

THE ZOUAVES TOOK ONE OF THE BARRICADES BY A DASHING BAYONET CHARGE" (#. 162).

armed intervention on the part of France, he ordered Garibaldi to be arrested at Sinalunga, near Arezzo, on September 23rd, and taken to the fortress of Alessandria, whence a few days later he was brought back to Caprera and set free, though several cruisers apparently maintained a blockade round the island. The enlistment of volunteers still went on; and, before the chiefs were ready to begin the campaign, several small bands crossed the frontier at various points, without orders, on September 28th and the following days, but they were everywhere broken up and repulsed by patrols of Papal troops, though one band of 300 men had a shortlived success at Acquapendente, where it overcame the little garrison of twenty-seven gendarmes.

The first serious encounter was at Bagnorea, a village to the north of Viterbo, strongly situated on a hill surrounded by deep ravines and accessible only at one point by a bridge. It was occupied on October 1st by a body of Garibaldians, who seized the funds of the municipality and plundered the churches. remnants of the bands defeated elsewhere rallied round them, bringing their numbers up to 500, and, to strengthen their position, they fortified the convent of San Francesco situated outside the walls, raised barricades on the roads leading to the gate, and loopholed the adjacent houses. Colonel Azzanesi, who commanded the garrison of Viterbo, sent a detachment of 45 soldiers of the line, 20 Zouaves, and 4 gendarmes to make a reconnaissance; they made instead an attack, and, though the Zouaves took one of the barricades by a dashing bayonet charge, the detachment was repulsed with loss when it came under the hail of bullets from the houses. Two days later, however, Colonel Azzanesi marched against the town with two companies of Zouaves under Captain le Gonidec, four companies of the line under Captain Zanetti, a few dragoons, and two guns—in all 460 men. The Garibaldian advanced posts situated on the rocky heights in front of the town were obstinately defended, but were stormed one after another; the doors of the convent were smashed in and its defenders bayoneted or disarmed, the two barricades were taken, and the Garibaldians driven back into the town. A few cannon-shots soon overcame their resistance, and they fled in disorder through the ravines where the cavalry could not follow them, while the citizens flung open their gates and welcomed their liberators. This victory cost the Papal troops only six men wounded; the loss of the enemy was 96 killed and wounded.

In spite of this defeat the incursions of volunteers did not cease, for the Italian Government granted them free tickets over the railways, allowed them to take the arms of the National Guards, and the troops placed along the frontier to arrest them let them pass. Fighting took place, therefore, every day in many localities, and the most brilliant of these combats is that which occurred on October 13th at Monte Libretti.

This is a walled village, about ten miles to the north of Monte Rotondo, built round an old feudal castle on the summit of a steep and isolated hill, at the foot of which is a street commanded by the castle and leading up to the It was known that Menotti Garibaldi was advancing towards it with a numerous band, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette ordered three detachments to march from different points to intercept him. One of these columns coming from Palombara had already been sent in another direction, and did not receive the counter-order in time; another, from Monte Maggiore, came to the point of junction too soon, and, after waiting for a long while, withdrew. The third column from Monte Rotondo, composed of 90 Zouaves under Lieutenant Guillemin, on arriving near Monte Libretti at six in the evening, met the Garibaldian advanced posts, attacked them at once, and drove them back. The lieutenant then sent one section of his men, under Sub-Lieutenant de Quélen, to turn the enemy's position, and at the head of the other dashed through the narrow street, under a heavy fire from the castle and the houses, till he reached the open space before the gate, which was filled with Garibaldians. Here he fell with a bullet through the brain; Sergeant-Major Bach, a Bavarian, took the command, and a furious handto-hand fight ensued, in spite of the inequality in numbers. Major Fazzari, a Garibaldian leader, was wounded and made prisoner; Corporal Alfred Collingridge, of London, surrounded by six Garibaldians, fought desperately till he was mortally wounded; and Peter Yong, a tall and athletic Dutchman, killed sixteen Garibaldians with the butt-end of his rifle, then dropped breathless with fatigue and was immediately bayoneted. The fight had lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the second column came up and drove the Garibaldians into the town, the gate of which they could not completely close. It was now nearly dark; the Zouaves made three attempts to storm the gate, but as they passed through the narrow opening they were met

with a hail of bullets from all sides; de Quélen-fell pierced with nine wounds, and his men were at last driven back, but the Garibaldians, who, as it has since been ascertained, were nearly 1,200, did not pursue them. The Zouaves had lost 17 dead and 18 wounded; Sergeant de la Bégassière took the command of the survivors and retreated to Monte Maggiore, but Sergeant-Major Bach, who with a few Zouaves had become separated from the rest in the darkness, took refuge in a house near the gate, and ex-

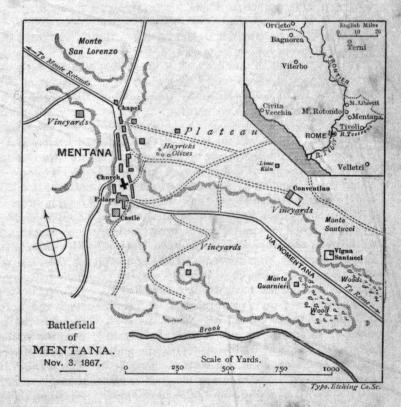
changed shots with the Garibaldians as long as there was moonlight. At four next morning he, too, retreated to Monte Maggiore, and Menotti Garibaldi, believing that this handful of Zouaves were the vanguard of a large body of troops, withdrew in the opposite direction to Nerola.

Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette was ordered to dislodge him from this strong positiona village situated on a high hill with a strongly-built castle on vhich only artillery could have any effect; and he left Monte Retondo on the 17th with one gun and about 900 men belonging to the Zouaves, the Légion d'Antibes and the Swiss Rifles. On their approach the next day, Menotti Garibaldi withdrew to Montorio Romano, leaving a detachment to defend the castle, which capitulated after little more than an hour's firing.

In the meantime Garibaldian emissaries were actively engaged in preparing an insurrection in Rome, and the Government was no less energetic in taking precautions against it. The city was declared to be in a state of siege; most of the gates were closed and barricaded, outside the others earthworks armed with guns were thrown up, artillery was placed in position on the Aventine, the ditches of the Castle of St. Angelo were filled with water, and the guards were strengthened. The writer was then in the depot of the Zouaves in the Monastery of St. Callisto, where a few hundred recruits of all nations were being initiated into the mysteries of drill, and as almost all the troops were in campaign, a large share of guard-mounting and patrolling fell to

our lot. It was a service which entailed but little of the fatigue or danger, and none of the excitement, of actual warfare; but we were in constant expectation of an attack, and to be ready for any emergency the two companies which formed the *depôt* remained under arms in front of the barracks every night from sunset till past midnight, while advanced posts and sentinels were placed in the neighbouring streets to guard against a surprise.

The insurrection, in which not many Romans



took part, began on the evening of October 22nd. The Serristori barracks, not far from St. Peter's, were blown up: the greater part of the men quartered there were luckily absent at the time, but thirty-seven Zouaves, eighteen of whom were Italians, were buried beneath the ruins. At the same time an attack was made on the Capitol and repulsed by the Swiss Carabiniers; and the guard-house at the gate of St. Paul's was surprised and taken by a band of Garibaldians in order to facilitate the entry of a convoy of arms, which had been hidden in a neighbouring vineyard; but the arms had already been seized by the police, and the Garibaldians were soon dispersed. Other attacks were made on the gasworks and the military hospital, but without

success, and before midnight all was again quiet in Rome. The next day a body of seventy-six Garibaldians, all picked men, led by the two brothers Cairoli, who had hoped to enter Rome with another convoy of arms and take the command of the insurgents, but had failed to arrive in time, was discovered by a patrol, lurking in the grounds of a villa outside the walls, and after a short skirmish in which the Garibaldians fought desperately, the survivors of the band fled back to the

fled back to the frontier.

frontier.

Just before these events took place, Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, passed over to the mainland, and arrived in Florence on October 20th; Ratazzi took no steps to arrest him till he was out of his reach, and he crossed the frontier at Correse. He immediately ordered all the bands in the neighbourhoodto join him, and on the 23rd he was at the head of at least 10,000 men. A large proporof these were drawn from the populace of the great cities of Italy, and were

attracted mainly by the hope of plunder; but there were also many soldiers and officers of the regular army, and many veterans who had fought under Garibaldi in former campaigns: their arms, drill, and organisation were, as a rule, good; but they were, for the most part, shabbily dressed, and very few of them wore the traditional red shirt.

The road to Rome lay through Monte Rotondo, a small town situated on a height. About one-third of its circuit is defended by a wall in which are three gates, the rest is closed by the walls of the houses which stand on the brow of the steep hill. Near the centre is the

palace of the Prince of Piombino—a massive building of three storeys with a tall tower. The garrison, commanded by Captain Costes, of the Antibes Legion, was composed of two companies of the legion, one of Swiss Carabiniers, a few gendarmes, dragoons, and artillerymen—in all, 323 men with two guns.

Early on the morning of the 25th, three Garibaldian columns were seen marching towards the town and taking up their positions round



POPE PIUS IX. (Photo, Pierre Petit, Paris.)

it; they were under the command of Menotti Garibaldi, father with the reserves being in the rear. At six, two strong detachments advanced to assault the gates, but they were received with such a heavy fire that after three hours' fighting they fell back discouraged. Garibaldi then took the command: he rallied his men and again surrounded the town, which was assailed at every point; attack followed attack throughout the day, but without success; the Garibaldians were everywhere re-

pulsed, and after eight hours' fighting, their fire gradually slackened and at last ceased.

Garibaldi had not expected this obstinate resistance, and he was furious at having lost a day during which he might, by a forced march, have surprised Rome; the arrival of reinforcements determined him to renew the assault that night, and a waggon laden with faggots and petroleum was pushed up against one of the gates, under a heavy fire, and lighted. The gate was soon a sheet of flame, but while it was burning, the besieged raised barricades in the streets leading from it, and when the Garibaldians entered the town, it was only after two hours of desperate

fighting that the Papal troops, wearied and outnumbered, were driven back into the castle. There they held out for some time till the Garibaldians began to undermine the walls, when they capitulated, after a defence of twentyseven hours, which, as Garibaldi confessed, had cost him over 500 killed and wounded.

The outlying detachments of the Papal army in garrison in the provinces were immediately recalled to guard Rome against a sudden attack,

necessity of distributing clothes and shoes to his men delayed his departure till eleven, and his vanguard had got only a short distance beyond Mentana when it met the Papal troops.

A large number of Garibaldians had deserted during the retreat from Rome, and the losses at Monte Rotondo had been heavy; but reinforcements had come up during the attack on that town, and, according to the most trustworthy estimates, Garibaldi had still, at



"THEY MADE SOME PRISONERS" (p. 167).

and hold it until the arrival of the French troops, which the emperor, after much hesitation and many counter orders, had at last despatched. They landed at Civita Vecchia on the 29th, marched into Rome on the 30th, and Garibaldi, whose troops had advanced as far as the bridges over the Teverone, about three miles from Rome, and exchanged shots with the Papal outposts, retreated to Monte Rotondo. He intended at first to make a stand there, but considering that Tivoli, equally distant from Rome, was a much stronger position—with a river in front, and a mountainous country, suitable for guerilla warfare, in the rear—he gave orders to march upon that town at daybreak on November 3rd. The

least, 10,000 soldiers when he accepted battle at Mentana.

The column which left Rome that morning under the command of General Kanzler, was composed of 2,913 men of the Papal army, under General de Courten, 1,500 of whom were Zouaves, and a little more than 2,000 of the French soldiers just arrived, under General de Polhès—making in all about 5,000 men with ten guns.

The troops were under arms at one on the morning of the 3rd, but it was four o'clock when they marched out of the Porta Pia, the Papal forces leading and the French following at some distance. It was a dark and rainy morning,

and the soldiers in heavy marching order and carrying two days' rations in addition to their usual burdens, advanced slowly over the muddy road. After crossing the Ponte Nomentano, about four miles from Rome, Major de Troussures was sent with three companies of Zouaves by a road to the left, to gain the valley of the Tiber and march on a line parallel to that followed by the main body, to threaten the right flank of the Garibaldians. The remainder of the column went on till it reached the farm of Capobianco, half-way to Mentana, where it halted to let the men get some food and dry their clothes. By this time the rain had ceased, and, as after an hour's rest they again formed their ranks to continue their march, the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky.

On leaving Capobianco, the road ascends for some distance, crosses a broad tableland, and then winds rising and falling as it passes over the lower slopes of several hills covered with brushwood. It was half-past twelve when the dragoons who preceded the column came upon the Garibaldian outposts commanded by Colonel Missori, occupying a strong position in the woods on each side of the road. They fired their carbines and returned at full gallop to give the alarm. The first company of Zouaves, under Captain d'Albiousse, and the second, under Captain Thomalé, were immediately extended in skirmishing order to the left and right, the third company, under Captain Alain de Charette, and the fourth, under Captain le Gonidec, following as supports. The woods were soon cleared of Garibaldians, and the heights scaled; but a Genoese battalion, commanded by Captain Stallo, and another from Leghorn, led by Captain Meyer, held the tableland to the right of the road, and their heavy fire checked the advance of the Zouaves till their line was strengthened by the companies of Captain de Moncuit and Captain de Veaux; and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette, hastening up with the company of Captain Lefebvre, led a furious bayonet-charge, which swept the Garibaldians before it. It was in vain that they tried to rally and re-form behind trees or farmhouses; they were driven from one place of refuge after another, and a long line of killed and wounded marked the track of the Zouaves as they drove the shattered battalions back upon the Santucci vineyard.

This strong position—a walled enclosure which had been loopholed, as well as the large farmhouse standing on a height within it—was held by the battalion of Major Ciotti: it commands the approach to Mentana from the east across the tableland above that village, while the approaches from the front and from the west can be swept by a plunging fire from the Castle of Mentana. The approach to the vineyard was protected by a cross-fire from Monte Guarnieri, a wooded height on the opposite side of the road; this had to be carried first, and it was taken by Captain Alain de Charette, whose company climbed the steep slopes and drove the Garibaldian sharpshooters from their shelter among the trees.

A piece of artillery, commanded by Count Bernardini, then opened fire on the Santucci vineyard, while Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette attacked it in front with some companies of Zouaves, supported on their right by five companies of Swiss Carabiniers. The walls of the enclosure were soon scaled, and the Garibaldians driven back into the farmhouse, where they made a stubborn resistance till the doors were broken in, when they laid down their arms. In this attack Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette's horse was killed under him, and Captain de Veaux fell, struck by a bullet which drove down into his heart the cross he had won at Castel' fidardo.

The Papal troops had been equally successful on the left of the high road, where they had driven the Garibaldians from the woods and come out on the open slopes which descend towards Mentana, from which they could pour a heavy fire on the crowd of fugitives hastening from all directions towards the village. It was then two o'clock; there was a cessation of the fight for a few minutes to pick up and carry away the wounded, and General Kanzler, who had established his headquarters at the Santucci vineyard, prepared to attack Mentana.

The Castle of Mentana, a feudal fortress of the Borghese family, stands upon a rock with precipitous sides advancing from the high road into a deep valley; it was held, along with the adjacent Borghese palace, the village, and the barricade erected at its entrance, by four battalions of Garibaldians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Frigyesi, a Hungarian; the height above the village, where there was a large farm with stacks of hay and corn, was occupied by six battalions, commanded by Colonel Elia and Major Valzania; Major Cantoni, with three battalions, was stationed to the left of the village on the road leading to Monte Rotondo, and the two guns which had been taken at the siege of that town

were drawn up on Monte San Lorenzo, a little

General Kanzler placed three guns, two of which belonged to the French, on Monte Guarnieri, another on the high road, and two more in the Santucci vineyard, to counteract the fire of the Castle and of the Garibaldian artillery; the Zouaves advanced from the vineyard in skirmishing order and drove the Garibaldians from a building called the Conventino, beyond which the ground gradually rises towards the height which commands Mentana, where Elia's battalions were posted having their flanks protected by the fire from the Castle and the adjacent houses. Five companies of Swiss Carabiniers advanced in line with the Zouaves. On arriving in sight of the position held by the Garibaldians, the Zouaves, instead of waiting till the fire of the artillery had thrown the ranks of the enemy into disorder, broke away madly from their officers and charged. Heedless of the voice of their colonel or of the sound of the bugles, they pressed on, driving the Garibaldians from every hedge or clump of trees which they sought to defend, and flung them back into the houses. There the charge was stopped by a hail of bullets from the loopholed walls, but the Zouaves held their ground, sheltered by the haystacks, from behind which they returned the fire of the Garibaldians. A desperate sortie of the enemy dislodged them, but three companies, led by Major de Lambilly, came to their relief; they regained their positions, and at this spot, which was alternately lost and retaken, the greatest amount of slaughter took place; and the struggle lasted till nightfall.

The front attack having been thus stopped, Garibaldi sent two strong columns to turn the flanks of the Papal army. One of these, of three battalions, marched from the northern end of the village, and nearly succeeded in surrounding and cutting off two companies of Swiss Carabiniers on our right. They retired slowly in good order, firing as they went, until being reinforced by two more Swiss companies, and two of the Légion d'Antibes, they dashed forward, broke up the Garibaldian column and pursued it as far as the road to Monte Rotondo.

The other column, which marched from the south of the village, was not more successful—it was repulsed by three companies of the Légion d'Antibes, who followed it as far as the entrance of the village, where they took a house and made some prisoners, but had to retire in presence of superior numbers.

Just then the detachment under Major de Troussures was seen advancing in the direction of the road to Monte Rotondo. Garibaldi at once perceived that the day was lost, and his line of retreat nearly intercepted, he hastened to provide for his safety and left Mentana, while his staff-officers still continued to defend the village.

They immediately collected all the men still able to fight, to make a last desperate effort to envelope the wings of the Papal army; and when General Kanzler, who had sent forward all his reserves, saw two strong columns of companies issuing in good order from Mentana, he requested General de Polhès, whose infantry had hitherto taken no part in the combat, to bring forward his A French battalion and three comtroops. panies of Chasseurs, under Colonel Fremont, marched at once on the Garibaldian left, deployed into line, and for the first time the "Chassepot" was brought into action. The fight ceased for a moment over all the field of battle, as the soldiers on both sides paused to listen to that deadly fire, rapid and ceaseless as the rolling of a drum, before which the hostile battalions disbanded and fled back into Mentana or Monte Rotundo, in spite of all the efforts of Menotti Garibaldi and his officers to rally them. The column on the right wing met with the same fate: attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier with a French battalion and the Zouaves of Major de Troussures, it broke and dispersed in various directions.

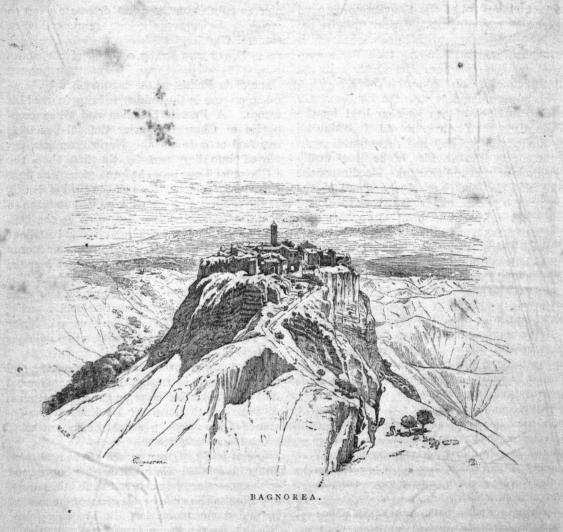
Mentana was now completely surrounded, and it was decided to take it by assault. General de Polhès led a French regiment and a battalion of Chasseurs to storm the barricade at the entrance of the village, while the Zouaves attacked a neighbouring house.

