threw forward his left flank against the position held by Paora Te Apatu, whereupon that redoubtable warrior again fled with fifty of his tribe, and this time kept on running till he vanished in the dim distance. Mr. Preece and Captain Richardson were then obliged to fall back to the next hill, which they held until evening, when their ammunition gave out, and they were deserted by Rakiora and some of his men. Seeing the chief moving off in the direction of Te Kooti's force, Mr. Preece asked him where he was going. "To get a drink of water," he replied; but, says Mr. Gudgeon, the historian, "he must have gone a long way, for he was absent four years!"

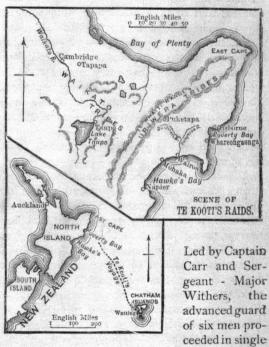
The Europeans and friendlies now retired to Te Wairoa, having lost two men (Maori allies) killed and several wounded, and Te Kooti resumed his march in triumph.

His success now began to cause great alarm to the whites. Government took action: the militia were called out, and Colonel Whitmore's force was strengthened. The Te Wairoa force under Captain Richardson and Mr. Preece was reorganised and brought up to a strength of 200 men by the accession of a body of friendly Maoris under Ihaka Whanga. On the 2nd of August the advanced guard reconnoitred all the country about Te Reinga Falls, when it was discovered that Te Kooti had crossed the river and had made off in the direction of the Papuni. Captain Richardson had received orders not to follow the enemy in this direction; so he returned to Te Wairoa, but had hardly reached there when an orderly arrived and instructed him to follow up Colonel Whitmore's march with twenty picked men and a store of ammunition.

While the Te Wairoa force had been reconnoitring, marching, and counter-marching, Colonel Whitmore had been steadily following Te Kooti's tracks, which pursuit he had taken up after the Paparatu fight as already stated.

He had with him the Napier and Poverty Bay volunteers and some friendly Maoris—in all 130 men; while Major Fraser, with fifty armed constabulary, was following another line of pursuit along the Hangaroa track. The division with the colonel had very rough work, as they were exposed to violent snowstorms on the Ahimanu range, and ran out of provisions before they reached the Waihau Lakes, where Major Fraser joined with his constabulary, and reported that Te Kooti's trail led in the direction of the Ruakituri gorge. The colonel determined to follow at once despite the lack of provisions,

but the Poverty Bay volunteers, who had something of a grudge against the commander, refused to go any further, and Colonel Whitmore was obliged to continue the pursuit with a greatly reduced force, consisting of fifty armed constabulary, a few volunteers, and about sixty friendly Maoris. Up the bed of the Ruakituri river the force marched, finding camp after camp of the Hauhaus; and at length, on the evening of August 8th, when the men were thoroughly exhausted, the enemy, some 250 strong, were found posted in the Ruakituri gorge.



file up the narrow gorge, and on rounding a bend were suddenly received with a volley from the Hauhaus, who were posted only fifty yards away. No damage was done, and the advanced guard managed to get under cover; but the main force, which stood in a long line in the river bed, was more exposed to a raking fire from Te Kooti's men, who lined the base of the hill and river bend. Several men were killed, and Captain Tuke was severely wounded in an attempt to scale the banks and get the force out of the trap in which it was caught.

The advanced guard could not be supported, and being hotly pursued by the enemy, was forced to leave its shelter in the thick scrub and fall back on the main body, its leader, Captain Carr, and Mr. Canning, a volunteer, being killed in this retreat.

Having got rid of the advanced party, Te

Kooti quickly worked down on the main body through the scrub, and very nearly succeeded in cutting off its retreat. In this onslaught he was himself, however, shot in the foot, and this wound affected his health for the remainder of his life. The friendly natives under Henare Tomoana now beat a retreat, leaving the Pakehas to their fate; and seeing that they were greatly outnumbered, the latter also fell back, and after awaiting further attack at an island a mile and a half in the rear of the gorge, finally retreated to their camp at Te Reinga. Only a few of the strongest men reached the camp that night, however; the rest, utterly exhausted and almost starving, lay down in their tracks and passed a miserable night in the desolate bush—rain falling in torrents on their unsheltered and emaciated bodies.

The loss of the assailants was five killed and five wounded, while Te Kooti had eight men killed and three wounded—one of the latter being himself as stated above.

The indomitable Maori had now won his third fight, and disdaining to retreat any further, he formed a camp at Puketapa, near the scene of the fight, and occupied it from August 8th to October 28th, during which time he proclaimed himself saviour of the Maori people, and sent messengers all over the North Island urging the tribes to rise and join him.

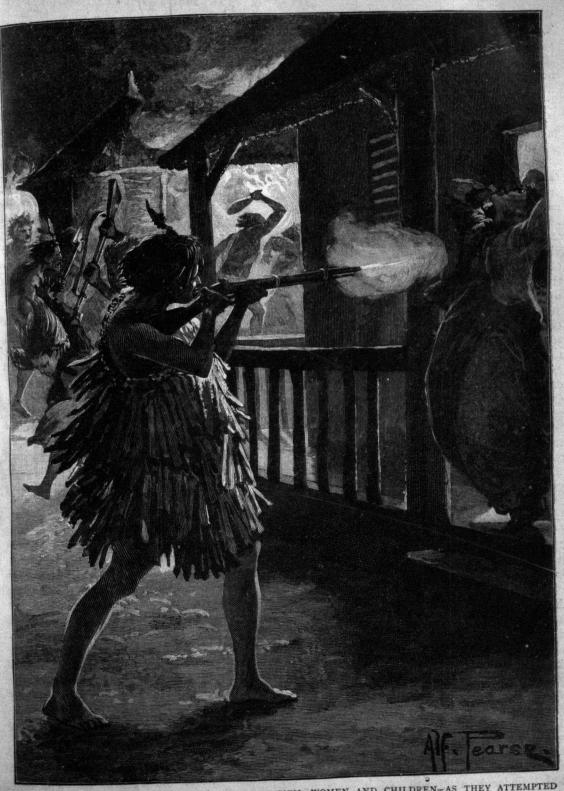
Their defeat at the Ruakituri gorge was a fatal one for the Europeans, for it reduced their prestige amongst the Maoris, increased Te Kooti's mana (or fame), and caused that leader to give up his idea of retreating to some safe place where he could live in peace, and substitute for it a scheme of relentless war against the Pakehas, whom he evidently hoped to exterminate altogether. The dreadful massacres which followed, and which have made Te Kooti's name execrated in New Zealand, would probably never have taken place if the Ruakituri affair had inflicted a severe check on the daring Maori. That Te Kooti was a cruel and heartless man has already been shown by his treatment of his luckless old relative on the Rifleman, and here a later atrocity of his may be mentioned.

Shortly after Paparatu, Colonel Whitmore despatched an orderly, named Brown, to Wairoa; but unfortunately for himself the man was intercepted by the Hauhaus, and brought before Te Kooti, who ordered his instant execution. He was shot, and his body, with that of his dog, was thrown into a ditch, where some days later

Colonel Whitmore's pursuing column found the remains.

Being left unmolested, Te Kooti occupied himself in constructing a pah at Puketapa, in extending his influence amongst his followers. and in securing recruits. In this last matter he was very successful. Te Waru and Reihana, chiefs of the upper Wairoa tribes, joined him secretly while pretending friendship to the white man, and Nama, with forty men of the Temaionarangi tribe, joined him openly. Rigid discipline was kept up in Puketapa by Te Kooti, who would not even allow his men to eat or smoke except at stated times. "There is a time for all things," he said. His punishment for disobedience was death, and such ascendancy had he acquired over his turbulent followers that they dared not dispute his orders openly, but being well-nigh starving, would often steal from the pah into the open, where they would shoot their horses for food. No better proof of Te Kooti's wonderful force of character could be found than the fact that he kept together at Puketapa some hundreds of turbulent Maoris under conditions of discomfort, and such privation, that when he finally broke camp and started on his great raid, some of his men dropped in their tracks and died from the sheer weakness of starvation, their skeletons being found long afterwards by the Europeans. Te Kooti would allow no interference with his authority in Puketapa, and a Uriwera chief who resented his dictation found himself in a position of danger and fled from the pah, only to be pursued, brought back, and slain by the ruthless Te Kooti. After this none dared to question his authority, and he stood the acknowledged leader. The position he held at Puketapa enabled him to descend with ease either on the settlements at Poverty Bay or those at Te Wairoa, and as it was known that he had vowed vengeance on the Pakehas, much anxiety was felt by the settlers. Men were set to watch the tracks by which the Hauhaus might come, but Major Biggs seemed lulled into a state of false security, and a movement at Poverty Bay to erect a fort, or place of strength, to which the settlers could retire in the event of attack, fell through, and Te Kooti met with no opposition when he arrived.

By the end of October he had completed all his arrangements, and his terrible raid on Poverty Bay commenced. Setting out with his half-starved force from Puketapa, and having with him many of the Uriwera tribe in whose country he then was, he marched to Pahekeheke,



"THE HAUHAUS SHOT OR BAYONETED THEM-MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN-AS THEY ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE' (\$6. 270).

where he was joined by the chiefs Nama and Te Waru and their men, and thence the united force swept down on the plains. Many of Te Kooti's half-starved men were very weak, so he left his main body at Pukepuke with the women and children, continuing his march with about 200 of the strongest men. The village of Patutahi was captured, and its people forced to join the Hauhaus, who next moved on to the white settlement at Matawhero.

At midnight on the 8th of November, 1868 (some say the 9th of November), the Hauhaus crossed the Patutahi ford and entered the settlement. The first house they reached was that of Mr. Wylie, and the owner was seen seated by a table writing; but Te Kooti felt so sure of this victim, whom he specially hated, that he determined to deal with the other settlers first and then return for Wylie. The Hauhaus now broke up into parties, and, going to house after house, roused the settlers, and then shot or bayoneted them-men, women, and children-as they attempted to escape. To give the details of the massacre would be impossible in the compass of a brief chapter, but what happened in the case of Major Biggs-the unfortunate victim of overconfidence-may be related as showing the modus operandi of the Hauhaus. When the latter reached Biggs's house, they knocked at the door as if they were peaceful visitors, and the owner asked them what they wanted. "We want to see you," they replied; and Biggs suspected that the long-dreaded raid had come. He opened the door, at the same time calling to his wife to escape by the back, but she refused to leave him. The Hauhaus fired, and the Major fell dead on his own verandah. They then rushed in, and tomahawked Mrs. Biggs, her baby, and the servant.

Captain Wilson's case may be quoted, for, though similar to Major Biggs's in most respects, it yet exhibits the treachery of the Hauhaus in a stronger light. Wilson defended his house with a revolver, and the assailants thereupon adopted the easy plan of burning him out. They set fire to the house at either end, and then offered to spare the lives of Wilson and his family if he would surrender without further opposition. He did not set much value on their promises. but, as the alternative was being burned alive, he accepted the offer, and, with his servant, a man named Moran, was led towards the river bank. Suddenly a Hauhau rushed at Moran and killed him with a blow from a hatchet, and at the same moment Captain Wilson was shot

in the back. Mrs. Wilson and the children were then bayoneted, but one little boy escaped, and, concealed in the scrub, was witness to the awful tragedy. Poor Mrs. Wilson was not killed, though she was repeatedly stabbed, and beaten with the butts of muskets; and, after the murderers had gone, she managed to crawl to the barn, where her little boy fed her with eggs as best he could, and kept her alive for seven days till relief came. But her wounds were too severe and the shock of the tragedy too great for recovery to be possible, and she died shortly afterwards at Napier.

The work of slaughtering and plundering went on during the night and early morning, and was continued throughout the district at intervals for two days until twenty-nine Europeans and thirty-two friendly natives had been slain, and the terrified survivors fled to Gisborne, whence the women and children were shipped to Napier; and the men fortified the place in daily expectation of attack, but none was made. Te Kooti, contenting himself with what he had done and with looting and burning the houses of the settlers, finally retreated with great piles of plunder heaped up on the carts taken from the unhappy settlers.

Here may be related what had happened in the case of Mr. Wylie, whom Te Kooti had fondly hoped to "make sure of" on the first night of the massacre. Alarmed by the sounds of firing, Wylie and some other settlers had managed to make good their escape; and, when the Hauhau leader returned for his cherished vengeance, he found the house empty and his hoped-for victim flown. Raging, he searched the house, and, finding some promissory notes signed with Wylie's name, he proceeded to eat them, under the delusion that they were money belonging to Wylie, whom he determined to injure in some way if he could not kill him. He had hopes of a more satisfactory vengeance yet, however; and, flinging himself on his horse and followed by twenty mounted men, he dashed off in the direction he believed the fugitives had taken. Galloping up to the native village by the ford on the river, he ordered the chief, Tutari, to point out the way the settlers had gone; but the brave old man refused to do so, whereupon the infuriated Te Kooti ordered him to be killed with his two children, which bloody deed was performed before the eyes of the wife and mother, who in turn was threatened with death if she did not give the information required. She saved her life by pointing out the direction,

and, swearing that he would cut little pieces off Wylie when he caught him, Te Kooti galloped off with his savage followers, all drunk with liquor and slaughter, and ripe for even more horrible atrocities than they had yet committed. When they had gone several miles, however, they learned that the woman had outwitted them and set them on the wrong track, and, furious, they returned to the settlement, while Wylie and the other escapees made their way to a place of refuge.

The savage Poverty Bay massacre naturally made Te Kooti the best-hated man in all New Zealand - by Europeans and friendly Maoris alike-and from that time on, for several years, a fierce and determined pursuit of him over mountains, rivers, and lakes, through bush, swamp-land and fern, was maintained by whites and natives; but though always outnumbered, repeatedly surrounded, hungry, wounded, and ill-supplied with ammunition, he escaped again and again, and fighting ever, retreated from fastness to fastness, and eluding his pursuers, swooped down on distant settlements, bringing murder and ruin in his train, till his name became a veritable terror to the young colony, to whose financial burdens he was adding at the rate of five hundred pounds a day. "One thousand pounds a day" was the cost of the Maori wars at this date, and of this sum Te Kooti must have been responsible for fully one-half, if not more.

Within a few days of the massacre, Lieutenant Gascoigne collected a force of Europeans at Turanganui (Gisborne), and was joined by Henare Potae and his friendly Maoris, and a week later by Major Westrupp and Captain Tuke, who came from Napier with 300 friendly Maoris.

The force set out for Matawhero, where the melancholy duty of burying the bodies of those slain by the Hauhaus was performed, and then marched in hot pursuit of Te Kooti. On November 21st his rear-guard was overtaken at Patutahi, and two of them were shot. Quantities of loot which the Hauhaus had been unable to carry away were found here, and also the dead bodies of friendly Maoris shot by Te Kooti's orders.

At Pukepuke more bodies were found, and the carts and sledges of the murdered settlers. The trail grew warm, and on the evening of November 23rd the pursuers came up with the main body of the Hauhaus on the Te Karetu Creek. A furious fire was at once opened, but the assailants were beaten back with a loss of

five killed and twelve wounded, amongst the former being Hamuera Teiroa and Karauria, two chiefs of the friendlies. Twenty Hauhaus were killed, but the enemy held the position, and the assailants were obliged to retire to a ridge twelve hundred yards from the Hauhaus, who were strongly entrenched.

Rifle-pits were pushed towards the entrenchments, and for a whole week heavy and continuous firing was kept up, and a number of men on both sides were killed and wounded. Te Kooti now executed one of his daring outflanking movements, and sixty of his men under Baker, the half-caste, captured the base of the attacking force's supplies at Patutahi, carried off eight kegs of ammunition and a quantity of provisions, and so alarmed the force at Te Karetu that the attack was on the point of being relinquished; but on December 1st powerful reinforcements arrived from Te Wairoa-namely, 370 friendly Maoris, under the renowned chief Ropata-and on the following morning a fierce attack was made on the Hauhau entrenchments. Forty Wairoa natives, under the command of Mr. Preece, commenced the assault, and being presently aided by the Ngatiporu, under Ropata, drove the Hauhaus out of two lines of entrenchments into their last line of rifle-pits on the creek. The toils had now closed about Te Kooti, and it seemed as if an early vengeance for the Poverty Bay massacre was to be taken. Three columns of attack were formed, the Wairoas on the left, Ngatiporu in the centre, and Napier tribes on the right, and a furious rush was made for the Hauhaus' last position. They stood for a moment, but the fury of the attack was too much for them, and they broke and fled across the river, under a terrible flanking fire from the left column, which killed thirtyfour and wounded many more. This flanking fire, however, saved Te Kooti, for the Ngatiporu were unable to cross it in pursuit, and Te Kooti, weak, worn, and lame from the wound in his foot received at Ruakituri, was carried up the river bed on a woman's back! and got clear away, though hundreds thirsting for his blood were just behind. What would have happened to him had he been captured may be judged by what occurred in the case of Nama, his ally, who was wounded, but taken alive. His complicity in the Poverty Bay massacres and other atrocities had rendered him particularly objectionable to the Wairoa and Ngatiporu friendlies, and they settled all scores by roasting him over a slow fire, the Europeans "looking the other

way "apparently. Fourteen dead Hauhaus were found in a single pool in the river, and one of these was floating with his face out of the water in such a singular manner that Hami Tapeka, a Ngatiporu, was much surprised, and gently prodded the "corpse" with his bayonet. "It"



TE KOOTI.

started up out of the water very much alive, and would have escaped but for the prompt action of Hami, who made certain of matters this time by an ounce ball from his musket.

In this action two Europeans were wounded, in addition to the casualties amongst the friend-lies. After this severe defeat Te Kooti made good his escape to a pah which seems to have been previously prepared, on the highest point of the bush-clad mountain of Ngatapa.

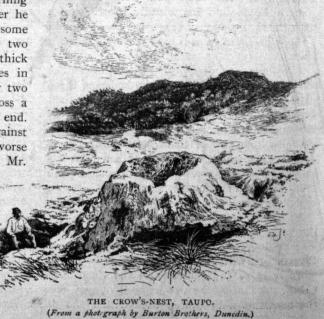
This pah Ropata discovered on the morning after the fight, and on the 5th of December he proceeded to attack it with his tribe and some Wairoa natives under Mr. Preece. For two miles the force wound upwards through thick bush, and then suddenly found themselves in front of the pah, which was defended by two lines of strong earthworks extending across a small flat and resting on a cliff at each end. The position was, in fact, impregnable against such a small force; and to make matters worse many of Ropata's men retreated, leaving Mr.

Preece and a few men to make the attack, which they gallantly did, and actually stormed the outer earthwork, but were ultimately forced to retreat. Ropata was in such a towering rage with the men who had deserted him that he refused to have anything more to do with them, and was retreating in dudgeon to the coast when he met Colonel

Whitmore with 300 constabulary marching to his relief.

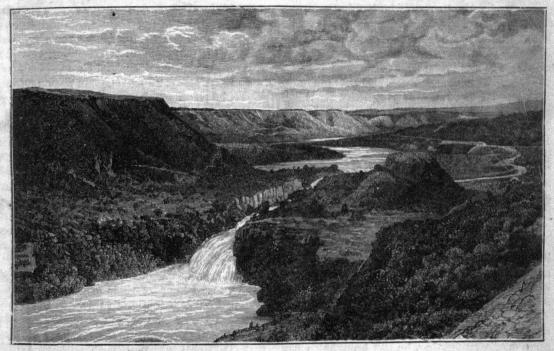
Even then he would not turn back, but promised to return later with recruits, and Whitmore went on alone. His scouts brought in news that Te Kooti was burning his whares (huts) on Ngatapa, and rashly concluding that this was but a prelude to retreat, Colonel Whitmore drew off his forces to the coast, whereupon the ever-vigilant Te Kooti, well served by his spies, swooped down from his mountain on the settlements, where he killed young Mr. Wylie (son of his old enemy), Mr. Fergusson, and a friendly Maori, and plundered various homes. Hearing of this raid, Colonel Whitmore endeavoured to cut off Te Kooti's retreat; but the skilful Maori easily eluded him, and retired again to his fortress on Ngatapa, which he strengthened, and then calmly awaited attack.

