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THE BOOK OF THE
THIN RED LINE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE BOOK OF THE BLUE SEA

By SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

With 8 Coloured Plates and 32 Illustrations in Black
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THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS AT LUCKNOW.

THE BOOK OF THE THIN RED LINE

BY

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

AUTHOR OF

"ADMIRALS ALL," "THE ISLAND RACE," "THE YEAR OF TRAFALGAR"
"THE BOOK OF THE BLUE SEA," ETC.

WITH 8 COLOURED PLATES AND 38 ILLUSTRATIONS
IN BLACK AND WHITE BY
STANLEY L. WOOD

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
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BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1915

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A LETTER TO A BOY

MY DEAR MAN,

I have written you another Christmas book—this year it is a book about soldiers. You are hardly ready to serve your Country in that way yet, but I take it for certain that you are thinking of such things. I take it for certain too that when you read about war you want real battles and real people, not imaginary ones. Well, in this book everyone is real, every page is true, and as accurate as I could make it.

That sounds rather like History, doesn't it? Certainly these battles and sieges are History now, but when they were happening they were something else—to the men who fought in them they were Adventures. And I have tried to tell them as adventures—I have chosen six good men and pieced together these stories of their lives, using their own words whenever it was possible, and taking each of them from the earliest moment when he began to think of soldiering. Early enough it was with some of them—Robert Blakeney was only fifteen when he got his commission, and some of the others were not much older: all

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of them were boys, and they took war as boys take their games, with a mixture of fun and deadly earnest: like Ulysses, they enjoyed greatly and suffered greatly. My hope is that you will like these six men: perhaps like them well enough to wish to know more of them. Four of the six are famous: their lives have been written at full length and read by all the world. When you have done with my short stories, I should like to think that you would follow them up to their sources. You can do that in many books; I will give you the names of the best and handiest: *The Life of John Colborne* (Field-Marshal Lord Seaton), by G. C. Moore Smith; *The Autobiography of Lieut. Gen. Sir Harry Smith*, edited by the same G. C. Moore Smith; *The Bayard of India*, by Captain L. G. Trotter; and *Stonewall Jackson*, by Lieut.-Col. Henderson—those are four splendid books, all easy to find, all difficult to lay aside. When you have read them you will know something of practically all the great wars of the nineteenth century in which men of British blood were engaged: you will understand what war can be when it is carried on in a right cause and by men who are patriots without being Huns: and you will see that our officers and men of to-day, fine as they are, can hardly do more than equal their forefathers in courage, in military skill, or in endurance against heavy odds.

Besides the stories of these four famous men

there are the adventures of Robert Blakeney and of George. I have taken them from two books, one of which you can read and one you cannot. Robert Blakeney's Autobiography has been published by his great-grandson, Julian Sturgis, under the title of *A Boy in the Peninsular War*; and if you wish to see the great war of a hundred years ago through the eyes of a boy not much older than yourself, that is your book. George wrote an Autobiography too: it is still in manuscript, but I have given you as much of it as I could find room for. Both he and Robert Blakeney ended their career without attaining high command, but they took the trouble to note down a lot of details which other writers do not supply, especially about their early days in the army.

One more thing I should like you to mark. This book deals with the same period as *The Book of the Blue Sea* and tells of the same wars, only it tells of them from the military instead of the naval side. If you were at all interested in reading of the adventures of Charles in the frigates *Medusa* and *Menelaus*, you may be glad now to meet his brother George: and in the story of Sir Harry Smith you will find those very ships turning up again at Monte Video and the Chesapeake, with your old friends on board. You have the American Civil War again too: last time the story was of a Northern Admiral, this time it is of a Southern General. I confess to you that I would rather read or write of Stonewall Jackson

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than even of Outram himself: the very names of his battles are poetry, his life should be written as a great epic, a modern *Iliad*, and his death is one of the greatest and most moving tragedies of war. Though he was not of the Thin Red Line, he came of the same race and made war after the same chivalrous fashion: in all our battles of to-day his spirit is at home and stirring. But I need not say more of that—you will read for yourself.

Yours ever,

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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THE ADVENTURES OF ROBERT BLAKENEY

1. THE YOUNGEST SUBALTERN ON RECORD

ROBERT BLAKENEY was born in Galway in the year 1789. His family came originally from Norfolk, but had lived in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth. His boyhood does not seem to have been remarkable, but he must have been a well-grown youth for in July 1804, when he was only fifteen, he was gazetted as ensign in the 28th Regiment of Infantry, then encamped near Cork. The following year the regiment was moved to the Curragh. Robert and two other ensigns were promoted to be Second Lieutenants, and Robert was appointed to the 2nd Battalion, which was ordered for garrison duty in Dublin.

In December 1805 he was sent on recruiting duty to Exeter. He sailed in a mercantile brig, the *Britannia*, bound for Bristol. The captain of this ship was an ignorant sailor and a thoroughly bad lot, and he nearly succeeded in losing her twice on the voyage. There was a stiff breeze blowing during the whole passage, and the *Britannia* only just escaped being wrecked off Lundy Island. On entering the Bristol Channel the breeze became so

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tremendous a gale that an attempt was made to run the ship into Ilfracombe. This failed and she was driven forwards towards Combe Martin, where she struck against a sand-bank. The captain, who was quite drunk and who had for some time past been in abject terror, now cried out that the ship was lost and they must all be drowned. The most affecting scenes then took place among the passengers on board. Two tiny children clung round their father's neck and besought him to take them and their mother ashore, and the sight of their distress seems to have upset Robert far more than the fear of drowning. Throughout the voyage he had been forced by violent sea-sickness to keep his berth, but he now jumped up and arrived on deck in time to seize the tiller, which had just swung round and knocked the drunken captain on the head. Robert knew nothing of seamanship, but at this moment a horseman was seen galloping along the shore and making signals with his hat. As the sailors were all drunk too, Robert with the help of one of the passengers followed as best he could the directions of the horseman, and succeeded in steering the ship towards the shore and finally in running her aground on a shoal of sand opposite Combe Martin. If she had been driven on beyond the village she must have been broken on the rocks. The fishermen hurried out to help, and everyone was brought safely to land, though much of their luggage was either lost or stolen on the way. Robert fortunately had all his money in his trousers pocket, this being the only garment he had on while so successfully acting pilot and captain, and he was able to lend a couple of

guineas to two distressed ladies, who took his name and address but whom he never heard of again.

After some months in Devonshire, Robert was transferred to the 1st Battalion, just back from Germany and now at Colchester. He was not long here, however, for the regiment was ordered to embark from Harwich at the end of July 1807, and on August 8th the transports anchored in a tremendous thunderstorm under Elsinore Castle.

Robert was in Denmark with his regiment till the end of October. He saw the fall of the great steeple at Copenhagen during the siege of the town, and was present on the 7th of September when the city, which was about to be stormed, surrendered to the English. This was Robert's first actual experience of warfare, but it was not, in his opinion, an expedition which reflected much glory either on his country, his regiment, or himself, and he was quite glad when it was over, and the regiment once more back at Colchester.

In the spring of 1808 he was granted leave to visit his friends in Ireland, but on April the 28th suddenly received orders to join Sir John Moore's expedition to Sweden. Robert hurried to London, but on arriving he found that the army had already sailed. He was able to get a passage on the *Fury Bomb*, a man-of-war bound for Gothenburg. During the voyage he was, as usual, very sea-sick, and found the etiquette on board most tiresome to remember, and the general discomfort very great. He had nowhere to sleep but on a trunk under the purser's hammock, and even this was cleared away in the early hours of the morning. When he sat down for

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men found this first march very trying, for they had been on the transports ever since they sailed for Sweden about four months before; and their packs—three days' provisions, and sixty rounds of ball cartridge—were a very heavy burden under an August sun with the thermometer at 95°.

Robert suffered quite as much as his men; for each officer carried, as well as the necessary three days' provisions, an extra pair of boots, a charge of rum, a case of pistols with ammunition, and a heavy spy-glass, in addition to a heavy cloak in which was rolled a partial change of clothing. Later in the campaign a light cart was allowed to each regiment for the use of officers, and this made an immense difference to their comfort.

The result of the battle of Vimieiro was the signing of the Convention of Cintra, by which the French agreed to evacuate Portuguese territory, and Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was in command during these negotiations, agreed not to make their army prisoners but to ship them home to France. People in England were furious at this arrangement, and Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Arthur Wellesley were summoned home to attend a court of inquiry. Sir John Moore was left in command of the army in Portugal, which was now encamped at Queluz, about five miles from Lisbon.

The new commander at once began to prepare for an advance into Castille, and he found time to inspect his regiments in person. The 28th mustered for the occasion 1099 bayonets, exclusive of officers and sergeants. Robert tells us that, after riding through the ranks, Sir John Moore called the cap-

tains together and said, "Gentlemen, what I have to say to you is pleasant. I have never seen a body of men in finer order than your regiment; they appear more like the picture of a battalion than actual men bearing arms." Then, turning to Captain Stovin, he added, "The fame of your Grenadier company has gone through the army; but, much as I expected from report, I am more pleased at its appearance than I could have anticipated."

The camp at Queluz broke up about the middle of October, and the army, which was by now in fine condition and splendidly led, marched for Salamanca—about 245 miles from Lisbon—to join the main body of the cavalry and artillery and four more infantry regiments, under the command of Sir John Hope.

The 28th marched on the 14th of October, and Robert was appointed on the same day to the Light Company, which marched with Headquarters and was accompanied by one battery of artillery under Captain Wilmot. There were only six guns, and these were light six-pounders, but it was no easy task to get them safely down the steep zigzag roads and across the rivers. At the pass of Villavelha as many men of the Light Company as there was room for hung on to drag-ropes attached to the guns, and threw their whole weight into checking the pace of the descent. At the sharp turns they were in constant danger of being dragged against the rocks on one side, or over the precipice on the other, and at the end of the day not one soldier of the company had any heels left to his shoes. The dragging by the men was necessary because Captain Wilmot was

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determined, if possible, to avoid locking the wheels, as this would have been most destructive to the gun-carriages. But seeing the risk both to men and to guns, he decided to cross the river Tagus and try for a less dangerous road. He took the guns over one by one, with the help of the men and horses in relays, and he crossed and recrossed with each gun himself though the water was above the horses' bellies. It



“He crossed and recrossed with each gun himself”

was a long job, but the men kept up their spirits by cheering the whole time.

During part of the march through Guarda the autumn rains were very trying. They fell so heavily and continuously one day that two men out of Robert's regiment and five from another actually died on the road. That night the men were lodged in some big convents on the outskirts of the town of Guarda, and such huge fires were lit to warm and dry them that the buildings were in danger of being

set on fire. The officers were billeted in private houses in the town, and all were allowed a thirty-six hours' halt to rest and get their clothes dry.

When the army crossed into Spain, Robert at once noticed a marked difference between the two nations. Both were hospitable, but the Portuguese made his offers with much talk and many grotesque gestures, and in an almost grovelling attitude. The Spaniard was always dignified and polite, but he treated no man as his superior. His hospitality appeared spontaneous and sincere, and he looked you full in the face when he spoke to you. Robert, who had a gift for languages, had picked up so much Portuguese since he landed in August that he had become a sort of regimental interpreter. He now had to begin all over again and learn Spanish, but it did not take him long to become quite fluent.

At Salamanca the British were once more near the enemy, and they waited impatiently for the arrival of the rest of the troops under Sir John Hope. These turned up in the first week of December, but no one knew in which direction the army was to move. "The moment is a critical one," wrote Sir John Moore from here. "My own situation is particularly so: I have never seen it otherwise; but I have pushed into Spain at all hazards: this was the order of my government and it was the will of the people of England."

A reserve corps consisting of two brigades was now formed under General Paget. In the first brigade under General Anstruther were the 20th and the 1st battalion of the 52nd regiment, and in the second, under General Disney, the 28th, 91st, and 95th regi-

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ments, all select troops and especially chosen for their courage and discipline.

On December 11th an advance was ordered. On the 14th a small detachment of the enemy was surprised by some of the 18th Dragoons and nearly all killed or captured. One man, however, escaped and informed the French of the British advance northwards. Now that his whereabouts were known, Sir John Moore pushed on as fast as he could, and by the 20th the reserve reached Santarbas. That night Lord Paget marched on Sahagun, where he heard there was a body of French cavalry. He failed to take them altogether by surprise, but he fought a brilliant little engagement outside the town in which, having failed to turn the enemy's flank, he charged into the middle of them and drove them from the field.

For the next few days the army plodded on through the snow. The attack was planned for the 24th, but on the 23rd the impatient men were told that the artillery had been delayed by the snow, and then that the Marquis of Romana at the head of the Spanish forces had wilfully or by mistake failed to keep his appointment, and the attack must therefore be postponed. They were furious, and from that day they regarded the Spanish soldier with contempt. In this case, however, they blamed him unfairly, for the real reason of the delay was that Sir John Moore had just received information that Soult was a day's march ahead of him with 20,000 men, and Ney only two days further off, while Napoleon was rapidly advancing from Madrid with 50,000 of the Imperial Guard, to cut off the only line of retreat. Four Spanish armies had been already defeated, and the

British troops numbered only about 23,000 men. Sir John Moore decided that to retreat immediately through the north of Portugal was the only course open to him: against such overwhelming numbers he could do nothing. And this was how the Retreat of Corunna came about, the most famous and terrible march ever made by the British Army until the great retreat from Mons to Paris in 1914.

2. THE GREAT RETREAT OF 1808

On December 24, 1808, began the great retreat that was to end on January 16th in the battle of Corunna. It was a rough experience, both tragic and comic, and Robert, being in the rearguard, saw as much of it as anyone. In order to give time for the leading columns under Sir David Baird and Sir John Hope to get well ahead, the reserve did not march till the 25th. It crossed the bridge of Castro Gonzolo over the Elsa on the 27th, followed by the cavalry. Then the Light Brigade, which accompanied it, at once set to work to destroy the bridge. The mine was successfully sprung, blowing up two arches and a buttress, and the wet and weary troops moved safely into Benevente, four miles from the river.

The town was already full of troops busy destroying stores, so that there might be nothing left to fall into the hands of the enemy when he arrived. The inhabitants were most unfriendly to the British. They hid all their provisions and refused to supply the troops with food or drink, even when full and immediate payment was offered to them.

When the Light Brigade arrived, drenched and

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cold, not a drop of wine could be found to revive them, until Lieutenant Love of the 52nd invaded a convent where the recently bricked-up wall of an out-house had been noticed. In spite of the abbot's denials and protests, Love and two of his men let themselves down through a skylight, pulled to pieces the newly built wall and found an inner chamber containing a huge vat of wine. While the wine was being carefully measured out to the soldiers, the abbot appeared through a trap-door and asked for a last drink before it was all gone. One of the men promptly seized him and plunged him head-foremost into the vat, exclaiming, "By Jove, when the wine was *his* he was damned stingy about it: but now that it is *ours* we will show him what British hospitality is, and give him his fill," and the abbot was only rescued from drowning in his own wine by the intervention of Lieutenant Love and his fellow-officers.

Wine was the army's worst enemy in this retreat. Two days afterwards, at Astorga, the discipline of the march gave way for the first time. A corps of half-naked and half-starved Spaniards under the Marquis of Romana began pillaging. The bad example of the Spaniards entirely upset the British troops, who spent the night in prowling about the town in search of wine and in quarrelling over billets. Even the personal interference of the Commander-in-chief was unavailing to check their excesses.

Robert's night at Astorga was disturbed not by the revellers, but by his own men, with whom he and his fellow-officers were obliged to sleep owing to

lack of room. Several of the Light Company produced most unexpected powers of ventriloquism. One man on entering the room where they were to sleep crowed like a cock, until Robert thought he must be drunk and asked him what he meant by it. But he replied with a smile, "I believe we have them, sir." He crowed again and was answered: then he insisted on having a locked door in the room opened, and out walked a handsome cock followed by all his hens. They had been hidden by their owners, but now made an excellent supper for the men. Later in the night, the room was filled with the sounds of a whole farmyard of animals produced by different members of the company, and Robert got very little sleep.

On the 31st, before Astorga was reached, the Light Brigade moved off along the road to Vigo, and left to the reserve and the cavalry the whole responsibility of defending the rear. The reserve halted that night, the last of the old year, at a small village called Cambanos, but hardly had the men lain down to sleep when the cavalry came galloping in to say that a big force of the enemy was approaching. Here is Robert's own account of an amusing incident that took place while the men were hastily collecting outside the village:

"While we were forming a dragoon rode up, and an officer, who being ill was in one of the light carts which attended the reserve, cried out, 'Dragoon, what news?' 'News, sir? The only news I have for you is that unless you step out like soldiers, and don't wait to pick your steps like bucks in Bond Street of a Sunday with shoes and silk stockings, damn it!

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you'll be all taken prisoners.' 'Pray, who the devil are you?' came from the cart. 'I am Lord Paget,' said the dragoon, 'and pray, sir, may I ask who you are?' 'I am Captain D—n, of the 28th Regiment, my Lord.' 'Come out of that cart directly,' said his lordship; 'march with your men, sir, and keep up their spirits by showing them a good example.' The captain scrambled out of the cart rear, face foremost, and, from slipping along the side of the cart and off the wheels, and from the sudden jerks which he made to regain his equilibrium, displayed all the ridiculous motions of a galvanised frog. Although he had previously suffered a good deal from both fatigue and illness, yet the circumstance altogether caused the effect desired by his lordship, for the whole regiment were highly diverted by the scene until we arrived at Bembibre, and it caused many a hearty laugh during the remainder of the retreat."

On entering Bembibre the reserve found the whole place in the utmost disorder and confusion, and were kept at work all day in turning drunken stragglers out of the houses and trying to send them after the division. Robert says that the state in which the town had been left by the troops can only faintly be imagined. Every door and window was broken open in the insane search for wine: the huge vats had been pierced with bayonets, and the wine was running to waste, while round them on the floor lay the helpless and stupefied men.

On the following day came news of the approaching enemy, and Sir John Moore at once ordered the reserve to march and leave the remaining stragglers to their fate. The approach of the enemy brought

some of them to their senses, but the French cavalry rode fiercely among them, cutting them down on every side. Colonel Ross of the 20th did his best to cover those of the wretched stragglers who succeeded in leaving Bembibre, but he could not wait long for them for fear of finding himself cut off at the junction of the road along which Napoleon was supposed to be coming up.

At Villa Franca the same disgraceful scenes were repeated. Sir John Moore then rode back to Calcabellos where the reserve had just halted. He drew them up in a field and made a short and urgent speech to them on the disgraceful conduct of the army. He ended by saying, "And if the enemy are in possession of Bembibre, which I believe, they have got a rare prize. They have taken or cut to pieces many hundred drunken British cowards—for none but unprincipled cowards would get drunk in presence, nay in the very sight of the enemies of their country; and, sooner than survive the disgrace of such infamous misconduct, I hope that the first cannon-ball fired by the enemy may take me in the head."

Then he turned to Robert's regiment, "And you, 28th, are not what you used to be. You are not the regiment who to a man fought by my side in Egypt. If you were, no earthly temptation could even for an instant seduce one of you away from your colours."

Both officers and men were for the moment deeply moved by this speech, but the impression made by it was unfortunately not a permanent one, and fresh disorders occurred again at the first opportunity.

Much as the army was to blame for its disgraceful

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and unworthy conduct, it must not be forgotten that the temptations on a retreat are very great. It is a hard thing for thousands of brave men to have to turn their backs on the enemy whom they came out to fight, and to march day after day, and often by night as well, with no hope of victory or glory to cheer them on, only the continual weariness and discomfort and sense of failure. The wonder is, not that some few hundred of the weaker men broke loose in the towns and tried to find comfort and forgetfulness in Spanish wine, but that the greater number marched on, unbroken in spirit, and prepared at any moment to turn and stand up to the enemy at their heels. The moment they were allowed to fight they became once more the disciplined and undaunted British army, confident of victory and of their own superiority over every foe. This was very clearly shown by the events of the following day.

On the 3rd the reserve moved out of Calcabellos and halted on the slope of a low hill. Here General Paget formed them into a hollow square, in the centre of which he held a drum-head court-martial on those who had been caught plundering. He continued the flogging of these men in spite of frequent reports of the enemy's approach up the further side of the hill. Finally two culprits were fastened with ropes round their necks to the branches of a tree, and held up on the shoulders of two men till the order to let them hang should be given. Just then a cavalry officer rode up to say his picquets were retiring. General Paget sent him angrily back to his men. Then, "My God!" he said, "is it not lamentable to think that, instead of preparing the troops

confided to my command to receive the enemies of their country, I am preparing to hang two robbers? But though *that* angle of the square should be attacked I shall execute these villains in *this* angle." In the silence that followed this emphatic speech, the hoofs of the retiring picquets could be clearly heard coming up the hill. "If I spare these two men," said the General, "will you promise to reform?" There was a breathless silence in the square, and he repeated his question. "If I spare the lives of these men, will you give me your word of honour as soldiers that you will reform?" For a moment there was not a sound and then the whole square shouted, "Yes." The culprits were released amid cheers, and at that instant the picquets, closely followed by the enemy's advance guard, appeared over the top of the hill.

The infantry were hastily withdrawn across the little river Guia, while General Paget held a strong position on the side of the hill and fired on the French cavalry as they came into sight on their way down to the river. In spite of this they pressed forward, charged furiously across the bridge, and did not turn back till they received the rifle fire of the 52nd and 95th, who were lining the hedges at the bottom of the hill. Great numbers were killed in this ill-advised attack, including their brave leader, General Colbert.

Sir John Moore had now arrived from Villa Franca, and he ordered the 52nd further up the hill, for he saw that as soon as the French were across the river that regiment would be menaced on both flanks. The enemy crossed at first to the right of

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the position, and a good deal of confused fighting took place. A strong column also moved towards the left and attempted to cross the stream there, but our guns again opened such a destructive fire that they had to fall back, and the retreat became general.

By then it was quite dark, and under cover of night the reserve withdrew and marched eighteen miles into Herrerias without leaving behind a single straggler—such was the moral effect of being allowed to look the enemy in the face.

But as they marched to Villa Franca on the way to Herrerias, many of the reserve, in spite of recent punishments and strict orders, could not resist sticking their bayonets into the salt meat that was being burnt in piles in the streets. In this way they carried off a substantial supper, which was shared that night even by some of the officers who had tried in vain to keep order. Robert ate his share off an anvil in a blacksmith's shop, and made use of the sledge-hammer to break up his ration of biscuit.

Early on the 4th of January, after a halt of only two or three hours, the reserve started off on another ten miles' march to Nogales. They found the road strewn with stragglers, whom they tried in vain to urge forward, and with the dead bodies of horses. The cavalry by this time were suffering very much from the forced marches. The hard winter roads had worn the horses' shoes so thin that they dropped off continually. There were no new ones to replace them, and not a single nail to be got to fasten on the old ones. The dragoons wept over their horses: they led them up to the very last, and then killed

them to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Three miles out of Nogales the troops came at dusk upon a string of deserted Spanish carts, which, to their delight, they found to be full of clothing.



"Then killed them to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy"

The men were sorely in need of shoes and took all they could get, as well as trousers and other garments, but were soon stopped and sent forward by their officers. That night many of the Light Company, instead of taking their well-earned rest, marched back the three miles from Nogales and carried off every pair of shoes they could find. Many

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secured four or five pairs, and sold them on their return to their comrades at a high price. The next day the reserve, and especially the Light Company, appeared in very varied costumes—the Spanish trousers and shoes being of many colours and fashions. One officer marched all day in a blanket with a hole cut in the middle for his head!

Lugo was reached at about two o'clock the next afternoon, and the whole army was drawn up together in front of the town. Here a thorough clean-up was ordered, and all belts were pipeclayed and accoutrements polished. The grumblers thought this a useless hardship; but Robert, like all good officers, recognised the value of smartness in keeping up the discipline of an army.

For two days the troops were halted in front of Lugo, waiting for Soult to attack. But he did not attack, and Sir John Moore, having thoroughly restored discipline, ordered the army to move on to Corunna. They started off on a night march in pouring rain, and several of the divisions lost their way in the dark; but all collected again in the morning in their right places, and the reserve took up its original position in the rear. Everyone was very tired by now, and great numbers fell out and remained behind. Most of them caught up with the army again at Betanzos on the 10th, being driven forward by the French cavalry, whom, however, they successfully kept at bay.

The following day the reserve left Betanzos, and Robert had a narrow escape on the bridge below the town. The gunpowder which should have blown a whole arch out when the men had crossed over,

failed to explode completely, and only destroyed half an arch, leaving a narrow passage across which troops could still pass. The 28th were sent across to hold the enemy, but took a wrong turning on the other side and had to be recalled. No sooner were they back across the Devil's Neck, as the men called the narrow part, than the French cavalry charged.

Robert, hearing them shout as they came, instantly ordered his men to turn about and advance. He himself went forward so impetuously that he got some way ahead of his men and found himself being ridden down by a huge French officer in a green cloak, against whom his small infantry sabre was useless; it approached, he says, "no nearer perhaps than his horse's nose."

Just as he thought the dragoon's sword was descending on his head, a man behind, named Oats, cried out, "Mr. Blakeney, we've spun him," and the dragoon fell dead. The French cavalry continued to press forward, not knowing of the Devil's Neck, which was invisible from their side owing to the curve of the bridge. On reaching it they had suddenly to pull up for lack of room, and were exposed to a steady fire from the 28th on the further side of the Neck, while they turned and extricated themselves as quickly as possible. They galloped right back into Betanzos, under fire all the way. Robert then ran back and took possession of his late fierce antagonist's green cloak, which he found extremely useful.

El Burgo, four miles from Corunna, was reached that night. The bridge here was, for a wonder, so successfully blown up that several men of the 28th

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were injured and one man killed by the falling stones. The Light Company, who were the nearest, took to their heels in every direction.

This company and one company of the 95th were quartered that night in two houses, one on each side of the road, close to the demolished bridge. At day-break the French lined the opposite bank, and the French and English faced each other for two days across the chasm in the middle of the bridge.

The house occupied by Robert's company was exposed on two sides to the enemy's fire from over the river, and one corner only of the officer's mess room was safe from the bullets that came flying through the windows. The one table was placed in this corner and a grand feast was prepared, for the ventriloquists had lured several fowls out of their hiding place, and a store of potatoes had also been found. Lieutenant Hill of the 28th and Captain Cameron of the 95th from the house opposite were invited to dinner. It was as much as anyone's life was worth to cross the street, but Robert drew the enemy's fire by poking his cap out of the window on the end of his sword, and when three shots had been fired, Captain Cameron dashed safely across, though a fourth bullet went through his coat-tails as he entered the house. He crawled up the stairs and over the floor till he was within the protected corner. All the food had to be pushed over the floor by a man crawling in the same way.

During the meal there was a great deal of amusement at the expense of one of the officers who carelessly put down his glass outside the safety line. He had only just withdrawn his hand when a musket

shot dashed the glass to pieces, and for the rest of dinner he had to borrow from his neighbours.

On the evening of the 13th came a sudden order to retire immediately in irregular formation. General Paget had discovered that the enemy were for the first time bringing up their guns against the reserve. The Light Company were, as usual, the last to leave, and by that time the village of El Burgo was full of falling shells. The reserve joined the main body of the army at Corunna the same evening, and found them keeping an anxious watch seawards for the transports that were to take them back to England.

Day broke and still the ships were not in sight. Many of the officers began to despair, for during the night the French had mended the bridge of El Burgo and were crossing it in ever-increasing numbers. So great was the anxiety that some urged Sir John Moore to ask Soult for a truce while he embarked his troops. It need hardly be said that Sir John Moore refused to listen to any such suggestion. If he could not withdraw and embark his army unmolested he would turn at last and let the enemy feel his fangs.

Although Soult had 20,000 men against his 14,000, and the only position left to him to take up was much inferior to that of the French, he had two great advantages. The people of Corunna were most honourably determined to do all they could to help him and to cover the embarkation, and all his men had new firelocks and were well supplied with ammunition from the town. There was so much powder to spare that 4000 barrels, sent for the use of the Spaniards, were piled together on a hill three miles

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from the town and then fired, to keep them out of the enemy's hands. The shock of the explosion was so tremendous that almost all the windows in Corunna were shattered and the inhabitants thrown into a panic.

At last, on the evening of the 14th, the transports were sighted and soon afterwards sailed into the harbour. Preparations for the embarkation went on all night. The sick men were sent on board immediately, and such of the horses as were worth taking—also part of the artillery.

By the 16th, Soult too had completed his preparations and had made up his mind to attack, a decision which apparently Sir John Moore had not felt sure he would make, for that morning he said to Major John Colborne, his military secretary, "Now, if there is no bungling I hope we shall get away in a few hours." Ten minutes later the enemy opened a tremendous artillery fire and the battle had begun.

I am only going to tell you here of what happened to the reserve that day; you must read elsewhere of the battle, and of how well Sir John Moore handled his worn troops, though unsupported by cavalry or artillery, and how he made the best use of the ground and won a decisive victory against great odds, at the price of his own life. In the story of Sir John Colborne, who was his military secretary and devoted admirer, you will find a full account of his terrible wound and his death in the hour of victory.

The reserve had been told that they were to have the privilege of being the first division to embark, and would therefore have time to settle

themselves comfortably before the rest of the army arrived on board. This was as a reward for their great services and general good conduct during the retreat. On the morning of the 16th their baggage was sent on board, and after they had all been fed they began to march shorewards. Hardly had they started when the sound of firing was heard. Every man halted on the spot, and a moment later up galloped a breathless aide-de-camp, bringing orders for an immediate counter-march as the enemy were making a move. They halted beyond the village of Los Ayres, and Sir John Moore ordered the 95th to keep the French Light Cavalry in play, and the 52nd to hold the valley near. He then left General Paget to wait with the rest of the reserve till he saw his opportunity for making an attack on the French left in the valley, and of attempting to capture a heavy battery stationed there.

When General Paget moved forward, Robert and his men found themselves face to face with their old enemies of the bridge of El Burgo, for Soult's original advance guard now formed his left flank. The men on both sides recognised each other with mutual rage, and were seized with a furious desire to pay off old scores. They knew this was their last chance, and they fought with the greatest determination. At first the French stood firm, but they broke as soon as the grenadiers charged. Their cavalry had by now also retired, and both the 95th and the 52nd were able to join up again with the 28th and the other two regiments of the reserve. If they could then have been supported by General Fraser's fresh division, as Sir John Moore had intended, they could

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have pushed forward to the left and cut off Soult's only line of retreat, which was across El Burgo bridge. But no support and no order to advance came—only the news that Sir John Moore was mortally wounded. He was struck by a cannon-ball while watching a charge by the 42nd, near the village of Elvina, and the successful repulse of the enemy at all points. He was carried back into Corunna where, towards evening, he died; and was buried as the last guns were being fired.

That night the whole army embarked. The picquets were withdrawn the next morning and the last of the wounded carried safely on board. On the 18th the transports sailed for England.

3. SOME VERY ENGLISH FIGHTING

In September 1810 the 28th Regiment was sent to Spain again, to garrison Tarifa; and Robert was employed in carrying dispatches between Tarifa and Gibraltar. On one occasion, when he had been kept three days at Gibraltar by very heavy rain, he was returning through the cork woods of Algesiras when he came to a roaring torrent, where on his outward journey there had been a mere shallow stream. At the best of times it was unpleasant to cross because of its very rocky bed and steep mountainous sides. There were also big rocks scattered up and down it, round which the muddy water was now swirling and foaming. Robert thought that to be carried off his feet and dashed against one of these huge rocks would be an ignominious way of ending his days, and he was quite uncertain what to do. But the Spanish

dragoon who accompanied him rode his horse boldly into the torrent, and in spite of a few slips got safely across. Robert could neither bring himself to follow his example nor to return to Algeiras. He finally decided to wade through on his own feet. He drove his horse across first and then entered the water himself, and succeeded with great difficulty in reaching a rock that stood out in mid-stream. He was so giddy that he had to shut his eyes and lean against the rock for support. The Spaniard, who dared not venture back to his assistance, stood on the further bank beating his head in despair. Robert then remembered the long tasselled sash that he, as an infantry officer, was wearing. He untied it and flung one end to the soldier, but it fell short. The Spaniard, however, took off his own sash, rolled it round a stone and threw it to Robert, who tied the two together, fastened the stone in one end, and again flung it towards his companion. This time it reached him, and the Spaniard gave a cheer as he caught it and held it taut while Robert hauled himself ashore. He was greeted with a vehement embrace and a kiss on both cheeks as the Spaniard exclaimed in tears that, had Robert been drowned, he should have deserted to the French! Robert was so wet that the water squelched noisily out of his trousers every time he rose in his saddle, but the only thing that was permanently the worse for this adventure was his gold watch, which he never could get to work properly again.

At the end of January 1811, General Graham, who was in command at Cadiz, proposed a combined attack on the French, in which the troops at Tarifa

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and Cadiz were to take part, with 7000 Spaniards, all under the command of the Spanish General, La Pena. The flank companies of the 28th to which



1. W

"Robert hauled himself ashore"

Robert belonged, were put into an independent flank battalion under Colonel Browne, and the whole expedition got off on the last day of February. On March 5th they moved on a low pine-covered ridge

above Barrosa, in three columns, and General Graham, who was convinced that this ridge was the key to the position they were aiming at, insisted on La Pena occupying it with a strong Spanish force. He also left Colonel Browne with his battalion to hold the western point of it. He then marched, in accordance with his orders, down through the pines towards Bermeja.

Marshal Victor, the French General, seeing his enemies at three different points, advanced in the direction of the Barrosa ridge. As soon as the Spaniards became aware of this they began to move away, past the British battalion, down towards the coast. "Colonel Browne," writes Robert, "strongly and rather indignantly remonstrated against their conduct. At this period Colonel Whittingham (who was in command of some Spanish troops) rode up and, addressing Colonel Browne, said, 'Colonel Browne, what do you intend to do?' The reply was, 'What do I intend to do, sir? I intend to fight the French.' Whittingham then remarked, 'You may do as you please, Colonel Browne, but we are decided on a retreat.' 'Very well, sir,' replied Browne, 'I shall stop where I am, for it shall never be said that John Frederick Browne ran away from the post which his General ordered him to defend.'"

Robert by request translated this conversation to two Spanish Generals standing near, but they preferred to leave Browne by himself with his 470 men, and were soon out of sight, together with their artillery and cavalry. Colonel Browne took up his position near a chapel on the top of a hill and awaited the French cavalry, who now moved straight

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towards him. When they were almost within musket range they were seen to be supported on the plain by a large force of artillery and infantry, and Browne realised that he had no chance and must retire at once.

General Graham meanwhile was still marching down through the forest, when two peasants brought him news of the French advance across the plain towards the rear. He instantly wheeled round and began marching back. A flicker of red was seen through the stems of the trees, and an aide-de-camp exclaimed that it must be Colonel Browne's battalion. "General Graham," says Robert, "came forth instantly to meet us, saying, 'Browne, did I not give you orders to defend Barrosa Hill?' 'Yes, sir,' said Browne, 'but you would not have me fight the whole French army with four hundred and seventy men?' 'Had you not,' replied the General, 'five Spanish battalions, together with artillery and cavalry?' 'Oh!' said Browne, 'they all ran away long before the enemy came within cannon-shot.' The General coolly replied, 'It is a bad business, Browne: you must instantly turn round and attack.' 'Very well,' said the Colonel, 'am I to attack in extended order as flankers, or as a close battalion?' 'In open order,' was the reply, and the General returned to the troops in the wood.

"All this time we never saw our English comrades, though they were close before us, so dense was the wood. The flank battalion was instantly extended into skirmishing order, which had scarcely been done when the General again rode back to Colonel Browne, saying, 'I must show something more serious than skirmishing; close the men into compact battalion.'

'That I will with pleasure,' cried the Colonel; 'for it is more in my way than light-bobbing.' The order to close on the centre was instantly bugled out, during which moment the Colonel sent to know from the General, who had again retired, if he was to advance as soon as formed, and whether he was to attack immediately in his front, or more towards his right? The answer was, 'Attack in your front, and immediately.'

"All being now ready, Colonel Browne rode to the front of the battalion and, taking off his hat, said in a voice that was to be heard by all, 'Gentlemen, I am happy to be the bearer of good news: General Graham has done you the honour of being the first to attack those fellows. Now, follow me, you rascals!' He pointed to the enemy, and giving the order to advance broke into his favourite air:

'Now cheer up, my lads! 'Tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year.'

Thus we moved forward with four hundred and sixty-eight men and twenty-one officers to attack the position, upon which but three-quarters of an hour previously we had stood in proud defiance of the advancing foe, but which was now defended by two thousand five hundred infantry and eight pieces of artillery, together with some cavalry. To this force were added two battalions of chosen grenadiers, commanded by General Rousseau, the whole under the orders of the General of Division, Rufin."

Colonel Browne gave orders to his men to push on till they could use the bayonet and not to fire. But at the first volley from the enemy, half the

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battalion, including more than half the officers, was mown down as it began to ascend the hill. The remainder closed to form a second line but again lost heavily, and the battalion then became hopelessly scattered, for the men took refuge behind cover in every direction. Colonel Browne, and Robert, who had been wounded in the thigh by a grape-shot, were the only officers to be seen standing on the field. "The Colonel," says Robert, "now addressed me, saying, 'I shall go and join the Guards, will you come?' I declined the proposition, remarking that, not being just then very firm on my legs, it would take me some time to arrive where the Guards were; that he was unhurt and mounted and could confidently go."

The Guards had now emerged from the pine forest in the rear and, under General Dilkes, were making a desperate and gallant attempt to clear the hill. Colonel Browne rode off to join them and Robert was left alone. He seized a firelock and collected about ten men, and suggested capturing an annoying howitzer just ahead of them. A drummer-boy who stood near said he would like to come too, but daren't leave his drum behind as he would have to pay for it. Robert promised to be responsible for the price of the drum, whereupon the youth threw it away, took a musket instead, and made himself very useful.

The gun was rushed and captured at the point of the bayonet, and Robert wrote on it with a piece of chalk, "28th Regiment." His small party was now suddenly joined by about a hundred men of the flank battalion who had been hiding behind trees and

bushes, and as they advanced up the hill their numbers steadily increased till, at a critical moment when Marshal Victor was trying to save both his flanks from being turned, these two hundred men and their one wounded officer were able to come to the support of the Guards and successfully beat back the enemy's right.

The French, with Marshal Victor himself in the front of the battle, fought stubbornly for every inch of the ground, till General Graham, dashing forward, shouted "Charge!" A tremendous cheer followed and the enemy were swept over the hill and down on to the plain, leaving Rousseau and Rufin, two of their bravest generals, mortally wounded.

The battle had lasted under two hours, but the British troops were so exhausted that a pursuit was impossible, and the enemy who had re-formed on the plain still numbered more than the British at the beginning of the action. At dusk Graham moved down to Santi Petri and crossed over to the Isla de Leon.

None of the Spaniards had returned in time to be of any use. La Pena, who never appeared at all, was cashiered for his disgraceful behaviour, and complained bitterly of such treatment after his allied army had been so splendidly victorious!

The French losses were reckoned by Graham at about 3000, while his own official return was 1242, one fourth of which occurred in the flank battalion.

General Graham, whose quick decision to attack had probably saved the allied armies, was congratulated by Lord Wellington, who wrote of the

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battle as "the hardest action that has been fought yet."

After the battle of Barrosa the 28th went back to Gibraltar, and the flank battalion to Tarifa till July, when the regiment sailed for Lisbon. Here it refitted, and after drinking "to the memory of the immortal Moore," set out on the 1st of August under General Rowland Hill.

For some weeks General Hill's headquarters were at Portalegre. Here he kept a pack of fox-hounds, encouraged racing and partridge-shooting, and kept open table in the good old English style. "He felt equally at home," says Robert, "before a smoking round of beef or a red-hot Marshal of France, and was as keen at unkennelling a Spanish fox as at starting a French general out of his sleep, and in either amusement was the first to cry, 'Tally-ho!' or 'There they go!'"

In October, General Hill moved into Spain. His orders from the Duke of Wellington were "to drive the enemy out of that part of Estramadura which lies between the Tagus and the Guadiana." He reached Alcuescar on the evening of the 27th, and found himself only a league from the French, who had halted at Arroyo Molinos, unaware that the British were so close to their heels.

At dawn, under cover of a violent rainstorm and a thick mist, the army marched to its positions. The town was rushed and taken at the point of the bayonet. General Le Brun and the Prince d'Aremberg were captured, besides 1500 men and all the guns and baggage waggons. General Gerard, in command of the French, was wounded, but managed

to escape. The British losses were only seven killed, sixty-four wounded, and one missing.

On the way to Portalegre the 28th had joined up with its 2nd battalion, which had been at Albuera under Colonel Abercrombie. Robert was given the command of a battalion company, with a promise from the Colonel that when they met with the enemy he should, if he wished, rejoin the Light Company.

On the night before the attack on Arroyo Molinos, Robert reminded Colonel Abercrombie of his promise. The Light Company had never, since October 1808, fired a shot when he was not present, and he hoped he would not be left behind this time. "Oh there it is, Mr. Blakeney," said the Colonel, "everyone wishes to leave me. You are more respectable commanding a company with the regiment than 2nd in a company detached." Robert bowed and said that wherever he was ordered to serve, he hoped to be able to do his duty. "The Colonel," he writes, "rode away, but immediately returned and said, 'Blakeney, I very well recollect my promise but thought you would never mention it. I wished to have you near myself. However, I now speak to you as a friend: do as you please: either join the Light Company or remain, but do not hereafter say that I marred your prospects, which on the contrary I pledge you my honour I would most willingly advance.' Encouraged by the Colonel's kindly and sincere manner, as well as by the kindly regards which he always showed towards me, I felt emboldened to express my sentiments freely. . . . I told him candidly that I wished to join the Light Com-

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pany. Shaking me cordially by the hand, 'God bless you, my honest fellow,' said he, 'and may every



"Put his own horse at the wall"

success attend you.' Another officer was appointed to command the battalion company; and mounting my horse I soon overtook the Light Bobs, who greeted

me with a cheer, saying that they knew Mr. Blakeney would not remain behind."

During the battle, Robert, having led the Light Company against General Gerard's column as it was retreating hastily through a breach in the wall, put his own horse at the wall and landed alone among the enemy on the further side. He rode furiously at a French colonel who was coming through the breach. Both horses became unmanageable, and Robert and the colonel rolled to the ground clutching each other, Robert, who was the lighter, being on top. At that moment the Light Company came through the breach behind the flying Frenchmen. Robert handed his prisoner over to General Howard, shouting, "General, here is a colonel for you; take him in charge. I cannot stop; I must go on with the Light Bobs," and then, horseless and capless, he rushed down the rocky hillside to join his own Light Bobs.

General Hill gave his troops a day's rest in the town and then moved back to Portalegre. From Portalegre Robert was sent to Lisbon with the Prince d'Aremberg, and remained in charge of him there until the Prince was taken to England. They parted on excellent terms and the Prince gave Robert a warm invitation to his father's house in Brussels, which Robert some time afterwards accepted. He now returned to his regiment at Albuquerque, although many people advised him to accompany the Prince to England.

4. THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ

At the end of February 1812, Robert was promoted to a company, but in the 2nd battalion of the 36th Regiment then in England. He tried hard to get back into the 28th, or to exchange into the 1st battalion of the 36th in the Peninsula. But the Duke of Wellington said he could not interfere and Robert must go to England and report himself to the adjutant. So he said good-bye to his old regiment, was given a hearty cheer by the Light Bobs, and rode off towards Badajoz, which Lord Wellington was preparing to besiege.

Here he came across Lieutenant Huddleston and Sir Frederick Stovin, both lately of the 28th, and they introduced him to General Picton. Having found friends and a near prospect of fighting, Robert did not feel at all inclined to hurry on his way to Lisbon. On March 16th, the day after his arrival, there was a grand review of the troops, and they were then marched off, with all their bands playing "St. Patrick's Day," to their positions round the town.

The French within the walls numbered about 5000. On the 19th they made a sortie from the La Trinidad Gate, but were at once driven back by General Bowes, commanding in the trenches. On the 25th an out-work called La Picurina was successfully stormed and held by General Kempt, another sortie was repulsed on the 29th, and on the 31st the British batteries opened fire on the walls to make breaches by which to enter the town.

