd years which have passed since then it has been a record of peace, interrupted only by the brief outbreak which culminated in the fight at the Eureka Stockade in the Golden City of Ballarat. While, on the other side of the world, "events were thundering on events," while the scenes of the French Revolution were being enacted, while Jéna, Austerlitz, Trafalgar, and Waterloo were being fought, the few inhabitants of the southern continent were occupied only with struggles to subdue the wilderness, and occasional skirmishes with black fellows and bushrangers.

So it was on land; and even by "all the long wash of Australasian seas," the boom of cannon fired in anger has only once been heard, and that so long ago as 1804, when the British ship *Policy*, a whaler sailing under letters of marque, fought and captured the Dutch ship *Swift* off Sydney Heads, with 20,000 Spanish dollars which the Dutchman had on board, and towed her prize into Port Jackson, where she was condemned and sold. When, after nearly forty years of peace, Britain again took up arms, and in rapid succession engaged in the wars of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, not a ripple caused by these struggles disturbed the even flow of Australian life, and the great American Civil War also passed away with only one incident to connect it with Australia—namely, the visit of the ubiquitous Southern cruiser *Shenadoah* to Melbourne towards the end of the war. The Soudan War of 1885 brought forth the incident of the despatch of the "Soudan contingent" from New South Wales to the seat of war in Africa, but that was an *extra*-Australian affair purely. So matters have gone peacefully on to the present day, and as the century is drawing to a close, it may reasonably be expected that the Eureka Stockade will remain Australia's only battle of the nineteenth century.

Some persons may think that it scarcely merits such a formidable title, and may regard the whole series of events of which it was the culmination, as mere diggers' disturbances; but a perusal of what follows will show that a tolerably serious condition of affairs was averted by the fight of Sunday, December 3rd, 1854.

In order to understand the events which led up to the conflict, it is necessary to know something of the history of the time. The colony of Victoria (then known as the Port Phillip District) was separated from New South Wales, and created a self-governing colony, by Imperial enactment on the 5th of August 1850. At this period the people of the colony, numbering some 75,000, were engaged almost entirely in pastoral pursuits, and the "squatters," or runholders, who were mainly drawn from the wealthy classes of England, had a preponderating influence in the affairs of the young country. When the colony was made self-governing, legislation was placed in the hands of a Governor and council, the latter consisting of thirty members, ten nominated by the Governor and twenty elected by the people; and had matters continued on the old pastoral lines, this system of government might possibly have answered for some years, though it would undoubtedly have had to be popularised as population increased. As it happened, however, a completely new and jarring condition of things arose very soon when, early in 1851, gold was discovered in the interior, and a tremendous influx of people, animated by totally different aims and ideas from those of the pastoral settlers, followed. The settlers looked askance at the gold-diggers, and it is well known that the squatters and

governing officials would willingly have kept secret the fact that the country was auriferous, and actually did so for several years. They feared that the people would be diverted from their regular employment, dreaded the influx of large numbers of adventurous men, hated to be disturbed in the occupation of the large areas of land they had acquired by the simple process of "squatting" on them, and generally disliked the idea of the existing state of things being interfered with.

In those days it was held that all minerals contained in the soil were the property of the Crown, and acting on this assumption the Government of New South Wales first, and that of Victoria subsequently, maintained that it had a right to take a toll of the earnings, or findings, of the gold-diggers, and a license fee of thirty shillings a month was imposed on each person who wished to seek for gold.

From the very first this license (or "Miner's Right," as it was called) was received with an ill grace by the diggers, and its imposition and the harsh manner in which it was enforced were the causes that led up to the Eureka conflict.

The license was in this form :—

GOLD LICENSE.

No. 185

The bearer

having paid the Sum of One Pound Ten Shillings on account of the General Revenue of the Colony, I hereby License him to mine or dig for Gold, or exercise and carry on any other trade or calling on such Crown Lands within the Colony of Victoria as shall be assigned to him for these purposes by any one duly authorised in that behalf.

This License to be in force until or during the month of , and no longer.

[Signature :

Commissioner.

and then followed the regulations to be observed by the person digging for gold or otherwise employed at the goldfields.

The license was "not transferable," and was "to be produced whenever demanded by any Commissioner, Peace Officer, or any authorised person."

Further, it was issued from the nearest police camp or station, and *could only be used within half a mile of the police station from which it was issued*—a most senseless and irritating provision.

As the license had to be produced whenever demanded, the digger, who was perhaps working up to mid-leg in mud and water, had to keep the document in his pocket, and, of course, was likely to lose it or have it destroyed by water, in which case he was liable to fine or imprisonment.

The agitation against the impost commenced very early.

Gold was discovered in Ballarat in August, 1851, and on the 10th of September a goldfields Commissioner named Doveton, accompanied by some troopers, arrived on the field, and a week or so later the issue of licenses commenced. The diggers immediately held a meeting, and sent a deputation to the Commissioner, asking that the impost be withdrawn. He received the men impatiently, and replied that he had nothing to do with the making of the law, but meant to administer it ; for, said this polite officer, "if you don't pay the fee I'll —— soon make you!"

In this spirit were all the remonstrances and excuses in connection with the license fee met by the early officials, and from the first it was collected with an unnecessary harshness and display of power, which gradually caused even the most peaceable and law-abiding diggers to become exasperated. "Digger-hunting" became a favourite amusement of the officials and police cadets, who were mostly "younger sons" of English and Irish wealthy families, or ex-officers of the Imperial army, and did not possess the slightest sympathy with the independent and democratic diggers. Scarcely a day passed that numbers of men were not arrested and conveyed to the "logs" (as the camp lock-up was called), and there fined because they had mislaid, or lost, or neglected to renew, their licenses. Letters which appeared in the *Geelong Advertiser* and other papers at that time bear testimony to the vexations the diggers were subjected to, and the harsh manner in which they were treated. One writer declared that men were chained to trees for a whole night because they had not paid the license fee. Very frequently men who were not diggers at all were arrested because they could not produce a license, and "Hullo, you sir," "I say, you fellow," were the common preliminary addresses of the officials to the hunted, who, however much they might disapprove of the impost, would, without doubt, have paid it with only a little natural grumbling had its collection been conducted in a gentler spirit.

