

THE BOER WAR.

PART 5

ILLUSTRATED

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BATTLES

OF THE

NINETEENTH

CENTURY.



The present Part contains the fourth instalment (16 PAGES) of the history of the BOER WAR, which is being prepared expressly for this New Edition of "BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."

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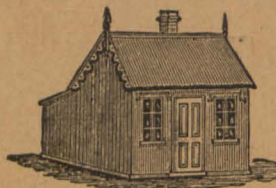
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THE 5TH DIVISION STORMING BY ESCALADE THE RAMPARTS OF SAN VICENTE (p. 263).

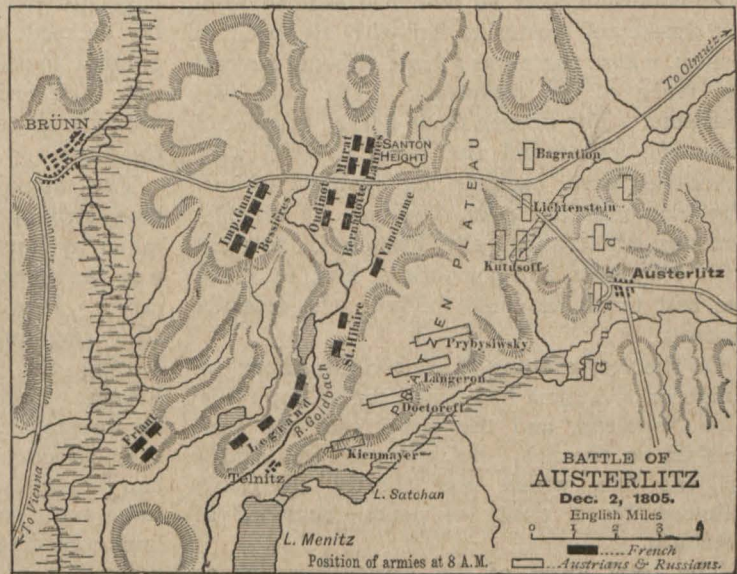
many points, and its frail support gave way. The water welled through the cracks and washed over the broken fragments. Thousands of Russians, with horses, artillery and train, sank into the lake and were engulfed. Few succeeded in struggling to the shore and taking advantage of the ropes and other assistance which their conquerors strove to put within their reach. About 2,000, who had been able to remain on the road between the two lakes, made good their retreat. The remainder were either dead or prisoners.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle was over, and there was nothing left for the French to do but to pursue and collect the spoils of their conquest. This duty was performed with energy by all the commanders except Bernadotte (even then more than suspected of disloyalty to his great chief), who allowed the whole of the Russo-Austrian right, which had been defeated by Lannes and Murat and driven from its proper line of retreat on Olmutz, to defile scatheless past his front and to seek shelter in the direction of Hungary.

After the great catastrophe on the Menitz lake which definitely sealed the issue of the conflict, Napoleon passed slowly along the whole battle-field, from the French right to their left. The ground was covered with piles of the poor remains of those who had died a soldier's death, and with vast numbers of wounded laid suffering on the frozen plain. Surgeons and ambulances were already everywhere at work, but their efforts were feeble in comparison with the shattered, groaning multitude who were in dire need of help. The Emperor paused by every disabled follower and spoke words of sympathy and comfort. He himself, with his personal attendants and his staff, did all in their power to mitigate the pangs of each and to give some temporary relief till better assistance should arrive. As the shades of night fell on the scene of slaughter and destruction, the mist of the morning again rolled over the plain, bringing with it an icy rain, which increased the darkness. Napoleon ordered the strictest silence to be maintained, that no faint cry from a miserable sufferer

should pass unheard; and his surgeon Yvan, with his Mameluke orderly Roustan, gave to many a one, who would otherwise have died, a chance of life by binding up their hurts and restoring their powers with a draught of brandy from the Imperial canteen.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when the Emperor arrived at the Olmutz road, having almost felt his way from one wounded man to another as they lay where each attack had been made and each stubborn defence maintained. He passed the night at the small posthouse of Posoritz, supping on a share of the soldiers' rations, which was brought from the nearest



bivouac, and issuing order after order about searching for the wounded and conveying them to the field hospitals.

Though many of the most noted leaders in the French army were wounded in the great battle, comparatively few were killed. One of the most distinguished dead was General Morland, who commanded the Chasseurs à Cheval of the Guard. His regiment had suffered terrible losses in the charge under Rapp against the Russian Guard, and he himself had fallen, fighting amongst the foremost. Napoleon, who was always anxious to do everything to raise the spirit of his troops and to excite their emulation, ordered that the body of General Morland should be preserved and conveyed to Paris, there to be interred in a specially magnificent tomb which he proposed to build on the Esplanade of the Invalides. The doctors with the

army had neither the time nor the materials necessary to embalm the general's body, so, as a simple means of conservation, they enclosed it in a barrel of rum, which was taken to Paris. But circumstances delayed the construction of the tomb which the Emperor intended for its reception until the fall of the Empire in 1814. When the barrel was then opened for the private interment of the body by General Morland's relations, they were astonished to find that the rum had made the dead general's moustaches grow so extraordinarily that they reached below his waist.

The defeat suffered by the Russians was so crushing, and their army had been thrown into such confusion, that all who had escaped from the disaster of Austerlitz fled with all speed to Galicia, where there was a hope of being beyond the reach of the conqueror. The rout was complete. The French made a large number of prisoners, and found the roads covered with abandoned guns, baggage, and material of war. The Emperor Alexander, overcome by his misfortunes, left it to his ally, Francis II., to treat with Napoleon, and authorised him to make the best terms he could for both the defeated empires.

On the very evening of the 2nd December the Emperor of Austria had asked for an interview with Napoleon, and the victor met the vanquished on the 4th. An armistice was signed on the 6th, which was shortly afterwards followed by a treaty of peace concluded at Presburg.

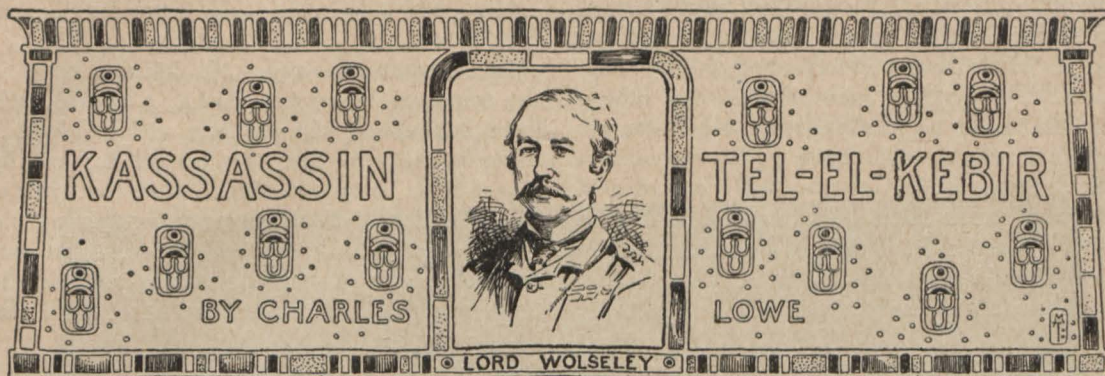
The total losses of the Austro-Russians at Austerlitz were about 10,000 killed, 30,000

prisoners, 46 standards, 186 cannon, 400 artillery caissons, and all their baggage. Their armies practically no longer existed, and only about 25,000 disheartened men could be rallied from the wreck.

In the joy of victory Napoleon showed himself generous to Austria and Russia in the terms which he imposed, and he at once set free Prince Repnin, with all of the Russian Imperial Guard who had fallen into his hands. To his own army he was lavish of rewards and acknowledgments of its valour, and in the famous order of the day which he published he first made use of the well-known expression—"Soldiers, I am content with you." Besides a large distribution of prize-money to his troops, he decreed that liberal pensions should be granted to the widows of the fallen, and also that their orphan children should be cared for, brought up, and settled in life at the expense of the State.

The campaign of Austerlitz is probably the most striking and dramatic of all those undertaken by Napoleon, and its concluding struggle was the most complete triumph of his whole career. It was the first in which he engaged after assuming the title of Emperor and becoming the sole and irresponsible ruler of France. Unlike the vast masses of men which he directed in subsequent wars, his army was then almost entirely composed of Frenchmen, and its glories belonged to France alone. Though for several years to come the great Emperor's fame was to remain undimmed by the clouds of reverse, it never shone with a brighter lustre than at the close of 1805.





ARABI PASHA and his rebellious ambition were the cause of the British campaign in Egypt (1882) which culminated in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—a word which simply means “the large village.” Arabi was of low origin, but had risen by his ability and force of character to be a very popular colonel in the Egyptian army of the Sultan of Turkey’s Viceroy, or Khedive, Tewfik. He was an ardent advocate of the policy of “Egypt for the Egyptians”; but in the championship of this policy he forgot that, amongst other countries, England had immense interests at stake in Egypt, not only as the holder of about four millions sterling of Suez Canal stock, but also as the mistress of India, to which the Canal formed a commercial and military route. But Arabi, making light of these things, became violently opposed to the growth of English influence in his native country, and to such an extent that at last he even sought to substitute his own power for that of his master, the Khedive.

To let things go on in Egypt in this way would have been to allow them to drift into chaos, and therefore England resolved to put down the rebellious Pasha. The latter had been making great progress with his plans at Alexandria, which became the scene of a massacre of Europeans; and he had begun to arm the seaward forts of the city in a manner most threatening to the British fleet. Thereupon he was told that if he placed any more guns in position, he would draw upon himself the fire of Sir Beauchamp Seymour’s ironclads in the bay. Arabi made bold to disregard this warning, and, accordingly, on the morning of July 11th, Sir Beauchamp’s war-vessels opened fire on Arabi’s forts, battering some to pieces and silencing all before sunset. This was the first noteworthy action which the British fleet had fought since the days

of Sebastopol, proving that its glory—founded on the courage, skill, and discipline of its sailors—had by no means departed.

But his defeat at Alexandria, far from breaking the power and pride of Arabi, had the effect only of deepening his hatred of the English, and he retired into the interior with the view of organising further opposition to our arms. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and England could not refuse to pick it up. As our fleet could not sail up the Nile to Cairo, it behoved us to equip and send out an army which should land in Egypt, seek out Arabi wherever he was to be found, and make an end, once and for ever, of him and his rebellious force. This army was entrusted to the command of Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount) Wolseley, who had already distinguished himself in so many of our “little wars” that he was facetiously termed “our only General.”

Nor could the command of the expedition have been given to a better man. Sir Garnet was a tried soldier, and now he became a prophet as well. Before leaving England he had laid his hand, with remarkable foresight, upon the map, and, pointing to Tel-el-Kebir, said that he would engage and beat the army of Arabi there, about the 13th September; and he kept his word to the very letter. At first the French seemed inclined to share with us the work of restoring order in Egypt; but at the last moment they stood aside and left England to deal with the task of quelling Arabi.

To accomplish this task, England at once began to bring together in Egypt an army—or Army Corps—of about 40,000 men. Some came from our garrisons in the Mediterranean—Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar—others were brought from India, and the remainder sent out straight from England.

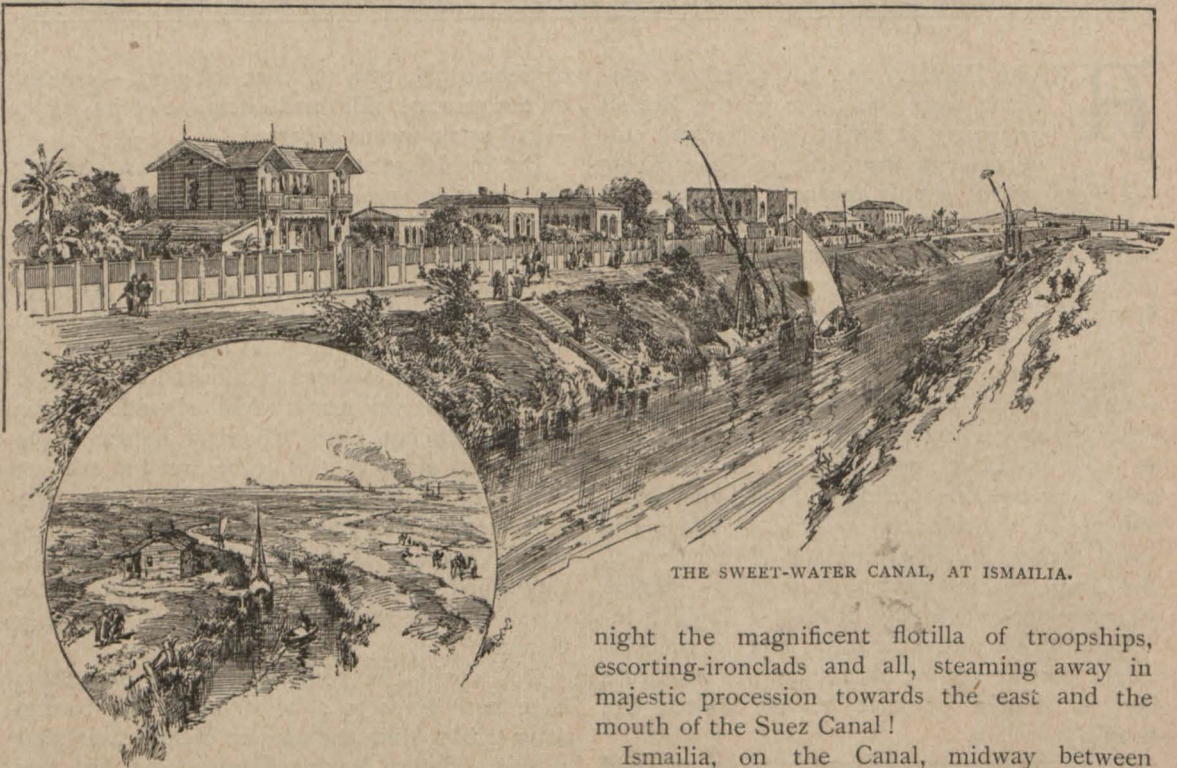
Being gathered, as it was, from so many

different sources, this huge force could not, of course, all land at once; but the marvel was that its component parts reached the trysting-ground in Egypt so soon as they did, and it was admitted on all hands that no other nation in the whole world could have performed such a difficult transport operation so swiftly and so well.

It was known that Arabi had about 60,000 fighting men at his disposal, which was 20,000 more than were commanded by Sir Garnet Wolseley; and if these two armies had met one

challenge him to battle at the Egyptian lines of Kafr Dowar.

In order to encourage this delusive belief in the mind of the rebel Pasha, a considerable force had already landed here and indulged in feints against the foe. Sir Garnet had craftily caused it to be spread abroad that the gross of his force aboard the transports in the bay was going to be put ashore; but what was the surprise of everyone—for the secret had been in the keeping of only one or two—to behold one



THE SWEET-WATER CANAL, AT ISMAILIA.

THE SWEET-WATER CANAL.

another in full force, there is no saying but that the result of the campaign might have been different. But the beauty of Sir Garnet's war-policy was that he kept his opponent so long in the dark as to where he meant to strike; with the natural result that Arabi, deeming it wise to be prepared on every hand, had his 60,000 men portioned out at the likeliest places, all over the Delta—some in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, some at Cairo, and some at Tel-el-Kebir, a commanding point on the railway between Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, and the capital. This suited Sir Garnet to perfection, and his great aim was to make Arabi think that he meant to land the bulk of the British force in Alexandria, and

night the magnificent flotilla of troopships, escorting-ironclads and all, steaming away in majestic procession towards the east and the mouth of the Suez Canal!

Ismailia, on the Canal, midway between Port Said and Suez, had been aimed at by Sir Garnet from the beginning; and here, in truth, on the 20th August—only a short eighteen days after he had left England by the sea route—the British army began to disembark on the burning sands of Egypt.

Among these burning sands water was more precious than gold and silver to the British soldier; but the only source of its supply was the Fresh-water Canal running through the arid desert from the Nile to Ismailia alongside of a railway line, and it therefore behoved the English commander to secure the water in this canal from being cut off by the enemy. But to do this it was necessary above all things to push forward an advance force about twenty miles into the very heart of the desert as far as a place

called Kassassin, where there was a lock, and accordingly this was done with the utmost courage and promptitude.

At Mahuta the Egyptians had made an attempt to bar this advance, but their opposition was swept away like chaff, and soon thereafter General

were things on which no one could reasonably hope to whet his teeth and thrive. Two main actions were fought at Kassassin—though these formed the mere prelude, so to speak, to the grand spectacular drama that was presently to be enacted at Tel-el-Kebir.



"THE EGYPTIAN BATTALIONS . . . HAD BEEN TRAMPLED AND SABRED INTO POSITIVE ANNIHILATION" (p. 199).

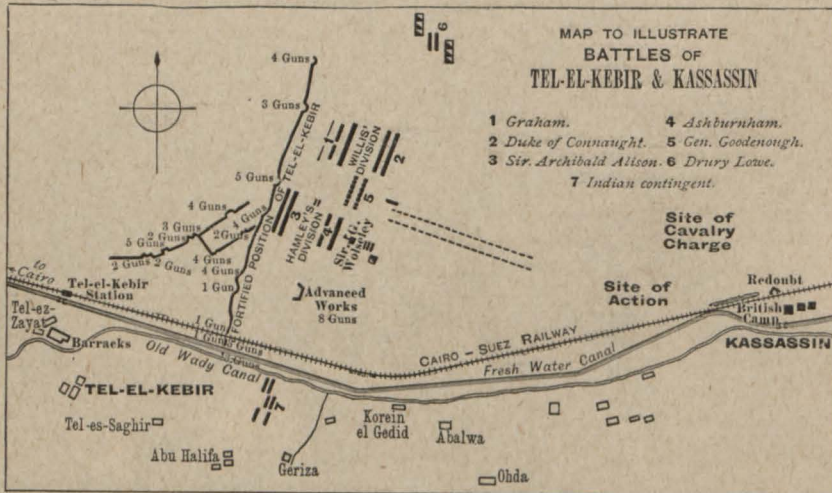
Graham reached Kassassin Lock with his vanguard, entrenching himself in that position with strict orders to hold it against all comers. Well aware of the importance of this position for the British, the Egyptians made several attempts to drive them out of it and back to Ismailia before reinforcements could reach them; but each time they recoiled from the enterprise with the bitter conviction that British bullets and sabres

The chief of these preliminary actions, fought on the 28th August, will always be memorable for the grand cavalry charge which closed it. Early in the morning General Graham had become aware that the Egyptians were making preparations to attack him from a circle of sand-hills which formed a kind of amphitheatre around Kassassin. Graham's force was by no means a large one, but it was impossible

for the Egyptians to make out how strong it really was, and it is always half the battle to be able to conceal your plans and numbers from the enemy. A few days previously Arabi had sent out his second-in-command, Mahmoud Fehmi Pasha, a great engineer and reader of military signs, to discover the strength and dispositions of Graham, but by a curious accident he fell into the hands of the English and never returned to his own side. To this capture Arabi himself afterwards attributed the sole blame of his not having been

battle. Come they also did with right good will, for they were all burning for a fight, but only to hear that the Egyptians, after using their guns for some time, had apparently retired again behind their sand-hills; so back they went to Mehsameh and off-saddled again.

The heat was terrific, and bucketfuls of water from the canal had to be poured on the heads of the English artillerists to enable them to stick to their guns. Sunstrokes were numerous, but our men bore all their sufferings with a fortitude truly heroic. The scorching heat was probably



able to oust the audacious English from their advanced post at Kassassin—and the incident will show how very important it must always be in warfare to seize and detain spies.

Graham's force at Kassassin was not a large one (under 2,000), consisting mainly of a company of Royal Marine Artillery, the Duke of Cornwall's regiment, the York and Lancasters, with some mounted infantry and a few guns, one of which, under Captain Tucker, was mounted on a railway truck. But the Egyptians, taking a leaf out of our own book of war, had by this time imitated us in this respect—though they were very bad range-finders, and did us little harm.

Drury Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 7th Dragoon Guards and three squadrons of Household Cavalry (contributed by the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and "Blues," or Horse Guards, respectively) were stationed some miles to the rear at Mehsameh, and Graham heliographed to these splendid troopers to come and help him on his right flank in the impending

the reason why the Egyptians had drawn off from their first attack on Kassassin, but towards the cool of the evening they again began to push forward from their sand-hills and threaten the British position. The left of this position was well protected, but the right less so; and, indeed, General Graham expressly made such a disposition of his force on the latter flank as might tempt the enemy down from his sand-hills so as to essay a turning movement, when they would be caught in the trap which he was preparing for them.

To this end, about 5.20 p.m., he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Pirie, 4th Dragoon Guards, with a message to Drury Lowe, in the rear, at Mehsameh, or wherever he should be found, "to take the cavalry round by our right, under cover of the hill, and attack the left flank of the enemy's skirmishers."

But when Lieutenant Pirie did at last reach Lowe, after a long and fatiguing ride through the arid desert sand—in the course of which his horse fell under him from sheer exhaustion and

he had to borrow another mount from a gun-team—he delivered his message in this altered form, that “General Graham *was only just able to hold his own*, and wished General Drury Lowe to attack the left of the enemy’s infantry skirmishers.” The famous cavalry charge at Balaclava had been due to a similar mistake in the delivery of a verbal order, though at Kassassin, as it turned out, the repetition of this mistake did not result in disaster, but in victory. So far was Graham from not being able to hold his own that, about two hours after despatching Lieutenant Pirie for the cavalry, he had ordered a counter-attack and a general advance of his line, which had meanwhile been reinforced by a fresh battery, for his other guns had been obliged to retire out of action, owing to want of ammunition, it having been found impossible to drag the battery carts through the deep and yielding sand.

It was while Graham was engaged in this general advance that at last Drury Lowe arrived upon the scene with his cavalry. The sun had now set, but a bright moon was shining, and the flashes from the Horse Artillery and infantry afforded some guide for the movement of the British horsemen, which was directed on the evening star—the orbs of heaven being the only landmarks in the nocturnal desert. Suddenly the cavalry came in sight of the extreme left of the Egyptians, and was at once exposed to a heavy fire. “Shells screamed and shrapnel bullets tore up the road on either side of us.” Rushing to the front, the guns of the Horse Artillery attached to the Cavalry Brigade unlimbered and belched out several rounds of shell on the Egyptian masses. Then the front of these British guns was rapidly cleared, and Drury Lowe gave the Household Cavalry the order to charge.

Led on by Colonel Ewart, away with a wild cheer went the three ponderous squadrons of clanking giants straight at the Egyptian battalions, which in a few more moments had been trampled and sabred into positive annihilation. “Now we have them!” Sir Baker Russell had cried out to the men; “trot—gallop—charge!” Sir Baker’s own horse was shot under him, but he caught another, and was soon again in the thick of the fray. Many were the feats of personal adventure in connection with this glorious charge. Some of the troopers were killed, some lost themselves in the darkness and were taken prisoners, happy to escape the barbarous mutilations that were perpetrated

by the Egyptians on the British dead and wounded.

The cavalry charge at Kassassin was a splendid feat of arms, but it somehow or other became the subject of as curious a myth as that which gathered round the sinking of the *Vengeur* on the “glorious 1st of June.” At Balaclava the Light Brigade had ridden down upon the Russian guns, and nothing would content the chroniclers of Kassassin but the performance of a similar act of glory. The illustrated papers of the day which had artists in Egypt gave stirring pictures of our Life Guardsmen dashing through the smoke of the Egyptian batteries, slashing and thrusting at the gunners as they crouched for shelter beneath their pieces. But this was pure imagination. If commanded to do so the Life Guards would have charged into the very “mouth of hell,” not to speak of Egyptian guns. But what they were ordered to “go for” was the Egyptian infantry, which was considerably in front of its guns, and these had limbered up and retired from action, rendering it impossible for our victorious troopers to see and capture them in the darkness. But the day had been won all the same, and another bright name blazoned on the victory roll of the British army.