On December 24th Colonel Whitmore marched on Ngatapa, and on the 30th was joined by Ropata with 370 friendlies. Te Kooti had chosen his position well. Ngatapa was a conical hill rising to a height of 2,000 feet from a mass of bush-clad hills, and was crowned by the pah, which was defended in front by three lines of earth and fern-tree parapets, with ditches in front in the European style. These parapets abutted on steep scarped slopes at either end; the outer line was about 250 yards long and seven feet high; the second line was shorter as



the peak contracted; the third line was a huge work fourteen feet high, and dotted all over with loopholes formed with sandbags, through which loopholes the enemy could fire with but little risk of being injured themselves. Each line was joined to the next by protected passages, through which the defenders could retire. The rear of the work was situated on an almost perpendicular cliff, and altogether Ngatapa would have been a formidable position for the best-disciplined troops to attack, especially when

Ropata attacked the pah from the rear with fifty picked men, and in the teeth of the defenders this division commenced to scale the cliff, a heavy fire being kept up by the Hauhaus and replied to by a large force of European and Maori coverers. Finally, with a loss of eight men, Ropata's stormers climbed the cliff, broke into the trenches, and seized the first line of defence. Te Kooti was now apparently doomed, for he was surrounded on all sides save one—a nearly precipitous cliff—by a force greatly out-



IN THE TAUPO COUNTRY. (Photo, Warren.)

held by such a bold and skilful leader as Te Kooti,

On January 1st, 1869, the assault was commenced with spirit, and in a very brief space the only supply of water available for the defenders was captured. Rifle pits were carried within 100 yards of the outer line of defence, and the artillery having brought up a mortar opened a hot fire with shells which had to be carried on men's backs for a distance of three miles over a country of extreme roughness. The siege was pressed vigorously, and a very heavy fire was kept up on both sides, Captain Brown of No. 7 constabulary division being shot dead on the 2nd, and Captain Capel being seriously wounded on the 3rd. On the 4th

numbering his hungry and weakened band. He had very little food, and no water at all, for several days, and would have been obliged to surrender but for rain opportunely setting in and enabling the defenders to catch sufficient water in blankets and shirts to keep themselves alive.

A storming party, 200 strong, formed in the trench taken by Ropata, and sat down to wait for morning, but at 2 a.m. a Maori woman within the pah called out that *Te Kooti had gone!* And so he had, with all his men and women, except those wounded. In the morning it was found that the defenders had slipped away by means of the one unguarded and supposedly impassable side, and were now miles off in the

bush. The enraged Ropata at once set out in pursuit, and, as the Hauhaus from want of food were obliged to break up into small parties, he captured 120, all of whom he summarily shot; but Te Kooti and many of his men easily escaped and proceeded to visit the Uriwera tribe, with whom they remained unmolested for some time.

A number of his men returned to their homes, and the indignation of the settlers became extreme when they saw red-handed Poverty Bay murderers walking about unmolested in their midst; and a Mr. Benson, who had lost relatives in the massacre, openly shot a Maori whom he knew to have had a hand in the murders of his friends. Next day Benson was requested by a constable to sit as a juror in the inquest held on the Maori's body. "But I shot him," said Benson. "I have nothing to do with that," replied the guardian of the peace; "all I have to do is to find jurymen, and if you don't attend, I'll summon you!" Benson then proceeded with eleven other intelligent jurymen to try himself, and, having gone into the box and given evidence against himself, he, with the others, retired to consider the verdict, which was soon found, and ran as follows:-" Shot by some person unknown, and serve him right!"

The foregoing pages will give a fair idea of Te Kooti's fighting methods, wonderful skill, and great hardihood, and space will only permit of a hurried glance at the remainder of his stirring career.

In April, 1869, operations were recommenced against him and his allies, the Uriweras. After some desultory fighting, he was brought to bay at Tauaroa by Major Mair and 400 men; but again he escaped in the night with all his men, and early in May swooped down on Mohaka on the coast, and, taking the Huka pah by treachery and courage combined, killed there in cold blood seven Europeans and fifty-seven Maoris, and looted the whole settlement. He nearly lost his own life here, however, for Heta, one of the defenders of the pah, when he recognised the Hauhau's treachery, said, "If I die, you die too," and, raising his rifle, fired point-blank at Te Kooti, who was, however, saved by one of his men, who struck up the muzzle. Heta was at once shot, and a general massacre followed.

Te Kooti next besieged the pah Hiruharama, but this held out gallantly, though it was largely garrisoned by little Maori boys and girls, who had to stand on boxes or mounds of earth in order to fire over the parapet. Trooper Hill and a few Maoris managed to charge through Te Kooti's men and supplement the garrison of the pah. All night Hill, curiously armed with a double-barrelled gun, a rifle, and a long spear, stood at a threatened angle of the pah, physically supported by two full-grown men, two little boys, and three girls, and morally supported by the Maori parson of the pah, who "came round every hour and prayed for his success," says the historian. Provisions were very short, and, having received in forty-eight hours (as a great favour) from his Maori friends a pannikin of tea, one apple, and a biscuit, Sergeant Hill was not sorry when Te Kooti's bugles sounded the retreat, and the siege was raised. For his conduct in defending this pah Hill received the New Zealand Cross.

Te Kooti's next murderous raid was on Opepe, where, by treachery, he cut off from their arms and slew nine European troopers.

He then withdrew to Taupo, and was joined by the chief Te Heu-heu, and it was feared that Tawhiao, the Maori king, would join him with the powerful Waikato tribes, so the Government put a price of five hundred pounds on Te Kooti's head, and offered five pounds for every rebel Maori captured and one pound for every Maori killed in fair fight, a policy politely deprecated by the British Minister for the Colonies. Earl Granville, but defended by the New Zealanders, who reproached Britain with deserting them in the hour of their greatest need, and hinted at a determination to throw off allegiance to that country and seek assistance from the United States of America. It must be recollected that Te Kooti was dealt with without British assistance, which had been freely accorded in the earlier Maori wars.

Te Kooti was pursued with the most unrelenting vigour, and to describe all his hairbreadth escapes would be impossible in a few pages.

On October 3rd, 1869, he was defeated at Pourere by Colonel McDonnell, with a loss of seventy men, and was himself severely wounded by a ball which struck him as he was taking a cap for his rifle from his waistcoat pocket. The bullet wounded the thumb and forefinger, cut the third finger clean off, and then passed through the fleshy part of his side. He retreated into the King country, but was after a time forced to leave by the Waikatos, and was again surrounded; but just when his capture seemed certain, he eluded his pursuers and made one of his raids on a native settlement on the Wanganui River. Hotly pursued by 600 men, he was next heard

of near the settlement of Cambridge in the Waikato, and from this place he wrote to the Government asking for peace; but there was to be no peace for him—just yet, at all events—and Colonel McDonnell, with a force of 600 Maoris and Europeans, was soon on the trail. On January 24th, 1870, McDonnell defeated Te Kooti, who was posted in a strong position at Tapapa, and shortly afterwards surrounded his supposed retreat with nearly 800 men, but in a few days word was brought that Te Kooti was at Kuruni, many miles away.

All through February the pursuit was kept up, and short of provisions, worn and exhausted, Te Kooti seemed in desperate case, but he managed to reach the Uriwera country in safety, and in this wild country the pursuit could not be continued for lack of provisions, and once more the

hunted Maori gained a respite.

Not for long, however, for the Maori chiefs, Ropata, Te Kepa, and Topia, in the pay of the Government, with their men, were close to him early in April, but before they could come up with him he swooped down on the Opape settlements and carried off 170 friendly Maoris and also forty guns, some ammunition and provisions, of which he stood much in need. He then retired to a pah at Maraetahi, but on April 24th this was captured by the pursuers, and Te Kooti lost eighteen men killed, many who were taken prisoners, and a great reserve store of ammunition which he had "planted" near the pah.

He retreated to the wild bush country of Te Wera on the borders of Uriwera, and thence suddenly made a raid on Tolgoa Bay with forty or fifty men. Here he killed several friendly Maoris, and was instantly pursued by a mixed force of Europeans from Poverty Bay and friendly natives. Traced to Mauganahau, his camp was completely surrounded, and some of the Europeans got within thirty yards of it and plainly saw Te Kooti—whom they well knew and hated. They could easily have shot him, but it was thought better to wait till morning and capture all in the camp.

In the end one of the friendly Maoris fired his musket as if accidentally, but undoubtedly with the intention of warning Te Kooti, for whom almost all the natives had a sneaking regard, and in a moment the much-sought-for chief had vanished in the bush, though his wife Huhaua was captured.

Te Kooti was now left in peace till January, 1871, when Ropata once more set out in search of him in his forest lair in Te Wera, and on the

25th of that month the column reached the watershed between the two coasts. As an example of the difficulties encountered by those who pursued Te Kooti, the following extract from Mr. Gudgeon's work may be given:—

"Te Rakiora, late Hauhau and personal friend of Te Kooti, acted as guide, and although he was travelling in his own country, so dense was the forest that he lost his way continually, rendering frequent halts necessary that he might climb trees so as to get the general direction of their march. Nothing could be worse than the travelling through this country. Thick scrubby bush, interlaced with supplejacks, covered the hillsides, which were excessively steep, so that for days the column had to follow the narrow beds of mountain torrents, over slippery rocks, where a false step might be fatal, for each man carried nearly forty pounds of biscuits, besides blankets, ammunition, etc. None of these things could be replaced in a black birch forest, where a rat can barely live, and where the traveller will hardly ever hear bird or insect."

The truth of this description can be vouched for by those who, like the present writer, are familiar with the New Zealand bush.

After following Te Kooti's traces through this terrible country till the 2nd of March, Ropata's men, who had been living on hinau berries for some days, knocked up, and he had to relinquish the pursuit, but took it up only a week or two later. This time he found a cave, in which Te Kooti had hidden six rifles, two watches, and some money, but the owner was not seen, though defiant letters from him were found in one or two of his lairs. In June, 1871, four parties resumed the pursuit, the leader of one being a European—Captain Porter; but they were down to hinau berries again by the middle of July, and had to return.

In August the pursuit was resumed in two columns, and this time Captain Porter and Henare Potae surrounded at night Te Kooti's camp, in the wildest part of the Uriwera country, and lay on their arms waiting for light. A dog scented the ambush and barked; a woman, who was recognised as Te Kooti's wife Olivia, chased it with a stick, and at the same time Te Kooti's voice was heard asking what had alarmed the dog. "Nothing," said someone, and again all was quiet. Surely they had him now!

No; the inevitable warning musket was fired, Te Kooti shouted "Ko Ngatiporu, tenei kia whai morehu" (It is the Ngatiporu, save yourselves), and hurling himself bodily through the back

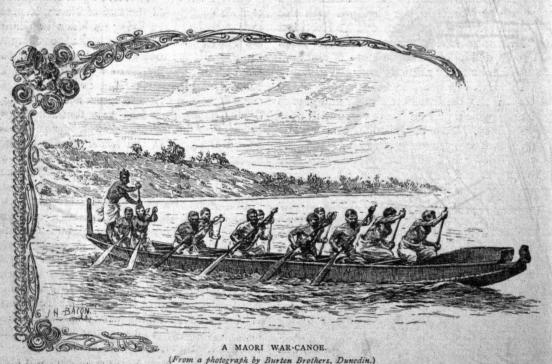
wall of his hut (he was far too wary to escape by the door, which he knew would be watched), he disappeared in the bush, and never again did European or friendly Maori have a chance of securing vengeance for all Te Kooti's bloody deeds and outrages. He escaped across the Taupo plains to the King country. His mana was now great, both as a fighting-man and a preacher, and the powerful Waikatos rallied round him in such numbers that it was hopeless for the Government to continue the pursuit, which would have involved them in a general war with the natives. At this time the reward for Te Kooti's apprehension was £5,000, and this remained in force till 1883, or for nearly twelve years after his escape, during which time he lived peaceably in the territories of Tawhiao, the Maori king. In 1883 he was pardoned by the Government, and from that time to his death lived quietly at his settlement-Otema, on the Waipa river-of which a writer in the New Zealand Graphic says :-

"Otema was, perhaps, without exception, the fairest sample of what discipline and good

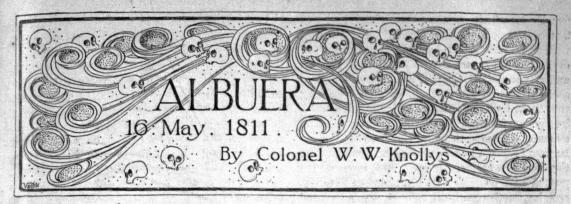
white was a first profile that

management will effect, even amongst Maoris The whares were well built and clean, the fertile soil under careful and systematic cultivation. the people observed very regular habits in their domestic duties . . . under Te Kooti's supervision. At the settlement hospitality was shown to European visitors by Te Kooti himself."

The old guerilla's health was completely broken down towards the end, as a result of the terrible privations of his warlike years. He was bowed down and prematurely aged, and was afflicted with a harassing cough and constant asthma. How many men could have lived through his experiences at all, though? He avoided those Europeans who regarded him as an object of vulgar curiosity, but "his bent and battle-worn figure, and his straggling white beard, with a slouch hat on his head, were familiar to many colonists whose business brought them into contact with him." He died at the age of about sixty, in April, 1893, at Ohima, on the east coast, when "his once turbulent spirit passed away on the evening-tide "-the tai po, as the Maoris say. The old Maoris liked to "go down with the sun."



(From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)



HE battle of Albuera, because of its sanguinary nature, and the fact that Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, has enwreathed its memory with some of his most picturesque sentences, stands out as one of the prominent and popular episodes of war. If the eloquent Napier has described it so ably, it may be asked, why repeat a well-told tale? Napier, though anxious to be just and accurate, often allowed himself to be influenced by prejudices for or against corps and persons, and has not been free from this defect in his account of Albuera. Many think that he displayed prejudice, not to say virulence, towards Beresford; and, as a matter of fact, a violent and heated controversy between the commander and the historian followed the publication of the "Peninsular War."

Before we come to the battle and the events which led up to it, let us glance for a moment at the antecedents and personalities of the two opponents, Marshal Soult and Lord—then Sir William—Beresford.

Soult, universally recognised as one of the ablest of Napoleon's lieutenants, born in 1769, was the eldest son of a provincial notary. Fairly well brought up, he was destined for the law; but his father's death, when he was still only a boy, caused the idea to be abandoned. He is said by some to have been of Jewish origin; but we can find no confirmation of the statement. In 1785 he enlisted in the regiment of "Royal Infantry," and, thanks to his education, he became six years later a sergeant. The revolution gave him an opening, and, in 1791, he was appointed instructor to the 1st Bartalion of the Volunteers of the Bas Rhin. He soon obtained the rank of adjutant-general, and in 1794, after the battle of Fleurus, he was made general of brigade. During the following four years he saw much service in Germany under Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber,

and Lefebvre. In 1799, promoted to general of division, he distinguished himself in Massena's Swiss campaign, especially at the battle of Zürich. In the following year he was second in command to Massena when that general conducted his magnificent defence of Genoa. In 1802 he was appointed one of the four generals holding the position of colonel in the Consular Guard. Though one of Moreau's officers he was discreet, acute, and pliable enough to attach himself to his old chief's rival, Napoleon; and in 1803 was given by the latter the command of the camp of Boulogne. In 1804 he was one of the first marshals created, and in the following year mainly contributed to the victory of Austerlitz. He subsequently greatly distinguished himself in Germany and Spain; and when, in 1813, Wellington was about to invade France, he was sent to withstand him, and carried out an offensive-defensive campaign with remarkable energy and ability. At the first abdication of Napoleon, Marshal Soult—Duke of Dalmatia—declared himself a royalist, and was appointed Minister of War by Louis XVIII. On the emperor's return from Elba Soult joined him, and was major-general-or chief of the staff-during the Waterloo Campaign. On the second restoration of Louis XVIII. Soult was exiled, but was, after a short time, allowed to return to France, was re-created marshal in 1820, and again played the part of a fervent royalist. After 1830 he became a partisan of constitutional royalty; but in 1848 he again changed, and was once more a republican. This was his last tergiversation, for in 1851 he died. The Duke of Wellington had a great respect for his talents as a commander, and was doubly cautious when opposed to him.

Beresford, the illegitimate son of the first Marquis of Waterford, was born in 1768. Having spent a year at the military academy of Strasburg, he was in 1785 gazetted ensign to the 6th Foot, which regiment he joined in Nova Scotia. While out shooting in that colony, he met with an accident which caused the loss of his left eye. He took part in the defence of Toulon, and also served in Corsica, but it could not be said that during his first ten years of soldiering that he had gained much experience in the field. Ten years, however, from the date of his first commission, and at the early age of twenty-seven, he found himself lieutenant-colonel commanding the 88th Regiment. Money and interest had pushed him on. In 1800 he landed in Bombay, and, having become full colonel, was appointed brigadier in the force despatched to Egypt under Sir David Baird. When, however, after a long voyage and a terrible march across the desert Sir David arrived at Cairo, the struggle was over. In Sir David Baird's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope Beresford accompanied his old chief as brigadier, but in the conquest of the Dutch dependency he saw no fighting.

In the following year, however, Sir Home Popham, without any orders from Government, prevailed on Sir David to send a small force with him to effect the conquest of Buenos Ayres. Beresford obtained the command of the land forces, which were brought up by troops at St. Helena to 1,025 men, besides a naval brigade, Ascending the river Plate, he 800 strong. landed twelve miles from that city on June 26th, behaved with the audacity and courage of a Cortez, and was everywhere victorious. On the day of disembarkation he drove off an opposing force, capturing four guns, and on the morrow entered the city, expelling its garrison of Spanish militia. The Spaniards, however, rallied from the blow, and, collecting troops, compelled Beresford, after a short struggle in which he showed the personal courage for which he was always conspicuous, to capitulate. Arriving in England, he was fortunate enough to find that the enthusiasm at his original success had not been altogether extinguished by his subsequent ill-fortune. Promoted to the rank of major-general, he was sent to hold Madeira for Portugal. A year later he was ordered to Portugal and commanded a brigade in Sir John Moore's glorious but unfortunate campaign. In 1809 he was appointed to the command of the Portuguese army. It was not an unsuitable appointment. He was in the prime of life, was of commanding stature and fine presence, had seen-if not much actual fighting-a great deal of active service, was a good disciplinarian, and possessed some acquaintance with the Portuguese and their language. His success in organising and disciplining the Portuguese army is universally admitted. He took part in the campaign of 1809 in Northern Portugal, and in September, 1810, was present at Busaco. In December of that year, Hill having gone home on sick leave, Beresford was given by Wellington the command of the Anglo-Portuguese troops on the left bank of the Tagus. At the end of the following March he was ordered to relieve Campo Maior and besiege Olivenza and Badajoz. His force consisted of 20,000 infantry. 2,000 cavalry, and eighteen guns. His enterprise opened well. It is true that Campo Major had been captured by the French on March 21st. but Beresford, thinking that he might surprise the captors, moved towards it on the 23rd. On the 25th his advanced guard, consisting of cavalry supported by some infantry under that gallant and capable man Colonel Colborne-afterwards Lord Seaton-who commanded a brigade in the second division, arrived unexpectedly in sight of the town.

Latour-Maubourg, learning that the British were close at hand, evacuated the place in haste and confusion, his force consisting of some 1,200 cavalry, three battalions, a few horse-artillery guns, and a battering-train of thirteen pieces. The advanced guard followed in hot pursuit, Colborne being on the right at some distance, while the 13th Light Dragoons, under Colonel Head, supported by two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry under Colonel Otway, took the shortest line. The heavy cavalry, i.e. the 3rd Dragoons and 5th Dragoon Guards, under Major-General the Hon. Sir William Lumley, were mustered on the left, but at first close up. With the 13th Light Dragoons, Colonel Head had only five troops with an aggregate of 203 of all ranks with him, one troop being detached to skirmish. When he drew near, two bodies of French cavalry appeared from the rear of their infantry, one body charging the Portuguese under Otway, the other the 13th. The former appear to have held their own, but there is no record of their performances. With respect to the 13th, they and their opponents charged with such fierceness that they rode right through each other, many men on both sides being dismounted in the collision. Both French and English sought at once to re-form, but the British being quicker, were among their adversaries before the latter had got into order, and a severe hand-to-hand fight ensued. One French squadron wheeled inwards and fell on the flank of the 13th, but were driven off. Finally the French cavalry,

though largely superior in number to those immediately opposed to them, were; for all practical nurposes, disposed of. The French infantry squares had with their fire taken part in the combat, but without any substantial effect. Disregarding this fire, the 13th, believing that they would be supported by the heavy cavalry, threw themselves on the French artillery, cutting many of them down, and then galloped forward in pursuit of the fugitives, partly of design with a view to cutting off the whole party, partly carried away by the excitement of their success. Reaching the bridge of Badajoz, they were fired on by the guns of the fortress, and obliged to fall back. On their 'return they encountered the flying French artillery. Sabring many drivers, they captured both guns and baggage. Continuing their retreat, the 13th found themselves in face of the unbroken French infantry and the remnants of the beaten French cavalry. Seeing no appearance of support, being now few in number, and men and horses alike being exhausted, the gallant Light Dragoons abandoned all, save one, of the captured guns, and, making a detour, escaped.