The troops meanwhile had been in great difficulties from the floods. Owing to incessant bad weather since March 17th, the river had swollen, the pontoon bridge was carried away, and the flying bridges were damaged, so that there was a delay in getting provisions across. The unfortunate men in the trenches were up to their waists in mud and water. In spite of this the operations were carried on without interruption. By the evening of April 6th three breaches had been made, at Sta. Maria, at the ravelin of San Roque, and at La Trinidad, and the attack was ordered for ten o'clock that night.

It was to be made on three main points. General Picton with the 3rd Division was to attack the castle of Badajoz by escalade. A detachment of the Guards under Major Wilson of the 48th was to storm the ravelin of San Roque, while the 4th Division under General Colville and the Light Division under Colonel Barnard were to storm the breaches in the bastions of La Trinidad and Sta. Maria. The 5th Division under General Leith took the place of the 4th in the trenches, and was ordered to make false attacks on some of the outworks.

A little before ten o'clock General Picton moved towards the castle walls, while the other divisions crept in the dark to the breaches. They were not discovered till they were in the ditch. Then suddenly the defenders opened fire on them with cannon and musket, and the whole scene was illuminated by the fireballs which they threw from the walls. Here is Robert's own description of the struggle for two of the breaches. The third, owing to a mistake, was never even attempted, as Robert discovered from the

complete absence of dead bodies when he visited it next day.

"The thundering cheer of the British soldiers as they rushed forward through the outer ditch, together with the appalling roar of all arms sent forth in defiance from within, was tremendous. Whenever an instant's pause occurred it was filled by the heart-rending shrieks of the down-trodden wounded and by the lengthened groans of the dying. Three times were the breaches cleared of Frenchmen, driven off at the point of the bayonet by gallant British soldiers to the very summit, when they were by the no less gallant foe each time driven back, leaving their bravest officers and foremost soldiers behind, who, whether killed or wounded, were tossed down headlong to the foot of the breaches. Throughout this dreadful conflict our bugles were continually sounding the advance. The cry of 'Bravo! Bravo!' resounded through the ditches and along the foot of the breaches; but no British cry was heard from within the walls of Badajoz save that of despair, uttered by the bravest, who despite of all obstacles forced their way into the body of the place, and there, through dire necessity abandoned, groaned forth their last, stabbed by unnumbered wounds. Again and again were the breaches attacked with redoubled fury, and defended with equal pertinacity and stern resolution, seconded by every resource which science could adopt or ingenuity suggest. Bags and barrels of gunpowder with short fuses were rolled down, which, bursting at the bottom or along the face of the breaches, destroyed all who advanced. Thousands of live shells, hand-grenades, fireballs, and every species of de-

structive combustible were thrown down the breaches and over the walls into the ditches, which, lighting and exploding at the same instant, rivalled the lightning and thunder of heaven. This at intervals was succeeded by an impenetrable darkness as of the infernal regions. Gallant foes, laughing at death, met, fought, bled, and rolled upon earth; and from the very earth destruction burst, for the exploding mines cast up friends and foes together, who in burning torture clashed and shrieked in the air. Partly burned they fell back into the inundating water, continually lighted up by the incessant bursting of shells. Thus assailed by opposing elements, they made the horrid scene yet more horrid by shrieks uttered in wild despair, vainly struggling against a watery grave, with limbs convulsed and quivering from the consuming fire. The roaring of cannon, the bursting of shells, the rattle of musketry, the awful explosion of mines, and the flaring sickly blaze of fireballs seemed not of human invention, but rather as if all the elements of nature had greedily combined in the general havoc, and heaven, earth, and hell had united for the destruction alike of devoted Badajoz and of its furious assailants."

Major Wilson succeeded in carrying and holding the ravelin of San Roque with 200 men, but the 4th and Light Divisions flung themselves in vain upon the breaches until after midnight, when General Picton being, as we shall see, established in the castle, Lord Wellington drew them off to the ground from which they had originally started. General Leith's attack on the bastion of San Vincente was delayed till after eleven o'clock, because the men in

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charge of his ladders lost their way. He got into the town at last when the 3rd Division was already in possession of the castle, and a good deal of firing took place between the two divisions, who failed in the dark to recognise each other, and who were each unaware of the other's success. This would have been far more serious had not Picton been ordered to remain within the castle till day-break.

His attack on the castle was a fine performance, and no one had expected it to be the first to succeed. At ten o'clock he reached the foot of the great walls and brought up his long ladders. Instead of sending isolated parties with them, to be destroyed one by one, he collected his whole division, and set up ladder after ladder with such rapidity that he at last succeeded in getting one firmly placed. The men swarmed up it, only to be hurled down one after another on the heads of their comrades below. But there were always others eagerly pushing forward to take their place, and at last a few established themselves on the top of the wall and were able to check the enemy's fire. The worst was now over. Other ladders were soon placed, and at about half-past eleven the castle, which commanded all the works of the town, was captured.

Robert was present when the news was brought to Lord Wellington, who sat, sheltered behind a mound, receiving dispatches and directing the course of events by the light of a candle held by one of his Staff. Up till then things had been going badly, and the crowd of anxious bystanders could hear, above the tumult, the bugles repeatedly sounding



STORMING THE HEIGHTS AT BADAJOS.



the recall. Then suddenly a breathless horseman rode up with the news that General Picton was in the castle, but had had to take troops from the trenches with which to hold it. "Lord Wellington," says Robert, "was evidently delighted, but exclaimed, 'What! abandon the trenches?' and ordered two regiments of the 5th Division instantly to replace those withdrawn. I waited to hear no more, but, admiring the prompt genius which immediately provided for every contingency, I mounted my horse. I was immediately surrounded by a lot of Spaniards, thousands of whom, of all ages and sexes, had been collecting at this point for some time from the neighbouring towns and villages, to witness the storming and enjoy the brilliant spectacle wherein thousands of men, women, and children, including those of their own country, were to be shot, bayoneted, or blown to atoms. Notwithstanding the hundreds of beautiful females who closely pressed round and even clung to me for information, I merely exclaimed in a loud voice that Badajoz was taken, and then made the best of my way to the walls of the castle; their height was rather forbidding and an enfilading fire still continued. The ladders were warm and slippery with blood and brains of many a gallant soldier, who but a few moments previously mounted them with undaunted pride, to be dashed down from their top and lie broken in death at their foot."

The disorder and confusion within the castle that night was appalling. The French general, Phillipon, who had expected to hold it even should the town be taken, had filled it with all the live stock of the

garrison, including the wolfish hounds who usually guarded the sheep and oxen. Drunken men, terrified women and children mingled their shrieks and cries with those of the wounded, both men and animals, and continual firing was kept up through the one narrow gate of the castle.

General Phillipon had retired to Fort San Christoval across the river, but surrendered together with all his Staff next morning, and he and the whole garrison were made prisoners.

Robert was forced to remain in the castle till daybreak, when he was able to make his escape on to the ramparts, and refresh himself with the glorious spring air and the singing of birds. The fruit trees near the river banks were already in blossom, and all the young leaves shone in the morning sun. But when he came to the breaches and looked down on the floods below, he was sickened by the sight of the stagnant reddened water already steaming in the sun, and the piles of dead bodies, many of which he recognised. Only two of the dead within the main breach were British, but at the foot and in the ditch they lay thick on one another, while above them, over the whole top of the breach, were stretched *chevaux de frise* formed of boards thickly studded with spikes and sword-blades, and fastened to ropes and plugs driven into the ground. Behind these were a number of cuts or pits made in the ramparts, into which the attackers might fall in the darkness; and behind these again were piles of muskets, about twenty for each man of the defenders, no doubt kept continually loaded by persons in the rear.

The losses and sufferings of the British troops in

attacking these breaches cannot be described, but the effect was terrible. The men were driven utterly mad, and when at last the town was taken it was sacked with the utmost fury. "Whatever accounts," says Robert, "may be given of the horrors which attended and immediately followed the storming of Badajoz, they must fall far short of the truth; and it is impossible for any who were not present to imagine them." The officers, of course, did all they could to restrain the men, and to save the townspeople; three times Robert narrowly escaped with his life for endeavouring to protect some women by conveying them to St. John's Church, where a guard was mounted. Once he pretended to call up an imaginary guard; once he fired his pistol at a brutal sergeant—it missed fire, but the man was cowed; once he had to sham ruffian himself and appear to join in looting a house, in order to keep the mad soldiers out of a sick woman's bedroom.

The rioting went on for three days; on the morning of the fourth day the 9th Regiment was marched into the town; gallows were erected in the principal square and other places, and any man found plundering was ordered to be hanged on the spot. The troops then pulled up short and became once more an orderly British garrison. They had indelibly disgraced themselves, and had not even their loot to show for it—the Portuguese had stolen it all from them as they lay in their drunken sleep between the town and the camp. Robert says, "I witnessed this mean jackal theft a hundred times: and without feeling the slightest affection for those second-hand dastard robbers, I enjoyed seeing the British soldiers

deprived of their booty, acquired under circumstances too disgusting to be dwelt on."

The sack of Badajoz was a disgrace under which those who love the honour of the British army must always burn with shame. They may get what consolation they can from remembering that it was not a deliberate crime, done by order, and designed in cold blood for the torturing of a conquered people. Our officers fought against it at the risk of their lives, our generals sternly punished it, our people heard of it with horror and with reprobation. The British army of to-day is separated from such deeds by a gulf wider than a hundred years of time.

5. AN IRISH ENDING

Robert went home after Badajoz, but by the spring of 1813 he was again on his way to join the army in Spain. He had obtained leave, through the Duke of York, to join the 1st battalion of the 36th instead of remaining in England with the 2nd battalion. He crossed to Lisbon in a horse transport, which narrowly escaped falling into the hands of an American privateer, and was much tossed about in the Bay of Biscay. From Lisbon he set out on a march of about 600 miles to join Lord Wellington's army now in the Pyrenees. He travelled with an Artillery lieutenant escorting fresh mules for the guns, and as both officers could speak Spanish like natives, and were young and high-spirited, they had many adventures on the way.

The last and most exciting of these was an attempt to carry off a beautiful young lady with

whom the Artillery lieutenant had fallen violently in love. She was the daughter of a Spanish bishop, and was staying in the same house in which the gunner and Robert were billeted for a night or two. She returned the lieutenant's affection, and, as it was certain that her father, who was then in Madrid, would never give his consent, an elopement was the only way out of the difficulty. Here is Robert's own account of what happened:

"The elopement was fixed for the morning dawn. The heroine, the better to elude discovery, determined to travel for a stage or two in male attire; to this I contributed a new hat. In this hat were closely crammed a pair of doeskin inexpressibles belonging to the great gun officer, which were privately consigned to the fair lady, and by her kept in her room until required. One of our servants was to accompany the lady and gentleman, who were to start at daybreak, each riding in a man's saddle and as men do, to which the lady made no objection. . . . The principal object to be attained was to lull the suspicions of the family, particularly that of the young lady's aunt and of her elder sister, whose vigilance was roused by certain telegraphic glances which passed between the incautious lovers. To forward this, we invited the whole family that night, and generously supplied them with mulled wine, highly sweetened and qualified with a liberal portion of brandy. This punch royal was plentifully supplied; and to say the truth, the beverage was freely quaffed by all to a very late hour, when at length all retired to rest. The anxiously looked-for dawn having appeared, we beheld the little lady

emerging from her room fully equipped for travelling. Her costume certainly caused some mirth; my friend's doeskins, not being sufficiently ample, were ripped down the rear; but for security as well as to prevent untoward accidents, the young lady had established a communication between the separated parts by cross-lacing or frogging, such as may be seen across the breasts of a hussar's blue frock. My hat was tastefully perched on the crown of her head, rather on one side, and made fast to a net or caul in which her hair was confined, an arrangement not unfrequently adopted by men in Spain. Thus with the addition of a pair of top or jockey boots (also mine) and a handsome whip, she had all the appearance of a smart and fashionable little postilion. Her white jacket was also slit and frogged, but in front and for a similar reason. Now, as we lightly tripped downstairs, a confused noise was heard through the house; all were indeed aroused, and as we were hurrying our little postilion towards the stables we were overtaken by the ever-vigilant aunt and a host of servants. Protestations of honourable intentions were vain; the poor little postilion was made prisoner and marched back to the house, while we slunk off crest-fallen and abashed."

Their next halt was at Reynosa, where their host and hostess were most hospitable and gave a dinner-party in their honour. In the middle of this a parcel was brought in addressed to them. The hostess insisted on their opening it at once. Out came, first Robert's hat, soaking wet and quite shapeless, and with the boots stuffed inside, and then the little white jacket, at which everyone was much amused.

"On my showing," says Robert, "some reluctance to explore further, the lady of the house, next to whom I sat, put her hand into the little bag and to our confusion drew forth my friend's mutilated buckskins with the hussared rear face; these she held up to full view, whirling them round and round for the benefit of all eyes. The roars of laughter now became absolutely hysterical; we endeavoured to join in the general mirth, but I fear our laughter partook somewhat of Milton's grin." The culprits were allowed no peace till they had told the whole story. They left the house next morning before daybreak, crossed the Ebro, and eventually found the army on the Pyrenees in July.

The battle of Vittoria had been fought and won on the 21st of June, and by the time Robert arrived the Spanish frontier was almost freed of the enemy. San Sebastian, a strongly fortified town on the coast, and Pamplona, were the only two important places still in the hands of the French. But on July 25th, Soult, who had been re-collecting his forces, made an advance on the passes of Roncesvalles and Maya. Ten separate battles were fought in the next nine days. They all went in favour of the allies, and Soult failed to relieve San Sebastian, which fell on August 31st, though the castle did not surrender till September 8th.

Early in October, Lord Wellington moved forward, took Soult by surprise on his right flank, crossed the Bidassoa, and established himself in France. On the 31st, Pamplona fell. It was now Wellington's intention to attack the enemy on the Nivelle as soon as the heavy autumn rains were over and he could

move again. This was not till November 9th, when the roads, though still very wet and muddy, were passable.

The French were in a position that was very strong, both from the nature of the ground and also because for weeks past they had dug themselves in and built forts and redoubts on the hill-tops. On their right they reached to the sea in front of St. Jean de Luz and to the Nivelle. Their centre was on the heights behind a village called La Petite Rhune, and their left on the mountain of Mondarrain and the hills above Ainhoa, on the other side of the river.

Wellington's plan was to attack the centre and force his way through to the rear of the French right, which was too strongly fortified to be attacked from the front. He was completely successful. The enemy's position on the left and centre were carried and cut off from each other, and his right on the lower Nivelle was thus turned. The battle lasted from daybreak on the 10th till nightfall, when the enemy retired upon Bidart, and afterwards to Bayonne, completely defeated, with the loss of 51 pieces of cannon and 1400 prisoners, besides great numbers of dead and wounded.

Robert's regiment was in the 6th Division under Lieut.-General Sir Henry Clinton. On the night of the 9th the division had marched through the pass of Maya, and arrived in the early dawn close to the enemy's position on the upper part of the Nivelle. Here it was kept waiting on the edge of a forest, with shells frequently crashing through the branches, till ten o'clock, when at last there came the order to

advance. The men then rushed forward, cleared the outposts from both banks, waded through the river, and made for the fortifications on the hillside behind Ainhoa. The hill which fell to the lot of the 36th was not only the steepest that Robert had ever climbed, but the ground was very rough and uneven, and thickly overgrown with tall brambles, making it impossible for the regiment to keep any sort of order. At the same time the men were exposed throughout the ascent to the enemy's fire from above.

Robert, with his usual desire to be first, pushed on so fast that he soon found himself alone in a small clear space immediately under the fort, and close to the enemy, who were drawn up behind an *abattis* of felled trees. He saw that some kind of order must be restored before the actual attack was made, and turning quickly round under a shower of bullets, he ran back headlong till he met the two ensigns carrying the colours. He seized the King's colour from Ensign Montgomery, planted it in the ground, and remained there for about ten minutes while the breathless men came up the hill and collected behind him. "At this moment," he writes, "my gallant comrades, Lieutenants Vincent and L'Estrange, who stood by my side, remarked that if I did not allow the regiment to advance, the 61st Regiment would arrive at the redoubt as soon as we should. I immediately placed my cap on the point of my sword and, passing to the front of the colours, gave the word, 'Quick march, charge!' We all pushed forward, excited by the old British cheer. But my personal advance was momentary: being struck by

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a shot which shattered both bones of my left leg, I came down. Vincent instantly asked what was the



"He seized the King's colour from Ensign Montgomery"

matter. I told him that my leg was broken and that was all. I asked him to put the limb in a straight

position and to place me against a tree which stood close by; in this position I asked for my cap and sword, which had been struck from my hand in the fall; and then I cheered on the regiment as they gallantly charged the redoubt.

"The fort being carried, the regiment pursued the enemy down the opposite side of the hill, whilst I remained behind idly to look around me. The scene was beautifully romantic and heroically sublime. Groups of cavalry were seen judiciously, although apparently without regularity, dotted along the sides of every hill, watching an opportunity of falling on the discomfited foe. Our troops gallantly bore over an unbroken series of entrenchments, thickly crowded with bayonets and kept lively by incessant fire. The awful passing events lay beneath my view; nor was there aught to interrupt my observation save a few bodily twitches, the pangs of prostrated ambition, and the shot and shells which burst close, or nearly cut the ground from under me."

Here he lay for several hours, amid the cry of the wounded near at hand and all the far-off sounds of the battle that came floating up the hill. He was quite helpless, and unable to shift his position even when shells from a neighbouring fort began throwing up the dust all over him. At last a regimental assistant-surgeon came up and applied a field dressing—not nearly the efficient performance it is in these days—and as the only available splints were short ones intended for arms and not legs, Robert suffered agonies from the movement of his leg as he was carried in a blanket down the steep hillside. He was taken to a cottage, where he remained four days

before he was fetched away and moved into the temporary hospital. The assistant-surgeon had reported that Captain Blakeney's leg would have to be amputated, and two surgeons had already hunted for him in vain to take it off. But by now it was so inflamed that the operation had to be postponed, and the surgeons contented themselves with setting the leg, a most agonising performance which Robert endured with great fortitude. When the inflammation subsided the surgeon again talked of amputation, but Robert seemed to be doing so well and was in such good spirits that it was agreed to take the risk and give the leg a chance. This decision proved to have been justified, and he made a good recovery, but he was afterwards told by the Medical Board in London that it had been a most unwarrantably risky experiment; and no less than thirty-five pieces of splintered bone made their way out before the wound eventually closed.

After three months Robert was moved to St. Jean de Luz, and finally to England, or more correctly to Ireland, for owing to bad weather the transport had to put into Bantry Bay. From here Robert and four other wounded officers who were with him made their way overland to Cork. The only vehicle they could procure for the first two stages of their journey was an empty hearse, into which they climbed. They were followed through the village by crowds of curious spectators, who were attracted by the sight of the crutches sticking out from the hearse in all directions and the unusual pace at which it was being driven. Such was Robert's triumphal homecoming after his last battle.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN COLBORNE

1. HIS FIRST WOUND

JOHN COLBORNE was born on the 16th of February 1778. His mother was Irish, his father, Samuel Colborne, was a native of Lymington in Hampshire. He died when John was only seven years old. Two years later Mrs. Colborne was married again to the Rev. Thomas Bargus, who won the lasting affection of both John and his elder sister Cordelia. Mr. and Mrs. Bargus had one daughter Alethea, who was of course John's half-sister. When he was away fighting he used to write delightful letters to both Cordelia and Alethea, though it was "Delia" who generally got the larger share.

John was devoted to his mother, whom he used to describe as "the most beautiful woman he ever saw," and her death when he was only thirteen was a terrible grief to him and Delia. The next year their stepfather married again, and became the father of another little girl, Frances Mary. John always called Fanny his sister too. She afterwards became the mother of Miss Charlotte Yonge, who wrote *The Little Duke*, *The Prince and the Page*, and many other stories that everyone has read and loved.

To go back to John himself. When his own father died, his mother got admission for him to Christ's Hospital, but when she married again he was removed to Winchester, where the Bergus family now lived. John entered the school in 1789 as a commoner, though his name was down on the scholars' roll. He had to wait to enter college till the next year, when there was at last a vacancy for him. He was one of the more fortunate "men" who were not expelled after the great rebellion in 1793. In those days the discipline of the school was in a disgraceful state, and things finally came to a head in an open rebellion, when the scholars locked up the Warden, the Usher, and a Fellow, and barricaded the school against all comers. John, though he was not expelled, took an active part in the battle, and thoroughly enjoyed hurling stones at the masters from the roof. So many men were sent away after these events, that from being fifty-fifth out of one hundred and fifteen, as he was in 1792, John suddenly rose to being eleventh out of one hundred and nine.

When he was quite small he had been destined for the Church, but as he grew older his parents decided to send him into the army—a decision which was entirely to his own satisfaction. He received his commission as Ensign in the 20th Regiment when he was only sixteen, and at once left school to study for his new profession. In 1795 he became a lieutenant, but did not join his regiment till it came home from the West Indies in 1796.

One of John's chief characteristics all through life was his deep sense of religion. He was also remarkably upright and fearless and clear-headed, and had

the gentlest and most courteous manners, which, added to his splendid height and appearance, made him a very attractive young soldier. He had a sense of humour too; of his first three years with the regiment he tells us only this one story—how the colonel, when the new young lieutenant first joined, pointed to another officer and said, "There, sir, that officer was shot through the body and was all the better for it; there's encouragement for you."

In 1799 the 20th Regiment sailed with the expedition to Holland. "We landed," said Colborne when telling the story in later years, "without baggage, on a cold rainy night, and were on the bare sands with no food and no wood. General Don had a nice little cart with his things in, in which he was to sleep, and I recollect envying him when he said, '*Now, gentlemen, we halt here; make yourselves comfortable!*' An officer, I recollect, shot a wild fowl and roasted it himself, and gave us all some." It cannot have been a large portion that each officer got!

On landing the 20th Regiment was held in reserve. John's battalion, the 1st, was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel George Smyth. About a week after their arrival he was ordered to attack a certain dyke. General Abercrombie, commander-in-chief, himself brought the order, and with him rode Sir John Moore, whom John now saw for the first time, little knowing what an influence that famous soldier was to have on his life and how much he was to be with him.

The dyke was at once attacked. "March straight in, and if you see anything, don't fire but push at

them with the bayonet." These were Colonel Smyth's orders. There was, however, no opposition and the dyke was found to be deserted. John was then sent out on picquet duty on to the road, which proved to be the high road to Alkmaar. As soon as the Colonel knew this he ordered an entrenchment to be made there. John and his men at once began to dig a trench, and while they were at work he overheard one of his men, belonging to the militia, say to a comrade, "Well, I'll stand as long as the officer stands." They were on guard all night, and very early in the morning the French attacked them, killing two or three of the picquets. The rest stood firm and drove the enemy back. John was much commended by the Colonel, both for the well-chosen position of his trench and for his successful defence of it, and he was congratulated by all his brother officers for being the first of them to have encountered the enemy. It was the first time he had ever been under fire.

General Abercrombie came himself to hear all the details. John was very shy and hardly knew how to begin, when an old Dutch General who was present, popularly known as General Ney from the size of his nose, said abruptly, "Now, sir, speak out and tell the General all you have seen!" This remark made John so furious that all his nervousness vanished at once.

On September 10th the French attacked the British position at Schagen Brug, and John took part in his first battle, and was himself wounded, together with his colonel and four other officers of his battalion. He wrote directly afterwards to tell

his stepfather what had happened. This was his letter :

"DEAR SIR,—I have only time to say we were yesterday attacked by a very large force. Our regiment suffered particularly. I am wounded in the head, but not severely. Three thousand of the enemy were killed and wounded.—I am, yours affectionately,
J. COLBORNE."

A day or two later he sent Delia a full account of the action. "Of course," he wrote, "you have heard of the action before this. I should have written to you immediately after it, but was so situated then, I could get but one sheet of paper before the packet sailed, which I sent to Mr. Bargus. I was wounded in the head and feel no inconvenience, except from the violence of the blow and the sudden compression, which occasioned violent pains in the head. I have been bled twice, and find myself greatly relieved." He goes on to describe the battle and how the grenadiers of his regiment defended an outpost for three hours, until they had no more ammunition left and were forced to retire. The French followed them across a bridge, and then General Abercrombie rode up and said, "Now, are there not forty or fifty of you who will charge with me into the village and drive the French back?" The whole regiment rushed forward and the French retired, leaving numbers of dead and wounded behind them. "Our regiment," John continues, "behaved *uncommonly well*. The First battalion had but six hundred men, as we left part of the regiment at the

Texel Island. Our army is very much scattered. No regiment but the Second battalion came to our assistance till the action was over. It lasted from four till eleven (A.M.). I hope to join the regiment in two or three days again."

In another letter to Mr. Bargus he said: "Sir Ralf was very much pleased with the conduct of the regiment; indeed it was impossible for them to behave better. Six officers of the First battalion were wounded out of eighteen who were engaged. . . . I hope in a few days to join the regiment again. The bullet took me on the side of my head just above the temple, but fortunately I had my hat on sideways, which prevented the ball from entering the skull; there is no fracture. . . ."

John was too optimistic: his three days were prolonged to three weeks or more. He was nursed in the house of a priest, with whom he had to talk Latin, as they had no other language in common. John began to think he ought to learn a few modern languages, and resolved to study them whenever he got the chance.

During this time the Duke of York brought over fresh British troops, and news came that the enemy were to be attacked at the beginning of October at Egmont op Zee. John had been allowed nothing but rice to eat while he was laid up and his wound was not yet healed, but in spite of everything that the doctors could say he insisted on rejoining his regiment before it went into action. He tried to get leave to travel on a transport wagon, and had such a quarrel with the commissary over the matter that they were both taken before the wounded Colonel,

"You actually think," exclaimed John furiously to his opponent, "a bag of biscuits of more value than a British officer!" Colonel Smyth was much amused, but had to tell John that his request could not be allowed. So John marched the twenty miles on his own feet. "Well, Colborne," said Colonel M'Donald, whom he met on the way, "are you for England?" "No," said John, "I was wounded at Schagen Brug and am on my way to join my regiment before the battle!"—an answer which delighted the Colonel.

Baggage carts were very scarce and the officers went into action with their big cloaks strapped round them. John's cloak probably saved his life, for while his regiment was fighting among the sandhills he was struck by a bullet. "Ah!" said a brother officer, "I see they are determined to have you yet." But the bullet had gone through every single fold of his cloak, leaving him untouched. This was one of several miraculous escapes, for twice during the campaign a shot passed clean through his cap without wounding him.

As the result of the battle of Egmont op Zee, Alkmaar was taken and the French forced to retire. Another action was fought on October 6th, of an indecisive nature, and a fortnight later the war was brought to an end by agreement and the troops re-embarked for England.

John considered that his services in the Dutch campaign had fully earned him the right to promotion. He went himself to lay his case before the military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. He was asked how long he had been in the army, and answered indignantly that that had nothing to do

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with the matter. When the secretary had looked at John's testimonials, he said, "Yes, sir, it is a very hard case; put it on paper and I will give it to the Com-



"John's cloak probably saved his life"

mander-in-Chief." John was holding a small twig in his hands and in his eagerness he struck the desk in front of which the secretary sat, as he replied, "I do think it a confoundedly hard case, to use no other terms." Apparently the Commander-in-Chief thought

the same, for on the 12th of January 1800, when he was not yet twenty-one, John was made a Brevet-Captain. But he was not actually given his company till two years later.

In the summer of 1800, the 20th went to Minorca. The story goes that as John embarked at Cork an old Irish woman gave him her blessing, and prophesied that he would return there as Commander-in-Chief, which he actually did fifty-five years later.

At Minorca he was quartered at Fort George, and from here he wrote in September a long letter to Delia describing the life on the Island and the inhabitants. "Have you not," he wrote, "been daily expecting a large quantity of Genoa velvet? I am sorry to say the velvet must now be changed into Minorca honey. I am *very much* disappointed. After our expectations had been raised with the idea of co-operating with the Austrian army, we find ourselves garrison troops at Minorca, with our light baggage only. My wardrobe consists of four shirts, as many stockings, and other necessities in proportion—*very agreeable* in a hot climate. Our original destination was Genoa—but through the late arrival of Sir Ralph Abercrombie and the treachery of Melas' army, the grand expedition which has covered the seas for so long a time was rendered useless. Until *I am at the head of affairs* these expeditions never will be properly managed."

All the same, John was very happy during the ten months he was in Minorca. He was delighted to find that the cost of living was much less than in England, so that he was able to save money for the first time in his life. He also had the opportunity of

studying French and Italian, and used to ride off at four o'clock every morning to have his lesson and be back in time for parade at ten. He gave Delia an amusing description of the ladies of the Island. "They are some of them pretty," he told her, "but disfigure themselves much by their dress, wearing their hair down to their feet twisted in the form of a cow's tail, a close cap, and formidable stays with a peak as long as Teneriffe. A strange custom, and barbarous, the parents have of sending their daughters that are pretty to a nunnery. The 'uglies' are suffered to enjoy the pomps and vanities. . . .

"Fancy, how sublime, romantic, and picturesque, to see and hear the happy swains playing under the windows of their charming brunettes. This is the mode of making love. They are only allowed to see the fair for the first two years at the window except at Mass. The third year they are admitted to kiss the hand, and the fourth, if agreeable to the parties, the courtship ends. As I think a month's attendance on these occasions is quite sufficient, I have no chance of marrying here."

In June the following year the regiment was sent to reinforce the expedition in Egypt against the French. It arrived during the siege of Alexandria, and was there till after the town had capitulated and peace had been signed. At the end of November it went to Malta. From here, John with two or three brother officers went off on a three months' tour for their own amusement, through Sicily and Calabria. They had many adventures and saw "Vesuvius, Naples and all the lions," and John came back "a perfect master of Italian"—so he told his sister. He also told

her that the regiment was supposed to be going shortly to the West Indies. "If that be really our destination, you may expect me to return during the course of three or four years, not with the fat cheeks that you were wont to see, but emaciated, scorched and shrivelled beneath the burning zone. You will be unable to trace my unmeaning features."

At Malta, John as usual made the most of his time. In order to be sure of being up early he tied a bell to his bed, and paid a man a small sum to ring it from below every morning at four o'clock as he went by to ring the church bell. His subalterns were also made to work, though they did not fail to amuse themselves as well. Once John and several others went to a masquerade got up as Silenus and his crew. They stole the Colonel's donkey and then found it very difficult to get him upstairs. Finally they had to carry him. On entering the room the first person we saw was the Colonel himself. He came up, looking very hard at the donkey, and said, "I do believe that is my donkey!"

The regiment did not go to the West Indies after all, but remained in Malta till November 1805. In a letter to Mr. Bargus, written in July 1804, John says that the French are on the march to Naples, and he hopes for active service before long. Referring to the situation in England at that time, he writes: "The dread of invasion will never cease. You are as safe in England as we are in this impregnable Malta. The new Emperor will not land a man in England. Neither will he attempt it. Let him have a million gunboats, still he will never use them. Ireland is certainly the vulnerable heel, but to wound it he

must hazard much. Politicians think he has deeper schemes. There has been an insurrection at Tripoli incited by *la république impériale*. It is reported the Emperor means to occupy the whole of the African coast and the Mediterranean." This is not unlike much that has been written lately about another Imperial enemy.

On November 1, 1805, John wrote to his step-father: "We embarked yesterday and sail to-morrow for Syracuse to unite with the Russians—thence we proceed to Italy." The news of Trafalgar, though it was already eleven days old when this letter was written, did not reach the army till after it had landed at Naples.

This expedition into Italy came to an end, to John's great disappointment, without any fighting, for on hearing that Napoleon was sending an army of 50,000 men to Naples under his brother Joseph Bonaparte, the Russians retired and the British were therefore forced to do the same. They re-embarked in January at Castellamare and sailed to Messina, which they occupied. In June an invasion of Sicily was decided on before the French came there in force. The British army landed on July 1st, and attacked General Regnier on the plain of Maida three days later. Colonel Ross with the battalion companies of the 20th did not land till the very morning of the battle, July 4th, and his men had to run to arrive in time to take part in it.

Colborne's account of it is short but emphatic. "The right was first engaged, and some of the best regiments of the enemy charged us with the greatest intrepidity, nor were our men less forward to meet

them. Reserving our fire till we came within a short distance, the astonished invincibles were mowed down by a well-directed fire, and the right of our line passed through the left. Few of them escaped."

The French then tried to turn the left, but "the 20th coming up at this critical moment in echelon, and forming on the left of the 27th, the enemy retired in the greatest confusion, and had we had cavalry, every man of them would have been a prisoner. . . . The field of battle after the action was a horrid sight. The loss of the French in killed, wounded, and prisoners is almost incredible, nearly 2000. Our army entered the field with 4600, the enemy had 7200 bayonets and 300 cavalry. Fortunate it is for us that the spectators were numerous. I now begin to think, as our ancestors did, that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen."

Owing to the death of Captain M'Lean in this action, Colborne succeeded to the command of the Light Company. The victory made a great impression and was compared with Crécy and Agincourt. General Fox, who came out soon afterwards to take over the command, heard great things of Colborne, and made him his military secretary; and when Fox in his turn was succeeded by Sir John Moore, Colborne was retained in his place and became Moore's devoted friend and follower.

2. THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE

John was seriously ill with fever after the Calabrian expedition and was sent over to Messina to recover. Writing from there to his stepfather a few

days after Fox's recall, John says: "Sir John Moore is one of the best generals we have (that, you will say, is not much to his credit): an active, acute, intelligent officer, about forty-three years of age, and full of that coolness in action and difficult situations so necessary to those who command. He is one of those determined and independent characters who act and speak what they think just and proper, without paying the least regard to the opinion of persons of interest or in power. If he have a fair opportunity I conceive he will prove a most excellent general."

The post of military secretary was no light one, for though the work was interesting and well paid, it left John little or no time to himself, and kept him a good deal indoors, which he did not like. "Considering my unfitness," he wrote to Mr. Bergus, "for an office of the kind which I occupy, both from disposition and habit, I have got through the business of it tolerably well, but not without infinite labour, and have been harassed almost every hour for these twelve months."

When once John was recovered from his severe fever he kept himself very fit and in condition for active service at any moment. Though he lived in luxurious quarters at Palermo, being now a person of importance, his own room was very Spartan and he never slept on anything but the hardest of mattresses, at a time when most men would have welcomed their chance of a feather bed. He used to say afterwards that but for the good health and regular habits that he now acquired he would never have recovered from his dangerous wound in the Peninsula.

One amusing story of these months in Sicily used

to be told by him—the story of a dinner party to which the 52nd were invited by the 20th. He was away with General Fox at the time, but was told of the joke in a letter. “Poor Diggle of the 52nd was seated between two funny young officers of the 20th, who persuaded him, when they got to the toasts, that it was the custom of the regiment always to propose a toast, ‘Confusion to all General Officers.’ So up he got and, with Colonel Ross seated at the head of the table, said, ‘President, I have a toast to propose: D—n all General Officers!’” The greatest consternation followed, for the 52nd were most anxious to stand well with Sir John Moore, and their fear was lest he should hear of this. Poor Diggle was very nearly expelled, but Colonel Ross put in a good word for him and he was let off.

In the autumn of 1807, Sir John Moore received orders to sail from Sicily with the regiments under his command. Their destination was Portugal, which was being invaded by France, but this was to be kept a strict secret. However, on reaching Gibraltar news came that Lisbon was already in the hands of the French, and the royal family were on their way to take refuge in the Brazils. Sir John Moore therefore proceeded to England. John, who was with him on board the *Euryalus*, arrived at St. Helens on the 29th of December, and wrote the next day to tell his stepfather he was back. He enclosed the following to Alethea:

“I beg leave to announce to you the following important intelligence: ‘Yesterday arrived at St. Helens, thirteen days from Gibraltar, Captain Col-

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borne, 20th Regiment. The Captain is very fat, and, having slept during the greatest part of the passage most profoundly, is supposed to have thriven exceedingly on board. Upon the whole, considering an absence of nearly eight years from his native land, he looks tolerably well."

The 20th were not long in England, for early in May they sailed again with Sir John Moore for Sweden, on the same futile expedition that Robert Blakeney had joined in the *Fury Bomb*. Though the troops were kept on board the transports, Sir John Moore and his staff lived on shore. His aide-de-camp at this time was Colonel Graham, whom Robert was afterwards to fight under at Barrosa. John, who had been promoted to the rank of major in the previous January, was again military secretary, and accompanied the General to Stockholm when he went there to interview the King of Sweden.

They travelled in an open carriage, and John wrote to Alethea that he had greatly enjoyed the long drive through the beautiful wooded country. Stockholm itself pleased him very much. He wrote from there: "It is a most delightful scene all around us—I have not time to describe all the beauties—but what has above all repaid me for my journey is that I have grasped the swords of Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus and worn the hat of Charles XII. This is an honour which I never expected to have had. It is light enough to read the whole of the night. I am now very anxious to get as far as Tornea, where the sun is seen nearly the whole of the twenty-four hours. I wish much to be frozen

up here the winter, but am afraid it will not be the case."

In the end Sir John Moore had to escape incognito from the capital: the king had tried to detain him under arrest because he refused to involve the British army in some wild schemes. John was left behind and had an exciting time, afterwards making his own escape. He only succeeded in joining the fleet at Gothenburg the very day before it sailed.

You have read in Robert Blakeney's adventures how the army did not land but left England again for Portugal almost at once, and how Sir John Moore was this time not given the command. John was furious at the way his chief had been treated, and he wrote at great length about it to Mr. Bargus.

"The Ministry have treated Sir John in an infamous manner. . . . The fact is no man has more merit and none more enemies, even among the generals of high rank. They have not the sense to hold their tongues, but you may be assured Sir John Moore is the only soldier good for anything amongst the whole set, with very few exceptions." He goes on to tell his stepfather how Sir John had offered to get him into the Quartermaster-General's or Adjutant-General's Department, but John had said he preferred to join his regiment, then already on its way out to Portugal. Moore was pleased with his decision, and John sailed with him at the end of July, on board the *Audacious*. "I am convinced," wrote John, "Sir J. Moore will be my friend as long as he lives, and I do not wish a better, for he must rise again in spite of their cabals."

It was not long before John's predictions were

fulfilled. Only two months later he was writing again to his stepfather from Lisbon: "I am as usual in a violent hurry. We are to commence our march towards Spain in two days. Behold me once more a knight of the quill. Sir John Moore, you will have heard, is appointed to command 40,000 men in Spain. This appointment has given great satisfaction to the army, and it certainly must be highly flattering to himself, for you must well know that Ministers have been certainly driven to it; and why? Because they could find no one else fit for the situation. . . . You may now direct to me 'Military Secretary, &c.'"

But the "fair opportunity" that John had so desired for his chief was not to be given him except in the hour of death. The expedition he was now to command seems to have been hopeless almost from the beginning. In the story of Robert Blakeney you have read of the eager advance to Salamanca, where the British forces were to unite, and how from there they were dogged with disaster. News came of the defeat of one after another of the Spanish armies, and the French were pressing forward in great strength. A battle could only mean the total annihilation of Moore's small British force without any compensating advantage. A retreat into Portugal became inevitable, and then followed the long and terrible three weeks' march to Corunna. But it ended with a famous victory, and the great man who had hitherto known only disappointment and humiliation in the work that his country had given him to do, found peace and hope at the last. "You know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied.

I hope my country will do me justice." So he kept repeating in the intervals of agony caused by his wound.

The people of England have perhaps in the end done him justice: a single poem has enrolled his name for ever among those of her heroes; but even after his death there were for a time many who seemed to take pleasure in criticising and blaming him for events over which he had no control. "You have, of course," wrote Colborne to a friend two months after Corunna, "heard various reports which have been spread with uncommon assiduity by the malicious and ignorant, to injure his reputation. His movements can be fully justified. Fortune never smiled. He was soon aware of his situation, but never discovered the true state of things until he had actually entered Spain. He was disgusted at the infamous conduct of the soldiers, and the inattention of inexperienced officers." Colborne goes on to analyse the reasons for the conduct of the army. Even after the recent fighting in France and Belgium and the retreat from Mons, the following sentences are worth our attention: "We cannot endure hardships; we have not the military patience with which our enemies are gifted. We can stand to be shot at as well, or better than most people, but this quality, although essential, is not sufficient for a military nation. 'What unheard of difficulties, hardship and labours! living on turnips! no sleep!' All this frightens Mama, but do not believe the quarter that you hear. John Bull is as fond of the marvellous as an Italian or a Spaniard."

Sir John Moore was neither a lucky nor a popular

general, and his iron refusal ever to countenance the jobbery or corruption that was too common at that time won him many bitter enemies; but to those who knew him best he was their lifelong ideal of a perfect gentleman and a fearless, single-hearted soldier.

I must tell you about the manner of his death. It was while Colborne was absent on a message that the General was knocked off his horse by a cannon-ball as he stood watching the repulse of the French which had already begun. His left arm was torn off and his whole side laid bare in a most terrible manner, but he fell to the ground without a word. As he was being lifted into a blanket his sword-hilt caught in his wound, but he would not have it removed. In spite of the pain and the profuse bleeding he never lost consciousness, but spoke to everyone he passed as he was carried back into Corunna, and several times he insisted on his bearers halting and turning him round that he might listen to the sounds of firing, which grew fainter and fainter as the French continued to retreat.

He was taken to a house on the quay, where the surgeons examined his wound, but, as he well knew, they could do nothing for him, and his friends and his faithful servant François gathered round him, waiting for the end. He was perfectly calm and knew everyone, asking them all, as they came in, for news of the battle and of his own staff. He begged Colonel Anderson, who knelt by the mattress supporting his head, to tell his friends "everything." When he tried to send a message to his mother he was overcome for a moment and could not go on.

Presently he said, "I have made my will and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will and all my papers." As he spoke, Colborne came in. "On my entering the room," he wrote to Delia, "the General knew me and spoke most kindly to me, and said, 'Colborne, have we beaten the French?' I replied, 'Yes, we have repulsed them in every point.' 'Well,' says he, 'that is a satisfaction. I hope my country will do me justice.'"

Moore then turned to Colonel Anderson and said, "Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon (then military secretary to the Duke of York) and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a lieutenant-colonelcy to Major Colborne; he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it." He then asked if Paget were in the room. "Remember me to General Paget—General Edward Paget—he is a fine fellow." By this time he was visibly sinking, though he expressed fears that he would be long dying, for he still felt so strong. The slow minutes passed—he asked again if all his aides-de-camp were safe, and begged Stanhope to remember him to his sister, Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom he was deeply attached. Then, wrote Colborne, he "died in a moment after he had spoken, without the least symptom of pain."

Darkly at dead of night his grave was dug on a bastion of the citadel, while the troops were embarking in all haste in the harbour below. Early in the morning the burial service was read, and silently and swiftly the little party of mourners, consisting only of Colborne, Anderson, Percy, and Stanhope, lowered him into the ground wrapped in his long cloak. In

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the distance the French guns boomed from the heights overlooking the harbour, warning them that they must not delay. The service was hurried over, and a few hours later they were on board. Their voyage home was a sad one; they knew they would come back and conquer, they knew they would forget their sufferings, but they could never forget Sir John Moore. Fifty years after, Colborne's voice still trembled when he spoke of him.

3. BUSACO AND ALBUERA

Colborne was in England till the end of July. He had at first a great deal of business to wind up in connection with Sir John Moore's expedition, and he also had the arrangement of the General's private papers. On February 2nd he was appointed to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 5th garrison battalion. This, in the ordinary course, meant service in England, but Colborne obtained permission to return to the Peninsula, where in the November following he was appointed to the 66th Regiment.

Two family events happened during the months spent in England. One was the sudden death, in March, of Mr. Bargus. The other, perhaps, hardly seemed at the time as important as it afterwards turned out: it was just a call at a country house. Colborne was staying near Plymouth with his sister Delia, who was now married to the Rev. Duke Yonge. At Puslinch, not far off, lived the Rev. James Yonge, a cousin of Delia's husband, and Duke Yonge took Colborne to call. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth Yonge, was known as "the beauty of Devonshire,"

and Colborne seems to have been attracted by her from the very first, for he called again only a week later to say good-bye before sailing for the Peninsula. Four years afterwards she became his wife—but much was to happen in those four years.