It was just then, at the end of the fight, that Julian Watts-Russell, an English Zouave, and one of the youngest soldiers in the Papal army, fell, close to the village; his comrades succeeded in taking the house, but the French column, crushed by the heavy fire from the barricade, the houses and the Castle, retreated after losing heavily.

Night had fallen, and it would have been impossible to continue the struggle; the troops lit their watch-fires round the village, throwing out strong advanced posts and sentinels, and held themselves in readiness against a surprise. The next morning at dawn, Major Fauchon, with a French battalion, entered Mentana, when some hundreds of Garibaldians laid down their

arms. Seven hundred others in the Castle capitulated, and were allowed to cross the frontier without arms. They had left 600 dead and 500 wounded on the field; while the loss of the Pontifical troops was 30 killed and 114 wounded, and of the French, 2 killed and 36 wounded. Garibaldi continued his retreat as far as Correse on the evening of the battle, and crossed the

frontier the next day with 5,000 men; while 900 others, under Colonel Salomone, escaped into the Abruzzi. The other Garibaldian bands, under Acerbi and Nicotera, which had occupied the provinces of Velletri and Viterbo, and the Italian troops which had followed them, gradually withdrew without offering any resistance, and thus ended the campaign.





"The sea-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay."

ROM the day the keels of the Norse rovers grated on the shores of Britain, her destiny was maritime power.

The long galleys changed to trading ships, and with trade came military occupation, until commercial empire became a necessity to the crowded millions on the little islands of a northern sea.

We strove for an outlet in a new world. Wolfe's battle on the plains of Abraham above Quebec gave us Canada, which a French king's mistress consoled her royal lover, Louis XIV., by calling "Quelques arpents de neige en Amerique"; and then we lost the fairest half of the western continent—our thirteen colonies, now the United States of America—by attempting to tax them without their consent.

Having lost the West we turned to the East, and again ousting France by the victories of Clive, the India merchant company began a new chapter in the history of the East, from whose earliest pages we know that the hordes of Central Asia have time and again descended from the roof of the world to the conquest of Hindostan, until Akbar fixed the house of Timour upon the throne of Delhi, and stopped the tide of invasion from the North.

The battle of Plassy, by raising a rival power that became paramount, shook the throne of the Emperor of India, who subsequently became our puppet-king of Delhi. A century after Plassy the last scion of that Mongol dynasty met his well-deserved fate at the hands of an English leader of irregular horse at the fall of Delhi in 1857, the year of the great Mutiny. Hodson, by capturing the King of Delhi and slaying his murderous sons, who had caused the massacre of English women and children, became the empress-maker of Queen Victoria, the outposts

of whose legions now face those of the great white Czar—the crest of the wave of Central Asian invasion, which our occupation of India has dammed back for more than a century.

It is no light task that we have set ourselves, thus to stem the natural overflow of the Tartar hordes that have ever surged over the ancient civilisations of Hindostan.

Unwittingly, nigh half a century ago, while yet the Muscovite was a thousand leagues away, we had planted our standards at Chitral, what time we shattered the Sikh (Kalsa) army, which threatened the invasion of India, and assumed the administration of the Punjab and the whole territory of Runieet Singh (1848).

Kashmir was part of the Sikh kingdom under a viceroy, Golab Singh. To him we left the beautiful valley, or rather sold it for a trifling sum (which was never paid), guaranteeing protection and assuming suzerainty. The Valley of Chitral is a dependency of Kashmir, and one of the gateways of India, behind which the Muscovite already stands.

Nizam-ul-mulk, Methar of Chitral, was murdered by his brother, Amir-ul-mulk, in January, 1895, in the usual mountain fashion, with probably the usual outside instigation, as he was favourable to our influence.

Dr. Robertson, the representative of the Indian Government, accepted the *de facto* ruler as best he could.

Umra Khan, the bold and intriguing ruler of Bajour, invaded Chitral, not without pledge of outside support if he were successful. He offered the Metharship to Sher Afzul, apparently meaning to keep it himself. The Government of India gave him notice to quit by April 1st, 1895. The answer was an attack by his ally, Sher Afzul, on Captain Ross, and sixty Sikhs,

escorting ammunition to Dr. Robertson at Chitral.

Ross and his men died fighting; fourteen only, under the wounded subaltern, Lieutenant Jones, fought their way back to Puni; later, Lieutenants Edwards and Fowler, with a still smaller force, attempting the same task of conveying ammunition to Chitral, were attacked by overwhelming numbers.

Fighting desperately and with some loss, they gained the shelter of the village of Reshun, bringing in all their wounded, ammunition, and rations.

From the 7th to the 13th they doggedly defended the place, loopholing the walls and piling the ammunition boxes into breastworks on the flat roofs.

The men had short rations and but little water, which they drew from a stream hard by, making sorties, in one of which, on the night of the 10th, Lieutenant Fowler and twenty men surprised about fifty of the enemy who had incautiously lit fires behind their sungars: the glare exposed them, while the attack got within ten yards without discovery and bayoneted about twenty; the rest fled.

During the sortie, a counter attack was made on Lieutenant Edwards and his men in the village; it was repulsed.

After this taste of sepoy steel, the enemy were not quite so intrusive, and the little garrison were able to get water, repair their defences, and attend to the wounded (among whom was Lieutenant Fowler).

Edwards, improvising splints and bandages, utilised his carbolic tooth-powder to put on open wounds.

Not a murmur escaped the lips of the patient sepoys, who burnt the bodies of their six slain comrades, and grimly went on doing their duty, engaged in watching and desultory fighting day and night.

On the 13th a white flag was shown by the enemy, who ceased firing and asked parley.

Mahommed Isa Khan* said he had come from Dr. Robertson at Chitral with orders to stop all fighting pending the recognition of Sher Afzul as Methar.

An armistice was concluded—the besieged to be unmolested, the Bhisties allowed to get water, and supplies of food sent in to the garrison.

Mahommed Isa proposed a game of polo, and

* İsa is the Mohammedan form of Jesus.

invited the British officers, who, with British hardihood, accepted. They were treacherously seized, and the surprised garrison killed, except Jemidar Lal Khan and eleven sepoys, who, with their officers, were carried as prisoners to Sher Afzul, and subsequently delivered to Umra Khan. who wanted the English officers as a trump card in the game he was playing with General Low. He treated the officers well, and released the Mohammedan soldiers and the Hindus who accepted Islam; those of our Hindu or Sikh sepoys who refused conversion perished by the By this capture sixty-eight boxes of ammunition fell into the hands of the enemy, who were already fairly well supplied with rifles and ammunition from Afghanistan.

That inadequately-protected supplies of ammunition were ordered up to Chitral by Dr. Robertson was not the act of the military authorities.

Their mobilisation of 15,000 men was perfectly planned, and carried out with a swiftness and secrecy possible only to a Government unharassed by the questions of party politicians.

The despatch of the expedition was decided on early in March; the plan of campaign prepared in the Intelligence Office by the middle of that month; none of the officers chosen to command were warned until well on in March: General Low himself had been granted leave for a trip to Kashmir—his baggage and camp equipage, which had already started, had to be recalled. The commissariat and transport officers only got orders for the front fourteen days before the force crossed the frontier.

The press got the news on the 18th of March. On the 1st of April 15,000 men of all arms crossed the frontier. In Europe soldiers with their supplies can be carried by rail to within a few miles of the fighting line. The march of a European army in India must be seen to be understood. Perhaps no Indian army ever marched with less impedimenta: Low's army marched almost as it stood, without tents or baggage, which followed after the first fights had opened the route; yet vast supplies of food and forage had to be pushed through pathless mountains producing little but brave and hardy foes, and there were as many camp-followers as fighting-men.

The transport required was—camels, 9,668; bullocks, 7,329; mules, 5,148; donkeys, 4,676; ponies, 3,536. The camel transport is always a source of difficulty in mountain countries, but has often to be used *faute de mieux*; fortunately, General Low, himself an Indian cavalry officer,

had experience in organising transport for General Roberts in Afghanistan.

The details of the force were—Commandingin-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Low.

1st Brigade: General Kinloch—Royal Rifles, Bedfordshire Regiment, 15th Sikhs, 37th Dogras, Field Hospital.

2nd Brigade: General Waterfield—Gordon Highlanders, Scottish Borderers, 4th Sikhs, Guides' Infantry, Field Hospital.

3rd Brigade: General Gatacre — Seaforth Highlanders, The Buffs, 25th Punjabis, 4th Gurkhas, Field Hospital.

Troops -Divisional Guide Cavalry, 11th Bengal Lancers, 13th Bengal Infantry, 23rd Pioneers, Royal Artillery mountainbatteries, Nos. 3, 8, 2 (Dera-jhât), Bengal Sappers, Nos. 1, 4, 6 companies Engineer Field Park, Field and Veterinary Hospital. Lines of communication: General Hammond-East Lancashire Regiment, 29th and 30th Punjabis, Hospital.

In the press appeared forebodings. The bones of this expedition, like those of the first ill-starred one to Cabul, were also to whiten the passes. The desperate valour of the hillmen, starvation, Afghan guile,

and Russian intrigue were to smite us. But the good organisation and reticent generalship of Low, the dash of Kelly, the dogged defence by Robertson, and the steady courage of our troops, falsified pessimist prophecy.

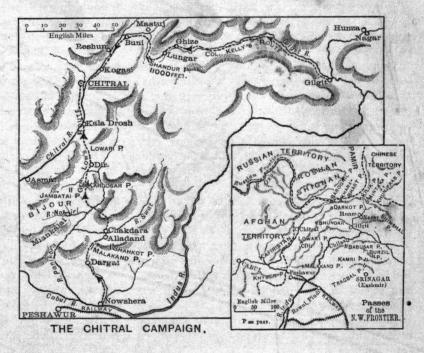
Ascertaining that both the Malakand and Shahkot passes were occupied by the enemy—the latter most numerously—General Low issued false orders for a simultaneous attack on both passes, his intention being to concentrate the three brigades at Dargai, before the Malakand, on April 2nd. General Kinloch was left in the belief that his brigade was to force the Shahkot Pass, and the cavalry under Colonel Scott were sent with sealed orders, to be opened at the foot of the pass. These orders were to countermarch the same night.

The feint was successful, and the defenders of

the Shahkot remained at their posts, while the Malakand was forced, and did not oppose General Low till the 4th of April, when they were checked by Kinloch's brigade at Khar-kotal.

A deluge of rain delayed the transport animals, and was trying to men *en bivouac*. Nevertheless, the leading brigade marched briskly to the attack on the morning of the 3rd. The Guide cavalry felt the way, and the mountainguns shelled the sungars along the higher crests.

The enemy's position was mostly on the left of the pass. Their banners betrayed the sungars (breastworks of loose stone), piled along the faces



and on the crests of the hills,—the lowest on a precipitous hill, 3,000 feet above the valley.

After a brief artillery fire, the 4th Sikhs and Guides were ordered to climb the hills on the left, carry the sungars, work along the crests, and turn the flank. As soon as they came within range, the hillmen opened fire, to which the attack could not adequately answer, as it took the men all they knew to climb. Those defenders who had not firearms rolled an avalanche of rocks on the assailants; they, being in open order, could avoid them, though not the rifle fire.

The defenders seem to have marked the ranges and picked out the officers, distinguished from their men by wearing helmets instead of turbans.

Major Tonnochy, Captain Buchanan, Lieu-

tenant Harman, and three native officers were wounded before two-thirds of the ascent had been got over. Lieutenant Ommaney, of the Guides, was also wounded.

The tribesmen stuck to their defences until

rushed by the bayonet.

It took nearly four hours to carry the crest of the position. The Sikhs and Guides had been nineteen hours under arms. In addition to the British and native officers mentioned, four sepoys were killed and eleven wounded. before the crest was reached a small party of the Gordons, under a non-commissioned officer, crept up a watercourse and dropped into a sungar, from which a party of Swatis were enfilading the Borderers. The tribesmen could hardly handle their tulwars before the bayonet silently did its work—not always with impunity, for a gallant Gordon and a huge Pathan were found locked in a last embrace.

If Britons take their pleasures sadly, they do their fighting with a dash of comedy.



"THE GUNS CAME INTO ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY ON THE HIGH RIDGE" (p. 175).

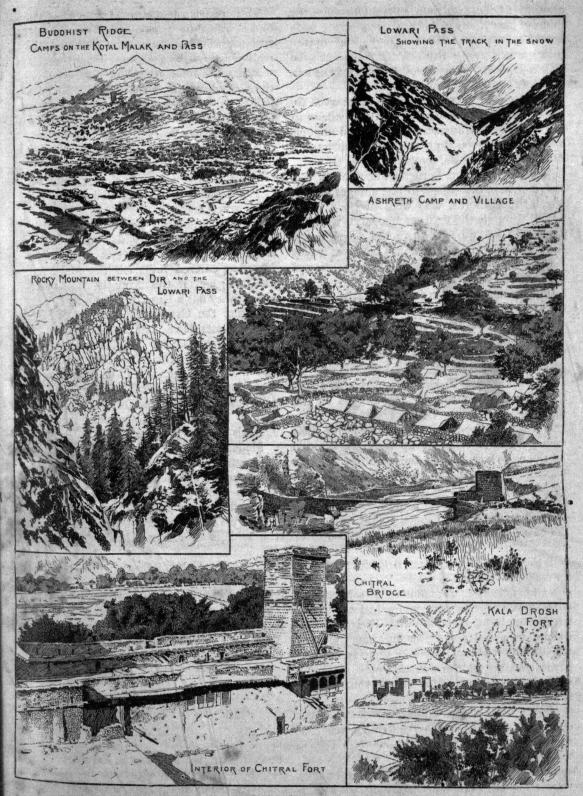
In the meantime the Scottish Borderers and the Gordon Highlanders worked up the centre of the pass. The mountain-guns, having been brought up a hill directly under the Malakand peak, shelled the main defences and the village on the summit. After half-an-hour of artillery fire, General Low gave the order for the main assault by infantry. The Borderers took the centre, the Gordons the right, the Maxims going up as far as practicable with the fighting line.

The ascent was steep and tortuous. It was afternoon before the assailants were up to the defences. The Borderers and Gordons bore the brunt of the fighting, and suffered most.

Though the hillmen defended step by step, they rarely waited for the Scottish bayonet; but Half-way up the steep of Malakand panted a ponderous sergeant, breathless and drenched with sweat. A bullet splashed the mud in his face. Looking up, he shook his fist at the sungar and shouted, "Ye blank brutes, if ye was on the flat I'd eat yer!" In the strife of battle men laughed.

The last climb was precipitous; the men hauled each other up. Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordons, was the first to top the ridge. The enemy rushed at him. He shot two with his revolver, and shouted to his men below. As they could not at once reach him, he was fortunately able to get down, until a fuller rush could be made.

This officer had his shoulder-strap carried



VIEWS IN THE CHITRAL COUNTRY.

away by a bullet, which first passed through the brain of his corporal.

General Low, seeing the difficulties of the main attack, sent Kinloch's infantry up the hill in support—King's Royal Rifles on the left, Bedfords and Dogras on the right.

The 15th Sikhs only were held in reserve. By 2 p.m. the pass was carried and the village in flames. The fighting was severe on the summit, and from the wooded plateau the defenders had

to be dislodged by the bayonet.

The Gordons and Borderers, now mixed, collected outside the village to rest and get breath, while the Bedfords, who were in good order, passed through the fighting line, and, with the Dogras in hot pursuit, drove the enemy across the ridge behind Malakand into the Swat valley beyond Khara, where Colonel Patterson allowed his wearied Bedfords to bivouac.

The commissariat was far on the other side of the pass, but in the deserted village men found native food—rice, flour, sugar, calves, and goats—so the force fared sumptuously and slept peacefully, for no mountaineers were near save the dying and the dead.

The Sikhs and Guides occupied the corresponding crest on the left, the Dogras on the

right.

Meanwhile, the mountain gunners and their mules began to scramble up the pass, followed by the mule transport of the 1st Brigade. The baggage of the 2nd Brigade being on camels, could not be got up until a pathway had been made for the unwieldy brutes. Late in the evening an order was flagged to the summit of the pass for the 2nd Brigade to come down to their rations. The descending stream of soldiers and the baggage of the 1st Brigade struggling up made a block in the pass.

Night fell, the unencumbered soldiers got down, but the transport mules had to be unpacked, and some doolies with their suffering load of wounded waited for the day. Officers who carried tins of Bovril in their haversacks gave them up for the wounded men, smoked a pipe for supper, and lay down under the universal

sky blanket.

Our casualties were eight officers and sixtyone men. The strength of the enemy was estimated at 12,000, their killed at 500. Their wounded must have been many.

The little pathways down to the Swat valley were streaked with blood, showing where the wounded had been carried or dragged themselves along.

The pencil diameter of the Lee-Metford bullet will drill a hole even through a bone without bringing down or always stopping the rush of a man of a fighting religion.*

What the hillmen said they feared was "not the child-rifle, but the devil guns, which killed half-a-dozen men with one shot (shell), which burst and threw up splinters, as deadly as the shots themselves."

An ancient, unused road, said to have been of Buddhist construction, was discovered, and soon made passable for the clumsy camel.

The indefatigable sapper had already made it fit for wheel traffic.

Lionel James, war correspondent with the force, thinks the original engineers were soldiers rather than priests. Alexander of Macedon entered India vià the Malakand, we are told; and if the army of Alexander the Greek, why not a Russian Alexander?

Unlike the Greek, the Russian consolidates

his conquests slowly, but surely.

The Greek soldier has left more than his impress on roads, for many of the tribes about the mountain gates of India are of a Greek type, especially the women: they are fair and tall, absolutely different from the squat Tartar figures and hideous featureless faces of the Ladakis on our north-eastern frontier.

Modern Buddhist roads with their long lines of prayer-graven stones lead straight across the hills, and are unfit for load-carrying animals; the Buddhist pilgrim carries nothing but personal filth and his hand praying-machine.†

But we must pass from Buddhist priests and the soldiers of either Alexander to those of Victoria.

On the morning of the 4th the Bedfords and Dogras returned from their swoop into the valley of the Swat, and rejoined their brigade on the summit of the Malakand. The whole brigade was ordered to march on Khar. The Bedfords gave the advanced guard going down the ancient pathway, followed by the mountainguns, the K.O. Rifles. and the baggage.

- * The Maxim must stop man or horse if it has the range, for the rapidity of fire is so great that four or five bullets will strike a man before he can fall. The Martini-Henri calibre Maxim has a large bullet, but the smoke of black powder draws fire. Smokeless Maxims would be invaluable for the defence of frontier posts where the ranges can be marked and ammunition stored.
- † A little revolving copper cylinder in which are written prayers: each revolution counts for a whole book of prayer, and the pilgrim twirls out his prayers as he walks leisurely along.

Dogras and 15th Sikhs, taking another path, debouched upon the plain about the same time, passing a village they had burnt the evening before.

The party of sappers, road-making in the advance, reported the enemy in force on a low ridge to the right front, and ascending in great strength a high rocky ridge which ran parallel to the road.

The Bedfords seized the mouth of the defile through which the road ran, two companies on each flank; another of Bedfords and one of K.O. Rifles ascended a spur on the right.

The guns came into action against the enemy on the high ridge. The Dogras advanced across the plain, supported by the Sikhs, and attacked the low ridge to the right front, driving the enemy over it, and beyond. They got under the fire of the heights, and were repeatedly assailed by rushes of the hillmen, but they stood their ground. Major Cunningham advanced his guns, and the ring shell began to find the enemy.