Their loss in this brilliant scuffle was 12 men killed and 33 of all ranks wounded, and 20 of all ranks missing, amounting to within a fraction of 30 per cent. of their total strength. The loss of the French on this occasion was 300 of all ranks killed, wounded, or prisoners. Among the killed was Colonel Chamarin, of the 26th Dragoons, who was slain in single combat by Corporal Logan, of the 13th. The corporal had killed two men of the French 26th Dragoons, which so enraged the colonel that he dashed forward and attacked him. Both adversaries were well mounted and good swordsmen, and seem to have been allowed to fight the matter out without aid or interference by their comrades. The deadly duel was short but sharp. Probably the hard hitting of the Englishman was too much for the scientific swordsmanship of the Frenchman, who, after the manner of his countrymen, preferred the point to the edge. Twice did the corporal cut the colonel across the face, and on the second occasion the latter's helmet came off, leaving his head exposed. The Englishman's opportunity had come, and with one mighty blow he nearly cleft the Frenchman's skull asunder, the edge of the sword passing through the brains as far as the nose.

It has been held that Beresford on this occasion neglected to follow up this success. His excuse was that it was reported to him that the 13th had been cut off; he would not therefore risk further loss in his small force of cavalry by allowing the Heavy Dragoons to charge. The information was incorrect, and even had it been accurate surely the last chance of saving the regiment would have been to have at all events made a demonstration with the two heavy regiments.

Though the affair had not been so successful as it might have been owing to Beresford's moral timidity, it must nevertheless have exercised a depressing effect on the French. Instead, however, of profiting by that effect and following up his blow, he contented himself with blockading Elvas, alleging the want of supplies, shoes, and bridging material. There never yet was wanting a plausible excuse for doing little or nothing. Be in this case, however, the argument valid or not, the effect was that the French had time given them for placing Badajoz in a state of defence.

Beresford, ordered by Lord Wellington to cross the Guadiana at Jerumenha, encountered great difficulty from the want of materials for a bridge. However, his commanding engineer, Captain Squire, was a man of energy and resource. With timber obtained from the neighbouring villages he constructed a trestle pier on each bank, filling the interval with five Spanish boats. The bridge was completed on the 3rd April, and the troops were assembled with a view to crossing at daybreak on the 4th. Unfortunately, during the night there was a freshet, which swept away the trestles and rendered the neighbouring ford impassable. No more materials were to be found. Squire, however, did not recognise the word "impossible." With the boats, therefore, he constructed a flying bridge for the cavalry and artillery, while with the few pontoons in his possession and some casks found in the neighbouring villages, he made a light bridge for the infantry. Beresford's force commenced the passage late on the 5th April, and by the evening of the 6th all the troops were across the river. On the 7th, Latour-Maubourg, who had hitherto occupied himself mainly in collecting food, forage, and money contributions, took the alarm, and advanced to prevent Beresford from crossing the Guadiana, but found his adversary not only over the river but occupying a strong position on the eastern side of it. The French commander was therefore compelled to fall back. Beresford was at this time either joined or came practically into close communication with several fragments of

the Spanish armies, but he was cautious, and prudently was not thereby stimulated into undertaking a vigorous campaign, for the success of which he would have been dependent on the loyal co-operation of allies whom a bitter experience had proved to be unreliable. He therefore constructed entrenchments at the bridge head, and directed that the bridge itself should be solidly reconstructed. Having taken these precautions to secure his communications, he invested Olivenza with a portion of his army, while with the remainder he advanced to Albuera.

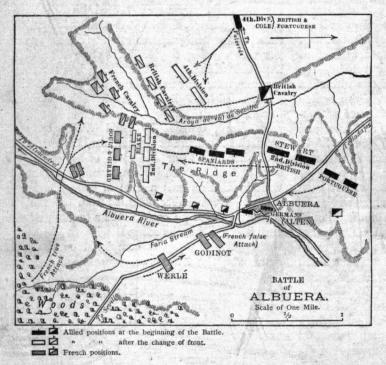
Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey. The accounts of this spirited cavalry action are very meagre. The numbers were about equal, but the French were broken and hunted for six miles with a loss in prisoners alone of 200 men, every attempt made to rally being baffled. The regimental records of the 13th Light Dragoons—which, by the way, claim all the merit for that regiment—says nothing about the casualties, but the records of the 3rd Dragoons admit some loss but say that it was "very little." That the 13th Light Dragoons were, if not chiefly, at all events hotly

engaged is proved by the fact that the French commander, whose gallantry excited the admiration of his opponents, was killed by Private James Beard of the regiment.

On the 18th April, Latour-Maubourg fell back to Guadal-About this time the army was joined by General Alten with his brigade of two light infantry battalions of the King's German Legion. On the 21st Lord Wellington himself arrived at Elvas, and Beresford hastened to meet him. The commander-in-chief, drawing the infantry nearer to Badajoz, demanded that the Spanish troops should cooperate in carrying on and covering the siege, and laid it down that, if Soult advanced to the relief of the place, he was to be fought at Albuera. The Spaniards, in accordance

with their usual practice, were slow in carrying out an agreement. Lord Wellington therefore hurried northward again in order to withstand Massena on the Agueda, leaving directions with Beresford that he was not to undertake the siege until he was reinforced by him or obtained the co-operation of the Spaniards.

After his departure Beresford fixed his headquarters at Almendralejos, and, finding that the French were sweeping the country between the two armies of forage, he sent Penne Villamur with a brigade of Spanish cavalry, reinforced by five squadrons, and Colonel Colborne with his brigade, to which had been added two Spanish guns and two squadrons, to put a stop to these French parties. Colborne and Penne Villamur not only accomplished this object, but also



On the 15th April Olivenza surrendered, on which Beresford advanced towards Zafra, his object being to drive Latour-Maubourg over the Sierra Morena and to cut off General Maransin, who, having defeated Ballasteros, was pursuing him towards Salvatierra. Receiving, however, information of the approach of the allies, Maransin managed to elude the columns which were threatening to prevent his retreat.

Whilst these movements were taking place, a smart cavalry action occurred on April 16th near Los Santos between two regiments of French cavalry, advancing from Llerena to collect contributions, and the British cavalry. The brigade consisted of the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Dragoons (now 3rd Hussars), and the 13th Light Dragoons, the brigadier being

induced Latour-Maubourg himself to fall back. On the 5th May, the Spaniards having at length consented to perform their part in the siege of Badajoz, the investment of the town was begun, and, being completed on the 7th, batteries and trenches were constructed with energy. Owing to the want of proper siege materials and a

of Badajoz, and on the 15th arrived at Santa Marta. Beresford's information was good, for on the night of the 12th of May he received intelligence of Soult's approach. He at once suspended all operations against Badajoz, and on the following day, in spite of the remonstrances of his engineers, he raised the siege under cover



"SABRING MANY DRIVERS, THEY CAPTURED BOTH GUNS AND BAGGAGE" (p. 279).

sufficient number of trained sappers and miners, the operations were carried on at a disadvantage and at the cost of much loss of life.

Soult, on the 10th May, started from Seville with the view of relieving the beleaguered fortress. He had with him 3,000 heavy dragoons, two regiments of light cavalry, a division of infantry, and a battalion of grenadiers. On the following day he was joined by Marasin, and on the 13th picked up Latour-Maubourg, who was at once appointed to the command of the heavy cavalry. On the 14th he was within thirty miles

of the 4th division and a body of Spaniards. On the same day, after a conference with Blake at Valverde, he finally decided on giving battle to Soult at Albuera, the Spanish commander promising to bring his army into line before noon on the 15th. On the morning of that day the British army occupied the left of the selected position, but there was no sign of the approach of Blake. About 3 p.m. on that day the whole of the allied cavalry came in hurriedly and in some confusion, closely followed by the French light cavalry. In plain English, the allied

cavalry were driven in, effecting their retreat in so unmilitary a fashion that they only sought to reach the main army, and abandoned the wooded heights in front of the position. Yet on two recent occasions the British cavalry brigade had displayed the most heroic valour, and the discredit of the manner in which Beresford's horsemen rejoined him may fairly be attributed to the incapacity of General Long, commanding the whole of the allied cavalry, who, feeling the responsibility too much for him, surrendered that day his command to General Lumley.

Beresford promptly formed a temporary right wing, and at once sent to hasten Blake and his own detached troops. Blake was so slow that his main body did not reach the ground till 11 p.m., and his rear-guard not till 3 a.m. on the 16th. Orders were at once sent to call in Cole and Madelen's Portuguese brigade. some mischance the message did not reach Madelen at once, but Cole with his two brigades, the infantry of the 5th Spanish army, and two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry, arrived at 6 a.m. on the 16th. The Spanish infantry joined Blake's army, the Portuguese cavalry joined Otway's brigade of Portuguese cavalry in advance of the left, while Cole formed up in rear of the 2nd division. Colonel Kemmis's brigade of the 4th division marched to join Beresford viâ Jerumenha, and consequently did not arrive till the 17th.

The position occupied by the allies consisted of a ridge about 41 miles long, having the Aroya de Val de Sevilla in rear and the Albuera river in front. In front of the right of the position of the allies was a wooded hill, lying in a fork formed by the junction of the Faria stream with the Albuera river. All these streams seem to have been easily passable above the village, but there was a bridge near Albuera in front of the left centre of the allies, where the road to Valverde crossed, and another where the same road crossed the Aroya de Val de Sevilla, commonly called in English descriptions Aroya. The position was first occupied as follows: -On the extreme left came General Hamilton's division of Portuguese with their left on the road, which at Albuera quits the Valverde road to go to Badajoz. On the right of the Portuguese came the 2nd division, under Major-General the Hon. W. Stewart, and consisting of the brigades of Colonel Colborne, Major-General Houghton, and Colonel the Hon. A. Abercrombie. On the extreme right, on the highest, broadest, steepest part of the position, were the Spaniards under

Blake. The allied cavalry were drawn up, the main body across the Valverde road in rear of the Aroya and the 2nd division. The remainder of the cavalry were distributed along the Albuera river from in front of the allies' right to a spot beyond the Badajos road and below the village of Albuera. Major-General Alten, with his brigade of Germans, held the village.

The numbers on both sides were approximately as follows: The allies at—Spaniards 12,000, Portuguese 8,000, British 7,500, guns 30; French, 20,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 40 guns.

About 9 a.m. on the 16th a heavy force of French light cavalry and Godinot's division of infantry were seen, accompanied by artillery, advancing to attack the bridge in front of the village of Albuera. This force was followed by Werle's division. The assailants were stoutly resisted by Alten's Light Brigade and the four guns of D Troop Royal Horse Artillery-two guns had been left at Lisbon-under Captain Lefebure. It soon became evident, however, that the real attack was on the right, not the left of the allies, for Werlé did not follow Godinot closely. Indeed, soon after 8 a.m., some French cavalry had issued from the Ilex wood, opposite the prolongation of the allies' right, and crossed the Albuera. Beresford therefore sent an order to Blake, as a measure of precaution, to form all his second and part of his first line on the broad elevated plateau running at right angles to the general direction of the allies position. He at the same time directed Stewart with the 2nd division to take ground to his right in order to support Blake. General Hamilton was ordered to move to his right and, while sending one brigade forward to support Alten at the village and bridge, to hold the other in readiness to carry assistance to any part of the field where it might be needed. The two Portuguese regiments of light infantry under Colonel Collins were attached to General Hamilton's division. The heavy cavalry, 3rd Dragoon Guards and 4th Dragoons, and D Battery Royal Horse Artillery under the personal direction of Major-General Hon. William Lumley, the brigadier being Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey, were placed on a small plain in rear of the magnificent brook called the Aroya de Val de Sevilla. The 4th division was drawn up in echelon to the cavalry about 100 yards to their left rear. The 13th Light Dragoons were posted above the bridge to watch the enemy, while Otway's cavalry were drawn up below the bridge on the extreme left watching the French.

Napier says that the Albuera was fordable both above and below the bridge, but there are other statements to the effect that below the bridge it was not fordable on that day. At all events, even if the French did not try and cross below the bridge, Otway was well posted to fall on their flank should they pass at the bridge.

While these changes of position were taking place, the rain came down and helped to screen the advance of the French infantry through the wood and over the Albuera on the right; but Beresford was soon shown clearly what the intentions of Soult were, for Werlé, leaving only a battalion of grenadiers and a few squadrons to watch. Otway, rapidly countermarched and hastened to join the main body of the French army, while the light cavalry, galloping along the bank of the Albuera, crossed it and placed themselves on the right of Latour-Maubourg's heavy cavalry. Godinot, however, continued the fight at the bridge either with the view of distracting the attention of the allies or watching for a chance to cross the river. Beresford, as soon as he saw Werlé's countermarch, rode in all haste to Blake, who, vain and punctilious, had refused to obey the first order carried by Colonel Hardinge, whom he told with great heat that the real attack was at the village and bridge. He had similarly disregarded a second message, and, when Beresford arrived in person, the Spaniards still occupied their original position. At this moment, however, the obstinate old don had it pointed out to him by a German officer on his staff that heavy French columns were appearing on his right. Yielding to the evidences of his eyesight, Blake proceeded to change front, but, to quote Napier's words, "with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction in person." Unfortunately, the movement was too late, and, before the Spaniards could be drawn up in order on the summit of the before-mentioned plateau, the French were upon them. Whatever may have been the conduct of the Spaniards later in the day, it is conceded that at this period of the battle they behaved gallantly, and fell back fighting and in fairly good order. Beresford strove to induce them to recapture the plateau, but failed; 'so ordered Stewart's division to pass through the Spaniards and drive away the French. Colborne's brigade was at the head of the division. It is difficult to ascertain in what formation the brigade advanced. We know that every regiment was in column of companies, but whether in a line of contiguous columns or in mass, i.e.

one regiment in rear of another, we cannot say. Colborne, a cool, skilful, and experienced soldier, wished to deploy before ascending the hill, but General Stewart, full of ardour, would not wait for this manœuvre, and the brigade advanced in column of companies, each regiment deploying in succession as it reached the summit. The Buffs on the right were first formed, and opened fire; the 48th on their left were the next to deploy, then the 66th. Somehow or another the 66th, while still in column, were rear rank in front. Though under a heavy artillery fire, they countermarched on the move with the utmost precision, and then wheeled into line and opened fire on the enemy, who were in close column. The 66th were ordered to charge, but had not advanced far when the "halt," followed by the "retire," was sounded. Immediately afterwards the order was given to advance again. Probably the 48th likewise fired and advanced at the same time. We know that the Buffs did. Suddenly a fearful catastrophe occurred. It would seem that the Buffs were ordered to re-form column and with their right wing to cover the rear of the brigade. They were consequently faced about, when suddenly four regiments of Polish Lancers and light cavalry fell on the right flank of the brigade and swept along it. The authority for this statement is the late Colonel Clarke, who commanded a company of the 66th in the battle. He says that in his regiment the men formed groups of six or eight, the officers snatching up muskets and joining them. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, the French infantry having taken advantage of the confusion to take part in the struggle. In a few minutes twothirds of the brigade were killed, disabled, or captured, and six of our guns taken. Fortunately, the 31st was still in column at the moment, and was thus able to hold its ground. The French cavalry owed their success to the fact that, owing to the thickness of the atmosphere and the cloud of smoke, they had been able to approach unseen, and, even when perceived, were mistaken at first for Spanish cavalry. The conduct of the Polish Lancers—as afterwards at Waterloo-was most brutal. They gave no quarter, and even speared the disabled. One young officer, Ensign Hay of the 66th, was first pierced right through the body by a Polish lancer, who afterwards repeated the thrust; this time, however, the point of the weapon was caught on the breast-bone. Another lancer attacked Beresford himself, but the latter, being a powerful man, avoided the thrust, and, seizing

his adversary by the throat, cast him from his saddle. According to the narrative of the Marquis of Londonderry in his history of the Peninsular War, another lancer, who attacked the Portuguese staff, was disposed of with more difficulty. To quote the exact words, "A very different fate attended the personal exertions of the Portuguese staff. They, too, were charged by a single lancer, who knocked down one with the butt of his pike, overset another man and horse, and gave ample employment to the entire headquarters before he was finally despatched. These heroes declared that the man seemed possessed by an evil spirit, and that, when he fell at last, he literally bit the ground."

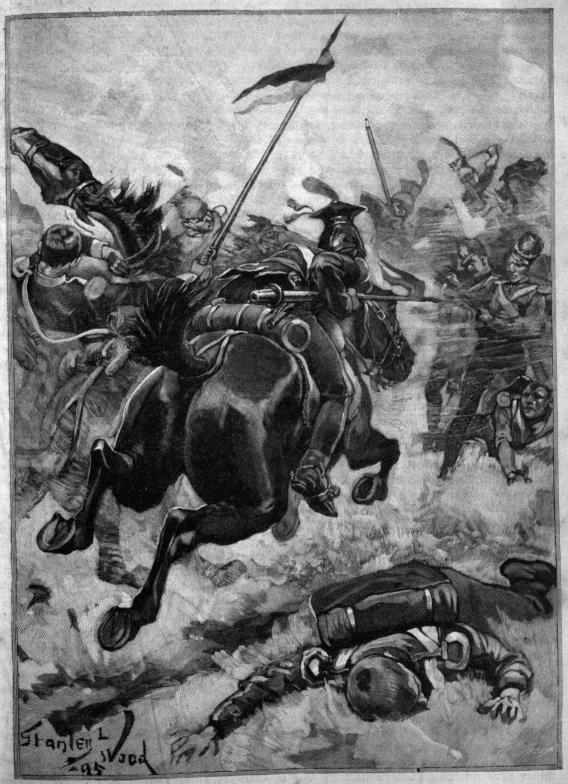
The Buffs, being on the right of the brigade, were the first to suffer from the furious rush of the French cavalry, and an heroic defence was made of their colours. Ensign Thomas that day carried the regimental colour: called upon to surrender his precious charge, he replied sternly that he refused to do so, but, being thereupon mortally wounded, the colour was captured. Ensign Walsh carried the King's colour, and, when the regiment was broken, the sergeants of the colour party were slain valiantly defending it. Left alone and anxious to preserve his charge, he made an attempt to carry the colour to the rear. Pursued by several lancers, he was overtaken, surrounded, wounded, and taken prisoner. At that instant Lieutenant Latham, who had seen his peril, rushed up, and, before the French could carry off the colour, had seized it. A host of foes, emulous of the glory of capturing a standard, fell eagerly upon the gallant Latham, who was soon bleeding from several wounds, but who, defending himself valiantly with his sword, refused to yield. A French hussar grasped the colour staff with his left hand, and, rising in his stirrups, aimed a vigorous blow at his head. He failed to cut him down, but inflicted a grievous wound, severing one side of his face and nose. The indomitable Englishman, however, would not even then give in. The French horsemen, crowding round, strove to drag the colour from him, calling fiercely on him to yield the trophy. His reply was, "I will surrender it only with my life." His words were unintelligible, but his meaning was plain, and a hussar with a vigorous cut severed his left arm. Not vanquished yet, Latham dropped his sword, seized the colour with his right hand, and continued the struggle, which must have ended quickly and fatally for him, had it not been that his adversaries in their eagerness to secure the

prize jostled and impeded each other. He was, however, at length thrown down, trampled on by horses, and pierced by lances. critical moment a charge of British cavalry took place, and the French horsemen fled without having attained their object. Latham, though desperately wounded, exerted what little strength remained to him in tearing the silk from the staff and concealing the former under his body. He then swooned. A little later in the day the 7th Fusiliers passed over the spot where Latham lay apparently dead, and Sergeant Gough, espying the colour, took it up and eventually restored it to the Buffs. After a time Latham came to himself, and, crawling down to the brook, was found striving to quench his thirst. Removed to a neighbouring convent, his wounds were dressed, and he ultimately recovered. Ensign Walsh managed to escape and rejoin his regiment, when he told the story of Lieutenant Latham's conduct. The officers of the regiment, proud of the intrepidity of their comrade, subscribed 100 guineas for a gold medal commemorating Lieutenant Latham's exploit, and this medal he was allowed by the Horse Guards to wear. He was promoted for his heroism to a company in another regiment, and brought back to the Buffs as a captain.