Colborne landed at Cadiz and at once joined Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was in command of this new expedition. He was immediately sent on to the headquarters of the Spanish army, with orders to report on its movements. Colborne was always a warm defender of the Spaniards. "Had they but a tolerable Government they would become the finest people in Europe," he wrote. But he himself admits that he was called by many "a madman" for his opinions and even by his friends "an enthusiast." One day, when the army was retreating into Portugal and was certainly not appearing at its best, he was riding with General Cameron, and in answer to his questions gave him a very favourable account of the Spanish soldiers. The General rode a little way ahead and then turned round and shouted out so that everyone heard: "Colborne, you know you always were a damned enthusiast!"

But if the Spanish soldier was brave and long-suffering, as he undoubtedly was, his officers were generally the reverse and seldom led their men to victory. On November 19th, General Areizaga's army was completely destroyed by Soult at Oçana. This disaster necessitated the retreat of the British army into Portugal.

At the end of October, Colborne went to Badajoz and took command of the 2nd battalion of the 66th. This battalion formed part of the 2nd division under

General Sir Rowland Hill. "I like my battalion very much," he wrote home. "It is in very good order but I wish it was stronger. The corps has suffered considerably during the campaign by sickness and battle."

In July of the next year (1810) Colborne was commanding a whole brigade "by accident," so he said, and he expected soon to be engaged with the enemy. He did not, however, lead it into action till the following September, when Lord Wellington was attacked by the French at Busaco. Even then his brigade had no actual fighting, though it had considerable influence on the fortunes of the day.

The battle of Busaco, Colborne said, "was gained solely in consequence of Hill's precise attention to Wellington's orders, for which he was always remarkable, so much so that the Duke once remarked to me, 'The best of Hill is that I always know where to find him.'" Hill had been for some time shadowing the French under Regnier, with elaborate instructions as to what he was to do in the various circumstances which might arise. "A very pleasant situation Hill's is," General Stuart remarked to Colborne, "he has been given the choice of acting in eleven different situations!" But Hill kept his head, picked the right move out of the eleven, and came in, as he was meant to do, exactly at the critical moment. "If we had not reached Busaco in time," says Colborne, "Wellington's position would have been untenable, and he could not have fought the battle."

I will describe the scene very briefly, for though Colborne took no active part, he was in a position to see the best of it, and it must have been one of the

sights of his life. The Sierra of Busaco is a steep ridge eight miles long; the British and Portuguese held it with about 50,000 men, and Massena made a most determined frontal attack on it with 65,000. Before dawn, on September 27th, he planted General Ney with three columns opposite the British left, and General Regnier with two opposite the right. Regnier had the easier slope to climb and his attack got in with astonishing rapidity: it broke a Portuguese regiment, pushed back Picton's division, and established a hold for a moment on the top of the hill. Then two guns enfiladed the columns with grape, and the 88th and 45th regiments charged them so furiously that their right gave way, and French and English rushed together headlong down the slope. The remainder of Regnier's men were then driven off by the 38th and 9th; and when Regnier tried to restore the fight he found it impossible, for Hill's corps had now drawn in and would have taken him in flank.

Ney in the meantime had also attacked with wonderful impetuosity. He had a harder task than Regnier, he knew: among the rocks on the edge of the hill were some holes forming natural embrasures, and in these Captain Ross, the famous gunner who commanded the Chestnut Troop, had placed his guns to smash the attack with grape and canister. Behind this, on the very top of the slope, could be seen some German troops; but Ney did not know that two of the finest regiments in the British army, Craufurd's 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry, were drawn up in line in a hollow between. Craufurd himself was standing alone among the rocks, on the look-out, and when Ross had withdrawn his guns and the

French were shouting victoriously within a few yards of the edge, he gave the order to charge. Eighteen hundred British bayonets drove straight at the attacking column: its head was thrown violently back upon the rear, both flanks were overlapped, three shattering volleys were poured into them at five yards' distance, and the whole mass went flying down the hill. After this there was a little skirmishing, but the battle was lost and won: and Colborne was probably right in thinking that the presence of Hill's force put the decisive touch to it, though the division did not fire a shot. The British loss was only 1300; the French naturally much greater, probably 4500, of whom 800 were killed, including one general; and three other generals were wounded, of whom one was taken prisoner.

Wellington now retired to the strongly fortified lines of Torres Vedras; Massena followed him, but soon had to retreat from lack of supplies. He was then dogged in his turn by Hill's division; but in January, Hill's health gave way and he was succeeded by Marshal Beresford, who had orders to let Massena go, and turn back to relieve Campo Mayor. He was just too late; the town fell on March 21st when Beresford was still two marches away. He pressed on hoping to surprise the French there. His cavalry and a detachment of infantry arrived on the morning of the 25th just as the enemy were evacuating the place. The engagement that followed would have resulted, but for a most unfortunate mistake, in the capture of the entire French force and their artillery.

Colborne was on the right furthest from the enemy, and while waiting for his orders could see all that was happening. He watched the French leaving the town in some confusion; then, finding the enemy at their heels, they halted. Their infantry formed a square, with the cavalry behind and in front of them. Then their hussars came forward to meet the charge of two squadrons of the 13th Light Dragoons, whom Colborne knew to be commanded by Colonel Head. He saw the opposing lines of horsemen pass right through each other, face round and then charge again with the greatest bravery. Their swords flashed on all sides and man after man was unhorsed. It was difficult to tell at first which side had the best of it, but presently such of the French hussars as remained mounted, turned and fled. They were hotly pursued by the 13th, who pressed right on, disregarding the fire of the French infantry. Colborne saw them cut down the gunners and then gallop off at the heels of the hussars and dragoons, who fled in complete disorder. Meanwhile the heavy cavalry under General Lumley advanced towards the French infantry and then suddenly halted—Colborne could not understand why. At this moment General Lumley's aide-de-camp rode up with a message that Colborne was to halt. No further attack was to be made until reinforcements had come up, for the whole of the 13th had been taken. Colborne, who knew better, replied that this was not so, and he should do no such thing. "Shall I take the General this message?" asked the aide-de-camp. "Yes," said Colborne, pointing into the far distance, "he thinks the 13th are taken, but there they are!"

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By the time the truth was known it was too late. The French, finding to their surprise that they were not attacked, promptly withdrew. The 13th mean-



"They were hotly pursued by the 13th "

while had continued the pursuit to the Bridge of Badajoz, where they were forced to turn back by fire from the forts. They came away in great spirits, bringing with them the baggage, artillery, and

prisoners that they had captured. To their dismay and astonishment they suddenly came in sight of the French infantry retiring towards them in unbroken order. It was useless to think of attacking such numbers, and, hastily abandoning their captures, they rejoined the army by a circuitous route.

Colborne was dreadfully disappointed at the way things had been muddled. He clearly thought that the blame lay with the heavy cavalry for not immediately pressing the attack. Wellington seems to have thought differently. "Beresford," he wrote, "has retaken Campo Mayor, and he would have cut off the troops there and their artillery, if it had not been for our dragoons (meaning of course the 13th), who invariably get out of order and pursue any little advantage they acquire too far."

On May 2nd, Colborne was detached with a brigade and some cavalry to raid the enemy's foraging parties and cover our own. He marched 250 miles in eleven days, worried the enemy and threw them into great confusion by the rapidity of his movements, captured several convoys and restored the confidence of the Spaniards: thereby showing himself, as Napier says, "a man of singular talent for war." He got back to the army on May 14th, just in time to show that his talent was not only for dashing but for dogged warfare.

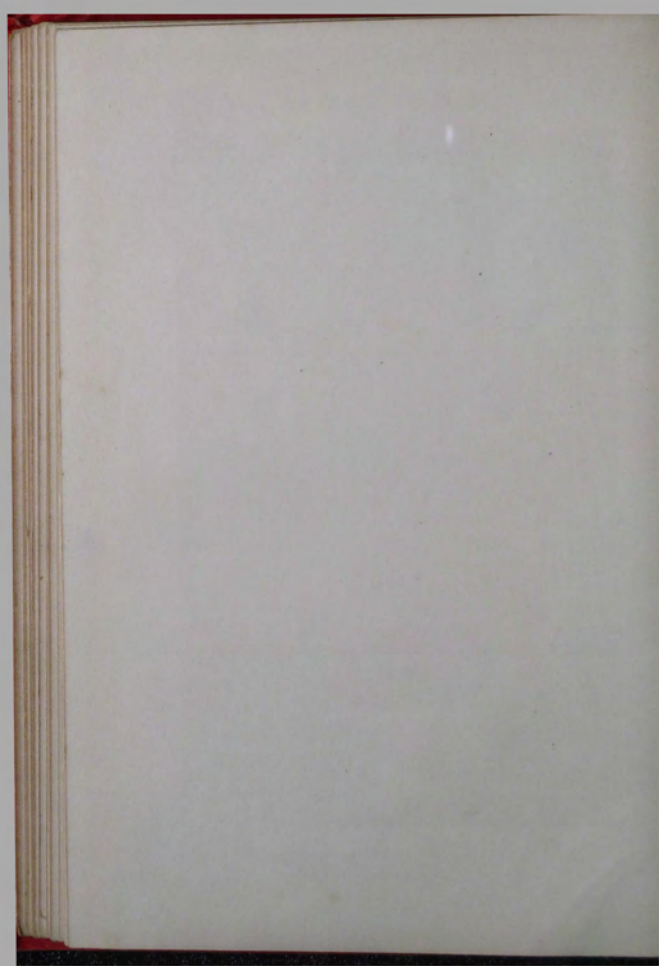
Beresford had been trying to besiege Badajoz, but was forced to fight Soult before he could go on with this operation. The two armies met at the village of Albuera, which lies between a river of the same name and a range of hills. Beresford's force consisted of 25,000 Spanish and Portuguese, who formed his centre

and right wing on the hills, and 7000 British troops who were on the left, with Colborne's brigade holding the village itself. Soult had fewer men, but they were all fine veteran troops; and during the night of May 15th he concealed 15,000 of them with 30 guns under a hill close to the British right flank. This force on the morning of the 16th at once drove in the Spaniards and began to roll up Beresford's whole line of battle. Colborne was hastily sent for, and his brigade had almost succeeded in pushing the French infantry back, when a bad disaster overtook them. It was raining heavily as Colborne's men charged, and four regiments of Polish Lancers and French Hussars had succeeded in getting round the flank where the Spaniards had given way in the storm; they passed without being seen right to the back of Colborne's brigade, and suddenly rode in upon their rear. The Buffs, the 48th and the 66th, were nearly annihilated; they "ran into groups of six or eight to do as best they could; the officers snatched muskets and joined them, determined to sell their lives dearly. Quarter was not asked and was rarely given." Colborne himself was unhurt, though he says that he was "in the hands of the Poles some minutes."

Fortunately at this moment four squadrons of Lumley's cavalry were sent up the hill and launched against the Poles, who were now scattered and blown; Colborne stood fast with the 31st Regiment, and gave time for Houghton's brigade and some guns to come up. The French infantry were still on the end of the hilltop, but they could not get room to deploy, and the British stuck to them, firing incessantly within pistol-shot. The slaughter on both sides was



ALBUERA : CHARGE OF THE POLISH LANCERS
IN REAR OF THE BRITISH.



DIE HAROS
terrible; the 57th lost twenty-two officers and four hundred men out of a strength of 570: not a regiment had more than one third of its number left standing. The enemy had taken six guns and the colours of the 48th and 66th. Beresford thought of retiring; but Colonel Hardinge, who believed in holding on to the last, had already on his own responsibility ordered up the last two brigades, one English and one Portuguese. Cole's Fusiliers—the 7th and 23rd—rushed the hill, drove off the French cavalry, recaptured five of the six guns and one of the colours, and pressed right upon the face of the enemy's dense mass. They lost their brigadier and all their colonels, they were torn by grape and musketry, but, as Napier says in one of his most famous phrases, "nothing could stop that astonishing infantry." Heroic French veterans dashed against them in little groups, trying at the cost of their own lives to gain ground for their comrades to deploy. Soult brought up his reserves and himself cheered them on. But numbers only added to the crowding and confusion, and in the end the whole mass were pushed bodily to the edge and rolled headlong down the steep: "eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of 6000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

4. SECOND TO NONE BUT THE DUKE

On the 18th of July, Colborne was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 52nd. This regiment had been specially trained as light infantry by Sir John Moore, and you will remember what an important part it had played in the great retreat, during

which it formed part of the reserve to which the 20th also belonged. It now belonged to the famous Light Division under General Craufurd.

From August to October, Colborne was in England on sick leave after a severe attack of ague. During this time he again met Elizabeth Yonge and became engaged to her. By November he was back with the army.

In January preparations were made to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, an important and strongly fortified town. Before an assault could be made on the town itself the outlying fort or redoubt of San Francisco had to be captured. Colborne was appointed to do this important bit of work. He was given a detachment of the Light Division, consisting of two companies of the 43rd, four of the 52nd, two of the 95th, and some from the Portuguese battalions. He detailed his men into three parties and gave his captains the most minute and carefully thought-out instructions as to what they were to do, warning them especially to move silently until the moment came for opening fire. The advance guard of four companies was to creep up to the brow of the glacis, from which they could fire straight into the fort across the ditch. Behind them a party of men with ladders was to be ready to come up, and behind these again Colborne placed the men who were actually to scale the walls and enter the redoubt first. As soon as it was dark the advance guard moved silently forward till it was within fifty yards of the fort. Then Colborne, who was with it himself, gave the order, "Double quick." The men rushed for the crest of the glacis, and though the rattling of their canteens

as they ran gave the alarm, the defenders had only time to fire one round before the advance guard were up the glacis and had opened so hot a fire into the fort that not a man dared show himself. The party with the ladders then came up, got down into the ditch between the glacis and the fort, and placed their ladders against the walls. A few shells and hand-grenades came tumbling over, but the storming party rushed up, shouting, "England and St. George," and the fort was taken in twenty minutes from the time the attack was begun. "Thank goodness that's over," exclaimed Colborne's orderly sergeant, MacCurrie. It had been an anxious bit of work for everyone. Lord Wellington, Colonel Barnard, and General Craufurd were all waiting in suspense for news, for, in the pitchy darkness, they could see nothing of what was happening. Suddenly a great cheer was heard. Colonel Barnard in his relief and excitement flung himself on the ground, whereat General Craufurd, not seeing who it was, cried out, "What's that drunken man doing?" Soon afterwards up came a soldier, sent by Colborne to inform Lord Wellington of the success of the enterprise. The man was much excited, "I've taken the fort, sir." Wellington replied coolly, "Oh, you've taken the fort, have you? Well, I'm glad to hear it," and rode off.

Colborne after his success rolled himself up in his cloak and slept for the rest of the night more soundly than he had ever slept before. Wellington in his despatches gave him very high praise for his work. "I cannot sufficiently applaud," he wrote, "the conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne and of

the detachment under his command on this occasion." Even General Craufurd, who hardly ever praised



"I've taken the fort, sir"

anyone, was heard to remark, "Colonel Colborne seems to be a steady officer."

On the 19th January the actual assault on the

town itself was ordered, as the guns had by then made two practicable breaches in the walls. Both the forlorn hope and the storming party were formed by men of the 52nd. The assault was made, as usual, after dark. Colborne at the head of his regiment fought his way up the steep slope and into the breach. A desperate struggle for the narrow passage followed. At one moment there was some hesitation on the part of the rifles of the Light Division, and Colborne heard General Craufurd in his anxious squeaky voice cry out, "Move on, will you, 95th, or we will get some one who will." Very soon afterwards the General was mortally wounded.

About twenty minutes after the beginning of the attack Colborne himself was hit in the right shoulder by a musket shot. A second bullet hit him in the leg, but he seems scarcely to have noticed this wound because of the severity of the one in his arm. He was knocked to the ground by it for a moment, but quickly picked himself up and went on with his men, whom he refused to leave till all were collected within the captured town. The next day he was taken to a convent, and the surgeon who came to see him cut the wound across in all directions in a vain attempt to find the bullet. After this the arm swelled up so much that nothing more could be done. Several of the doctors wanted to amputate the arm, but the advice of one of them prevailed against the operation. "He has been knocked about enough," he said. "Let him take his chance."

At the end of three weeks he was moved to Coimbra—a journey of a week over the worst of roads. He suffered terribly from the incessant jolt-

ing, for a piece of his epaulette had been carried into the wound by the bullet, and the bits of gold wire, which were not all extracted till some months later, gave him torture every time he moved. From Coimbra, Colborne's Portuguese servant Antonio wrote a delightfully ill-spelt letter to Delia's husband telling him how his master was getting on. "I have thain the liberty," he said, "of wrighting thouse few lines to inform you that my master the Coloni was wounded on the 19 of Jany, at the sege of Rother-rick, and I should a wrote to let you noed before but I did expect he ould abeen in England before this time, but owing to take such a long march before he was able, caused him to remain a Cuimbra, but I am happy to say he is duing well at present: his wound was very dangerish, and the ball cannot be found, but I hope you will not make yourself any ways uneasy about it, for he is duing very well. . . . I am happy to informe you the Coloni has a good apptite, and walks about: and I hope be the blessing of God, he will be soon able to oundertake is journey to England: and likewise I have the happness to informe you that Lord Wellington has sent the best surgon to him can be found in the country to attend him and no outhor: the surgon expect the ball will be out everyday and then he will be able for his duty in six mounths again."

Colborne's hopes for a speedy return to his duty were disappointed. In June he was well enough to return to England, but he still carried the bullet with him, and it was not extracted till the following April, fifteen months from the time he had received it. Harry Smith, who was a major of brigade in the

Light Division, and had become a great friend and warm admirer of Colborne's, describes the agonies suffered during the extraction of the ball. "After breaking the arm above," he wrote, "it had descended and broken the arm four inches below, and was firmly embedded in the bone. The pain he suffered in the extraction of the ball was more even than his iron heart could bear. He used to lay his watch on the table and allow the surgeons five minutes' exertions at a time, and they were three or four days before they wrenched the ball from its ossified bed . . . of course the shoulder joint was ankylosed, but he had free use of the arm below the elbow."

After this he made a rapid recovery, no doubt helped by the happy event of his marriage, which took place on the 21st of June, the day of the battle of Vittoria. The honeymoon was spent partly in London and partly in Devonshire, and on the 12th July, Colborne sailed once more for the Peninsula; his wife returned to her father's house at Puslinch.

Colborne found the army in Northern Spain besieging San Sebastian and Pamplona, the only two important towns still in the hands of the French. Soult was attempting to relieve them, and the Light Division was sent from one place to the other to give support as it was needed. San Sebastian fell on September 9th, Pamplona not till October 29th.

One morning during the siege of San Sebastian there was a sudden alarm. Colonel Upton of the Guards and several friends were waiting in their tent for breakfast. In rushed a servant shouting, "The French are marching on the Guards!" "And a

M. ELIZABETH YONGE

pretty good thrashing they'll get; bring breakfast," said Upton. He made a good meal before joining his regiment.

At the beginning of September, General Skerrett, who had been commanding the 2nd Brigade of the Light Division, went home on sick leave and Colborne took his place, to everyone's great satisfaction, for they all regarded him as inferior to no one but the Duke. "Our Brigade," writes Sir Harry Smith in his autobiography, "was now commanded by Colonel Colborne, in whom we all had the most implicit confidence. I looked up to him as a man whose regard I hoped to deserve, and by whose knowledge and experience I desired to profit. He had more knowledge of ground, better understood the posting of picquets, consequently required fewer men on duty (he always strengthened every post by throwing obstacles—trees, stones, carts, &c.—on the road, to prevent a rush at night), knew better what the enemy were going to do, and more quickly anticipated his design than any officers; with that coolness and animation under fire, no matter how hot, which marks a good huntsman when he finds his fox in his best country."

On the 7th October, Wellington crossed the Bidassoa to attack the fortified positions at the heights of Vera. The previous evening Colborne had boldly seized an opportunity of seeing the enemy's dispositions at close quarters. A letter had to be sent to the French posts. He took it himself, and when challenged by the first sentry he did not stop, but rode straight on down the lines holding out the letter and his handkerchief as a flag of truce.

By the time a French officer appeared he had seen all he wanted, and, having delivered his message, he galloped off, while the officer upbraided the sentry for having allowed him to come through.

At about two o'clock the following afternoon the troops were formed for the attack, which was to be delivered at three different points. Here is Colborne's own account of it: "There were two fortresses on an immensely steep hill, one above the other. Below the lower one the hill divided into three tongues. I arranged that the Rifles and Caçadores (Portuguese troops) should go first up the hills on the right and left as skirmishers, and the 52nd, which was to attack, up the hill in the centre. I managed the attack in this manner: I did not allow the picquets to be relieved in the usual manner at daybreak, but ordered them to march on and the columns to support them, so that they were actually in the town of Vera before the French had any suspicion that an attack was intended.

"The Rifles being the first to attack the fort, the French mistook them for Portuguese Caçadores, and rushing out of the redoubt drove them back, so they all came tumbling on the 52nd. The French were excessively astonished when they saw the redcoats behind the Rifles. The Adjutant of the 52nd was surprised to find we were so near the fort. 'Why, sir, we are close to the fort!' 'To be sure we are,' I said, 'and now we must charge.' I then led the 52nd on to a most successful charge, to the admiration of Lord Wellington and others who were watching from another hill. At this moment Sir James Kempt, who was leading the 1st Brigade of

the Light Division to a simultaneous attack on the right of the town of Vera, a mile or two off, sent to General Alten to know if the 52nd could not render him some assistance. 'Colonel Colborne give him some assistance!' said Alten. 'If he could see the hill Colborne's Brigade is on, he'd see that Colborne has quite enough to do himself.' The French, thrown into confusion by this tremendous charge, retreated to the next fort. Colonel . . . now came up with the reserve and said rather sneeringly, 'They're all talking of your charge, as they call it.' 'Why, you can't have seen it,' said I. '*Call it a charge, indeed. It was a most wonderful charge!*'

"By a second charge as fine as the first, the French were driven from the second fort in great confusion. After this, leaving my column, I rode on alone with the present Sir Harry Smith into France."

The story of the adventure that followed is more fully told by Colborne's companion than by the Colonel himself. Having described how the enemy, after being turned out of the fort, disappeared headlong down a ravine, Sir Harry continues: "On the opposite side of this ravine, a few of the Riflemen of General Kempt's Brigade were pushing forward with a noble fellow, Reid of the Engineers, at their head. At the moment he did not know how full of the enemy the ravine was. Colonel Colborne and I were on horseback. He pushed on, a little madly, I admit, followed by those who could run fastest, until the ravine expanded and a whole column of French were visible, but we, and Reid on the opposite side, were rather ahead, while the enemy could not see from out the ravine. The few men who were

there could not have resisted them, and certainly could not have cut them off, had they been aware.



Stanley Wood

"Your are cut off. Lay down your arms"

Colonel Colborne, however, galloped up to the officer at the head of the column with the bearing of a man supported by 10,000, and said to the officer in French,

'You are cut off. Lay down your arms.' The officer, a fine soldier-like looking fellow, as cool as possible says, presenting his sword to Colonel Colborne, 'There, Monsieur, is a sword which has ever done its duty,' and then ordered his men to lay down their arms. Colborne, with the presence of mind which stamps the character of a soldier, said, 'Face your men to the left and move out of the ravine.' By this means the French soldiers were separated from their arms. At this moment there were up with Colborne, myself, Winterbottom, Adjutant of the 52nd Regiment, my brother Tom, Adjutant of the 95th, and probably ten soldiers, and about as many with Reid on the opposite ridge. Reid wisely did not halt, but pushed forward, which added to the Frenchman's impression of our numbers, and Colborne turns to me: 'Quick, Smith; what do you here? Get a few men together, or we are yet in a scrape.' The French having moved from their arms, Colborne desired the officer commanding them to order them to sit down. Our men were rapidly coming up and forming, and, when our strength permitted, we ordered the enemy to march out of the ravine, and there were 22 officers and 400 men. Three pieces of cannon we had previously carried. Colonel Colborne, myself, and others were called madmen for our audacity. I never witnessed such presence of mind as Colborne evinced on this occasion, and when, like a *man*, as he is, he returned the poor Frenchman's sword, 'There,' says he, 'wear your sword, your pride; it is not yet disgraced. The fortune of war gave us the advantage over equal bravery.'

"By this time our men had got well out of the Pyrenees into the plain of France below, and as night was rapidly approaching, I was sent on to help them, ready for Colonel Colborne to take up his position. The prisoners were sent to the rear (what became of their arms I never knew) under charge of a Lieutenant Cargill, of the 52nd Regiment, a manly, rough young subaltern, who on his march, just at dusk, met the Duke who says, 'Hulloa, sir, where did you get those fellows?' 'In France. Colonel Colborne's Brigade took them.' 'How the devil do you know it was France?' 'Because I saw a lot of our fellows coming into the column, just before I left, with pigs and poultry, which we had not on the Spanish side.' The Duke turned hastily away without saying a word. The next morning Mr. Cargill reported this to Colonel Colborne, whom I hardly ever saw so angry. 'Why, Mr. Cargill, you were not such a blockhead as to tell the Duke *that*, were you?' In very broad Scotch, 'What for no? It was fact as death.' It did not escape the Duke, who spoke to Colborne, saying, 'Though your brigade have even more than usually distinguished themselves, we must respect the property of the country.' 'I am fully aware of it, my lord, and can rely upon the discipline of my soldiers, but your lordship well knows in the very heat of action a little irregularity will occur.' 'Ah, ah!' says my lord, 'stop it in future, Colborne.' Nor had his Grace cause to complain of us."

5. WATERLOO

The great European war had lasted, off and on, nearly twenty years, and it had ended in the total defeat of Napoleon. But it is worth remembering that owing to the feebleness of the arrangements made by the Allies for keeping him quiet, he escaped within a few months and forced a fresh war upon them.

Colborne and the 52nd very nearly missed the Waterloo campaign. The regiment was under orders for America, and had twice put to sea and twice been driven back by gales. Then came news of Napoleon's landing in France, and they sailed again from Plymouth, but this time it was to Belgium that they went. They reached Brussels on April 4th, and became part of Adam's brigade in Clinton's division. Late on June 15th they got orders to march for the front: they reached Braine-le-Comte at midnight on the 16th in torrents of rain, and at 7.30 on the evening of the 17th the brigade was posted in its place for the battle, on the right of the English position.

The part which the 52nd played at Waterloo was the crowning adventure of Colborne's life, and one of the most splendid feats recorded of any British regiment. You will best be able to realise this if I first describe the battle in outline, and then give you the details of what Colborne himself saw and did.

The battle was not actually fought at Waterloo, but more than two miles from there, in front of a

tiny village called Mt. St. Jean, which stands on the edge of some rolling country with slopes rather like those of the Wiltshire downs. Mt. St. Jean is the meeting-place of two main roads: if Napoleon wished to march to Brussels either from Nivelles or from Charleroi he must come this way, and as there is a long and fairly steep ridge running right across both roads half a mile before you reach Mt. St. Jean, the position is a good one to make a stand in. Colborne used to say that the Duke had gone over the ground some days before, "and fixed on that place as the one where the battle, he thought, could be fought. He was asked if any entrenchments should be cast up. He said, "No, of course not: that would show them where we mean to fight."

The ridge which formed the front of Wellington's main position runs nearly due east and west; the line of the Allied troops was not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. The French position was on some irregular ridges opposite: to attack they had to cross the rolling ground between, and to charge up quite a stiff slope. All along the ridge at the top of the slope there was a road with hedges, almost as deep in parts as a Devonshire lane, and behind the road was a level plateau, with reverse slopes at the back of it where reserves and hospitals could lie under cover. Napoleon's maps would tell him all this, but he could not see for himself what was behind the hedge, though he was not far away. The farm of Rosomme, where he sat all day on a high mound, was opposite the centre of the British position, and during the whole battle he was never two miles distant from the Duke himself.

Early on the morning of the 18th he took a good look at the British line: he had to decide where to deliver his attack. The Duke's right was too strong: it was defended by a sort of fortress in front of it. This was the chateau and wood of Hougomont, held by the Guards and some Nassau and Hanoverian troops. Besides, Napoleon's great object was to cut Wellington off from the Prussians who were coming up to join his left. So he decided to make a feint on Hougomont, and to launch his real attack against the British left: but he was obliged to force the centre too because there too Wellington had a fortress—a farm called La Haye Sainte, by the side of the Charleroi road, occupied by the King's German Legion, with a gravel pit near it held by the 95th.

Napoleon began by a grand spectacular display of his troops, Wellington by riding quietly along his line in his plain blue coat and hat and white buckskins. Soon after eleven o'clock both armies were ready; as the first French gun was heard, Captain Diggle, an old Peninsula man, took out his watch and remarked, "There it goes!" It was twenty minutes past eleven. The cannonade opened all down the line and Jerome Bonaparte at once led the attack on Hougomont, with thirteen battalions. They drove in the Nassau troops in the wood and rushed at the hedge of the garden; but behind the hedge was a loop-holed wall, and behind the wall were the Guards, who repulsed them with a hot fire. They came on again and again, in front and on the flanks: they even broke into the yard of the farm; but every time they were driven back with the bayonet. The Guards were reinforced by six com-

panies of their own: but no troops were drawn away from the centre, so that the whole move was a failure, and Napoleon could wait no longer, for the Prussian advance guard was now visible on his right. He ordered Ney to attack the left centre.

It was now between one and half-past. Ney sent Erlon's infantry up the slope to the left of La Haye Sainte, supported by Kellerman's cavalry and 72 guns—18,000 men in all. The infantry were met by Picton with the brigades of Kempt and Pack, who drove them down the slope, and part of the cavalry were routed by a charge of the Household Brigade under Lord Uxbridge. Two columns of French infantry almost enveloped Pack's Highlanders, but then the Royals, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskillings charged just in time, and Erlon lost 3000 prisoners, 40 guns, two eagles, and an immense number of killed and wounded. Our cavalry, as usual, overshot and got cut up in their turn, but the French attack was routed.

Napoleon had failed to force his wedge in on the British left: he now determined to take La Haye Sainte and break the centre. He put together a heavy column from Donzelot's and Quiot's divisions, brought up guns from right and left and attacked the farm on both sides at once. Major Baring, who defended it with his German Legion, fought splendidly and was twice reinforced, but at last his ammunition ran out, the buildings were fired, and what was left of the small garrison had to be withdrawn.

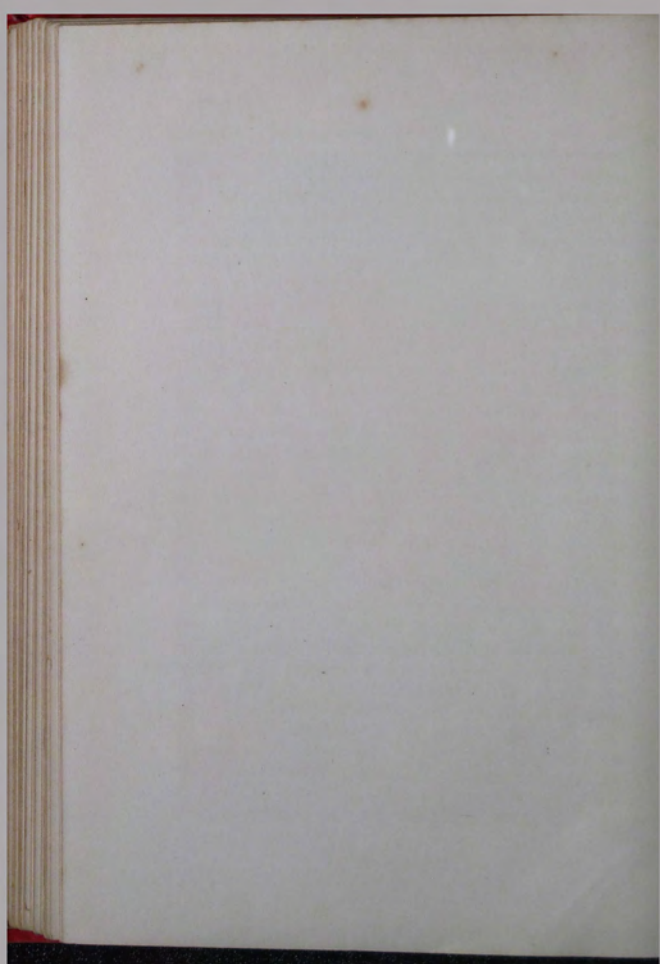
This was a decided success for Napoleon, and one that he had already prepared to follow up at any cost. His infantry had been too much shaken to

advance again; there was nothing for it but to throw in the cavalry. Accordingly forty squadrons mounted the slope under a heavy fire and charged when they reached the top. They took the British guns, which in those days were always placed in front of the line; but the Allied infantry were all formed into squares, against which the cuirassiers could do nothing. They swept between the squares without breaking one of them, and as soon as they were blown and in disorder Lord Uxbridge charged with the Heavy Brigade and drove them over the edge again. A second attempt failed also, and they retired beaten. Napoleon then threw in thirty-seven squadrons of the Guards cavalry, and the whole mass advanced again. The British line was drawn in to strengthen the centre, the gunners and the Staff, with the Duke himself, took refuge inside the squares, and for the third time the flood of horsemen flowed over the plateau like the tide breaking in among rocks. There was a scene of great confusion, which ended as before by the French charge dying away round the unbroken squares and being finally routed by the remnants of the British cavalry. The gunners rushed back to their guns and blazed into the cuirassiers as they retreated. Ney had lost one third of his cavalry, the finest in the world. But he was still game, and he asked for infantry to help him in a fresh attempt. "Infantry!" said Napoleon angrily, "where am I to get them? Do you expect me to make them?" He had already had to send all he could spare to keep off the Prussian advance on his right.

But he saw that it was time for a supreme effort.



WATERLOO : THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.



He brought all his artillery into action in a tremendous bombardment which crushed the British batteries; then sent forward all that was left of his infantry line, and finally, when the Allies appeared to be firmly held, he launched his grand reserve, the Imperial Guard. They advanced up the slope against the ridge just above Hougomont, marching in echelon of battalions, which looked from the British position as if they made up two great columns. Ney himself led them on foot—his horse had been shot under him.

This was what was afterwards called "the crisis" of the battle. It was soon over. When the first battalion, or the head of the leading column, on the right, came within distance of Maitland's brigade of Guards, the Duke, who was standing by a small battery beside them, called out, "Up, Guards, and make ready." Maitland's men sprang up, fired and charged: the head of the attack broke and fled. At the same time Adam's brigade wheeled down the slope so as to come on to the flank of the left-hand part of the attack: they fired into the leading left battalion at close range and then rushed at them. This famous and decisive charge ended the crisis and practically decided the battle: Colborne and the 52nd swept the French Guard before them right across the front of Maitland's brigade, right across the main field of battle, across the Charleroi road and along the other side of it as far as La Belle Alliance, the furthest point reached by any of the Duke's army that day. There the Prussian artillery came in, the whole British line was advancing, and Napoleon rode off. "Tout est perdu," he said, "sauve qui peut," and

a complete rout set in. The battle ended with a relentless all-night pursuit by the Prussian cavalry.

Now for Colborne's own part in the battle. Adam's brigade was at first held in reserve: it was not moved forward from its bivouac until three o'clock, when the attack on the centre was beginning. It was then marched to the front and placed in the right centre to relieve the battalions of Brunswick Light Infantry, which had been severely knocked about by artillery fire and cavalry charges. After lining that part of the ridge for some time, the brigade was moved about 500 yards down the slope to support the troops defending Hougomont. The 71st were on the right, in battalion square, close to the corner of the Hougomont enclosure: the 52nd were next, in two squares, and on their left rear were the 95th.

This was a useful but uncomfortable position. From a small ridge only 200 yards away a couple of guns and a howitzer fired continuously upon the brigade. "A shell," says Colborne, "came close to a corner of a column of the 52nd, followed by a ball which passed exactly over the whole column, who instantly bobbed their heads. In the excitement of the moment, more to encourage the men than anything else, I called out, 'For shame! for shame! That must be the 2nd battalion, I am sure.'" (They were recruits.) "In an instant every man's head went as straight as an arrow."

Besides this gun fire, Colborne was threatened by a large body of French cuirassiers who were trying to pass to the rear of Hougomont: every now and again they attempted to charge the 52nd, and that

was a relief, because then the artillery fire had to stop. After a time the Duke sent Colonel Hervey down with orders for the regiment to withdraw up



"They attempted to charge the 52nd"

the hill. Colborne sent an answer back, that if it was the danger from the guns the Duke was thinking of, the 52nd could stay where they were, for they were protected by a rise in the ground in front of them.

This was not strictly the case, as we have seen, but it was true that only Colborne and his mounted officers were in direct view of the guns.

Half an hour after this the Nassau regiment came running in disorder out of Hougomont wood. It seemed likely that Hougomont itself would be taken, and the right flank of the 52nd exposed, so Colborne retired them up to the road on the ridge, and the 71st went back with them. As they went, Colborne, who was riding last under a hot cannonade, heard a Frenchman shouting to him. He turned and saw a colonel galloping towards him—a deserter from the French cuirassiers—and shouting, "Vive le Roi!" He came up to Colborne and pointed across the valley to the French centre. "Ce coquin Napoléon est là," he said, "avec les Gardes! Voilà l'attaque qui se fait." Colborne put up his glass, and saw the Emperor for the first and last time in his life. He was in his greatcoat, with his hands behind his back, walking backwards and forwards and watching the great columns of infantry marching up to the plateau for the final attack.

A huge mass of the French Guard was coming up towards a point just to the left of the 52nd on the ridge. Colborne became anxious, Maitland's Guards were there behind the hedge, but he could not see them and did not know how the attack was to be met. He had no orders, and no time to ask for any. It was the moment for which he was born and bred, the moment for a bold stroke of his own. He determined instantly to attack the French attack upon the flank.

He could not have done this with any but a

perfectly trained regiment, for he meant to place his men, few as they were, in line parallel to the enemy's advance, and it must be done quickly, without manœuvring, under fire. He advanced the regiment down the hill and wheeled it at the same time on its left as a pivot, with one company thrown out to skirmish in front. At that moment the Brigadier, Sir Frederick Adam, rode up and asked what he meant to do. "To make that column feel our fire," said Colborne. Adam rode off and ordered the 71st to make the same move.

The 52nd gave three cheers and marched straight for the enemy, who halted and fired back at them. Colborne halted, dressed his line, and ordered the bugles to sound the charge. The Imperial Guard broke in confusion and carried away the battalions to their right rear. The 52nd and 71st with four companies of the 95th fired point blank into them, brought up their left shoulders and pursued them across the valley at the double. There was a moment's halt—Colborne's horse had been shot, and some Light Dragoons had been mistaken for the enemy—but the Duke himself rode up and called out, "Go on! go on!" He was leading the whole of the line forward; the 52nd had begun the great drive, and he meant it to go to a finish. No finish was ever more complete.

This is a true story, and after reading it you will be astonished to hear that Colborne's name was not mentioned in the Duke's dispatches. But in those days dispatches were written on the field of battle, in the greatest haste and confusion, and they were naturally put together from the accounts given by

the commanding officers themselves. The Duke summoned all his generals to headquarters on this occasion, but Colborne was unable to attend with the rest: he alone had gone to see that his own wounded men were brought in and looked after. To be passed over after such an achievement was a disappointment which might have embittered any man: but Colborne was too fine a character for that. And he got back his own as the truth became gradually clear. When he came home in 1839 from his eleven years' command in Canada, the Queen made him a peer by the title of Lord Seaton, and when the House of Lords discussed the question of giving him a pension the Duke himself made ample amends for his old mistake. "At all times," he said, "and under all circumstances, Lord Seaton gave promise, now nobly fulfilled, of distinguished ability, gallantry, and zeal. I shall most willingly vote for the pension—I never gave a vote with greater satisfaction."

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY SMITH

1. A RIFLEMAN AT MONTE VIDEO

JOHN SMITH, surgeon, of Whittlesey, Cambridgeshire, had a family of fourteen children, and eleven of them, six sons and five daughters, lived to grow up. Three of the sons became soldiers, Charles in the 1st Battalion of the 95th, now the Rifle Brigade, and Henry and Thomas in the 2nd Battalion of the same regiment. They were all good soldiers, and they had the extraordinary good fortune to be all present at the battle of Waterloo and to come out of it practically unwounded.

Henry was in age the second of the three, but he was always the most distinguished, and he was indeed a man very much out of the common. No one ever went through a life of danger and hardship with such high spirits or such gay delight in his own successes. He had a great objection to being called by any name but "Harry," and that, I think, showed that he understood what fitted his character—Henry is a serious name, but there is a kind of broad rollicking tradition about Harry which suited him exactly.

He was sixteen when he joined the Whittlesey

troop of Yeomanry, in 1804. One of their duties was to patrol Norman Cross barracks, where there were 15,000 French prisoners. Harry no doubt looked a slender young thing, for the Frenchmen laughed and called out to him, "I say, leetel fellow, go home with your mamma: you must eat more pudding!" But next year he had evidently filled out, for when he was acting as orderly to Brigadier-General Stewart, who was reviewing the troops, the General said to him, "Young gentleman, would you like to be an officer?" "Of all things," said Harry. "Well, I will make you a Rifleman, a Green-jacket," said the General, "and very smart." Accordingly, in May 1805, Harry was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 95th Regiment Riflemen, and joined on 18th August. At the very start he had a great stroke of good fortune. In those days when a vacancy occurred, promotion to it had to be "purchased," that is, the man who was eligible for it could only get the step if he paid a sum of money to the officer he was to succeed. For the command of a cavalry regiment as much as £18,000 was paid: for a lieutenancy the price was as low as £100, and that was the sum for which young Harry got the chance of buying his promotion directly after he joined. His father advanced him the £100, and he was at once gazetted Lieutenant. But that was not all. It happened that a second battalion of the 95th was then being formed, and Harry was just in time to be the first of the new lieutenants appointed to it. By that second bit of luck he gained no less than twenty-seven steps in seniority instead of one!

His first active service was in the following year,

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when his company and two others sailed for South America, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty, to take part in the siege of Monte Video. The fleet of twenty-five transports left Falmouth on 9th October, convoyed by H.M.S. *Ardent*, the *Unicorn* frigate, and three sloops, and they reached the River Plate safely on 15th January 1807. The next day the troops were landed and had a sharp skirmish with the enemy. They had come just in time, for Harry's diary contains these two entries: "19th a regular battle. Licked them confoundedly. 20th a very severe action. The enemy's loss very great." On the first of these two days a body of 4000 Spanish cavalry made a sortie and were driven back; on the second day a mixed force of 6000 came out, but were defeated with a loss of 1500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The army followed them up to within two miles of the city, and a regular investment was begun. The siege was mainly carried on by the fleet; men and guns were landed from all the ships, and the frigates joined in the bombardment. By 2nd February the sailors had advanced the batteries to within 600 yards, and a breach was reported practicable. The attack was ordered to take place just before dawn—no more delay was possible, for the fleet had run out of powder. The night was very dark, and as the enemy had cleverly hung the breach over with hides the storming parties both missed it at first. Here is Harry's account of what happened:

"A general assault was ordered in two columns, the one upon the breach, the other an escalade. Both ultimately succeeded. Not a defence was destroyed nor a gun dismounted upon the works

The breach was only wide enough for three men to enter abreast, and when upon the top of the breach there was a descent into the city of twelve feet. Most of the men fell, and many were wounded by each other's bayonets. When the head of the column entered the breach, the main body lost its communications, or was checked by a tremendous fire. Perceiving the delay, I went back and conducted the column to the breach, when the place was immediately taken.

"The slaughter in the breach was enormous, owing to the defence being perfect, and its not being really practicable. The surrender of the fortress put the English in possession of this part of the country."

This success was followed by a dashing little action near Colonia, further up the river, where Colonel Pack with the 40th Regiment and the Rifles attacked a Spanish column after a night march. The Rifles covered the advance across a small stream, and the position was then rushed and the whole of the enemy's guns and ammunition captured. In destroying the ammunition a horrible accident occurred. "Some flints had been scattered upon the field: the soldiers took the shot to break the cartridges, and thus the whole blew up. About two hundred shells also exploded. The army at a short distance lay down, and not an individual was touched." But the Rifles suffered badly: Major Gardner, the officer in command, and fourteen men were burnt and mutilated.