Captain Cambridge's two companies of Bedfords met the sudden onset of a large body of tribesmen with magazine fire at short range, which they could not stand. Most of the brave fellows succeeded in regaining cover, though few could have escaped unwounded.

Here is the account given to a war correspondent by a wounded Swati:—

"We fought hard, because the mullahs urged us to defeat the Kaffirs before the devil-guns could be brought over the pass, and they told us, to give us heart, that the guns could not be brought over the pass for days; but it was false, for presently we heard the deep boom of these guns, and from them there was no safety and no cover. But the mullahs urged us on, and so about 300 of us determined to rush the guns, for they alone made us cowards.

"But we met many Kaffirs (infidels) on the side of the hill, whom we had not seen, for they fired without making smoke and we were so close to them that we could not escape being wounded.

"But their fire killed few, though it was very rapid, and many of us, who had escaped into the nullah, believed we were unwounded until we found blood on our clothes.

"We were all more or less wounded. I got this (pointing to his thigh), but only a few were badly hurt.

"This did not stop us fighting.

"But the Kaffirs stood still, and we could not

make it out. They made no attempt to drive us from our position.

"Then our mullahs said, 'They are afraid; the day is ours.'

"So a great party came down from the hill into the plain, for we were full of the belief that the Kaffirs were afraid.

"Suddenly there was a shout, and the Kaffir horsemen were upon us.

"Now we know nothing of horsemen, and we never believed they could come up the Malakand with big horses.

"With one accord we fled—some to the hills, others to Badkhel, and others into the nullahs.

"The horsemen killed a few; but for the softness of the ground they would have killed many.

"It was night, and the mullahs said, 'The river is rising; let us go to the other side; then they will never pass.'

"Some said, 'Let us attack them to-night,' but we were beaten; we had about 200 dead on that ridge.

"We feared the horses and the guns, and we went to Tanna that night.

"We of Swat lost heart when we saw the smoke of Khar ascending to the sky.

"Most men had lied! My wound was sore, but I was able to walk; it was only a little stiff, as it had not bled much."

The Kaffir horsemen of the narrator were a tired party of the Guides' cavalry under Adams and Baldwin: they had marched right through from Dargai, over the Malakand, that morning without even watering or feeding. Adams formed them behind a khotal held by the Dogras, and charged home through soft cornfields almost knee-deep.

The hillmen, who had faced magazine-rifle fire, would not face horsemen with that queen of armes blanches the lance! They mostly took it in the back; some faced about, squatted, and sliced at the legs of horse or rider; Lieutenant Baldwin, four sowars, and six horses were wounded.

Major Cunningham's guns gave the sungars a last benefit: the shooting was good, and the last fire of the day had a demoralising effect.

The brigade bivouacked where it stood.

The force opposed to us was a fanatic gathering, probably 6,000, composed of the remnant of the Malakand defenders, those of the Shahkot pass left out of the first engagement, and men from the Bonar and Bijour countries.

Their losses were more than at Malakand, the

guns doing most of the damage, getting shell into the masses on several occasions.

Our loss was slight—men killed, two; officers wounded, three; and men wounded, fifteen; horses killed and wounded, eight.

General Low's headquarters with 2nd Brigade (excepting Gordons and Gurkhas, holding the Malakand) reached Khara on the 5th. No serious resistance was met until the Swat river was reached.

On the 6th the brigades again changed places, the second being ordered to the front. The mules were being used for supplies only; when available for general transport, they were sent on

to 2nd Brigade instead of back to 1st Brigade.

The bare and precipitous hills of Swat contrast with the fertule valleys, long green stretches of waving corn in spring, due to the moisture from the watershed above, and alluvial soil washed down by floods.

Trees are scarce—mostly mulberry, walnut, apricot. The climate in spring is delightful, but summer is hot in the valleys. Our troops will doubtless be cantoned on the heights, where they will be far

healthier than being poisoned in Peshawar. The valleys of Swat, Bijour, and Chitral resemble each other: the people handsome and intelligent—the men brave but volatile, the women gracious and full of charm.

The Hunza-Nagar valleys, at the foot of the eastern passes, are barren, the people more Tartaresque and less intelligent.

On the 6th of April the 2nd Brigade encamped opposite the crossing of the Swat river, north of the village of Alladand.

Reconnaissance showed that the gatherings we had fought on the 3rd and 4th had retired up the Swat valley, without entirely dispersing.

Where the Swat river has five beds—reported fordable, but swift—were two villages, Chakdara and Adamderai, on wooded knolls.

They were occupied by the enemy, swarming in from the north-east, making a strong position to defend the ford. On the right, about 2,000 yards, rises a knoll, and beyond a ridge of hills parallel with the river, completely commanding the passage. There were no corresponding positions on our bank.

Two companies of sappers under Major Alymer were sent down to commence bridging at day-break; they were fired upon from the opposite bank, and unable to work.

The Maxim of the K.O.S.B. and No. 8 Mountain Battery, R.A., were brought down; the ground the latter had to cross was boggy. By the time they got into action it was found the enemy were in greater force than was

thought probable at this point. As the strength of the enemy developed, regiment after regiment was sent into action-4th, 15th, Sikhs, and Borderers. The firing became general all down the river, and the guns, having got the range, were doing good work against the sungars on the ridge.

The 11th Bengal Lancers and Guides, under Colonel Scott, were ordered to find a ford. Among the enemy were noticed some of Umra Khan's cavalry. It was a

cavalry. It was a difficult task to ford the Swat, through fire and water, for the torrent swept over the holsters. Lieutenant Sarel's horse shied at the splash of a bullet, lost its footing, and was swept away; the rider saved himself by gripping the lance held out by a sowar. Shual Singh, of Captain Wright's squadron, was the first man across. The ground on the other side was broken and marshy; the enemy, already flying, had a long start, but before they got into the high ground the lancers were among them, inflicting severe loss, until stony ground and heavy going made further pursuit impossible. Of the tribesmen, but few stood to bay, knelt down, and shot their man before the lance could reach them. Five sought shelter in some bushes over a dry well, and pulled the first sowar, horse and all, into the well with them. His comrades dismounted and prodded that well. The soward

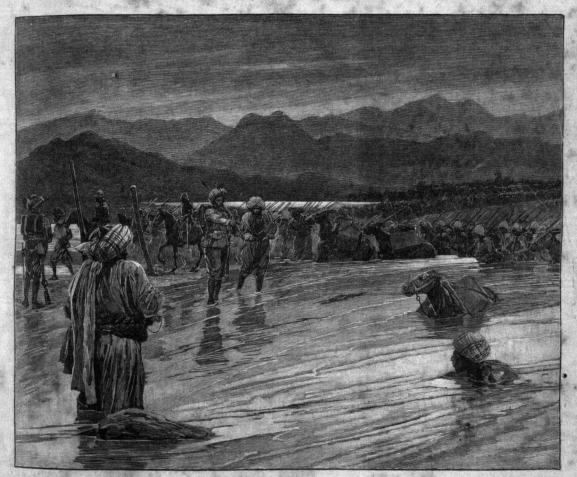


GENERAL LOW.

•were merciless—not that the tribesmen were less so; for a wounded Swati, finding a worse wounded lancer, chopped him up. One must have seen a charge of native lancers, and heard the exultant shout of the trooper as he transfixes his foe as accurately as he would a tent-peg, to realise the innate ferocity of man.

Shortly after the cavalry had crossed, the

wounded; the Sikhs two sepoys drowned, two lancers were killed, and several wounded. The sappers had a few casualties. The enemy had assembled 4,500 to oppose the passage, and their losses were considerable. If the tribes had stood to their defences, the cavalry must have suffered severely, but positions impossible to cavalry attack were abandoned. The 3rd Brigade passed



THE PASSAGE OF THE SWAT.

Scottish Borderers, linked arm-in-arm like their ante-types of the "Island of the Scots," had also forded the Swat higher up, opposite the small Fort Ramorah, which they carried under cover of the Dera Jhât mountain-guns. The Sikhs crossed in like fashion lower down, and occupied the villages of Chakdara and Adam Dhara.

Such feats of infantry-fording are only possible with the modern brass cartridge and breechloaders; in the old days of paper cartridges, musket and pouch had to be held above water.

Our casualties at the passage of the Swat were few. The Borderers had one man killed and two

the Malakand on the 8th. To feed the troops on the north side of the pass, General Low had been obliged to utilise, during the 4th, 5th, and 6th, all the mules of the force, as these were the only animals that could cross the pass; and it was not till the 8th, when camels had been streaming across for two days with supplies, that it was possible to equip the 2nd and 3rd Brigades with transport, tents, baggage, and twenty days' supplies. The 2nd Brigade were entirely across the Swat by the evening of the 8th, and head-quarters next day, the 3rd Brigade encamping on the opposite bank at Alladand. On the

roth the 2nd Brigade marched to Gambat, crossing Katgola pass, over which Umra Khan's horsemen had disappeared from the pursuit of

Wright's tired squadron.

The 3rd Brigade passed the Swat, now bridged. General Kinlock's Brigade was left to guard the Swat valley and communications. On the 11th General Low and 2nd Brigade reached the Panjkora river at Sado ferry. Owing to the difficulty of the "Shago Kas" defile, the baggage did not get into camp till very late that night, being fired into en route by the hillmen who still hung on our flanks and rear. The advanced guard of cavalry, Guide infantry, and 4th Sikhs had arrived at Sado on the 10th. Cavalry forded the river, and reconnoitred up the Bijour valley; they found Umra Khan's forts still held, and that evening, owing to the river rising, the cavalry had considerable difficulty in recrossing. The Panjkora bridge was commenced by Major Alymer and sappers. It was built on raft piers from logs lying on the banks.

On the evening of the 12th, foot-men could cross. There being every hope that the remainder of the brigade and their baggage could cross the following day, Colonel Battye and his Guides passed over to cover the bridge and form a tête-de-pont at the apex of a re-entering angle of the right bank. The post had a level space of some hundred yards in its front, and was commanded by high ground on the left bank. Before daybreak on the 13th the river rose suddenly, swollen with melted snow.

The tribesmen had set adrift huge logs, which bore down upon the bridge and swept it away. A suspension bridge was then commenced at a suitable site about two miles lower down. The cables were twisted strands of telegraph-wire, but this was work requiring three or four days. A new road also had to be cut on the opposite bank to the mouth of the Bijour valley. This could only be done by holding the right bank. On the 13th the Guides were ordered to march down the right bank and punish certain villages, from which men had been persistently firing on the transport. The route intended for the Guides to follow was in view of the left bank, and could be covered by fire from our side. By some misunderstanding, never now to be explained, Colonel Battye led his Guides up the

Ushiri river into Bijour.

When the helio flashed the news that overpowering masses of the enemy were bearing down on the separated parties of the Guides engaged in burning the walled villages, the

and Brigade was ordered out to cover the retirement. The Sikhs hearing that their sister corps, the Guides, were in a tight place, broke into a shout, got under arms, and five minutes after the long-drawn notes of the assembly had died away were marched off, followed by Captain Peebles and his Maxim, the Borderers, and the Gordons. The range southwest of the camp was climbed, and the brigade lined its western face. On the summit of the corresponding ridge, across the river, the Guides were engaged out of range of support. They were hard pressed, for the enemy saw the bridge was carried away. A delayed helio message was even now received by Colonel Battye to carry out the order of the previous evening. It was immediately countermanded by an order to retire on the camp. Then Colonel Battye obeyed, and retired deliberately as a good soldier should. His party was divided into three; the right retired last, covering the others, and Colonel Battye remained with it. The left party found an easy descent, and were not pressed by the enemy, who threw themselves fiercely on the two remaining columns, in spite of the artillery fire which had now begun to touch. The right and centre retired slowly, covering each other with flank fire, until the centre party had to climb round a precipitous spur, losing sight of Colonel Battye, who held on until assured of their safety by seeing them below. Meanwhile Lieutenant Codrington with the left, seeing the right had ceased to retire, again began to ascend in support of his chief, while Lieutenant Lockhart with the centre took up a position to cover the retirement of both when they would have to cross the open. The tribesmen, swarming above Colonel Battye, poured a heavy and continuous fire upon his little party, which must have been annihilated but that the hillmen fired high, under the excitement of close quarters, as all soldiers will, in spite of the lessons of all campaigns since the introduction of firearms.* That the Guides behaved splendidly goes without saying-always. Their severest trial was just when they reached the open plain, and the fire across the river could not support them on account of the nearness of friend and foe.

At this critical moment Colonel Battye fell. The Afridi Company, without orders, fixed bayonets and turned savagely upon the foe to avenge the man they loved like a father—Mcra Bap! (as the sepoy calls his colonel). They

^{*} The Germans keep their bayonets fixed, which has a tendency to keep down fire.

rolled back the enemy to the very foot of the hill, which they began to re-ascend to their inevitable destruction. The officers could be seen here and there to seize an infuriated sepoy by the coat collar and hurl him back into the ranks. Sullenly the Guides obeyed, carrying their dying colonel, the last of four brothers who have died on fields of honour.

The dogged resistance of the Guides and the covering fire of the 2nd Brigade had hardly stayed the enemy. At nightfall 2,000 men lay in wait in the cornfields for the signal to rush the camp of the isolated—but still stout-hearted—Guides, who had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, and marched and fought the long day through. But, said a Pathan prisoner, "Suddenly the night was turned into day, and then again and again our courage forsook us. The devil guns were firing the stars at us."*

That same evening a company of the 4th Sikhs and Peebles with his Maxim managed to cross on mussack rafts to the support of the Guides.†

During the night the enemy fired stray shots, but only wounded a couple of sepoys. At day-break their fire was more accurate and killed the gallant Captain Peebles and wounded a Devon man with the Maxim.

The enemy retired, and the Guides and Sikhs took up a forward position. The party that attacked the Guides was about 4,000 strong; by their own account they lost 500. Our loss was only two officers and three men killed, and twenty-two wounded.

On the 13th, Umra Khan sued for terms, sending in his prisoner, Lieutenant Edwards, and Fowler, three days later.

The rains were incessant, and the rivers continued to rise; it seemed likely that the bridge over the Swat, in General Low's rear, and the suspension bridge over the Panjkora, would both be swept away.

The two remaining mussack rafts (one had been overturned, and two unserviceable from bullet holes) were not sufficient to cross supplies.

The Guides and Sikhs were ordered to pack ammunition and baggage in their entrenchment

* Star shell were fired across the river by the artillery. But star shell are to be discontinued in our service, and parachute light balls are seen only in our military museums.

and hold themselves in readiness to re-cross by the suspension bridge before what there was of it was swept away, for the flood threatened the piers, and was rapidly rising to the roadway, but the river falling on the 16th, they were ordered to stand fast.

On the 17th, General Low crossed with the 3rd and 2nd Brigades. They had been preceded by a squadron of the Guides under Colonel Blood, who found the enemy advancing from the village of Miankalai. The enemy occupied the hills on the south and two villages to the west. The 4th Gurkhas were directed up the southern hills, to move along them to the west; the Seaforth Highlanders on the slopes below, and the 25th Punjabees in support. The Buffs occupied the hills to the north with the Dera-jhat battery in action on a knoll in the centre. While the infantry cleared the hills, the lancers advanced up the centre of the valley, but they got no chance to charge, the ground being broken.

The enemy did not show the bold front of previous days, but retired as the infantry advanced, and though the guns were pushed forward about 1,000 yards, the loss of the enemy was trifling. Our casualties were four Gurkhas and a Highlander, four troopers and twelve horses wounded.

On the 18th, General Low, with the 2nd and 3rd Brigades, marched on Mundia, Umra Khan's home, a stone fort with four flanking towers, the interior a village intersected by lanes, the principal buildings being the mosque and Umra Khan's harem. The place was abandoned an's empty save for a couple of ancient cannon, the toilet articles of native ladies, some ragdolls, and a letter from an enterprising Bombay firm offering to supply Umra Khan with the newest weapons and ammunition at the lowest rates.

But Umra Khan had been fairly supplied from several sources, and had gone to his Afghan friends at Asmar, at the date of General Low's visit.

On the same evening General Gatacre, with the Buffs, Gurkhas, half a mountain-battery, two Maxims, a half-company of sappers, and twenty days' supplies, was pushed on to Barwa, en route for Dir and Chitral.

On the 20th, the remainder of the brigade, Seaforths and Punjahees, were brought on by General Low to the foot of the Janbatai. Having news that the Chitral garrison were reduced to great straits, Gatacre was ordered to

[†] Mussacks are skins of animals used as water-bags. When inflated with air they support a raft, being very buoyant and suitable for crossing mountain torrents. Impact with a rock does not injure them as it would a more solid support or pontoen, but crossing under fire is risky as a single bullet-hole lets out the cir.

push on with 500 men, supported by the Seaforths.

The following day news came that Sheer Afzul



COLONEL BATTYE.
(Photo, J. Burke & Co., Kintuck Maree.)

had abandoned the siege, and was a prisoner in the hands of our ally the Khan of Dir.

When the relief of Chitral by Colonel Kelly's column was known, orders were sent to Gatacre not to press his men. His advanced troops were at Dir. The Lowari pass, 10,400 feet, was knee-deep in softening snow, and could only be crossed by a battalion at a time. Umra Khan had crossed with several thousand men in January when the snow was hard. Though our men suffered, they endured cheerily.

There is a good deal of "bogey" talk about our men funking the mountain-passes and the snows: they do not in the least, but enjoy the change from the sultry plains.

A man of the Buffs (the old London City Regiment) smacking his arms after the fashion of a cabby, said to his pal, "Well, I likes this it reminds me more of the Old Country than anything I saw since I left."

They rivalled the mountain Gurkhas, tobogganing on nothing, down the steep snow slopes of the abrupt descent; and a sporting Madras Drabie unpacked his mule and tobogganed down astride on a rum cask, disappearing in a whirl of snow rather faster than he liked.

General Low's steady advance, securing his communications as he marched, and his five decisive defeats of the enemy, drove Umra Khan across the border, and Sheer Afzul to despair, thus rendering possible the relief of Chitral by Kelly's gallant little column.

Adjectives only weaken the bald chronicle of Chitral defence as told by Dr. Robertson.

The fort of Chitral on the river (to which there is a covered water-way) is about eighty feet square, with towers at the angles; the walls, eight feet thick, are stone filled into square wooden crates. It is naturally commanded from every side, and the indefatigable enemy built sungars, giving them a protected command. About fifty yards from the fort was a stone wall enclosing the mosque and stables, solid stone buildings, which had to be destroyed by the garrison, as they were not numerous enough to hold them. March 1st, the garrison consisted of 370 fightingmen, 90 Sikhs, the remainder Kashmir Imperial Service Rifles; Captain Campbell commanded the whole. When he was wounded the command devolved upon Captain Townshend. .The other European officers were Captain Baird and Lieutenant Harley, Dr. Robertson, British Agent, Lieutenant Gurdon, his assistant, and Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch. On 3rd March came news of the approach of Sheer Afzul and a large force. A reconnaissance was made toward Drosh, Captain Baird led the advance, the British Agent and Captain Gurdon accompanied the force; they were repulsed from a fortified village, and in retiring, their flanks were overlapped. Campbell was shot through the knee, but mounted his horse and remained. The two Imperial Service Kashmir officers, General Baj Singh and Major Bhikran Singh, were shot dead, one on each side of Captain Townshend, who drew off the party



COLONEL KELLY.

and reached the fort, covered by the Sikhs. Dr. Robertson's native writer, carrying orders, received eighteen tulwar wounds, and is alive



"LIEUTENANT HARLEY, AT THE HEAD OF FORTY SIKHS AND SIXTY KASHMIRIS, RUSHED THE HOUSE OVER THE MOUTH OF THE MINE" (/. 182).

to write still. Captain Baird, mortally wounded, was brought in by Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch and thirteen Gurkhas, who had been cut off; they were nearly all wounded, but fought their way back through enclosures, with the body of the dying officer, who was carried by Whitechurch. Our loss was 22 killed and 36 wounded out of 150 engaged. In the fort were stored seventy days' half-rations, 350 rounds of Martini, and 240 Snider per man.