A few days later, on 9th September, another attack of the Egyptians on Kassassin was beaten off in the most brilliant manner, the 13th Bengal Lancers, in their picturesque turbans, especially distinguishing themselves; and there were many who thought that Sir Garnet Wolseley ought to have rushed the not far-distant entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir there and then. But though this might certainly have been done, there were certain weighty reasons of military policy against the step. For a commander must not be too much of a Hotspur, but think of ulterior aims as well as of present opportunities. It is the man who can bide his time that will ultimately win.

Foiled in their repeated attempts to bar the British advance, Arabi and his Egyptians now finally withdrew behind the entrenched lines of Tel-el-Kebir, there to stand on the defensive and await attack. These formidable lines, which ran along a ridge of rising ground, presented a front of about four miles long, and had been constructed according to the most advanced principles of military engineering. The Egyptians are great hands at the spade, being constantly employed in the throwing up of water-dams and the like, and many thousands of

willing hands had been at the disposal of Arabi in the task of raising his famous line of earthworks. How many men of all kinds—Egyptians, Nubians, Bedouins, etc.—Arabi had behind the shelter of these parapets Sir Garnet Wolseley did not exactly know, but concluded that the number could not be far short of 22,000.

On the other hand, the English commander had now with him about 17,000 officers and men, with sixty-seven guns, wherewith to crack the nut that was presented by Arabi's entrenchments, and these Sir Garnet resolved to storm at the hour when darkness was beginning to glide into dawn—for the reasons that

them. On the right marched the 1st Division, commanded by General Willis, the front, or leading Brigade, under Graham, consisting of the Royal Irish, Royal Marines, York and Lancasters, and Royal Irish Fusiliers. Behind them, at a distance of about a thousand yards, was the Brigade of Guards (Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstreams), under the Queen's soldier-son, the Duke of Connaught. The left of the attacking line was occupied by the 2nd Division, led by General Hamley (a great writer on the art of war), the front position of honour and of danger being accorded to the Highland Brigade of one-armed Sir Archibald Alison (son of the



SABA BIER.

The Valley of the Saba Bier (Seven Wells), along which the troops marched on the advance upon Tel-el-Kebir.

at this cool hour his troops would naturally fight much better than under the roasting rays of the sun, that they would be less exposed to the enemy's fire in the faint light, and that they would also profit by the demoralisation which invariably seizes upon soldiers when set upon unawares. But, to make the surprise complete, it was necessary that the very utmost care should be taken to give no indication to the watchful Egyptians behind the earthworks of the stealthy approach of their British foes. When ranked into line, the storming columns were to advance—not to the word of command, but by the mere guidance of the stars, like so many ships at sea. Not a pipe was to be lit, not a whisper heard in the ranks, and one man of the Highland Light Infantry, whose high-strung feelings found vent in sudden shouts, only escaped bayoneting on the spot by being chloroformed to keep him still and left behind.

The night (September 12-13) was more than usually dark, and it was some time before the troops could be placed in the positions assigned

celebrated historian of "Europe"), composed of the famous Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, Cameron Highlanders and Highland Light Infantry, four of the finest battalions that ever wore the kilt and trews or thrilled to the stirring strains of the Celtic war-pipe. Behind these Scottish battalions marched, as a reserve, Ashburnham's Brigade of the King's Royal Rifles and Duke of Cornwall's Infantry, while in the interval between the two Divisions was placed General Goodenough's crushing mass of artillery of forty-two guns. On the extreme right rear flank of the assaulting force marched Drury Lowe's cavalry heroes of Kassassin, already spoiling for another charge; while on the extreme left of the British line, on the other side of the Fresh-water Canal, followed the Indian contingent of General Macpherson, consisting of the Seaforth Highlanders, three battalions of native infantry, Bengal Cavalry, and some mountain guns, the task of this contingent being to turn Arabi's right flank, which rested on the canal.

Arabi and his men fondly believed that all this British force was sleeping the sleep of wearied soldiers at Kassassin and other points between that place and the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, it was marshalling itself in line of battle array as above detailed on an elevation called Ninth Hill, about five and a half miles

by the long and strenuous march, they were all eager to be led on to the fight without further delay. Until the hour of starting, all the men stretched themselves on the sand to snatch what brief and hurried sleep they could. From previous experience it was reckoned that the actual progress over the desert, with its darkness



"CARRYING THEM WITH THE BAYONET" (p. 203).

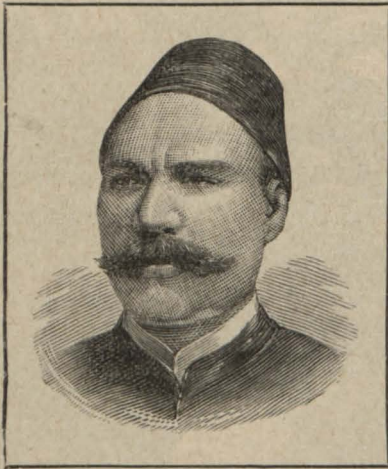
from Arabi's lines, from which it remained hidden by the impenetrable curtain of the night. Some of the regiments—notably the Highlanders—had but a few hours before hurried up to the front from Ismailia*; yet, though wearied

* For an account of many striking incidents of the march, some of our readers may be glad to be referred to the graphic narrative of Sergeant Arthur V. Palmer, of the 79th Highlanders, in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1890, entitled "A Battle Described from the Ranks," and to the controversy to which it gave rise in ensuing numbers of the same publication.

and other difficulties, would be about one mile per hour—just think of that!—so that by starting at 1.30 a.m., Sir Garnet calculated to reach the enemy's works just before the first gleam of dawn—so nicely was everything planned beforehand. "The long sojourn at Ninth Hill," wrote General Hamley, "while waiting for the moment to advance was of a sombre kind: we sat in silence on our horses or on the sand, while comrades moving about appeared as black figures coming out of the darkness, unrecognisable

except by their voices. A skirmish had taken place some days before near this spot, in which men and horses were slain, and tokens of it were wafted to us on the breeze." Once there was a false alarm on the right, and the prostrate men sprang to their feet; but it turned out to be only a body of British cavalry moving across the front of the line.

At last, in the lowest undertone, word was passed along all the line to advance, and soon nothing was heard but the "swish-swish" of the battalions footing it warily across the sand as if it had been snow—silence otherwise



ARABI PASHA.

and darkness around and above, with the stars shining down as they had done in the time of the Pharaohs and the other dynasties of Egyptian kings lying entombed in the Pyramids. Well might the British troops have been impressed with the suspense of the moment and the awful solemnity of the scene. Directing poles had been previously fixed in the sand by the Engineers, but they proved of little or no use, the only effective finger-posts being the everlasting stars, and even these were now and then obscured by clouds. Sometimes the mounted men of the Headquarters' Staff, moving up to the columns with whispered instructions, were mistaken for prying Bedouins; but silence and discipline were wonderfully well preserved, and forward, ever forward, moved the invisible and barely audible masses of fighting men. Once the Highland Brigade lay down to rest for twenty minutes, and this was the occasion of some confusion which was like to have ended in a calamity. For the order thus given in the centre of the Highland line did not reach the outer flanks,

by reason of its being so cautiously passed from mouth to mouth, till some time after, the consequence being that as the flanks continued to step out, while maintaining touch with the recumbent centre, those flanks lost their direction and circled round in such a manner that the Brigade finally halted in a crescent-shaped formation, with the right and left almost confronting each other; and but for the intelligence and efforts of the officers, these opposing flanks, mistaking each other for enemies, might have come to actual blows.

With great difficulty the proper march-direction was restored, and on again swept—or, rather, crept—the whole line, like thieves in the night. Weird and ghostly was the effect of the dim streaks, looking like shadows of moving clouds, but which were really lines of men stealing over the desert. All these men knew that they were forbidden to fire a single shot until within the Egyptian lines, and that these were to be carried with a cheer and a rush at the point of the bayonet; so that they almost held their breath with eagerness, and plodded ever on like phantoms of the desert—silent, resolute, and prepared. For nearly five hours they had thus advanced, and then they knew that the supreme moment must now be near. Nearer, indeed, than they fancied! For, to use again the words of General Hamley, who was riding behind his Highlanders: "Just as the paling of the stars showed dawn to be near, but while it was still as dark as ever, a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries, or small pickets, outside the enemy's lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the shots killed a Highlander; the movement was unchanged, and then a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before daylight, which just before seemed very doubtful. Yet a minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the Egyptian bugle was blown, and then the whole extent of entrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown of, poured forth a stream of rifle fire. Then, for the first time that night, I could really be said to see my men, lighted by the flashes. The dim phantom lines which I had been looking on all night suddenly woke to life as our bugles sounded the charge, and, responding with lusty, continued cheers, and without a moment's pause or hesitation, the ranks sprang forward in steady array."

It was as if the footlights of the rebel Pasha's long-extended stage had suddenly flashed out

with blinding flame; and now the vast and solemn theatre of the desert, which a moment before had been wrapped in the deepest silence and darkness, grew luminous with lurid jets of fire and resonant with the deafening rattle of Egyptian musketry and the roar of guns—a transformation scene as sudden as it was impressive. Never had British soldiers been actors on such a grandly picturesque stage. But do you suppose that these soldiers returned the volleys rained on them by the Remingtons of Arabi's men? Not a bit of it. Not a single shot was fired from our lines; but bayonets were fixed, and away like an avalanche dashed the redcoats on the foe. Their distance from the blazing line of entrenchment was deemed to be about 150 yards, and in the interval nearly 200 men went down, the 74th (Highland Light Infantry) on the left losing five officers and sixty men before it got to the ditch. This was six feet wide and four feet deep, and beyond was a parapet ten feet high from the bottom. The first man to mount this parapet was Private Donald Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, a brave young soldier from the braes of Athol; but he at once fell back among his struggling comrades with a bullet through his brain, dying the noblest of all deaths. Little wonder that, on passing the 79th, after the battle, General Alison exclaimed, "Well done, the Cameron men! Scotland will be proud of this day's work!"

It so happened that in the darkness the Highland Brigade, which formed the left of the attack, had got considerably in front of the rest of the line, so that it was the first, so to speak, to break its bayonet-teeth on Arabi's entrenchments; and the seizure of these works for the first ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the fight was the history of the advance of the kilted warriors from the North. They had not fought better even at Fontenoy, Quebec, and Quatre Bras; nor were their present foes to be despised, seeing they were allowed by all to have borne the charge with a discipline and a desperation worthy of the best troops. "I never saw men fight more steadily," said Sir A. Alison. "Five or six times we had to close on them with the bayonet, and I saw those poor men fighting hard when their officers were flying before us. All this time, too, it was a goodly sight to see the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders—mingled together as they were in the stream of the fight, their young officers leading in front, waving their swords above their heads—their pipes playing, and the men rushing on with that proud smile on their

lips which you never see in soldiers save in the moment of successful battle."

When the Black Watch had reached the crest of the works, and were being re-formed to attack some other guns in the interior entrenchments, a battery of the newly-formed Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery swept past them, shouting out "Scotland for ever!" as the Greys and the Highlanders had done on the ensanguined slopes of Waterloo. Here the Black Watch had to mourn the death of Sergeant-Major MacNeill, who fell pierced by three bullets after laying low six of the enemy with his good claymore. There is a story that at one time some confusion was caused in the onward rushing ranks of the Camerons by some voices shouting "Retire! retire!" and that these cries were found to have emanated from a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen"—Fenians who wished no good to the cause of England and her army—and that they were put an end to there and then, meeting with the just fate of all traitors. But this has been shown to be incorrect. There were no traitors at Tel-el-Kebir. The Irish soldiers did their fair share of the fighting. The Royal Irish on the extreme right, with a wild yell, and all the splendid valour of their nation, went straight as a dart at their particular portion of Arabi's works, carrying them with the bayonet, and turning the flank of his position.

All along the line the engagement now became general, our men plying butt and bayonet upon the Egyptians, who fell in scores—in swarms. At the bastions stormed by the Highland Brigade the enemy lay in hundreds. On the other hand, the total losses of the British army at Tel-el-Kebir amounted to 339, of which 243 occurred in the Highland Brigade, leaving 96 to represent the losses of the rest of the force.

Under the Queen's soldier-son the Guards were in the second line as a reserve, but so quickly and successfully had the works been stormed that they were not required to fire a shot. Some, however, were wounded (Father Bellew, their Roman Catholic chaplain, and Colonel Sterling amongst others), for Arabi's men shot high, sometimes over the heads of the attacking party. On the other side of the canal, the Indian contingent, with the Seaforth Highlanders, the bronzed companions of Roberts in his immortal march from Cabul to Candahar, had met with less opposition, and came up just in the nick of time to turn Arabi's right flank and complete the rout of his broken men. His camp, stores, and ordnance were all captured, and he

himself fled alone from the field of battle on a swift steed.

It was asserted by some of our ill-natured foreign critics who were rather jealous of our brilliant victory, that we had dimmed its lustre by massacring many of the wounded Egyptians. But this was not true in the sense implied. None but savage nations commit such barbarities, and British troops have never been wanting in a humanity equal to their courage. Certainly some of the wounded soldiers of Arabi had to be bayoneted as they lay, but this was simply owing to the fact that when our triumphant troops were rushing on through the prostrate ranks of their foes, numbers of the latter, feigning to be dead, suddenly raised themselves and fired at the backs of our forward-bounding men. There was even one case, at least, where a wounded Egyptian did this after being treated to a pull from the water-bottle of a kind-hearted Highlander (the Sergeant Palmer to whose account of the battle reference has already been made in a note); and for such an act of base ingratitude and treachery, there could only have

been one possible answer—the bayonet point. By the time the action was over, our own men were suffering frightfully from thirst, nor could many of them be restrained from rushing to quench their thirst in the adjacent canal, although the water was almost putrid from the corpses of men and the carcasses of animals.

The battle had been won by the British infantry, but the artillery and cavalry (as well as a splendid body of Blue Jackets) came up to carry on the pursuit of the flying foe and pluck the fruits of victory, which, on the night of the following day, fell into the hands of the English, when their cavalry, after a splendid forced march of about forty miles under a blazing sun, entered Cairo just in time to save the city from destruction and capture Arabi himself.

After Waterloo we sent the despot Napoleon to St. Helena, and after Tel-el-Kebir we sent the rebel Arabi to Ceylon, where he had leisure enough to reflect on the folly of having called out into the field against him as finely-organised a force as ever added lustre to the British arms.



ARABI SURRENDERING TO GENERAL DRURY LOWE.



IT must have seemed to the people of the United States as if Sunday was to be for them a day of fate. Bull Run, the initial battle of the Civil War, was fought on a Sunday, and Shiloh, the battle which may be considered the second clear point of the great struggle, began on a Sunday. But here coincidences between the battles did not end. A General Johnston (Albert Sidney at Shiloh and Joseph Eggleston at Bull Run) and General Beauregard commanded the Southern forces on both occasions; moreover, each battle may be said to have had two clearly defined parts, and in each first appearances, as is so often the case in things civic or military, proved deceptive. At noon on the Sunday of Bull Run the Federals had carried all before them; and at noon on the Sunday of Shiloh the South was in as favourable a position. Yet, in the end, the North suffered defeat at Bull Run, as did the South at Shiloh.

The fortunes of war, ever fickle, went sadly against the Confederates at Shiloh. Skilfully planned and boldly executed by the Southern leaders, if luck had been at all equally divided between the two armies, the Confederates must surely have won. But in the thick of the action, when Sherman had been driven back step by step, when Prentiss and his whole command had been captured, and when nothing seemed able to stay the march of the South, and none to withstand their savage charges—when, in fact, it looked as though Grant and his army must inevitably be annihilated or swept into the Tennessee River—then it was that a rifle-bullet struck General Johnston. The leader of the Confederate army fell, and in a few minutes bled to death.

The news ran along the Southern line, and to everyone who heard it, foretold disaster.

It checked the charges of the South more effectively than ten thousand Federals could have done. The men from the South lost heart. Their ardour cooled, and the partial cessation of the fight allowed the Northerners the breathing-time they so sorely needed.

To add to the confusion of the Confederates, General Beauregard, second in command to Johnston, could not at once be found, and for a time the army was leaderless. When Beauregard learned of the death of his chief, he hastened to assume command; but before he could get his army in hand, two invaluable hours were lost. This left him with far too short a spell of daylight before him to successfully accomplish all that was needed to be done for victory. Night came on, and with the night came General Buell and 30,000 men to the relief of Grant.

Next day General Beauregard found himself outnumbered, an army of fresh men opposing him, and the victory so nearly won was snatched from him.

The defeat of the Federal forces at Bull Run came as a great humiliation to the North, but it served a good purpose nevertheless. Up to the destruction of McDowell's army at Bull Run, the people of the Free States had looked upon the rebellion of the Slave States as a trivial matter, of little moment, scarcely a rebellion at all. But when the dead, wounded, and missing of Bull Run were counted, the gravity of the situation came home to a people unused to war. It was then recognised that the enlisting of 75,000 men, and these for three months only, had been but trifling with a situation full of grave danger. President Lincoln called for 500,000 men to serve for three years, and this call was answered by close upon 700,000. These men enlisted in all sincerity, and from that day to the close of the war there were no longer

lighthearted, boisterous mobs, tramping gaily to the South, but armies moving seriously, and fully recognising that a stubborn contest lay ahead. Bull Run was fought near Washington on the Atlantic slope, but Shiloh brings us to the Mississippi Valley. The battle-field is in the State of Tennessee, near to the border of the State of Mississippi, and rests on the Tennessee River at a place called Pittsburg Landing. Indeed, the battle would have been more appropriately named the Battle of Pittsburg Landing—many do speak of it as such.

Leading up to the Battle of Shiloh were several important movements and events. In the first place, at the outbreak of rebellion, the State of Kentucky, to use an American expression, attempted to "sit astraddle the fence." A majority of those in authority in that important State, sympathising with the South, but recognising that the people of the State were largely in favour of maintaining the Union, tried to induce them to declare neutrality—to notify both North and South that any attempt to send troops into Kentucky would be resisted by the troops of the State.

This, on the face of it, was an impossible position. If President Lincoln had recognised the right of a State to remain neutral, and to forbid the passage across it of national troops, he would soon have found a barrier of such States running clear across the continent, and in the end he would have been unable to stamp out the rebellion at all. Lincoln refused to recognise such a position, and the people of Kentucky, thinking better of it, declared their loyalty and offered service.

When those at the head of Southern affairs saw that Kentucky could not be hoodwinked even by such a plausible plea as negative action, General Polk, commanding a Southern force of considerable dimensions, was ordered to push up into the State. This he did, and seizing Columbus, an important town some twenty miles or so south of the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, established there his headquarters.

Another force of Southern troops took possession of Bowling Green, an important centre on the far east of Kentucky. Between these two Confederate centres the rivers Tennessee and Cumberland flowed, the rivers themselves and their valleys forming natural highways to the very heart of the South. To prevent any such use being made of these by the Federals, the Confederates built two forts—Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donaldson on the

Cumberland River. These were placed at points where the two rivers were only twelve miles apart; and a line drawn from General Polk's headquarters, Columbus, on the Mississippi east to Bowling Green, intersecting the two forts, would be the line between the North and the South.

This General Polk, commanding at Columbus, was a character in his way. When war broke out it found him Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Louisiana; and without resigning his ecclesiastical position—intending, in fact, to again resume active work when the war should be over—he accepted command of a Confederate force and served with considerable distinction, effectively checking Grant at the Battle of Belmont, and holding Columbus until the capitulation of Fort Donaldson, when he fell back to join General Johnston at Corinth, which movement brought him on the field of Shiloh. He was killed on Pine Mountain by a cannon shot in 1864.

When Polk and his Confederates seized Columbus, a Federal force was massed at Cairo, in the State of Illinois, not many miles north of the Confederate headquarters. Among the officers stationed at Cairo there was one who although as yet in a comparatively subordinate position, was destined to become the central figure of the war. Before the struggle ceased the name Ulysses S. Grant became known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Like a large majority of the officers engaged in the war, Grant had served through the Mexican campaign, and at the taking of Mexico won personal compliments from General Worth for, among many other remarkable deeds, mounting a Howitzer in a church belfry, and from that elevation firing upon the enemy. When the Mexican war collapsed, Grant retired from the army and lived in obscurity, at one time tilling a small farm near St. Louis, at another clerking in a hardware store, and again, earning his living as a carter; but when the civil strife began, the Governor of Illinois appointed him mustering officer, and step by step he advanced until the capture of Fort Donaldson brought his personality vividly before the people of America. From that day his fame as a leader spread. After years of fighting he brought the war to a conclusion, and before he died had been twice elected President of his country.

But stationed at Cairo, and confronting General Polk, he had his reputation still to

make. The headquarters of the Northern forces were at St. Louis, General Halleck being then the commander of the Federals in that part of the country. To him Grant proposed a scheme, and applied for permission to break the Southern line by an attack and capture of the twin forts, Henry and Donaldson. Supplementing Grant's appeal, this plan was urged upon Halleck by many prominent military experts in the North.

For a long time General Halleck did not even reply to Grant's request. However, on February 1st, 1862, Grant obtained the permission for which he sought, and, marching against Fort Henry, quickly reduced it. Without losing a moment's time he pushed across the twelve miles intervening, and set about the taking of Fort Donaldson. This proved a much more difficult undertaking than Fort Henry had been, but on account of divided authority among the Confederates holding the fort, and excellent fighting by the Northern forces, this in time fell. For these successes General Halleck was assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi, and Grant, raised to the rank of major-general, assigned to the command of the military district of Tennessee.

Polk evacuated Columbus, made a stand at "Island No. 10," was driven from there, and the Southern line was shattered.

Grant drove the Southern forces out of the State of Kentucky and across the whole breadth of the State of Tennessee.

General Johnston, the Southern commander, ordered a concentration at a place called Corinth, near the border-line of Tennessee and Mississippi, and the Northern forces concentrating at Savannah, twenty-three miles farther north, made the battle of Shiloh inevitable.

On March 11th President Lincoln in a war order commanded, "That the two departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tennessee, be considered and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said Department." Halleck was an exacting officer, who carried caution and prudence to such an extent that they ceased to be virtues. About the time Lincoln issued this war order, Grant in some way had offended Halleck, and, as a consequence, had

been superseded for the time being in the command by General C. F. Smith, a sturdy soldier, held in high esteem by his superiors. Smith was first ordered to Savannah, and when there, General Halleck instructed him to search out a fit position in the vicinity to assemble the Federal army preparatory to advancing on Corinth. Pittsburg Landing, nine miles south of Savannah on the Tennessee River, and on the direct line to Corinth, was the chosen spot, and thither General Grant, reinstated in his command, proceeded to take up his position to await the arrival of General Buell and 22,000 Northern troops who were on their way to reinforce him before he advanced to Corinth. Both North and South, recognising the inevitability of a decisive battle, set about the amassing of troops at their respective centres—Pittsburg Landing and Corinth.

Albert Sidney Johnston, a general who had seen much service against the Mexicans and Indians, and who was looked upon as the most brilliant of all the Southern leaders, had his headquarters at Nashville, Tennessee, when the crushing news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donaldson reached him. He saw that he must without delay fall back and at some point consolidate the scattered forces of the South. On February 18th he moved out, evacuating Nashville, and leaving in that city only a small company to preserve order, made Corinth his object point. General Beauregard, second in command at this time as at Bull Run, was guarding the Mississippi, and Johnston now set about joining their two armies to check the advance of the Federals under Grant. To accomplish this it was imperative that Johnston should give up his hold either on the Mississippi or Central Tennessee, and he decided to hold the Mississippi at all hazard. For this purpose, and to retain control of railways indispensable to the South, he decided that Corinth was the proper point for concentration. Picking up on his way all those who had escaped capture at Fort Donaldson, he arrived at Corinth on March 24th with 20,000 men. To meet him came General Bragg, from Pensacola, with 10,000 men; General Polk, from Columbus; General Ruggles, from New Orleans; and General Beauregard, commanding the whole. In all, his force numbered about 50,000 men. General Grant, already stationed on what was destined to be the field of the Battle of Shiloh, had about 38,000 men, and General Buell, marching to reinforce Grant, had something like 22,000 men.