In 1853 "digger-hunting" became more general, and the troopers constantly set out from their camp in pursuit of unlicensed diggers, who, from a spirit of opposition to the impost, were now becoming more numerous. On their side the diggers kept a sharp look-out, and at

the cry of "Traps!" or "Joe, Joe!" a stampede would take place to the deep shafts, down which the unlicensed ones were lowered by their comrades, and lay secure in the bowels of the earth until the troopers had retired.

The latter did not, of course, venture down the holes when in uniform; but after a time they became skilful in the art of trapping diggers, and, disguising themselves, it is said, used to work up rows by "jumping claims," and then, when a crowd had gathered, a body of troops would swoop down on it and, effecting fifty or sixty arrests, would handcuff the men together like felons and march them off to the camp, where they would be fined or imprisoned at the pleasure of the Commissioner in charge.

An overwhelming mass of evidence goes, in fact, to show that digger-hunting was pushed to a point of exasperation that was bound to result in an outbreak of popular feeling sooner or later, especially when the fact is taken into account that the diggers were mostly men of exceptionally independent character, and numbered in their ranks many who were drawn from the highly-educated classes of Europe and America.

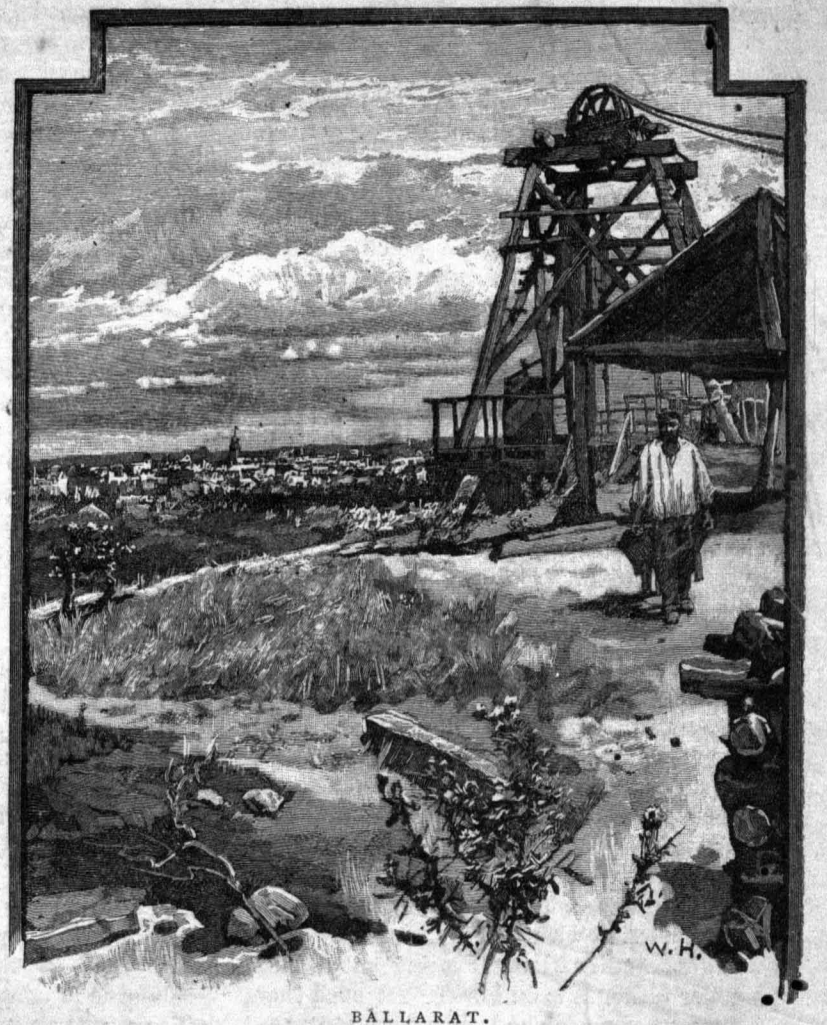
But the most cursory glance at the history of early Australia is sufficient to satisfy one that the military and official element greatly predominated, and there is abundant evidence to show that the British Government repeatedly ignored, or set aside, the acts of its officials and acceded to the wishes of the colonists. The British Government was, in fact, more liberal and progressive than its own officials, and to this fact may be attributed the peaceful settlement of many disputes. Had the two Governors of Victoria who were identified with the gold license disputes acted in a constitutional spirit, in accordance with later British ideas, the Eureka collision would never have taken place. They did not do so, however, but, being servants of the Crown, acted more arbitrarily than the Crown itself, and in a manner more in accord with military than civil methods.

Mr. Latrobe, the first Governor of Victoria, finding it difficult to carry on the government of the country owing to gaol warders, policemen, and civil servants generally, giving up their posts and going to the diggings, took a step which further exasperated the diggers—that of raising the gold license fee to £3 per month. This he

AT THE DIGGINGS.

did in the hope of deterring the people of the colony from taking to gold-digging *en masse*, and preventing his officials from deserting their posts. The measure did not, of course, have the desired effect, and the fee was again reduced to 30s. per month; but during the period that the increase was in force the payment of the impost was eluded more than ever, and in consequence fining and imprisonment became more frequent, and popular indignation waxed warmer.

A strong agitation against the gold license commenced in Bendigo in 1853, and soon spread to the other goldfields, and reform leagues were formed in various townships; but no other spirit was evoked in the Government by these proceedings than one of resistance.



BALLARAT.

Mr. Latrobe was succeeded as Governor by Sir Charles Hotham, who arrived in the colony on June 21st, 1854, and found himself at once in a position of extreme difficulty. All who knew him agree in stating that he was a man of the highest principle, and exhibited a rigid devotion to duty which led him to attempt tasks beyond his strength, and is thought to have brought on the illness which terminated his life on December 31st, 1855.

He was, however, unfortunately something of a despot, a rigid disciplinarian, a stickler for "subordination," and he totally misunderstood the character of the people in the goldfields, whom he imagined to be of a similar class to the sailors he had commanded in the Imperial navy, or to the hinds in his native county.

No sooner had he arrived than petitions poured in, asking for a repeal of the gold license, and for representation of the goldfields' population in the legislative council (it must not be forgotten that not a single member of the council was returned by the diggers); and to these reasonable demands the Government replied in October, 1854, *by sending up orders that the searching for unlicensed diggers was to be prosecuted with more vigour than before*, and that the police were to devote at least two days a week to the business.