The enemy tried every means, beginning with Afghan wile, offering Dr. Robertson and party a safe conduct to Mastuj, while arrangements were made for their destruction en route. They made the fiercest assaults and carried on incessant fire. Day and night the garrison watched, fought, and toiled, building traverses and prados with any available material, and screens of tents and carpets. Boots were utilised as fire buckets. On the 25th the enemy set fire to the water-tower; they were repulsed and the fire extinguished. On the 14th they again assailed the waterway, and failed; Dr. Robertson was wounded in the shoulder, and other casualties occurred. the 16th a letter was sent in from Edwards, and a truce granted with the hope of obtaining his release; it was futile, for, on the 17th, it was discovered that the enemy had run a mine to within a few feet of the walls; the playing of native bagpipes and tom-toms had prevented the sound of mining from being heard. Lieutenant Harley, at the head of 40 Sikhs and 60 Kashmiris, rushed the house over the mouth of the mine. The order was, "No firing; bayonet only." Three powder-bags were carried, the garden gate was quietly thrown open at four p.m., and the party rushed out and bayoneted 35 of the enemy; the powder-bags were placed, the fuses lit, the assailants barely escaped being blown up with the defenders, the turban of the last retiring sepoy caught fire from the explosion, which laid open the whole mine like a ditch to the foot of the tower. We lost 8 killed, 13 wounded; the enemy about 60. Their wounded went up with the fiery blast; their souls to the Paradise of fighting-men; their charred remnants fell back into the crater of the exploded mine.

The garrison now sunk counter-mines to continue the fight under the earth, as well as upon it.

The siege lasted forty-six days; one fifth of the garrison were killed or wounded. On the night of 18th, Sher Afzul and his retainers fled.

Our ally the Khan of Dir was advancing in one direction, Colonel Kelly in another, and Low's force getting near. On the 20th April Colonel Kelly's column marched into Chitral. They left Gilgit in two parties on 23rd and 24th March. First party, 200 Pioneers, with addition of two mountain-guns, under Lieutenant Stewart, R.A., who joined en route, also Lieutenant Oldham, R.E., with 40 Kashmir sappers and 100 Hunzanagur levies; Lieutenant Gough with 60 Kashmir troops. It had snowed for five days, and Kelly waited at Ghize for the second party. On April 1st the whole attempted the Shundar Pass, 11,000 feet.

Eight miles from Ghize the mules sank above the girths in snow, and Colonel Kelly returned to Ghize with half the Pioneers, leaving Captain Borradaile at Taru with the rest, ten days' supplies, and all the coolies.

On the 3rd, Borradaile pushed on with his command, guns and carriages in pieces, partly on sleighs, partly on the backs of coolies, to the foot of the pass, where they slept in the snow, having no tents. Next morning they made a track through the pass to Langar, reaching it in the evening; there they entrenched themselves. The following day they brought the guns through-killing work for men at that altitude, where the rarefied air makes breathing difficult, and brings a taste of blood into the mouth. Thirty men were struck with snowblindness, 26 frostbitten in the first party alone. They carried 15 lb. kit, eighty rounds a man, and wore poshteens (sheepskin coats).* On April 5th Colonel Kelly, with 50 levies, started after Borradaile, who had advanced towards Gasht. The people of Langar had been taken by surprise, and made salaam. On the 7th there was a halt to collect transport. Rig-Ackbar arrived

* We are slow to apply the military experience to be gained in various parts of our empire. Lieutenant de Lotbinière, R.E., an officer from the Canadian Military College, for some years roadmaking in the passes about Gilgit, asked the Government to import snow-shoes sufficient to instruct his men, and invaluable to keep open the passes when the snow is soft. Englishmen acquire the use of snow-shoes in a few days, and why not sepoys? The requisition for snow-shoes probably puzzled and never got beyond the Baboos of the Indian Finance Department. The rigid doolie, with its curtains (an incomparable litter in the plains), is unsuitable for mountain warfare. A dandy or net hammock, as recommended by Major Carter in his paper on mountain warfare, is more suitable. But during the long peace from Waterloo to the Crimea we forgot more than we seem to have learned since, for many a brave fellow was carried from a Peninsular battlefield in his silk net sash. But the military tailor has long since swept away the rational adornments of the British army to substitute expensive futilities.

with 50 levies. The Yasin people were friendly, and gave assistance. April 8th, Colonel Kelly's advance was led by Humayan, the Prime Minister of Hunza, whose levies skirmished to perfection. These are the people we conquered about two years ago. The old story: conquer the Asiatic and take him into your service, or accept the alternative of fighting him for ever.

April oth, the levies under Lieutenant Beynon turned the enemy's right. The main body advanced down the valley of the river. The guns opened on the sungars; a few shells drove out the defenders, who suffered in their flight from the rifles of the Pioneers. But they only

retired to a second line of sungars.

Again the guns opened with a like result; we had only five casualties. Same day the force marched to within two miles of Mastuj, which Lieutenant Moberly had held for eighteen days with 46 Sikhs and 250 Kashmir troops against Mahomed Isa with 1,500 men. Moberly had previously rescued Lieutenant Jones and his 14 sepoys from Puni, after the destruction of Captain Ross and his party. The enemy were strongly posted about a mile north of Langar. On the 13th, Colonel Kelly, with all available men, the guns now carried on country ponies, attacked Nisagol. Similar turning tactics (in some instances, lowering ladders with ropes down cliffs) compelled the astonished enemy to abandon apparently impregnable positions. On the 14th, Drasun was occupied after a difficult march of twenty miles. On the 15th, snow storms had turned to pelting rain.

On the 17th, at Barnas, the river, 4 feet deep with snow-water, had to be forded. On the 18th the food supply was reduced to two and a half days. Foraging parties secured another day's supply. On the 19th the force reached Kogasi without opposition, and found the enemy had

abandoned the siege of Chitral.

By his flank march Colonel Kelly baffled the enemy, who had expected him by the same route on which Captain Ross had been destroyed. Sher Afzul, with 700 Chitralis, hemmed into the snows by the Khan of Dir, surrendered. He was sent prisoner to General Low's camp on the 27th, protesting that he had always been our friend. He wore a Russian military great-coat, with the buttons of the Czar's army. His coat, like his policy, was reversible.

General Low humanely released the 700 Chitralis, and sent them to their villages. Sher Afzul he sent to India, probably to be pensioned.

Ten thousand rounds of rifle ammunition were

found buried in the Fort of Dir. The natives say it was sent from the north (about a month before the campaign opened) by the Ameer of Kabul. It was thought that a further amount was sold out of our own magazines, but contradicted on official inquiry.

With the flight of Umra Khan and the surrender of Sher Afzul active operation ceased, excepting the occasional stalking of an incautious British sentry, and the curiously treacherous attack on Lieutenant Robertson while surveying, by the man given him as a guide by the Khan of Dir.

Lieutenant Robertson, with the usual British confidence, had given his sword to the guide to carry. The man had been a follower of Umra Khan, and carried a double-barrelled sporting rifle of his own. Suddenly he fired both barrels at the lieutenant, who was riding in front; one bullet grazed the pony's ear. Robertson jumped off, drew his revolver, and fired at the man, who was coming at him with his own swordwounded, but did not drop him. The revolver jammed, and the Englishman was cut over the head, but he closed with his assailant and got him down. Seeing two more men making for him with drawn tulwars, he made a dash for his Gurkha escort, only a few hundred yards behind. His assailant fled, but was subsequently captured by the Khan of Dir, tried, and shot. The incident, like a hundred others, is typical of the ineradicable treachery of the Afghan character.

The Imperial Government, in accordance with that of India, have decided to occupy Chitral with a few native troops and a native mountainbattery.

A glance at the accompanying map shows the situation, and that the last swoop of the Russian eagle brings the frontier within fifty miles of Chitral.

Lake Victoria, named after the Empress of India, is henceforth in the territory of the Czar, whose conquests, so far as England is concerned, are always those of peace.

The Russians will not knock their heads against our fortified lines of Quetta, to reach which they must have gained the Afghan, and after taking or masking which they would have a desert march of some 200 miles before reaching populous India.

They can turn our defences through the fertile valleys of Kashmir and its dependencies, which afford pleasant resting-places, assembly grounds, and bases for turther operations.

The passes of the Hindoo Koosh, as marked

on Captain Younghusband's map, may be divided into two groups—an eastern group which leads down into the Hunza-Nagar assembly grounds, and a western group which leads down to the Chitral assembly grounds, thence direct to Peshawar, without entering Afghanistan proper.

The eastern group—Kilick, Mintaka, Khunjerab — are very difficult passes, down which only small detachments could come; moreover, a wedge of Chinese territory is supposed to control (whatever that may be worth) their northern inlets. The western group—Baroghil, Darkot, and Khara-Bhart—are much more practicable, and a fairly large force could march by them and be concentrated in Chitral.

It is true we have ceded the intervening territory of Wakhan to the Ameer of Kabul. Hitherto a buffer State has only afforded a pretext to the strong and unscrupulous to punish a foray or the theft of a flock of goats, by the annexation of territory. We must have a definite boundary, the crossing of which by either party is a casus belli.

To consolidate our trontier is a mere question of mule roads, which the hillmen would gladly make under our supervision.

One great cause of dislike to our occupation is the compulsory coolie transport enforced by the Kashmir Government to carry supplies to our posts. Even the sahib's beer has to be carried on men's shoulders. It is true the forced labour is paid, but the more warlike tribesmen would rather fight us than carry our burdens.

That we should not improve our communications for fear our enemies might use them is not the argument of a sane person, else Europe would be destitute of railways. The Roman made his road and entrenched his castra as he advanced: we let a political agent reside in the heart of a native village, without escort, whereas a strategically-selected post, a Maxim gun, with a large supply of ammunition and a small garrison, and a good road to it, would prevent the perpetual expense of punitive expeditions, whose only result is hatred of us and our wobbly ways.



SURGEON-MAJOR ROBERTSON.



HE disastrous Russian campaign of 1812 had shown that the great Napoleon was not invincible, that his combinations were not always superior to the influences which sway human affairs, and that he could no longer calculate on the assistance in arms of conquered countries which had been forced to give him unwilling allegiance. The "Grand Army" had ceased to exist. Famine, the slaughter of many battlefields, and, above all, the horrors of the winter retreat had destroyed it. A few scattered remnants, principally gathered from those corps d'armée which had been the last to enter upon the fatal campaign and had not undergone all its trials, were retreating through Prussia, under the command of the devoted and chivalrous Eugène de Beauharnais, who had taken up the burden after it had been suddenly relinquished by Murat in his anxiety to return to his kingdom of Naples, and his selfish desire to be relieved from a task in which there was much difficulty and little glory.

The spirit of the superior officers in the army of France was now no longer what it had been in previous years. In spite of the adventurous career which they led, many of them had married and established homes, and, though they still were on occasions capable of the most brilliant actions and the nobiest self-devotion, they were no longer the hard and fiery warriors who thought little of the past and recked not of the future, who entered lightly on the most arduous enterprises, who carried all their property with them into the field, having no interests beyond the fires of their bivouacs. But the great emperor was himself still indomitable, his energy unabated, his capacity as stupendous as ever. Undismayed by the terrible blows dealt by fortune, he had set himself to work to repair the losses of the past, to provide for the

necessities of the future, and astonished Europe saw fresh armies spring into existence at his bidding, and the power of France in his hands still loom great and unconquered. He arrived in Paris from Russia on the 18th December, 1812, and the moment he was again at the centre of the vast system which he had created, he had made it vibrate to his war cry from end to end. From Rome to Brest, from Perpignan to Hamburg, the whole empire rose in arms at once; while he, master of the wide extent, with consummate knowledge of every detail in its organism, was able to direct all its resources with a judgment so clear, with a hand so firm, and with calculation so unerring, that in three months the materiel and personnel of an army of 300,000 men had been created, enrolled, and organised; and this enormous mass of soldiers, clothed, armed and equipped, was set in motion. and was about to find itself concentrated within reach of the enemy, ready for battle. Of all the administrative feats performed by Napoleon during his reign this was one of the most marvellous. Infantry, artillery, a proportion of cavalry, supplies, ammunition, transport, all were provided, and, both in forming these masses and in the smallest details of their equipment and organisation, nothing was neglected, nothing forgotten. It is said that at any moment of the day or night, whatever had been his preoccupation, the emperor was able to tell the numbers, composition, and actual value of each of the numberless detachments of all arms which he had put in motion in every part of his empire, the quality of their clothing and armament, the number of stages in the line of march of each, and the day, even the hour, when each should arrive at its destination.

It has been said that Prince Eugène was retreating slowly through Prussia. He was pressed upon, but not hurried, in his still defiant

march, by the overwhelming numbers of the following Russian army. For three months he had been able to dispute the possession of Poland, Saxony, and Prussia. At last his retreat, bringing his feeble force within reach of support, came to an end at Magdeburg. On his right and left, however, his enemy still poured forward their legions. They crossed the Elbe-Hamburg was passed by them. They occupied Dresden and Leipsic, and the empire of France itself was threatened. Prussia, so long cowed by Napoleon and forced to furnish a contingent to his armies, had roused herself in national revolt against his iron domination, and had declared war against him, putting into the field 95,000 men, and with them the veteran Blücher, who within the next three years was destined to reap so great a harvest of glory. But the onward movement of the enemies of France was now no longer to have before it only the débris of the hosts which had retreated from Russia, but its way was barred by the newly-raised army under the immediate command of the greatest warrior of the time. Napoleon had left Paris on the 15th Apfil, and, rushing to the centre of the long line now held by his lieutenants, he was prepared to carry out his strategic scheme of surprising and turning the Russo-Prussian right, and thus rolling up and hurling back the forces of the allies who had dared to think that his power had been irretrievably shattered.

On the west of Leipsic lies the great plain in the centre of which is Lutzen. Here was the scene of the last and most famous of the victories gained by Gustavus Adolphus. Here the great Swedish monarch fell, and here his tomb marked the spot of his glorious death, the limit set by fate to his Protestant championship. To this plain as a gathering place had been directed the masses of troops with which Napoleon intended to operate as his field army. Hither came, under the command of the renowned generals of France, the numerous columns which had been formed in so many different countries-from the east of Europe, from the centre of Spain, from Italy, from the north, west and south of the threatened empire, all concentrated and fell into line with the utmost precision, with the most perfect unity of purpose.

On the night of the 1st of May, Napoleon was at Lutzen. Already, at Weissenfels, the young conscripts who filled the ranks had had their first encounter with the enemy, and, led by the heroic Marshal Ney, had borne themselves with the steadiness and valour of old soldiers. So

brilliant had been their conduct, so decisive the success which they had obtained, that they filled their leaders with pride and confidence. The army of France seemed about to enter upon a fresh cateer of triumph. But there fell one dark cloud upon the success which had so far been Marshal Bessières, Duke of Istria. achieved. one of the emperor's oldest and most devoted adherents, who commanded the cavalry of the guard, was suddenly struck down by a stray cannon shot while reconnoitring not far from his master's side. As his body was borne from the field wrapped in a cloak, the fate of his old comrade painfully impressed Napoleon, who said, "Death is coming very close to us all."

On the 2nd May the emperor rose at three o'clock in the morning to give his orders and dictate his correspondence. The reports of spies, more explicit than any which he had yet received, led him to believe that the united Russo-Prussian army was moving from Leipsic, sheltered by the Elster, towards Zwenkau and Pegau. It seemed that they had not realised that the French were directly in their front, and that their commander, Wittgenstein, was looking for his enemy nearer to the southward mountains. Cavalry was the one arm which Napoleon had been unable to extemporise in sufficient numbers, and, in default of the more perfect knowledge to be gained by widely scouting squadrons, he made his arrangements for a forward movement with a prudence and caution which would enable him to retrieve an error if unhappily he should make one. He was only four leagues from Leipsic, and he resolved to push boldly on and to secure the passage of the Elster at that town. If he could carry out his plan, he believed that he would be on the flank of the enemy and cut their line of communications, after which he could give battle with every advantage in his favour. Prince Eugène was ordered to lead the advance with the corps of Lauriston and Marshal Macdonald, supported by the cavalry division of Latour-Maubourg and a strong reserve of artillery. Lauriston was to seize Leipsic, and Macdonald was to move on Zwenkau, at which point it was probable that the advanced troops of the enemy would be encountered. The emperor himself, with his guard, would follow in support of Prince Eugène. Meantime, in case, as was possible, the enemy should throw themselves against the French right, Marshal Ney was to establish himself with his corps d'armée in the neighbourhood of Lutzen; and a group of five villages was

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pointed out to him as a strong defensive position which would form a pivot for all the operations of the French army. There remained the corps of Marmont, Bertrand, and Oudinot, which were still more distant from Leipsic. They were ordered to move forward and to form on the right of Ney if the enemy made an attack on that marshal's position. If no such attack was attempted, the whole was to press on to the passages of the Elster between Zwenkau and Pagau.

The whole French army was in motion. Prince Eugène's columns were on the march towards Leipsic and the Elster. The Old and Young Guard were following in the same direction. Nev's corps was taking up a defensive position in the villages south of Lutzen. Marmont, Bertrand, and Oudinot were all pressing forward to take part in the great struggle which was evidently imminent, though its exact locality was still uncertain. At ten o'clock the emperor himself mounted, and, followed by the crowd of war-worn leaders of men who formed his staff, galloped towards Leipsic. As he passed alongside the masses of his soldiers that were toiling over the plain, repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" greeted his appearance. Nothing in the history of the time is more striking than the manner in which military ardour and veneration for the person of their emperor mastered the conscripts as soon as they found themselves in the ranks of the army; with what enthusiasm they followed the man, who had been the author of so many wars in which the blood of Frenchmen had been poured out like water, the man who had come to be detested by their countrymen for the sacrifices which he demanded, and who had only lately torn themselves from their peaceful homes to fight his battles.

As the Imperial cavalcade approached Leipsic the attack on the town by Maison's division of Lauriston's corps was being vigorously carried out. Great were the natural obstacles and stern the defence which the French had to encounter. The town was covered by a wide belt of marshy and wooded land, traversed by several arms of the Elster, and the only passage across this belt was by a road following a long series of bridges. General Kleist, who commanded the garrison, had filled the clumps of wood with light infantry, and had covered the entrance to the bridges by a strong battery of artillery, supported by heavy Prussian columns. The gallant Maison, having driven in the enemy's light troops and brought up some artillery and infantry to reply to the Prussian fire, detached a battalion, which, fording one of the branches of the Elster, threatened Kleist's flank. He then formed a column of attack, and, placing himself at its head, carried the first bridge with a bayonet charge. The Prussians stood their ground stubbornly, but were swept away by the fierce rush, and Napoleon saw his soldiers entering Leipsic pell-mell with their flying foe. The town was at his mercy, and the first portion of his plan of operations was apparently carried out with complete success.

It was eleven o'clock. Napoleon no longer thought there was any fighting to be done, except in his immediate front. There he believed that he had found the main force of the enemy which he wished to crush, and there he had struck a first successful blow. Suddenly the roar of many pieces of artillery struck his ear, resounding from his right rear apparently in the direction of the villages which he had left to the guardianship of Ney's corps. As we have seen, the chance of an attack on his flank had been foreseen and provided for, and he was neither surprised nor disconcerted. After listening for a few moments to the cannorade, which, increasing in volume, became more and more terrible, he said calmly, "While we have been trying to outflank them, they have been turning us. However, there is no harm done, and they will find us everywhere prepared to meet them."

