exposure to rain and storm, the anxieties of the closing days of the armistice, or the strain of war which at last took effect, cannot be known; but certain it is that the cord snapped, the physical and mental powers of Napoleon altogether gave way, the great strategy which he alone could have directed collapsed, and the pursuing movements of his army ceased. Vandamme marched on unsupported to be defeated and taken prisoner at Kulm, the first of the great series of misfortunes which now fell upon the French armies, leading to the invasion of France and the abdication of her ruler at Fontainebleau. The battle of Dresden was the last of Napoleon's great victories. Some transient gleams of success did afterwards from time to time fall upon his arms, but never again did he appear as an invincible conqueror. Never did French soldiers gain by their conduct more glory than on the 26th and 27th August. Never were such great deeds followed by sequel more disastrous.

MARSHAL GOUVION ST. CYR.
(From the Picture by Vernet.)

The Collapse of the Confederacy: April: 1865.

By Archibald Forbes.

IN the spring of 1865, after four years of bitter and bloody civil war, the Great Rebellion was approaching its end. With the simultaneous defeats of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th of July, 1863, the Confederacy had lost its chance of independence; yet, such was the stubbornness of the rebels, nearly two years more of battle, murder, and sudden death were to elapse before the closing scene at Appomattox Court-house. During the memorable "campaign of the Wilderness" from the beginning of May, 1864, to the beginning of the investment of Petersburg in the third week of June of the same year, Grant's losses had exceeded 40,000 men, and there is little doubt that the almost continuous slaughter of that awfully bloody period had told on the nerves of his soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. But for the resultant deficiency of ardour and an unfortunate miscarriage of orders, it is all but certain that Petersburg could have been carried with no delay and without serious loss. But the opportunity passed away. The defences of Petersburg were continually being strengthened, and for ten months the Armies of the Potomac and the James lay about Petersburg without gaining that city and the lines which were the complement of the defences of Petersburg and of Richmond. The delay was tedious, but the troops of the investment during the rigours of winter were comfortably hutted, fully supplied with warm clothing, and fed with unexampled profusion and punctuality. Lee's army, on the other hand, was gradually wasting away under unsupportable privations. His gallant men were in rags, worn with constant duty, attenuated by poor and scanty food, suffering from scurvy and other maladies, their spirit weakened by the certainty of ultimate inevitable defeat. The discrepancy of strength between the two armies was immense. Grant's effective at the beginning of the final campaign in the end of March, 1865, amounted to close on 125,000 men with 370 guns. On February 20th, the date of the last report of the strength of Lee's army, his total effective was 55,000 men, but between that date and the abandonment of Petersburg and Richmond on the evening of April 2nd the rebel force had been undergoing much demoralisation and suffering depletion by wholesale desertions. According to the Confederate estimate, Lee's marching-out strength from Petersburg did not exceed 35,000 men.

As the spring of 1865 opened it became daily more apparent that the catastrophe was imminent, and that a forced evacuation of the beleaguered cities was near at hand. To this day are easily to be traced the vast circuit of the fortifications and counter-fortifications round Petersburg, stretching from the James River at City Point for a distance to the south-west of more than five-and-thirty miles. Grant was strong enough with his immense force fully to man every yard of his triple and, in many places, quadrupal lines of entrenchments, and still have troops available for the active offensive. But it was far otherwise with Lee's scanty troops, who had to confront entrenchment with entrenchment, but who, too weak to hold continuous lines, had to be hurried almost without cessation from one threatened point to another, one poor, brave, ragged, hungry wretch called on to do the duty of three sturdy well-fed men.

Grant, in the campaign of the Wilderness, had suffered an experience so bloody at the hands of Lee, that before Petersburg, notwithstanding his overwhelming superiority in strength, he preferred the tedious comparative passiveness of a long siege to adventuring the doubtful issue of a strenuous and resolute assault in force. Lee, he realised, was scarcely the man

tamely to surrender as the result of a blockade. He would either fight to keep open his routes of supplies, or quit Petersburg and Richmond altogether and break out into the open. In the end of March there remained open to the Confederate army but two avenues of supply, the Southside and the Dansville railroads. Those roads were so important to Lee's very existence while he remained in Richmond and Petersburg, and of such vital importance to him even in case of retreat, that naturally he would make most strenuous efforts to defend the possession of them. But if he were to detach a portion of his scanty force on that errand, there was the risk that in protecting his extended right he should weaken his centre, on which point an assault on the part of the Federal force would then be almost certain to be successful; and, as a matter of fact, Grant had assigned his several corps to make that assault when the proper time should arrive.

On March 29th Grant moved out with all the available army after leaving sufficient force to hold the lines about Petersburg. Sheridan, with his magnificent corps of cavalry, 9,000 strong, was despatched to Dinwiddie Court-house away to the south-west, with instructions to move from that place by the road leading north-west to Five Forks, thus menacing the right of Lee's line. Grant reinforced Sheridan with Mackenzie's cavalry division and the 5th Corps, commanded by General Warren. The latter officer was so slow in his movements on the afternoon of April 1st that the ardent and impetuous Sheridan relieved him from duty and gave the command of the 5th Corps to General Griffin. On that day the Confederate General Pickett, with some 15,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, lay entrenched along the White Oak road, looking southward for about a mile on either side of Five Forks, which was his centre and where his artillery was. About the middle of the afternoon Sheridan was close up to the point whence to make his designed assault on Pickett's position. The frontal attack he assigned to his own second-in-command, General Merritt; he himself led the 5th Corps to the attack on the left flank of the Confederate position. A momentary panic occurred in Ayres's division during its advance through the thick woodland. Sheridan rallied the faltering troops, encouraging Ayres's officers and men by his fiery enthusiasm, his reckless disregard of danger, and his evident entire belief in victory. He brought order out of confusion by his magnetic example, turned about the panic-stricken regiments, and brought their faces to the foe again. Then, when the line was steadied and was moving forward to the attack, he took his standard in his hand, and where the fighting was hottest led on the line, his famous black charger "Rienzi" plunging wildly under him—mad with the excitement of the roaring musketry, the hissing of the leaden shower, and the crashing of the troops through the woods. Balls riddled the flag, and the sergeant who had been carrying it was killed; but Sheridan seemed to have a charmed life. His dismounted cavalry and the 5th Corps went over the Confederate parapet almost simultaneously. At Pickett's centre, while the Confederate guns were emitting fierce blasts of canister, the Federals were swarming in like bees. Pickett afterwards told how, while he was trying to hold his own in the battery, a Yankee cavalryman, astride of a mule, jumped over the works and ordered him to surrender and be damned to him, and how he (Pickett) was almost surrounded before he could gallop away. With him rushed off the remnants of his force, followed at full speed for several miles by the fiery Crawford and the bloodthirsty Custer to the further side of the Southside railroad.

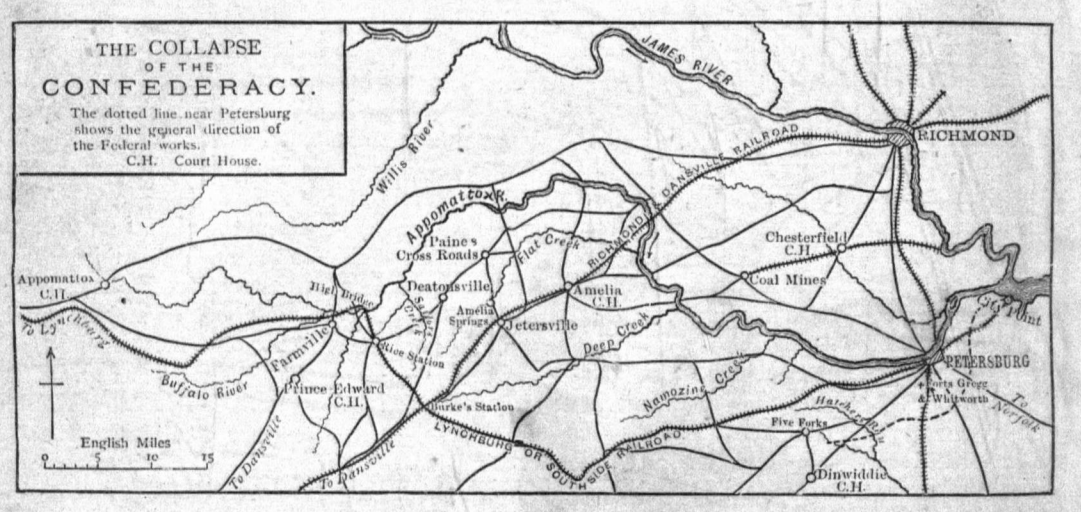
The Confederate troops at Five Forks consisted of Lee's two best divisions, and they fought stoutly; but nearly 6,000 of them were captured, and their losses on the field were heavy. They lost all their artillery, train, and ambulances, and the fugitives, losing their *moral*, threw away their arms. Grant's object was to break up and wreck this isolated moiety of Lee's army, and to drive away to the westward such portion of it as had escaped; and that this was accomplished so thoroughly was owing to Sheridan's skill and zeal. Untrammelled by orders, he recognised a great opportunity, planned and fought a great battle with intelligence, energy, and gallantry, and won a victory which had no equal in the war for completeness and productiveness of momentous events.

About 9 p.m. Sheridan desisted from further pursuit. He left his cavalry west of Five Forks, but the 5th Corps he brought back to the south-west of Petersburg and facing toward the town. On learning the result of Five Forks, Grant ordered the assault of Petersburg by the 6th and 9th Corps to be made at 4 a.m. of the 2nd. Then Wright and Parke advanced under heavy fire, cleared the parapets, and threw themselves inside the enemy's line. Parke could advance no further, but Wright swept everything before him up to the inner defences immediately sur-

rounding the city. On reaching Hatcher's Run, the 6th Corps faced about and moved towards Petersburg. The Southside railroad had come into the possession of the Federals, and the broken Confederate troops who had been in that vicinity fell back towards Petersburg, followed by the commands of Generals Wright and Ord. They had to pause in front of some advanced works closing upon the Appomattox river west of Petersburg. The most important of those were Forts Gregg and Whitworth. Both were exceptionally strong. Fort Gregg was enclosed at the rear with a ditch, ten feet deep and as many wide, and the parapet was of corresponding height and thickness. Fort Whitworth was of similar dimensions, but open at the gorge.

The President and the members of the rebel Government left Richmond by train the same afternoon on their way for Dansville.

Lee's headquarters having been attacked by hostile infantry, were removed within the interior lines of defence, where he was greeted with shouts of welcome by his ragged but undaunted soldiers. Orders were given to hold the position, if possible, until night. At 3 p.m. Lee gave the final orders for a retreat, which began at 8 o'clock. Grant had not pressed his attack, and time was thus given for the Confederate troops to complete their preparations for departure. The artillery preceded the infantry, the waggon trains using the roads on which no troops were marching. Along the



The 200 infantrymen in Fort Gregg made a desperate resistance, and although assailed by a whole division, it was not until Gibbon's men had succeeded in climbing upon the parapet under a murderous fire that the place was finally taken at the point of the bayonet. Fifty-five brave dead Confederate soldiers were found inside the fort, while the Federal loss in carrying it amounted to ten officers and 112 men killed and twenty-seven officers and 565 men wounded.

On the morning of April 2nd General Lee sent to the Government authorities in Richmond, informing them of the disastrous situation of affairs and of the necessity of his evacuating Petersburg that same night. President Davis was in church when he received Lee's message, which was immediately read by the officiating clergyman, and the service was interrupted, the congregation being dismissed with the intimation that there would be no evening service.

north bank of the Appomattox moved the columns through the gloom of the night, over the various roads leading to the general rendezvous at Amelia Court-house. By midnight the evacuation was completed, and then a death-like silence reigned behind the breastworks which for nine months had been "clothed in thunder," and which had so long kept at bay a foe of threefold strength.

As the troops moved noiselessly onward in the darkness that preceded the dawn, a bright light like a broad flash of lightning illumined the heavens for an instant; then followed the roar of a tremendous explosion. "The magazine at Fort Drewry is blown up," ran in whispers through the ranks, and again silence reigned. Once more the sky was overspread by a lurid light, not so fleeting as before. It was now the conflagration of Richmond that lighted the night-march of the soldiers of the Confederacy,

and many a stout heart was wrung with anguish for the fate of the city and its defenceless inhabitants. The columns from Petersburg and its vicinity reached Chesterfield Court-house soon after daylight of the 3rd. After a brief halt for rest and refreshment, the retreat was resumed with renewed strength. A sense of relief pervaded the ranks at their release from the lines behind which they had stood so staunchly for many weary months. Once more in the open field, they were invigorated with hope, and felt their ability to cope with the adversary. It was not until the morning of the 5th that all the troops reached Amelia Court-house, where a bitter disappointment awaited them. Through an unfortunate misapprehension of orders the provision train from Dansville destined for Amelia Court-house had been carried on to Richmond without unloading its stores, with the result that not a single ration awaited the hungry troops. A reaction from hope to despair fell upon the spent soldiers, and on Lee's noble countenance came a deeper shadow than it had yet borne. Grant was pursuing him with all haste. The only chance remaining to the Army of Northern Virginia was to reach the hill-country without delay, but a distance of fifty miles lay between it and adequate supplies. Yet no murmur came from the lips of the men to the ear of their beloved commander, and on the evening of that unfortunate day they resumed their weary march in silence and

RICHMOND FROM HOLLYWOOD.

composure. A handful of parched corn was now a feast to the worn veterans as they trudged on through the April night. On the morning of the 3rd the Mayor of Richmond had surrendered the city of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, to the Federal commander in its vicinity, who at once proceeded to enforce order and to arrest the conflagration, while with great humanity he endeavoured to relieve the distressed citizens.

On the evening of the 2nd, Grant had given orders for the assault of the Petersburg and Richmond lines early on the morning of the 3rd, but when the troops were mustering it was discovered that the Confederates had abandoned all their entrenchments. Grant then issued his directions for the interception of Lee's retreat by whatever route he might take. General Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th Corps, was to hasten in a westerly direction, south of and near to the Appomattox River, and to strike the Dansville railroad between the bridge over that river and its crossing by the Lynchburg or Southside railroad at Burke's Station. General Meade, with the 2nd and 6th Corps, was to follow Sheridan. General Ord, with the 9th and 24th Corps and Mackenzie's cavalry, was to move along the Southside railroad to Burke's Station. The general pursuit began on the morning of the 3rd, but on the previous evening General Merritt, Sheridan's second-in-command, had been pursuing a detachment of rebel cavalry along the Namozine road towards Scott's Corners, north-west of Sutherland Station. Although Lee's main army was marching westward to the north of the Appomattox River, Anderson's corps had been directed to follow the road south of the river towards Amelia Court-house, on the way to which he was joined by the remnant of Pickett's force and the troops of the late General Hill, now under General Cooke. Anderson's flank and rear were covered by the cavalry of FitzLee.

On the morning of the 3rd, as Sheridan was riding to join Merritt at Scott's Corners, the evidences were very patent of the demoralisation of the enemy. Scouting parties of cavalry were constantly bringing in scores of prisoners from the woods on either side—gaunt, ragged, hungry fellows who would throw down their arms and express their gratitude for being captured. Arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and ragged clothing littered the line of march. Merritt was out beyond Scott's Corners skirmishing, but it was not until he reached Deep Creek several miles further on that he encountered a strong body of hostile infantry, which he attacked with spirit and success, driving it from the ford and pursuing it vigorously as it fell back towards the Dansville railroad to join General Lee's main army approaching Amelia Court-house. The 5th Corps followed Merritt all day, but was not engaged; and in rear of Sheridan's column rode General Crook with his cavalry division, the retreat of the enemy having relieved him from guard duty about Petersburg. During the day's ride on every hand were visible signs of the wreck of the Confederacy. The negroes were jubilant, grinning vast grimaces of delight. "Where are the rebs?" asked Sheridan of a grey-haired contraband, who was doing uncouth homage and flourishing wonderful salaams with a tattered hat. "Siftin' souf, sah—siftin' souf," answered the old man with an extra wide grin and quaint caper.

At daylight on 4th April Sheridan's command was again on the march, separating now into three columns for the covering of a wider territory. Merritt and Mackenzie struck off to the right in pursuit of the enemy which had retreated before them on the previous evening, Crook heading for the Dansville railroad at a point midway between Jetersville and Burke's Station, thence to advance along the railroad northward towards Jetersville, a station eight miles from Amelia Court-house; and the 5th Corps moving out direct for Jetersville. At Tabernacle Church Merritt had a sharp fight with a body of rebel infantry and cavalry, through which he found it impossible to force a passage, but he was able to seize a number of their waggons before they could hurry forward troops to protect them. The advance of the 5th Corps, after a march of sixteen miles, reached Jetersville late in the afternoon.

While Sheridan was at West Creek with the 5th Corps, a few miles short of Jetersville, a scout brought him the intelligence that Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, and was moving thence down the railroad towards Jetersville. A despatch just written by General Lee's Chief Commissary, ordering 200,000 rations to be sent up from Dansville, was captured in the Jetersville telegraph-office by Sheridan's advance. Sheridan had it sent on in hopes that the Dansville Commissary should forward the supplies into the Federal lines, but despatches from other sources had reached Dansville to the effect that Federal troops had gained possession of the road, and therefore no supplies were sent forward.

On the evening of the 4th, when at Jetersville,

Sheridan realised that his ardour had brought him into a critical situation. He had with him only Crook's cavalry division and the leading division of the 5th Corps. Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, only eight miles north-east of Jetersville, and the fact that the Confederate cavalry pushed a reconnaissance down upon Jetersville that same evening, although it was driven back by Crook, forcibly suggested to Sheridan that it might be followed by the mass of Lee's force. In effect at this juncture that commander had now his only opportunity for escape in the direction of Dansville. Across his path there stood at Jetersville, as has been said, a single cavalry division and the head of one corps of infantry, with no other force within supporting distance. Sheridan was prepared for a resolute stand in his Jetersville position, but he was conscious of his inferiority of force, and realised that Lee, with his whole army at his back, could sweep Sheridan's command out of his path. That accomplished, the road to Burkesville would lie open to Lee, and thence by way of Dansville he could effect a junction with Johnston's army in North Carolina.

Lee's opportunity was fleeting. The whole of the 5th Corps reached Jetersville during the night of the 4th. Sheridan's galloper rode straight and fast back to Deep Creek, and gave his message to General Meade. That commander had the 2nd Corps in march on Jetersville at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the 6th Corps followed promptly, and both corps reached Jetersville on the afternoon of that day. Merritt's cavalry had arrived earlier, and so, on the afternoon of the 5th, all Sheridan's cavalry and three infantry corps were assembled at Jetersville—a strength far superior to that of the whole Confederate army, so that Sheridan no longer felt anxious as to the possibility of Lee's breaking through his lines.

On the morning of the 5th, since the enemy still made no demonstration, it occurred to Sheridan that Lee, having shunned a combat at Jetersville, was intending to pursue his retreat in a north-westerly direction. This speculation was so far correct that, on the 5th, Lee sent forward his spare artillery and trains by roads on the outward flank of the route, his troops would take later on the march towards the Lynchburg objective. Sheridan sent out Davies's cavalry brigade towards Paine's Cross-roads, about eight miles north of Jetersville. There Davies found a waggon-train moving westward, escorted by a cavalry force; he attacked it, drove off the escort, burned the waggons, and captured five guns. The papers of General Lee's headquarters were burnt in the destruction of this train. Davies brought away 1,000 prisoners and several battle-flags, but he presently found himself hard pressed in flank and rear by a strong hostile force, which had moved out from Amelia Court-house to intercept him; and it was found necessary to hurry reinforcements in support of him, when some sharp fighting ensued.

There came in with Davies a negro bearing a pathetic little note, which a Confederate officer had entrusted to his care for delivery. It was dated Amelia Court-house, April 5th, and read thus: "Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Theodore left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this afternoon. General Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since; Bernard Perry, he said, was taken prisoner. Love to all.—Your devoted son, W. B. Taylor, Colonel."

At sunset of the 5th, Longstreet's corps, the head of Lee's column, had crossed Flat Creek by the bridge at Amelia Springs. Lee still hoped, by a well-conducted night march westward, to get so far ahead that by passing through Deatonsville, Rice's Station, and Farmville he might reach Lynchburg. The march of the Confederate army was continued during the night, the head of Longstreet's column arriving at Rice's Station on the Lynchburg railroad about sunrise of the 6th, where it was joined by General Lee in the course of the morning. There Longstreet was to await the coming up of the rest of the army. Delays occurred, and Ewell was still at Amelia Springs at eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Gordon formed the Confederate rear-guard. The trains, which were long, kept to the roads on the outer flank of the troops, and were to cross Sailor's Creek near its confluence with the Appomattox, the troops crossing about two miles higher up on the road to Rice's Station. The bridges over Flat Creek, by which Lee's troops and train had crossed, were destroyed.

On the morning of the 6th, Sheridan's cavalry were out early, Crook heading for Deatonsville, Merritt following him, both moving in parallel line with the enemy's trains, and watching for an opportunity to break in upon his line. Definite information was obtained that Lee's main body had moved westward during the night, and two of his columns were visible on the march in

LIEUT.-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.
(*Photo, C. D. Mosher.*)

a north-west direction. Meade directed the 2nd Corps on Deatonsville, the 5th Corps on Painesville on the right of the 2nd, and the 6th to take position on the left of the 2nd. Bridges were rapidly built on Flat Creek, but some of the troops waded across with the water up to their armpits. The skirmishers of the 2nd Corps pushed forward eagerly, maintaining a sharp running fight with the Confederate rear-guard, which was continued over a distance of about fourteen miles during which several partially-entrenched positions were carried. The country was broken, consisting of woods with dense undergrowth and swamps, alternating with open fields, through and over which the lines of battle followed closely in the skirmish line with singular rapidity and good order. Artillery moved in the skirmish line.

The Confederate general Anderson halted in the morning of the 6th about three miles west of Deatonsville, at a point where the road forks, one branch turning sharp to the right down Sailor's Creek at about a mile's distance from it; the other branch is the road to Rice's Station and does not change its direction. At the forks Anderson thwarted Crook's effort to cut off the enemy's trains, and repulsed a second attempt on the part of Merritt. Pickett had crossed Sailor's Creek, and when the head of Gordon's corps, which was the rear guard, began to arrive at the forks, Anderson crossed the creek and with Pickett formed across the road to Rice's Station, where they threw up some temporary breastworks. Ewell followed Anderson across the creek, halting upon it.