Johnston's troops as a whole were poorly armed. Thousands of them were, in fact, practically without arms, and many regiments were under the necessity of borrowing rifles from other regiments with which to do their drills. Moreover, there was a serious deficiency

and roads well-nigh impassable from heavy rains and overflowing streams; but Grant, with false security, awaited his coming with no impatience. It seems never to have crossed Grant's mind that there existed a possibility of Johnston attacking him. He erected no breastworks, nor



SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD: SCENE ABOVE THE RIVER WHERE THE CONFEDERATES' ADVANCE WAS CHECKED IN THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

in ammunition, and the clothing of the majority of the troops was in a deplorable condition. But Johnston and his officers set to work with the greatest determination. Green regiments were broken into their duties, the country was scoured for volunteers, and train-loads of arms were hurried from the Atlantic coast. Johnston strained every nerve to complete arrangements and to get his army in a proper state to admit of his attacking Grant and beating him, before Buell could arrive with reinforcements. He had been so fortunate as to effect the concentration of his forces first, and there was, so it seemed to him, a good chance of finding himself in a position to fight the Northern army in sections. If he could but come at Grant before Buell arrived he entertained no fears of the results. Grant once beaten, a highway to the north would be thrown open to him. Buell, as it happened, was being seriously delayed by broken bridges

does he seem to have taken the simple precaution of keeping a sharp look-out with scouts or pickets at a reasonable distance in front of him. The absence of ordinary prudence must have cost him thousands of lives in this, the Battle of Shiloh.

All matters carefully arranged, Johnston determined to strike at Grant without further delay, issuing marching orders on the afternoon of April 3rd, and the Confederate army set out to surprise the Federal army as it lay on the banks of the Tennessee. The marching force consisted of 40,000 men divided into three corps, commanded by Generals Bragg, Hardee, and Polk; Breckenridge commanding the reserve. Johnston, of course, assumed supreme command, and Beauregard was second in command, without specific orders. Hardee led the van, Bragg followed, and Polk and Breckenridge on the left and right brought up the rear.

As it turned out, the march to Shiloh was one of galling hardship. Blinding sleet, and snow, and rain beat upon the advancing hosts that struggled along knee-deep in slush and mire, painfully dragging after them laden waggons and heavy guns. Ill clad, poorly fed, and sore-footed from long marches to the place of concentration, the soldiers of the South still made the best of matters, and seemed as eager as their commander to strike the blow before it would be too late. Johnston hoped to reach a position to permit of his attacking Grant early on Saturday, April 5th; but when he saw the slow progress his men made along roads that were nothing but stretches

Johnston bivouacked his army within four miles of the Federal camp, and neither Grant nor his officers knew anything about the movement.

To show how completely in the dark the Federal commander must have been, it is only necessary to look at official reports.

Sherman on Saturday reported to Grant—"All is quiet along my line"; and later, "I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position."

The same day Grant, reporting to his superior, Halleck, wrote—"I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attempt being made upon us"; and



THE MARCH TO SHILOH.

of quagmire, he almost despaired of ever covering the miles that lay before him, and, indeed, gave up all hope of surprising the Federals. That Grant would fail to hear of his approach he could not believe. But in this he was mistaken. Grant seemed to have abandoned all caution, and to have made very little, if any, attempt to keep himself in touch with the movements of the Confederates.

After two days wallowing through the mire,

in an earlier telegram he said—"The main force of the enemy is at Corinth."

When he was writing these words the Confederate army, 40,000 strong, was at his very door.

It clearly could never have entered the head of General Smith, when he picked upon Pittsburg Landing as the proper camping-place for the Northern army until such time as accumulated forces warranted a march against Corinth,

that there was a ghost or a chance of the South assuming the offensive. Three sides of the camp were bordered by waterways impassable to troops. To the rear of the camp the broad Tennessee River flowed, to the right Snake Creek, to the left Lick Creek—both deep, sluggish, and unfordable. The ground enclosed by these waters was high, and in places deeply scarred with gullies. The situation was a *cul-de-sac*, the only opening that towards Corinth. And when on that Sunday morning General Johnston's army suddenly appeared, stretching across this opening, the army of the North found itself in a trap from which, it beaten, there could be no escape. Retreat was utterly impossible. There was nowhere to retreat. Never was an army more hopelessly hemmed about than the army of Grant at Shiloh.

Shiloh Church stood at what may be called the entrance to the *cul-de-sac*. Against it, forming the right wing of Grant's army, lay Sherman, clearly the hero of the battle. In the centre, and on a line with Sherman, was stationed Prentiss, while at the extreme left near Lick Creek lay Stewart. To the left and rear of Sherman was McClernand, while in the rear lay the divisions of Generals Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace. Another General Wallace, Lewis by name, with 5,000 reserves, was encamped some miles distant on the northern side of Snake Creek. On the Tennessee River, opposite Pittsburg Landing, a few gunboats rode at anchor, and these, later in the day, played a prominent part in the action.

It was a few minutes after five o'clock on Sunday morning, April the 6th, that Johnston ordered his army to advance. A short distance from the Northern army the Federal pickets were encountered. These were brushed aside, and the Southern soldiers came cheering and firing through the wood. Before the Federals encamped on the banks of the Tennessee were rightly awake, the Confederates came charging down upon the camp. Sherman's men were the first encountered. The firing of the pickets and the subsequent cannonading had awakened this general to the situation, and he called his men under arms, and drew them up to resist the attack. Sherman's brigades standing firm as a rock, the Confederate attack glanced off his ranks and struck Prentiss with irresistible force. This unfortunate general attempted to stay the charge, and for some minutes his men, half-dressed and in confusion,

fought valiantly; but in a very short time Prentiss himself and whole companies of his men were surrounded and taken prisoners, his guns captured, and his camp overrun and destroyed.

Grant on Saturday had received a request from General Buell to meet him at Savannah on this Sunday morning. Little thinking that an engagement was imminent, Grant had gone thither to keep the appointment, and the first news he had of the Confederate movements was conveyed to him by the thundering of the cannon. Listening, he soon realised that a serious engagement was beginning. Taking steamer to Pittsburg Landing, he arrived on the scene of battle at eight o'clock, and found the whole Confederate army about his ears. With 33,000 men, to all intents and purposes men who had been taken by surprise, he had to fight 40,000, who for days had been looking forward to the fray. Already his men had been driven back all along the line. The situation was desperate, Sherman alone having for the three hours made a good struggle of it. Stubbornly fighting against overwhelming odds, himself sorely wounded, and his men falling by scores about him, General Sherman held his ground so that those behind him might have time to get into line and take up favourable positions. Hard pressed, and in the thick of the fire, he rode up and down the lines, personally supervising every detail of the fight, and nerving his men to the great occasion. But the soldiers of the South were not to be gainsaid. Like a wedge, they drove themselves between Sherman and Prentiss, being slaughtered by hundreds in the process; but, unflinchingly persevering, they assailed Sherman's left so savagely that the general was in the end forced to use his right as a pivot, and in that way to swing his whole command into a fresh position to save his left being turned. In the process he lost two of his batteries and his camp. This movement of Sherman's permitted General Johnston to hurl his forces against McClernand, who, unable to withstand the ferocity of the charge, was driven far back. Stewart, who held the extreme left near Lick Creek, also fell back, and Hurlbut in the centre was only saved from annihilation by General W. H. L. Wallace's division coming to his succour, and allowing his command to retire from the open ground into a wood, where all the day he was obliged to fight like a tiger, withstanding charge after charge delivered by the fiery Southerners. In the defence of this position General W. H. L. Wallace was killed.

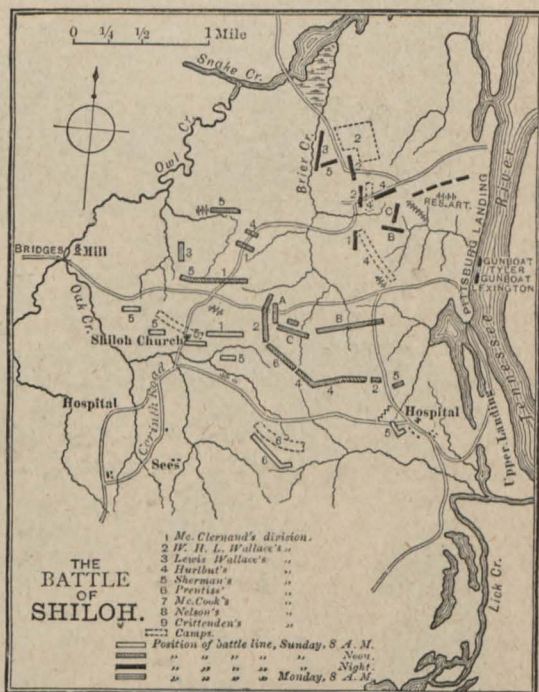
General Lewis Wallace, in command of the Federal reserves—5,000 men—lay the other side of Snake Creek, and for his arrival Grant waited with impatience, for matters were becoming desperate. The only way Wallace could possibly reach the scene of battle was by means of a bridge across Snake Creek, and so it seemed to Grant the existence of his army now depended on this bridge being held against capture. Sherman knew this, too, and he gradually fell back, until to fall back any further meant the loss of the bridge. Then he took up as favourable a position as he could find, and refused to retreat one step more, although one-half of the Confederate army dashed against his lines. During the long hours that he stood there, waiting for Lewis Wallace and the reserves, it seemed as though his whole command must be wiped out of existence.

Drawn up in the partial cover of a wood, with before them open rough country, across which the enemy's forces must rush, and with the knowledge that should they allow themselves to be forced back their whole army would be exterminated, each Federal under Sherman and McClelland stood and fought with the desperation of a trapped and stricken tiger. General Johnston, hoping to force the position, hurried forward brigade after brigade, and hurled them against the soldiers of the North. Again and again the van of the Confederates pierced the ranks of the Federals, fighting hand to hand and face to face, with thrust of bayonet and crash of clubbed rifle, but pierced the line only to be blotted out of existence by the men who stood, as it were, with their backs to a wall, and who fought the fight of grim despair. This was the first great slaughter-pen of the bloody battle of Shiloh. Whole companies of Southern troops, bareheaded, barefooted, in rags, hungry, and ill-equipped, but undaunted and determined, rushed headlong across the rugged ground, and with the fury of fanatics flew at the hemmed-in ranks of the North, only to be beaten back by those who could go back no farther. The men of the North grimly held to their position, trusting that fate would soon bring Lewis Wallace and his reserves on the scene to succour an already defeated army.

The South fought for victory, but the North fought for time, for darkness, for life.

At ten o'clock in the morning General Johnston had the satisfaction of knowing that all his plans had worked out to a nicety. He had forced Grant into a corner, carried position

after position, captured many guns, and taken prisoners by hundreds. Grant's army was now confined in a space of not more than 400 acres. At eleven o'clock there came a lull in the fight. The time had arrived for General Johnston to begin the second movement of his plan of battle. This was to turn Grant's left, sweep him from Pittsburg Landing, and crush the left against Sherman on the right. To do this the Confederates must advance across open ground in the very teeth of batteries and entrenched infantry. In the thick of this, the

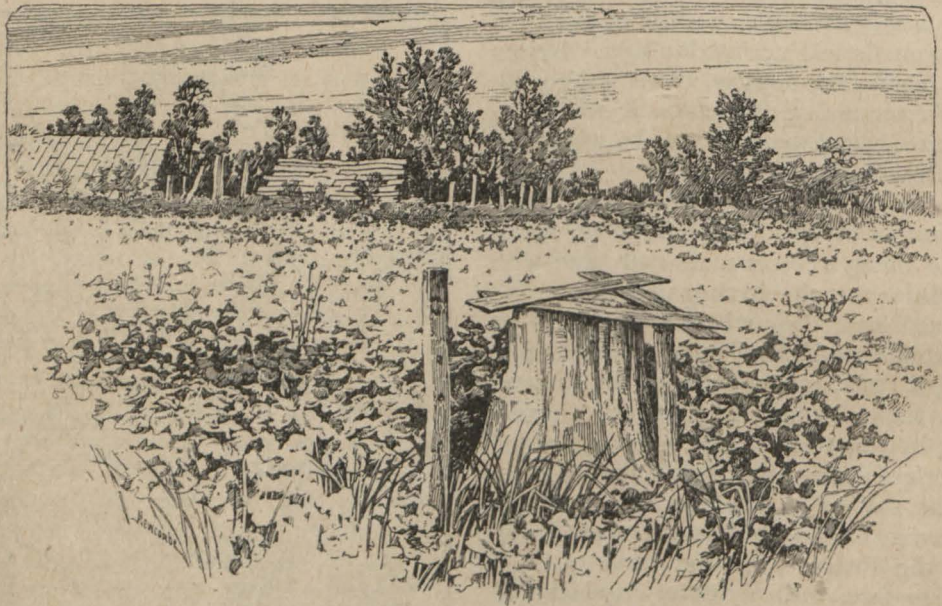


most difficult work of the day, the South suffered a sudden and irreparable loss. General Johnston while directing the movement was struck by a rifle-bullet. He fell, and almost immediately died. The news ran from lip to lip, and checked the charge. And, to add to the confusion, General Beauregard, on whom the command devolved, could not at once be found to be told that his chief was dead. The fight still continued, but during the time it took to find Beauregard, and the further time that elapsed before he could get the strings of battle into his hands, the Southerners fought themselves into some confusion, and Grant was able to re-form and tighten up his lines. Moreover, the Southerners had driven the Federals so close to the river that they themselves, in following up their successes, found themselves

within range of the guns aboard the boats on the Tennessee River, and shells from the gunboats began to play havoc in the Confederate lines. But this could not be helped. It was the price of success. The afternoon was advancing, and Beauregard hastened to the task of the turning of the left before darkness should make further fighting impossible. Across the ground that divided Federal from Confederate ran a deep scar, and on the shoulder of the opposite bank of this Grant had thrown up

reporting the state of things after the first day's fight, said :

"At six o'clock p.m. we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl (a tributary of Snake Creek) and Lick Creeks but one, nearly all his field artillery, about thirty flags, colours, and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small-arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions of



SHILOH BATTLE-FIELD : SCENE WHERE GENERAL JOHNSTON FELL.

some hasty breastworks. When the Southerners dashed into this gully, shot and shell from the gunboats on the river shrieked up the length of it, and an appalling rifle-fire came down the slope and into the mass of men that struggled forward to take the breastwork. The Federals were at their last resource. If the breastwork should be taken, and their left turned, it meant the end of all things to them. The Confederates, too, were in desperation, for night was falling upon the land, and victory still unwon. Into the valley they poured, and up the bank they struggled and scrambled, but scarcely one of them reached the top. Shot and shell and bayonet-thrust soon filled the valley with Southern dead and wounded ; and while the fight still continued, darkness fell, and put an end to the day's struggle. Beauregard,

war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory—such, indeed, as rarely have followed the most successful battles."

But this was to be the end of the fruits of victory for the South.

When the bugles rang out on the evening air the order to cease fighting, the soldiers of the North, as well as those of the South, sank to the ground in hopeless exhaustion. They had fought like fiends from early morning, travelled miles of country, scrambled through thickets, across quagmires and stagnant waters, hauling guns and waggons and stores, assisting the wounded, savagely attacking and repulsing attack ; and now that a truce for the night had been declared, the soldiers found themselves so worn and weak that many paid no attention to

the cravings of hunger and the urgings towards material comforts, but lay down on the ground and bivouacked where they had stood when the order to cease fighting reached them.

All the dark, stormy night it rained a chilling

Tennessee, kept up a deafening bombardment of the Confederate quarters throughout the whole of the night, the shells shrieking and crashing among the trees, hurling great limbs, and even whole tree-tops, to the ground, and



“UP THE BANK THEY STRUGGLED AND SCRAMBLED” (p. 212).

rain. A cold wind moaned through the trees, and so exhausted were the unwounded that the wounded lay in the main unattended. Grant himself lay with no other covering than the clothes he wore, his head to the stump of a tree, and passed the night as best he could. To add to the horrors of the night, the two gunboats, riding safely upon the bosom of the

finally setting fire to the leaves that were on the ground and the underbrush, until the badly wounded were burned where they lay.

It was indeed a night of horror, of suffering, and of despair.

But worst of all for the South, in the middle of the night Buell arrived, and had the field of battle explained to him; and when the morning

dawned, his army—22,000 men—fresh and eager to fight, marched upon the scene, together with General Wallace's 5,000 reserve. When Beauregard arose to continue the battle, he found himself hopelessly outnumbered, and, fighting bravely still, was rapidly driven from all the advantages he had gained, and in the end routed. His men marched a miserable march to Corinth, again through sleet and mire, but, fortunately for them, the North had been too sorely cut up to follow for any great distance. In this woeful retreat 300 men died of cold and privation.

In this Battle of Shiloh about 100,000 troops all together were engaged, and of these 23,269 were killed, wounded, or missing. It was simply a hard, stubborn fight from start to finish; and the death of Johnston, and Buell's fortunate arrival in the nick of time, in all likelihood saved the Northern army from a most disastrous defeat. The Confederates fought with the fury that distinguished them all through the war. On the other hand, the Federals fought with the dogged determination which ultimately won them the rights for which

they had taken up arms. Draper, in his history of the American Civil War, gives the following as the Federal and Confederate losses:—

In Grant's army there were six divisions. Their losses, in killed and wounded, were:—

1st. McClelland's, loss both days	...	1,861
2nd. W. H. L. Wallace's, loss both days	...	2,424
3rd. Lewis Wallace's, loss second day		305
4th. Hurlbut's, loss both days	...	1,985
5th. Sherman's, loss both days	...	2,031
6th. Prentiss' (no report), loss estimated		2,000

Aggregate loss 10,606

Of Buell's army, four divisions had marched to Grant's aid; of these, three were engaged:—

2nd. McCook's loss	...	881
4th. Nelson's loss	...	693
5th. Crittenden's loss	...	390

Aggregate loss 1,964

The Confederate losses were 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, 959 missing. Total, 10,699.

General Beauregard, after Shiloh, retired from the command of the Confederate forces on the plea of ill-health, and General Bragg was made permanent commander.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

[Photo., Handy, South Washington, D.C.]

AMOAFUL

BY G. A. HENTY

THE 31st of January, 1874, will long be a day noted in the memories of the people who were, prior to that time, a scourge to their neighbours and a standing menace to the native tribes under the British protectorate at Cape Coast. It is probable that the exact date itself has long ere this been forgotten, even if—which is very doubtful—the Ashantis possess a calendar, or have any means of calculating the dates of events, unless these happen to occur on the longest or shortest day, or, perhaps, on the occasion of a new or full moon. The memory of the battle, however, owing to a singular custom that prevails among them and the other peoples of the coast, will never be lost as long as the Ashantis remain a tribe. As the Greeks and Romans used to swear by their divinities, the Ashantis swear by their misfortunes; and the most solemn oath that can be taken by a king or chief of these peoples is a national defeat or disaster. Assuredly, then, Amoaful will for many generations be one of the most binding oaths among the Ashantis.

Ashanti had long shared with Dahomey the reputation of being the most warlike and blood-thirsty of the peoples of West Africa; they were constantly at war with their neighbours, the object of the incursions committed being not so much the extension of territory as the carrying away of large numbers of prisoners, to be sacrificed on the occasions of their solemn festivals. They had long borne ill-will to the British at Cape Coast, because of the protection granted by us to the Fanti tribes; and from the commencement of the present century hostilities have broken out at frequent intervals, and more than once the Ashantis have carried fire and sword up to the very walls of Cape Coast, and on one occasion defeated and destroyed a British force under Sir Charles Macarthy.

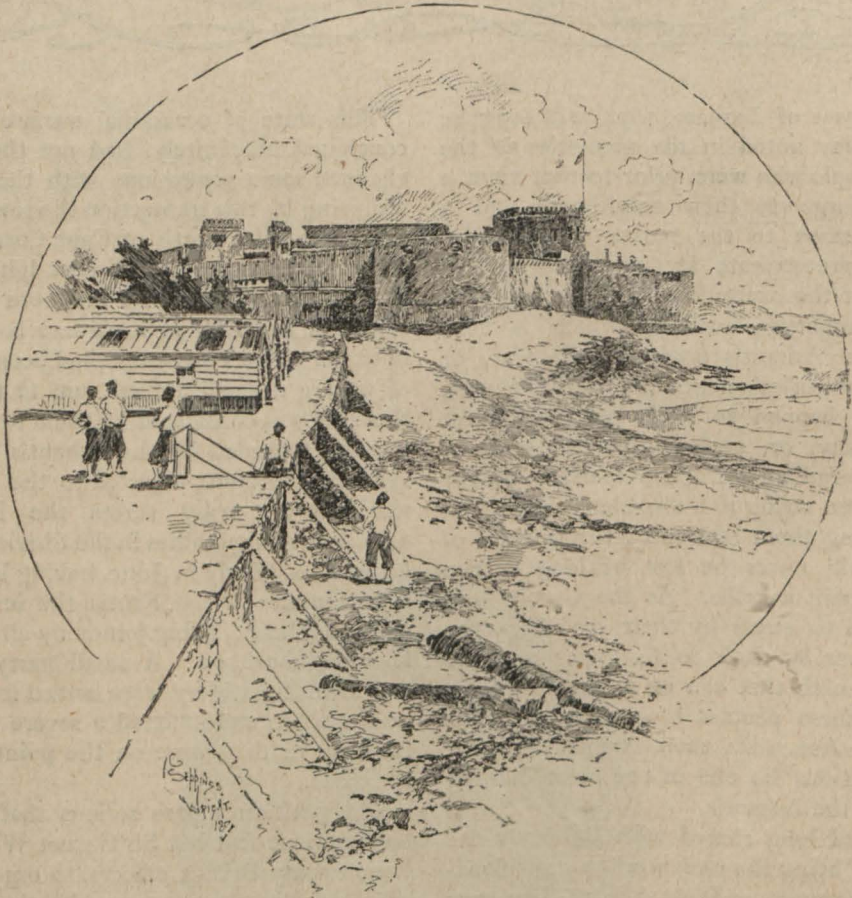
This state of occasional warfare might have continued indefinitely, had not the British exchanged some possessions with the Portuguese, acquiring by this transaction the town of Elmina, some five miles north of Cape Coast Castle, and the protectorate of the district lying behind it. The tribe of this district had been allies of the Ashantis, and Elmina itself had been their port of trade. The Portuguese had been in the habit of paying a small annual sum to the Ashanti; this sum was considered by them to be a present, but was regarded by the Ashantis as a tribute. Ashanti, therefore, objected to the transfer, and marched an army across the Prah to the assistance of their allies in the districts dependent on Elmina. Early in June, having brushed aside the resistance of the Fantis, the invading army reached Elmina, being joined by all the tribes in its neighbourhood. A small party of Marines and Marine Artillery were landed from the ships on the coast, and inflicted a severe blow on the invaders as they were on the point of entering the town.

The position was so serious that the British Government sent out Sir Garnet Wolseley, with some twenty British officers, to organise, if possible, a native force to cope with the enemy; or, if this could not be done, to prepare the way for the landing of a British force of sufficient strength to strike a heavy blow at the Ashantis in their own country. Just as the party left England, a disaster befell us. Commodore Commerell started to ascend the Prah with boats from the squadron on the coast. They had gone but a short distance when they were fired upon by the Ashantis, in ambush behind the bushes lining the bank of the river. Commodore Commerell was severely wounded, as were other officers and many seamen, and the expedition was forced to return.