In consequence of these injudicious orders popular feeling began to run very high indeed in Ballarat. Armed resistance was freely talked of, and the more violent spirits began to collect arms. To-day there are persons living in Ballarat who remember the passionate fervour with which the Hibernian orator Timothy Hayes used to demand of his audiences: "Will ye fight for the cause, boys? Will ye die for the cause?" Here it may be remarked that when the time for fighting actually came, Mr. Hayes, forgetting to "die for the cause," tamely surrendered (though many of his countrymen

fought bravely), and was reproached for cowardice by his wife, who was, says the chronicler, "a much better soldier than Hayes."

At this juncture an accident hastened the crisis. A Scotch digger named Scobie was killed one night when knocking at the door of an hotel where he wanted "more drink," though he had already had more than was good for him. The landlord of the hotel—a ticket-of-leave man named Bentley—was said to have killed Scobie, whose persistent knocking annoyed him. The man was arrested, brought before a police magistrate named Dewes, and acquitted. The diggers—in particular those of Scottish extraction—demanded vengeance on Scobie's murderer, and asserted that the police magistrate was in Bentley's pay. Mass meetings were held, and the prosecution of Bentley was demanded. Tired of "the law's delays," the diggers at length, to the number of 8,000, marched to the hotel with the intention, it is said, of lynching Bentley; but he escaped on horseback, and galloped coatless and terrified to the police camp. Exasperated by his escape, the diggers smashed the windows of the hotel, and then set fire to it. In a very short time it was reduced to ashes. The police marched out, the Riot Act was read, and three men—McIntyre, Fletcher, and Westerbey—were arrested and charged with incendiarism.

These men were said to be absolutely innocent of any connection with the fire, and their arrest caused great indignation. Fearing an outburst of popular feeling, the authorities removed them to Melbourne for trial, and they were sentenced to a few months' imprisonment. On learning this, the Ballarat Reform League sent two of its members—Kennedy and Black—to Melbourne to *demand* the release of the prisoners. The delegates reached Melbourne on November 25th, and were received by the Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, who was attended by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Foster, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Stawell.

The Governor refused to consider any "demand" (but promised future reforms), and the delegates returned fuming to Ballarat, deriding "moral force." Alarms of insurrection were now in the air, and troops were hastily despatched to Ballarat from Melbourne, while reinforcements of police, horse and foot, were marched in from other mining camps which had adopted a more pacific tone than the Golden City. On the evening of November 28th detachments of the 12th and 40th Regiments of British infantry reached Ballarat from Melbourne, and as they passed through Warrenheip Gully, within a few hundred yards of the spot where the famous stockade was erected a few days later, they were attacked by an excited mob of diggers. Several soldiers were wounded, and a drummer-boy was shot in the leg while the baggage waggons were rifled in search of arms. This was an unprovoked attack, and was deprecated by the leaders of the popular party, who knew nothing of it. All that night the committee of the League sat in council, while their followers made night hideous by the discharge of firearms and the beating of extemporised drums, etc.; and the next day, November 29th, a monster meeting was held on Bakery Hill, at which 12,000 men assembled. A platform was erected, and on a pole was hoisted the insurgent flag—"The Southern Cross"—which was blue, with the four principal stars of the great Southern constellation worked on it in silver.

The tone of this meeting was violent in the extreme. "Moral force" was denounced as "humbug"; revolutionary resolutions were passed; it was decided that no more license fees should be paid. Fires were lighted and existing licenses were burned, amidst loud cheers and the discharge of pistols and guns by the excited diggers.

Spies in plenty attended the meeting; and, being quickly informed of what had taken place there, the officials despatched messengers to Melbourne praying for reinforcements, and the police camp was strongly fortified. As if to force on a conflict, next day—November 30th—the authorities ordered a "digger-hunt" in force, and at an early hour all the police and military in the camp issued out under the direction of two Commissioners, and, forming near the camp, advanced upon the diggings as if upon a strong hostile force, with skirmishers in front and cavalry guarding the wings. The diggers retired as the troops advanced, but, collecting at various points, they pelted the soldiers with stones and also fired a few shots at them. A few diggers were arrested, and the troops then withdrew to their camp. Instantly the Southern Cross flag flew out to the breeze on Bakery Hill, and thousands of diggers rushed forth, many of them armed and ripe for violent action. Peter Lalor—one of the leaders—called for volunteers, and over five hundred men swore fealty to "the cause," stretching out their right hands and saying: "We swear by the Southern Cross to stand

truly by each other, and fight to defend our rights and liberties." Names were then taken down and the men formed into squads for drill, which was continued to a late hour. The men then fell in two abreast and marched to the Eureka plateau, "Captain" Ross, of Toronto, heading the march with the Southern Cross flag, which he had taken down from the pole. The men were armed with guns, pistols, pikes, and all sorts of weapons, down to a pick and shovel.

The position on the Eureka was taken up because it commanded the Melbourne road, along which reinforcements of military for the camp were known to be advancing; and there was some idea of attacking these, though this would have been a formidable undertaking, as they consisted of 800 men of regular line regiments, a large party of sailors from H.M.S. *Electra*, with four field-pieces; the whole supported by a strong force of cavalry.

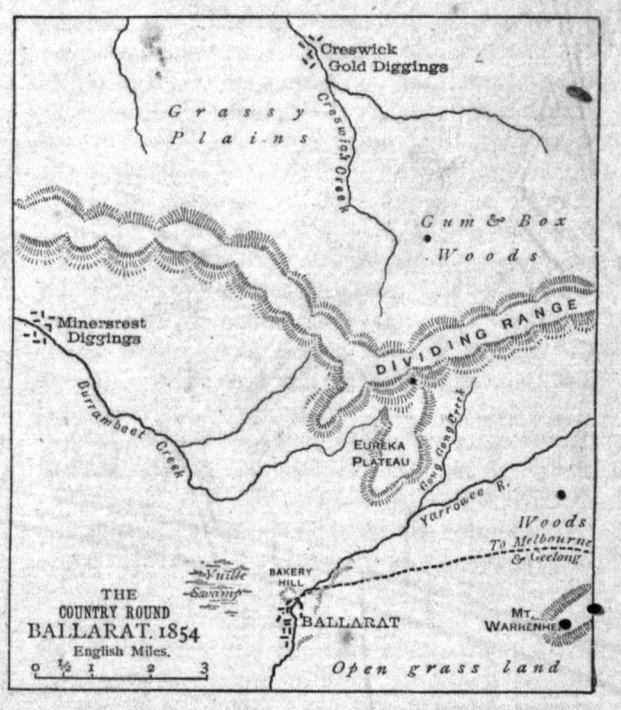
The erection of the stockade appears to have been commenced on December 1st. A square plot of ground about an acre in extent was hastily fenced with wooden slabs, which seem to have been supplemented by overturned carts and ropes. It was a place of little defensive strength, and is believed to have been formed more as a place for the insurgents to drill in than as a fortification. Inside the stockade were a few mining claims, and the place was dotted all over with the shallow holes of fossickers, and in these afterwards many men, who were using them as rifle pits, were killed.