Marshal Ney had accompanied him to Leipsic. Him he sent back at once, at a gallop, to rejoin his corps, impressing upon him that he must, hold his position like a rock, which he should be well able to do, as he had 48,000 men at his disposal, and he would after a time receive the support of other troops on his right, on his left, and in rear. Then, with the composure of a mind prepared for any emergency, he issued orders for all his advanced troops to reverse their order of march, the most delicate of operations to execute with precision, especially in the case where enormous masses have to be handled. Lauriston was ordered to maintain his hold on Leipsic with one division, while the other two divisions of his corps were to move towards the left of Ney's position. Macdonald's corps was to fall back from Zwenkau also towards the left of Ney. Prince Eugène, with his reserve artillery and the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg, was to support Macdonald. So much for the strengthening of Ney's, left. On his right, Marmont, who was now on the march north of Lutzen, was ordered to hurry into position; while Bertrand, still distant, was to connect

with Marmont and make every effort to appear on the enemy's left and rear. Finally, as a support to the centre of the new battle-line, the whole of the Guard was to retrace its steps and form behind the group of villages held by Ney. No conscripts were these, but a mass of 18,000 war-hardened old soldiers who could be relied upon to maintain the prestige of French arms under any circumstances. His orders given, and having seen the wide and complicated manœuvre well commenced, the emperor betook himself to the point where Ney's corps was sustaining the

Battle of LUTZEN.

May 2nd. 1813.
English Miles.

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first onset of the allied army, and where long hours must be passed in strenuous resistance before the much-needed succours could make themselves felt.

The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia' were present with the allied armies, which had entered on the campaign under the command of the veteran Kutusof. Kutusof was dead, however, though this was not publicly made known for fear of the influence the fact might have on the superstitious minds of the Russian soldiery. It was given out that he was absent, and the supreme command was placed in the hands of Count Wittgenstein, who had as chief of the staff General Diebitch, afterwards so well known in the Turkish war of 1828. The allied generals, well served in reconnaissance by their numerous cavalry, were aware of all the

movements of the French army, and had detected Napoleon's scheme of attacking Leipsic. They had conceived the apparently very feasible plan of falling on the flank of the long-drawnout French columns as they passed over the great Lutzen plain. Knowing their immense superiority in cavalry, they considered that they would easily break up a newly-raised infantry which had with it hardly enough squadrons to perform ordinary scouting duties. If they could succeed in penetrating the French line of march, they considered that Napoleon must inevitably

suffer a shattering disaster. It was therefore arranged that, on the night of the 1st May, the Russo-Prussian forces should cross the Elster at Zwenkau and Pegau, and should be directed on the group of villages south of Lutzen, the very villages near which the French emperor had placed Nev's corps. Excellent as their plan was, however, it failed in one of the data on which it was founded. It was supposed that no great force would oppose them in the villages, as only a few bivouac fires, such as those of ordinary. outposts, had been seen in their neighbourhood, and, till the crash of battle came, it was unknown that five strong divisions were lying hidden behind them, formed and ready for action.

Let us examine the position held by Marshal Ney, on the maintenance of which in French hands depended the chance of victory for the French army. Flowing northward through the plain towards Lutzen are two streams—the

Flossgraben and the Rippach. Between them south of Lutzen, are the five villages—Gross-Gorschen, the most southerly; Rahna and Klein-Gorschen, a little farther to the north; Starsiedel, towards the west; and Kaya, towards the north-east near the course of the Flossgraben. The three first named lie in a slight depression of ground, cut up by streamlets bordered with trees, which form here and there pools for watering cattle and eventually discharge their waters into the Flossgraben. Starsiedel and Kaya both stand on rising ground.

The allied forces which were about to pour themselves on this position were 24,000 men, under Count Wittgenstein in person and General d'York, who had commanded the Prussian contingent of Napoleon's army in the advance against Russia, and had been the first to

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desert the emperor when misfortune overtook him. After crossing the Elster, these leaders joined Blücher, who had with him 25,000 men. In support were 18,000 of reserves, and the Russian Imperial Guard. Some 12,000 or 13,000

The Russo-Prussian army rested its right flank on the Flossgraben and its left on the ravine through which the Rippach flows, and, as it deployed its long, dense columns, the Emperor Alexander and the King Frederick William rode



"HE THEN FORMED A COLUMN OF ATTACK" (p. 187).

cavalry, under Wintzingerode, had covered the movement of the infantry and artillery, and were now prepared to complete the success which seemed to await the decisive action of the combined army. Besides these, another corps of 12,000 men, under Miloradovich, was operating farther to the south, and might be expected to come into line in time for the coming battle.

through its ranks, encouraging their soldiers and receiving their enthusiastic acclamations. The two monarchs then placed themselves on an eminence commanding the battle-field, from which they could watch the fortunes of the day.

Of Ney's corps the most advanced division was that of General Souham, a man who had grown grey in war, imposing in appearance by his great stature, cool, determined, and of

undaunted courage. The division was formed near Gross-Gorschen. Not till about ten o'clock was there any sign of the approaching storm, but at that hour the advanced sentries could see the long blue lines near the Flossgraben, which the old soldiers in the ranks recognised as regiments of the enemy, deploying from column of march. On the other side, near the Rippach, the glint of the sun on brass and steel showed the presence of the dragoons and cuirassiers of the Russian Imperial Guard, while the black clouds that wheeled and hovered near and far were the pulks of Cossacks, whose name even then was one of dread to Western Europe. To the young soldiers of France who had not been three months under arms, it seemed that all was lost, and that it would be impossible for them to hold their ground against such odds till help came.

The fiery Blücher, though bearing the weight of seventy years, commanded the first line of the attack on the French with all the vigour and impetuosity of youth, with all the patriotic enthusiasm which animated the soldiers of Germany. Covered by the fire of twenty-four guns and supported on the left near Starsiedel by the Russian cavalry, his leading division advanced; but Souham stood fast with his men formed in squares, for, young as they were, they could not have been trusted in a looser formation. The French artillery, inferior in numbers, replied to the Prussian fire, but was unable to subdue the torrents of grape that tore through the French ranks, and whose every discharge was followed by the ominous order from Souham and his officers, "Close your ranks," as gaps were made in the serried masses. The conscripts fought like veterans, and; when the Prussian infantry charged with loud cries of "Vaterland! Vaterland!" repulsed them once and again, but, decimated by the ruthless artillery fire, threatened on their right by powerful squadrons, they gave way and fell back from Gross-Gorschen to Rahna and Klein-Gorschen. The cavalry, which had menaced them, thought to convert the retreat into a rout and swept down from Starsiedel; but General Girard's division, supported by the divisions of Generals Marchand, Ricard, and Brenier, received the hostile squadrons with so steady and deadly a fire that they drew rein and retired. The divisions of Souham and Girard then occupied Klein-Gorschen and Rahna, and for the time checked the further advance of the Prussian infantry.

Rallied in their new position, the brigades of

Souham regained all their original steadiness. and, with Girard's division formed on their right. were again prepared for vigorous resistance. The watercourses, enclosures, and ponds, which were the main features of the villages, became important means of defence, and the longexperienced generals of the French army knew well how to make the most of the advantages they offered. The general situation was changed. moreover, and fresh confidence put into the young soldiers by the arrival of Marshal Marmont, who, with his arm in a sling from a recent wound, debouched near Starsiedel with the divisions of Generals Campans and Bonnet. These two divisions were at once formed in a series of squares, and occupied all the ground between Girard's right and Starsiedel. Campans's division was composed entirely of marines, who had been drafted from their service afloat and the seaport garrisons to swell the ranks of the fieldarmy; and nobly did these men maintain the maritime honour of France in one of her mightiest conflicts ashore. As they came under the terrible fire of the Prussian batteries, they bore themselves proudly and unflinchingly, giving back no step of ground and securing the right of the army with soldierly persistence. When the allied sovereigns and Blücher saw the new and firm attitude of their enemy, it became evident to them that the French had not been so much surprised as they had hoped would be the case, and that it would be no easy task to carry the villages now so strongly held. But Blücher, undaunted by any obstacles and recognising that victory could alone be gained by forcing the French centre, left their flanks to be neutralised by the allied cavalry, and hurled himself at the head of fresh troops-Ziethen's division, supported on right and left by two of d'York's divisions-against Klein-Gorschen and

Furious was this second assault, and the battle became a series of independent struggles between detached bodies, in the defence and attack of each incident of the scene which offered a post of vantage. In houses, gardens, enclosures, across watercourses, from tree to tree in the groves, the stalwart Germans and the French recruits fought it out hand to hand. There was no time to load, and the issue was to be decided with the bayonet. Backwards and forwards the combatants swayed, but, bravely as they struggled, boys could not stand against men. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried by Blücher and his sturdy followers, and the

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• débris of the two divisions which had defended the villages fell back towards Kaya and Starsiedel. Débris they were indeed. When the roll was called, scarce a third of each company replied "Present." The centre of the French line was rudely shaken, but still Souham and Girard were able again to re-form under cover of Kaya, held by Brenier and Ricard, and Starsiedel, where Campans's marines and Bonnet's division still stood immovable and defiant.

It seemed as though the impassioned vehemence of Blücher, the patriotic ardour and courage of the soldiers who followed him, were destined to success in driving the great wedge of attack into the heart of the French army; but at this moment a new and tremendous force, though it was only the magnetic personality of one man, appeared in the field against them. Marshal Nev, whom we have seen with Napoleon near Leipsic, now arrived at a gallop to assume the command of the army corps, which had hitherto been battling without him. The presence of the hero of countless battlefields, the victor of Elchingen, the great Prince de la Moskowa, the noblest of the rear-guard in the dread retreat over the frozen steppes of Russia, was like a draught of strong wine to the men who were staggering under their enemy's fierce attack. The very aspect of the marshal's face, whose every feature told of uncompromising energy, the vivid lightning of his eye, the rudely-cut upturned nose, the massive dominant jaw, inspired confidence. and the athletic, powerful frame seemed a tower of strength which no force could overthrow.

Ney at once grasped his corps d'armée in his strong hand. Marchand's division he detached across the Flossgraben towards the hamlet of Eisdorf to threaten the enemy's right and to effect a junction with Macdonald, whose arrival on the field could not now be long delayed. He himself, at the head of the divisions of Brenier and Ricard, pressed forward to retake the villages which had been abandoned. But the Prus ians had already left the villages behind them, and the line of French bayonets crashed into Blücher's men at the foot of the eminence on which Kaya stands. If the Prussians fought to restore the dignity of their country, so long ground beneath the heel of Napoleon, the French generals, officers, and men fought with equal desperation to maintain the glory of their loved France and reassert her predominance in Europe. But nothing could resist the leaderhip of Ney. Death passed him by on every hand, and, while others fell on his right and left, he seemed invulnerable. Forward he pressed and ever forward till at last the bloodstained ruins of Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were again in the possession of Erenier and Ricard, the relics of Souham's and Girard's divisions following hard on their forward track; and, despite every effort of Blücher, the Prussians were hurled back upon Gross-Gorschen.

The French supports began to close at last on the scene of conflict. Macdonald and Prince Eugène were following the east bank of the Flossgraben and approaching Eisdorf, the Guard was hurrying towards the north of Kaya, and though the head of Bertrand's columns was not yet in sight, his early arrival might be counted upon. Napoleon himself rode on to the field of one of the bloodiest engagements in modern The personal presence of the greatest general of the time was allowed by his adversaries to be worth at least ten thousand men; and his soldiers, believing that where he was defeat could not be, hailed his appearance as a presage of victory. Still the determination of Blücher and his resources were not exhausted, though division after division had crumbled to pieces in his hands, while they sacrificed themselves in following where he led. The Prussian Royal Guard and reserves had not yet been engaged, and Blücher called upon them in turn to conquer or die. On his right he sent two battalions across the Flossgraben to check the head of Macdonald's advancing columns. On his left he launched the cavalry of the Royal Guard against Marmont's squares, and in the' centre he placed himself at the head of the tall Pomeranian Grenadiers to attempt a last attack on the position which had so long defied him. Again Frenchman and German closed in the shock of deadly strife. Against the furious charges of Prussian cavalry, supported by Wintzingerode's squadrons, Marmont's squares remained unbroken, like iron citadels, vomiting fire from their living walls. No check could be given on the right to Macdonald and Prince Eugène, but in the centre the four divisions of Ney's corps, already rudely handled and battleweary, gave way before Blücher. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried for the second time. The German leader was severely wounded in the assault, but, refusing to quit the field, the old warrior gave his men no breathing-space and pressed up the slope towards Kaya. Even there the French could not again rally in time, and the last village, the key of the position, was at last wrested from them.

The French centre was pierced, and, if the Russian army had at once followed in support of the conquering Prussians, the day would have been lost to Napoleon. But the movements of allies always lack unison, and the opportunity which had been gained by the determined gallantry of Blücher was lost by the inactivity of the Russian commanders. Napoleon's cool glance marked that the Prussian Guard, though for the time successful, was shaken by its advance, and that no fresh troops were behind them. Riding into the midst of the shattered bands of conscripts and exclaiming, "Young

fell upon the Prussians, who had so lately driven them back. The divisions of Souham and Grenier also rallied in their attenuated ranks under the mastery of Ney's adamantine energy, and again plunged into the fight. Welcome sound to French ears, the roar of guns was heard on their left flank. It was Macdonald, who at last was making his presence felt on the other side of the Flossgraben. Far away on their right deep columns were deploying into fighting formation, relieving the pressure on Marmont's corps. Bertrand had arrived, and from both flanks the allies were exposed to a cross

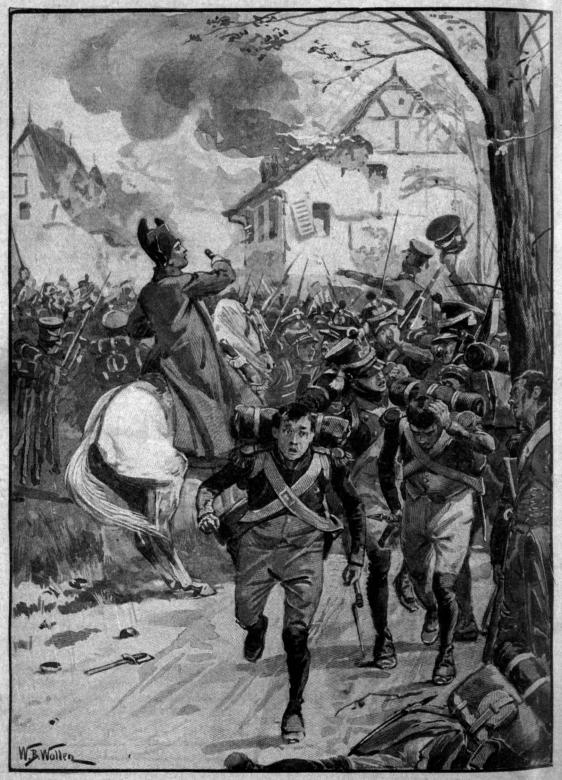


COSSACK OUTPOST.

men, I have counted on you to save the empire, and are you flying?" he succeeded in restoring some order. Ricard's division had suffered less than the others, and was still in battle formation. To its head he sent Count Lobau, one of his most trusted generals, bidding him lead it again into the fight. It was a last despairing effort. The emperor had no longer under his hand the eighty squadrons, led by the brilliant Murat, which, in similar circumstances, he had been able to launch at his foe at Eylau and Borodino. These had perished in the Russian snows. He was obliged to trust his fate to battalions of half-drilled, weakly, inexperienced boys, already shaken by heavy loss and worn out by fatigue. And the boys failed him not. Inflamed by the warrior spirit of their country, they responded gallantly to the appeals of their emperor and the leadership of Count Lobau. With the bayonet they

fire. Over a front of two leagues the carnage raged. Even the oldest of the warriors present had never seen an issue so bitterly contested, none that had demanded such a tribute of death.

The last charge of Ney's corps carried all before it. The Prussian Guard reeled back, and Kaya, the key of the position, was lost to Blücher. A vast crescent of fire was now in front of the allied army, but still, if the centre of that crescent could be cut through, its horns could be held of comparatively little consequence. They must fall back if their connection was destroyed. Although 40,000 men had been expended by Blücher, there still remained the corps of Wittgenstein untouched, the corps of d'York, which had suffered little, and the infantry of the Russian Imperial Guard. It was six o'clock in the evening, and the effort must be made at once or not at all. Wittgenstein



NAPOLEON RALLYING THE CONSCRIPTS AT LUTZEN.

LUTZEN.

decided to make it, and led the fresh troops over the ground where lay the piles of French and German dead and wounded which marked where the tide of success had ebbed and flowed. Masses of cavalry supported the movement, and, under Wintzingerode, neutralised the French right. Macdonald's infantry had not yet been able to come into action, and the allied advance was, for a time, unchecked. But what is that long line of bearskins crowning the height stretching from Starsiedel to Kaya? what are those six steady masses in the rear? what is that huge battery whirling into action? It is the infantry and artillery of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, which has at last arrived. Sixteen battalions of the Young Guard are in columns of attack, under Dumoutier, supported by six battalions of the Old Guard. Druot is putting eighty guns into action. No one can conceive the paralysing effect upon a foe of the appearance of the invincible French Guard. Trained by twenty years of war-survivors of all the campaigns from the revolutionary times till the great successes of the empire—their eagles have always looked on victory, and, in fair field, they have never yet met their superiors. They have just arrived from Leipsic, and have been marshalled under Napoleon's own eye. Now their stately advance pauses to give Druot time to pour a shower of grape and cannon-balls on Wittgenstein and d'York, and now again they move forward with levelled bayonets and set,

determined faces. Vain is now the bravery of Wittgenstein and d'York, vain the hopes of Alexander and Frederick William. Shattered by the combined artillery and infantry fire, their troops stand still, waver, recoil.

The steady squares on the French right throw back the cavalry of Wintzingerode, the serried columns in the centre, flanked by Druot's artillery and Macdonald's infantry which is now in line, press against the Russian battalions, and now the whole allied army must retreat, having permanently gained no foot of ground, no single military advantage during the long day of undaunted effort and patriotic devotion.

But though victory, after hovering doubtful over the combatants, at last rested with Napoleon, though his young army had proved its spirit equal to that of its predecessors which had marched resistless over Europe, no trophies of success could be gathered, no crowds of prisoners swelled the triumph as in the days of bygone conquests. The grand cavalry of the past had disappeared never to be replaced. The pursuit, which alone could have so much demoralised the allies as to render them incapable of future action, was impossible. The Russo-Prussian army retired unmolested, slowly, sullenly, defeated but not finally overmastered, again to gather strength and cohesion. Great and undoubted as was his victory at Lutzen, it was but the prelude to the succession of shocks, which left the edifice of Napoleon's Empire in crumbling ruins.



61



N the year 1876 there had been some serious troubles in Bulgaria. Opinions differed, and always will differ, as to their origin; it may be taken as certain, however, that a partial insurrection broke out on the part of the Christian population of a small district, the movement having been got up and fomented by outside agitators. Many of the Moslem inhabitants were murdered, and in revenge the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, or irregulars, perpetrated massacres on a much These, greatly magnified and larger scale. exaggerated, created much excitement throughout Europe and aroused a widespread feeling of indignation against Turkey. For a time it seemed that Russia was about to take the opportunity of striking a final blow at her old enemy, but not being fully prepared, her agents incited Servia to declare war against Turkey, although she had no grievance whatever against her neighbour. Large numbers of Russian officers and soldiers, for the most part in civilian dress, made their way to Servia and were throughout the war the backbone of the Servian force.