The attempt to get up a large native force

failed ; but an expedition was undertaken from Elmina, composed of blue-jackets and marines, and a portion of the 2nd West Indian Regiment, and this, after a sharp brush with the enemy, burnt several villages and cleared the neighbourhood of the Ashantis, who had been suffering very much during the wet season from disease and the want of food. An attack on Abra Crampa, whose king had joined us heartily,

and when these landed, early in January, all was ready for their advance. The force consisted of a battalion of the Rifle Brigade and the 42nd ; the 23rd Regiment remained on board the transport that had brought them, it being considered that it was better for them to stay in reserve, as the difficulties of carriage were so great that the fewer the number of men taken up the better. There was also a naval brigade, composed of



CAPE COAST CASTLE.

was repulsed ; there was sharp fighting at Dunqua and other skirmishes ; and the Ashantis, disheartened by want of success, and more than decimated by fever, fell back across the Prah. The invasion had, thus far, been repelled solely by the naval forces, aided by the 2nd West Indian Regiment and two native regiments commanded by Sir Evelyn Wood and Major Baker Russell, each of whom had some eight English officers under him.

A road was made to the Prah, huts erected at suitable distances for the use of the white troops,

blue-jackets and marines, some companies of the 1st and 2nd West Indian Regiments, Wood and Russell's native regiments, and a battery of little mountain guns commanded by Captain Rait, and manned by natives trained by him. and a small party of Royal Engineers. After a few skirmishes of no great importance, the force made their way nearly to Amoafu, where it was known that the Ashanti army was assembled in force to oppose their further advance.

The white regiments halted at Ingafoo, while



"THE BONNY MEN LED THE ADVANCE" (p. 221).

the two native regiments, with the Engineers and Rait's artillery, marched forward to Quarman, a little more than half a mile from the enemy's outposts. Lord Gifford, who commanded the scouts, lay all day in the bushes within sound of the voices of the Ashanti, while Major Home, R.E., with the sappers, cut paths almost up to the edge of the bush. At half-past seven on the morning of the 31st of January, a naval brigade, with two companies of the 23rd who had just come up, the 42nd, and Rifle Brigade, arrived at Quarman and marched on without a halt, followed by the force already in the village, where a garrison was left with the baggage. The two native regiments were now reduced to but seven companies altogether, owing to the necessity for leaving garrisons at the various posts along the road. The plan of operations had already been determined upon. The 42nd Regiment were to form the main attacking force. They were first to drive the enemy's scouts from the little village of Agamassie, just outside the bushes where Gifford's scouts were lying, and were then to move straight on, extending to the right and left of the path, and, if possible, to advance in a skirmishing line through to the bush. Two guns of Rait's battery were to be in their centre, and to move upon the path itself. Half the naval brigade and Wood's regiment were first to cut a path out to the right, and then to turn parallel with the main path, so that the head of the column should touch the right of the skirmishing line of the 42nd, while the other half of the naval brigade, with Russell's regiment, was to proceed in similar fashion on the left.

The two companies of the 23rd were to come on behind the headquarter staff; the Rifle Brigade were to remain in reserve. The intention was that the whole should form a sort of hollow square, the column on the right and left protecting the 42nd from the flanking movements upon which the Ashantis were always accustomed to rely for victory. With each of the flanking columns were detachments of Rait's battery with rocket tubes.

The 42nd, as they burst out from the bush, encountered but little opposition; the eight or ten houses composing the village being occupied by but a small party of the enemy, who fled at once into the bush beyond. This was so thick, and the open ground round the village so small, that it was necessary to clear away a space for the bearers of the litters, surgical appliances, and spare ammunition, and it was

nearly half an hour before the rest of the force issued from the narrow path into the open.

The pause had been a trying one, for a tremendous roar of fire told that the Black Watch were hotly engaged, and, indeed, had gained but a distance of a couple of hundred yards while the native labourers were clearing the bush round the village. As soon as they reached the open space, the flanking columns turned off to the right and left, and it was not long before the increasing roar of musketry showed that they, too, were engaged.

The scene bore little resemblance to that presented by any modern battle-field. The Ashanti bush consists of a thick wood of trees some forty or fifty feet high, covered and interlaced with vines and creepers, while the heat and moisture enable a dense undergrowth to flourish beneath their shade. Above all tower the giants of the forest, principally cotton trees, which often attain a height of from 250 to 300 feet.

Progress through this mass of jungle and thorn is impossible even for the natives, except where paths are cut with hatchet or sword. These paths are generally wide enough only for a single file, and two persons meeting in opposite directions have a difficulty in passing each other, the more so as long use wears down the soft, moist earth until the tracks are converted into ditches two or three feet deep. The ground across which the 42nd were trying to force their way was more open than usual, owing probably to the undergrowth having been cleared away to furnish firing to the little village. It was somewhat undulating, and the depressions were soft and swampy. Each little rise was held obstinately by the enemy, who, lying down beyond the crest, behind trees, or in clumps of bush, kept up an incessant fire against the Black Watch; and even the aid of Rait's two little guns and two rocket troughs failed to overcome their resistance. The two flanking columns encountered even more strenuous opposition: before they could advance into the bush a way had to be cut for them by the natives under the orders of the Engineer officers. Although the troops endeavoured to cover this operation by an incessant fire into the bush on either side, the service was a desperate one. Several of the men fell dead from the fire of their hidden foes, others staggered back badly wounded, and Captain Buckle, of the Royal Engineers, one of the most zealous and energetic officers of the expedition, fell mortally wounded by two slugs in the neighbourhood of the heart.

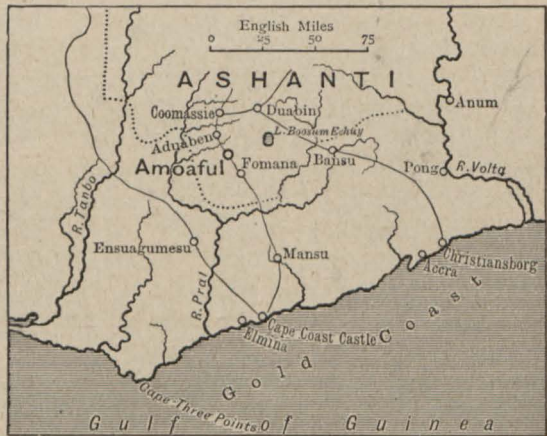
Little wonder was it that, although the natives behaved with singular courage, at times they quailed under the fire to which they were exposed; consequently the advance of the two columns soon came to a standstill, and the men lying down kept up a constant fire on the unseen enemy, directing their aim solely at the puffs of smoke spurting from the bushes. So difficult was it to keep the direction in this dense bush that both columns had swerved from the line on which it was intended that they should advance. The roar of fire was so general and continuous that none of the three columns were in any degree certain as to the direction in which the others lay, and from each of them messenger after messenger was sent back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had taken up his position with his staff at the village, complaining that the men were exposed to the fire from the other columns.

The noise was, indeed, out of all proportion to the number of combatants. The Ashantis use enormous charges of powder—which, indeed, would be absolutely destructive to the old Tower muskets with which they were armed were these loaded with tightly-fitting bullets. This, however, was not the case, as on the powder three or four slugs of roughly chopped-up lead were dropped loosely down: the noise made by the explosion of the muskets so charged was almost as loud as that of small field-pieces; and, indeed, although but two or three hundred yards from the village the reports of Rait's mountain guns were absolutely indistinguishable in the din. The trees broke up the sound in a singular manner, and the result was a strange and confused reverberation, mingled with the hissing sound rising from the storm of bullets and slugs mingled with that of the rockets. Well was it for our soldiers that the enemy used such heavy charges, for these caused the muskets to throw high, and the slugs for the most part whistled harmlessly over the heads of the troops and almost covered them with the showers of leaves cut from the trees overhead.

For an hour this state of things continued, the two companies of the 23rd were then ordered to advance along the main path and to aid the 42nd in clearing the bush, where the Ashantis still fought stubbornly not two hundred yards from the village. Two companies of the Rifle Brigade were sent up the left-hand road to keep that path intact up to the rear of the Naval Brigade, while on the right, the rear of Colonel Wood's column was ordered to advance further

to the right, so that the column might form a diagonal line, and firing to their right only, not only cover the flank of the 42nd, but do away with the risk of stray shots striking them. Wounded men were now coming fast into the village—42nd, Rifles, Naval Brigade, and natives.

On the left the firing gradually ceased, and Colonel McLeod, who commanded there, sent in to the general to say that he was no longer hotly attacked, but that he had altogether lost touch of the left of the 42nd. He was therefore ordered to cut a road north-east until he came in contact with them. He experienced a resolute opposition, but the rockets gradually drove the Ashantis back. In the meantime, the 42nd were fighting hard. In front of them was a swamp, and on the rise opposite the ground was covered



with the little harbours that constitute an Ashanti camp. Not an enemy was to be seen, but from the opposite side the puffs of smoke came thick and fast, and a perfect rain of slugs swept over the ground on which the 42nd were lying. The path was so narrow that Rait could bring but one gun into position. This he pushed boldly forward, and, aided by Lieutenant Saunders, poured round after round of grape into the enemy until their fire slackened and the 42nd were again able to advance.

Step by step they won their way, each advance being covered by the little gun, which did terrible execution among the crowded, though unseen, ranks of the enemy. The camp was won; but beyond it the bush was thick and absolutely impenetrable for a white soldier, and it was necessary to advance solely by the narrow path. This was swept by a storm of slugs from the bush on either side, although the Snider bullets searched the bush and the guns poured

in showers of grape. At last the Ashanti fire diminished, and the troops dashed forward up the lane, and the bush thickened on either side until too dense even for the Ashantis to occupy it. With a cheer the Black Watch issued from the upper end of the pass, and spread out into the wide open space dividing the village of Amoaful into two sections. For a short time the Ashantis kept up a fire from the houses and from the other end of the cleared space, but the 42nd soon drove them from the houses; and a shell from a gun fell among a group at the farther end of the clearing and killed eight of them, and the rest retreated at once. Major McPherson and eight other officers were wounded, and the total of 104 casualties in a force of 450 men showed how severe had been the struggle.

It was now twelve o'clock, and although they had lost their camp and village and had suffered terribly, the Ashantis were not yet finally beaten. The principal part of the force that had been engaged upon our left had swept round to the right, and were pressing hard upon our right column, and cutting in between them and the 42nd. Fortunately, however, the left column had cut its path rather too much to the east and now came into the main path, and so formed a connecting link between the 42nd at Amoaful and the head of the right column. Although the latter had been strengthened by the addition of a company of the Rifles, it suffered severely: Colonel Wood and six naval officers were wounded, together with some forty men. The fire of the enemy at last slackened, and it seemed as if all was over, when suddenly a tremendous fire broke out from the rear of the column, showing that the Ashantis were making a last and desperate effort to turn our right flank, and to retake the village from which they had been driven in the morning.

For a few minutes the scene in the village was exciting. So near were the enemy that the slugs came pattering down among the remainder of the Rifles still held in reserve there, and they and the guard of the reserve ammunition prepared to resist an attack, three companies of the Rifles at once moving out to prolong the rear of the right column, and so to cover that side of the village. For a while the roar of musketry was as heavy and continuous as it had been during the morning, and continued so for three-quarters of an hour. While it was going on another strong body of the enemy attacked Quarman, but the small force of forty men of the 2nd West Indian

Regiment and half a company of Wood's regiment, under the command of Captain Burnett, although taken by surprise—for with a great battle raging but half a mile away, they had no idea of being attacked—defended themselves with great gallantry, and even sallied out and brought in a convoy that had arrived near the village, and finally, being reinforced by a company of Rifles, took the offensive and drove off their assailants.

Finding themselves met on whatever side they attacked, the Ashanti fire began to relax. As soon as it did so, Sir Garnet gave the word for the line to advance, sweeping round from the rear so as to drive the enemy northward before them. The movement was admirably executed. A company of men who had been raised at Bonny, and who had fought steadily and silently all the time they had been on the defensive, now raised their shrill war-cry, and slinging their rifles and drawing their swords, dashed eagerly forward, while by their sides, skirmishing as steadily and quietly as if on parade, the men of the Rifle Brigade searched every bush with their bullets; and in five minutes from the commencement of their advance the Ashantis were in full retreat.

The number of casualties on the part of the white and native troops amounted to about 250—a very heavy proportion, considering the comparatively small number of the force engaged. Fortunately the wounds, for the most part, were comparatively slight: the flying slugs inflicted ugly-looking gashes, but seldom penetrated far. Captain Buckle, of the Engineers, was the only officer killed, but the number of wounded was large, and included two other Engineer officers out of the total of five engaged.

No one had shown more determined bravery than the natives, who worked as sappers under their orders. The work was trying enough for the men, who for five hours remained prone, returning the fire of their invisible foes. The natives, however, for the same time, were working continuously, cutting paths through the thick bush and exposed defenceless to the enemy's fire. Nearly half their number were among the wounded. The total number of deaths did not exceed twenty. On the side of the Ashantis no accurate record was obtained of the number who fell. It is their custom always to carry off the killed and wounded, unless hotly pressed; and therefore, until the last rush of the Black Watch into Amoaful, they had ample time to follow their

usual custom. Nevertheless, the number of dead found was very large, and the lowest calculation placed their loss at 2,000. Among these was Ammon Quatia, the general-in-chief of the Ashantis, and Aboo, one of the six great tributary kings of Ashanti. The Ashantis fought with extraordinary pluck and resolution ; they,

to the British for their long endurance of a terrific fire from unseen foes, by the manner in which they fought under conditions so absolutely novel to them, and for the unwavering resolution with which they won their way through the bush and finally defeated a foe of ten times their own numerical force. The victory of Amoaful



“EACH LITTLE RISE WAS HELD OBSTINATELY BY THE ENEMY” (p. 218).

indeed, enormously outnumbered the little British force, and their position was admirably adapted for their peculiar method of fighting. But, on the other hand, they were wretchedly armed, and their old and worn-out muskets were poor weapons indeed compared with the breech-loaders of the whites, who had, in addition, the assistance of their guns and rocket tubes.

Great credit was due to both sides : to the Ashantis for their obstinate and long-continued defence, and for the vigour with which, when their centre was penetrated, they strove to redeem the day by their flank attack upon us ;

virtually decided the result of the campaign, for although the Ashantis fought again on the other side of the river Dah, the terrible punishment inflicted upon them at Amoaful had greatly reduced their spirit ; nevertheless, they fought stoutly.

On this occasion the Bonny men led the advance up the path beyond the river, and before they had gone half a mile were hotly engaged. Lieutenant Saunders, with one of Rait's guns, endeavoured to clear the bushes, but little progress was made for two hours, and Lieutenant Eyre, the adjutant of Wood's regiment, fell

mortally wounded when standing near the gun. The Rifles now relieved the Bonny men, and led the advance, and made their way slowly forward until within fifty yards of a large clearing, surrounding a village; then with a cheer they rushed forward, drove the enemy from the clearing, and occupied the village. But behind them the combat raged for another two hours. The troops lined the sides of the path, and repulsed all the efforts of the Ashantis to break through them, holding the position while the native carriers took the stores, spare ammunition, and medical comforts along the path and up to the village. As soon as the last of these had passed along, the troops followed, until the whole force were gathered in and round the village.

The loss of the Ashantis can have been but little inferior to that which they suffered at Amoafu, for they several times approached in such masses that the whole bush swayed and moved as they pushed forward. On the other hand, our casualties were very slight, for as the road was, like all the paths in the country, hollowed out by the traffic fully two feet below the general level, the troops lying there were protected as by a breast-work of that height. When the whole force were assembled in the village, the enemy still kept up serious and desperate attacks upon the rear, but were always repulsed by the Rifles, who lined the edge of the clearing. Mingled with the continued din of musketry was the lugubrious roar of the great war-horns throughout the woods, and the wild war-cry of the Ashantis.

The halt was a short one; Coomassie was still six miles distant, and soon after the force were gathered round the village the Highlanders, with Rait's guns, moved forward along the path. For the first twenty minutes the fire of the enemy was very heavy, but when the Black Watch gained the crest of the rise beyond the village, the resistance became more feeble, and they dashed forward at the double, sweeping all opposition aside. The resistance of the Ashantis at once ceased; they had done all that was possible for them to do to oppose our advance, and had failed. Their main body was still in the rear of the village, engaged in unavailing attacks upon the force there. Probably their best and bravest troops were with this force, and at the rapid advance of the 42nd a panic seized the defenders of the path; those in the bush could not hope to move forward as rapidly as did the troops in the open, while those in the villages along the path, warned by flying fugitives of the rapid approach of the foe, joined in their flight. The

road was strewn with articles of clothing, the stools of state of the chiefs, weapons, and food.

From this time no single shot was fired. The warriors in the bush, seeing that they could not hope to get ahead of the advancing force and make another effort to defend the capital, either went off at once to their villages, or made a wide circuit and came down behind Coomassie upon the road between that town and a spot, five miles away, where the kings of Ashanti were buried, and where, doubtless, another battle would have been fought had the troops advanced to the sacred spot. The 42nd halted at the last village before arriving at Coomassie, until they were there joined by the rest of the force; then, after crossing a deep and fetid marsh surrounding the town, they entered the capital of the enemy. It was not, as might have been expected, deserted: a good many of the inhabitants remained, some of the men being still armed, and watched with curiosity rather than with alarm, the entry of the white warriors who had broken the strength of their nation. Orders were given to disarm them at once; but as soon as they perceived that this was the case, they gradually withdrew, and in half an hour the whole of the natives of Coomassie had disappeared in the bush.

Several fires broke out in various parts of the town. Some of these may have been the work of the Ashantis themselves, but most of them were caused unquestionably by the native camp-followers, who, in spite of the stringent orders against looting, stole away in the darkness to gather plunder. Some of them were flogged, and one was hung, and then, after posting pickets thickly outside the town, the troops went off to sleep.

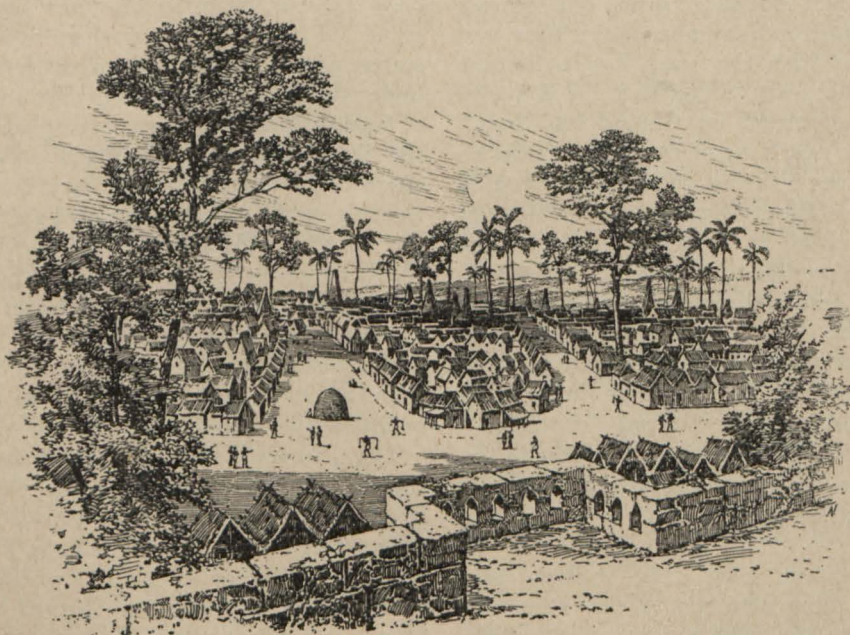
The next morning the captured town could be fairly seen. The streets were very wide; trees grew in them; and from the irregularity with which the houses were scattered about, it resembled a great straggling village rather than a town. The houses were of the kind with which the troops had already become familiar, and resembled the architecture of a Chinese temple rather than that of any other known building. Outside was an alcove with red steps, high raised floor, and white pillars supporting the roof. This formed the front of the house, and as there was no entrance from it into the interior, it was, in fact, a sort of summer-house and balcony, where the master must have sat to look at the passing world and chat with his acquaintances. Inside, the houses were all

of the same character, comprising a number of little courts with alcoves on one or more sides. Everything in Coomassie bore signs of the superstitious belief of the inhabitants in fetish. Over every door was suspended a variety of charms—old stone weapons, nuts, gourds, amulets, beads, bits of china, bones, and odds-and-ends of all kinds. The principal apartments of the larger houses were lumbered up with drums, great umbrellas, and other paraphernalia of processions; but there were no real valuables of any kind.

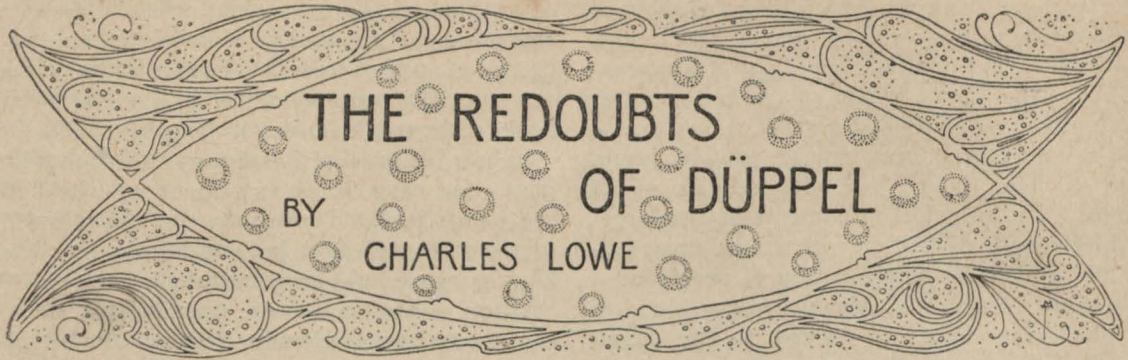
The great objects of interest to the troops in the town were the palace and the great fetish-tree from which Coomassie took its name. In a large clump of bushes adjoining the latter were found the remains of some thousands of victims sacrificed in the bloody festivals. The majority were, of course, but skeletons; but there were hundreds that could have lain there but a few weeks, many which must have been sacrificed within a few days. The stench from this charnel-place was horrible, and pervaded the whole town. The palace occupied a very large extent of ground. It consisted of a central stone building of European architecture, which was used as a storehouse and was crowded with articles of furniture, silver plate, gold masks, clocks, glass,

china, guns, cloth, and caskets, resembling in its confusion and the variety of its contents a succession of auction-rooms. The rest of the palace was of native work—similar, but on a much larger scale, to the houses of the great chiefs.

A horrible smell of blood pervaded the whole place—for many of the executions were held in the palace itself. During the day the rain fell in torrents; and as it became known that the king had gone right away into the interior of the country, as provisions were running very short, the troops were already feeling much the effects of the climate, and as the rains would swell every stream and fill every swamp, it was decided to make a start for the coast the next morning, after burning down the place that had been the scene of such countless horrors and atrocities. This was done as the column marched out of the town. The Engineers fired the houses and blew up the king's palace; and a vast cloud of smoke rising high into the air must have told the Ashantis, scattered far and wide through the forests, that vengeance had at last fallen on the city that had for so many years been regarded by them as sacred, and had been the object of superstitious terror and hate to the tribes for hundreds of miles round.



COOMASSIE.



THE REDOUBTS
OF DÜPPEL
BY
CHARLES LOWE

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race, was the beautiful and interesting province which formed the bone of bloody contention between the Prussians and the Danes in the year 1864, just a year after the Prince of Wales had wedded the Danish "sea-king's daughter from over the sea," and made all Englishmen take the very deepest interest in the hopeless struggle of her undaunted countrymen against an overwhelming foe.

The cause of quarrel was one of the most complicated questions which ever vexed the minds of statesmen, and seemed so incapable of solution that an irreverent Frenchman once declared it would remain after the heavens and the earth had passed away. But on the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark, in November, 1863, Herr von Bismarck, who had the year before become Prussian Premier, determined that the difficulty should now be settled by "blood and iron." Briefly put, the new King of Denmark, Christian IX., father of the Princess of Wales, wanted to rule over the Elbe Duchies, as Schleswig-Holstein was called, in a way, as was thought at Berlin, unfavourable to the rights and aspirations of their German population; while, on the other hand, the Germanic Diet, or Council of German Sovereigns at Frankfort, was resolved that this should not be so. And rather than that this should be so, it decreed "execution" on the King of Denmark, who had a seat in the Diet as for the Duchies, and selected two of its members, Hanover and Saxony, to enforce its decision.