Tents were erected within the barrier, and there was also a blacksmith's shop, in which the forging of pikes or rough lances was vigorously carried on.

The authorities at this time, and subsequently, believed that Frederick Vern was the commander-in-chief of the diggers, but the man chosen to fill that position was Peter Lalor. Lalor, who was a civil engineer by profession, was a native of Queen's County, Ireland, an electorate in which county his father at one time represented in the English House of Commons. Young Lalor arrived in Melbourne in 1852, and went first to the Ovens goldfield, but was soon attracted by the richer fields in Ballarat, and moved to the place in which he was to play so prominent a part. He was at this time about twenty-five years of age and was a good-looking, strongly-built man of about six feet in height.

He was seconded by a "Minister of War" named Alfred Black, and the proceedings of the insurgents (as they must now be called) from this time on shows that they (the leaders at all events) had no intention of fomenting a mere riot, but held ideas that went as far as revolution and a republican form of government.

This is the opinion of W. B. Withers and others most competent to judge, and the leading articles of the *Ballarat Times*, which supported the diggers at that period, openly avow republican intentions, and rave in inflated language of an "Australian Congress." A manifesto, or declaration of independence, was prepared, but was probably never issued, as the fight at the stockade a few days later scattered all revolutionary ideas to the winds.



In order to make the rising general, messengers and letters were sent to the other mining towns, praying for assistance; but, as the event proved, none was forthcoming save in one case—that of Creswick, which sent a contingent of some hundreds of men, but even they bore no part in the subsequent fight.

During December 1st and 2nd, drilling went on vigorously, and parties were sent out in all directions to search for arms and ammunition, with which the diggers were very badly

supplied. Lalor issued "orders of war" for the seizing of arms, and though payment was promised in all cases, no refusal was taken, and storekeepers and others were forced to give up any gunpowder or weapons they happened to possess.

By the evening of Saturday, December 2nd, a fair supply of weapons had been brought into the stockade, and others (pikes) forged; and as hundred of men lay around the fires preparing arms, and cooking the meat, with which they were well supplied, the place presented something of the appearance of a military camp. While these events were progressing, the authorities in Melbourne were despatching reinforcements to the field, issuing proclamations warning all persons against breaking the peace, and offering rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders of the diggers.

Here is a reproduction of one of the Government notices:—

V. R.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Melbourne, 8th December, 1854

£400
REWARD.

Whereas Two Persons of the Names of

LAWLOR AND BLACK,

LATE OF BALLAARAT,

Did on or about the 13th day of November last, at that place, use certain

TREASONABLE AND SEDITIOUS LANGUAGE,

And incite Men to take up Arms, with a view to make war against Our Sovereign Lady the Queen:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That a Reward of £200 will be paid to any person or persons giving such information as may lead to the Apprehension of either of the abovenamed parties.

DESCRIPTIONS.

LAWLOR.—Height 5 ft. 11 in., age 35 hair dark brown, whiskers dark brown and shaved under the side, no moustache, long face, rather good looking and is a well-made man.

BLACK.—Height over 6 feet, straight figure, slight build, bright red hair worn in general rather long and brushed backwards, red and large whiskers meeting under the chin, blue eyes, large thin nose, ruddy complexion, and rather small mouth.

By His Excellency's Command,

WILLIAM C. HAINES.

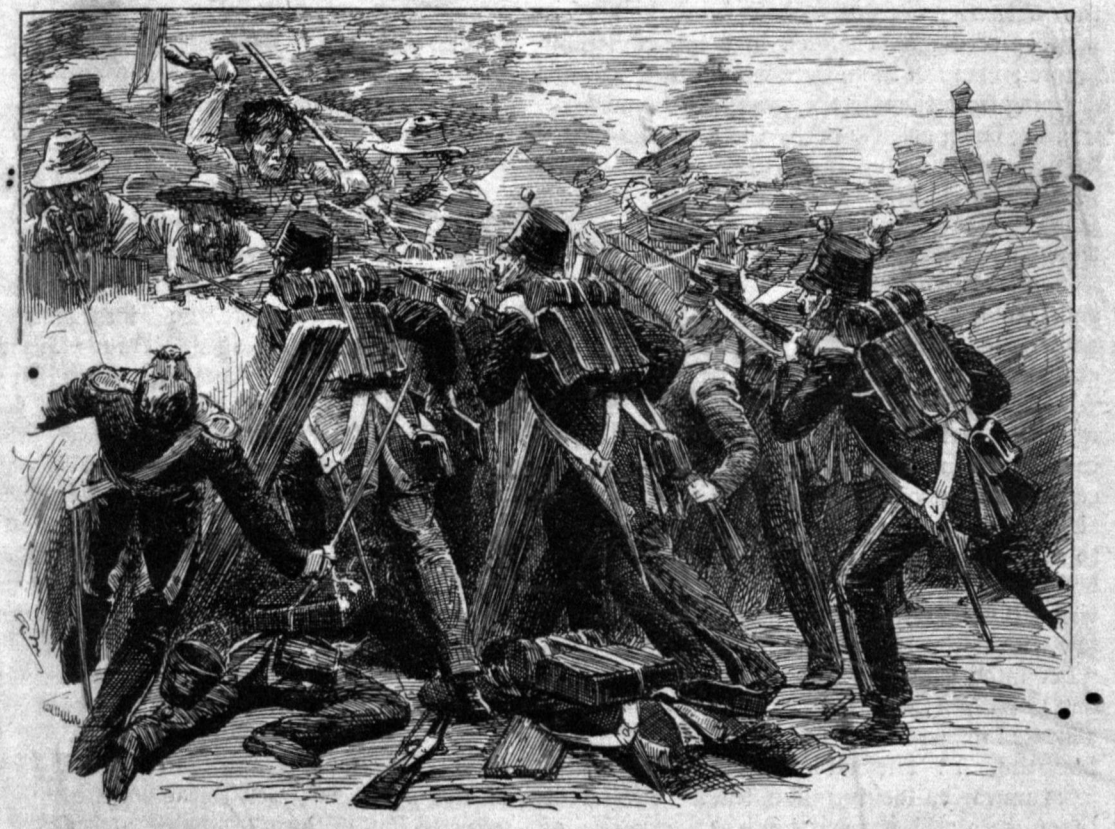
At Ballarat sentinels were placed at all points of the police camp, the women and children sent into the storehouse for safety, and all was got ready for an attack. But none was made, so the officer in command, Captain Thomas, learning of the unprepared state of the diggers, determined to take the initiative and crush the rebellion in the bud, and to this end gave orders that the troops and police were to be in readiness to attack the Eureka Stockade at dawn on Sunday morning, December 3rd. The military leaders have been blamed for acting thus rapidly, but their duty was perfectly clear. With the imposition of the license fee which had so exasperated the diggers, or its collection, they had had nothing to do; but finding men in arms to oppose the constituted Government of the country, they had to treat these men as rebels, and suppress what was undoubtedly an insurrection.