The Prince Recent granted him an interview when he arrived in London, and, with that graciousness of manner which distinguished him, and that nobility of mind which he occasionally displayed, induced Latham to undergo an operation by an eminent surgeon for the diminution of the disfigurement caused by the wound in his face, his Royal Highness undertaking to pay the heavy fee. It is a singular fact that, though few men have ever been so seriously injured and survived, in the official returns of the battle of Albuera Latham was returned as "slightly wounded."

It is always difficult to follow the course of a battle and give the correct sequence of events. The difficulty is particularly great with regard to Albuera. Napier's account is eloquent, brilliant, and full of dramatic force, but it is not clear. Nor are other accounts more intelligible, and there has been much controversy with regard to certain points. After consulting many books, we have come to the conclusion that the story is in the main as we are about to tell it.

Colborne's brigade having been cut to pieces alike by the musketry and grape from their front as by the charge of cavalry on their flank and along their rear, the confusion was excessive.



"A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT ENSUED" (6. 283).

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So great, indeed, was the disorder that the Spanish persisted in firing straight to their front, though there were British soldiers between them and the enemy. Indeed, at one period of the action a Spanish battalion and a British battalion exchanged shots for some time under the belief that they were foes. Beresford did his utmost to induce the Spaniards to advance, but they would not move; and it is stated in all accounts of the battle that Beresford, having appealed to the officers in vain, at length seized a Spanish ensign and carried him with the colour he bore some distance to the front, but the fellow ran back as soon as released. To have actually carried him Beresford must have dismounted; so what probably really took place was that the marshal, while on horseback, seized the ensign by the collar and dragged him forward. Whilst this was going on, the French cavalry had pretty well surrounded the remains of Colborne's brigade, which, as we have mentioned above, it had broken up with the exception of the 31st on the extreme left. Among other damage Captain Cleeve's battery, having accompanied Colborne's brigade on its right, was ridden over and the six pieces captured; they were, however, all, except one howitzer, eventually recovered.

It was at this critical moment that General Lumley sent four squadrons of the heavy brigade, supported by the fire of Captain Lefebure's four horse artillery guns, to fall on the French cavalry. The latter apparently did not wait for the shock, but retreated. The next act in the drama was the advance of General Houghton's brigade, accompanied by General Stewart, who, warned by the catastrophe which had just occurred, deployed the regiments before they advanced, the 29th being on the right, the 48th on the left, and the 57th in the centre. The weather, which had been wet and misty, now cleared a little. Houghton's brigade established itself on the hill, and the 31st fought by its side. The fire was dreadful, musketry being fired at close, and grape at half, range. Stewart was twice wounded; Houghton, after having been several times wounded, at length, struck by three bullets, fell and died; Colonel Duckworth, of the 1st battalion of the 48th, was killed; Colonel White, of the 29th, was mortally wounded; Colonel Inglis, of the 57th, was severely wounded, and the 29th men fell in swathes. Two-thirds of each of the three regiments were on the ground; ammunition was beginning to run short. Werle's division was coming up in support of the French. Lumley,

powerfully aided by his four horse-artillery guestimade valiant efforts against the superior number of the French cavalry, but could only just manage to hold them in check. Lefebure battery was from time to time ridden through and one of its guns was for a short time in the possession of the enemy; it was, however, soo recovered.

The battle, by all the rules of the game of war was lost, and Beresford himself was of that opinion. From the vague and somewhat conflicting accounts it would seem that Beresford having ridden to the bridge in front of Albuera to ascertain why a brigade of General Hamilton's Portuguese division for which he had sent had not arrived, found that it had been moved further to the east—the left of the line. He then ordered Colonel Collins to advance to the attack of the hill.

We have the positive assurance of the late Sir Alexander-then Major-Dickson, commanding the Portuguese artillery, and who was at the bridge at the moment, that he was ordered to retreat with his artillery towards Valverde, and Baron Alten by order withdrew from the village for a moment. Fortunately, Colonel Hardinge (afterwards Lord Hardinge) was at his elbow, and, gathering from his manner and orders what his intentions were, he said, "I think, sir, I ought to tell you that you have a peerage on the one hand and a court-martial on the other," and Beresford, after a moment's reflection, said, "I will go for the peerage." Either on general instructions or on his own initiative, knowing what the general wanted, he directed General Cole to attack with the 4th division, and, as soon as he saw his left brigade—the Fusilier brigade-approaching the left of Houghton's brigade, "I went to Abercrombie," commanding Stewart's 3rd brigade, "and authorised him to deploy and move past Houghton's left. While Houghton's brigade held the hill, Myers and Abercrombie passed the flanks on the right and left, and made a simultaneous attack on the enemy, who began to waver and then went off to the rear. Myers and Abercrombie, in my opinion, decided the fate of the day." The above is a literal extract from Lord Hardinge's own journal.

The Fusilier brigade was on the left of Cole's division, and Hervey's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division on the right. We are told that Colonel Hawkshawe, with a battalion of the Lusitanian Legion, flanked the advance. Cole brought his division up somewhat obliquely,

his right being thrown forward. What the position of Captain Sympher's battery, belonging to the 4th division, was we are nowhere told, but we know that, when Cleeve's battery was captured by the French cavalry, three guns of a British battery were also captured. The only British field-battery was Captain Hawker's. It must have been, then, three of his four guns, which fell temporarily into the hands of the enemy.

An interesting little book, called "Rough Notes of Several Campaigns," by Sergeaut S. Cooper, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who was present at Albuera, says that six nine-pounders were on the right of the division. Now, either there were only four guns, in which case they constituted Captain Hawker's battery, or there were six guns, in which event they were Captain Braun's Portuguese battery of Hamilton's division. Colonel Collins's brigade was probably somewhere in this part of the field, for we know that he himself was badly wounded.

Hervey's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division behaved with great gallantry, and repulsed a charge of the French cavalry; but the brunt of the fighting was borne by the Fusilier brigade, consisting of two battalions of the 7th, and one battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers had been previously deployed, and advanced steadily in line under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. As they neared the hill, the French executed a charge on some Spanish cavalry in front of the brigade. A volley fired into the mass of the combatants checked the French, and the Spaniards, galloping round the left flank of the brigade, took no further part in the action. The brigade, continuing its progress, gained the summit of the hill, and then ensued a furious duel. The French guns vomited forth grape in a continuous stream, while under cover of their fire the heavy French columns strove to deploy, but the musketry of the brigade swept away the heads of their foes' formations, though not without suffering fearful loss themselves. Myers, the brigadier, fell stricken to death. Cole, the commander of the division, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe were all disabled, and many other officers, together with hundreds of men, were killed or wounded.

The brigade, indeed, seemed on the point of being vanquished by annihilation. To quote Napier's eloquent words, "The Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. But, suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies,

and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights." Firing and advancing, the brigade pressed steadily but slowly onward, leaving behind it a constantly expanding field of dead and wounded men. In vain did Soult encourage his splendid troops; in vain did the latter fight with the historical gallantry of their race; in vain did the reserve, pushing to the front, strive to stem the ebbing tide. Our men were not to be denied, the French reserve was swept away by the fragments of the leading combatants, and, again to quote Napier, "the mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep. The river flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal field" It is but common justice to record that the conduct of Abercrombie's brigade at the crisis was as gallant as that of the Fusiliers. Indeed, all the British, Portuguese, and German troops behaved splendidly. The battle began a little before 9 a.m., and ended about 2 p.m., the fighting during the remainder of the day being confined to a desultory distant cannonade and an occasional exchange of musket shots between the advanced troops. Beresford, though he had driven his adversary over the river, had suffered too heavily to permit of following up the victory. Indeed, he was in some apprehension of a renewed attack on the morrow.

The field of battle presented a dreadful sight. Major Dickson, writing of the scene, said that on the hill, where the battle chiefly ranged on a space of 1,000 by 1,200 yards, "there were certainly not less than 6,000 dead or wounded." In Colborne's brigade the Buffs lost 4 officers and 212 men killed, 13 officers and 234 men wounded, and 2 officers and 176 men missing. The 29th had only 2 captains, a few subalterns, and 96 men left. The 48th and the 66th also suffered heavily. In Houghton's brigade, as we have seen, the general was slain, as was also Colonel Duckworth; whilst Colonel White was mortally, and Colonel Inglis and Major Wray were severely, wounded. In fact, every field-officer of the brigade was either killed or wounded, so that at the close of the action the brigade was commanded by Captain Cemétière-strange to say, of French origin-of the 48th Regiment. In this brigade the 29th lost 7 officers and 77 men killed, 13 officers and 232 men wounded, and 11 men missing. The 1st battalion 48th Regiment also lost heavily. The 57th lost,

out of 30 officers and 570 men, 20 officers and 420 men, and was brought out of action by the adjutant, who in the morning had been fourteenth in seniority.

The last-named regiment received on this occasion the honourable name of the "Die Hards," which has survived till this day. At Inkerman, at a critical period of the battle, when a heavy Russian column threatened the weak remnants of the 57th, Captain Stanley, who commanded, called out, "Die Hards, remember Albuera!" and the men, responding, made a gallant and successful effort. The sobriquet was gained under the following circumstances:-The regiment, when on the top of the fatal hill, was losing officers and men every second. The regimental colour had twenty-one holes in it, the Queen's colour seventeen, the latter also having its staff broken. Ensign Jackson, who carried it, being hit in three places, went to the rear to have his wounds dressed. On his return he found Ensign Kitch, who had succeeded him, severely wounded but obstinate in refusal to give up his charge. Many companies had all their officers killed or wounded, and, owing to the heavy losses, the line presented the appearance of a chain of skirmishers. There is a tradition in the regiment that on the following morning after the battle the rations of No. 2 company were drawn by a drummer, who carried them away in his hat. Captain Ralph Fawcett, a young officer of only twenty-three years of age, although mortally wounded, caused himself to be placed on a small hillock, whence he continued to command his company, calling out from time to time to the men to fire low and not to waste their cartridges. Colonel Inglis, commanding the regiment, being struck by a grape-shot which penetrated his left breast and lodged in his back, refused to be carried to the rear, and remained where he had fallen in front of the colours, urging the men to keep up a steady fire and to " die hard."

Marshal Beresford, in his despatch, said that the dead, particularly those of the 57th, were to be seen "lying as they had fought in the ranks, and every wound in front."

General Stewart was twice hit, but would not quit the field. General Houghton, who had received several wounds without shrinking, at last fell dead, as we have mentioned, pierced by three bullets, whilst cheering on the men of his brigade. Early in the morning, hearing of the enemy's advance, he hurriedly turned out in a green frock-coat. Whilst on horseback in

front of his brigade, his servant came up with the general's red coat. Without dismounting, Houghton with the utmost coolness made the exchange of garments, though at the time he was under the fire of the French artillery.

In the Fusilier brigade the Royal Fusiliers went into action with 31 officers in each battalion. Of these the 1st battalion lost 4 killed or died of their wounds and 10 wounded; while in the 2nd battalion there were 3 officers killed and 13 wounded, 1 sergeant and 63 men were killed, and 14 sergeants and 263 men were wounded. In the 2nd battalion, which went into action 435 non-commissioned officers and men strong, the losses were-killed, I sergeant and 46 men; wounded, 16 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 269 men. From the account of the late Sergeant Cooper of this regiment, we learn that, when the Fusiliers had mounted the hill, there were constant cries of "Close up!" "Close in!" "Fire away!" "Forward!" Sergeant Cooper relates as an illustration of the great opinion which the army even then entertained of their illustrious leader that, when he (Cooper) was going into action, a comrade said to him, "'Where's Arthur?' meaning Wellington, I said, 'I'don't know. I don't see him.' He replied, 'Aw wish he were here.' So did I."

The 23rd Fusiliers lost 2 officers and 74 men killed, 12 officers—of whom 2 died subsequently of their wounds—and 245 men wounded, and 6 men missing. At the end of the action ong company was commanded by a corporal.

The gallant leader of the Fusilier brigade Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Myers, Bart., was among the slain. Through the interest of his father, who was a lieutenant-general, he was granted a commission while still a child, and in 1800, when barely sixteen, joined the Coldstream Guards from half-pay. Wounded at the landing in Egypt in 1801, in the following year he be came a lieutenant-colonel, and very sensibly spent the next two years at the senior department of the Royal Military College. At the end of 1804, being only twenty years of age, he obtained the command of the 2nd battalion Royal Fusiliers. The two battalions of the regiment being sent to Portugal in 1809, they were, with a battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers, formed into a brigade, the command of which was given to Sir William Myers, scarcely then twenty-five years of age. At Talavera the brigade and its young brigadier played a distinguished part, and Sir William was recognised as one of the most rising officers in the army. Albuera cut short his

promising career, and it is asserted that his letters betray a presentiment of his approaching fate. When ordered to advance, he turned to his brigade, exclaiming with exultation, "It will be a glorious day for the Fusiliers." His horse being shot under him, he proceeded on foot till a second horse was brought. He had scarcely

Houghton to be buried at Elvas. He thereupon expressed a wish to be buried where he died. He did not, however, expire till the next day, when he breathed his last at the age of twenty-six, and was buried close to Valverde.

It may here be mentioned that a company of the 5th battalion of the 6oth Rifles was present



"CAPTAIN FAWCETT, ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, CONTINUED TO COMMAND HIS COMPANY" (p. 288).

mounted the latter when he received a bullet which struck him in the hip, passing obliquely upwards through the intestines. He did not fall, but kept on encouraging his men. At length it became necessary to take him from the saddle, and he was borne off the field by a party of Fusiliers. He wished a hut to be erected over him, but his servants, anxious to obtain for him the comfort of a bed, carried him to Valverde, a distance of ten miles. On the road he passed by a mule carrying the body of General

at the battle of Albuera, attached to the 4th division, and suffered some loss on the occasion,

The total casualties of the British and Portuguese was 984 of all ranks killed, 2,095 wounded, and 565 missing. The loss of the Spaniards was nearly 2,000; that of the French was about 9,000, including five generals.

During the night of the 18th, Soult retreated, much to Beresford's relief, for the circumstances of his victory had brought with them little exhilaration.



N writing an account of a Red Indian campaign one finds considerable difficulty in conveying to the reader's imagination anything approaching any adequate idea of the severity of the fighting, or even a clear picture of the field. The great value of the Red Indian as a warrior lay in his levelheaded recognition of facts. No plan of battle can be drawn to describe an Indian contest, unless, indeed, it be a map of a thousand The red man or so square miles of territory. never took up a position with the intention of holding it a moment longer than it afforded him ample protection from the white man's bullets; for his triumphs consisted in the main of masterly retreats, punctuated here and there by subtle ambush and lurid massacre.

A United States general, given the job of punishing the tribes of the West for outrage committed, had as disagreéable and dangerous a task on his hands as his worst enemy could wish him. Hard riding, a long series of unsatisfactory skirmishes lasting over many days and hundreds of miles of rugged, ragged country, all the while straining every nerve to bring about a definite battle which never would come; chasing, one may say, a most dangerous will-o'-the-wisp; and then, when all was over, little glory won, nothing to show but bad wounds, decimated ranks, and graves like links in a great chain running across the bad lands. In the end there were no prisoners to march to the forts, for the warriors once disheartened, faded from sight as completely as a rainbow when the shower is over. As a strategist no less than as a brave, prudent. fearless fighter, the red man is to be admired.

In a few of the more important Indian campaigns, however, the forces on occasion became so concentrated as to admit of the arrangement of soldiers and warriors. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, for instance, when General

Custer and his 7th Cavalrymen were annihilated, the battlefield is known, as is also the case in the frontier fight of which this is a record. This is the account of a wonderfully plucky defence, during a siege which lasted for nine days, of a little island in the Arickarce Fork of the Republican River, by Colonel (now General) George A. Forsyth, of the United States Army, and fifty picked frontiersmen, besieged by Chief "Roman Nose" and some 1,000 Sioux warriors.

The long-settled East had just been linked to the great West by the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and population, like a tidal wave, surged over the broad prairies. It soon became apparent that white and red could not live together in peace. It consequently was imperative that the boundaries between the territories to be occupied by the Indian and those for the Caucasian should be sharply defined.

The Sioux—in fact, all Western tribes—were nomads of the most pronounced type. For centuries they had followed the buffalo in their range over thousands of square miles of prairie; their cities of wigwams were constantly shifted. Abroad on the prairies all was freedom. Astride his shaggy pony the red man galloped from dawn into the rim of night, across undulating plains, rich in grasses and flowers; around him grazed countless buffalo and herds of wild deer; the prairie chicken flew from beneath his pony's unshod hoofs, the prairie dog sat atop his burrow and watched him pass, the prairie hawk stained its dark shadow across his path. All for him was space and fresh air, wildness and freedom. So when the navvy marched into his domain spinning from his store the long straight lines of glittering steel, the Sioux saw their ancient hunting-ground invaded, and angry runners preached war in every camp.

They who had never learned to exist within restricted limit were asked to give up the prairie

two the hated pale-face. Without a moment's warning war-parties of painted braves descended upon the little settlements, the outposts of civilisation, and soon the nights were ablaze with the light of burning cabins and stake fires. War followed.

When it became known that the United States Army was in for a serious campaign against the Indians, many officers serving in districts not affected by the war, officers who were unlikely to be called upon for service, but who, nevertheless, were anxious to have a hand in the work, applied to General Sheridan for a command. Among these was Brevet-Colonel George A. Forsyth, a man whose account of the affair at Arickaree Fork shows him to be as gifted a writer as he proved himself gallant soldier. Sheridan must have had considerable confidence in Forsyth, for one hour after the colonel made his application for active service he was handed the following letter:—

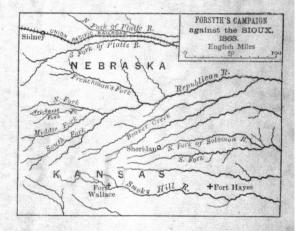
"Colonel,—The general commanding directs that you, without delay, employ fifty (50) first-class hardy frontiersmen to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians, to be commanded by yourself, with Lieutenant Beecher, 3rd Infantry, as your subordinate. You can enter into such articles of agreement with these men as will compel obedience."

It is probable that the colonel in his most sanguine moments did not dream of so congenial an undertaking as this of recruiting frontiersmen for the exciting and diversified business of scouting against the savage Indian tribes of the West. However that may be, he lost not a moment in getting his men together. In two days at Fort Harker he enrolled thirty grisly scouts, and, marching to Fort Hayes, enrolled twenty more, thus completing his complement.

The American frontiersman was a definite type, almost as unique a man as the Red Indian himself, and, unfortunately, is as certain to disappear as is the red man. Indeed, the latter must long outlive the frontiersman. The one has the short life of an individual, the other the comparatively long life of a race. The frontiersman was a strange blending of the virtues and vices of the white and red, spending half his time in the frontier villages and forts and half in the wilds scouting, hunting, trapping, prospecting; extravagantly exuberant in his drinks, careless of his own or another's life, yet cool-headed and resourceful in danger, and when he found. himself compelled to give up his life, selling it as dearly as possible; a dead shot, a weather

prophet, a topographical expert, a pony connoisseur, an Indian thought-and-sign reader. No other nation has produced his like. He was a compound of the virtues of courage, coolness, and common-sense. To lead fifty such men was to lead an army.

On August 29th, 1868, Colonel Forsyth got his marching orders. They read: "I would suggest that you move across the head-waters of Solomon to Beaver Creek, thence down that creek to Fort Wallace. On arriving at Wallace, report to me by telegraph at this place." "This place" was Fort Hayes in Kansas, and the order was signed by Major-General P. H. Sheridan. So away rode the little company of frontiersmen and soldiers, no doubt expecting to meet with some few adventures, but little dreaming of



taking part in such a stirring drama as Fate had in store for them.