In the following month a much more serious disaster occurred. It was decided to attack Buenos Ayres and the army landed there in two columns,

one under General Whitelock, the commander of the expedition, the other, including the light troops, under Major-General Leveson Gower, of whose performance Harry speaks in most uncomplimentary terms. The second column was sent on a day in advance, with orders to take up a position near the enemy's outposts. "In place of obeying his orders," says Harry, "General Leveson Gower immediately attacked the enemy in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres and drove them in with great loss, leaving their cannon behind them. Having thus committed himself, in lieu of following up the advantage he had gained and pushing forward into Buenos Ayres, which would have immediately surrendered, he halted his column and took up a position. The enemy recovered from his panic, and with the utmost vigour turned to and fortified the entrances of all the streets."

Then General Whitelock's column arrived and partially invested the city: in the skirmishing the Rifle corps particularly distinguished themselves. On the 5th of July the army attacked in four columns, carefully prepared for street fighting, with crowbars and axes for breaking the doors and barricades. Every street had a barricade, a ditch, and a battery in it, and of course at all the crossings the streets enfiladed each other. The tops of the houses were also manned, "and such a tremendous fire," says Harry, "was produced of grape, canister, and musquetry, that in a short time two columns were nearly annihilated without effecting any impression. The column I belonged to, under Brigadier-General Craufurd, after severe loss, took refuge in a church, and

about dusk in the evening surrendered to the enemy. Thus terminated one of the most sanguinary conflicts Britons were ever engaged in, and all owing to the stupidity of the General-in-Chief and General Leveson Gower."

Colonel Liniers, the very able Frenchman who commanded the Spaniards, treated his prisoners as well as he could, but he had no food to spare, for he was not provisioned for a siege. He was anxious to get them off his hands before they suffered from hunger, and he soon arranged a convention, creditable to himself, and disgraceful to General Whitelock, by which the British were released, but the whole River Plate, including Monte Video, was to be evacuated within two months. So the army was re-embarked in the lowest of spirits, with the wounded suffering horribly from lockjaw, many dying from quite slight wounds. The voyage was a most unfortunate one: the transport *Harry* was in lost her rudder in a gale, which scattered the whole fleet, and then was 400 miles out of her reckoning before she made the Lizard. Another gale came on, and she was finally towed into Falmouth, narrowly escaping the fate of one of her consorts, which was wrecked near the Lizard with the 9th Dragoons aboard.

It was not till the middle of December that *Harry* reached Spithead, and even then he had to go on to the Downs to disembark. But he got leave of absence at last, and was soon, he says, "in the arms of a most affectionate family, who dearly loved me. My mother's delight I shall never forget. There are feelings we possess in our youth which cannot be described. I was then only nineteen. My brothers

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and sisters were all well, and every moment called to my recollection some incident of juvenile delight and affection."

2. A WOUND AND HOW TO TREAT IT

In two months' time Harry was off again. Three companies of the Rifles were ordered to join Sir John Moore's expedition to Sweden, and Lieut. Smith went with them as adjutant. The army lay in the transports off Gottenburg for some time, but was not landed. The men were taken ashore occasionally for drill and exercise, and the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th had some sports, in which Harry won the broad jump by four inches, jumping 19 feet 4 inches, much to his own satisfaction.

Then, as you have read in the adventures of Robert Blakeney, the expedition was abandoned and Sir John Moore was ordered to take the troops to Portugal. I need not repeat the story of the Great Retreat: Harry's account of it entirely agrees with Blakeney's. "Never," he says, "did England assemble such a body of organised and elegant troops as that army of Sir John Moore, destined to cover itself with glory, disgrace, victory, and misfortune . . . never did corps so distinguish itself during the whole of this retreat as my dear old Rifles . . . but the scenes of drunkenness, riot, and disorder we Reserve Division witnessed on the part of the rest of the army are not to be described: it was truly awful and heart-rending to see that army which had been so brilliant at Salamanca, so totally disorganised, with the exception of the Reserve

under the revered Paget, and the Brigade of Guards. The cavalry were nearly all dismounted, the whole a mass of fugitives and insubordinate: yet these very fellows licked the French at Corunna like men."

Perhaps the most distressing part of a rough campaign, as we have seen in more recent days, is the impossibility of cleanliness. Harry suffered from this as much as from hunger. "Oh! the filthy state we were in!" he says. "We lost our baggage at Calcavellos; for three weeks we had no clothes but those on our backs: we were literally covered and almost eaten up with vermin, most of us suffering from ague and dysentery, every man a living still active skeleton. On embarkation many fell asleep in their ships and never awoke for three days and nights, until in a gale we reached Portsmouth. I was so reduced that Colonel Beckwith, with a warmth of heart equalling the thunder of his voice, on meeting me in the George Inn roared out, 'Who the devil's ghost are you? Pack up your kit—which is soon done, the devil a thing have you got—take a place in the coach, and set off home to your father's. I shall soon want again such fellows as you, and I will arrange your leave of absence.'"

Harry obeyed at once, but it was his mother rather than his father to whom he fled for comfort this time. "To her alone," he says, "did I impart what, although I felt no disgrace, I did not want to be known. She undressed me and put me in a hot bath, and we preserved our secret mutually inviolate." He soon forgot his miseries and recovered his health, and by the following June was out again at Lisbon, in Craufurd's famous Light Brigade.

With Craufurd he made that celebrated march from Oropesa to the battlefield of Talavera—56 miles in the last twenty-eight hours—and he says that when the Light Brigade reached the victorious but worn-out army they were greeted as if they were demigods. They took up outpost duty at once, skirmished with the enemy, and then attempted to burn the dead bodies with which the field was literally covered. But the soldiers were overpowered by the smell, and "not satisfied with this mode of treating the bodies of their dead comrades," so this plan was given up.

The army then retired into quarters for the autumn, and suffered very severely from insufficient food and much sickness. Harry knew a little Spanish, so he used to ride into the Spanish lines and buy loaves of very inferior bread for the mess: "with this and some horrid starved goats," he says, "we lived tolerably for soldiers in hard times." He himself was afterwards detached in command of forty or fifty convalescent men to a place called Onguala, on the frontier of Spain. His brother Tom and Lieut. Rentall of the 52nd were with him, and they used to have grand battues of red deer and wild boars, to which they invited other officers from the regiment. On one occasion they came upon the bivouac of a set of banditti, and had a skirmish with them, loading their shot guns with the Rifle buttons of Harry's jacket. They were forced to retreat when this ammunition ran short, and Harry determined to have it out with these rascals, who were the terror of the country-side. He sent his sergeant to bring up all of the convalescents who could march at all. With ten of them, and Tom and Rentall, he marched

at night to a lonely chapel where there was a large stable. Inside the stable-yard they heard the bandits talking and shouting, with a regular sentry set outside the gate. Harry crept up with Pat Nann, one of his men, and saw them going about with lights, and one very dandy-looking fellow with a smart dagger cutting tobacco to make a cigar. He crept back, and after a whispered argument with Rentall, who did not wish to attack, and Tom, who did, the whole party rushed for the gate. The sentry fired but missed, and as soon as the gate was smashed in, the astonished banditti surrendered, though all their arms were piled handy. There were twelve of them, besides their handsome captain, whose dagger Henry sent home to his father as a trophy. He says he was "in an awful funk lest General Craufurd should blow me up. However, I got great credit for my achievement in thus ridding the neighbourhood of a nest of robbers." The captain of the band and five others were sent to the galleys for life; their horses were sold, and Harry's men got forty Spanish dollars each as prize-money. "Thus ended," he says, "the battle of the Bandits."

His next battle was one of a very different kind. The French had taken Ciudad Rodrigo, and Massena prepared to invade Portugal with 40,000 men and besiege Almeida. The British army retired to the River Coa, and Craufurd's Brigade with some other troops were posted on and near the only bridge, with orders to hold it as long as possible but not to fight beyond it. Craufurd disobeyed and crossed the bridge: the result was a very severe fight—as severe, Harry says, as any during the Peninsular War.

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Fortunately the river was so swollen by heavy rain that it was unfordable, and the enemy were obliged to concentrate and make a direct attack upon the



"The astonished banditti surrendered"

bridge. The 43rd lost 17 officers and 150 men, the Rifles, who were the rearguard of all, 10 officers and 140 men. As the enemy followed them up, the Rifles

had to charge constantly to drive them back, and were often completely mixed up with them. In one of these rushes both Tom and Harry Smith were severely wounded, and Harry would have been taken but for Major Macleod, who put him on his own horse. When the British had succeeded in withdrawing across the river, Ney tried to force the bridge, and then our men had their turn. Three columns of the French were shot down in succession: their dead and wounded were piled on the bridge nearly level with the parapet. Then one of their guns was dismounted and a field magazine exploded: at dusk they drew off, and Craufurd took up a fresh position behind the Pinhel river.

Harry's wound was from a ball in the ankle-joint, and was very painful, but he was not so badly off as others, for he could stretch his leg out and so was able to make use of a sedan chair carried by two mules, which happened to be among the ambulance transport. The rest had to go in bullock cars, which jolted horribly and caused them great agony. Among them was poor Tom, very severely wounded above the knee, and two officers named Pratt and Hull, both shot through the neck. At one house on the journey a man behaved insolently to them and Lieut. Pratt got very angry. Immediately the artery in his neck burst out in a torrent of blood, and he was dead in a few seconds. This distressed his companions and terrified poor Captain Hull, who had a wound of the same kind.

A fortnight after the battle Tom and Harry reached Lisbon, and were billeted in an empty house, where they suffered greatly. Tom's leg was

in so bad a state that he was sent home. Harry when he heard of the army having retired into the famous lines of Torres Vedras, set off to join the regiment, with the bullet still in his ankle. He found the Rifles at Arruda, and Sydney Beckwith, the colonel, said to him, "You are a mad fool of a boy, coming here with a ball in your leg! Can you dance?" "No," said Harry, "I can hardly walk but with my toe turned out." "Can you be my A.D.C.?" asked the colonel. "Yes, I can ride and eat." The colonel laughed at that, "and was as kind as a brother"; and Harry became his A.D.C. accordingly.

A story which he tells at this time will show you how much he enjoyed life, even when limping about wounded: "As Colonel Beckwith and I were standing in the camp one day, it came on to rain, and we saw a Rifleman rolling down a wine-cask, apparently empty, from a house near. He deliberately knocked in one of the heads; then—for it was on the side of a rapidly shelving hill—propped it up with stones and crept in out of the rain. Colonel Beckwith says, 'Oh look at the lazy fellow: he has not half supported it. When he falls asleep, if he turns round, down it will come.' Our curiosity was excited, and our time anything but occupied, so we watched our friend, when in about twenty minutes the cask with the man inside came rolling down the hill. He must have rolled over twenty times at least before the rapidity disengaged him from his round house, and even afterwards, such was the impetus, he rolled over several times. To refrain from laughing excessively was impossible, though we really thought the noble fellow must be hurt, when up he jumped,

looked round, and said, 'I never had any affection for an empty wine-cask, and may the devil take me if ever I go near another—to be whirled round like a water-mill in this manner!' The fellow was in a



"The cask with the man inside came rolling down the hill"

violent John Bull passion, while we were nearly killed with laughing."

Soon after this Colonel Beckwith had to go to Lisbon, and it was thought a good opportunity for his A.D.C. to go too and have the bullet cut out—it was under the Tendo Achillis, in the very joint, and caused him much pain and lameness. The foot was examined by a board of three surgeons, Staff-surgeon Morell, Higgins, and Brownrigg. The first two were

against an operation—they thought the leg would be lost. Brownrigg said, "If it were my leg, out should come the ball." Harry roared out, "Hurrah! Brownrigg, you are the doctor for me," and he cocked up his leg and said, "There it is, slash away." But slashing was not enough: the ball was jagged and the tendonous fibres had grown into it. It had to be half dissected and half pulled out, and the most excruciating moment was when the forceps broke. However, after five minutes the ball came away, and the wound did well. Before it was healed Harry was off to the army again. There he found that the captain of his company was away sick, so he said to the colonel, "I must be no longer A.D.C., sir. However grateful I am, my company wants me." "Ah!" said the colonel, "now you can walk a little, you leave me! Go, and be damned to you: but I love you for the desire."

The army marched after Massena the very next day; Harry was very lame, but James Stewart gave him "a dear little Spanish horse" named Tiny, which afterwards became quite famous, and he was almost as active as ever. His friends, Colonel Beckwith and Colonel Pakenham, were determined to do something for him; and very shortly afterwards a General Order was received, to Harry's great astonishment, appointing him Brigade-Major to the 2nd Light Brigade. He had hardly time to reach the Brigade when a severe fight began, which did not end till dark. Harry then went to his new Brigadier and asked, "Have you any orders for the picquets, sir?" The Brigadier was a kind but odd old Guardsman. "Pray, Mr. Smith," he said, "are you my Brigade-Major?" "I believe so,

sir." "Then let me tell you it is your duty to post the picquets and mine to have a damned good dinner for you every day." On which Harry makes the remark, "We soon understood each other. He cooked the dinner often himself, and I *commanded* the Brigade!"

3. JUANA

With the rank of Brigade-Major and the high spirits of a boy of twenty-three, Harry Smith was in a good position to see what was going on and to comment upon it in his own fashion. His next fight was Sabugal—the hardest battle of the war, the Duke called it. The Cavalry and the Light Division were intended to turn the left flank of the enemy, while three other divisions attacked in front; but the commanding officer, Sir William Erskine, whom Harry describes as "a near-sighted old ass," got involved too soon and made a frontal attack himself in which some guns were taken and retaken several times. A French officer on a grey horse was doing conspicuously well, and Colonel Beckwith roared out to his Riflemen in a voice like thunder, "Shoot that fellow, will you?" Then, when in a moment both the officer and his horse were shot, he was heard to exclaim, "Alas! you were a noble fellow!" The 5th Division then came up, and the Light Division, who had been checked, were able to get in a tremendous charge, and "paid off the enemy most awfully." Harry says that such a scene of slaughter as there was on one hill would appal a modern soldier. He wrote that in 1824: he would have thought differently if he had been alive in 1914.

Harry was not at Albuera, but he was at Fuentes de Onoro, where the French were too strong in cavalry. "They turned our right flank," Harry says, "and licked our cavalry (14th Light Dragoons and Royals) awfully, bringing 4000 fresh fellows against them." But they could not beat the British infantry. The Light Division again distinguished themselves, and Harry saw the 79th Highlanders bayonet eight or nine French officers and 100 men, the head of an attacking column coming up the road towards the village of Fuentes. This, he says, was the only real bayonet conflict he ever witnessed. After a day and a half of fighting the enemy retired, but in such open country their formidable cavalry made it impossible to press them—in fact our men were glad to see them go.

In the autumn some smaller engagements took place and some very pretty manœuvring. But as winter drew on there was less to be done, and the officers turned to private theatricals, horse races, and greyhound matches. The Duke himself fixed the days for some of these, but when the time came he changed his mind and ordered the outworks of Ciudad Rodrigo to be stormed instead! It was all one to Harry and his friends.

The fortress itself was to be assaulted ten days later, on January 19, 1812. Harry was supping that evening with Captain Uniacke and his own brother Tom. When they parted Uniacke said, "Harry, you will be a captain before morning." It was a true prophecy, for before morning Uniacke's own company was vacant. Harry was then senior subaltern of the regiment: he went to General Craufurd and volunteered to lead the forlorn hope.

Craufurd refused him, because as senior lieutenant he would certainly be wanted to fill up the first vacancy among the captains.

So he went up to the breach on his own account, as Brigade-Major, and found himself on a ravelin at the head of the 43rd and 52nd. Colborne pulled him down, and sent him up the right way, where he at once seized an opportunity in characteristic style. He saw a chance of outflanking and enfilading the defenders, took a company of the 43rd and rushed in to do it. This not unnaturally caused great annoyance to the captain of the company, and there were some very high words, but the company preferred to follow Harry, and paid a heavy penalty. They ran on with Uniacke's company, and were horribly shattered and scorched by a great mine explosion. General Mackinnon was killed on the spot, Harry and Uniacke were much scorched, and Uniacke was mortally wounded by splinters. The shock threw Harry many feet backwards into a heap of charged shell fuses: he took them for shells and was about to leap into the ditch when Sergeant MacCurrie of the 52nd showed him his mistake, and gave him a catskin forage-cap to replace his cocked-hat, which was blown away. They rushed on to meet the 3rd Division, who were charging with the bayonet. The 88th were in front, and one of them seized Harry by the throat as if he were a kitten, shouting, "You French —!" Luckily he left Harry just enough breath in his windpipe to swear in English: but for that, he says, "the bayonet would have been through me in a moment."

After this siege the army had a few weeks' rest,

and Harry at once returned to his sport. He had a celebrated greyhound named Moro, which he says was the best in the world, and with this dog and two other excellent ones he managed to supply the officers' mess of every company in the Rifles with hares for soup. Presently he had to turn his attention again to siege work, for the army was in-



"His horse put his foot in a hole"

vesting Badajoz; but every day after some hours in the trenches he used invariably to take a hasty meal and go out with Moro. One day he set off with his friends, James Stewart and Charlie Eeles, to spend three hours off duty in this way, and the first hare tried to get away into a rabbit-warren. Harry tried to head her off, but his horse put his foot in a hole and rolled over upon him. Harry was picked up insensible, and when he came to, he

found himself sitting on Eeles's knee, with his arm tied up with a whip thong, and Stewart trying to bleed him with a blunt penknife. He stopped that by jumping up on his feet: but Moro had already killed the hare without assistance.

The storming of Badajoz you have already heard of from Robert Blakeney. Harry had a wonderful escape, but the recollection of that night filled him with horror. "There is no battle, day or night," he says, "that I would not willingly enact, except this. The murder of our gallant officers and soldiers is not to be believed. . . . It was appalling. Heaps on heaps of slain—in one place lay nine officers." He himself had several bruises from shot, his clothes were cut, and his pockets filled with chips of stone splintered by bullets.

He speaks, as Robert Blakeney and all other British officers have always spoken, with detestation of the atrocities committed by our soldiers in the sack of the town. But by an extraordinary chance this very scene of riot and cruelty brought him what was, in his own words, the solace and whole happiness of his life. It gave him his beloved wife, Juana Maria de Los Dolores de Leon: here is the story of their first romantic meeting, as told by Harry's friend, Johnny Kincaid, in his book *Random Shots by a Rifleman*:

"I was conversing with a friend the day after (the assault) at the door of his tent, when we observed two ladies coming from the city, who made directly towards us: they seemed both young, and when they came nearer, the elder of the two threw back her mantilla to address us, showing a remarkably

handsome figure, with fine features. . . . She at once addressed us in that confident heroic manner so characteristic of the high-bred Spanish maiden, told us who they were—the last of an ancient and honourable house,—and referred to an officer high in rank in our army, who had been quartered there in the days of her prosperity, for the truth of her tale.

“Her husband, she said, was a Spanish officer in a distant part of the kingdom; he might, or he might not, be living. But yesterday, she and this, her young sister, were able to live in affluence and in a handsome house: to-day they knew not where to lay their heads, where to get a change of raiment or a morsel of bread. Her house, she said, was a wreck: and to show the indignities to which she had been subjected, she pointed to where the blood was still trickling down their necks, caused by the wrenching of their ear-rings through the flesh by the hands of worse than savages, who would not take the trouble to unclasp them! For herself, she said, she cared not: but for the agitated and almost unconscious maiden by her side, she was in despair and knew not what to do: and that, in the rapine and ruin which was at that moment desolating the city, she saw no security for her but the seemingly indelicate one she had adopted—of coming to the camp and throwing themselves upon the protection of any British officer who would afford it: and so great, she said, was her faith in our national character, that she knew the appeal would not be made in vain, nor the confidence abused. Nor was it made in vain! Nor could it be abused, for she stood by the side of an angel! A being more transcendently lovely I had never

before seen—one more amiable I have never yet known!

"Fourteen summers had not yet passed over her youthful countenance, which was of a delicate freshness—more English than Spanish: her face, though not perhaps rigidly beautiful, was nevertheless so remarkably handsome and so irresistibly attractive, that to look at her was to love her: and I did love her (says Johnny Kincaid), but I never told my love, and in the meantime a more impudent fellow stepped in and won her!"

The "more impudent fellow" was of course Harry Smith, and it certainly was like his impudence, at the age of twenty-four and in the middle of a campaign, to marry a young lady of fourteen and take her about with the army for the rest of the war, living on his pay, which was generally not paid!

His friends of course all disapproved: they said to themselves, "Alas! poor Harry Smith is lost, who was the example of a duty officer. It is only natural he must neglect duty now." They were wrong: he stuck to his work, and his wife backed him up; after the day's march, when he came to find her among the baggage, her first question invariably was, "Are you sure you have done all your duty?" and she soon convinced his friends: the whole brigade became devoted to her.

The first thing they had to do was to teach her to ride, and that she learnt quickly and perfectly. Harry promised her that as soon as she could ride as well as she could dance and sing, she should have his famous little Spanish horse, Tiny. He gave it to her the night before the battle of Salamanca, and

in the morning before the fighting began she caracolled about among the troops to their great delight. Then she was taken to the rear, and looked after by Harry's old groom, West, who carried about a little tent for her and a pair of funny little lanterns, and at the end of the day made her a shakedown of fresh-cut green wheat. She had to hold Tiny all night, and Tiny ate her bed of wheat, at which she was very much amused: "for a creature so gay and vivacious," says Harry, "the earth never produced."

They were certainly a well-matched pair, and one story will show you how they enjoyed roughing it together. Harry had got three Spanish doubloons in a horse deal—a priceless treasure where money was so scarce—and he gave them to Juana to pack in his portmanteau. She put them among his shirts, but at the end of a jolting day's march they were gone, and she was quite miserable. Some time afterwards, on the march to Madrid, they were nearly drowned by the heavy rain: Harry with his wife, an old Spanish padre, and all his greyhounds and dogs to the number of thirteen, got into a little hole about six feet square for shelter. Next morning the sun came out and Harry proposed to put on some decent clothes: some of the shirts in the portmanteau were wet, and in hauling up a dry one out came the three lost coins. "Oh! such joy and such laughing!" says Harry. "We were so rich. We could buy bread and chocolate and sausages and eggs—and our little fortune carried us through the retreat even to Ciudad Rodrigo, where money was paid to us."

4. FROM VITTORIA TO TOULOUSE

Harry confesses that at this time he was "sporting mad." Besides the Duke's foxhounds, there was with the army an excellent pack of harriers, kept by James Stewart, and Harry acted as whipper-in. Also, Mr. Commissary Haines had a beautiful pack of little beagles. Harry's state of mind is shown by his remark that he entered on the campaign of 1813 under very unfortunate circumstances "as far as my stud was concerned!" Three of his five horses were unfit for work, and worse still, Tiny had been lamed by an accident. The climax came when a new thoroughbred slipped on a greasy bank and rolled on Juana, breaking a small bone in her foot. Everybody was dismayed at this: when Juana dismounted in camp all the officers spread their cloaks on the ground to receive her, and the doctor wanted to carry her wounded foot. Fortunately it healed rapidly, and she was able to keep up with the army.

The battle of Vittoria was fought on the 21st of June. Harry's share in it was characteristic. "My brigade," he says, "in the middle of the action, was sent to support the 7th Division, which was very hotly engaged. I was sent forward to report myself to Lord Dalhousie, who commanded. I found his lordship and his Q.M.G. Drake, an old Rifle comrade, in deep conversation. I reported pretty quick, and asked for orders (the head of my brigade was just getting under fire). I repeated the question, 'What orders, my Lord?' Drake became somewhat animated, and I heard his Lordship say, 'Better to take

the village'—which the French held with twelve guns. I roared out, 'Certainly, my Lord,' and off I galloped, both calling to me to come back, but as none are so deaf as those who won't hear, I told General Vandeleur we were immediately to take the village. There was no time to lose, and the 52nd Regiment deployed into line as if at Shorncliffe, while our Riflemen were sent out in every direction, five or six deep, keeping up a fire nothing could resist. I galloped to the officer commanding a battalion in the 7th Division (the 82nd, I think): 'Lord Dalhousie desires you closely to follow the brigade of the Light Division.' 'Who are you, sir?' 'Never mind that: disobey my Lord's order at your peril.' My brigade, the 52nd in line, and the swarms of Riflemen, rushed at the village, and although the ground was intersected in its front by gardens and ditches, nothing ever checked us until we reached the rear of the village, when we halted to re-form, the twelve guns, tumbrils, horses, &c., standing in our possession. There never was a more impetuous onset—nothing could withstand such a burst of determination. Before we were ready to pursue the enemy—for we Light Division ever re-formed and got into order before a second attack, thanks to poor General Bob Craufurd's most excellent tuition—up came Lord Dalhousie with his Quartermaster-General, Drake, to old Vandeleur, exclaiming, 'Most brilliantly achieved indeed! Where is the officer you sent to me for orders?' 'Here I am, my Lord.' Old Drake knew well enough. 'Upon my word, sir, you receive and carry orders quicker than any officer I ever

saw.' 'You said, "Take the village." My Lord, there it is,' I said, 'guns and all.' He smiled, and old Drake burst into one of his grins. 'Well done, Harry!'

That was not Harry's only adventure that day. He was standing with Ross's brigade of guns, sharply engaged, when his horse suddenly fell down as if stone dead. He jumped off and looked for the wound, but could find none. Then as an experiment he gave the dead animal a kick on the nose. He immediately shook his head and got up on his legs, as if nothing had happened, and Harry mounted at once. Ross's gunners all said it was the wind of a French shot that had stunned the horse: and in fact the same thing happened that day to Lieut. Northey of the 52nd, who was knocked over as if he had been in the prize ring, by the wind of a shot, and his face blackened with bruises.

Some skirmishers, who had seen the horse fall, spread a report that Captain Smith was dead, and Juana heard it just as she and old Groom West were coming across the field of battle. Her grief was terrible, but at the right moment Harry himself came galloping up, very hoarse from cheering with the men. "Oh! then thank God," said Juana, "you are not killed, only badly wounded!" It took a long time to persuade her that he was not even wounded.

In October she had a worse fright of the same kind. In a brilliant attack at Vera, Colonel Algeo of the Caçadores was killed. He was riding a chestnut horse with markings exactly like Harry's charger "Old Chap." Juana, who was looking on at the fight from a cottage window, saw this horse, Harry's as she thought, galloping to the rear and dragging a

dead officer by the stirrup. She shrieked and rushed towards it so fast that for some time old West could not overtake her, but when the horse came nearer she recognised it as Algeo's, and fell senseless from the sudden relief.

Colborne was now Harry's Brigadier, and the two got on excellently. In November they were both quartered in the Château de Castilleur, when Harry had a very singular dream. His account of it is this. He had been out posting his sentries at night, and when he came in he found Colborne lying asleep before a fire, just as he had got off his horse. He did not wake him, but lay down, tired and hungry as he was, and fell asleep too. He then dreamed that he was at home in Whittlesey, and that the enemy were attacking his father's house. The house had a front door on the street, and a back door, which the children had always called the "Black Door," opening on to the garden. Harry saw his father carrying his mother through the Black Door; he saw them as clear as life, and heard his father say, "Now, someone shut the door, she is safe and rescued." Harry sprang up and shouted out the usual alarm, "Stand to your arms!" Colborne instantly woke and sprang up too. "Oh, sir," said Harry, "I beg your pardon: I have been dreaming." "Never mind," said Colborne, "it is near daylight, and it shows that, asleep or awake, you are intent on your duty," and he lay down and went to sleep again.

Harry was so oppressed by the vivid feeling of his dream that he got out his little calf-bound pocket-book and noted down the hour and the details of the dream. In a few days he received a letter from his

father, telling him of his mother's death on the very day of the dream, 12th December, and he says himself that it occurred in fact at one o'clock, the very hour and moment when he cried out, "Stand to your arms!"

That winter the French were hardly visible, and the time was chiefly spent—by Harry at least—in shooting and exploring the mountains. On 27th February they found the enemy at Orthez, and had a very severe battle. Harry says he never saw the French fight so hard, and the army was actually making no progress, when the Duke came up and ordered the 52nd to form line and advance. This seems to have been his usual trump card. Harry says the battalion, 700 strong, deployed into line like clockwork, and moved on, supported by clouds of sharpshooters. "It was the most majestic advance I ever saw." The French apparently thought so too: their fire decreased and they gave way: the British right and left moved on at last, and the battle was won.

Juana came up the next day with the baggage. Towards evening it became cold, and they got her into a comfortable little house where the Frenchwoman, a widow, lit a fire and made bouillon for Juana, which she served in a very handsome Sèvres slop-basin. This, she said, had been a wedding present, and she had never used it since her husband's death. Being a "Royalist" who hated Napoleon, she was happy to use it for the wife of an English officer. The next day the army made a long march, and on the following morning after that, at breakfast time, in came Harry's servant, Joe Kitchen, with the poor widow's slop-basin full of milk. Juana burst into tears, and Colonel Barnard, to whom she had just

been telling the story, was very angry with his servant. "Lord, sir," said the man, "why, the French soldiers would have carried off *the widow* an she had been young, and I thought it would be so nice for the goat's milk in the morning. She was very angry, though, cos I took it."

Barnard rode off to headquarters, and presently came back with news that the army would not march till next day. Juana immediately ordered old West to bring her horse and his too, and a feed of corn in his haversack. She was away all day and came in very late for dinner, cold, and splashed from riding hard. Barnard and Harry exclaimed together, "Where have you been?" "Oh!" she said, "do not be angry. I am not taken prisoner, as you see. I have been to Mont de Marsan to take back the poor widow's basin." "Well done, Juana," cried Barnard warmly, "you are a heroine. The maid of Saragossa is nothing to you." She had ridden thirty miles, and old West had kept a good look-out for the French patrols. Besides, Bob Digby, of the 52nd, Barnard's A.D.C. had overheard her orders to West, and had followed her to make sure of her safety. "Every officer in the division," says Harry, "loaded her with praise." But he admired her more than any of them.

The end of the war was now drawing near. When it did come, the armies did not know of it at once, and the battle of Toulouse was actually fought after peace had been made, but before the news could get through. The day after the battle there were rumours flying about, but no certainty. In the afternoon Harry was posting a picquet, and though he rode no nearer than usual to the French lines, a

sentry deliberately fired at him. This, according to the humane and chivalrous rules of the French and English, was a rude and cold-blooded thing to do.



"Took off his cocked-hat and made him a low bow"

Harry, by way of rebuke, took off his cocked-hat and made him a low bow. The man was so ashamed that, instead of reloading, he saluted by presenting arms!

That was probably the very last shot fired in the Peninsular War. Peace seemed quite unnatural to the army. "The feeling of no war," says Harry, "no

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picquets, no alerts, no apprehension of being turned out, was so novel after six years' perpetual and vigilant war, it is impossible to describe the sensation."

5. BLADENSBURG AND WATERLOO

The war was no sooner over than Colborne sent for Harry and said to him, "You have been so unlucky after all your gallant and important service, in not getting your majority, you must not be idle. There is a force, a considerable one, going to America. You must go. To-morrow we will ride to Toulouse, to headquarters: send a horse on to-night—it is only thirty-four miles, we will go there and breakfast and ride back to dinner." Harry of course accepted with thanks, but both he and Juana were in despair at having to part.

When he reached Toulouse he found his name already put down for America: Colonel Elley and Sir Edward Pakenham had done this for him without waiting to be asked. Colborne then asked his old friend Ross to take Harry as his Brigade-Major. This was not the famous gunner, Sir Hew Ross, who was also Colborne's friend, but Major-General Robert Ross, who had commanded the 20th in the great retreat to Corunna, and was now going out as chief of the American expedition.

Harry and Juana dropped down the Garonne by boat, and after three days at Bordeaux they said good-bye: she went to London and he to the fleet which was lying in the Gironde. He was to sail in the *Royal Oak*, Admiral Pulteney Malcolm's flagship, and the transports were to be convoyed by the

frigates *Menelaus*, *Seahorse*, and others. General Ross had not yet arrived, and Harry had heard such accounts of the rigid etiquette of a man-of-war that he was rather afraid of doing or saying something wrong. He was received by the lieutenant of the watch, a very gentlemanlike officer named Holmes, and taken to the Admiral's cabin. There at a table, with wine and spirits upon it, sat the Admiral, the finest-looking specimen of an English sailor he had ever seen, and Captain Dick, a stout John Bull. They welcomed him so hospitably that he says, "I soon discovered the etiquette consisted in nothing but a marked endeavour to make us all happy." The fact was that just as the Army used to admire the Navy for their splendid service before Trafalgar, so now the Navy admired the Army for their victories in Spain.

Harry of course at once floated off in his own peculiar way, and he tells this story against himself. "The Admiral says, 'Come, sit down and have a glass of grog.' I was so absorbed in the thought that this ship was to bear me away from all I held so dear, that down I sat and seized a bottle (gin, I believe), filled a tumbler half full, and then added some water. 'Well done!' says the Admiral, 'I have been at sea, man and boy, these forty years, but damn me if I ever saw a stiffer glass of grog than that in my life!'" He then showed Harry his cabin, told him about meals (at which the Admiral was very punctual), and how to find the steward by sending the marine at the cabin door to fetch him, and generally treated him so well that Harry was quite delighted. "I shall never forget," he says, "the kindness I received aboard the *Royal Oak*, and sub-

sequently on board the *Menelaus*. Our Navy are noble fellows, and their discipline and the respect on board for rank are a bright example to the more familiar habits of the Army." I think we may fairly laugh over that remark when we remember Harry's own account of the "familiar habits" to which he used to treat his Brigadiers!

General Ross arrived next morning and the fleet sailed for Bermuda, where they found Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane waiting for them in the 80-gun ship *Tonnant*; the General and his Staff went on in her to the rendezvous on the American coast, leaving Harry behind to follow with the troops three days later. He was put into the frigate *Menelaus* and had an exciting voyage. The wind was so contrary on leaving the anchorage at Bermuda that the Admiral resolved on "the boldest thing that was ever attempted, viz. to take the whole fleet through the North-East Passage, a thing never done but by one single frigate. The passage is most intricate, and the pilot directs the helmsman by ocular demonstration, that is, by looking into the water at the rocks." The fleet got through without any ship touching, except the Admiral's tender; and at the mouth of the Chesapeake they met the General and Sir Alexander again. Having a fair wind to go up the bay, they did not stop, but went on at ten knots; suddenly the frigate struck with a crash like an earthquake. Fortunately it was only the tail of a bank, and she cleared it with a bound. The fleet anchored off the mouth of the Patuxent, the channel by which the main attack was to be made on Washington.

The voyage up the Patuxent, Harry describes as

one of the most beautiful sights the eye could behold. The river wound among huge forest trees, so that looking back he saw "a large fleet stalking through a wood. They went up as far as they could, and the Navy having "very dexterously and gallantly" burned the American flotilla which opposed them, the army was landed thirty-six miles from Washington. The battle of Bladensburg was fought on 24th August. It was, in Harry's opinion, dreadfully mismanaged; but after a premature attack had been repulsed, the British broke through, General Ross himself leading, and nearly all the American guns were taken. Washington was then burnt, to the lasting regret of all decent people. "Well do I recollect," says Harry, "that, fresh from the Duke's humane warfare in the South of France, we were horrified at the order to burn the elegant Houses of Parliament and the President's house."

Harry was sent home with the despatches in the frigate *Iphigenia*, and made the passage in the quick time of twenty-one days, which he says was "consonant to my feelings and in perfect accordance with my character." At Portsmouth he immediately got a chaise and four horses to go to London, feeling himself "one of the greatest men in England." Just before he started from the George, his tailor, a man named Meyers, asked to speak to him, and pointing to the despatch-box under his arm, offered to make it worth his while to tell him "the general purport, whether *good news* or *bad*." Harry felt inclined to knock him down; but he said, "I'd see you damned first: but of what use would such general information be to you?" The fellow explained that he

could get a man on horseback to London two hours before the despatches and buy and sell on 'Change at great advantage. Harry understood and said sarcastically, "When I return to America I shall expect a capital outfit from you for all the valuable information I have afforded you. Good-bye, Meyers!"

He got to London in seven hours, deposited his despatches in Downing Street, found a shakedown in a coffee-house, and at daybreak drove to the barracks of the Rifle Brigade to inquire where his wife was. After finding her, he had to return to Downing Street to see Lord Bathurst, who took him to Carlton House and presented him to the Prince Regent. They all three had a good talk over the American war, and when Harry left, the Prince said, "Bathurst, don't forget this officer's promotion."

Harry's next step was to introduce Juana to his family, who were all delighted with her; and then to visit his mother's grave. He stayed at Whittlesey for some weeks, and was then hastily summoned to the Horse Guards. News had come that General Ross, "contrary to his own opinion and his promise," had attacked Baltimore, and had been defeated and killed. Sir Edward Pakenham was to succeed him, and Harry was to go out as Assistant-Adjutant-General. This was promotion, and, as it turned out, double promotion, for when they reached the army they found that Stovin, the Adjutant-General, had been shot through the neck, and Harry succeeded him as A.-G.

The unfortunate Pakenham met the same fate as Ross. Twice he had to put off his attack on New Orleans, and the third time, when he ought to have

put it off again, he insisted on carrying through the assault in person against his Adjutant-General's earnest advice. Harry was with General Lambert when the Commander-in-Chief galloped past with all his Staff, saying only, "That's a terrific fire, Lambert." Harry turned to Lambert and said, "In twenty-five minutes, General, you will command the army. Sir Edward Pakenham will be wounded and incapable, or killed. The troops do not get on a step: he will be at the head of the first brigade he comes to, and what I say will occur." A few minutes more and his words were fulfilled. Pakenham was killed, and Lambert withdrew the troops with difficulty, after a loss of one-third their number. The expedition was a complete failure, and after some minor operations at Mobile Bay, peace was made and the British army re-embarked for England. Harry came home as military secretary to General Lambert.

They sailed in the *Brazen* sloop-of-war, and as they neared the mouth of the Channel they hailed a passing merchantman. "Where are you from?" "Portsmouth." "Any news?" "No, none." Then, as an afterthought, when they were nearly out of sight in the haze, the voice was heard adding, "Ho! Bonaparte's back on the throne of France!" Harry tossed up his hat, shouting, "I will be a lieutenant-colonel yet before the year's out!" Lambert said, "Really, Smith, you are so vivacious! How is it possible? It cannot be." Harry replied, "Depend upon it, it's truth: a beast like that skipper never could have invented it, when he did not even regard it as news. 'No, no news: only Bonaparte's back on the throne of France.' Depend on it, it's true." And when

they reached Spithead, the bustle and the number of the men-of-war there showed that it was true.

Preparations for the Waterloo campaign began at once, and as soon as he was ready, Harry, with his wife and his brother Charles, and their horses, crossed from Harwich to Ostend, and went to Ghent to join Sir John Lambert. They marched to Brussels on 16th June, and on the way they heard the rapid and continuous firing at Quatre-Bras as clearly as if they had been in the fight. Next day De Lancey, the Quartermaster-General, sent them orders to move on Quatre-Bras, but the battle there was already over, and they were marched back again to the Duke's new position at Mt. St. Jean. The night was spent in clearing the road, which was deep with mud and choked with baggage.

On the morning of the battle, Harry was sent by his Brigadier to the Commander-in-Chief for orders. He found the Duke and all his Staff at eleven o'clock near Hougomont. "Hallo, Smith," said the Duke, "where are you from last?" "From General Lambert's Brigade and they from America." "What have you got?" "The 4th, the 27th, and the 40th—the 81st remain in Brussels." "Ah, I know, I know: but the others, are they in good order?" "Excellent, my lord, and very strong." "That's all right, for I shall soon want every man."

One of the Staff then said he did not think the French would attack that day. "Nonsense," said the Duke, "the columns are already forming, and I think I have discovered where the weight of the attack will be made. I shall be attacked before an hour." He was, of course, quite right: the first gun was fired

immediately after this. He ordered Lambert's Brigade to go to the place where the two main roads to Brussels met, at Mt. St. Jean, and be ready to move forward at a moment's notice to support Picton's left. This was done, and after the first French infantry attack had been defeated, and Picton had been killed, the Brigade, with some of the Rifles, filled the gap in the front line above La Haye Sainte.

There they were mercilessly pounded by the French artillery all day, and suffered severer losses than any other part of the army. The 27th were cut down to two officers, both wounded, and 120 men. But they stuck it out, and got their turn at last. When the Duke had seen Colborne and the 52nd fairly start the great final drive of the Guard, he galloped furiously along the line with his only remaining Staff Officer, to order the general advance. Harry rode to meet him. "Who commands here?" asked the Duke. "Generals Kempt and Lambert, my lord." "Desire them to get into a column of companies of battalions, and move on immediately." "In which direction, my lord?" "Right ahead, to be sure!" said the Duke in a very animated tone. The battle was won, and he knew it, though Harry did not. In fact he did not realise the full extent of the victory till next morning, when a Staff Officer rode up at daybreak and told the Brigade of the rout and the Prussian pursuit.

Meantime Juana was in great trouble. During the battle the baggage was ordered to leave Brussels for Antwerp, and she rode with it. On the way she was told that the French were victorious and in pursuit. She reached Antwerp covered with mud from

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a fall on the road: and after a terrible night heard news of the victory, but of course nothing about her husband. On the 20th she rode to Brussels, where she arrived at seven in the morning and saw some



"Galloped furiously along the line with his only remaining Staff Officer"

soldiers of the Rifle Brigade. They told her that Brigade-Major Smith of the 95th was killed. Wild with grief she galloped the whole way to the battle-field to look for his body. Happily she came across a friend, Charles Gore, A.D.C. to Sir James Kempt.

"Oh, where is he?" she cried, "where is my Enrique?" "Why, near Bavay by this time," said Gore cheerfully, "as well as ever he was in his life: not wounded even, nor either of his brothers." The dead officer was not Harry, but Charles Smyth, Pack's Brigade-Major. Gore then said, "I am now going to Mons; can you muster strength to ride with me there?" Juana replied, "Strength? yes, for anything now!" and they reached Mons at midnight: making sixty miles on the same horse in twenty-one hours. After a night's sleep they went on to Bavay: Juana found Sir John Lambert, and he found Harry for her. Even at Waterloo no one showed more pluck and endurance than this girl of seventeen: the motive was a feminine, not a military one, but you can imagine how such a woman could fire the imagination of her soldier friends.

6. HARRY SMITH'S VICTORY

Harry was now at home for some years: and then began his connection with South Africa, which he loved better than any place in the world except his native country. From 1829 to 1840 he was Commandant of the Cape Garrison, and from 1847 to 1852 he was Governor of Cape Colony. He and his wife are commemorated in South Africa by the towns of Harrismith and Ladysmith, which were named after them, and also by two others, Whittlesea and Aliwal North. This last was named after the battle of Aliwal, of which I have not yet told you.

In 1840, when Harry Smith left the Cape, he went straight to India to take the place of Adjutant-

General. He arrived in the middle of the First Afghan War, of which you will hear presently in the adventures of George and of James Outram: and when General Elphinstone's army was cut to pieces in the Khoord-Caubul Pass he was very anxious to be allowed to go off to Afghanistan to put things straight again. But the command was given to General Pollock, who was completely successful, though in Harry's opinion he acted on false military principles.

Harry's own chance was to come later. In 1843 Sir Hugh Gough was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and under him Harry was present, on 29th December, at the battle of Maharajpore against the Gwalior rebels. The enemy fought with great determination: every one of their fifty-four guns was taken, but all the gunners had to be bayoneted or cut down at the guns. Harry, who had been a C.B. since Waterloo, was now at last made a K.C.B., and Juana became Lady Smith. She had done something to earn this honour herself, for she was actually present at the battle on an elephant, and came under a heavy cannonade.

Towards the end of 1845 the First Sikh War broke out, and on 18th December the battle of Moodkee was fought. Sir Harry was there with Wheeler's Brigade, which bore the brunt of the Sikh attack, and repulsed it, afterwards capturing six guns and inflicting great losses. The 50th Regiment suffered very severely, but they were splendidly led by Sir Harry, after their own Brigadier had been killed. He dashed forward on his black Arab, "Jim Crow, seized one of the regiment's colours and planted it in the very teeth of a Sikh column." The 50th charged

furiously after him and a great slaughter of the



"He dashed forward on his black Arab, 'Jim Crow'."

enemy followed. The Brigade went right through the

Sikh army, and of the seventeen guns captured, twelve were taken by the division to which they belonged.