Merritt and Crook harassed the enemy's left flank, crossing the creek alongside of it. Custer found a weak point and broke in, destroying a number of waggons and several guns. Stagg's cavalry brigade remained near the forks, and later joined the 6th Corps in its attack on Ewell. Gordon, after the passage of the main trains of Lee's army, took the right-hand fork, covering them; and Humphreys, at the head of the 2nd Corps, pursued him closely. The running contest lasted for three miles longer, the track strewn with tents, camp equipage, baggage, and waggons. Gordon's last attempted stand was near the mouth of Sailor's Creek, where, just before dark, after a short sharp fight, the 2nd Corps possessed itself of thirteen battle-flags, four guns, 1,700 prisoners, and a mass of Confederate trains huddled in utter confusion, the whole of which were burned.

Beyond the creek on high ground General Crook found Anderson behind breastworks on the Rice's Station road, and presently Sheridan saw detachments of his cavalry making for Anderson's rear and flanks. In another moment a huge column of smoke shot up into the air, which told him that his troopers had fired the massed waggon trains which Anderson had been covering. For Sheridan's further information there came across the creek to him a galloping young cavalryman, who had just been charging

GENERAL LEE

with Custer beyond the crest, and had ridden through the enemy's line to tell of the doings of the cavalry.

By this time the 6th Corps was ready to take the offensive in earnest, and Sheridan gave the order to attack Ewell's position on the further side of Sailor's Creek. Seymour on horseback, commanding the right division, gallantly started his command, carried it through the stream amidst a storm of bullets, and in the teeth of a infantry rallied in their front; in their rear swept down the irrepressible cavalry of Merritt and Crook like a hurricane, Custer blazing in the van; and all was over for Ewell and his gallant unfortunates. For one bewildering moment they fought on every hand; but then they saw how hopeless was further fighting, and they threw down their arms and surrendered.

It was a great capture. Ewell himself was a prisoner; the whole of his command were

GENERAL GRANT READING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER (*p.* 331).

furious fire led his men up the slope. Ewell's gallant rebels dashed down on him at a run, and mingled with Seymour's men in the open; there was a moment of desperate fighting, and then the Federal division was borne back and hurled into the creek. A brigade of Confederate marines followed the retreating Union troops with an *élan* that never was surpassed: their standard-bearer led them on dauntlessly till he planted his flag-staff on the water's edge, where he defiantly waved the stars and bars. But as the ground was cleared of broken Yankees, eighteen guns opened a fire which mowed down the Confederate soldiers in sections. The Union reported either killed, wounded, or captured, except 250 men of Kershaw's division. Kershaw himself, Custis Lee, Semmes, Corse, and other general officers of the Confederacy were among the captives, with inferior officers by hundreds and enlisted men by thousands. The number captured was never ascertained, nor the loss in battle: Humphreys, the historian of the campaign, himself a participant in the day's fighting, estimates the total Confederate loss at 8,000 men with fourteen guns and a great number of waggons. Ewell frankly admitted to Sheridan that there remained now no more hope for the Confederacy, and he begged Sheridan to send

General Lee a flag of truce and a demand for his surrender in order to save any further sacrifice, a suggestion which Sheridan naturally ignored.

At dark on the 6th, Longstreet, with three divisions, marched westward to Farmville on the Appomattox, where rations were distributed to Lee's army, 80,000 having been forwarded thither to await its arrival. He then crossed to the north bank of the river, and on the morning of the 7th moved out on the road leading by way of Appomattox Court-house to Lynchburg, leaving some force on the river to delay the crossing of the Union forces. On the same day General FitzLee, with all his cavalry, followed Longstreet acting as his cover. Gordon's command and Mahone's division crossed the same morning by the High Bridge to the north side of the river, and followed Longstreet's route. The general movement on the part of the Federals was now in the direction of Farmville. On the morning of the 7th, General Ord followed Longstreet to that place, whither also Sheridan sent Crook. General Meade directed Generals Humphreys and Wright with the 2nd and 6th Corps to continue the direct pursuit of Lee's army as long as it promised success. The 2nd Corps, in the early morning of the 7th, crossed by the High Bridge east of Farmville in face of Mahone's Confederate division, and soon after noon came in contact with the enemy on the Lynchburg road. It having been ascertained that Lee's whole army, estimated at about 18,000 infantry, was in a strong entrenched position with artillery in place, General Gibbon with the 24th Corps, and General Wright with the 6th Corps, were ordered to cross the river at Farmville and attack Lee jointly with the 2nd Corps. But since no bridge at Farmville could be available by the evening, Humphreys attacked alone, only to be repulsed with considerable loss. By halting to fight on the 7th instead of pressing his retreat, Lee sacrificed his last chance. The purposeless detention had wasted invaluable time which he could not make up by night-marching, lost him the supplies awaiting him at Appomattox Station, and gave Sheridan and Ord time to post themselves across his path at Appomattox Court house. It was on the evening of the 7th that there was sent from Grant to Lee the first letter of a memorable correspondence, the tone of which reflects on both the writers higher and truer honour than the most glorious victory either ever achieved. Grant's share in the correspondence is the finer. His spontaneous chivalry is very grand, especially as manifested in his final letter.

Pending the arrangements for a meeting of the two high commanders, the retreat and the pursuit were actively prosecuted on the morning of the 8th. Humphreys and Wright marched close on the heels of Lee's rear-guard, callous to Lee's requests that they should not press upon him while negotiations were going on for a surrender. About eleven o'clock the 2nd and 6th Corps had come up with Lee's army entrenched in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house. They were being formed for attack when General Meade arrived, who sent a letter to General Lee suggesting a temporary truce, in view of the negotiations for a surrender. Lee halted for the night of the 8th in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house.

On the 7th, Sheridan with his cavalry passed through Prince Edward's Court-house, leaving Crook to make a reconnaissance to Farmville; and, crossing the Dansville road and the Buffalo River, bivouacked near the Lynchburg railroad. Next morning he started due west, followed by General Griffin with the 5th Corps and General Ord with the 24th Corps, and moved rapidly toward Appomattox Station. On the way a scout met him with the intelligence that there were four trains of railway waggons at that station waiting Lee's arrival. An hour before sundown Custer, who was in advance, caught sight of the freight cars and the smoke of the locomotives. He promptly ordered his leading regiments to make a circuit to the left through the woods and regain the railroad in the rear of the trains; while he with the rest of his division rode straight down the road and made himself master of the long lines of waggons. They were being moved off towards Farmville when Sheridan came up, to be greeted by an artillery fire opened on him from the woods on his right. Custer captured most of the guns, and drove before him towards Appomattox Court-house the surprised and demoralised Confederate troops who were the advance of Lee's army, fighting far from their thoughts.

Early on the morning of the 9th, Crook's cavalry division of Sheridan's corps was out to the front, holding his ground stubbornly against heavy odds. But he was gradually being forced back; and, ordering Crook to retire slowly, Sheridan sent word to Ord and Griffin to hurry forward. Seeing the Federal troopers retiring and so apparently opening a way of retreat, the Confederate troops yelled, quickened their pace, and

doubled their fire. But their yell died away when the long lines of Federal infantry presently emerged from the woods in the Confederate front. Lee's soldiers fell back in utter surprise as the serried lines of Union troops reached the open ground with cavalry massed on either flank. The lines halted as there came out from Appomattox Court-house, now plainly visible, a horseman bearing a flag of truce, to ask for time to consummate the surrender. Sheridan consulted with Ord, who was his superior officer, and the two generals rode towards the Court-house through the groups of broken Confederates. They were met on the neutral ground by the Confederate generals Gordon and Wilcox, who asked for a suspension of hostilities, and added that General Lee was prepared to surrender his army. Longstreet joined the group with a letter from Lee to Grant, with which Sheridan immediately despatched a staff-officer to find the Union commander-in-chief. In no long time Grant rode up to where, at the end of the broad grassy street of the village, Generals Ord, Sheridan, and others were waiting to greet him.

"Is General Lee up there?" asked Grant.

"Yes," replied Sheridan.

"Well then, we'll go up," was Grant's terse remark: he never wasted words.

On the right-hand side of the street was Mr. McLean's house, and to it General Grant was conducted to meet General Lee. Ord and Sheridan, each with three or four staff-officers, accompanied him to the fence of the lawn, where all dismounted. Grant, with one or two officers of his personal staff, entered the house. The other officers sat down in the piazza and waited. The contrast in appearance between General Lee and General Grant was marked. The Confederate chief was a man of noble presence, of a tall, soldierly figure, with a full grey beard. He was dressed in full uniform of the rebel grey, with a high grey felt hat with gold cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a valuable sword. Grant was in rough garb, which was splashed with mud. He wore a soldier's blouse with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general, and carried no sword. The two men fell into conversation about old army times in Mexico. The conversation grew so pleasant that Grant almost forgot the object of the meeting, and Lee had to recall his attention to the business in hand, suggesting that the terms of the surrender should be committed to writing. Grant took pen in hand and wrote swiftly. He voluntarily conceded everything to the broken soldiers of the Confederacy. Officers and men were to be paroled. The Confederate arms and public property were to be given over, with the exception of the officers' side-arms and their private horses and baggage. This done, officers and men were to be permitted to return to their homes. When Grant read the terms regarding the side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, Lee remarked with some feeling that this favour would have a happy effect on his army. He then remarked that in his army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses. Grant replied that he would take it upon himself to instruct his parole officers to allow every man of the Confederate army who claimed a horse or mule to take the animal to his home; and Lee acknowledged with gratitude the humanity of the concession.

Lee in a sentence accepted the proffered terms, and in effect the great rebellion was now at an end. At Lee's request, and on his statement that for several days his men had been living exclusively on parched corn, Grant undertook to supply rations for 25,000 men, the remnant existing of the Confederate army. Then the two commanders saluted cordially and parted. As Lee stood in the porch while his horse was being bridled up, looking over into the valley towards his army, he smote his hands together several times in an absent manner, apparently unconscious of the Federal officers, who had risen respectfully as he came out, and seeming to see nothing until he was recalled to himself by his horse being brought up.

When definite intelligence of the surrender reached the Union lines, the firing of a salute of 100 guns in honour of the great event was begun, but Grant immediately ordered that it should be stopped. In his own words—words that honour him—he wrote: "The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall."

As Lee rode slowly along his lines, his devoted veterans pressed around their chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand on his horse. The general, then, with head bare and tears streaming down his face, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

Thus closed the career of the "rebel" Army of Northern Virginia.

BHURTPORE

18: JANUARY 1826 BY C. STEIN

"OH, you may bully us, but go and take Bhurtpore!" was, in the early decades of the century, a common saying among the petty chiefs and rajahs of Hindustan, when they were coerced by British rule. This powerful Jat fortress had, in 1805, been attacked by the great Lord Lake, but there that brilliant commander's career of victory was checked by the strong, well-armed works, staunchly held by numerous defenders, and he was obliged to withdraw his army after suffering heavy losses. Bhurtpore had thus, among the natives of India, acquired the character of being impregnable, and was considered to mark the limit of British conquest, to be the point from which the menacing tide of British sway must always recede.

In the later years of the life of Runjeet Singh,* the rajah who had successfully defended his stronghold against Lord Lake, that ruler had maintained pacific relations with the British Government, probably influenced by the strong measures for the settlement of Central India which had at that time been so effectually carried out. On his death, however, internal dissensions arose in the Bhurtpore state. He was succeeded by his son, Buldeo Singh, who, apprehensive of the ambitious designs of his younger brother, Doorjun Sal, applied to Sir David Ochterlony, British agent at Delhi, to recognise, in the name of the British Government, the heirship of his son, Bulwunt Singh.

After some consideration, Sir David Ochterlony, one of the wisest and ablest among the many wise and able men who have made our Indian Empire, consented to give the young prince, Bulwunt Singh, the desired recognition, invested him with a dress of honour, and acknowledged him as the heir-apparent to the musund. Soon afterwards Buldeo Singh died, not without suspicion of poisoning, and the troubles which had been apprehended broke out in the fashion so common in Eastern states. Doorjun Sal grasped the rule of Bhurtpore. The citadel was seized, the young rajah, Bulwunt Singh, was thrown into confinement, and English influence was defied. On this, Sir David Ochterlony, with the spirit and energy which he had ever shown in his long military and civil career, issued a proclamation to the people of Bhurtpore, urging them not to desert their rightful sovereign, who, he promised, would be supported by the authority of the British Government, backed by a strong military force which was even now being assembled.

Ochterlony's words were no empty threats, and he was on the point of marching on Bhurtpore to put down the usurper when his movement was arrested by peremptory orders from the Supreme Government. It is impossible to know why Lord Amherst, the then Governor-General, inflicted so great a slight, such a marked censure, upon a most distinguished public servant, who had only acted in the spirit of orders which he had received and in pursuance of a policy whose first steps had met with approval. It is to be feared that some inimical influence was brought to bear against Sir David Ochterlony. In any case the end of his long and distinguished career was clouded by the quasi-disgrace inflicted on him, and the high-spirited old general died within the year of a broken heart.

In 1825 the Indian Government was carrying on a war with Burmah. Its military operations in that country had not always been successful, and exaggerated stories of failure had reached the chiefs and peoples of India. Speculations

* He must not be confounded with the Sikh Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab."

even were afloat as to the possible impending downfall of the Company's raj, and it was only upon the urgent advice of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the successor of Ochterlony at Delhi, that the additional serious business of crushing Doorjun Sal at Bhurtpore was at length decided upon.

A GROUP OF JATS.

If this usurper's defiant attitude had not met with condign punishment, general commotion would have been stirred up in the whole of Upper India, and the prestige of English power would have been most gravely compromised. Although Sir David Ochterlony had previously collected a strong force, it was considered that, now that Doorjun Sal had had time to consolidate his power, this force was insufficient for the purpose required, and orders were issued for the preparation of a very powerful army to be at the disposal of Sir Charles Metcalfe, in whose hands were placed the issues of peace or war. The safety of India was practically staked upon the action of this great civilian. It was his to restore Bulwunt Singh, by diplomacy and persuasion if possible, or, if these failed, to use the army at his disposal with promptitude and vigour. Never was confidence better placed, and in all the many onerous positions which Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe filled both before and after the Bhurtpore war, never did he acquit himself more ably.

The commander-in-chief in India at that time

was an old officer, in infirm health and unfit to take the field, who had long wished to resign. The intelligence of the probable necessity of war with Bhurtpore had reached the Court of Directors in England, and, in the appointment of a new commander-in-chief, it was above all things necessary to select a soldier of high reputation, who could be trusted with the conduct of great operations. The choice fell upon Lord Combermere, who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, had been the able and daring leader of the British cavalry in the Peninsula, who had served in India in the last war with Tippoo Sultaun, including the taking of Seringapatam, and who in his early youth had gained experience and rapid promotion in the Flanders campaign of 1794. With regard to Lord Combermere's present selection, it is said that a deputation of East India Company's directors sought the Duke of Wellington, in order that he might indicate to them a commander likely to accomplish what even the victorious Lake had been unable to effect. In answer to their inquiries as to whom the great duke considered the most fitting person, he replied, "You can't do better than have Lord Combermere. He's the man to take Bhurtpore." It was well known that the duke's opinion of his cavalry general's capacity, despite his great services, was not high. When he named Lord Combermere, therefore, the astonished deputation could not help remarking, "But we thought that your Grace did not think very highly of Lord Combermere, and did not consider him a man of great genius."

"I don't care a d——n about his genius. I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtpore," exclaimed the duke. After this emphatic recommendation there could be no further doubt about the appointment, and in June, 1825, Lord Combermere sailed for India.

Bhurtpore is situated about thirty miles west of Agra, and is surrounded by a wide, sun-baked plain, whose surface is broken by a few insignificant eminences and some low rocky ridges. In 1825 the town was about eight miles in circumference, enclosed by an enceinte of thirty-five semicircular bastions connected by curtains. These fortifications were built of clay, mixed with straw and cow-dung, and, as this composition had been put together in layers, each of which was allowed to harden in the sun's rays before another was added, while the whole was strengthened by rows of tree-trunks buried upright, it was considered almost impossible with the artillery of the time to establish a practicable breach in the city walls. From the construction of the bastions enfilade was also very difficult in many cases. On some of the bastions there were cavaliers, and the body of the place was completely commanded by a citadel of very great strength, rising to a height of one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the ground. Since the attack by Lord Lake many additions had been made to the defences. The enceinte had been strengthened, and one new bastion, the Futteh Boorj, the bastion of Victory, was said to have been built up on the skulls and bones of the thousands of the ill-fated "gora log" (white men) who had fallen in Lord Lake's attempt to storm the Jat fastness. Outside the enceinte was a strongly-revetted dry ditch a hundred and fifty feet broad and fifty-nine feet deep, and this could be filled with water by cutting the bund, or embankment, which separated it from the Moti Jheel (the Pearl lake), situated a short distance from the place. The garrison numbered 25,000 men, belonging to some of the most warlike races of India. Strong in position, armament, resources, and, above all, in the proud remembrance and prestige of former victory, truly Bhurtpore stood a formidable antagonist, challenging the full might of England's Eastern dominions.

The army of which Lord Combermere was about to take command had been assembled at Agra and Muttra. It was composed of nearly 30,000 men of all arms, including a powerful siege-train, and was drawn from the flower of the European and native armies. Major-General Reynell commanded the right wing at Muttra, and Major-General Nicholls the left at Agra. Everything that skill, prudence, and foresight could devise as necessary for the operations in view was carefully prepared, and the whole force was animated by the most confident spirit, the highest hopes that it would honourably accomplish its great task.

On the 5th December Lord Combermere arrived at Muttra. There he was joined by Sir Charles Metcalfe, who, having exhausted all peaceful means to induce Doorjun Sal and his followers to give way, now used the authority vested in him to set the army in motion, and placed the further conduct of affairs in the hands of the commander-in-chief. He himself remained with the army as a spectator of its operations. The movement from Agra and Muttra commenced on the 8th and 9th December, General Nicholls being directed to take up a position on the west of Bhurtpore, while

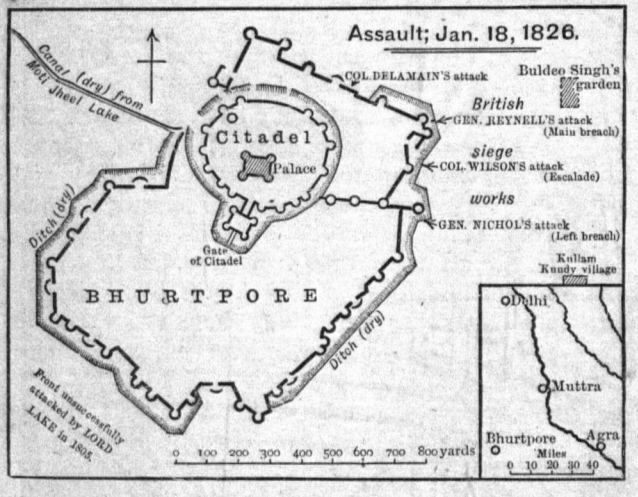
General Reynell, with whom was Lord Combermere in person, was to establish himself opposite the north-east angle, and it was expected that the two wings of the army would communicate on the 10th by the bund to the north of the town.

The first object to be secured was the safety of this bund. It was known that the enemy would at once cut it, as soon as Bhurtpore was seriously threatened, so as to let the waters of the Moti Jheel pour into the ditch. To frustrate such an attempt, the success of which would have added enormously to the difficulties of the siege, General Nicholls sent forward an advanced guard of the 16th Lancers and Skinner's Horse, supported by the 14th Regiment. This detachment arrived in the very nick of time. The bund was found strongly held by the enemy, who had just begun to make an opening, through which the waters of the Jheel were beginning to flow. Five minutes later it would have been impossible to stop the rapidly-increasing current. Skinner's Horse was at the head of the advanced guard, and without hesitation charged the Jats, who, taken by surprise, resisted obstinately, but were driven back to the town. They were followed so close by the irregular cavalry and the 16th Lancers that the enemy shut the gates upon their own men, for fear that their pursuers might force their way in with the crowd of fugitives. Meanwhile, by great exertions, the engineers managed to close the gap which had been made in the bund, and General Reynell provided for its future security by stockading it and making it a strong military position. This first exploit of the besieging army was afterwards held to be the fulfilment of a prediction made by Brahmin astrologers. These learned men had said that Bhurtpore could only be taken by an alligator, which should drink up the water of the ditch surrounding the town. The Sanscrit word for alligator is *Kombeer*, which in the eyes of the natives was sufficiently near to the name of the chief, who, if he did not drink up the waters of the ditch, at least prevented the ditch from being filled by the Moti Jheel. When Lord Lake attacked Bhurtpore, he had erred in thinking that the defences could be carried at once by *vive force*, and Lord Combermere, with the warning of the past before him, resolved not to break ground until a most careful examination had been made of the obstacles to be overcome. After the investment was completed on the 11th December, therefore, the following nine days were employed by him and the engineer officers under his command in reconnoitring every part of the fortress and its surroundings. The prolonged reconnaissances in different directions had besides the useful effect of diverting the enemy's attention from the point of attack eventually selected, and were profitably employed by the troops in making the many thousands of gabions and fascines which would be required in the siege works. On the 20th the examination of the scene of action was complete, the siege train and engineer park were all present, wanting in nothing, and Lord Combermere decided that the north-east angle of Bhurtpore's defences should be the point of attack. It was true that here the defenders would be able to concentrate the fire of the largest number of their guns, but this fire would only be effective while the besiegers were at a certain distance from the ditch. As they approached closer, however, the guns on the fortifications could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, and they could only be fired at by matchlocks in the hands of men themselves exposed to the concentrated discharge of artillery and musketry from the parallels of approach. The great points in favour of selecting the north-east angle were that here the defences were totally unflanked, the ditch was more shallow than at other parts, and there was a ravine falling into the ditch, which gave cover to any parties who might have to descend into it.

The point of attack having been determined, it became necessary to seize two positions, hitherto held by the enemy, about eight hundred yards from the place and the same distance from each other—the village of Kullum Kundy and the pleasure-garden of Buldeo Singh. This was done with little loss, and both positions were strongly fortified and stockaded to serve as flanking supports for the line to be occupied by the engineer working parties. The line of investment was drawn closer round Bhurtpore, and, on the 23rd December, the first parallel was traced about six hundred yards from the ditch. It was about this time that one of those difficulties arose from the caste prejudices of the pampered Bengal sepoys which so frequently neutralised the value of their good service, which on more than one occasion produced grave disaffection, and which long years later culminated in the terrible catastrophe of 1857. The native infantry working parties detailed for the trenches objected to parading in camp with pickaxe and shovel and marching with their tools to the scene of their labours, on the score that this made them look

like low-caste coolies. They were, in fact, on the point of refusing to work at all. Fortunately, by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, Lord Combermere was able to overcome the difficulty before ill-feeling had time to spread. If it had come to a serious head, the siege must inevitably have been raised.