To be sure, all were mounted. Soldiers afoot were of no practical use against the wily Sioux. A force to be effective had to move rapidly, for Indians were given to covering an incredible distance in a short space of time. So each trooper was equipped with "a blanket apiece, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin, a canteen, a haversack, butcher-knife, tin plate, and tin cup. A Spencer repeating-rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140 rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver ammunition per man-this carried on the person." Besides these fighting materials, four mules were loaded with camp kettles, 4,000 extra rounds of ammunition, picks, shovels, medicine, and rations. As it turned out the mules not only carried the food on their backs, but themselves were used up as such.

Of the little company which set out on this

roving journey into the Indian country, Colonel Forsyth, as has been told, was leader, and his second in command was Lieutenant Fred H. Beecher, a nephew of the pulpit orator Henry Ward Beecher. J. H. Mooers, of the Medical Department, U.S.A., joined the party as surgeon. Abner T. Grover, a splendid Indian fighter, held the position of chief scout, and Sharp Grover acted as guide. The others were, of course, picked men-hunters, trappers, plainsmen; and the whole, although not soldiers in the accepted sense of the word, were organised into a company of cavalry. It is interesting to know that one of these, Martin Burke, had been a British soldier, and served in India. But with four exceptions only, Forsyth tells, all were Americans born.

At a rattling pace the little band set off across the prairie, and, when the fort sunk below the horizon, the soldiers found themselves quite out of touch with all things pertaining to civilisation. On every side were buffalo quietly grazing, wolves slunk through the long prairie grass, antelopes sprang nimbly out of the way to stand gazing with great eyes at the strange cavalcade. To the frontiersmen, however, these were sights familiar in the last degree, and no bullets were sent after the retreating game. The men rode on more serious business. For some days—indeed, until September 5th—the command scouted the country without learning much of the movements of the "hostiles," and ultimately reached



SIOUX SQUAW.



SIOUX INDIAN.

Fort Wallace without striking adventure. But here they found serious news awaiting them. The Governor of the State of Kansas telegraphed that the settlers in Bison Basin were urgently in need of protection. Following on the heels of this alarming news came word of a massacre at Sheridan, a small place some thirteen miles from Fort Wallace. Colonel Forsyth, with his little band, made for the scene of the outrage without losing a moment.

The Indians had disappeared. The scouts carefully examined the ground about the scene of the massacre, and came to the conclusion that the bucks who had taken part in the attack numbered about twenty-five. A scouting party merely, an offshoot from the general body of warriors, no doubt somewhere in the vicinity. To follow the trail was to come up with the main body. So, keeping a vigilant watch ahead—and indeed on all sides, for the red man is a master of the art of surprise—Forsyth's command struck the trail and pushed forward.

Following the tracks of this war party proved to be no easy matter. It soon became evident the bucks had discovered that they were being pursued, for at a point the scouts found that the party had dispersed, the hoof-prints of their ponies opening like a great fan, radiating off in a score of leads. This was unfortunate. Instead of a certainty the scouts had now to depend on a shrewd guess. Towards the Republican River seemed the most likely direction

for the warriors to head, and towards the Republican River rode the scouts. For five days they continued their march before happening upon a clue. This proved to be what Colonel Forsyth calls a "wickie-up"—young willows some feet apart bent over and tied so as to afford support for blanket or buffalo-skin, and forming a rather snug night's lodging for a buck on the war-path. After this discovery the command

Indian ponies and trailing behind, had scored deeply into the soil, and everything betokened a great gathering of warriors and squaws at no great distance ahead. Some of the scouts grew suspicious of the trail, and suggested to their leader that everything pointed to their meeting with more bucks than the fifty of them could well take care of in a fight; but Forsyth, while admitting the soundness of their reasonings,



"ASTRIDE HIS SHAGGY PONY THE RED MAN GALLOPED ACROSS UNDULATING PLAINS" (p. 290).

came upon other important Indian "signs," and soon a trail became so plainly marked as to be followed with ease.

As the scouting party continued on the tracks of the Indians, the trail became cleared, for at frequent intervals it was noticeable that other bands of warriors had joined the first war party, or at least taken up the same trail; and after the Republican River had been crossed and the Arickaree Fork reached, the trail became a veritable road, so many ponies, cattle, warriors, squaws, and dogs had tramped along it. Many lodge-poles, strapped to the sides of the shaggy

decided that as the Government had sent him out to fight he would offer battle, irrespective of the number of the enemy he might meet.

Early in the evening of September 16th Colonel Forsyth halted his command to spend the remaining daylight in putting all things in order for a dispute, which he felt sure would soon take place. The scouts all that day had followed the windings of the Arickaree, and had reached the middle of a valley rich in pasture. The waters of the Arickaree were low at this point, running not more than a foot deep, and in the centre of the stream rose a small island.

about seventy yards from either bank, but only some few inches above the shallow water, an island covered with long rank grasses. The scouts, now that they knew themselves to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Indians, were specially particular about everything pertaining to their efficiency and safety. Each man personally attended to the tethering of his horse, driving the pin deep into the ground, and giving the lariat an extra knot so that, should the Indians during the night try their old game of stampeding the horses, their attempts would fail. Not only this but the beasts were hobbled. Sentries were carefully posted, and men lay down beside their horses, each with his rifle in his arms.

That night Colonel Forsyth could not sleep, but time after time arose and made the rounds of the sentries posted among the bushes and along the bank of the quiet stream. The night was cold, and the line of the high ground was clearly marked against the sky. Many sounds were on the air, but not one of them brought to the minds of men used to all the cries of prairie and forest the suggestion that Indians were near at hand.

At length the eagerly-looked-for dawn flushed the eastern sky. The stars one by one faded into the pale light, the lines of the hills grew gradually more distinct against the sky, and from the bushes and the long sedge grasses birds and beasts stirred drowsily. Forsyth stood beside a sentry, neither speaking a word but both keeping an eagle eye for any sight of the foe and a sharp ear for sound. In Indian fighting the early dawn is quite the most dangerous time. Indians move little at night, but the morning is their favourite season for attack, on the chance of taking a sleepy camp by surprise. sudden Forsyth and the sentry cocked their guns. Each had seen a moving object out in the darkness. The next instant the report of their rifles rang out on the morning air, the sleeping men sprang to their posts, and spilling over the hills came mounted Cheyenne, Ogallalah, and Brulé-Sioux, led by the great fighting chief, "Roman Nose." As the outposts of the scouts, firing their rifles, ran in to the main body, the Indians swept down the slope, yelling ferociously and beating drums to stampede the horses.

But the stampeding party met with a reception for which it was evidently not prepared. The scouts, first taking a turn of the lariats around the left arm so that there could be no

breaking away of horses, levelled their rifles and fired such a volley into the shrieking savages as to quite put a stop to a charge never intended to be a fight, but arranged only to cause the horses to break away and so leave the scouts in the hands of their foes. Seeing their design frustrated and that the scouts were wide awake and in fighting trim, the Indians careered off out of range, and galloped back to a position on the rising ground, appearing in the half-light of morning like uncanny blotches of black on the shoulder of the sullen hill. The only spoils they secured were two mules and two horses.

In the few minutes of confusion in the enemy's ranks the scouts saddled and bridled their mounts. Although the first charge had been successfully withstood, the outlook was far from comforting to Forsyth and his lion-hearted men. As the light increased, it was seen that the whole country—valley and hillsides—was alive with warriors on horseback and on foot. To charge the Indians meant annihilation; to retreat was utterly out of the question, for the scouts found themselves surrounded completely. The only thing left was to take up a position and defend it to the last.

It turned out to be a lucky accident, indeed, that the scouts had bivouacked on the particular spot chosen the evening before, and equally fortunate were they in that the Indians had failed to realise the strategical value of the little sand island out in mid-stream as a place for entrenchment. Forsyth saw that he was in for a desperate siege. In a moment the idea of entrenching his command on the island occurred to him. The water, being only a few inches deep, in itself, of course, afforded him no protection, but the river bed was at least free from bushes, behind which the Indian riflemen might take refuge and "pot-shot" at his camp. Besides this, the bucks must charge across a considerable stretch of "clear country" before they could come at the scouts, and during this passage the latter would undoubtedly make good practice. There was no time to lose. Forsyth gave the order promptly, and promptly it was obeyed. A few of the best shots clapped down in the long grass to cover the retreat, and the remainder, leading their horses, made off as fast as they could run for the island. Once there the animals were tied in a circle, and the men throwing themselves at full length, opened fire across the stretch of rippling waters, while their companions, who had gallantly held back the savages, ran in.

The instant the movement was successfully accomplished the Indians discovered the mistake they had made in overlooking the island, and with a savage yell the circle of bucks narrowed in, the warriors dismounting and running forward towards the banks shooting with deadly accuracy at the little force on the island. One scout already lay dead, and a number more were sorely wounded, while the poor horses, tethered there on the island, presented a fair target to the savages, and were being riddled with bullets as they plunged and screamed at the lariats in

pain and madness. Meanwhile the scouts kept wonderfully cool heads on their shoulders, and fired not oftener than they were reasonably likely to make the bullets tell on the dark-skinned warriors. It did not take the Indians long to realise that the scouts' position could not be carried all at once; so they fell back to shoot at longer range until such time as their chiefs could decide on a definite plan of action.

The cessation in the hot firing allowed the frontiersmen to breathe. During the interval of comparative inaction the scouts, using their knives and pans and hands, scooped little pits in the

sand, about two feet deep and long enough for a man to lie in at full length. The sand so displaced was thrown up into tiny breastworks, each man making his own miniature fort. Colonel Forsyth, bolt upright in all the fire, superintended the placing of every man under his charge. At length all were in their proper places, and the leader, whose every action had been level-headed in the last degree, decided not to expose himself any longer now that the occasion for doing so had passed, but instead to seek protection in one of the pits.

Strange to tell, the very moment he had stretched himself at full length, a bullet struck him in the right thigh, giving him a ragged and excruciatingly painful wound. For a time he lay panting and unable to speak. The bullet for the moment shattered his nerves. Nor did the

gallant colonel's misfortunes end here. No sooner had he got control of himself after the staggering blow than, in giving an order, he was under the necessity of exposing his left leg. By luck or by splendid shooting no one can say which, a redskin's bullet crashed through the bone between the ankle and knee. This was indeed the hardest of hard luck. As he quaintly puts it in his account of the battle, "In my present condition, with my left leg broken and a bullet in my right thigh, I was for the nonce, save for the fact that I still retained command,

something of a spectator." Scarcely a comfortable condition in which to begin a defence which Fate destined to last for nine long days!

All this happened before eight o'clock in the morning. So far the Indians had got much the worst of the fight, for the scouts were unequalled shots. But the latter had no great cause to rejoice, for their position was dangerous in the extreme.

The next definite point in the dispute was the cracking of the colonel's skull by a bullet, his thick felt hat perhaps saving his life. By this time the scouts must have begun to think that their leader was in for all the wounds

and misfortunes. But a far worse catastrophe followed. Dr. Mooers, who from the moment the trouble began had conducted himself with the greatest bravery, shooting with unerring skill, and working at the temporary fortifications as hard as any man of the whole company, was struck by a bullet squarely in the forehead. He fell across his little sandbank. The poor fellow lingered unconscious for three days, then died a soldier's death. This was a terrible blow to all, but more particularly to the wounded.

The sun rose in the heavens, and shortly after eight o'clock an ominous silence fell upon the battlefield. The mounted warriors had for some time been making off over the brow of the hill, and the bucks, lying behind the bushes and banks, only fired desultorily. The scouts at once suspected that a grand charge was brewing.



CHEYENNE INDIAN.

The Indians, confident in their numbers, had made up their minds to ride over the American command and annihilate it at one decisive blow.

During the short space of comparative quietness Colonel Forsyth—who, although desperately wounded, still retained command and fought on with Anglo-Saxon pluck—ordered his men to make ready to resist a charge. Nor was the order given a moment too soon. From behind the rising ground there appeared a host of mounted warriors, fantastically caparisoned in feathers and beads and flaming colours, and at their head

of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see." After clustering them on the brow of the hill and seeing that all were in position, this chief (a man of six feet three in height and naked but for a sash around his waist) led on his four hundred bucks down the slope and straight for the scouts' stronghold, while the women, children, and unmounted warriors crowded the adjacent heights and added their shrill cries to the din made by clattering hoofs and the war-whoops of the charging men.

At the word of command the scouts sprang



INDIAN WIGWAMS.

rode the grand chief, "Roman Nose." He and his warriors rode barebacked, their feet twisted in the horsehair lariats that encircled their horses, their left hands grasped bridle-rein and mane, and in their right they carried their rifles.

"His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black," writes Colonel Forsyth of "Roman Nose," "and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type

from their sandpits, lined up, and prepared to receive the furious host that was rapidly approaching. To be ridden over meant instant destruction. Old plainsmen, trappers, and scouts as they were, they were quite alive to the great danger. At the instant the galloping column came shouting, screaming, within range the scouts, now reduced to forty, taking cool aim, fired a volley into the ranks. The only answer to this was a wild hoarse shout of war-whoops; but, although some horses sprang into the air and some warriors disappeared into the stream, still the charge came on. The next volley from the frontiersmen played greater havoc with the rapidly approaching savages; the third volley proved murderously effective, and horses and

men fell in a row, but still the rearward savages urged on their snorting ponies. At the fourth volley the chargers were staggered; their medicine-man with a death cry drops from his horse into the water; at the fifth, "Roman Nose," great war-chief, flings his arms into the air, and with

mother!" died. Poor fellow! he had survived the slaughter-pens of Gettysburg only to die of a shot wound in his side away west on the plains.

Before night fell a second, but somewhat halfhearted, charge was defeated, and the first day's



"AT THE FIFTH VOLLEY, 'ROMAN MOSE' FLINGS HIS ARMS INTO THE AIR AND FALLS DEAD."

his splendid steed falls dead; the sixth volley, and the charge is stopped; at the seventh and last the infuriated braves turn tail completely shattered, and make off helter-skelter, defeated, maddened, and leaderless, leaving the stream strewn with their dead. The splendid steadiness of the scouts had saved the position.

A few minutes after this grand charge had been repulsed, Lieutenant Beecher, second in command of the scouts, lay down, placed his head on his arm, and, murmuring "My poor doings concluded. Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and three scouts were dead, two more scouts fatally stricken, and sixteen wounded, mostly severe wounds, and the commander with a bullet in his thigh, a leg broken, and his skull cracked. The outlook must have been far from cheerful.

All the night the Indians were busy removing their slain from the stream, and the shrill wailing cries of the squaws and children, mourning for the dead, sounded on the night air. During the hours of darkness the dead horses were cut up for food, and portions buried in the sand to keep the meat sound as long as possible; their saddles were used to build breastworks, the wounds of the men were dressed, and Pierre Truedeau, an old trapper, and Jack Stillwell, a nineteen-year-old youth, undertook to steal through the Indian lines and make away for assistance. Those who could of the men then ate some raw horseflesh, and made the best of an anxious night.

The second day of the siege found the scouts much better able to hold the island on account of the fortifications erected during the night. But the day proved warm and close, and the wounded suffered severely, while the smell from the dead horses soon grew obnoxious. There was great wailing in the Indian camp continuously, the women loudly bemoaning the death of so many braves. The Indians, while using no exceptional means to carry the island, kept up a harassing fire all day long. That night two more men were despatched for assistance. It was seen that the warriors had received such a bitter check on the first day that they desired to try no more charges, and had determined on starving the scouts out.

On the third day of the siege the Indians made an attempt to find out the condition of the Americans by advancing under the protection of a flag of truce, but the scouts were up to all the red men's strategy, and drove them away. When darkness came down, two scouts again started off for assistance.

The fourth day turned out to be broiling hot. Wounds, only attended to in an amateurish way became well-nigh unbearable, the horse-meat turned putrid, and many of the men grew delirious. Colonel Forsyth took his razor out of his saddle-bag, and himself cut deep into his thigh, and at last managed to extract the buried bullet with his fingers. None of his men would do the job as the bullet lay so near to an artery, but as the pain was maddening he took all risks by attending to the matter himself. The Indians, fortunately, were getting very tired of the task, and although they still fired on the island, they did so from a respectful distance, so that the scouts were able to move about more freely. They boiled the putrid horse- and mule-flesh, and by "peppering" it well with gunpowder managed to swallow enough to keep life in their bodies. A tiny coyote, too, unwarily approached within the range of a scout, with the result that a bullet put an end to its miserable existence,

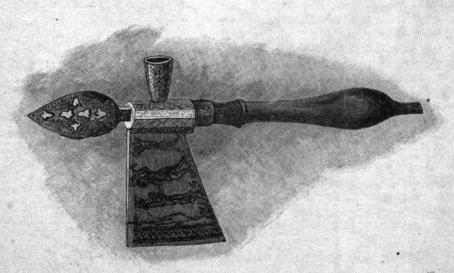
and its bones boiled and boiled and boiled until every particle of nourishment was extracted. The fifth and sixth day passed quietly, the Indians having pretty well withdrawn, only leav. ing enough warriors to prevent the company Two more days, from quitting the island. feverishly hot, and of intense suffering to the wounded, who bore their hurts as stoutly as men could. Indeed, these frontiersmen were brave to the last degree, although, truly, their condition was abjectly pitiable. For instance, one had an eye shot out, the bullet lodging in his head, but he only ceased firing long enough to wrap a handkerchief around his brow. There were two frontiersmen named Farley in the company, father and son. The father at the beginning of the fight received a mortal wound, but although quite unable to stand, he lay on his side, and fought through the entire first day. His son, about the same time that his father received his death-blow, was shot through the shoulder, but said nothing about the desperate wound until the day's fighting was done. And, again, a marvellous accident happened to a man named Harrington. He received a flint arrow-head fairly in his frontal bone-so firmly driven into him, indeed, that it seemed altogether out of the question that anyone but a surgeon could remove it. However, some time later a bullet cut across his brow, struck the arrow-head, and both bullet and flint fell at his feet. He, too, bound a handkerchief around his brow, and continued to fight with the best of them.

The ninth morning of the siege dawned. Well and wounded were alike in great straits. Starved and overwrought, ragged, nerves unstrung, footsore, cramped, and many delirious, it is easy to understand what a wild shout of joy arose from the long sedge grass of the sand island when over the brow of a neighbouring hill came galloping a troop of cavalry, and rocking and rattling across the rough ground a string of ambulances, the drivers flogging the mules into a furious run. Colonel Forsyth admits that he could not trust himself to watch the arrival of succour, but curled himself up in his sandpit, and pretended to read a novel he happened to have in his kit. A few minutes after being sighted, Colonel Carpenter and his troop of the 10th Cavalry came splashing across the shallow river and swung to the ground to grasp the hand of the gallant Forsyth, while troopers and frontiersmen alike sent up a great cheer. A surgeon was soon busy among the wounded, and, these attended to, the loaded ambulances

miles away.

In the fight at Arickaree Fork of the Republican River the Indians lost close upon one hundred of their finest warriors, including the chief of all, "Roman Nose." Of the frontiersmen

made off for Fort Wallace, more than a hundred and scouts more than one-half were killed and wounded. Had they not been a picked body of men, trained to Indian warfare, alert, well led, and dead shots, there is no doubt the whole command would have been, like Custer's, wiped out.



INDIAN TOMAHAWK PIPE.



N a previous article on "The Desert Fights
—Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru," it was set forth
how, in the autumn of 1884, the Gladstone
Government resolved on despatching a
military expedition, under Lord Wolseley, to
relieve and rescue General Charles Gordon—
the Bayard of the nineteenth century—and
the Egyptian garrison of Khartoum, which was
besieged by the Mahdi, or False Prophet of the
Soudan, with 20,000 of his fiercest warriors.