The Turks, expecting that the first step on the part of the enemy would be the invasion of the district of Widdin, lying upon the Danube, which was completely open to such an attack, collected a force under Osman Pasha for the defence of that district, while another and larger force was assembled at Nisch, near the southern frontier of Servia. After one or two minor skirmishes, in which the Servians were worsted, Osman Pasha took up his position near the river Timok. The country around Widdin, a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, was for the most part fertile, and showed every sign of prosperity and comfort. In spite of the fact that large numbers of Turkish irregulars had joined Osman Pasha's force, women and girls were working fearlessly in the fields. Herds of cattle grazed peacefully, and the whole aspect of the population showed how utterly unfounded were the reports so industriously spread by the Servian and Russian agents of rapine and murder.

At Adlieh, a large and busy Bulgarian village, some four-and-twenty miles from Widdin, life went on as usual, although the Turkish army was encamped a few miles distant, and parties of men frequently came over to make purchases. No amount of inquiry could elicit a single fact in support of the tales of Turkish atrocity, and indeed the inhabitants scouted the idea that they had any cause of complaint whatever. The consuls and vice-consuls of the various Christian Powers, they said, were so vigilant that no Turkish pasha, however powerful, would venture to extort money, still less to allow violence to be offered to the Christians. They might perhaps grind down their coreligionists, who had no one to take their part; but as for the Christians they had no complaint whatever to make, and the writer can state positively that during the whole of the time he was in Turkey, the story he heard at Adlieh was everywhere repeated, and that he never heard a single tale of ill-treatment from the Christians, or any expressions of discontent with Turkish rule. Indeed, the appearance of the country spoke for itself, and in point of material comfort the condition of the peasantry was at least equal to that of any English agricultural population.

In July the harvest was going on, men and women, and sometimes women without men, were at work reaping the corn with small sickles, while women and girls were busy in the tobacco and maize fields hoeing and earthing-up the plants—and this within sound of the guns of the combatants. Masses of yellow and white camomile, blue and yellow cornflowers, white convolvulus, and madder, rose campion, yellow rockets, blue larkspurs, yellow moss dragons, and

borage and bluish-white hollyhocks, covered the tracks of uncultivated ground. Herds of cattle, sheep and goats, and a great many horses, fed untended, and a prettier and more peaceful scene could scarcely be imagined. Near Adlieh the undulated ground rose into hills, and thence on to the Timok low ranges of undulations succeeded each other. In the neighbourhood of the village was a brigade of Turkish regulars, under Fazli Pasha, and a still larger number of irregulars, all under canvas, not one of them being quartered in the village.

Hostilities began in earnest on July 20th; the Servians crossed the river in two columns and moved in the direction of Adlieh, passing the flank of Osman Pasha's forces at Izvor. Osman faced his troops round and engaged the Servians, while Fazli moved out with his brigade and fell upon their flank. For some time the Servian infantry fought fairly, but when two squadrons of Circassian horsemen charged down upon them they were seized with a panic; two battalions threw away their arms and fled wildly, and the rest at once gave way before the advance of the Turks and retreated to the village of Zaichar, where they had already thrown up some earthworks. Zaichar stood on steeply-rising ground with the Timok winding round its foot; and as so far Osman had received no orders to cross the Timok, there was for a time a pause in hostilities, broken only by a musketry fire across the river by the skir-mishers. The fortnight that followed, however, greatly strengthened the Turks. At the outbreak of hostilities the Servians had already placed under arms about 120,000 men. Against these the Turks were for a time able to oppose only from 15,000 to 18,000 men at Nisch, while Osman had but some 5,000 troops at Widden.

Had the Servians possessed the slightest amount of energy or military skill they could have placed 30,000 men to hold the Turks at Nisch in check, have poured 80,000 across the Timok into Bulgaria, and have marched almost unopposed across the country to Varna, capturing Widdin and Rustchuk on their way. It is probable, however, that the fact that this success would have disclosed to all Europe the utter falsity of the pretext Servia had made for declaring war against Turkey—namely, that the latter had collected a great army with the intention of invading her—had something to do with the inactivity displayed. The complete defeat of the division that had

encountered the Turks at Izvor had also, no doubt, a cooling effect upon Servian enthusiasm. They had lost in that battle some 2,000 men and five cannons, and the fugitives reported that Osman Pasha had at least 25,000 men; whereas, in fact, including Fazli's brigade, he had only some 8,000 men engaged. In another direction the Servians had attempted an advance: 6,000 men crossed the frontier and took up their post at Palanka, thereby interposing between Sofia and Nisch, but were attacked and defeated with a loss, as acknowledged by themselves, of considerably over 2,000. Other raids had been made, but these partook rather of the character of brigandage than of regular warfare.

On the 1st of August the Turkish army at Nisch advanced up the valley towards Alexinatz; but Osman's force, which was now considerably increased in strength, remained inactive, to their great disgust. Their contempt for the Servians was now supreme, for six battalions of the latter that had crossed the river had been utterly routed by a single Turkish battalion, and there was a confident feeling among officers and men that if Osman received orders to do so they were perfectly capable of marching unaided to Belgrade, even if the whole Servian army barred the way. On the 7th of August some two hundred Circassians, four battalions of infantry, and three guns, marched some four miles up the Timok and there crossed, the Circassians galloping on ahead. Presently they came to a village occupied by a considerable number of Servian troops; these fired their muskets and fled, but numbers were cut down by the wild horsemen, who pushed on until close to Zaichar itself. The Servian batteries, some eight or ten in number, opened fire. Osman's guns replied, and a vigorous cannonade was kept up for half an hour. A larger force of Circassians now crossed the river, and being strengthened by two squadrons of regular Turkish cavalry, crossing this time by a ford in front of Zaichar, enter the place without opposition, the entire Servian force having retired as soon as the first Circassians had shown themselves.

The Circassians at once scattered over the country round to plunder, and soon returned with great numbers of cattle, sheep, and goats, the greater proportion of which were at once sent off under small escorts to their distant villages. The Turkish officers and the men of the regular army were full of indignation at this wholesale plunder. The Circassians,

indeed, were, throughout the campaign, responsible for the greater portion of the deeds charged to the discredit of the Turks. They had been brought over and settled in Bulgaria at the time of the conquest of Circassia by the Russians. They retained all their primitive savagery, were wholly undisciplined, and fought solely for plunder. As irregular cavalry they were extremely useful; absolutely fearless of danger, they would start in little parties of

twenty or so and traverse the enemy's country, utterly disregarding the stringent orders of the Turkish generals against plundering, ill-treatment of the natives, or firing houses. Smoke from burning villages marked their path, and they would return loaded with plunder. Nothing could escape their keen vision, and as the eyes of the army they were invaluable.

The Turkish soldier, on the other hand, is obedient to orders, wholly adverse to violence, patient in hardship, easy and good-tempered to an extent unequalled by the soldier of any other army in Europe; and throughout the war the writer never witnessed a single Turkish soldier engaged in plundering. Surprise was freely expressed among the Turkish officers that

Osman Pasha, who was a strict and strong commander, did not punish the Circassians for their disobedience of orders, but had he done so it is certain that the whole of these troops would at once have ridden away to their villages, and the influence of their compatriots at Constantinople would have been amply sufficient to have caused the Turkish general to be recalled in disgrace.

The next morning Zaichar was occupied. It was a pretty place covering a considerable extent of ground, for the houses, with the exception of those in two or three of the principal streets, stood in orchards. On the 13th of August, Fazli Pasha received an order to take twelve battelions of infantry, a squadron

of cavalry and two batteries, and to march through Servia and join the army of Ayoub Pasha before Alexinatz, towards which place it was crawling along by slow stages.

The march led through a remarkably pretty country, and was wholly unopposed: the villages were deserted, the whole population having apparently fled as soon as the news came that the Turks were advancing from Zaichar. The transport was miserably insufficient, and the

A CIRCASSIAN.

only food taken forward was hard baked bread. and the supply of this was very insufficient for the needs of the force. The Turks eked out their scanty rations by gathering heads of maize and roasting them in the ashes of the fires. Occasionally they obtained a supply of grapes from the vineyards, but these were but exceptional feasts, and for the most part they subsisted entirely upon this stone-like bread water. Only one place larger than a village was passed. When the troops entered it, it was already in flames, the work of the plundering Circassians, who had attached themselves to the column, and who were raiding the whole country around. The last two days' march led across very heavy country, where a few hun-

dred resolute men could have made a long stand, but resolute men were scarce in Servia and the force marched on in high spirits, notwithstanding scanty rations and long marches. At last the division encamped—or rather bivouacked, for they had no tents—on a sort of plateau a few hundred yards across, rising from a plain and dominated by several eminences within easy shot.

In front was a valley, beyond which rose a steep wooded hill, and from the camp one of the forts erected to protect Alexinatz from attacks by a force advancing east could be seen. Ayoub Pasha had not yet arrived in the valley on the other side of Alexinatz, but was still two days' march away. The position, had the Servians

possessed any vigour, would have been a perilous one, as the great bulk of the Servian army lay within four miles of us, and there was plenty of time for them to have thrown themselves upon Fazli's force before Ayoub could

prevent any attack upon the main body. He had skirmishes with the enemy, whom he found holding several positions on the face of the hill.

After their flank was secured, the main division marched forward. All went well until they



A BASHI-BAZOUK.

have arrived to his assistance. Fazli had no idea of awaiting an attack; and, leaving his baggage carts at the spot he had decided to occupy, he started at once to reconnoitre the forts on the hill behind Alexinatz, and, if he saw an opportunity, to make a dash at them. Emin Bey, with a regiment of foot, went on in advance, passing through a large and very thick bush, his mission being to clear the heights and to

reached an almost impenetrable forest which covered the last two miles to be traversed. Here progress was made very slowly, and the leading battalion arrived alone at the edge of a clear space, some five hundred yards across, which served as a glacis to the fort. They at once attacked and drove off a body of Servians posted there. An order was sent to them to prepare a place for the artillery to throw up a

parapet and clear the approaches. The battalion, which was known as that of Silistria, had a friendly rivalry with another battalion as to which would be first engaged, and seized the first chance offering itself. The men thought then that this was the opportunity—there was the fort and there was their enemy; the natural conclusion was, let us go and take it. The men at once requested leave of their major to go on and attack the fort. The major entered into the spirit of the thing, and, placing himself at the head of the battalion, advanced alone and unsupported with the reckless feeling of an Irishman entering a scrimmage of whose merits he neither knows nor cares anything.

Advancing in open order, they found themselves under a very heavy cross-fire from the fort and from batteries supporting it, while a rolling fire of musketry broke out from trenches round the work. The Turks were to some extent sheltered from the musketry fire by the fact that the ground rose in steps, but the shell burst among and around them thick and fast. They kept on, however, until they reached a depression within fifty yards of the fort, and here they took shelter, being so close under its guns that these could not be depressed sufficiently to play upon them; and from here they kept up a continuous fire against the Servians in the trenches. The battalion was but halfway across the glacis when Ahmet Pasha, who commanded the brigade, arrived at the edge of the wood with two more battalions; he pushed forward one on each side of the ridge so as to support as much as possible the Silistria battalion by keeping up a heavy musketry fire upon the fort, while that battalion was ordered by bugle to retreat. .

Presently a man made his way back to say that they could not retreat without being altogether destroyed, but that if they had another two battalions with them, they could take the fort. Fazli Pasha himself had now come up, and with immense difficulty brought a battery of artillery to the edge of the wood and opened fire on the fort. But all the Servian guns that could be brought to bear opened up upon the battery, with such effect that it suffered very heavily and could not have maintained its position had not night been at hand. Two more battalions were now pushed forward, and their fire enabled the Silistria battalion to hold its position until nightfall, when it made its way back, having lost in killed and wounded nearly two hundred men. The supporting battalions

and the artillery also suffered heavily. The position of the division that night was a painful one: the forest was so thick that even in the day-time it was difficult to make one's way through the trees, and at night the darkness was absolute.

The force was therefore obliged to remain where they were when darkness fell until morning; then seeing a large force advancing from Alexinatz, Fazli marched back to the spot where he had left his waggons. This position protected the flank of Ahmet Pasha's army, which the next day came up the valley of the Morava. On the following day a very strong force of Servians, who had come out by a circuitous route from Alexinatz, advanced in four or five columns to attack Fazli in his isolated position. A breastwork had been thrown up round the knoll, and in a short time six batteries opened fire upon it from different points, while the Servian infantry advanced in skirmishing order supported by a strong column. Fazli did not wait for attack, but launched his infantry to meet them, while his artillery engaged the Servian battery. The fight, however, was never very serious: the Servians would not stand the Turkish advance, though willing to maintain themselves on broken ground and to keep up their fire until the Turks got into movement; and the day closed without any decisive result. The next day the Servians were reinforced by five or six battalions and some more artillery, and the shell fell thick and fast into the camp. The loss, however, of the Turks was much less than might have been expected, for the soil was deep and the shell sunk so far into it before exploding that but few men were killed. Several times the Servians crept up close, under shelter of the brushwood, but each time the Turks dashed out and drove them back. Reinforced by fresh battalions, the Servians again and again attempted to storm the position, but never succeeded in reaching the breastwork. The fighting lasted from eleven in the morning until seven at night, when the Turks took the offensive in earnest and drove the Servians in disorder far away into the hills. On the same day the Servians attacked the division of Assiz Pasha, which formed the connecting link between Fazli and the division of Hassan Pasha down in the valley: but in each case they were repulsed with heavy loss.

Two days later Fazli Pasha descended into the valley of the Morava, crossed the river on two trestle bridges, and then ascended the hill facing Alexinatz—the Servians, disheartened hy their defeats, making no attempt to interfere with the movement. Alexinatz stood on the slopes of the opposite hill: it was a place of no importance, and was simply a large village round which fortifications were erected for the defence of the valley of the Morava. The capture of the hills facing the place opened that valley to the Turks, but at the same time they could scarcely move forward and leave the Servian army gathered round Alexinatz in their rear. Ten miles

further up the valley the mountains closed in

| SERVIA | SUMANIA | OBukhares | SERVIA | Sulpha | Danyb Rautchuk | Alexinate | Daligrad | Danyb Rautchuk | Danyb R

on either side of the river, and here a number of very formidable redoubts had been erected by the Servians under the direction of their Russian officers.

Two days later the Turks attacked the Servians, who in strong force occupied the hill higher up the valley. Their position was covered by the fire of seven redoubts, and for some time the fight was simply an artillery duel.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the infantry advanced. The Servians held their positions with some obstinacy, but gradually fell back at the Turkish advance. At last, however, the Turks went forward in earnest, and the Servians very speedily broke into flight; their redoubts

were all captured, and they were driven across the river. The Turkish loss was 400, that of the Servians three times that amount. For a week nothing was done, and the position of the Turks deteriorated, as the Servians, now threatened in no other direction, were able to concentrate their whole force to oppose them; and fully a hundred thousand were gathered within a short distance of Alexinatz. The Turkish general was an utterly incapable man and wholly unable to come to any decision whatever; indeed, a more perverse, feeble, and obstinate old man was never in command of an army. A sudden rush would have certainly resulted in the capture of Alexinatz, although the position was an exceedingly strong one. The fortifications were at first formidable, and had been immensely strengthened during the last fortnight.

The Turks had consequently become rather the besieged than the besiegers. Bands of Servians frequently moved along the hills on their side of the river, coming down into the valley and cutting the Turkish communications with Nisch; and several times considerable forces advanced from Alexinatz as if to attack in earnest. They never pushed these home, however. The most serious one was made on the Turkish rear by some 20,000 men, who, covered by a heavy fire from twenty-eight guns, pushed up nearly to the Turkish trenches. The musketry, however, brought them to a standstill, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers, they began to fall back. As soon as they did so six battalions of Turks advanced against them, The Servians retreated rapidly until they reached a wood, where they made a stand. After wasting a good deal of powder the Turks again advanced, drove the enemy through the wood down into a valley and up into another wood, where they were largely reinforced and made a fresh stand. The Turks, however, were not to be denied, and pushed the enemy far up the hillside fully two miles beyond the farthest point to which their advance had previously extended. The Servian loss was over 1,500 men; indeed some estimated it at fully double that amount.

There had now been some fourteen engagements, more or less serious, and in every one the Servians had been defeated with ridiculous ease; and the Turks were of opinion that they were fully a match for them at the odds of one to three. They gained nothing, however, by their successes, being altogether paralysed by the incapacity of their general, and the delay was the more provoking inasmuch as it was known

that the European Powers were exerting great pressure upon Turkey and endeavouring to put a stop to hostilities, which, if continued, were certain to attain much more serious dimensions. The Turkish soldier knew nothing of this. His view of the matter was that he had an army of men whom he absolutely despised in front of him. He had been called out by a most wanton attack by these men. He had been taken from the matter been left to the generals of divisions, there would not have been a delay of more than twenty-four hours before Alexinatz; and before the European Powers had had time to think of remonstrating, the Turks would have been in possession of the Servian capital. The bitterness of feeling on their part was not directed against the Servians, but against the Russians, who were the real authors of the war and who used



"RUSSIAN OFFICERS COULD BE SEEN THRASHING THE MEN WITH THE FLATS OF THEIR SWORDS."

his family and his home, and as he considered himself in a position to thrash the enemy to his heart's content, to march to their capital, and to dictate any terms the Porte might choose, he failed to comprehend what seemed to him the mysterious delay in operations. The feelings of the soldiers were more than shared by the officers, and the commander-in-chief, Kerim Pasha, and Ahmet, the general of the army, shared between them the blame of the delay.

Both were indeed utterly unfit for their position—Kerim was not only old, but so fat as to be almost incapable of walking a dozen yards. Ahmet was incapable, intensely lazy and irresolute, but at the same time obstinate. Had

Servia as a catspaw. As later on in Bulgaria the Russians came to be hated by the Bulgarians with a passion that had never been excited by the Turks, so in Servia the overbearing behaviour of the Russian officers was already rendering them intensely unpopular. Their principal offence, however, was that they endeavoured to force the Servians to do what they most objected tonamely, to fight.

In many of the encounters the Russian officers could be seen thrashing the men with the flats of their swords and driving them before them like sheep. They themselves showed extraordinary gallantry, exposing themselves with absolute recklessness under the heaviest fire, in the hope of animating their men. To

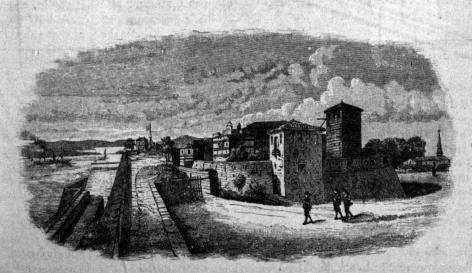
them the disappointment had been bitter, thousands of Russian soldiers had gone down to Servia in the full belief that the braggadocio of the Servians meant something, and that the whole of Bulgaria was ready to rise against what they had been told was the horrible tyranny of the Turks, and their disappointment was naturally extreme.

Day by day skirmishing and occasionally severe fighting went on, but beyond the loss of life caused, nothing came of it. In spite of their hardy nature and excellent constitution, the ranks of the Turks had been thinned by maladies brought on by the insanitary state of their camps, by tainted water, and bad and insufficient food; and undoubtedly a serious outbreak would have taken place had the army been kept much longer on the same ground. But, unknown to the Turks before Alexinatz, the efforts of the Powers to put a stop to a state of things that was certain ere long to bring Russia into the field, were approaching success. Russia was arming, and would, it was certain, ere long be ready to take the field in support of the situation she had created and which had so disappointed her expectations.