In the stockade during Saturday and Saturday night, the diggers, though they had a password—"Vinegar Hill"—kept up but the loosest possible discipline, not dreaming of an attack; and all day and half the night outsiders passed in and out of the stockade, while large numbers of the "sworn in" men—including the Creswick contingent before-mentioned—went into the town in search of food and drink, and did not return before the fight. It is said that some, hearing a rumour of an attack by the military, deserted, and that others again, seeing the lax manner in which things were conducted, despaired of the enterprise and withdrew to their own tents and huts. Certain it is that when the blast of a military trumpet roused the sleepy defenders before daylight on the fateful morning, there were not 200 men in the stockade; but most of these, as the warning shot of a sentinel rang out and was followed by a scattered volley from those on guard, rushed to the breastwork and poured in a pretty regular fire on the line of red-coated men that could be seen approaching at a distance of 100 or 150 yards.

The attacking force, consisting of 276 military and police, replied to this fire with a volley by which five or six men were killed or wounded, and soon bullets were flying about in all directions. Orders were given to the insurgents to fire at the officers, and very soon Captain Wise, of the 40th Regiment, fell mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Paul, of the 12th, was seriously wounded.

Lalor, standing on top of a logged-up hole within the stockade, encouraged his men by word and gesture, but was presently shot in the left shoulder, and fell bleeding to the earth with a shattered arm. Almost at the same moment Ross was shot in the groin—a mortal wound; and Thonen, another insurgent leader, receiving a bullet in the mouth, fell choking with his own

blood and soon expired. An American officer of the insurgents, who had been shot in the thigh at the very outset, remained, hopping about and encouraging his men to resistance, as long as there was a chance of resisting. Vern made no stand, however, but fled from the eastward end of the stockade, and was followed by many others; but a number of pikemen still stood resolutely. With a loud cheer the military swarmed over, or



"WITH A LOUD CHEER THE MILITARY SWARMED OVER THE STOCKADE."

tore down, the stockade, and though pike met bayonet for a few minutes, the end was near. The insurgents were driven into the shallow holes, and into the tents and blacksmith's shop, and were quickly surrounded and made prisoners. The military and police are accused of bayoneting and shooting wounded and unarmed men, and of repeatedly thrusting their bayonets or swords into the bodies of those already slain; but this is, of course, denied by writers on the military side. Immediately after the assaulting force burst into the stockade a policeman named King climbed up the flagstaff and tore down the Southern Cross flag amidst the cheers of his comrades. The attacking force was made up of thirty men of the mounted 40th, under Lieutenants Hall and Jardyne; sixty-five men of the 12th Infantry Regiment, under Captain Queade and Lieutenant Paul; eighty-seven men of the 40th Regiment (infantry), under Captain Wise and Lieutenants Bowdler and Richards; seventy mounted police, under Inspectors Furnell and Langley and Lieutenant Cossack; and forty foot-police, under Sub-Inspector Carter—or 176 foot and 100 mounted men in all. This force, when extended, was able to completely surround the stockade, which was too large for the diggers to defend effectively with their inadequate supply of arms. Just before the charge took place the fire of the defenders slackened from want of ammunition, and some of their weapons afterwards picked up were found to be loaded with quartz pebbles instead of bullets. The police and military bore testimony to the courage with which the defenders fought; and had all the enrolled men been present, the attack would in all probability have been repulsed, in which case other diggers would have joined the insurgents, the movement

extended to other towns, and a very serious state of things indeed might have arisen, as the executive could scarcely have placed even 2,000 men in the field at that time.

Having secured 125 prisoners, the military and police fired the tents within the stockade—wounded men are said to have been burnt to death therein—and then returned to the camp with their prisoners.

Of this melancholy march a correspondent of the *Geelong Advertiser* writes:—"I saw a number of diggers enclosed in a sort of hollow square; many of them were wounded, the blood dripping from them as they walked. Some were walking lame, pricked on by the bayonets of the soldiers bringing up the rear. The soldiers were much excited — the troopers (police) madly so, flourishing their swords and shouting out, 'We have waked up Joe!' and others replied, "And sent Joe to sleep again!' The diggers' standard was carried in triumph to the camp, waved about in the air, then pitched from one to another, thrown down, and trampled on." This writer describes what he saw within the stockade: "I counted fifteen dead—one G——, a fine, well-educated man, and a great favourite. . . . They all lay in a small space, their faces upwards, looking like lead. Several of them were still heaving, and at every rise of their breasts the blood spouted out of their wounds or . . . just trickled away. . . . Some were bringing handkerchiefs, others bed furniture and matting, to cover up the faces. . . . A sight for a Sabbath morning I implore Heaven may never be seen again! Poor women crying for absent husbands, and children frightened into silence."

THE HON. PETER LALOR.

How many were actually killed in the fight it is difficult to determine, as accounts vary considerably. One military writer states that thirty-five were killed and many wounded on the side of the diggers, but most other accounts give a lesser number. Probably thirty killed and mortally wounded would be about correct, while probably another fifty or sixty received serious wounds. On the military side one captain and four privates were killed, and one lieutenant and many privates wounded.