It was shown how, after incredible exertions in ascending the Nile and struggling with the difficulties and dangers of the "cataracts," this expedition at last attained to Korti about the end of the year, where intelligence reached it of the pressing peril of the gallant Gordon and his garrison; how then the expedition was divided into two forces-one, under General Earle, called the River Column, which was detached to occupy Berber, and on the way inflict condign punishment upon the Monassir tribe for the treacherous murder of Colonel Stewart and his companions, whom Gordon had previously sent down to Dongola; and the other, known as the Desert Column, under Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, to make a bold and rapid dash across the Bayuda waste of sand and scrub with intent to establish a foothold at Metamneh, on the Nile, whence, with the aid of Gordon's steamers from Khartoum, it would then ascend the river and relieve the beleaguered garrison.

It was also shown how this Desert Column, composed of picked men from all the élite regiments of the British army, with a superb detachment of Bluejackets, yet aggregating less than 2,000 combatants—how this eager and audacious column, mounted on camels, pushed across the parched Bayuda Desert, and covered itself with glory by vanquishing all its foes: hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, and, worse than all, the fanatical spearmen of the Mahdi; how at Abu-Klea (17th

January), when marching in square 1,500 strong, it was suddenly set upon, as a lighthouse rock is assailed by raging seas, by a roaring flood of more than 5,000 death-despising savages; and how, after only about five minutes' desperate and bloody hand-to-hand fighting, in the course of which it lost the heroic Colonel Fred Burnaby and 168 officers and men killed and wounded—being all but submerged in this human deluge of the desert—it at last raised a rousing cheer in token of victory.

The further difficulties of the march were then narrated: the incidents of the zeriba, or extemporised fortalice, near Abu-Kru, including the death of two war-correspondents and the fatal wounding of the commander of the column; the final march of the fighting square for the river; the scattering of a second onset of Mahdist warriors with a few well-directed volleys; and the final arrival of the square on the banks of the river, the sight of whose blessed waters was hailed by them with as much enthusiasm as had been the distant Euxine by the home-returning soldiers of Xenophon after their perilous and toilsome march through the mountains of Armenia.

That night (Monday, 19th January, 1885) the flying column bivouacked as best it could on the bank of the river, sleeping as it had never slept before—all but the surgeons, who, though tired to death, were heroically unremitting in their attentions to the wounded.

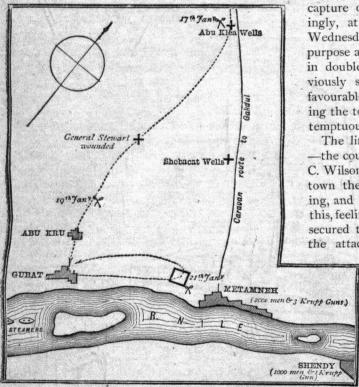
Early next morning the men were again paraded to return to the zeriba. On the way the village of Gubat was burned, and at about eight o'clock, the enemy offering but little resistance, the entrenched position was reached once more.

While the square was on the march the day before there had been considerable fighting at the zeriba, but ultimately the Arabs had been



"FIVE MINUTES DESPERATE AND BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING" (#. 300).

compelled to give way before the fierce and well-directed fire from rifles and guns alike. Breakfast was just ready when the flying column was seen returning, Colonel Talbot, commanding the Life Guards, walking as composedly in advance through the scrub as though he were returning from a field-day in Queen Anne's Walk. On the column coming up it was received with befitting cheers, for it had done its work well, or "tastefully," as was remarked by an Irishman of the Royal Sussex.



An hour later the whole force moved away in columns of regiments from the zeriba, taking as much of the stores as possible, and leaving behind a guard of fifty men. Five-and-twenty wounded soldiers had to be carried on hand-stretchers, for hundreds of camels had been lost. The enemy dared not again to attack the force, which reached the river village of Abu-Kru by nightfall. The wounded were placed under cover in the huts, and the outlying houses were loopholed for defence, whilst the troops settled down for the night on the ground outside.

Sir Charles Wilson had been ordered to occupy Metamneh as a basis of operations, and thence ascend the Nile without delay to the relief of Gordon. But Metamneh he occupied not at all, and his ascent of the Nile he only commenced after the lapse of four precious days. How was this? What were the circumstances which had thus compelled the commander of the relief column to play the apparent part of a Fabius Cunctator, and imperil the achievement of the object for which this column had already made such heroic efforts and sacrifices?

As for Metamneh, Sir Charles Wilson had come to the conclusion that the political effect of not taking it would be so great that its capture ought to be essayed; and accordingly, at the first grimmer of dawn on Wednesday, the 21st, he paraded for this purpose a force of 1,000 men, which advanced in double column. Sir Charles had previously sent a summons of surrender on favourable conditions to the Emir commanding the town, but this was treated with contemptuous silence.

The line of advance was from west to east—the course of the Nile at this part—but Sir C. Wilson had heard that on the north of the town there was a large Government building, and he determined if possible to attack this, feeling convinced that if it were only once secured the place would be his. Accordingly, the attacking columns under his command

were given a direction which should bring them, by a detour, over against the north instead of the west front of the town; but what was his astonishment, on looking back from a point to which he had ridden forward to confer with Barrow and his reconnoitring hussars, at beholding his advancing columns marching due south instead of north

by east! Boscawen, the second in command, sent to explain that he had seen a body of dervishes moving on the south side of Metamneh in the direction of the camp, and had deemed it advisable to strike away across to intercept them. Sir Charles himself could discern no dervishes in the direction indicated, and doubtless concluded—just as Cæsar did in the case of Publius Considius, his scouting-master in the war with Dumnorix the Æduan—that Boscawen "had seen what, as a matter of fact, he had not seen" (renuntiasse pro viso quod non vidisset).

Neverthless, thinking that the dervishes might possibly be lurking among some cotton bushes

in the plain between the town and the river on the south side, he acquiesced in the new direction which had been given to his troops of assault, who now began to skirt the town on the south side. Hitherto the Arabs had given no sign, but now their fire was drawn by the daring Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the Daily Telegraph, who had ridden on towards a point where, with the true instinct of the war-correspondent, he had suspected a possible source of interest. The troops now advanced in square in case of a sudden rush of spearmen, and the enemy opened a brisk fire from loopholed walls. Occasionally the square halted, and the men lay down whilst skirmishers were sent out to reply to the fire of the enemy; while Sir Charles tried his guns, though they produced no effect on the mud walls, the shells going as clean through them as revolver bullets through a target of cardboard.

Presently, however, Barrow sent to say that he could see some large flags in the rear, and that he was certain they were on steamers, and the ubiquitous Burleigh rode off to meet them. Sir C. Wilson also sent Stuart-Wortley to communicate with them, and, to the exceeding joy of all, they turned out to be four vessels which Gordon had sent down from Khartoum to cooperate with his relievers.

"The steamers," wrote Mr. Burleigh, "were a curious sight. Three of them were about the size of large river-steamers, and the fourth was even smaller than a Thames penny-boat. The hulls of all four were of iron; the sides and the bridge were boarded up like a London street bill-hoarding. In place of their pine-boards, however, there were heavy sunt-wood timbers, two or three inches thick, and as impervious to rifle bullets as steel plates. In the forward part of each vessel a raised wooden fort had been built, the inside plated with old boiler iron. Projecting through a port-hole, closed against bullets by an iron plate when necessary, was a short brass-rifled gun four inches in bore, such as are used by the Egyptian army. On the main deck another gun was placed. Gordon must have lavished hours and days of hard labour to get the material together for making these four steamers into iron- or wooden-clads so strong that they could safely run the gauntlet of the rebel cannon and rifle fire."

Meanwhile Sir C. Wilson had withdrawn his force to a village fronting the west side of Metamneh—first north, then south, then west; and no sooner had he begun this retiring movement than the enemy opened on him from

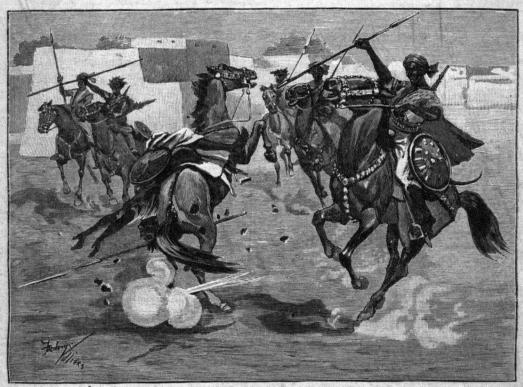
an advanced battery with blind shell, though luckily only one came into the square. "I heard the rush of the shot through the air," he said, "and then a heavy thud behind me. I thought at first it had gone into the field-hospital, but on looking round found it had carried away the lower jaw of one of the artillery camels, and then buried itself in the ground. The poor brute walked on as if nothing had happened, and carried its load to the end of the day."

The sudden appearance of the steamers had produced quite a stage effect; and the black troops on board, hastening to disembark and eager for the fray, were lustily cheered by Tommy Atkins, who was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind at having thus been made to pass the morning hours in imitation of the storied king of France and his thirty thousand men. The swarthy Soudanese, who behaved like perfect children in their joy at the prospect of their being able to show a thing or two to Tommy Atkins, came on as keen as possible, and ran four guns into action at once. "Being sent to their guns with orders," said Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, of the Coldstreams, "I stayed with them for half an hour, while they made some first-rate practice on the town, and though the gun-fire drew down the bullets pretty thick, they didn't appear to mind a bit. It seemed extraordinary what good troops the master mind of Gordon had made out of such rough material. Never have I seen men so pleased as they were at meeting us. Gordon's name mentioned was like that of a god whom they worshipped. It was even difficult for these enthusiastic allies to retire, as we explained to them that we did not intend for the present to attack the town."

For, alas! that was the conclusion to which Sir C. Wilson had now been forced by a calm survey of all the circumstances of the situation. Lord Cochrane, of the 2nd Life Guards, pleaded very hard for leave to storm the town, and, under cover of the smoke from the windward side. drive the Arabs into the river, but Sir Charles did not think the result would justify the risk. Boscawen managed the withdrawal cleverly and well, without confusion or hurry, and always giving the enemy a chance to attack if they wished. Shortly before the withd awal began, Poë, of the Marines, received a dreadful wound in the thigh, necessitating amputation very high up. Ever since leaving Korti he had worn a red coat, almost the only one in the force, and this had made him too conspicuous to the marksmen of the enemy. He was shot while standing up

in the open talking to his men, who were lying down.

By the time the force had returned to Abu-Kru its involuted line of march resembled as nearly as possible the figure eight. The intended attack of Sir C. Wilson on Metamneh had resolved itself into a mere reconnaissance in force; and he himself admitted that the moral effect of this was bad, giving the enemy fresh heart. But he was not without his substantial reasons for what he had done. By death and wounds the effective Gordon's diaries up to the 14th December (it was now the 21st January), together with a note in the beleaguered hero's own handwriting, dated 29th December: "Khartoum—all right; can hold out for years." Where, then, was the hurry? Ah, but there was another letter from Gordon to a private friend, Watson, dated 14th December (the date of the last entry in his diary), in which he said he expected a crisis within the next ten days, or about Christmas day! And now it was nearly a month after Christmas!



ARAB HORSEMEN OUTSIDE METAMNEH.

force at his disposal had already been decimated, and he could therefore ill afford to risk the further diminution of his combative strength, the less so as he now had reason to fear that bodies of the Arabs were advancing against him from Khartoum as well as Shendy—north and south. Besides, even if he had taken Metamneh, he estimated that the force at his disposal, after deduction of the loss in storming, would be insufficient to hold it against all comers. For these and other reasons he decided not to press the attack. But, after all, he had established himself on the Nile with Gordon's steamers at his service, and that was the main thing.

These steamers had brought down with them

Gracious heavens! was this not enough to fill the relieving force with the keenest apprehension, and rouse to the very utmost all the energies of its commander? Gordon's "Khartoum—all right" note was evidently a blind: the real stress of his position was conveyed in his private letters; and thus, rightly discerning the situation, Sir C. Wilson resolved "to carry out the original programme and go up to Khartoum."

At once? No, various circumstances seemed to render this impossible, and, indeed, unnecessary. To begin with, a rumour had reached Sir C. Wilson that a hostile force was approaching from the south, and it therefore behoved him—so he thought—to descend the Nile in

one of Gordon's steamers and inquire into the truth of this report, as "I would not leave the small force in its position on the Nile without ascertaining whether it was likely to be attacked." Moreover, in spite of Gordon's gloomy forebodings, Sir C. Wilson knew that, although Omdurman—on the left bank of the White Nile over against Khartoum—had fallen, Khartoum itself was still holding out; while he also calculated that the besieging pressure on the town would be relieved by the large number of men detached by the Mahdi to meet

the steamers carefully—that the crisis at Khartoum, which had been deferred from the 25th December to the 19th January (it was now the 21st), would be hurried on, "or that a delay of a couple of days would make much difference." Besides, Lord Wolseley had ordered that Lord Charles Beresford was to man Gordon's steamers with his Naval Brigade, and take Wilson with a few red-coats up to Khartoum. But the officers of the Naval Brigade,

like the heroic fellows

mber of men detached by the Mahdi to meet that they were, had all

The same

the English, and that news of their victories would be sure to have penetrated into Khartoum and given fresh heart to Gordon and his garrison.

MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON, C.B., R.E.

In Wilson's opinion there was nothing to show—and he questioned the commanders of

been killed or wounded, save Beresford; and Beresford was so ill that he could not walk.

Not, therefore, to the immediate relief of Gordon at Khartoum in the south, but to the carrying out of an aquatic reconnaissance towards Shendy in the north, did the commander of the Desert Column now address himself. He was accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, who had to be helped on board and placed on a seat in the cabin, and by two companies of mounted infantry under Major Phipps. The result of the reconnaissance, which was not without its lively risks and incidents, went to show that the English had nothing to fear from any force advancing southwards towards Metamneh, for several days at least; and as a token of their gratitude for

the valuable information which they had thus gleaned, the three steamers, before returning, hauled off into mid-stream and threw sixty shell screaming and crashing into mud-built Shendy. The bolder spirits of the party had pleaded hard with Wilson for leave to land and storm the place outright; but again, as at Metamneh, the combative impulses of these fiery Hotspurs were repressed by the just and cautious reasonings of their sagacious commander.

Thus, then, passed Thursday, the 22nd. Before leaving the steamer by which he had gone down to Shendy, Wilson ordered preparations to be made for a start to Khartoum next day-the 23rd. But, alas! unexpected difficulties again cropped up, rendering it impossible for the two selected steamers to be got under weigh. it was found that the engines had to be overhauled, wood had to be collected as fuel, rations drawn for the crews, pilots selected for the cataracts; and, above all things, those crews had to be assorted in conformity with the express instruction of General Gordon, who insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turkish or Egyptian origin, whom he describes as "hens." "So the hours slipped by," said Sir C. Wilson, "and we failed to make a start " (on the 23rd).

Nor was it till eight o'clock on the following morning (Saturday, the 24th) that the two steamers at last began to churn the waters of the Nile and head for Khartoum, amid the parting cheers of the lads they left behind them. These vessels were the Bordein and the Telahawiveh. On board the former were Sir C. Wilson, accompanied by Khashm-el-Mus, Captain Gascoigne, ten men of the Royal Sussex, one petty officer, one artificer R.N., and 110 Soudanese troops, the "hens" having all been weeded out. The Telahawiyeh carried Abd-el-Hamid, Captain Trafford, and ten men of the Royal Sussex, including a signaller, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, one artificer R.N., and eighty Soudanese troops; but she also had in tow a nugger laden with dhura (grain) for the famished garrison of Khartoum. and fifty additional Soudanese soldiers.

It had been originally intended to send fifty men of the Royal Sussex up to Khartoum, but Sir C. Wilson did not feel justified in taking with him an escort of more than twenty. Happy fellows, to be thus chosen for such an honourable and risky enterprise, and greatly envied by the war-correspondents, who, for all their hard pleading, were not allowed to share their peril. Lord

Wolseley had particularly wished the escort to enter Khartoum in red coats, and these had been sent to the front. But somehow or other they had been lost or looted; so a call had to be made for scarlet tunics, and a sufficient number were raised from the Guards or the Heavies, though these hung rather loosely on the less massive frames of the men of Sussex.

"Now, what was it we were going to do?" wrote Wilson. "We were going to fight our way up the river and into Khartoum in two steamers of the size of penny-boats on the Thames, which a single well-directed shell would send to the bottom; with crews and soldiers absolutely without discipline, with twenty English soldiers, with no surgeon—not even a dresser—and with only one interpreter, Muhammed Ibrahim, still suffering from a flesh wound in his side."

The filth in the steamers was something indescribable, the stench which rose up from the holds overpowering, and the rats countless and ubiquitous, no place or person being too sacred for them. With such a motley crew, moreover, the noise on board was sometimes deafening, and King Kurbash had frequently to assert his sway. The top of the deck-house or saloon in either boat was assigned to the ten Sussex men, with their arms and ammunition, kits and food, who were thus in a kind of citadel which could command the whole ship in case of a mutiny or anything going wrong.

All kinds of botheration occurred to impede the progress of the steamers. For they were heavily loaded and the water was low, and they could only move by day. They had to stop frequently to take in more firewood (village houses having to be pulled down for this purpose), to parley with friendlies, or to clear the banks of foes, and more than once they ran aground. It was a novel sensation, said Wilson, going to sleep on a steamer hanging on a sunken rock, with water running like a mill-race all round her. On such occasions the disastered steamer had practically to be emptied, hauled off, and re-loaded, causing a most exasperating loss of time.

In this manner three days were spent, and on the evening of the 26th two Shagiyeh friendlies came on board the Bordein, who reported that for the last fortnight there had been hard fighting round Khartoum—Gordon always victorious; that the advance of the English was much dreaded; and that the Shagiyeh tribe were only waiting for the turn of the tide to join the British. Alas! by this time, if they had only known it, all was over, and Gordon had already won at once the hero's and the martyr's crown.

More cataracts, sand-shoals, mountain-gorges _not unlike the "Iron gates" of the Danube_ stoppages to take in wood, trepidations, tracasseries of all kinds, dropping shots from the river banks, counter-fusillade from the slowlymoving steamers-until, on the afternoon of the 27th, a native on the left bank hailed the Bordein, shouting out that a camel-man had just passed down with the news that Khartoum was at last taken, and Gordon killed. Incredible! So much so, that "we dined together in high spirits at the prospect of running the blockade next day and at last meeting General Gordon after his famous siege "-a siege which had lasted for 317 days, or only nine days less than that of Sebastopol.*

Starting at 6 a.m. on the 28th, the steamers had advanced to a point whence the towers of Khartoum could at last be descried in the far distance—Wortley and his signaller with the heliograph now getting ready to try and attract Gordon's attention!—when another Shagiyeh shouted out from the bank that Khartoum had been taken, and Gordon had been killed two days before.

Soon afterwards a heavy fire was opened on the steamers from four guns and many rifles at from 600 to 700 yards. The bullets began to fly pretty thickly, rattling on the ships' sides like hailstones, whilst the shells went screeching overhead, or threw up jets of water in the stream around. "Our men replied cheerily, and the gun in the turret was capitally served by the black gunners, who had nothing on but a cloth round their waists, looking more like demons than men, in the thick smoke; and one huge giant was the very incarnation of savagery drunk with war."

This was at Halifiyeh, and, after the gauntlet of Arab fire had here been run, the large Government House at Khaftoum could be seen plainly above the trees. But where was the Egyptian

*On the 9th December Gordon had written in his diary: "We are only short of the duration of the siege of Sebastopol 57 days, and we had no respite, like the Russians had during the winter of 1854-55. . . . Of course, it will be looked upon as very absurd to compare the two blockades, those of Sebastopol and Khartoum; but, if properly weighed, one was just as good as the other. The Russians had money—we had none; they had skilled officers—we had none; they had no civil population—we had forty thousand; they had their route open and had news—we had neither."

flag which Gordon, for nearly a year, had ever kept flying upon his topmost roof? Not a trace of it now visible; nevertheless, Wilson would not yet believe in the worst, and pressed on up stream with his boilers strained almost to the bursting-point, and further threatened by the guns of another battery which, with a heavy rifle fire, now opened upon him from the right bank above Shamba, and blazed away at his vessels until they were within range of the guns of Omdurman.