Heavy gun and mortar batteries were now constructed, and, from the morning of the 24th, a rain of shot and shell was poured on the defences and into the town of Bhurtpore. Offers had been made to Doorjun Sal of permission for all women and children to quit the doomed town under safe conduct, but it was not till the 25th that the rebel chief allowed all the women, not belonging to the royal family, to depart,

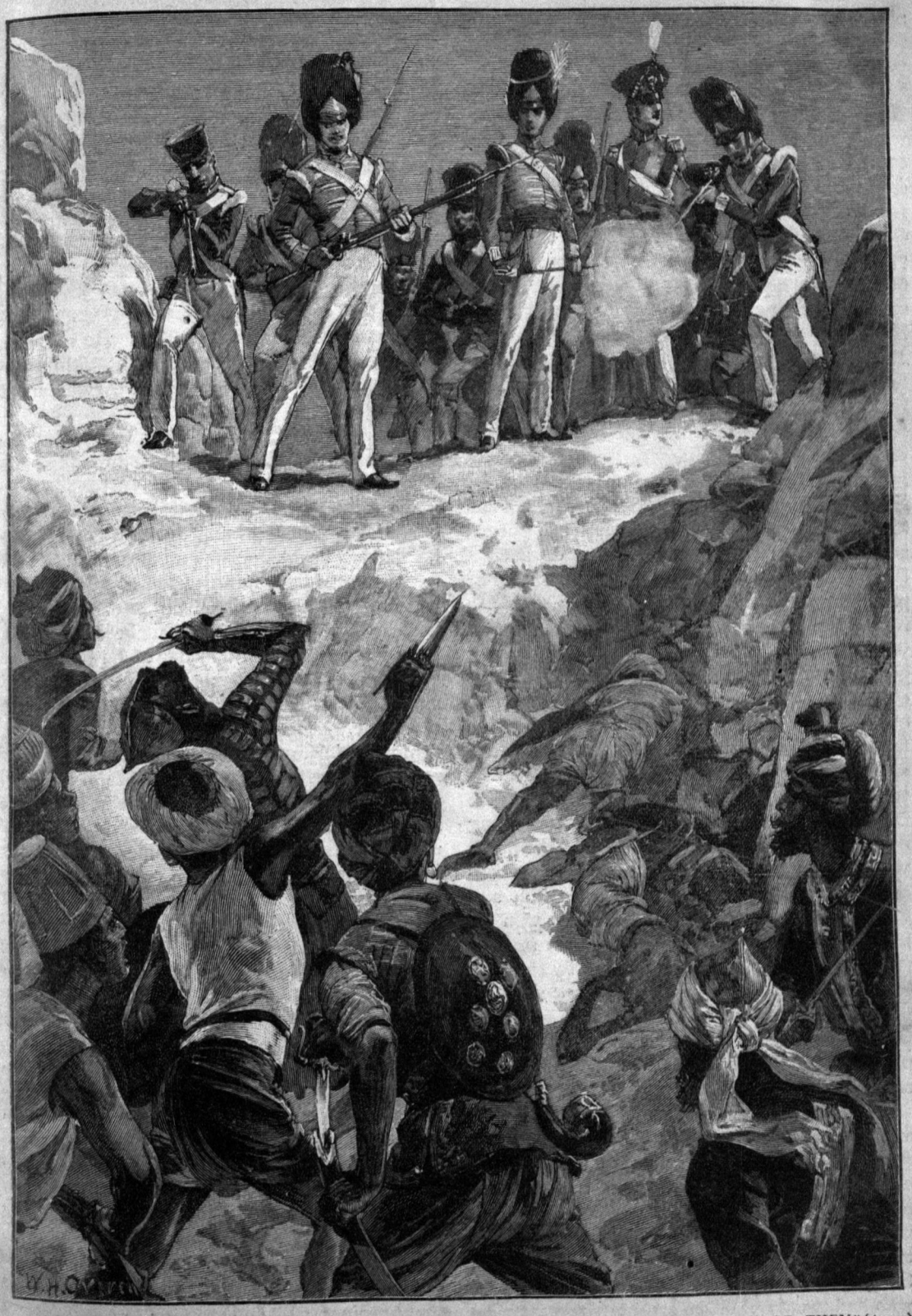


and these were suffered to pass through the besiegers' lines unscathed and unsearched. It was afterwards discovered that the fugitives had carried off immense treasures secreted about their persons. Nor were they the only persons who made good their escape. A large body of the enemy's cavalry made a vigorous sally at a weak point in the line of investment, and succeeded in cutting their way through to the open country.

On the 25th happened also a circumstance, fortunately almost unknown in the English army. A bombardier of artillery, named Herbert, deserted to the enemy. For his crime no possible motive could ever be discovered. He was a man of very good character, wore a Waterloo medal, and must have known the fate that awaited him when the city fell, as fall it certainly would. Not only did he desert, but he was afterwards seen laying the guns on the ramparts, laying them too with such good effect that Lord Combermere himself narrowly escaped death from a shot aimed by the renegade. Needless to say that at the close of the siege, when he fell into the hands of his former comrades, he was tried by court-martial and hanged.

As had been foreseen, it was possible to carry on the siege works without the men engaged in the trenches suffering much from the enemy's artillery fire. The guns of the defence could not be sufficiently depressed, and were really only effective when they were laid on the approaches and on the reserves of *matériel*. A long, heavy brass gun in the citadel constantly pitched its shot into the camps with such precision and damaging results that the tents had to be moved beyond its range. An ammunition tumbril in rear of the trenches was exploded by a chance shot, with the result that a large quantity of powder blew up and some storehouses with their contents were burned. In the beginning of the siege too the reliefs for the trenches used to march off at 4 p.m. The passage of such large bodies of men raised great clouds of dust above the trees and vegetation of the outskirts, at which the enemy, who knew the ground and distances perfectly, were in the habit of firing with fatal effect. On one occasion the 35th Native Infantry lost fifteen men by one shot, which struck the third section of the leading company and ploughed its deadly way through the column. The hour for the reliefs was immediately changed to dusk, when no tell-tale signs betrayed their movements.

From the 25th till the 31st the siege works were steadily and rapidly carried forward, the parallels and batteries crept nearer and nearer to the great ditch, till at last the counterscarp was crowned, and the last breaching batteries contemplated by the engineers were established. The operations were daily covered by sharpshooters, principally taken from the Ghoorka Sirmoor battalion, whose fire was so constant and accurate that scarcely a single enemy dared to raise his head over the parapet of the city's ramparts, and the musketry fire of the defence was thus almost completely subdued. The results of the unremitting discharge of the siege artillery were, however, not encouraging. So strong was the construction of the fortifications that but little effect was produced upon them, and the prospects of taking the town by breaching



"CARMICHAEL'S FOLLOWERS FIRED INTO THE DENSE CLUSTER OF MEN IN FRONT OF THEM" (*p.* 339).

alone seemed to become more and more remote. Efforts were redoubled, new and more powerful batteries were brought to bear, and for four more days the crushing storm of shot smote bastion and curtain so heavily that a great gap was at last formed, which, as it was seen from the counterscarp, appeared to offer a way for a storming party. So practicable did it seem that Lord Combermere, under the advice of the engineers, ordered an assault to be made on the 7th January. Among the troops detailed were 600 dismounted men from the different cavalry regiments with the army, eighty from the 11th Light Dragoons, the same number from the 16th Lancers, 200 from Skinner's Horse, and forty from each regiment of native cavalry. A touching story is told of the valour and faithfulness of the men of Skinner's Horse, one of the earliest formed of the many distinguished native irregular cavalry corps which have fought for England. They had served their gallant colonel for many long years in frequent wars, and obeyed and loved him, more as tribesmen do a chief than as paid soldiers follow an officer. The party for the assault was told off according to roster for duty, for the whole regiment had volunteered for the dangerous service. Skinner placed at their head Shadull Khan, one of his oldest, most faithful and trustworthy native officers, and then addressed them: "This is the first time of your going into danger when I cannot accompany you; but such is my affection for you all that I cannot allow you to part from me without carrying with you something dear to me." Then, taking his son by the hand, who had only lately entered the corps, he continued—"See, here is my son! Take him and gain for him such honour as you have won for his father." On this old Shadull Khan stepped forward, and, taking young Skinner by the arm, called out in reply: "Farewell, our own commander. Trust in God, who never deserts those faithful servants who do their duty, and who, please God, will now do their utmost to maintain the honour of the corps."

But the assault was not delivered on the 6th, and the cavalry were not, after all, called upon to ascend the breach. Curiously enough, it was not to the professional engineers that was due the countermanding of an attempt, which, even if successful, must have been attended with a tremendous sacrifice of life, but to Colonel Skinner, the grey-haired veteran of Indian war, who had twenty years before been present with Lord Lake at this very spot and whose sword had seldom been sheathed in the intervening time. He was attending Lord Combermere in a reconnaissance, and was by him asked his opinion of the breach. Skinner diffidently said that, though not an engineer, he did not believe it to be practicable, and that, from his experience of Indian sieges, he thought that the men of the assaulting force would sink up to their armpits in the loose rubbish. An engineer officer on the staff maintained that it was practicable, but said that he would soon ascertain the fact, and, gallantly rushing forward, crossed the ditch under the enemy's fire, examined the breach, and found it as Skinner had said. He returned, fortunately unscathed, and patting Skinner on the back, said, "Old boy, you are right and I am wrong."

The result of this and other reconnaissances was the determination no longer to place the chief reliance on the breaching batteries, but to make mines the principal feature of future operations. Some mining work on a small scale had already been done, and an attempt had been made to spring a mine under the north-east bastion. Owing to the smallness of the charge, however, very slight effect had been produced, but in the attempt a jemadar of native sappers gave an example of brilliant and devoted gallantry. It had been his business to fire the mine. The port-fire was, unfortunately, damp and ineffective, so the jemadar, reckless of results to himself in the performance of his duty, applied the match to the hose itself. So rapid, in consequence, was the explosion, that the unfortunate man had not time to withdraw himself from the influence of the mine, and was fearfully burned and injured. He was carried back to camp, where he lingered in agony for several days; but his last hours were comforted by immediate promotion, carrying a pension for his family, bestowed by Lord Combermere. His native comrades were much touched by this act of the commander-in-chief, and said that it was good to serve a general who "thought less of pice than of brave acts."

Lieutenant Forbes, of the Engineers, appears to have the credit of devising the great combined system of mines which was now to form the principal part of the future operations. A deep and heavily charged mine was to be sunk under the angle of the bastion, a subsidiary mine was to be placed under the right breach, so disposed as to improve the ascent and destroy the enemy's countermines, while a third mine was to blow in the counterscarp and facilitate the descent into

the ditch. It should be here mentioned that three breaches were now in process of formation, the main breach in the next bastion to the south and a smaller breach in the adjacent curtain. General Reynell's division was encamped in front of the first, while General Nicholls's division faced the remaining two.

The history of the siege after the 7th January is a record of continuous battery and bombardment, and of constant and persevering effort in mining and countermining. There was opportunity for many gallant deeds, and many gallant deeds were done. Did the enemy construct a gallery in the scarp which gave them easy access to the ditch, at once Captain Taylor and Sub-Conductor Richardson of the Engineers, with ten sappers, volunteered for the perilous duty of destroying it, and succeeded in their object, favoured by the good fortune which ever favours the bold. Did the general desire to know what operations the enemy were carrying on near the breach, forthwith a havildar with twelve Goorkhas crossed the ditch and gained the required information in the teeth of determined resistance. Over and over again we find the names of Captain Irvine and Captain Taylor of the Engineers mentioned for acts of cool and desperate daring which, in our more fortunate days, would have gained a Victoria Cross, but which were then held to be sufficiently acknowledged by a mere letter of thanks from the adjutant-general. And whenever there was any service requiring the utmost audacity and military prowess, the soldiers to whom it was most often confided were the Goorkhas, then a recent addition to our native army, who, equally formidable with the British musket as with their native weapon—the short, heavy, keen-edged kookrie—never failed in any task, however perilous. Well have these little mountaineers maintained on many subsequent battlefields the reputation which they began to build up at Bhurtpore, of being the bravest, the most loyal, and the best disciplined of the many native races which furnish soldiers for the service of England.

An exploit performed by Captain Carmichael of the 59th Regiment deserves more than passing notice on account of the soldierly spirit which dictated it and the brilliant completeness of its execution. A report had been brought by spies into the camp that the Bhurtporeans had cut trenches across the breach opposite to General Nicholls's division, and had otherwise so fortified it as to make it impregnable to the headlong onset of a storming party. General Nicholls was anxious to obtain exact information as to the truth of the report, but this could only be gained by personal inspection, in broad daylight and under the observation of the numerous defenders, whose muskets and spearpoints could be seen glinting on the ramparts. Captain Carmichael's intrepid spirit prompted him to volunteer to lead the small party which would undertake to clear up the well-guarded secrets of the defence. It was the highnoon of the sultry Indian day, the hour when it is the native custom to yield for a time to sleep and when the extreme vigilance of the enemy might be expected to be somewhat relaxed, that he chose for his heroic enterprise. The Grenadiers of his own regiment, the 59th, and a detachment of Goorkhas were on duty in the advanced trenches. No need to call upon such men for volunteers to follow him and share his adventure. All sprang forward eager to be chosen, and the only difficulty was to keep the numbers employed within the desired limits. The total number taken was only twelve, half of whom were 59th Grenadiers and half Goorkhas. Captain Davidson of the Bengal Engineers also joined the little party, which, headed by Carmichael, stole quietly out of the trenches. With breathless anxiety their rapid rush across the ditch to the foot of the breach was watched by their comrades left behind. At every pace it was feared that a hail of bullets would pour from the ramparts and sweep them away. But no, either drowsy or careless, the Jats gave no heed. Carmichael and his men cleared the wide ditch unnoticed and found themselves at the foot of the pile of stones and dried mud where the strong wall of the fortress had been shattered. They commenced the steep ascent and, scrambling on hands and knees, in a few moments stood within the fortification which they had so long watched from a distance. Startled into wakefulness by the sudden appearance of their foe so close to them, whom they doubtless took to be the head of a storming party, the Jats seized their arms and gathered for resistance. Carmichael's followers took full advantage of the surprise and deliberately fired a volley into the dense cluster of men in front of them. Then, as the smoke cleared away, they carefully surveyed the interior of the fort and noted all its features, having even the audacity, moreover, to pelt their enemy with the lumps of mud and stones which were to hand. The Jats realised at last how feeble was the party that insulted them, and rushed forward to punish their temerity. Carmichael's object

had been gained, however, and he plunged down the breach in retreat. There was a rush, in pursuit, of the exasperated enemy to the top of the breach, and the little reconnoitring band was in deadly danger from the many weapons about to be pointed at them. But the muskets in the English trenches were ready and aimed. Fingers were now on the triggers, and the first crowd of the enemy was swept away by the calculated discharge before they could use their matchlocks. The places of the first that fell were quickly supplied, but ever the heavy and well-aimed fire from the trenches flamed forth with crushing effect,

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.
(*Photo, Mayall.*)

and, covered by the friendly storm which hurtled over their heads, Captain Carmichael and his men regained the shelter of their lines almost unscathed. The sole casualty was one grenadier, struck dead and falling into the advanced English trench, so nearly had he achieved safety. The result of the daring adventure was the knowledge that the breach, though a formidable obstacle, was not impregnable, a knowledge which was soon to be of inestimable value.

On the 17th January the engineers reported to Lord Combermere that the mines on which the issue of the siege depended would be ready that night. They were, as before noted, three in number: one under the angle of the north-east bastion, loaded with 10,000 lb. of powder connected by a train 300 feet long leading under the ditch; another, less heavily loaded, destined to improve and extend the breach; while a third, still smaller, was to blow in the counter-scarp. The hour of final and decisive action was at hand and the orders were given for the assault on the following day. Two columns were formed for the service, placed under Generals Reynell and Nicholls respectively, and these again were divided into smaller forces for the purposes of support and mutual assistance. The direction of the principal attack was given to General Reynell and was to be thus carried out:—The main breach was to be stormed by two brigades acting under General Reynell's personal command. The leading brigade, Brigadier McCombe's, was to be headed by the Grenadiers of the 14th Regiment, followed by a spiking party of artillerymen. The brigade was to consist of four companies of the 14th, the 58th Native Infantry, and 100 Nusseeree Goorkhas. Brigadier Patton's brigade, consisting of four companies of the 14th, the 6th Native Infantry and five companies of Goorkhas, was to support Brigadier McCombe in the first rush. After the top of the breach should be gained, the leading brigade was ordered to turn to the right along the ramparts; the other brigade to the left. This main attack was to be supported on its right by a column under Lieut.-Colonel Delamain, composed of two companies of the 1st European Regiment, the 58th Native Infantry, and 100 Goorkhas, which was to storm a small breach near the Juggeenah Gate.

General Nicholls's main attack was to be made on the left breach by Brigadier Edwards at the head of seven companies of the 59th Regiment, the 31st Native Infantry, and 100 Sirmoor Goorkhas. This, again, was to be flanked by a strong escalading attack under Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, which was to ascend the wall by ladders at a re-entering angle near the main breach. Other smaller subsidiary attacking parties were detailed, but every column, every storming party, received the most minute instructions, and no contingency was left unprovided for. Sappers with tools for breaking through walls of houses, men carrying ropes with nooses to be slipped over the beams in the rampart and thus to form hand ropes, artillerymen to spike the guns—all were ordered to be present, ready to follow the first stormers. Brigadier Fagan, with the 21st, 35th, and 15th Native Infantry, was ordered to support General Nicholls's attack, and a reserve column under Brigadier Adams was to be formed in the trenches to cover a retreat in case of failure.

At half-past four on the morning of the 18th the troops silently entered the trenches, where they were to remain hidden till the signal for assault was given. The most advanced parallels were not occupied, as it was feared that the *débris* of the exploding mines would cause many injuries to people within their influence. The commander-in-chief himself inspected each column, made sure that his orders had been carried out and that every precaution had been taken to keep the assemblage of soldiers hidden from the enemy with whom they were so soon to grapple hand to hand. Not a head was raised, not a bayonet was to be seen over the trenches, not a sound was to be heard in the still morning but the low hum rising from a mass of men quivering with excitement and with difficulty restraining their pent-up feelings. A little after eight o'clock an engineer officer reported to Lord Combermere that the mines were ready,

"THE JATS, MAKING A FRANTIC LEAP FOR SAFETY, WERE BURIED IN ITS DEPTHS" (*p.* 343).

and the order was given that they should at once be fired. Every eye was turned to the points of the expected explosions, and followed with keenest suspense the lightly curling smoke, which showed the gradual ignition of the trains. At last with a mighty roar the two lesser mines exploded, doing all the work that had been expected from them. Alarmed by the sudden and mighty shocks and fearing an immediate assault, the garrison crowded to the angle of the bastion, the sunlight gleaming on their white garments, their armour, and waving weapons. Little did they think that death was even now leaping towards them, and that their time on earth was to be counted by seconds. Even as they gathered and shouted defiance, there was the convulsion of the great mine's explosion. The whole bastion heaved and rent. An ear-splitting crash like loudest thunder shook the air, and where the bastion had been, a dense cloud of dust and smoke arose, mingled with the bodies and limbs of the ill-fated wretches, with stones, timbers, masses of earth, and indefinable *débris*. To the authors of that terrible destruction the spectacle was appalling; among the sufferers by this gruesome expedient of cruel war were scattered broadcast confusion, dismay, and death in its most horrible forms.

Nor were the effects of the great explosion confined to the defenders of Bhurtpore alone. Even more far-reaching than was anticipated spread the shadow of death. Scattered fragments of the upheaval were hurled into the English trenches, where the stormers were lying ready for action and Lord Combermere himself was present in command. Two sepoys standing close by the commander-in-chief were killed. Brigadier McCombe was struck down, and Brigadier Patton, with Captain Irvine, Lieutenant Daly of the 14th, and nearly twenty men of the 14th, were either killed or wounded. When the echoes of the mighty crash had ceased, the whole scene was still hidden by the thick cloud of smoke and dust which hung like a veil over rampart, ditch, and trenches. As it slowly cleared away, the Grenadiers of the 14th and 59th were seen charging impetuously up the steep faces of the breaches. Staggered as the enemy had been by the mine, they yet gathered bravely in defence, and poured a heavy fire of grape and musketry on the attackers. Major Everard, who led the 14th, made good his ascent, and in a few moments the colours of the regiment were seen floating on the summit. The 59th were equally successful. Their band played the stirring strains of the "British Grenadiers" as they left the trenches. The breach was steeper, the fire to be encountered heavier than at the main attack, but, unchecked by difficulties, undismayed by the fierce resistance, they pressed stubbornly on till they also stood triumphant within the enemy's works. The remainder of the columns directed by Generals Reynell and Nicholls followed where the 14th and 59th had led the way. There was a moment of hesitation in one native infantry corps, but when General Reynell himself, standing on the top of the ruined bastion exposed to the heavy fire from the citadel, called out to them to follow him, they answered to the appeal and plunged with confidence into the fight.

As had been directed in orders, the head of General Reynell's column turned to the right to clear the ramparts as soon as the breach had been crowned, while the native infantry penetrated into the town and moved through it parallel to the storming party. The defenders of Bhurtpore rallied gallantly and, facing Everard and his Grenadiers in hand-to-hand conflict, disputed every inch of ground. There was no time for the actual combatants to load and fire. The *melée* was between tulwar on one side and bayonet and musket-butt on the other. Match-lock fire from the adjacent houses told heavily on the English, but still the 14th fought their way on, driving their enemy before them. And of that enemy many brave men died where they stood rather than step one backward pace. The Jat gunners in particular would not forsake the pieces which they had served so well, and, at the close of the fight, were almost to a man found lying dead, sword in hand, round their loved artillery.

It will be remembered that Lieut.-Colonel Delamain had been detailed to lead a column to the attack of a breach near the Juggeenah Gate on the right of General Reynell's main assault. He also had won his way into the town, though with heavy loss, as a mine had been fired by the enemy beneath the feet of his stormers and blown up many. His success was complete, however, and, clearing his path to his left along the fortifications he met Major Everard, who was coming in the opposite direction. And now one of the most terrible catastrophes of the day happened to the defeated but still desperately fighting Jats. Between Colonel Delamain and Major Everard there yawned a steep and narrow gorge, about sixty feet deep, and the two bodies of English troops arrived at the opposite sides of

this gorge, simultaneously pressing their foes before them. From both sides the Jats were driven backwards at the point of the bayonet towards the abyss and, either victims of shot or steel or making a frantic leap for safety, were buried in its depths. In a few minutes several hundreds lay piled at the bottom of the gorge, a helpless, groaning mass. To add to the horror of their condition many of them wore armour of quilted cotton, impervious to sword cut and even to musket ball. This armour had in many cases been set on fire by the close discharge of musket or pistol, and the wretched wearers were slowly roasted till death came as relief to their inconceivable torture. A noble attempt was made to rescue some of them and a few were extricated, but time and means were not available for the work of mercy, and, a few hours later, nothing was left but "a confused mass of burned and burning bodies."