Three days later Sir Hugh Gough, having been reinforced, again attacked at Ferozeshah, where Sir Harry commanded the 1st Division. The enemy made a bold bid for victory: they pushed back Gilbert's division and tried to force themselves in between it and Littler's. Sir Harry was called up to support the broken troops, and under a tremendous fire he put himself, with Colonels Petit and Ryan, at the head of the 50th and charged home into the enemy, taking their trenches and guns, pursuing right through their camp, and carrying the village of Ferozeshah. This was the headquarters of the Sikh army, and they defended it desperately, refusing to surrender on any terms. Sir Harry himself was the first officer into the village: he planted one of the colours of the 50th on the mud walls, and a fearful no-quarter fight ended the resistance. But the battle was not yet over, for another body of the enemy found out that the 50th were unsupported, and tried to cut them off. The moon rose and enabled them to go on firing all night, for it was as light as day. At three o'clock, Sir Harry, by making a feint of attacking, succeeded in withdrawing the regiment. At the next village he found a brigade of cavalry, with some guns and two or three thousand stragglers from every regiment in the army: also the Assistant Adjutant-General who ordered him to retire on Ferozepore. Sir Harry swore that he would take such orders from no man on earth but the Commander-in-Chief himself: and he marched off to join Sir Hugh. The result was a fresh attack on the undefeated part

of the army, which was carried through without a check.

On 16th January 1846, Sir Harry was detached with a brigade and some light cavalry to take the fortresses of Futtighur and Dhurmcoote which he did. He was then reinforced with twelve more guns, the 16th Lancers and some irregular cavalry, and ordered to relieve Loodiana. This also he did, picking up the 53rd Regiment and other troops on the way. He then pushed the Sikhs out of their position at Badowal and occupied it. Sir Hugh then further reinforced him, so that he now had quite an army of his own: two brigades of cavalry and horse artillery under MacDowell and Stedman, and three of infantry under Wilson, Godby and Forster: also two 8-inch howitzers from Loodiana. At daylight on the 28th he moved towards the enemy, who were six miles away on a ridge, of which the village of Aliwal was practically the centre. From the tops of houses in the village of Poorein, Sir Harry got a distant view of the position. The action which followed he describes as follows, in what was long quoted as a model dispatch:

"I immediately deployed the cavalry into line, and moved on. As I neared the enemy, the ground became most favourable for the troops to manœuvre, being open and hard grass land. I ordered the cavalry to take ground to the right and left by brigades: thus displaying the heads of the infantry columns: and as they reached the hard ground I directed them to deploy into line. Brigadier Godby's brigade was in direct échelon to the rear of the right: the Shekawattee infantry in like manner to the rear of the left: the cavalry in direct échelon on, and well to the rear

of, both flanks of the infantry: the artillery massed on the right and centre and left. After deployment, I observed the enemy's left to outflank me: I therefore broke into open column and took ground to my right. When I had given sufficient ground the troops wheeled into line. There was no dust, the sun shone brightly. These manœuvres were performed with the celerity and precision of the most correct field day. The glistening of the bayonets and swords was most imposing: and the line advanced.

"Scarcely had it moved 150 yards when at 10 o'clock the enemy opened a fierce cannonade from his whole line. At first his balls fell short, but quickly reached us. Thus upon him, and capable of better ascertaining his position, I was compelled to halt the line though under fire, for a few moments, until I ascertained that, by bringing up my right and carrying the village of Aliwal, I could with great effect precipitate myself upon his left and centre. I therefore quickly brought up Brigadier Godby's brigade, and with it and the 1st Brigade under Brigadier Hicks made a rapid and noble charge, carried the village and two guns of large calibre. The line I ordered to advance—Her Majesty's 31st Foot and the native regiments contending for the front: and the battle became general. The enemy had a numerous body of cavalry on the heights to his left, and I ordered Brigadier Cureton to bring up the right brigade of cavalry, who, in the most gallant manner, dashed in among them and drove them back upon their infantry. Meanwhile a second gallant charge to my right was made by the Light Cavalry and the bodyguard. The Shakawattee brigade was

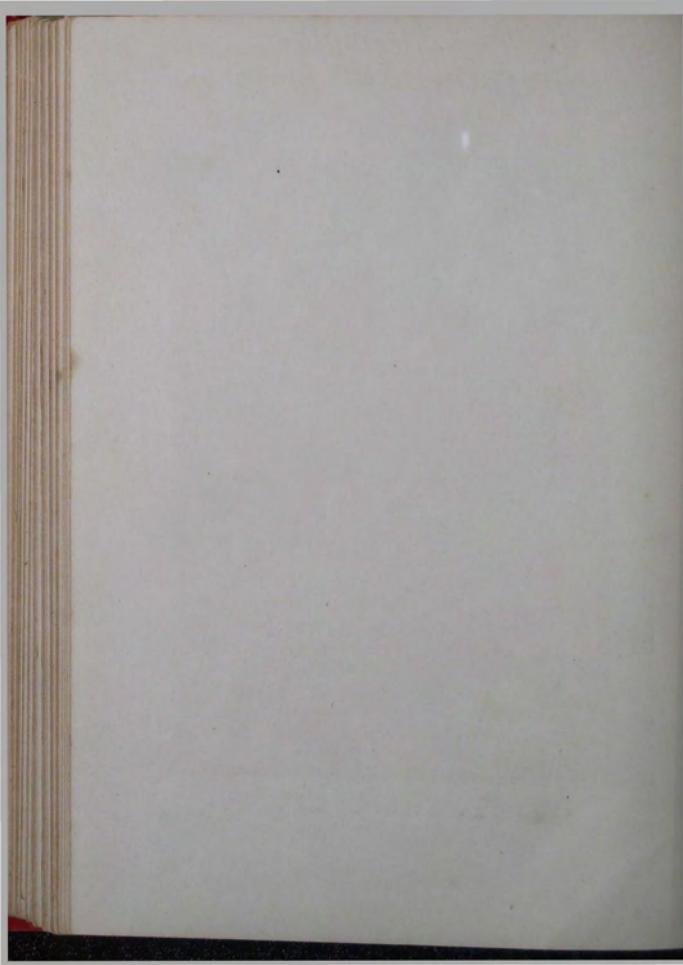
moved well to the right, in support of Brigadier Cureton, when I observed the enemy's encampment and saw it was full of infantry: I immediately brought upon it Brigadier Godby's brigade, by changing front, and taking the enemy's infantry 'en reverse.' They drove them before them, and took some guns, without a check.

"While these operations were going on upon the right, and the enemy's left flank was thus driven back, I occasionally observed the brigade under Brigade Wheeler, an officer in whom I have the greatest confidence, charging and carrying guns and everything before it, again connecting his line and moving on, in a manner which ably displayed the coolness of the Brigadier, and the gallantry of his irresistible brigade—H.M. 50th Foot, the 48th Native Infantry, and the Sirmoor battalion—although the loss was, I regret to say, severe in the 50th. Upon the left, Brigadier Wilson with H.M. 53rd and the 30th Native Infantry, equalled in celerity and regularity their comrades on the right; and the brigade was opposed to the 'Aieen' troops, called Avitabile's, where the fight was fiercely raging.

"The enemy, well driven back on his left and centre, endeavoured to hold his right to cover the passage of the river, and he strongly occupied the village of Bhoondru. I directed a squadron of the 16th Lancers, under Major Smyth and Captain Pearson, to charge a body to the right of the village, which they did in the most gallant and determined style, bearing everything before them, as a squadron under Captain Bare had previously done, going right through a square in a most intrepid manner with the deadly lance. This



ALI WAL : THE THIRD LIGHT DRAGOONS CHARGING THE
SIKH GUNS.



charge was accompanied by the 3rd Light Cavalry under Major Angelo, and as gallantly sustained. The largest gun upon the field and seven others, were then captured, while the 53rd Regiment carried the village by the bayonet, and the 30th Native Infantry wheeled round to the rear in a most spirited manner. Lieut.-Colonel Alexander's and Captain Turton's troops of horse artillery, under Major Lawrenson, dashed among the flying infantry, committing great havoc, until about 800 or 1000 men rallied under the high bank of a nullah, and opened a heavy but ineffectual fire from below the bank. I immediately directed the 30th Native Infantry to charge them, which they were able to do upon their left flank, while in a line in rear of the village. This native corps nobly obeyed my orders and rushed among the Avitable troops, driving them from under the bank and exposing them once more to a deadly fire of twelve guns within 300 yards. The destruction was very great, as may be supposed, from guns served as these were. H.M. 53rd Regiment moved forward in support of the 31st Native Infantry, by the right of the village.

"The battle was won: our troops advancing with the most perfect order to the common focus—the passage of the river. The enemy, completely hemmed in, were flying from our fire, and precipitated themselves in disordered masses into the ford and boats in the utmost confusion and consternation: our 8-inch howitzers soon began to play upon their boats, when the debris of the Sikh army appeared upon the opposite and high bank of the river, flying in every direction, although a sort of line was attempted to

countenance their retreat, until *all* our guns commenced a furious cannonade, when they quickly receded. Nine guns were on the river by the ford. It appears as if they had been unlimbered to cover the ford. These being loaded were fired once upon our advance: two others were sticking in the river, one of them we got out: two were seen to sink in the quicksands: two were dragged to the opposite bank and abandoned. These, and the one in the middle of the river, were gallantly spiked by Lieut. Holmes of the 4th Irregular Cavalry and Gunner Scott of the 1st troop, 2nd Brigade Horse Artillery, who rode into the stream and crossed for the purpose, covered by our guns and light infantry.

"Thus ended the battle of Aliwal, one of the most glorious victories ever achieved in India, by the united efforts of Her Majesty and the Honourable Company's troops."

After this Sir Harry rejoined the Commander-in-Chief, and was received with great enthusiasm. In the battle of Sobraon, which ended the war, he commanded the division which carried the Sikh entrenchments and decided the fortune of the day. But the climax of his career was undoubtedly Aliwal, which was held by military men to be almost unique, because it was "a battle without a mistake in it."

THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE

1. A GRIFFIN'S START IN LIFE

GEORGE had always intended to go into the Army: it was the most natural career for a boy of spirit to choose in those days. He was born in 1811, and was therefore four years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought. That was the end of Napoleon, and for a long time after there was no more fighting in Europe and no chance for the Navy: but there were always two armies in India, a public and a private one, and the Government had constantly to use them both for war.

It was the private army—the H.E.I.C.S. or Honourable East India Company's Service—that George entered when his time came. The advantages of this over the King's Service were, that you made certain of going to India, and that in India you would get higher pay and much greater chances of active service and promotion. The disadvantages were that your whole career would be spent in a very far-off country—for it was then a four or five months' voyage to India—and also that the Indian climate is a very trying one, even to a man, and still more so to his wife and children, if he should venture to marry. George experienced all these advantages and disadvantages, as you will see. His life was a

very typical one, and that is why I tell you about it: the details which he recorded will help you to fill in the stories of more famous men, and to realise the kind of work by which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers made the India of to-day.

George you must imagine as a slim and fairly tall youth, with a long face, a broad forehead, and brown eyes and hair: merry—almost madly so at times—but generally serious and always very courteous and thoughtful for other people. He was the youngest of a large family—six brothers and four sisters. His father was a successful doctor, who had gone out to Belgium after Waterloo and was now settled in Brussels. There George was educated until he was seventeen, when he was nominated to an East India Cadetship. At the end of 1828 he said goodbye to his family and left Brussels for London, where he spent some weeks getting his outfit, and at the beginning of 1829 he sailed from Portsmouth for India. It was a lonely start for so young an adventurer, but he had all the energy and self-reliance of an Englishman of that generation.

The voyage itself he did not enjoy. "I am a landsman," he wrote, "and regard board ship as one of the most wretched places in which it is possible for man to be incarcerated. . . . Eating and drinking, shark-catching and star-gazing, in my case as in that of others, helped to while away time." The shark-catching he remembered all his life, for on one occasion it was the shark which nearly caught him. The passengers were bathing, in a dead calm, and when the cry of "Shark ahead" was raised, George was the last to reach the ship. He was too done to

climb up the side and the shark had come so close that George afterwards declared he felt the brute's breath upon his neck, when a fellow-passenger threw a rope over him and hauled him up just in time.

The star-gazing was an amusement generally shared with ladies; but there were times when George had his own thoughts for company. He could not remember his mother, for she had died only six weeks after he was born; but he was devotedly attached to his father, who was now nearly sixty-four and was not likely to be alive at his return. Of his sisters three had died young: the only one left was Molly, who was now grown up into Maria—she was George's faithful friend and kept her affection through more than thirty years of separation. Of his brothers, William and Frank were much older than himself: they had both given up soldiering and were married men, living one in Devonshire and the other in Paris—they would be old fellows when he came back. Charles, the one in the Navy, was gone—Yellow-fever had carried him off in the prime of a successful life. John, the only lazy one of the family, was painting in Florence, and would no doubt still be painting somewhere or other in thirty years' time. Henry was at sea—a captain at twenty, running the mail packet between Egypt and Syria—the first steamer ever seen in the Levant. George admired his brothers: he thought them an able and enterprising lot, and looked forward to seeing them again when he himself had done something worthy of the family. But the one he thought most of was Charles, who had been the pride and centre of them all: and when the ship lay for three days off the Isle of

France he remembered how Charles had seen that same coast from the quarter-deck of the *Menelaus*, when he was present as a midshipman at the capture of the island by the British Fleet.

Towards the end of May the good ship *John* reached Madras, and was immediately boarded by a non-commissioned officer whose duty it was to take the new cadets, or "griffins," to a sort of club-house provided for them by the Company. They went ashore in surf boats manned by eight or ten native rowers, and narrowly escaped being swamped and thrown to the sharks which followed them in shoals. On this occasion George successfully escaped the human sharks too, who swarmed round him in the shape of barbers, engravers, tailors, and "boys" of all trades, asking for his patronage: but he fell a victim to one of them when he was rejoining his ship a few days later. The "boy" who carried his trunk down to the beach very cleverly picked the lock on the way, and still more cunningly avoided immediate discovery by leaving all the English gold (which he could not safely have changed) in George's purse and bag, and taking only the silver rupees—even of them he spared a few, to keep up appearances. The loss was annoying, but as it happened it was the only theft from which George suffered during his thirty-five years' service in India.

After another week at sea and some days spent in beating about in a thick haze at the entrance to the Hooghly, the ship secured a pilot and made her way up the river. George, however, was impatient to reach Calcutta, and he gained a day or two by hiring a small boat at Kedgerree, and going on by himself.

He landed at the Ghauts, or stone steps, and finished his journey in a palankeen, a queer conveyance in which he could hardly guess which way to sit or lie. His bearers soon brought him to Fort William, where the Bengal cadets were quartered, and he went to bed hoping for a good night's rest under his mosquito curtains. But at midnight he was waked by a fearful din: his fellow-griffins were serenading him, as a new arrival, with a band composed of kettles, bugles, brass basins and other such instruments. Worse still, they insisted on forcing their way into the bedroom, and stumbled in the dark against the cords on which the mosquito curtains were hung, so that the whole fabric was ruined. When at last they departed George was of course eaten alive by the mosquitoes, who, he says, like a fresh pink European much better than an old and yellow one. The next morning he left Fort William and went to stay with a friend in Calcutta, the City of Palaces.

On June 25th, George received his appointment as Ensign—what we should now call Probationary Second Lieutenant—in the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, and was ordered to join his regiment, which was then cantoned at Mirzapore, a small station on the Ganges, between four and five hundred miles from Calcutta. There were in those days three possible ways of travelling in India—"dawking" or posting, marching, and boating. Boating sounded much the most comfortable in a hot climate, and George chose it at once. He was soon provided with a budgerow—a large boat rather like a cocked hat upside down, or a Noah's Ark, for it had both ends rising high from the water and a kind of

house in the middle, making two neat cabins for bedroom and sitting-room. It was manned by more than a dozen native boatmen, who rowed it slowly along with enormous oars when going down stream or towed it from the bank with a rope when going up. They also had a couple of very primitive sails, for use when the wind was dead astern of the vessel. Tacked on behind were a number of smaller boats filled with stores of eatable and drinkable things, including coops of live ducks and chickens. Altogether they carried enough provisions for a fortnight at a time, for there were only a few places on the way where fresh supplies could be bought, and the voyage was a long one. The little flotilla never made more than fourteen miles a day, and with occasional delays it took six weeks to do the whole distance.

George thoroughly enjoyed this journey, as I think most Englishmen of eighteen would have done in his place. He was alone, but he had a whole crew to command, and he amused himself by learning Hindustani from them. There was a good deal of sameness, he says, about the scenery, but it was easy travelling to be towed up the broad smooth river; he had *Paradise Lost* and John Bunyan's *Life* to read, and every evening when the boat was made fast he could go ashore while dinner was being got ready. Then in the morning between his *chota hazri* (or early tea) and his real breakfast he often had a couple of hours' shooting, by which he added good things to his larder. Every now and again, too, he came upon the country house of an English Judge or planter, looking very tiny in the vast flat land-

scape: and as he drew near there would be some



"Out pops an inquisitive little man "

excitement visible on the terrace or in the verandah.
" Presently out pops an inquisitive little man with a

very blanched face and a still whiter garb, crowned with a broad-brimmed solar hat as a protection from the sun, and still further shielded by the Sirdar bearer, or head servant, who carries an enormous umbrella over his master's head." The little man then for the sake of dignity goes indoors, leaving his servant to hail the budgerow and inquire what *sahib* it belongs to, and where it is going. George was well provided with introductions, but whether introduced or not, an English officer was always invited to stay on these occasions—even one night's visit made a pleasant change for both host and guest. Moreover, there were spells of bad weather when it was safer to be ashore for a day or two. George had good luck this time, but he was told that between the violent current and the frequent squalls there was often more danger in a journey by river from Calcutta to Meerut than in a voyage between Calcutta and England.

Besides about a dozen European stations, large or small, there were two great Indian cities on this journey—Patna, the principal opium depôt of the Company and the centre of the wax-candle trade, and Benares, the Holy City of the Hindoos, full of temples and mosques. Here George found the ringing of bells and blowing of conches and other unmusical sounds almost deafening, and the smells from the hot narrow streets quite intolerable. The sight which impressed him most in both these cities was the enormous and picturesque crowd of natives thronging the vast *ghauts* or flights of steps which led down to the side of the sacred river. All day long they embarked and disembarked, bathed, prayed,

wailed, and even died sometimes, on these great steps, "making it exceedingly unpleasant," says George, "to the European traveller to be obliged to anchor his craft in their neighbourhood." No doubt they held exactly the same opinion of him and his fellow-countrymen, though he certainly never suspected it, for he even says that he is astonished at the brahmins wishing to make converts to their own religion, though he highly approved of our English missionaries trying to convert *them*.

After Benares there was nothing more to stop for, and he soon arrived at Mirzapore, rather sorry to part with his little ship and begin the unknown life of a subaltern. He had first to learn his work, and that was an undignified process. It was the Adjutant's business to drill newly joined officers, but in India no one does himself what he can get done by a deputy, so George like others was handed over for six weeks to a sergeant-major, and was marched and counter-marched by him about a hot parade ground "in company with Jack-Sepoy," who was, he felt sure, "inwardly chuckling at this exhibition of his future commander." When this "humiliating and mortifying experience" was over he still found his work disappointing, for it consisted chiefly of "treasure-convoys, courts martial, courts of inquiry and incessant committees, guard-mountings and parades." The rest was idleness and society. Happily George, though he hated idleness, was very sociable, and he soon began to like Mirzapore. "Society,—herein, to my idea," he says, "is centred the charm of places. When this proves congenial, many disagreeables are completely lost sight of." In the society to which he

now belonged he notes one curious thing—all the civilians had wives and families, while in the whole of his regiment there was only one married officer. Another thing he saw was, that in the Indian Army few men seemed to belong to the intermediate shades of character, like the people he had known in England and Belgium: they were most of them pretty clearly marked off into black and white. One set went to extremes in gambling, drinking and vice; another set were as completely given up to religion, of the kind known to scoffers as "psalm-singing," "Methodistical," or "Little Bethel." I need not tell you which of these was the idle and which the hard-working set, nor which did most for the service of their country. In the great Mutiny, the hardest war England ever fought, among the men who pulled her through were many of those queer obstinate psalm-singing "lambs." There are probably very few Englishmen now who would not think them narrow and fanatical, but there are fewer still who would not envy them their courage and endurance when the time of trial came.

George, as it seemed to him, had only the choice between these two sets, and he lost no time in making up his mind. In spite of his love of fun and good company, he decided for Little Bethel: it was as unexpected a thing for him to do as it would have been for a young Cavalier to join the Ironsides, and his brothers never understood how he came to do it. Why did he spend so much anxiety upon the state of his soul? Why did he think it so wrong to march on a Sunday, or even to write a letter? Why did he reproach himself so deeply for such trivial faults—or

for faults that no one else could perceive? His less serious acquaintances never found the answer to these questions; but they learnt to take him as he was, a perfectly sincere and lovable man, very strict with himself and very gentle with other people. Besides, they found him to be a good companion, a good shot, and a good billiard player.

He was good at languages too, and determined to become interpreter to his regiment. To do this it was necessary to pass a competitive examination at the College of Fort William in three languages—Urdu, Hindustani, and Persian. George engaged a *moonshee* or tutor, got the books set by the Examiners, and began to work as hard as the climate would allow. Before the time came for his examination two things happened to him: the regiment was “relieved” in the ordinary course and moved to Lucknow, and he himself fell seriously in love, and got married to the daughter of his commanding officer, being still under twenty-one years of age, and of less than three years’ standing in the service. He did not allow this rather sudden event to interfere with his work: he came out first in his Examination, and was given not only the ordinary prize of 360 rupees, but the interpretership he was trying for. But he was not satisfied with the idleness and monotony of regimental life, and he complained especially of having to spend most of the day indoors during two-thirds of the year. “Active engagement of some kind or other for the mind is so desirable in the East, that I believe many men would accept of a staff situation requiring daily three or four hours of application, simply for the sake of the occupation it would yield, and with-

out reference to the increased emoluments accompanying it."

As he wanted both the occupation and the emoluments there could be no doubt for him of the desirability of a place on the staff, and not long after he had completed his three years' service he wrote to the Governor-General to ask for such an appointment. This sounds audacious; but a personal application was the right way of proceeding, and George when he first landed in India had had a letter of introduction to Lord William Bentinck, the then Governor-General. He had tried to present it, but Lord William's private secretary had taken it from him and suppressed it—he knew better than to admit half-fledged "griffins" to the Viceroy's presence! But George now reminded His Excellency of this introduction, and was accordingly invited to appear at Government House. He knew that he must not take up much of the great man's time, so he said at once that he wanted to be appointed to the General Staff of the Army and launched into a carefully prepared little speech, which he describes in the old-fashioned language of that time. "I proceeded," he says, "to expatiate—not exactly on my own merits—but on the circumstance of my having endeavoured to render myself worthy of His Excellency's patronage by passing an examination in the Oriental languages. At the risk of being told to rest contented with what I already enjoyed as the fruit of my labours, I reminded him that I already held a regimental staff appointment, but aspired to being placed in a field more congenial to the development of my ardour and devotedness in the service of my Honour-

able masters! Disclaiming all beyond ordinary pretensions to such distinction, I reminded his Lordship of the happy circumstance of there being but one solitary permanent Staff absentee in the regiment to which I had the honour to belong, and concluded, as usual, by pledging myself, in the event of my obtaining the object of my wishes, to an unlimited attention to the duties of the situation."

The Governor-General listened attentively to this rigmarole, and ordered a secretary to verify the candidate's period of service. While this was being done he asked George if he was related to a young gentleman of the same name whom he had met twenty years ago, when making a voyage of some weeks in the frigate *Menelaus*. "That was my brother Charles, my Lord," George replied. "You are remarkably like him," said Lord William, "but I supposed you to be his son. You are very young, sir, very young." George was only too well aware of the fact. "Your claims shall be taken into consideration," said the Governor-General, and the audience was over. "I retired," says George, "not very sanguine as to the result of my interview. In less than a fortnight I saw myself gazetted for the appointment I had coveted! Thus after a service barely sufficient to entitle me to hold a situation on the General Staff, I closed my connection with regimental duties."

2. ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Lucknow, when George lived there, was still the capital of Oudh, and governed by a native King with the assistance of a British Envoy. The King was a

ruffian, but by way of making himself agreeable he used to give State breakfasts, and George was invited to one of them. At the appointed time the Envoy, with one or two officers, went in state to the palace and was received on the threshold by a native of high rank, who linked arms with him and conducted him into the royal presence, finally placing him at table between himself and the King. George followed and found himself among a large company of native nobles, with a sprinkling of Englishmen. The table was laid in a half-Indian, half-English style: the great people alternately helped each other to the dishes, the smaller ones mostly looked on, and ate very little, except when the King picked out some individual guest and sent him down, as a special favour, "a sort of Benjamin's portion of some native delicacy of which good breeding obliges him to partake, albeit to European taste it may prove anything but palatable." Conversation was practically impossible, "seeing that the discordant sounds of native music and the noisy screeching of nautch-girls would effectively drown every ordinary voice." When the meal was over the King and the Envoy transacted business in the audience chamber, and as soon as they reappeared the ceremony of leave-taking began. Every guest was besmeared with ottar of roses and decorated with a necklace. George's necklace was a tinsel silver one and worth about ten shillings: sometimes on great occasions really valuable ones were presented, but then they had to be given up to the Government and to be sold by auction in order to pay for the return presents made by the Envoy to the King! George was frankly bored by

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this breakfast and still more so by an evening party at the palace some time afterwards; but he admitted that the fireworks were "a very tolerable display."

He wrote an account of these doings to his father, who replied that he too had been to Court. Less than two years after George had left Brussels, the Belgians, then as now, always ready to fight for their freedom, had made a revolution and refused to be ruled any longer by the King of Holland. The king they chose for themselves was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who had married our Princess Charlotte of Wales, the heir to the throne of England; after her death he had continued to live in London and was immensely popular. He came to Brussels in July 1831, and George's father had the honour of attending him as physician. This increased the doctor's reputation, and both in Brussels and at Spa, where he usually went during the season, he was consulted by a number of celebrities, including Mrs. Fitzherbert—the lady who had been secretly married to George the Fourth—several German princes, and the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria. This was good hearing for George but it saddened him too, for he loved his father and he loved Brussels, and longed to see them both again, but he knew too well that if ever he went back it would only be to visit a grave. And that is just what happened.

Meantime he thought himself very fortunate in possessing a home of his own; but he soon found that he would have very little quiet time in which to enjoy a settled life. His work was very various and took him from place to place—in his whole time in India he was never more than two years in any

station, and seldom more than one. Benares, Jaunpore, Sultanpore, Constantia, Lucknow, Mirzapore, Dinapore, Calcutta—in all of these he spent some time, garrisoning forts, moving troops, organising commissariat, and administering the native bazaars. He gives a very funny account of one job—he had to arrange for the transport of a regiment to Hazari-bagh, “the place of a thousand tigers,” which was then being turned into a military station. The distance to be marched was over 200 miles; the road was not good at any time, and had now been made worse than usual by the overflow, during the rainy season, of the river Damoodi, which ran alongside of it for some way. Camels could not be used in the Lower Provinces, and on this occasion elephants could not be procured. Thirty-five or forty of them would have carried and dragged the entire camp equipage of the regiment, but as it was, the only transport available consisted of carts, measuring not more than seven feet by four, and drawn by two, three, or four bullocks each. It took 800 of these carts to move the baggage, women and children, and as they were accompanied by over a thousand camp-followers the whole train was a long one. The heat was trying, the dust stifling, the axles of the waggons creaked incessantly, and the pace was only from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour. The regiment was a King’s regiment, and the children being European suffered much from the sun; their mothers shouted all day long, in Scotch and Irish mostly, at the native bullock-drivers, who invariably shouted back that their bullocks were tired and could go no faster; and they all agreed in cursing the engineer who had

made the road. Finally when the new cantonments were reached it was found that the barracks were not finished, and only some half dozen bungalows



"It took 800 of these carts to move the baggage, women and children"

had been built. There were between thirty and forty officers, married and unmarried, and as all of them clamoured to be housed immediately, the wretched

staff officer had to turn himself into a building contractor. The results, he says, were striking and novel as regards style, but "crooked walls, tottering foundations, insecure beams, and unseasoned materials sadly betrayed the want of skill resulting from transmogrifying Infantry into Engineer officers."

In February 1835, George was promoted to Lieutenant: then the tide seemed to turn against him and he suffered great misfortunes. His first child had died soon after its birth: it was very difficult to bring up English children in such a hot climate, and two more little daughters went the same sad way as the first. Then, in the same month of September 1837, in which the third child died, bad news came from Brussels, very unexpectedly. George had heard earlier in the year that his father was to go to England in the summer with King Leopold, and to receive an honour from the hands of our own King William. Now came a formal letter from a stranger, announcing that both King William and the doctor had died in the same week, and regretting that George and his brothers and sister were all so widely scattered that not one of them had been able to reach Brussels in time for the funeral. It is not surprising that at such a moment George felt Indian service to be a cruel exile. It *was* in those days a cruel exile, bravely borne by generations of Englishmen.

Fortunately for George, public affairs now began to distract him. First there was a terrible famine in India, the worst known for fifty years or more: eight hundred thousand natives died of hunger and disease, and it was almost impossible to keep up the supply of grain for the army. Then there was trouble

brewing with the neighbouring country of Afghanistan. The rightful Ameer, a weak man named Shah Shuja, had been deposed by force, and though he had made several attempts to get back to Caubul, he had always been defeated by Dost Mohammed, a much more able and popular prince who had seized the throne for himself. It was not really our business to interfere, but Dost Mohammed was reported to be making friends with Russia, and Lord Auckland, the new Viceroy, had received orders from home to do anything he could to stop this. He decided to invade Afghanistan, dethrone Dost Mohammed, and give Shah Shuja back his kingdom.

George first heard of this decision on August 17, 1838, when he received from his Adjutant a warning that he might be required at any moment to rejoin his regiment for active service. He at once applied for permission to "put off his Cocked Hat"—that is, to vacate his staff appointment—and on September 29th he received an order to go to Kurnaul and join "the Army of the Indus." He was directed to proceed "by dawkh" and of course did so: but he describes dawking as "the most inconvenient though undoubtedly the most expeditious way of getting over a journey." It was in fact a kind of parcel post, done in stages. The parcel—the human parcel—was carried in a palankeen by a team of twelve bearers, who worked in relays of four each, changing places every quarter of a mile. The first relay ran at the elbows of the actual bearers, ready to relieve them: the second relay ran in front, three of them with luggage, the fourth "carrying a torch in one hand which he feeds every now and then with oil from a vessel in the

other." Night, you see, was the only possible time for such heavy work, and even at night a set of bearers could only do ten or twelve miles at a stretch. But at the end of every stage the postmaster had a fresh set of bearers ready, so that between 5 P.M. and 8 o'clock or 9 o'clock next morning the parcel could be carried from fifty to sixty miles. During that time he would be shaken incessantly, and jolted down and picked up again over 200 times by the bearers relieving each other; but he could sleep all day very comfortably in one of the dawk bungalows which were kept ready all along the road. Still it was severe exercise, and few people cared to undergo it every day. On this journey George began with three days running, but these were fairly easy stages; for the rest of the way he travelled more fitfully, the fatigue being sometimes too much for him, and still more often for his wife, who heroically kept him company as far as Delhi. There were many other officers on the road both before and behind them, all going the same way and all equally in a hurry, so that at the end of a stage they would sometimes find teams of bearers waiting who had only had an hour's rest since they handed on their last parcel, and were so tired that they could only carry the new ones at the rate of two miles an hour. It was near the end of October when George at last reached Kurnaul, and for a week after that officers still kept arriving. The camp was formed on November 1st, and after a week of very hurried and excited preparations began its march upon Ferozepore, where the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Fane, was to join it.

3. THE ARMY OF THE INDUS

The army marched in four separate columns: George's regiment was one of those which advanced by the direct route through Umballah and Loodiana. Even this plan did not entirely avoid the jamming of the baggage trains in narrow places on the road, for the number of animals and camp-followers was so great that the Afghans heard we were invading them with a handful of men and an army of camels! By the time Ferozepore was reached, the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief had already arrived and a meeting had been arranged between them and the Sikh Maharajah, Ranjit Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab," a genial and ferocious old warrior with only one eye, who brought an army of 20,000 men with him. The meeting was a gorgeous affair. Ranjit arrived in a cloud of Sikh cavalry, all in chain armour, cloth of gold, or coloured silks. He himself rode a gigantic elephant, and was dressed in ruby coloured cashmere, with a turban to match, and he wore on his arm the famous diamond called the Koh-i-nor, or "mountain of light," which he had taken at a nominal price from Shah Shuja, when the poor Shah was running away from Afghanistan. It was George's good fortune to see the Koh-i-nor again more than ten years later, under very different circumstances, when it was surrendered by Dhuleep Singh after the Sikh war, and sent to Queen Victoria as a gift from the East India Company.

On December 1st, Lord Auckland returned Ranjit's

visit. This was a still more gorgeous festivity. "It is difficult," says George, "to impart to anyone with



SLW

"He himself rode a gigantic elephant"

mere European ideas, any adequate notion of the pageantry and show." Ranjit's camp was in the

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open country on the banks of the Sutlej river; but his Durbar tent was found standing in the midst of a magic garden full of rare shrubs and flowers, which had all been conjured up in a single night. It was known of course that this garden had been secretly brought in boxes from Lahore, but that hardly made the wonder less. The tent itself was all of cashmere, with solid silver poles, and furniture of silver inlaid with gold. The Maharajah himself was plainly dressed, as before, but his villainous prime minister, Dhian Singh, was in complete armour, damascened with gold, and he had a string of diamonds and emeralds round his neck, as well as a huge diamond brooch in his turban. His face was all beard and moustaches, with fierce dark eyes and a hooked nose.

But George was most attracted by the elephants, which were caparisoned in cloth of gold, and carried howdahs inlaid with ivory, silver, and ebony. He was particularly fond of these animals, and had taken pains to accustom himself to riding them, which is not quite as easy as it looks. At formal meetings it was the etiquette for the two parties to ride right up to each other, and then for the host to receive the guest into his own howdah. This was easy enough for the host, but not for the guest, who had to step across; the transit was not always neatly done, for the distinguished spectators, who were mounted on elephants also, would come jostling up in their eagerness to see the "twining of necks" or fond embrace of the two great men, and then, as George says, "Woe betide him who at this crisis should be overcome by weak nerves, or miss the

arms extended to receive him!" However, this time Lord Auckland did his jump correctly and landed plump on the one-eyed Lion's neck.

Next day Sir Henry Fane conducted a grand review of 10,000 British troops, ending with a regular attack by horse, foot, and artillery. This greatly delighted Ranjit Singh, and he wanted to give *bak-sheesh* to the whole army. It was of course refused for the officers, but every non-commissioned officer and private got a solid tip. This rather embarrassed the Governor-General, for he had to witness a return review of the Sikh troops on the following day and could not afford to be equally generous. The Sikh army was not only large in numbers, but it was very well equipped; the uniform was smart—red tunics with white facings and blue trousers—and the artillery fire remarkably rapid. The words of command were all given in French, for the whole training was due to Generals Alard and Ventura of Napoleon's army, who had travelled in the Punjab some years before and been "detained" by Ranjit for his own service. The British officers were decidedly impressed by the Sikh army: but they do not seem to have foreseen the possibility of having to meet it in a stiff campaign within ten years after.

After a fortnight at Ferozepore, the Army of the Indus prepared to move. Sir Henry Fane was after all too ill to command, so he took to his boats and dropped quietly down the river on his way to Bombay. Sir Willoughby Cotton took his place, but only till the arrival of Sir John Keane, who was coming up from Kurachi with the Bombay

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division of 3500 men and thirty guns to join at Shikarpore.

The army advanced in four columns, the cavalry brigade leading and the three infantry brigades following, one day's march behind each other. Ahead of all went the Engineers, in order to bridge the Indus in time for the rest to cross. The march was easy at first, for the river Sutlej was handy, and the dense jungle supplied firewood and partridges. But when the wilderness was reached the camel-drivers deserted in large numbers, and the camels began to die, partly from neglect, partly from being fed on a kind of grain that did not agree with them. A camel will die of almost anything. The result was that a lot of baggage had to be abandoned, and officers had to share tents. But this discomfort was nothing to what was in store for them.

At Rohree the army found the Engineers hard at work on an excellent bridge. While it was being finished a force had to march down towards Hyderabad to prevent Sir John Keane's division from being held up by some unfriendly Ameers. George's regiment went on this march with Sir Willoughby Cotton, and they were woefully disappointed when the Ameers gave in at the eleventh hour, for they were hoping to loot Hyderabad, as Sir Charles Napier's force did afterwards, to the tune of two *crores* of rupees, or a couple of million sterling.

When the force returned to Rohree the bridge over the Indus was finished. It was voted an extremely good one, and the engineer, Captain Thompson, received many compliments upon his work. The current of the stream on the near side was very

rapid, and the width so great that it took no less than ninety-four boats to span it. The bridge was wide and solid, and the crossing of the whole army was effected without a single accident. To George's eye the scene was a most attractive one. In the foreground were the ruins of Rohree, with picturesque groves of date trees; then the great river with the island and fort of Bukker in mid-stream, and the endless line of troops—guns, cavalry, infantry, camels and camp followers—moving for hours from the bank to the island and from the island to the further shore in perfect order and safety. There was romance in it too: for the first time in history a European army was crossing this famous river, which the Scindians had for generations guarded even from the approach of a white man. The "Army of the Indus" had earned its title.

All went well now until Shikarpore was reached: but then troubles began. Sir Willoughby thought it prudent to make a rapid dash for the entrance of the Bolan Pass, for Sir John Keane, who was marching by another route, was not yet within reach of it. The main army therefore started off, after only one day's halt in Shikarpore, and with insufficient supplies. No one who made that march ever forgot it. The jungle was soon passed and then came a plain crusted with hard salt and entirely waterless. The worst part of it had to be crossed in a night march of twenty-seven miles: this took eleven hours, and everybody spent them in looking forward to the moment when they would reach the watering-place, where they expected to find pools and also a train of camels with water-bags which had been sent on in

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advance. The pools turned out to be small and muddy, and the camels had lost their way and came late to the rendezvous: the troops were very sorry for themselves, and word was sent back to halve the remaining brigades and send them on more slowly, so as to limit the run on the water supply.

Meanwhile a treacherous ally of ours, Mehrab Khan, Chief of Khelat, was secretly encouraging the Baloochees to harass and plunder the rear of the army. They only made one successful pounce on the camels before Dadur was reached on March 10th, but their chance was soon to come. Stores of grain and fodder were to have been prepared at Dadur, but Sir Willoughby had arrived too quickly, and there was very little ready. The gorge of the Bolan Pass lay only four miles in front, and there could be no going back: the army was put on half rations and pushed on to take its chance.

The men were extraordinarily good about this; they took it laughing. The current joke was that the mountain air was so good and the supply of it so ample, that they were expected to live on it. And as they got plenty of water from a small river which zigzagged across their path almost once a mile, they did not do so badly themselves. But there was almost no fodder for the camels, and the way in which they died was horrible. The whole line of march was marked out, for the brigades which kept coming up, by the dead and dying beasts of those who had gone forward. Each camel was tended to the last by his driver, for his own sake and for the sake of his valuable load: but as soon as the rear-guard passed, the poor animal had to be abandoned,

for it was certain death to stay with him. The Baloochees swarmed on the rocky sides of the gorge, and swooped upon anything that was left for five minutes unguarded. The army soon lost their tents, kit, wine and cigars, and even their food, except bread, and a little meat, and the fodder for the half-starved horses, which had to be kept alive at all costs to drag the guns. Cups and plates were smashed, and clothing cut to rags, to disappoint the thieves, and everything that could be burnt was heaped upon a long line of bonfires. At the end of March 1839 the army at last cleared the pass, in a state of almost complete destitution.

But they were undefeated in spirit—they had conquered the Bolan—and they cheered up at once on seeing before them the green valley of Shawl, which looked all the more beautiful by contrast with the wild and rocky gorge they had left. Even the animals which had survived so many hardships seemed to share in the excitement: but they were not yet at the end of their troubles. The valley was not a rich one, and there was no store of provisions to be had, for the winter was barely over and of course the crops were only just springing. Sir Alexander Burnes was sent off with a camel train to fetch grain, as arranged, from the stores of Mehrab Khan, but Mehrab again betrayed his allies and kept the granaries of the whole district locked against us. Starvation allowance was continued, and the officers, having no longer a mess, asked to be allowed to draw rations like privates. They were refused, and had to live as best they could on mutton and fruit: happily both were excellent. They were delighted, too, with the

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flowers of the valley—cowslips, daisies, hyacinths, and tulips—which reminded them of very far-away times.

The army was encamped at Quetta in this valley for a fortnight, waiting for Sir John Keane, who came on in advance of his Bombay troops. On April 7th the order to advance on Kandahar was given, and rations were still further reduced. Every soldier had now a pound of flour a day, and a piece of meat: camp followers only half the quantity. The artillery horses had a daily ration of grain: the cavalry had nothing but the very short green wheat blades in the fields, and occasionally a little barley bought on the route. They began to break down at once: fifty were shot on the first morning before leaving camp, and hundreds afterwards. The worst of this weakening of the cavalry was that it became very difficult to pursue the Baloochees and Kaukers who constantly attacked the camels and the rear-guard. The only corps which could deal with them at all was the 4th Irregular Horse, who lasted out better than the rest and did splendidly.

The Kaukers were a particularly troublesome horde of mountaineers. They were armed with jezails, or guns with very long barrels, which gave them a longer range than the English muskets, and they sniped the army incessantly from every crag and hill-top. They missed their best chance by failing to attack during the last and worst stage of the Bolan, but they closed in behind and constantly cut off the communications with India. Our officers felt the interruption of the post more than all their other hardships: for weeks at a time every mail

would be lost, and those who had left wives or lovers behind suffered great anxiety. Often when letters did get through they had been opened on the way, and the envelopes lost: the postmaster had to read them to discover the right owners, and the owners



"They sniped the army incessantly from every crag and hill-top"

resented this even more than the total losses. One cannot see what else the poor man could have done, but he was as unpopular as the modern censor.

There was one more pass to be crossed, the Khojuck, a shorter one but very narrow and steep. Fortunately at this moment Hadji Khan, the chief of the Kaukers, came over to our side and broke up the

confederacy of the hill tribes. But the pass itself was dangerous enough without Kaukers. The path was so narrow at the top that only one camel could go along it at a time, and when, as often happened, the camel chose that place for lying down exhausted, there was nothing for it but to heave him over the precipice, load and all. In this way 20,000 rounds of ammunition were lost, besides a lot of other stores. The ammunition attracted another tribe of thieves, the Achikzais; sniping began again, and even hand-to-hand fighting of the most desperate kind, for they attacked our men every day while they were crowded on the narrow path, dragging the guns over by hand. The artillery horses were by this time skeletons and more than half the cavalry were dismounted. Finally, when the Khojuck was passed, the army found the nearest water supply destroyed by the enemy, and had to do a twenty-six mile march in a temperature of 94° in the shade. It was not till the sun was going down that they came within sight of a river, and then discipline was suspended for a time: men and horses rushed pell-mell to the bank and threw themselves into the water. You will hardly blame them when you hear that on the march the heat had been so unbearable that most of the officers' dogs had actually died of thirst.

A battle was now expected, and George's corps went forward to meet a reported advance of the Kandaharis, but the Chiefs thought better of it and threw open their gates. On April 27th the Bengal Infantry camped within two miles of the city, and Shah Shuja entered it in state. George and his friends shook hands all round: they were pretty

well stripped, and they had all lost weight, but for the first time an English army had done the march to Kandahar.