But not content with this, Austria and Prussia, the leading members of the Diet, also resolved to take the field, as executive bailiffs, so to speak, of the judgment of the German Court; and this they did at the beginning of 1864 with a united force of about 45,000 men.

That was not so very large a force, considering the size of modern armies, but it was much larger than that opposed to it by the valiant Danes, about 36,000 in number, who were commanded by General de Meza. The Austrians were commanded by Field-Marshal von Gablenz, and the Prussians by their own Prince Frederick Charles, surnamed the "Red Prince," from the scarlet uniform of his favourite regiment, the Zieten Hussars.

The Commander of the combined Austro-Prussian army was the Prussian Field-Marshal von Wrangel—"old Papa Wrangel," as he was fondly called—who looked, and spoke, and acted like a survival from the time of the Thirty Years' or the Seven Years' War. He was a grim old *beau sabreur*, who, in his later days, used to grind his teeth (what of them were left) and scatter groschen among the street arabs of Berlin, under the impression that he was sowing a crop of bullets that would yet spring up and prove the death of all democrats and other nefarious characters dangerous to military monarchy and the rule of the sword in the civil state.

"*In Gottes Namen drauf!*"—"Forward in God's name"—"Papa" Wrangel had wired to the various contingents of his forces on the 1st February, when at last the Danes had replied to his demands with an emphatic "No!" and then the combined Austro-Prussian army swept over the Eider amid a blinding storm of snow.

The Prussians took the right, the Austrians the left of the advance into the Duchies; and after one or two preliminary actions of no great moment, the invaders reached the Danewerk, a very strong line of earthworks which had taken the place of the bulwark thrown up by the Danes in ancient times against the incursions of the Germans. Here the Prussians prepared for a stubborn resistance, but what was their surprise and their delight, on the morning of the

6th February, to find that the Danes had evacuated overnight this first bulwark line of theirs, leaving 154 guns and large quantities of stores and ammunition a prey to their enemies! Caution, not cowardice, had been the motive of this retreat of theirs, for they saw that, if they had remained, they would have run the risk of being outflanked and outnumbered; so they determined, from reasons of military policy, to retire further northward and take up their dogged stand behind their second line of entrenchments at Düppel, there to await the assault of their overwhelming foes.

Sending on the Austrians on the left into Jutland to dispose of the Danes in that quarter, "Papa" Wrangel selected the "Red Prince" and his Prussians to crack the nuts which had been thrown in their way in the shape of the redoubts of Düppel. Prince Frederick Charles was one of the best and bravest soldiers that had been produced by the fighting family of the Hohenzollerns since the time of Frederick the Great. A man about the middle height, strongly built, broad-shouldered, florid-faced, sandy-bearded, bull-necked, rough in manner and speech, and homely in all his ways—he was just the sort of leader to command the affections and stimulate the courage of the Prussian soldier. There was much of the bulldog in the "Red Prince," so he was the very man to entrust with such a task as that of hanging on to the Danes at Düppel.

Yet this task was one of exceeding difficulty, for the redoubts of Düppel formed such a formidable line of defence as had rarely, if ever, before opposed the advance of an invading army in the open field. All the natural advantages of ground, with its happy configuration of land and water, were on the side of the Danes, whose main object it was to prevent their foes from setting foot on the Schleswig island of Alsen,

forming a stepping-stone, so to speak, to Denmark itself, much in the same way as the island of Anglesey does to Ireland. To continue the comparison, the Menai Strait corresponds to the Alsen-Sund which separates the mainland of Schleswig from the island of Alsen. Of this island the chief town is Sonderburg, which was connected by the mainland, into which it looks over, by two pontoon bridges, at the end of which the Danes threw up a *tête-du-pont*, or bridge-head entrenchment, to defend the approach and passage; while about a couple of miles further inland they had constructed a chain of no fewer than ten heavy forts, or redoubts, all connected by lesser earthworks and entrenchments.

This line of redoubts, about three miles long, ran right across the neck of a peninsula of the mainland, called the Sundewitt, one end resting on the Alsen-Sund and the other

on a gulf, or bay, of the Baltic, called the Wenningbund. The redoubts were placed along the brow of a ridge which overlooked and commanded all the undulating country for miles in front, while in the rear again the ground dipped away gently down towards the Alsen-Sund and its bridge-head, affording fine shelter and camping-ground to the Danes. A lovelier or more romantic-looking region, with its winding bays and silver-glancing straits, its picturesque blending of wood and water, could scarcely be imagined.

Such a position as that which the Danes had taken up would have been of no value whatever against foes like the English, seeing that the latter might have gone with their warships and shelled the Danes clean out of their line of redoubts without ever so much as landing a single man, for, as already explained, the line of forts rested on the sea at both ends. But at this time, fortunately for the Danes, the Prussians had little or nothing of a navy, so that they



FIELD-MARSHAL VON WRANGEL.

must needs essay on land what they could not attempt by sea; while the Danes, on the other hand, though weaker on land, were decidedly superior to their foes on water. In particular, they had one warship, or monitor, the *Rolf Krake*, which gained immortal fame by the bold and devil-may-care manner in which it worried, and harassed, and damaged, and kept the Prussians perpetually awake. It lurked like a corsair in the corners of the bays, and creeks, and winding sea-arms of that amphibious region, and darted out upon occasion to shell and molest the Prussians in their trenches before the Düppel lines.

For the Prussians had soon come to see that it would be quite impossible for them to capture the Düppel redoubts save by regular process of sap and siege. The redoubts proved to be far more formidable than they ever fancied; and it would have involved an enormous sacrifice of life on the part of the Prussians to rush for them at once. The pretty certain result of such impetuosity would have been that not a soul almost of the stormers would have lived to tell the tale. For three whole years the Danes had been at work on these redoubts, and what it takes three years to construct cannot by any possibility be captured in as many days. Much had to be done by the Prussians, then, before sitting down before the redoubts. If a simile may be borrowed from the game of football, the "forwards" of the Danes had first to be disposed of. For not only did they occupy the redoubts, but likewise all the strong points in the country for two or three miles in front of them, just as modern ironclads hang out nets to guard their hulls from the impact of torpedoes. In a similar manner the Danes had thrown out a network of men to fend off all hostile approach to their forts and prevent the Prussians from settling down near enough to them for the purposes of sap and siege.

While, therefore, the Prussians were busy bringing to the front their heavy guns and other siege-material, others of them were set to the work of sweeping clean, as with a broom of bayonets, the open positions in front of the redoubts held by their defenders. But this sweeping process was by no means either an easy or a bloodless task. For while the Danes numbered 22,000 troops, the "Red Prince" in front of them disposed at this time (though later he was reinforced) of no more than 16,000 men, and there was always the danger that the Danes, assuming the offensive, would sally out of their

lines and seek to overwhelm their numerically weaker foes. Consequently the Prussians had recourse to the spade in order to supplement the defensive power of their rifles, and thus they first of all took up an entrenched position running in a long semicircle from Broacker on their right to Satrup on the left, at a distance of about three miles or more from the real object of their ambition—the line of Danish redoubts.

Two positions in front of these redoubts—the villages of Düppel and Rackebüll—were fiercely contested by the Danes; but on the 17th of March, after fighting in a manner which gave their foes a very high opinion of their courage, they retired behind their earthworks with the loss of 676 men, while the Prussians, on their part, had to pay for their victory by only 138 lives. This disparity in loss was doubtless due to the fact that, while the Danes were only armed with the old smooth-bore muzzle-loading musket, the Prussians had adopted the new *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun, the parent of all modern breechloading and repeating rifles, which gave them a tremendous advantage over their opponents. In one of the preliminary encounters above referred to, a party of Danes, against whom a superior force of Prussian light-infantry (*Jäger*) was advancing, threw down their arms in token of submission; but as the Prussians came forward, they snatched them up again, fired a volley, and rushed on with the bayonet. The Prussians let them come to within twenty-yards' distance, and then, raising their deadly needle-guns, shot them down to a man. The treacherous conduct of the Danes above referred to caused great bitterness among the Prussians; but, even after death, the latter showed their foes the respect which brave men owe to one another, and in West Düppel they raised a cross with this inscription:—"Here lie twenty-five brave Danes, who died the hero's death, 17th February, 1864."

The result of these preliminary tussles was that the Danes attempted no more outfalls, and from the 17th to the 28th of March one might almost have concluded that an armistice had been agreed to but for an occasional sputtering and spitting of rifle-fire between the foreposts, who thus employed their time when not exchanging other courtesies in the form of pipe-lights, tobacco-pouches, and spirit-flasks. But now the time was come when it behoved the Prussians to get as close to the redoubts as possible, for the purpose of opening their siege-

trenches, and General von Raven's Brigade was selected to sweep the ground in front of the Danish position of all its outposts. It was an early Easter this year, and just when the preachers were proclaiming to their congregations that the season of peace and goodwill to all men had now again come round, the Danes and Prussians were fighting like fiends under cover of the darkness.

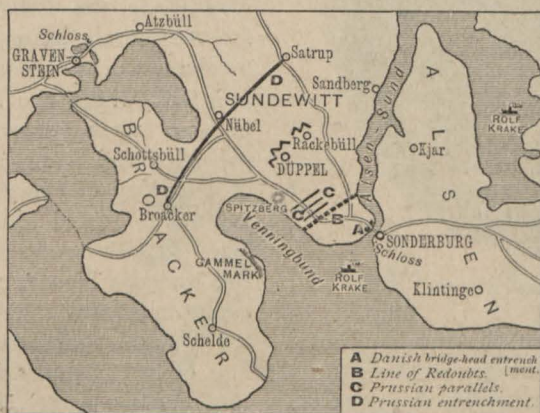
The 18th Prussian Fusiliers had crept forward as far nearly as the wire-fencing and palisades in front of the redoubts, when the dawn suddenly revealed them to the Danes; and just at this moment, too, what should appear upon the scene but the ubiquitous *Rolf Krake*, which, at a distance of about five hundred yards, opened upon the advancing Prussians such a shower of shell and grape-shot as forced them to retire, causing these baffled fusiliers to curse the very name of the ship-builder who had ever laid the keel of such a bold and bothersome vessel.

At length, during the night of the 30th March, the Prussians managed to open their first parallel at a distance of about eight hundred paces from the line of the redoubts, and now, so to speak, they had reached the beginning of the end. The men on duty in this parallel, or shelter-trench (about eight feet deep), were relieved at first every forty-eight hours, and then every twenty-four, the former period having been found to be too great a strain on the soldiers, who, in consequence, had soon as many as ten per cent. on the sick list. For nothing could have been more trying to the constitution than this trench-life, with its cold nights, and rain, and mud, and manifold wretchedness.

Yet the Prussian soldiers, who were all very young fellows—mere boys some of them—kept up their spirits in the most wonderful manner, and indulged in all kinds of fun—mounting a gas-pipe on a couple of cart-wheels, and thus drawing on the fire of the Danes, who imagined it to be a cannon; making sentries out of clay, and otherwise indulging in the thousand-and-one humours of a camp. They were also cheered by frequent

visits from their commander, the "Red Prince," who—although housed in most comfortable, not to say luxurious, quarters at the Schloss, or château, of Gravenstein, about six miles to the rear—failed not to ride to the front every day and acquaint himself with all that was going on. With such a commander soldiers will do anything, and hence the whole Prussian force in front of the Danish redoubts began to burn with a fighting ardour which neither cold, nor wet, nor knee-deep mud could in the least degree damp or depress.

On the other hand, the Danes, though better off for shelter in their block-houses, wooden barracks, and casemates, were not in such good spirits. One of the few things, apparently, that cheered their hearts was the sight of the numerous English tourists—"T.G's," or "travelling gents," as they used to be called in the Crimea, and *Kriegsbummeler*, or war-loafers, as they are dubbed in Germany—who, arrayed in suits of a most fearful and wonderful make, streamed over to the



Cimbrian Peninsula in quest of sensation and adventure, exposing themselves on parapet and sky-line to the shells of the Prussians with a devil-me-care coolness which proved a source of new inspiration to the Danes.

Simultaneously with the pushing on of their parallel work, the Prussians kept up a tremendous fire on the forts, but the Danes showed their good sense by lying quietly in their casemates and scarcely noticing the storm of missiles directed against them. These missiles did them and their earthworks very little harm, and they were not to be terrified by mere noise. Before the Prussians had settled down to their trench-work, their batteries over the bay at Gammelmark firing day and night had in the course of a fortnight thrown about 7,500 shot and shell into the Danish redoubts, yet not more than seventy-five officers and men had been killed or disabled by all this roaring volcano of heavy guns; and, indeed, it was computed about this time that the Prussians were purchasing the lives of their enemies at

about 500 cannon-shots per head. "The huge earthen mounds or humps (of forts)," wrote a correspondent, "might have marked the graves



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.

of an extinct race, or been the result of some gigantic mole's obscure toil," for all the signs of life which the Prussian bombardment drew from the redoubts.

One night a curious thing happened to a company of the 60th Prussian regiment. In the course of some skirmishing it got too far forward, and, when day broke, it found itself in a slight hollow of the ground so near to Forts 1 and 2 that, had it tried to return to its own lines, it must have been annihilated by the grape-shot of the Danes. The shelter afforded it by the nature of the ground was so trifling that the men were forced to lie down flat upon their bellies to avoid being shot. In this unpleasant position they lay the whole day, for the Danes, strange to say, did not seek to sally out and capture them; and it was not till late in the evening that the company, under cover of the darkness, was able to rejoin their friends. They had eaten nothing in the interval, for, though they had provisions in their pockets, or haversacks, the least movement they made to get at this provender exposed them to the enemy's fire.

The first parallel had been opened on the 30th of March, and the second was accomplished in the night of the 10th of April. It was now

expected that the "Red Prince," without more ado, would make a rush for the forts and be done with them—the more so as there now began to be whisperings of a political conference of the Powers which might meet and balk the Prussian soldier of the final reward of all his toil. But still Prince Frederick Charles gave not the signal for the assault, and then it oozed out that this delay was simply due to the command of his royal uncle, King (afterward Kaiser) William, a very humane monarch, who, wishing to spare as much as possible the blood of his brave soldiers, had directed that still another—a third—parallel should be made, so as to shorten the distance across which the stormers would have to rush before reaching the redoubts. Meanwhile the Prussians prepared themselves for the assault, among other things by getting up sham works in imitation of those they had to attack, where the battalions destined for the purpose were practised in breaking down palisades and using scaling-ladders, as well as in disposing of *chevaux de frise* and other impediments usual in the defence of forts. The Danish redoubts were known to the Prussians as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, beginning from their—the Prussian—right on the sea, and their foremost parallel fronted this line of forts from 1 to 6. Against these forts the Prussians had thrown up twenty-four batteries mounting ninety-four guns, and now at last these guns were to give voice in a chorus such as had not rent the sky since the fall of Sebastopol.

But just as every storm is preceded by a strange delusive silence, so the day before the assault on the Düppel redoubts—the 17th of April—was a beautifully calm, sunny Sunday, with earth and sky embracing in a common joy over the birth of spring, and the encircling sea smooth as glass—a lovely day, and the last but one that many a brave man was doomed to see. For the order had gone forth from Prince Frederick Charles that at 10 o'clock precisely on the following (Monday) morning the redoubts should at last be stormed. At dawn of day the whole line of Prussian batteries should open fire on the forts, pouring upon them one continuous cataract of shot and shell till 10 o'clock, when the storming columns would start out of their trenches and "go for" the redoubts with might and main.

At 2 o'clock a.m. these columns—six in number, drawn by lot from the various brigades so that all might have an impartial share

in the honour of the day—emerged from the Büffel-Koppel wood well in the rear, and silently marched in the darkness to the parallels. Each of these six columns was thus composed:—First of all a company of infantry with orders to take extended front about 150 paces from its particular redoubt, and open fire on the besieged. Following these sharpshooters, pioneers and engineers with spades, axes, ladders, and all other storming gear, including bags of blasting powder, and after them, at 100 paces distance, the storming column itself, followed at 150 paces by a reserve of equal

aroused out of their sleep by such an infernal outburst of cannon-thunder all along their front as had never before, in lieu of the twittering and chirping of birds, greeted the advent of a beautiful day in spring. For six long mortal hours did the Prussians continue this terrific cannonade, of which the violence and intensity may be inferred from the fact that during this time no fewer than 11,500 shot and shell were hurled at and into the Danish redoubts. The material damage done to these redoubts was less, perhaps, than the demoralisation thereby caused to their defenders; but the latter was



THE GERMAN SOLDIERS MAKING SENTRIES OUT OF CLAY (p. 227).

strength, together with a score of artillerists for manning the captured guns of the Danes.

The Danes, in the darkness of the night, knew nothing whatever of all these preparations, and it was only when the first streaks of dawn began to chequer the eastern sky that they were

the result which the Prussians, perhaps, aimed at and valued most.

Shortly before ten the awful cannonade suddenly ceased, and was followed by a few minutes' painful silence. During this brief interval the field-preachers, who had given the Sacrament to

all the stormers the night before, now again addressed to them a few fervid words of religious encouragement, and then at the "*Nun, Kinder, in Gottes Namen!*" ("Now, my children, away with you in God's name!") of their commanders, the six storming columns, raising a loud and simultaneous cheer, dashed out of their trenches and across to their respective redoubts to the stirring music of the *Preussenlied* played by the bands of three regiments—"Ich bin ein Preusse; kennt Ihr meine Farbe?" ("I am a Prussian: know ye then my colours?")

For a few seconds the Danes seem to be taken aback by this sudden onrush of their foes, and then they recognise that this is no mere outpost affair such as caused them some time before to boast that they had repulsed a Prussian attack all along their line. They look and comprehend; and by the time their Prussian assailants have half covered the distance between the trenches and the forts, their parapets are fringed with the smoke of sharp-crackling volleys of musketry, for, strange to say, they do not use their guns and dose their assailants with destructive rounds of grape. The Prussians rush forward, and many of them fall. Their pioneers cut down the wires, hack and blow up the palisades, tug, strain, and open up a passage for the stormers, who swarm down into the ditch and up the formidable face of the breastwork.

The Crown Prince, at the side of "Papa" Wrangel, is looking on from the Gammelmark height on the opposite side of the bay, while his cousin, the "Red Prince," and his staff have taken their stand on the Spitzberg, well to the rear of the line of zigzags. The stormers swarm up the breastworks like ants, and some of them fall back upon the heads of their comrades mortally struck by Danish bullets. At last they reach the top of the parapets and see the whites of their enemies' eyes, and a short but desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensues. Many of the Danes, seeing the foe thus upon them, throw down their arms and surrender, but many will not give in, and are shot or struck down with bullet, bayonet, and butt.

At Fort 2 the Prussians cannot force their way through the palisades, and are consequently slaughtered as they stand. "Better one of us than ten!" cries a pioneer, Klinké by name (for a monument now stands to his memory on the exact scene of his heroism), who rushes forward with a bag of powder and blows at once the palisades and his own person into atoms—sacrificing himself to save his comrades, and thus

secure himself a golden register in the annals of the Prussian army. The stormers now dash on and up, and presently the black-and-white flag of Prussia is seen waving on the parapets of the redoubt. It sinks again, but is once more raised to remain, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time that the stormers sprang out of their trenches they are masters of six redoubts. It was all done, so to speak, in the twinkling of an eye—short, sharp, and decisive. From the six redoubts thus so swiftly rushed, the Prussians made a sweep to the rear of the others, and captured them in much the same manner, though one fort spared them the necessity of fighting for it by surrendering.

As it was at Fort 2 where the highest act of individual heroism had been performed on the side of the Prussians by brave pioneer Klinké, so it was also within this redoubt that Danish courage found its most brilliant exponent in the person of Lieutenant Anker. The Prussians were quite aware that a man of more than usual bravery was posted here, for they had admired the stubborn valour with which the redoubt had always been defended. And when at last they had stormed their way behind its parapets, they beheld the man himself whose acts had hitherto moved their admiration. He had spiked some of his guns, and was in the act of firing another when a Prussian officer sprang upon him, and, clapping a revolver to his breast, cried, "If you fire, I fire!" Anker hesitated, and finally desisted. But just afterwards he took up a lighted match and was making for the powder magazine, when the Prussian officer cut him over the head with his sword, only just in time to prevent him from blowing up himself and a considerable number of his foes. He was then taken prisoner, and his lifelike figure may now be seen on the fine bronze bas-relief of the Storming of the Düppel Redoubts, which adorns the Victory Column in Berlin.

The Danes had been defeated—not so much because the Prussians were braver men, which they were not, as because the latter were armed with better guns and rifles, and more expert at handling them; but, above all things, because they had taken their foes by surprise. For it cannot be doubted that this was the fact. Said a Danish officer who was taken prisoner: "We waited all morning, thinking the assault might still be given, although we had expected that it would take place still sooner; we waited under the terrific cannonade kept up against us, while hour after hour passed slowly away. At

last we said to ourselves that we must have been misinformed, or that the Prussians had changed their minds, and the reserves were withdrawn. It was past nine o'clock when I left the forts and went back to breakfast. While thus engaged, I heard somebody utter an exclamation of dismay. 'What is that? The Prussian flag floats over Fort 4!' And so it was—the forts were lost."

But there was still another and a better reason for concluding that the Danes had not yet awhile expected the Prussian assault, and that was the circumstance that the *Rolf Krake*, most daring and deviceful of warships, did not immediately appear upon the scene to pour its volleys of shell and shrapnel into the flanks of the storming columns. True, it was lying at the entrance to the bay (Wenningbund), like an ever-vigilant watch-dog; but by the time it had got its steam up and come to where it was most wanted, the Prussians were already within the Danish redoubts, and, after firing a few ineffectual rounds, the monitor had to retire again well battered with Prussian cannon-balls, but by no means beaten yet like the battalions which had held the forts.

Yet even these battalions, when beaten out of the redoubts, continued to cling tenaciously to the ground behind them, and once or twice they even made a counter-attack with the object of recovering their lost positions. But Prussian ardour proved too much for Danish obstinacy; and at last the Danes in the country behind the forts, after several hours' fighting, were all swept back to the bridge-head in their rear, and then over into the island of Alsen, leaving their foes undisputed masters of all the field.

This latter phase of the fight was well described by a correspondent with the Danes, who wrote:—"Düppel was lost, but the battle was by no means at an end. Indeed, as we watched the terrible cannonade from 12 at noon till 3 or 4 p.m., the violence of the fire seemed to increase at every moment. Anything more sublime than that sight and sound no effort of imagination can conjure up, and we stood spellbound, entranced, rooted to the spot, in a state that partook of wild excitement and dumb amazement—a state of being which spread equally to the dull hinds, ploughmen, woodmen, and the foresters, and their families of wives and children, as they emerged from fields, woods, and huts, and clustered in awestruck, dumbfounded groups around us. The flashes of the heavy artillery outsped the rapidity of the glance that strove to watch them; the reports were far

more frequent than the pulsations in our arteries, and the reverberation of the thunder throughout the vast spreading forest lengthened out and perpetuated the roar with a solemn cadence that was the grandest of all music to the dullest ear. The air seemed all alive with these angry shells. I have witnessed fearful thunderstorms in my day in southern and in tropical climates; but here the crash and rattle of all the tempests that ever were seemed to be summed up in the tornado of an hour. Nor was all that noise by any means deafening or stunning. It came to us lingering far and wide in the still air, softened and mellowed by the vastness of space, every note blending admirably and harmonising with the general concert—the greatest treat that the most consummate pyrotechnic art could possibly contrive for the delight of the eye and ear."