When they had secured their prisoners, the military returned with carts for the dead; and that afternoon those of the diggers whose friends did not claim them were thrust into rough coffins of half-inch weather-board and buried in one large grave in the public cemetery. The soldiers who fell in the fight were buried close by, and subsequently handsome monuments were erected over both graves. The site of the Eureka Stockade is now marked by a bluestone stage or platform surmounted by a stone monolith, and having a cannon at each angle. The monument is not (or was not when the writer inspected it a few years ago) either very beautiful or very suitable, and might easily be improved.

Peter Lalor, the leader of the insurgents, escaped. Three of his men managed to carry him out of the stockade and down the Eureka lead, where they concealed him in a pile of slabs, whence, when the military had retreated, he was extricated by some onlookers and his arm bound up with his own handkerchief, after which he was placed on Father Smythe's horse and carried away to a hut on the ranges, where he was attended to by friends till the night of the 4th December, when he was taken to Father Smythe's house, and his injured arm was amputated by Dr. Doyle. The story that his betrothed (whom he afterwards married) saw him standing, wounded and bleeding, before her in Geelong on the morning of the 3rd, is one that the Psychical Research Society might investigate.

With a reward of £200 offered for his apprehension, Lalor hid in various places, and at length was removed to Geelong, where he underwent several surgical operations. The Government now well knew where he was, but times had changed and he was not apprehended; and on the acquittal of the other Eureka prisoners on April 1st, 1855, he boldly appeared in public again. How he was chosen to represent Ballarat in the Legislative Council, and how he continued in political life to the day of his

death, is well known. He held the position of Postmaster-General in one Government and of Minister of Trade and Customs in another, and was for many years Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. On resigning the last-named position owing to ill-health, he was voted £4,000 by the Assembly for "distinguished services to the State." He died at the house of his son, Dr. Lalor, at Richmond, Melbourne, on February 9th, 1889, and his funeral was attended by vast numbers of people, including most of the members of both Houses of Legislature.

Though martial law was proclaimed on the day following the Eureka fight, public opinion was not with the Government. Large meetings were held in which their policy was condemned, and the Eureka prisoners were to a man acquitted on April 1st, 1855. A commission of inquiry held to determine the causes of the outbreak declared that the diggers were forced into rebellion by bad laws, harshly enforced; the old Legislative Council was abolished by Imperial enactment, and a new Constitution providing for two Houses of Legislature, both elective, was created for Victoria; and ever since then the affairs of the colony have progressed peaceably.

Thus, though the Eureka Stockade was only a very little "battle," it had consequences more important than those which have followed many a furious struggle in which blood has flowed in rivers, and the red earth has borne testimony to the appalling ferocity of man.

MONUMENT MARKING THE SITE OF THE EUREKA STOCKADE.

THE ITALIANS IN THE SOUDAN: AGORDAT. 21 DEC. 1893.

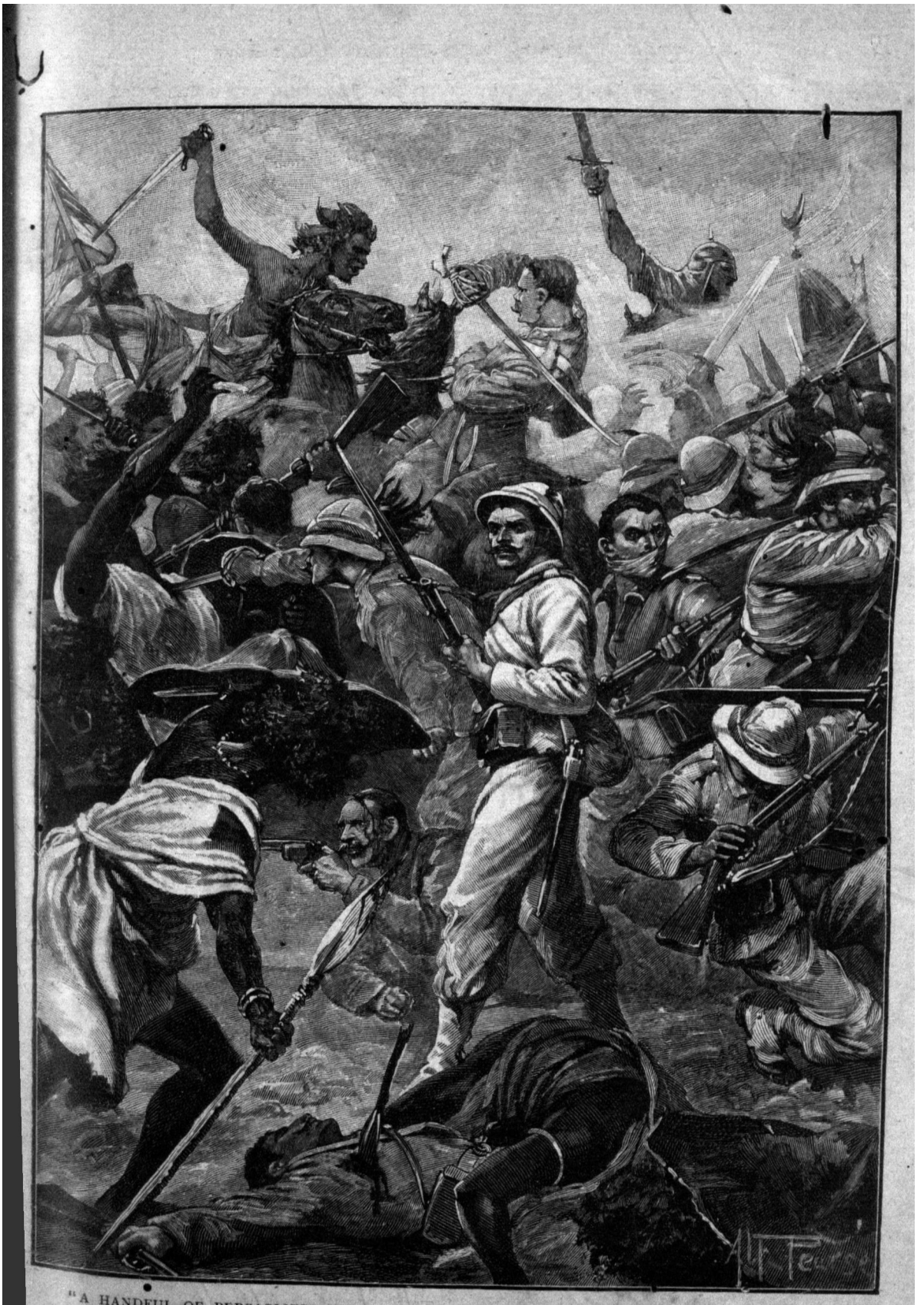
BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

WE are all familiar with the spectacle of the self-made man who takes upon himself the *rôle* of landed proprietor, not because he has any special leaning towards country life, but because "it's the thing"—because it is expected of him.