4. THE STORMING OF GHUZNEE

The army stayed two months at Kandahar, and much enjoyed the halt. They ate and drank plentifully—the sherbet had snow in it—they bought horses and bullocks, they collected grain and stores of all kinds. George, as usual, looked about him and made notes. He was not much impressed by the outside view of the city—just a circuit of mud walls, flanked with squat round towers, and pierced by four principal gates. But inside it was a gay and busy scene: he used to mount a camel and go about high above the crowd, watching the East selling every kind of thing to the West. The streets were most of them poor, but he got admitted to some of the better houses and was astonished to find inside numerous apartments plastered with a glittering kind of stucco and tastefully decorated: verandahs too and balconies with trellis-work, opening on to gardens shaded with cypresses, sycamores, and poplars, and refreshed by pools and fountains, which in the hot evenings splashed coolly and glittered in the moonlight. These were pleasant days to remember in after life, but George had one recollection of Kandahar more interesting still. He met there a young officer some years senior to himself, an aide-de-camp of Sir John Keane's, one Captain Outram, now famous in the history of England as Sir James Outram, "the Bayard of India." He was already distinguished as

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a brave and chivalrous officer: George at twenty-eight thought him the finest fellow he had ever known, and at seventy-eight he was still of the same opinion, though he had then seen many great men and Outram had been dead for five-and-twenty years.

In May, Kandahar became less pleasant: the hot winds set in and the army went sick with jaundice, fever, and dysentery. The heat was at times 110° under canvas, and all those who could—George among them—took refuge during the day in some deserted houses outside the town.

Early in June, Brigadier Sale came into camp with his detachment. They had been sent off to chase Dost Mahommed's brothers, the late Sirdars (or commanders) of Kandahar, and especially one of them named Khoon Dil Khan, or the Bloody-hearted Chief. They drove him across the Helmund River and hunted him out of Giriskh: but he bolted to Herat and they had to come back without him.

On June 27th the combined Bengal and Bombay army marched away from Kandahar. Their next objective was the fortress of Ghuznee, and as it was supposed to be a weak place unlikely to resist, Sir John Keane left his only four heavy guns behind. This was a strange mistake to fall into, for Ghuznee was a famous stronghold: the Afghans themselves expected it to hold out for many months, and Dost Mahommed had sent his sons Ufzul Khan and Hyder Khan to defend it with a considerable force. But this was the Commander-in-Chief's only blunder: he took all other precautions. The army started in three columns, with Shah Shuja's troops some way behind, but at Khelat-i-Ghilzai Sir John got the Shah

to close up with Brigadier Roberts' column for greater security. The march turned out to be an easy one, and food was plentiful: but the supply of home comforts from India ran very short and prices went up enormously: tea, coffee, sugar and notepaper became very rare luxuries, and the best cigars, which in Bengal only cost a penny, now fetched two shillings and half-a-crown apiece. Everyone was cheerful and



SW after drawing by
Sir Mortimer Durand

"Ghuznee"

discussed the chances of a fight. Macnaghten, the British Envoy, was certain the enemy would not fire a shot: the Commander-in-Chief on the contrary expected a night attack. On July 20th every man lay down to sleep under arms: but nothing happened, and next day began the final march on Ghuznee, which was now only twelve miles distant.

George thought this advance the most inspiring sight he had yet seen. The country was open—a wide valley—and the whole army marched on one

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front, cavalry by the right, infantry by the left, guns in the centre overlapping both, and baggage following with a strong rear-guard. Before noon they were within a mile of the fortress: then suddenly a smart fire was opened upon the infantry advanced guard, from the garden walls of a village, and a small redoubt behind it. The Native Infantry were ordered



"Our own guns going to the front"

to clear the position: they did so, and immediately a gun from one of the bastions of Ghuznee opened upon them. The shot whistled over George's head—he was under artillery fire for the first time. More shots followed, some from a huge gun throwing a sixty-eight pound ball. A moment later he saw our own guns going to the front: they found a good position on a small rise within a quarter of a mile

of the fortress and blazed away for two hours. Unfortunately the light gun of those days was only a six-pounder, and made not the slightest impression on the walls of Ghuznee, which were forty feet high and twenty thick. When our fire ceased the enemy set up a howl of delight, and messengers were at once sent to Caubul with glowing accounts of the defeat of the English. It is an old method, among uncivilised peoples, to keep each others' courage up by reports of imaginary victories.

The army now encamped, but was almost immediately ordered to break camp again and change front to the Caubul face of the fort, where there appeared to be a gateway still in use. This change was difficult to carry out so late in the day: the baggage trains got completely mixed up in the dark, and a bold attack would have been disastrous for us. Happily no attack was made, and next morning the camp was regularly laid out, while Sir John Keane personally reconnoitred the place.

It was an anxious moment for him: he had expected fighting but not a siege: he had no battering guns and not enough supplies, and the fortress was much stronger than it had been reported to be. He had to risk everything and storm it: the only choice lay between escalading the walls and blowing in the gate. Major Thompson, the engineer, advised the latter, and as usual his judgment was right. Orders were given for an assault next morning.

Meanwhile, Shah Shuja's troops had a little battle on their own account with a body of Ghazis or religious fanatics, men who had sworn to exterminate the Kafirs or die in the attempt—"Kafirs" being of

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course their name for foreigners. The Ghazis were driven off with a loss of sixty killed, and about fifty were captured and brought into the presence of the Shah. One of them answered a question defiantly, and the Shah in a rage made a sign to his executioner, who always stood near him. In an instant the Ghazi's head rolled on the ground, and as his companions protested in another instant they also were decapitated by the guards who stood by. The English officers were disgusted when they heard of the massacre, and explained to Shah Shuja that this kind of thing must not occur again: but it did, as you will see.

The night of July 22nd was the most exciting George had ever spent. The army had been so reduced by sickness and death, and so many men had been left to garrison Shikarpore, Quetta, and Kandahar, that there were now only 2800 English and 4000 native troops, besides the Shah's not very valuable contingent. Inside the fort were 3000 of the enemy under Hyder Khan, and outside perhaps 8000 more hovering about in the rear. A reverse, even a temporary repulse, would bring a still greater host against the invaders. It was determined that there should be no repulse.

At midnight the guns left the camp to take up a position with their right on some hills to the north-east, and their left in some gardens below the Caubul road. With them went the sappers and miners, and some native infantry to clear the gardens of snipers and cover the right flank. The storming party was composed of the four British regiments, divided into an advance, main column and support: the main

column was commanded by Brigadier-General Sale, and the advance was led by Colonel Dennie. Rendezvous was fixed for 2 A.M. and the engineers were to attack the gate just before dawn. Sir Willoughby Cotton's native brigade were to follow up as a reserve, and detachments of infantry and cavalry were sent round to the south front to make a diversion and cut off any attempt at a sortie or retreat.

Very fortunately there was a strong wind blowing from the east, so that the various movements were made, and the bags of powder carried forward to be laid against the gate, without the enemy discovering what was going on. But the strain was great, and everyone's heart lifted when a little before dawn the guns opened against the ramparts and towers, and the infantry were heard firing from the gardens on the south. The enemy were ready enough, and blazed away too, but they made the mistake of hanging out blue lights on the walls, by which they only helped our batteries and saw no better themselves.

George was in Sir Willoughby's reserve, and had a perfect view of all that could be seen. In front of him were the dark columns of the storming party: beyond them the huge mass of the fortress, and between the two he knew there must be an English officer—Henry Durand, the Engineer to fire the train—walking quietly to almost certain death. A scattered fire from jezails over the gate showed that he was spied, and then in a moment came a broad glare lighting up the whole scene, a dull heavy boom, and a grinding crash. The gate had gone up and Durand was safe.

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The bugles rang out the advance, and Colonel Dennie with his men rushed into the ruined gateway. The main column hung back for a moment—someone in front had called back that the breach was not practicable—then they moved steadily up and the supports under Colonel Croker followed. The Afghans fought desperately in the gateway, and General Sale himself was thrown to the ground: but he was saved by Major Kershaw of the 13th, who ran the nearest assailant through the body. It was difficult to get room for a blow at such close quarters: the men unfixed their bayonets and used them as daggers till the enemy broke and took to the houses and walls. The British troops then rushed cheering up the steep slope to the citadel, and at the same time the reserve native brigade entered the town and poured along the ramparts, clearing them so vigorously that many of the Afghans threw themselves over the parapet to escape.

Hyder Khan, seeing the panic on the walls, hastily slipped out of the citadel and hid himself in a house near the Kandahar Gate. He was found by Captain Taylor of the Bengal European regiment, and brought back a prisoner, in time to see the British flag waving from the citadel. It only remained to clear the town by house-to-house fighting: this was done with great determination by the reserve, and cost them, George says, two hours' work and a goodly share of the casualties. He himself got through without a scratch, but some of his friends were shot from the house-tops by jezails and some by cross-bows—very deadly weapons for street fighting, because they made neither noise nor smoke. The total losses were 30

men killed, and 19 officers and 147 men wounded: an escalade would probably have cost at least three times as many. Of the enemy, 500 were buried within the walls and 100 outside: there were also many wounded and a good many prisoners. Unfortunately one prisoner, Woolee Mohammed, the standard bearer, who had defended himself bravely and only surrendered on condition that his life should be spared, was by chance brought before Shah Shuja, who once more made the fatal sign to his executioner.

5. CAUBUL AND THE KHYBER PASS

No sooner had Ghuznee fallen than deserters began to come in: and by midday Hadji Khan, the treacherous Kauker, appeared with a large body of horsemen. He pretended that he had been trying to join the army for some time, and to prove his loyalty he produced a whole camel-load of English letters from India, which he said he had rescued from thieves on the way. The letters were very welcome, but everyone knew who the thieves were, and a watchful eye was kept on Hadji and his Kaukers.

On July 30th the army moved towards Caubul. Dost Mahommed himself was reported to be waiting to give battle at Urghundi, thirty miles away, with 15,000 men and 30 guns, so the army marched ready for battle on a front of two divisions. But at Sheikhabad news came that the Dost had fled, and Captain Outram with a party of twelve volunteers dashed after him on the best horses available. Unfortunately they took Hadji and some Afghan cavalry with them, and the Kauker with his usual

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double-dealing misled and delayed them so that the Dost escaped towards the mountain range called the Hindoo Koosh. Meanwhile the army reached Urghundi, and found 25 guns in position, but abandoned with all their ammunition and bullock trains. Moreover, the road was lined with disbanded troops, the Afghans in steel caps, gauntlets and chain armour, or in bright dresses of quilted cotton, with cashmere turbans, and the Kuzzilbashes or Persian troops in long white coats, deerskin boots, and high black sheepskin caps with red top knots. The men themselves were a very mixed lot: some with long black beards, some fairer than our European soldiers, but all extremely picturesque in their gay colours backed by the dark mountains, above which the distant snow peaks of the Hindoo Koosh were seen glittering in the morning sun.

On August 6th the army reached a high flat valley, 6500 feet above the sea, lying under steep rocky hills. They encamped two miles from the further end, on this side of a small ridge: beyond the ridge but out of sight lay the goal of their expedition, the far-famed city of Caubul. George and a number of other officers got leave to go there next day, and as soon as they had had their *chota hazri* they started off up the ridge. On the other side, right beneath their feet lay a scene which George says fulfilled even the extravagant expectations that had fired him. The white houses of the city, the mosques and palaces, shone out of an immense expanse of beautiful gardens and orchards. The trees were still bending under the weight of every kind of fruit; the charm of this first view after the rocks and deserts

was "beyond conception," and George made haste to enter such a paradise.

He got there no doubt rather hot and hungry, for he goes on to say that it is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the fruit-shops in the Caubul bazaar: peaches of immense size and delicious flavour, grapes of divers shapes and colours, in bunches like those of Eshcol, pears, plums, pomegranates, melons, mulberries, cherries, were all laid out plentiful and irresistible. There were good dining places too, and, best of all, the sherbet was cooled, not with snow, as at Kandahar, but with excellent ice.

Much refreshed, George next visited the famous *Char-chattar*, or covered bazaar, a wide street of shops for jewellers, fur-dealers, mercers, drapers and embroiderers; and then another street full of saddlers, armourers and sword-makers. After that he went into the finest mosque, the Musjid Shahee, and surveyed the outside of the Bala Hissar, the Shah's Palace, which stands on a mound overlooking the city, and would have been about as awkward a place as Ghuznee to take without heavy artillery. Close by it was a burial-ground, or "city of the silent," containing among its tombs one to the memory of John Hicks, an unknown Englishman who died in 1666. The Afghans had never destroyed it, for they have a great veneration for graves. They imagine that at the head of each one sits the ghost of the dead man, invisible to all eyes, but enjoying the scent of the flowers hung on the tomb and the incense burned in front of it. But John Hicks had probably had few kind offerings of this sort.

The people of Caubul George thought surprisingly

civil—much more so than the Kandaharis. They received their old master, Shah Shuja, with respectful silence when he came to take possession, but they looked rather black at the English escort of Dragoons, Lancers, and Horse Artillery. Still they promised their allegiance, soldiers and all, and it might have been supposed that the work of the expedition was done. But Dost Mahommed suddenly reappeared; and as everyone knew that Afghans were not to be trusted, it was decided to leave a British force at Caubul to keep the Shah on his rather rickety throne. The rest of the army was to march for home. The question was, who was to stay, for now that the game seemed to be safely over everybody was eager to get back: George was as anxious as anyone to return to his wife and put on his cocked hat again. But the Commander-in-Chief had other ideas: he ordered the whole of the Bengal infantry division to stay in Afghanistan, while the Bombay troops went back the way they came, and he himself with the cavalry returned by the Khyber Pass.

Accordingly, on September 15th, the Bombay division under General Willshire marched away, taking with them not only their own camels but the best of those belonging to the Bengal force; an unpleasant way of taking leave which made George extremely indignant. But he could not help admiring their courage in going off unsupported and only half-provisioned, and he heard soon after with great satisfaction how they had rushed the fort of Khelat-i-Ghilzai on their way, and killed Mehrab Khan, who you remember had tried his best to starve our army on the way up.

Next went the Commander-in-Chief and all the cavalry, taking with them the two prisoners of State, Hyder Khan, late *Killadar* of Ghuznee, and Hadji Khan, the double-faced Kauker. They reached Peshawar safely on November 7th, and Sir John Keane was soon afterwards given a peerage for his services.

George was the last to say good-bye to the cavalry brigade, for he had been put on Staff duty again and sent on to Jellalabad to see that everything was ready there for the Commander-in-Chief. The road—about a hundred miles in length—lay through the most terrific passes and across the wildest country imaginable: it was the Khoord-Cabul road, on which not many months later a British army under General Elphinstone was overwhelmed and cut to pieces, only one man escaping to Jellalabad. George, happily for him, could not foresee that awful disaster, but he did see what a chance the position offered to the mountaineers, if they should choose to attack an army marching through the pass, especially in the winter. Even now in the first half of October he found the cold intense, until he descended into the warm valley of Neemlah, where the sovereigns of Cabul have some royal gardens.

At Jellalabad—"the Abode of Glory," a squalid little place—he was very unhappy. A week after his arrival the Commander-in-Chief's division came through, in the highest spirits at being on their way home. All George's friends in the Bengal Cavalry were among them, and when they left again he was absolutely deserted, for he had with him only a single company of Sepoys and not one English officer.

He looked after them as they went towards the Khyber Pass and longed for any kind of duty that would take him in the same direction.

He was not deserted for long. The Bengal division of infantry with guns and a small force of cavalry marched down from Caubul to go into winter quarters at Jellalabad, and Shah Shuja with his contingent went into residence at Neemlah. All was quiet behind them, but news came of fighting eastwards over the Khyber. The savage Khyberis kept attacking Ali Musjid, a famous fort, now garrisoned by an English force under Captain Ferris. A regiment of Sikhs marched up from Peshawar with supplies for the garrison and encamped for the night in a stockade about a mile away. There they were attacked during the night by 2000 Khyberis; they fought splendidly till their ammunition gave out, and then tried to cut their way through to Ali Musjid, but out of the whole 800 only about 20 reached the fort.

So, on November 10th, orders came to Jellalabad for two native regiments to prepare to march for the Khyber. A week later George was ordered to provision the Bengal European regiment, with the guns and cavalry, and to march with them himself. They started on the 22nd and found the Khyber even more formidable than the Koord-Caubul defile. The entrance of it reminded them of the Bolan, but fortunately the road was of solid rock instead of loose pebbles. The pass was sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, and the steep sides of yellow rock were studded with dangerous-looking towers and sangars. On the second day they crossed a high valley and passed through another narrow gorge,

beyond which lay Ali Musjid on a steep hill only 300 yards from the road and completely commanding it.

The only place for camping was in the mouth of the gorge, and as the ground was too rocky for tent pegs the ropes had to be fastened to big boulders, and the high wind caused many accidents during the night. But the horriddest thing about this place was the presence of the bleaching bones of the Sikhs, which lay about in every direction. When Sir John Keane went through some three weeks before, the gallant 800 had haunted him even more painfully, for they had then been only five days dead. The pariah dogs and vultures had been busy since then, but they had not yet succeeded in making the place an ideal camping ground.

Next day the little army reached Jamrood, and from there they went to Peshawar, where they stayed about ten days, and were then ordered to turn their backs on India and return to Jellalabad. They were no longer "the Army of the Indus," but "the Army of Occupation." It was disappointing too that the Khyberis gave them no chance of a fight at any point of the whole journey going or returning. But before long work was provided for them by the Chief of Pashoot, who kept a small stronghold forty or fifty miles from the British headquarters, across the Caubul River. A compact little force under Colonel Orchard was set against him, and took his fort after some hard fighting, "in which," says George, "we experienced some losses and as usual failed in the main object of our operations—the capture of the disaffected leader."

It was now February 1840, and George's health

was beginning to give way. He was offered a good appointment, but on going to pass the doctor he was found unfit for it and was ordered back to India. On March 22nd he left Jellalabad with two regiments who were going over the Khyber to bring up a convoy. At Koolsar, eight miles short of Peshawar, he left them and said good-bye to Afghanistan. With one friend and an escort of six men supplied by Ranjit Singh's governor, General Avitabile, he marched for Ferozepore by way of Attock and Rawal Pindi. On April 13th he crossed the Sutlej once more after an absence of nearly eighteen months and a march of more than two thousand miles. At Ferozepore he stayed for a few days with the Assistant Political Agent, Captain Henry Lawrence, and found himself, "with no little gratification," in a neat bungalow surrounded with British comforts and conveniences: a week later he rejoined his wife at the Himalayan station of Mussoorie.

6. THE BATTLE OF CHILLIANWALLAH

George had a good six months' holiday in the hills, and tried to work off his eighteen months' arrears of correspondence. The letters he got from home were cheering: his brother Henry had been ashore two years acting as British Consul at Jerusalem, at the special request of Colonel Rose, afterwards famous as Lord Strathnairn; and was now promised promotion. He was eventually "lent" to Ibrahim Pacha, who appointed him naval adviser to Mehemet Ali, the new Viceroy of Egypt. His sister Maria was flourishing too: she had gone to Bavaria as governess to the

little daughters of Duke Maximilian, and was living alternately at the Castle of Laxenburg and at Possenhofen, the Duke's villa on the lake of Starnberg. Her two elder pupils, Hélène, afterwards Princess of Thurn and Taxis, and Elizabeth, afterwards Empress of Austria, were delightful to her, both then and all her life after: the third, Mary Queen of Naples, was also very attractive, but not apparently so much approved by her governess.

In April 1841 George's only son was born, and was, of course, like all English children in India, a great source of anxiety. By the end of the year the health of his parents was also much in need of repair; so on January 2nd, 1842, the little family of three sailed for South Africa in the *Madagascar*. They landed on February 27th at the Cape, and found the climate very restoring: but shortly after their arrival they were followed by the most appalling news from India. Between January 6th and 13th the whole of Elphinstone's army of 5000 men with 8000 camp followers was cut to pieces on the march from Caubul to Jellalabad. This was the heaviest and most terrible disaster that had ever befallen us in Asia, and to read the full account of it even now is heart-rending: you may imagine what it was to George, who knew the men and the savagery of their enemy and the wild and hopeless desolation of the pass where they were hunted to death. The defeat was avenged within three months by Sir George Pollock, who forced the Khyber and retook Caubul: but that could not bring dead friends to life again or wipe out the recollection of their fate.

George went back to India in 1843, and sent his

two-year-old son home to be brought up in England by his brother Charles's widow. He himself was determined to stick to his work, but the climate was often too much for him and he never got to the front during the first Sikh war. That ended in 1846 with the total defeat of the Sikhs at Sobraon, a battle which was the last among the adventures of Sir Harry Smith. After that things were quieter for a while. News from home was rather anxious: a general European war was expected. George's brother Henry left Egypt on the death of Mehemet Ali, and went to be British harbour-master at Constantinople. His sister Maria had now left her little princesses and was married to a Bavarian Count, who was in command of a regiment of Chasseurs, and she wrote that he expected marching orders at any moment.

War broke out after all, not in Europe but in India. The British political agent at Mooltán in the Sikh territory, Vans Agnew, and his assistant, Lieutenant Anderson, were suddenly murdered at Mooltán. At the moment when this happened, George was living at Jullundur, where his friend John Lawrence, the English Commissioner, was organising the province which we had lately taken under a Protectorate. Lawrence was very keen that Mooltán should be besieged at once, but unfortunately he was balked by the caution of his superiors, who thought it better to wait for the cold weather. Then Sher Singh, the Sikh Rajah, was asked to join the English forces; he marched from Lahore, but at once went over to the rebels; the Bunnoo troops followed, then the Sikh garrison at Peshawar—the whole Punjab was up. The siege of Mooltán hung

fire; at last John Lawrence was seen to be right, and Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief in India, was ordered to undertake the conquest of the Sikh territory.

On October 15th George received orders to leave Jullundur for Ferozepore where the troops were collecting. On the 25th he reached Ferozepore and was appointed Field Commissariat Officer on Lord Gough's staff. On November 9th he left for the headquarters of the Army of the Punjab and the march on Lahore began. On the 16th a great misfortune befell him: he was struck down with smallpox, which was spreading rapidly in the army. Ill as he was there was no choice but to go forward, and he endured the misery of listening to the guns close in front of his hospital tent at Ramnuggar while the enemy were being pushed in a rather bungling way across the Chenab. Happily he had the consolation soon after of hearing that John Lawrence, with the aid of Mr. Barnes, Major Ferris, and Captain Hodgson, had mastered the province of Jullundur in a brilliant little campaign of their own,

By December 17th George was back at his work in defiance of his doctor's orders: since he had missed the last war he had been desperately keen on being in this one, and he was not going to let anyone take his place if he could help it. But he had been very ill, and was still weak when the army moved out to attack Sher Singh in January. On the 11th, Lord Gough reviewed the troops, and on the 12th he advanced to Dingi, on the edge of the jungle where the enemy lay entrenched with 60 guns and 30,000 men. The English force was less than 14,000 men.

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That night all commanding officers met in Lord Gough's tent, and every member of the General Staff was there. Someone, seeing how ill George looked, asked him if he was going into action next day in a palankeen. Horsford, who commanded the heavy guns, offered him an elephant. He too of course was joking, but George insisted on accepting the offer. His own regiment was there and he would be able to see how they got on; also he suspected, and quite rightly, that he would be about as safe in the fighting line as in the camp behind. So at seven o'clock next morning he mounted a spare elephant, armed to the teeth, and took his servant to lend him a hand with cartridges and provisions. The advance began in a cold mist, but the sun came out before long.

Lord Gough's plan was to find the left flank of the enemy, and turn it, so as to prevent their getting away over the river Jhelum. He found their outposts at noon and the horse artillery drove them in; then the whole line was seen: the centre of it at the village of Chillianwallah, the left far away on a slope over the top of some dark wood, the right nearer us in thick jungle, so near, in fact, that our army could not move on towards their left without itself being overlapped on both flanks. Lord Gough, seeing his plan thwarted, made up his mind to encamp at once and attack next day, for it was now one o'clock and the winter daylight would not last long.

But the orders for camping were no sooner given than the Sikhs opened fire from their guns. Lord Gough was a fiery soldier and could not stand that. Horsford's heavy guns were at once ordered up to bombard the Sikh centre: the jungle was thick and

dark, but for an hour they fired incessantly at the flashes of the enemy's guns. At half-past three they had silenced some of the batteries and Lord Gough ordered his left division under General Colin Campbell to attack the centre while his right division under Sir Walter Gilbert attacked the Sikh left as originally planned.

Now I must tell you the order of the whole line, as George saw it from his elephant. He was on the right of our centre, so that he could not see much of our extreme left, but he knew that Sir Joseph Thackwell was there with three regiments of cavalry and three batteries of horse artillery. Next inside them were Hoggan's brigade—the South Gloucesters (61st) and two native infantry regiments; then Pennycuik's brigade—the Warwicks (24th) and two more native regiments. That was Colin Campbell's division. On the right of our centre came Gilbert's division, consisting of Mountain's brigade—the Worcesters (29th) with the 40th and 56th Native Infantry; then Godby's brigade—the 2nd Bengal Europeans and the 31st and 70th Native Infantry; then three batteries of horse artillery under Hirst, Christie, and Lane; and lastly on the right flank, Pope's cavalry—the 9th Lancers, the 14th Dragoons, and two regiments of native cavalry. George was at first with the heavy guns, and when they moved to the front in the centre he was left immediately behind Mountain's brigade, with the Bengal Europeans and his own regiment, the 31st N.I., on the right of them not far off, and nearer still on his left the 24th Warwicks of Pennycuik's brigade.

The attack began well; Colin Campbell himself

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took Hoggan's brigade forward, and they immediately rushed the Sikhs on the left of Chillianwallah with great slaughter. But George could not know this; what he saw was something very different. Penny-cuick's brigade had disappeared into the jungle on his left: they also took the guns in front of them, but with heavy loss, and a counter-attack completely overwhelmed them. The Brigadier himself fell in front of the 24th, shot through the heart; his son, a boy of seventeen, rushed at a Sikh who was hacking his father's body, and cleft him to the teeth, but was immediately killed himself. Colonel Brookes and many other officers fell among the captured guns, and the regiment was broken into groups and forced back on the 25th and 45th Sepoys, who were coming up to support them. The whole brigade was swept away and literally cut to pieces, for the Sikhs with their sharp knives and *tulwars* got in among them and hacked the wounded and the dead as well as those who still resisted. Some of the 24th made a stand in the village of Chillianwallah; the rest ran towards the rear, and many of them were overtaken and massacred in George's sight. The total loss of this regiment alone was 23 officers and more than 500 men, and the destruction of the brigade left a great gap in the left centre of the line.

In the right centre, too, the battle seemed to George to be hopelessly lost. Mountain's brigade, immediately in front of him, stormed the Sikh batteries with heavy loss: the 29th had 200 men down, but they held the ground they had won. So did the 30th Sepoys, but the 56th were broken by repeated counter-attacks and driven back in the

same fashion as the 24th. They streamed past George on his right, with their fierce enemies all amongst them, hacking as they ran. You may be sure George did what he could; but reloading was a slow business in those days, and the few shots he could fire did not go far among such a horde. Besides, both he and his servant were disabled in an unexpected way: from the back of the elephant they saw only too well the details of the butchery that was going on all round them, and quite suddenly, without in the least expecting it, they turned sick. The *mahout* who drove the elephant, seeing them helpless, moved away to the right with the main body of the fugitives, and George found himself in the rear of his own regiment, the 31st, and the rest of Godby's brigade. They at any rate were not broken: they were advancing in glorious style two deep, driving the enemy before them with the bayonet. But they were advancing towards what had been their own right rear—what could have happened? And what was all that shouting and confusion on the extreme right, with men riding in every direction at once? Of course there was no getting an answer to such questions now; the only thing George could attend to was the magnificent manœuvring of Godby's men, who with the help of Dawes' guns smashed a Sikh square, drove everything before them, and then wheeled up into the front line again, having in three hours defeated every opponent and captured every gun they had seen.

What had happened was this: during Godby's first successful advance, the cavalry on his extreme

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right had been thrown into confusion in the jungle by someone—no one ever knew who—shouting “threes



“You may be sure George did what he could . . . and the few shots he could fire did not go far”

about!” just as the four regiments had halted to recover their alignment. The Brigadier, Colonel Pope, was wounded at the same moment, and there

was a sudden panic: the Dragoons rushed to their left rear, upsetting the guns of Hirst and Christie's batteries; the Sikh horsemen charged furiously and actually took four guns, besides driving the runaways right into the field hospital and alarming the escort of the Commander-in-Chief. In their rear the Sikh infantry also got through, and that is how Godby came to be attacked from behind. He met the emergency by simply facing about in line, just as he was, and charging with his rear rank in front.

Then Lane's battery began to play upon the Sikh horsemen, and a squadron of the 9th Lancers got out of the confusion and charged them; finally Brind's horse artillery galloped all down the line from the left and helped to clear the right front. The left front had been safe for some time; for when Penny-cuick's brigade was destroyed the gap had been made good immediately by Hoggan's, who had finished their own work just in time. At sunset the whole British line was standing firm a mile beyond Chillian-wallah, with forty of the sixty Sikh guns in their possession. They had lost 89 officers and 2357 men, but they had pulled the battle out of the fire after it had been lost three times over.

Hard as the fight itself had been, the hardest and most dangerous time was still to come: the army after losing more than one-sixth of their total force in three hours had to continue to "stick it" in face of a superior enemy. The description of the position, written by George next morning, will show you what the Staff thought of it:

"Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by me. Our army attacked the enemy, who were formed



THE 9TH LANCERS AT CHILLIANWALLAH.



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in an extended line with entrenched batteries which



"The Sikh horsemen charged furiously"

had to be carried at the point of the bayonet. As

usual, the affair was sadly mismanaged, and after a dreadful sacrifice on our part, decimating our force, we have at most a very questionable victory. It is true we have driven the enemy from the field, spiked many of his guns and taken a few others, but it is very doubtful whether his loss does not fall far short of ours. He will rally and be reinforced long before we can be strengthened, and God only knows what may be our fate if attacked by a very preponderating force. . . . It was a day of events more than ordinary, and though closed with a victory it left us as regards our baggage in a most critical position during the night—a few of the enemy's cavalry might by a bold dash have carried it all off, and not only that, but cut up most of the H.Q. Staff."

That sounds rather gloomy, but you must remember that when it was written George had just heard of what had been happening during the night: the Sikhs had crept up to our line in the dark and had killed all the wounded they could find, besides dragging away twenty-eight out of the forty guns we had spiked. Sher Singh had also been heard firing a royal salute in his own honour, and there was no getting over the fact that for the first time the Sikh army had seen the backs of British troops.

You must remember also that this account was written, not in George's narrative of the campaign, but in a diary which was intended never to be read by anyone but the writer himself. George was looking things straight in the face, but he was not depressed: during the strain of the next month he went very cheerfully about his work and his health got steadily better. Sher Singh often threatened to

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attack—especially on Sundays, “when our chairs had just been sent to the place of assembly for service,” but his men would not face the bayonets again by day, and the bright winter moonlight was against a night attack.

At last when British reinforcements came within hail of the army he retired in haste, and Lord Gough made preparations to follow him. George was ordered to the camp at Ramnuggar on commissariat business, and before he got back to headquarters the victory of Goojerat had broken the Sikh power for ever. By April he was once more at Jullundur, which was now, thanks to John Lawrence, entirely our own.

There I think we may leave the story of George's Indian life, for though he was in India through the Mutiny and for some years after that, neither letters nor diaries survive to tell of any adventures of his own. It was not till 1860, when he was a grey-headed man of nearly fifty, that he went home on furlough for the first time. He landed at Southampton and stayed a night there, dining and spending that one evening with a young officer of nineteen, who was sailing next day for India, much as he himself had sailed thirty years before. This was young George, his only son, whom he had not seen since he was a child of two; and that fact will show you the truth of what I have said, that an Indian career in the old days, however full of adventures and successes, was a long and patient exile in the service of England.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES OUTRAM

1. A SOLDIER AND A SPORTSMAN

JAMES OUTRAM was born on January 29th, 1803, at Butterley Hall in Derbyshire, where his father had founded the Ironworks known as the Butterley Company. James was the second son; and both he and his elder brother Frank seem to have been soldiers born. Their father died in 1806, and a few years later their mother took them to live in Scotland, her native country. James went to school at Udny: he was fairly good at classics, better at mathematics and science, and better still at games and outdoor sports. Before he was fourteen he was known among his companions as "Captain Outram," and was in fact the Captain of the school. But what he enjoyed even more than games was talking to the soldiers in the barracks at Aberdeen, or to the sailors at the docks. Once when there was rioting among the sailors, and the troops were called out and drawn up ready to fire, Jemmy Outram, then a remarkably small boy of thirteen, was seen marching up and down with his hands in his pockets in the space between, so as to protect his friends the seamen from the muskets of his other friends the soldiers.

Small as he was he was a good fighter, and there are two stories of him which show the character for which he was afterwards famous. Once he had a tooth knocked out in a fight, and as the loss was not to be concealed an inquiry was made, with a view to punishing the boy who had hurt him. But Jemmy would not admit that anyone was to blame, and he succeeded in convincing the authorities that he had had an accident, so that no one could be punished. Another time he came home with his face a good deal marked, and his sister was distressed at his battered and swollen appearance. "Never mind, Anna," he said "I've licked the biggest boy in the school in such a manner that he'll not ill-treat any of the little boys again, I'll be bound." Generosity even towards an enemy, and readiness to defend the weak at any cost—those are the virtues of chivalry, and James Outram was chivalrous from the first to the last.

When he was sixteen his mother tried to get him a commission in the army, or, failing that, in the navy. But she was told that as Napoleon was now safely shut up in St. Helena there would be no chance of promotion in either service. She then consulted the boy's uncle, Archdeacon Outram, who agreed to help him to take orders in the Church. This idea did not suit James at all. "They mean to make me a parson," he said to his sister. "You see that window: rather than be a parson I'm out of it: and I'll list for a common soldier!" And he probably would have done it, and made a success of it: but Captain Gordon, the Member for Aberdeenshire, saved him from the necessity by getting him a nomination to an East India cadetship. His brother

Frank was already in the Bengal Engineers: he had got into the service through the Military College at Addiscombe, and James might have done the same if he had wished. But he knew he was not strong at book-work, and very likely at the end of the three years' course he would only have got into the infantry after all: so he chose to go out to India at once. Accordingly he went to London with his mother in April 1819, got his outfit, and sailed on May 2nd in the *York*. On August 15th he landed at Bombay, and was appointed as Ensign to the 4th Native Infantry: a year afterwards he became acting Adjutant and Quartermaster to the regiment.

So far his experiences had been very much like George's, which have already been set out fully enough. Like George, too, he did not long remain a regimental officer: but before he left the regiment and took up Staff duty he had several adventures which are worth telling. The first was a rather unusual one. He had had an attack of fever, and was returning to his regiment by boat, with kit, horses, and all. There was a fête that night in Bombay harbour, and he laid in a stock of fireworks, to be let off as he sailed away. Unluckily they exploded and blew up his boat: the horses were drowned, and he himself got ashore with his face scorched, but his fever cured.

For the next two years the chief excitement of his life was the sport of pig-sticking. Being a good rider, a very light weight, and quite reckless, he was more successful than any of his companions. On one occasion he dismounted, and tried to drive the hog out of his covert in some cactus bushes; another time he just stopped a charge by a huge hog against his

friend Captain Ord, who had dropped his own spear. James's broke off short in the boar's head, and they



"James's broke off short"

had an uncomfortable time till fresh spears were brought up. Once he ran down a nilgai—a large antelope—without dogs: and he killed altogether four nilgai in seven runs, but in doing so he also

killed four horses. Another expensive hunt was when he was out one day after foxes, and put his pack on to some wolves instead: the dogs got so badly bitten that most of them went mad. In short, he was an extremely rash sportsman; but easily the best on the ground. In the two years he got "first spear" into the hog seventy-four times, against a total of forty-nine for his twelve companions, no one of whom scored more than ten.

In 1824 when James was at Bombay on sick leave, an outbreak took place in the little fort of Kittur: Mr. Thackeray, the British Resident, and two officers, were killed, and two Civil Servants taken prisoners. A small expedition was ordered, and James at once volunteered for it. He was accordingly attached to the 3rd Regiment to command the Light Company, and when he got to Kittur he volunteered again to lead the storming party. But the bombardment was so successful that the rebels surrendered without a fight. At this little siege James met his brother Frank, who was with the Engineers, and was mentioned in despatches. The two brothers returned to Bombay together in January 1825, and this was probably the happiest time in Frank's life. He was a very able and honourable soldier, but too sensitive, and when a native subordinate embezzled some money for which he was responsible, he worried himself into fever and delirium, and ended by taking his own life.

James rejoined his regiment in February at Malegaon: but he was not long at peace. In March another rebellion broke out in Khandesh, and the rebels took refuge in a hill fortress called Malair, not far from Malegaon. On April 5th Lieutenant Outram

was ordered out with a detachment of 200 men. They started in the evening—Outram and Mr. Graham, the Assistant Collector, on an elephant, and the sepoys on foot: they marched 37 miles in seven hours and were completely exhausted. But it was necessary to strike quickly, and James was right to press his men to the utmost. On the night of the 6th he sent his two ensigns, Whitmore and Paul, to make a feint with 150 men on the front of the fort. At daybreak, while they drew all the garrison to that side, he himself cut in from the rear with the other fifty men. The enemy lost heavily and bolted up the hills: but James was no man for half measures: he followed up, and made a second attack upon them the next night, which ended the rebellion at once. This gained him the thanks of the General of Division, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Governor-General. At twenty-two he had ended his regimental career with marked distinction.

In 1825 James was appointed to raise and command a corps of Bhils or Bheels, natives of the province of Khandesh. They were a rather low class of men, and in Europe would have been thought useless for any purpose, for they were thieves, drunkards, and wanderers. It was James's business to civilise and train these creatures, and he did it splendidly, after a fashion of his own. Whenever they plundered he hunted them down relentlessly: when they were quiet he heard their complaints, talked to them like a father, and enlisted them in his corps. In less than three years he had raised and drilled a force of 600 men, and the country was quieter than it had been for twenty years.

During this time he got the better of the various kinds of disease which made India so trying a country to live in. He had begun, like every one else, with repeated attacks of jungle fever: then he had a bilious fever, followed by a queer illness halfway between smallpox and chickenpox: and, later on, several attacks of cholera. But he got through all these troubles, and grew considerably both in size and strength: he was only 5 ft. 1 in. when he arrived in India, but he added seven inches to that during his successive illnesses.

His chief adventures in Khandesh were among tigers. He was even more of a glutton at tigers than at hogs. In ten years he was in at the death of 191 tigers, 15 panthers, 25 bears, and 12 buffaloes. His casualties were heavy—five beaters were killed and four wounded, his elephant Hyder was twice mauled, and he himself was clawed by a tiger and bitten by a cheetah. It was wonderful that he survived, for he took every kind of risk, both necessary and unnecessary. He made a great reputation among the Bhils by one of his earliest exploits, a particularly rash one. A tiger had been reported in some prickly pear shrubs, and James went after it, for some unexplained reason on foot, and with a pistol instead of a gun. His only English companion was on horseback, and missed the tiger, which at once grabbed James and rolled down a slope with him. Then for one moment it loosed him, no doubt to play with him in the well-known way: but in that moment he whipped out his pistol and shot it dead. The Bhils came up, and made a great fuss over the wounded Sahib: but he only said, "What do I care

for the clawing of a cat!" and that seems to have impressed them greatly.

Two years later he impressed them again. They had got a tiger marked down in a very narrow gorge,



"Grabbed James and rolled down a slope with him"

and James saw that his chance was to stand at one end and have the beast driven out to him. The difficulty was to find a stand, because the gorge was so choked with jungle that from any place on the bank he could not see the bottom at all. So he made some

of his Bhils climb a tree with him, and let him down from a big branch by their puggarees, tied into a sort of belly band. They swung him right over the track, like a horse going on board ship, and when the tiger came along he was able to put his shot exactly in the right place.

The Bhils admired and trusted him not only because of his courage and readiness, but because in a very dangerous place it was always his own life that he risked, rather than theirs. Once, when a tiger was tracked to a dark cave, he put his four men outside and walked in alone. He fired at the first growl he heard, and as nothing more happened he fired again. The odds were dead against him; but he killed the tiger. Another time he beat all local records by running a tiger for three miles; he had one man carrying his rifle, and six others with bows and arrows, but he took only a spear himself, and ended by killing with it.

His perfect sympathy with his Bhils was shown in two of his most exciting adventures. One day in June, when all the country was parched and dusty, he went out after a big tiger with his friend Douglas Graham and a large party. They had three elephants in line about a quarter of a mile apart, and half a dozen beaters close beside each elephant. They had beat up a dry ravine, and were just at the edge of the jungle when they heard a tremendous roar. The beaters had got rather too far ahead, and they at once ran back or threw themselves flat on the ground. The only one who stood firm was James's favourite Bhil, a fine handsome young fellow named Gurbur. As he stood waiting, the tiger made his spring: the

huge yellow cat was seen for a moment in the air, and then came right down upon Gurbur, tearing his shoulder and crunching his head. Douglas Graham fired both barrels, and the brute slunk off, but poor Gurbur was found lying dead with his sword half drawn.

James knew all about his Bhils and their beliefs and customs. He knew that, according to their ideas, Gurbur would have to live another life, in which he would be the slave of the tiger who had killed him, unless his death was instantly avenged. Without losing a moment he followed the tiger on horseback, hunted him untiringly for three days, and at last, on the evening of the fourth day, killed him with a long shot. He was away from camp a whole week, but on the seventh day he came galloping back with the tiger strapped to his saddle, and the Bhils believed that he had saved Gurbur's soul from a terrible fate.

In the same way he avenged the death of another of his men, a *naick* or tracker named Khundoo. Khundoo was a very small man, but a very efficient one, and highly valued by his master. He got word of a big man-eating tiger one day, and as there had been a false report not long before, which had disappointed Captain Outram, he was determined to see the beast this time with his own eyes before taking the sahib out. So he went to track it, armed only with a light spear; when the tiger made his spring the spear glanced off his head, and Khundoo was caught and bitten through the chest. The tiger then slunk off to covert: some of the beaters surrounded him, and kept him there, while others carried Khundoo back to his master's tent. James saw that

he was dying, but he knew how to comfort him; he instantly swore that he would neither eat nor drink



"Killed the beast with one shot"

till he had killed the tiger. He rushed out with his rifle, came up to the tiger, steadied himself, and killed the beast with one shot, then galloped back with the

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news. He bent over Khundoo to tell him that he was saved from all fear of the tiger in his next life; the Bhil chief took his hand, and laid in it the hand of his own little son, that the sahib might be as a father to him, and so died content. You may judge from that story how James's men had come to love and trust him.

I think that this was very largely due to the fact that he was such a keen and fearless sportsman. There is a strong and peculiar sympathy between those who share any kind of real sport together: it may seem a slight bond, or even an unreasonable one, but it is not slight or unreasonable to those who have ever felt it. It is in the blood, in the nature of men, and James knew this well. He believed that sport was essential to the training of a good soldier. He had found that it was the only way of hardening himself against the Indian climate, and he believed that it also had a good effect on character. "Love of sport," he once wrote, "makes the man, and love of sport never fails to make the soldier." Certainly this seems to have been true of James himself, for there was a saying about him in the Bombay army: "A fox is a fool and a lion a coward compared with James Outram."

2. A.D.C. IN THE AFGHAN WAR

By 1835 James had raised his regiment of Bhils to 900 in number; they were in a fine state of discipline and devoted to their commander. But now he had to leave them, for he was wanted elsewhere. Some tribes had been giving trouble in a district

called the Mahi Kanta, and he had reported to the Government that a campaign against them would be necessary. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Keane, at once offered him the command of the expedition. This was a great compliment, and it gave James a splendid chance of earning promotion, but he refused it, for a reason that only a very generous man would have thought of. Captain Forbes, the officer who had been for a long time defending the Mahi Kanta frontier, was a good deal senior to James, and it would be an undeserved hardship if he were passed over in favour of a younger officer. That was, in one sense, no business of James's; the appointment was offered to him, and most people would have thought it quite natural for him to accept it. But all his life James Outram was marked out by this strange kind of character—he was very ambitious, but he coveted "right before command." The right to this appointment belonged, in his opinion, to Captain Forbes; and he wrote and told the Commander-in-Chief so. He did more: he offered to serve under Forbes. "His be the honour of success," he wrote, "mine be the blame of defeat to measures of which I am the proposer." Sir John Keane was of course delighted with this answer, but he found an easy way out of the difficulty. James was appointed civil and political agent, with Captain Forbes under him as military head of the forces, so that both would get an equal chance of distinction, each in his own line.