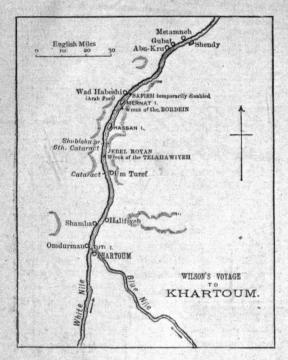
And what is that fire from a range of rifletrenches on Tuti Island, fronting Khartoum at the confluence of the Blue and the White Niles? Wilson, always in the optimist vein, thought that the island might still be in the hands of Gordon's men, who had thus begun to co-operate with the steamers. But, alas! no. Drawing near to address them and ask for news, Wilson was driven back into his turret by a shower of hostile bullets. Mahdist riflemen those, and no mistake.

But might not Khartoum itself still be holding out? Forward again, and let us see! But "no sooner did we start upwards than we got into such a fire as I hope never to pass through again in a penny-steamer"—nothing to greet the score of English red-coats but the roar of hostile guns, the continuous roll of musketry from either bank, the loud-rushing noise of Krupp shells, the grunting of a Nordenfeldt or a mitrailleuse—such a devils' concert and carnival of welcome as English red-coats had not got for many a day. No flag flying in Khartoum, and not a shot fired on shore in aid of the steamers. Could the most eager and optimistic of Wilsons fail at last to read the true significance of all that?

Certainly not; seeing was now believing. "I at once," wrote Wilson, "gave the order to turn and run full speed down the river. It was hopeless to attempt a landing or to communicate with the shore under such a fire. The sight at this moment was very grand: the masses of the enemy with their fluttering banners near Khartoum; the long rows of riflemen in the shelter-trenches at Omdurman; the numerous groups of men on Tuti; the bursting shells, and the water torn up by hundreds of bullets and occasional heavier shot—made an impression never to be forgotten. Looking out over the stormy scene, it seemed almost impossible that we should escape."

The Sussex red-coats had been very steady under all this feu d'enfer, and done much execution among the ranks of the enemy. All on

board had very narrow escapes from bullets and bursting of shelis—Wilson's field-glass, for



example, being shattered in his hand; but, fortunately, the enemy's gunners were bad shots. Some of the Soudanese soldiers did things which, if they had been English, would have entitled them to the Victoria Cross, and the Sussex drummer picked up and threw overboard the burning fuse of a shell which had burst overhead.

When the steamers got clear of the last guns, after having been under fire more or less for four hours, it was past 4 o'clock; and then it was, the tension of the fight being over, that all on board realised to the full the terrible nature of the situation.

As for the Soudanese, they were all in the depths of despair at the thought of the ruin in which the fall of Khartoum must have involved their families; and Khashm-el-Mus, their chief, collapsed entirely.

So would Wilson, too, he said, had it not been for the thought of how he was to get his steamers down the cataracts again—a much more dangerous business than that of bringing them up—down to Abu-Kru with the awful news that Khartoum had fallen, and that Gordon was undoubtedly dead. Sir Charles had been acting as chief of the Intelligence Department before the command of the Desert Column

devolved upon him by the wounding of Herbert Stewart, and now here he was racing down the Nile on his battered penny-steamer, the bearer of these terrible tidings.

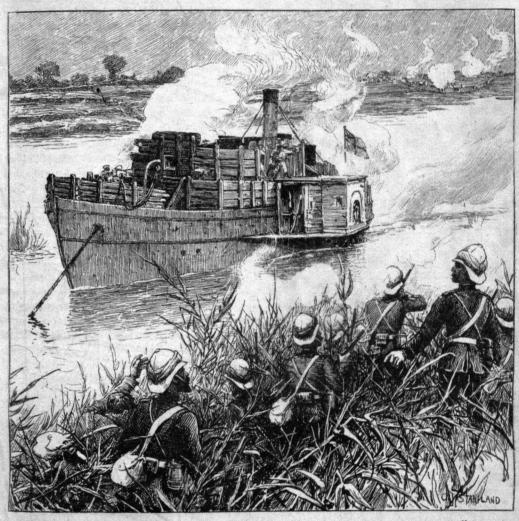
The steamers continued their down-stream course until dark—the Telahawiyeh had grounded but soon got free and followed her consort -when they made fast to an island south of Jebel Royan. From this place messengers, in the Mahdi's uniform, were sent to ascertain the fate of Gordon, and on their return they stated that the town had fallen on the morning of Monday. the 26th, through the treachery of Faragh Pasha, that Gordon himself had been killed, and the town given over to a three days' pillage. Faragh Pasha had originally been a black slave, whom Gordon freed and entrusted with the command of the Soudanese troops. This ungrateful scoundrel, it was said, had opened the gates and let in the roaring flood of Mahdist murderers.

In what particular manner Gordon himself had met his doom is still subject to some little doubt. All the best evidence tended to prove that he was killed at or near the palace, where his body was subsequently seen by several witnesses. The only account by a person claiming to be an eye-witness relates: "On hearing the noise I got my master's donkey and went with him to the palace. We met Gordon Pasha at



SIR CHARLES WILSON.

the outer door. Mohamed Bey Mustafa, with my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and about twenty cavasses, then went with Gordon towards the house of the Austrian Consul Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels in an open place near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed opening of the gates by Faragh Pasha, but from sudden assault when the garrison were too exhausted by privations to make proper resistance. If such were the case, the fact disposes completely of the reasoning of those who argued that, even if Sir Charles Wilson had been able to start at



"BERESFORD ANCHORED HIS WING-CLIPT LITTLE VESSEL AND LAY STERN ON TO THE ENEMY" (p. 311).

at once; nine of the cavasses, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and Mohamed Bey Mustafa were killed; the rest ran away."

The massacre in the town lasted some six hours, and about 4,000 persons at least were killed. Major Kitchener, of the Intelligence Department, who made very careful inquiries into the circumstances of the fall of Khartoum, came to the conclusion that the accusations of treachery were the outcome of mere supposition. In his deliberate opinion the city fell, not through the

once from Metamneh instead of after a delay of four days, he would not have been in time to save Gordon by stiffening the courage of his garrison with the presence of his red-coats, who were but the avant-couriers of more to come.

But "Too late! Too late! by only a couple of days!"—such were the cruel, the crushing words which ever rang•in the ears of Wilson and his companions as they did their downhearted best, amid their disaffected and almost mutinous crews, to steer their steamers down through

cataracts, sunken rocks, and sandbanks far more treacherous than Faragh Pasha, back to Abu-Kru with the woeful burden of their tidings. Danger after danger were overcome, and the hearts of all had just begun to beat more blithesomely when shock, crash, wrench—the *Telahawiyeh* struck heavily on a sunken rock opposite Jebel Royan and commenced to sink.

The rock lay in mid-stream in front of a sandbank, and the catastrophe was caused by a dispute between the captain and the *reis* (pilot) as to which side of the shoal they should take the steamer. The captain held up his hand one way the *reis* the other, and the helmsman, puzzled what to do, kept straight on, thus hitting the rock.

The *Bordein* at once lay to, and, by the cool exertions of the English officers, most of the stores were saved from the *Telahawiyeh*, and no lives lost—nothing but most of the ammunition.

That same night a messenger from the Mahdi, riding on a white camel, under a flag of truce, overtook and boarded the *Bordein* with a missive from his master confirming the fall of Khartoum and the killing of Gordon, and summoning all to surrender and embrace the faith of the Prophet. "Do not," he said, "be deceived and put confidence in your steamers" (alas! only one now) "and other things, and delay deciding until you rue it; but rather hasten to your benefit and profit before your wings are cut."

The answer returned to this masterful summons was of an evasive kind; but the colloquy between the messenger and the crews had a very bad effect, and the natives now began to desert.

This mutinous movement, indeed, was only checked by an opportune, if unfounded, rumour that the English had now taken Metamneh, and that their reinforcements were already swarming across the desert.

Countless dangers of navigation were now surmounted, and by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 31st January the descent of the last rapid was accomplished, leaving a clear stretch of unbroken water all the way to Metamneh. The one difficulty still ahead was the running the gauntlet at Wad Habeshi, where it was known that Feki Mustapha—bad luck to him!—had a large force and a battery. All was going on well and the worst of dangers were thought to be over, when, at 3.30 p.m., while steaming along in smooth water, the Bordein, in descending the channel to the west of Mernat Island, struck heavily on a sunken rock and at once began to

fill. Everyone, Wilson included, thought that the long-deferred end had now come. Had native treachery been at work here, too?

The sinking steamer was laid alongside a sandspit running out from an island, situated about fifty yards from the larger one of Mernat. Guns. ammunition, and stores were landed with all alacrity, and Captain Gascoigne was sent to select a suitable place for a zereba on Mernat Island, commanding the smaller one, against which the Bordein was beached. Finding the position wholly unsuitable for defence, Wilson at first thought of making a forced march down the right bank of the river to opposite Abu-Kru, while sending on Stuart-Wortley in a boat to report upon the situation and beg for a steamer to be sent up to protect their flank. But it was impossible to do anything with the native troops, and so he had to content himself with securing his position on the island as best he could, and despatching Wortley down stream to beg for succour from the Desert Column.

At 6.45 p.m. Wortley started in the ship's boat, having with him four English soldiers, including the signaller, and eight natives. His start was timed to enable him to pass Feki Mustapha's fort at Wad Habeshi in the interval of darkness between sunset and moonrise. He rowed on to within about half-a-mile of the fort, and then, shipping his oars, ordered the crew to lie down in the bottom of the boat, which, floating down stream, gradually neared the enemy's position. So near did it drift to the shore that the men's faces could easily be distinguished as they sat over their camp fires, and they were even heard discussing whether the black object which they saw upon the stream was a boat or not.

Suddenly their doubts were dispelled by the rising of the moon on the eastern horizon in a straight line behind the boat, which was thus at once rendered plainly visible. The shout which followed this discovery soon warned the crew that further concealment was useless, and springing to their places they pulled away with a will amidst a rain of bullets which ploughed up the water on every side, but did no harm. A few hundred yards brought them to another island, by following the right side of which they were enabled to continue their journey under cover for a considerable distance, and on again emerging into the main channel, they found that they were only followed by a few camelmen, apparently with rifles. At 3 a.m. on the 1st February the party reached the camp of the Desert Column.

"No member of our small force," wrote Lieut. Douglas Dawson, "will ever forget this morning. Just at dawn I was waked by someone outside our hut calling for Boscawen. I jumped up and went out to see who it was, and then made out, to my surprise, Stuart-Wortley, whom we all thought at Khartoum. I looked towards the river, expecting in the faint light to see the steamers; then, seeing nothing, and observing by his face that there was something wrong, I said, 'Why, good heavens! where are the steamers? What is the news?' He said, 'The very worst.' Then, it all came out."

Holla there! A Beresford to the rescue! Scottish Gordon had started to relieve Khartoum; English Wilson had followed to relieve Gordon; and now in turn it was necessary for Irish Beresford to rush to the rescue of Wilson.

Though not yet quite recovered from his illness, the gallant Lord Charles-"fighting Charlie" Napier's successor by name and nature in the Navy-at once offered to embark upon the most perilous enterprise which the campaign had yet entailed; and by two o'clock on the day on which Stuart-Wortley had reached the camp of the Desert Column with his doleful and distressing news, Beresford was steaming up the Nile as fast as ever the boilers of the Safieh could carry him and his combatant companions, consisting of a portion of the Naval Brigade under Lieut. Van Koughnet, twenty picked marksmen of the Royal Rifles, with two Gardners and two 4-pounders. And now let Feki Mustapha and his gunners at the Wad Habeshi battery, which intervened between the Safieh and the scene of the Bordein wreck-let Feki and his swarthy gunners have a care of their ugly heads.

The ascent of the Safieh was marked by no particular incident till the third morning, when the Arab earthworks at Wad Habeshi were sighted, and beyond them in the distance the funnel of the disastered Bordein. When within 1,200 yards of the fort, Lord Charles opened fire with his bow-gun, which was at once replied to by the Arabs; and then, full-steam ahead, he proceeded to run the blockade of the battery, just as at the bombardment of Alexandria he had carried his little Condor close under Arabi's guns and battered them out of action. Owing to the shallowness of the water, it was necessary for the Safieh to pass within eighty yards of the river-bank redoubt; but into the embrasures of this redoubt Beresford's gunners and riflemen

rained such insufferable showers of shells and bullets that the Arabs were totally unable to fire their pieces fronting towards the river.

No sooner, however, had the Safieh passed up—200 yards or so—to a point whence it was impossible for it to concentrate such a hail of missiles on the fort, than the Arabs wheeled one of their guns to an up-stream embrasure and sent a well-directed shot clean through the steamer's stern and into one of its boilers—of all places in the boat. A cloud of dense steam at once poured out, scalding severely all those in the stokehole; and the column of vapour was perceived afar off by Wilson and his party, who, concluding that the vessel was in dire extremity of some kind, made haste to descend the right bank and co-operate with it against the Feki Mustapha gentry on the opposite shore.

In the paddle-wheels of the Safieh there was still revolving power enough left after the bursting of her boiler for her to be moved a wee bit further up stream, and then, heading towards the right bank, Beresford anchored his wing-clipt little vessel and lay stern-on to the enemy at about 500 yards' range.

Here was a nice predicament for a penny Nilesteamer to be in! But, then, there was a "fighting Charlie" on board, and that made all the difference in the world. On the bursting of the boiler the Feki Mustapha clanjamfrie had raised a yell of triumph that might have been heard at Cairo, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood. Nevertheless, what mattered all their shouting, when their shooting, which was the main thing, was made impossible? From eight o'clock in the morning till sunset, so heavy and continuous a fire was kept up from the crippled Safieh that the Arabs were never once able to bring a gun to bear upon her, while their rifle practice during all these twelve long and anxious hours was of a kind that would certainly have disqualified them for competition at Bisley.

As, however, under cover of the night the Arabs might haul their guns up stream to a position that would prove fatal to the Safieh with the break of day, Lord Charles saw that his boiler must somehow be repaired by morning light, and that meanwhile he must delude the enemy into the belief that he meant to desert his ship, so as to make them think it not worth their while to shift the position of their guns.

The morning dawned, and lo! by this time the damaged boiler had been repaired by the

heroic efforts of Mr. Henry Benbow, chief engineer, who, working almost alone upon it, and under fire—which killed a petty officer and wounded Lieut. Van Koughnet—had again succeeded in supplying the little vessel as with wings of steam. At this discovery the Arabs at the redoubt raised another deafening yell, accompanied by a hail of bullets; but presently they were to be made to yell for a totally different reason.

For, sending the revivified Safieh about 200 yards up stream so as to have ample turning room, Lord Charles put about and darted down again past the redoubt, raining such a storm of various projectiles into its front embrasures as precluded the bare possibility of its guns being laid and fired on the passing vessel. A few hundred yards further on the Safieh came upon the nugger of the Bordein full of sick and wounded, under Captain Gascoigne, hard and fast upon a rock, on to which it had drifted in its nocturnal passage down stream. Under a sharp fire from the enemy the nugger was lightened and taken in tow, and a little further down Beresford was

able to embark Sir Charles Wilson and his party, who had descended the right bank and formed a zeriba.

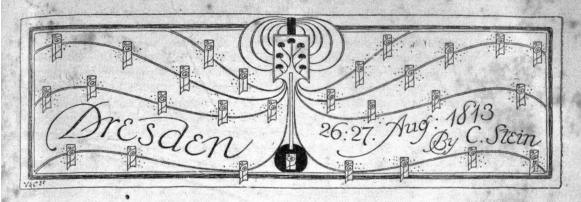
At a quarter to six o'clock on the evening of the 6th February the Safieh safely reached the camp of the Desert Column, Lord Charles Beresford being received with great cheering on account of his dashing exploit, "which we all look on," said Lieut. Dawson, "as the most brilliant business of the expedition."

On the following evening Sir C. Wilson set out for Corti to communicate in detail to Lord Wolseley the tragic story of his attempt to reach Khartoum; but by this time the news had reached England, and divided the hearts of the people between sorrow for the fate of the gallant Gordon and admiration of the heroism which had been so vainly displayed by the soldiers of the expedition to save him.

How the other half of that expedition, under General Earle, comported itself at the battle of Kirbekan, and how the Desert and the River Columns again united at Corti, must form the subject-matter of a separate story.



BRINGING THE NEWS OF GORDON'S DEATH TO METAMNEH.



FTER the battle of Lützen, on the left bank of the Elbe, in the beginning of May, 1813, the allied Russo-Prussian forces, retiring before Napoleon, were obliged to recross that river, to evacuate Dresden, and to fall back into Silesia. were again defeated with heavy loss at Bautzen and Wurschen on the 20th and 21st May, thus losing the line of the Oder. In one month the young and hastily-organised French army had been victorious in three great battles, besides several minor engagements of advanced guards. At the same time Marshal Davout had retaken Hamburg and Lübeck, and on the 29th May the French eagles were seen everywhere triumphant from Hamburg to Breslau. honour and prestige of French arms, which had suffered so grievously in the Russian campaign, were completely re-established, and the coalition of European Powers which menaced the French Empire was paralysed, the monarchs in flight, their armies in disorder. But the legions of Napoleon were themselves worn out with constant effort, and required repose to give them time again to consolidate. The position of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, the renegade French marshal, was threatening in Pomerania; the death of his old and trusted comrade, Duroc, had saddened the emperor, and at the instance of Austria, till then neutral, Napoleon consented to an armistice, which was signed on the 4th June.

But the policy of Austria was opposed to Napoleon. Confident in her strong armaments and her position on the French right flank, she felt that, if she cast her sword into the scale, she must be the arbiter of future events. The Russo-Prussian coalition had failed because it had been surprised, before its complete development, by Napoleon's inconceivable rapidity of action. Even now the number of combatants

which it could put into the field was nearly equal to that of the French armies. With the additional forces that could be raised during an armistice and with 130,000 men which Austria could dispose of, the numerical odds against the French Emperor would be almost overwhelming. Fully alive to these facts, the diplomatists of Austria, in arranging an armistice and in providing that during its continuance a congress should be assembled at Prague to consider conditions of peace, resolved to insist upon such cessions by Napoleon as would bring the sway of France within normal limits and restore to other European nations the influence of which they had so long been deprived. Austria, in fact, let it be known that her neutrality was at an end, that it was for her to decide on the future of Europe, and that she would make common cause with Russia and Prussia unless the terms formulated by the congress at Prague were accepted by the French Emperor. Hard these terms were, including demands for the cession of Illyria and the greater part of Italy, the return of the Pope to Rome, the yielding up of Poland to Russia, the evacuation of Spain, Holland, and Belgium and the re-establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine; but it is certain that even the proud spirit of Napoleon hesitated for a time whether he should not accept them. On one hand he had an immense army with his own unequalled genius to direct it; on the other he saw the advantages and indeed the necessity of peace to France worn out by long years of war. One of his ministers, whose name is unknown, struck the note which gave a key to his final decision, saying, "Ah, sire, and your glory!" How could he, who had distributed so many sceptres, descend to the level of the crowd of kings, conquered or created by himself? The die was cast. The 10th August, the day when the armistice expired, passed without his acceptance

of the proposals made to him, and Austria, with Russia and Prussia, forthwith declared war.

In the presence of enemies so formidable, whose united forces numbered nearly 500,000, Napoleon found it necessary to remain on the defensive. His own army, including the Imperial Guard as a reserve, did not much exceed 300,000 combatants, and was distributed from the frontier of Bohemia, following the course of the Katzbach, to the Oder. The time of the armistice had been employed on both sides in preparing for war, in completing, organising, and instructing the troops, and both the French and their allied enemies were fresh and ready to enter on a new campaign.

The army of Austria was the factor of the future which Napoleon had principally to consider. If it marched on Dresden, it would temporarily be checked by the 1st and 14th Corps under Vandamme and Gouvion St. Cyr until the emperor could rush to their assistance. If it moved into Silesia, the whole French army would be gathered to meet it at Goerlitz or Buntzlau. In any case, Dresden was the base of Napoleon's system, as the bridges at Meissen and at Königstein enabled the French to manœuvre on both sides of the Elbe. The town was therefore put into a defensible condition, and made secure against a coup-de-main. The old fortifications were repaired, the faubourgs were fortified and covered by advanced works, field fortifications were constructed between the Hopfgarten, the public park, and the Elbe, and the park itself was made available for the occupation of several battalions.