It has been said how the 59th Grenadiers, at the head of General Nicholls's column of assault, carried the left breach. They were followed and well supported by the remainder of the column, and were, soon after entering the town, joined by Brigadier Patton's brigade of General Reynell's division. Colonel Wilson, who had been detailed to lead an escalading party, had little opposition to encounter, and, though he himself and about thirty men mounted the wall by ladders, the greater part of his command found it easier to enter the town by the breach.

All the storming parties were now in Bhurtpore, and while some of them cleared the circle of ramparts of their defenders, the remainder traversed the town in every direction, driving the enemy from their positions in the streets and out of the houses, from which a desultory fire was being kept up. Brigadier Fagan, who commanded General Nicholls's second brigade, following in support of Brigadier Edwards, found ample work for his force in quenching the last embers of resistance in the great city, and Brigadier Adams, who commanded the general reserve, when the success of the day was assured entered by the Agra gate to bring fresh and unbroken troops for the duty of keeping order. The fighting, which continued from house to house and from street to street, took a heavy toll of loss from Lord Combermere's army before all was quiet, and, amongst others, Brigadier Edwards received his death wound while bravely leading his men.

The commander-in-chief had himself shared to the full the toils and dangers of his army, and that he was not the first to mount the breach was less due to his own prudence and caution than to the more than verbal dissuasion and influence of his staff. The blood of the old Peninsular *sabreur* boiled at the sight of the stormers' charge, and, casting his dignity to the winds, he yearned to join personally in the first shock of conflict. He was induced, however, to wait and follow the leading sections, though even thus the enemy's bullets pattered on the ground as he passed over it. He made his way to the glacis of the citadel and summoned it to surrender. As no reply was given, he sent for a couple of twelve-pounders to blow open its gates, while some field-guns which had been dragged up the breach opened on it a heavy and well-directed fire. By three o'clock in the afternoon the twelve-pounders had arrived, and everything was prepared for blowing in the gate when a deputation came out with an offer of unconditional surrender. The 37th Native Infantry was sent for to take possession, and after brief delay they entered and the king's colour of the regiment was hoisted on the battlements of the citadel—a sight of joyous triumph, for it told the completion of the day's stern work.

Shortly afterwards the news was brought in that Doorjun Sal had been captured by the cavalry, which hemmed in every outlet from the town. When he saw the fortune of the day going against him, he had collected a vast amount of treasure, and with his wives and children, at the head of a picked body of horsemen, he had thought to cut his way to escape. But the toils were set too close, and he had to yield to Lieutenant Barbor of the 8th Light Cavalry. Every horseman of his escort had from 1,200 to 2,000 gold mohurs, equal to from £1,920 to £3,200, sewn in the lining of his saddle.

The loss of the garrison of Bhurtpore is estimated at about 13,000 killed and wounded during the siege, of whom 4,000 were slain in the assault. Most of the remainder were taken prisoners, the cavalry alone having captured 6,000 or 7,000 after the town was stormed. The British casualties during the siege and in the assault amounted to 1,050 killed, wounded, and missing, including seven officers killed and forty-one wounded.

Thus was captured the great fortress, a feat of arms which, though now almost forgotten, yields in brilliancy to few of our country's military achievements, and had an influence on the fate of England's rule in India that can hardly be exaggerated.

The Defeat of Abd-el-Kadr by the French

ISLY: August 14. 1844

By Major Arthur Griffiths

THE scene was an improvised garden in North Africa, just across the frontier line between Algeria and Morocco, on the banks of the river Isly. The time —night: a cool breeze had succeeded the torrid heat of day, and the French camp was alive with gaiety, brilliantly illuminated by many coloured lanterns which blazed upon the pink blossoms of the oleanders and the tamarisks.

A military "punch," as it is called by the French army, was in progress—a kind of festive entertainment given by the officers to some newly-arrived comrades.

The only thing wanting to complete success was the presence of the commander-in-chief.

Marshal Bugeaud—*le père* Bugeaud, as he was styled affectionately by his soldiers—had retired to his tent, and was already asleep on his truckle bed. He was worn out with fatigue. A momentous battle was imminent. The marshal had been busily engaged all day in preparing written instructions for all commanders of corps under his orders. Who would dare awaken him?

The only one bold enough for the task was a civilian—M. Léon Roche, the principal interpreter of the army and long the marshal's close associate and intimate friend. Even he was sharply received when performing this unpleasant duty. But when the old man heard the reason he got up; dressed, still grumbling, and started for the centre of the camp. Here he found himself surrounded by an animated concourse.

All the officers of rank crowded round him and welcomed him warmly. Then it was that he delivered himself of a famous little speech, which is said to have had no insignificant effect upon the fighting of next day.

"It will be a great day, you may depend," he said with much animation. "We shall be terribly outnumbered. Our army has only 6,500 bayonets and 1,500 horse; the Moors, so I am told, are at least 60,000 strong—all horsemen. Yet I wish there were three or four times as many: the more numerous they are the greater will be their disorder, the worse the disaster when they are attacked.

"You see, ours is an army; the Moors have only a mob, and this is what, I think, will happen. I shall form my men in the shape of a boar's head. The right tusk will be General Lamoricière, the left Bedeau, the muzzle will be Pelissier, and I shall be behind the ears. Who shall stop our penetrating force? My friends, we shall split the Moorish army up as a hot knife cuts into butter. I have only one fear, and that is that the enemy will not wait for us."

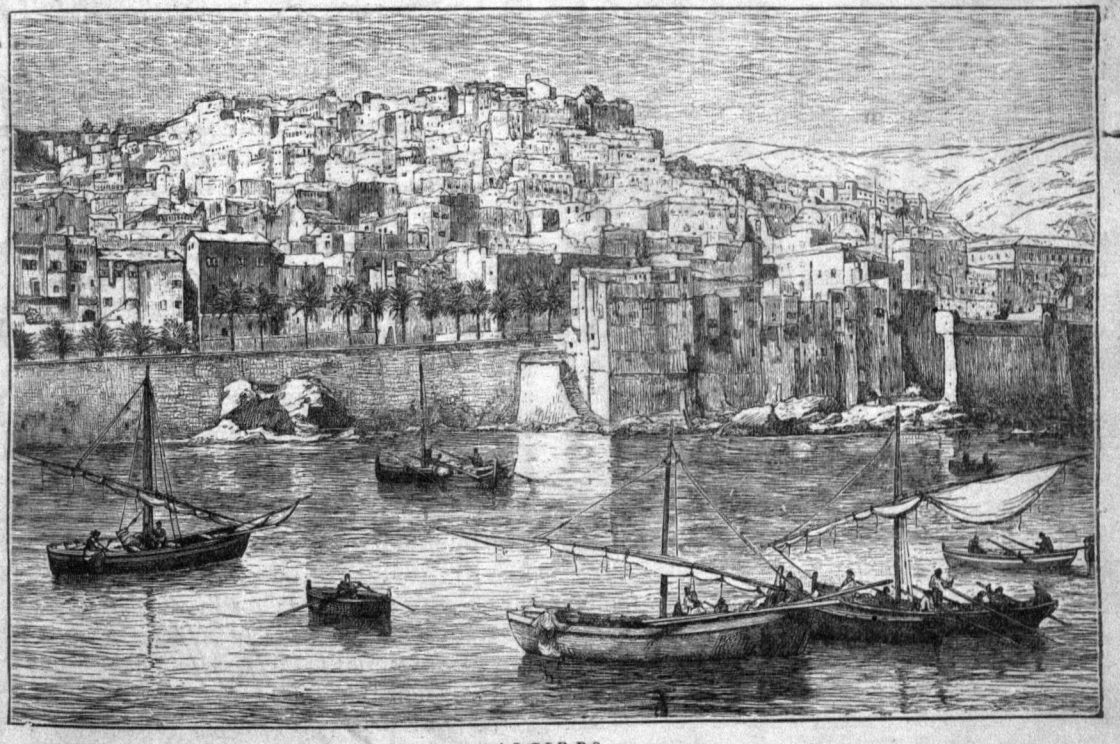
This spirited speech evoked the wildest enthusiasm. A report of it, and of the words the old marshal had used, rapidly spread through the camp; it was repeated from mouth to mouth, and fired the troops with their leader's desperate but self-confident courage. All, like him, were only afraid the Moors would escape out of their hands.

The battle of Isly, then imminent, may be called the final stroke for supremacy in Algeria. Although not actually fought on Algerian soil nor against the Algerian Arabs, it yet stamped out their opposition by utterly destroying the power of Abd-el-Kadr, the great Arab chief who alone had successfully resisted the French for so long. These two men, Marshal Bugeaud and Abd-el-Kadr, the one a Frenchman, the other an Arab, are really the most prominent personages in the history of the Algerian conquest: both earned great distinction—the one as a soldier, the other as a patriot. Before dealing with the last great episode in this struggle, which had extended over fifteen years and is not definitely ended even now—for to this day Arab submission cannot be called complete, and insurrection is always possible—some account should be given of the two remarkable men who

were so closely connected with it. Isly may be said to have firmly established the fame of the one, Bugeaud, and to have practically closed the independent career of Abd-el-Kadr, the other.

Marshal Bugeaud was a product of the Napoleonic *régime*, one of the last of the great soldiers turned out by the Grande Armée. Born of a family but recently ennobled, he liked to call himself a man of the people : he always said he was prouder of his grandfather, the blacksmith, who had founded the family fortunes, than of his father, the aristocrat, who had dissipated them. Bugeaud was but badly educated, and at the age of twenty, when a big, burly, stalwart youth, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Imperial Guard, to find literally in his knapsack the field-marshal's bâton which, the proverb declares, every French conscript carries there. He won his epaulettes a couple of years later at Pultusk, in Poland, and he took active part in many of Napoleon's campaigns ; but his promotion was not rapid, and he was only a colonel at Waterloo. After his master's fall he shared the emperor's disgrace, and retired into private life, only to return to the army and gain the rank of general after the revolution of 1830. He took then to political life, and as an outspoken deputy with the courage of his opinions he had to fight several duels in defence of them. In 1836 he entered once more upon his natural sphere, and was sent to Algeria as a general of brigade.

At this time Thomas Bugeaud was a hale man of fifty, tall, muscular, and broadly built, every inch a soldier, with the imperious manner and decided air of one practised to command ; he had an iron constitution, was "greedy of fatigue and inaccessible to the infirmities of age." Bugeaud was the idol of his men : his first and last thought was for them ; their comfort, well-being, and instruction were his most constant and unremitting care. A dozen stories are preserved of him proving this. He was known to dismount from his horse to help a muleteer to replace the bundles which had fallen from a pack saddle. "I have seen him," reports an eye-witness, "take the trouble to shift the sentries' posts after nightfall so as to deceive the keen-sighted Arabs and keep his men out of fire." He would fall back to the rear-guard to admonish and encourage his soldiers, talking to them one by one in the kindest and most friendly way. Sometimes he would halt a column on the march and order the men to undress. Woe then to the commanding officer if any soldier was



ALGIERS.

found to be without the regulation flannel belt! The best story told is, perhaps, that which earned him the sobriquet of the Père Casquette (Father Flat-cap). On one occasion his camp was surprised: through the carelessness of the outposts the Arabs broke in and opened a heavy fire. All was dire confusion at first, but the marshal rushed out of his tent and restored order: indeed, with his own strong hands he struck down two of the assailants. But when all was over and the Arabs driven back, the marshal, as he stood in the strong light of the camp fires, saw that all eyes were directed to his headgear, and that every one was laughing. Putting his hand to his head, he found that it was still covered with his night-cap; so he called someone to bring him his *kepi* or *casquette*, and the cry was set by some soldier-composer to music that very night. Next morning, when the bugles sounded the rouse, a battalion of Zouaves accompanied the music with a chorus about the cap—

As-tu vu
La Casquette,
La Casquette?
As-tu vu
La Casquette
Du Père Bugeaud?

The impromptu air pleased the old marshal mightily. Ever afterwards the first bugle-call at dawn was called the "casquette," and the marshal himself was often heard telling a bugler to sound the *casquette*. Sometimes, when the troops were wearied and footsore, he would order the favourite tune to be played; the men, taking heart, would strike up the chorus, in which the general himself would join.

What especially endeared Bugeaud to his soldiers was his unfailing readiness to share their privations. Nothing annoyed him more than to see infantry officers riding saddle-horses. He issued a peremptory order once on the subject: "This abuse must be immediately stopped. Infantry officers must not lose sight of the fact that the surest method of obtaining from their soldiers the self-denial and energy required to endure toilsome marches under a burning sun is to set the example of going on foot as the men do." Upon one occasion the marshal was roaming through his camp alone and unobserved when he heard a dispute between an old and a young Zouave. The latter was bemoaning his fate: for three days he had been wet to the skin, and not a chance of drying himself; not a bit of bread nor a glass of brandy was to be bought at the canteen. "Conscript," cried the other, taking him sharply to task, "if you had been on sentry at the Père Casquette's tent as I was yesterday, you would give up grumbling. He is a duke and a marshal of France, but he was gnawing at a bit of biscuit like the rest of us, and drinking a mug of water." There was a loud shout of applause from all around, and the marshal, when he afterwards told the story, said he had never felt so proud in his life before.

A leader of this sort was certain to be worshipped by his men, but old Bugeaud was equally humane and considerate to the Arabs. It is on record that when governor-general of the province he looked out of the window one morning as he was shaving, and saw a Maltese strike an Arab brutally. Without a second's thought the marshal ran out in his shirt-sleeves just as he was, with the soapsuds on his face, turned out his guard, and had the Maltese arrested and given in charge of the police.

When Bugeaud first reached Algeria he was very much dissatisfied with the plan on which the war had been waged: he was certain that the Arabs would be best tackled by light movable columns unencumbered with baggage or artillery. In spite of the marked disapproval of his lieutenants he persisted in carrying out this system. At this time Abd-el-Kadr was the most formidable antagonist the French had in Algeria, and it was with him that Bugeaud was now to try conclusions. He did so victoriously at the battle of the Sickack, when at small cost he all but broke up and dispersed Abd-el-Kadr's forces. But the Arab chief was still a danger, and Bugeaud was desired, if possible, to bring him to terms. The moment was rather critical, for Clausel had just failed in the siege of Constantine, and the French hold on Algeria was growing precarious. It was said that Bugeaud was to renew the war against Abd-el-Kadr if he could not induce him to make peace, but in this he presently succeeded, and the celebrated Treaty of Tafna was the result. By this the French recognised the emir as an independent ruler over the western part of Algeria and the mountainous interior, in return for which Abd-el-Kadr acknowledged the sovereignty of France. The Arabs on each side were to be free to come and go, and those within the French limits were to have full religious toleration.

It was hoped that this treaty would be the first step to a pacific settlement of Algeria, and as soon as it was signed the high contracting parties met to make each other's acquaintance.

General Bugeaud (he was not yet a marshal) was very eager to meet the Arab chieftain who had so long defied the power of France. It was now seven years since Abd-el-Kadr had set himself up in opposition to the French by heading the Arabs of Tlemcen in a holy war against the infidel invader. When the French first invaded Algeria he was a remarkable youth, barely four-and-twenty, the son of a marabout, or priest, of great sanctity whom the tribes had invited to take the lead. This marabout, by name Mahiddin, refused, but passed on the offer to his son. Great things had been prophesied of Abd-el-Kadr : he had accompanied his father to Mecca, and there had been hailed by a holy fakir as a future sultan of the Arabs ; and he undoubtedly proved the most remarkable man who had appeared among the western Mohammedans for more than a century. Towards the end of his career, in 1843, Marshal Soult classed him among the only three men then alive—all Mussulmans —"who could legitimately be called great." These were Schamyl the Circassian, Mehemet Ali the Egyptian Pasha, and Abd-el-Kadr.

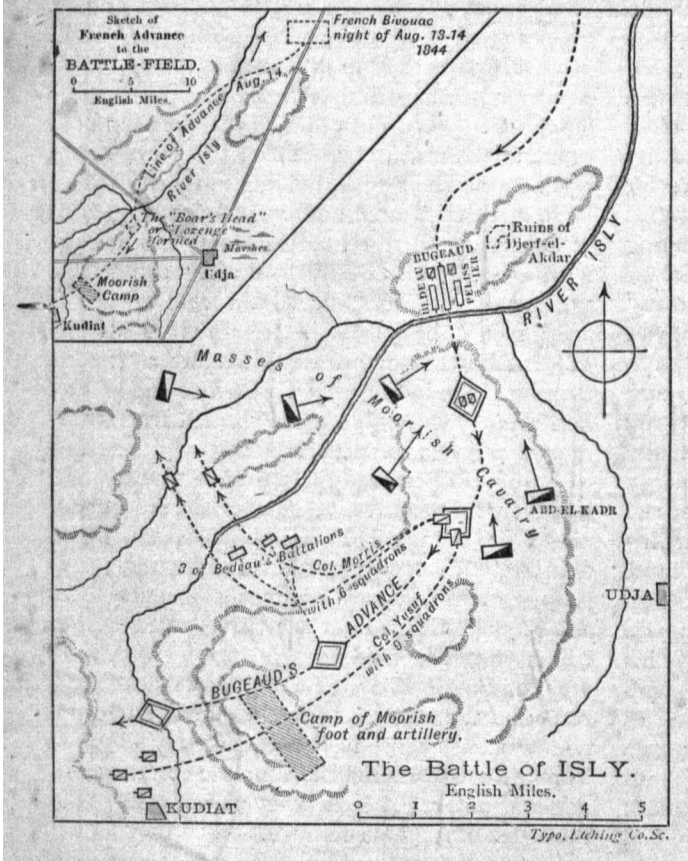
The son of Mahiddin, as he was called, first took up arms against the French in 1833 by attacking Oran. Although repulsed, he gradually consolidated his power by his indomitable energy and the personal influence he exercised over the Arab tribes. Thousands of them flocked to his standard, and for four years he proved a most redoubtable antagonist. The person of Abd-el-Kadr at the time when Bugeaud met him was prepossessing, and gave outward proof of his inward remarkable character. A prisoner who spent some time in his camp describes him as very small in stature, with a long deadly pale face and large black languishing eyes, an aquiline nose, small delicate mouth, thin dark chestnut beard, and slight moustache. He had exquisitely-formed hands and feet, which he was continually washing and trimming with a small knife. In dress he studied the utmost simplicity, wearing fine white linen without a vestige of gold or embroidery. Bugeaud thought his appearance quite that of a devotee, but he was skilled at all martial exercises, was a fine horseman, and always beautifully mounted in the field.

The contrast between the stalwart old Frenchman and slightly-formed Arab must have been very great. Both were anxious to maintain their dignity ; neither at first would give way. When Bugeaud dismounted, Abd-el-Kadr hesitated, but at length did the same : they sat side by side on the grass and talked for forty minutes. Then Bugeaud rose to go, but Abd-el-Kadr did not move from his seat. This might have been intentional disrespect, and was not to be borne, so old Bugeaud protested. "I fancied," as he afterwards told the French Chamber, "I saw in it a certain claim to superiority, and so I made my interpreter tell him 'when a French general rises, you should also rise.' While my interpreter was translating the words, I took Abd-el-Kadr by the hands and lifted him up. He was not very heavy."

A special interest attaches to the meeting of these two men, for they were again to be pitted against each other in the coming years. The Treaty of Tafna was only a truce. Abd-el-Kadr accepted the terms in order to get time for fresh preparations and to consolidate his power. He was now at the zenith, holding authority over a large territory, feared and obeyed by thousands of adherents. In France the treaty was viewed with extreme disfavour, and after the fall of Constantine it was clear that a fresh appeal to arms would be gladly entertained at home. When Abd-el-Kadr protested against a demonstration made by Marshal Vallée into the mountain country through the celebrated Iron Gates or *portes de fer*, the French Government decided to resume offensive operations. They were, however, forestalled by Abd-el-Kadr, who again raised the standard of a holy war, and much fighting with many massacres followed. Desultory operations, by no means favourable to the French, dragged on for three years, during which they lost hold on the interior and were more and more restricted to the ports and strong places on the coast. At last General Bugeaud, who was once more in France actively engaged in politics, was offered the supreme command in Algeria, and went back as governor-general to the scene of his old successes.

Bugeaud was a soldier of broad views and abounding common-sense. He saw that he had now to deal not with an army, but with a nation in arms. He knew that it was useless to operate with large bodies of troops against wild tribes constantly on the move ; that he must catch them on the run, defeat them wherever he found them, compel them to lay down arms, then overawe them into peaceful submission. It was the further development of the lesson he had learnt in 1836. He organised his forces in small compact columns : a few battalions of infantry, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, two mountain-howitzers, a small transport train on mule- and camel-back ; as speed was the first consideration,

he employed only picked men, those inured to the climate and to fatigue. They moved in the lightest marching order, carrying only muskets, ammunition, and a little food. A strip of canvas served as haversack, but was unsewn; three of these could be joined together, and thus form a shelter for three men. This was the origin of the famous *tente d'abri*, the only form of encampment for a large portion of the French army in the Crimea.



The command of those movable columns was entrusted to the smartest of the young officers Bugeaud found around him. He had no lack of choice. The campaign in Algeria had now lingered on for many years, and had served as an admirable military school, in which some of the most eminent soldiers, men to be hereafter more widely known, won early distinction. Among these were Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pelissier, and the king's son, the Duc d'Aumale. The chief, ever active and enterprising, could count upon lieutenants eager to vie with him and give full effect to his views. Bugeaud set them a fine example. The old general was indefatigable, ready to move at a moment's notice to any point that was threatened, to take the lead in any important operation. When he was at Algiers, a steamer lay in the bay with steam up prepared to take him anywhere along the coast. He slept very little, and when he woke at any hour he roused his secretaries and kept them busy with dictation for hours. Throughout it all he was full of gaiety and wit; he delighted in talking, in lecturing his staff, and telling amusing stories. Yet nothing was too small for his attention; he never missed or neglected an opportunity.

A couple of years saw a very marked change in the position of the French in Algeria. Marshal Bugeaud's method of warfare was entirely successful. He won combat after combat, driving Abd-el-Kadr further and further into the hills. One by one he took the Arab chieftain's strongholds. The fort and citadel of Tackdempt, which was Abd-el-Kadr's chief arsenal and stronghold, was captured and destroyed; then a second fortress among the hills fell into French hands; after that Boghar and Thaza were taken from Abd-el-Kadr, and he was driven back into the Atlas Mountains, while his power was much shaken throughout the province of Oran. But he was not yet crushed, and while the French were engaged against the mountain tribes, Abd-el-Kadr made a descent upon the coast near Cherchell, which spread general alarm through the colony. Again he was driven back and continually pressed by several corps, which, converging, sought to enclose him between them. One of these, commanded by the Duc d'Aumale, captured by a bold stroke Abd-el-Kadr's *smalah*, the great collection of tents with all his family, followers, and possessions, which he was in the habit of moving about with him wherever he went. Afterwards, when a prisoner in French hands, the emir declared that there were 60,000 people in his *smalah* when attacked by the Duc d'Aumale. This multitude consisted of tradesmen of all kinds, armourers, saddlers, tailors, smiths; an immense market was held within it weekly; all Abd-el-Kadr's treasure was there, his wives, his horses, all he owned.