Many of the Danes surrendered, but many more were taken prisoners; and as they came along the Prussian soldiers shook them good-naturedly by the hand and tried to cheer them up. Few of the men seemed to want cheering up, being only too glad, apparently, to have escaped with their lives, though their officers looked gloomy enough over their defeat. The Prussians found these captive Danes "sturdy fellows, but by no means soldierly-looking," with their "rich sandy hair reaching far below the nape of their necks." And, to tell the truth, their victors, no less than their admirers throughout Europe, expected that they would have made a far more vigorous defence; for desperate a defence could scarcely have been called which resulted in the capture of their chief redoubts within the brief space of about ten minutes.

The Prussians had won a glorious victory, but a dear one; for in dead they had lost 16 officers and 213 men, and in wounded 54 officers and 1,118 men. Among the officers who were wounded—mortally, as afterwards proved—was the brave General von Raven, who, as he was being borne to the rear, exclaimed: "It is high time that a Prussian General should again show how to die for his King." On the other side General du Plat was also killed, while in dead and wounded officers and men and prisoners the Danish loss otherwise amounted to about 5,500. Among the trophies of victory which fell into the hands of the Prussians were 118 guns and 40 colours.

On being informed of all this, King William telegraphed from Berlin—"To Prince Frederick Charles. Next to the Lord of Hosts.

I have to thank my splendid army under thy leadership for to-day's glorious victory. Pray convey to the troops the expression of my highest acknowledgment and my kingly thanks for what they have done." On seeing that victory was his, the "Red Prince" had bared his head and muttered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, while some massed bands played a kind

Prince Frederick Charles, his acknowledgment of their bravery. Following hard on his telegram his Majesty himself hurried to the seat of war, with his "blood-and-iron" Minister, Bismarck, at his side, and passed in review the troops who had so stoutly stormed the redoubts of the Danes. These troops appeared on parade in the dress and equipment they had worn on the day of



THE PRUSSIANS ATTACKING THE DANISH BREASTWORKS (p. 230).

of *Te Deum*. "In the broad ditch to the rear of Fort No. 4," wrote Dr. Russell, "the bands of four regiments had established themselves, and while the cannon were firing close behind them, they played a chorale, or song of thanksgiving, for the day's success. The effect was striking, and the grouping of the troops and of the musicians, with their smart uniforms and bright instruments, standing in the deep trench against the shell-battered earthwork, and by palisades riven and shattered and shivered by shot, was most picturesque."

But King William was not content with telegraphing to his troops, through his nephew

their great feat, and in the course of their march past jumped a broad drain to show his Majesty how nimbly they had stormed in upon the Danes. A fortnight later a select number of the Düppel stormers escorted into Berlin the guns—more than a hundred in number—which they had captured from the Danes, and were received with tremendous enthusiasm.

But this popular jubilation grew louder still when a few weeks later the war was ended altogether by the storming of the island of Alsen, into which the Danes had retired after their defeat at Düppel and entrenched themselves down to the water's edge. In the

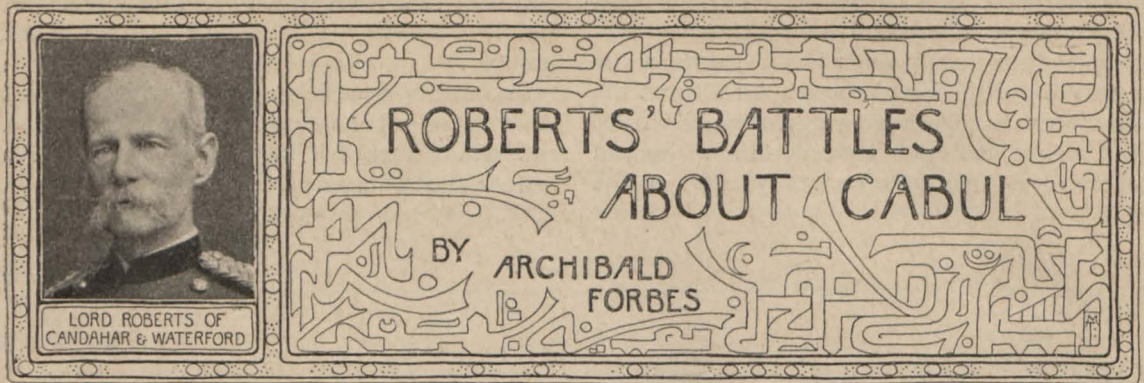
deep darkness of a summer night (June 29th) the Prussians, in 160 boats, crossed the channel—about eight hundred yards broad—between the mainland and the island, though not without the usual amount of harassing opposition from the *Rolf Krake*, and under a murderous fire jumped ashore and made themselves master of the

position in a manner which made some observers describe the affair as a mere "skirmish and a scamper."

But all the same it was a feat which recalled the "Island of the Scots," as sung by Ayton, and will always live in military history as a splendid feat of arms.



LIEUTENANT ANKER TAKEN PRISONER (p. 230).



THE Afghan War of 1878-79 was terminated by the completion of what is known as the "Treaty of Gundamuk," which was signed at that place in May, 1879, by Yakoub Khan—who, on the flight of his father, Shere Ali, had succeeded that ill-starred potentate as Ameer of Afghanistan—and by Major (afterwards Sir Louis) Cavagnari, representing Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India. This treaty gave practical—although, as it turned out, only temporary—effect to the "scientific frontier" of North-Western India, on the attainment of which the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister, greatly plumed himself. The "scientific frontier" detached from Afghanistan and annexed to British India for the time being a large tract of territory. The Treaty of Gundamuk stipulated that a British envoy should thenceforth be resident in the Afghan capital; and to the onerous and dangerous post, at his own request, was assigned the resolute and cool-headed officer to whose wise and calm strength of will was mainly owing the accomplishment of the treaty. Sir Louis Cavagnari took with him to Cabul a subordinate Civil Servant, a surgeon, and a small escort of the famous "Guides," commanded by the gallant Hamilton.

On the night of September 4th, 1879, a weary trooper of the Guides—one of the few who had escaped the slaughter—rode into a British outpost on the Shutargurdan height, with the startling tidings that Sir Louis Cavagnari, the members of his mission and the soldiers of his escort, had been massacred in the Balla Hissar of Cabul on the 3rd. The news reached Simla by telegraph on the morning of the 5th, and next day Sir Frederick Roberts, accompanied by Colonel Charles Macgregor, C.B., was speeding with relentless haste to the Kurum valley, the

force remaining in which from the previous campaign was to constitute the nucleus of the little army of invasion and retribution, to the command of which Roberts was appointed. In less than a month he had crossed the Shutargurdan, and temporarily cutting loose from his base in the Kurum valley, was marching swiftly on Cabul, whence the Ameer Yakoub Khan had fled and thrown himself on Roberts' protection.

All told, the army which Roberts led on Cabul was the reverse of a mighty host. Its entire strength was little greater than that of a Prussian brigade on a war-footing. Its fate was in its own hands, for, befall it what might, it could hope for no timely reinforcement. It was a mere detachment marching against a nation of fighting-men plentifully supplied with artillery, no longer shooting laboriously with jizaits, but carrying arms of precision equal or little inferior to those in the hands of our own soldiery. But the men of Roberts' command, Europeans and Easterns, hillmen of Scotland and hillmen of Nepal, plainmen of Hampshire and plainmen of the Punjaub, strode along buoyant with confidence and with health, believing in their leader, in their discipline, in themselves. Of varied race, no soldier who followed Roberts but came of fighting stock; ever blithely rejoicing in the combat, one and all burned for the strife now before them with more than wonted ardour, because of the opportunity it promised to exact vengeance for a deed of foul treachery. Roberts' column of invasion consisted of a cavalry brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Dunham Massy, and of two infantry brigades, the first commanded by Brigadier-General Macpherson, the second by Brigadier-General Baker, with three batteries of artillery, a company of sappers and miners, and two Gatling guns.

The soldiers had not long to wait for the first

fight of the campaign. At dawn, of October 6th, Baker marched out from Charasiah towards his left front, against the heights held by an Afghan host in great strength and regular formation. Sweeping back the Afghan hordes with hard fighting, Baker wheeled to his right, marched along the lofty crest, rolling up and driving before him the Afghan defence as he moved towards the Sung-i-Nagusta gorge, which the gallant Major White* had already entered. While Baker had been turning the Afghan right, White and his little force had been distinguishing themselves not a little. After an artillery preparation, the detached hill covering the mouth of the pass had been won as the result of a hand-to-hand struggle. Later had fallen into the hands of White's people all the Afghan guns, the heights to the immediate right and left of the gorge had been carried, the defenders driven away, and the pass opened up. Artillery fire crushed the defence of a strong fort commanding the road through the pass. The Afghans were routed, and on the following day the whole division passed the defile and camped within sight of the Balla Hissar, and the lofty mountain chain overhanging Cabul. In the fight of Charasiah less than half of Roberts' force had been engaged, and this mere brigade had routed the army of Cabul and captured the whole of the artillery the latter had brought into the field. The Afghan loss was estimated at about three hundred; the British loss was twenty killed and sixty-seven wounded.

On the 9th the camp was moved forward to the Siah Sung heights, a mile eastward from the Balla Hissar (the palace and citadel of Cabul), to dominate which a regiment was detached; and a cavalry regiment occupied the Sherpur cantonment, the great magazine of which had been blown up, and whence the regiments which had been quartered in the cantonment had fled.

It was a melancholy visit which Sir Frederick Roberts made to the Balla Hissar on the 11th. Through the dirt and squalor of the lower portion, he ascended the narrow lane leading to the ruin which a few weeks earlier had been the British Residency. The commander of the avenging army looked with sorrowful eyes on the scene of heroism and slaughter, on the smoke-blackened ruins, the blood-splashes on the white-washed walls, the still smouldering *débris*, the half-burned skulls and bones in the blood-dabbled chamber where apparently the final struggle had

* Now Sir George White, Commander-in-Chief in India.

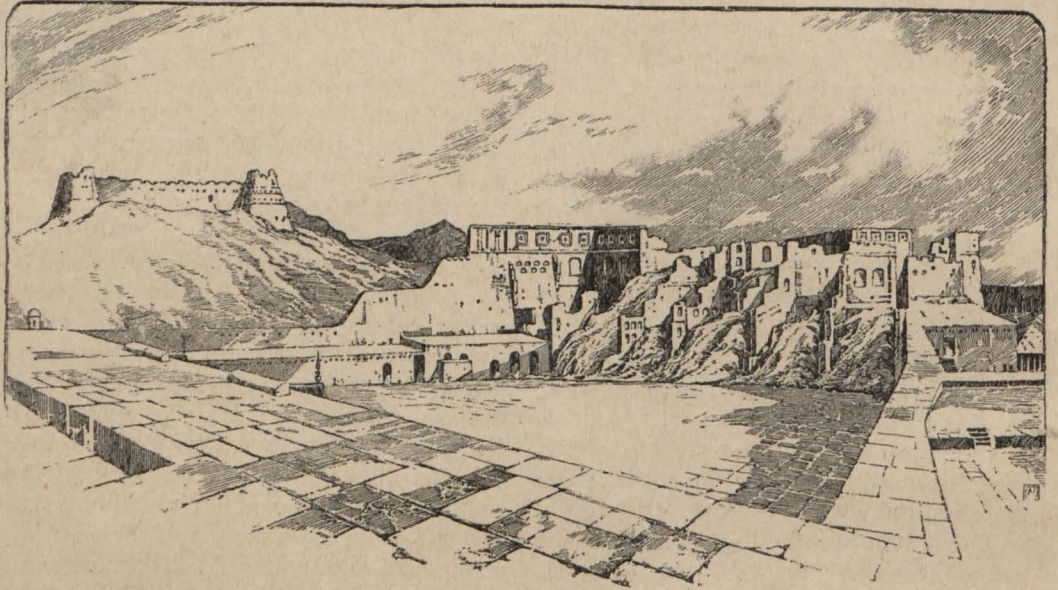
been fought out. He stood in the breach in the quarters of the staunch and faithful Guides, where the gate had been blown in after the last of the sorties made by the gallant Hamilton, and lingered in the tattered wreck of poor Cavagnari's drawing-room, its walls dented with bullet-pits, its floor and divans brutally defiled. Next day, under the flagstaff from which waved the banner of Britain, he held a durbar in the audience chamber of the palace—in front and in flank of him the pushing throng of obsequious sirdars, arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow; behind them, standing immobile at attention, the guard of British infantry, with fixed bayonets which the soldiers longed to use.

Promptitude of advance on the part of the force to which had been assigned the supporting line of invasion by the Khyber-Jellalabad route was of scarcely less moment than the rapidity of the stroke which Roberts was commissioned to deliver. But delay on delay marked the mobilisation and advance of the troops operating by the Khyber line. There was no lack of earnestness anywhere, but the barren hills and rugged passes could furnish no supplies; the country in rear had to furnish everything, and there was nothing at the base of operations, neither any accumulation of supplies nor means to transport supplies if they had been accumulated. Communications were opened from Cabul with the Khyber force and India, it was true, but no reinforcement came to Roberts from that force until the 11th December, when there arrived the Guides, 900 strong, brought up by Jenkins from Jugdulluck by forced marches. Five weeks earlier, when the Kurum line of communication was closed for the winter, Roberts had received the welcome accession of a wing of the 9th Lancers, Money's Sikh regiment, and four mountain guns: his strength was thus increased to about 7,000 men.

For some weeks after Roberts' arrival at Cabul, almost perfect quiet prevailed in and around the Afghan capital, but the chief was well aware how precarious and deceitful was the calm. When the impending announcement of Yakoub Khan's dethronement and deportation should be made, Roberts knew the Afghan nature too well to doubt that the tribal blood-feuds would be soldered for the time, that Dooranee and Baraksai would strike hands, that Afghan regulars and Afghan irregulars would rally under the same standards, and that the fierce shouts of "Deen! deen!" would resound on hill-top and in plain. He was ready for the strife, and would not hesitate to strike quick

and hard, for Roberts knew the value of a resolute and vigorous offensive in dealing with Afghans. But it behoved him, above all things, to make timely choice of his winter-quarters where he should collect his supplies and house his troops and their followers. After careful deliberation

Charasiah. The northern contingent from the Kohistan and Kohdaman was to occupy the Asmai heights north-west of the city, while the troops from the Maidan and Warduk territory away to the south-westward of the capital, led by Mahomed Jan in person, should come in by



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AFTER THE ATTACK.

the Sherpur cantonment, a mile outside of Cabul, was selected. It was overlarge for easy defence, but hard work, skilled engineering, and steadfast courage would remedy that evil. And Sherpur had a great advantage in that, besides being in a measure a ready-made defensive position, it had shelter for all the troops and would accommodate also the horses of the cavalry, the transport animals, and all the needful supplies and stores.

The deportation to India of Yakoub Khan and his three principal ministers was the signal for a general rising. The Peter the Hermit of Afghanistan in 1879 was the old Mushk-i-Alum, the fanatic chief moulla (or priest) of Ghuznee, who went to and fro among the tribes proclaiming the sacred duty of a religious war against the unbelieving invaders. The combination of fighting tribes found a competent leader in Mahomed Jan, a Warduk general of proved courage and capacity. The plan of campaign was comprehensive and well devised. A contingent from the Logur country south of Cabul was to seize the Sher Darwaza heights, stretching southward from Cabul toward

Urgundeh across the Chardeh Valley, take possession of Cabul, and rally to their banners the disaffected population of the city and the surrounding villages. The concentration of the three bodies effected, Cabul and the ridge against which it leans occupied, the next step was to be the investment of the Sherpur cantonment, preparatory to an assault in force upon that stronghold.

The British general, through his spies, had information of those projects. To allow the projected concentration would be fraught with mischief, and both experience and temperament enjoined in Roberts a prompt initiative. He resolved, in the first instance, to deal with Mahomed Jan's force, which was reckoned some 5,000 strong; the other contingents might be disregarded for the moment. On the 8th of December Baker marched out with a force consisting of 900 infantry, two and a half squadrons, and four guns, with instructions to break up the tribal assemblage in the Logur valley, march thence south-westward, and take a position across the Ghuznee road in the Maidan valley, on the line of retreat which it was hoped that

Macpherson would succeed in enforcing on Mahomed Jan. Macpherson was to move westward with 1,300 bayonets, three squadrons, and eight guns, across the Chardeh valley to Urgunde, where it was expected that he would find Mahomed Jan's levies, which he was to attack and drive southward to Maidan upon Baker. Should this combination come off, the Afghan leader would find himself, it was hoped, between the upper and the lower millstone, and would be punished so severely as to hinder him from giving further trouble.

It happened, however, as Macpherson was about starting on the 9th, that a cavalry recon-

the previously arranged combined movement and bringing about a very critical situation. After a sharp fight Macpherson routed the Kohistanees, and halted on the ground for the night. In the hope that the combination might still be effected, he was ordered to march southwest toward Urgunde on the morning of the 11th, where it was hoped he would find Mahomed Jan and drive him towards Baker. Macpherson had left his cavalry and wheeled guns at Aushar on the eastern edge of the Chardeh valley; and he was informed that they would leave that place at 9 a.m. of the same day, under the command of Brigadier-General Massy, and move across



"HE HELD A DURBAR" (p. 235).

naissance found the Kohistanee levies in considerable strength about Karez Meer, some ten miles north-west of Cabul. It was imperative promptly to disperse them, and Macpherson, on the 10th, had to alter his line of advance and move against the Kohistanees, a divergence from the original plan which had the effect of wrecking

the valley in the direction of Urgunde, where Macpherson, it was expected, would re-unite himself with them. Massy's orders were to proceed cautiously to join Macpherson, but "on no account to commit himself to an action until the latter had engaged the enemy."

Macpherson marched from Karez Meer at

eight a.m. of the 11th. Massy left Aushar an hour later, and went across country instead of keeping to the road. His force consisted of two squadrons 9th Lancers, a troop of Bengal Lancers, and four horse artillery guns. Near Killa Kazee his advance guard sent back word that the hills in front were occupied by the enemy in considerable force. Massy halted when he saw some 2,000 Afghans forming across the road, and from the hills to right and left broad streams of armed men pouring down the slopes and massing in the plain. The surprise was complete, the situation full of perplexity. There was no Macpherson within ken of Massy. If he retired, he probably would be rushed. If, on the other hand, he should show a bold front, and, departing from his orders in the urgent crisis face to face with which he found himself, should strain every nerve to "hold" the Afghan masses in their present position, there was the possibility that he might save the situation and give time for Macpherson to come up. Massy, for better or for worse, committed himself to the offensive, and opened fire on the Afghan masses. But they were not daunted, and the guns had again and again to be retired. The outlook was ominous when Roberts arrived on the scene. He acted promptly, as was his wont, directing Massy to retire till he found an opportunity to charge; he sent General Hills back to Sherpur to warn its garrison to be on the alert, and to order the despatch at speed of a wing of the 72nd Highlanders to the village of Deh Mazung in the throat of the gorge of the Cabul river, which the Highlanders were to hold to extremity.

The moment seemed to have come for the action of the cavalry. Colonel Cleland led his lancers straight for the centre of the Afghan line. Captain Gough, away on the Afghan left, eagerly "conformed," crushing in on the enemy's flank at the head of his troop. There have been few forlorn hopes than the errand on which, on this ill-starred day, over 200 troopers rode into the heart of 10,000 Afghans flushed with unwonted good fortune. Through the dust-cloud of the charge were visible the flashes of the Afghan volleys and the sheen of the British lance-heads as they came down to the "engage." There was a short interval of suspense, the din of the *mêlée* faintly heard, but invisible behind the bank of smoke and dust. Then from out the obscurity of the battle riderless horses came galloping back, followed slowly by broken groups of dismounted troopers. Gallantly led home, the charge had failed. What other could have

been the result? Sixteen troopers had been slain, seven were wounded; two brave young officers lay dead where they fell. Cleland came out with a sword cut and a bullet wound, which latter gave him his death a few months later. The Afghans pressed on. A gun had to be spiked and abandoned, its officer, Lieutenant Hardy, remaining by it until killed; three other guns stuck fast in a watercourse. All four were gallantly recovered by Colonel Macgregor the same afternoon by a most skilful and daring effort, which only he would have ventured upon. The retreat was stubborn and orderly; but there was an anxious interval at Deh Mazung until the Highlanders came through the gorge at the double; when, after a short interval of firing, the Afghans climbed the slopes of the Sher Derwasa heights, and occupied the summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah. Macpherson, marching in, struck and broke the Afghan rear. On the 12th, Baker fought his steadfast way back to Sherpur. The casualties of the 11th were not light—thirty men killed and forty-four wounded. The Afghans were naturally elated by the success they had achieved, and it was clear that Mahomed Jan had a quick eye for opportunities and some skill in handling men.

From the Sher Derwasa heights Macpherson, with barely 600 men, attempted, on the morning of the 12th, to carry the rocky summit of the Tahkt-i-Shah, but after a prolonged and bitter struggle it had to be recognised that the direct attack by so weak a force, unaided by a diversion, could not succeed. Macpherson remained on the ground he had actually won, informed that on the following morning he was to expect Baker's co-operation from the south. The casualties of the abortive attempt included three officers, one of whom—Major Cook, V.C., of the Goorkhas, than whom the British army contained no better soldier—died of his wounds.

The lesson of the result of attempting impossibilities had been taken to heart, and the force which Baker led out on the morning of the 13th was exceptionally strong, consisting as it did of the 92nd Highlanders and the Guides infantry, a wing of the 3rd Sikhs, a cavalry regiment, and eight guns. Marching in the direction of the lateral spur stretching out from the main ridge eastward towards Beni Hissar, Baker observed that large masses of the enemy were quitting the plain villages in which they had been spending the winter night, and were hurrying upward to gain and hold the summit of the spur, which constituted the main defensive

position of the Afghan reserve. His opportunity flashed upon the ready-witted Baker. By gaining the centre of the spur he would cut in two the Afghan mass, holding its continuous summit, and so isolate and neutralise the portion of that mass in position from the centre of the spur to its eastern extremity. To effect this stroke it was, however, necessary that he should act with promptitude and energy. His guns opened a hot fire on the Afghan bodies holding the crest of the spur. His Sikhs, extended athwart the plain, protected his right flank; his cavalry on the left cut into the groups of Afghans hastening to ascend the eastern extremity of the spur. With noble emulation the Highlanders and the Guides sprang up the rugged slope, their faces set towards the centre of the summit line. Major White, who had already earned many laurels in the campaign, led on the 92nd; the Guides, burning to make the most of their first opportunity to distinguish themselves, followed eagerly the gallant Jenkins, the chief who had so often led them to victory on other fields. Lieutenant Forbes, a young officer of the 92nd, heading the advance of his regiment, reached the summit accompanied only by his colour-sergeant. A band of Ghazees rushed on the pair, and the sergeant fell dead. As Forbes stood covering the body, he was overpowered and slain. The sudden and bloody catastrophe staggered for a moment the soldiers following their officer, but Lieutenant Dick Cunyngham rallied them immediately and led them forward at speed. For his conduct on this occasion Cunyngham worthily received the Victoria Cross.

With rolling volleys the Highlanders and the Guides reached and won the rocky summit. The Afghans momentarily defended the position, but the British fire swept them away, and the bayonets disposed of the Ghazees, who fought and died under their standards. The severance of the Afghan line was now complete. A detachment was left to maintain the isolation of some 2,000 of the enemy who had been cut off; and then swinging to their right with a cheer Baker's regiments swept along the spur towards the main ridge and the Takht-i-Shah. As they rushed forward they rolled up the Afghan line, and the enemy fled in panic flight. Assailed from both sides, for Macpherson's men were climbing the north side of the peak, and shaken by the fire of the mountain guns, the garrison of the Takht-i-Shah evacuated the position. Baker's soldiers toiled vigorously upward towards

the peak, keen for the honour of winning it; but that honour justly fell to their comrades of Macpherson's command, who had striven so valiantly to earn it on the previous afternoon, and who had gained possession of the peak and the standards left flying on its summit a few minutes in advance of the arrival of White's Highlanders and Jenkins' Guides. As the mid-day gun was fired in the Sherpur cantonment, the flash of the heliograph from the peak told that the Takht-i-Shah was won.