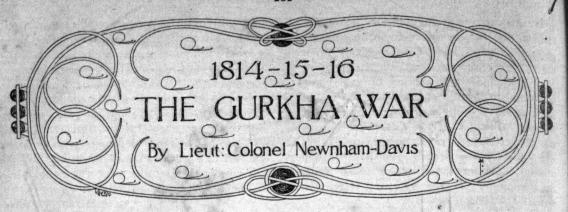
In every town Slavonic committees had been formed for sending volunteers to Servia. The feeling of hatred to the Turks had been industriously fanned, and in view of the absolute failure of the attempt to overthrow the Turkish

power in Bulgaria, the feeling had grown to a point when even the Russian Government could scarcely have submitted to a failure of the hopes it had excited. Thus, then, palpable as was the hardship that Turkey should abstain from punishing the insolent little State that had so wantonly attacked her, and had put her to so great an expense, it was evident that a continuance of the war would involve her in a life-and-death struggle with Russia, and she therefore acceded to the urgent advice of the other Powers and consented to an armistice, the news of which came like a thunderbolt upon the army before Alexinatz.

Never was there a case in which a country was so defrauded of the fruits of victory. Turkey lost all the advantages obtained by her troops; time was given for Russia to prepare for the war upon which she was bent, and the moderation of Turkey was rewarded by an invasion as costly and wanton as that of Servia had been. Servia herself, regardless of the fact that she had been spared by Turkey, had time to reorganise her forces and join Russia against the Power that had spared her; while Europe, which had arrested the arms of Turkey, raised no voice on her behalf when she suffered for having listened to its advice. The treaty that followed the armistice may be considered as a monument of unfairness and of the success attending calumny and misrepresentation.



VIEW IN WIDDIN.



HE thunders of the cannon of Waterloo were in the ears of Englishmen when Ochterlony beat to their knees the pluckiest soldiers in Asia. In the supreme excitements of Napoleon's struggle and overthrow and the great game of "grab" that followed afterwards at Paris, men had scarcely time or patience to follow the fortunes of the armies which on the north-eastern frontier of India, in one of the most difficult countries in the world, faced by the bravest hill-warriof's who ever crossed steel with us, and dogged by the deadly Terai fever, won a great stretch of country for India and changed the fiercest of enemies into the staunchest of friends.

Whenever and wherever in our Asiatic wars the stress has been greatest, whenever the bugles have shrilled for some desperate charge, side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the British soldiers rejoicing in the joy of battle, the little Gurkhas have charged with our men.

On the eastern shoulder of India the long line of the Himalayan snows-those peaks that are giants amongst the mountains of the world -thrust up their white towers and pinnacles to the sky; and from this great barrier ridge after ridge of smaller mountains dip to the dhunsfertile valleys that lie between the Himalayan foot-hills and an outer barrier of hill, known as the Sandstone range to the south and the Suwaliks further north. Between this outer barrier, through the ravines of which come tearing down the mountain-rivers, and the broad sun-kissed plains of India lies the slope of the Terai, a great grass jungle where it touches the plains-the finest tiger-preserve in the world-and, towards the line of hills, a forest of great trees, where the trunks are so close to each other that the foliage closes overhead and the glades are as dim as the aisle of a great cathedral; where the foot of the traveller sinks deep into the cushion

of decaying leaves; where the song of a bird is never heard. It is a silent forest, a dread place where in the hot months a fever almost as deadly as a cobra's bite claims as a victim any one who sleeps in its shade.

From where the Sarda foams round its rocks, rushing from the snows to join the mighty Gogra, to Darjeeling, the British hill-station that looks across the deep valley to the great peak of Kinchinjunga, towering in mid-air, is now the kingdom of Nipal—terai and dhun and mountain; but when the British bayonets clashed with the Gurkha kukris the conquering Nipalese generals had won a broader stretch and held the mountain land as far north as the Sutlej.

Nipal is the hermit kingdom of the world. The great ones of the European world who travel in India in the cold weather are asked as the guests of the king of Nipal to shoot tigers in the terai, and at Khatmandu, the capital, a British Resident, like a caged bird, is held in his walks and rides to the limits of the valley; but, excepting the Resident and his suite and occasional visitors to the capital, who are allowed to journey by one path only, no white man passes that first barrier of sandstone hills.

But every year in the spring the little Gurkhas, the Nipalese hillmen—jovial little fellows, broadchested and big-limbed, short in stature, with Tartar eyes, noses like pug-dogs, and great goodnatured gashes for mouths—flock down to enlist in our regiments. Brave as lions, vain as peacocks, faithful as dogs, with few prejudices in peace and none in war, the Gurkhas are the special friends and companions of our men. The stately Sikh throws away his food if a white man's shadow falls on it, and between Mohammedan and Christian is always the bar of religion; but on a campaign the Gurkha eats his food with as few formalities as Tommy Atkins, drinks his rum, and is good company at the camp fire.

When Captain Younghusband, travelling on the Pamirs with an escort of Gurkhas, met the giant Russian explorer, Gromchefski, the native officer of the little men asked leave to speak to Younghusband. "Tell him," he said, pointing to the big Russian, "that though we are small men, all the rest of the regiment are taller than he is." When, after the assault of Bhurtpore, where the Gurkhas raced with the grenadiers of the 59th for the breach, the British soldiers praised them for their bravery, they returned the compliment by the following characteristic

remark:—"The English are as brave as lions; they are splendid sepoys and very nearly equal to us."

Those are examples of the vanity of the little men. The mutiny, the Ambeyla campaign, every frontier expedition, have proved their loyalty and gallantry, and when Lord Roberts, the hero of Cabul, had to choose "supporters" for his arms, he placed on one side a private of the Highlanders, on the other a Gurkha sepoy.

But if we are brothers and friends now with the Nipalese, it was not until after a tremendous bout of fisticuffs that

we became so, and so well did the Gurkhas hold their own that they very nearly brought down on us all the great disaffected princes of India.

The Nipalese highlanders, the men of the Gurkha kingdom, a nation of conquerors, looked down from their hills on to the Indian plains, and, conscious of their own strength, longed to try their mettle against the army of India. The cause for a war was soon found. There were some lowlands in dispute. We established police posts to protect our rights, and the Gurkhas came down and murdered our officials and policemen. Lord Hastings, the Governor-General, declared war in the autumn of 1814, the beginning of the cold season.

Both sides knew exactly what was coming, and both were prepared.

In the sea of razor-backed hills and single peaks, west of what is now the summer capital of India—Simla—Umar Sing, the best general of Nipal, had his troops. It was the northernmost portion of the Nipalese kingdom, a country of great grassy slopes of a marvellous steepness with rocks breaking through the grass and here and there broad patches of treacherous shale, with on the sheltered slopes stretches of forest, and, where the streams race down the hill-side and tumble in cascades over the rocks, strips of undergrowth like an English copse.

A strangely mixed array Umar Sing had under him, long-nosed Brahmins as well as the pug-nosed little Gurungs and Magars, men in scarlet coats of the cut of those of our infantry and turbans, men in their loose native garb with the little lop-sided cap that is characteristic of Nipal, but all armed with firelocks which put them nearly on an equality with our troops, and with that deadliest of weapons the kukri, the blade of which looks like a crooked laure!leaf, all fighting on familiar ground, all intensely patriotic.

Opposite to him, with six thousand men



LORD HASTINGS.

—all natives, except the artillery—was General Ochterlony, the man of the campaign.

"Ould Maloney," as the Irish soldiers used to call him—"Loniata," as the natives jumbled his name—had behind him in his career the bad dream of Carnatic prisons, had been most desperately wounded, had in a memorable siege thrust back Holkar from the walls of Delhi, and, now seeing further with his one eye, so the men said, than any other general in India, cautious when generalship and not the mettle of his troops had to win the day, splendidly audacious when rashness was necessary and he had tried troops under him, "Ould Maloney," with his sepoys of the plains, was going to try conclusions with the best fighting hillmen of the East.

Further south, facing the hills where the lightest-hearted of the Anglo-Indian world now dance and flirt at Missouri, was Gillespie, as daring a man as ever wore the British scarlet, with her Majesty's 53rd, some dismounted dragoons, some artillery, and 2,500 native infantry. Bulbudhur Sing, Umar's best lieutenant, was in the hills with 600 men waiting for the hot-headed soldier who, single-handed, had galloped a few years before to help the besieged residents of Vellore.

Further south again, facing the passes which lead to the richest towns and most productive country of Central Nipal, was Major-General range, the Suwaliks, pushed through the valley beyond, the Dehra Dun, and occupied the little town of Dehra at the foot of the first slopes of the Himalayas.

On a hill thrown out from the higher slope, some five miles from Dehra, was a stone fort. It was of the simplest type, four stout stone walls, loopholed, with here and there towers to give flanking fire. It stood some 600 feet above the ground that sloped up to the first rise of the hills and commanded the path up which Gillespie intended to take his men into the higher mountains.



"THE GREAT PEAK OF KINCHINJUNGA TOWERING IN MID-AIR" (p. 202).

John Sullivan Wood with her Majesty's 17th and 3,000 natives; and further south still, threatening the passes which lead to the capital—Khatmandu—was Major-General Marley with a force of 8,000 sepoys, stiffened by her Majesty's 24th.

Ochterlony and Cillespie were to open the ball, and Wood and Marley were to thrust their forces through the passes later on.

Gillespie, with characteristic hot-headedness, was going to be first in the race. Lord Hastings had warned the handsome devil-may-care soldier against knocking his head against fortifications when there were Gurkhas behind them; but Gillespie believed in dash, and the Indian army was used to victory, so he disregarded the Governor-General's little lecture, and made his rush forward. He seized a pass in the first

Bulbudhur Sing with his 600 men waived here for Gillespie's advance, strengthening the primitive fort by outside stockades.

Gillespie was only too anxious to try conclusions with the Gurkhas and their leader; so, after reconnoitring the position, he made his scheme for an attack on the last day of October. Four columns were to make the attack on the little fort, which was first to be battered by field-pieces to prepare for the assault.

The field-pieces were carried up in the darkness by elephants to a little table-land which commanded the fort and was within range, the four attacking columns, each with a company of the 53rd to lead, were in position, and as soon after 10 o'clock as the guns had done their work, a signal given by gun-fire was to set all four columns racing up the hill at once.

Gillespie, impatient and hot-headed, stood by the guns, and watched the shot striking the thick stone walls and making no impression. The little brown faces of the enemy looked through the embrasures and laughed at him; some of them danced on the tops of the walls. The general grew angry, angry at the futile cannonade and the mocking enemy. His men into the shelters of dry grass under which the Gurkha garrison slept. The grass took light, and the pioneers to save themselves dropped the ladders. A flaming hillside, a hail of lead, no ladders, the assailants had no chance, and the first column and the second, which had begun its advance, slid back down the slippery hillside to shelter leaving many red-coats lying on the slope.



"THEY SLID BACK DOWN THE SLIPPERY HILLSIDE TO SHELTER."

lying all round, close against the lower slopes, had scaling-ladders, then let them use them! And so, an hour before the time fixed, the gunsignal for an attack was given. Only one of the waiting columns heard the signal and acted on it, though another followed later. Up the steep grass slope went the company of the 53rd that led, slipping and scrambling, the pioneers who carried the scaling-ladders tugging desperately at the heavy weights. A hail of lead came from the loopholes that had framed the little grinning faces, and by mischance the pioneers stumbled

The general's blood was up. Three more companies of the 53rd had come up, and a battery of the Bengal Horse Artillery. He ordered a second assault and determined to lead it in person.

In the rear face of the fort there was a little door, and Gillespie intended to be the first man in through that. The 53rd put their backs to the work and hauled up two of the galloperguns by drag-ropes on to the ridge at the back of the fort, a light stockade that barred the way was hacked at and kicked and shaken till it gave

way, and the two guns were brought close to the door. The general, with some dismounted dragoons about him and the 53rd crowding behind, went with the guns, while the other columns again started up the slopes.

The light guns fired a couple of rounds at the stoutly-barred door and did not shake it, and from the walls and loopholes came a blaze of fire in response. The general fell shot dead, the bullets ploughed into the closely-packed mass, and when the attack had definitely failed, as it did, the British carried out of action 4 officers and 29 men killed, and 15 officers and 213 men wounded.

First blood to the Gurkhas.

Meanwhile, Ochterlony was making his way into the hills, but with all requisite caution.

Passing without difficulty the outer range of hills, which here are small and have many gaps in the chain, he encamped at Plassea, facing the Himalayan foot-hills. The mountain country into which he had to win his way is a series of broken ridges running north-north-west, and each ridge forms a strong position.

On the outermost ridge was the fort of Nalagur—a Stout stone fort with towers for flanking fire, and its outpost, the little square fort of Taraghur. The slope of this outside ridge was covered with bamboos and thorny shrubs, and the only paths up were along the stony beds of dried-up torrents.

Behind the first ridge was the Ramghur ridge, crowned with stone forts, and behind that again

towered the Malaun heights.

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A corps of reserve of the light companies of the different battalions, and the 3rd Native Infantry, under Colonel Thompson, cut off the communication between the fort and the outpost, and Ochterlony occupying all the surrounding heights got his guns with infinite difficulty into position, and battered away at the stone walls of the fort. The Gurkhas had only jingals—throwing balls of three or four ounces—to reply with; and Chumra Rana, who was in command, came to the conclusion that resistance was hopeless, and surrendered with a hundred of his men, the rest of the garrison having slipped away by night to join Umar Sing.

A night march anticipated any resistance that might have been offered on the way, and on the 8th of November Ochterlony faced the centre of the Ramghur position.

The fort of Ramghur was the right of the Gurkha position, their left rested on a fortified peak called Rotka Tiba.

Ochterlony moved on to the Gurkha left flank, but sent his battering-train, with one battalion, to keep the Gurkhas employed at Ramghur.

Then came the second reverse that Ochterlony's troops sustained during the campaign.

The battery before Ramghur shelled a stockade, which defended the road, without effect, and Lawtie, the field-engineer, took a hundred sepoys under a British officer to reconnoitre the ground before he brought his guns nearer. The sepoys dislodged the Gurkhas from a small breastwork they found in their advance. "Thus far," to quote an eye-witness of the affair, "had the spirit of the officers actuated their men. But when the enemy, getting reinforced, came back with superior numbers to retake their post, the sepoys could not be prevented from wasting their ammunition by keeping up a useless fire as their opponents were approaching. The upper layer of their cartridges being at last expended, some voices called out for a retreat, alleging as a reason that they would not have time to turn the boxes. The place appeared tenable with the bayonet; the Gurkhas, however, were now at hand, and arguments, threats, entreaties, proved equally vain to avert the disaster which ensued. Our men broke in confusion and turned their backs: the enemy, plunging among the fugitives, cut to pieces all whom their swords could reach."

But worse news still was to reach Ochterlony from the column which Colonel Mawbey, of the 53rd, now commanded in the place of the dead Gillespie. Bulbudhur and his Gurkhas still held to the fort and heavy guns had been sent for from Delhi. When they arrived the fort was bombarded. On the 27th of November a practicable breach was made, and on the 28th the two flank companies and one battalion company of the 53rd and the grenadiers of the native corps, under Major Ingleby, tried to storm it. Lieutenant Harrison and some men of the 53rd got into the breach, but penetrated no further, and the storming column withdrew with 4 officers, 15 Europeans, and 18 natives killed, and 7 officers, 215 Europeans, and 221 natives wounded.

It was said that the men of the 53rd were discontented, and that, though they mounted the breach, they would go no further; and later on, as a sequel to this most misfortunate day, some duels were fought between the officers of the two battalions of the 53rd.

The fort was afterwards beleaguered and its water supply was cut off, when Bulbudhur Sing,

relusing to surrender, cut his way through the cordon surrounding him, and left the fort, with a ghastly garrison of dead and desperately wounded, to Mawbey and his men.

Ochterlony knew the mettle of his enemy and how skilful a strategist he had to meet in Umar Sing, and he played the game of war with the greatest caution, drew away Umar Sing's allies from him, made roads, reduced outlying forts, cut the Gurkha lines of communication, and intercepted their supplies. Umar Sing, as each position became untenable, retreated to another, and at last took his stand on the Malaun ridge.

It was April now, and if the campaign was to close successfully, Ochterlony had to gain a decisive victory, for the other three columns had fared badly.

Major-General Martindell had been appointed to the command of the force which had received such a check from Bulbudhur Sing and his gallant six hundred. Runjoor Sing, the Gurkha general, a son of Umar Sing, opposed to him had, following Umar Sing's tactics, fallen back upon a strong position at Jytuk, striking hard at our forces whenever he got a chance; and Martindell was irresolutely investing him there. Further south and east again Major-General John Sullivan Wood had advanced through the forest towards Butwal, where, on the jungle-covered sandstone range, a fort and some shelter-trenches guarded the first pass on the road to the towns of Central Nipal.

Through the dense silent forest the advanceguard of men of the light company of the 17th, on elephants, made their way, and the column followed as best it could. When the men of the advance-guard were close upon the far edge of the forest, fire was opened upon them from a breastwork, the mahouts could not control the frightened elephants, and they rushed back crashing through the forest. It was difficult in the dense dark forest to tell friends from foes, for the Nipalese were wearing red coats like our men, and for a little all was confusion; but Captain William Croker with his company drove the enemy up a rocky, wooded spur which ran down from the hills on the right of the breastwork, killing Sooraj Thappa, one of their leaders, and the enemy were streaming away from the breastwork, when the 17th, pushing on eagerly, were intensely disappointed to hear the "retire" sound.

General John Sullivan Wood judged the hill behind Butwai too strong a position to attack, and with the light company covering their retirement, the disappointed troops with-

Later in the cold weather General J. S. Wood made another reconnaissance to Butwal, but without penetrating the hills.

Further south and east again, where the passes lead from the plains to the capital, Khatmandu, Major-General Marley had two advanced detachments at Summunpur and Persa surrounded and overpowered, and Major-General George Wood, who succeeded him in command, judged the season too late to attempt any important operations.

A gleam of encouragement came from Kumaon, where Colonel Gardner with some Rohilla levies and Colonel Jasper Nicolls, who was afterwards to be commander-in-chief in India, won success after success, and finally captured Almora, the chief fort in those parts.

The success or non-success of the campaign lay then with Ochterlony, who was now at close quarters with Umar Sing, the best of all the Gurkha generals, who had under him as his chief lieutenant Bucti Thappa, whose deeds are sung to this day throughout Nipal as the bravest of the brave.

The Malaun position, where Umar Sing waited for Ochterlony, is a range of bare hills with peaks at intervals. The citadel of Malaun guarded the Gurkha left, the fort of Soorujghur their right, and the peaks between were held as stockaded posts—all but two, the peak of Ryla towards the enemy's left and the peak of Deothul almost under the guns of Malaun.

Ochterlony, who throughout the campaign had been consistently cautious, knew now that the time had come to risk everything.

During the night of the 14th April, Lawtree, the field-engineer, stole up to the Ryla peak, and, seizing it without difficulty, set about stockading it with the few men he had with him.

At daybreak on the 15th five columns were sent out. Three moved on Ryla, two under Colonel Thompson marched on Deothul and seized those positions without difficulty, for the attention of the Gurkhas was distracted by an attack on their stockades below the citadel of Malaun, an attack which cost us many lives—amongst them that of a gallant officer, Captain Showers, who in single combat, in view of the two forces, killed his opponent, a Gurkha leader, before he was himself shot—but answered its purpose well.