The Duc d'Aumale, with a small force, had come upon the *smalah* after a long pursuit and

a fatiguing march of thirty hours; his men had hardly slept, they had eaten with their bridles over their arms, and only chocolate or biscuit, for they were afraid to betray their presence by lighting fires. The great numerical strength of the enemy suggested prudence, but the duke was for immediate attack. "My ancestors never retreated," he said. "Gentlemen, I will not be the first to do so." With a few brief words to charge both flanks and centre at once, he dashed on overbearing all resistance. Almost at a blow four thousand prisoners were captured, including the emir's wife and mother, much treasure, all the tents, standards, and stores. The rest fled. It was an instance where conspicuous daring tells—where six hundred intrepid men defeated five thousand. "To attack such a superior force in this way," wrote a military critic afterwards, "a leader must be five-and-twenty, like the Duc d'Aumale; he must hardly know what danger is, or have the very devil in him." The French horsemen had covered ninety miles in thirty-six hours, and the supporting infantry were still eighteen miles to the rear. "Yet the duke attacked without hesitation: it was good; it was brave; it was brilliant!" This was the verdict of General (afterwards Marshal) St. Arnaud.

"CAPTURED BY A BOLD STROKE ABD-EL-KADR'S SMALAH" (*p.* 348).

The effect of this victory was disastrous to Abd-el-Kadr's cause. His adherents began to fall away from him; he was driven into the western corner of Algeria, and at last, despairing of other help, he crossed the Moorish frontier

and threw himself upon the mercy of the Emperor of Morocco. This monarch, Abderrhaman by name, at that time the most powerful ruler in Northern Africa, a descendant of the Prophet, and a most devout Mussulman, at once promised his help. War against Abd-el-Kadr's new ally became inevitable, although the French Government were not disposed to enter upon it lightly. They first remonstrated with the emperor, insisting that he should neither receive nor succour the enemy of France. As the answer was a haughty negative, Marshal Bugeaud did not wait for definite instructions from home (it was long before the days of the electric telegraph), but proceeded with all promptitude to take the initiative. Hostilities had already commenced on the frontier. There was sharp skirmishing at the outposts, but it was not till the middle of June that all hopes of an amicable settlement were at an end. By that date Marshal Bugeaud had embarked at Algiers with reinforcements, and proceeded to the mouth of the Tafna. There he disembarked, and advanced to Lalla Maghrina in the direction of the Isly river and some fifty miles south-west of Tlemcen. He was backed up in this by another son of the French king, at that time commanding a French fleet off the coast of Morocco—the Prince de Joinville, who joined the marshal heartily in his desire for vigorous action. The prince without hesitation at once bombarded Tangier, and sent the news to the marshal, whose answer was characteristic. The message reached him the 12th of August; the reply ran as follows: "Prince, you have drawn a bill upon me; I engage to honour it. To-morrow I shall execute a manœuvre that will bring me within touch of the emperor's army before he is aware of it; the day after, I shall defeat it."

This bold prediction was fully verified. On the 14th of August the battle of Isly was fought and won.

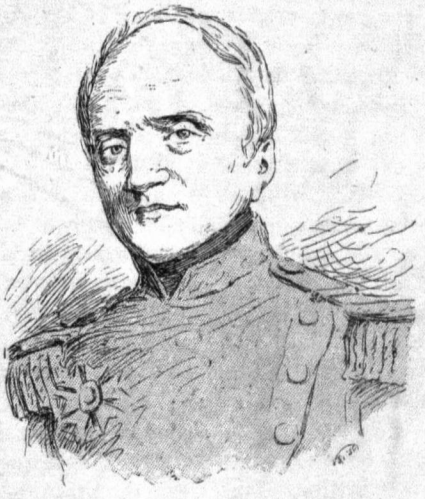
Abderrhaman's son commanded the Moorish army, which was mainly composed of cavalry, estimated afterwards by Marshal Bugeaud at not less than 45,000 strong. It was posted on the western or further bank of the little river in a series of camps, seven in number, "occupying," said an eye-witness, "a greater space than the circumference of Paris." The French had reconnoitred the enemy's position with their foraging parties sent out daily some distance to the front to cut barley and grass for the cavalry and transport animals. As a good plan to deceive the Moors, the foragers were despatched as usual on the 13th, with orders not to return at nightfall, when they would be reinforced in their forward position by the whole French army. By this stratagem the entire force was got within easy reach of the enemy unobserved. Express orders were issued forbidding the men to light fires or even to smoke their pipes.

At daylight Marshal Bugeaud made a demonstration across the river, but encountered no enemy. His advanced line, however, verified the position of the Moorish camp; and now as he prepared to cross with his main body, the Moorish cavalry came down to dispute the passage of the river, but were driven off by the fire of the French skirmishers. The French attack was to be directed upon the highest point of the hills opposite where the Moorish prince had his headquarters surmounted by his standards and his parasol. The advance was made in the formation devised by the marshal when he called it a boar's head. The right and left tusks were represented by infantry in columns ready instantly to form square when threatened by the Moorish horsemen. These now swooped down in immense numbers and with determined courage upon the flanks or "tusks," and were received by the squares "prepared to receive cavalry," while the skirmishers ran in and lay down for shelter under the bristling bayonets. The mounted men could not face the deadly fire now opened by the French infantry, and began to waver. Their charges were made in columns of great depth; the first line, being checked, threw the second into disorder, and both fell back upon the third, causing great confusion. The Moors, although good marksmen, could not return an effective fire, and their bullets went too high. Now the French artillery, no more than four light field-pieces, did great execution, and the enemy's onslaught had obviously failed.

Marshal Bugeaud saw that the critical moment had arrived, and proceeded to use his own cavalry with great promptitude and effect. It was in two portions, commanded respectively by Colonels Tartas and Morris. The first half of a total of nineteen squadrons was, with its right pivoted on the river, to circle round to the left and charge the camp; the second, under Colonel Morris, was to repel a threatened attack upon the French right flank by charging the enemy's left. The first of these movements, headed by Yusuf—an Italian by birth, who had once been an Arab slave, but who had joined the French on their first arrival and entered the Spahis—was entirely successful: his six squadrons of Spahis,

supported by three of Chasseurs, carried all before them, and, in spite of a well-sustained artillery fire, entered the camp and captured it. Everything—guns, tents, the shops of the artisans, all stores, ammunition, and food—fell into the victor's hands.

At this time a body of still unbeaten cavalry menaced Bugeaud's right flank, and was met by Colonel Morris with six squadrons of Chasseurs. He encountered a stubborn resistance, but was presently supported by Bedeau's infantry, when the Moors gave way. Morris now pursued, but the enemy faced round again, and, rallying his forces, seemed inclined to try to retake the camp. There were some twenty thousand of them, and they only yielded to a fresh attack made by the three arms: the artillery went into action on the western bank, the infantry under cover of the guns, the whole of the cavalry followed, and the Moors were completely overthrown. The enemy now retreated in hot haste, and were pursued for several miles. There was one episode in this last phase of the fight which might have proved disastrous to the French. Colonel Morris adventured too far with his horsemen, and found himself surrounded and in danger of being cut off. But he succeeded in holding six thousand horsemen at bay with his five hundred Chasseurs until assistance could reach him.



MARSHAL BUGEAUD.
(After an old print.)

The victory, gained at but small expenditure of life, was yet decisive. From twelve to fifteen hundred Moors were killed or taken prisoners; more than a thousand tents, many guns, a large quantity of small arms, and vast stores of war material were captured. At noon the French marshal entered the Moorish prince's tent, and beneath its magnificent shelter was regaled upon the tea and cakes prepared in the morning for that unfortunate youth. He himself had fled many miles to Thaza, and orders were already issued to continue the pursuit, when the emperor sent two chieftains into the French camp with proposals for peace. The terms eventually agreed upon were a substantial war indemnity, a rectification of the frontier between Algeria and Morocco, and finally the expulsion of Abd-el-Kadr from Moorish territory with an undertaking that he was never again to receive support or assistance.

But Abd-el-Kadr was still at large. He appears to have taken no part in the battle of Isly, although he must have been in the immediate vicinity. The day after, he was reported to be only a day's march distant, and a bold attempt was made by General Yusuf to seize him. The chief of the Spahis disguised a hundred of his troopers in Moorish dresses taken from the spoils of victory, the pointed headgear, long gun, and black burnouse, and after a forced march of fifteen miles he came unexpectedly upon an outpost which he charged and captured. There was no Abd-el-Kadr, but his secretary was made prisoner, carrying the official seal and with papers on him indicating his chief's movements. To know where the emir was going did not mean his capture. For three years longer he ranged the mountains or the desert of the interior, a proscribed fugitive without a vestige of his former power. At length in 1847 he came in voluntarily, and surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale, who was then governor-general of Algeria, and the conquest of the province was complete.

Abd-el-Kadr was sent to France and kept there in a sort of open captivity for a number of years. Eventually he was permitted to withdraw to Damascus, where he lived as a French pensioner until his death in 1853.

"The purple haze of legend blends
The dawning and the afterday.
Thro' thy dream-past his sinuous way
In the dim shade the Red Man wends,
Strides down Time's weird mysterious glen
And leaps into the world of ken."

To Canada.

LUNDY'S LANE! Strange, savage struggle; struggle in which Briton, Canadian, American, Iroquois, and Huron all met in chaotic deadly grapple on the bank of the great river, and by the side of the thundering falls whose veil of white spray hung from heaven like a winding-sheet. Lundy's Lane! where the red man's war-whoop mingled with the frenzied shout of the white, where the sharp crack of the musket cut the sullen roar of the cataract as lightning slashes the black cloud; fight of the early evening, of the long gloaming, of the night, dark before the moon hung in the sky. And when her pale face looked down between the slowly-drifting clouds, although her light fell upon many a blanched face, she saw crowds of maddened men still slashing with sabre, thrusting with bayonet, swinging their clubbed muskets around their heads as they battered a path, this way and that, for the possession of the field. It was the battle of battles in the War of 1812, Lundy's Lane. The sides that fought were blood-brothers. Their officers cried their orders in the same tongue, the men cheered the same cheer; the same courage, the same determination, the same unconquerable spirit animated all who fought the fierce fight across the narrow highway, Lundy's Lane, that led into pastoral Ontario.

Besides its being famous as a fight, Lundy's Lane has some peculiarities. Looked at from a purely military standpoint, the battle was in a way lacking in brilliant points and movements, being in fact a fair and square stand-up bit of slogging on both sides, the British holding a position and the American general, by repeatedly hurling his full force against the red-coats, attempting to carry the position. The peculiarities to which I now refer lay outside the actual fight.

In the first place, the battle can be called by any one of three names. The Canadians have named it Lundy's Lane, the Americans Bridgewater, and some few Canadians and British, and a good many American writers, refer to it as the Battle of Niagara Falls. Seeing that the fight took place on Canadian soil and across Lundy's Lane, it may be as well to accept the name the Canadians have given it. Certainly they should know best. They had everything to lose had the battle gone against the Union Jack, as at one point appeared not at all improbable, and the ground over which the fight raged is to them sacred ground. Another strange feature of the battle is that each side claimed a decisive victory. Search the histories of Canada and the United States and victory is credited to British or American according as the history is written by an Englishman or an American. Now, a battle can scarcely be won by both sides competing. One may be drawn, but that actual victory can never be won by both the opposing forces is certain; and with all due respect to the Americans, and the evidence their writers bring forward to support their contention, an impartial student of the battle will find great difficulty in discovering much logic in their claim. The American army came very near to winning a

THE NIAGARA FALLS.

brilliant victory, but that they did not win is quite evident from a recital of the undisputed facts of the fight. Admittedly the Americans captured the British guns—the key of the whole position—and admittedly they drove the British back and secured for a time possession of the position, and it looked as if all was over for the army of Drummond. But the British and Canadians charged again, regained the guns—this was all done in the dead of the night; and when the morning's sun rose the British army was in exactly the same place as it had been when the battle began, and the American army had retired to Chippewa. But subsequent events placed beyond all question where victory really rested. The next morning after the battle the British moved *forward* and the American army *fell back*, General Drummond finally cooping the Americans securely in Port Erie. The fact of the matter seems to be that the battle of Lundy's Lane was, as a fight, a duplicate on a grand scale of the battle of Chippewa, which immediately preceded it. At Chippewa the British attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Lundy's Lane. At Lundy's Lane the Americans attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Chippewa. No British writer claims Chippewa as a victory, and no American writer has any substantial grounds for looking upon such a reversal as the American army received at Lundy's Lane as a victory.

Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25th, the evening and the night of that date, 1814. Three summers had this cruel war dragged its course, and the little army of Canada, sorely battered on many an occasion, losing its ablest generals, and, moreover, far more of the rank and file than it could well afford, still fought grimly against the invading Americans, who swarmed to the borders to overrun the British possessions and to add another star to their flag by annexing Canada to the Union. The war had dragged horribly. The people of Canada, a country then of only some 300,000 souls, were suffering intensely. Every man, young or old, who could bear arms and could be spared, had been drafted to the defence of his country, and women found that it fell to their lot to do the work that formerly had been done by husband or son, now stationed at the various forts along the American frontier. Up to the year of the battle of Lundy's Lane Canada expected and, indeed, received but little assistance from the Mother Country, for Waterloo had not yet been fought, and all eyes were turned to the great danger that threatened England from the Continent. So it came about that the war with such a powerful nation as the United States pressed gallingly upon the Colony. But all the suffering was not confined to Canada. The people of the Republic, too, had suffered. Taxes grew to enormous proportions, their foreign trade completely died out, their ships rocked and rotted in the harbours, and their pride had suffered blow after blow, for their armies of born fighters had been kept in check and repeatedly defeated by small numbers of British and Canadians, the latter fighting fiercely for their homes. Nor does this convey anything like a complete idea of the difficulties America found herself in. Many of the New England States totally disbelieved in the war, and threatened to withdraw from the Union if an arrangement with Great Britain was long delayed. The American generals who first had power put into their hands almost without exception turned out to be incapable, and the soldiers, although true fighters, when they came to battle were lacking in discipline, and on more than one occasion their insubordination and grumbling caused their leaders to rush in when prudence cried caution. During the summers of 1812-13 there had been much fighting and little progress, and when the winter of the latter year closed down on the land and put a stop to hostilities, each side set its heart on doing something decisive before the summer of 1814 passed over.

All the winter there were great goings on in the harbours around the lakes. British and Americans each strained every nerve to build a fleet that should sweep the other from the lakes, and the war-cry sounded from village to village, and floated into many a quiet farmhouse, into many a rude log cabin in the woods calling for volunteers to the cause. Even in the wigwams of the red men the martial note was struck, and many a warrior sat over the fire of a cold winter's night polishing his flintlock, whetting his scalping knife, and hefting his tomahawk, while his squaw, muffled in blankets, sat as silent as a heathen idol, her black eyes fixed upon the glowing coal. Tecumseh was slain, but other chiefs had led out their bands to thirl the wood in search of scalps. Canada had been fortunate in her Indians. She had Tecumseh, Brant, Norton, and many other steadfast fighters. But now she was no longer to have it her own way in this respect.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or to give him the name by which he is known to the white man—Red

Jacket—one of the most famous Indian orators of history, great chief and sachem of the Senecas, had been wooed and won to the American cause, and his orations addressed to his tribesmen were not long in setting the hot blood coursing through the veins of the Iroquois. His ringing appeals, addressed in the proper tone and rich in metaphor and legend, thrilled the minds of the bucks, and soon the Six Nations—the most fearless fighters that ever trod the American forests, whose war-whoops had rung on the air at many a stubborn contest between British and French—took up the hatchet and threw in their lot with the "Long Knives," as they called the American soldiers.

During the summer of 1814, at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Fort Erie, and many other bitter fights, the tomahawks of Seneca, Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, and Tuscarora whirled through the air at the heads of their old-time allies the British. Red Jacket, although in all conscience a feeble-hearted warrior, still was able to apply the torch of oratory to the brands that lay ready for the fire in every Indian's breast. The fever for the fight ran from wigwam to wigwam like fire through autumn leaves, and when the campaign of 1814 opened, the Iroquois painted their cheeks with ghastly colours, danced the war-dance before the great tent, and set their faces to the north to confront their Redskin brothers who fought under the Union Jack.

The campaign of 1814 opened early. Indeed, the frost had not relinquished its hold on the continent when the American troops were set in motion for their various points of concentration near the Canadian border. March is proverbially a harsh month in that part of North America through which the border line runs; but through the frost and snow the Americans trudged on their way. Four thousand troops—a woefully large number for the small forces in Canada to hold in check—under General Wilkinson, were the first to commence action at a little place known as Lacolle Mills. To reach this place the Americans had to cross Lake Champlain on the ice. This rather startling enterprise ended in disaster to the Americans, and General Wilkinson's military career closed. Some of his troops were forwarded to Buffalo, to fight under General Brown, on whose shoulders was placed the responsibility of making yet another attempt to conquer Canada.

After two years of fighting it was only natural that those officers who held command but lacked the necessary ability to conduct a campaign should be found out, and officers of the true metal placed in their stead. The Americans at first were wretchedly officered. But now Dearborn and Van Renssalaer, who had opened the war, were in retirement—there is reason to believe that they were men of real capacity but were hampered by public opinion and the unmilitary independence of their picturesque troops; Hull and Hampton had left the service in disgrace; Winder, Winchester, and Chandler were prisoners in the hands of the British; and now Wilkinson was relieved of command. So it came about that the troops concentrated at Buffalo were placed under the charge of General Jacob Brown, who led them against the British at Lundy's Lane.

Brown was then a man of about forty. He had been a county judge in New York State, and in 1809 was made colonel of militia, advanced to brigadier-general in 1810, and in 1812, at the declaration of war against Great Britain, was given command of the frontier from Oswego to Lake St. Francis, a strip of country some two hundred miles in length. So satisfactory to his Government were all his doings, that in January, 1814, he was placed in charge of the army of Niagara, with rank as major-general. Rapid promotion this, but Brown seems to have merited all the good things that fell into his lap. He proved to be a man of considerable executive ability and decision, and earned the confidence and respect of his officers and his men.

Under him he had a sound officer in Brigadier-General Winfield Scott, who, with untiring perseverance, spent the winter in drilling the troops, so that when they took the field no higher disciplined soldiers ever marched on the American continent. The very first battle these troops took part in proved their efficiency—their cool and soldier-like behaviour at the battle of Chippewa surprised their own leader quite as much as it did the British.

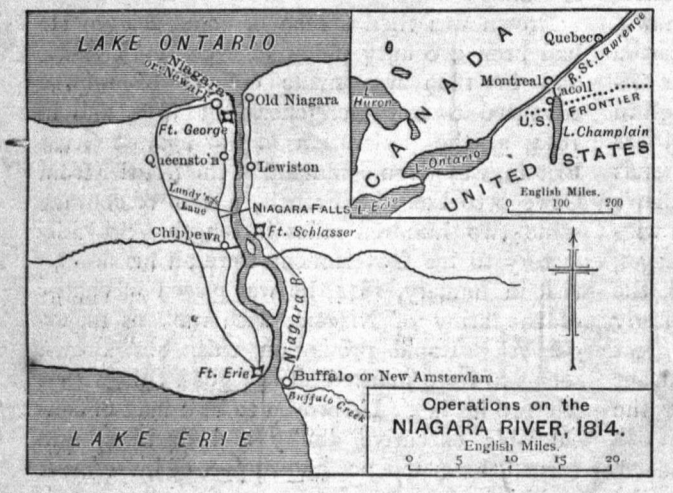
And now for the third year in succession Canada was to be invaded. On the previous occasions the Americans, officers and men alike, had set out with a light heart, looking upon the task of overrunning the country as a simple one. But events had shown that there was to be no walk over.

Early in July Brown set his army in motion. Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley marched their men to the Niagara River at a point where it receives the waters of the upper lakes to

tumble them over the great falls, and successfully landed on the opposite shore, their feet once more upon the threshold of Canada. Without opposition, there being no sufficient force to offer any, the Americans took possession of Fort Erie.

The news of this movement spread like the wind through Canada: horsemen galloped the well-worn roads, canoes rippled the waters of many a forest stream, and the couriers ran through the woods to apprise the people of their danger, and to speed fencibles, militia, and all to the front. That this invading army was an extremely dangerous one all very well knew.

General Riall commanded the British forces on the Niagara frontier. He, too, was an officer of



great parts, and when the news reached him that General Brown had taken the initial step he energetically prepared to fight. His force in comparison with Brown's was ridiculously small. But during this war small armies well led had done wonders, and Riall made up his mind to fight without losing a moment. There can be no doubt that he under-estimated the Americans somewhat as regards their numbers and woefully as regards their discipline, and he suffered a severe repulse as a consequence of these mistakes. On Independence Day, July 4th, Brown quitted Fort Erie and marched his army down the Niagara to Chippewa. The troops held close to the river, while the Iroquois crept by their side, dodging behind the bushes and trees, and completely scouring the country. On July 5th the Americans reached Chippewa. This was as far as Riall had any intention they should proceed before he offered them battle.

Riall's force consisted of 1,500 regulars, 600 militia, and 300 Indians. Brown had 4,000 well-trained Americans occupying a strong position. But up to this time the Canadians had won so many fights against well-nigh overwhelming numbers that Riall determined to strike without waiting for reinforcements. The British troops charged in splendid order, and with a fierceness that was characteristic of this war. But the Kentucky riflemen stood firm as a rock, the Iroquois, too, fought with all their old-time bravery, and Riall found he was but smashing his head against a stone wall. Consequently, after a vicious little battle lasting an hour, Riall drew off defeated in his attempt to carry the Americans' position. But he retired his force in perfect order without losing a gun or a prisoner. He retreated to Twelve Mile Creek, where, meeting with reinforcements, he ceased his rearward march and returned to take up a position at Lundy's Lane, the Americans all this time remaining inactive at Chippewa. Chippewa was an effective repulse rather than a defeat, if such a distinction be allowed.

Riall was not destined to lead the British at Lundy's Lane. The chief in command was yet to arrive. Sir George Gordon Drummond, lieutenant-general and second in command in Canada to Sir George Prevost, heard of the invasion of the Americans when he was at Kingston, and at once set out for Niagara.