In September James said good-bye to his Bhils, and then went off to Bombay on business of his own. He had been engaged for some time past to

his cousin Margaret Anderson, and she was coming out from Scotland to be married to him. She arrived about the middle of December, and the wedding was on the 18th. A fortnight afterwards he went off to his campaign, and carried it through in his usual headlong way. Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, was a man of peace, and thought Surâj Mall, the leader of the insurgents, would give in if treated with "kindness" and "clemency." That is often the best policy, but sometimes it is not. Outram knew how to deal with a man like Surâj Mall: he hunted him with the bayonet, and in four months not only beat him, but won his respect and confidence. Less than two years afterwards he treated in the same way another rebel in the Mahi Kanta, a more powerful chief, the Rajah of Aglur. The authorities grumbled at James's high-handed way of doing things, but they could not help praising him, and the Commander-in-Chief saw that he was a useful man, worth keeping in mind.

It was not very long before useful men were needed. In October 1838 it was decided, as you have heard in the Adventures of George, to make war on Dost Mohammed and invade Afghanistan. James's regiment was to form part of the Army of the Indus, and he offered to rejoin at once. But the Commander-in-Chief had not forgotten him. On November 21st James wrote to his mother "a very hasty line just to tell you that I sail to-day with Sir John Keane, on his personal staff, with the Bombay army. Sir John kindly relieved me from regimental duty by constituting me an extra A.D.C."

The troops were disembarked at a place called

Vikkar, but James went a hundred miles farther west, to Kurrachee, in search of camels. These places were in the Sind territory, which did not then belong to us, and he found that the natives did not at all like our marching through. But he succeeded in getting his camels, and on December 24th Sir John Keane's army was able to advance up the left bank of the Indus. At Shikarpore they picked up Shah Shuja, whom they were to set up again on the throne of Afghanistan, and James had the honour of riding one evening beside the Shah's litter. He found him very affable, and thought him just an elderly person of mild manners. He did not know then what kind of orders the Shah was capable of giving to his executioner.

The army now marched on to join with the Bengal troops, who were not far ahead of them, entering the Bolan Pass. You have already heard about the march to Kandahar, and Caubul, so I shall only tell you shortly what happened to James himself on the way. His first adventure was a very troublesome one: the two thousand camel-drivers mutinied, and refused to go any farther. He tried to reason with them, but that was hopeless, so he promptly had the first driver tied up and flogged: then the second one—two dozen lashes apiece. The rest showed signs of giving in, but one of them encouraged his fellows to hold out: James at once ordered him four dozen lashes, and that settled the business.

His next adventure was even more disagreeable. On March 21st, his horse, while making a turn, slipped and rolled on him. Unluckily James fell

with his sword hilt under him and broke the bone above the hip-joint. For five weeks after that he had to be carried in a dhooly or litter, and you may imagine that he found crossing the Bolan even more



"His horse slipped and rolled on him"

trying than George had done, especially as it was full of the dead bodies of the camels and camp followers left by Sir Willoughby Cotton's force.

He was carried over the Khojuck Pass too, but on April 25th he was well enough to ride on ahead

of the column, and on the 29th he caught up his chief, Sir John Keane. He found him at breakfast "in a delightful garden, a few hundred yards from the walls of Kandahar, with the different camps (of the Bengal troops) scattered around in various directions." The Bombay column came up on May 4th, and then there was a grand review of the whole army, united at last. The Shah was there on a raised wooden platform, and the 7000 troops marched past him while the batteries fired a royal salute of 101 guns. But the Afghans took hardly any notice of their old Shah: they were not at all keen to have him back.

James took no part in the storming of Ghuznee: that was not the business of an A.D.C. But the day before the assault he had a fine opportunity of showing leadership. A fight was going on about noon between some Afghans from the surrounding hills and the Shah's force of native cavalry under Captain Peter Nicholson. James galloped out to see what was being done, and found that the Afghans had been beaten off with the loss of a standard and some few dead. It was his instinct always to press a beaten enemy; he immediately led a body of the Shah's horse round the hills, to cut off any attempt at retreat, and then went back to the front, where he collected some native infantry. The English officer in command of them put himself under Captain Outram's orders, and together they led a charge up the rocks. The enemy made a stand on the hill-top round a sacred green and white banner, but a lucky shot killed the standard-bearer and the rest ran. About forty were killed and fifty more taken prisoners

by the cavalry: these were the prisoners who were taken before the Shah, and immediately executed by his orders. I have no doubt James was sorry he had helped to capture them.

Ghuznee was stormed a few hours later, at dawn on July 23rd. On August 3rd news reached the British camp that Dost Mohammed had left his army and his capital and fled to the Hindoo Koosh. James at once volunteered to lead the pursuit: it was a dangerous hunt after a herd of savage creatures in a very wild country, and he was therefore just the man to undertake it. He was given twelve British officers, bold riders who all volunteered, and 225 picked native cavalry. Unfortunately he also took 500 Afghan horse commanded by Hadji Khan, the treacherous Kauker. For six days and nights this traitor kept trying to delay the expedition, and even to persuade the British officers that it was hopeless. Most of the Afghans ended by deserting, and, when at last James's party reached Bameean, they found that the Dost had gone to earth at Kulum, the other side the frontier.

There was nothing left to do but to turn aside and go to rejoin the army, which had now reached Caubul. They got there on August 17th, and found that they had been given up for lost. In fact a horseman had come in who said that he had seen them killed. The joy of their friends was very great, and you will not be surprised to hear that it was covered up with chaff, in the usual English style. Sir George Lawrence, one of the hunting party, says that they were told "What madmen we were to go on such a wild goose chase; what other result

could have been expected? We were only too lucky to return with our heads on our shoulders, &c.,—Sir John Keane winding up the chorus by saying he had not supposed there were thirteen such asses in his whole force!"

Most of us would like to be that kind of ass, I think, and to have our Commander-in-Chief say so, in that kind of way.

James was very soon sent out hunting again: he was ordered to arrest some chiefs, take some forts belonging to Hadji Khan the Kauker, and punish some men who had murdered Colonel Herring when he was strolling unarmed near his camp. Sir John put quite a little army under his command: a squadron of Skinner's Horse, a troop of Horse Artillery, a nine-pounder battery, a wing of the Shah's cavalry, 500 Afghan horse, and a wing of the 16th Bengal Native Infantry. James did the work with his usual vigour: he started on September 7th, crossed a very steep pass, made a night attack on the Kanjak robbers, and killed or captured the whole band, blew up three forts, captured two Barakzai chiefs with all their followers, arrested Bakshi Khan, the head of the tribe which had assassinated Colonel Herring, and was back again with the Bombay column by October 31st. Four days afterwards he got another chance. General Willshire, the commander of the Bombay column, determined before he went home to punish Mehrab Khan, the faithless ruler of Beloochistan, by taking his city of Khelât. The fort had two gates, one on each face; James was first sent against that on the near side. His orders were to pursue some Beloochees who were

trying to retreat into the fort with their guns, and if possible to rush the place by getting through with them. He succeeded in taking the guns, but when he tried to rush the gate he found it shut in his face. He instantly galloped off to the General, and was sent round to try the same plan on the other side. This time he drove the enemy in so vigorously that the gate was stormed before it could be closed. At the same time our own guns blew in the first gateway, and the Queen's Royals charged in, so that Mehrab Khan was completely trapped. He died in the hand to hand fighting, a treacherous old rascal, but a brave one. James was promoted to Brevet-Major for his services in this fight: he was very lucky not to be hit, for he was the only mounted officer in both the attacks, and very conspicuous in his rifle uniform.

He was now selected by General Willshire to carry despatches to the Governor of Bombay, and he was ordered to go to Kurrachee by the direct route, in order to see if it was a practical road for troops. This meant riding 360 miles through a hostile country where no Europeans had ever been. It was the most exciting adventure he had yet had, and to have any chance of getting through he was compelled to disguise himself. He chose his costume out of the heaps of robes belonging to Mehrab Khan, which had just been captured at Khelât. It was the dress of a *pir*, or Afghan friar; the other members of his party were also religious men—they were real Saiyads, or holy men, from Shawl—and all three had a servant apiece.

They started off on ponies and camels, with pro-

visions and grain; but on the second day they very nearly came to grief, for they fell in with some natives running away from Khelât, and among them were the families of Mehrab Khan's brother and his chief minister. These included some ladies who happened to know the two Saiyads, and wanted to tell them all about their misfortunes. James could not avoid being introduced, and being a *pir* he was expected to be specially sympathetic. "This I did," he says, "by assuming an air of deep gravity and attention, although in reality I did not understand a single word that was uttered." This was nervous work, but it would have been much worse if he had chosen a finer and more easily recognised costume, one of Mehrab Khan's own best suits, instead of an ordinary *pir's* dress.

They got away from these poor ladies at last, but James had another nervous moment that night when the Saiyads tried to engage a native guide. The man would not agree to come with them unless the *pir* would give him a charm to keep a sick camel from dying in his absence. James would have liked to draw the line at this kind of humbug, but there was no help for it. So he made the man bring him a tuft of the camel's hair, and muttered over it "a string of cabalistic words." They then started again before dawn.

The worst time of all came two days afterwards. They got safely through a village, and halted in a jungle some way beyond. One of the Saiyads and two servants went back to buy grain; when they came to the jungle again they missed James's hiding-place and went on. James waited till evening,

and then sent the other Saiyad back to look for his missing companions. He himself was left alone with his servant, in a very desperate position: for they had no money, no food, and no guide, and neither of them could speak a word of Beloochee. Time passed, and night came on: the second Saiyad seemed to be lost like the first. James started for the village himself—it was the only thing he could do. On the way the second Saiyad came across him—he had succeeded in finding out where their friends had gone. His return, James says, was “a most welcome reprieve from what I considered almost certain destruction.” He knew that he himself would have been murdered instantly by any native who had found him out.

For two more hours they searched in one village after another for their companions, and at last they found them in the queerest and most dangerous place possible, “in a small fort assisting at the coronach for the dead chief (Mehrab Khan), the tidings of whose fall at Khelât had been received that very afternoon.” You may imagine what James felt like, attending in disguise the lamentations for a man he had himself helped to defeat and kill. It took him an hour to get clear, and then the party did forty miles without a check on a good moonlit road.

At last, on the ninth day, they reached Sonmiâni, and James got a boat to take them down the coast to Kurrachee. He was only just in time, for, although he did not know it, the son of a chief who had been killed in Khelât was riding in hot pursuit of him, and reached Sonmiâni only a few hours too late to get his revenge. As it was, the adventure ended in a jest: for James went in his disguise to call on his

brother-in-law, General Farquharson, who happened to be at Kurrachee, and the General did not know him. Small wonder, for what he saw was an Afghan *pir* with a small puggaree "sparsely bound about his head, the hair cropping through the in-



"Very dirty and mean-looking"

terstices—all very dirty and mean-looking," mounted on an Afghan pony with only a cloth on his back instead of a saddle. In a very short time that dirty and mean-looking *pir* vanished for ever, and the same evening a clean, well-shaved Englishman named Major Outram took his place in the boat for Bombay.

3. THE BAYARD OF INDIA

Outram got no more fighting in Afghanistan, but he was extremely useful to those who were reconquering the country after the Koord-Caubul massacre. It was largely due to his energy that Sir George Pollock and General Nott were able to advance so soon and take Caubul for the second time. But he over-worked himself, and while they were marching to victory he was lying dangerously ill at Quetta. That was in August 1842, but before October he was back again at work, and moving rapidly about from place to place, especially in the Bolan Pass and Shawl valley. He says himself that he is "being bandied like a racket-ball up and down this *infernal* pass." Presently he was sent down to Sind to help Sir Charles Napier, and it was when he left to go back to India that he was first given the name by which he was always afterwards remembered—"The Bayard of India."

It happened in this way. At Sakhar, when Outram was leaving, there were nearly a hundred British officers under Napier's command, and they gave Outram a farewell dinner on November 4th. Sir Charles himself was in the chair, and he ended his speech with these words: "In the fourteenth century there was, in the French army, a knight renowned for deeds of gallantry in war, and wisdom in council: indeed, so deservedly famous was he, that by general acclamation he was called the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The name of this knight, you may all know, was the Chevalier Bayard.

Gentlemen, I give you the Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*, Major James Outram of the Bombay Army." After-dinner compliments are not generally remembered so long, but this was not a mere compliment: it was just one of those snapshots which record what everybody has known vaguely before, but what in future they will always see clearly. The army suddenly knew that here was a man whose whole life was to be an example of daring and generosity.

Now at last, after twenty-four years of hard service, Outram's value was beginning to be recognised, and a little crop of honours was gathered in. At Bombay 600 officers presented him with a sword, and when he went to England on furlough he was made a Colonel and a C.B. But when he returned to work the Governor-General of India gave him a very poor appointment, and he was feeling much inclined to throw up the service when a rebellion broke out among the Southern Marattas. He volunteered at once, and was ordered to the rebel province as Political Agent in place of Mr. Reeves, who was a civilian. Outram knew that it was a soldier's job, and he was longing to be employed; but he also knew that Reeves was a good and competent man, with an intimate knowledge of the country, and he refused to take his place from him. He offered to act in conjunction with him, and Sir George Arthur, the Governor of Bombay, heartily approved of his feelings. So Mr. Reeves was kept on, and Outram was sent to join him "on special duty" at the front.

The effect was immediate: Sir Henry Lawrence described it in these words—"Never was the magic

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power of one man's presence more striking than on Outram's return to the seat of war." His column was entirely successful, and at the storming of the forts of Samangarh and Panhala he led the way into the breach on both occasions. By the end of January 1843 the last band of rebels had been broken up.

After this came some years of hard work at Satara and Baroda, and then Outram's health broke down again. He went to Egypt for a holiday, and was making a survey of the Desert while Lord Gough was fighting the second Sikh War. Outram had missed the first war too, so that he was very restless at being out of this one, and when the news of the desperate battle at Chillianwallah reached him he was "excited to the verge of madness," and exclaimed, "I will go back at once and serve as captain in my old black regiment." He set off down the Nile at full speed, making the boatmen work day and night till they were driven to mutiny from sheer exhaustion. A polite Turkish Governor offered to have them all bastinadoed, but Outram was not ruthless enough for that. When he reached Cairo he heard the news of the final victory of Gujerat, and was sorry he had given the poor boatmen such a bad time, but he still thought he had been right to rush back to the army. "Every officer," he wrote, "who has eaten the Company's salt is bound to do so likewise, in whatever part of the world he may happen to be situated."

Now came more honours: the new Governor-General gave him the best appointment open to him in India—the post of British Resident at the Court

of Oudh—and the home Government made him a General and a K.C.B. He soon overworked himself again, and was sent to England: but he had not been there long before the Cabinet decided on an expedition against Persia, and appointed Sir James Outram to command it, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. Five days later he sailed once more from Southampton.

The Persian War was a short affair. When Outram arrived in the Persian Gulf he found that General Stalker had already captured Bushahr. But at Burasjun, forty-six miles inland, there was a Persian army of 8000 men with about 20 guns. Outram had only 4500 men and 18 guns, but he went at the enemy at once. He marched forty-one hours at a stretch in very bad weather, and, as the Persians declined to meet him, he captured or destroyed all their trenches, stores and magazines. But on his return journey he was attacked by a force of six or seven thousand troops, at the village of Khushâb. He turned upon them at dawn on February 8th, with his guns and cavalry in front, infantry in double line behind. The infantry never got a chance: the cavalry rode through the squares of the Persians and broke them completely. By ten o'clock the battle was over: our loss was ten killed and sixty-two wounded, that of the enemy 700 dead and two guns captured.

In March Havelock joined, with the 78th Highlanders, and Outram shipped a force of 5000 men and two batteries up the river to take Muhamra. The Navy settled this part of the campaign by knocking out the Persian forts; when the troops landed, the

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Persian army under Prince Mirza bolted without a shot, abandoning seventeen guns and all their stores. But Outram had taken his full share of risk in H.M.S. *Scindian*: he was only saved from one bullet by a hookah which was being smoked by a friend just in front of him. He had ordered his men to keep down, but he himself was standing up looking through his glasses: when the shot broke the hookah, he merely remarked to the smoker, "They have put your pipe out." Ten days later the war was ended by treaty, without more fighting.

4. THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

Sir James Outram was made a G.C.B. for his success in Persia, but he could not get much satisfaction out of that, for a great and terrible anxiety was hanging over India—the native army was on the verge of mutiny. While he was still at Bushahr the explosion came. "My wife and son," he writes, "had a narrow escape from Aligarh. The Sepoys at last broke out in mutiny, and all Europeans were obliged to fly. Our boy Frank placed his mother behind him on a pony, and carried her safely till they overtook a carriage on the Agra road, and they made good their way to Agra: but all their kit, including her jewels and some of my medals, were sacrificed." Lady Outram was a brave woman: she did not tell her husband that for half a mile she had had to walk right through the cantonments where the Sepoys were looting: her thin shoes fell off, and the hot sand blistered her feet. Then, as soon as she got to Agra, her son Frank had to leave her, and go off with other

volunteers to scour the country and rescue Europeans who had been unable to get away.

This was in May 1857: Outram reached Bombay on June 26th, and by that time the whole country was inundated with rebellion and murder. Thirty thousand mutineers were in Delhi, besieged by a much smaller British army: Sir Henry Lawrence and a small garrison were shut up in the Residency at Lucknow, fighting hard against enormous odds: General Havelock was cutting his way through to Cawnpore to save Sir Hugh Wheeler's force and the women and children there. Soon the most terrible news began to come in: the worst of all was that when Havelock had defeated the Nana of Bithur's troops and got through to Cawnpore, he found that he was too late. First Sir Hugh Wheeler and the garrison had been treacherously shot down, and then the English women and children, who had been taken prisoners, had all been hacked to pieces and thrown into a deep well. Out of the whole nine hundred, only four—two officers and two privates—had succeeded in escaping. This disaster was the most terrible and painful shock that England had ever had to suffer. You must remember that this was before the days of German war: no European nation in modern times had ever seen their women and children deliberately massacred—even the Afghans had shrunk from that when they destroyed General Elphinstone's army in the Khoord-Caubul Pass. But now the English found themselves, like the French and Belgians of to-day, face to face with an enemy who was governed by no conscience, no humanity, no self-control, but only by hate and the lust of destruction.

It was too late to save Cawnpore, but it was not too late to save Lucknow. Havelock had already made two gallant attempts and failed: his 1300 men had been reduced to 700. Outram was now ordered to take over the command: but he refused, as he had twice refused before, to rob another man of the harvest he had earned. He wrote to Havelock: "I shall join you with the reinforcements, but to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as Commissioner, placing my military service at your disposal, should you please, serving under you as a volunteer."

The reinforcements started on September 5th, and reached Cawnpore on the 15th. On the 16th Outram issued a formal order transferring the sole command of the troops to Brigadier-General Havelock. This turned out afterwards to have been an unfortunate decision, for Havelock's health was not equal to the strain, and Outram's was. But at the time it was warmly approved by Sir Colin Campbell and by the Governor-General, and it has been remembered ever since as an act of generosity and self-sacrifice worthy of the Bayard of India.

The relieving column was now 3000 strong, and on September 19th began the march to Lucknow, which was forty-five miles off. On the 21st they had a smart encounter with the enemy, and took two guns: Outram rode in the charge, armed only with a malacca cane. Next day the guns of Lucknow could be heard: the day after, the whole army charged across some marshes and stormed the walled park

and gardens of the Alambâgh or summer palace of the Kings of Oudh. It was held by 10,000 rebels, but they were completely broken, and pursued by Barrow and Outram's volunteer cavalry and some light guns almost as far as Lucknow itself. As Outram was riding back to camp in the evening he received a despatch, and as he passed along the lines he read it to the men at their bivouacs. Delhi had been taken by our army under Wilson and Nicholson, and the King of Oudh had fled. The men cheered loudly at the news: they had only five more miles to go, and victory would be theirs too.

Next day was spent in resting the troops and bombarding the enemy's artillery at the Chârbâgh bridge; also in a long consultation between Have-lock and Outram as to the best way of advancing. There were four possible roads, but the best of them was water-logged by the incessant rains, and it was finally decided that the Chârbâgh bridge must be forced and the city entered by passing round it to the east. It would have been easier if they could have waited a few days for the ground to dry; but they knew how hard-pressed the garrison was. This was the eighty-sixth day of the siege: food and ammunition were running out, and there were hardly enough men left to man the defences.

On the morning of September 25th a force of six officers and three hundred men, mostly foot-sore, were left in charge of the Alambâgh, with the wounded and the stores, and a few guns. The remainder of the column, with sixty rounds each, marched on the bridge. It was defended by a battery of five guns in a breastwork, and by sharp-

shooters in high houses to right and left of it. The troops were halted for a few minutes while Maude's



"The Madras Fusiliers rushed cheering through the grape-shot"

guns opened on the enemy: they had very little cover, and many men were hit. Outram got a bullet through his arm, but he only smiled and

asked someone to tie a handkerchief tightly above the wound. At last Havelock ordered an advance, and in a moment the Madras Fusiliers rushed cheering through the grape-shot, carried the breastwork, bayoneted the gunners, and spiked the guns. Outram meantime with the 5th Fusiliers had cleared some walled gardens of the enemy, the 78th Highlanders held the bridge, and the rest of the column went forward along the bank of the canal towards another narrow bridge. This also was crossed with heavy loss: and now there was only a space of 500 yards left between the head of the column and the Residency.

But the difficulty of getting through that 500 yards was tremendous. It was a tangle of narrow streets and lanes, with enemies everywhere; all our wounded had to be carried along with the troops in dhoolies, and as the line was a very long one the baggage and the rearguard were in great danger of being cut off. But dusk was coming on, and Havelock ordered the advance to be pushed through at any cost: the garrison in the Residency had already caught sight of their friends, and were cheering from every trench and battery. Stisted's Highlanders and Brasyer's Sikhs were sent to the front: Havelock and Outram led them, with Lieutenants Hudson and Hargood of the Staff. The enemy fired on them from loopholes and from house-tops, but they broke through "with desperate gallantry" and when they reached the Residency there was a scene "never to be forgotten." The garrison crowded round them to shake hands, even the wounded crawled out of the hospital, and the English women and children

stood in the porch of Dr. Fayrer's house to see the two wounded heroes, Outram and Napier, come in. After a siege of eighty-seven days Lucknow was relieved.

5. THE SECOND SIEGE OF LUCKNOW

Next morning, as General Havelock had successfully accomplished his task, and won his fame, Outram took over the command again. He had a very serious problem to consider: for though the garrison had been saved, it had really only been reinforced and not relieved—the siege of Lucknow was not raised. In fact the enemy were still attacking the rear guard, which had been left outside the Residency, and Colonel Napier had to go out with a strong column and bring them in. Then the casualties had to be counted up: they were very heavy. Out of 2000 troops who had made the final attack from the Alambâgh, 31 officers and 504 men had been killed or wounded. To these were added two more officers and over 50 men, lost by columns which made sorties during the next two days. Their operations were most successful—they blew up houses and entrenchments, and captured 14 guns—but Outram saw that he was not strong enough to fight his way out and take the garrison with him. He made up his mind that he must stay in the Residency and stand a second siege.

He was just the man to keep up the spirit of a beleaguered garrison. He thought less than nothing of his wound—they found him, the very first morning, wandering about with his coat in his hand, and asking whether some of the ladies could mend the

bullet holes for him, but when anyone inquired after his arm he only said, "Oh! damn the arm!" An attempt was made to give him some food rather better than the ordinary rations: but he was very angry at that, and refused to eat it.

One thing he would really have liked—the Victoria Cross—and he both earned it and was selected to receive it. But he never got it, for a very curious reason: one of those reasons which are only found in places where they use too much red tape. This is how it happened. A cross was to be given to the Volunteer Cavalry as a recognition of their splendid valour, and it was left to them to decide which of their number should be the actual recipient. They voted unanimously that their most courageous act was that of Sir James Outram at Mangalwâr when he led the charge with his malacca cane. The next step necessary was to send in this decision through the General Officer Commanding. But the General Officer Commanding was Outram, and they were afraid he would refuse to forward a vote in his own favour, so they sent it in behind his back. The result was that the vote was rejected, and Outram had to explain to his volunteers that they must choose someone else. The reason given was that the Victoria Cross can only be awarded on the recommendation of a superior officer and not of a subordinate. But that was a quibble: the recommendation in this case had really been made by the Commander-in-Chief, who nominated the Volunteer Cavalry for the Cross. Outram's men did not "recommend" him, they elected him to wear it: he was already one of those "recommended" to receive it.

His friends and admirers felt the injustice and absurdity of the authorities, but the Cross would have made no difference to such a reputation as Outram's. As for his own feelings, well, he may have regretted being passed over; but he was not a man to value the ribbon more than the reality. The reality here was the fact that he could play the game, and knew it.

Perhaps the most valuable kind of courage in a siege is that which shows itself in continual good humour, and happily Outram had this as well as the impetuous kind. In the first siege of the Residency the garrison had been depressed by the illness and death of Sir Henry Lawrence, and in this second one they were saddened by the sight of Havelock's failing health; but Outram was invincibly cheerful. When Colonel Maude by a neat shot knocked out the enemy's heaviest gun, the General came down at once to the battery to see the result. "I have heard of your feat of arms, Maude," he said, "and I now give you the highest reward it is in my power to bestow." He handed him a Manilla cheroot. Maude laughed, the General laughed, the battery laughed, and everybody was much the better for laughing.

It was not so easy to be light-hearted. They could not be sure how long the reinforcements would be in coming, and they feared that their stores would not last out. Happily, when Colonel Napier had made an exact reckoning, he reported that there was enough food for two months more. The next thing to be considered was the safety of the small garrison which had been left in the Alambagh; but this anxiety, too, was soon relieved by the arrival of convoys from

Cawnpore. Then there was the everyday fighting with the main body of rebels in the city of Lucknow. They had been reinforced by the arrival of some thousands of Sepoys who had escaped from Delhi when it was taken by our troops; and, though their shooting was not very deadly, they made incessant attempts at mining the defences of the Residency. In the first stage, when the defenders were very weak, this had been a great danger. If the rebels could have made a break at any one point, their enormous numbers would have enabled them to rush the place, and not a man, woman, or child in the garrison would have been left alive. Things were not so desperate now, but underground warfare with savage enemies must always be rather an anxious business.

It was very necessary to keep up correspondence with civil and military authorities outside, and this was done by native messengers. They carried Outram's letters, written very small on thin paper and rolled up in a quill. No private letters could be allowed to go or come—Outram would not even write to his wife—because of the risk of discovery if more than one quill were sent. The messengers had to be very highly paid, and of course if they had been detected their heads would have been off in a moment. Outram was always afraid of this happening, and of his plans being found out; so, to make his letters as unintelligible as possible, he wrote them all in the Greek alphabet.

On November 3rd, Sir Colin Campbell's army reached Cawnpore. Outram, with great courage and unselfishness, wrote and asked Sir Colin to attack the rebels at Gwalior first: but he came on straight

to Lucknow. On November 9th he made a forced march of thirty-five miles, and got within five miles of the Alambâgh. The next morning a black man in a turban appeared before his tent and demanded to see Sir Colin: then he pulled off his turban and unwrapped from it a note of introduction from Sir James Outram. He was a civilian of the H.E.I.C.S. named Thomas Kavanagh, and he had volunteered to do what Outram had not dared to ask of any of his officers. He brought with him a plan of Lucknow, a code of signals, and a letter from Outram, and with this dangerous stuff in his turban he had crept through all the rebel pickets and the dark streets full of armed troops, with no companion but one native spy. This was one of the most heroic things done in the Mutiny: to go scouting in Hell requires a specially fine and cool kind of courage.

On November 12th, Sir Colin reached the Alambâgh after a sharp skirmish, in which Hugh Gough's squadron charged and took two guns. On the 14th the column advanced fighting to the Dilkushâ Park, and on the 16th they began their final attack. Outram and his people watched the fighting from the roof of the Residency, and a sortie was made successfully at a favourable moment. The enemy made a stand at the Sikandrâbâgh Palace, but they were fairly trapped there, and our men got in with the bayonet: 1800 rebels died in that one place.

On the 17th Captain Peel's heavy naval guns smashed a way through for the final rush. By the evening there was only a space of a quarter of a mile left to be crossed. In spite of gun-fire and

sharpshooters Outram and Havelock, with their Staffs, came forward on foot to meet Sir Colin. A shell knocked Havelock over for a moment, but he rose again. The last twenty-five yards were the most deadly of all: Outram and Havelock got through in safety, but Colonel Napier and all the rest were wounded. The three Generals met and shook hands joyfully: for the second time Lucknow was relieved.

6. THE SEVEN BATTLES OF THE ALAMBÂGH

Sir Colin Campbell decided to carry off the Lucknow garrison, and to leave a force at the Alam-bâgh to hold in check the rebel army in the city. Outram was the right man for both these purposes. He made all the arrangements for the removal of the women, children, sick and wounded—there were 1500 of them, and not nearly enough dhoolies, so that many had to walk. The sick and wounded went first, on the morning of November 19th, and the women, children, and other non-combatants the same afternoon. They took an hour to get as far as the Sikandrabâgh, and several hours more to reach the Dilkushâ: but only one woman and a few native servants were hit by the enemy's fire.

Outram meantime was staying behind with his own troops, and bombarding the rebels to divert their attention. It was not till the night of the 22nd that he and his men slipped out and stole quietly away. Sir James would have liked to stay till he was last man out, but, as usual, he gave up that honour to

another, who seemed to have a better right to it. This was Brigadier-General Inglis, who had commanded during the first siege of the Residency. He begged Outram, "You will allow me, Sir James, to be the last, and to shut the gates of my old garrison." Outram passed through at once, and Inglis closed the gates behind them both.

They reached the Dilkushâ before dawn, and for some hours after that the rebels continued to fire at the Residency, not knowing that it had been skillfully evacuated. Outram found bad news waiting for him in the camp: Sir Henry Havelock had fallen ill shortly after arriving there, and was evidently past hope of recovery. Outram went to see him in the evening, and they had a sad and affectionate parting. "He told me he was dying," Sir James wrote afterwards, "and spoke from the fulness of his honest heart of the feelings which he bore towards me, and of the satisfaction with which he looked back to our past intercourse and service together, which had never been on a single occasion marred by a disagreement of any kind, nor embittered by an angry word." Havelock died next day, and was buried in the Alambâgh. Outram dared not risk the possibility of the grave being found and desecrated by the rebels, so he had it smoothed over: but he carved a cross with his own hands on a mango tree which overhung it, and had an exact plan made of the place.

Sir Colin marched away next day, and Outram was left with 3500 men to hold the Alambâgh till his return. It was a strenuous piece of work: his position was ten miles in circumference, and the enemy

in great force. He had not only to entrench himself against heavy attacks, but to send out escorts to bring in convoys from Cawnpore, for no supplies could be procured in the country around. The result was that seven sharp engagements were fought, in every one of which he was victorious.

The first was on December 22nd, when the enemy tried to cut his communications with Benni, where a guard of 500 men had been left by Sir Colin Campbell to defend a bridge. But Outram was ready: he marched out at 5 A.M., and nearly succeeded in surprising the attackers. They bolted back to the city, but with a loss of fifty killed and four guns captured, besides ammunition and elephants. On our side, Outram says there was "hardly a casualty."

In January he had to send his waggons to Cawnpore for supplies. The escort of 530 men with four guns was a serious loss to the defence, and the enemy took advantage of this chance "to make a supreme effort to destroy Outram." Their plan was to completely overlap the English position with 30,000 men. Outram met them in front with two brigades—very small brigades—of 700 each, while he sent Major Olpherts, who was as daring as himself, to turn their flank with four guns. It sounds a desperate, or rather an impossible feat; but it was successful. The rebels were beaten in the centre and on both flanks, and fled with heavy loss.

On January 16th, four days after this, they attacked again. Their first charge was led by a fanatic dressed up to represent the Hindoo monkey god, Hanuman, but he was immediately shot down, and his followers gave way. The attack was re-



"Their first charge was led by a fanatic"

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newed in the dusk of evening, but was again repulsed with heavy loss.

A month later a convoy was coming with supplies from Cawnpore and one of the rebel leaders, a notorious man known as the Moolvee of Faizabad (a Moolvee is a teacher of the law) swore that he would capture it. He marched out from Lucknow on the night of February 14th: but Outram was, as usual, wide awake. He sent Olpherts with two guns and a troop to dog the enemy, and more guns and troops to follow in support. Olpherts did more than dog the Moolvee—he attacked him and his cavalry so vigorously that they were already beaten when the supports came up, and the convoy came in without any difficulty.

Next day the enemy tried to get their revenge, but they tried for it in the wrong way. They filled their trenches with as many men as they would hold, and then made a number of half-hearted attacks which cost them heavy losses. They kept up their fire till long after dark, but only exposed themselves to our guns, which poured grape and shrapnel on the trenches wherever the flashes were seen. These two days were disastrous for the enemy, for the total English loss was only one killed and three wounded.

On Sunday the 21st they tried again: Outram had sent almost the whole of his cavalry to bring in a large convoy, and the rebel leaders knew that this was probably their last chance before Sir Colin's army came back in force. They came on with 20,000 men and a number of guns: the Hindoos swore by the sacred river Ganges, and the Mohammedans

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swore by the Koran, that they would destroy the Feringhees or die in the attempt. Outram waited for them as coolly as before, and counter-attacked as vigorously. He had nine wounded; the enemy lost six hundred.

The final attempt was made on the 25th. A large force of cavalry and infantry, with three guns, threatened Outram's left, while a whole army of thirty regiments with eight guns advanced against his right and right rear. The attackers were encouraged by the presence of the Queen Regent and her son, who had come out, much like a Kaiser or Crown Prince in later times, to witness a victory and make a triumphal entry after it. That kind of pomp is apt to turn out badly: on this occasion it was particularly unfortunate for the Queen that Hodson's Horse, led by the famous Hodson himself, had reached the camp by a forced march of thirty-six miles in the early morning. Outram boldly sent out two bodies of cavalry to fall on the enemy's rear, while a third body advanced with the infantry an hour later. The rebels fled without waiting for the infantry: the cavalry cut into them and took two guns. A few hours later they came on again, but were repeatedly driven off. Their loss was between four and five hundred killed: Outram had five killed and thirty-five wounded.

Five days later, when Sir Colin Campbell reached the Alambâgh with a magnificent army of 25,000 men, he found Outram with his 3000 still master of the situation. The reconquest of the city of Lucknow was undertaken at once: Outram had already written his plans to Sir Colin, and the assault was arranged.

in the following way:—The Commmander-in-chief was to attack in front, while Outram with horse, foot, and artillery was to make a wide turning movement, and take the enemy in flank on the eastern side of the city. To do this he would have first to cross the Gumti River, and he was accordingly given two days' start.

The assault took ten days in all: it was something between a siege and a battle—rather like the fighting in modern war, when a position has to be taken which is made up of villages and entrenchments. Lucknow was a great city full of palaces, parks, walled gardens, canals, streets and narrow lanes, and all these were held by nearly 80,000 rebels, against whom Sir Colin could bring only 30,000, many of them natives or Gurkas from Nepal. But the English artillery, especially Peel's battery of naval guns, was very superior to the enemy's, and nothing could stop the British infantry or Hodson's Horse.

Outram's turning movement was splendidly carried out: "It is impossible," says Malleon, "to over-estimate the value of the assistance which Outram thus rendered to the main attack." Sir Colin also was successful, though he made a mistake or two in handling his cavalry, and too many rebels escaped. But on the tenth day the last 5000 of the enemy were driven headlong from the city by Outram's force, and all their twelve guns were taken in the pursuit. On March 19th Lucknow was wholly ours: a strong garrison was left to hold it, and on April 4th Outram said good-bye to the Army, and went to Calcutta to serve as military member of the Supreme Council.

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So ended his adventures, and his strength was ended too. He went home two years later, and died in 1863 at the age of sixty. It was often said, and it is easy to believe, that no Indian soldier was ever so admired or beloved.

THE ADVENTURES OF THOMAS JACKSON

1. A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY

"STONEWALL JACKSON" is the name by which one of the great generals of the nineteenth century is now invariably known. If we were studying the art of war scientifically we should find his campaigns described by military writers, like Colonel Henderson and Lord Wolseley, as examples of the highest kind of generalship. But as we are looking for stories, and not lectures on strategy, I shall tell you as little as possible of the history of his campaigns, and as much as possible about the man himself, and his own personal adventures, from his boyhood up to the last adventure in which he met his death.

His full name was Thomas Jonathan Jackson, and he was born on January 21, 1824, in Clarksburg, now a town but then only a village in the backwoods of Virginia. He belonged to an Ulster family—his great-grandfather came to America from Londonderry in 1748. Thomas's father was a well-to-do lawyer, but he was a generous man and rather a gambler, so that when he died in 1827 his young widow was left with three small children and nothing to live on. She married again, but died soon after—

wards, and the children went to live with an uncle who had a large farm and a great many slaves.

Thomas was the second son; he was fair-haired and blue-eyed, a very thoughtful boy, but full of good spirits and remarkable for good manners. He and his brother were fond of their uncle and liked the farm life, where they were allowed to help in all kinds of work; but one year they went off together and spent the summer on an island in the Mississippi, where they made their living by cutting wood and selling it to the river steamers. The end of that was that they got marsh-fever and came home ill and ragged, glad to be at the farm again and go back to school.

Thomas was a delicate boy, but good at games, and especially good on horseback. His uncle had plenty of well-bred horses, and sent the boys out fox-hunting: he also went in for racing, and had a four-mile course on his property. Thomas was a good jockey, and it was said of him that "if a horse had any winning qualities whatever in him, young Jackson never failed to bring them out." These occupations were an excellent beginning for a soldier's career, but they brought him into connection with a rough and unscrupulous set of people, and he might easily have slipped down into a low way of life. He was saved from this chiefly by ambition and a right pride in his family. Some of the Jacksons had distinguished themselves as soldiers under Washington, others had been judges and senators: there was an honourable tradition to be kept up, and Thomas was determined to do his share. "To prove himself worthy of his forefathers was the purpose of his early manhood."

His first step, he felt, must be to make himself independent of his uncle's help. So at the age of seventeen he became what was called a "constable" of the county, and spent two years in serving warrants and summoning witnesses for the law courts. This was not work he liked, but it kept him riding about in the open air, and set up his health. Then just at the moment when he was ready for it his chance came: a vacancy at the Military Academy at West Point was to be filled up from the district in which the Jacksons lived. Thomas heard of this by chance from a local blacksmith, and determined to get the place if it could possibly be done. Mr. Hays, the Member for the district, promised to back him, and Thomas started off at once for Washington. He rode hard to catch the coach at Clarksburg: it had already passed, but he was too good a rider to let that defeat him—he galloped on and caught it at the next stage. Mr. Hays took him immediately to call on the Secretary of War, and explained that young Jackson had had very little education, but was a determined fellow who would get on in spite of that. The Secretary asked the candidate a lot of questions, and saw that Mr. Hays was right. He ended by saying to Thomas, "Sir, you have a good name: go to West Point, and the first man who insults you, knock him down and have it charged to my account." He suspected that the country boy was going to have a rough time of it, and he was right.

The cadets at West Point were, like most military cadets, very particular about the smartness of their personal appearance. They wore a grey uniform

with gold buttons and broad gold lace, white trousers, and a shako with a tall plume; they held themselves like veterans, and drilled like a regiment of Guards. Jackson, when he first appeared on the parade ground, must have seemed a very unfledged bird by comparison. There he stood, in a suit of Virginian homespun, a shy youth from the backwoods without a word to say for himself, and without anything soldierly about him. Yes, there was the determination in his face. When he first entered the gates he passed a group of four cadets, three of whom were afterwards generals in the Confederate army, and one of them happened to notice Jackson. "There was about him," he said afterwards, "so sturdy an expression of purpose that I remarked, 'That fellow looks as if he had come to stay.'"

He had, but it needed all his determination to do it. His education was lamentably insufficient; he was put into the lowest class, among the duffers who were nicknamed "The Immortals," and he almost fell out of it at the bottom. When he had to solve a problem on the blackboard he was so nervous that he used to chalk his uniform and even his face all over; and he perspired so desperately that they said he always flooded the class-room when he got a difficult proposition to do. He made up for his slowness and backwardness by working out of hours. When the time came at night for "lights out," he used to pile up a blazing fire and lie in front of it on the floor to work. Even so he could not keep up with the others; and as he always went straight ahead without skipping, he often had to confess, when he was "put on" in class, that he was still a

whole day behind, though he had done more work than anyone. He lost marks in this way for being unprepared, but he impressed his masters by his dogged industry.

Of course he was not a popular favourite among his companions; he had no time to spare for sociable amusements, he was shy and silent, and he did not shine on the parade ground. He had great difficulty in keeping step, and although he was so good a jockey, he never could learn to ride like a cavalryman. When he was working at books he always sat bolt upright, partly to keep his attention from slackening, and partly because he found it better for his health. You can imagine how ridiculous the habit must have seemed to his fellow-cadets; but he never cared for public opinion when he thought it wrong, and in the end he was successful both in establishing his health and in learning to concentrate his mind and seize the point of anything that came before him. He grew quickly till he was 5 ft. 10 in. in height: he escaped from "The Immortals" and steadily overtook the men above him. At the end of his first year he was fifty-first in a class of seventy-two; in the final examination at the end of his fourth year he came out seventeenth. One more year, they said, and he would have been first; but he had done well enough, for he got his commission in the Artillery, and that was what he had coveted.

His companions did not discover that he was a genius, but by the end of the four years they found out his character. He did not make many friends, but he was peculiarly ready to help anyone who was

sick and unfortunate. On the other hand, he had no mercy on skunks. Once when a slovenly cadet exchanged his own dirty rifle for Jackson's clean one, and then lied about it, Jackson was furious and demanded that the offender should be court-martialled and expelled: it was all that cadets and officers together could do to persuade him to give up his right to prosecute. In fact, he was a silent, tender-hearted, stiff-necked fellow, who always went straight himself and insisted on others doing the same. No one made much of him, but in his four years at West Point he never had a hard word from cadet or professor. They called him "Old Jack," and had a hearty respect for him.

2. THE RISE OF AN ARTILLERYMAN

On June 30, 1846, when he was twenty-two, Jackson received his commission as brevet second lieutenant. War had already broken out between the United States and Mexico, and he was ordered at once to Mexico to join his regiment, the First Artillery. He was attached to a heavy battery, but his first bit of work was to transport guns and mortars to some forts, and he became very anxious lest the war should be over before he got to the front. "I envy you men who have been in battle," he said to a friend. "How I should like to be in one battle!"

He need not have been in doubt. Early in 1847 the Commander-in-chief, General Winfield Scott, successfully landed an army of 13,000 men off Vera Cruz, marched on the city, bombarded it for five days, and took it on March 27th. The work was all

done by the heavy guns and the fleet, and the losses only amounted to sixty-four in all; but Jackson had had time to distinguish himself, and he was soon afterwards promoted to first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz."

The next step was the advance on the city of Mexico—a very much stiffer undertaking. The city lies high above the sea, in a valley buried in a vast plateau, and the road to it is by a steep pass called Cerro Gordo. In this pass the Mexican general, Santa Anna, took up a strong position with 13,000 men and forty-two guns. His right was protected by a precipitous ravine, his front was entrenched so as to command the road, and his left was protected by the hill of Cerro Gordo, which was high and steep and was covered with batteries. The Americans, directly they reached the foot of the pass, saw that it could not be forced by a frontal attack. But after several days' reconnoitring, Captain Robert Lee discovered a way round Cerro Gordo; a road was made for the infantry to march on the enemy's rear, and at daybreak on April 18th the position was stormed with the bayonet, and the Mexican army was rolled up in great confusion. The American loss was 431, including two generals, out of a total force of 8500; the enemy lost 1200 killed and wounded, and 3000 prisoners, and all their guns. They made no stand in their second position, and within a month they surrendered the city of Puebla, which was only eighty miles from Mexico.