While the fight was proceeding on the mountain summits, another was being fought on the Siah Sung upland springing out of the plain, within artillery range of Sherpur. On this elevation had gathered masses of Afghans from the turbulent city and from the villages about Beni Hissar, with intent to hinder Baker's return march. The Sherpur guns shelled them, but they held their ground, and the cavalry galloped out from the cantonment to disperse them. The Afghans showed unwonted resolution; but the British horsemen were not to be denied. Captains Butson and Chisholme led their squadrons against the Afghan flanks, and the troopers of the 9th Lancers swept their fierce way through and through the hostile masses. But in the charge Butson was killed, and Chisholme and Trower were wounded; the sergeant-major and three men were killed, and seven men were wounded. Brilliant charges were delivered by the other cavalry detachments, and the Siah Sung heights were ultimately cleared. The Guides' cavalry attacked, defeated, and pursued for a long distance a body of Kohistanees marching north apparently with intent to join Mahomed Jan. The casualties of the day were sixteen killed and forty-five wounded—not a heavy loss, considering the amount of hard fighting. The Afghans were estimated to have lost in killed alone from 200 to 300 men.

The operations of the 13th were successful so far as they went, but the actual results attained scarcely warranted the belief that the Afghans had suffered so severely that they would now break up their combination and disperse to their homes. The General, indeed, was under the belief that the enemy had been "foiled in their western and southern operations." But the morning of the 14th effectually dispelled the optimistic anticipations indulged in overnight. At daybreak large bodies of Afghans, with many standards, were discerned on a hill about a mile northward of the Asmai heights, from which hill and from the Kohistan road they were

moving on to the Asmai crest. They were presently joined there by several thousands climbing the steep slopes rising from the village of Deh Afghan, the northern suburb of Cabul. It was estimated that about 8,000 men were in position on the Asmai heights, and occupying also a low conical hill beyond their north-western termination. The array of Afghans displayed itself within a mile of the west face of the Sherpur cantonment, and formed a menace that could not be brooked. To General Baker was entrusted the task of dislodging the enemy from the threatening position, with a force consisting of

up to the Afghan breastworks, on the northern edge of the summit. The British shrapnel fire had driven many of its defenders to seek shelter down in Deh Afghan; but the Ghazees in the breastworks fought desperately, and died under their standards as the Highlanders carried the defences with a rush. The crest—about a quarter of a mile long—was traversed under heavy fire, and the southern breastwork on the Asmai peak was approached. It was strong, and strongly held; but a cross-fire was brought to bear on its garrison, and then the frontal attack, led gallantly by Corporal Sellar of the 72nd, was



CABUL.

about 1,200 bayonets, eight guns, and a regiment of native cavalry. Baker's first object was to gain possession of the conical hill already mentioned, and thus debar the Afghan bodies on the Asmai heights from receiving accessions either from the hill further north or by the Kohistan road. Under cover of the artillery fire, the Highlanders and Guides occupied the conical hill after a short conflict. A detachment of all arms was left to hold it, and Colonel Jenkins, who commanded the attack, set about the arduous task of storming from the northward the formidable position of the Asmai heights. The assault was led by Brownlow's brave Highlanders of the 72nd, supported on their right by the Guides operating on the enemy's flank, and the Afghan position was heavily shelled from the plain and the cantonment.

In the face of a heavy fire the Highlanders and Guides climbed the rugged hillside leading

delivered. After a hand-to-hand grapple, in which Highlanders and Guides were freely cut and slashed by the Ghazees, the position, which was full of dead, was carried, but with considerable loss. The Afghans streamed down from the heights, torn as they descended by shell-fire and musketry-fire: when they took refuge in Deh Afghan that place was heavily shelled. The whole summit of the Asmai heights was now in British possession, and it seemed for the moment that a decisive victory had been won.

But scarcely had Jenkins found himself in full possession of the Asmai position, when the fortune of the day was suddenly overcast. A great host of Afghans, estimated to number from 15,000 to 20,000, had debouched from the direction of Indiki into the Chardeh valley, and was moving swiftly northward with the apparent object of forming a junction with the masses occupying the hills to the north-west of the Asmai heights.

handed over the local command to Colonel Long. On the 11th the Boers, who till then had contented themselves with the occupation of Colenso, showed signs of advancing. Parties of their mounted scouts rode into Chieveley, the next station down the line. Others, sweeping round to the eastward, entered Weenen, and precautions had to be taken to guard the line south of Estcourt, which might be raided and torn up by these flanking parties of the invaders. Colonel

waggons, and everything was ready for a retreat in case of the enemy developing a serious turning movement. After some anxious waiting for the attack to begin, the patrols sent out along the Colenso and Weenen roads brought back the news that the enemy was not advancing in force, but the Boers who had been seen were reconnoitring parties, numbering in all not more than 200 men. They exchanged a few shots with our scouts, but no one was hit on either



THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS JUST BEFORE EMBARKING IN THE ARMOURD TRAIN ATTACKED AND WRECKED NEAR CHIEVELEY BY THE BOERS.

Long reported that he might soon have to fight, and on the 13th a newly arrived battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment was sent up to him from Durban, and part of the naval detachment at Pietermaritzburg was also ordered up to the front at Estcourt. Next day our scouts reported that the Boers were advancing in force to attack the village. An alarm gun was fired, the volunteers hastened to their posts, and Colonel Long marched out with some of his regulars to take up a position on the hills east of the town, as rumour said the main body of the enemy was on the Weenen road. At the same time the baggage and stores were laden on the transport

side. The Boer patrols drew together and bivouacked at a point about five miles north-east of Estcourt. The garrison on its side bivouacked in heavy rain and great discomfort. The tents had been packed on the waggons, and it was not thought advisable to unpack and pitch them again, as it might be necessary to retreat early on the next day.

On the same day of this alarm a patrol sent north along the railway had driven off a party of Boers who were trying to destroy it near a culvert south of Chieveley. Next day the armoured train went north to reconnoitre beyond Chieveley. It was made up of a truck

carrying a 7-pounder muzzle-loader, with a crew of four man-of-war's men; an armour-plated and loop-holed car manned by a detachment of the Dublin Fusiliers; the engine and tender, in the middle of the train; then two more armoured cars manned by Dublin Fusiliers and Durban volunteers; and a truck conveying tools and materials for the repair of the line. The whole force on the train numbered 120 men, and it was commanded by Captain Haldane, of the Dublins, who had just recovered from a wound received at the battle of Elands-laagte. One of the correspondents, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, of the *Morning Post*, went out with the train.

"We started at half-past five," says Mr. Churchill, "and, observing all the usual precautions, reached Frere station in about an hour. Here a small patrol of the Natal police reported that there was no enemy within the next few miles, and that all seemed quiet in the neighbourhood. It was the silence before the storm. Captain Haldane decided to push on cautiously as far as Chieveley, near which place an extensive view of the country could be obtained. Not a sign of the Boers could be seen. The rolling, grassy country looked as peaceful and deserted as on previous occasions, and we little thought that behind the green undulations scarcely three miles away the leading commandoes of a powerful force were riding swiftly forward on their invading path. All was clear as far as Chieveley, but as the train reached the station I saw about a hundred Boers cantering southwards about a mile from the railway. Beyond Chieveley a long hill was lined with a row of black spots, showing that our further advance would be disputed."

A telegraphist who was with the train sent back a report of what had been seen, and Colonel Long wired from Estcourt ordering the train to return. As the train reached a point about a mile and a half from Frere, where the line curved round a hill at a range of not more than 600 yards from its crest, it was seen that there were some twenty Boers on the slope in front. But it was supposed that they were only a patrol that would be driven off by a shell from the 7-pounder and a volley from the rifles. What followed can be best told in Mr. Churchill's own words:—

"The Boers held their fire until the train reached that part of the track nearest to their position. Standing on a box in the rear armoured truck, I had an excellent view

through my glasses. The long brown, rattling serpent with the rifles bristling from its spotted sides crawled closer to the rocky hillock on which the scattered black figures of the enemy showed clearly. Suddenly three wheeled things appeared on the crest, and within a second a bright flash of light—like a heliograph, but much yellower—opened and shut ten or twelve times. Then two much larger flashes—no smoke, nor yet any sound—and a bustle and stir among the little figures. So much for the hill. Immediately over the rear truck of the train a huge white ball of smoke sprang into being, and tore out into a cone like a comet. Then came the explosions of the near gun and the nearer shell. The iron sides of the truck tanged with the patter of bullets. There was a crash from the front of the train, and half a dozen sharp reports. The Boers had opened fire on us at 600 yards with two large field guns, a Maxim firing small shells in a stream, and from riflemen lying on the ridge. I got down from my box into the cover of the armoured sides of the car without forming any clear thought. Equally involuntarily, it seems that the driver put on full steam. The train leaped forward, ran the gauntlet of the guns, which now filled the air with explosions, swung round the curve of the hill, ran down a steep gradient, and dashed into a huge stone that awaited it on the line at a convenient spot. To those who were in the rear truck there was only a great shock, a tremendous crash, and a sudden full stop. What happened to the trucks in front of the engine is more interesting. The first, which contained the materials and tools of the breakdown gang, was flung into the air, and fell bottom upwards on the embankment. The next, an armoured car crowded with the Durban Light Infantry, was carried on twenty yards and thrown over on its side, scattering its occupants in a shower on the ground. The third wedged itself across the track, half on and half off the rails. The rest of the train kept to the metals. We were not long left in the comparative peace and safety of a railway accident. The Boer guns, swiftly changing their position, reopened from a distance of 1,300 yards before anyone had got out of the stage of exclamations."

The shells were now bursting about the disabled train, and its occupants clambered out and gathered under the shelter it afforded from the direct fire of the enemy. The driver, wounded by a splinter of a shell, had left the

engine, declaring that this kind of thing was not the work he was paid for; but on being appealed to, to help to save part of the train, he returned to his post and behaved very pluckily. Captain Haldane, with the Fusiliers and Volunteers, had opened fire on the enemy, but as they kept under cover among the rocks it must have done them very little harm. Churchill, with another party, was working to clear the disabled truck in front off the line, in order that the engine and the rear part of the train might push on to Frere and escape capture. For more than an hour the work was carried on under fire, and at last the engine, already damaged by bursting shells, but still in working order, succeeded in pushing the wrecked truck aside. But the couplings that connected it with the rear of the train had been destroyed during the operation, probably by a direct hit of a small shell, and it had to go forward alone. An attempt to push the trucks up to the engine and recouple them ended in failure, and Captain Haldane then decided to put as many of the wounded as possible on the engine, and move forward to some houses about half a mile ahead, the survivors of the infantry marching under the lee of the locomotive. They could then hold the houses while the engine ran back to Frere and Estcourt to get the wounded away and bring back help.

The plan was only partly successful. As the engine retired rather rapidly under a shower of shells and bullets, the men could not keep up with it. As it ran on down the incline towards Frere and got away, about eighty men found themselves huddled together near the track, and exposed to a fire that soon killed or wounded one-fourth of the number. At this point a wounded soldier displayed his handkerchief as a white flag, and immediately the Boers ceased firing, "and with equal daring and humanity a dozen horsemen galloped from the hill into the scattered fugitives, several of whom were still firing, and called on them to surrender. Most of the soldiers then halted, gave up their arms, and became prisoners of war. Those further away from the horsemen continued to run, and were shot and hunted down in twos and threes, and some made good their escape."

Besides wrecking the train, the Boers had captured of unwounded or slightly wounded men fifty soldiers, four bluejackets, two officers, a correspondent, and three railway men. They were escorted to near the gun position, and

some time was spent looking for the severely wounded who had been left on the ground. The Boers said that they had found five dead and thirteen badly wounded. Besides these, about sixteen wounded had escaped on the engine. The Boers took good care of both the wounded and the prisoners. The commando that had captured them was under the orders of a Dr. Maxwell, a man of Scotch extraction, and among the burghers were two Englishmen. One of them discussed the situation with Churchill. "You are attempting the impossible," said the correspondent. "Pretoria will be taken by the middle of March. What hope have you of withstanding a hundred thousand soldiers?" "If I thought," answered the younger of the two Englishmen, "that the Dutchmen would give in because Pretoria was taken, I would smash my rifle on those metals this very moment. We shall fight for ever." If this was the feeling of the Outlander volunteers in the Boer camp, one can imagine what was the determination of the Boers themselves.

Mr. Churchill confesses that he was surprised at the courtesy and kindness of his captors. "I had read," he says, "much of the literature of this land of lies, and fully expected to be treated with every harshness and indignity." Another surprise was in store for him and his comrades in misfortune as they were marched to the place where they were to spend their first night in bivouac before being forwarded by train to Pretoria. "After a while," he says, "we were ordered to march on; and, looking over the crest of the hill, a strange and impressive sight met the eye. Only about 300 men had attacked the train, and I had thought that this was the enterprise of such a separate detachment, but as the view extended I saw that this was only a small part of a large, powerful force marching south, under the personal command of General Joubert, to attack Estcourt. Behind every hill, thinly veiled by the driving rain, masses of mounted men, arranged in an orderly disorder, were halted, and from the rear long columns of horsemen rode steadily forward. Certainly I did not see less than three thousand, and I did not see nearly all. Evidently an important operation was in progress, and a collision either at Estcourt or Mooi River impended."

When Colonel Long received the first news of the mishap to the armoured train, he sent out from Estcourt all the mounted men he could

muster to attempt the rescue of Captain Haldane's party. The relief force, which was only 180 strong, could, however, effect nothing. The party with the train had been made prisoners before the mounted troops had got clear of Estcourt. As they approached Ennersdale station they came in contact with small parties of Boers, who fell back before them, until at length, about 11 a.m., they found themselves in front of a force of eight or nine hundred mounted Boers. The British column had now in its turn to retire, and withdrew to Estcourt.

Barton's brigade, the 2nd Irish Fusiliers, arrived, and guns and transport were landing at Durban. So it was thought that the danger was over, and the Boers would soon be in full retreat from Central Natal.

The force of them that had crossed the Tugela was about 3,000 strong. But so rapid and daring were its movements, that the appearance of Boer commandoes, now here, now there, gave the impression that the invaders were in much more considerable numbers. They were variously reported as six, seven, and ten thousand strong, but there is good reason to



TRYING TO HELIOGRAPH INTO LADYSMITH FROM ESTCOURT.

In the evening of the same day General Hildyard arrived at Estcourt from Durban and took command. In the original scheme, Hildyard was to have landed his brigade at Capetown and gone up with it to De Aar Junction, where it was to form the second brigade of Lord Methuen's division. But General Buller, in his anxiety to protect Natal from the Boer invasion, and to relieve Kimberley, had abandoned the well-devised plan he had accepted before leaving England, and he had sent Methuen to De Aar with only his first brigade (the Guards) to organise a Kimberley Relief Force; while the other brigade of the First Division, formed of Hildyard's English regiments, was sent off to Durban to protect Natal. On November 16th the first two of Hildyard's battalions reached Estcourt, the 2nd West Surrey and the 2nd East Surrey. On the 17th a battalion of

believe that there were never more than 3,000 Boers south of the Tugela throughout the raid. It was the very daring of their operations that enabled them for some days to keep a much superior force idly on the defensive at Estcourt and the camp on the Mooi River, and to spread wild alarm to Pietermaritzburg, and even to Durban.

Advancing by Chieveley and Frere, the invaders swept round Estcourt and cut the railway and telegraph line to the south of it, thus isolating Hildyard's brigade. Then, following the Weston road past Willow Grange, they seized Highlands station on the railway in the range of hills that divides the valley of the Bushman's River from that of the Mooi River. General Barton's brigade of Fusilier regiments was on its way up from Durban. The seizure of Highlands prevented any trains going beyond



FEET INSPECTION AT ESTCOURT.

Mooi River station, and Barton's battalions detained and formed a camp there, to check the further advance of the raiders. The Boers descended into the valley east of the railway. The district was crowded with refugee farmers who had driven their flocks down from Northern Natal to save them from being commandeered by the invaders, and the Boers made several seizures. Amongst other valuable booty, they drove off a couple of hundred thoroughbred horses from the stud farm of a colonial horse-breeding company. From Durban, where he still had his headquarters, General Clery issued a proclamation warning everyone that martial law was in force in Natal, that severe penalties would be incurred by all who gave any assistance to the enemy, and that full reparation would be exacted for any damage done to the property of loyal settlers.

By the end of the third week of November the situation in Natal was embarrassing and humiliating. Sir George White, with the army originally entrusted with the defence of the colony, was shut up in Ladysmith. The railway for miles south of that place was in the hands of the Boers. General Hildyard's brigade was cut off from its communications and threatened with a siege at Estcourt, and at the Mooi River camp Barton had the invaders on his front and flanks, and ran some risk of being also invested.

On November 22nd Hildyard made an attempt to clear his communications to the southward, and the result was the engagement sometimes described as the Battle of Willow Grange, though it was really only a skirmish on a large scale. On the 20th his scouts had brought in news that a Boer commando of about 700 men, with eight waggons, was camped near Willow Grange. That evening Colonel Martyr, D.S.O., an officer who had distinguished himself under Lord Kitchener in the Soudan, and in independent command in Uganda, was ordered to go out with the mounted troops and attack the Boers at dawn. He had with him a squadron of the Imperial Light Horse, a squadron of the Natal Carbineers, and a company of mounted infantry belonging to the King's Royal Rifles, and two 9-pounder guns belonging to the Natal Volunteer Artillery. It was hoped that Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, who were reported to have reached Highlands station from the Mooi River, would join hands with Martyr's column on the scene of action.

Leaving the guns on the road, Martyr, after a

march of about nine miles with some of his mounted troops, came in sight of the Boer camp in the dusk of the evening. He could see the camp fires burning about a mile and a half away, and he resolved to anticipate the time of attack, and begin by shelling the camp. He therefore sent a messenger back for the guns, but, to his disappointment, was informed that, through some mistake, the artillerymen had returned to camp with the 9-pounders, and he had to do without them. The little column bivouacked for the night. The Boer position was stealthily reconnoitred, and Colonel Martyr still hoped to rush it at dawn; but before the time came for moving he received an order to fall back on Estcourt. The fact was that the authorities there were receiving almost hourly reports of Boer commandoes on the move all round them, and were afraid of the small detached column being cut off.

On the 22nd General Hildyard went out with some of the mounted troop to reconnoitre, with a view to making an attempt to reopen communication with the troops at Mooi River. He decided on an attempt to capture the enemy's position commanding the road southwards. The strong point of it was a high kopje known as Ambouwane, or the Red Hill, five miles south of Willow Grange station. On the afternoon the troops that were to be engaged in this enterprise marched out from Estcourt and occupied Beacon Hill, an eminence about half-way to the enemy's position. The troops were: four companies of the 2nd Queen's West Surrey Regiment, the 2nd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, the Durban Light Infantry, and seven companies of the 2nd East Surrey Regiment. For artillery, there was the 7th Battery R.F.A. and a naval detachment with a 12-pounder quick-firer. Colonel Kitchener, the brother of Lord Kitchener, was given the command of the column, which was ordered to attack the Boer position at dawn on the 23rd, and "seize the enemy's guns and laager." Colonel Kitchener ordered the Yorkshires and the East Surreys to surprise the position in the darkness before the dawn. The Border Regiment was to come up in support as soon as it was daylight.

With the help of a huge team of oxen, the naval gun was got to the top of Beacon Hill. The Boers saw the gun on the summit, and opened fire from their position with a long-ranging Creusot gun. The sailors replied, but there was no damage done on either side. It

was a mistake to have shown the gun on Beacon Hill. It told the Boers that a movement was in progress against them, and put them on the alert for the night attack. After dark it rained heavily, and the men in their exposed bivouac on Beacon Hill were soaked to the skin, and could get no sleep.

At last the order was given to fall in, and the two regiments started, the direction being taken under the guidance of a local British farmer, a

back to a second position further to the rear. They had removed their big gun, but brought a Nordenfeldt into action. The surprise had completely failed, and reluctantly the order was given to fall back. The retirement was covered by the fire of the big naval gun on Beacon Hill; but there was a good deal of loss, as the Boers almost at once reoccupied the first position from which they had been driven.

The British losses were eleven killed, sixty-



SIR GEORGE WHITE'S HEADQUARTERS AT LADYSMITH.

Mr. Chapman, who had offered his services to Colonel Kitchener, and accompanied him. Half-way up the ridge held by the enemy a Boer picket challenged the advancing troops in English: "Who goes there?" and on getting no reply, fired down the slope. Although strict orders had been given not to fire, some of the Yorkshires replied with a volley. The Boers were now thoroughly on the alert, and as our men rushed the ridge they were met with a straggling fire from various points. It was just the beginning of the dawn, and in the semi-darkness the Yorkshires and the Surrey men, reaching the top at different points, fired into each other. Meanwhile, the Boers had fallen

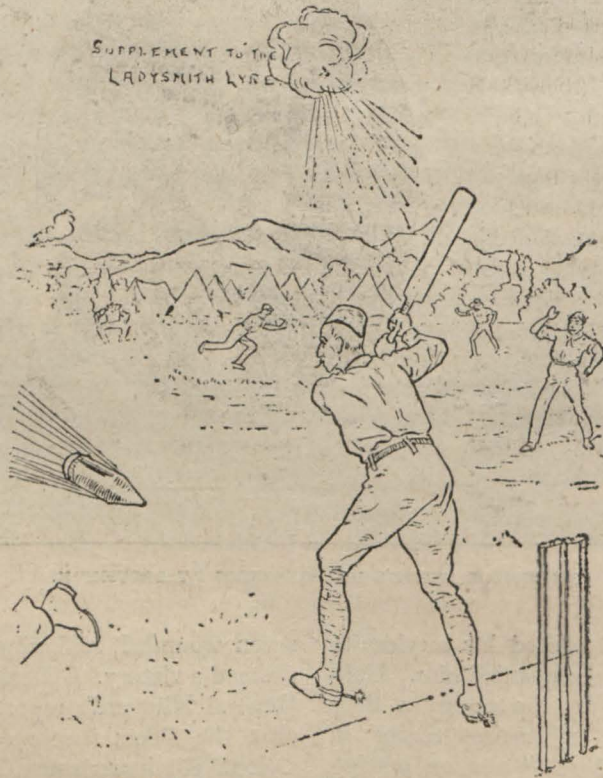
seven wounded, and nine missing. Both sides claimed a victory. General Buller, in forwarding General Hildyard's report on the action, wrote that the Boers "were so severely handled by Colonel Kitchener's small force that they returned at once to Colenso in a manner that was more of a rout than a retreat." This statement is, however, hardly justified by the facts. Buller admits that "a complete tactical success was not secured," and it would seem that the Boers retired on Colenso chiefly because they realised that Clery's troops were gathering in Central Natal in such numbers that their small force would soon be in serious danger south of the Tugela. Certainly there was no rout of the

invaders. They withdrew in good order, taking with them all their guns and waggons, and the herds of cattle they had commandeered. Their raid had served its purpose in delaying the British concentration for the relief of Ladysmith, and securing large quantities of supplies for the invaders. In their retreat on Colenso they blew up the railway bridge at Frere.

There had been some skirmishing at Mooi River before the Boer raiders retired from the Highlands, and on at least one occasion they fired into General Barton's camp with one of their long-ranging guns and caused a few

casualties. They withdrew as suddenly as they had appeared, and joined in the general retreat across the Tugela.

On the other side of the Buffalo River Boer raiders had advanced into Zululand, where for a long time they met with no opposition whatever. They drove off cattle, and collected supplies for their commandoes in Northern Natal. It is also believed that they escorted into the Transvaal some cargoes of arms and ammunition landed in or near Santa Lucia Bay, while our cruisers had their attention entirely occupied with watching Delagoa Bay.



NO BALL!

HUMOURS OF THE SIEGE.

(Illustration from "The Ladysmith Lyre.")