Drummond, like most of the British officers who commanded in Canada, had studied the art of war on many a hard-fought field. He was a Canadian by birth, and entered the army as ensign in the Royal Scots in 1789, joining his regiment in Jamaica. Rapid promotion placed him in charge as lieutenant-colonel of the 8th or King's Liverpool regiment, a regiment with which he was closely connected all the remainder of his life. With it he served in the Netherlands in 1795-6, he was with Sir Ralph Abercromby in the West Indies, and, promoted to the colonelship, he fought in Minorca and Egypt, greatly distinguishing himself at Cairo and Alexandria. To Jamaica again, and in 1808 transferred to the staff in Canada, he was made lieutenant-general in 1811. His life had been a bustling one, and the generals he fought under were the brilliant teachers of an apt pupil. Drummond, when he heard of Brown's across-river movement,

lost not a moment, but made all speed to Lundy's Lane.

His arrival at Niagara, as a matter of fact, brought about the battle of Lundy's Lane. Brown and his army still lay at Chippewa, satisfied apparently that a serious rebuff had been given to the defenders of the country and looking forward to a campaign of little difficulty. Riall lay at Lundy's Lane, and only a few miles of broken country, wooded in places, stretched between the opposing forces. It seems not to have been the intention of either side to strike at the other, at least not for some time. But when Drummond reached Niagara, and before he knew the exact state of affairs, he sent Colonel Tucker with a small force along the American bank of the river to take possession of Lewiston, a town then held by a few Republican soldiers. Couriers rode in hot haste to General Brown, and told him that the British army was marching upon Lewiston. When the American general heard this, he jumped to the conclusion that his supply depôt, Schlasser, was to be subjected to an attack. Nothing could save his stores, he felt sure, if it was really the purpose of the British to make a general movement against them. To call back the British by attacking the forts at the mouth of the river was the best plan that presented itself to Brown. With this object in view he ordered Scott to at once move his brigade down the river and to set about the forts in good earnest. How badly

"RIALL'S ESCORT CLOSED AROUND HIM AND HURRIED HIM TO THE REAR" (*p.* 359).

Brown must have been served by his scouts is shown when it is told that drawn up right across Scott's proposed route of march were the full available British forces prepared for battle. Scott had pushed on his troops not more than a mile or so when he got a great surprise. Instead of on the opposite bank of the river, there on the top of a slight eminence, drawn up in splendid strategical position were the regulars, militia, and Indians—the British army—under Drummond. Scott seems to have been within musket-shot of the British before he made the discovery. He had gone too far to turn back.

The Queenston road skirts the Niagara river on the Canadian side. It was along this road Scott marched his brigade. From the road and at right angles to it, and but a short distance down the river from the great Falls, shoots out Lundy's Lane, a narrow highway making from the Falls to the shore of Lake Ontario. Near to where Lundy's Lane joins the wider Queenston road it runs over a small hill, rather a bit of slightly rising ground. This elevation is about 200 yards from the river. On the top of this knoll Drummond had instructed Riall to station his little army—there were only 1,600 in position when the battle began—so as to form a shallow crescent. On the brow of the knoll were planted seven small guns. Behind these as a support lay the Royal Scots, the 89th Regiment, and the light companies of the 41st. The left wing, resting on the Queenston road, consisted of a detachment of the 3rd Buffs; the right wing was formed of the Glengarry Light Infantry. In the rear lay a squadron of the 19th Light Infantry. The position taken up was as strong a one as could be found in the neighbourhood, but the force at the disposal of Drummond was altogether inadequate for the occasion. Reinforcements to the number of 1,200 were in the immediate vicinity, and these arrived before the battle had ended. At best General Drummond had less than 3,000 troops to fight Lundy's Lane. The American army numbered close upon 5,000 soldiers.

Scott halted his brigade—he had 1,800 in his personal command—when he found himself confronted by the British. He rapidly summed up the situation. Although he had not been looking for a fight at the moment, he saw that retreat would probably demoralise his soldiers. To stand there was equally out of the question. There was nothing for it but to "pile in." Hastily despatching a messenger to inform his commanding general of the true state of affairs, he without loss of time began the battle, opening fire on the slender line of British and Canadian soldiers who stood so grimly still and silent along the crest of the knoll.

The fierce July sun had now sunk far into the west, splashing the heavens with crimson and glorious gold; not a zephyr stirred the parched grass, lazy clouds scarcely moving in their course hung in the blue; the birds that all the day had sat in the deep shades of the bushes to escape the blistering heat, now hopped to the topmost twig and sang farewell to the light, and all the time the floods from Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie poured over the stubborn ridge of rock and fell to the level of Ontario with a hoarse sullen roar as of distant thunders.

It was a sultry evening. Nature herself seemed to pant for breath. Even before the battle began the perspiration stood on the brows of the gallant men who confronted each other. Seemingly, the only cool beings were the red men, who already were snaking their way through the long grass on the alert for an unexpected dash upon their foe.

In his swift glance round General Scott noted that the strip between the Queenston road and river was unoccupied by British troops. It occurred to him that if a force could secretly occupy this territory and unexpectedly fall upon the Buffs, the British left might be turned. He hurried orders to Major Jesup, commander of the 25th Regiment, ordering him to creep under the shelter of the bushes, occupy the position, and wait his opportunity. This Jesup did most successfully.

The battle began. Both sides opened fire at the same moment; a steady fire it was all along the line, Scott moving his men forward cautiously, carefully, and all the time keeping a sharp watch for any opening likely to lead to a successful storming of the knoll, the British remaining stationary in the position which, by its strength, enabled them to oppose a much larger force with prospects of withstanding the onslaught. Early in the engagement it was clearly seen that the little battery which hung on the brow of the slope was destined to play a large part in the fight. From the mouths of the half-dozen and one guns fire shot wickedly out, and grape swept down the slope and into the ranks of the Americans, with results altogether disastrous to the assailants. Suddenly General Scott called upon his men to charge, and helter skelter they broke from their semi-cover and, with a shout, bounded forward for the height. But it proved a disastrous

move. The Royal Scots, the Buffs, the Glengarry men, regulars, fencibles, and Indians, each and every one stood grim and immovable, and fired volley after volley into the ranks of the Republicans. Before the foot of the slope had been gained, the Americans' charge was checked, and the soldiers rapidly fell back to a more respectable distance. This proved to be the first of a series of desperate charges, which resulted in regiments on both sides being shot to pieces.

During the hot fight in front Jesup's flanking regiment had not been idle. The Americans of the 25th Regiment had been steadily making their way around to the rear, and one company, pushing on much further than the others, fell in with a stroke of great good fortune. This was nothing less than the capture of General Riall, second in command of the British, and his escort. It came about curiously enough. Riall, at the very outset of the fight, received a bad wound. His escort closed around him and hurried him through the British lines to the rear. Suddenly the aides with the wounded general in their charge came upon a company of soldiers, which they took to be Canadian reinforcements, and one of Riall's attendants shouted, "Make room there, men, for General Riall." Now this request, as it turned out, was addressed to the adventurous company of the 25th, who with the greatest alacrity "made room" as requested, and captured the whole party. Delighted with their good luck, the American captain called upon his men, and, with General Riall in their midst, they charged unexpectedly right through the British left and rejoined their command. Riall was hurried into the presence of General Scott, who treated him with every consideration.

From sundown to close upon nine o'clock the battle raged. Scott, furious at being checked, charged time after time, only pausing long enough after each repulse to form for a fresh onslaught. Already the slope was thickly strewn with the dead and dying. But over all the Kentucky riflemen and the New England volunteers made their way, firing as they ran, in a vain attempt to capture the guns. On a number of occasions the leaders got so close as to bayonet the artillerymen as they served the field-pieces, but, struggle as they might, they were rolled down the slope by the red-dripping bayonets of the regulars and volunteers who fought under the folds of the Red Cross of St. George.

Close upon nine o'clock a hush fell upon the field. General Brown had just arrived from Chippewa, bringing with him Ripley, Porter, and their men, and, strangely enough, at exactly the same moment Colonels Gordon and Scott, with their commands, consisting of parts of the 103rd and 104th Regiments, and the Royal Scots, in all about 1,200 men, reached the battlefield to the reinforcement of the sorely-pressed defenders of Lundy's Lane.

After the clamour of battle the stillness was appalling. Once again the hollow sound as of the beating of gigantic wings came rolling across from the Falls; and from the slope, from the top of the knoll, and from the level plain arose the piteous appeal of the stricken for help and for water. Only a few yards distant water enough to quench the thirst of the world growled over the precipice, but not one drop of it fell on the parched tongues of the poor fellows who lay on the ground through that sultry July night.

Brown's first order was that Ripley's men should relieve Scott's. The latter had fought a fatiguing fight, and the weary men fell back while the fresh men from Chippewa stepped into their places. Drummond's men were not so fortunate. The British general's force was too small to admit of any being spared from the front. With the new-comers Drummond strengthened his line.

The short calm was truly in this instance to be followed by a furious storm. Brown determined to force the position and to sweep back the British without a moment's delay. On top of the knoll the little army lay prostrate from fatigue. Men dropped to the ground where they had stood panting and putting their cheeks to the cool earth. The gunners leaned against their guns, matches alight, but muscles relaxed. The night was black, and for the most part it was impossible for foe to see foe. General Brown called Colonel Miller to him, and ordered the colonel to take his regiment, the 21st, and capture the guns.

Colonel Miller first spoke to his men, ordering that complete silence be observed in the ranks and discovering to them his plans. At the order every man of them dropped to earth, and began an exciting crouching crawl for the slope. Close to the ground the blackness was intense. Over the dead and among the wounded the 21st made its way, noiseless as serpents, steadily on. Half-way up the slope the Americans caught a sight of the guns looking like blotches of black against the sky, and by them, as silent as ghosts stood the artillerymen, weary, but alert for the slightest sound, their matches glowing in the murk like fireflies.

Miller halted his men. Before him zigzagged a rail fence. Across this the riflemen lay their guns, aimed with cool deliberation, and at a signal a sheet of flame cut the night air. It is told that every gunner leaped into the air and fell below his gun.

The next instant Miller and his men were among the guns. Ripley's whole battalion, too, sprang forward up the slope, and down upon the Americans came the Royal Scots, the Glengarry men—every man indeed in the British ranks. Guns were clubbed, bayonet thrust, war-whoop and cheer rang together. Officers, realising that no order could be heard, sprang into the mass and slashed with sword and sabre, all joining in one savage *mêlée*, fighting for the position on the hill.

Half the British force that fought that night across Lundy's Lane were Canadian volunteers, and when the news of the battle spread, from the knobs of many a door, town-house, and log-cabin fluttered the long strip of crape that told of death.

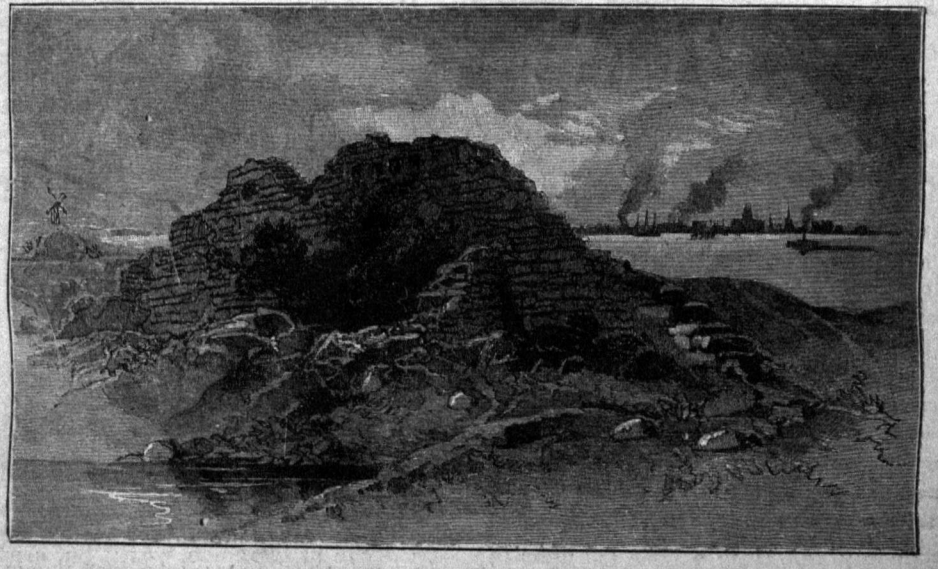
The Royal Scots and the 89th lost more than half their men in the frightful scramble on top of the hill, American regiments were cut to tatters on the slope, General Drummond had his horse shot under him, and, while fighting on foot, was shot in the neck and dangerously wounded. Colonel Morrison of the 89th had to be carried from the field. Generals Porter and Scott were also badly stricken, and General Brown himself so severely wounded that he had to relinquish his command and leave Ripley to look after the American interest.

The last hour was an indescribable jumble and tussle hand to hand round the guns. There could be no definite formation in the darkness, and every man fought for himself. At length the Americans began to waver. Ripley saw this, and, finding the task of holding possession of guns and field an impossible one, gradually and in order withdrew his men from the fight, taking with him as a souvenir of the hardest-fought battle of the War of 1812 one six-pounder.

The Americans retreated to Chippewa that night, and the British slept under the stars on the hard-held field.

On the field lay so many dead that Drummond's little force was unable to bury them, and word had to be sent to the Americans to come and assist in the work. For some reason the Americans did not do this, and the British were obliged to burn a large number of bodies of the slain. July's fierce sun admitted of no delay.

The official report of the losses were given as follows:—American losses: 171 killed, 570 wounded, 117 missing; total, 858. General Drummond's report: 84 killed, 559 wounded, 193 missing, 42 prisoners; total, 878.



OLD FORT ERIE.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

PART 1: Oct: 1854–March 1855.

By Major Arthur Griffiths

THE story of Sebastopol, that protracted year-long siege, so prodigal of effort, so rich in achievement, so costly in human life, must be viewed by all Englishmen with a pride not unmixed with reproach. The pride is in the heroic endurance of our troops, the reproach in the maladministration that left them the helpless victims of unnumbered ills.

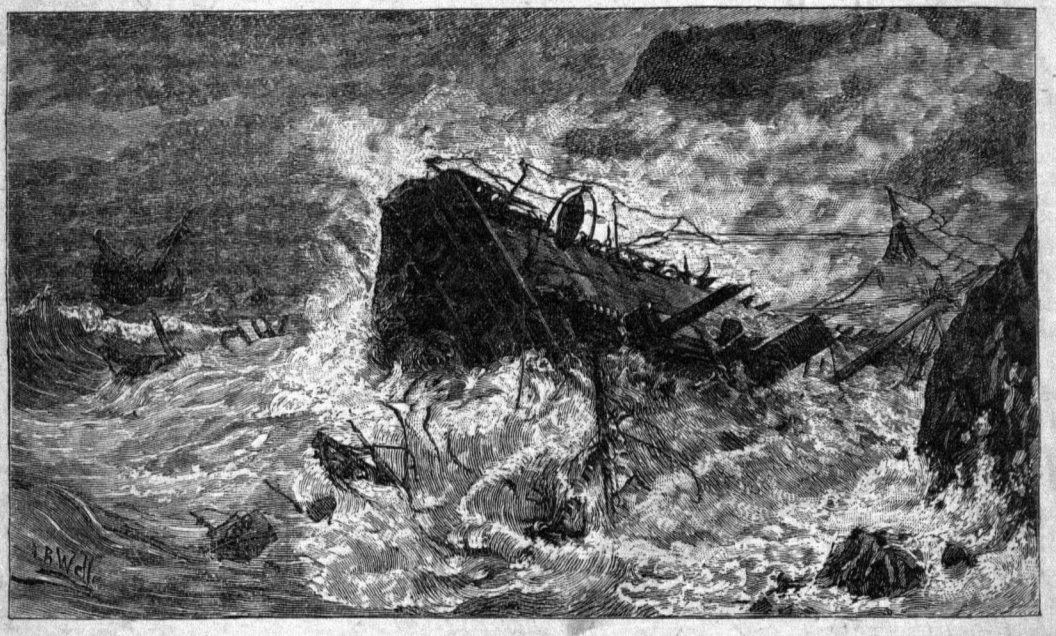
Sebastopol is scarcely glorious for its triumphant feats of arms, although these were not wanting. Although we English failed in the final attack, it was from causes that carried with them no disgrace. We gained no such great success as in the open field, but our soldiers earned a perhaps nobler fame by their dogged indomitable pluck in facing the accumulated horrors of the ever-memorable winter of '54. The tenacity with which we held on to the siege not only against enormous odds but in the teeth of the most cruel hardships, prolonged for months and months through sickness, starvation, want, exposure, must command universal admiration. To stand thus firm, a mere remnant, continually harassed and always suffering, implies a higher fortitude than that of animal courage. It is this which sheds lustre on that hard-pressed handful for ever on duty, always ill-fed, worse-clothed, weltering knee-deep in mud, decimated by disease and the unceasing fire, which was yet never turned from its purpose. In the glory of this great record we can afford to forget the neglect and mismanagement that sent the flower of the British army into an arduous undertaking inadequately prepared for war.

The severe stress laid upon the Crimean army and the sufferings of our soldiers form, indeed, the salient features of the first half of the siege. Nine days after Inkerman, when the troops should have been securely housed against the coming winter, foreknown to be always rigorous upon that dreary upland, a terrible gale swept away in one disastrous morning the greater part of their resources. Tents were blown clean into the sea, depôts of food and forage at the front were destroyed, communication with the base was stopped. Out in the open sea the storm worked wild havoc among the crowds of shipping. It was a lee shore; numbers of transports with precious cargoes were wrecked, and went down with all on board. One of these, *The Prince*, a large steamer, carried everything that was most wanted—warlike stores, warm clothing, guernseys, great-coats, long boots, medicines, surgical instruments. The chief ammunition ship was also lost; so was another carrying hay to last for twenty days.

After that the troubles commenced. The winds and the rain which fell in torrents converted the soft soil into a quagmire, and the road to Balaclava, really no road at all, became nearly impassable for men or beasts; as the latter were far too few and only imperfectly fed, the soldiers had mostly to do their own carrying. After nearly incessant trench duty five nights out of six, constantly exposed to the enemy's shot, knee-deep in water, and soaked to the skin, they were obliged to spend their well-earned rest in drawing rations six miles distant, and, in the absence of fuel, to eat them raw unless they could dig up some chance roots around the camp ground. They had never a warm drink; the coffee was issued in the green bean, and to roast it was impossible. Their clothing—summer clothing, remember, and that in which they had landed months before—was in rags: lucky the man who could find straw or hay-bands to swathe his naked legs; many were barefoot, or, fearing that if they drew off their wet boots they might not get them on again, wore them so continuously that circulation was impeded; frostbites supervened, followed too often by gangrene or inevitable amputation.

With their rags, their dirt, their unkempt hair, they lost all the outer semblance of soldiers; only the spirit, pure and unquenchable, burnt brightly within. Officers were in nearly as bad a plight as their men. A general order in the depths of the winter implored them to wear their swords: "there was nothing else to distinguish them." They must shelter themselves as best they could from the elements. A picture of the period which would be grotesque if not so infinitely pitiable is that of "an infantry major in red morocco long boots—lawful loot from a dead Russian—a fur cap made from the bearskin cover of his holster pipes, clad in a Tartar peasant's sheepskin coat with an embroidered back, stalking through the mud to capture a pot of marmalade." Of this date was the grim joke that appeared in *Punch*, where one starving and nearly naked guardsman, standing in a snowdrift near dead horses tormented by swooping vultures, tells his comrade the good news that they are to have a Crimean medal. "Very kind," replies the other; "may be one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on."

But there was no joke in the terrible reality. The army was simply wasting away. By the end of November there were 8,000 men in hospital; after weeks of anguish, untended, on the muddy ground, the sick that survived the jolting on mule-back to Balaclava were shipped off to Constantinople to suffer fresh tortures on the voyage and then fill the great empty barn-like hospital at Scutari to overflowing, where, in the general dearth of all necessary comforts and appliances, a frightful mortality ensued. By the end of January there were barely 11,000 men left at the front capable of bearing arms. At this time even the French, with their immensely superior force, could not send more than 400 men by day and 200 by night to the trenches; while there were occasions on which the whole of the English guarding their siege works were as few as 350, and on the 20th January the total was only 290, "being," as one of the historians writes, "about one-twentieth of the number of the part of the garrison opposed to them, and which might have attacked them—probably an entirely unprecedented situation in war." Yet through all this time of deep anxiety and danger no man despaired. "There was, no doubt, no despondency," says Dr. (now Sir William) Howard Russell, the first of modern war-correspondents, "no one for a moment felt diffident of ultimate success . . . If high courage, unflinching bravery, if steady charge, the bayonet thrust in the breach, the strong arm in the fight, if calm confidence, contempt of death, had won Sebastopol, it had long been ours." Russell was fearless, outspoken, at times, it may be, injudicious in his remarks, but



"NUMBERS OF TRANSPORTS WITH PRECIOUS CARGOES WERE WRECKED" (*p.* 361).

he did no more than justice to the troops whose perils he in a measure shared. "It was right," he said, "that England should know what her soldiers were doing; that they were not merely fighting a stubborn enemy, but were struggling with still mightier, still more terrible foes; but England might be certain that as they had already vanquished the one, so they would triumph over the other in the end." These foes were the two gaunt spectres Generals January and February, upon whom the Czar so confidently relied, little reckoning that one of these months would turn on him and bring him his own death-blow.

Others besides the *Times* correspondent did full justice to the steadfast courage of our troops under this heavy burthen of woe. The Commissioners despatched from England to investigate the causes of the Crimean collapse declared it was doubtful whether the whole range of military history had furnished the example of an army exhibiting such high qualities throughout a long campaign. "The army never descended from its acknowledged pre-eminence. . . . Both men and officers were so reduced that they were hardly fit for the lighter duties of the camp, yet they scorned to be excused the severe and perilous work of the trenches lest they should throw extra duty upon their comrades. They maintained every foot of ground against all the efforts of the enemy, and with numbers so small that perhaps no other troops would have made the attempt." There is no exaggeration in this language; all the high encomiums passed were richly deserved.