There was desultory fighting about Deothul all through the day, but our men held their own

way, and the two guns were brought close to the door. The general, with some dismounted dragoons about him and the 53rd crowding behind, went with the guns, while the other

columns again started up the slopes.

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The battery before Ramghur shelled a stockade, which defended the road, without effect, and Lawtie, the field-engineer, took a hundred sepoys under a British officer to reconnoitre the ground before he brought his guns nearer. The sepoys dislodged the Gurkhas from a small breastwork they found in their advance. "Thus far," to quote an eye-witness of the affair, "had the spirit of the officers actuated their men. But when the enemy, getting reinforced, came back with superior numbers to retake their post, the sepoys could not be prevented from wasting their ammunition by keeping up a useless fire as their opponents were approaching. The upper layer of their cartridges being at last expended, some voices called out for a retreat, alleging as a reason that they would not have time to turn the boxes. The place appeared tenable with the bayonet; the Gurkhas, however, were now at hand, and arguments, threats, entreaties, proved equally vain to avert the disaster which ensued. Our men broke in confusion and turned their backs: the enemy, plunging among the fugitives, cut to pieces all whom their swords could reach."

But worse news still was to reach Ochterlony from the column which Colonel Mawbey, of the 53rd, now commanded in the place of the dead Gillespie. Bulbudhur and his Gurkhas still held to the fort and heavy guns had been sent for from Delhi. When they arrived the fort was bombarded. On the 27th of November a practicable breach was made, and on the 28th the two flank companies and one battalion company of the 53rd and the grenadiers of the native corps, under Major Ingleby, tried to storm it. Lieutenant Harrison and some men of the 53rd got into the breach, but penetrated no further, and the storming column withdrew with 4 officers, 15 Europeans, and 18 natives killed, and 7 officers, 215 Europeans, and 221 natives wounded.

It was said that the men of the 53rd were discontented, and that, though they mounted the breach, they would go no further; and later on, as a sequel to this most misfortunate day, some duels were fought between the officers of the two battalions of the 53rd.

The fort was afterwards beleaguered and its water supply was cut off, when Bulbudhur Sing,

refusing to surrender, cut his way through the cordon surrounding him, and left the fort, with a ghastly garrison of dead and desperately wounded,

to Mawbey and his men.

Ochterlony knew the mettle of his enemy and how skilful a strategist he had to meet in Umar Sing, and he played the game of war with the greatest caution, drew away Umar Sing's allies from him, made roads, reduced outlying forts, cut the Gurkha lines of communication, and intercepted their supplies. Umar Sing, as each position became untenable, retreated to another, and at last took his stand on the Malaun ridge.

It was April now, and if the campaign was to close successfully, Ochterlony had to gain a decisive victory, for the other three columns had

fared badly.

Major-General Martindell had been appointed to the command of the force which had received such a check from Bulbudhur Sing and his gallant six hundred. Runjoor Sing, the Gurkha general, a son of Umar Sing, opposed to him had, following Umar Sing's tactics, fallen back upon a strong position at Jytuk, striking hard at our forces whenever he got a chance; and Martindell was irresolutely investing him there. Further south and east again Major-General John Sullivan Wood had advanced through the forest towards Butwal, where, on the junglecovered sandstone range, a fort and some sheltertrenches guarded the first pass on the road to the towns of Central Nipal.

Through the dense silent forest the advanceguard of men of the light company of the 17th, on elephants, made their way, and the column followed as best it could. When the men of the advance-guard were close upon the far edge of the forest, fire was opened upon them from a breastwork, the mahouts could not control the frightened elephants, and they rushed back crashing through the forest. It was difficult in the dense dark forest to tell friends from foes, for the Nipalese were wearing red coats like our men, and for a little all was confusion; but Captain William Croker with his company drove the enemy up a rocky, wooded spur which ran down from the hills on the right of the breastwork, killing Sooraj Thappa, one of their leaders, and the enemy were streaming away from the breastwork, when the 17th, pushing on eagerly, were intensely disappointed to hear the "retire"

General John Sullivan Wood judged the hill behind Butwai too strong a position to attack, and with the light company covering their

retirement, the disappointed troops with-

Later in the cold weather General J. S. Wood made another reconnaissance to Butwal, but

without penetrating the hills.

Further south and east again, where the passes lead from the plains to the capital, Khatmandu, Major-General Marley had two advanced detachments at Summunpur and Persa surrounded and overpowered, and Major-General George Wood, who succeeded him in command, judged the season too late to attempt any important operations.

A gleam of encouragement came from Kumaon, where Colonel Gardner with some Rohilla levies and Colonel Jasper Nicolls, who was afterwards to be commander-in-chief in India, won success after success, and finally captured Almora, the chief fort in those parts.

The success or non-success of the campaign lay then with Ochterlony, who was now at close quarters with Umar Sing, the best of all the Gurkha generals, who had under him as his chief lieutenant Bucti Thappa, whose deeds are sung to this day throughout Nipal as the bravest of the brave.

The Malaun position, where Umar Sing waited for Ochterlony, is a range of bare hills with peaks at intervals. The citadel of Malaun guarded the Gurkha left, the fort of Soorujghur their right, and the peaks between were held as stockaded posts-all but two, the peak of Ryla towards the enemy's left and the peak of Deothul almost under the guns of Malaun.

Ochterlony, who throughout the campaign had been consistently cautious, knew now that the time had come to risk everything.

During the night of the 14th April, Lawtree, the field-engineer, stole up to the Ryla peak, and, seizing it without difficulty, set about stockading it with the few men he had with him.

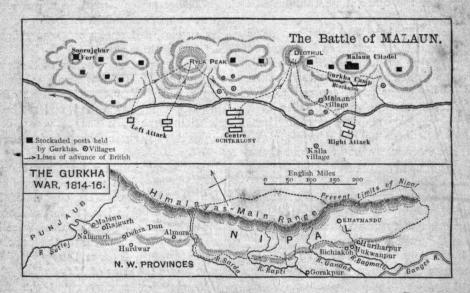
At daybreak on the 15th five columns were sent out. Three moved on Ryla, two under Colonel Thompson marched on Deothul and seized those positions without difficulty, for the attention of the Gurkhas was distracted by an attack on their stockades below the citadel of Malaun, an attack which cost us many lives -amongst them that of a gallant officer, Captain Showers, who in single combat, in view of the two forces, killed his opponent, a Gurkha leader, before he was himself shot-but answered its purpose well.

There was desultory fighting about Deothul all through the day, but our men held their own and busied themselves erecting stockades. Two field-pieces were sent up to Colonel Thompson, and through the night shots were exchanged with the Gurkhas, while the men finished their work at the stockade, which became a strong work with embrasures for the guns.

During the night Bucti Thappa' slipped away from the fortified position he held between the peaks in possession of the British, and joined Umar Sing at Malaun. Both the Gurkha leaders knew that, unless Deothul was recaptured, the game was up. An attack was planned for next morning, and Bucti, who was to lead it, swore a solemn oath in the durbar-hall, before all the higher officers of the Gurkha force, to conquer

Though it was a forlorn hope, Bucti Thappa gathered some men together, and for a fourth time tried to charge up that desperate hill on the slopes of which lay dead the flower of the Gurkha army, and Thompson, knowing that the victory was gained, led out his men to meet him.

The battle was decisive. They counted 500 of the Gurkha dead, and our men had some 300 killed and wounded. Our two guns suffered terribly, and at the end of the day Lieutenant Cartwright, with the only unwounded man of the gun detachments, served one gun, while Lieutenant Armstrong, of the Pioneers, and Lieutenant Hutchinson, of the Engineers, worked the other.



or remain dead on the field. He warned his wives to prepare for the funeral pile, gave his son over to the protection of Umar Sing, and then went down to take command of the 2,000 Gurkhas, who in the darkness were forming in a semicircle at the base of the Deothul hill.

Colonel Thompson had inside his stockade two native battalions and two guns.

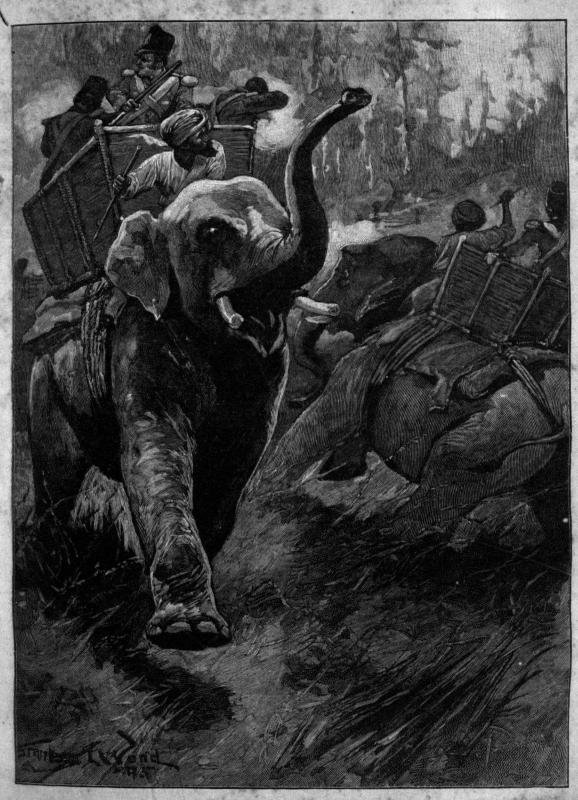
With daylight the great trumpets of the Gurkhas sounded, and the attack began. The hill blazed like a sheet of flame with the Gurkha musketry. The hillmen strove to get to close quarters, reserving their fire till they were within pistol shot; but grape and canister and musketry fire struck away the Gurkhas charging kukris in hand. No man turned, but the attacking force was swept out of existence. The trumpets sounded again, and a second body charged and went down like corn before the wind, and then a third.

When the last remnants of the attacking force were hurled down the hill, our men found the body of Bucti Thappa amongst the slain; and Thompson, honouring a noble enemy, had it wrapped in a shawl of honour and sent it to Umar Sing.

Next day a funeral pile was built in the valley between Deothul, where the victorious British stood to their arms, and Malaun, where what was left of the Gurkha army crowded round the grey walls of the fortress.

From the gate of the citadel a sad little party, headed by Brahmins, wound down the hillside. The smoke rose from the pyre, and, to accompany the Gurkha hero to paradise, two of his wives dared the fire with him and died on the funeral pile.

Umar Sing sulked. His men and his allies were deserting him day by day, but it was not until the walls of Malaun began to crumble



"THE FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS RUSHED BACK CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST" (\$ 207).

under the fire from the British guns that he would consent to sign a convention, which gave to the British all the land between the Sutlej and the Sarda. Those of the Gurkhas in that part of the country who did not come over to us retreated across the latter river, and Umar Sing himself, with his son Runjoor, retired to Khatmandu.

The fierce old warrior, beaten and brokenhearted, gave to the Nipalese durbar his advice never to make peace with the Christians, and then retired to a temple he had built, and died soon after the Gurkha defeats of the next year ended the war.

Malaun, though three-quarters of the Englishmen who read of battles have never even heard its name, was second only to Plassy in asserting the dominancy of the European in India, for all the wolves were afoot thinking that the lion was very sick indeed; and, if Ochterlony had failed before that Himalayan ridge, we might have found ourselves in worse straits than even the mutiny brought us to.

Diplomacy failed where the sword had been successful. The Nipalese durbar haggled, chaffered, and temporised; but old Umar Sing's advice was very much to the liking of the council presided over by the Prime Minister, and though the great nobles hoped to spin out the cold weather in negotiating, on one point they had thoroughly made up their minds—they would have no British Resident in Khatmandu.

Ochterlony had struck, in 1814-15, where the capital scarcely felt the blow; Lord Hastings determined that this time, in 1816, the blow should reach the heart of Nipal.

Without waiting for a formal declaration of war, Sir David Ochterlony was ordered to make his advance against the capital, and as he led his brigades through the terai he was met by the Gurkha emissary bringing down the declaration of war from Khatmandu.

It was now February, 1816. In a month the fever that haunts the terai would make a campaign impossible.

Sir David Ochterlony was a K.C.B.—a reward for his services in the last campaign. He had under him nearly 20,000 fighting-men; he had a reputation that he could not fall short of.

Beyond the deserted jungle and the dense, deadly forest, where he was assembling his force, there lay the labyrinth of hills of the sandstone range, jungle-covered, with long walls of

precipices facing towards the plains. The few passes that led through to the dhuns were all as difficult as Nature could make them, and all were stockaded. And towering above the lower range were the Himalayan foot-hills, which would give an army as much trouble and more than the first range.

He divided his force into four brigades. Colonel Kelly, with the first brigade of 4,000 men, all native infantry except his own regiment, her Majesty's 24th, was despatched to Ochterlony's right to force a passage by the gorge of the Bagmatti or some reighbouring pass; Colonel Nicholl was sent off to Ochterlony's left, with her Majesty's 66th and some 3,800 natives, to find his way up the valley of the Rapti—a small river that flows into the majestic Gandak; Sir David Ochterlony with the 3rd and 4th brigade, her Majesty's 87th, and seven-and-a-half native regiments, 8,000 men in all, appeared before the Bichiakoh pass, the direct road to the capital.

Other columns from Gorakpur and the newly-captured Almora were to keep the Gurkhas employed further north-west; but as they had no effect upon the war we need not trouble about their doings.

On the 10th of February, 1816, Sir David had his men safely through the dreaded forest of the terai and camped within sight of the first Gurkha stockade in the pass. On the 11th, Nicholl and Kelly began their marches; but for four days Ochterlony left his men in camp and The hot-heads amongst the did nothing. officers began to grumble and to ask to be allowed to try their luck against the stockades before them. But Sir David knew that the stockaded defences of the Bichiakoh were impregnable, and had called on his Intelligence Department to find him some path by which he could turn the position. Captain Pickersgill found him one. This very active officer in his search along the range met some smugglers of salt, and they, being heavily bribed, agreed to show him the path they used into Nipal-a path unknown to any Nipalese officials.

On the night of the 14th, as the men were preparing to turn in, a whisper went through the camp of the third brigade to fall in; and leaving all tents standing, and all provisions and baggage, at nine o'clock, just as the moon rose in a cloudless sky, the column—a long, dark snake—wound out of the camp northwards and into a dark gap in the hillside, the gorge of the Balu stream. First went the light company of

the 87th, and next Sir David, on foot like the rest, led the long column on its desperate enterprise.

It was a daring venture for so cautious a player of the game of war, for if the column had been discovered in the gorge by the Gurkhas

not a man would have escaped.

The men moved in single file, scrambling as best they could over the rocks, sometimes high in the air, sometimes deep down in what seemed to be a pit. "Through five miles of this passage," says an historian of the war, "three thousand men moved with the silence of a funeral procession. The lofty banks being clothed with trees, their branches from opposite sides in some places intermingled above, in others the clear moonlight showed tremendous rocks at a great height, rising over the column in cliffs and precipices. The only sounds which interrupted the stillness were caused by the axes in removing some trees which had grown or fallen across the way."

When the grey of dawn came, those behind in the narrow watercourse could distinguish the "Light Bobs" scrambling up a final three hundred yards of hillside almost as steep as the side of a house, holding on to the shrubs and grass, being pulled up by the officers' sashes, which were unwound for the purpose.

The rest followed, and by seven in the morning the third brigade was on the ridge of the sandstone range, and the Bichiakoh pass was turned.

They marched five miles further to bivouac by a stream, and then came two bad days, while the pioneers made the path practicable for elephants, during which there was no food for the troops: for there had been a muddle, and the three days' provisions ordered had not been served out to them before starting.

The Irish boys of the 87th took it all right cheerfully: they cut down boughs of the trees and made shelters for the general and staff as well as themselves. Barefooted, cold, foodless, on constant harassing outpost work, these gallant fellows knew that they had won the first move in the game; and as the stern "Auld Maloney" came striding round the pickets the men, setting discipline for the moment at defiance, greeted him with an Irish yell of triumph.

The fourth brigade joined Sir David, marching up through the Bichiakoh pass, which the Gurkhas had deserted when they found that

Sir David was in rear of them, and as the hotheaded young officers who were so keen to attack passed the stockades, they were forced to admit that to assault them would have meant certain defeat. Colonel Kelly had crossed the first range without opposition, and was facing the fort of Huriharpur, where Runjoor Sing, General Martindell's old opponent, was in com-Colonel Nicholl, also unopposed, was marching up the valley of the Rapti. On the 27th February the third and fourth brigades marched through the tree-covered dhun to where the brick fort of Mukwanpur towered on a hill to the east-our right-and from this a long broken ridge, jungle-covered on the upper slopes but naked on the lower, led down to a fortified village on our left.

The slopes of the hill were strongly stockaded, and there was a force of Gurkhas in the village.

At breakfast time on the 28th two of the men of the 87th were brought up before the colonel of that corps for straying beyond the pickets. They had been for a walk, and, seeing none of the enemy about, had gone into the fortified village, where they found only an old—woman.

"Fall in, the light company!" shouted the colonel, and the men ran to their arms. "Ould Maloney" was on the spot at once, and the gallant "Light Bobs"—the two culprits of the morning with them—went off for the village at the double, and the light company of the 25th Native Infantry were sent after them in support.

The village was deserted, as the men had said; and Pickersgill, taking Lieutenants Lee of the 87th and Turrell of the 20th Native Infantry, a volunteer, and some twenty men, began to reconnoitre the Mukwanpur hill. He posted two parties on the wooded ridge to cover his retreat, and went on with one or two men higher up the jungle-covered slope towards the fort.

Meanwhile the Gurkhas in Mukwanpur had seen what had happened, and the original garrison of the fortified village was sent down to retake it. They swept away Pickersgill's two parties, driving them down the narrow footpath, killed Lee, and were only prevented from hacking to pieces the other officers by the splendid gallantry of Corporal Orr and Private Boyle, who, fighting coolly with the bayonet, held the rocky path as a rear-guard.

Sir David had thrown reinforcements into the village, and the 87th came up the hill to help their retiring comrades, and checked the advancing Gurkhas where a glen cut through the ridge.

In the stockades the great trumpets were blown, and down the hill, bringing some guns with them, streamed a shouting torrent of some two thousand Gurkhas. From the camp Sir David sent more men across to the village, till on our side we had one European and two camp, was directing the fight, was killed by a ball. A lucky shot blew up the enemy's reserve ammunition, and the Gurkhas began to charge less resolutely.

The action had lasted since ten in the morning, and it was now near five. Sir David sent



SIR DAVID OCHTERLONY.

(From the Painting by A. W. Devis.)

native battalions before the village commanding the glen. From the camp the artillery pounded at the Gurkhas swarming down the ridge.

It was bayonet against kukri. Again and again the Gurkhas charged over the open slope up from the glen, and again and again those not swept away by bullets and shells perished on the bayonets of the 87th, who yelled, in answer to the Gurkha shouts, as they charged to meet the rush of the little, brown demons.

The Gurkha gunners, finding that they could not make any effect on our men before the village, turned their guns on the camp. The shot came hurtling through the tents, and Sir David's old servant, who stood inkstand in hand by his master, where the general, in front of the

the 8th Native Infantry to finish the fight before sunset. They deployed and with a shout swept up the hill, capturing the Nipalese guns and sending the beaten Gurkhas flying through the thickets, leaving their wounded and dead upon the ground.

It was a horrible sight that the setting sun went down upon. Ensign Shipp, of the 87th, wrote of it:—"The dying and wounded lay in masses in the dells and the ravines below. In our own company we had, I think, eleven killed and twenty wounded, our total number being eighty only. As long as it was light, we could plainly see the last struggles of the dying. Some poor fellows could be seen raising their knees up to their chins and then flinging them