"WE'D BETTER TAKE UMBRELLAS, OLD CHAP
I FANCY IT'S GOING TO SHELL."

HUMOURS OF THE SIEGE.

(Illustration from "The Ladysmith Lyre.")

CHAPTER X.

THE BOERS IN CAPE COLONY—FORMATION OF THE KIMBERLEY RELIEF FORCE—THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

WE must now leave for awhile the operations in Natal and see what was happening during November on the northern border of Cape Colony and on the western frontier of the Free State. At the end of October the Boers were holding with small parties the crossings of the Orange River from the Bethulie railway bridge, north of Stormberg, to Norvals Pont railway bridge, and the road bridge north of Colesberg. The border towns south of the river were held by small detachments of regulars and volunteers. De Aar Junction had a regular garrison, with an advance post at Orange River bridge and station, near the south-western corner of the Free State. In order to simplify the defence of this crossing, the Hopetown road bridge, four miles to the westward, had been blown up by the Royal Engineers. The Boers had a small commando in the kopjes near

Belmont, which was watching our post at Orange River station.

The garrison at De Aar had had a very anxious time. The Dutch farmers of the neighbouring districts were openly disaffected. An enormous quantity of valuable stores had been accumulating at De Aar, and for the first fortnight of the war they were guarded only by a few companies of the Lancashire Regiment, without any artillery. The Lancashires had entrenched their camp. But they owed their safety chiefly to the lack of enterprise of the Boers. A large commando with a few guns could have easily seized the place; and at this stage of the war it would have been a more valuable prize than Kimberley, to the siege of which they were devoting their energies. The commandant at De Aar had repeatedly asked for artillery to be sent up to his help. But it was only after more than a fortnight of anxious

waiting that the guns arrived. The train that brought them up was fired upon on the way by rebel farmers, and at one point it had to be run back to a garrisoned station, and a breakdown gang had to be sent for to relay a gap in the line. Some of the disaffected Dutch farmers of the district had removed a number of rails the night before.

West of De Aar the invaders met with no opposition. In the last days of October the Boers holding the bridges and drifts along the river were reinforced, and made no secret of their intention of soon crossing into colonial territory. At Bethulie they seized the railway bridge. They had an idea that it was mined, so they did not at first venture to set foot on it. But a commando crossed by a neighbouring drift and marched for the south end of the bridge, from which the small colonial police guard beat a hasty retreat. The Boers then cut the telegraph lines, and carefully examined the bridge, and found there were no mines. A larger commando then marched across it. The railway staff evacuated Burghersdorp Junction, the next important station to the southward. Further east a Boer commando crossed at Aliwal North. On entering British territory they received a message, under a flag of truce, from Captain Hooke, the magistrate at Herschel. He informed them that he was in charge of a purely native district, and said that he intended to remain at his post. He reminded them of the understanding that the natives should not be brought into the quarrel, and promised that if the Boers would not enter Herschel, he would keep the Fingoes, the blacks of the district, quiet. The Boer commandant sent back word that he would not invade Herschel. At Barkley East, where there was a considerable Dutch population, the farmers welcomed the invaders, seized a local government magazine containing 630 rifles and 60,000 rounds of ammunition, and hoisted the Transvaal and Free State flags. Dordrecht was then occupied without resistance, and the local farmers came flocking to the Boer standards.

There was a British garrison at Stormberg Junction, consisting of half a battalion of the Berkshire Regiment. They had fortified the hillsides near the junction by erecting breastworks of stone, but they had no artillery, and on the approach of the Boers they were ordered to evacuate the place. They retired by Molteno on Sterkstroom Junction, where a small British force was being assembled.

Further to the west the invasion began on November 1st. The Boers crossed the Orange River by Norvals Pont railway bridge and by the road bridge north of Colesberg. The town had been evacuated, and 600 Boers rode in, after reconnoitring it. They hoisted the Free State flag and proclaimed the annexation of the district. A correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, who left Colesberg immediately after the Boer occupation, notes some interesting incidents of the day of their arrival. "The Boers behaved very well," he writes. "They molested no one, and were most polite. The majority of them spoke good English, and made themselves most agreeable. An incident which happened in the Masonic Hotel bar will illustrate this. Two of the enemy came into the bar and, looking round, asked the company (Britishers) to join in a drink. When all were served, the leading Boer said: 'Well, gentlemen, you need not drink our healths unless you wish, but let us have a toast. Here's to a United South Africa under a republican flag.' The Britishers did not respond; and, seeing the toast was not an agreeable one, the friendly enemy then proposed the Queen—'not as a queen, but as a lady.' 'Here's to the grandest old lady that ever stepped on the face of the earth; a woman every man can admire. Hats off to the Queen!' Needless to say, the toast was drunk with enthusiasm." From the headquarters at Colesberg the Dutch of the district were called to arms by the field cornets sending out letters in the following form:—

"In the name of the Orange Free State Government, you [name] are hereby requested to be at the headquarters, Colesberg, on Tuesday next, with horse, saddle and bridle, rifle and fifty rounds ammunition, and seven days' provisions."

Thus each commando that invaded the north of Cape Colony became the rallying point for the disaffected Dutch of the district; and by seizing the belt of hill country south of the Orange River, the Boer raiders had provided at once for the effectual defence of the crossings and the reinforcement of their fighting strength.

In order to protect the colony, and check the further spread of the insurrection, General Gatacre, with a brigade, was sent up to Queens-town; and French, with a force chiefly of mounted troops, occupied Naauwpoort Junction. At De Aar, on the third and most westerly of the Cape railways, Lord Methuen was organising a strong column to go to the relief of

Kimberley. The original plan of moving one large force to the Orange River had been abandoned. The army corps had been broken up into four bodies, each destined to deal with some local emergency. Clery, soon to be joined by Buller, was in Natal with a division. Gatacre and French were in the east and west of the hill country in the north of Cape Colony. Lord Methuen at De Aar was preparing to move across the Orange River bridge against Cronje's forces on the western border of the Free State.

The first fight on the western line took place on November 10th. It was the result of a reconnaissance pushed forward from Orange River station to examine the position of the Boer outpost on the kopjes near Belmont. Orange River camp was under the command of Colonel the Hon. G. H. Gough. He had about 2,500 with him, camped near the small group of houses near the station. The country round on both sides of the river was open veldt, with here and there little granite hills rising from it, mostly steep-sided, flat-topped, and boulder-strewn. The veldt was covered in places with low scrub, and here and there a clump of trees marked the position of an isolated farmhouse. Leaving Colonel Money, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, to hold the river crossing with his own regiment, the Munster Fusiliers, and the North Lancshires, Colonel Gough rode across the bridge with a small mounted force on Wednesday, November 8th. His troops were: two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, two companies of mounted infantry, and three guns. The first move was northwards along the railway line, the little column being supported by an armoured train under the command of Captain Stewart. The line was found to be unbroken as far as Belmont, no enemy was sighted, and the troops bivouacked for the night at Fincham's Farm, a little to the north of Belmont station. The night passed absolutely quietly, and it looked as if the Boers had withdrawn any force they had in the neighbourhood.

Thursday was spent in reconnoitring round Belmont, and again no enemy was found. The bivouac for the night was again at Fincham's Farm.

Away to the eastward there was a group of kopjes. It was decided to examine these before returning to Orange River camp. Accordingly on the Friday morning the column moved out from Fincham's Farm towards the kopjes, covered

by Lancer and mounted infantry scouts on its front and flanks. Every precaution was taken, but the general impression was that no enemy would be met with.

About eight o'clock some mounted Boers appeared on the left front and exchanged shots with our scouts on that side. At the same time Lieutenant Brock, of the 9th Lancers, who was reconnoitring to the right front with one of his men, had a narrow escape. A couple of marksmen hidden in an undulation of the veldt fired at him. One bullet killed his horse, another went through his helmet. At the same moment some horsemen appeared riding boldly forward to make him prisoner. He got away by mounting behind the trooper who accompanied him.

Two troops of the Lancers were now sent to the front to drive off these Boer patrols, and the advance continued. Suddenly from the rocky ridges there came a heavy rifle fire. Then there was the loud sharp report of a small gun, and a shell whistled through the air and burst harmlessly on the veldt. The Lancers fell back, and Gough halted his column and opened fire with his three guns, the enemy's 9-pounder firing an occasional shot in reply.

At the time it was supposed that this shell fire was producing an effect on the Boers. But this is very doubtful. After the battle fought at the same spot nearly a fortnight later, Lord Methuen reported that in his opinion shrapnel fired at such kopjes was all but useless. The cover for the enemy was too good; the shells were not likely to kill anyone. The most that could be hoped for was, that they would frighten the enemy. But the general result of the fighting on such ground has since shown that Boers are stolid, matter-of-fact men who are not easily frightened. After this bombardment Gough pushed forward the Lancers on the right and the mounted infantry on the left to have a closer look at the Boer position. The Lancers galloped boldly past the left front of the enemy, and were fired at with rifles and cannon, but escaped any real loss. All that happened was that two horses were wounded. When they retired they reported all that part of the kopjes to be very strongly held. On the left the mounted infantry were less fortunate. They were under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Keith-Falconer, a young officer who had distinguished himself in the Soudan under Lord Kitchener. He dismounted part of his men, and replied to the fire from the ridge. The

mounted infantry belonged to Keith-Falconer's own regiment, the Northumberlands, and to the North Lancashires. In the skirmishing that followed Keith-Falconer was killed; both his lieutenants, Bevan and Hill, were wounded, as well as two privates. Of the Lancashires, Lieutenant Wood was killed and two privates wounded. This loss was incurred in a few minutes. The mounted infantry then fell back on the main body. Evidently the kopjes were garrisoned by a strong force, and the Boers had been lying low for days in the hope that Gough would commit himself to a hopeless attack.

In the afternoon the column retired to Orange River station. The sound of the guns had been heard there in the morning, and the redoubts covering the north end of the bridge had been manned, and a supporting column had been sent out with the armoured train. The net result of the reconnaissance was to ascertain that the Boers meant to make a stand on the east side of the railway in the kopjes near Belmont against any force advancing to the relief of Kimberley.

News brought by runners from the besieged garrison of the "diamond city" told of a desultory bombardment and occasional sorties and skirmishes. But at the British headquarters at the Cape there must have been an impression that the place was either short of supplies or in danger of falling before a Boer attack in force. It is otherwise impossible to explain the haste with which Lord Methuen was sent forward to attempt its relief. One brigade of his division had been sent off to Natal; with the other—the Guards, under Sir Henry Colville—he went up to De Aar. A kind of scratch brigade was formed out of some of the line-of-communication troops at De Aar and Orange River, and placed under the command of Brigadier-General Fetherstonhaugh. This improvised brigade was numbered the 9th. The division formed of the 1st and 9th Brigades was concentrated at Orange River bridge. It was weak in cavalry, there was no horse artillery, and, what was more serious, it had not enough wheeled or pack transport to

enable it to move more than a very few miles to right or left of the railway line. Methuen had to depend for supplies on trains on the railway protected by the armoured train. His artillery was reinforced by a couple of naval 12-pounders brought up by a small naval brigade of seamen and marines.

Lord Methuen's division, concentrated at Orange River camp on November 20th, was thus composed:—

1st Brigade (General Sir Henry Colville): 3rd Grenadier Guards, 1st and 2nd Coldstream Guards, 1st Scots Guards.

9th Brigade (General Fetherstonhaugh): 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, 2nd Northamp-ton, 2nd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, half a battalion (four companies) 1st Loyal North Lancashire (of which the remainder was in Kimberley under Colonel Kekewich) and two companies of the Munster Fusiliers.

Naval Brigade: a small detachment of seamen and marines, under Captain Prothero, R.N.

Cavalry: 9th Lancers, Rimington's Scouts, and a part of the New South Wales Lancers.

Artillery: three batteries R.F.A. (the 18th, 62nd, and 75th) and two naval guns.



LIEUT.-COLONEL KEITH-FALCONER.
(Photo: Bassano.)

In all there would be about 9,000 men, with twenty guns. This was the force with which Lord Methuen began his march along the western border of the Free State for the relief of beleaguered Kimberley.

Lord Methuen had established his headquarters at Orange River camp on November 12th. On the 15th the Guards began to arrive. The troops were practised in night marching, in the neighbourhood of the camp. Orders were issued that baggage was to be reduced to the lowest possible limit. Only eight newspaper correspondents were allowed to accompany the column, and even they were not to take servants or to be mounted. They were to have one horse for each pair of journalists, and they naturally used it to carry some light baggage and a few comforts with which to supplement the camp rations. All accoutrements were ordered



THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

to be stained khaki colour, and officers were allowed, if they thought fit, to wear the men's equipment and carry carbines. It was further ordered that buttons should be dulled, and sergeants should remove the red chevrons from their sleeves. It was hoped thus to make it more difficult for the Boer marksmen to pick off company officers and section commanders. It is, however, doubtful if there was sufficient reason for this general removal of badges of rank. At Dundee the Devons lost very few officers compared to other regiments, probably because their colonel (Yule) had always insisted at drill and manœuvres that officers and sergeants should adopt the same position as their men in the firing line. It is possible that the Boers used difference of equipment and minute marks of rank to pick out officers and sergeants as their targets, but it is much more likely that they were helped by the practice so common in our army of officers and sergeants standing when their men kneel to fire, and kneeling, or even standing, when the men are lying down.

On November 20th, Lord Methuen's force made its first short march to Witteputs Station, some miles distant from the Orange River bridge. Next day the cavalry reconnoitred the Boer position, and on the 22nd there was another reconnaissance, supported with long-range artillery fire. The Boers replied with artillery, and it was ascertained that they had at least one heavy long-range gun on the kopjes. Local rumour said that the enemy were only from 2,000 to 2,500 strong. Boer reports at Bloemfontein made the strength of the garrison only 1,500. In any case, Lord Methuen's division must have outnumbered the enemy at least three to one.

Methuen decided that he could not leave this Boer garrison on the flank of his line of advance, and he therefore issued orders for a march against the kopjes in the dark hours before the dawn on the 23rd and an attack at day-break.

The troops marched off at three a.m. It was a fine night, with some moonlight. The Guards and the naval detachment marched on the right with one battery; on the left were the 9th Brigade and the other two batteries. The Grenadier Guards and the Northumberlands were the leading regiments of the two brigades. On the left, north of Belmont station, were two squadrons of the 9th Lancers and a company of mounted infantry. The other flank was guarded to the southward and eastward by

Rimington's Scouts, another squadron of the Lancers, and a company of mounted infantry.

There were nearly ten miles to march, and the long columns moved silently through the darkness over the undulations of the veldt, the direction being given to each by an officer at the head of it, who laid the course to be taken with a phosphorescent compass. At half-past four the eastern sky was just beginning to whiten with the dawn, and the Guards were closing on the nearest ridge of the hills, when suddenly along more than half a mile of front a flickering line of flashes showed that the Boers were not surprised. They had opened fire with their rifles from the long line of boulder-built breastworks on the kopjes.

The Scots and Grenadiers rapidly deployed and dashed at the ridge; as they came to close range, the Boer fire redoubled in fierceness. But the advance was made under cover of semi-darkness, and there were few losses till the actual ascent of the ridge began. Then several officers and men fell, among them Lieutenant-Colonel Crabbe, of the Grenadiers, shot through the shoulder, and Lieutenant Festing, who had so skilfully guided the night march. Behind the attacking line the two battalions of the Coldstreams were held in reserve. To the left Fetherstonhaugh swung his leading battalion, the Northumberland Fusiliers, round the right of the Boer position, and the enemy, in danger of having their retreat cut off, gave way before the attack of the Guards and made good their retreat through the broken ground to a second and higher line of kopjes. The western ridge had been won, but it was only an outwork of the main Boer position.

The sun was now rising over the hills, his level rays coming right in the eyes of our gunners as the batteries unlimbered to shell the main ridge. The naval guns came up on the right, and the infantry attack again pressed forward under cover of the artillery fire. The range of the battery acting with our right attack was about 1,450 yards, but even at this distance the Boer rifle bullets fell among the gunners. The enemy seemed to have removed their guns; in fact, the commando left to fight at Belmont was engaged in a mere delaying action.

The infantry, pressing forward to the kopjes, was subjected to a heavy fire from the Boer Mausers. "By George! a British infantryman is a plucky chap," wrote one of the gunner officers after the battle. "The bullets were coming quite thick even where we were, so you

can tell what it was like for them climbing those hills. I believe our fire helped the Coldstreams a lot in driving out the Boers; anyhow, they have written to thank us for having lessened much their losses." The infantry, and especially the Guards, had tough work to do, notwithstanding their marked numerical superiority to the enemy. They had to fight their way, not up a single ridge, but into a confused mass of kopjes, where, as they pressed up the hollows in the hills, companies often came under a cross fire at close quarters from the enemy's rifles. The Boer resistance, however, was bound to cease as soon as any serious force had established itself in the kopjes, for the enemy had their horses waiting behind the ridges, and knew very well that if they stayed till the whole position was stormed they might be cut off from them and captured in large numbers. Whoever commanded on the Boer side did his work admirably. He held on till the last moment and withdrew in time to retire without any very serious loss.

By six o'clock the Guards on the right, the 9th Brigade on the left, had gained a footing on the crests of the ridge, capturing a number of prisoners, and the word had been given for the Boers to retreat. They scrambled down to their horses, mounted and rode off northwards across the veldt. "At 6.10," says Lord Methuen in his despatch, "the situation was as follows:—The last height cleared, the enemy in large numbers galloping into the plain, the enemy's laager (*i.e.* waggons) trekking across my front 3,000 yards off, my mounted troops unable to carry out their orders on one side, left, because the retreat was covered by kopjes; on the other, right, because too far; the artillery dead-beat and unable to help me. A cavalry brigade and a horse-artillery battery from my right would have made good my success."

This confession of inability to reap the fruits of victory is rather curious reading. The kopjes that barred pursuit from the left were, it would seem, held by a detached party of the enemy, who took post there to protect the withdrawal of the waggons. But it is not clear why the mounted troops on the right were not able to work round the kopjes during the attack. As for the artillery, notwithstanding Lord Methuen's statement, it is not clear that they were so "dead-beat" as he imagined. They had not made a long march, and they had not been any long time in action. In a letter from an officer of the 18th R.F.A., the end of the battle and what

followed is thus described:—"After the place was taken, the Boers were off down the other side like lightning and away. We went round to the right flank of the hills and saw them a long way off on another range of hills. Eventually we started off to camp about 10.30 a.m. and watered horses, arriving about 1.30. Altogether it was rather a good battle. We were in action, I suppose, about an hour. I was surprised at not feeling more alarmed; as a matter of fact, one has too much to think about." Here the writer describes his feelings, but says not a word about being tired or "dead-beat." He tells of an attempt to catch the retiring Boers with the artillery, but shows that it failed because they got rapidly back to another position. Then he notes that the horses got the guns back to camp, a three hours' march, and then were watered. It does not look as if the artillery was so hopelessly exhausted. If such work had reduced them to a condition of uselessness, there would have been a bad prospect for the whole campaign.

The British losses in the action were heavy. There were fifty-one killed and 238 wounded. Brigadier-General Fetherstonhaugh and Lieutenant-Colonel Crabbe of the Grenadiers were among the latter. Of Colonel Crabbe's battalion Lieutenant Fryer was killed and six other lieutenants were wounded. The Coldstreams had three officers wounded, and in the Scots Guards Major Dalrymple Hamilton was badly wounded and two other officers less severely hit. In the Northumberland Fusiliers, who led the attack of the 9th, Brigade-Captain Eagar and Lieutenant Brine were killed, and Major Dashwood, Captain Sapte, and two lieutenants severely wounded. This was the battalion that lost most heavily of all that were engaged in the attack. It was worthy of its old name of "the Fighting Fifth."

Mr. E. F. Knight, the war correspondent of the *Morning Post*, had gone forward with the Northumberlands as they stormed the ridge. In previous campaigns he had exposed himself with reckless courage on many battlefields, and hitherto had escaped unscathed. He was now severely wounded in the right arm, and the volley that struck him and others down was fired by a party of the enemy who a moment before were displaying the white flag.

In his despatch, Lord Methuen pointed out that in such attacks as he made at Belmont there must be considerable loss, and he argued that it was not easy to avoid having to attack in

front. "My losses," he wrote, "are no greater than are to be expected. To keep in extended order covering an enormous front, to get to the enemy's position at daylight, saves you in the first instance from flanking fire, and in the second from great losses in the plain. There is far too great risk of failure in making flank and front attack in case of a position such as lay before me at Belmont; the very first element of success is to keep touch between brigades from the first. Nor is there any question of taking the enemy

quantity of ammunition. Methuen burnt the waggons. Considering that the Government was just then buying waggons all over the world for use in South Africa, one thinks a better use might have been made of them.

The field was rapidly cleared of the wounded. By one o'clock they were all in hospital. Next morning the hospital train conveyed the less severe cases to Orange River camp, the graver ones to the base hospital at Cape Town. "This," said Lord Methuen, "is the most perfect work



MAJOR-GENERAL POLE CAREW.

(Photo: Gregory, London.)

in flank, as on horses he changes front in fifteen minutes." As to this last point, it has been remarked by one of Lord Methuen's critics that even if the Boers could change front so rapidly, they could not swing round their entrenchments and stone breastworks in fifteen minutes on to the new position.

Eighty-three Boers were found dead in the kopjes, many of them bayoneted. Twenty wounded Boers were taken to the British hospital, and there is no doubt many more were carried off by the retreating enemy in their waggons. Fifty prisoners were taken, including six field cornets and a German commandant. A hundred horses and sixty-four waggons were captured behind the kopjes, as well as a large

I have ever seen in war, and reflects the highest credit on Colonel Townsend," the principal medical officer. At first it was thought that some of the wounds were caused by Dum-dum bullets fired by the Boers. This was supposed to have been the case with Mr. E. F. Knight, whose right arm was so shattered that it had to be amputated. But the surgeon's report shows that it was an ordinary Mauser bullet, fired at short range, which did the harm. Most of the wounds caused by the bullet of the Mauser were small and clean cut, bled very little and healed rapidly. Lord Methuen stated that in two cases the Boers used the white flag treacherously. In one of these all the men who misused the flag, about a dozen, were bayoneted. In the other

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Earl Russell has graciously favoured J. T. Davenport with the following:—"Extract of a despatch from Mr. Webb, H.B.M. Consul at Manilla, dated Sept. 17, 1864.

"The remedy most efficacious in its effects (in Epidemic Cholera) has been found to be CHLORODYNE, and with a small quantity given to me by Dr. Burke I have saved several lives."

* * * Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

Extracts from the GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, LONDON, as to its efficacy in Cholera.

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From Rev. W. H. MAJOR, Risca, Monmouth.—April 27, 1892.

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From W. VESALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D., formerly Lecturer at St. George's Hospital, London.

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The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of Sept. 28, 1895, says:

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ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS, Cork.—Feb. 6, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to give public testimony to the infinite value which your remedy for Dysentery and Diarrhoea (Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne) proved to several members of the Special Service Corps, in the recent Ashanti Expedition. I bought a small bottle just before leaving London for West Africa, and having used it myself with beneficial result, treated some of my comrades with equal success (though some of them were very bad), I should be very glad to recommend it to anyone about to travel in a treacherous climate, where they are so much exposed to this dangerous malady. Gratefully yours, G. SMITH, "Band," R.I.F.

From J. M'GRIGOR CROFT, M.D., M.R.C.P., London, Late Staff-Surgeon to H.M.F.

SIR,—After prescribing Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne for the last three years in severe cases of Neuralgia and Tic-Douloureux, I feel that I am in a position to testify to its valuable effects. Really, in some cases it acted as a charm, when all other means had failed. Without being asked for this report, I must come forward and state my candid opinion that it is a most valuable medicine, and I have recommended several chemists in this neighbourhood not to be without it for prescriptions.

EDWARD WHYMPER, Esq., the celebrated Mountaineer, writes on February 16th, 1897:—

"To J. T. DAVENPORT.

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