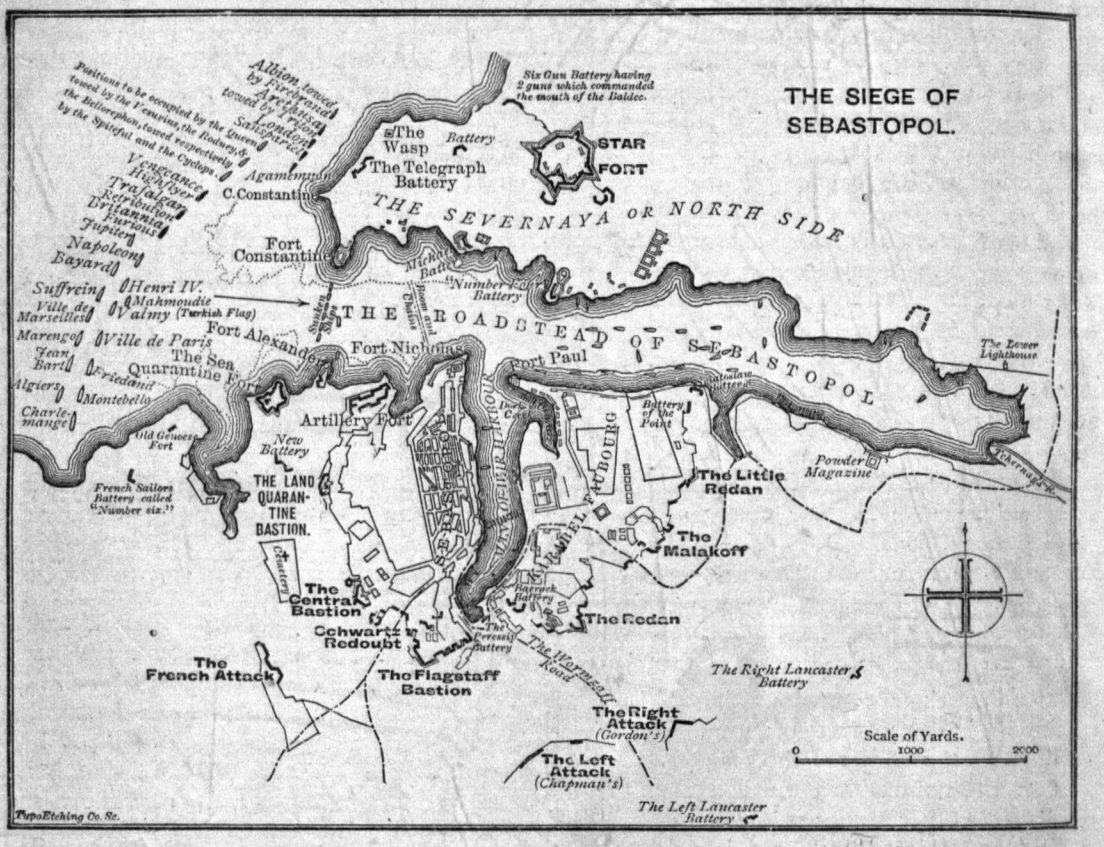
In order to better understand what the siege of Sebastopol really was, let us go back to the beginning and see why it was undertaken, and what the enterprise meant for the allies. This great fortress, whose exact strength was but imperfectly known and therefore magnified, was deemed the most important and yet the most vulnerable spot of the Czar's dominions. Its vast harbour was a secure haven for a powerful Russian fleet—fifteen sail-of-the-line; it was a dockyard and arsenal filled with great guns and valuable war material. The capture of this formidable place of arms would be a severe blow, and would probably end the war. Sebastopol became, then, what scientific soldiers call the "principal objective," the great aim and object of a campaign. "There was no prospect of a safe and honourable peace," said the English war-minister at that time, "until the fortress is reduced and the Russian fleet taken or destroyed."

Yet the operation was entered upon lightly and with no sufficient knowledge of the difficulty of the task. It was thought that the Russian Crimean army would be inferior to that of the allies; that after the invasion a battle or two would end the business; that the fortress would fall to a sharp assault without the trouble of a protracted siege. The earliest operations were so completely successful that this hope was fairly justified. The allied armies landed without opposition, the Alma was won triumphantly, the road lay open as it seemed, and Sebastopol was surely an easy prey. Whether or not it could have been taken by a bold stroke at the very outset was much debated at the time. The French and English, advancing after the first victory, were actually within sight of the northern fortifications, and Todleben, the famous Russian engineer, who was afterwards the life and soul of the defence, always believed that we might have captured it with ease. It is known now that no such result was to be counted upon. The northern forts were of solid granite mounting innumerable guns, the garrison was equal in number to their possible assailants, and the Russian fleet moored within the harbour would have lent overwhelming aid to the defence.

THE CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

But the allies had made up their minds to

operate against the south, not the north side. Here, again, an immediate attack was feasible; so hostile critics have always contended. Some of the more adventurous spirits with Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, were



strongly in favour of it: Sir George Cathcart was one, although he afterwards changed his opinion; so was Admiral Lyons, the second in command of the fleet, a sailor whose advice in military affairs was hardly worth much. The chief engineer officer, Sir John Burgoyne, was clearly against it, and the views of this grand old Peninsular veteran, who had won his first laurels at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo and who, although advanced in years, was still of commanding intellect, full of sound judgment ripened by unrivalled experience, carried the day. He was entirely opposed, and no doubt rightly, to any assault without a preliminary bombardment. Even at this early stage, when still incompletely defended, Sebastopol on its south side seemed all but impregnable. It was already encircled with earthworks sufficiently strong, although still far short of their subsequent dimensions, and armed with hundreds of heavy guns. The assailants could not have sent forward a force superior to that of the defenders, and they must have crossed 2,000 yards of open ground swept from end to end by the enemy's fire. To combat the latter we had nothing but light field-batteries of artillery; had we carried the Russian first line of works their warships in the harbour would have driven us out with their broadsides. Hardly a man would have reached the fortifications alive. Neither the finest resolution nor the most eager courage will avail against shell and round shot. All idea of a *coup de main* was therefore abandoned, and the allies prepared to "sit down" before the place, to bring up their siege-trains, open trenches, arm batteries, and endeavour to overmaster the enemy's fire. Then, when breaches had been made in the ruined works, the attacking columns were to go in and win.

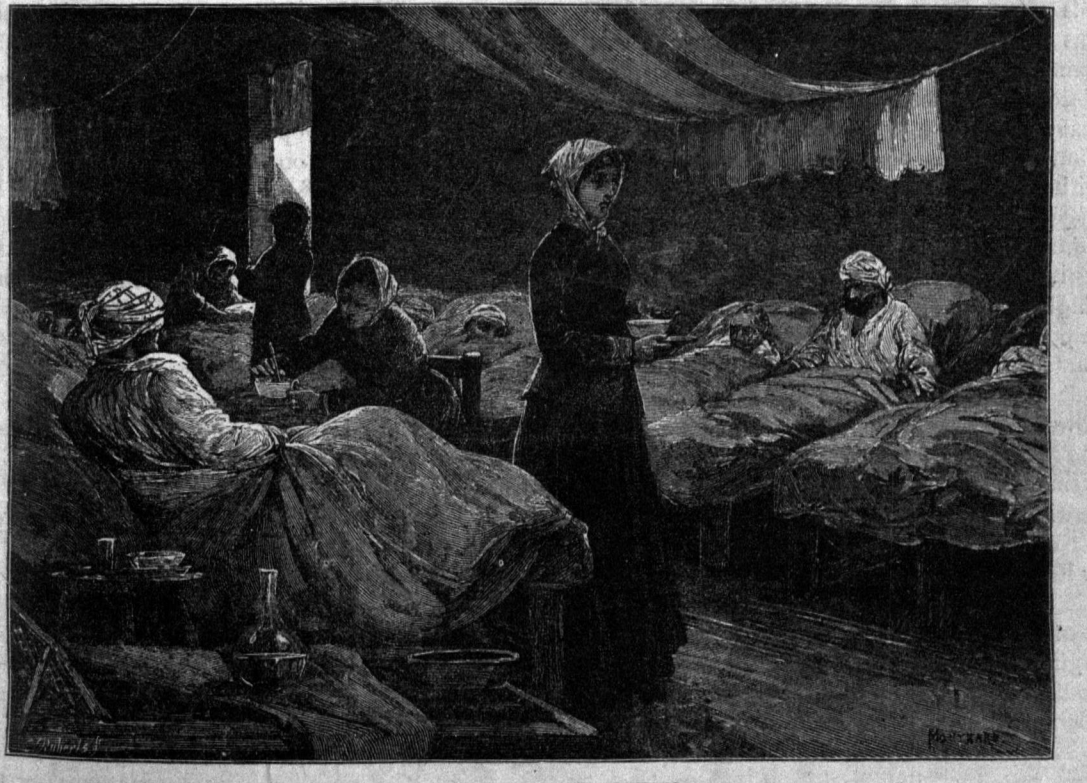
Some brief account must be given now of the Russian defences. These included forts and works to the northward, fronts on the sea front, stone walls loopholed, and earthen batteries encircling the southern side. It will be well to compare the following details with the map, so

as to understand the ground and the fortifications which sooner or later covered it.

The fortress lay on both sides, north and south of a wide roadstead or harbour, running nearly due east and west, and with deep water quite up to the shore. At the mouth of this harbour stood two principal stone forts, Constantine and the Quarantine fort; further in on the south side were the Artillery fort and forts Nicholas and Paul, the latter guarding the inner or man-of-war harbour, an inlet at right angles to the main harbour and separating the city of Sebastopol from its Karabelnaia suburbs. On the north side was the great star-fort already mentioned with the outer ring of earthworks, and there were other smaller earthworks at the water's edge. On the south side, that which was now to be besieged, there was as yet little more than the outline of the many works soon to become famous, although some were partly executed, it is true, and the whole circle of the city was completely enclosed with a loopholed stone wall.

These, beginning with the Quarantine bastion near the sea front, were the Central and Flagstaff bastions, and the soon-to-be-added Garden battery. Beyond the great ravine which here ran down and ended in the inner harbour, several works had been planned to defend the Karabelnaia suburb—viz. the Redan, the Malakoff Tower, the Little Redan, and Bastion No. 1, the last ending the defences at the edge of the main harbour.

Such was the great fortress as it stood when Menschikoff, with his broken army, came streaming back into it after the defeat of the Alma. The allies were at his heels; Sebastopol was in danger—less danger than he feared—but he at once summoned a council of war to concert measures for its defence. As a first step the greater part of the Russian fleet was sacrificed, and several warships were at once sunk across the mouth of the harbour as an impassable barrier to the enemy. This was not done without protest from the Russian Admiral Korniloff, who wished to sally forth and fight whatever he met in the open sea. Had the Russian and allied fleets engaged there would have been the biggest naval battle on record till Lissa came, with its contest of ironclads, or the Japanese fell foul of the Chinese last year in the far East. But the sinking of the ships was the most prudent



IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

course, and its value was soon appreciated. Menschikoff did not tarry now in the town. He had the sense to see that he must keep open his communications, his road northward to Russia whence must come the supplies, ever of vital importance to the defence of the fortress ; so he sallied forth at once with his reorganised field-army in the direction of Bakshishari, a central point in the Crimea. In this movement, strange to say, he passed on the very fringe of the allies advancing by the so-called "flank march" to occupy the plateau or "upland" on the south side. They were within a stone's-throw of each other, these two armies ; yet neither was aware of it, so little were the niceties and precautions of ordinary warfare observed by them.

Sebastopol was thus left to make what head it could against attack. Its total garrison now was barely 36,000 men, made up mostly of marines and sailors from the fleet, with 2,700 gunners from the coast batteries, 5,000 military workmen, and a few militia battalions. But this great Russian arsenal of the Black Sea was exceedingly rich in war material : at the commencement of the siege there were 172 pieces of ordnance, many very heavy guns already mounted upon the works, and almost countless stores of artillery in reserve. Even with all the wear-and-tear of a twelvemonth's siege, when Sebastopol fell into our hands, there were hundreds and hundreds of guns found still unused in the artillery park—a fact patent to all England nowadays, for hardly a town of any importance is without its Russian "trophy" gun paraded in public gardens or in front of its town-hall. Inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, of powder and projectiles, were ensured so long as the place was not completely invested, and Menschikoff's field-army, as has been stated, continually prevented that.

Nor was it only in its *personnel* (its garrison), or its *matériel* (its warlike stores) that Sebastopol was strong. Chief among its defences must be counted the intrepid spirit of the great Russian engineer who was their life and soul. Colonel Todleben's name is imperishably allied with the splendid resistance of the fortress, which, in a measure, was created by his own hands. In the very prime of life, with a highly-trained intelligence and full of dauntless energy, he joined as chief engineer just before Sebastopol was threatened, and at once proceeded to strengthen the place. Under his animating control enormous numbers of men laboured continuously day and night upon the works. The bastions and batteries already detailed now took shape and armament ; the fortress daily grew more and more formidable ; within a week of the arrival of the allied armies the Central and Flagstaff bastions were heightened and thickened, a new battery was placed between them, other batteries were established to command the great ravine. Now the Redan was reinforced by the construction of the great Barrack battery behind it, and the Malakoff Tower was surrounded by earthworks containing powerful batteries, and continuous entrenchments ran on to the Little Redan, Bastion No. 1, and the waters of the harbour. Of a truth Sebastopol began to fully justify old Sir John Burgoyne's warning that "the more the allies looked at it the less they would like it." It said as plainly as if its long lines of works and its many murderous mouths could speak, "Come and take me if you can."

No doubt the allies were wise in not hazarding an immediate attack. But still they were not reconciled to the slow processes of a protracted siege, nor did they look for a prolonged resistance. Every effort was now bent upon bringing up the siege-guns from the ships and establishing them near enough to reduce the enemy's fire preparatory to an open assault. This service was so far forward on the 9th October that on that date the allies "broke ground," as it is called, or began their first parallels or trenches of approach. It had been arranged that the French should take from the sea to the great ravine the whole of the left front of attack ; and, as their base of supply, the bay of Kamiesch, was close behind their left, they experienced no great difficulty in feeding their army or sending up stores. In taking this, the "left attack," they had also the advantage of better ground in which to dig their trenches, and they could approach the fortress within 1,000 yards. We, on the other hand, having to deal with flinty soil sloping down towards the enemy's guns, were obliged to build our parapets higher, with more pains, and at a much greater distance. Our nearest battery was between 1,300 and 1,400 yards from the Redan, while that known as the Victoria or Lancaster battery was as much as 2,000 yards. Happily, our siege-guns were more powerful than those of the French. Our whole front of attack was a very extensive line, and included Chapman's battery, Gordon's battery, and those already named.

A fruitful source of trouble not yet apparent to the British force before Sebastopol was the seeming good fortune which surrendered to us this

"right" attack and the small port of Balaclava as our base. Hitherto the French had taken the right of the line, we the left; but out of courtesy and acknowledging that we had the first claim to Balaclava as its first occupiers, General Canrobert accepted the change of position. With the honour of holding the right we gained the distinct disadvantage of greatly drawn-out communications. It was six full miles to Balaclava, and no metalled road but the Woronzoff, which was shortly to fall into the enemy's hands. Then to the loss of a good highway was superadded the inconvenience and danger of a flank constantly threatened in its most vital point, the "line of life," that by which we drew up our rations, sent back our sick, and generally held on to the sea. This entailed very serious consequences, as we shall find.

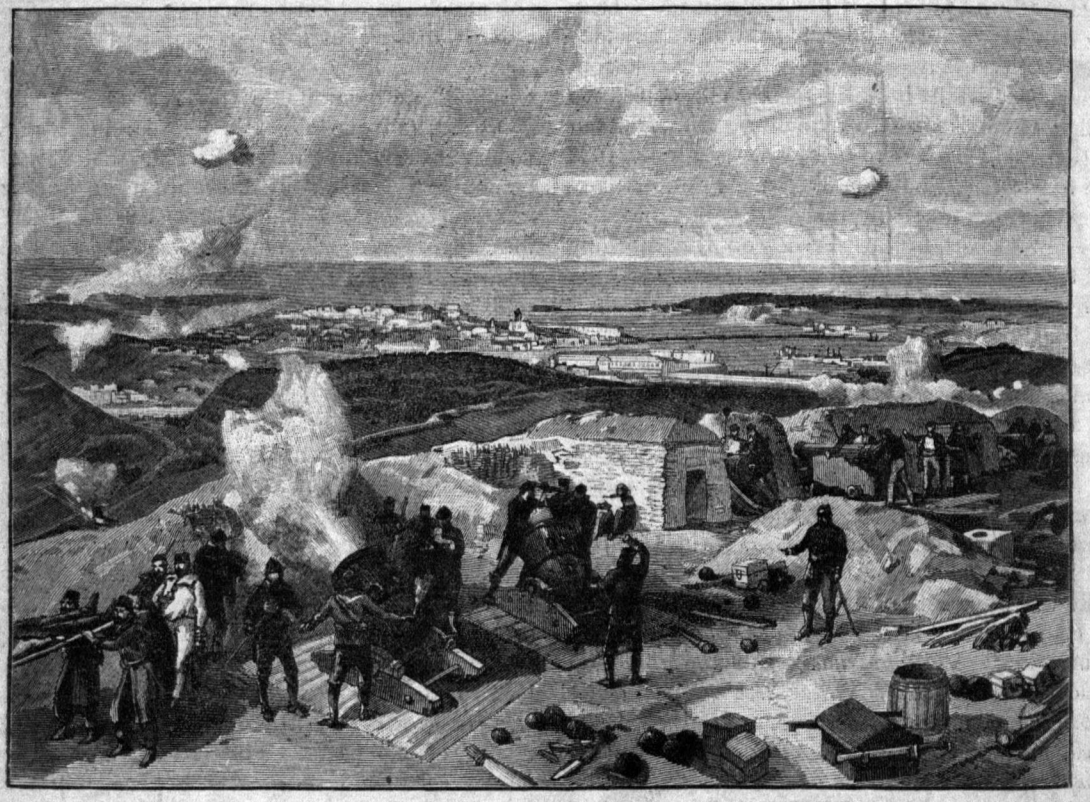
All, however, promised well on the morning of the 17th October, when the allied batteries, fully armed and admirably served, began their first bombardment. By this time 126 siege-guns were in position, 72 of ours, 53 of the French, and ample stores of ammunition were at hand in the trench magazines. To these 126 the Russians directly opposed 118, but 220 more were ready to fire upon the columns that might presently be expected to move out for the assault. The bombardment, which the Russians aptly termed a "*feu d'enfer*," and which at that date was unparalleled in modern warfare, began at 6.30 a.m., and lasted without intermission for four hours. Very visible impression had been made: the Malakoff Tower was ruined, other works were seriously damaged, and all promised well. Then came the first of a series of *contre-temps* that signalised this memorable siege. An explosion occurred in the French lines: a shell had blown up the principal magazine, making great havoc and forcing the French presently to cease fire. In fact, just as the critical moment had arrived for delivering a general attack, the French were discomfited and put out of action. With us it was just the reverse: our fire had gradually silenced that of the Russians, and early in the afternoon we had blown up the magazine of the Redan, opening therein a yawning breach inviting immediate assault. The defence, as Todleben bears witness, was paralysed on this side; the Russian troops massed behind the Redan to resist attack were quite demoralised, and had taken to flight.

But we could not go in alone. It was to have been a joint and combined attack, which the French disaster now rendered impossible. At the same time the bombardment executed by the allied fleets had failed of effect: their broadsides had fallen harmless against the casemated granite forts, and all the warships had drawn off, bearing more injuries than they had inflicted. Fortunately, the allied losses had not been very severe: 100 French had been killed or wounded, 47 English, while the Russian casualties had reached 1,100. There seemed no reason why, if the French recovered sufficiently to reopen fire, the attack should not be made the following day

Next day all such hopes vanished into thin air. A few hours were enough for the indefatigable and indomitable Todleben. During the short space of darkness the great engineer gave us the first touch of his quality, and built up his ruined fortress anew. Sebastopol arose from its ashes reconstructed—built, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night. "Works reduced to shapeless heaps, ruined batteries, and disabled guns" were replaced before morning by fresh parapets, the batteries were repaired, new guns from the inexhaustible supplies of the ships and the arsenal had occupied the embrasures. The work of the siege and bombardment was all to do over again. It was now made perfectly evident that we had entered upon a prodigious undertaking; our opponent was full of recuperative power, possessing seemingly boundless resources directed by a scientific soldier of great knowledge and inflexible spirit. The situation was, moreover, complicated by the existence of an enterprising field-army daily recruited by new arrivals, so that the relative strength of allies and Russians was fast growing disproportionate and greatly in favour of the latter. This led to many other efforts calculated to greatly impede, if not to actually "raise" or terminate the siege.

Nothing daunted by their first failure, the allies had set about to prepare for a second bombardment on a still more extensive and destructive scale, when their very existence upon the plateau was threatened, and the two famous battles of Balaclava and Inkerman were fought in the open field. In one the British cavalry was destroyed, and our line of supply dangerously narrowed; in the other, won against tremendous odds, we yet suffered so severely that it was impossible for us to prosecute the siege with our former vigour. Now, too, came the great storm and the increasing horrors of the dread winter, so that the siege-works were still further impeded. But, as has been said already, however colossal our troubles, however remote loomed ultimate success, the actual ascendancy of the

allies was never more in doubt after the great victories gained. The Russians never again ventured to attack us in any strength, and then not until quite desperate in the closing scenes. Not even in the very height of the winter troubles, when suffering and sickness had so decimated our ranks that the guards of the trenches were reduced to mere skeletons in numbers and physique, did the Russian garrison



SEBASTOPOL FROM THE "RIGHT" ATTACK.

use their immense superiority against the weakened force. So we ever felt that, although the siege might be prolonged wearisomely, almost indefinitely, yet with patience we must win in the long run. The Russian commanders might continually revictual and replenish the fortress; the allies, based on the sea and able to draw across it unlimited supplies from home, could also play the waiting game and with a still stronger hand. We may admire the heroic resistance, but we must take a deeper pride in the unyielding pluck and perseverance that never despaired in the darkest hour.

Not the least memorable part of that dread episode was the spirit it evoked at home. Admiration for the constancy displayed by our countrymen was mingled with an eager desire to relieve them at all costs. All England was aroused from end to end; fierce indignation at the maladministration which left brave men to perish stirred up private effort, and vast sums were subscribed, vast enterprises undertaken, to supplement the shortcomings of the Government. While the public voice loudly demanded the punishment of those to blame, private people banded themselves together to create hospital services, provide huts and food and warm clothing. It was then that lines like the following found an echo in every British heart:—

* * * * *

"That starving army haunts us night and day.
By our warm hearths: no fire have they.
Snow falls; 'tis falling there!

Rotting in their own filth like mangy hounds,
Cramped, frost and hunger bitten to the bones,
Wrestling with death 'mid smells and sights and sounds

That turn kind hearts to stones,
To die for very lack of clothes and food, of shelter, bedding, medicine, and fire,
While six miles off lay piled up many a rood, all they did so require!"