In somewhat similar fashion, Italy had not been many years reckoned as one of the Great Powers when she began to look round for some foreign territory to annex. It would not be of any particular use to her, but it was "the thing" for Great Powers to have colonies and foreign possessions beyond the seas. It was hardly respectable to be without such luxuries. So, being forestalled by France in a plan for taking possession of Tunis, she cast about for something further afield; and while we were fighting Osman Digma and the Mahdists, and there was talk of an advance from Suakim to Berber and Dongola for the re-conquest of Khartoum, an Italian expeditionary force passed through the canal and occupied Massowah, a little further south than our post at Suakim. At the same time the Italian Government informed us that if we made a move into the interior they would be glad to help.

The move into the interior has not come yet, though this was ten years ago. But, once having got a foothold at Massowah, the Italians have gone on building up their province on the Red Sea shore, adding to it a disputed protectorate over Abyssinia and a tract of half-desert land on the Indian Ocean. Altogether, they have secured in the scramble for Africa a "sphere of influence" which makes a very good show on the map, though, like most other nations that possess spheres of influence in the Dark Continent, they have not effectively occupied the greater part of it, and they have found their landholding a costly luxury, paid for with bloodshed and much expenditure of hard cash, for which so far there is a scanty return.

Massowah stands on an island about a mile and a half in circumference, connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway nearly a mile long, another island halfway facilitating its construction. The place had, to begin with, the great advantage that, even if all the wild men of the Soudan attacked it, it was safe so long as there was a warship ready to sweep this causeway with her cannon and machine-guns. It was a good starting-point for conquests in north-eastern Africa. Southward, close at hand, rose the outer bulwarks of the Abyssinian table-land, to which narrow passes opening on the shore from Massowah to Zulla gave access. Westward, across the coast-hills and the desert, lay the old route to Kassala and the Upper Nile, busy with the passage of caravans in the days before the Mahdist revolt, but now closed by the armed raiders of the false prophet. In both directions the Italians have made steady progress during these ten years. Their vanguard now permanently hold Adigrat, well up the passes that lead into the heart of Abyssinia, and they have a garrison at Kassala. But this progress has not been made without hard fighting on both lines. Better able than a more northern race to bear the torrid heat of the Soudan summer, the Italians have shown that they are peculiarly well fitted for campaigning in these regions. They have, it is true, had their defeats—as at Dogali, where a handful of Bersaglieri holding an advanced post were cut to pieces by the overwhelming forces flung against them, but not till they had made a desperate defence and sold their lives dearly. But they have also had their victories over both the Soudanese and the Abyssinians, and they are especially proud of their victory at Agordat, on the way to Kassala, in 1893, because they claim that while the British



"A HANDFUL OF BERSAGLIERI HOLDING AN ADVANCED POST WERE CUT TO PIECES" (*p.* 48).

never ventured to fight the Mahdists except in square, they were able to meet and shatter the wild onset of the Soudanese in line. Without admitting that this is at all a fair statement of the case, we may grant that the fight at Agordat was a very gallant piece of work, and the story of it is well worth the telling; so I shall put it together mainly from the official despatches, supplementing them with details from other sources.

Keren, a town on the western slope of the coast range, had for some time been the advanced post of the Italians towards Kassala, when, in 1890, General Baratieri occupied Agordat, two days' journey further west towards Kassala, and at the point where the two chief routes from that city to Keren join. A fort was built at Agordat, overlooking the ravine of Khor Baka and commanding the junction of the roads. It thus became the chief outpost of the Italians towards the region held by the Mahdists, and would be the point against which any wave of invasion coming from the desert must break.

In the summer of 1893 the Mahdists had been very active. They kept on foot four armies—one at Dongola, the object of which was to threaten the frontier post held by the English and Egyptians on the Upper Nile; two other armies were operating southwards in Kordofan, towards the great lakes; while a fourth, with its headquarters at Gedaref, watched the Abyssinian and Italian frontiers. The army of Gedaref had been very quiet all the summer, and there had even been some trading along the road between Kassala and Keren. Sanguine colonists on the Italian side flattered themselves that things were settling down, and that there would soon be scope for some profitable business enterprise at Massowah. But it was only the lull before the storm.

The Emir Musaid Gaidum, who was one of the Mahdi's best fighting-men, commanded at Kassala. In all our battles in the Soudan we had found that the one great danger that had to be faced was the wild rush of Soudanese swordsmen and spearmen. The Mahdists made very little use of firearms beyond worrying our men in their bivouacs with a dropping fire through the night. But some of the chiefs had been so impressed by the fearful execution done by the rapid fire from the English infantry squares, that they were full of the idea of teaching their warriors new tactics, and getting them to rely more upon the rifle than upon cold steel. The Emir of Kassala was one of those who were most anxious to make this experiment. In his garrison he had 1,200 riflemen armed with Remington breechloaders taken from the Egyptians, and about 300 more men armed with muzzle-loaders of various patterns. The army at Gedaref possessed about 8,000 Remingtons, and there were several battalions armed with them and partly drilled after the European fashion. Besides these riflemen there were large levies of horsemen and footmen armed with sword and spear, many of the mounted men wearing complete suits of armour, plate- and chain-mail. In artillery the Mahdists were hopelessly weak. There were only two old cannon on the ruinous mud walls of Kassala, and at Gedaref there were a couple of light field-pieces. There is no doubt that if they had kept to their traditional tactics they would have been a much more formidable fighting force. But their leaders flattered themselves that they were now quite equal to European troops, and they took an early opportunity of testing their efficiency by making a raid on the borders of the Italian colony.