At Cerro Gordo there was no use for heavy artillery; Jackson's regiment charged with the in-

fantry, and were among the first to plant their colours on the breastworks. One of their officers, Captain Magruder, took a Mexican battery of field-guns, and the Commander-in-chief made him a present of them as a reward. Magruder was a hot-tempered man, and when he came to man his battery the subalterns were not keen to join it. But Jackson saw his chance and volunteered. "I wanted to see active service," he said, "to be near the enemy in the fight: and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be on hand."

The army sat in Puebla till August; it was then made up to 11,500 men and organised in four divisions for the march on Mexico. Magruder's battery was attached to Major-General Pillow's division, and on August 7th the advance began. On the 10th the troops crossed the Rio Frio mountains, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and began to descend into the valley of Mexico, where the capital lay in a broad plain. This was a very risky adventure for any general to undertake: the city was defended by batteries placed on hills so as to command the roads, by a network of canals on both flanks, and by an army of 30,000 men entrenched on ridges and in narrow passages between lakes and swamps, with ample sources of supply behind them. The Americans, on the other hand, had only what ammunition they could carry with them, and for provisions they had to live largely on what they could find. Their nearest base was at Puebla: they had only 1200 men there and might be cut off from it at any moment,

for the line of communications was far too long to be kept open.

The east side of the defence was too strong for the attack to have a chance, so General Scott determined to try the south road. He reached it by a march of twenty-seven miles over the hills, but found himself checked again at Contreras by a force of 6000 Mexicans with very superior artillery. Magruder's guns were sent forward up a ridge within 1000 yards of the enemy, but they were overpowered, and after losing their senior subaltern and fifteen gunners they were withdrawn with great exertions. Meanwhile rain fell in torrents; the situation seemed desperate, and a Council of War was held. At the same time the Mexicans brought up 12,000 reinforcements and halted them on the road within a few hundred yards.

At the Council, Captain Lee proposed a surprise attack like that at Cerro Gordo, and he himself led it with two other engineers—Beauregard and Gustavus Smith. The storming parties advanced by night on the left flank of the enemy, and lay within 500 yards of the entrenchments till daylight. Then the attack was delivered with a rush on both front and rear; in seventeen minutes the position was taken, with 800 prisoners. The Mexicans made another stand at the village of Churubusco, but they were again broken, and the American cavalry pursued them almost as far as the city. General Scott's losses were serious—76 officers and about 1000 men; but he put 3250 of the enemy out of action and took 3000 prisoners, besides 37 guns and a valuable supply of ammunition. Lieutenant Jackson commanded a

section of three guns in this battle; during the second day he was in reserve, but in the first and most dangerous attack he was reported by Magruder as having "advanced in handsome style," and was highly commended to the General's favourable consideration.

Scott now proposed an armistice in order to get the Mexicans to surrender: but they only used it to make fresh preparations. Accordingly on 8th September he attacked them again at the position of Molino del Rey. The entrenchments were stormed at dawn, with a loss of 800 men; the Mexicans lost 3000, including two generals, but they retired to a still more formidable hill called Chapultepec, on which was a great fortress commanding the road to the San Cosme gate of the city. On the night of 11th September four heavy batteries were placed within range; they bombarded the fort for the whole of the 12th, and on the 13th, Pillow's and Worth's divisions attacked. Jackson was sent with his three guns to support the 14th Infantry, which kept touch between the two divisions.

The Mexicans mauled the 14th badly: the road was a narrow causeway over a marsh, and it was raked by the fire of a field-gun. Jackson was ordered to the front to silence this gun, but he was stopped by a deep ditch cut right across the road. His men began to drop: nearly all his horses were hit. He got one gun across the ditch by man-handling, but then the men became demoralised. He tried to rally them by walking slowly up and down on the open road saying, "There is no danger—see, I am not hit." But they took cover in the ditch and refused to move;

the infantry had almost disappeared, and General Worth sent orders for the guns to retire.



"There is no danger—see, I am not hit"

But Jackson was a real gunner: he had no intention of retiring while he still had even one gun that



JACKSON AT CHAPULTEPEC, 1848.



could be fought. He sent word to the General that if he would let him have fifty veterans he would rather try to charge the enemy's breastwork. Meantime with one sergeant to help him he went on loading and firing his one gun himself. Presently Magruder came up, losing his charger on the way. He got a second gun hoisted over the ditch: the men rallied to Jackson's help, and the Mexican gun was silenced. Then the tide of success began to roll forward: the breastwork was carried, Pillow's division stormed the entrenchments in front of them, scaling-ladders were brought up and planted against the walls of the fortress. There was a short and sanguinary struggle for the battlements, and then the enemy fled for the city, crowding the narrow causeways with horse, foot, and artillery in a confused mass.

This was Jackson's second great opportunity that day: his gun-teams were all killed, but he harnessed his guns to the waggon-limbers and drove them forward. In a few minutes he was in action at close range, and his guns were ploughing the dense columns of fugitives on the causeways. It looked as if the victory might be crushing enough to end the war.

But in front of the San Cosme gate the enemy made a stand; the garden walls and flat house-tops were manned with sharp-shooters, and the Americans were, for a moment, forced to draw back. Only for a moment: General Scott knew that he could not afford to stop now. His position was as bad as that of Sir John Keane before Ghuznee. He was 260 miles away from his base, with no reserve stores or ammunition, he had lost nearly 3000 of his 8500 men, and

if he attempted a siege he would be surrounded and annihilated. The place must be rushed at any cost. Every man was put into the line, the guns were set to batter the San Cosme gate at short range, while another column attacked the Belen gate in the same manner. By eight o'clock in the evening the suburbs were taken and the gates both forced. Santa Anna



"The flat house-tops were manned with sharp-shooters"

withdrew his army during the night, and at dawn the citadel was flying the white flag. General Scott had less than 7000 men left, but he had defeated 30,000 and taken the city of Mexico.

Jackson's conduct had been conspicuous, and it was conspicuously rewarded. For Contreras he was made a brevet captain, for Chapultepec he was mentioned in dispatches and publicly complimented; and before the end of the year he received another brevet: so

that in eighteen months he had leapt from second lieutenant to major—the quickest promotion of any in a brilliantly successful army.

3. THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

"Old Jack" came home from Mexico in 1848 and was in garrison for two years. In March 1851 he was appointed Professor of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute. This was a college much like West Point, but intended for the education of young Southerners, and it was established at a town called Lexington. There are nine towns called Lexington in the United States: Jackson's Lexington was the one in Virginia, and if you look for it on the map you will find it at the head, or southern end, of the great valley of Virginia, called after the river which flows through it, the Shénandoah Valley. Shénandoah is an Indian word meaning "Bright Daughter of the Stars," and the river, the valley, and the mountain which bear the name are all beautiful. But what has made that country famous all over the world is not its beauty: it is the fact that there Jackson fought a historic campaign in the defence of Virginia.

I must tell you why he had to fight that campaign. The Southerners in the United States thought that the Northerners were trying to tyrannise over them, and they determined to leave the Union, or "secede." The Northerners saw that such a split would be the ruin of the nation, and they determined to force the Southern States to remain in the Union. There is only one kind of force which one state can use

against another, and that is war: the North went to war to conquer the South, and as the capital of the South was the city of Richmond in Virginia, the first move was to invade Virginia. "Old Jack" was a Virginian, and sided with his native state: he was immediately made Colonel of Virginia Volunteers and sent to command at Harper's Ferry, an important place on the frontier.

The Virginians, like the West Point cadets, did not at first sight recognise Jackson for a man of genius. He was still rather a plain and silent fellow, and the Southerners were fond of talk and gay uniforms. But their splendid-looking militia generals and colonels were now all dismissed at one sweep, and real soldiers were sought out to do the real business of fighting. Old Jack arrived in a plain blue uniform without any gold lace or feathers, riding a quiet horse, tilting his old cadet cap over his eyes and speaking very little to anyone. He had only two staff officers with him, and he never told his plans even to them—nor indeed even to his wife. She complained of this very naturally, but he wrote back, "You say that your husband never writes you any news. I suppose you mean military news, for I have written you a great deal about your *sposo* and how much he loves you. What do you want with military news? Don't you know that it is un-military and unlike an officer to write news respecting one's post? You couldn't wish your husband to do an un-officerlike thing, could you?"

He was now busy collecting and training recruits and capturing rolling stock on the railway. By the beginning of June he had five regiments under him,

forming the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah. The men were good fighting stuff from the hills, and some of his officers were remarkable characters. His artillery was recruited largely from theological colleges, and was commanded by the Reverend Dr. Pendleton, Rector of Lexington, who was an old West Point cadet! His cavalry leader was Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, a most attractive and high-spirited young Virginian, who had been a Captain of dragoons in the United States Army. He was not in the least like Old Jack, but it was their fate to be brought constantly together in this war and to be invaluable to each other. It was to Stuart that Jackson owed his first success. The Confederates, as the Southerners called themselves, were making a reconnaissance in force towards a little place called Falling Waters, when the Federals or Northerners were found in superior numbers, and Jackson ordered his men to retire. Stuart at the same time was sent with only fifty men to threaten the enemy's right flank. He got separated for a few moments from his men down a winding lane, and came on a company of the enemy's infantry resting in a field. He rode at once up to the fence, and ordered one of them to take down the top rail to let him through. The Confederates had not yet got their grey uniforms, and, as Stuart was still wearing his blue dragoon jacket, the Federals took him for one of their own officers. But no sooner had they let him through than he galloped at them shouting, "Throw down your arms, or you are all dead men!" They threw down their rifles and fell upon their faces: the fifty Confederate troopers came up and made the whole

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company prisoners. The enemy's cavalry had in the meantime been repulsed by the Reverend Doctor's guns, and the result of this stout little fight was that



"He ordered one of them to take down the top rail"

Patterson, the Federal General, reported the Force opposed to him as 3500 strong. It was, in fact, only 350, and this was the first of many occasions in which Jackson completely deceived and baffled a superior enemy by his skill in handling his men.

On the following day he was promoted Brigadier General, not merely in the Volunteer Force, but in the Confederate Army.

The Federals now advanced into Virginia in three columns, amounting in all to 80,000 men, whom the Confederates had to meet with only 32,000. Of these there were 22,000 under General Beauregard at Manassas Junction, a place on the railway between the Shénandoah Valley and Washington, the Federal capital. The other 10,000 were still in the Valley, under General Johnston, who was Jackson's Chief, and they were ordered to join up and support Beauregard. Jackson says that the order was read out when the men were marching wearily along, not knowing where they were going. "Our gallant army, under General Beauregard, is now attacked by overwhelming numbers: the Commanding General hopes that his troops will step out like men, and make a forced march to save the country." There was no doubt about the answer. "The soldiers rent the air with a shout of joy, and all was eagerness and animation." They marched on, far into the night, fording the river where it was up to their waists, and dragging the guns and waggons through the water. At two o'clock they were halted, and went to sleep so quickly that there were no pickets posted. When this was pointed out to Jackson he said, "Let the poor fellows sleep: I will guard the camp myself." He did so, and a bad night it must have been for him; for he despaired of getting his half-disciplined troops along in time to save Beauregard.

This was July 18th, and if the Federal General, McDowell, had attacked at once no doubt Jackson

would have been too late. But McDowell did not know that Jackson was coming: he thought he was still in the Valley and being watched by Patterson's army. So he spent two days in reconnoitring, and in those two days Jackson's Brigade got up; the rest of Johnston's troops were following, and Johnston himself had ridden on and taken over command from Beauregard. This successful concentration was largely due to Jackson's cleverness in deceiving the enemy as to his movements.

The battle took place on the 21st. It was a hard-fought, ding-dong affair, and not at all difficult to describe. About three miles from the Manassas Gap Railway and almost parallel to it there is a river called Bull Run—rivers are generally called "runs" in that part of the country. Bull Run is not unlike a Devonshire river; it has steep wooded banks and then high ground behind, with small hills and combes dividing it. The Confederates were lined out along the south side of the river, with Jackson on the right and Evans on the extreme left. The Federals were at first on the North side of the river, but being in superior force they at once crossed on both sides of Evans and drove him back, thus turning the Confederates' left flank. The troops of Bee and Barlow, who were just in front of Jackson, were sent along to the left to help Evans, and Jackson himself followed: but the Federals continued to come on, rolling up the Confederate line.

Jackson went straight towards the firing and found himself on a plateau called the Henry Hill, with a combe running along the far side of it. The Federals were crossing this combe and driving the

Confederate infantry up the Henry Hill and right back on to Jackson. The battle seemed already lost. A battery came galloping back—it had only three rounds left for each gun, and its commander, Imboden, was cursing and swearing because his supports had bolted. Jackson did not like foul language; he said very shortly, "I'll support your battery! unlimber right here." At the same moment General Bee rode up, hot and despairing: "General," he said, "they are beating us back!" Jackson stiffened his upper lip and said calmly, "Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet." When Bee saw the Virginia regiments deploying into line, and heard the commander's determined voice, he was seized with inspiration; he galloped back to the broken troops in the combe, rode down among them, and pointed with his sword to the steady brigade above. "Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" The words were magic; they saved a battle and gave a great commander a historic name. But the man who spoke them never knew that, for he was killed within the hour.

Jackson waited for the Federal attack with his brigade drawn up, not on the front edge of the plateau, but at the back of it. If he had been on the front, he would have been exposed to the enemy's guns on the other side the combe; as it was, he had 500 yards of level ground between him and the edge over which the enemy must climb, and there was a belt of pines along his position which gave him excellent cover. He placed one regiment on the right, then six guns, then two more regiments on the left, and the remaining two behind the guns. Behind all

these again the broken troops of Bee, Barlow and Evans were rallying; their colours went to the front on Jackson's right, and the men gradually followed. They had two batteries with them, the Reverend Dr. Pendleton's and another.

There was a pause while the Federals were crossing the combe and climbing the slope on this side of it; the Confederate Generals used the time in trying to hearten up the men. Beauregard rode forward to the crest: Johnston showed himself everywhere: Jackson rode slowly to and fro in front of his line, saying in a quiet voice, without any trace of excitement, "Steady, men, steady; all's well." Then came the storm. The Federals did no kind of manœuvring: they had 16,000 infantry against 6500, and they made a steam-roller attack of it. The fire was tremendous: the guns blazed at each other point-blank across the five hundred yards of level ground. Jackson was in what Nelson called "the full tide of happiness"; his eyes flashed: "the fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well." Imboden, who had been sent to the guns to see that the fuses were being properly cut, came to report, and asked leave to return to his own battery. Jackson threw up his left hand—it was a way he had when speaking to anyone—and suddenly drew it down again covered with blood. Imboden exclaimed: but the General replied, "Only a scratch—a mere scratch," and he tied his handkerchief round it and galloped away.

The Federals now tried to advance their guns, with two regiments in support. Stuart, with his cavalry, was waiting for this chance. He slipped through some fences on the left and charged the

enemy's right flank, routing a body of Zouaves, and at the same moment Jackson sent out the 33rd Virginia regiment from the copse where they had been in cover. The Federals were not sure whether they were friends or enemies till they had got within seventy yards—and then they found out too late. The Virginians fired a murderous volley, which almost annihilated the Federal gunners and their teams; three guns were dragged away, the other nine were abandoned; the Zouaves joined in the flight, and carried away another regiment with them down the slope.

But the Federals brought up fresh regiments; they drove back the 33rd and pressed Jackson hard. Bee and Barlow were both killed, and the reinforcements which had been expected had not yet appeared. The troops were beginning to melt away to the rear. An officer rode up to Jackson and said, "General, the day is going against us." The General rebuked him calmly: "If you think so, sir, you had better not say anything about it"—the best possible answer to all croakers. This officer had forgotten that when you are feeling bad in a fight you should always hold on in hopes that the enemy is feeling worse. Jackson held on, and he was justified: McDowell was really all but beaten. His reserves were half of them out of reach the other side the river; it was a very hot day, and all his men were much exhausted with marching and fighting since midnight. At this moment too the Confederate reinforcements—Kirby Smith's Brigade of 1900 bayonets—began to appear from the railway by which they had come up.

McDowell made his last great effort before Smith's arrival: his men pressed forward in force,

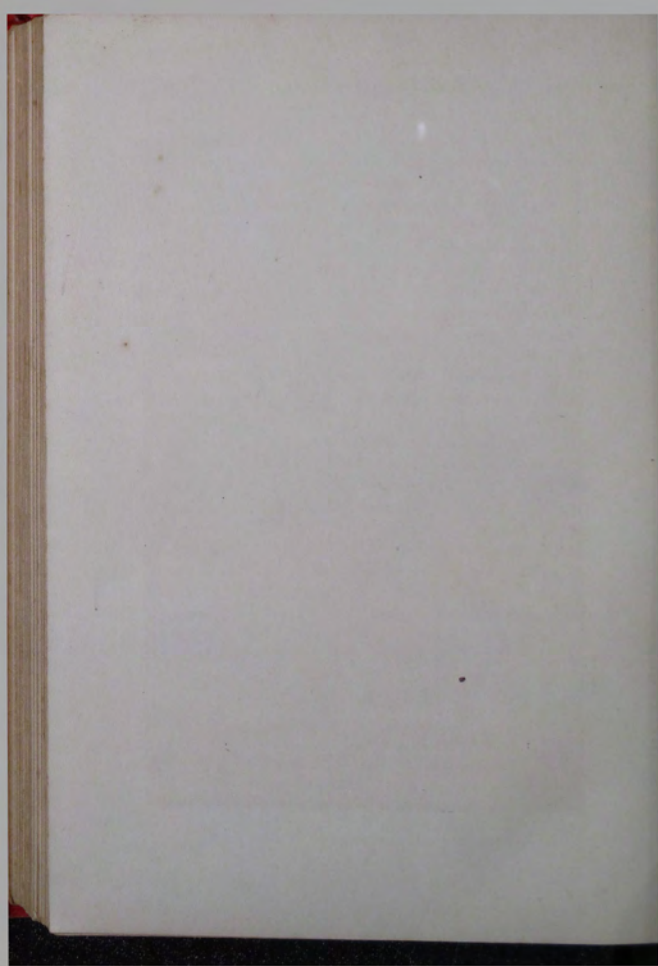


"The Confederate cavalry charged"

and as he himself said, "All were certain that the day was ours." But Jackson took them by surprise once more; he rode to the centre of his line and called



CHARGE OF THE CONFEDERATES AT BULL RUN.



out to the 2nd and 4th Virginia, "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies!" It was all that the Virginians wanted—they had been lying under fire without moving for three hours. They poured in their volley and charged with a tremendous shout; then in the nick of time Kirby Smith's brigade struck in on the Federals' right flank and Beauregard ordered a general advance. McDowell brought up his last reserve, but the Confederates turned his own guns on them and cleared the plateau. In the combe there was a final rally, but by that time General Early had arrived with more reinforcements and they broke the right flank again. The Confederate cavalry charged, and the enemy's retirement became a panic. As their own Secretary for War wrote, five days later, "The rout, overthrow and demoralisation of the whole army were complete." They had lost 460 killed, 1124 wounded, and 1500 prisoners, besides 25 guns, 10 colours, thousands of rifles, and a large quantity of ammunition. The Confederates too had suffered severely; they had 387 killed and 1582 wounded. The First Brigade lost 488 out of 3000; but they had the largest share in the victory, and they had found out that they were commanded by "Stonewall Jackson."

4. THE BATTLE IN THE WILDERNESS

At the beginning of May 1863 the Federals, with 130,000 men and 428 guns, were trying to force their way through to Richmond, the capital of the South:

Lee and Jackson with less than half their number were blocking them. The Federal Generals planned to crush their enemy between hammer and anvil: the anvil was to be General Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, on the East; the hammer was to be General Hooker advancing from the West. Each of these armies was about equal to the whole Confederate force, and by the morning of May 1st, Hooker had reached Chancellorsville, a small place in the middle of a thickly wooded country called The Wilderness, near the river Rappahannock. He was intending to attack Lee and Jackson, but to his surprise they advanced and showed every intention of attacking him. So he very prudently drew in his horns and entrenched himself strongly at Chancellorsville, hoping that the Confederates would come on and beat themselves to pieces against his lines. But Lee at once entrenched himself about a mile in front of Hooker, and that was the end of the first move.

That night Lee and Jackson received the reports of the officers who had been out reconnoitring. Lee himself had discovered that Hooker's left flank was very strongly placed; it went right up to the Rappahannock, and had a smaller stream running along the whole front of it—clearly there was no getting round that way. Jackson's staff reported that the centre was also practically impregnable; but Stuart's Cavalry had discovered that the enemy's right was "in the air"—it had nothing to rest on, and by going far enough round it could be turned, for the breastworks simply ended in the woods.

There was therefore no difference of opinion about the Confederate's second move: Lee and

Jackson agreed at once to hold Hooker fast in front and to send a column round to take the right flank by surprise. The difficulty was to do this successfully, for it meant taking great risks—dividing the army into two separate parts, quite out of touch with each other, and yet making the attack exactly at the time agreed upon. But Lee knew that if it was Jackson who had charge of the other column he could afford to risk a good deal, so at 2.30 A.M. Major Hotchkiss was sent out to enquire if there was a road by which Jackson could pass through the woods on the South, below Hooker's right. In an hour's time he came back and found the two Generals sitting on two cracker boxes, consulting; he laid out his map on another box and showed them the road. Jackson put his finger on it, and when Lee said, "General Jackson, what do you propose to do?" he replied, "Go around here." "What do you propose to make this movement with?" said Lee. "With my whole corps." Then Lee asked, "What will you leave me?" "The divisions of Anderson and McLaws." Lee considered the chances for a moment, and finally said, "Well, go on." Then he gave his instructions and ended by saying, "General Stuart will cover your movement with his cavalry"; to which Jackson replied, "My troops will move at once, sir." The orders were given: everything was to be silent and secret, the ranks were to be kept closed well up, and all stragglers were to be bayoneted. It was life or death for the whole army.

Jackson saw Lee once more; he rode past him half an hour later as the troops were marching off. No one heard what they said to one another, but

Jackson was seen to point to his men with a flush on his face, and Lee nodded in approval. Then Jackson turned and rode out of the sunshine into the thick green forest. It was a little after four o'clock, of a cloudless May morning.

For four hours all went well; then the Federals woke up and got some idea that there was a move on: waggons were seen to be going due South with their backs turned to the whole position, and Hooker concluded that Lee had made up his mind to slip away from between the two Federal armies and bolt to Gordonsville. He ordered Sickles' corps to attack this supposed line of retreat and capture the baggage, but he was a little too quick. Jackson sent two of his brigades back part of the way, joined up with Anderson and got his whole waggon train clear away. Hooker still did not know where he was really going, but he knew that Sickles had cut the Confederate army in two, and he expected to beat Lee all the more easily.

Meanwhile, Jackson had passed right along the South front of Hooker's lines, and was about to turn North down a path called the Plank Road, which would bring him straight against the right end of the entrenchments. At that moment an officer named Fitzhugh Lee rode back to him with a piece of information of inestimable value. He reported that, by going a little further on, the troops would strike the old turnpike road which ran, not straight at the breastworks, as the Plank Road did, but right along the rear of the whole line. He took the General to the top of the hill, and without being seen themselves they looked down on the enemy's

position, entirely at their mercy and only a mile away. It was 3 P.M. when Jackson sat down on a



"They looked down on the enemy's position"

tree stump and wrote a dispatch to Lee, telling him that he hoped to attack "as soon as practicable." By four o'clock the 25,000 troops had reached the turnpike and turned down it: within a mile of the

breastworks they were deployed so as to overlap them on both sides. The Federals knew so little of what was going on that at this exact moment Hooker was sending a dispatch to Sedgwick, ordering him to "capture Fredericksburg with everything in it and vigorously pursue the enemy. We know that the enemy is fleeing, trying to save his trains."

At a few minutes before six o'clock the enemy, who was supposed to be fleeing, was drawn up in complete readiness for the attack. The divisions stood evenly on each side the turnpike, everybody had his instructions, and Staff officers had been placed at intervals to keep the divisions in touch and see that they marched in line through the forest. In the centre, on the road, stood four Napoleon guns. A. P. Hill's Division and the rest of the artillery were coming up behind, and in front Jackson was sitting silent on his charger "Little Sorrel," with his slouch hat over his eyes and his lips tight shut, looking at the watch in his hand. At his side were General Rodes and Major Blackford.

Six o'clock was to be the hour, and it came at last. "Are you ready, General Rodes?" said Jackson. "Yes, sir." "You can go forward, sir." Rodes nodded to Blackford, and in a moment a bugle gave the order. It was answered by all the rest: the skirmishers rushed forward, the long lines followed them into the underwood and disappeared: the guns on the road opened fire. The Federal sentries fired wildly, and were answered by a terrific shout well known by this time as "the rebel yell"—the Confederates were generally called "the rebels" by their enemies. Then for ten minutes the gray tide of the

attack rolled over everything, pickets, regiments, and batteries: the right brigade of the Federals was swept away headlong. The brigade nearest to it on



"Jackson was sitting silent on his charger . . . looking at the watch in his hand"

the north changed front and tried to make a rally; but Jackson's horse artillery galloped up and gave them canister at short range; then O'Neil's, Iverson's, and Dole's brigades charged and the tide went over

everything again. The Northerners lost all their mounted officers, and in a quarter of an hour there was a second flight of broken regiments towards the Wilderness Church.

Jackson rode with the artillery: he saw nothing at first but signs of victory—prisoners being brought back, guns captured, breastworks abandoned, men scattered over the fields or crowded in dense masses on the road. But he also saw here and there fresh regiments and guns attempting to make a stand, and upon a ridge on the right a line of rifle-pits which formed a sort of inner defence: and he galloped up the road, urging his artillery forward. The infantry needed no urging: as they cleared the wood they re-formed and went forward again with their colours all in line, firing as they went and breasting the slope of the ridge. The rifle-pits were manned by the last brigade of the Federal right: they fired like heroes, and even checked the rush for a short space. Then for the third time the tide rolled over everything: the guns fled, the ridge was lost, and the remnants of an army corps rushed for the pine-wood that lay behind them. It was seven o'clock and dusk was falling.

The Confederates themselves by this time were in great disorder, but Jackson could not stop to sort them out. He rode about among them, ordering the pursuit to be continued, with quick gestures and short peremptory words. He knew what he had done, but he was not content. He had broken a force of ten thousand men to pieces; he was now right in the rear of the enemy's front line of entrenchments and within a mile and a half of them.

But nearer than that, only half a mile from him, he knew there was a road going north to a ford over the Rappahannock by which Hooker might escape with the rest of his army. He was determined not to stop till he had secured that road, even if he had to fight in the dark. By 8.45 he had got A. P. Hill's brigades up to the cross-roads where the path to the ford led off from the turnpike; some breastworks up the slopes there had been occupied, and the men of the various lines had been partly reassembled. By this time Hooker was making his effort to retrieve the appalling surprise which had overtaken him.

Probably no general ever had such a sudden and violent awakening as Hooker. He had been sitting that afternoon with two aides-de-camp in the verandah of the house known as the Chancellor House. His idea of the situation was a very comfortable one: he had sent Sickles and Pleasanton to cut into the line of the enemy's supposed retreat; part of them would no doubt get away to the south, but Lee himself would be held tight in front of the entrenchments until the two Federal armies were ready to crush him between them. It was a fine calm evening: some distant guns were heard in Lee's direction, and some still more distant ones in Sickles' direction, but in the Wilderness all was undisturbed quiet. Then suddenly, without warning, a roaring of guns was heard from the right flank; a staff officer stepped out in front of the house with a glass to see what could be seen; the rest listened and wondered. "By God!" exclaimed the officer, "here they come!" Hooker sprang up and rushed to

horse: as he galloped down the road he met first the stragglers of the defeated corps, then waggons, ambulances, and the whole mass of beaten troops rushing wildly out of the forest. His right wing was annihilated, and Stonewall Jackson was upon him.

5. THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON

You can imagine the desperation with which Hooker worked to stop this unexpected rush through the rear of his position. He brought back every man he could spare to face Jackson, placed his artillery to rake the road, and sent word to Sickles and Pleasanton to hurry back to his rescue. He succeeded in forming some sort of a line and checking A. P. Hill's brigades, and at about 8.30 P.M. there was a short lull in the fighting. At 8.45 Jackson came forward to his front line, and found General Lane at the cross-roads waiting for orders. "Push right ahead, Lane," he said, "right ahead!" Then came General A. P. Hill, and again Jackson said, "Press them: cut them off from the United States ford, Hill: press them!" and he himself rode on ahead.

He was now some way in advance of his own front line, waiting impatiently for A. P. Hill's troops to appear. He began to ride slowly back. Someone said to him, "General, you should not expose yourself so much." He replied, "There is no danger, sir; the enemy is routed. Go back and tell General Hill to press on." He then rode a little further back with his staff, and halted again on the dark forest road about eighty yards in front of the 18th North

Carolina regiment, who were standing in line in the underwood. It was impossible to see anything: everyone listened.

Suddenly a single shot was heard, and the skirmishers on both sides advanced: the whole army became intensely eager. Jackson and his staff turned and galloped back to their own line. As they came swiftly along the dark narrow track no one could tell whether they were friends or enemies. An officer gave the order to fire, and the 18th North Carolina poured a volley into their own General Staff.

This was the most terrible mistake ever made in war. Men and horses went down together; Little Sorrel rushed madly into the wood and turned towards the enemy's line. A branch struck Jackson's head, knocked off his cap, and nearly felled him; but he recovered his seat and turned back into the road. Little Sorrel was stopped by Captain Wilburn of the staff; and as he held the rein, Jackson leaned over and fell from the saddle into his arms. Captain Hotchkiss rode off to find Dr. McGuire; Wilburn with a penknife cut away the left sleeve of the General's coat, which was soaked with blood. General Hill, who had had a narrow escape himself, galloped up and jumped off his horse. He pulled off Jackson's gauntlets and found them full of blood. "General," he asked, "are you much hurt?" The General replied, "I think I am: and all my wounds are from my own men. I believe my right arm is broken."

They found three wounds: one bullet had struck the right hand, and two the left arm. These two had done very severe damage: they had smashed

the bone near the shoulder and cut the artery. Jackson was very weak from loss of blood, but perfectly calm and collected. He heard Hill give orders that the General should be moved to the rear, but that the men should not be told who was wounded. At this Jackson opened his eyes and said, "Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer."

They had got him as far as the road when the Federal guns opened with a violent blast of grape and canister. The three officers who were supporting their General—Lieutenant Smith, Lieutenant Morrison, and Captain Leigh—placed him by the roadside and lay down between him and the enemy's fire. They were covered with dust and stones and falling branches, but no one was hit. Jackson tried to get up, but Lieutenant Smith put his arm over him and said, "General, you must be still—it will cost you your life to rise."

After a few minutes the guns began firing shell over the wood, and Jackson was lifted to his feet again. The Confederates were now advancing, and he insisted on turning aside into the wood again, lest his men should recognise him. General Pender did ask in passing who it was that was wounded. "A Confederate officer," they replied, but Pender knew his chief even in the darkness. He dismounted, said how grieved he was, and then added that the fire of the guns was so hot that he feared it would be necessary to fall back. That roused Jackson. He raised himself to his full height and answered, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold out to the last, sir."

His strength then failed, and he asked to be

allowed to lie down. Captain Leigh got a litter, but before they had gone far one of the bearers was hit in the arm by a shot, and let go the handle. Jackson fell violently to the ground on his wounded side, and for the first time he was heard to groan. A beam of moonlight fell upon his face; Lieutenant Smith saw the ghastly whiteness of it, and cried out in fear, "General, are you seriously hurt?" The General replied, "No, Mr. Smith, don't trouble yourself about me," and then he added something about winning the battle first and attending to the wounded afterwards.

The battle was won, but not yet. It lasted four days more, and though Hooker escaped at last, it was only after tremendous punishment. Sedgwick's attempt to advance was held up by Lee with a force of only 20,000 men, while the rest of the Confederate army joined up in a horseshoe from which Hooker only got away with a loss of thirteen guns, 17,000 men killed and wounded, and 6000 missing or prisoners.

Jackson lived to hear the good news: in this, as in many other points, the story of his agony strangely resembles that of Nelson. He was taken from the field in Dr. McGuire's ambulance. The Doctor asked him, "I hope you are not badly hurt, General?" and he replied, "I am badly injured, Doctor; I fear I am dying." He suffered great pain, and yet even when the ambulance jolted him, his uniform politeness did not forsake him. "His lips were so tightly compressed," Dr. McGuire says, "that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them." But he controlled all other evidence of emotion, and thought

of others rather than himself. He expressed very feelingly his sympathy for Colonel Crutchfield, who was lying wounded beside him, and once when he heard him groan he directed the ambulance to stop, and requested the doctor to see if something could not be done for his relief.

It was not until 2 A.M. that he recovered strength enough to have his wounds examined in hospital; then the doctor told him that amputation might be necessary. He replied promptly, "Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best." The left arm was then amputated just below the shoulder. At 3.30 Major Pendleton arrived with a message from General Stuart. When he came into the tent the General said, "Well, Major, I am glad to see you; I thought you were killed." Pendleton reported that Hill was wounded, and asked what was to be done. "Jackson was at once interested," says the doctor, "and asked in his quick way several questions." When they were answered he remained silent, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, and for some moments lay obviously endeavouring to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment we believed he had succeeded, for his nostrils dilated and his eye flashed with its old fire: but it was only for a moment; his face relaxed again, and presently he answered very feebly and sadly, "I don't know—I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." Soon after this he slept.

Next day he had a note sent to Lee. It reached him in a glorious moment when he had just ridden to the front after seeing the Confederate colours

carried over the enemy's entrenchments by an irresistible charge. He could not open it with his gauntleted hands, so he gave it to one of his staff to read to him. The officer says, "I shall never forget the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. In a voice broken with emotion he bade me say to General Jackson that the victory was his." The written reply was this: "General, I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.—Very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee, *General*." When this was brought to Jackson, and he was told details of the battle and of his men's conduct, he said, "Some day the men of that brigade will be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade.'" He was not thinking of himself in this, for he added that the name Stonewall "belongs to the brigade, and not to me." Of his own share in the battle he said, "Our movement was a great success: I think, the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think I planned it all from the first, but it was not so. I simply took advantage of circumstances as they were presented to me in the providence of God. I feel that His hand led me—let us give Him the glory."

All this time, and for a day or two more, there was hope that he might recover. Then pneumonia

set in, probably as the result of his fall from the litter. On May 7th his wife and child were brought from Richmond, but he was almost too weak to talk. On May 10th, at eleven in the morning, his wife knelt down by him and told him that he could not live beyond the evening. He replied, "You are frightened, my child: death is not so near: I may yet get well." Perhaps he thought so: but she fell again upon the bed and wept bitterly, telling him again that there was no hope. He asked her to call Dr. McGuire. "Doctor," he said, "Anna tells me I am to die to-day: is it so?" When he heard that it was so, he was silent for a moment or two, and then said quietly, "Very good, very good; it is all right."

At midday Major Pendleton came to see him, and he asked, "Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" Pendleton told him that Mr. Lacy was, and that the whole army was praying for him. He said, "Thank God, they are very kind to me." Then his child was brought to him and his face brightened, but his mind had begun to wander. He thought he was at home in Lexington, then that he was on the battlefield, then that he was at prayers in camp. At half-past one he recovered consciousness, and they told him that he had but two hours to live. He answered once more, "Very good: it is all right." After that he was unconscious again, and then cried out suddenly, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks—" That dream faded and another took its place. His last words were spoken very quietly and clearly, after an interval of silence: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

6. A GREAT GENERAL

Let us talk for a little now about Jackson himself, and what he was like to those who knew him. Any man, if he is lucky, may have adventures, and yet remain quite an average man, nothing out of the common. A great man is great, not because he happens to have adventures, but because he is the cause of adventures; to meet him is in itself an adventure, and makes a change in those who experience it. You may be sure that no one who knew Jackson ever forgot him: even those who have only read his life remember him continually. Soldiers learn from it how great campaigns may be fought; the rest of us see how a great life may be lived.

Naturally, as Jackson was a soldier, it is from soldiers that we hear most about him. They tell us that he was a really great general, and it is easy to believe them, for they have plenty of proofs to show. After the battle of Bull Run he was placed in command of a separate army to co-operate in the defence of the Shénandoah Valley. In the "Valley Campaign," as it was called, he showed in a very high degree the power of guessing what the enemy was most likely to do, and at the same time concealing what he was going to do himself. If you look at a good map of that famous valley, you will see that it is a most convenient place for playing hide-and-seek with an army. The mountains run in four great lines, each consisting of narrow ridges, with gaps in them at irregular intervals. Between these four ridges there are, of course, three parallel valleys;

the middle one of the three is the Shénandoah valley, with the river Shénandoah in it, and also an extra clump of mountains near the upper end called the Massanuttons. The whole place is rather like three great streets with smaller alleys or passages leading through from one to another at unequal distances. You can imagine how difficult it was to catch a fellow like Jackson in such a country, even with a superior force or two superior forces. When pressed, he could always leave one street and slip through into the next; and if the enemy tried to occupy a town, he could slip back again another way and turn the position. On one occasion he and his whole army suddenly disappeared from sight altogether, going east as was supposed; but they dodged back west by the next side alley and upset all calculations. In this way he constantly puzzled and defeated superior armies which were trying to combine and crush him; his soldiers said that "he knew every hole and corner of the valley as if he had made it himself," and he bewildered and tired the enemy till their officers resigned and their men deserted. In thirty-eight days he marched 400 miles, fought three battles and a number of smaller engagements, and won them all. He took 3500 prisoners and put 3500 more out of action, besides capturing nine guns and 10,000 rifles.

Of course to do all this he had to work his men hard: they did so much marching and at such a pace that they were called "the foot cavalry." They complained, but they admired him for it; and they expressed both their complaint and their admiration by saying that Moses took forty years to get the children of Israel through the wilderness, but Old

Jack would have double-quickened them through in three days on half rations! In the valley campaign and afterwards, as at Chancellorsville, he would now and then march clean round his enemy in a manner that seemed simply impossible, by all the rules of war. His men made a legend out of these flank marches. "Stonewall died," they said, "and two angels came down from heaven to take him back with them. They went to his tent. He was not there. They went to the hospital. He was not there. They went to the outposts. He was not there. They went to the prayer-meeting. He was not there. So they had to return without him; but when they reported that he had disappeared, they found that he had made a flank march and reached heaven before them." His enemies must often have wished that that flank march had taken place earlier.

His men too were a bit afraid of him at first: he was so secret and so stern. They never knew where they were going or why. They got used to this at last, and when anyone asked, "Where are you going?" they only laughed and said, "We don't know, but Old Jack does." His sternness they could not laugh about: it was no joke. He never let off a man condemned to death for desertion. On one occasion there were four of these cases and the chaplain made a very strong appeal to him. "General," he said, "consider your responsibility before the Lord. You are sending these men's souls to hell." Jackson answered in his severest tones, "That, sir, is my business: do you do yours!" and he took him by the shoulders and put him through the door. It was not that he wished to be harsh: when a case

for mercy was put before him properly he considered it carefully, but always from a military point of view. Once his officers begged him to pardon a soldier sentenced to be shot for striking his captain. "To pardon this man," he said, "would be to encourage insubordination throughout the army, and to ruin our cause. Still, I will review the whole case, and no man will be happier than myself if I can reach the same conclusions as you have done." He decided that it was impossible to pardon: discipline was the weak point of the armies in that war. They were continually tempted to plunder, for the commissariat was often disorganised. But this Jackson was determined they should not do: he hated the "frightfulness" of war, and was always chivalrous in protecting non-combatants. On one of his marches he forbade his men to enter any private house: one of them not only entered a house but used insulting language to the women in it. When this was reported to the General he had the man tried by drum-head court-martial and shot in twenty minutes. This sternness was merciful, and it was entirely successful. It is recorded to the honour of the Confederate armies that they were almost invariably courteous and considerate to the country people on both sides of the border, and that though they were often half-starved and ragged, and sometimes bitterly provoked, they never gave man, woman, or child reason to dread their coming.

This does not in the least imply that Jackson was weak: it only means that he was not a Hun. He knew how to make war. "War," he once said, "means fighting. The business of the soldier is to

fight. Armies are not called out to dig trenches, to throw up breastworks, to live in camps: but to find the enemy and strike him, to invade his country and do him all possible damage in the shortest possible time. This will involve great destruction of life and property while it lasts: but such a war will of necessity be one of short continuance, and so would be an economy of life and property in the end. To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure all the fruits of victory is the secret of successful war." He never burnt a town or shot a non-combatant.

But he loved war: he loved fighting: he loved danger and the excitement of a charge. He loved especially the peculiar yell which his men had invented—"the rebel yell." One night he heard it raised at a tattoo in his camp; he listened silently until it died away, and then said, half to himself, "That was the sweetest music I ever heard." It goes without saying that his courage in battle was perfect. At Cedar Run he saw his men breaking: he drew his sword and rushed into the middle of the fight, shouting, "Rally, men, and follow me!" General Taliaferro rode up and told him he had no business to be where he was: he gave in to him and went back, but the work was done and the men were charging. He could be beautifully cool too; he used to go reconnoitring for himself, and was found once peering right into a wood full of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were firing continually. Another time he was again reconnoitring in the fields, with Lieutenant Smith, when a sharpshooter began firing from some tall weeds at the two officers. The bullet passed between their heads: Jackson said with a

smile to his companion, "Mr. Smith, you had better go to the rear; they may shoot you." He then deliberately finished his reconnoitring and went back to his position.

It goes without saying too that his patriotism was perfect. The American Civil War was a terrible struggle, but it had one unique and redeeming characteristic: it was a volunteer war, fought for none but patriotic reasons; both sides were equally devoted, and both had a righteous cause. The North fought for the unity of the nation, and afterwards for the abolition of slavery; the South fought to preserve their independence. Jackson felt his position as a Southerner keenly. "Certainly," he said, "no man has more that should make life dear to him than I have, in the affection of my home; but I do not desire to survive the independence of my country." And when he made his farewell speech to his brigade after Bull Run, he ended by hoping, in a burst of enthusiasm, that they would be "handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our Second War of Independence." The regiments assented with a tornado of cheers.

His popularity was universal. His men cheered him whenever they saw him; his charger, Little Sorrel, learned to gallop away whenever the noise began. When the troops in a bivouac heard a distant sound of shouting, they always said, "Boys! look out! here comes old Stonewall or an old hare!" One soldier adds the explanation, "these being the only individuals who never failed to bring down the whole house." He was famous among civilians too: at Martinsburg the ladies took so many souvenirs

from his charger's mane and tail that a sentry had to be placed before the stable door. Even the enemy



"A sentry had to be placed before the stable door"

admired him—when he took Harper's Ferry the Federals lined the street to see him; and once on the Rappahannock, they actually cheered him. His own men were cheering him as usual, and some of the

Federal pickets, just over the water, called across to ask who was there. "General Stonewall Jackson," said the sentry. "Hurrah for Stonewall Jackson!" cried the enemy, and both sides went on cheering together. The last time he had such a triumph was when he lay mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and Lee's army made its victorious charge on the entrenchments to the cry of "Remember Jackson!"

The hold he had upon his fellow-countrymen was shown by their sayings after his death—the most remarkable perhaps occurred in the prayer of the chaplain at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in New Orleans. It ended with these words: "When in Thine inscrutable decree it was ordained that the Confederacy should fail, it became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant Stonewall Jackson." Another monument, a bronze statue, was long afterwards placed above Jackson's grave at Lexington; his men were old by then, but they came in numbers to the unveiling and gave the "rebel yell" once more. Two officers were silent, and each saw that the other was weeping. "I'm not ashamed of it, Snowden," said one. "Nor I, old boy," replied the other. Last of all, the columns marched past the monument. One old soldier of the Stonewall Brigade turned round at the cemetery gate and waved his hat. "Good-bye, old man, good-bye," he called back, "we've done all we could for you: Good-bye!"