Slowly but surely ample and effective aid arrived. Matters began to mend as the dread winter gradually spent its force. Great gangs of "navvies" constructed a railroad between Balaclava and "the front" by which the much-needed supplies were sent forward; the uncompromising energy of Colonel McNundo, who came out armed with full powers, created a land transport service with thousands of animals, for whom at last sufficient fodder was found; Miss Nightingale and her lady nurses arrived, and with unstinting devotion revolutionised the pest-houses, wrongly called hospitals. At "the front" our arduous share in the siege operations was lightened by the friendly intervention of our allies; although the French had also suffered severely, their army had been so constantly reinforced that by this time it was nearly four times as numerous as ours. Then Lord Raglan suggested that they should relieve us in our trench duty one night in every three. General Canrobert preferred, however, to take charge of our extreme right attack, that which faced the Malakoff and embraced the battle-ground of Inkerman. This timely assistance had the effect of setting free some fifteen hundred British troops, and concentrated the efforts of the whole upon a more limited area. From that time forward matters began gradually to improve. With the spring new hope revived, and, although the fortress was still intact, the business now before us was to fight men, not the season.

COLONEL TODLEBEN.

THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR OF 1885

Slivnitza, Nov: 17.18.19. and Pirot, Nov: 27

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

ON the 18th September, 1885, there occurred in Philippopolis, the capital of the then Turkish (though semi-autonomous) province of East Roumelia, one of the most remarkable revolutions known to modern history: the Bulgarian populace of that city rebelled against the Ottoman Government, sent the Turkish officials about their business, and proclaimed the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia—a union which already the treaty of S. Stefano had practically acknowledged in 1878, but which that "old women's tea-party" (to quote an irate German writer of the period), the Berlin Congress, had subsequently cancelled.

Originally instigated by Russia, the rebellion took a course directly opposed to that nation's wishes and intentions, a course which the Czar's politicians had not dreamt of or provided for. The aim which Muscovite statecraft had had in view was to cause rupture and bloodshed between Turkey and East Roumelia, in which case Russia would have appeared on the scene in her time-honoured *rôle* of pretended Liberator and would have brought a fine province under her thumb—a task which she had vainly essayed already in 1877 and 1878.

But the unexpected always happens. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, treating Russian schemes and intrigues, hints and commands, with the contempt they deserved, identified himself with the revolutionary movement, proclaimed on the 19th September in Tirnova—the ancient Czar-city of the great mediæval Bulgar-empire—the union of the "Two Bulgarias," and arrived on the 20th in Philippopolis to assume the reins of government. The autonomous principality of United Bulgaria was an accomplished fact, and Russia was nonplussed.

From this moment there was an incurable rupture and a deadly hatred between the two Alexanders, which not only lasted while they lived, but survived even beyond the grave in their successors. The Czar, in order to proclaim his dissatisfaction with the course of events, recalled the numerous Russian officers serving in the Bulgarian army, and the vacant places were filled by the young lieutenants and captains of the newly-established native militia.

The unique feature of the Philippopolis rebellion lies in the fact that the liberation of a large and populous province from the supremacy of an empire which could place a million armed men in the field was accomplished without the loss of human life.

Acting upon the earnest remonstrances of Austria, Germany, and England, Turkey abstained from military operations, for it had been made manifest to her that the sending of one battalion across the East Roumelian frontier would set the world aflame by bringing about a European war of unequalled dimensions and horrors.

United Bulgaria, nevertheless, made strenuous exertions to meet the oncoming storm. But the cloud burst in an unexpected quarter. Turkey remained inert in the East, whilst Servia's armies, at Russia's secret mandate, crossed the western frontiers on the 14th November, 1885. A pretended (and most probably non-existent) boundary transgression on the part of some Bulgarian gendarmes furnished Servia with a pretext for the declaration of hostilities.

Grandly United Bulgaria rose to the occasion. Differences of creed and race were forgotten, wrongs condoned, grievances laid by never to be revived, and with masterly strategy the hero-prince hurled every available man against the ruthless invader.

In the beginning Servia had it all her own way, for Bulgaria, prepared only to defend

her eastern frontier, had bared the western. But finding that Turkey was pacific, Prince Alexander, by train and road, by express and forced marches, sent his troops westward to meet the foe.

On the 17th November the Servians stood before the Bulgarian position at Slivnitza, which had been entrenched and fortified; and here took place the battle which was to spread the fame of the young Bulgar army and its brave commander over the whole of the newspaper-reading world.

Slivnitza is an unattractive Bulgarian village of less than a thousand inhabitants, situated among hilly surroundings on the high road between Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, and Nish in Servia. It is about fifteen miles south-east of the eastern outlet of the Dragoman Pass, which latter leads across the range of mountains that lies just east of the Servo-Bulgarian frontier and forms one of the walls of the plain of Sofia. The latter city lies about twenty miles to the south-east of Slivnitza, and Zaribrod, on the river Nishava, the Bulgarian frontier-townlet, almost the same distance to the north-west. At that time the Turco-Bulgarian railway terminated in Bellova, and the Servian system in Nish and Vranja.

About two miles west of the village the Bulgarian detachment—consisting on the 16th November of nine battalions of regular infantry and two of volunteers, thirty-two guns, and no cavalry except a handful of mounted irregulars, the whole (about ten thousand men) commanded by Major Gutscheff—had utilised a little ridge of hillocks for their encampment, and had very cleverly and efficiently fortified the same. The weather was abominable: snow and frost at night, rain and thaw by daylight, with the icy north-winds peculiar to the Bulgarian winters. There was no habitation within the position, with the exception of a pigstye which served as headquarters to the gallant major and his staff, and which was grandiloquently styled the "Gutscheff Palace," and a little improvised shed for the field-telegraph. The soldiers slept in the open trenches.

The Servians had occupied Zaribrod on the 14th, and the Dragoman Pass on the 15th November, both after some sharp fighting with the Bulgarian advanced guard, and on the early morrow they descended into the plain of Sofia. The position of Slivnitza became thus marked as the place around which the decision would be fought, since it lay midway between the invader and the capital. Prince Alexander left Sofia in the forenoon of the 16th, and arrived in Slivnitza in the evening.

It was known among the Bulgarian troops in Slivnitza that the hostile army numbered twenty thousand or thirty thousand men, and had therefore, at the lowest estimates, double the strength of the defending force; it was also perfectly well known that no Bulgarian reinforcements could arrive from the extreme east of East Roumelia—where the army had been concentrated with a view to possible hostilities with Turkey—before the evening of the 17th at the earliest.

These considerations, added to the exposure to the horrible weather, might have struck dismay into the stoutest hearts, but Major Gutscheff and his gallant little host quaked not. They were persuaded of the righteousness of their cause, and that is one of the mightiest factors in warfare. The arrival of their beloved prince was made by them the occasion for the display of much enthusiasm, and every man looked with confidence towards the morrow and victory.

The entrenched position of Slivnitza deserves a brief description. It lay astride the Sofia-Pirot high-road, had a straight front about three miles long which faced almost due west, and was covered to rearward by the long straggling village, the only—and exceedingly dirty—khan of which served as quarters to the prince and his staff. The high-road cut the position in twain: about a third lay to the north, filling up the little plain from which the southern spurs of the Balkans rise precipitously, in a chaotic jungle of rock, cliff, and abyss; the bulk lay to the south, with the southern end turned eastwards *en potence*, so as to protect the left flank. The whole front of the position showed a quadruple line of trenches for rifle fire, one above the other on the gently-rising ground. Behind them there were to the north of the road one, and to the south three, battery epaulments, each for eight guns, and finally, at the extreme left flank, behind the trenches turned *en potence*, a powerful redoubt, which, for want of men and guns, was unoccupied at the commencement of the battle and garrisoned only on the evening of the first day.

The Servian forces had been divided into two armies: one (the Timok army) was to take Widdin and invade northern Bulgaria; the other (the Nishava army, commanded by King Milan in person) was to make straight for Sofia. This

is the one with which we shall have to deal. It consisted of four divisions and an unattached cavalry brigade, and was powerfully equipped with train, pontoons, engineers, sanitary detachments, field post and telegraph, and all modern devices of offence and defence, of support and maintenance. In this respect the Servians were undoubtedly by far in advance of their foes.

Of this army there fought on the first day of battle two divisions (Danube and Drina) and the cavalry brigade, a total of eighteen battalions, nine squadrons, and nine batteries, or about twenty-two thousand men and fifty-four guns.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

It is not only just and generous but always pleasant to record something in favour of an enemy. The writer—whom circumstances had placed in the position of a foe to that amiable though ill-governed people — is glad to be able to bear testimony to the excellent behaviour of the Servian soldiery on hostile soil. Not a single sheep or fowl was stolen from a single Bulgarian peasant; not a twist of tobacco was taken from a village-store, or a glass of brandy drunk in an alehouse without being paid for. Let the much-vaunted civilisation of England, France, and Germany take an example from that far less advanced nation! Unfortunately, the Bulgarians did not reciprocate, and in the flush of victory they forgot the sacred rights of humanity, as the woeful appearance of Pirot after the battle abundantly testified. But this by the way.

The Bulgarian position was very strong—in fact, impregnable in front, but weak on both sides, though from two entirely different causes: the north flank because the mountain slopes lying beyond it would have afforded the enemy a capital place for planting batteries, which, from that elevation, could have annihilated the Bulgarians without the need of a single rifle-shot or the use of a single bayonet, and the Bulgarians were not strong enough numerically to occupy each prominence; the left flank because the redoubts and the trenches there were well-nigh deserted for want of men and guns. And yet a redistribution of the troops at the expense of the front was totally impracticable. Had such a one been attempted the prince would have been much in the position of a man who takes infinite pains to bar and bolt his back and side doors but leaves the front entrance open for the enterprising burglar. In fact, of the four rifle-trenches in front of the line only the foremost was occupied.

The left flank was the most vulnerable point, and Prince Alexander's plan was to draw the attention of the enemy away from it towards the right flank by an offensive movement in that quarter, which would also serve the purpose of occupying the most prominent of the slopes, summits, and plateaux. That this bold project succeeded completely bears testimony to the Battenberger's perspicuity; and that the Servians never even suspected the existence of what was virtually an open door to the hostile position is not to the credit of their military far-sight. On the second day this chance was lost, for the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to man each phase of the position.

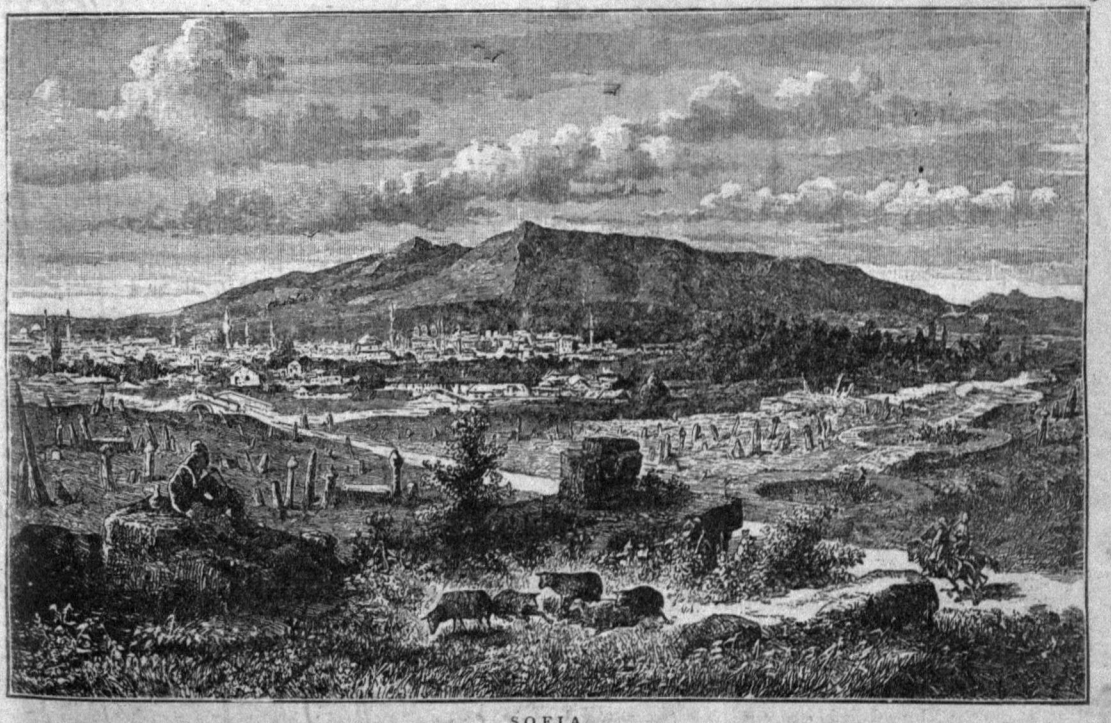
The 17th November opened into a perfectly abominable day: snow, sleet, rain, dirt, an icy blast, and a thick fog withal. The battle of this day was fought by both sides against an invisible foe, for the mist lasted all day long.

The attack of the Servians was perfectly frontal; there was not the faintest attempt at circumvention. That it failed completely was in the nature of things. The artillery combat commenced at an hour before noon, and towards two o'clock it became most intense and deafening. The Servian artillery, despite its numerical superiority, had decidedly the worst of it, for the

Bulgarians had a fine modern Krupp ordnance, the Servians mostly obsolete guns, partly the thrown-out pieces of the Russian army, presented to them by their former allies. So furious was the duel that on repeated occasions Prince Alexander had to enjoin economy in the use of powder. In fact, two of the Bulgarian batteries had shot themselves out by dusk, and had not ammunition arrived from Sofia in the evening the Bulgarians would have fared badly the next day. The Servian infantry approached thrice to within three hundred yards of the Bulgarian front line, but had to turn tail each time in face of the defender's quick and accurate rifle-fire. A proper charge did not take place on this day, except, as already stated, on the extreme right Bulgarian flank. And here a little battle of its own was fought, with the utmost dash and ferocity, which deserves a paragraph of its own.

Here commanded, on the Bulgarian side, the captain of cavalry Bendereff, who disposed of three battalions and a battery of eight pieces. Faithful to the plan conceived by Prince Alexander, Bendereff did not wait to be attacked, but hurled two of his battalions against the cautiously-approaching enemy almost as soon as the cannonade had commenced. The Bulgarian attack was not successful, for it was directed against an enemy of quadruple strength; but Prince Alexander gave the gallant captain permission to utilise the general reserve of two battalions for a more decided forward movement. Leaving only a few companies to man the trenches, Bendereff led his five battalions against the enemy, and on the bare and precipitous Balkan slopes a bayonet charge, executed with the utmost *élan*, drove the Servians completely away. In the flush of victory the Bulgarian troops actually "bolted" forward, and it was only in the village of Malo Malkovo that Alexander's messengers brought them to a standstill. Here Bendereff fortified himself hurriedly and roughly, and prepared everything for the continuance of the combat on the morrow. At five the first field day was over, resulting so far in a Bulgarian victory. The casualties were six hundred Bulgarians and twelve hundred Servians, dead or wounded.

During the hours of darkness both sides received reinforcements, and the Servians actually increased their already considerable numerical superiority. Alexander obtained five battalions and two batteries from Sofia; Milan added to his attacking force several regiments and batteries from the other divisions of the Nishava army. As the Bulgarians had to send out, in



SOFIA.

the course of the second day, three battalions (under Captain Popoff) to the south-west to protect the town of Bresnik (threatened by another division of the Nishava army), the discrepancy became more pronounced: the Servians had (in round figures) twenty-eight thousand men and eighty pieces, the Bulgarians twelve thousand men and fifty guns, toward the close of the second day of battle.

One of those five Bulgarian battalions had been so completely exhausted on its arrival in Sofia by the long march from Bellova, that this original mode of conveyance was adopted: the horses of a regiment of cavalry stationed in Sofia were borrowed, and the men rode to Slivnitza, two on each animal!

At 8.30 a.m. on the 18th November the Servians commenced the attack, this time almost exclusively against the left flank. But where yesterday there had been trenches, redoubts, and epaulments almost devoid of human beings, there was now a solid array of five thousand men, all fresh troops. The first Servian assault failed completely; then a whole division of ten thousand men was brought to the attack, with the like result. At noon the Servian leaders recognised the futility of further fighting, and withdrew their troops from this quarter, after having incurred a loss of over six hundred men. Some Bulgarian battalions, starting hastily in pursuit of the routed foe, were with difficulty called back, for Prince Alexander recognised that the time for a general offensive moment had not yet arrived.

About an hour after noon the Servians committed an almost incredible blunder: they attacked the front of the position with totally inadequate numbers. Where yesterday whole brigades had failed, to-day a few companies were expected to succeed! Needless to say, the assailants were wiped off the face of the earth, and Prince Alexander, unable to endure any longer the sight of such useless slaughter, turned aside and said to an officer: "I cannot bear to look at it! It is a shame to compel me to shoot those poor fellows down, and why? For the sake of a stupid and infamous policy."

What was the result of that senseless attack? The Bulgarians fired a few hundred gun-shots (for the enemy never came within rifle range), and the Servians lost some hundreds of good men. *Voilà tout.*

In the left flank and in the front the battle was over before dusk, the result being, like that of its predecessor, a total repulse of the Servians. The rest of the day belonged to the right wing. And here one of the most extraordinary and comical occurrences ever known to have happened on "the field of blood and mud" took place. Bendereff's three thousand men in and about Malo Malkovo, the victors of the previous day, had totally disappeared—as if by magic—when the morning of the 18th dawned! Bendereff sent a disconsolate message to this effect to his sovereign, and so incredible sounded these tidings that they thought at headquarters the poor fellow had taken leave of his senses. Beaten and captured the missing men could not have been, for there were no Servians within a radius of several miles, and not a shot had been fired during the night. However, towards noon the mystery was cleared up: the men returned in batches, having committed no worse crime than a little victualling and foraging on their own account, and lost their way afterwards. Owing to the absence of any experienced guidance (for the Bulgarian officers were all mere youngsters), no steps had been taken to keep any of the troops in the village, and positively not a single man had been left behind.

Bendereff sent a joyful message to the prince, and said to himself, "I must do something to wipe out the disgrace of this morning." This something he did, and did uncommonly well: he bared the whole country of the Servians almost as far as the village Dragoman. Look at the map, reader, and you will find that by this masterpiece of audacity Bendereff had actually got right in the rear of the enemy and on his line of retreat. About a couple of miles outside Dragoman he bivouacked for the night, fully prepared to attack the enemy next day in the rear. Alas! he received not the princely sanction, and perhaps we cannot blame the Bulgarian leaders for not giving their consent to such a piece of unequalled foolhardiness. I, personally, have not the faintest doubt that Bendereff, given a free hand and taking into account the shaky *moral* of the Servian troops after a two days' defeat, would have inflicted upon the latter a rout so crushing that the subsequent battle of Pirot would have been avoided.

The second day of Slivnitza cost the Servians about one thousand, the Bulgarians almost the same number, in killed and wounded.

During the night to the 19th November the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to make up their casualties and the loss accruing from the absence of Popoff's three battalions. The strength of the Servians was not materially

altered. Thus the figures were fifteen thousand and twenty-eight thousand.

The morning of the 19th opened, to the astonishment of all, into an autumn day of surpassing loveliness. Vanished, as if by magic, had snow, rain, fog, frost, and icy north blast, and in their stead there reigned blue sky, radiant sunlight, and a mild, invigorating south-easterly breeze. Add to this that stores of food and comforts had arrived in camp, and you will have no difficulty in understanding that the brave Bulgarian defenders breathed more freely, stretched their limbs, and rejoiced with an exceeding joy at Heaven's manifest favour. But there is never light without shadow, and the shadows lay deep and black on the hero prince's noble countenance as he came from the filth of the village into the air that blew, keen and bracing, about the heights of the camp. "What has happened?" asked all, in consternation. Briefly this: the Servians had beaten Popoff, taken Bresnik, and were on the road to Sofia—so the reports said. What a world of calamity was compressed into that single sentence will be made manifest to the intelligent reader by a glance at the map. The capital threatened and the Slivnitza army taken in the rear—that was the woeful prospect. Under these circumstances Prince Alexander consummated an act of true heroism: he left the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the battlefield, exchanging, for the nonce, the *rôle* of the warrior for the less conspicuous but in such a case infinitely more useful one of organiser. In a word, he hastened *ventre-à-terre* to the capital, to prepare it for defence. Major Gutscheff was left in command of the Slivnitza army, and the brilliant victory of the 19th November stands to the credit of that officer.

In Sofia there was an ugly panic, for the terrible "*Hannibal ad portas*" had struck fear into the stoutest hearts. For a long time afterwards it was a *bon mot* in the capital that on the 19th November there had been only one man amongst the Sofian populace, and that was Katinka, the pretty young wife of Karaveloff, the Battenberger's principal adviser. She alone kept cool and hopeful.

Prince Alexander worked like the proverbial nigger. Defences and earthworks were planned and commenced, ambulances were established for the wounded coming in cartloads from Slivnitza, stores were got in from the neighbourhood; the cash and securities of the National Bank, the archives of the town, the documents and records of the Government offices were despatched post-haste to Plevna. Many thousands of inhabitants commenced to migrate to less threatened regions, and those who were unable to leave clamoured and lamented noisily. And all the time the growl of the cannon came incessantly from Slivnitza, and the people listened to it spell-bound, in awe and wonder. Two other men, besides the prince, worked strenuously, though in another direction and for a different purpose: Tsankoff, the principal Russian agitator and spy in Sofia, and Koyander, the Russian consul. They went about, openly advising the people to send the prince away and make peace with Servia, in which case they, Tsankoff and Koyander, would kindly and unselfishly condescend to assume the reins of government under Russia's guidance and tutelage. "Next to a violation of the laws of God, there is no crime so terrible on this earth as to offend Holy Russia—and that is what that beggarly foreign bastard, your so-called prince, has done"—thus Tsankoff and Company.

But once more the unexpected happened. It was at three in the afternoon that the minister of war, Tsanoff (the reader should not confound this zealous, capable, and honest patriot with the vile agitator afore-mentioned: the names are much alike), was seen descending hurriedly the stairs of the princely palace, the most exultant joy and the most feverish excitement depicted on his features and in his manner. "Bresnik has been retaken, the Servians are thoroughly beaten, Popoff is marching on Tern," he shouted to the crowd assembled outside, and like wildfire the glorious tidings spread through the town. More good news came in rapidly successive waves. At Slivnitza the Servians had been routed, and Gutscheff was starting in pursuit; the unattached brigade of volunteers and adventurers of Major Panitza—nicknamed the robber-brigade—had actually entered Servian territory north of Zaribrod, and the Timok army had failed completely in its operations against Widdin. Prince Alexander, accompanied by Stambuloff and Tsanoff, returned immediately to Slivnitza, the populace rejoiced with a joy complete and tumultuous, and Tsankoff and Company hid themselves in fear and ignominy. Verily, there never was a quicker or more perfect transformation.

It speaks well for the temper of the Sofian rabble that the only harm which came to the Muscovite agitators was that Tsankoff's effigy was strung up in front of the Russian consulate,