Early in December rumours reached the Italians that the Mahdists were preparing to move. Ahmed Ali, one of the Khalifa's most trusted chiefs, had come down from Khartoum to take command of the troops at Gedaref, and was calling all the tribesmen of the district to his standard. At first they did not pay much attention to these reports. Twelve months before, there had been a similar gathering; but the Mahdists had not ventured then to attack the frontiers, and it was conjectured that they might be really thinking of some enterprise against the Abyssinians. But the reports of coming trouble were so persistent that at last it was resolved to take some precautions. The garrison at the fort of Agordat was reinforced, and scouting parties were pushed forward towards Kassala and Gedaref. Spies were despatched to the Mahdist country. It was calculated that by these means the Italian commanders would have several days' notice of any serious advance of the Soudanese, and arrangements were made by which a considerable force could be rapidly assembled to meet them. General Arimondi, who had taken charge of the defence of the colony on this side, hoped that his plans would so work out that by the time the Mahdists had gathered in force at Kassala, which was five days' journey from Agordat, he would have camped near the fort two squadrons of cavalry, two batteries of mountain-guns, seven companies of infantry, and three of native irregulars—in all about 2,000 men. This was the force with which he hoped to stop and drive back upon the desert

10,000, or, it might be, 20,000 fanatic Soudanese and Arabs. Moreover, all the force assembled at Agordat would consist of native troops, led by Italian officers and sergeants. It was to be a triumph of European discipline and leadership over the half-savage fury of the men of the desert, the rank-and-file on both sides consisting of men of the same race, and the presence of some seventy European officers and non-commissioned officers sufficing to turn the scale against what otherwise would have been overwhelming numbers.

On Wednesday, the 13th of December, a spy came in from Kassala with the news that the Mahdist advance had been fixed for the previous day. The telegraph conveyed the warning to Massowah, and the orders already prepared for the defence of Agordat were issued. At the same time General Arimondi started from the coast to take personal command of the little army that was assembling at the fort. On the Friday news came over the wires from Agordat that the advanced scouts were in contact with the Mahdist vanguard. The invaders were said to be at least 12,000 strong. They were moving in two columns, each taking one of the two roads that met near the fort, and they had already covered half the distance between Kassala and Agordat.

But the march of the invaders was slow. In the early morning of Monday, the 18th, the scouts saw the watch-fires of the Soudanese vanguard burning dimly about Daura, some forty miles from Agordat. The scouts, native cavalry led by Italian officers, had orders to keep in touch with the Mahdists, but to avoid fighting. They were to fall back before them, harassing and delaying their advance when possible, and filling up the wells, so that the enemy would have to dig for water at every halting-place. Campaigning in the Soudan means, to a great extent, manœuvring and fighting for water; so this was the best means of retarding the march of the Soudanese and affording the garrison at Agordat time to make full preparations for giving them a warm reception.

On the Tuesday the onward march of Ahmed Ali's advanced guard had reached Kufit, a village at the junction of several valleys, twenty-three miles from the fort. The scouts had assembled at Shaglet village and wells, five miles from the enemy. Captain Carchidio, an enterprising officer who was in command, watched the Soudanese closely, waiting for an opportunity to cut in and make some prisoners, from whom he hoped to gather precise information about the force in his front. The result was some smart skirmishing late in the afternoon, the dismounted troopers on the Italian side exchanging fire with the Mahdist outposts. Carchidio noticed that the enemy showed no disposition to charge, and also had the satisfaction of reporting that their riflemen were abominably bad shots.

Next morning the vanguard of the emir formed in battle array, and moved slowly forward against Shaglet. A few shots were fired, and a handful of the Italian troops, who would have been cut off and overwhelmed if they had ventured to dispute the possession of the place with the invaders, retired on the wild valley where the ravine of Khor Akbermanna joins the Khor Barka, the deep rock channel, dry in summer, traversed by a stream in winter, which marks the approach to Agordat. At the wells of Ashai another squadron came to their aid from the fort, for they had sent back word that they were being forced back rapidly by the enemy's advance. Near the wells the Italian officers made a stand. With carbine fire they beat off an attack of the Dervish cavalry, and it was only when masses of infantry, led by mounted chiefs, came pouring down the wild road along the ravine that they again fell back towards Agordat.

The way in which this small body of native troops trusted their European leaders, and under their guidance kept touch with the huge mass opposed to them, retiring slowly before it day after day, was proof enough that the troops at Agordat could be relied upon to behave with steadiness in the coming conflict. Arimondi considered that his small force of cavalry had done its part, and after the skirmish of El Ashai he ordered them to join him at Agordat, and sent forward in their place a couple of hundred infantry under Captain Catalano, to form an outpost line across the valley and keep touch with the enemy.

Catalano had orders to try to make an attack on the Mahdists' camp after sunset, breaking in upon their lines suddenly with a view to securing a few prisoners. As yet none had been captured, and Arimondi wanted them in order to get more precise information than he possessed as to the numbers and plans of his opponents. Catalano went forward and reconnoitred the enemy's position, but he had to report that it was impossible to do anything. Ahmed Ali had camped all his force in one huge zeriba—that is, a temporary enclosure made by cutting down masses of thorny plants and making them into a kind

of hedge all round the camp. Behind this barrier the Mahdist sentries were ever on the alert. To surprise any prisoners was out of the question. The most Catalano could do was to keep the Dervish camp continually under observation, and towards midnight he saw and heard enough to make him feel fairly certain that Ahmed Ali was preparing to break up his bivouac and venture on a night march.

The zeriba was about five miles west of the fort, close to the edge of the Barka ravine, in a hurried message to Agordat to say that the attack was coming before dawn. At the fort a heavy convoy of ammunition that was coming up from Keren was anxiously expected, and the question was whether the Mahdists or the camels would be the first to come in sight. At dawn there were no signs of the enemy, though the garrison was on the alert. Soon after the bright morning sunshine showed the convoy toiling along the caravan track on the north side of Khor Barka. At seven it was safe under the guns of the fort. At the same hour, though still out of sight, the Mahdist

"THEY BEAT OFF AN ATTACK OF THE DERVISH CAVALRY" (*p.* 51).

which the horses had been watered before sunset. At 1.30 a.m. on Thursday, the 21st, the Mahdists, leaving their camels under a guard in the camp, poured out in a solid column, with the cavalry in front, and Catalano fell back, sending vanguard was coming down the north side of the Khor in the opposite direction. If it had moved a little more rapidly during the night it would have cut off the convoy.

It was not till nine o'clock that the Mahdists