Shortly before this time the French army had suffered a severe loss, which not only deprived it of the services of a singularly able and experienced officer, but also shook its moral as showing that entire confidence could no longer be placed in soldiers of foreign extraction, even though they wore the uniform of a French general. General Jomini, a Swiss by birth, the chief of Marshal Ney's staff, deserted to the allies, taking with him the field states of the French army and complete notes of the intended plan of campaign. Jomini owed everything to Marshal Nev, who had raised him from a very humble employment to the high position which he occupied. Basely did this man betray the trust reposed in him, and it was to the astonishment of every one that the Emperor Alexander of Russia rewarded his treason by making him his aide-de-camp. Even the Emperor of Austria was so shocked by seeing Jomini present at a dinner given by Alexander that he exclaimed, "I know that sovereigns are sometimes obliged to make use of deserters, but I cannot conceive how such a one can be received into their personal staff or found at their table."

Having thus transferred his services, and, as said before, bringing with him Napoleon's orders for the movement of his several army corps, Jomini urged the allied sovereigns to commence hostilities two days earlier than had been their intention, so that time should not be given to the French Emperor to alter his plans. He is also credited with having given them the sage advice always to fall upon the French armies wherever their great commander was not. With what fatal effect that advice was followed in the ensuing campaign history may tell. It no doubt inspired the allied movements in the campaign's commencement, though for that time these movements were not crowned with success.

The first blow was struck by the impatient and fiery Blucher, who hurled himself upon the French army under Marshal Macdonald in Silesia. His intention was to draw Napoleon himself to that part of his line of defence and to retreat before him, while the main Austro-Russian-Prussian army of 200,000 men, under Prince Schwartzenberg, which had been concentrated at Prague, would then be able to attack Dresden opposed only by the great warrior's lieutenants.

The plan was only partially successful. The emperor, indeed, met Blucher and drove him back, but he had divined the intended movement of Prince Schwartzenberg upon Dresden and prepared to return to the defence of that town by forced marches, at the head of the 2nd and 6th corps of infantry and the whole of his guard, together with the 1st corps of cavalry and the Polish cavalry. Vandamme was also directed to march with the first corps of infantry upon Königstein, and, restoring the bridge there, to threaten the enemy's flank.

The great allied army crossed the chain of the Erz Gebirge on the 22nd August, and debouched by Gottleuba, Altenberg, Sayda, and Marienberg. The only French troops then in front of them were the 14th corps, 20,000 strong, commanded by Marshal St. Cyr, which occupied the environs of Pirna, about eighteen miles from Dresden. Weak as this force was, it was in the hands of one of the most able captains who had been produced by the many previous years of war. Gouvion St. Cyr, of tall and dignified figure, sparing of speech, but when he spoke clear,

concise, and trenchant, had a calm and methodical mind. War was for him an art to be loved, and, constantly studying it, he aimed to carry it on purely by rule. He calculated military issues not only by the place, the circumstances, and the numbers engaged, but by the character of the enemy opposed to him and that of the chiefs and soldiers whom he commanded. He knew always how to gain the confidence of his subordinates, to mould them to his purpose, to inspire them with pride in themselves, and, in the midst of the greatest perils and privations, to raise their courage to the level of his own. He sought glory, but it must be gained by following principles, otherwise for him it lost its value. He preferred to succeed by prudently-calculated and wisely-combined manœuvres, leaving as little as possible to chance; and he was often known, by able strategy, to turn a stubborn and prolonged defensive into an offensive, unforeseen and victorious. This great soldier had the fault that he did not show all his value except in a position of separate command. Independent by elevation of character as well as by pride in his own abilities, he ill brooked an equal and still less a superior. Caring not to share his glory with anyone, he but coldly seconded his chiefs, and gave to his equals the smallest measure of support.

Such as he was, no better man could have been found to carry out the task which now fell He knew that the emperor would hasten to secure Dresden, but that time was above all things necessary. With a weak corps of 20,000 men he had to check the overwhelming masses of the allies till an adequate force could be present to give them battle. No finer tactical display could be possible than his gradual withdrawal to the defences of Dresden, inflicting heavy loss on his enemy during three days of fighting, and then placing his troops behind the works which had been already prepared. Admirable as his dispositions were, however, and brilliant as was his leadership, he owed much of his success to the delays of Prince Schwartzenberg, who, proverbially slow and cautious in the field, would not risk, even against a feeble enemy, a bold attack on Dresden till the corps of General Klenau had come into line. If the Austrian commander-in-chief had nerved himself to use fully the crushing forces already under his hand, he might have cut the French line of communication and secured the passage of the Elbe before Napoleon appeared on the scene with the men drawn from Silesia.

On the morning of the 26th August the situa-

tion was this—Marshal St. Cyr with his corps was holding the field-works which protected Dresden, while the great allied army, still hesitating to make a determined attack, occupied in strength the heights of Zschernitz and Strehlen to the south of the town, while at the same time spreading themselves out towards both flanks.

Napoleon was hastening towards the threatened town at the head of the troops which were to secure its defence. Even then an attack in force by the allies would have been successful, and in the race for the possession of the important position they might have outstripped the succours which were toiling breathlessly to the critical point. But still Schwartzenberg delayed to grasp the prey which was really in his power; still the columns of his army stood inactive. The opportunity slipped away, not again to return. nine in the morning the French Emperor arrived on the outskirts of Dresden. He paused for a moment to inspect the battery which had been placed on the right bank of the Elbe to flank the left of the French position, and ordered that it was to be strengthened by the first pieces of artillery which should arrive. Then he pressed on to the front of St. Cyr's line, and by twelve o'clock he had mastered all the details of the His presence produced a magical situation. effect upon the sorely harassed 14th corps, and everywhere shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" gave voice to the renewed confidence of the soldiers, who felt that they were no longer called upon to struggle against hopeless odds.

An hour or two after mid-day Prince Schwartzenberg at last resolved that he would no longer wait for the arrival of General Klenau's corps, but would move forward to the attack. Three cannon shots gave the signal, and at once six columns, each covered by the fire of fifty guns, threw themselves against the entrenchments of Dresden. The combined discharge from such a formidable artillery was crushing in its effect, and, making the outworks untenable, gave for a time an easy success to the infantry columns. General Colloredo carried the main redoubt in the centre of the French line; General Kleist obliged the troops who had occupied the park to fall back upon the faubourg; and the corps of General Wittgenstein debouched near the Elbe, threatening to turn the left of the French position. The whole of the reserves of the 14th corps were now engaged, and the shot and shell of the attack were falling in the streets of Dresden. A few short hours earlier such an assault so delivered must have driven St. Cyr into hopeless

retreat, but now it was too late. Even while the allied armies were making their effort, unknown to them masses of French soldiers were entering the town and forming for battle. The Old and Young Guard were both there, the infantry division of General Teste, the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg had moved to the extreme right, and a numerous artillery was ready to come into action. Napoleon, who had been watching the progress of events, judged that the time had come to show the hidden strength upon which the allies had unwittingly closed. The French centre was secured by the old forti-

of the sorties, which now issued from every gate of the city. They were driven out of the redoubts which they had taken earlier in the day, and in their retreat to the heights which they had occupied on the past night they suffered heavy loss from the charging squadrons of Latour-Maubourg. In the fighting of that one day Prince Schwartzenberg, while gaining no foot of ground, had lost 5,000 men killed and wounded, and nearly 3,000 prisoners. Thus ended a glorious day for France, but one whose glory for a time hung only on a thread, for, as has been seen, Marshal St. Cyr and his corps had



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fications of the town, so he was at liberty to disregard that point and operate against the flanks of the enemy. Two divisions of the Guard, under Marshal Ney, were sent to the right, while two others, under Marshal Mortier, were directed to the left, where also were Teste's division and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry. The allies were surging up to the old walls, driving the 14th corps, still sternly fighting, before them. No thought had they but to sweep victorious over the frail battlements into Dresden, and, shouting "To Paris!" as their war-cry, their order was relaxed in the expectation that no further resistance would be met. Suddenly the gates opened and the stately battalions of the Guard appeared in battle array. It was like the apparition of Medusa's head. Startled into sudden discomfiture, the allies fell back before the charge

made their last effort and fired their last cartridge before the Imperial Guard came to their assistance.

During the night the light infantry of General Metsko, forming the advanced guard of Klenau's corps, joined Schwartzenberg, and prolonged to the left the vast semi-circle occupied by his army. His right rested on the Elbe above Dresden, and he intended Klenau's corps to fill the gap between his left and the Elbe below the town. But Klenau's march was still delayed by the state of the roads; the position which he should have occupied was insufficiently held by Metzko, and the left of the allies was practically en Vair. The French also received a great accession of strength, for the corps of Marshals Marmont and Victor, with Nansouty's cavalry, had followed the Imperial Guard, and were now

at Napoleon's disposition. The night of the 26th was most trying to both armies. The rain fell in torrents, and both French and allies bivouacked in mud and water. A portion of the former were certainly able to find some shelter in the city, but the greater part of them had no such resource. How often has it hap-

overcast. No single gleam of sunshine cheered or warmed the chilled and famished soldiery who rose from their flooded resting-places. The allied army occupied a strong position on the heights surrounding Dresden, while the French occupied the plain immediately outside the town. So completely were the troops of Napoleon



"BOTH FRENCH AND ALLIES BIVOUACKED IN MUD AND WATER."

pened that, on the eve of a great conflict, the soldiers who are to take part in it, and whose endurance and courage are to be tried to the uttermost, have been exposed to every hardship which can reduce their stamina and depress their spirits! In studying the great deeds recorded in history, how much our admiration of the heroes who performed them is increased by the knowledge of the surrounding conditions, to whose evil influence they rose superior!

The morning of the 27th broke dull and

exposed to view, that Schwartzenberg could not fail to know how great was the advantage in numbers which the allies still possessed. Thus were the French marshalled: on the extreme left were two divisions of the Young Guard under Mortier, supported by Nansouty's cavalry; next to them was the 14th corps under St. Cyr; in the centre was the emperor with the infantry and cavalry of the Old Guard, two divisions of the Young Guard under Ney, and the 6th corps under. Marmont; towards the right was Victor

with the 2nd corps; and on the open ground on the extreme right was massed all the remaining cavalry under Murat, the King of Naples. Murat had only joined the army on the 17th August. For some months after he had suddenly given up the command of the shattered Grand Army during the retreat from Russia, he had been in disgrace with his great brother-in-law, and had even gone so far as to enter into negotiations with the English with the view of saving his crown of Naples if Napoleon's star had for ever set in the Russian snows. When the new French army was, however, organised and about to take the field, Napoleon sent Murat a message of forgiveness and a pressing invitation again to serve as a soldier of France. Whether the emperor did this in order to withdraw the King of Naples from the intrigues into which he had so unfortunately entered, or in order to give to his cavalry a chief worthy to lead them in battle, can never be known. Probably both motives influenced the invitation, which Murat accepted, again to prove himself the leading paladin of French chivalry, the most formidable cavalry officer who ever sat in a saddle.

The allied army was deployed, as we have seen, in a great semi-circle, having its centre on the heights of Zschernitz and Strehlen, with its right under Wittgenstein resting on the Elbe. Its left was, however, not complete, and only a part of General Ginlay's corps, with the divisions of Lichtenstein and Metsko, was pushed across the deep ravine formed by the river Weisseritz. If Klenau's corps had arrived, the left would have rested on the Elbe, and there would have been no want of natural strength in any part of the position. In the general arrangement the Russo-Prussian armies were on the right and the Austrians on the left.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th, Napoleon was himself at the outposts of his army reconnoitring the dispositions of Schwartzenberg. His keen glance soon detected the weakness of his enemy's left, and, anxious that the Austrian general should not have time to repair the fault which had been committed, he gave the order for the skirmishers and the artillery to commence the action all along the line. He resolved that he would seize the advantage of being the attacker-an advantage which, besides being so congenial to the spirit of a French army, gave him the initiative in selecting the scenes of bitterest combat. As on the previous day his most important movements were against the allied flanks. Marshal Mortier,

with his divisions of the Young Guard, was directed against Wittgenstein, while Murat and his cavalry, with the assistance of Marshal Victor's corps, were to fall upon and roll up the Austrians on their weakly-held left. He himself, in the centre, intended to maintain a heavy fire from his artillery and light troops so as to engage the enemy's attention and cause them to anticipate other attacks from new directions.

One of the first shots fired in the morning inflicted a serious loss on the allies, shattering both legs of General Moreau, who was riding near the Emperor Alexander of Russia. Moreau, who had been one of the most illustrious generals of France, had been in exile for some years, having fled from his native land, suspected of complicity in schemes against Napoleon's power. Within the last few days he had taken service with the enemies of his country, and was now aiding them with his great military talents. It is yet uncertain how far Moreau was deservedly an exile, but there can be no doubt that the victor of Hohenlinden threw a dark cloud over the end of his life, whose beginning had been so glorious, by appearing in arms against France and advising her foes how best they might conquer her sons. He was removed from the field in a litter, and both his legs were amputated. Four days later he died in the house of a Saxon curé, cursing himself for his conduct and saying, "To think that I-I, Moreau-should die in the midst of the enemies of France, struck down by a shot from a French cannon!" A curious story, told of the manner in which the death of this celebrated man became known to Napoleon's army, may be mentioned here. On the evening of the 27th a French hussar found, after the battle, a magnificent Danish hound which seemed to be searching for a lost master. On the hound's neck was a collar with the inscription "I belong to General Moreau." This led to inquiries being made, when it was ascertained from people who had seen the event that Moreau had indeed been mortally wounded. A stone now marks the place, bearing the legend "Hier fiel der held Moreau" (Here fell the hero Moreau).

To return to the battle, it was never intended by Napoleon that the combat in which Mortier engaged should have more importance than attached to the object of keeping the enemy employed and uneasy. That marshal therefore did no more than take one village and, during the early part of the day, dispute the possession of another with the Russians. The real effort DRESDEN.

was to be made on the French right by Murat and Victor, who were to crush the allied left and, if possible, cut off Schwartzenberg's line of retreat by the Freyberg road, throwing him back on the almost impassable mountain tracks which lead to Töplitz by Dippoldiswalde and Altenberg. This manœuvre would be seconded by Vandamme with the 1st corps, who, having been two days previously ordered to pass the Elbe at Königstein, was now pushing before him General Ostermann, the guardian of the bridges.

Murat and Victor, unlike some of the great French leaders on other occasions, acted without jealousy of each other, and gave that mutual support which doubles the tactical value of masses of infantry and cavalry. While Murat, with Latour-Maubourg's horsemen, made a long detour to gain the flank of the Austrians, Victor made a direct attack on their front and secured the Weisseritz ravine, thus cutting them off from the main body of their army. Then were the Austrian squares victims to the brilliant cavalry leader. Murat led the charges which he commanded with all the impetuosity and determination which had marked him in so many battles in so many lands. Never had he directed more effectively his "whirlwinds of cavalry." The Cuirassiers, familiarly known in the French army as "les gros frères," reaped most of the day's honours, and scattered the most solid formations in their path. Lichtenstein's division was driven back into the ravine by the squadrons of Bourdesoulle; the Austrian cavalry, which bravely strove to support Metsko's division, was overthrown by the dragoons of Doumerc, and Murat himself, charging Metsko's division, forced it to lay down its arms. All these movements lasted from ten in the morning till two. Rarely has cavalry ever produced such an effect on a battlefield. Rarely have cavalry and infantry worked together with greater unison for a common end. As Murat said in his report to the emperor, "the cavalry covered itself with glory, rending sword in hand the masses of troops opposed to it, in spite of a most stubborn resistance. The infantry charged the enemy with the bayonet, and the generals well directed in these difficult attacks the inexperienced bravery of their young troops." In these early hours of the day Murat took 6,000 prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery, besides inflicting on the enemy a loss of 4,000 or 5,000 killed and wounded. There was one circumstance which undoubtedly gave a considerable

advantage to cavalry in the battle of Dresden. At that period all soldiers were armed with flintlock muskets, which it was almost impossible to discharge if the powder in the pan became at all damp. As we have seen, there had been a continuous downpour of rain on the night previous. to the battle, and, on the 27th August itself, the driving storm never ceased. The firearms of the Austrian infantry were, therefore, nearly useless, and the cavalry had nothing to fear from them in charging up to their formation. With reference to this an incident of the day is recorded. A body of Cuirassiers, commanded by General Bourdesoulle, found itself in front of a brigade of Austrian infantry formed in square, and summoned them to surrender. The enemy's general having scornfully refused, Bourdesoulle rode to the front, and called out that he knew that none of the muskets could be fired. The Austrian replied that his men would defend themselves with the bayonet and that with the greater advantage because the French cavalry, whose horses were struggling up to their hocks in mud, could not possibly deliver a charge with sufficient pace to make it effective.

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"I will destroy your square with my artillery."
"But you have not any, for it is stuck in the

mud."

"Well, if I show you the guns, now in rear of my leading squadrons, will you surrender?"

"Of course I must, for I will then have no means of defence left to me."

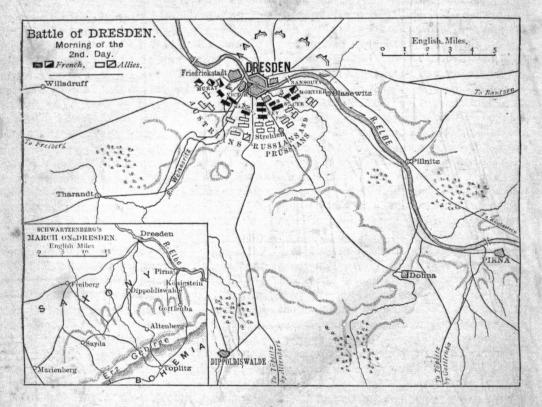
Bourdesoulle ordered the advance of a battery of six guns to a distance of thirty paces from the square. When the Austrian general saw the guns each with an artilleryman standing by it, portfire in hand, ready for action, he, perforce, surrendered at discretion.

Artillery, indeed, took a principal rôle on both sides during the whole of the 27th, and more markedly the French batteries, which were at all times able to accompany the other troops and to come into position wherever required. The foresight of Napoleon had specially provided for the difficulty to be expected in crossing ground soaked and heavy with wet, by doubling all the gun-teams, and for this purpose he had made use of the horses belonging to the transport waggons, which were for the time in safety within the walls of Dresden.

Learning the complete success of Murat's action on his right and that Mortier was surely, if slowly, thrusting back Wittgenstein on his left, Napoleon began to press the centre of the allies. Columns of attack were formed by the

14th corps, the cavalry of the Guard were pushed forward in threatening manœuvre, and the heavy cannonade from every available gun was redoubled. Ney, with the whole of the Guard, strengthened Mortier's forward movement. Above all, the emperor threw himself with his Guard into the battle, exciting every soldier by his personal presence and stimulating their valour by the electric vigour of his purpose. Superior as the allies still were in numbers to the French army, they were everywhere worsted.

from his first blows, and now the whole French army was directed to complete its victory, of which the first results were the enemy's loss of 20,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners with 200 pieces of artillery, and caissons and several standards. Schwartzenberg was retiring on Töplitz by all the tracks and footpaths through the Bohemian mountains, and thither the defeated army was to be followed, there the last annihilating blow was to be struck. Vandamme, from his position near Pirna, was now to lead



Schwartzenberg saw his left crushed, his centre demoralised and barely holding its ground, his right rapidly giving way. Murat had cut his line of retreat by the Freiberg road, and Vandamme, with the 1st corps, was on the route by Pirna. Napoleon's strategy had been completely successful, and there were no roads open to the allied army but those through the mountains towards Töplitz. At four in the afternoon the Austrian general began his retiring movement, and soon Napoleon saw the great host which had threatened so much, melting away before him defeated and disheartened.

After his successes before two o'clock, Murat, still supported by Victor, had followed them up by pressing in pursuit of those who had escaped

the pursuit. Ney, Mortier, the whole of the Guard were, on the morning of the 28th, marching to support him, while St. Cyr and Marmont were to join him by other routes. The fortune of the campaign, even the final event of the war, the empire of Europe, were to be decided at Töplitz. Nothing was wanting but to press forward and, having united the various corps, to strike one last blow. At mid-day on the 28th all were in movement. Immediately afterwards there was a general halt. Vandamme alone, who was acting independently, continued his march, alas! now unsupported. At this decisive moment, when all depended on his personal supervision and impulse, the health of the emperor broke down. Whether it was the long

'THE CUIRASSIERS REAPED MOST OF THE DAV'S HONOURS" (A. 319).